



THE HOTTEST BLOOD OF ALL

They say the sea is cold, but the sea contains
the hottest blood of all, and the wildest, the most urgent.

—D.H. Lawrence,
Whales Weep Not!

INTRODUCTION

This is an adventure for five to seven Star Fleet characters of relatively low rank. They are serving as consultants and liaison between Star Fleet and the personnel of Federation Ocean Monitoring Platform **Onizuka**; officially they are part of Project Nursery - the study and the security of the only three whales left on Terra.

In the course of the adventure, security is breached, and a potentially murderous crime is committed. The characters must remedy the injury and bring the perpetrators to justice - if they can be found. Along the way they may also discover some things no one else on Earth or in the Federation knows about the whales and the mysterious probe sent to contact them.

THE MISSION

The party of player-characters are Starfleet officers of Lt. Commander or lower rank; they may either be generated anew for this adventure or continued characters from an existing campaign. The time is shortly after the visit of the gigantic alien probe to Terra and the hurried temporal transfer of two humpback whales from the Twentieth to the Twenty-Third Century by then-Admiral Kirk and his party. The whales, George and Gracie, have since then produced Whale #3, now named Jessie, and have made themselves at home in a world empty of their kind.

The Federation has been concerned with their safety. For one thing, the probe or another one like it may come back—and there is more than a little guilt in the Humans for allowing the great whales to be slaughtered off in the first place. The Federation is also a little startled to learn that there are apparently races — intelligent, technologically advanced races — not only unknown to the Federation but speaking a language that only an extinct species could understand. There are questions the Federation **must** have answered: Who sent the probe? Did they realize the havoc they created for land-dwelling races and their spacecraft? Did they even know such races existed? What did it say to the whales — **and what did the whales say back?**

Project Nursery has a simple goal: Watch the whales, listen to them, record their songs and other sounds and/or actions, and attempt to find some sort of key. The personnel of FOMP **Onizuka** represent three different viewpoints on ways the solution may be found. There are the Human scientists, led by Dr. Lorne Connors, Life Sciences Chief Dr. Margaret deSilva and Ocean Sciences Chief Dr. Manuel Lund. There is the Arcadian Adjunct Ambassador Maha Naree (now called just 'Mary' by everyone aboard) whose job is listed as "observer" and whose knowledge of things from an aquatic viewpoint is unique, if of unknown value. And there is the Star Fleet party, whose presence is generally resented by everyone simply be-

cause they have come to stand for 'the military viewpoint' in all this.

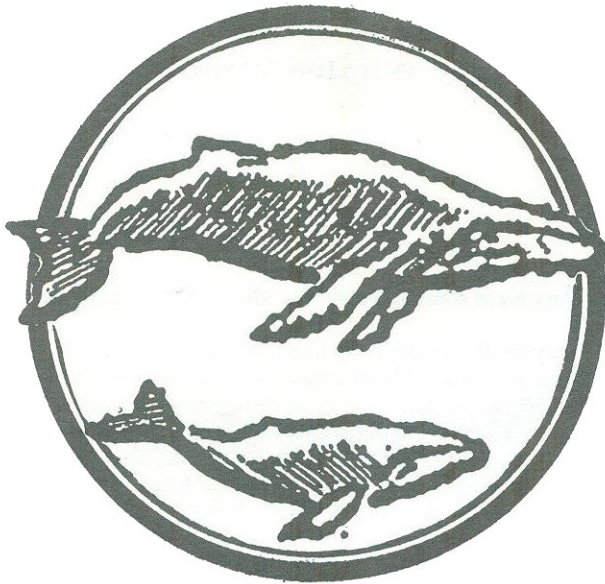
The player-characters have had to be patient. Their purpose here is not an admirable or a pleasant one. Not every person on Terra or in the Federation is happy to have the whales back. There are those who fear the makers of the probe and do not understand the purpose of the whales in all this. There are a few of them who think it would be a good thing to be rid of the whales to get rid of the 'threat' they represent - people who are not afraid to let their views be known, or to act on them. The Federation is not sure that anyone would actually take the trouble to try and locate the whales in mid-ocean and do them harm, but the fate of a planet depends on the whales; they'll take no chances. The player-characters are providing the security for both FOMP **Onizuka** and the whales, protecting both from the odd crank and any possible anti-whale terrorist activity.

The problem, of course, is the sheer impossibility of the task. The crew and scientific staff of the **Onizuka** have been rigorously screened by Star Fleet already, without their knowledge, and all have been approved. The **Onizuka** is generally some distance out to sea, and has excellent sensor arrays and communications. Any attempt to approach it on, under, or above the sea would be quickly noticed. The problem is policing the whales across thousands of trackless kilometers of blue water. Both adult whales have now been fitted with transmitters powered by body heat, so they can be tracked even with the passive receivers on **Onizuka**. Baby Jessie is still growing too fast - between 40 and 60 kilograms a day - to be fitted, but since she feeds about once every fifteen minutes there's no problem; she's usually close by her mother Gracie's flank.

The characters are in daily contact with Star Fleet back in San Francisco. Security specialists there evaluate the thousands of news items, letters, video programs and other information sources and judge which ones are worth watching and which are simply hysterical or harmless nuts. Since Project Nursery began some three months before, only three really serious security problems have developed: the World Human Church, a California group that believes the whales are messengers from Heaven, which keeps sending urgent messages and occasional aircraft full of expectant pilgrims to the whales; the Sons of Earth, a mostly- incoherent group that keeps trying to broadcast unfriendly messages to the whales telling them to leave Terra to the Humans; and the violent Nuke the Whales faction that has actually been trying to construct bombs to use against George and Gracie, or to send heavily-armed 'hit-teams'. Terran security forces have already apprehended a number of these militants and their weapons but there are more out there, uncaught, still sending

threats and making dire announcements.

As yet, no attempt has been made on the whales themselves. The player-characters have been vigilant but largely unnecessary. In fact, they've started to feel a little picked-on by the scientific staff who tease them about 'Star Fleet paranoia.' Until today.



PROJECT NURSERY: FOMP ONIZUKA, PERSONNEL, AND PROGRESS TO DATE

Federation Ocean Monitoring Platform **Onizuka** is a floating marine observation station borrowed from the Terran national government of Japan. It is an ungainly structure equipped with housing and facilities for a crew of fifteen, a ten-meter tall enclosed 'crows-nest' for naked-eye observation in all weather, and two four-man sea skimmers capable both of anti-grav flight up to 300 meters above the ocean surface, or underwater cruising at depths of up to 300 meters. Flying, the sea skimmer usually cruises at 150 kph with a dash capability of twice that for ten minutes maximum time. Underwater it is much slower, travelling at about 40 kph with a dash speed of only 60 kph, again only for ten minutes. Besides the usual avionics each sea skimmer also has a simple navigational sonar set, a hydrophone for underwater communications, two manipulator arms each 1.7 meters long with fully articulated three-finger 'hands' on the end of them, and a bank of flood-and spotlights for underwater illumination.

FOMP **Onizuka** is usually anchored to the seabed by three cables if the water is less than 500 meters deep. It can float freely but it is not stable. It is equipped with three large anti-gravity units and a simple propulsion unit for limited flight; in order for the platform to move, the water and air need to both be relatively calm. With anchors weighed and the platform secured for flight, the **Onizuka** can travel at 40 kph at altitudes of up to 100 meters, indefinitely, powered by its twin RNK fusion reactors. Its water-recirculation system is the only life-support needed: it depends on outside supply for food, and of course air is no problem.

The **Onizuka** has been following George and Gracie ever

since the whales left San Francisco Bay — down the coast of Baja California and Mexico to South America where Jessie was born, not far from Easter's Island. The three whales have since been lazily criss-crossing the Pacific, moving gradually westwards towards Polynesia, feeding from the shoals of small fish they seem to have no problem finding. At present the **Onizuka** has followed them to the Hawaiian Islands, where they will probably stay three to five days, as usual, feeding on the fish in the Pailolo Channel between the Islands of Molokai and Maui.

Dr. Lorne Conners, team leader of Project Nursery, has been following the whales at a respectful distance — too respectful, or so his Chief of Life Sciences, Dr. Margaret de-Silva, contends. Aside from placing the second transmitter on George, the Life Sciences team has been forbidden to have any physical contact with the whales, but must watch them from a distance. Even the use of sensors has been prohibited, on the grounds that it might upset the whales in some subtle way. There have been some clashes of opinion over this between Dr. Conners, Dr. deSilva and Dr. Manuel Lund, the Chief of Ocean Sciences. Simply following the whales around is going to affect the whales; as long as they're doing that why not do some useful scientific work at close range? Dr. Conners prefers to keep the whales in sight, to overfly them or shadow them underwater in a sea skimmer recording their songs, but not to interfere in any way with their natural pattern of life.

He has a silent ally: Adjunct Arcadian Ambassador Maha Naree, nicknamed "Mary" — she seems to prefer the familiarity. Like the Star Fleet contingent Mary is part of Project Nursery because the Federation insisted on it: they insisted because the Arcadian Ambassador insisted. Mary is from a race that itself lives in the ocean, with a renowned talent for learning new languages quickly. Mary is in no rush to get any closer to the whales than she can simply by entering the water under **Onizuka** through the diving well; she can hear them perfectly, though she seems no closer than anyone else to understanding their language.

Most of **Onizuka's** and Project Nursery's work has been the recording and analysis of thousands of hours of songs from George and Gracie — and Jessie. Computerized translators have been useless, because the language is so utterly unlike any others known. A breakthrough in linguistics is needed, and over the course of three months Dr. Conners and his staff have not moved perceptibly closer to this goal. A kind of frustrated despair has begun to settle over the Humans: they seem able to do nothing but follow the whales from place to place making detailed digital recordings of they know not what.

Onizuka is fully equipped to do more than this. There are twenty full sets of diving gear aboard, operable by anyone with Enviromental Suit Operation or Swimming and Diving scores of 10 or better; if they have only one skill but not the other they must make a saving throw against END every hour to avoid having to end their dive prematurely due to fatigue, disorientation or some other cause. The gear consists simply of a helmet fitted with lights and a hydrophone for underwater communications, connected by two hoses to a backpack that contains the air-transference mechanism that extracts oxygen from the water and releases carbon dioxide — without bubbles. A wetsuit and swimfins provide basic mobility, and for rapid underwater travel there is a small turbine capable of propelling a swimmer at speeds of up to 20 kph for up to half an hour; the rebreather unit itself can operate indefinitely, though a once-daily check and cleaning will keep it in top working order. The sea skimmers are the usual transportation for divers, or they can enter the water from a diving well in the center of the platform. Divers equipped with this gear may reach depths of up to 100 meters, but may suffer the bends if they go deeper — which will only strike as they begin to rise to the surface. **Onizuka** has a decompression chamber for emergencies, but it can hold only four Humans at a time.

BEGINNING THE ADVENTURE: THE ACTION OFF MOLOKAI

The morning after the **Onizuka** anchors in Pailolo Channel, everything seems fine. The weather is clear and warm, the sea calm, and the whales are 15 kilometers away north by northwest, circling a school of fish to herd it into a small feeding area. The platform is about ten kilometers off the eastern coast of Molokai; there have been a number of requests for tourists to come and visit which have been routinely turned down.

Then comes the cry from the crows-nest: Three small craft approaching on the sea surface, now only about three kilometers distant and closing. They do not reply to hails, either by radio or by flags. Sensors will show them to be small; no power sources on any of them, though each contains fourteen Human life forms. Binoculars will reveal them to be three large outrigger canoes propelled by short paddles. Their occupants are bare to the waist, golden-colored, wearing flowers in their hair, and big. In the central canoe is a very large individual with even more flowers, and beside him a figure in khaki.

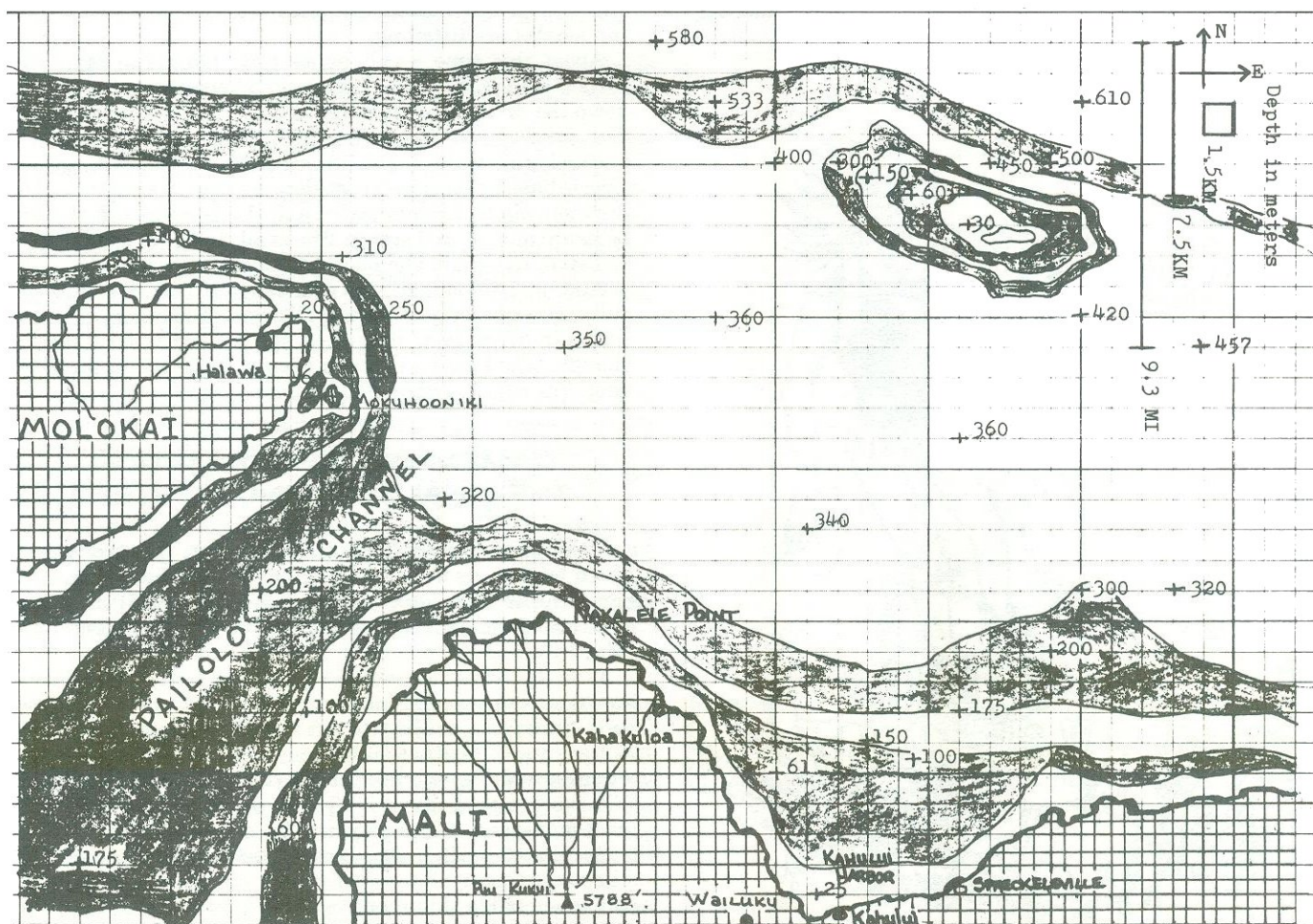
The weapons the **Onizuka** has for its Star Fleet contingent are meager: Three phaser rifles, a phaserII (latest model) for each member of the party and three spare recharge packs each. There are also enough suits of security armor to protect all the Star Fleet personnel. The people in the canoe bear no visible weapons at all, save for the one in khaki who has some sort of holster.

The canoes will coast to a stop some 100 meters from **Onizuka**, whether or not they are drawn on. The large individual in the center canoe will stand up and shout to be heard:

He is Michael Holokaue, local chief from Halawa, and he wishes to speak with the commander of the **Onizuka** or whoever's in charge. A quick computer check of the name will take five minutes, but he is who he says he is. He won't leave until he's spoken face-to-face with the people in charge.

If allowed to come aboard, it will be necessary to lower a flexible metal ladder down to his canoe from the **Onizuka's** deck, which rides three meters above the waves. Holokaue is a big golden Hawaiian, easily two meters tall and nearly half that wide, wearing a bright floral-pattern sarong, several leis, and a ceremonial headress of flowers. With him is a much smaller figure, a woman in a khaki uniform with short pants, a pith helmet, and a badge. And a holstered pistol of some kind; Holokaue will introduce her as Federal Marshal Andrea Foreman. He will ask who is in charge; Dr. Connors will say he is unless the Star Fleet CO intervenes. Whoever it is, Holokaue will take a folded paper from his sarong and hand it over. It is an order from the Federal District Court for Molokai County addressed to the commander of FOMP **Onizuka** et al., to cease all illegal fishing activity and leave Hawaiian waters forthwith. Compliance will be as immediate as circumstances allow.

Any argument gets a simple response: The whales are destroying the fish the locals depend on for food and for profit. Ergo, take your platform and your whales and split. It does no good to say that the platform is following the whales and not the other way around, or that the project is under the authority of the Federation and Star Fleet Command; the order is for the platform to move and questions of jurisdiction will have to be answered by the courts. If Dr. Connors or whoever does not comply, Marshall Foreman is to take command and bring the platform into Halawa Bay, there to await judgment by the



Molokai and the Pailolo Channel

court. The Federation can state its case there.

While the arguments are raging, perceptive characters who make an INT roll minus 30 will notice that Dr. deSilva is missing. She just seemed to slip away. Anyone who goes looking for her will find her tearing out of the telemetry room, obviously distraught. She won't stop to explain until she's in front of Dr. Conners, and then it will come out in a rush: Something's wrong with the whales. They've been stationary for nearly half an hour and a scan she's just had done (quite against Dr. Conner's orders) indicates they aren't breathing. They're alive, but no breathing. If they're not resuscitated in another fifteen minutes, they'll drown. He (and anybody else) can go look for themselves if they don't believe her.

Dr. Conners, caught between two completely unexpected crises, will simply gape. This should give the players ample time to figure out how to jump in.

RESCUING THE WHALES

If anybody checks the sensors, they will find that the situation is just as deSilva reported it. Time is of the essence. How the players wish to deal with Chief Holokaue and Marshall Foreman is up to them, and they can be rude, but the use of violence will have nasty legal repercussions and should be avoided.

There is no netting aboard the **Onizuka** of any kind, but there is plenty of rope and six cargo antigravs. By making a number of loops in the rope and using the antigravs to assist the sea skimmer's own lift units, a kind of cradle can be made and slipped under the whales to lift them to the surface, where they can at least be examined. The players should be allowed maximum time to cope with a solution; only if they seem to be going nowhere will deSilva begin to bark orders to get the gear and tell them to get with the program. She is quite nervous and electric, desperate to move and do something to help.



Not counting the time it takes to get everything together, it will take the sea skimmers five minutes to get to where the whales are. No other sea or aircraft are visible on the approach; should any character have thought to check **Onizuka's** own sensors before leaving they will detect a single large aircraft departing the area at high speed, going east; no craft on the platform is fast enough to catch it and it is heading for a major air route where it will be lost in the traffic. Identification is impossible; the fugitive will not answer radio hails and their transponder is either broken or missing. Honolulu Air Traffic Control can be notified but there is little they can do without ID.

The whales are visible below the water; the instruments on the sea skimmers will show them to be 30 meters beneath the surface and slowly sinking. It will take a team of four divers ten minutes per whale to rig a cradle; alternative methods of raising the whales to the surface, or getting air down to them, are quite possible and should be encouraged. DeSilva will insist on being one of the divers going down to examine them. There is nothing visibly wrong with the whales except that they seem to be unconscious - and for no particular reason.

Something else is wrong. Baby Jessie is missing. Neither sensors nor sonar will be able to detect any trace of her or her body. She's just gone.

DeSilva and the rest of her science team will be unable to determine why the whales are unconscious, but they'll begin to revive about fifteen minutes after they're brought back to the air and resume breathing. As they become conscious, they'll also get more agitated; they'll thrash about, trying to get away from any restraints on them, and will swim furiously in circles, diving deeper and circling wider with each pass. It takes no roll to know that they are looking for Jessie, fruitlessly. In half an hour they'll slow down, near the surface again, and hang motionless, head down. De Silva or another of her team will explain to characters who do not know that the whales are listening.

About this time a call comes from **Onizuka**; Mary has turned up missing. She may have slipped over the side or down the diving well, perhaps to listen to the whales herself. The only way to contact her is via hydrophones - which is perfectly safe to do, as the life scientists confirm; George and Gracie have never shown that they paid any attention at all to any non-whale communications. If she is contacted, she will be heard at a great distance. She is all right, but she is trying to listen, too; could she please have some quiet?

Another half hour and the whales begin to move — purposefully, determinedly eastwards. They will not stop, they will not sing; if Mary is consulted she will only say that she thought she heard a very faint sound in the water far to the east. She can't be sure. Should they follow?

GAMEMASTER INFORMATION: THE WHALENAPPING MYSTERY

If the players haven't figured it out yet, Jessie has been stolen by persons unknown, and her parents have picked up her scent or some other trace of her. They will have two questions facing them: How do they find Baby Jessie? and Who did it?

As to the first question, the players will have to decide if they trust the parental instinct or whatever, or not. Dr. Conners is perfectly willing to lift FOMP **Onizuka** up on its A-gravs and follow the whales; they both have about the same top speed and they should be able to keep up, though Dr. Lund will object, saying that it is a job for the Federation and their greater resources. The players may either use **Onizuka** as transport (after all, it does have the sea skimmers and their other equipment already on board) or opt to get a larger non-submersible skimmer from the Federation liaison office in Honolulu, which will take up to an hour. It's up to the players. A quick call to higher authority in Honolulu or San

Francisco will earn them the curt reply that they **must** follow those whales! It's their first and **only** job not to let them out of their sight.

The other problem, determining who is responsible, is more difficult. SFHQ can advise them on security matters away from **Onizuka**, but their function is like a library: They can sift from available data but they can't make the correlations. If one fact seems to lead to another and thence to a conclusion, the players must draw the line that connects them. Some of the more pertinent facts they may be asked to supply are as follows:

The Pacific air and sea traffic corridors are heavily traveled; every hour over two hundred ships and A-grav transports pass in each direction bound for dozens of different directions. It is impossible to halt them all for inspection, and even if that were possible it would take hundreds of Security people days just to search them, while the commerce of Terra stood still - not acceptable at all.

In the seventy-two hours before the incident near Molokai forty-seven A-grav transports of the size needed to lift a baby whale, or larger, were stolen from various places around the rim of the Pacific basin. They could be anywhere by now. Three have been recovered so far, empty; they are being investigated. (A-grav transports are like flying trucks; they carry huge loads, have large cargo doors, and can hover. They have top speeds of over 300 kph).

All known members of the World Human Church are accounted for. The Sons of Earth have a message on various worldwide radio stations attacking the whales as messengers of Satan; no more than 80% of their membership can be found, leaving 124 unaccounted for. There was a Nuke the Whales rally today in Guadalajara, Mexico, and weapons were brandished before police moved in; there were 204 arrests but at least that many escaped, with their arms. As usual, they vowed to exterminate the 'alien invaders' at earliest opportunity.

There were three other threats made against the whales in print or on video from other sources; they are being investigated.

The personnel of Project Nursery were intensively screened before they were asked to join. None are listed as being any security risk at all. Dr. deSilva has filed protests against Dr. Conners, Dr. Lund (twice), one of Dr. Lund's geologists, Luther Birnbach, and Project Nursery as a whole for various reasons including allegations of unprofessional conduct. Dr. Lund has likewise filed a complaint against Dr. deSilva, also for unprofessional conduct; all such complaints, as per Federation policy, will not be reviewed until the project reaches a preplanned review point some time in the future.

Adjunct Ambassador Maha Naree has sent several messages to the Embassy via diplomatic pouch; there is no clue to the nature of these dispatches at all. Her observations to the personnel of Project Nursery have been minimal despite her long hours of concentration on the recordings.

Dr. deSilva's scientific record is spotty, with brilliant intuitions dotting a rather mediocre background of marine research.

The Klingon Ambassador is within his quarters, undisturbed, as is his staff. There is no way of checking the status of the Klingon Marine Guard, some of them not having been seen on post for several days.

There were 3741 requests for information on whales from the major public databanks in the prior twenty-four hour period, a typical day. Four days ago the Klingon Embassy stopped requesting such data. They ceased to demand access to whale research data from Project Nursery a day later. The Klingons have requested such information daily from every major information service on Terra and every marine museum.

The players may try to confront and question certain personnel of Project Nursery about their conduct. They will reply along the following lines:

Dr. Conners has had some personality frictions between Drs. deSilva and Lund and himself, but no really serious problem beyond his own 'hands-off' policy towards George, Gracie and Jessie. He has noticed that Dr. deSilva has been feeling almost possessive towards the whales and not been as much a team player.

Dr. Lund thinks Dr. deSilva is only a second-rate scientist; a little short on true scientific patience. He wouldn't call her unbalanced, but he thinks she needs some time away from the whales. This kidnapping is the last thing she needs.

Dr. deSilva doesn't think her concern for the whales is unfounded; the more she has learned about them the more she wants to learn, and the more she feels they **must** learn. She feels that understanding their language will come with a sudden, intuitive breakthrough. No, she doesn't have one. She's talked with Mary about the matter but she won't discuss more than vague 'impressions.'

Mary is perfectly willing to cooperate to demonstrate Arcadian-Federation friendship. She has listened to the whalesong and felt its pattern, but lacks a true key to its code. Of all the Humans aboard, she feels closest to Margaret deSilva.

Luther Birnbach - and any and all other staffers - are mixed in their appraisals of their chiefs. Basically, Conners is wishy-washy, Lund is a stuffed shirt, and deSilva is a trifle hyper and getting hyperer. Mary is an enigma, but many people think she knows more than she is telling. The Arcadians may have been given civilization by some unknown spacefaring aquatic civilization - what-if it and the probe's makers are the same people? What must her feelings be like?

Margaret deSilva does not know, and has been suppressing her own self-judgment, that she is having flashes of direct, irrational, almost emotional contact with the whales. Her psionics rating on her psychological profiles is erratic, but she occasionally mindlinks with the whales when under stress, as the morning off Molokai. Over the course of the adventure she



may have to confront this knowledge, even try to use it. If she is pressured enough, she may have to make a throw against her PSI. If the roll is 40 or less she experiences 1D10 minutes of direct contact with the mind of Gracie. If it is 20 or less she links simultaneously for the same length of time with both Gracie and Mary - thereby gaining the linguistic breakthrough she needs to understand whalesong, at least in part. Where **that** might lead is anyone's guess.

THE WHALEQUEST ENDGAME

George and Gracie will move in wide zigzags eastwards; in three days they will be approaching the coast of Southern California with some urgency. Jessie is not yet ready to hunt fish and she must be ravenously hungry. If **Onizuka** follows them they will have to skirt a storm, dodge air traffic and cope with high winds and seas while travelling at low speed and altitude. **Onizuka** was designed for shallow-water mooring and cannot ride out a storm either on the sea or above it; it is as fragile as the ancient hot-air balloons of the 20th Century. At the end of three days the goal of the whales will be clear: the bustling, ship-laden port of Los Angeles, crowded and - for whales - dangerous. It will be necessary to go ahead of the whales in the sea skimmers and warn traffic to veer away; not everybody may listen.

Twenty kilometers out, if either the sea skimmers or **Onizuka** are scanning, they will detect Jessie not far off the shore of tiny Santa Barbara Island, and her wails can be plainly heard. She is surrounded by many life-forms, some smaller, some larger than herself. The smaller ones, closest to her, are ordinary dolphins forming a protective ring around her and California sea lions. Outside of that ring are circling

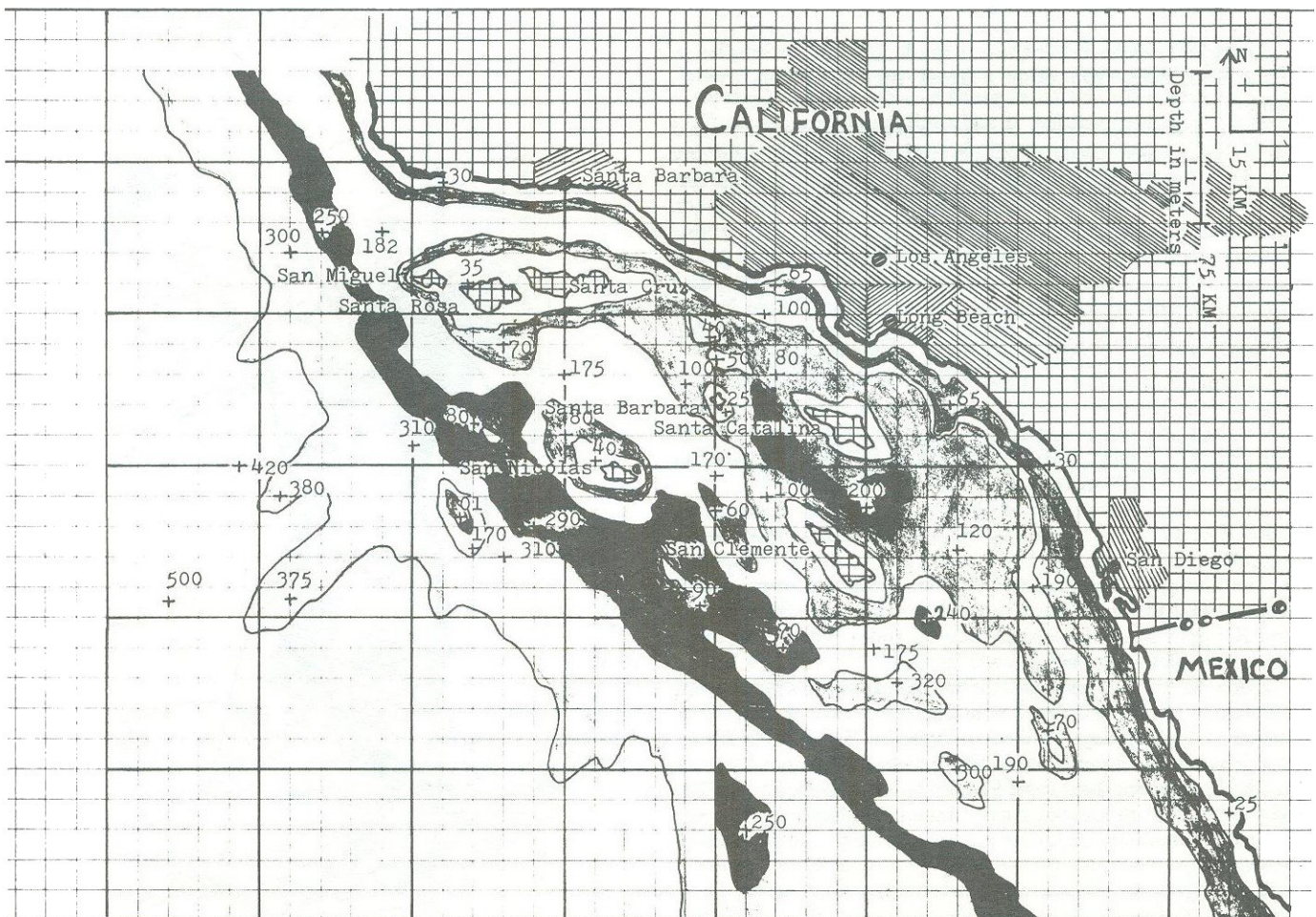
squadrons of larger cetaceans - genus **Orcinus**, the last of their kind on Terra: Killer whales. They seem to be looking for food.

The sea lions are on the island itself, or offshore only a slight ways. Farther out is a sizable pod of dolphins, genus **Tursiops**, numbering about sixty. They are milling about in several groups in a rough crescent about the southeast end of the island. At the thickest portion of this crescent, making a high-pitched crooning song, hovers Jessie. Farther out are the orca, circling menacingly.

George and Gracie are heading directly for Jessie, paying the killer whales no mind at all. Dr. deSilva will be anxious, as will Dr. Conners. The players will be asked to do something to make sure no one gets hurt. The players will be acutely aware that this little drama is taking place in one of Terra's busiest harbors and ports; dozens of surface and A-grav vessels are in the area and the potential for people to get hurt is considerable. Dr. deSilva will be adamantly against harming the killer whales despite her concern; Dr. Lund is not as picky, and it's his understanding that orca are not an endangered species anyway.

In fact, the orca are no danger to the whales, including Jessie. They merely want to get closer to the island to get at the sea lions, their real interest, but the dolphins won't let them. This has irritated them. Energy weapons of any kind, unless they can do 50 or more points of damage per shot, will not harm them much due to their size (treat as having an END of 150), and the grounding-out effect of seawater, but any shot at them will anger them and cause them to attack the source by ramming or preferably chewing on it.

Almost lost in the press is a different life reading, very hard to pick out unless the character on sensors has a Computer



The Los Angeles Harbor and Vicinity

Operation skill of 40 or better and makes a skill throw. Not long after the island is scanned a different kind of reading will appear to anyone still on the sensors with a Computer Operations score of 20 or greater: A fusion power-pack energy reading, 300 meters off the shore of the island underwater and moving towards it at 20 kph. If the players want to do anything about it they'd better move fast.

The reading comes from a single Klingon equipped with a rebreather helmet and propulsion unit, a disruptor pistol, a speargun, a communicator and a small waterproof case containing several memory tabs. He is Imperial Klingon Marine Sergeant Matan and his orders are to reach shore, call out a coded phrase on a specific frequency, and await beamout a few seconds later. His orders are to preserve those records and to escape capture; he is to kill anyone who stands in his way. He cannot use his communicator underwater, so he must reach land first.

The Federation are not the only people interested in the whales. The Klingon Ambassador has been trying to determine how great a threat the civilization that sent the probe is, and so he set in motion Operation Motherlove under the control of Major Malag and his agents. Objective: Stun the parent whales (Malag used a disruptor rifle) and kidnap the infant (Malag used a rented A-grav cargo hauler). Take it to a

congested area, like Los Angeles harbor, and wait to see what it and the parents do. Will they turn hostile and attack anything in their way? Will they, in other words, act like the probe did coming to see what had happened to Terra's whales? The Klingons don't care about communicating with the whales or the probe but they are intensely interested in determining how both of them react to threat. Perhaps useful parallels can be drawn between their behavior patterns.

Not too far offshore is a set of sophisticated monitoring and recording equipment, including a waterproof computer and power source, of Terran manufacture (purchased through a 'blind' to avoid traceback) where Sgt. Matan recorded the reactions of the whales, the air and sea vessels near them, and Jessie right up to the moment he was scanned. The equipment is still powered-up but all the tapes are gone; if the players miss Matan they'll have no clue to who was responsible for the whalenapping, and might not even guess the reason for it. Players with a Communications Systems Operations skill score of 30 or better who were listening to the comm channels can make a saving throw to pick up Matan's call, but since it's only a short coded phrase in a made-up language (not Klingon or battle language) that might not help either. It really doesn't matter, so long as the whales survive - but if the players forget this, Star Fleet will remind them later. At the hearing.

—Our warmest thanks to the people of Greenpeace for their kind help and assistance in preparing this adventure—

NON-PLAYER CHARACTERS (NPCs) STAFF OF THE ONIZUKA

Name: Margaret deSilva
Rank/Title: Doctor (PhD in Marine Biology)
Current Assignment: FOMP **Onizuka**
Position: Chief of Life Sciences
Sex: F
Race: Human
Age: 37
Attributes: STR -64 CHA -76
END -57 LUC -62
INT -74 PSI -70
DEX -68

Combat Statistics:
To-Hit: Modern: 34
Speargun: 48
Foil: 74
HTH: 34
Bare-hand
Damage: 1 D10+3
AP: 10

Distinguishing Physical Characteristics:

Sunburned, wiry, with short light-brown hair made a little brittle from sun and seawater, Dr. deSilva has 'two-thousand yard squint' and a thousand-watt smile. She uses her hands to talk a lot.

Brief Personal History:

Originally from Italy, Dr. deSilva grew up on the Mediterranean before attending the University of Bologna and the Cous-teau Institute. Her knowledge of cetaceans is more recently learned - a crash course just after she was asked to join Project Nursery. Her record is undistinguished but unblemished.

Personality: Beliefs/Motivations/Goals

DeSilva is torn between shy pride at having been named to the project and pugnacious embarrassment at her lack of hard

Significant Skills:	Rating:
Carousing	29
Comm. Systems Op	37
Comp Op	43
Comp Tech	22
E-Suit Operation	83
Gaming: Cards	51
Life Sciences: Botany	76
Ecology	68
Genetics	32
Zoology	81
Marksmanship (Archaic): Speargun	30
General Medicine: First Aid	30
Psychology	54
Personal Combat (Armed): foil	79
Physical Sciences: Chemistry	37
Physics	31
Planetary Sciences: Hydrology	49
Small Equip. Systems Operation	31
Swimming & Diving	82
Water Vehicle Operation	47

knowledge on whales. She would be in the water with them, at close range, but for Dr. Conner's prohibition. Her frustration causes her to occasionally berate him and Dr. Lund, not always privately. She cares passionately about the whales, and not just as specimens. She has grown to feel quite close to them.

Special Knowledge/Powers:

DeSilva's maternal grandmother had 'the evil eye', dismissed by the doctor as superstitious nonsense, but she herself has borderline psionic abilities. In moments of stress, especially when she's in the water, she has flashes of contact with the whales that allow her to hear and feel what they do. She thinks she's only projecting her own feelings on the whales.

Name: Manuel Lund
 Rank/Title: Doctor (PhD in Oceanographic Engineering)
 Current Assignment: FOMP **Onizuka**
 Position: Chief of Ocean Sciences
 Sex: M
 Race: Human
 Age: 41

Attributes:	STR	-73	CHA	-60
	END	-75	LUC	-12
	INT	-69	PSI	-28
	DEX	-63		

Combat Statistics:

To-Hit:	Modern:	31
	Rifle:	66
	HTH:	31
	Bare-Hand	
	Damage:	1D10+3
	AP:	11

Distinguishing Physical Characteristics:

Short, dark and powerfully built, with wideset eyes, a frog-like mouth and a neatly trimmed black beard.

Brief Personal History:

Dr. Lund is Terra's most reknowned expert on oceanography. His education at UCLA and Scripps have been followed by nearly twenty years of immaculate, even brilliant scholarship. He was quite honored to be asked to join Project Nursery. His knowledge of the ocean has been invaluable.

Significant Skills:	Rating:
Artistic Ability: Photography	32
A-Grav Pilot	13
Comm. Systems Tech	45
Comp Op	26
Comp Tech	56
Electronics Tech	41
E-Suit Op	24
Lang: Tellarite	42
Marksmanship (Archaic): Rifle	70
Life Support Systems Tech	68
Mech. Engineer	79
Personal Combat (Unarmed)	57
Physical Sciences: Math	87
Physics	78
Planetary Sciences: Hydrology	90
Geography	36
Small Equip. Systems Operation	31
Small Equip. Systems Technology	49
Swimming & Diving	40
Water Vehicle Operation	65

Personality: Beliefs/Motivations/Goals

Dr. Lund is not a stuffed shirt, but he is very opinionated and intolerant of those who disagree with his data. Trained as an engineer, he is not at home with the majority of the staff on FOMP **Onizuka**, and prefers to be alone when he is not being consulted. The whales are an interesting phenomena to him, but not really in his field. He occasionally, casually, mentions that a transparent aluminum pen would be better for them than unfettered ocean - an opinion that pains Dr. Conners and infuriates Dr. deSilva.

Special Knowledge/Powers: None.

Name: Lorne Conners
 Rank/Title: Doctor (PhD in Marine Biology)
 Current Assignment: FOMP **Onizuka**
 Position: Team Leader
 Sex: M
 Race: Human
 Age: 47

Attributes:	STR	-63	CHA	-59
	END	-62	LUC	-91
	INT	-60	PSI	-64
	DEX	-61		

Combat Statistics:

To-Hit:	Modern	-30
	HTH	-30
	Bare-Hand	
	Damage:	1D10+3
	AP:	10

Distinguishing Physical Characteristics:

A tall, freckled Human with a shock of reddish-brown hair he is constantly running his fingers through. Smiles rarely; trace of southern U.S. accent.

Brief Personal History:

Dr. Conners spent 15 years in deepwater research until he was drafted by the Federation to head Project Nursery. He is quite used to being a buffer between the government and science.

Significant Skills:	Rating:
A-Grav pilot	39
Comm Systems Operation	35
Comp Op	63
E-Suit Operation	71
Leadership	52
Life Sciences: Botany	60
Ecology	31
Exobiology	22
Zoology	63
Life Support Systems Tech	14
Negotiation/Diplomacy	44
Physical Sciences: Chemistry	23
Mathematics	22
Planetary Science: Hydrology	67
Meteorology	30
Swimming & Diving	49
Water Vehicle Operation	47

Personality: Belief/Motivations/Goals

Dr. Conners is charged with studying the whales to learn how to communicate with them, and to monitor them and their health very closely. He has been careful not to disturb them with too much prying, even as far as not allowing remote scans of them with sensors. He is willing to take much heat on the subject, because he feels the less they are disturbed the more they will reveal. He has been criticized for this policy by his staff before.

Special Knowledge/Powers: None.

Name: "Mary" (Maha Naree)
 Rank/Title: Arcadian Adjunct Ambassador
 Current Assignment: FOMP Onizuka
 Position: Observer
 Age: 32
 Race: Arcadian
 Sex: F
 Attributes: STR -42 CHA -56
 END -55 LUC -43
 INT -67 PSI -22
 DEX -80/47 (water/land)

Combat Statistics:
 To-Hit: Modern -40/24
 HTH -40/24
 Bare-Hand
 Damage -1D10
 AP: -12/8

Distinguishing Physical Characteristics:

Mary is a typical Arcadian, with vaguely humanoid features, large expressive eyes and taut stark-white, poreless skin that covers her visible ears. Her hands are very large but not ungraceful. She is stately on land but at home in the water.

Brief Personal History:

For the last 3 years Mary has been attached to the Arcadian Embassy as a cultural attache. She was either chosen or volunteered for this mission - she really doesn't seem to know the difference.

Significant Skills:	Rating:
Languages: Galacta	49
Vulcan	35
Cetacean	05
Leadership	10
Life Sciences: Exobiology	17
Medical Sciences: First Aid	26
Psychology (Alien)	27
Negotiation/Diplomacy	62
Planetary Sciences: Hydrology	59
Meteorology	29
Planetary Survival: Aquatic	31

Personality: Desires/Motivations/Goals

Mary has a deep need to comprehend the language of the whales. They seem to speak the language of the probe, whose builders may have been the ancient progenitors of her own race. These Earthly whales, in other words, may have spoken to the gods. Awe and dedication flavor her otherwise dispassionate study.

Special Knowledge/Powers:

Mary has the Arcadian gift for swift language learning. She understands a few 'words' and concepts of Cetacean. Jessie is easier to comprehend than the adults - but she has told no one.

KLINGONS

Name: Matan Veresht
 Rank/Title: Sergeant, Imperial Klingon Marines
 Current Assignment: Operation Motherlove
 Position: Monitoring Technician
 Race: Human-fusion Klingon
 Sex: M
 Age: 23
 Attributes: STR -85 CHA -40
 END -67 LUC -30
 INT -67 PSI -18
 DEX -66

Combat Statistics:
 To-Hit: Modern: -66
 Speargun: -49
 Spear: -53
 HTH: -65
 Bare-Hand
 Damage: -2D10
 AP: -10

Distinguishing Physical Characteristics:

Young, intense, dedicated if slightly naive human fusion Klingon, Sergeant of the Guard.

Brief Personal History:

Matan is on his first important assignment since joining the Marines. His fierce dedication and his lack of any political sense makes him the perfect Klingon to operate the recorders for Operation Motherlove.

Significant Skills:	Rating:
Comm. Systems Tech	47
Comp Op	34
Comp Tech	62
E-Suit Operation	27
Federation Law	20
Forgery	59
Grav Vehicle Operation	38
Language: Galacta	35
Life Sciences: Exobiology	21
Life Support Systems Tech	19
Marksmanship, Modern	67
Marksmanship, (Archaic): Spear Gun	32
Personal Combat (Armed): Spear	41
Personal Combat (Unarmed)	64
Surveillance	84
Swimming & Diving	48
Water Vehicle Operation	44

Personality: Beliefs/Motivations/Goals

Matan wants only to please the Ambassador and his staff. To this end he is willing, indeed eager, to prove his worth by remaining in the vicinity of Jessie even though this means exposing himself to possible capture by the Federation - something he has orders to not let happen at any cost. The data he collects must survive.

Special Knowledge/Powers: None.

Name: Malag Sutai-Nort
 Rank/Title: Major, Imperial Klingon Marines
 Current Assignment: Klingon Embassy to Federation on Terra
 Position: Intelligence Liaison
 Sex: M
 Race: Human-fusion Klingon
 Age: 34

Attributes: STR -76 CHA -37
 END -66 LUC -21
 INT -69 PSI -01
 DEX -53

Combat Statistics:

To-Hit: Modern: 61
 Knife: 45
 HTH: 51
 Bare-Hand
 Damage: 2D10
 AP: 9

Significant Skills:	Rating
Administration	42
Bribery	67
Comp Op	24
Federation Law	37
Interrogation	63
Language: Galacta	46
Vulcan	21
Leadership	64
Life Sciences: Exobiology	15
Marksmanship (Modern)	89
Negotiation/Diplomacy	29
Personal Combat (Armed): knife	38
Personal Combat (Unarmed)	50
Psychology	32
Security Procedures	85
Surveillance	33
Trivia: Terran music	22

Distinguishing Physical Characteristics:

No-nonsense, large, burly, spit & polish Klingon Marine major, smarter than he looks.

Brief Personal History:

After a rather ordinary rise to the rank of Captain, Major Malag was selected for the post of Assistant Commander of Security for the Ambassador to the Federation. In this post he does a good deal of secret undercover work with hired Human operatives and the occasional Klingon under deep cover.

Personality: Beliefs/Motivations/Goals

Malag does not hate humans - learning their secrets is his work; he can't let emotion get in the way. In fact, he has a

fondness for Terran music dating from before his posting, and he has a reputation among the Ambassadors in SF as something of a connoisseur. He is utterly loyal and perfectly ruthless. His missions must never be traced back to the Ambassador, and he is willing to sacrifice absolutely anyone and anything for that purpose.

Special Knowledge/Powers:

Malag has organized a network of agents to inform him on the whales and the progress the Federation has made in understanding them. He is the Klingon whale expert, not because he has any talent in this area but because he has to be. Mastermind of Operation Motherlove - the kidnapping of Jessie.

Darkus Thel

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