

Truce...

above, an invisible cloud of carnivorous appetites, and Eugene thought of a swarm of locusts on Earth, while the lisper's sibilant prayers blended with the rustling of wings that might have been ascending angels.

In the moist heat of morning he was reminded that he hadn't attended to his water supply the night before. The collector reservoir in the damaged rover was nearly empty. He looked south from the rim of the chasm across the marzipan landscape to where the base lay. There would be water there.

"So long, fish-face," he said from the rim. "Don't hold lunch."

Halfway to the base it occurred to him that the alien could pilfer his food supply in the rover. He got angry just thinking about it, but it was too late to change anything now. The granular horizon was already yielding an array of torn white hemispheres like crumbled candy dots stuck to a piece of paper. Among the fragile ruins he found the chewed bones of yesterday's dead. No need to bury these. If they had been fish-face's, no doubt there would have been another wretched pyre already. Fish-face wouldn't survive, he calculated. And then he found the ruptured tanks and water lines. Maybe neither of them would.

When he got back it was late afternoon. The lisper sat Buddha-like at his end of the ravine, the garnish of tissues at his neck tensing, untensing. Eugene assumed a counterpoint position and they exchanged stares in an act of profound immutability.

At length the alien rose and came toward him. In his grasp he held a chipped cylinder stoppered with a piece of fabric. Eugene heard the fluid ripple inside. When the lisper stood above him, he pulled out the rag and squatted to pick up a rock. Then he made a mark on the cylinder and set it down on the ground.

Eugene lifted it, sniffed, drank eagerly to the mark.

"Fish-face..." he whispered across the gulf between them, "what's your angle? You wanta make a trade or something? You saw the rations in the rover and you're too dumb to swipe some? I don't mind if you're dumb, fish-face. Dumb I can live with. But don't be a

Star Trek
Game Material

Ship's Data

Wizard Class Starship

Hull Data:

Hull Numbers 600-615
Model Numbers: Mk I
Date Entering Service: 2/06
Number Constructed: 9

Size:

Length: 180m
Width: 35m
Height: 22m
Weight: 105,000mt
Cargo Units: 20

Engines and Power Data: (When ship is not testing a new engine type.)

Total Power: 18
Movement Ratio: 4/I
Warp Engine Type: FWE
Number: 2
Power Units Available: 16
Stress Charts: G/K
Maximum Safe Speed: Warp Factor 6
Emergency Speed: Warp Factor 8
Impulse Engine Type: FIB
Power Units Available: 2

Weapons and Firing Data: (If ship is not testing a new weapons system.)

Beam Weapon Type: FH5
Number: 1
Firing Arc: Forward
Firing Chart: Q
Power Range: O-4
Damage Modifiers: -2(1-8) -1(9-16)

Shields and Damage Control Data:

Superstructure Points: 11
Damage Chart: C
Deflector Shield Type: FSC
Shield Point Ratio: I/I
Maximum Shield Power: 8

Other Data:

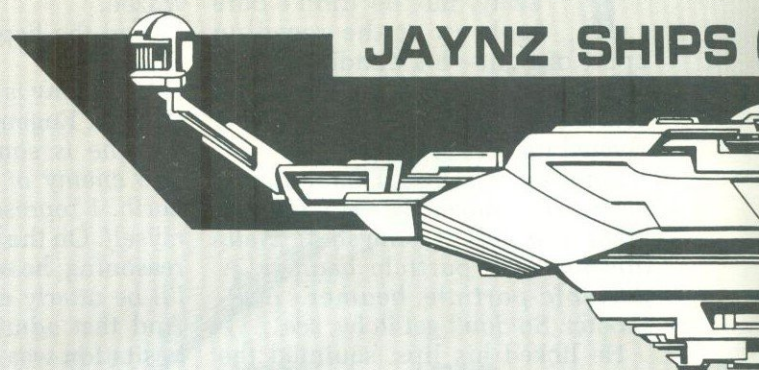
Crew: 30 (varies depending on type of mission)
Transporters:
1 Standard 6 Person
1 Emergency 27 Person

Description of Wizard Class Vessels:

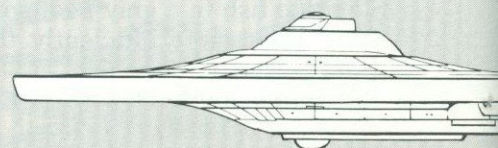
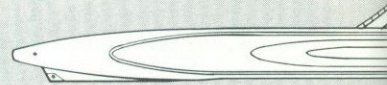
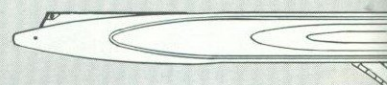
The Wizard Class ships were designed in response to the need for test vessels for use of new engines and weapons systems. These ships are of modular design in the engineering and weaponry area so that different types of systems can be installed and tested.

Due to this unique ability, this class of vessel enabled field tests of systems without using and risking a ship of the line. The Wizard Class has an advanced computer control system that allows the ship to be flown either on a program or through the use of the Prefix Code. During any sort of testing operations this class is escorted by a fully armed and capable vessel.

Some of the successes that can be attributed to this class of ship include the testing and certifying of the FH-10 and FH-11 phaser units as well as the FP-5 and FP-6 photon torpedos. A variety of different warp engines have been tested aboard Wizard Class ships and these engines can



JAYNZ SHIPS



OF THE GALAXY



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now be found on many Federation line vessels.

The most recent success was the testing of the experimental Trans-Warp Engine system tested aboard the *U.S.S. Gandalf* on Stardate 2/1511.11. The successful test of this new engine cleared the construction of the new Excelsior Class Battleship.

The Wizard Class has had several failures though. On Stardate 2/1206 the *U.S.S. Oz* was totally destroyed when an experimental weapons system overloaded the ship's warp field. Fortunately the ship was being operated by the on board computer such that no lives were lost.

The other more well known accident with this class involved the *U.S.S. Sparrowhawk* which was destroyed during the functional testing of a Federation built cloaking device.

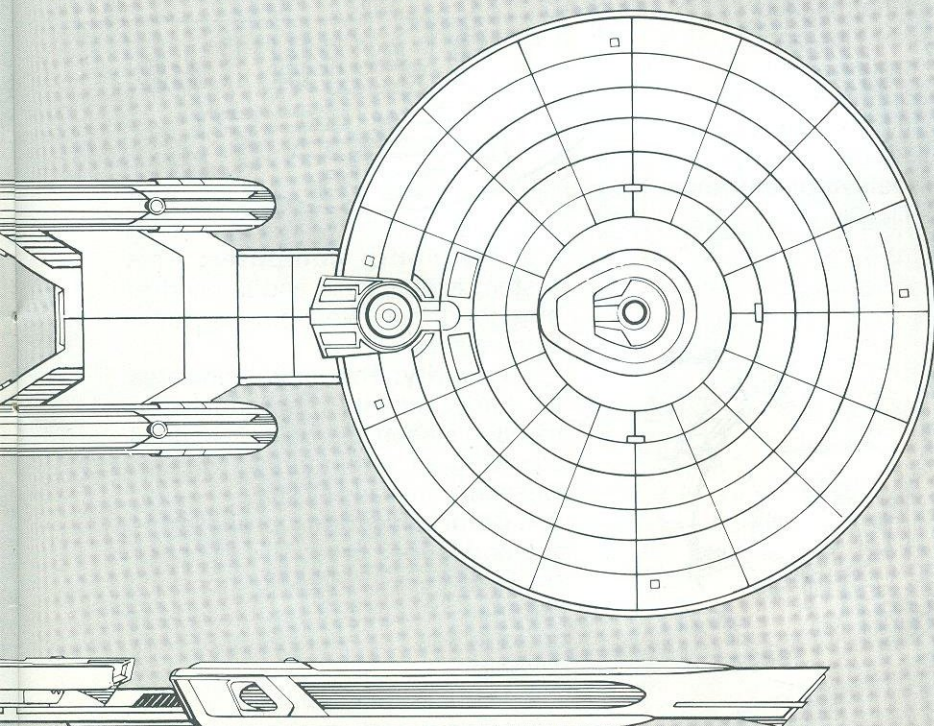
The Wizard Class ships are classified as Experimental, hence

their "NX" prefix instead of the "NCC" as with most other Federation ships of this type. During times of emergency this class vessel can be mounted with *any* one bank of existing weapons systems and with up to two warp engines of no more than 50,000 mt each. Beyond that size only one engine can be mounted in the bay area of the vessel.

Ships of this class are limited and their names and hull numbers are listed below:

U.S.S. Wizard NX 600
U.S.S. Oz NX 601*
U.S.S. Gandalf NX 602
U.S.S. Neverland NX 603
U.S.S. Disney NX 604
U.S.S. Sparrowhawk NX 605*
U.S.S. Gul'agil NX 606
U.S.S. Merlin NX 607
U.S.S. Allanon NX 608

*Lost in the line of duty



Truce...

do-gooder, okay? I couldn't stand a do-gooder."

He climbed out of the ravine and trekked to the rover. The supplies were intact. Saw 'em and left 'em, he thought, though there were no prints but his own around the vehicle. *Dumb.*

Back he went, bearing two food packets.

"Here." He dropped the packets next to the cylinder. "We're both a couple of do-gooders."

That night they made their fires a little closer together, and in the morning Eugene showed the lisper a map he had recovered from the base. It was a survey map he had drawn himself from satellite pictures, and it showed the cascades twelve kilometers to the west.

"Water," he said, pointing from the broken cylinder to the map, then west. His fingers twirled as if walking.

The lisper made one of his sighing modulations.

"Is that the best you can do? Where I come from, we call that a yawn."

They climbed from the chasm with their weapons, and Eugene led the way to the disabled rover to salvage what he could carry. There would be no point in returning to the ravine if they could camp near water. But while he tore the utility cans off the brackets, the lisper became intrigued with the radio.

"Recognize that, huh?" Eugene grunted. "Maybe you're a TV repairman back in lisper-land. Don't think you can fix it, though. Too many parts smashed. And anyway, I don't even know if my crew would hang around the satellite up there after what you guys gave 'em." He reached forward, touched the control. "Broken. See? No DJ."

The lisper made a sound like a music box passing through a rest, and then his molten hues were flashing in the sun as he ran parallel to the ravine toward a spot which might have been debris from the fight. Eugene perched patiently atop the crumpled left fender of the rover. In a moment the alien was back with an armload of junk.

"You're a regular Marconi, fish-face."

The lisper sat what might have been a power pack on the floor of the rover. One by one he telescoped a series of flexible glass rods to the exposed contact points of the radio. When nothing happened, he tugged ▶

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at the remaining radio housing, examining the screws holding it.

"Allow me to demonstrate one of Earth's miracles." Eugene drew a screwdriver from a bracket below the console. "Even mappers have to study how to use one of these jobbies."

The lisper watched fascinated as the screws came out.

"We are sophisticated, baby."

The housing came off and the glass rods resumed probing until one produced a current of light. The lisper toggled a switch on the power pack, fusing the glass to the radio.

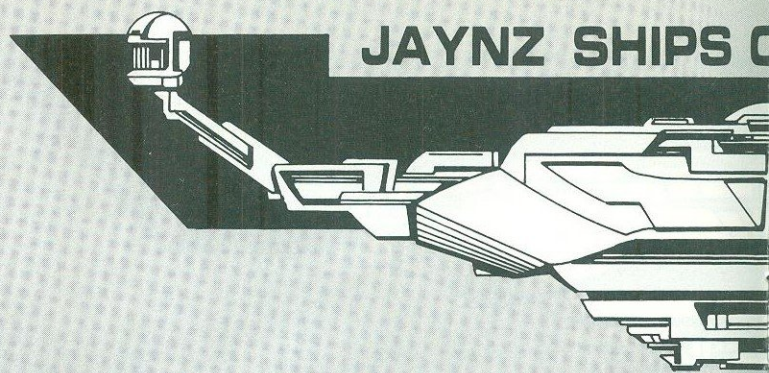
Eugene depressed the radio button, blew into the mouthpiece. The monitor never budged. "Nice try," he said but then saw that the automatic beacon was pulsing. "I don't know why the hell that thing works, fish-face, but that needle says we're sending an SOS. Congrats." He thought about it a minute. "Trouble is, we may be screaming for help, but we're not gonna be here. Right? Can't haul the radio, can we? On the other hand, anyone that takes the trouble to come this far will figure we went for water. And you can't miss the cascades. Right? I guess anybody up there will check out a signal. It all comes down to who's closest. Yours or mine. May the best man win."

The lisper made a sound like wind through eaves.

They caught the cascades while they were still a kilometer off. Tumultuous roaring. Even in the fast-gathering twilight, clouds of mist and spume reared above the planet like snowy monsters. The landscape trembled. The map in Eugene's hand trembled. Eugene trembled.

A delta of blue and salmon-hued stones marked the approach. They hobbled over them to where the water queued like transparent rope around the scree bed. Each knelt and drank. Little sips. The cups between the stones were tiny.

But in order to fill the utility cans, Eugene had to wade deeper. The cobbled footing was treacherous, though it was still shallow enough to be safe. He slogged forward, waving utility cans and bowing like a Balinese dancer with grotesque finger chimes. And suddenly he went down. But the icy shock



JAYNZ SHIPS C

Deck Descriptions

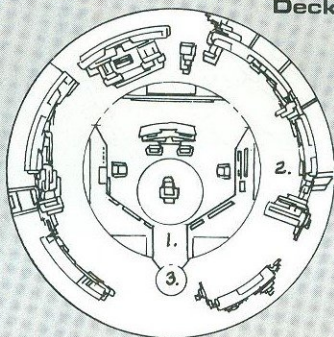
Wizard Class Experimental Vessel

Deck One:

1. **Bridge:** This area is the manned portion of the bridge for use when the ship is crewed.

2. **Automations computer:** For very dangerous flights this computer is used to replace the manned positions on the bridge. Such controls can either be preprogrammed or fed to another ship through use of the Prefix Code.

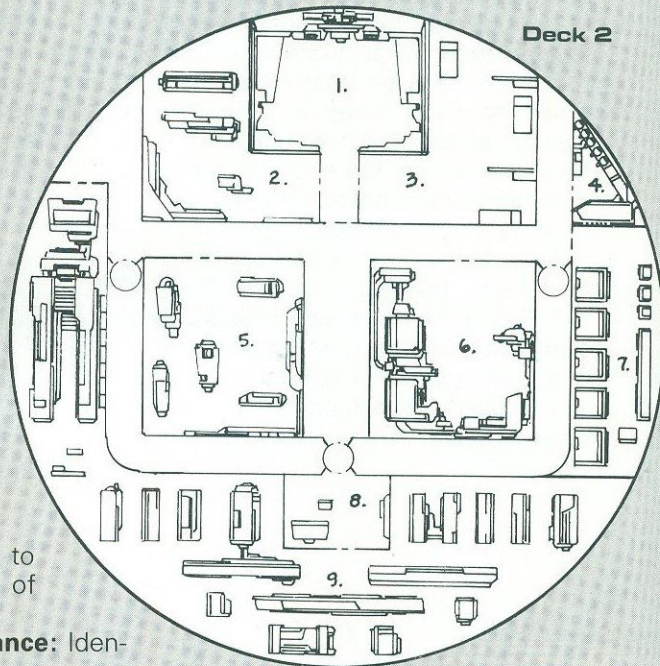
3. **Turboelevator entrance:** Identical on all levels.



Deck 1

Deck Two:

1. **Weaponry module:** This area is modular in design and its primary function is for the testing of new weapons systems. The tested system, either photon torpedo or phaser, is mounted in dry dock into this space for operational testing.



Deck 2

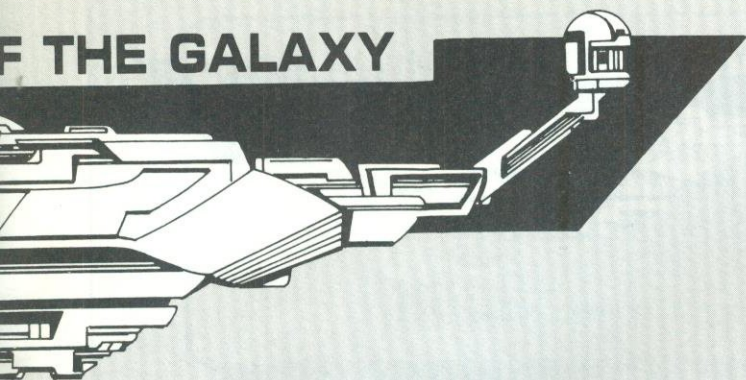
2. **Weaponry computer:** This system is adaptable and is used to monitor those weapons systems being tested.

3. **Security:** This is the bunk area for three security men and has a monitor station as well as internal scanning of engineering, bridge, weaponry area and sickbay.

4. **Communications probe storage and launch area:** This launches small log buoy devices for constant communications in test situations in times when the ship risks severe dangers.

5. **Fabrication machinery**

6. **Life support machinery**



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brought him to the surface immediately, spouting obscenities.

And all at once the rocks beneath him were a meter deeper. The cans were wrenched away. Frantically he clawed for a hold, tried to stand. But the current swept him off his feet. Spinning slowly, he entered the mair rush.

The resonance teased the surf around him, making it airy, while the undertow, thick and sinewy, yanked him down. Surfacing further out, he collided with an outcropping of oblong boulders and there clung in temporary equilibrium. Ahead rose the billowing white curtain of the first cataract.

Perhaps two meters separated him from the safety of a peninsula. Two meters of swift, black water sluicing toward an infinite drop. It might as well have been a hundred. Pressing hard against the outcropping, he tried to let the stone absorb the pounding on his body.

It wasn't a bad way to die, he decided. The concussion of water ordered him to submit. To join. He was leaving nothing. A marginal personality among his own kind, a doomed exile here—what the hell was all the fuss? Facing the certainty of death, Eugene Andrew Malloy was going to make it easy on himself.

And when the pounding grew too punishing, he just let go.

Only he didn't go. Because by then the lisper had him by the shoulder. Eugene blinked against the spray and saw that the alien had extended himself into the torrent, one prehensile hand clinging to the last rock in the peninsula, the other clutching him. In tandem they inched up over the stones and rolled free.

Totally spent, Eugene lay on his stomach. He did not want to look up. The man who looked up must be filled with faith in proven acts. He had no faith. In life. In others. In himself.

Reluctantly he straightened up, pointed to himself, and said: "Eugene."

The lisper's version was inhalation, exhalation: "Ewe-tch-eeen." Touching himself in turn, the alien replied: "Tauk."

That night they camped in a grotto that trailed onto the cobblestones. One fire.

7. Cargo storage area

8. Main computer access area:

This room has a one man station for emergency alterations on the programming of the ship's computer as well as a direct access hatch to the computer itself.

9. Main computer

Deck Three:

1. Emergency batteries
2. Through 19. Single standard federation staterooms for crew.

20. Six man transporter room.

21. Twenty seven person emergency transporter room.

22. Ship's galley.

23. Medical staff quarters: Sleeping quarters for three doctors.

24. Ship's recreation area: Used on long duration flights.

25.-26. Engineers planning areas and offices.

27. Freshwater pumps and storage.

28. Emergency life support controls and overrides.

29. Storage area.

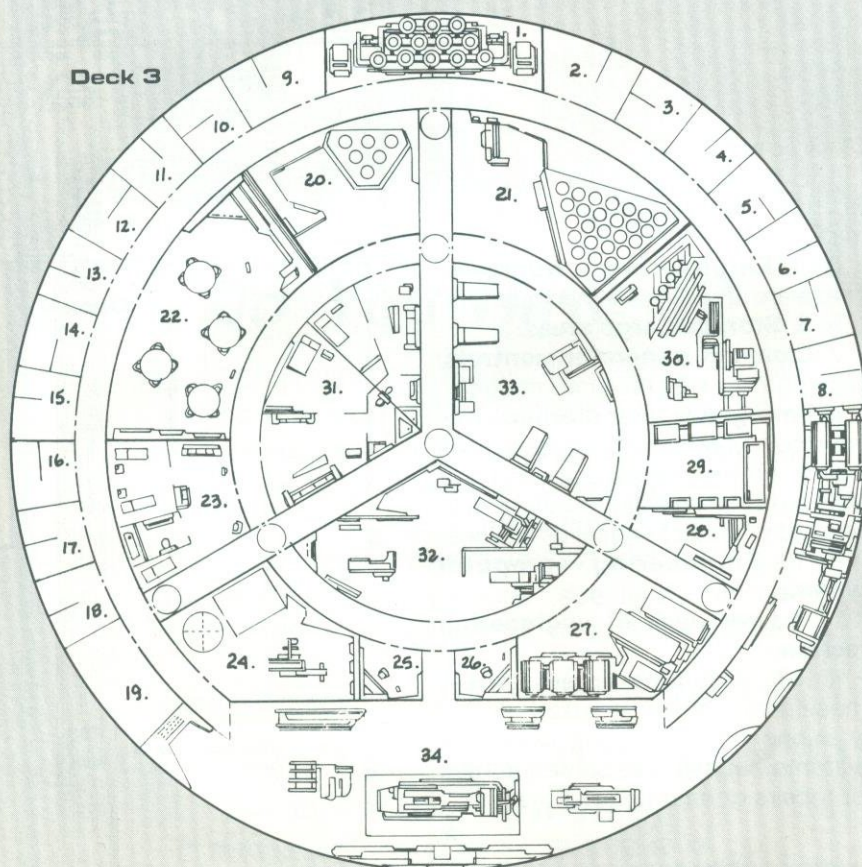
30. Electronic backup system.

31. Captain's and First Mate's quarters.

32. Surgery.

33. Sickbay.

34. Engineering area: This is the top deck of a two deck layout containing the controls and equipment for warp drive as well as impulse power.



Truce...

Eugene awoke with a jolt. He had never gotten used to the planet's nap-size nights. Now the cascades roar seemed an extension of a deep, warm sleep he was forced to leave. Tauk lay on his side, the cravat of breathing tissues fluttering rhythmically.

A white flash drew his gaze across the cobblestones. Something skittered there, panicky, helpless. He rose and gingerly made his way to it. It resembled a fish. Smooth and finned. But snow white, eyeless. He brought it back to camp just as Tauk awoke.

"Chuck the rations," he said, wringing the creature in both hands. "We've got seafood!"

Tauk seemed to sag a little. He trembled as Eugene cleaned, skewered and cooked the meat. And when a portion was offered up, he sighed sharply, rose and stalked off.

"What did you expect, tartar sauce?" Eugene hollered after him. "Hey, we're even now. I tried to keep you from starving, so we're even now!"

Weirdo vegetarian, he grumbled and picked at the fish, deciding it tasted like boiled potatoes and iodine.

When the lisper reappeared at dusk, he carried a bundle of sticks. Withdrawing one, he chewed off an end by way of demonstration and politely extended the rest to Eugene.

"Now that's pretty damn hungry," said Eugene, mildly impressed.

But to keep peace he took the offering and bit into it. It was juicy, almost citric, about the texture of wild celery. He likened it to fruit pulp from an acidic grapefruit. But he had scarcely downed a second chunk when his mouth began to tighten astringently.

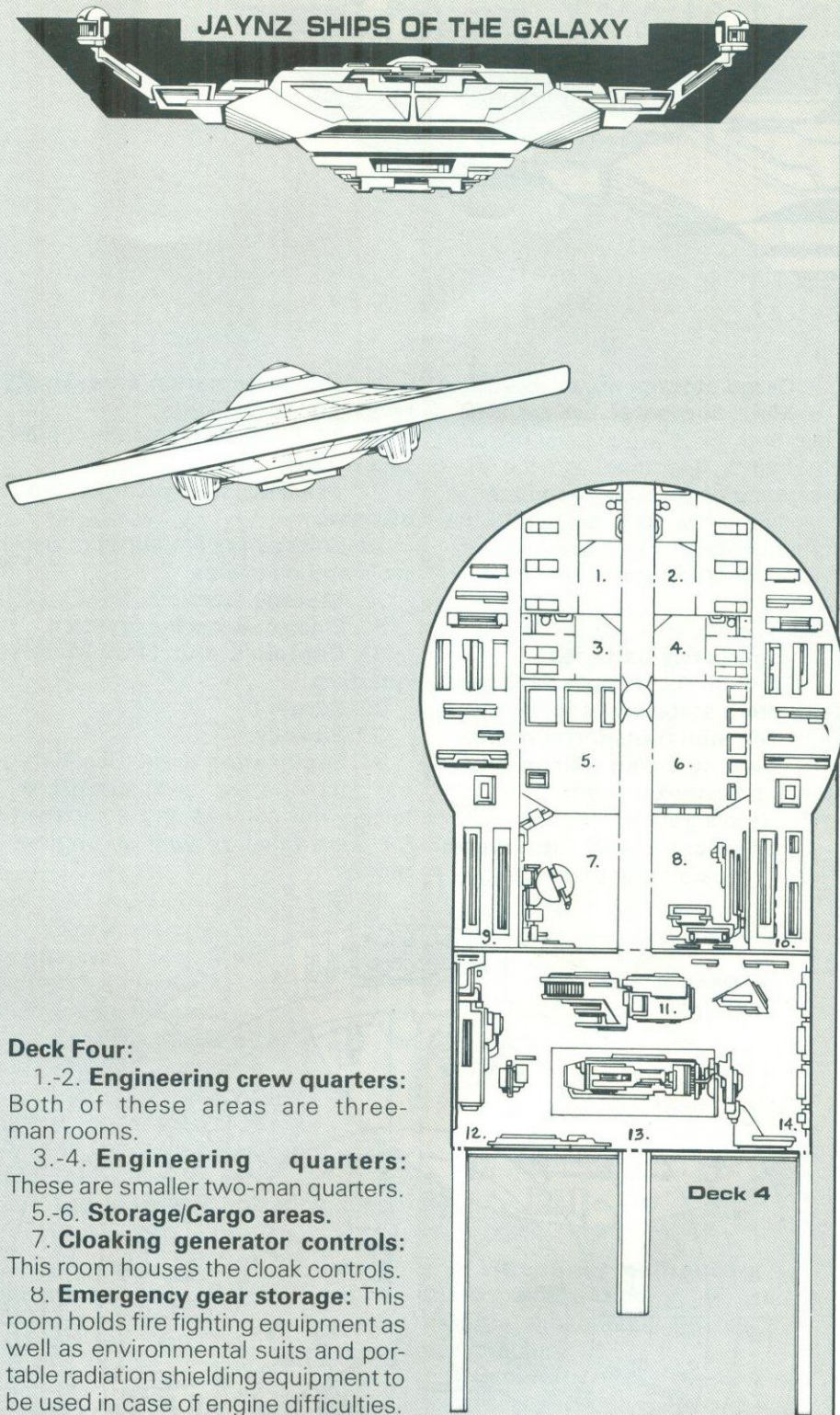
"Poison" he wheezed on his knees and then began to retch.

The attack lasted no more than twenty minutes, and when it ended he lay pale and cold, too weak to move. Much distressed, Tauk covered him with a thin sheet of plastic they had brought along from the rover and plied him with water throughout the night, leaving only long enough to replenish the fire.

The paleness and the coldness passed. But by morning he was weak from hunger. He looked across the cobblestones in the first light of dawn. No fish.

Tauk noticed, understood. Sigh-

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Deck Four:

1.-2. **Engineering crew quarters:** Both of these areas are three-man rooms.

3.-4. **Engineering quarters:** These are smaller two-man quarters.

5.-6. **Storage/Cargo areas.**

7. **Cloaking generator controls:** This room houses the cloak controls.

8. **Emergency gear storage:** This room holds fire fighting equipment as well as environmental suits and portable radiation shielding equipment to be used in case of engine difficulties.

9.-10. **Engineering computer system.**

11. **Lower deck of engineering section.**

12.-13.-14. **Engine access tubes:** These narrow areas are used primarily during the installation of engine systems but can also come into use for repairs or emergency situations.

