

After 40 years you had forgotten they existed. Everyone had. But the Cylons didn't forget you. With no warning and leaving you no time to prepare, they attacked the 12 colonies and destroyed civilization. Now all that is left is Galactica and a small fleet. A few thousand souls are all that separate humanity from extinction.

Even after all of the destruction they will not be satisfied until everyone is dead. Ever since the stop at Ragnar Anchorage they have been chasing the fleet relentlessly; they keep finding you, and the fleet jumps away. They find you, the fleet jumps... they find you, the fleet jumps. Over and over for the last five days. Every 33 minutes they find you, every 33 minutes you jump. There is no time for rest; there is no time to consider what might be happening. All you can do is jump and pray, pray to the Lords of Kobol that this time will be the last...



DEAR CAPTAIN,

You are captain of the Olympic Carrier, a passenger liner filled with people from all 12 colonies. Life has been a living hell for the last five days. You haven't slept, you've barely eaten, and your exhaustion is well past getting the better of you.

Just when you thought things couldn't get any worse, the passengers aboard your ship have rallied against you and against the fleet. A militant group that calls itself the Fathers of Kobol has taken over portions of the ship, and demands that you yield the ship to them. Gods damn, you catch enough heat from the brass on Galactica as is. The last thing you need is a mutiny. They would sooner blast you out of the sky than lend you aid. And no one has time to help; they are all watching the clock.

Before the game starts, I'll ask you to roll+cool. This is to find out how many good calls you made that went horribly wrong. On a 10+, choose one. On a 7-9, choose two. On a miss, we'll each choose one.

☐ The Fathers announced across the ship's communications that they were taking over. You couldn't let the fleet find out, so you ordered Mikah, your first mate, to shut down the comm systems. Only now they won't come back up. You're radio dead, you cannot report to Galactica, and you cannot receive new coordinates. Frak it! Mark experience.

☐ You had two marines on board (Polati and Sadik) that you ordered (despite not having authority over the navy) to disperse the uprising. Polati was injured and fell back. Sadiki was captured taken hostage. Galactica expects them to report in after every jump. The Galactica Executive Officer Saul Tigh is NOT a patient man.

☐ You tried to talk to Cyrus, one of the Fathers, in person and earned a bullet for your efforts—maybe because you came with a weapon yourself. Either way, you've been shot and it's clouding your head. Mark your harm at 3:00 and take -1 ongoing until you have someone look at it, or at least get some morpha to stop the pain.

SO SAY WE ALL!



CAPTAIN

After 40 years you had forgotten they existed. Everyone had. But the Cylons didn't forget you. With no warning and leaving you no time to prepare, they attacked the 12 colonies and destroyed civilization. Now all that is left is Galactica and a small fleet. A few thousand souls are all that separate humanity from extinction.

Even after all of the destruction they will not be satisfied until everyone is dead. Ever since the stop at Ragnar Anchorage they have been chasing the fleet relentlessly; they keep finding you, and the fleet jumps away. They find you, the fleet jumps... they find you, the fleet jumps. Over and over for the last five days. Every 33 minutes they find you, every 33 minutes you jump. There is no time for rest; there is no time to consider what might be happening. All you can do is jump and pray, pray to the Lords of Kobol that this time will be the last...



DEAR ENGINEER,

Thank the gods you are here; this ship needs you. The direness of the situation became immediately clear once you arrived. The Carrier was never meant to make this many consecutive jumps all at once. She's going to tear herself apart.

You'd been working yourself to the bone trying to put out fires when things suddenly went from bad to worse. There was shouting in the hallway, loud enough to be heard over the engine noise, and then gunfire. Two shots rang out like thunder. There was a brief message sent over the ship's comm:

"We are the Fathers of Kobol. Commander Adama and President Rossilyn have betrayed us and they have betrayed you. We are taking over control of the -" The message was abruptly cut off.

Before the game starts, I'll ask you to roll+sharp. You've done everything you can, but today that isn't enough; there are more things breaking than one person can fix. Let's find out what you've missed. On a 10+, choose one. On a 7-9, choose two, On a miss, we'll each choose one.

☐ Frak! You haven't had time to check every hatch and relay. Somehow a passenger named Yori got into the engine room and fell into the reactor array. She is safe for now, but one wrong step down there and she'll be incinerated. The only way to get Yori out safely is to spin down the FLT drives. They take 20 minutes to spin back up, if you're lucky. And you know if you do it without the Captain's approval, your head is on the block.

☐ Two armed men just entered the engine room. "We've taken over the ship. The people have spoken." You're trapped in the engine room. They have guns. They may have your children. **(Missing the kids, this is much less compelling, ideas?)**

☐ It's gotta be the stims. They've always messed with you. Now it's worse than ever. Between jumps you've seen things. Time stands still and for that brief moment you sense luminous bodies speaking to you. Hallucinations surely, but they seem to have a message: maybe even a way out of this whole entire mess. If only you could understand. Take -1 ongoing until you can get these voices out of your head.

SO SAY WE ALL!



ENGINEER

After 40 years you had forgotten they existed. Everyone had. But the Cylons didn't forget you. With no warning and leaving you no time to prepare, they attacked the 12 colonies and destroyed civilization. Now all that is left is Galactica and a small fleet. A few thousand souls are all that separate humanity from extinction.

Even after all of the destruction they will not be satisfied until everyone is dead. Ever since the stop at Ragnar Anchorage they have been chasing the fleet relentlessly; they keep finding you, and the fleet jumps away. They find you, the fleet jumps... they find you, the fleet jumps. Over and over for the last five days. Every 33 minutes they find you, every 33 minutes you jump. There is no time for rest; there is no time to consider what might be happening. All you can do is jump and pray, pray to the Lords of Kobol that this time will be the last...



DEAR MARINE,

Being stationed on the Olympic Carrier was supposed to be an easy assignment, but nothing is easy after five days of constantly jumping. This ship is falling apart, and you're the only person keeping it in one piece.

You were never trained in crowd control, and yet now you're the voice of authority on a ship filled with a thousand ingrates who are never satisfied with anything and expect you to move star systems for them.

The tension of this constant chase is more than most people can handle. You've had years of training and even you are starting to crack... the passengers have lost it. An independent faction has announced its intentions to take over the ship. A group called the Fathers of Kobol is not only armed but they've rallied the people to stand by them. It's a mutiny!

You've tried to be firm but fair by following Adama's example, but he never had to deal with a thousand angry and violent people trying to tear his ship apart. Before the game starts I'm going to ask you to roll+hard to see how your attempts to discipline the ship's passengers have backfired. On a 10+, choose one. On a 7-9, choose two, On a miss, we'll each choose one.

☐ You shot someone. Yeah, you know you weren't supposed to, but gods damn it, she had lost her mind and was going to open an airlock on the ship. You had to stop her. Now she's bleeding to death. Her name is Tara, she's got a family here, and she's hanging over your shoulder.

☐ You've sealed a bulkhead with four members of the Fathers in it. It was a good way to isolate the problem without someone getting hurt. Then you realized locking them in meant locking yourself out of environmental controls...and it's getting warmer.

☐ You heard something on Ragnar Anchorage that chilled you to the bone. Cylons can look like us now! You mentioned this to another marine named Polati, and you've watched him unravel over the last five days. Now he's out there looking for Cylons everywhere. You're convinced he's going to make an example out of someone, Cylon or not.

SO SAY WE ALL!



MARINE

After 40 years you had forgotten they existed. Everyone had. But the Cylons didn't forget you. With no warning and leaving you no time to prepare, they attacked the 12 colonies and destroyed civilization. Now all that is left is Galactica and a small fleet. A few thousand souls are all that separate humanity from extinction.

Even after all of the destruction they will not be satisfied until everyone is dead. Ever since the stop at Ragnar Anchorage they have been chasing the fleet relentlessly; they keep finding you, and the fleet jumps away. They find you, the fleet jumps... they find you, the fleet jumps. Over and over for the last five days. Every 33 minutes they find you, every 33 minutes you jump. There is no time for rest; there is no time to consider what might be happening. All you can do is jump and pray, pray to the Lords of Kobol that this time will be the last...



DEAR OPPORTUNIST,

You've seen how this goes down. When people panic they stop thinking rationally and go into survivor mode. Survivors don't need ships full of useless passengers. To survivors the Olympic Carrier is a liability, not an asset. Commander Adama is a survivor—you've seen it in his eyes. You need to make yourself invaluable, and fast.

Thankfully in times of turmoil, opportunities are always presenting themselves. A group of anarchists that call themselves the Fathers of Kobol have started an uprising on the ship. Corridors have been blocked off to ship personnel, at least one hostage has been taken, and you've heard rumors they are armed. Lines are being drawn in the sand.

The Olympic Carrier was supposed to represent the brightest stars in the fleet, and now some of the pawns you've moved into position have inadvertently been taken off the table or turned against you. Before the game starts I'm going to ask you to roll+hot to see how your political maneuvering has complicated matters for you and the ship. On a 10+, choose one. On a 7-9, choose two, On a miss, we'll each choose one.

❑ When you found Dr. Amarak he was afraid to speak—afraid his knowledge of the Cylon attack would implicate him as a traitor. You finally coaxed him into presenting the information to the fleet, but becoming emboldened by his convictions, he decided that he agreed with the Fathers' ideology and joined their faction. You need him back.

❑ You've got the captains first mate, Mikah, wrapped around your finger. What you thought would be your eyes and ears on the Flight Deck has turned into a liability. Mikah needs constant assurances of your love, is fearsomely jealous of you, and is on the way to being reprimanded for what is obviously unprofessional, if not insubordinate, behavior. Mikah can think only of you, and voices this often. Your welcome among the senior staff is running thin.

❑ You're scared. No...you're terrified. You play it cool most of the time, but everything you ever cared about was destroyed in the Fall and you're afraid that even if you do survive this, you'll have nothing to live for. Tell me one thing or person you care about on this ship; you're at -1 ongoing until you can ensure their safety.

SO SAY WE ALL!



OPPORTUNIST

After 40 years you had forgotten they existed. Everyone had. But the Cylons didn't forget you. With no warning and leaving you no time to prepare, they attacked the 12 colonies and destroyed civilization. Now all that is left is Galactica and a small fleet. A few thousand souls are all that separate humanity from extinction.

Even after all of the destruction they will not be satisfied until everyone is dead. Ever since the stop at Ragnar Anchorage they have been chasing the fleet relentlessly; they keep finding you, and the fleet jumps away. They find you, the fleet jumps... they find you, the fleet jumps. Over and over for the last five days. Every 33 minutes they find you, every 33 minutes you jump. There is no time for rest; there is no time to consider what might be happening. All you can do is jump and pray, pray to the Lords of Kobol that this time will be the last...



DEAR VISIONARY,

You've read the oracle and her prophesies. She wrote "And the Lords anointed a leader to guide the caravan of the heavens to their new homeland. And unto the leader, they gave a vision of serpents, numbering two and ten, as a sign of things to come."

Aboard the Ragnar Anchorage you met a man named Leoben. He claimed that there are not twelve gods, but one true god. Your brief discussion with him stirred something powerful in you, making you question your own faith in the Lords of Kobol.

Since then there have been trials at every turn, but signs as well. Serpents, two and ten. Two Viper pilots found you speaking with Leoben and escorted you back to the Carrier, where you were met by ten of your followers, who all had tattoos of snakes on their arms. You know what this means, You are meant to guide this ship and this fleet to the new homeland!

Not all are ready to receive your fervor however, and some are even angered by it. Others misunderstand your message. Before the game starts I'm going to ask you to roll+faith to find out what trials your visions have presented you. On a 10+, choose one. On a 7-9, choose two, On a miss, we'll each choose one.

☐ Name one of the other player characters. You have promised them to your flock. Change your Hx with them to +3. Once they have made a sign of faith to your followers (ingesting Chamalla root) you can both mark experience. Until then you are acting under fire whenever you interact with your followers.

☐ Yori loves you. Your words gave her purpose after she lost everything dear to you. She wears the tattoo of the serpent proudly. When you quoted Pythia and said that some must perish so others may survive, the crazy girl got it in her head that she must be one of the sacrifices. She has disappeared. Have you sent her to her death?

☐ On the outside you are confident, but the truth is you are filled with doubt. Leoben's faith was incredible and insurmountable, a giant pillar of light compared to the crumbling rubble of your preachings. The gods have never spoken to you as his god has spoken to him. What if you're wrong? Take -1 ongoing until you are inspired to believe again.

SO SAY WE ALL!



VISIONARY

After 40 years you had forgotten they existed. Everyone had. But the Cylons didn't forget you. With no warning and leaving you no time to prepare, they attacked the 12 colonies and destroyed civilization. Now all that is left is Galactica and a small fleet. A few thousand souls are all that separate humanity from extinction.

Even after all of the destruction they will not be satisfied until everyone is dead. Ever since the stop at Ragnar Anchorage they have been chasing the fleet relentlessly; they keep finding you, and the fleet jumps away. They find you, the fleet jumps... they find you, the fleet jumps. Over and over for the last five days. Every 33 minutes they find you, every 33 minutes you jump. There is no time for rest; there is no time to consider what might be happening. All you can do is jump and pray, pray to the Lords of Kobol that this time will be the last...



DEAR BUSINESSMAN,

The harder things get, the more people need you. They need your lies to comfort them and your indulgences to intoxicate them. Yet the situation is more dire than even you are prepared to tolerate. For days the fleet has been running, one jump after another. In times like these nobody wants you around, but they all need you.

But business is complicated. On the one hand everyone needs your goods and services. On the other, communication across the fleet is next to impossible. Since you've been jumping every 33 minutes inter-fleet comm channels and transports have been restricted to official military use only. What's worse, some upstart group of rag-tag vagrants calling themselves the "Fathers of Kobol" is trying to push their political agenda, and they are doing it with guns. You don't need all that attention. It's bad for business.

You know what they say about the best laid plans. Choices you have made haven't turned out as you expected they would. Before the game starts I'm going to ask you to roll+hot to find out which of your deals have gone sour. On a 10+, choose one. On a 7-9, choose two, On a miss, we'll each choose one.

☐ You sold the Fathers their guns. Arming your own ship and letting some other group bleed for you seemed like sound business at the time. You didn't know they were zealots planning to take the entire ship hostage. Cyrus was your buyer; if word gets out that you supplied this uprising, people are going to want your head.

☐ A woman named Tara wanted schematics of the Olympic Carrier. She said it was to find a safe place to put her family. You told her to use the cargo hold and be gone, but when she offered a case of Virgin Brew, she got your attention. You made the deal and soon afterward one of your stashes was broken into. Mark off 1-supply and bear the reputation of a dupe until you get it back.

☐ A nuclear warhead was just impossible to pass up, it is the only offering you can make that would get Commander Adama's attention. Smuggling it from Ragnar Anchorage, however, meant exposing yourself to the unshielded reactor core. Mark harm at 3:00 and increase it every time the fleet jumps until you get sufficient anti-radiation treatment. Add a nuclear warhead to your gear.

SO SAY WE ALL!



BUSINESSMAN

After 40 years you had forgotten they existed. Everyone had. But the Cylons didn't forget you. With no warning and leaving you no time to prepare, they attacked the 12 colonies and destroyed civilization. Now all that is left is Galactica and a small fleet. A few thousand souls are all that separate humanity from extinction.

Even after all of the destruction they will not be satisfied until everyone is dead. Ever since the stop at Ragnar Anchorage they have been chasing the fleet relentlessly; they keep finding you, and the fleet jumps away. They find you, the fleet jumps... they find you, the fleet jumps. Over and over for the last five days. Every 33 minutes they find you, every 33 minutes you jump. There is no time for rest; there is no time to consider what might be happening. All you can do is jump and pray, pray to the Lords of Kobol that this time will be the last...



DEAR ACTIVIST,

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

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

Amidst the chaos of the last five days of constant jumps, many have heard your rallying cries for responsibility in government. Some have taken up their own cause. Namely, a faction that calls themselves the Fathers of Kobol, a thieving pack of anarchists that don't understand that change needs a belief and a leader to carry that belief to the masses.

To keep your voice from being drowned out by the rabble, you've had to be hard. Sometimes too hard. There have been some regrettable consequences. Before the game start I'm going to ask you to roll+hard to see how bad things are. On a 10+, choose one. On a 7-9, choose two, On a miss, we'll each choose one.

☐ Before you realized the Fathers were a real threat you had two of your criminals silence one of them; a man named Amarak. They gave him a beating but he fought back and called on more of the Fathers. Things have escalated. One of your men is dead and the rest want blood. Can you keep them from tearing the Carrier apart to get it?

☐ One of your criminals is a plant, or they were loyal and turned against you. Either way, you've found evidence they've been sending communications to Galactica. The Marine and the Opportunist know who is a traitor in your midst. Clean up your house now or be prepared for a betrayal soon.

☐ Everyone thinks you're aligned with the Fathers. They can't appreciate the difference between getting the attention of the Fleet's leaders, and taking a ship's worth of civilians hostage. Take a -1 ongoing until you can distinguish your cause from the Fathers.

SO SAY WE ALL!



ACTIVIST