

FOR USE WITH
THE

9202

**DOCTOR
WHO**
ROLE PLAYING GAME

THE LORDS OF DESTINY



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The Lords Of Destiny is an adventure for use with FASA's **Doctor Who Role Playing Game**. The characters find themselves aboard a gigantic starship 10,000 kilometers long, and must learn about the world-ship and its mysterious inhabitants in order to prevent the destruction of another world and civilization in the ship's path.

In order to play this adventure, a gamemaster is needed to moderate events and translate the players' actions into an unfolding adventure narrative. He should be familiar with the contents of this booklet, and with the rules to the Doctor Who game. It is his task to introduce the material presented in this booklet, to shape the course of the game, and to tell the story as it develops.

A group of two to six players take the roles of Time Lords or Companions. They must act upon the clues and events supplied by the gamemaster. Their decisions and actions, moderated by the gamemaster, will determine the course of the adventure. The players should be familiar with the basics of **The Doctor Who Role Playing Game**, though they need not be as well grounded in the rules as the gamemaster. They should *not* have access to this booklet; they will acquire the material contained here only through the gamemaster as discoveries or revelations are made during the course of the play.

Each player needs a Character. Character creation is discussed in the basic rules for **The Doctor Who Role-Playing Game**. Players may create their own characters using these rules, or they may play **The Lords Of Destiny** using existing characters from earlier adventures. A list of pre-generated characters, which includes one Time Lord and three Companions, is included in this booklet. To save time, it may be used as a source of characters for the players. This is especially useful if a new player wishes to join the group, as it allows him to begin play immediately, without delaying the game while a new character is created.

In order to play the game, the gamemaster and players will need paper, pencils or pens, and dice. Detailed maps, miniatures, and other play aids are not required, but may be introduced by the gamemaster if desired.



PLOT SYNOPSIS

The characters materialize aboard a gigantic starship called *Destiny Of Ydar*, a 10,000-kilometer-long vessel-world built around a large planetoid. They are captured almost at once by the Captain-Lords of Ydar, the ship's ruling class. The player characters are beings outside the ship rulers' experience, without proper identification, unknown to the entity called Supreme from whom the Captain-Lords take their orders.

Imprisoned, they meet Tovas, leader of a band of rebels fighting for freedom against the oppressive rule of The Supreme. Tovas was captured during a recent abortive attempt to rebel against the Captain-Lords and is awaiting his execution, a ceremonial launching into the black hole that powers the ship.

Eventually, the characters and Tovas escape, either through their own efforts, or with the help of rebels working to free their leader. By this time, they will have learned about the ship where they are trapped.

Destiny Of Ydar began as a mobile planetoid converted into a starship uncounted years ago. The Ydarans had lost a war with rapacious neighbors, and a fraction of their culture sought to escape through space.

The *Destiny Of Ydar* was powered through the extraction of energy released by matter funneled into a small, artificial black hole. The computer was directed through a complex program that allowed the ship to seek out raw materials in the form of asteroids and small, rocky planets; to extract useful ores and elements; and, finally, to convert the rest to energy. For thousands of years, *Destiny* added to itself, until the framework encompassing the original planetoid had grown to a structure over 10,000 kilometers long. The computer, now self-aware but believing itself to be the center of the entire universe, directs the world-ship across the universe at near-light speeds, seeking out planets to destroy for additional power and raw materials.

The descendants of the first Ydarans, nearly 100 billion strong, still inhabit the ship. The ruling class is known as "Captain-Lords". These are servants of Supreme, the computer brain of the ship. They have surgical implants that allow them to communicate with a part of the overall brain called "The Oracle," and to gain access to parts of the ship forbidden to ordinary people.

A small group of the inhabitants have recently rebelled against the established order, and have begun to question the laws governing their world and its society.

The characters will learn also that the Mutters Spiral – the Milky Way Galaxy of Earth and Gallifrey – lies ahead in the world-ship's path. The worlds Supreme destroys could shatter the Time Line of the Galaxy.

Clearly, the adventurers must act.

The characters will be able to choose one of a number of possible paths toward stopping *Destiny Of Ydar*.

They may choose to confront Supreme, the self-aware computer controlling the ship, by destroying, disconnecting, or reasoning with it. They may be able to help the revolution, which is seeking to overthrow the centuries-long domination of the Captain-Lords. The ship's drive, which is constructed around a massive, unstable black hole, may be sabotaged and the entire ship destroyed. Or, if the characters can get to their TARDIS, they may be able to find help elsewhere. A doomed planet lies in the world-ship's path. There may be help there, as well as an unexpected surprise or two.

Whatever course of action the characters adopt, something must be done, and quickly. *Destiny Of Ydar* is travelling close to the speed of light, which means that for every hour spent aboard, centuries pass outside. If they fail, *Destiny Of Ydar* will plunge across the Mutters Spiral, wrecking world after world in a thousand centuries of blind destruction – destruction that could shatter the timeline.

And, if they fail, the characters themselves will die.





CONTENTS OF THIS BOOK

The Lords Of Destiny is a complex adventure played on several levels. It is both a mystery and an adventure story, pitting the players against a super computer, ruthless foes, and the need to change an entire society before it can become a threat to the Galaxy.

Before play begins, it is recommended that the gamemaster familiarize himself with the contents of this booklet, which is divided into the following sections.

The Adventure section gets the gamemaster started by describing the opening events of this adventure. While the players themselves must come up with a plan for dealing with the problem (once they understand what the problem is), a number of possible solutions are discussed.

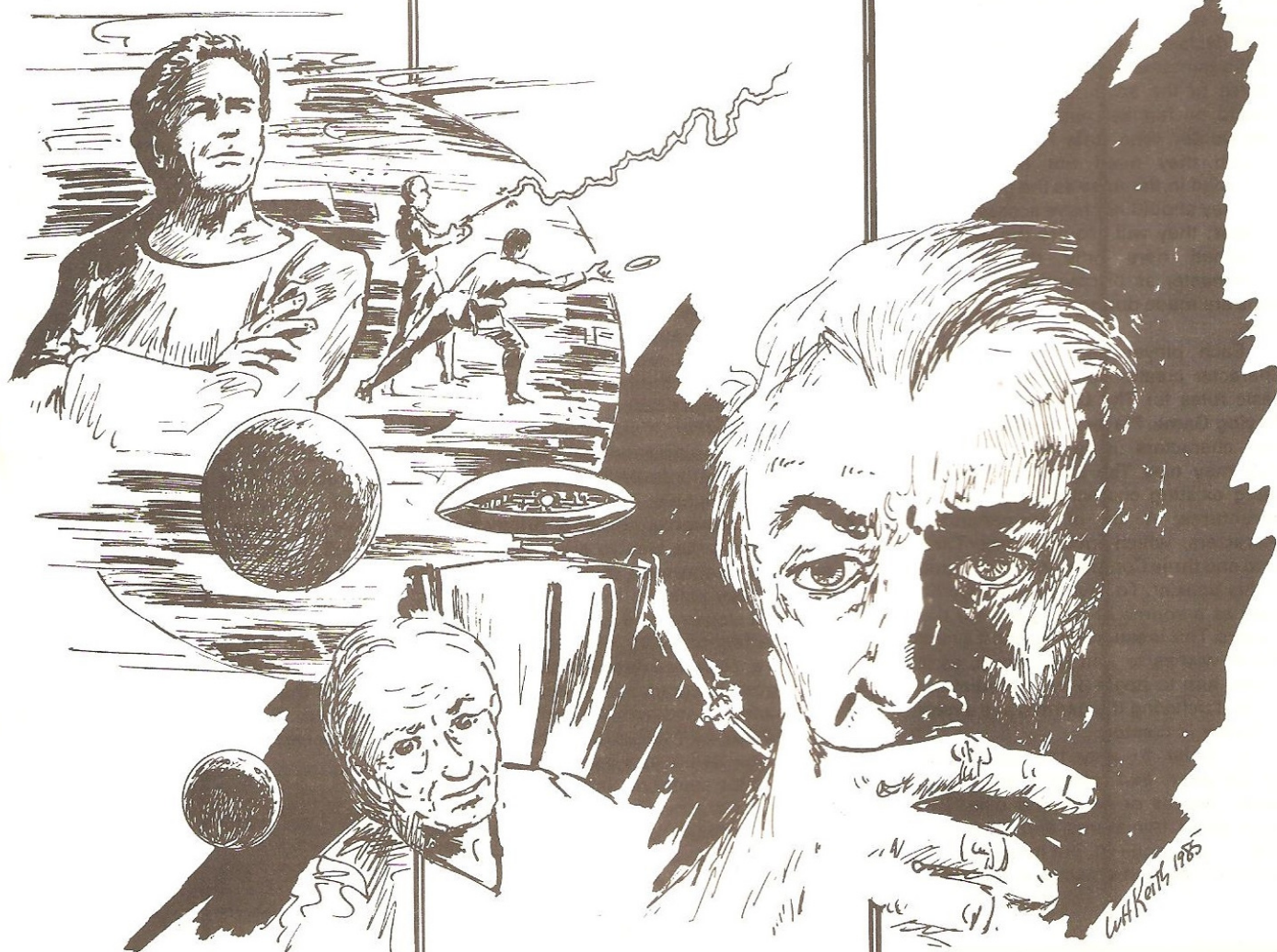
The Destiny of Ydar describes the world-ship by that name, and includes descriptions of its most important areas. Also included is a description of Supreme, the computer that rules this world.

The section on **Ydaran Civilization** gives the history of the Ydarans, details on Supreme (the computer that rules their world), information about the Ydaran's population, technology, and sociopolitical status, and details concerning the Ydarans themselves, the captain-lords, and the rebels.

The Cast of Characters describes the principal non-player characters (NPCs) in this adventure, with stats as outlined in the **Doctor Who Role Playing Game**. Four characters for use, if desired, as player characters are also given. (Some NPCs may be adopted as player characters as well.)

The Background Information section includes data that player characters might know (even if the players do not) or could find out. General information about black holes, Von Newman machines, and time dilations is presented.

The Gamemaster's Notes include hints for presenting NPCs, data needed in judging Ydaran weaponry, and tables for determining whether the player characters have won support from various NPC groups. Also included is a glossary of skills, devices, and terms found in the adventure.



THE
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ROLE PLAYING GAME

This section details the opening events of this Dr. Who adventure. While the exact course of events in any adventure will vary, depending on the skills and attributes of the characters and on the players' own actions and decisions, certain events and encounters in this adventure are planned, that is, they will occur no matter what the players do or decide.

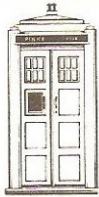
In **The Lords of Destiny**, the following events are planned. Each of these encounters and events is described in more detail in the following sections.

The adventurers' journey is unexpectedly interrupted when their TARDIS is affected by a black hole moving at relativistic speeds.

The adventurers are arrested by a group of Captain-Lords, led by a man named Guntrishul. They are found guilty of heresy, though it is obvious their captors do not know what to do about them.

The adventurers are imprisoned with a rebel named Tovas, from whom they learn about the *Destiny Of Ydar*, The Brotherhood, and the destruction of worlds to feed the world-ship.

The adventurers find themselves caught up in a revolutionary movement against the Captain-Lords. They may decide to help, hinder, or simply use this revolution, depending on the course of events.



INTRODUCTORY STORY

Tovas held up his hand, silencing the hushed protests of the men behind him. "We will go on," he said. "We have no choice!"

Some of his followers muttered uneasily. None of them had ever penetrated The Heart this deeply before. The walls here were strange, polished stone instead of metal, and light came from dim strips set into the rock overhead at regularly-paced intervals instead of from more natural and even glow panels. The air was thick with musty odors of age, and it was chilly here, still and close. The rock walls glistened with condensation in the uncertain light, and the scuffling footsteps of the band of men echoed hollowly about them.

Ahead, the tunnel split in two, with doors like toothless mouths puckered shut.

Tovas turned to the heavy-set and nervous man dressed in knee-length white robes instead of the gray coveralls of the others. "Which way, Barranic?"

"I...I'm not sure..."

"Quit stalling..."

"No! No, I'm not...really! I've never been this far in!"

"Then call on the Oracle."

The man's face grew paler than it already was. "Tovas...I dare not..."

"Call it!"

"I've used it too much already! If Supreme traces the signal, your plans are ruined, you know!"

Tovas' hand curled around the material at Barranic's throat, lifting him to his toes despite Barranic's bulk. "Well we don't have much choice, do we? Or shall we walk back to the World and talk to the Enforcers about your...business?"

Barranic's eyes closed. He swallowed, his Adam's apple convulsing, and he gave a nod, sharp and brief. Tovas released him with a push that sent Barranic sprawling in a flutter of robes against the wall, then wiped his hands on his coveralls.

"Do it, then."

One of the men behind Tovas stepped forward. He held a trellwand in both hands with a nervous, white-knuckled grasp. "Tovas, this isn't going to do at all. Admit it! We're lost!"

"Get back in line, Natin, and keep quiet."

"This fool is leading us into a trap!"

"He knows what'll happen to him if he does!"

"Look, if the Enforcers find us this far into The Heart, we're finished. You know that!"

"We knew it when we swore our oath, too." Tovas' hand dropped to the tool satchel slung low across his hips, came back up with a small, flat disk that glittered between his thumb and fingers. Natin drew back, eyes on the disk. "Didn't we?"

Natin nodded, his fingers working at the grips on the trellwand. The men behind him shuffled, uncertain, unwilling.

"We all agreed," Tovas said. "We swore the oath, remember? Supreme dies - whoever he is...whatever he is! He dies tonight!"

"Tovas's right," another voice said from the half-light. "Either we do it now, or we're slaves forever!"

"Thank you, Klavim." Tovas looked from face to face, his own face rigid, impassive. "It's good to know I have at least *one* man with me!"

He turned to face Barranic, who still leaned against the dripping wall, eyes closed, his chin dropped to his chest, his fingers touching his temples.

"Well, Barranic?"

"A...moment..." The voice was distant, a troubled whine.

"C'mon, c'mon!" He gestured with the disk. "Hurry up!"

"Please! Please! Patience! I'm going past the safeguards...ah!" Barranic's eyes snapped open. "To the left. The way lies to the left."

"Get on with it."

The nervous mutters grew louder. Barranic stepped forward, his hand raised, palm out.

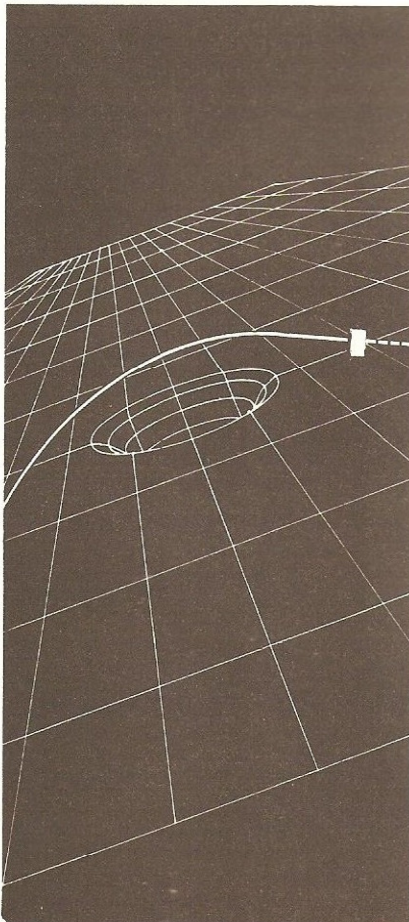
A low-voiced cry from the tunnel behind them made them turn. "Tovas! Someone's coming! I hear doors opening!"

Tovas spun on Barranic. "Open it!"

Barranic pressed his hand against the wrinkled surface of the closed door. There was a flash of light, and the sound of rocks grinding.

The door's mouth was made not of rock, but of an organic silicon grown by the builders of this place, programmed to respond to the triggering of circuitry planted within certain individuals. When Barranic's hand came away from the rock, a crisscross tracery of lines, like a webwork of light, glowed at the heel of his palm. The mouth before him yawned with a grating clatter.

They raced through, ten men armed with trellwands, prybar clubs, and zasters, shoving Barranic along in the van. Behind them, the door ground shut. The floor slanted downward, the



path picked out by the glitter of overhead lights in beads of moisture on walls and floor.

Then the passageway opened up, and they stood before an enlarged area walled off by a sheer metal wall 15 feet high. Graven in the silver metal was an enormous eye.

There was a chorus of hissed exclamations. "The sign of Supreme!" "This is it!" "The door!" "We made it!"

"Quiet, all of you!" Tovas shoved Barranic forward. "Okay, Barranic. Do it."

The corpulent man hesitated, sweat trickling down his cheeks despite the chill air. "You'll let me go after this? You promised you would let me go!"

"Get us in and you'll go free, like we bargained." Tovas' teeth showed briefly. "If we survive, of course. I make no promises about that!"

Barranic shivered and frowned, but turned and touched his palm to a small plate set chest-high in the face of the massive wall.

Somewhere, far off beneath the tons of rock that surrounded them, a muffled tone echoed with somber reverberations.

And nothing else happened. The men shuffled, eyes glancing this way and that, trying to pierce the encircling shadows. The graven eye of Supreme gazed down with blind and menacing calm.

"Again!"

Barranic touched the wall again, so frightened his eyes looked about to start from their sockets.

Rock trembled beneath their feet. Droplets of water trickled down the face of the metal barrier, pooling in the stone at its base.

The graven eye split.

The door had seemed to be a solid sheet of silver metal, without seam or crack. Now, a line slashing diagonally across its face and cleaving the eye appeared and began to widen. Ponderously, the two halves slid back from one another through grooves set deep in the surrounding rock. White light spilled through the opening.

And behind the door stood the Enforcers.

They were towering, massive shadows against the milky swirl of light at their backs. Twelve feet tall, glittering, angular constructs of metal and black plastic in roughly humanoid forms, the Enforcers stepped across the door before it was fully open, razor-edged claws descending on men suddenly screaming.

Tovas snapped his hand back and spun the disk, rolling it off his forefinger like a flat stone sent skipping across the water. It arced through the air, a spinning, sharp-rimmed saucer, striking the lead Enforcer squarely in the hideous complexity of lenses and antennae recessed under the metallic cowl that

served as a head. The disk struck and then ignited. It burned with a hissing, white-hot flare of intense heat that sent spatters of molten metal across the huge machine's shoulders and filled the air with acrid, stinging smoke. The Enforcer's arms clattered as they swung up and about, flailing out wildly.

Tovas stepped aside as the blinded monster lurched past him into the room, its head an arc lamp torch trailing wisps of metallic vapor. Then, the thermal charge melted its way down into the machine's body. Its legs froze in mid-stride, and it toppled to the floor with a boiler-factory roar. He reached into his pouch for another disk.

Other Enforcer machines lumbered into the room, vast, menacing eye lenses glowing balefully in the sudden dimness that followed the extinguishing of the flare in the first machine's head. Someone yelled wildly and fired his trellwand. Lightning arced between the weapon and the chest of the next robot with a thundercrack and the burnt-ginger stink of ozone. The machine didn't slow. It struck out with a clawed hand, snapping the wand, raking across the man's face, smashing him back and down. Two others fired with zasters, complex, two-handed projectors that focus sonic waves at their targets. The robot's sensor array exploded in a shower of glass and plastic, but its momentum carried it forward in a locomotive rush. The two tried to leap aside, shrieked, were crushed against the wall.

"Do not resist! You will not be harmed!" The electronic bleat of an Enforcer's vodor sounded above the screams and crashes. An arm reached out and down, snatched a man by his shoulder, yanked him off the ground, kicking. "Do not resist! You will not be harmed!"

Tovas winced as his comrade was flung against the far wall, screams silenced. There were five of the giants in the room now, and more crowding out through the yard-thick metal doors from The Supreme's chambers. So many of them! He spun another of his deadly thermal disks. It hit a robot full on his chest and clung as a sun-bright flare melted its way through the armor shell and into the vulnerable circuits within. Molten metal puddled at the monster's feet, and then the machine collapsed in an avalanche roar.

A companion yelled, firing his zaster. Laser light winked from a robot's head, and the zaster smashed apart in melting plastic and hot metal. The man shrieked, cradling his burned hands.

"Do not resist! You will not be harmed!" A metal arm like a derrick swung roundhouse on the wounded man, catching him from behind. He sprawled in a rag-limp heap, groped to his hands and knees, then collapsed, not moving.

Another man tried valiantly to duck past the machines into the room beyond filled with its milky fog of light. Diamond-hard light flickered, drilling the man's back. He slid the last two yards to the door on his face, and lay at the entrance, quite still.

Tovas dodged another swinging arm, dodged again as a laser flickered white ruin along the rock beside his head. The battle was lost. How? So many of them...and waiting for the rebels in exactly the right place.

A movement, a blur of white by the tunnel mouth, caught his eye.

"Barranic!" He screamed the name. "Betrayer!"

Barranic scrambled for the tunnel as Tovas' next disk hissed overhead and struck the rock wall, hissing and boiling and flooding the chamber with blue-white light. Molten rock puddled on the floor.

Something struck Tovas a blow from behind, and a massive steel claw closed on his shoulder, hoisting him high above the heads of the others. With dull shock, he realized the battle was over, his companions dead or scattered about the room in wounded, brokenly moving heaps. He looked down into glittering lenses; the machine held him near the ceiling. He kicked and struggled, but the claws tightened their grip. He tried to reach his pouch and failed, then felt the arm swing back, preparing to hurl him to the ground.

"Hold!" The voice was commanding, imperial in tone, pitch, and timbre. A tall, a regal man entered the room between the abruptly motionless forms of the Enforcers. He wore robes like Barranic's, but longer, richer, edged in gold. A silver medallion fashioned with a graven eye like that on the door hung from a circlet on his brow, a third eye, the eye of Supreme. His hand was raised, and the glowing network of wires in his palm made his flesh seem to radiate polychrome light.

Tovas dangled in the machine's grasp, his left arm clinging to the massive hand to keep his weight from hanging on his right shoulder alone. By twisting his neck, he could watch the figure step up close. Cold humor twitched at the corners of the man's eyes. Light winked from the medallion at his brow. "You've failed, Tovas, you and your movement. It's over."

The man made an almost imperceptible gesture, and the mechanical giant's claws relaxed. Tovas dropped to the ground.

"You were unlucky," the robed figure said.



"We were betrayed, Captain-Lord Guntrishul. As if you didn't know."

Guntrishul smiled, a chilling expression. "Well, yes, I suppose you were. Let's say you were unlucky in your choice of...ah...assistants."

"Barranic was our key through the doors! And...he could consult the Oracle."

"Oh, Barranic wasn't ours, Tovas. You needn't know who it was, in fact. It is sufficient for you to know that we've known of your pathetic little insurrection for months. Fool! Do you think there is anything Supreme doesn't know? Anything Supreme cannot do?" His voice pitched louder, higher. "Did you actually think you could *kill* Supreme?"

"Captain-Lord!" Tovas' words came in a sudden, desperate rush. "Supreme has made a mistake! There are worlds out there...worlds beyond The World."

"Heretic!"

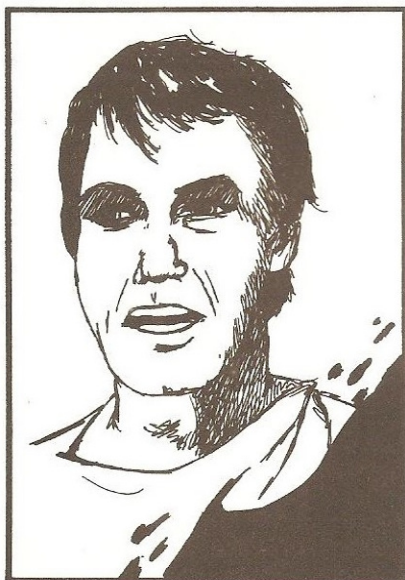
"No, Captain-Lord! The Sources are worlds...maybe worlds like *Destiny Of Ydar*! Don't you see? We've got to stop The Supreme before..."

"Take the heretic!" A metal claw descended on Tovas again, closing on the back of his neck, dragging him to his feet. "Get him out of my sight. And these others!"

The robots moved through the room, pulling the surviving battered and wounded rebels to their feet and sending them, hurt and shambling, out through the tunnel.

"Fools," Guntrishul said. "Supreme will settle with them himself...at the Judgement Circle in the Black Well of Power! Take them away!"

And behind them, the silver doors slid shut, cutting off the white light from within. The two halves of the graven eye joined again to gaze down upon a room filled with smoking wreckage and death.



AN INTERRUPTED JOURNEY

This adventure begins unexpectedly for the player characters; they may be returning to Gallifrey after a previous mission or be on their way to begin a new one, or they may simply be enjoying a brief vacation between missions. In any case, they are on their way from one space and time to another when a collision warning sounds from the master control console.

The trouble is glimpsed on the TARDIS Mean Free Path Tracker. There is a mass ahead, a terrifyingly vast mass moving very quickly through three-dimensional space and creating a hyper-gravitational wavefront that is protruding into The Vortex.

Experienced TARDIS operators would know that mass moving at near-light speeds disturbs the fabric of space-time with an effect sometimes compared to the wake created in the surface of water by a moving boat. The faster and larger the boat, the higher and more violent the wake.



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The TARDIS is about to smash into the wall of an especially large wake, one caused by something of extraordinary weight moving at just below the speed of light. The travellers leap to the controls in an attempt to avoid the onrushing danger...

Too late! There is a violent lurch, the TARDIS shudders sickeningly, and the characters are thrown to the deck by a violent shock.

Though no one is seriously injured, there is considerable damage to the TARDIS control systems. The auxiliary power control station on the master console has caught fire, the main navigational station is dead, the lights and viewscreen are out, and the dematerialization circuits have melted.

When the internal power systems and viewscreen are brought back on line, the viewscreen will show that the TARDIS has materialized in near-darkness. An infra-red view will show what appears to be a storeroom. Boxes or crates of some dark, metallic substance are stacked on all sides; the ceiling is obscured by a red-lit mist high overhead, and the lines of walls and crates seem to converge to a point so far away that the far side of the room is lost in the distance. The storeroom is huge. Operating TARDIS sensors will show it to be at least 100 miles long, four to five miles wide, and at least one mile high. There will be no sign of life outside on the viewscreen, nor any indication of life on the TARDIS sensors.

A check of damage to the TARDIS systems will show that repairs are possible, though they will take time. Consulting the TARDIS computer will reveal that their flight was interrupted by what appears to be an uncharted black hole, one that is moving at an extraordinarily high speed – 99.998726 percent of the speed of light. This black hole has a mass equal to about five times that of a class G star (like Earth's sun), but its relativistic velocity has drastically increased that mass.

The player characters may surmise that the strain on the local fabric of space and time has severely warped the space-time continuum. This warping poses no threat to the universe at large, of course, but is a serious hazard for ships passing 'nearby'. The TARDIS hit this warp while travelling through The Vortex, and it is the cause of the damage to the TARDIS systems. Back-up systems landed them safely within the vast storeroom, which has breathable atmosphere, but it is clear that the TARDIS is not going to be going anywhere for some time.

At some point, the characters will want to step outside and have a look around. Moments after they venture through the TARDIS door, they will find themselves surrounded by an unexpected reception committee of five

robots, each three meters tall and roughly humanoid in structure.

"DO NOT RESIST!" The machines will speak in unison, in thunder-deep voices. "YOU WILL COME WITH US! DO NOT RESIST! YOU WILL NOT BE HARMED!"

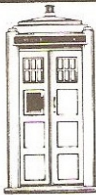
The characters will have little choice in the matter. They may be allowed to walk, but if they struggle or attempt to run, they will be snatched up into the air and carried by powerful steel clamps. The machines see perfectly in the eerie, red-lit near-darkness, while the humans are almost helpless without lights (which would give away their positions instantly.)

It is possible that one or more of the characters will be able to escape in the confusion. How they manage this is up to their ingenuity and the gamemaster's judgement. It is also possible that not all of the characters ventured outside, that some remain inside the control room and are watching the proceedings through the viewscreen. Characters who escape capture will not be pursued or fired upon (the robots will have their clamps full with the characters they *do* capture), nor will any of the robots enter the TARDIS. However, whether anyone remains uncaptured or not, one robot will remain behind directly in front of the TARDIS door, unmoving and threatening.

The other four robots will escort the characters, willingly or unwillingly, past row upon row of stacked crates and unidentifiable machinery, descending at last down a ramp leading to a room beneath the warehouse floor. A vehicle of some kind will be waiting there, hovering with its side open above the floor in front of an open hatch in the far wall. The characters will be herded inside and made to sit down, the robots will crowd in after them, and the side of the cylinder will hiss shut, sealing them in.

There will be no sensation of motion, but there will be a 15-minute period during which it is obvious that they are moving, not only travelling somewhere but probably very quickly. Throughout all of this, the characters' captors will remain completely uncommunicative, offering only periodic comments such as "DO NOT RESIST!" and "YOU WILL NOT BE HARMED!"

They refuse to answer any questions and offer no opportunity for tampering; attempts to surreptitiously disassemble a guard will be detected and stopped.



CAPTAIN-LORD GUNTRISHUL

The characters will exit the car in a room of shining, reflective surfaces and warm, orangish lighting. They will be met by more of the towering robots, and by several tall, pale-skinned, large-eyed humans in richly-decorated togas and cloaks. With his proud bearing and eye-ingraved diadem, one of them is obviously the leader. He will introduce himself as Captain-Lord Guntrishul, and demand to know which Cell the travellers are from.

At this point, the characters may try any of a number of approaches. All will fail, though the gamemaster should use care not to make this too obvious ahead of time.

Guntrishul firmly believes that the world he calls "the *Destiny Of Ydar*" is literally the entire universe. Obviously (in his view), nothing can exist outside the universe, and any attempt to convince Guntrishul that there is more to the cosmos than the *Destiny Of Ydar* will be dismissed as lunacy, or worse, blasphemy. He might listen to an explanation of time travel, should the characters try to persuade him that they are from the past or future, but their complete ignorance of the unchanging Ydaran culture, their ignorance about such absolutes as Supreme, will give them away.

If the characters claim to be a part of Guntrishul's universe, the situation will be, if anything, worse. The characters are obviously not Ydarans. They are dressed all wrong, know nothing about such basic concepts as Captain-Lords, implants, Cells, or Supreme, know none of the place names or how to get around, and, in fact, do not seem to fit in the Ydaran universe at all. Lies will be immediately detected, and the Captain-Lords will assume the characters are lying to cover some revolutionary or heretical scheme.

The gamemaster must take Guntrishul's role in any discussion with the characters. He should maintain a slightly condescending and absolutely self-confident attitude: I am obviously right, and anything these people do or say to demonstrate otherwise must be trickery.

If the characters choose to claim they are native Ydarans, Guntrishul's manner will change to that of a hard-nosed police interrogator: I know you're lying, so why don't you tell the truth before I'm forced to get nasty?

The characters will be searched, and relieved of anything resembling a weapon. Homing devices or beacons keyed on the TARDIS will be recognized and taken.

In the end, Guntrishul will decree that the captives are to be imprisoned until a disposition of the case can be made before Supreme. He then will give the characters a chilling smile.

"I wouldn't get my hopes up, if I were you. It'll be the Judgement Circle for you, I think."





TOVAS

The prison cell they will be led to is a bare, metal-walled and -floored room with four wall-hung cots, sanitary facilities, a single, small peep hole in the door, a slot near the floor through which food trays are pushed, and no other amenities. There will be one other prisoner there, a dark-haired young man in gray coveralls named Tovas.

Tovas will be suspicious of the characters at first; the time travellers seem as strange and out-of-place to him as they do to Guntrishul. Characters with high CHARISMA levels or *Negotiation/Diplomacy* ratings will eventually overcome Tovas' reluctance to communicate. Even without successful die rolls by the characters, he eventually will talk to them out of boredom.

Tovas will be the first source of information for the characters about the place where they find themselves. Tovas, through questions put to him by the player characters, will be able to tell them the following:

They are within the *Destiny Of Ydar*. For Tovas, the concepts "world", "universe", and "Destiny Of Ydar" are completely synonymous. Their prison cell is in "the Heart of Ydar", within "The Citadel". If asked, he will be able to describe the overall layout of the world-ship, its culture, and its beliefs.

Tovas will be able to tell the characters about the Enforcers and the Captain-Lords. He will be able to describe Supreme as the shadowy super-being who controls every facet of Ydaran life. Tovar's grasp of history is quite fuzzy, however, and he does not know how Supreme or the *Destiny Of Ydar* began or where they came from. He will say that some people think Supreme is a human leader of the Captain-Lords, but that an outcast Captain-Lord named Sarremnebic claims Supreme is a machine.

Tovas will admit that he was captured while leading an expedition to find Supreme and to kill him if he was a man, to destroy it if it was a machine. He knows he was betrayed and his plan thwarted, but he does not know who the betrayer was.

He knows that the *Destiny Of Ydar* draws power and raw materials from "Sources", which, he believes, may be other worlds like his own. He remembers the words of an old mystic named Sarremnebic who addressed the Brotherhood on several occasions about his sincere belief that these

Sources were other worlds. He can describe the mystic's experience, including the destruction of a planet that occurred several years ago, as it was described by Sarremnebic to him. (See the information on Sarremnebic in the **Cast of Characters** section.)

Tovas will know of the black hole within the Power Core, and will be able to describe the Judgement Circle, which he believes is their probable fate.

He will be able to describe both the Brotherhood Of Life and his own Brotherhood Of Freedom, though he will be reluctant to talk about specifics. (Tovas still thinks there is a chance the characters are spies for Guntrishul, and there is the very real danger that the prison cell has listening devices hidden in the walls.) He will be willing to discuss the beliefs of the various Brotherhoods at length, including the notion that Sources are in fact other worlds like the *Destiny Of Ydar*, and that worlds, source of all life, are sacred. (There is no organized religion in this culture, though Supreme approaches the status of a god. In this context, 'sacred' is a descriptive, rather than a literal term.)

Finally, though Tovas subscribes, in a general way, to the philosophy of other worlds, and he is at least partly motivated by horror that the *Destiny Of Ydar* destroys whole worlds and civilizations at a time, he will not be able immediately to accept the idea that the characters are from another "universe" or time. Such acceptance will be too great a leap for him at this time, with the chasm between philosophical understanding and belief too vast for him to yet bridge.

The characters are on their own at this point in determining how much or how little to tell Tovas. Their principal motivation will probably be to escape and find their way back to the TARDIS. Finding the TARDIS will in itself seem an insurmountable task, as any homing devices they may have had were confiscated. There will have been no way to keep track of their path once they entered the sealed, travelling cylinder; in fact, the TARDIS now lies several thousands of kilometers away in a storeroom identical to hundreds of other storerooms in the belly of the mammoth ship. Their only hope will be to establish friendly relations with the natives or with some group of natives. So far, however, they haven't yet been able to convince anyone of the reality of their existence.



THE BROTHERHOOD'S REVOLUTION

It is unlikely (though not impossible) that the characters will be able to escape from the prison cell on their own. They are, however, welcome to try.

If they fail to escape, after a number of hours (the exact time determined by how long it takes to interrogate Tovas), the characters will hear sounds of fighting outside, shouts and yells, thunderous crashes, and the electronic squeals of some sort of weapon being discharged. Through the single, tiny peephole in the door, they will be able to see the shifting, orange flicker of firelight against the walls, and they will be able to hear the clattering scuffle of many running boots.

Eventually, they will hear a muffled voice calling Tovas' name, and, when he answers, the lock of the door will dissolve in a smoky, white-hot flare.

Their rescuers will be 20 men and women dressed like Tovas, carrying curious, slender rods and cautiously-cradled throwing projectiles that look like small frisbees and explode on impact.

"Brothers!" Tovas will cry. Moments later he will be passionately embraced by a young, slender, dark-haired woman whom he will call Zaralynn.

Quickly, the prisoners will be hustled from the cell. The junked carcasses of several Enforcer robots litter the corridor outside, together with the bodies of some robed Captain-Lords and several revolutionaries. One of the rescuers will explain to Tovas that the Brotherhood Council voted to free him "no matter what the cost," and another will laugh and say that "convincing them was all Zaralynn's doing."

Tovas will turn to the characters and invite them to come with him and his friends. If they refuse, the mood of Tovas and his companions will turn ugly, for that will be seen as proof that the characters were indeed working for the Captain-Lords, and are seeking now to escape. If necessary, the time travellers will be led out of the cell block at gunpoint.

The group will not use the transport system, but will flee to a rock-walled cavern off deserted corridors some distance from the prison cells. They will appear unused, piled high with dirt and crumbled rock. There will be track marks in the floor where many large machines moved at one time, and the area will give the impression of being an old, long-abandoned subsurface strip mining or construction site.



SUBSEQUENT EVENTS

The player characters will have to develop their own plan at this point in the adventure. Several possibilities exist.

CONVINCING THE BROTHERHOOD

The Brotherhood will be more receptive to the adventurers' claim that they are from another world than the Captain-Lords were. Their philosophy lays the groundwork for this startling revelation, and after initial disbelief, the time travellers will be accepted for what they are. There always will be some hesitation on the part of the revolutionaries to believe "exaggerated claims" about the true size of the universe, however. (No Ydaran, not even the mystic Sarremnebic, has yet dared to believe the universe is more than a few tens of millions of miles across.)

If the characters manage to convince the Brotherhood that they are from another world, they will be able to enlist the Brotherhood's several thousand revolutionaries. For the characters to influence the rebels' activities, they will have to win the trust of the group, which is done through the Revolutionary Politics table.

ESCAPING

The characters may decide to escape and make their way back to the TARDIS on their own. How they escape is up to them, of course, and will depend on their own ingenuity and resourcefulness. They may, for example, be able to force a captured Captain-Lord to lead them to an office where their homing devices are kept, or learn from him where the Seat of Memory is and gain admittance to it. If they do escape, they will not be able to reach the TARDIS immediately; the *Destiny Of Ydar* has a habitable area far greater than the surface area of the entire Earth, and they will need the help of locals to reach it. If they do not have homing devices, or if they cannot get a Captain-Lord to lead them to where they were captured, they are quite hopelessly lost.



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Once they escape from the rebels, they will have two sets of hunters on their trail – the rebels and the Captain-Lords. Of the two, the Captain-Lords will be the more formidable, for they have with them hordes of the black-armored Enforcer robots, together with batteries of detection and scanner gear with which to track down renegades. The rebels will be less persistent; once the characters have fled, they will lose interest in what were probably Captain-Lord spies with peculiarly incomprehensible cover stories.

JOINING THE CAPTAIN-LORDS

This is an unlikely option, because the Captain-Lords have just finished locking the characters up out of disbelief in their story. However, the characters may conclude that voluntarily seeking out their erstwhile captors would establish their credibility with the local rulers.

Though more difficult than winning over the rebels, it may be possible to win the Captain-Lords' confidence. The gamemaster should consult the Influencing Captain-Lords Politics Table to determine the Captain-Lords' response to the travellers.

Even if the characters succeed in making allies of the Captain-Lords, they will not be shown the way back to their TARDIS. The Captain-Lords will remain somewhat suspicious of the travellers simply because they are inexplicably different from other Ydarans.

MULTIPLE PATHS

It is also possible that the characters will follow two or more of these possible paths. This is especially likely if the group becomes split up. For example, some of the characters may escape and be captured by the Captain-Lords while others remain with the rebels. The adventure might then develop with one player character getting to know the Captain-Lords, the other the world-ship's revolutionaries. Another possibility is that characters who escaped the initial capture, either by hiding in the storeroom or staying in the TARDIS, will be able to find local help and track down their comrades.

This would present the gamemaster with the delicate job of balancing two or more separate but concurrent adventures against one another – a difficult task but a particularly satisfying one, as the ultimate goal of the player characters will be to get the rebels and Captain-Lords to join forces. This will be possible only if the players get to know both sides of the world's problem.



MEETING A MYSTIC

At some point in the adventure after their escape, the adventurers will meet with Sarremnebic, an old, apparently half-crazy, one-time Captain-Lord who has some strange ideas.

If the characters escape from both the Captain-Lords and the rebels, they may meet Sarremnebic coincidentally while they are wandering in search of their TARDIS through the vastness that is called The World. If one or more characters remained behind in the TARDIS when the others were captured initially, and if they were subsequently able to overcome the robot standing guard, they may encounter Sarremnebic during their explorations of the inhabited area above The Warehouse, where the TARDIS landed. Such an encounter would be largely coincidental, although the gamemaster may lessen the coincidence by having Ydaran townspeople direct the player characters to Cell 283 "where there's a crazy old guy that talks about stuff like that" (i.e., other worlds).

If the characters remain with the rebels, and if the characters try to convince the rebels that they are from the universe outside, the rebels themselves will decide to arrange a meeting between the travellers and Sarremnebic. The ex-Captain-Lord, they will say, was always talking about his "window to the Outside".

Sarremnebic will be eager to take the adventurers to a room on the ancient surface of the moon, which is now called The Heart Of Ydar. Through the room's transparent ceiling, the player characters can look out into an absolute blackness divided by a 'starbow', a ring of rainbow light surrounding the world-ship.

Time Lord characters and Companions with training in *Astrophysics*, *Astronomy*, or other *Space Sciences*, will recognize the effect as an aberration of light caused by the world-ship's near-light speed. This should confirm for the characters that they are indeed on a starship – an extremely large one – and that it was the mass of this ship that knocked them out of the space-time vortex. They will be able to confirm for Sarremnebic that what he saw several years ago was the destruction of a planet; that a planet is, indeed, as large or larger than the *Destiny Of Ydar*, and that they are, indeed, frequently inhabited by thinking beings.

The discovery will worry any Time Lord characters among the player characters. They will recognize Sarremnebic's description of the "spiral of

light" as a spiral Galaxy. They know, from instrument readings at the time they were knocked out of the space-time vortex, that the Mutter Spiral (the Galaxy of Earth and Mankind, and Gallifrey and the Gallifreyans) is relatively close by. (The next closest spiral galaxy is M-31 in Andromeda, two and a half million light years away.) It is at least possible that the *Destiny Of Ydar* is plunging into the Galaxy, destroying worlds as it goes. It will become very important to the Time Lords to confirm or deny this, something that they should be able to do from the TARDIS.

If they can get there.



ROOM WITH A VIEW

The player characters should gradually become aware that they are faced with a problem that threatens not only them, but the Milky Way Galaxy and the structure of Time itself. The meeting with Sarremnebic, when it occurs, should convince them that the Galaxy is in danger.

The gamemaster may, if he desires, arrange to have the characters follow Sarremnebic to his "window". This would be necessary only if the player characters fail to pick up on the fact that their galaxy is in danger. The trip to the window room will be a major expedition in its own right, requiring the characters to penetrate the Heart of Ydar and elude Captain-Lord and Enforcer security teams, all the while protecting Sarremnebic from enemy attacks.

The window room was once part of an observation building on the surface of the Ydaran moon, and has long been in disuse. Like the Power Core control room, described elsewhere, the window room building was not converted into scrap with other, similar old structures during Supreme's continual re-design work because its design was such that the structural and vacuum-tight integrity of other, nearby major structures would have been threatened by destroying it.

The ceiling is a transparent dome looking past the structure of the world-ship into space. While the ship is traveling at near-light speed, nothing is visible but a portion of a "starbow" that appears to circle the *Destiny Of Ydar*. Only when the ship slows down do stars, galaxies, and planets become visible and recognizable.

The starbow will be visible while the characters are in the room, but as they watch, they will see the sky change.

The starbow will dim, expanding across the sky at the same time. The colors will fade, and stars appear. The characters will see the arm of a spiral galaxy looming hugely above the world-ship's horizon. They will see stars as well, especially clustered around the galaxy, with fewer stars visible in the intergalactic gulf in the opposite direction. In the direction of the galaxy, one star will detach itself from the sky,

growing gradually brighter as the world-ship approaches. It will be obvious that the *Destiny Of Ydar* has slowed, that it is closing on another "Source" — a sun circled by planets.



THE
**DOCTOR
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ROLE PLAYING GAME



FORMULATING A PLAN

The player characters by this time will have to begin formulating a plan. They are facing an unknown time limit because it would be desirable to stop Supreme from destroying the planets of the star ahead. There will be no way of determining how much longer it will be before the *Destiny Of Ydar* starts munching planets, but it certainly will not be more than a few hours, at most.

The player characters might come up with almost anything as a workable plan. This section discusses several possible alternatives.

TALKING TO SUPREME

It may be possible for the player characters to convince Supreme that its world-view is slightly warped. They can only do this if they can talk with Supreme directly. There are several ways this can be accomplished.

Convincing a Captain-Lord

Captain-Lords of Third-Degree rank and higher have implants that give them direct access to Supreme. Though these are rarely used nowadays, it is still possible. A Captain-Lord might be captured, and convinced through argument or persuasion that Supreme must be stopped.

The first danger the player characters will face if this method is tried is that the captured Captain-Lord can immediately call for help. He must concentrate for a moment to do this, and if he is being watched, the characters will know he is in communication with someone by the look of concentration on his face. That concentration can be broken by threats, force, or by a simple plea that the NPC hear the characters' story before calling for help.

There are two ways to simulate persuading an NPC to join the rebels.

The first way is the simplest, but also the least realistic. The argument is resolved as Verbal Interaction on the Interaction Matrix, using rolls against *Negotiation/Diplomacy* or *Haggling*, with successes scoring 1 point toward convincing the NPC, and critical successes scoring 5 points. The gamemaster secretly rolls 2D6+4; when the point total goes above this level, the NPC has been won over to the rebel cause. In the meantime, the gamemaster may have him arguing back, scoring *negative* points for his successes, at the same time looking for a way to escape or warn his superiors.

A far more satisfying and realistic method is to have the players actually deliver the arguments they wish to use, with the gamemaster role-playing the part of the captured Captain-Lord.

Again, the gamemaster rolls 2D6+4 in secret to create a target value that must be reached to convince the prisoner. The gamemaster assigns points to the arguments the players employ, weighting them according to the strength of the argument and how well it is delivered. For example, if a player character makes the point that it is at least possible that there are other worlds than his, that victory might be worth 1 or 2 points. If the player characters take the prisoner to the window room and *show* him stars, worlds, and galaxies, that might well be worth 10 points or more!

The gamemaster can deduct points for bad presentation, confusion, or uncertainty among the player characters in the same way. If the point total ever falls below 0, it can be assumed the Captain-Lord has made up his mind that the rebels are fools not worth listening to, whatever they say or do.

The major problem the characters will face is how to know if the prisoner has really been convinced. He could, after all, be simply agreeing to whatever they say, and waiting for his chance to summon a squad of Enforcers. The gamemaster should take this into account as he plays the prisoner's part; the player characters, after all, do not know the secret target value rolled earlier, and it is easy for the gamemaster to pretend to be convinced before the 2D6+4 value is reached.

The players should be given a chance to evaluate the prisoner's sincerity through clues such as the enthusiasm in his voice, the uncertainty in his manner, or the shifty look in his eyes, which will be either described or acted out by the gamemaster. If necessary, the rebel NPCs can provide clues to the player characters, as they have had long experience with the Captain-Lords, and will have a feel for when the character is lying. Player characters with a telepathic sense will also be able to know intuitively if a prisoner is sincere.

The rebel characters have available one ace in the hole: it will be impossible for any character to stand in the window room and look into the unguessed-at depths of intergalactic space and remain either unmoved or deceitful. He may later decide that what he was shown was trickery of some kind, but, at the moment of seeing, every belief he has ever held about the nature of his universe will be challenged. If the characters can explain to him what he is seeing, he will tend to accept what they say as truth.

Once a Captain-Lord has been converted to the rebel cause, he will be able to act as a liaison between the player characters and Supreme. How Supreme might be convinced is dealt with later in this section.

Penetrating the Audience Chamber

The Audience Chamber is a stadium-sized room within the Citadel. Any character, whether Ydaran or not, can ascend the steps to the top of the central dais, and there speak directly to Supreme. Supreme's answers (if it deigns to answer) will be heard by all present as a thunderous, rumbling voice that fills the room. The characters may seek out this room even if they have access to Supreme through a converted Captain-Lord, simply because it will be preferable to talk to the machine directly, rather than through a translator.

The characters will have to obtain the services of a Captain-Lord of Fourth Degree rank or higher. Only a Fourth Degree Lord can open the twenty-foot tall doors to the Chamber.

There will be an additional problem they must face before entering as well. The door is guarded by four Enforcer robots that are directly controlled by Supreme. No Captain-Lord can override Supreme's control of these particular machines; they must be destroyed, or Supreme must be convinced through a converted Captain-Lord beforehand that the characters should be allowed to enter.

One added plot twist would involve gaining entrance and finding a group of 2D6+5 Captain-Lords performing a ritual ceremony within the Chamber. These people would have to be held at bay while the conversation with Supreme was held; if the conversation took an unpleasant turn, Supreme could order the Captain-Lords to slay the intruders, which they would attempt to do without thought of their own safety.

OPENING THE SEAT OF MEMORY

Below the Audience Chamber is the Seat of Memory, the room that once held the central circuitry for Supreme, but that now serves as a repository for its long-term memory. This is not normally a place where direct communications with Supreme can be carried out, but it is a place where a character with a high level of skill in *Computer Science* might learn clues to Supreme's character and behavior, and ultimately force the machine to communicate.

The applicable skill here is *Computer Science*, which involves analyzing and rebuilding computer systems — even alien ones — and *not Computer Systems Technology*, which applies to the operation of known computer systems.

There is data stored in these blue crystal matrices that not even Supreme



has looked at for many thousands of years. If Supreme can be convinced to examine some of these records, it will be possible to use them as proof that what the characters are saying about the nature of the universe is true.

It is a Difficulty Level VI task to extract specific data and display it on a screen across one wall of the room. Success at this task will enable the characters to learn the early history of the *Destiny Of Ydar*, including its construction, details of the war, the escape of the Ydaran moon, and the subsequent growth of the world-ship.

Most of this data was acquired before Supreme became self-aware and truly sentient. These earliest memories are, in human terms, very painful for the machine, and Supreme has not looked at these memories for ages. It will be a second Difficulty Level VI task to feed this data into Supreme's current working data base. The same task can be accomplished by convincing Supreme to look at the data itself.

The Seat of Memory may also give the characters clues to others ways of approaching Supreme. The existence and location of the Power Core Control Room can be discovered by examining maps or the histories of world-ship building programs. So too can the location of the Audience Chamber and the room called the "window to the Outside", if these have not been discovered already.

Confronting Supreme

Once the characters have Supreme's attention, they will have to convince an amoral machine to do a moral deed: stop destroying planets. Once again, this argument can be handled through die rolls against *Verbal Interaction* skill rating, but it will be far more satisfying and interesting to have the players participate directly.

Supreme sees itself as the entire universe. From time to time, it taps what it calls "Sources" to replenish raw material and energy reserves, to allow it to continue moving across the universe building and rebuilding its own structure. It has no reason to change. The players will have to give it one.

The players will have to work out their own strategy. There are several possibilities that might work and these are described below.

Self Interest: If Supreme looks at the earliest memories stored in the long-unused Seat of Memory, it will discover that its perceptions are wrong, that the universe is far larger, more varied, and less controllable than it realized. It will be willing to admit that it is a remarkably tiny part of the universe as a whole when confronted with facts about the size of the universe.

Once convinced that it is only a tiny part of the universe, it will also admit that there might well be forces in the universe greater than its own, forces that might have the power to destroy

the *Destiny Of Ydar* if aroused. Supreme has a programming imperative to preserve itself, and the threat of destruction will be a totally new, unexpected, and terrifying thought to it.

TARDIS Tour: If the players can take Supreme on a tour of the TARDIS, they will be able to confront it with information on the size and diversity of the universe. Even though the player characters probably still have no idea where the TARDIS is, Supreme does, as it can draw on the data stored in the Enforcer robots who found the characters in the first place, and could probably trace the machine through other means, such as its mass inexplicably appearing in a storage area. Supreme can visit the TARDIS through the senses of an Enforcer, or, more conveniently, through the senses of a Captain-Lord in rapport with Supreme through his implant. Supreme might also bring in a remote sensor robot: a grav-hovering, basketball-sized device that could follow them into the TARDIS to observe.

In any case, Supreme could be shown through the interior of the TARDIS; the mystery of a device far larger on the inside than out would convince Supreme that there are twists (literally!) to space that it had never conceived. The TARDIS computer holds a vast store of data on other worlds and civilizations, which would convince Supreme that it is not the entire universe, that itself and the Ydarans (whom it also sees as an extension of itself) are not creation's only intelligent beings. If the TARDIS can be made operational, Supreme's emissary could be taken to the surface of a nearby world to examine it at first hand.

Offer Alternatives: This will be necessary no matter what tactics the player characters adopt against Supreme. If Supreme stops eating planets, it will eventually (tens of thousands of years, if it does not travel at near-light speeds) run out of power reserves and die. There is also the danger of overpopulation. There are no population restrictions on the Ydarans in *The World*; always, Supreme has built enough to ensure enough living space, food, and other necessities for all. However, the population is likely to double within another generation, and that would impose severe restrictions on available resources. A generation after that, and there would be no way Supreme could provide for them all with current resources.

The only alternatives are to impose immediate, drastic restrictions on the population, or to find an alternate

source of raw materials. (A restriction on the size of Ydaran population will be necessary eventually anyway; the difference is whether the population can be prepared for this eventuality over a period of time, or have it imposed immediately, by force.)

Fortunately, there is a readily available source of raw materials that will provide the *Destiny Of Ydar* with power and life indefinitely. Any senior Time Lord, and any character with knowledge of Astronomy or Astrophysics, will know that throughout the galaxy there are numerous giant nebula — clouds of dust and gas from which new suns are born. A typical cloud contains thousands or millions of solar masses. (Remember that the *Destiny Of Ydar* has, during 5,000 ship years, built up from planetary debris a black hole of about five solar masses, and has converted less than that much mass to energy or building materials.)

If Supreme can be convinced to enter a large nebula, it can remain there, feeding on the gas and dust to continue providing for the Ydarans. It will not need to travel at near-light speeds, so its energy requirements will be greatly reduced. The only problem will be convincing Supreme that this would be preferable to blindly continuing to smash planets.

Threats: This is a less elegant solution to the problem. Supreme must, through built-in aspects of its programming, protect itself. Any threat to itself or the *Destiny Of Ydar* could be used to compel Supreme to negotiate.

There are essentially only two ways of threatening Supreme with harm. The first is to find the Power Core Control Room. Records of the existence and location of this room can only be obtained through a careful search of the data stored in the Seat of Memory.

The Control Room can now only be entered through an extremely hazardous TARDIS microjump, using coordinates learned from Seat of Memory data. The radiation and gravitational flux of the nearby black hole make each transdimensional maneuver nearby a task of Level VI difficulty. If the control circuits can be turned off or destroyed, the black hole will run wild through the heart of the *Destiny Of Ydar*, destroying the world ship, the entire Ydaran population, and Supreme. Supreme will do anything to prevent this, including promise to stop eating planets.

Unfortunately, Supreme is basically amoral, and there is no guarantee that it would abide by any promise it made under duress.

The second way is by threatening the Seat of Memory. Supreme's programming directive to preserve itself would make it sensitive to any threat to destroy the records stored here, even though the destruction of this data would not cripple or even seriously affect Supreme.



In either case, the threat must be communicated to Supreme through one of three ways: through a Captain-Lord, through someone standing on the dais in the Audience Chamber, or through a character skilled in *Computer Science* completing a Difficulty Level VI task in the Seat of Memory.

If Supreme is threatened, it will bring various defenses into play in an attempt to kill or neutralize the characters. Foremost of these are the Enforcers, which Supreme can summon at will in any number, and the characters may find themselves engaged in a fire-fight to hold these monsters at bay while one or more of their number try to deal with Supreme. Captain-Lords, too, may be called into service in defense of the computer.

In the Audience Chamber, Supreme can fire a powerful electric charge (a very large and powerful trellwand bolt) from the ceiling into the dais. If negotiations turn sour, or if a negotiator standing on the dais does not convince Supreme that a hostile act on the computer's part would be bad for all concerned, Supreme is capable of striking the negotiator down where he stands. Characters within the Power Core Control Room may find the room's shielding failing. Within seconds, a radiation storm of deadly proportions will be sleeting through the room. Time Lords will be able to resist the storm for a while (2D6 minutes), but normal humans will receive fatal doses of radiation and die within minutes. Finally, characters working at the computer console within the Seat of Memory may receive a fatal charge of electricity through the console. In all of these cases, Supreme will attack only if it believes it can do so safely, without threat of a counterattack from other, surviving characters.

Useless Arguments

The best way to deal with Supreme and resolve the adventure is by reasoning with the machine, convincing it to change of its own accord. The gamemaster has the responsibility for determining whether or not a particular line of reasoning on the part of the player characters will work. Almost any argument *will* work, providing it is logical and convincingly presented. It is important to remember that Supreme is quite intelligent, and, although it is single-minded and a bit misguided, it will listen to reason with more willingness than most humans. An argument or chain of logic that would convince a human will work with Supreme and perhaps even more readily, because Supreme has no human pride or stubbornness to interfere. There are two ploys, however, that will *not* work.

First, Supreme will not be swayed by any appeal to morality. It believes

itself to be the center of the universe, and it believes the Ydarans to be extensions of itself, similar to the way humans might view the semi-intelligent blood cells in their own bodies. For Supreme, morality is its own survival. A plea for Supreme to stop destroying planets on the grounds that destroying planets is immoral, wrong, or because "You can't do that!" will be meaningless to Supreme, and ignored.

Second, Supreme will not be tricked by attempts to tangle it up in logical paradoxes – the well-known "Captain Kirk school of computer repair". If Supreme is told to find the value of pi to the last decimal, it will inform the character that pi is a transcendental number and that the task is impossible. Convoluted chains of reason designed to prove that Supreme exists for the good of Ydarans, and that Supreme might currently be bad for Ydarans, and therefore should commit suicide will be disregarded as irrelevant, not to mention silly. (Supreme does *not* exist for the sake of the Ydarans, but for its own, and in any case, most Ydarans are quite happy!)

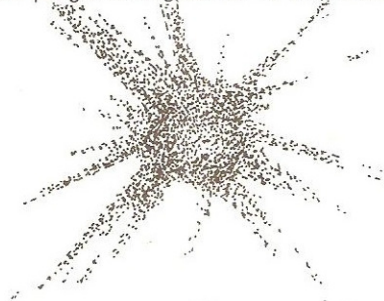
Attempts by the characters to use either of these approaches should be penalized by having Supreme break off communication with them at that point. Supreme will see little reason to continue discussions with entities with such a poor understanding of Supreme's own intelligence. Communications may be established again at a later time, through a different channel.

OTHER METHODS

Disconnecting Supreme

Tovas and his rebels were attempting to break into the Citadel when they were betrayed and captured. Their goal at that time was the Audience Chamber. They were uncertain whether Supreme was a human or a machine, but evidence drawn from various sources suggests that detonating explosives under the dais will lobotomize the controlling computer, hopefully without destroying them all. And if Supreme is a man, that action might bring him out.

Once, the Audience Chamber was the programming center for Supreme,



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and many of his primary circuits are still located in this room, under the floor (and above the room housing Seat of Memory). Destroying these circuits may disconnect Supreme's higher intelligence functions – essentially killing it, but leaving the systems governing air, light, heat, gravity, and power intact and working automatically. Data extracted from the Seat of Memory may suggest this method to the characters, or they may elect to attempt again what the rebels had been about to try.

There is grave danger in this approach, for if Supreme is too completely killed, the *Destiny Of Ydar* will become a powerless, lightless, lifeless hulk. The black hole will be unchained, run wild, and swallow the world-ship, Ydarans, characters, TARDIS and all.

Or...nothing may happen at all, for Supreme's intelligence cannot be said to rest in any one place. Rebel computer specialists believe, however, that a nexus of circuits and power leads under the dais is important in maintaining Supreme's unity of being. Those who think Supreme is a machine suggest that its consciousness depends on this unity. Sever the network at that point, and Supreme becomes a very large, interconnected network of computer systems, completely lacking awareness or intelligence.

The problem is that no one can say how much explosive is needed to do the job, or how much is too much.

The gamemaster should roll 3D6 + 10 secretly. This value is the number of damage points required to cut the circuitry nexus. Explosives concocted by the characters or supplied by the rebels will do Table A damage. If the result of their rolls on Table A do not equal or exceed this secret value, then insufficient damage is done and Supreme will be unaffected, although it may be upset, with some justification.

If the blast results on Table A exceed the 3D6 + 10 value by 30 points or more, then Supreme is completely destroyed. All power systems within the *Destiny Of Ydar* will fail, the black hole will be released, and the world-ship is doomed to a quick and violent death.

If the result is equal to or greater than the 3D6 + 10 value, but less than 30 points greater, the nexus is broken and Supreme is dead, but the critical life-support functions will continue. The world-ship will not be able to travel again without a great deal of work on the drive systems that are, at this point, inaccessible to humans.

Reprogramming Supreme

A character with *Computer Science* skill may try to reprogram Supreme.

This is easier said than done. The programmer must work through the console in the seat of memory. It will be a Difficulty Level VI task just to reach

Supreme through this console, a Difficulty Level VII task to override previous programming, and another Difficulty Level VII task to initiate new programming. To attempt reprogramming Supreme at all is possible only through clues to its design found within the data stored in the Seat of Memory, and extracting this data is a Difficulty Level VI task. Failure at any point in the proceedings will put the programmer back to the beginning, to start all over again. A critical failure will alert Supreme to the attempt, and Supreme will block all further attempts along these lines, sending in a squad of Enforcer robots for good measure.

Success will result in Supreme being made aware of the outside universe and made willing to discuss alternate ways to maintain the world-ship's existence.

Destroying The *Destiny Of Ydar*

Of all the solutions to this adventure, destroying the world-ship is the least elegant. Players who suggest working in this direction should be made aware that their actions will result in the death of 100 billion people, and encompass the destruction of a highly-sophisticated, artistically-accomplished civilization.

The gamemaster should strive to make things difficult for players endeavoring to feed the *Destiny Of Ydar* to its own black hole. Such a simplistic solution to the problem runs contrary to the spirit of the Doctor Who series. The material has been included for two reasons.

First, the player characters may find themselves backed into a corner with no other options available. If all other methods have failed, Supreme refuses to cooperate, and the choice is between the lives of 100 billion Ydarans and a crazy computer, and the existence of Reality and the Galaxy of Man, destroying the world-ship may be the only way out. In particular, a player character may elect to sacrifice his own life to save the entire Galaxy by locking himself in the Power Core Control Room, after making certain his comrades have escaped in the TARDIS. Adric fans, take note.

Second, player characters may develop several plans at the same time, with the idea that if negotiation with Supreme doesn't work, the bomb in the dais will. A variant of this would be to have a particularly disgruntled batch of rebels setting off on their own to destroy Supreme while the player characters try a more reasonable approach. It is possible the characters would find themselves struggling against two foes, Supreme and the rebels, with the survival of the *Destiny of Ydar* and their own lives in the balance. An exciting scene might have a player character racing into the Audience Chamber and ripping up the detonator wires seconds before



the explosion is due, having learned of the plot from Supreme itself moments after reprogramming it.

Two means of destroying the *Destiny Of Ydar* have been outlined already.

The Power Core Control Room: The black hole in the Power Core can be released by reprogramming or destroying the console instruments in the Power Core control room. Once the control fields are released, the room will be flooded by radiation instantly fatal to non-Time Lords, fatal even to Time Lords within several minutes. The only way to escape will be to reset the controls for a gradual failure, or plant time-delayed explosives, then escape in the TARDIS before the fields are cut off.

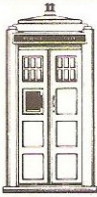
Resetting the controls requires *Computer Science* skill. It is a Difficulty Level VI task to trace unfamiliar circuits

and controls to learn how to disengage the controlling grav fields, a second Difficulty Level VI task to reset the controls to fail, and a Difficulty Level IV task to include a time delay in the setting (of any desired length of time) to give the characters time to escape.

Explosives may be concocted by the characters or obtained from the rebels. Planting them and creating a time-delay mechanism for them are each Difficulty Level V tasks.

Remember that microjumps so close to a black hole are extremely hazardous, requiring skill rolls for Difficulty Level VII tasks for each maneuver.

Destroying The Audience Chamber Dais: If explosives are planted below the dais in the Audience Chamber, and if the roll on Table A for damage exceeds by 30 points the secretly-rolled $3D6+10$ value, which represents the amount of damage needed to cut the circuitry nexus at that point, all computer-controlled systems within the *Destiny Of Ydar* will fail. The control fields for the black hole will fail in $1D6+5$ minutes, and the runaway black hole will destroy the world-ship minutes after that.



PLOT COMPLICATIONS

Fiendish gamemasters may wish to vary the basic plot presented here with twists and surprises of their own. Several possibilities are listed below.

THE DENIZENS OF VLORIS

If the player characters recover their TARDIS before the adventure is resolved, they may wish to scout ahead to learn about the planetary system the *Destiny Of Ydar* has entered.

Vloris is the second planet in a ten-planet system on the fringes of the Mutter's Spiral – our Galaxy. The other worlds are either gas giants or airless rock balls, but Vloris is a pleasant world of green skies and pleasant, Earth-like surroundings. The characters will emerge from their TARDIS and find a world of primeval beauty, untouched by civilization.

The gamemaster is invited to create his own scenario for Vloris. Possible encounters with local intelligences could include a vast, underground civilization to a race of invisible, godlike energy beings – either of which could be recruited to take on the *Destiny Of Ydar* and destroy it. Again, this is a simplistic solution, but one that might be employed if all else fails.

A more interesting encounter, however, would be to find a race of humanoid primitives living in terror of "the Black Ones." Further investigation by the characters would uncover a secret base of... Surprise! Daleks! Perhaps a damaged Dalek vessel crashed on Vloris some years ago, and the Daleks aboard enslaved the local primitives to mine ores and build machines to rebuild their ship.

This encounter would create an entirely separate adventure for the characters, one that would require the destruction of the Daleks to liberate the primitives. One possibility would be to alert the Daleks to the danger presented by the *Destiny Of Ydar*, have them destroy Supreme with a convenient, powerful superweapon aboard their ship, and then deal with them.

THE PURSUERS

Millenia ago, the *Destiny Of Ydar* demolished a star system that, ironically, was the home system of the civilization that had destroyed the Ydaran civilization in an age-long war of mutual extermination.

If this complication is introduced, at some point during the course of the adventure, a Time Lord working in the TARDIS will detect an odd gravitational flux several light years astern of the *Destiny Of Ydar*. Investigation will reveal another mobile subplanet.

This subplanet has been built and is run by the Ganthrix, the single- and bloody-minded race that which had destroyed the Ydarans, and now are on the trail of the last remnant of Ydaran technology. It will be discovered that during the thousands of years after the victory over the Ydarans, the Ganthrix, bled dry by the exhausting war with the Ydarans, had dwindled as a race. Except for colonies of forgotten primitives on scattered worlds throughout the parent galaxy, the Ganthrix retreated to their home system, and when the home world was accidentally destroyed by the *Destiny Of Ydar*, the Ganthrix passed from the stage of cosmic history.

One mobile battleship survived, however, a monitor station equipped with sublight drive to move it from place to place within the home system. When the homeworld was destroyed, the monitor was fitted with a ramscoop to gather interstellar hydrogen for fuel, and set out in pursuit of the Ydar.

The gamemaster is invited to develop the statistics and characteristics of the Ganthrix civilization, using the tables and rules given in **The Doctor Who Role Playing Game**. The eventual confrontation between Ydarans and Ganthrix could have several possible outcomes, but most desirable would be a complete reconciliation between the descendants of Ydar and the descendants of Ganthrix. Alternatively, the Ganthrix might be enlisted to help fight the *Destiny Of Ydar*, should all else fail.

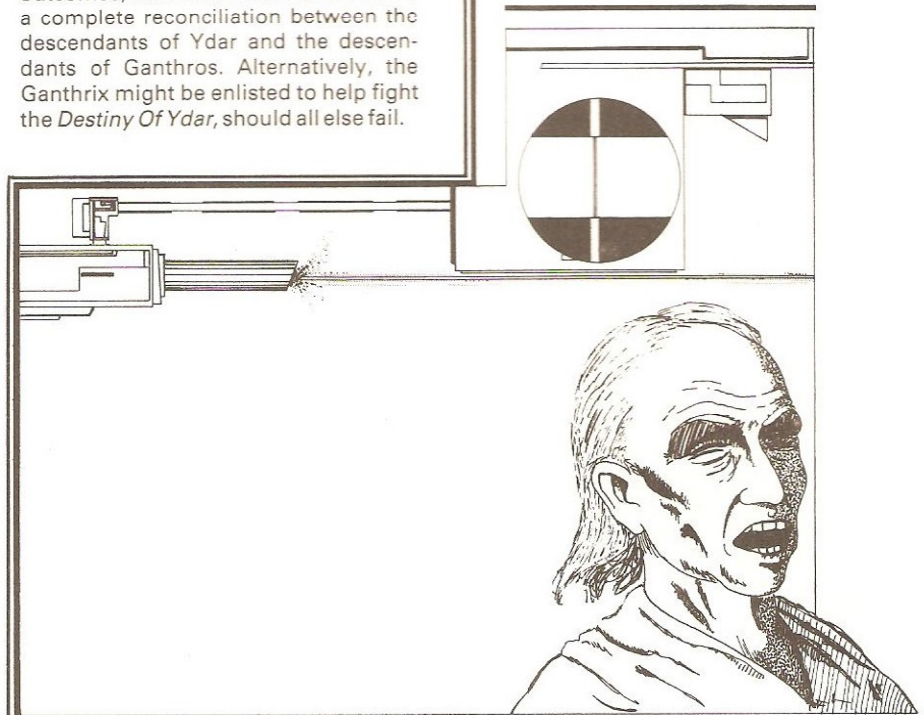
MINOR COMPLICATIONS

None of the plot twists outlined in this book should be considered inviolate by the gamemaster. Plenty of minor alterations in the plot presented here could add excitement and interest to the developing story.

Sarremnebic, the old mystic, might die or be killed in a firefight before the group reaches his window to the Outside. The characters would then have to explore to find it on their own, or rely on finding the TARDIS if a view outside is needed to convert a Captain-Lord or Supreme to their point of view.

It might develop that Guntrishul himself has, in fact, carried grave doubts about the infallibility of Supreme for years, and he might be the Captain-Lord enlisted to help the Time Lords' cause.

The gamemaster should not hesitate to change the material given in this booklet in any way he desires to create an exciting Doctor Who story that challenges the abilities and skills of his particular group of players, and that fits smoothly into the on-going series of Doctor Who adventures and campaigns he is running.



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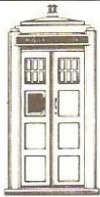


ENDING THE ADVENTURE

The goals of the adventurers are simple in concept, if not in practice. They must find their way back to the TARDIS, and they must stop the *Destiny Of Ydar* from running amok through the Milky Way Galaxy.

The gamemaster can build tension by having the players fail to stop the destruction of Vloris. While the *Destiny Of Ydar* is travelling at near-light speed, centuries are passing in the universe outside, although shorter periods pass inside. It is as if the world-ship were travelling much faster than light... which means the Galaxy of man will be closer and closer with each passing day. How fast time outside passes is left to the the gamemaster, and depends on the needs of the adventure.

An interesting epilog would be to have one of the player characters calculate that the *Destiny Of Ydar* would have entered the most heavily-populated part of Mutter's Spiral (the Milky Way) only a few hours after they finally convinced Supreme to change its ways. The character might mention (having been prompted by the gamemaster) that the *Destiny Of Ydar*'s new home is the Orion Nebula, a mere 1,300 light years from Earth. The world-ship of Ydar came close indeed after a voyage of 5 million light years!



FINAL DESTINY

The nebula glowed in pastel veils of blue and red and green, a vast and nacreous splendor against the Galaxy's suns. The TARDIS crew watched the glory on their viewscreen, and wondered.



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"Mon Dieu," Joan said, her voice husky. She sketched the sign of the Cross before her in slow, reverent movements. "C'est magnifique... C'est glorieux..."

"Tis all of that," the Professor agreed, and the others nodded, even Zaralynn, who certainly spoke not a word of French.

"What will happen?" Trask asked, his arms folded. He seemed the least moved of the group, but his studied calm was show alone. Wonder was reflected in his eyes, too. "To the Captain-Lords, I mean?"

"The wheel turns," the Professor said. "Old powers brought down, new ones raised up. It's the curse... and the blessing... of history."

Zaralynn had a distant look in her eyes. Her face reflected the subtle blues of the nebula. This trip was at her request, a short hop outside the nebula to see where her world would feed and grow now that it no longer spanned the gulfs between galaxies. Raised believing that her world was all the cosmos, the sight weighed heavily on her spirit.

"I don't know how well those people will adjust to being... commoners. After so many, many generations of being lords and masters of our entire world... For that matter, we commoners have some adjustments to make too." She sighed. "So many changes you've brought to our world. Not least is the memory of... of this."

Her gesture took in the splendor of the stars and the infinite night beyond. Her world, the *Destiny of Ydar*, was lost, a microcosm, somewhere in that glory.

The Professor smiled. "Zaralynn, you have to remember that above all else, Man is adaptable. Supreme just may have been his greatest attempt to adapt ever. Things just got carried a little too far, is all. But the Ydarans'll manage. If your culture had any fault, it was a bit too peaceful... too static. It's not good to be the only world in the universe, you know. Too lonely... and boring. Things'll be more lively now."

Her mouth twisted in a wry smile. "I'm not sure I want any more excitement. Although..." Her face grew wistful. "I wouldn't mind seeing more of this glory..."

"You can come with us... if you wish. Like my old friend General Washington said to me when we were getting in the bateaus to cross over to New Jersey... 'Hop in! There's always room for one more!'"

She smiled, but shook her head.

The Professor nodded, understanding in his eyes. "Ah, yes... Tovas."

"Tovas. He needs me. Together... we'll adapt."

The Professor grinned, and touched the TARDIS controls that would return them, briefly, to the *Destiny Of Ydar*.

"I know you will."

Destiny Of Ydar

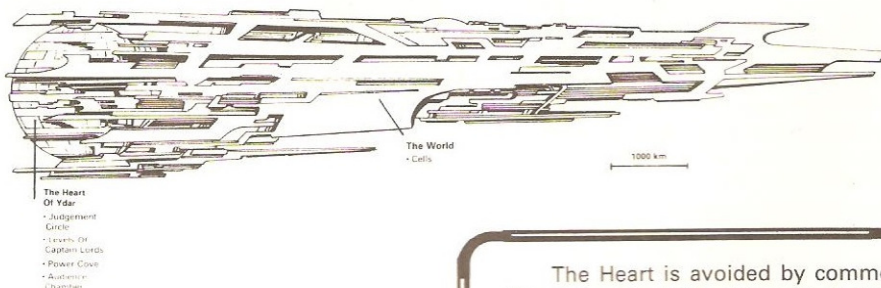
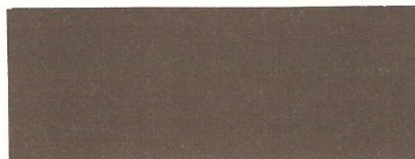
The following is a description of the world-ship called the *Destiny Of Ydar*. As stated previously, the gamemaster should be familiar with this material before the beginning of play. The players, however, should discover the true nature and history of the world-ship only gradually, during the course of play. It is, in fact, possible that the players will never learn all there is to know about the world in which they find themselves trapped. Full details of the world-ship's history are contained only in the data repository called The Seat of Memory, and, if the players never learn to tap it, they will never learn the full story.

Whether or not they learn the details after the completion of the adventure depends on whether or not the gamemaster wants to set further adventures aboard a starship 10,000 kilometers long.



The *Destiny Of Ydar* is an enormous world. Though smaller than Earth — 10,000 kilometers (6,000 miles) long and 1,600 kilometers (1,000 miles) wide at its broadest point — it is not the surface that is inhabited, as with planets. It is the ship's interior that The Ydarans inhabit, giving the *Destiny* a potentially-habitable area equivalent to many Earths. Very little of the interior is actually habitable, in fact, but the world ship still comfortably supports a population of nearly 100 billion.

From outside, the *Destiny Of Ydar* is difficult to see as a whole; to see the



entire ship, a viewer has to be several thousand miles away; at that distance, individual struts, girders, even city-sized structures are too small to see. The overall shape appears to be lightly fuzzy from an intermediate distance. It is eternally surrounded by a cloud of robot machines — many billions of them of every possible size, shape, and description swarming in a vast, hovering cloud all around and throughout the structure's open framework. These machines are continually tearing the hull of the *Destiny Of Ydar* apart, feeding scrap into the ventral maw, and building new structures from materials forged anew from the transmutation plants in the moon. The detailed appearance of the *Destiny Of Ydar* is constantly changing as the hull is sculpted and reshaped by the robot cloud. The ship is continually evolving, and still growing.

Approaching the *Destiny Of Ydar* in a conventional ship can be dangerous, for the robots will grab anything that does not conform to the current design of the *Destiny* or one of its robots, and feed it into the gravitic beams for processing in the Power Core.

The world-ship is so vast that the Time Lord adventurers will be able to explore only a microscopically tiny portion of it. A few of the more important or interesting locations are described below.

THE HEART

The *Destiny Of Ydar* began as a worldlet 2,900 kilometers in diameter (1,700 miles), somewhat smaller than Earth's moon. Over a period of thousands of years, its automated factories, which once covered the moon's surface and now are controlled by Supreme, have buried the original moon deep within the 10,000 kilometer-long ship complex. The original moon is called The Heart, a place almost never visited by most Ydarans.

The Heart is avoided by common Ydarans principally because it feels "unnatural", a place of rock walls instead of comfortable metal, a place where the walls are close, the passageways narrow and often twisting, and the ceiling uncomfortably low, unlike the broad, open corridors of the "upper world." For some Ydarans, it is a place of almost supernatural dread; for most, it is a place never seen and thought of no more frequently than is the sewer system of a city on Earth.

The Heart is vital to the *Destiny Of Ydar*, however, for it contains the working places for the Captain-Lords, the ship's drive and power systems, the Power Core itself (which converts matter to energy to run the ship), and, most importantly, the largest part of the computer network called Supreme. Most of these separate functions are located fairly close to one another, in a fortress-like region in the moon's core called "the Citadel" or, sometimes, "the Inner Heart". This is the special domain of the Captain-Lords, the place where their semi-religious rites and rituals are performed. It houses both the Judgement Circle, a room with an opening to the Power Core where heretics are executed, and the Audience Chamber, the one place that can be said to offer direct access to Supreme.

Each of these places is described in greater detail below.

Levels of the Captain-Lords

These are chambers originally carved to hold the refugee population fleeing the Ydaran system. They are vast and interlocking caverns, with walls lined with three- and four-storied buildings much like apartment complexes on earth, complete with balconies and tree-lined walks and courtyards. Glowing panels set into the rocky ceiling give a warm, orange light during the 14-hour 'day', and alternate with cool, dim, blue lighting for the eight-hour 'night'. Residential areas alternate with what might be termed shopping malls and with open parks.

The one peculiar feature of the Captain-Lords Levels is that there are no door handles or controls for operating any kind of machinery. Flat, glassy, black panels are set into every door at about waist-height. Sliding doors open when a Captain-Lord places his palm on this panel, allowing the machinery to recognize his neural pattern. Machinery is operated by placing a palm on a similar panel and giving mental instructions; a Captain-Lord desiring a meal need only approach a food vending machine, touch the panel, and hold an image of what he wants in his mind. The meal is assembled elsewhere, then transported to the vendor through a gravitic pipeline to a cabinet from which it can be removed moments later. Even the equivalent of telephone communications are made through touch-plates, with signals transmitted through the Captain-Lord's palm implant directly to his nervous system, with his brain translating the impulses to sight and sound.

These levels house several thousand Captain-Lords, men and women both. There are also large numbers of robots of various types and functions.

The Audience Chamber

This is a stadium-sized room with a high-vaulted ceiling originally designed as a place where petitioners could consult with Supreme, and where official judgements requiring Supreme's adjudication could be held. The population soon became too large for the room to serve its original purpose, and it gradually became used strictly as a council chamber for the Captain-Lords, and a place where Supreme could be questioned and consulted in the days before surgical implants. Now, with every Captain-Lord able to talk directly to Supreme at need, the Audience Chamber is used only for ritual ceremonies by the Captain-Lords. Supreme is invoked there with liturgical pomp and form, with no expectation of answer.

The circuits for direct verbal consultation with Supreme are still open, however. If Supreme does not answer during the rituals held there, it is because it does not hear any question or statement that makes enough sense to warrant a direct, verbal response. This is one of the few areas where someone without the surgical implants of the Captain-Lords could speak directly to Supreme.

The room is the size of a terran football stadium, with tiers of seats surrounding a central, oval field. A platform stage with a central raised dais, illuminated by a beam of light from directly overhead, is in the middle of the field, and it is from here that questions can be put to Supreme. The computer answers with a loud, deep, sonorous voice that seems to come from all sides of the chamber.

Entry to the Audience Chamber is forbidden to non-Captain-Lords, and the single, 20-meter-tall door is guarded by four Enforcer robot guardians.

The Judgement Circle

This is a room located within a half-mile of the Audience Chamber door. It is designed as a circular well with steeply-sloped, seat-lined walls, and four stairway-aisles descending from the room's four doors spaced around the top of the well. In the center, at the bottom, is a circular, open space with a central raised dais. The floor of the dais is normally closed, but can be opened to reveal a flickeringly blue-lit and literally bottomless pit.

The pit, called the Black Well of Power, drops several hundred kilometers to the Power Core at the very center of the old moon, passing through force fields that hold back atmosphere but permit solid objects to fall through. Objects dropping down the shaft are drawn inexorably into the black hole held suspended within the Power Core at the center of the old moon. As the object is torn into its composite atoms and funneled across the black hole's event horizon, energy is extracted from the infalling matter. All of the world-ship's waste is disposed of in this way.

It is also a convenient way to get rid of heretics and troublemakers who threaten the established order. In death, they contribute a very small yield of energy to the use of Supreme and the *Destiny Of Ydar*.

There is a popular dread associated with this form of execution, coupled with a folklore notion that people thrown into the black hole are trapped forever at the point here time stops, frozen for all eternity in a kind of perpetual living hell. In point of fact, living matter

(such as Ydaran miscreants dropped into the pit) is probably dead long before it approaches the hole itself, incinerated by starcore temperatures and baked by x-rays and gamma radiation.

Executions are carried out with great pomp and ceremony. The circling tiers of seats are filled with Captain-Lords, including the condemned criminal's accusers and judges, all arrayed in formal robes. The condemned, bound hand and foot, is generally suspended above the open pit in a harness at the end of a long cable. Sentence is pronounced, the victim's last words are recorded, a lengthy invocation to Supreme begs his intervention if the accused is in fact innocent, and the harness release is tripped by the tug of a cord from a red-robed executioner.

Informal executions, those carried out hurriedly or secretly, involve less ceremony. A couple of husky Captain-Lords, or an Enforcer robot, pick the victim up bodily and chuck him in. A black hole is the perfect way to dispose of any unwanted garbage.

The Power Core

The old Ydaran moon has been hollowed out. At the center now is a vast chamber housing the devices that create and maintain that most eldritch of cosmic entities, a black hole.

Originally the size of a proton, with the mass of a fair-sized asteroid, the black hole has grown during the centuries until it is some 18 miles (30 kilometers) across, and contains the mass of five suns. Matter is channeled into the black hole by gravitic fields and sent curving around it in a process that converts about half of the mass into energy. This liberated energy is trapped and stored. It can be used to power the *Destiny Of Ydar*, or it can be converted into matter through a technological reversal of $E = MC^2$. The system also uses force-fields to tap the black hole's considerable rotational energy.

It should be mentioned that Ydaran black hole technology is rather primitive compared to that of other civilizations, notably Gallifreyan. The Time Lords use transdimensional physics to tap a large black hole's energy directly, yielding seemingly infinite energy. Ydaran technology merely taps the gravitational potential of a rotating black hole; the difference is analogous to that between exploding a fusion bomb, and using the weight of the bomb to exert force through a system of pulleys and levers.

The Power Core itself is an incredibly hostile environment, with temperatures ranging up to ten million degrees centigrade and intense fluxes of radiation, magnetic fields, and X-rays that are contained by multiple force-fields projected into the Core interior.

Supreme itself controls the black hole, monitoring and directing the energy conversion process. Human intervention is neither necessary nor desirable.

Power Core Control Station

There is, however, a control station remaining from the earliest days of the Power Core facility, with circuits still intact that will cut the forces restraining the black hole and let it float free. This control station was never absorbed in the continuing reconstruction process because there is no way to disconnect it without interrupting control of the Power Core.

The control station is located within the shell that surrounds the Core, and is shielded by multiple force-fields against the emanations of the black hole. It is a bare room with a control console and a wall-sized viewscreen. The screen displays a heavily-filtered and screened image of the black hole, a disk-shaped patch of nothing, painful to look at, surrounded by the violet, coruscating, tight-wound whirlpool of light which is revealed by matter funneling into the central hole.

The room has been completely sealed off and has not been visited in thousands of years. There is no door, no passageway leading to the room. The only way in would be by a TARDIS, and then only if the Time Lords could obtain very precise coordinates for the area. A microjump into the control station would give the characters access to the controls, but an error of even a few meters would materialize them within the Power Core itself, and that would be roughly equivalent to materializing inside a sun. Materialization inside the Core will almost certainly result in the destruction of the TARDIS, though skilled operators may be given a chance to reverse TARDIS materialization at a Difficulty Level of VII.

The space- and time-twisting effects of the nearby black hole will almost certainly damage TARDIS systems, and may interfere with any microjump attempts, at the gamemaster's discretion. It was, in fact, the unexpected nearby presence of that black hole that interrupted a TARDIS journey and began this adventure.

The location of the room is unknown (save perhaps as rumor among some of the Captain-Lords), but records of its existence are present in Supreme's data stores. It may be possible to win the information from Supreme (with or without its awareness) and find the room. The fields controlling the black hole can be turned off by cutting certain switches on the console, or the same effect can be accomplished by simply destroying the room. When control of the hole is lost, it will immediately drift into the Power Core wall, devouring the mechanisms installed there, including the force-field projectors that

power the world-ship and shield it from the hole's heat and radiation. It will then pass on into the moon's interior, every second swallowing millions of tons of whatever matter it encounters.

Within a few hours, the *Destiny Of Ydar* will be reduced to fragments of rubble and debris. Long before that happens, every living thing on the world-ship will be dead; as the Power Core system demonstrates, matter falling into a black hole gives off radiation — especially X-rays — and these will sterilize the *Destiny Of Ydar* before it is completely consumed.

Obviously, this offers the player-characters a means of ending the menace posed by the super-ship. It is not a very elegant solution, however, since it will result in the death of 100 billion Ydarans, and quite probably kill the player characters as well. (The only way to release the black hole while remaining safe inside the TARDIS would be to plant a bomb in the control room. The characters might well discover, however, that once the TARDIS has materialized so close to the black hole, it will not dematerialize again without extensive repairs and adjustments. Such simplistic solutions as devouring the entire world-ship with a rogue black hole are not to be encouraged!)

Destroying the *Destiny Of Ydar* in this manner offers a last-ditch means of saving the Galaxy should all other attempts fail.

The Seat Of Memory

This is a room beneath the Audience Chamber that once held the central circuitry and processors for Supreme. As Supreme grew, it dispersed more and more of itself throughout its world-ship 'body', and a central access point for Supreme's electronics was no longer necessary or even possible.

The chamber continued to serve, however, as the electronic repository of much of Supreme's long-term memory. This data is stored as encoded molecular patterns frozen in transparent crystals held suspended within columns of blue light.

The information stored here is not vital to Supreme's continued functioning, and the room might be compared to a kind of archive where data no longer used on a day-to-day basis is stored. Records so old that Supreme, for all intents and purposes, has forgotten them are buried here, including detailed histories of the building of the *Destiny Of Ydar* and the early decades of the worldlet's flight. The information can be tapped by anyone with a surgical implant, or through a podium-sized

console at the center of the room that feeds sights and sounds into the brain of anyone who stands before it and touches his palms to the flat, glassy, black plate on its surface. The room responds to direct questions by showing appropriate material, though explanations must be reasoned out by the viewer.

Characters with Computer Science Skill may eventually be able to extract data from this memory storage.

Entrance to the room is restricted by Supreme. It will open a hidden door and allow people to enter only when they have a legitimate "need to know" approved by Supreme; in thousands of years, no Captain-Lord has ever asked to be admitted, and the human rulers of the *Destiny Of Ydar* now regard the room with mingled superstition and dread. If the characters have made Supreme's acquaintance, they may be able to persuade it to let them in, or they may convince a Captain-Lord to convince Supreme to allow all of them to enter. Otherwise, they can enter using a TARDIS microjump, though they will have to receive precise coordinates from a willing Captain-Lord.

Once someone has gained admittance — either by convincing Supreme to open the door or by materializing inside — the room's electronics will respond to questions whether or not Supreme is aware of and approves the entry. Consulting the Seat of Memory is not the same as consulting Supreme itself, and Supreme cannot control the answers the room gives. The Seat of Memory can only repeat sights and sounds stored within the crystals. It cannot give advice, suggest courses of action, or think.

Information stored here that the player characters might find useful includes:

The origins of Supreme and the *Destiny Of Ydar*.

The original purpose of the *Destiny Of Ydar*.

The origins of the Captain-Lords.
The history of Drushavah and the Brotherhood Of Life.

The existence and coordinates of the Power Core control station.

Detailed maps of the entire world-ship complex.

The coordinates of any particular place in the world-ship.

Maps of the *Destiny Of Ydar* as it was in the past.

Descriptions of black hole mechanics, physics, and technologies.

Descriptions of Van Neuman technologies.

Descriptions of robot types and robotic technologies.

In fact, the gamemaster can use the Seat of Memory to pass on almost any background information he feels the characters can use. The characters

must, however, ask the right questions for the room to respond. If the gamemaster believes the players need a certain bit of information to make the game progress well at any point, he may suggest that an Intuition Roll will allow a character to think of the appropriate question.

THE OUTER WORLD

Every part of the *Destiny Of Ydar* outside the original moon is considered to be the "Outer World" or simply "The World", and it is here that the vast majority of Ydarans live, and where most of the world-ship's manufacturing and materials processing is carried out.

The habitable areas of the Outer World are all similar: vast, open areas called Cells that are lined with apartment complexes interspersed with broad parks, forests, malls and open theaters for recreational and artistic activities, and marketplaces for acquiring (free) food, clothes, or other goods. The ceilings of the artificial caves are so high they are lost in overhead mist. Light is shed from panels set in the ceiling that are much like those within the caverns of The Heart, with the same day-night cycle of 14 hours of daylight followed by eight hours of semi-dark. At scheduled times during the early morning, a fine sprinkle of rain waters the plants and cleanses the air.

Uninhabitable areas of the Outer World include factories, refining and manufacturing facilities, storage bays, and endless rooms of machinery and electronics dedicated to creating and maintaining the life of the inhabited parts. In fact, only about five percent of the Outer World is habitable. The rest is in vacuum, or is dangerous because of heat, radiation, or the activities of construction robots.

Though much of this adventure will take place within The Heart of the *Destiny Of Ydar*, some parts of the Outer World are important too, as described below.

The Amphitheater

This is a vast, circular basin with seating for several hundred thousand people. A raised dais occupies the center. The Amphitheater is used for plays or other artistic productions of great merit, and can be used to address large numbers of people at once. Hidden electronics permit viewers in any seat to hear and see the presentation clearly. Though The Amphitheater is spoken of as singular, there are, in fact, hundreds of amphitheaters throughout the Outer World, one at the center of each Cell.

The Marketplace

Marketplace is a poor term in this context, because necessities such as food and clothing are free on the *Destiny Of Ydar*. This utopia does have an economy, however, one centered around luxury goods and art, and these

are displayed at the heart of each population center in open-air bazaars. Free goods are also available here, under the premise that humans need to get out and mingle with others of their kind. The Marketplace acts as an effective social meeting ground where ideas and philosophies can be exchanged.

Artistic expression is highly prized among Ydarans. Among others, Public Discourse is greatly appreciated. A speaker will stand on a low platform to talk for hours to the crowd that gathers, offering critiques of currently popular art or artists, debate on controversial social topics, or even criticism of the Captain-Lords and their management of the world. Two rival speakers may engage in a lively debate, and the audience pays, judging for themselves what their afternoon's entertainment was worth. New philosophies are tried out and experimented with here, and it was from such a platform that Drushavah himself first propounded his belief that the Sources were other worlds.

Public Information Centers

These are prominently marked booths frequently encountered in any population center. By entering the booth and asking questions, information such as the location of population centers, transit stations, or even individuals can be requested. A voice answers the questions, and maps or diagrams may be displayed on a wall screen. These booths are designed for ordinary Ydarans, and do not require implants or special knowledge to operate. They are set up only in the Outer World. Captain-Lords get the same information and more through their implants and The Oracle.

Information centers can also be used as telephones. All (non-Captain-Lord) Ydarans have similar units in their own homes. By requesting communication with a given individual (and if that individual accepts the call), face-to-face conversation can be arranged through the booth screens.

The Transit System

The *Destiny Of Ydar* is so vast that it would take hundreds of lifetimes for anyone to explore it all. The problem of transport within the world-ship is solved by the Transit System, which links all population Cells with one another and with the inhabited caverns of The Heart.

Transit stations can be found in any population center, marked by a vertical white obelisk. A broad ramp leads underground to a waiting room where transit cars can be caught for virtually anywhere else in the world. A hatch

opens in one wall, and a transit car, a windowless cylinder hovering above the floor, enters the room. People board through a hatch in the side and take comfortable seats inside. The car floats back through the hatch and past a series of airlocks until it is running through a vacuum tunnel. Gravitic acceleration allows extremely high speeds with no sensation of acceleration. Even the longest trips take no more than half an hour.

Transit car operation is entirely automatic, and directed by a subsystem of Supreme. There is no way to take over a car or to alter its course or schedule.

Transit car schedules are displayed on screens in every transit station waiting area, and can be called up through public information centers. Destinations will be either local and arrive frequently, or long-distance (such as from the Outer World to The Heart) and as infrequent as once or twice daily.

Transit cars are also the sole means of long-distance transportation throughout the Heart. Travel is always monitored by computer in The Heart, and frequently in The World as well.

Factories

There are countless factories and assembly plants throughout the Outer World, usually sandwiched between adjacent populated Cells, or located between the Cells and the outer surface of the world-ship. All are entirely automated, and many cannot be entered by humans without space suits and other special protection.

A few can be entered by humans, though Ydar's human population never does so. Robot final assembly facilities generally have atmosphere because of the need to test new robots' vodors and hearing.

Food factories can also be visited by humans. There are no farms in the *Destiny Of Ydar*, though there certainly would be room for them if necessary. Instead, food, like all other products, is assembled from Source material atoms. Hydrogen, carbon, oxygen, and nitrogen, plus appropriate trace elements and the proper processing can create food of any desired flavor, appearance, and form. Most food processing requires atmosphere to prevent dehydration of the product.

Warehouse Centers

Manufactured products of every type are stored in warehousing centers until Ydaran citizens request them. Warehouses are computer-controlled spaces usually found under each populated Cell. They have atmosphere but are usually dark; the robots operating them see by infra-red.

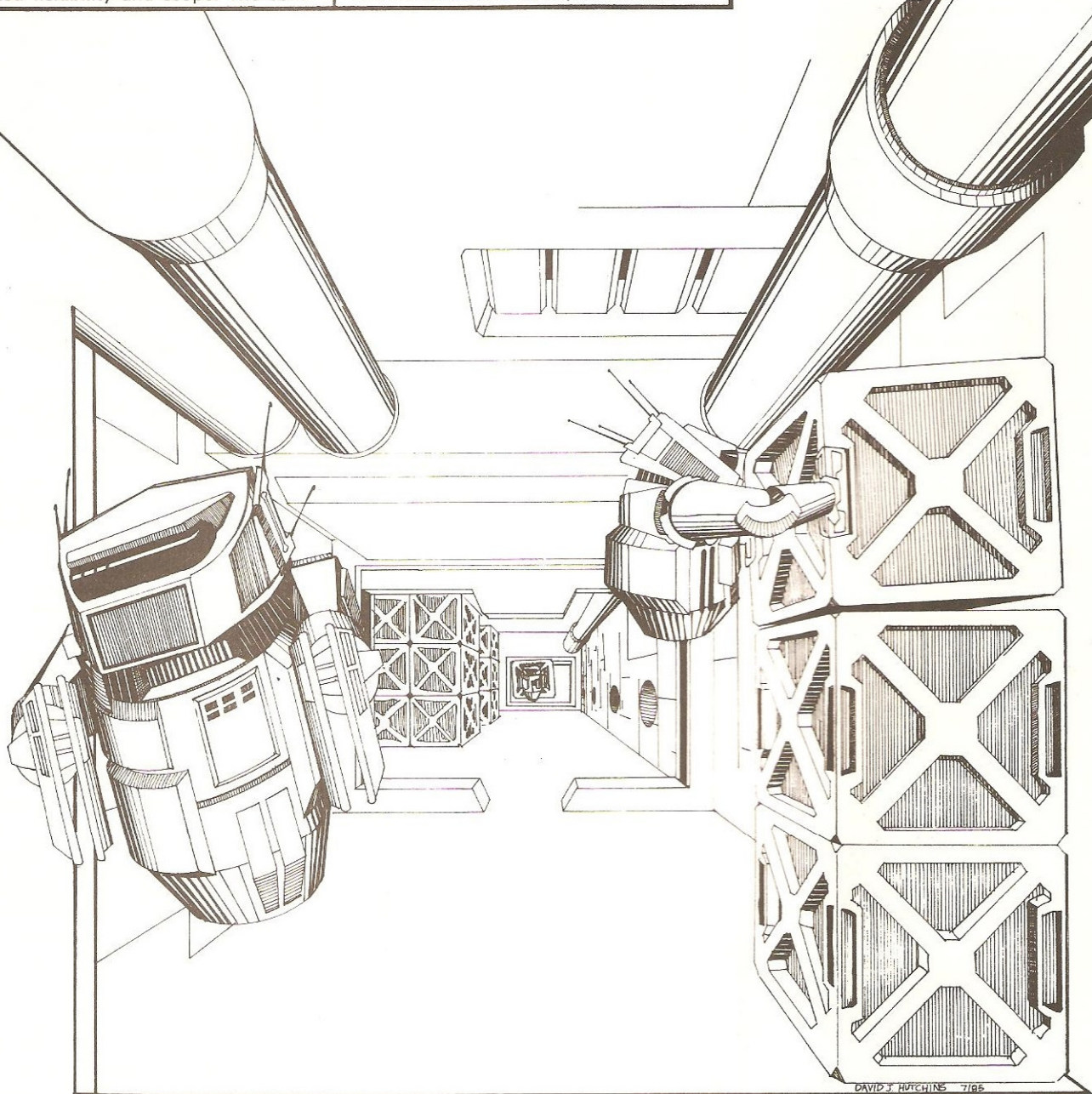
An intricate series of tubes employ gravitic fields to rapidly move goods from storage to the point where goods were requested. Most of these are



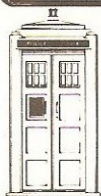
numerous, small feeder pipes for carrying meals to homes and to public eating areas. Some are huge, and are used for delivering large items to special centers such as mall shops.

Warehouse Centers may be introduced to this adventure because they are a literal underground to the populated cells. Warehouse robots are generally simple-minded machines with limited flexibility and scope. The com-

puters that oversee warehouse operations are subsystems of Supreme that rarely report to the master computer. For this reason, revolutionary or criminal groups frequently use them for meetings or as places to hide from the Enforcers. Though entry to the warehouses is not encouraged, it is not forbidden, and unusual activity in them is not likely to be noticed by Supreme unless it decides to make a special search.



Cast Of Characters



YDARAN CAPTAIN-LORDS

Name: GUNTRISHUL

Race: Ydaran
Rank: Fifth Degree Captain-Lord
Sex: Male

Attributes:

STR — Level III CHA — Level IV
END — Level IV MNT — Level VI
DEX — Level V ITN — Level V

Combat Statistics:

AP: 9
Armed Combat, Trellwand: Level IV
Unarmed Combat, Brawling: Level III



Significant Skills:

Administration	Level: VI
Artistic Expression	
Poetry Recital	IV
Singing	V
Talosh	V
Leadership	V
Public Performance	VI
Security Procedures	
Concealment	IV
Stealth	VI
Surveillance	IV
Lockpicking	VII
Streetwise	IV
Social Sciences	
Law	VI
Political Science	VI
Technology, Computer Systems	III
Trivia, History, Mythical Ydaran	IV
Verbal Interaction	
Negotiation/Diplomacy	IV

Appearance:

Height: Tall
Build: Average
Looks: Attractive
Apparent Age: Middle aged adult
Actual Age: 45
Recognition Handle: A tall, often-smiling aristocrat of regal bearing, wearing white robes, cloak, and brow diadem.

Brief Personal History:

Birthplace: The Heart

Born to one of the ruling families of the Destiny of Ydar, Guntrishul's life has been dedicated to the service of Supreme and the rule of Supreme's people. Recently, he has become particularly concerned by the spread of heresy which seems aimed at Supreme: the insane notion that Sources are, in fact, worlds apart from The World. He has been charged by the Council of Sixth Degree Captain-Lords with the suppression of the heretic rebels known as the Brotherhood of Freedom.

Guntrishul's high level of lockpicking skill represents the high access code of the electronic implant in his palm. The higher the rank of a Captain-Lord, the more doors are open to him through the coded signal from his implant. Guntrishul can open all but Sixth Degree passageways within the Heart of the *Destiny of Ydar*; in the Cells, his computer implants give him access to any and all electronically-locked doors or machinery.

Personality:

Motivations/Desires/Goals:

It was with great pride that he received his recent commission directly. Charged to lead a task force to seek out and destroy the various rebel elements that threaten to corrupt the peaceful and unchanging life of the *Destiny Of Ydar*, he views this as a divine mission, one entrusted to him by Supreme itself. He believes the rebels are misguided, rather than evil. He does not relish imprisoning or killing the Brotherhood rebels, but sees these as measures necessary to the continued well-being of Ydaran culture.

Manner:

Though he is single-minded in his pursuit of rebels, he does not strike people as a typical zealot. He has an easy, almost friendly manner, and smiles frequently. His speech is reserved and well-mannered. His interrogations of prisoners take on a casual, almost friendly tone. "Come now, and tell us who your friends are," he'll say. "We mean you no harm. In fact, we want to help you...if you'll just help us."

Despite his casual manner, he maintains a proper and aristocratic distance between himself and others. He does not have friends, and considers his assigned task more important than personal relationships.



Name: BARRANIC*Race:* Ydaran*Rank:* Fourth Degree Captain-Lord*Sex:* Male**Attributes:**

STR — Level IV

END — Level IV

DEX — Level VI

CHA — Level IV

MNT — Level V

ITN — Level V

Combat Statistics:

AP: 11

Armed Combat

Trelland: Level III

Zaster: Level IV

Unarmed Combat

Brawling: Level III

Significant Skills:

Administration

Artistic Expression

Recitation

Expressive Dance

Talosh

Gambling

Cell

Leadership

Public Performance

Security Procedures

Concealment

Stealth

Surveillance

Lockpicking

Social Sciences

Political Science

Streetwise

Technology

Computer Systems

Trivia

Mythical Ydaran History

Verbal Interaction

Negotiation/Diplomacy

Hassling

Appearance:*Height:* Short*Build:* Heavy*Looks:* Corpulent*Apparent Age:* Middle-aged*Actual Age:* 45*Recognition Handle:* Heavy-set, pale, and nervous-looking.**Level:**

V

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Distinguishing Physical Characteristics:

Barranic is a short, heavy, and highly nervous man with quick, furtive eyes. Exertion turns his normally pale face florid. When calm, he strikes people who meet him as a fussy, bureaucratic type of person, the sort who will always need one more set of papers, signed in triplicate, before granting a request. His voice tends to be whining and unpleasant. He is generally unarmed, although, when frightened for his life, he may take to carrying a zaster tucked into the folds of his robes.

Brief Personal History:*Birthplace:* The Heart

Fourth-Degree Captain-Lords generally hold positions of trust within the Ydaran bureaucracy — the equivalents of office managers, civil service directors, and minor politicians. Barranic had held the position of Cell Director for many years, a position of public trust roughly equivalent to that of a city mayor. It was his responsibility to insure that requests to Supreme for Cell development construction were handled fairly and efficiently.

Barranic was also greedy, proof that economic utopias cannot remake the nature of Man. He accepted bribes to expedite certain construction plans over others. He has also accepted bribes in artistic contests at which he was a judge.

The Brotherhood of Freedom found out about his dishonesty and used this to pressure him into helping them. Only a Captain-Lord has the surgically-implanted electronics that allow him to pass doors and guard barriers into the Heart of Ydar. Barranic became the living key for the rebels in their plan to enter the Citadel and destroy Supreme's higher thought centers. He agreed to help them to prevent their informing his superiors.

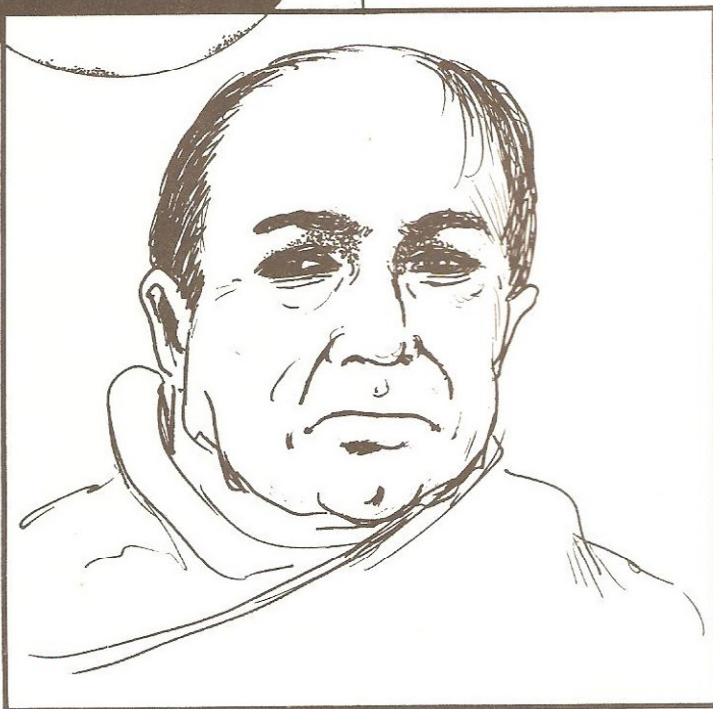
Barranic led them as far as the Citadel Gate. There, the rebels were ambushed, and their leader, Tovas, captured. Barranic escaped and is now hiding somewhere within the Citadel. He fears retribution by the rebels and discovery by his brother Captain-Lords, and so he is in a miserable state. He has found an empty apartment within The Heart close by The Citadel, and is hiding there, dreading discovery by either the rebels or the Captain-Lords.

Personality:*Motivations/Desires/Goals:*

Barranic's principal motivation was once greed; he liked to live and eat well, and supplemented his normal income of allotted goods and services from Supreme with luxuries bought by his manipulation of the system. Now, after the failure of the rebel attack, his motivation is fear. He is hiding in an unoccupied apartment near the Citadel, dreading both the rebels and discovery by his superiors. At the time of the adventure, he is trying to work up courage enough to turn himself in to the Captain-Lords. He knows that if Supreme really wants to find him, it can do so through his electronics implants. (Supreme had not done so. Frankly, Barranic thinks he must be more important in the Captain-Lords' eyes than he actually is.)

Manner:

Barranic is an unpleasant personality, grating, ingratiating, and frequently complaining. If he is forced to do something against his will, he will resist with whining protests every step of the way, and may, in extreme danger, become incapacitated by fear.



Name: PLEVNBRODIK*Race:* Ydran*Rank:* Third Degree Captain-Lord*Sex:* Male**Attributes:**

STR — Level VI

CHA — Level III

END — Level VI

MNT — Level III

DEX — Level IV

ITN — Level I

Combat Statistics:

AP: 5

Armed Combat

Zaster: Level IV

Volen: Level IV

Unarmed Combat, Brawling: Level VI

**Significant Skills:****Artistic Expression**

Story Telling

Expressive Dance

Gambling

Leadership

Military Sciences

Small Unit Tactics

Trap Discovery

Public Performance

Security Procedures

Concealment

Stealth

Surveillance

Streetwise

Verbal Interaction, Haggling

Appearance:*Height:* Average*Build:* Stocky*Looks:* Average*Apparent Age:* Mature adult*Actual Age:* 36*Recognition Handle:* Stocky, strong-looking.**Level:**

IV

III

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V

Distinguishing Physical Characteristics:

Plevnbrodik is a muscular, stocky Captain-Lord who always carries a Ydran Talosh as a badge of rank. He wears a zaster in a concealed sleeve holster.

Brief Personal History:*Birthplace:* The Heart

Though all the Captain-Lords are members of the ruling elite, some are more elite than others. Born a ruler, Plevnbrodik is more the sturdy peasant type, living to serve the Captain-Lords over him by carrying out their decrees concerning the Ydran citizenry. His career began as a guardsman in the Citadel Guard, but a year ago he was promoted to the rank of Havik, or Sergeant Of The Guard. He commands a Constabulary Gnaba, or squad, of seven men in Guntrishul's personal guard.

Personality:**Motivations/Desires/Goals:**

Plevnbrodik is almost completely apolitical, and his primary devotion is to his duty and to his mates. He is the archtypical, seasoned military campaigner. He views the rebels as rugged, worthy opponents who should not be underestimated, while cursing them enthusiastically for the trouble they are directing at him personally. He is loyal to his men, and will not leave comrades behind when withdrawing from a battle.

He is also loyal to his superiors and will unquestioningly obey all orders put to him. He regards Supreme with half-superstitious awe and has trouble identifying with the computer system, but willingly accepts commands from a more immediate source, such as Guntrishul.

Manner:

Plevnbrodik is cheerful and good-natured in a brusque, hard way. He tends to see rebel incursions as insults leveled at him alone, and he curses them enthusiastically rather than bitterly.

Name: TYPICAL CAPTAIN-LORD WARDEN*Race:* Ydran*Rank:* First or Second Degree Captain-Lord*Sex:* Gamemaster's choice**Attributes:**

STR — Level V

CHA — Level IV

END — Level V

MNT — Level IV

DEX — Level V

ITN — Level V

Combat Statistics:

AP: 9

Armed Combat

Zaster: Level IV

Trellwand: Level V

Diskbomb: Level V

Unarmed Combat, Brawling: Level V

Significant Skills:

Security Procedures

Concealment

Lockpicking

Stealth

Surveillance

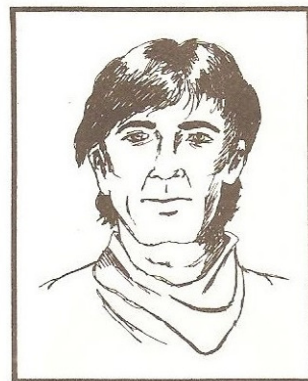
Level:

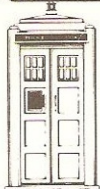
V

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V





YDARAN REBELS

Name: TOVAS

Race: Ydaran

Rank: Main Rebel Leader

Sex: Male

Attributes:

STR —Level V

END —Level V

DEX —Level IV

CHA —Level V

MNT —Level V

ITN —Level I

Combat Statistics:

AP: 7

Armed Combat

Zaster: Level IV

Trellwand: Level V

Diskbomb: Level V

Unarmed Combat, Brawling: Level V

Significant Skills:

Level:

Artistic Expression

Drama III

Talosh IV

Gambling III

Gaming, Cell V

Leadership V

Life Sciences, Ecology V

Military Sciences IV

Small Unit Tactics IV

Trap Discovery IV

Public Performance IV

Security Procedures V

Concealment IV

Disguise VI

Stealth V

Streetwise III

Technology, Computer Systems V

Verbal Interaction V

Diplomacy/Negotiation IV

Haggling V

Appearance:

Height: Tall

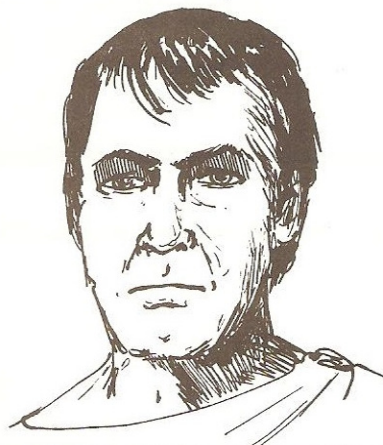
Build: Average

Looks: Attractive

Apparent Age: Young adult

Actual Age: 25

Recognition Handle: Tall, dark-haired, and attractive; wearing a grey jumpsuit.



Distinguishing Physical Characteristics:

Since Tovas became a rebel, he began living in storage areas or unused apartments, and hence often presented a rumpled, somewhat disreputable appearance. Captured, he has been kept in a Citadel prison cell, and is even more rumpled and dirty than usual.

Like all Ydarans, he has very pale skin, made more pale by his black hair and eyes. When leading his comrades in battle, he wears an over-the-shoulder satchel containing 20 diskbombs, and may carry a zaster or trellwand as well.

Brief Personal History:

Birthplace: Cell 91, The World

Tovas was raised by parents who were secret Drushavanites. Several years ago, his interest in Drushavan writings led him to conclude that Sources are, indeed, other worlds. Because of the suggestions contained in these writings and in the teachings of the Brotherhood Of Life, Tovas believes that it is not morally right for Supreme to exist as a parasite living on what may be inhabited worlds.

As a junior ecologist in Cell 91, Tovas was concerned with monitoring the systems that keep the cycles of life within the *Destiny Of Ydar* moving smoothly, a function unnecessary because Supreme has run these systems for centuries without difficulty, and without reference to the reports created by the ecologists. The title was impressive, and the position paid a small stipend for art and luxurious goods, but two years ago Tovas was recruited by the Brotherhood Of Freedom. The movement was in considerable disarray at the time he joined, for members could not agree what the best course of future action was. Tovas rose rapidly in power and responsibility, and is now the acknowledged leader of the main rebel group.

As spokesman for the rebels, Tovas has presented already his list of demands, which includes an end to the rape of planets and a change of government. The Captain-Lords are to be replaced by a new governing group, consisting of himself and his friends.



Personality:

Motivations/Desires/Goals:

Tovas and the rebels are divided in their motivations for revolt. The public reason for overturning the order of things is the abhorrence they feel at parasitizing other civilizations in order to feed Supreme; this idea is still a philosophical theory, and, even if it were a proven fact, it would not be tolerated by a complacent people unwilling to disturb their own comfort. The private, and probably more urgent, drive for the rebels, then, is not stopping the destruction of worlds, but rearranging the Ydaran pyramid of power to their own advantage. The rebels are all ordinary Ydarans. While life is comfortable and all of their needs are met through the bounty of Supreme, the rebels are largely young, active, and ambitious men and women who find themselves locked into a static social system.

Tovas, a junior ecologist, would never be able to advance to something better than a junior ecologist, and his children would be limited in the same way. Revolution and the overturning of the present Captain-Lord power structure might not change the social structure's form, but it would let Tovas and his friends be on top.

Even so, Tovas was recruited first through his horror at the thought of other worlds like the *Destiny Of Ydar* dying to feed them, and this is still a powerful motivation for him. It is his belief that Supreme is a machine that can be controlled by destroying the higher functions, while maintaining such necessary functions as life support. If the opportunity presents itself, he would be willing to communicate directly with Supreme and strike a bargain.

He has been captured now, and believes he will be executed in the Black Well of Power of the Judgment Circle.

Manner:

Tovas is an open, soft-spoken young man, though his temper can flare suddenly. He is forceful and direct, quite ambitious, and very good at manipulating other people and getting them to work together. He can be arrogant at times, and tends to assume that he is always right.

Since his capture, he is extremely suspicious of all strangers, and will treat the player characters with reserve and even hostility until he convinces himself that they are not Captain-Lord spies. Knowing he will soon be sentenced to death, he is naturally rather subdued while in prison. Once freed, he will again be bursting with ideas for the overthrow of the Captain-Lords.

Name: ZARALYNN

Race: Ydaran
 Rank: Rebel
 Sex: Female

Attributes:

STR — Level III CHA — Level VI
 END — Level III MNT — Level V
 DEX — Level V ITN — Level V

Combat Statistics:

AP: 9
 Armed Combat: Level V
 Zaster: Level V
 Diskbomb: Level V

Significant Skills:

Artistic Expression	Level:
Dramatic Recitation	V
Expressive Dance	IV
Light Sculpture	IV
Public Discourse	V
Talosh	IV
Leadership	IV
Military Sciences	
Trap Discovery	IV
Ordinance Construction/Repair	III
Public Performance	VI
Security Procedures	
Concealment	V
Stealth	V
Surveillance	IV
Technology	
Computer Systems	IV
Electronics	IV
Force Field Systems	V
Streetwise	IV
Verbal Interaction	
Diplomacy/Negotiation	VI
Haggling	IV

Appearance:

Height: Short
 Build: Slim
 Looks: Striking
 Apparent Age: Young Adult
 Actual Age: 23
 Recognition Handle: Slim, with long, dark hair and pale features.

Distinguishing Physical Characteristics:

Zaralyn is short, petite, and strikingly beautiful. Her hair is black and reaches the middle of her back when it is worn free. She often wears it in a coiled bun to keep it out of the way. Like the other rebels, she wears the single-piece gray jumpsuit of a Cell worker, though during non-work hours she wears the sometimes garish designs and pastel colors dictated by current Ydaran high fashion. In combat, she carries a zaster and a shoulder bag of 20 diskbombs.

Brief Personal History:

Birthplace: Cell 91, The World

Zaralynn is a computer technician working with the minor computer systems within the Cells. Whereas no human has access to the major systems that comprise Supreme, she has a good understanding of Ydaran computer technology in general and was originally recruited by the Brotherhood of Freedom for her advice and expertise in dealing with Supreme once they reach it. She has also had experience with the gravity control force fields used in the world-ship, making periodic minor adjustments to both the Cells' artificial gravity and the conveyor and transport systems. Her ability to tracelessly intercept food, weapons, goods, and materials destined for other parts of the world-ship and route them into rebel strongholds has enabled the group to survive.

She has recently fallen in love with Tovas, and was instrumental in convincing the other rebels that they had to rescue him from prison and execution.

Personality:**Motivations/Desires/Goals:**

Zaralynn's recruitment was made easier by the fact that she is a woman. Women's career opportunities in the *Destiny Of Ydar* are even more sharply limited than those of men, with no hope of change save through overturning the existing order. Not all of her male comrades agree with her views on the subject, but they appreciate her skill with minor computer systems and the fact that she has saved the movement from starvation or capture several times.

She is in love with Tovas and would give her life for him. This once-secondary motivation has become stronger in recent weeks. She overcame stubborn opposition within the rebel leadership to plan and carry out the rescue of Tovas, even though the operation could have resulted in the destruction of the Brotherhood Of Freedom.

Manner:

Zaralynn is soft-spoken, quiet and shy, except when she finds herself fighting for what she believes. She has repeatedly surprised rebel opponents in arguments about women's rights or the need to rescue Tovas from prison, and she has surprised Captain-Lord wardens by the ferocity of her attack in combat.

She mistrusts strangers and is reluctant to talk to them, but she is extremely loyal to her friends.



Name: KLAVIM*Race:* Ydaran*Rank:* Rebel*Sex:* Male**Attributes:**

STR —Level IV

CHA —Level V

END —Level IV

MNT —Level V

DEX —Level V

ITN —Level V

Combat Statistics:

AP: 9

Armed Combat

Trellwand: Level V

Zaster: Level VI

Unarmed Combat, Brawling: Level IV

Significant Skills:

Artistic Expression

Dramatic Recitation

Drama

Theatre Performance

Carousing

Gambling

Leadership

Public Performance

Security Procedures

Concealment

Stealth

Surveillance

Disguise

Streetwise

Technology

Communications Systems

Computer Systems

Verbal Interaction

Diplomacy/Negotiation

Haggling

Appearance:*Height:* Average*Build:* Average*Looks:* Attractive*Apparent Age:* Mature adult*Actual Age:* 45*Recognition Handle:* Darkly handsome, with exceptional poise and presence.**Level:**

VI

VI

V

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VI

IV

IV

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VI

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III

III

V

V

Distinguishing Physical Characteristics:

During work periods or combat, Klavim wears gray coveralls, but also wears a dark, high-necked dress cloak. At other times, he wears the more fashionable and colorful garb of a Cell dramatist, which includes puffed sleeves, a stiff, high-backed collar, and full cloak. In combat, he prefers to carry a trellwand.

Not immediately noticeable is the faint scar along the right side of his neck behind his ear where a Captain-Lord implant has been surgically emplaced. It is difficult to see, but can be felt as a hard, knobby artifact just under the skin. Unlike Captain-Lords, he does not have the surgical implant in the palm of his hand that would let him open locked doors or operate machinery.

Brief Personal History:*Birthplace:* Cell 94, The World

Klavim is a professional dramatist, the Ydaran equivalent of a theater stage actor. He joined the Brotherhood Of Freedom because he wanted power beyond the modest fame and popularity he'd already attained. After a time, he realized that the Brotherhood had little chance of success... and besides, those raids on Captain-Lord installations were *dangerous*. He elected to win power by helping the other side.

The knowledge he passes on has won him the trust of the rebels, for the Captain-Lords have fed the rebels harmless or doctored information in the past, which seemed to them to be valuable intelligence. Klavim uses his stage training to create effective disguises, and claims to have penetrated Captain-Lord stations and offices, when in fact he was merely vanishing for a few hours, then passing on what his Captain-Lord superiors told him through the implant.

Through this device, he has led the rebels into several traps, including the recent one that resulted in Tovas' capture. He takes care in his dealings with the rebels not to appear to know too much, and he is careful, too, not to let his comrades see the faint, knobby scar under his ear.

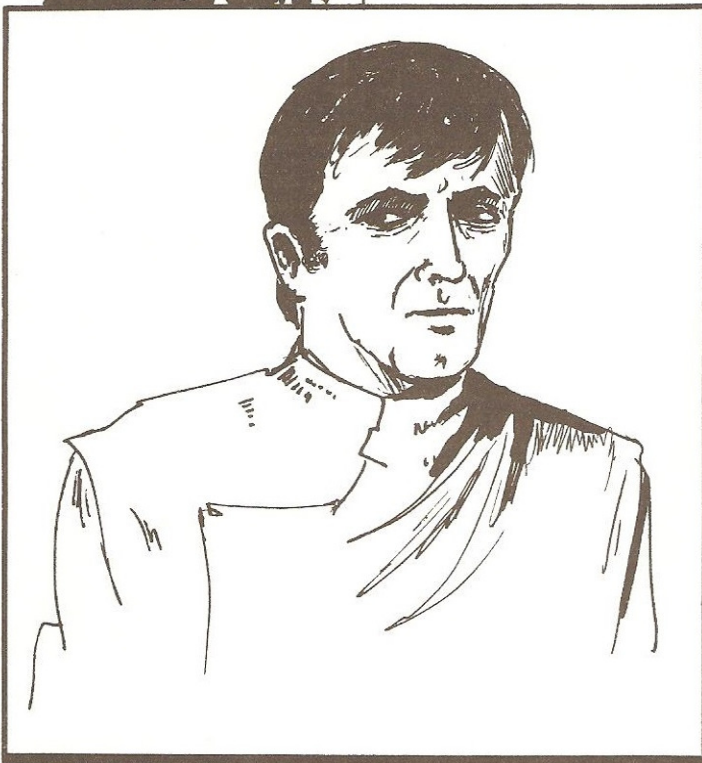
Klavim's identity as the rebel traitor is unknown to any but Guntrishul and a handful of high-ranking Captain-Lords.

Personality:**Motivations/Desires/Goals:**

Klavim's goal is power, a goal he has already partly achieved through the electronic implant placed in him by the Captain-Lords. He considers himself to be part Captain-Lord already, and has been promised by Guntrishul and others that he will be fully initiated into the ranks of the Captain-Lords when the rebellion has been crushed.

Manner:

Klavim strikes all who meet him as a self-possessed, intelligent, and cultured man with a thespian's dramatic flair. He has a ready smile and a quick tongue, though companions find it difficult to get close to him, both emotionally and literally. While presenting a friendly demeanor, he keeps acquaintances at arm's length. He is publicly one of Tovas' most enthusiastic supporters, proposing plans of action and backing the rebel leader even when others of the band fear to proceed.



Name: SARREMNEBIC

Race: Ydaran

Rank: Captain-Lord Outcast

Sex: Male

Attributes:

STR — Level III

CHA — Level IV

END — Level III

MNT — Level VI

DEX — Level IV

ITN — Level V

Combat Statistics:

AP:

7

Armed Combat, Zaster:

Level III

**Significant Skills:****Level:**

Artistic Expression

V

Public Discourse

V

Competitive Mathematics

V

Space Sciences

III

Astronomy

II

Astrophysics

Technology

III

Computer Systems

V

Cybernetics

VI

Force Field Systems

Trivia

VI

Drushavan Philosophy

VI

Drushavan Writings

VI

Mythical Ydaran History

Verbal Interaction

V

Diplomacy/Negotiation

VI

Haggling

Appearance:

Height: Average

Build: Slight

Looks: Plain

Apparent Age: Old adult

Actual Age: 65

Recognition Handle: Graying and stooped, with an intense expression and burning eyes.

Distinguishing Physical Characteristics:

Sarremnebic has been slowed by age, though he is still alert and active. He wears dark, plain, and out-of-fashion Ydaran street clothes, usually with a plain gray half-cloak, and gloves. His eyes are bright and he has a ready grin, though he upsets many people with his intensity and fixedness of expression.

Brief Personal History:

Birthplace: The Heart

Sarremnebic was born a Captain-Lord and studied to be a gravity field systems specialist. Early in his career, however, he came across a collection of the writings of Drushavan that had been confiscated from a Brotherhood Of Life warren. His casual reading developed into serious philosophical misgivings about Ydarans and their place in the universe.

Every Ydaran, at some point in his life, wonders how The World began; if Supreme builds The World by drawing raw material from Sources, who built Supreme in the first place, or created its Master Program? If the Sources are a part of The World, how can The World grow by feeding on itself? The Drushavan writings gave no real answers, but did at least suggest that perhaps the universe was much bigger than Sarremnebic had ever imagined, that there was more to it than The World, the Heart, Supreme, and the Ydaran people.

Most Ydarans eventually concede that such questions are 'Mysteries', with answers known, perhaps, to Supreme but not by mortal men. Sarremnebic, however, was one of those extremely rare Ydarans who possessed a keen and analytical curiosity. Though the stagnant Ydaran culture encourages neither true scientific investigation nor curiosity, Sarremnebic began collecting data he hoped would help resolve these mysteries, one way or another.

After many years, Sarremnebic met a wounded Drushavan prisoner who, while dying,

confessed in a rambling and disjointed reverie to having hidden once in a place where he could "see beyond the walls of the world, where the colors run together in a band across the sky." The other Captain-Lords, even the other prisoners, the man's companions, thought him insane and treated him with humoring compassion. But Sarremnebic thought the man's words held a personal conviction and an air of rationality beyond their crazy-sounding content.

Sarremnebic learned where this place was supposed to be, but told no one. He eventually found the hideout, an extremely remote series of caverns and rooms at the very fringe of The Heart. There was a room, blanketed with dust and reached by climbing a spindly ladder for level after level, where the roof was made of transparent plastic. Sarremnebic entered the room, looked up, and nearly fainted at what, for a man born and raised in the closed Ydaran world, was an impossible, terrible, and terrifying sight.

The sky beyond the transparent roof was a soul-wrenching and bottomless black. Arching across from horizon to horizon was what Earth humans would have called a rainbow, brilliant colors — blending red to yellow to blue to violet — in a band of light that was starkly inexplicable, incomprehensible to the thunderstruck scientist.

Eventually, Sarremnebic recovered enough to return to his fellows, but he was a changed man. He continued his researches, returning as often as he could to the room that he called his "window to the Outside." Several years after his first visit, the sky changed. The band of colors was gone, and now the sky was filled with tiny points of light. Toward one horizon, the lights clustered and blurred together into an immense, glowing spiral shape half-hidden by the world-ship's bulk.

Close by, he saw a sun, though he didn't know what it was. The light terrified him at first until he realized it was steady, unchanging, a natural phenomena of some kind. In an intuitive leap that would have given credit to a Galileo or a Newton, he understood that he was looking at one of the tiny lights, but at a very close distance.

He saw a planet, again an unknown, but he guessed that this must be a world of the kind described by the Drushavan writings, a world similar to the *Destiny Of Ydar*. It was beyond the Ydaran world-ship, separate from it. As he watched, this other world began to glow with light. Horrified, he saw it soften and gradually dissolve into an expanding cloud of debris. He watched that debris being funneled by gravity fields toward the *Destiny of Ydar*, learned later that at that moment Supreme had tapped a "Source" and provided new stores of mass for the Power Core, more raw materials for building and production.

The vision was too much. For a time, Sarremnebic suffered a complete nervous breakdown, and was hospitalized as insane. He recovered, but almost immediately began publishing and proclaiming his discoveries to any who would listen. "The Drushavans are right," he said, with more bravery than common sense. "Supreme is destroying worlds, perhaps inhabited worlds, and we must stop it!"

Sarremnebic's irrationality was tolerated for a time, but official disapproval, then disavowal of his statements and beliefs, left him friendless and frustrated. In desperation, he attempted to penetrate the Inner Citadel to reason with Supreme itself, using his implant and his knowledge of computer systems to enter passageways closed to Fourth Degree Captain-Lords.

He failed. He was captured and tried before the Council itself. His crime warranted death,



but the Council was unwilling to sentence him to the Judgement Circle. Sarremnebic had, after all, suffered from a mysterious ailment that had left him mentally incapacitated and so he could not be held responsible for his actions. At the same time, it was inadvisable to have an insane individual linked to the Oracle or the Captain-Lord communication net. After much deliberation, he was sentenced to banishment.

The implants in his neck and hand were removed. Without them, he became an ordinary Ydaran, living in Cell 283; it was rather callously assumed by his accusers that the broken, one-time scientist would kill himself, and that, in any case, no one would believe his wild stories about lights filling the sky and spirals composed of millions of lights.

Sarremnebic refused to die conveniently, instead joining a Drushavan order where he acquired the reputation of a half-crazy mystic. He frequently addressed Brotherhood Of Life and Brotherhood Of Freedom meetings, sharing with them his revelations. Few believed him completely, though his sincerity and almost reverential awe for what he had experienced communicated themselves to his listeners, inspiring them.

He continually offers to take people to what he calls his "window to the Outside", but ironically, no one has taken him up on it. This is due partly to the strangeness of his story, and more to the fact that, because he has been banished, any group returning with him to The Heart would have to sneak in, a difficult and dangerous challenge. Most people question whether Sarremnebic would be up to such a journey now, and ignore the fact that he has offered to make maps for others to follow without him.

Captain-Lord officials continue to watch Sarremnebic, and keep track of his activities. So far, he has not been trouble enough to warrant arresting, and it is feared that his arrest would lead to martyrdom. Supreme itself has advised leaving Sarremnebic alone. It held that, so long as he is ignored, most people will assume he is a harmless old crank; if he is arrested, people will think his wild stories might have some substance.

Sarremnebic's do-it-yourself study of astronomy and astrophysics are responsible for his skill in these areas. Whereas his knowledge of astrophysics is pathetically weak and usually wrong, it is vastly better than that of his contemporaries, who do not even acknowledge that an outside universe exists.

Personality:**Motivations/Desires/Goals:**

Sarremnebic has had what might be termed a religious experience. He understands little of what he has seen, but DOES understand that it is his mission in life to convince others of what he has seen. He has offered to take anyone who will go to see his "window to the Outside". As with Galileo and the church officials, however, no one is willing to look at what so obviously cannot be.

This has frustrated Sarremnebic, but not broken him. He will talk with anyone who questions him about his experiences, and frequently addresses various brotherhood groups on the need to stop using other worlds for raw materials.

He is keenly interested in theories and observations that have a bearing on 'other world' theories. Eventually, he will meet the adventurers and will be extremely anxious to hear their account of themselves, of their travels, and of the universe outside.

Manner:

The reluctance even among his supporters and friends to simply come and see has frustrated Sarremnebic. It has made him cynical, but he has retained his sense of humor. He has an engaging smile, and he pokes good-natured fun at his detractors, rather than feeling bitter.

He strikes other people as a fanatic, his eyes just a bit too bright, his voice a little too enthusiastic, and many people are frightened or disturbed by him.

Name: GADRIS

Race: Ydaran
 Rank: Physician
 Sex: Male

Attributes:

STR — Level IV CHA — Level V
 END — Level IV MNT — Level V
 DEX — Level V ITN — Level V

Combat Statistics:

AP: 9
 Armed Combat, Zaster: Level IV

Significant Skills:

	Level:
Administrative	V
Artistic Expression	
Talosh	V
Mime	V
Medical Sciences	
General Medicine, Ydaran	VI
Pharmacology, Ydaran	V
Pathology	IV
Surgery, Ydaran	V
Physical Sciences, Chemistry	V
Public Performance	IV
Technology	
Computer Systems	IV
Cybernetics	IV
Trivia, Drushavan Philosophy	IV
Verbal Interaction	
Diplomacy/Negotiation	IV
Haggling	V

Appearance:

Height: Tall
 Build: Average
 Looks: Attractive
 Apparent Age: Middle-aged adult
 Actual Age: 55
 Recognition Handle: Tall, distinguished-looking, and fashionably dressed.

Distinguishing Physical Characteristics:

Gadris is a Ydaran physician who works in his own clinic in Cell 91. He is tall, has dark hair with gray at the temples, and a ready smile. When attending a patient outside of his clinic, he carries a large bag slung over his shoulder containing drugs and medical equipment.

Brief Personal History:

Birthplace: Cell 91, The World

Physician Gardis is well known to the other Cell inhabitants, and is also popular in leisure hours in theatrical mime productions. Secretly, he sympathizes with the Brotherhood Of Freedom, and freely treats their wounded and sick. There is a hidden back room behind his clinic where wounded rebels have been cared for.

Personality:

Motivations/Desires/Goals:

Gadris is kindhearted and devoted to helping any who need his skill. He is familiar with the teachings of Drushava and is sympathetic towards their followers. He began helping the rebels because he believes they are trying to change conditions for the better, and because he believes there may be something to the idea of other worlds.

Manner:

Gadris maintains a casual and affable manner. He has an extremely sharp mind, and tends to ask penetrating and perceptive questions.

**Name: TYPICAL REBEL**

Race: Ydaran
 Sex: Gamemaster's choice

Attributes:

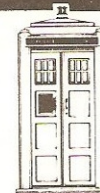
STR — Level V CHA — Level IV
 END — Level V MNT — Level IV
 DEX — Level IV ITN — Level IV

Combat Statistics:

AP: 8
 Armed Combat
 Zaster: Level V
 Trellwand: Level IV
 Unarmed Combat, Brawling: Level IV

Significant Skills:

	Level:
Artistic Expression	
Any Two	V
Security Procedures	
Any Three	V
Streetwise	V
Verbal Interaction	
Negotiation/Diplomacy	IV
Haggling	V

**SUPREME**

Stats are provided for Supreme and its Enforcer robots for confrontations with the adventurers during the course of play. All of these stats are subject to the gamemaster's interpretation and should be adjusted by him to fit the situation. When not under Supreme's control, Enforcer robots use the MNT Performance Level given in the stats; Enforcer robots under Supreme's command use its MNT level.

Name: SUPREME

Combat Statistics: None

Significant Skills:

	Level:
Military Sciences, Small Unit Tactics	V
Security Procedures	
Lockpicking	VII
Surveillance	VII
Technology	
Computer Systems	VII
Cybernetics	VII
Electronics	VII
Force Field Systems	VII
Verbal Interaction	
Diplomacy/Negotiation	V
Haggling	VI

Name: ENFORCER ROBOT**Attributes:**

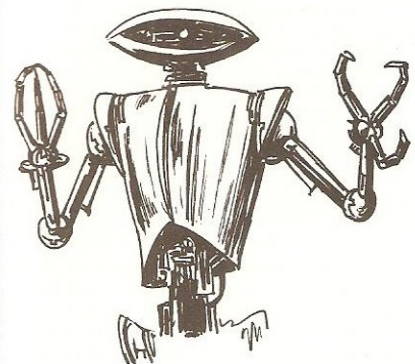
STR — Level VII CHA — Level V
 END — Level VII MNT — Level II
 DEX — Level III ITN — Level I

Combat Statistics:

AP: 5
 Armed Combat
 Zaster (built-in): Level V
 Unarmed Combat
 Grappling: Level VI
 Brawling: Level V

Significant Skills:

	Level:
Military Sciences	
Small Unit Tactics	IV
Trap Discovery	V
Security Procedures, Lockpicking	V



THE
**DOCTOR
 WHO**
 ROLE PLAYING GAME



PLAYER CHARACTERS

This adventure is designed to be played with any group of player characters. These may be agents of the CIA, or they may be the original Doctor in any of his incarnations together with any of his various Companions. They may be characters created specifically for this adventure, or characters generated long ago and drawn from a continuing campaign.

Name: THE PROFESSOR (true Gallifreyan name unknown)

Race: Gallifreyan
Sex: Male

Attributes:

STR — Level IV CHA — Level V
END — Level IV MNT — Level VI
DEX — Level IV ITN — Level V

Combat Statistics:

AP: 7
Armed Combat
Sword: Level IV
Staser: Level III
Unarmed Combat
Martial Arts, Ek Wan: Level IV

Significant Skills: Level:

Gaming, Four-D Chess IV
Leadership IV
Medical Sciences
General Medicine, Gallifreyan IV
General Medicine, Human III
Military Sciences
Ordinance Construction/Repair IV
Trap/Ordinance Disarmament III
Physical Sciences
Computer Science V
Social Sciences
History, Earth IV
History, Galactic IV
Space Sciences
Astronomy II
Astrophysics IV
Navigation III
Technology
Computer Systems IV
Electronics III
Force Field Systems III
TARDIS Systems V
Temporal Science V
Vehicle Operation
Ground Vehicles III
Spacecraft III
Temporal Vehicles V
Verbal Interaction
Haggling IV
Negotiation/Diplomacy VI

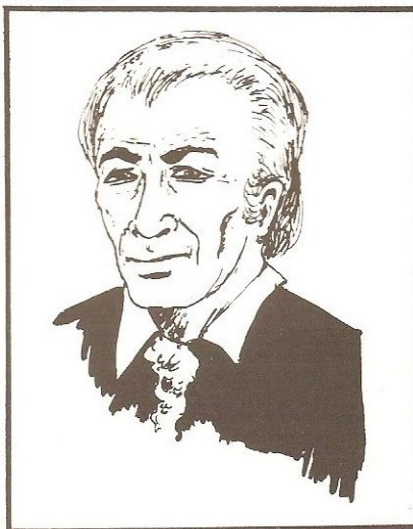
Appearance:

Height: Tall
Build: Slim
Looks: Attractive
Apparent Age: Middle aged
Actual Age: 400 +
Number Of Regenerations Used: 2
Recognition Handle: Elegant with abundant white-hair; carries a gold-headed cane.

The pre-generated characters provided may be used by a small player group that does not want to spend the time required to generate new characters. It includes statistics for a single Time Lord, whose character is deliberately similar to that of The Doctor. The statistics and histories for three human Companions from different eras are also provided. These characters may be used alone or in conjunction with other Time Lord and Companion characters from other campaigns and adventures. The histories given for each may present the gamemaster with ideas for other adventures, including those that brought the characters together.

Distinguishing Physical Characteristics:

In this, his second regeneration, The Professor appears to be a tall, graceful, middle-aged gentleman with ruffled, silver hair, a strong, almost flamboyant bearing, and an engaging grin. He most often wears a British gentleman's dress from Earth's early 19th Century, including a long black cape or travelling cloak. When posing as a professor of history at Harvard University, he wears a conservative, three-piece, gray suit. He carries a walking stick with a heavy, ornate gold head, which disguises a sonic screwdriver.



Brief Personal History:

Birthplace: Gallifrey

The Professor has been a long-time admirer of the Gallifreyan known as The Doctor, and shares his views that evil and injustice must be confronted wherever and whenever they are encountered.

He agreed that time lines could not be tampered with, but the Time Lords' inflexible stand against interference of any kind grated against his gentle and honorable nature. His disagreements with the Time Lord Council led him to self-exile on Temporal Nexus Point *Earth*, embittered and alone. He took up the guise of a reclusive and eccentric professor of history at Harvard during the 1960s and 1970s. He frequently

corresponded with, and occasionally met with The Doctor during the latter's exile on Earth during the same period. The two quarreled, though only in detail; The Doctor felt that the Time Lords' injunctions were designed to be twisted or broken, if necessary, whereas The Professor felt the Time Lords' attitudes themselves must somehow be changed.

For a time, his bitterness led The Professor to renounce travel in time and space. His TARDIS, disguised sometimes as a locker in the Harvard faculty storage area and at others as a public phone booth that appears always empty and out of order, remained unused except for short, occasional jaunts to England and Europe.

His nature prevented him from turning his back on people in trouble, though, and during a visit to 15-Century France, he noticed a young girl being bound to a stake, surrounded by soldiers and a vast and jeering crowd. The girl evidently was about to be burned for witchcraft. The Professor's resentment at being prevented from interfering reached a peak, and he resolved that he would not stand by and watch the horror unfolding around him. After all, he reasoned, the girl was only one among thousands, tens of thousands murdered in a brutal age; her death, he convinced himself, could have no major impact on that violent history one way or another, and would likely go completely unnoticed in the time stream.

By carefully materializing around the stake, and through skillful use of the TARDIS chameleon circuit, he rescued the girl from beneath the watchful eyes of the crowd of priests, French citizens, and British soldiers, who only saw the flames engulf and consume the girl.

Only later did The Professor discover that his guest was the famous Joan Of Arc. Her death had been noticed by history after all, and her rescue could shatter Earth's time line. Thus, she remained with him.

Having interfered once, The Professor found the habit hard to break. He and Joan became involved in several adventures, and on occasion even crossed swords with The Master.

The pair gained two more Companions when an Earth experimental timeship from the 99th Century crashed in northern California in the mid-1980s. While preventing a Dalek-Cyberman plot from changing history, The Professor and Joan rescued both the pilot and a reporter for the sensationalist newspaper called the *UFO Enquirer*. For various reasons, both Trask (the pilot) and Sharyl Evans (the reporter) elected to remain with The Professor.

Personality:

Motivations/Desires/Goals:

The professor is driven by a keen belief that evil must be confronted wherever it is encountered, that individuals matter as much as whole civilizations, and that the greatest evils in the universe are ignorance and fear of the unknown. To fight evil and lose is far superior to not fighting at all, or to seeking co-existence with it.

Manner:

The Professor often comes across as an irascible eccentric, especially to those who don't know him, but he cannot long cover his concern for his Companions, his friends, and anyone in trouble. He is obviously highly intelligent and well-educated; his speech is erudite and he sprinkles his conversations with classical allusions and anecdotes. He has a weakness for name-dropping, and he often works into his conversation the names of famous figures of history whom he has met; this weakness doubtless has contributed to his reputation for eccentricity.

Name: JEANNE d' ARC

Race: Human
 Sex: Female
 Profession: Warrior saint

Attributes:

STR — Level III CHA — Level VI
 END — Level IV MNT — Level IV
 DEX — Level IV ITN — Level VII

Special Ability:

Unusual Intuition Level VII

Combat Statistics:

AP: 7
 Armed Combat, Sword: Level V
 Unarmed Combat, Brawling: Level II

Significant Skills:

Level:

Leadership	VI
Military Sciences	
Small Unit Tactics	IV
Trap Discovery	III
Social Sciences	
History, Biblical	V
History, Church to 1431	IV
History, France to 1431	V
Sports	
Horseback Riding	III
Trivia	
French Language	VII
Wearing Armor	III
Verbal Interaction	
Haggling	VI
Inspiration To Battle	VII
Negotiation/Diplomacy	V

Appearance:

Height: Short
 Build: Petite
 Looks: Striking
 Apparent Age: Young adult
 Actual Age: 19
 Recognition Handle: Poised; inexplicable personal magnetism

Distinguishing Physical Characteristics:

Jeanne (or Joan, to give her name its English form) is a striking girl, remarkable not so much for her beauty as for her poise, manner, and bearing. People cannot help but feel impressed, even subdued, in her presence.

She wears her dark brown hair short. She generally wears a long, white or plain-colored dress with puffed sleeves and a laced vest, fashionable clothes for a rural 15th Century girl, but, when facing enemies, she will often wear men's clothes — trousers, blouse, and vest.

Sometimes, when entering battle, she wears an armor cuirass or breastplate, and carries a light, ornate, two-handed sword.

**Brief Personal History:**

Birthplace: Domremy, France, Earth, 1421

In 1427, the British (under Henry VI) and their allies, the Burgundians, were occupying nearly all of northern France. The Dauphin Charles, son of Charles VI of France, could not be crowned King of France because Reims, the traditional site of French coronations, was held by the enemy. Five years after his father's death, Charles' legitimate claim to the throne of France was in grave doubt simply because he could not be crowned.

Joan had first heard a voice from God at age 13. Throughout the rest of her life, voices from God and visions of various saints guided her in the unification of her people behind the Dauphin Charles and the liberation of her country from the British. Her piety, her force of will, her forthright, honest, and charismatic nature, her daring in God's name, and her inner strength brought this plowman's daughter first to command French soldiers, then to gain victory after victory over the British. The siege of Orleans was raised in a series of attacks on British strongholds, Reims was liberated, and Charles crowned King of France at last.

The Maid of Orleans, as she was called, was captured in May, 1430 by the Burgundians under John of Luxembourg. She was handed over to the Bishop of Beauvais (an enemy of King Charles) in exchange for 10,000 francs, and she was given a trial before the Church in Rouen. She was charged with (among other things) blasphemous presumption, claiming divine inspiration, accepting the commands of God over the commands of the Church, wearing men's clothing, and claiming that her saints spoke French rather than English. Found guilty, she was given over to the secular authorities (who were British) for execution late in May, 1431. To the last, she maintained that her voices were sent from God, and that they had not deceived her.

Rescued by The Professor, she thought at first she was in Heaven. He convinced her otherwise, with some difficulty. At times, she still argues, only half-jokingly, that she must be in Paradise.

Unable to be returned to her own place in time without damaging the time line, Joan was content to remain with The Professor, once assured that her King, Charles VII, would ultimately triumph. The Professor has offered to take her to another world of her choosing, but she has felt compelled (by her voices?) to stand by this strange and powerful man in his fight against evil.

Though born in the 15th Century, Joan is intelligent and has adjusted to a universe larger than the one she knew. She actually exhibited less shock at the experience than people of later, more technologically-accomplished times have, perhaps because she has always held a firm faith in worlds and realities coexisting unseen with the everyday world around her.

When not travelling with The Professor, she has been taking evening classes at Radcliffe. She attends daily Mass at a small Catholic chapel in Cambridge.

Personality:**Motivations/Desires/Goals:**

Joan is a product of the 15th-century Catholic church. Her original time occurred a century before the Reformation, and she knows only one Church. Her view of good and evil tend to be starkly black and white, when compared to the views of later ages. She has been disappointed by what she has seen of history after her time, and feels Man has lost faith in God. She does not understand much of what she sees, but relies on The Professor to explain things, and on her unshakable faith to carry her through.

She is upset when people talk about her being made a saint, feeling herself unworthy of such honor. Jokes about 'St. Joan' can make her angry.

She still, on occasion, hears voices urging her to confront evil in God's name. The Professor himself is uncertain about just what these voices are. For a time, he suspected they were an externalization of some inner, psychological process, but Joan is extraordinarily perceptive, and sometimes seems to know things she would have no normal way of knowing. She likes to tell the story of her first meeting with the Dauphin Charles, at Chinon, where her voices led her to him despite his disguise. She also tells of how she rose from sleep, having been directed to ride to a distant battle she had not been told about, arriving just in time.

Manner:

Joan is surprisingly direct and forthright, given to sudden, seemingly impulsive acts of inspiration. Most of the time, she tends to be quiet, almost withdrawn, and spends a great deal of time each day in meditation and prayer.

She speaks English with a pronounced French accent, and slips into French when excited or angry. When she presents an opinion, it is a moral one, and she will always proclaim the right, claiming God's guidance and direction as her support. She never does this on trivial matters, but in matters of morality and right she is unflinching in her beliefs, unwavering in her fortitude.

Her unswerving faith in God and her willingness to stand up for what she knows to be true have caused her religion professors at Radcliffe endless headaches. They resent her dogmatic assertions about events of which, obviously, she cannot have any personal experience.

She is fearless in battle, and has unnerved many an opponent with her upraised sword and her cry of "By St. Michael, St. Catherine, and St. Margaret! Forward, in the Name of God!"

Name: SHARYL EVANS

Race: Human

Sex: Female

Profession: Journalist

Attributes:

STR —Level III	CHA —Level V
END —Level III	MNT —Level IV
DEX —Level IV	ITN —Level IV

Combat Statistics:

AP:	7
Armed Combat, Handgun:	Level II
Unarmed Combat, Brawling:	Level II

Significant Skills: Level:

Administration	IV
Artistic Expression	
Journalistic Writing	V
Gaming, Trivia Games	IV
Medical Sciences	
General Medicine, Human	III
Psychology, Human	IV
Security Procedures	
Concealment	III
Stealth	III
Surveillance	IV
Trivia	
History, UFOs	VI
History, Unexplained Phenomena	VI
Trivia Facts	V
Streetwise	II
Vehicle Operation, Ground Vehicles	IV
Verbal Interaction	
Diplomacy/Negotiation	V
Haggling	V
Interrogation	V

Appearance:

Height: Average

Build: Average

Looks: Striking

Apparent Age: Young adult

Actual Age: 29

Recognition Handle: Long, blond hair and inquisitive eyes.

**Distinguishing Physical Characteristics:**

Sharyl Evans usually wears her blond hair long. When she stepped into the TARDIS by accident, she was wearing her 'working clothes' — a fashionable woman's business suit with white blouse, grey skirt and matching jacket, spike heels, and carrying a large, over-the-shoulder handbag. Since she began travelling with The Professor, she has taken to wearing shirts, slacks, and flat-soled shoes, attire far more comfortable for traipsing around on uneven ground.

Brief Personal History:

Birthplace: Peoria, Illinois, Earth, 1956 AD

Sharyl studied journalism at Northwestern University but eventually wandered to the West Coast where she planned to make her fortune as a writer and journalist. The break she was looking for came eventually, but it proved to be something of a let-down. She was hired as a reporter and editor for what she refers to as a 'check-out stand screamer rag' called the UFO Enquirer.

The UFO Enquirer specializes in sensationalist stories about UFOs; pseudo-scientific gibberish about Yetis and Bigfoot, Atlantis and ESP; and unhealthy doses of astrology and mysticism. Typical headlines might read PRINCESS DI MEETS SPACE ALIENS! and UFOS CONDUCT GERM WARFARE IN CHICAGO! After a year of interviewing, as she put it, "one-third of all the wackos between Ventura and Oceanside" about their experiences with space aliens, and working as an editor for "a paper with the high journalistic standards of a sewage treatment plant", Sharyl was fed up with her job and longing for something different.

She found it in late 1985 when her boss sent her to northern California to cover a spectacular UFO flap. For the first time, she wondered if perhaps there was something to the flying saucer nonsense after all. She actually saw what she thought was a spaceship, and the ship's handsome, black-uniformed pilot. She ran into a telephone booth to call in her story, not noticing that it was out of order, and...

Forced by circumstances to remain with The Professor while he both rescued the crashed test pilot and fought Daleks and Cybermen, Sharyl spent a great deal of her time either screaming or begging to be taken back home. (Whether she meant Los Angeles or Peoria was never clear. She kept saying over and over, "Only in California! It could only happen in California!")

Eventually she calmed down enough to notice what she was seeing. Confronted with the real universe, Sharyl eventually elected to continue travelling with The Professor. She first thought she might be able to bring home the sensational UFO story of all time, with a headline something like ALIENS IN STAR-HOPPING PHONE BOOTH FROM BEYOND TIME SAVE EARTH, but the size of the universe and the shabbiness of her old job combined at last to convince her that it wasn't worth it. Daleks and Cybermen? Joan of Arc going to night school in Cambridge? Phone booths bigger inside than out? Ninety-ninth Century cities on the coast of the Californian Sea? Even her old editor wouldn't swallow THAT!

Lately, she has developed a romantic interest in Trask, the test pilot for the 99th-century time machine. She once thought he was an alien. "Just my luck," she says. "I thought I'd finally hooked a real live alien, and he turned out to be human." She worries about what will happen if Trask returns to his own time.

Personality:**Motivations/Desires/Goals:**

Sharyl's curiosity led her into her journalistic career. She has also always wanted to make something of herself, to do something that would make a difference in the world, and this was part of what made her unsatisfied with her job for the UFO Enquirer. She appreciates The Professor's sense of justice and morality, his need to *do something* in an age when so few people care. This became her primary motivation for asking to remain with The Professor for a time; it and a sense of adventure have driven her to take advantage of the opportunity to see places she never dreamed of seeing in Peoria...or California.

Manner:

Sharyl is a good interviewer, and her wit, charm, and beauty combine to put people at ease and speak freely in her presence. She is friendly, laughs easily, and has a wry sense of humor combined with the rare ability to poke fun at herself. She has a serious side as well, and can become quiet and withdrawn when troubled. She is an expert in late-20th-century trivia games, and she enjoys good-naturedly bickering with The Professor over minor historical points.

Name: TRASK*Race:* Human*Sex:* Male*Profession:* Test Pilot**Attributes:**

STR — Level IV

CHA — Level V

END — Level V

MNT — Level V

DEX — Level V

ITN — Level IV

Combat Statistics:

AP: 9

Armed Combat, Hand Laser: Level IV

Unarmed Combat, Karate: Level IV

Significant Skills:

Environmental Suite Operation

Leadership

Life Sciences, Exobiology

Physical Sciences

Computer Science

Mathematics

Physics

Social Sciences

History, Earth to A.D. 9785

Space Sciences

Astronomy

Astrophysics

Navigation

Technology

Electronics

Force Field Systems

Temporal Science

Vehicle Operation

Aircraft

Spacecraft

Temporal Vehicles

Appearance:*Height:* Tall*Build:* Average*Looks:* Attractive*Apparent Age:* Mature adult*Actual Age:* 25*Recognition Handle:* Ruggedly attractive, with red-blond hair.**Level:**

IV

IV

III

V

III

IV

V

IV

V

IV

V

IV

IV

III

IV

IV

Distinguishing Physical Characteristics:

Trask has the rugged good looks of a sports star, combined with a bravado that frequently distresses The Professor. He is the 9800's equivalent of a test pilot, complete with the swaggering self-assurance so often associated with 'the right stuff.'

Brief Personal History:

Birthplace: Salvanport, California Sea, Earth, 9860 AD

Trask was born in one of the loose, city-state federations grouped along the inland Californian Sea in that era. A test pilot for atmospheric and spacecraft, he was chosen to test-fly a prototype timecraft, a ten-meter saucer designed to fly both in space and in time. Sabotage by interfering, time-travelling enemies sent him plunging out of control, to crash in the mid-1980s at almost his exact place of departure, 7,900 years in his past. The Professor rescued him and saved Earth's time line from the tamperings of the alien invaders.

The Professor has discovered that Trask's future is in a slightly alternate time line, one caused by something he would have done had the Professor not rescued him. There may be a way of reaching this alternate universe, but The Professor hasn't worked out the transdimensional math for such a journey yet. There are so many possible universes, and no certain way of determining which is the right one for Trask, or how to return the TARDIS to its proper universe in the end.

In the meantime, Trask is delighted to travel with The Professor. Time travel was a highly speculative and theoretical venture in his age. In the 9900s, Earth had become something of a Galactic backwater. Recovering from the brief ice age that began around the year 5,000 AD, it is girdled by small, interconnected, technological communities on the planet and in orbit. Whereas Gallifrey is known, the Time Lords are remote and half-mythical, never encountered, partly feared, mostly ignored. Stories of Gallifreyan time travel were thought to be legends, but it was partly on the basis of those legends that Trask's people set about to attempt to conquer time.

The Professor feels that their approach to temporal travel is particularly dangerous. It opens the possibility of branching multiple universes and chaos across the time stream, something that did in fact happen with Trask's ill-fated expedition. Returning Trask to his space and time will almost certainly require an interfering adjustment to do away with 99th-century time travel entirely, to restore the time line, and to insure that Trask's voyage never took place.

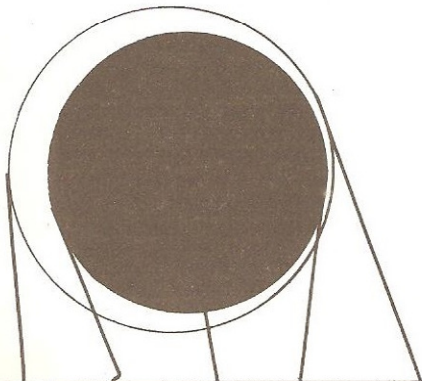
Personality:**Motivations/Desires/Goals:**

Trask is a daredevil, frequently driven to prove his bravery and stamina; thus, his actions have, at times, endangered his Companions. He is unsure of himself, wanting to be accepted, fearful of being rejected.

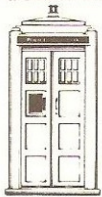
A romantic involvement with Sharyl has led him to try to prove himself indispensable to The Professor, with mixed results.

Manner:

Others find Trask engaging, out-going, and boisterous. He is witty, brash, and fond of telling of his exploits. He is easily deflated, however, and can be crushed by rejection or sharp criticism. He attempts to cover his inner uncertainty with laughter and bravado. He is also impatient, and frequently receives lectures from The Professor, who admonishes him to "find out just what it is exactly that you're about to put your foot into."

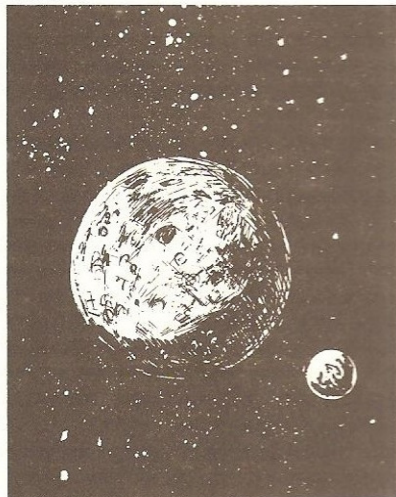


Ydaran Civilization



HISTORY

Five million years ago, the world of Ydar was threatened with extinction. Centuries of warfare with a rapacious enemy civilization had ended at last in defeat, with the destruction of star-faring armadas and far-flung colonies. Enemy fleets were closing in on Ydar itself; raids had already crippled surviving squadrons of warships, and the planetary population (numbering billions) had abandoned hope for despair and riot.



A small band of military leaders under the command of one Staff Admiral Varus offered a plan for the survival of the Ydaran culture. It was too late, they contended, for defeat to be reversed, too late to stop the enemy hordes that were gathering already in nearby star systems, all former colonies of Ydar. It was too late even for peace. The enemy had vowed that the Ydaran race would be destroyed root and branch, that the homeworld itself would be purified by nuclear fires until not one Ydaran remained alive.

It had been a long and bitter war, one that had long since become a fight to the death. But there was a chance for some small fraction of the population to survive. Ydar had a moon, a rugged, airless body that had supported several military bases during the war, a fleet construction yard, and mines and processing plants. For several hundred years, plans had been underway to convert the Ydaran moon into a secret weapon, a space-going battleship-fortress unlike any warship ever seen.

It had been thought that such a battleship, though unwieldy and slow, would be immune to attack even by the warfleet hordes of the enemy. It could be piloted into the midst of an enemy

fleet, and vast and devastating weapons would reduce enemy warships to vapor, would reach out and lick enemy worlds clean of life.

Unfortunately for the Ydarans, the war had gone badly, and the super-ship was not yet complete. It was decided that the military situation was so bad that even if the ship were complete, it would no more than delay an inevitable final judgement.

But the giant vessel *could* take on board some thousands of refugees, could escape from the Ydaran star system and seek another system elsewhere, far enough away that the enemy's empire would never find them. There, Ydaran civilization would have a second chance.

The moon's maneuvering drive systems were already operational. Its power source, a microscopic black hole cocooned by magnetic fields in a chamber called the Power Core (which trapped the raw energy death shrieks of matter sent funneling into that bottomless maw) was already in place.

Unfortunately, the drive that would allow it to travel faster than light had not yet been installed, and the ship would have to travel slower than light. That meant a voyage of years, though the time dilation effects of relativistic (near-light) speeds would shorten the time for those on board. It was thought that various cloaking field systems would allow it to remain undetectable and safe from pursuit, so long as the moon could be taken into the depths of interstellar space before the enemy's final strike. Work proceeded with renewed dedication on the interlocking computer network and programs. The refugees would have to rely on the moon's highly-sophisticated computers for survival.

The Ydarans understood the concept of the Van Neuman machine, (see also **Background Information** section) though they had never built one. The automated factories already on the satellite's surface were prototype factory complexes using robots to ferret out concentrations of certain metal ores, mine it, and return it to the factory, where it was automatically processed into whatever product the currently-running program called for. These programs were adapted for the task at hand.

The factory complexes would also create new factories. First, they built and programmed the army of robots to mine the needed ores, process materials, and finally build the machines to build the new factory. The process

would then be repeated, until the entire surface of the moon was a vast, industrial, manufacturing complex dedicated to supplying the needs of the refugees living in carefully-protected habitats in the moon's core.

Eventually, of course, so much of the moon's mass would be tied up in industrial complexes or habitats that mining would have to cease. Long before that happened, however, new programs would take over, aimed at gathering needed raw materials from elsewhere. The moon would enter a star system, locate a likely, lifeless, rocky body rich in silicates and iron, carbon and silicon, titanium and magnesium, copper and radioactives, water ice for oxygen and hydrogen, and all the other elements and compounds necessary to sustain the life of the habitats. It was expected that the refugees would be able to direct the course of the moon-ship toward likely stars, avoiding the enemy until they were far enough out that a new home sun could be chosen, and life begun anew on a new world.

The building program proceeded amidst the gray chill of encircling doom. People were chosen and shuttled to the moon, but always in secret to prevent panic and revolt among those who stayed behind. An attempt was made to select only those young men and women most fit and genetically pure, so that only the best of the race would survive.

But the planners were human and the plan faltered. In an operation of such magnitude, carried out in such haste, selective processes broke down, and, more often than not, it was the rich or the well-connected who made the selection lists rather than the genetically healthy. Too, it was not long before the secret leaked out; too many people knew what was happening on Ydar's moon, too many were involved in the testing and selection programs, the relocation camps, the shuttle flights and supply missions for the secret to be kept for long. Across the embattled planet, riots broke out, military bases were stormed, supply and planning facilities destroyed. Government leaders eager to save their own skins called for a halt to the super-ship's construction until the selection processes could be reviewed.

The command staff on the moon was forced to make a decision. If they waited for the homeworld's political wheels to turn, the entire project might be undone, and the launching of the ship so delayed that it would be destroyed by one of the enemy battle-fleets, which were becoming ever more daring with each raid and thrust. The remnants of the Ydaran navy assembled within the system was ordered to land on the moon and take command of its facilities. The order was ignored.

The Lords Of Destiny / 35

Disobedience to orders became outright mutiny when surface defense bases opened fire on incoming battleships, forcing them to withdraw. The struggle for control of Ydar's moon had become civil war. There was nothing left to do. With the moon's population only partly transferred to the satellite's sealed, subsurface caverns, with the computer programs and operational routines only partially complete, and with scarcely enough food or supplies for a five-year voyage, Admiral Varus, supreme commander of the ship *Destiny of Ydar*, gave the order to activate the drives.

The moon moved. With majestic calm, with terrible, unstoppable purpose, with speed building slowly, Ydar's ancient satellite left its orbit, not, as had been originally planned, into the depths of space, but inward toward its primary. Every bit of speed was needed to launch the ex-moon on its outbound course. Ydar's gravitational field was used to assist with the initial acceleration into interstellar space. The satellite's passage thundered above the crumbling of glaciers and the shock of earthquakes, the keening of hurricane winds and the roar of tides gone mad. The silver dome of the renegade moon loomed terrifyingly above the wrack of storms and splintering continents. Then, it passed, receding into space, and was quickly lost from view.

Months later, an enemy battlefleet entered the Ydaran system. They found Ydar's surface cloud-smothered and volcano-crumpled, her cities drowned, her population gone. A few drifting ships or bases were discovered in lonely corners of the system, all crewed by corpses – victims of suicide, starvation, despair. The enemy's goals were realized; the Ydaran civilization was no more.

Or so they thought.

VOYAGE OF THE SUPER SHIP

The *Destiny of Ydar* hurtled into interstellar space, lost in the empty depths that separate star from star, safe from pursuit. But though they'd escaped, the problems of the small colony of refugees were only just beginning.

They had no clear-cut destination, save that they intended to hide among the trackless wastes of interstellar space, with the hope of someday finding a world like Ydar that could be colonized. The *Destiny of Ydar* accelerated to a high enough percentage of light-speed that time dilation reduced the time experienced by the colony (see also **The Background** section). Their first target star was ten light years away and took over 12 years to reach; time dilation reduced the time for them to a bit over five years.

The colonists had enough food aboard their world-ship for a five-year voyage. For this reason, their food and

water were strictly rationed. The population was rigidly organized under military discipline, and regulations were strictly enforced. While they didn't quite descend to cannibalism, the ship's laws took into account the fact that the colony would have to live as a miserly, precariously maintained, closed system, in which nothing was lost, nothing wasted. Troublemakers, political organizers, hoarders, and poachers were shot, their bodies recycled for water, rare chemicals, and fertilizer for the hydroponics farms.

Food riots began during the fifth year, despite the drop in population. Admiral Varus' death during the widespread fighting ushered in an extended period of martial law and summary executions worse than anything seen so far. Coups and counter coups resulted in the death of many of the technicians who were still working on the control and guidance programs, as well as most of the original naval staff officers. At the same time, more and more computer space was being given over to monitoring and controlling the population, to prevent or alleviate food and water shortages, and to prevent further revolutions. Eventually, the revolutions were crushed, in part because of the new monitoring programs and because of the arrival of specially-designed military robots from the surface factories.

On the surface, meanwhile, computers were overseeing the explosive multiplication of factories and manufacturing facilities, but with little supervision by the surviving computer technicians. The original rugged surface was stripped away, replaced by an expanding tangle of kilometer-thick struts, girders, towers, and arrays. Everywhere there were robots, machines endlessly varied in shape, size, and purpose, tearing down the moon's surface and working the core that remained into the framework of the metal colossus that was expanding into space under the guidance of the Master Program.

But this was a hastily-assembled, incomplete, untested, and poorly-supervised Master Program.

An early design concept had called for the *Destiny Of Ydar* to use powerful, far-spread magnetic fields to sweep clouds of hydrogen gas from between the stars and funnel them into the black hole, tapping the energy liberated by the fall of matter into the artificial gravitational singularity. This proved to be unfeasible because sweeping hydrogen produced drag that limited the moon-ship's speed and efficiency, and so an alternate means was developed.



The ship could draw power from debris on the surface of the moon itself for the first leg of its journey, using robot machines to collect base rock and channel it into the black hole chamber. When the *Destiny Of Ydar* reached its first destination, a lifeless but asteroid-rich star system ten light years from Ydar, those magnetic fields were employed to sweep up mountains of iron and rock rather than atoms of hydrogen.

Robot scavengers descended on each asteroid as it was drawn into the framework that now surrounded the moon-core, slicing it into manageable chunks that were fed into the glowing maw of the surface processing plants. Valuable ores and needed raw materials were separated from base rock and sent to manufacturing facilities. Millions of tons of iron were transformed into steel, then routed toward where robots worked on the ship's structure. Excess iron and smelting wastes were fed to the black hole for power. The entire operation was supervised by the Master Program, which was growing now as the moon-ship grew, adapting itself to the evolving needs of the self-transforming worldlet.

With plenty of power and raw materials, the *Destiny of Ydar* accelerated into interstellar space once more. Longer periods of travel meant time dilation worked to greater effect. The next stop was 60 light years farther on, with only ten years passing for those aboard. Another lifeless planetary system was stripped for resources and raw material. This time, small and barren planets were disassembled to feed the hungry factories.

Overworked computer technicians improved upon the Program, giving high priority to the self-repair and self-expanding parts of the colony's computer system. Before long, The Master Program was actually writing itself with little help from its creators, at the same time that it improved upon the hardware of the moon-spanning electronic network. In a very real sense, the computer was growing, becoming faster, more efficient, more independent, less vulnerable to errors made by its fallible organic masters, and eventually...self-aware.

Another planetary system was used for raw materials, then another and another. With each stop, the Master Program – correcting itself to achieve greater and greater efficiency – was more successful in dismantling the planets, moons, and asteroids its sensors detected in each new system. The mass of the black hole in the power core grew. Following its own research and development programs, the computer created more efficient ways of drawing power from that whirling, physicist's nightmare. Energy could now be extracted from the core and converted

back to mass when raw materials were needed and no planets were handy. The ship's growth was thus speeded up.

By the twelfth stop, almost 3,000 light years from Ydar, the ship had grown until the mass of the unfolding steel superstructure was half that of the original moon at its core, and still growing. The *Destiny Of Ydar* was so vast and powerful that a savage attack by beings inhabiting the star system's two inner worlds was completely ineffective. Both worlds were broken into debris to feed the Ydaran world-ship. The mass of their now-useless, circling warfleets added insignificantly to the total.

Within the monster ship, the population by this time was so reliant on the Master Program's handling of affairs that they didn't even know they'd been attacked. It was a great pity that they weren't aware of the outcome of that short, bitter, and futile struggle. Because of their technological seclusion, they missed completely the chance to watch the destruction of their enemy's home world 3,000 years after the planet Ydar's defeat.

The ship continued its blind path through the galaxy...and also continued growing. Not steering toward any special destination, with only a rather vague primary command to take the people of Ydar away from their enemies, the computer set the world-ship on longer and longer jumps as the energy stored within its power core became greater with each refueling. The force field that swept up debris for the ship's power core was now so vast and powerful that worlds could be devoured in passing, without the need to slow down from near-light speeds. Eventually, the vessel had power reserves enough to leave its parent galaxy and plunge into the endless gulf between galaxies. Resources were scantier in the gulf, but their speed was so great – a hair below that of light itself – that this no longer mattered.

Generations passed aboard the *Destiny of Ydar*, generations that spanned thousands, then millions, of years in the universe outside, so fast were they travelling. The effects of relativity made a million-year voyage between galaxies seem to pass in a few decades.

Gaps in the original programming, parts of the Master Program lost or not completed during the chaos of the early days of the voyage, resulted in the computer's history records being inaccessible to humans. Histories were transmitted by oral tradition instead, and so were very rapidly lost. Even at their slowed rate of time, generation followed generation until the population had forgotten who they were, had forgotten even that the universe was far vaster than any of them realized.

The successors of Admiral Varus continued in the military tradition Varus had bestowed upon them. The staff, which had imposed martial law on the mobile colony in the beginning, was gradually replaced by the Captain-Lords, an elite of descendants of the military overlords who had launched the *Destiny Of Ydar* so long ago. Robots called Enforcers served as police and army, while the vast majority of the *Destiny's* tiny population lived out their lives generation to generation with no knowledge at all of the universe outside. And over all, robots and Ydarans alike, was the ship's computer. It was now highly intelligent and fully as self-aware as any organic being, virtually immortal, possessing all the history of the Ydaran exiles (which they themselves had lost), and *still* learning and growing.

It called itself Supreme.



SUPREME AND ITS ENFORCERS

SUPREME

Supreme is a self-aware, self-programming, and self-developing computer network, originally designed as an interlocking computer system programmed to oversee the Ydaran refugee colony. An important part of this programming was intended to develop factories on the moon's surface that would convert raw materials into power and products to provide for the Ydarans' safety. Another part of the programming converted the moon into a spaceship, speeding through the universe at near-lightspeeds. Later, to keep the peace and maintain the status quo, additional programming was added to establish a human ruling elite supported by guardian robots. Supreme is considered now to be a powerful god, ruler of the universe, with the Captain-Lords as attendant priests and intercessors. In the sense that the *Destiny of Ydar* is the entire universe for the Ydarans, this is completely accurate.

Driven by the Master Program to achieve greater efficiency, Supreme continues to refine itself and the world-ship. New structures continually replace old, but these are not necessarily better. The Master Program does note those forms that increase efficiency and retains them, while discarding those that fail or do nothing. In this way, the *Destiny Of Ydar* has evolved much like a living organism, gradually changing to reflect its programmed drive toward efficiency.

Whereas most of the hardware is within the depths of The Heart, Supreme actually is the sum of *all* of the



THE
**DOCTOR
WHO**
ROLE PLAYING GAME

interlocked computer systems throughout the *Destiny Of Ydar*. Extensions of Supreme are everywhere. The Enforcers all have electronic links with the computer system and are directly controlled by it. Monitoring devices, including small, electronic surveillance units installed at strategic points in buildings, corridors, and assembly areas, and mobile sensor spheres that travel or hover on magnetic fields gathering data, act as Supreme's eyes and ears throughout its domain. There are also implants within the Captain-Lords' skulls that allow Supreme to receive sensory impressions directly from the brains of its human agents.

Although Supreme is extremely intelligent and superlatively adaptable, it is not innovative or creative. For all its power, memory, and intelligence, Supreme is not capable of original thought, intuition, or inspiration. It can only react, and never, except in the most rigid and artificial ways, anticipate.

Furthermore, flaws in its original, hasty Master Program left Supreme with a peculiar way of thinking. Primary among these is its intention to preserve the status quo. Charged with insuring the safety of the Ydarans, it protects them by keeping them as they are. Hence, the Ydaran civilization's stagnation. This programming mindset will exhibit itself to the player characters in making many things seem routinized or ritualized, and in making the Ydarans seem highly resistant to change. Supreme has laws to handle its inhabitants, but it is inflexible in their application, as will be readily apparent to player characters interacting with the Ydarans.

Of primary concern to the player characters (and the rest of the universe), however, should be Supreme's view concerning other planets and peoples. It views the universe as an extension of itself, as a source of exploitable raw material and energy, and so, until it is reprogrammed, it will continue to blunder through the universe, devouring planets, regardless of the civilizations that may inhabit them. None of the Ydarans, including the Captain-Lords, have the knowledge or skill to program Supreme or alter the Master Program in any way, and so any programming changes to Supreme will need to come from outside. As the player characters deal with the Ydarans, Supreme is hurtling toward the Galaxy of Man (Mutter's Spiral) at near-light-speed, and nothing save the player characters (or others like them) can stop it from wreaking havoc once it hits the many inhabited worlds there.

ENFORCER ROBOTS

There are many different robots working in and around the *Destiny Of Ydar* under Supreme's direct or indirect control. The four-meter humanoid robots called Enforcers are the most visible, and the type most frequently encountered.

Enforcer robots are incapable of initiating action without specific orders. Usually these orders are given them by Captain-Lords of Third Degree rank or higher, though Supreme uses many Enforcer robots apart from those used by the Ydarans.

Enforcers operate on rather simplistic and limited programming, involving orders no more complex than "Let no one through" or "Hold them". On occasion, Supreme can take over complete control and monitor events through a particular robot's sensors. Supreme may also tap the robot's records of what it has seen and heard during the past several hours. In general, however, Supreme has too many other things to occupy it without maintaining direct control of several hundred billion narrowminded computers.

Their programming makes them fairly effective in small-unit combat, and their sensors are useful for detecting traps, bombs, and pitfalls. They can produce electronic signals that admit them through all locked doors except those open only to Captain-Lords of Fifth Degree or higher.

Enforcers have zasters mounted in the assemblage of lenses and sensors under their cowl, where their face would be if they were human. These weapons may fire wherever the Enforcer is looking. More often, however, Enforcers attack with their arms and clawed hands, which are very strong. Enforcers are immune to zaster fire and are so well-shielded that even trellwand discharges rarely affect them; stasers, lasers, projectile weapons, stunners, and sonic disruptors have little or no effect on Enforcers unless a hit is achieved into the machine's face, though blasters and very high-power sonic disruptors may cause some damage elsewhere, particularly if aimed at the joints. Diskbombs were developed by the rebels specifically for dealing with the Enforcers, for a diskbomb hit anywhere on the robot's face or chest will burn through to critical circuitry in seconds, crippling or destroying the machine. Disruptors and particle beams are effective at power settings high enough to disintegrate the machine.



THE YDAR

World Log: DESTINY OF YDAR

Planetary Data

Gravity:	1 G
Size:	
Diameter of The Heart:	2,900 km
Overall Length:	10,000 km
Greatest Overall Width:	3,000 km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day:	22 hr
Atmospheric Density:	Terrestrial
General Climate:	Terrestrial

Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form:	Ydarans
Full Techn./Socio. Index:	
Supreme	A9976-745
Ydarans	03706-795
Government Type:	Monarchy
Controlling Governmental Body:	Council Of Captain-Lords
Chief Governing Officer:	Supreme

POPULATION

The *Destiny Of Ydar* is of respectable size, even when measured by planetary standards. And, by the standards of any starship, it is colossal. The worldship is over 6,000 miles long – three fourths the diameter of Earth, a third larger than the diameter of Mars. Because the people inhabit the *volume* of the ship rather than its surface, it can support an enormous population.

The Ydarans now number just under 100 billion people, all descendants of the original crew of several thousand refugees who set out from Ydar nearly 10,000 shipboard years ago. They have ample room, and their world continues to expand in order to accept the increasing population. Food, water, and all other needs are provided for from the bottomless cornucopia of their computer god, being transmuted from energy stored within the Power Core. The computer has already anticipated another doubling of the population, and has swung the *Destiny Of Ydar* toward a new, untapped galaxy to insure boundless sources of raw material.

That galaxy is an unremarkable spiral of stars known to its inhabitants as the Mutter Spiral, the Milky Way, or the Galaxy of Man.



PHYSICAL APPEARANCE

The Ydarans are, at least to a casual examination, completely human, another of those mysterious cases of parallel evolution on a world far removed in time and space from either Gallifrey or Earth. Because of the high percentage of what the Ydarans considered to be genetically-superior individuals in the original population of refugees, the modern population tends toward the Ydaran concept of physical perfection: tall, slender, pale-skinned, dark-haired, large-eyed. Most of the men are handsome and most of the women strikingly beautiful.

Their pale, nearly albino skin and large eyes are the marks of the Ydaran's original homeworld, which circled an orange star poor in ultraviolet radiation. The lighting within the *Destiny Of Ydar* even now seems rather dim and slightly reddish to terrestrial or Gallifreyan eyes, and the air is cool and dry.

LIFE STYLE

Ydarans are a graceful people, accomplished in the arts, and possessing a polished and intricate culture. Though Supreme holds the position of god for the civilization, it is not actually worshipped. The people depend on Supreme for everything — food, water, light, air, climate control, building materials, manufactured goods, and power — but the common people and the computer network actually have very little to do with each other directly on a day-to-day basis.

Under the dictates of ancient programming, Supreme continues to provide for the Ydarans. Supreme itself considers the living population to be extensions of itself (like the blood cells of an organic being) and provides for those cells automatically, with no more thought for them than a human has for his own blood corpuscles. For their part, the people accept the computer as a basic and unchanging fact of their universe, respected or ignored, but not worshipped. Most people believe Supreme itself to be a person, supreme ruler of the Council of Captain-Lords.

Worship is left to the Captain-Lords, who lead their people.

Work

With all of their material needs met by Supreme, there is no need at all for anyone to work. Ydaran society has long since become completely stagnant. This state of affairs is encouraged by both Supreme and the Captain-Lords, as change in any form would tend eventually to overturn the smooth order of things that has evolved over the centuries.

There are workers among the population. While Supreme provides for every material need, human workers distribute the goods and provide such services as cleaning and sanitation. Human healthcare, maintenance of

homes and living areas, public information services, and many other functions are performed by choice by Ydarans rather than by machines.

Art

The most important human activity, however, is art. Most citizens invest a great deal of time and effort into various arts, either as producers or as consumers. The heroes of Ydar are popular authors, dramatists, artists and craftsmen, public orators, and entertainers. Ydaran economy is based on the creation and exchange of artistic products and services.

Public Debate

One important aspect of Ydaran life is public debate. Free speech has long been valued by Ydaran culture, despite its rigidly-controlled social system, and, in any marketplace, dozens of self-styled orators can be found addressing those who might gather about. They may discourse on everything from the artistic merits of a newly-popular poet to why the Captain-Lords ought to be abolished as a class. Though monitored by the Captain-Lords and Supreme itself, people are free to speak as they choose, though some topics may bring about harassment and even official censure for the speaker. These topics include those subjects and ideas labeled by the Captain-Lords as heretical, notions such as the fallibility of Supreme, or the idea that there is a universe beyond the boundaries of *The Destiny Of Ydar*. The vast majority of Ydarans have little patience with provocative topics, however; they are comfortable and happy, and more concerned with the latest trend in sculpture than in obscure, metaphysical speculation.

Fashion

Ydaran individuals wear diverse costumes and maintain distinctions among themselves from one part of the *Destiny Of Ydar* to another. These differences are encouraged officially to prevent a dull sameness that might breed dissatisfaction. The most common fashion for workers is a one-piece jumper or coverall, but costumes for leisure time can be quite extravagant, and tend to follow the dictates of the constantly and rapidly shifting dictates of fashion.

Fashion, in fact, dictates not only apparel, but language, modes of speech, manners, and customs as well. The Ydaran population is large, and the culture incredibly diverse and ever-changing. For a culture that has survived essentially intact and unchanging

for millennia, the minor variations offered by fashions of speech, dress, and art become priceless.

TECHNOLOGICAL/ SOCIOPOLITICAL INDEX

The development of Supreme and the Ydarans in the several areas of technology, hard science, social science, and politics is discussed in the paragraphs below. Because of the disparity between Supreme and the Ydaran people themselves, the development of both is discussed.

Space Science

Though the greatest achievement of Ydaran science was the harnessing of artificial black holes for power sources and for controlled transmutation of elements, Ydaran science never attempted the transdimensional black hole engineering practiced by the Gallifreyans or other advanced races. The black hole in the Power Core is a hold-over from the most advanced aspect of Ydaran science. Supreme is wholly responsible for its maintenance. The Space Science rating for Supreme reflects that it is capable of handling the technical aspects up to this level, even though some of the data (such as advanced astrogation and faster-than-light travel) has been lost. This disparity is the result of the uneven loss of records, trained technicians, and necessary equipment during the escape from the Ydaran system. Because a faster-than-light engine had not been installed in the *Destiny Of Ydar* before the exodus, the Ydaran world-ship is capable only of sublight travel.

The Ydarans themselves have lost all understanding of space science, having forgotten that there is a universe beyond the world-ship they live in.

Physical Science

The regression of Ydaran science has produced an odd mix of technical capabilities. The world-ship routinely uses transmutation and applies high-energy field theory to control both gravity and the black hole. Ydaran science never developed transmat theory, however, and such disciplines as hyper-space radio theory, though once understood, have been lost.

The Ydarans have given over all understanding and application of physical science to Supreme, and no individual Ydaran can be said to understand more than simple laws of motion and rudimentary classification of compounds.

Engineering

The *Destiny Of Ydar* controls gravity throughout its structure to manipulate the environment and to control and feed the black hole in the Power Core. The space drive, which moves the approximately five solar masses of the *Destiny Of Ydar* and its captive black hole at near-light speed, functions only through highly sophisticated gravity



and inertia/mass control. Supreme's advanced memory storage and circuitry operates on an atomic level, encoding individual molecules within a crystalline matrix. All of these advanced engineering concepts are now handled routinely, without innovation or scientific development, frozen by a lack of basic research or understanding of the universe.

Though the Ydaran people have most of their needs taken care of by Supreme, they understand and employ computers and advanced microcircuits in many aspects of everyday life.

Planetary Science

The original Ydaran planetary sciences were capable of terraforming, but current Ydaran technology does not apply this, except to crush planets entirely. It does harness gravity and has completely mastered control of a closed environment and ecology – the world-ship itself.

Their environment is totally controlled and predictable, governed completely by Supreme, and so individual Ydarans have no understanding of planetary science at all.

Life/Medical Science

This is the one scientific area where organic Ydarans stand pretty much on their own, and there are Ydaran doctors. Supreme has little to do with health care or medicine, beyond providing drugs and equipment to order. In fact, Supreme's tendency would be to regard individual sick Ydarans as worn out parts, easily replaced. That it does not is a hold-over from the days when it was completely controlled by human programmers.

DNA and genetic research have been pursued to eliminate congenital diseases and defects, and some of Supreme's mastery of robotics has been passed on indirectly to the construction of artificial body parts. A vocal minority among several organic Ydaran communities has long held that Supreme should be petitioned to construct robotic bodies for transplanted Ydaran brains. This development, which in other worlds and times has given rise to such shining civilizations as the Cybermen and the Daleks, has never been taken seriously by the majority of Ydarans, as their current life is quite comfortable and presents them with no need for such a radical social and biological change.

Social Science

A civilization that numbers 100 billion people in a controlled, self-contained ecological system requires large-scale planning on a scale not imagined by cultures that merely inhabit the surface of planets. This level of control is possible only through Supreme, but government by computer is certainly a legitimate solution to sociopolitical problems.

Whereas there is no racial prejudice among Ydarans, there is a distinct social dichotomy between the common people and the Captain-Lords who rule them, and there is definite cultural or class prejudice between them. Also, there is a definite prejudice against placing women in positions of responsibility.

Military Development Index

This index is misleading, as it implies that the Ydarans have armies and fight wars. They do neither.

In the sense that Supreme has attacked and destroyed a number of alien civilizations during the past few million years (5,000 years, ship time), the *Destiny Of Ydar* might be considered to have Supreme as an individual hero for the entire race. The analogy breaks down, however, because few Ydarans know what Supreme has done nor does Supreme itself. The Military Development Index rating refers to the Enforcer robots, which might be said to be a professional standing army, even though they are more of an internal security or police force than an actual army.

The rebel forces are volunteer units banded into private armies, but these bands number only a few thousand in a population of 100 billion and do not enjoy the support of the majority of the Ydaran population.

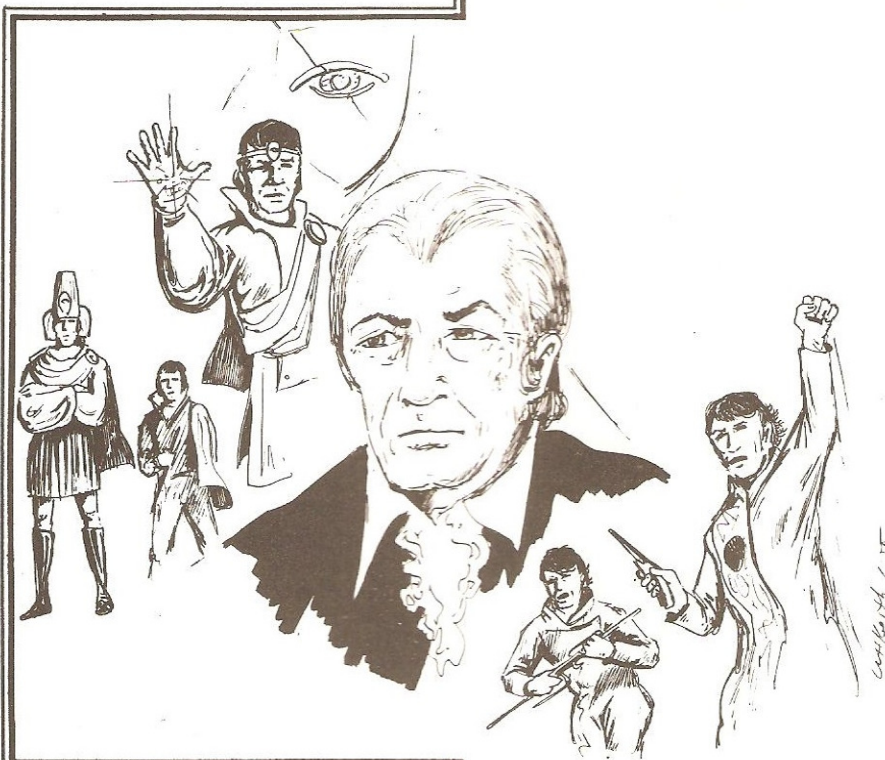
Cultural Attitude Index

The Ydaran culture is a good example of a civilization with an extremely visible separation between leaders and followers. Supreme is the absolute ruler of the world-ship. Rule is carried out through the Council Of Captain-Lords. For this reason, the culture is classified as a monarchy.

THE CAPTAIN-LORDS

The human rulers of the Ydaran population are the Captain-Lords, inheritors of the power wielded originally by the naval officers who organized the moon's flight from the Ydaran system. Because Supreme has long since taken upon itself all of the responsibility for running the *Destiny Of Ydar*, the Captain-Lords maintain their position more as figureheads than as actual rulers.

Councils of Captain-Lords sit in judgment of legal cases brought before them, acting as both judge and jury. Junior Captain-Lords act as counsels for the defense and prosecution. By tradition, Captain-Lords occupy almost every position requiring judgement or leadership, though there is no law requiring this. The ability to "appeal to Supreme" or "consult with Supreme" is recognized as a right to power, and the Captain-Lords are considered by the average Ydaran to be by nature superior – more intelligent and possessing insights mere mortals lack.



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Captain-Lords are distinguished from the rest of the *Destiny Of Ydar's* population by the knee-length ceremonial robes or togas they wear. When performing high ritual or official functions such as judging a legal case, they wear ornate headdresses, which vary according to the task.

Captain-Lords are divided into ranks called Degrees. First and Second Degree Captain-Lords have little responsibility in the rule of the *Destiny Of Ydar*, and include men undergoing training, most women, and all children. Third and Fourth Degree Lords serve as minor functionaries throughout The World, and include the 'Wardens', who are the culture's human police force and 'mayors' of small cities. Fifth Degree individuals are the managers of business, the rulers of Cells and large cities, and men such as Gutrishul, who leads the fight against the rebels. Sixth Degree Lords are the top echelon among the humans. From among them is elected the 29-member Council of Captain-Lords, which answers only to Supreme.

All Captain-Lords of Third Degree and above can communicate with Supreme at will through the electronic surgical implants in their heads. These are invisible to an observer, but are capable of receiving and transmitting radio waves on a broad band of frequencies, and can convert radio signals to what a receiving human perceives as a mental voice – the voice of Supreme. They may also consult The Oracle, a subsystem of Supreme that serves as an encyclopedic data base that can be taped at will, and includes maps, population figures, and other information about the *Destiny Of Ydar*.

Captain-Lords also have a fine mesh of wires implanted in the palms of their hands. This mesh, visible by its light when activated, is used for identification and for opening locks and certain doors designed to restrict passage to the Captain-Lords alone. Supreme does not, as a rule, track its servants through these implants; the activities of any individual Captain-Lord, the operation of any particular door, are events that touch Supreme's consciousness at a very low level of awareness. If Supreme wishes to do so, he can at any time 'eavesdrop' through any Captain-Lord's senses, but there is not generally any need for it to do so.

Able to hear the computer's voice, the Captain-Lords do, for the most part, consider the computer a kind of god. Over the centuries, their services have gathered the dusty cloak of liturgical ritual. The Captain-Lords are the people's sole link to Supreme; keyboards, microphones, and computer terminals were deemed inefficient and recycled ages ago, leaving the Captain-Lords as sole intercessors between man and machine. Supreme is known to be a computer, but popular

belief invests it with an all-seeing, all-knowing spirit that infuses and guides the world and its unknowable path. That path is now understood to be symbolic, as are all references to stars, the universe, or worlds beyond that of the *Destiny Of Ydar*.

A very few Captain-Lords, such as the outcast Sarremnebic, disagree.

The duties of the Captain-Lords toward Supreme are now largely symbolic, serving little practical purpose. Rites echo ancient routines for servicing the computer and setting the *Destiny Of Ydar's* course, but, for thousands of years, Supreme has taken care of itself. As the Ydarans no longer are even aware of an outside universe, they can take no part in guiding the world-ship.

Supreme would, in fact, have recycled the entire human population millennia ago in its quest for efficiency, except that providing for the humans' needs is a basic part of its programming. For the most part, on a conscious level above the almost purely automatic functions of providing for them, Supreme ignores the humans just as most humans ignore Supreme.

The highest human authority in the *Destiny Of Ydar* is the Council of Captain-Lords, sometimes called simply The Council. It consists of 29 elected Captain-Lords who meet frequently to discuss and debate policy and laws. Council members are supreme politicians, men who can create and wield alliances to achieve power and command. They have little authority in terms of Supreme's all-encompassing command of the *Destiny Of Ydar*, but, in strictly human terms, their authority is considerable. They ratify laws written by lesser councils, suggest new laws, and act as the final court of appeal for difficult legal cases. They also govern the world's rather static economy, and judge whether or not new ideas or movements should be designated as heretical, to be either punished or destroyed.

As a group, the Captain-Lords are extremely conservative, suspicious of anything or anyone who could upset the established order. Much of their attention is focused on finding and eliminating subversive elements within Ydaran society. The Captain-Lords are also individuals, however, and there are always individuals in any human group who are corrupt, who can be bought, or who are susceptible to pressure in the form of flattery, bribes, or threats. Traitors among the Captain-Lords themselves, such as Barranic, have

been responsible for the growth of various revolutionary groups, including the Brotherhood Of Freedom.

Wardens

The lower ranks of the Captain-Lords are those of the First- and Second-Degree who serve as wardens, watchmen, and minor functionaries within the system. They will most commonly be encountered as guards, generally members of a seven-man unit led by a sergeant such as Plevnibrodik. They wear white coveralls with short, elbow-length cloaks across their right shoulders, and are armed with zasters and, occasionally, trellwands.

Both men and women serve as Captain-Lord Wardens. Ydaran society is generally male-dominated, however, and few women have achieved rank above the Third Degree.

YDARAN REBELS

Ydaran rebels are ordinary Ydarans from the various Cells of The World who are dissatisfied with things as they are in the *Destiny Of Ydar*. Though many are Drushavans, horrified at the destruction of entire worlds for raw materials, the majority care little for philosophical disputations and want merely to rearrange the current power structure. Some nurse resentments against the Captain-Lords, and many want a chance to wield power themselves. Women who join the rebels are generally advocates of equal rights for women and women's suffrage.

When possible, the rebels pass as ordinary citizens in their communities. Some are forced to live in hideouts, which exist in every Cell and even in untenanted areas; these frequently are storage warehouses or unoccupied apartments, but they may even be the old mine caverns within The Heart itself.

Brotherhood Of Life

The Brotherhood of Life began a half millennium ago as a public-speaking group, a band of professional debaters who, for pay, engaged in discussions about art and philosophy in markets and theaters. They got into trouble, however, after they discussed the need for Ydarans to question the unknown, to question the use of phrases such as "Supreme wills it" or "It is the Voice of Supreme" to stifle scientific curiosity and inquisitiveness.

One of the founders of the group, a man named Drushavah, reasoned that the *Destiny Of Ydar* might not be the only world in a universe far vaster than had previously been thought; that, in fact, the universe might consist of as many as 10 or 20 other worlds, all as large and as intricate as their own world. Further, Drushavah reasoned, was it not possible that the Sources from which Supreme drew power and raw materials were in fact other worlds? He propounded the Drushavan Paradox, which stated that if the

Sources were in fact parts of the *Destiny Of Ydar*, as dogma stated, then the world-ship was doomed to death, for no organism can feed on itself and survive, nor can power and matter simply be created out of nothing. The ecological economy of the world-ship was an object lesson of the principle stating that, though matter and energy are interchangeable, they do not generate themselves from out of thin air.

And, if the Sources were not part of the *Destiny Of Ydar*, what were they? Was it possible that they were inhabited worlds, devoured by Supreme to provide life for the Ydarans?

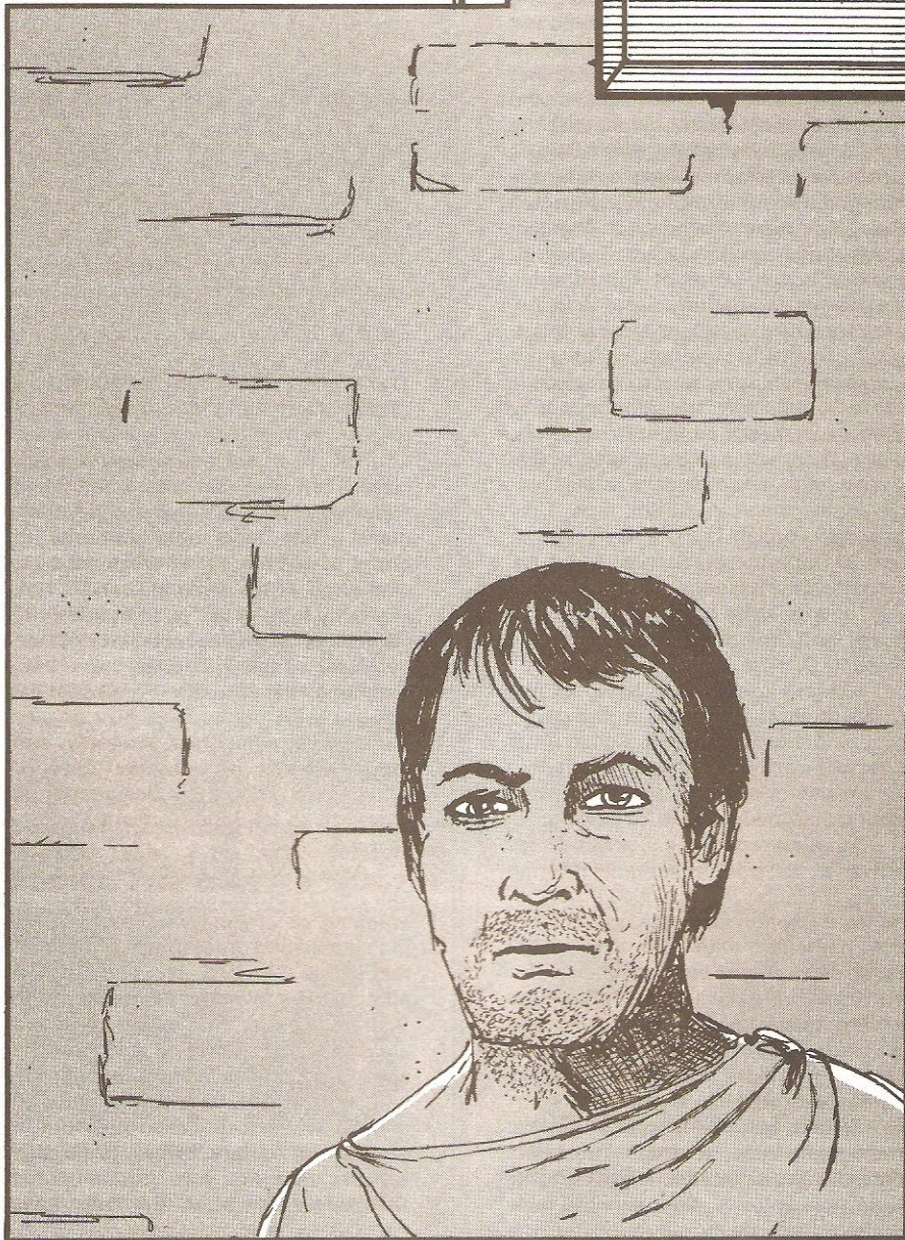
Troubled by these questions, Drushavah founded what became a religious sect: the Brotherhood Of Life. He taught that there was a plurality of worlds, and that it was wrong for Ydarans to live at the expense of other worlds. He was arrested by the Enforcers and martyred in the Power Core some 500 years before this adventure takes place, his followers scattered and persecuted, and the movement officially proscribed. Gradually, underground cells of Believers surfaced when, at Supreme's suggestion, official persecution eased. If a crackpot group is ignored, Supreme said, it will eventually wither and die, but, if it is given martyrs, it will flourish. Those crackpot followers continue to meet, and are tolerated so long as they do not publicly spread heresy; people caught preaching the plurality of worlds are arrested, imprisoned, and sometimes executed.

Brotherhood Of Freedom

Though the Drushavan Brotherhood was essentially non-violent, its teachings have spread among other groups who also call themselves Brotherhoods, and some of these are dedicated to the overthrow of the existing order by any means necessary. How much they actually believe in the Drushavan teachings is problematical. In most cases, belief is a convenient nucleus for a call for the overthrow of the government, a rallying cry to stir up an apathetic populace and win popular support.

The Brotherhood of Freedom is one such group, made up of militant, disaffected workers and artists who have devised a plan to penetrate Supreme's innermost citadel in The Heart of Ydar and destroy the ancient computer. With Supreme eliminated, the Captain-Lords can be easily eliminated and a new and egalitarian age of plenty ushered in for all. (The fact that every Ydaran is currently enjoying an age of plenty is conveniently ignored. So long as some individuals receive more than others, there will be those dedicated to the redistribution of what there is. Besides, the frequently arrogant behavior of the Captain-Lords makes them natural targets for lower-class dissatisfaction.)

One of the chief members of the Brotherhood of Freedom is Tovas. He took over direction of the group with the arrest and death of the brotherhood's previous leader, and had been working and planning toward the final coup when he was captured. (This capture is described in the fictional piece at the beginning of this booklet.) At the time the adventure begins, Tovas is in prison, and his followers have been arrested or scattered. The Council of Captain-Lords has been meeting to discuss cracking down on Ydaran dissidents to stamp out this cancer once and for all. The leader of this effort is a Captain-Lord named Guntrishul.



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Background Information

There are some pieces of information that would be known to experienced Time Lords or to a TARDIS computer that may be unknown to the average Dr. Who player. The following pieces of background information may be read by any player whose character is an experienced Time Lord (the definition of 'experienced' being left up to the gamemaster), then communicated to the other players in the game as needed. It may also be given to the player characters through the TARDIS computer as detailed answers to specific questions.

The gamemaster may decide to add restrictions to this data at his discretion. For example, only a Time Lord with a fair knowledge of Earth history, especially the history of Earth technology, could be expected to know about Von Neuman or "Santa Claus Machines." Any Time Lord with knowledge of astrophysics and space flight would know about black holes and time dilation, however.

At the end of each discussion is a paragraph or two labelled **Speculation**. This information will *not* be given by the TARDIS computer unless that computer is self-aware and able to engage in intelligent discussion with the characters; only the most sophisticated of computers, those which are truly intelligent, can speculate. Time Lord characters may be given this information, possibly after a successful ITN Saving Roll against Difficulty Level V because it can reasonably be extrapolated from the rest.

The various television Dr. Whos are ever fond of casually tossing bits of arcane knowledge at wondering companions. The information in this section is intended to be similarly tossed at player character companions.



VON NEUMAN MACHINES (GRAALTH ARTIFACTS)

On Temporal Nexus Point *Earth* during the 1970s, it was suggested by several different scientists and engineers that an advanced civilization would eventually learn to make the most of all of the raw materials in its solar system. They developed the concept that came to be called the Von Neuman Machine, after one scientist who discussed the idea. The device they proposed would operate along the following lines.

An automated factory ship is landed on any source of raw materials, such as an asteroid, a moon, or a barren planet. Machines directed by the ship's

central computer would begin strip-mining the surface, returning vast quantities of rock to the factory. There, a device called a mass spectrometer would separate the material atom by atom, taking advantage of the fact that the atoms of each different element have different weights. The atoms collected as pure elements then could be reassembled in any form according to patterns stored in the machine's memory.

The first task of such an automated factory would be to build a second automated factory, reproduced exactly like the first right down to its computer programs. In this way, one factory would become two, which would become four, which would become eight, then sixteen, and so on. At some point in the multiplication, factories would stop making copies of themselves and begin making other goods, again according to programmed instructions. The instructions could even include directions for building spacecraft that would carry the process on to neighboring asteroids or planets to begin the cycle all over.

More advanced models, proposed the Earth scientists, might use artificial fusion transmutation to create any desired element out of any other — carbon from hydrogen, uranium from iron, gold from lead.

Though never a reality on Temporal Nexus Point *Earth* or with Earth humans, Van Neuman Machines (also known as Santa Claus Machines or Taylor Devices by Earth humans) have been realized by the Graalth in Galaxy M-51. Called Graalth Artifacts, these machines destroyed the Graalth solar system and the Graalth themselves after the Graalth lost control of them.

Speculation

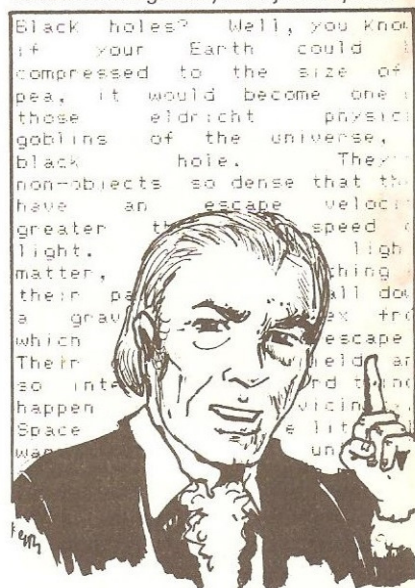
The *Destiny Of Ydar* appears to be a variation of a Graalth Artifact. Rather than completely devouring the original moon on which it was built, it has begun seeking out other worlds as it encounters them and feeding them as rubble into a transmutation furnace at the original moon's heart. It requires periodic 'feedings' to create products for the Ydarans, everything from food, air, and water to clothing and luxuries, and to store power for travel between stars.

The computer program running the ship may be flawed. It is not fully utilizing the resources of any one system, but simply passing through systems almost at random, smashing planets as it goes.



BLACK HOLES

If Gallifrey could be compressed to the size of a pea, it would become one of those eerie physical phenomena of the cosmos, a black hole. Black holes are non-objects so dense that they have an escape velocity greater than the speed of light. They swallow light, matter, energy, everything in their path, sweeping all down a gravitational vortex from which nothing can escape. Their gravitational fields are so intense that weird things happen in their vicinity. Space and time are warped. Time slows until it seems to stop at the event horizon, the interface of the black hole with the rest of the universe, while starlight passing through bent space seems to collect in a ghostly halo just beyond.

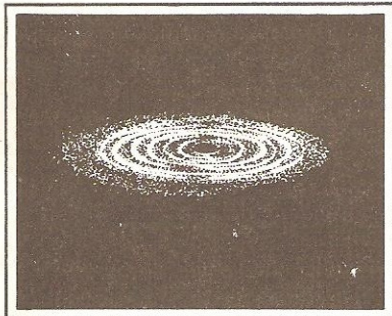


Black holes occur naturally when a star enters a phase of gravitational collapse. Very large black holes, holding millions or even billions of stellar masses lurk at the hearts of many galaxies, including Mutter's Spiral and T-23, and were probably involved with the original formation of galaxies billions of years ago. Mini-black holes are atomic-nucleus-sized holes created during the Big Bang, now collected in the cores of stars and causing random malfunctions in passing TARDIS units. Artificial black holes are created by advanced civilizations by twisting space back upon itself through powerful gravitic fields. Generally quite small, they can be harnessed to create energy and dispose of garbage.

Matter falling into a black hole is accelerated almost to light speed. It is torn into its component atoms, many

of which are converted to energy. (Dzha-Ri, Rassilon, Einstein, and others have all pointed out that mass and energy are equivalent and interchangeable.) Mass can be converted to energy with about 30% efficiency by simply dropping it through a spiral path into a black hole. Advanced field technologies can raise this efficiency to 50% or more, trapping the released energy and storing it for use elsewhere. Some civilizations exist about the periphery of black holes, steering asteroids, broken planets, and garbage into them and capturing the radiation released by this infall. Power can also be derived from a black hole by tapping the hole's considerable rotational energy.

Gallifrey learned to fully control black holes in the time of Rassilon, but not through such crude methods as throwing garbage at them. The Black Hole of Rassilon under the Panopticon on Gallifrey is held trapped in a fold in space, and can be directly manipulated through transdimensional physics. Energy is tapped directly from the Black Hole through a carefully controlled singularity eversion; simply put, the hole is turned inside-out through the fifth dimension and converted to pure energy, but so slowly that the entire Galaxy doesn't turn into an exploding quasar.

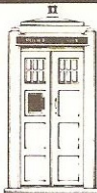


Speculation

The Ydarans have learned how to draw power from a black hole. It probably began as an artificial, proton-sized hole, but it likely has fed on countless planets since. This is also terribly inefficient in its horrific wastefulness of perfectly good planets.

If this is the case, the conversion methods are crude, relying on incredibly large and complex machinery to maintain the hole. Nevertheless, it is viable, because there is an unlimited supply of machines and robots to run and build them.

With such a system, the weak point is probably in the shielding for the power core. If the energy screens protecting the world from the radiation of its power source ever fail, or if the gravitic fields that hold the hole in place ever shut down and let the black hole blunder into the surrounding walls, the worldship and its hundred billion passengers are doomed to a very swift death.



TIME DILATION

According to physical laws built into the structure of the universe, time appears to flow at different rates depending on factors such as the observer's velocity. This means that strange things happen aboard a starship approaching the speed of light. The faster an object travels, the slower time passes aboard. The principles of relativity dictate other changes as well, namely an increase in mass and a reduction of length in the direction of travel. If the ship could accelerate to the speed of light itself, an impossibility requiring the expenditure of infinite energy, it would attain infinite mass, no length at all, and the passing of time would stop.

Advanced civilizations generally find ways around the light barrier early in their histories. If they did not, interstellar commerce would be held below the speed of light, and a simple journey of a hundred light years would take a century or more. Some space-faring cultures, which have not yet unlocked the secrets of faster-than-light travel or which consist of beings who are not in any particular hurry, rely on relativistic time dilation to carry them to the stars.

A ship that sets out at near-light speeds to explore a star ten light years away will arrive at that star in a bit over ten years. However, while the ship is travelling at relativistic speeds, time passes more slowly for those on board. To the ship's crew, only a year or two (or even a few months or days, depending on how closely they crowded the light barrier) have passed. They will return to their home star to find the friends and relatives they left behind have aged twenty years, whereas they themselves have aged only a fraction of that. Thus travelling at near-light velocities is like travelling forward in time so far as the crew is concerned.

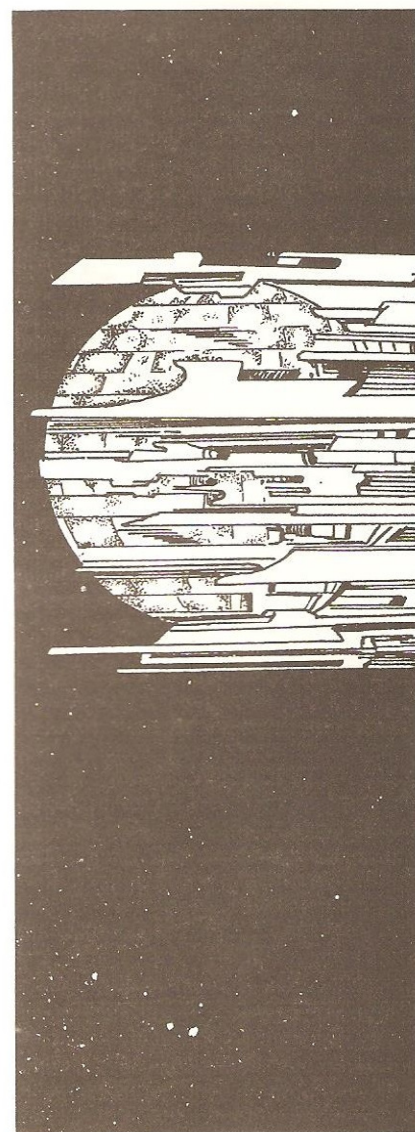
Time dilation is also encountered in intense gravitational fields. Time passes very slowly close to a black hole's event horizon. At the event horizon itself, time seems to stop, just as at the speed of light.

Speculation

The *Destiny Of Ydar* is travelling at relativistic speeds, except for those

periods when it slows down to replenish its resources by crushing another planet. Records available in the Seat Of Memory suggest that about 5,000 years have passed for the inhabitants of the *Destiny Of Ydar*. They have recorded 5,000 years of history, and about 200 generations have passed since Admiral Varus brought the handful of Ydaran refugees aboard. Time has slowed for these people every time they approached the speed of light, however, for in the outside universe, 5,000,000 years have elapsed. The events described in the history of Ydar occurred in a galaxy almost 5,000,000 light-years away, and 5,000,000 years in the past.

The voyage has taken millennia instead of decades because it takes time to accelerate to and decelerate from relativistic velocities, and time dilation is noticeable only at very high percentages of lightspeed. The longer a ship travels at relativistic velocities, the more obvious the effects of time dilation.



Gamemaster's Notes



PRESENTING NON-PLAYER CHARACTERS

SUPREME

This computer should be presented to reinforce its image: extremely intelligent, with an overpowering personality, but without what humans think of as common sense.

KLAVIM, THE TRAITOR

Klavim's use in the adventure is left to the gamemaster. The gamemaster should use Klavim to foil the characters' plans and cause as much trouble for the rebels as possible until he is discovered. An important service he will perform for his Captain-Lord masters will be to *prevent* the rebel Council from accepting the outsiders or their plans. If the player characters are fully accepted, Klavim will continue to work against them if he can.

Klavim's activities should be interesting to the story line and not automatically successful. One way to judge his success is to make a MNT Saving Roll for him after selecting the Difficulty Level of the task he will attempt to accomplish. If the Saving Roll is successful, he has accomplished his task. If it is a critical success, the player characters will lose twice as many Influence Points from the action (see **Judging Ydaran Politics**). If the roll is a failure, Klavim fails. If the roll is a critical failure, Klavim might have revealed himself.

He will not reveal himself voluntarily except in the most dire emergency, but the characters may be able to piece together clues enough (such as spotting his scar, or realizing he knows things he should not) to unmask him.

Klavim's appearance as a traitor is not mandatory. He may be ignored if the gamemaster feels that his presence would needlessly complicate the plot.



GAMEMASTERING YDARAN WEAPONS

Diskbombs

Use of diskbombs is a Dexterity-related skill. Damage is $2D6 + 5$ within a radius of 1 meter.

Trellwand

Damage for this weapon is from Damage Table A, Energy Weapons, with $+2$ added to the roll of each die.

Volen

Its use is a Dexterity-related skill. Damage is rolled on Table A, Contact Weapons, with a $+1$ modifier added to the roll of each die.

Zaster

Damage is rolled on Damage Table A, Energy Weapons.



GAMEMASTERING YDARAN POLITICS

The player characters may frequently find themselves trying to win friends and influence people among the Ydaran population. Interactions with various Ydaran groups can be judged using Skill Rolls for Verbal Interaction Skills, with results determined through the Interaction Matrix. In some cases, however, the scenario can be more realistically played out by using one of the following tables.

REBEL POLITICS

The Brotherhood Of Freedom consists of a number of Ydaran rebels led by a Revolutionary Council that determines strategy and votes on decisions, such as where to attack and who to recruit into the rebellion's membership.

Almost any plan will be carried out more easily with the rebel's cooperation, and so it is in the player character's best interests to attempt to win acceptance by the rebels.

Even prior to rebel acceptance, however, it is possible that some rebels will wholeheartedly support the player characters, particularly if they were rescued or otherwise helped by them. These friendly rebels can be relied upon to stand up for the player characters in Council meetings and suggest the player characters' plans at strategy meetings.



By the same token, full rebel cooperation does not mean the characters will not have enemies among the rebels. There may be rebels who never lose their suspicions of the outsiders and refuse to trust them. In any rebel meeting, there are likely to be one or two rebels who will speak out against the characters' suggestions. These rebels are likely to be continual irritants, suspicious of the player characters and working towards tearing them down in the eyes of the rest, arguing against their plans, spreading rumors, spying on them, even attacking them physically if the opportunity presents itself. In particular, the rebel named Klavim is a traitor to the rebel cause, and could prove to be troublesome to the player characters.

Influencing Rebel Politics

In order to simulate a player character attempting to politically influence the Revolutionary Council, the game master should secretly roll 3D6+20. This gives the number of Influence Points the character must win in order to be accepted by the Council. Until the player character reaches this level, the rebels will treat him as an outsider, will not let him be privy to the Council's plans, and, though they will politely listen to suggestions made by the character, will not necessarily follow through on them. Furthermore, the characters will be suspected by the Revolutionary Council of being agents for the Captain-Lords, especially if a Captain-Lord or Enforcer Robot attack or ambush is sprung on rebel forces in circumstances that suggest there is a traitor among them.

If the player character formulates a plan for dealing with Supreme, the rebels might help, but they will probably formulate and carry out their own plans, which might support but do not require the player character's actions.

Once the needed number of Influence Points is reached, the characters will be accepted as friends and allies by the majority of the rebels. They will be invited to join rebel planning sessions, and their ideas will be welcomed. The rebels will be willing to support wholeheartedly any plan of action the characters evolve, including acting as a diversion, or holding enemy forces at bay while the characters enter the Seat of Memory or the Audience Chamber.

Influence Point Table

The following table lists several actions the player characters might take, or events that might occur. The gamemaster should record the Influence Point value listed for each, putting them towards the secretly-rolled total needed. The players should not be shown this list nor told the mechanism whereby their characters will become trusted by the rebels. Winning these points should be the result of their

characters trying to win friends among the Council. The Gamemaster may think of other possibilities, and assign them Influence Point values, either positive or negative, based on those listed.

INFLUENCING REBEL POLITICS

Event	Influence Points
Characters rescue Tovas	8
Characters rescue Zaralynn	10
Characters rescue other rebel	5
Characters help rebels in firefight	5
Characters capture Captain-Lord	10
Characters capture Guntrishul	20
Characters win support of Tovas	5
Characters win support of Zaralynn	8
Characters help rebels enter Citadel	8
They demonstrate great skill with weapons	5
They proclaim themselves to be Drushava	-10
Captain-Lords attack after they arrive	-10
Prisoners escape after they arrive	-5

The table is used only to influence the entire group. Influencing individual characters is handled in the usual ways, through role playing situations and the use of *Verbal Interaction* skills. It is always possible for the characters to win friends individually among the rebels apart from this table. For example, should they befriend Tovas, he might champion their case before the rebel Council, and might continue to help them even if the Council (of which he is a member) disapproves of helping the characters.

CAPTAIN-LORDS POLITICS

The characters may elect to help the Captain-Lords rather than the rebels. The Captain-Lords' cooperation will definitely smooth the player characters' path towards finding and entering places such as the Seat Of Memory or the Audience Chamber. The Captain-Lords can also locate the missing TARDIS, and, most importantly of all, they can arrange interviews with Supreme. Thus, it is *also* in the player characters' best interest to impress the 29-member Council of Sixth Degree Captain-Lords.

Even the strongest Council support will evaporate, however, if the Captain-Lords discover the characters are working to change Supreme, either through argument or reprogramming. The Captain-Lords, the Sixth Degree Captain-Lords especially, are quite conservative, unwilling to accept change for its own sake, and unwilling to look at evidence that does not support their preconceived notions. As an example, during the arrest and trial of Sarremnebic, not one other Captain-Lord was willing to travel with him to the "Window to the Outside" to verify the man's story.

It is possible for the characters to be individually accepted by one or a few Captain-Lords, and tolerated with some suspicion by the rest. During this time before full acceptance, they are unlikely to have their suggestions or plans accepted. With the Captain-Lords, even full approval is unlikely to change the situation drastically. The Council will give full attention to any plan or argument the player characters present to them, but they are unlikely to accept it wholeheartedly. Furthermore, there will always be a few Captain-Lords who retain undisguised suspicions and hostility toward the time travellers.

Influencing Captain-Lord Politics

The gamemaster secretly rolls 3D6+20 to establish the Influence Point level at which the Captain-Lord Council will accept the characters. Each time the characters take one of the actions listed on the table below, the Influence Point value for that action is added towards this total.

INFLUENCING CAPTAIN-LORD POLITICS

Event	Influence Points
Characters rescue Guntrishul	10
Characters rescue other Captain-Lord	10
Characters fight rebels	10
Characters reveal rebel hiding place	15
Characters capture Tovas	20
Characters capture other rebel	8
Characters win support of Guntrishul	8
They claim Drushava was right	-10
They claim Supreme is wrong	-20
They express desire to reprogram Supreme	-30
They say they want to destroy Supreme	-50

It is possible for the players to use normal role playing situations to win individual friends among the Captain-Lords. By rescuing Guntrishul, they might make a friend of the Captain-Lord leader, and win his help even though they are still suspected by the Council as a whole. They might even receive covert help despite the Council's hostility.





SPECIAL GLOSSARY OF TERMS AND SKILLS

This adventure introduces several new skills and devices. These are described below.

CELL

This popular game played by Ydarans consists of three dimensional moves made within a computer-generated holographic tank. It involves placing cells (originally representing the living areas of the world-ship) in positions to outmaneuver or block the opponent. Play is complex, and requires hours to complete.

DISKBOMB

This small, flat disk contains a substance similar to plastique in appearance, similar to thermite in action. Rapid rotation arms a trigger in the disk's core, which explodes the charge on impact. Diskbombs, which require greater than average dexterity to use effectively, can be thrown at ranges up to 20 meters. They are designed to cling to surfaces they hit until the thermal charge burns through. They can melt holes through steel walls, and are the best weapon yet devised against the Enforcer Robots.

DRUSHAVAN PHILOSOPHY

These ideas originated from Drushavah, a Ydaran philosopher who lived several hundred years ago, and who began the Brotherhood Of Life. He taught understanding, self-sacrifice, the brotherhood of all people, and the fact that other worlds might exist beyond that known as The World. He was martyred for his beliefs.

A body of writings by disciples of Drushavah, outlining his views, are called Drushavan Writings. Once destroyed because of their heretical teachings, copies are kept by Brotherhood groups for reading at worship meetings. A few copies have fallen into the hands of Captain-Lords who peruse them out of curiosity, concern, or a need to understand the enemy.

EK WAN

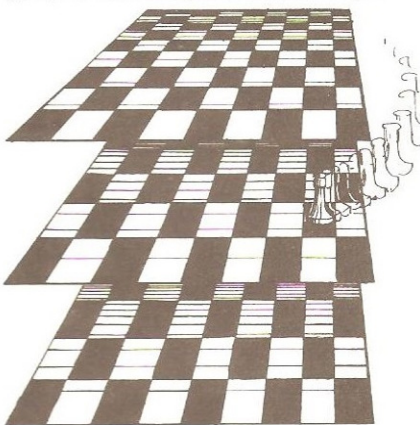
This form of martial arts was first practiced on the planet Thenibar. It requires a careful study of the neural plexuses of opponent species, and the mastery of carefully disciplined blows with a single finger to kill or incapacitate, as desired. It requires both dexterity and strength: dexterity to aim the blow, but especially strength to drive it home.

EXPRESSIVE DANCE

This art form is popular among Ydarans. It involves studied, precise, and emotionally symbolic gestures and motions.

FOUR-D CHESS

This chess-like game is popular on Gallifrey. Like Three-D Chess, it uses a variety of pieces with various patterns of movement on three levels. The rules also permit certain pieces to dematerialize and rematerialize at a recorded spot on the board during a later turn. Pieces can also materialize from later in the game; much of the game's strategy involves trying to force a 'paradox' on a piece, trapping it so that it cannot 'travel into the past' to appear when and where it did earlier in the game. The game is complex, requires a keen memory, and demands a solid grasp of intertemporal relationships.



HISTORY OF UFOS

The phenomenon known on 20th-century Earth as Unidentified Flying Objects (UFOS) had a considerable cult following, and some people developed an impressive command of their mythos. The collected knowledge and speculation of the phenomena generate a mythic history. Some small percentage of UFOS may have been extraterrestrial vehicles, including Axons, Daleks, Cybermen, and others. Others may have been time travel experiments by future ages.

HISTORY OF UNEXPLAINED PHENOMENA

This branch of knowledge deals with the history and lore of a wide range of mysterious (or seemingly mysterious) phenomena and artifacts. Generally, the mysteries can be explained perfectly well, but they have been invested with occult, supernatural, or extraterrestrial trappings by ill-informed or sensationalist sources. Examples on Temporal Nexus Point *Earth*, on which there has always been considerable interest in such mysteries, include the Pyramid of Khufu in Egypt, the Stonehenge monument in England, and the statue heads of Easter Island, all adequately explained by contemporary science, all

made out to be evidence of visitations of everything from fairies to extraterrestrial civilizations.

Some few mysterious phenomena have been, in fact, unexplained. The Loch Ness Monster, eventually discovered to be a Zygon construct, is a case in point.

LIGHT SCULPTURE

This form of artistic expression deals with the creation of three-dimensional abstract forms of light using holography or modulated field graphics.

PUBLIC DISCOURSE

This form of artistic expression involves the ability to engage in public debate, oration, or sermons in support of any of a number of philosophies or concepts. It is very popular as an art form among the Ydarans.

YDARAN MYTHIC HISTORY

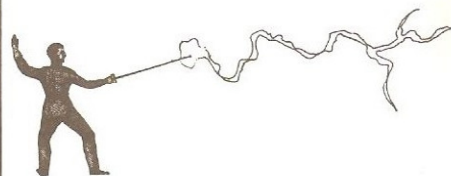
This almost entirely fictitious view of the history of the world-ship begins with the self-creation of Supreme out of chaos.

TALOSH

This nine-stringed harp has levers along the bottom for adjusting the tone and tuning of individual strings as they are played. Ydaran music is complex, highly mathematical, and sounds strange to outsiders' ears.

TRELLWAND

This one-meter-long metal rod with ornate hand grips fires a lightning-like bolt of electricity. Range is limited to five meters. The energy is generated by special capacitors within the rod, which require 30 seconds between shots to recharge.



VOLEN

This pencil-sized, aluminum rod, which telescopes to one-half-meter, creates vibrational harmonics along its length as it is swung. Though very light, it will break bones easily, and is deadly if directed against the head or upper torso of a foe.

ZASTER

This Ydaran hand weapon fires a focused beam of sonic energy, much like a sonic disruptor.



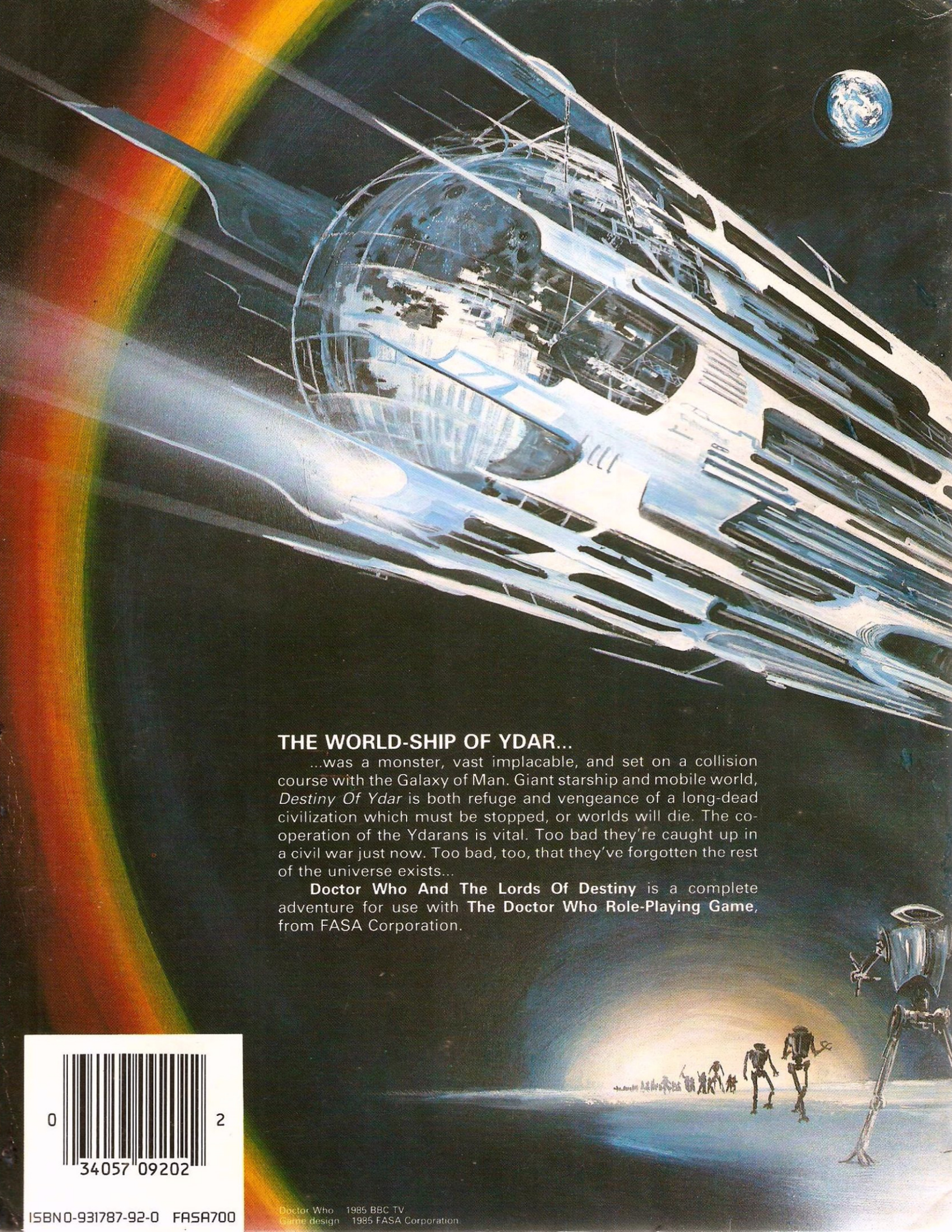


PROBLEMS POSED BY TIME DILATION

While the player characters are involved in the adventure aboard the *Destiny Of Ydar*, they are being carried toward Mutter's Spiral at almost the speed of light. Days in the world-ship are centuries outside; far from creeping along at the rate of one light year per year, time is so slowed within the Ydar-an ship that hundreds of light years are being crossed each ship day. And the Galaxy of Man and its teeming worlds are growing ever nearer.



THE
**DOCTOR
WHO**
ROLE PLAYING GAME



THE WORLD-SHIP OF YDAR...

...was a monster, vast implacable, and set on a collision course with the Galaxy of Man. Giant starship and mobile world, *Destiny Of Ydar* is both refuge and vengeance of a long-dead civilization which must be stopped, or worlds will die. The co-operation of the Ydarans is vital. Too bad they're caught up in a civil war just now. Too bad, too, that they've forgotten the rest of the universe exists...

Doctor Who And The Lords Of Destiny is a complete adventure for use with **The Doctor Who Role-Playing Game**, from FASA Corporation.



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Game design 1985 FASA Corporation.