

# Points In SPACE™

## Volume I: Starport Locations

by S. John Ross

<b>Introduction</b>	<b>2</b>
<i>About the Author</i>	2
<b>Anar &amp; Moda: Outfitters</b>	<b>3</b>
Departments and Services	3
<b>Bellweather's Arcade</b>	<b>4</b>
Games	4
<b>Cor/Kraylor Customs Checkpoint</b>	<b>6</b>
Entry Procedures: Entering Cor	6
<i>Uneasy Neighbors</i>	7
Entry Procedures: Entering Kraylor	7
<b>"Cozy Quarters" Hotel</b>	<b>9</b>
Rooms and Extras	10
<i>What's the Station Like, Anyway?</i>	10
<b>Docking Bay E-3030</b>	<b>11</b>
Doing Business	12
Map Notes	12
<b>Documat: A Datastore</b>	<b>13</b>
Information Wants to be Sold	13
<b>Ela's Tomb</b>	<b>14</b>
Smokes, Oils, and Amber Nova	15
<i>Hold it and Dance?</i>	15
<b>Harcorp Medical</b>	<b>17</b>
Services	18
Map Notes	19
<b>Laxa's Holoporn Theater</b>	<b>19</b>
Smut for All	19
Map Notes	20
<b>The Purple Fountain Club</b>	<b>23</b>
Services	23
Map Notes	23
Membership	24
<b>Q'Zoon!</b>	<b>25</b>
Would You like Stklôô with That?	25
Map Notes	25
<i>Random Alien Fast Food Tables</i>	25
<b>Red's Ruins</b>	<b>26</b>
Map Notes	27
Plans and Visions	27
<b>Security Station Blue Six</b>	<b>29</b>
Map Notes	29
<b>Speed-E Chop Shop</b>	<b>30</b>
Services	30
Insane Value	31
Map Notes	31
<i>Points in Negative Space</i>	33
<b>Whomar's</b>	<b>33</b>
Everything Emoch!™	33
<b>Face of Emoch Card Game</b>	<b>36</b>
The Emoch Deck	36
The Object of the Game	36
Order of Play	36
Face of Emoch Hand Rankings	37

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*This book is dedicated to Chris Reid: a talented roleplayer, a top-notch Game Master and teacher, and a terrific friend. For all the fine times you've given us, Chris, thank you.*

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## INTRODUCTION

This is a “generic” supplement about *places* and *people*. The questions raised, and the characters who raise them, are universal. I’ve assigned labels and props designed to be *amusing* and *disposable*. Like most of what I do, it’s a little serious, and a little satirical, and a lot of the hazy spectrum in-between that most resembles where you and I live. You won’t recognize the names of the aliens and nations and devices here, but you’ll recognize them as *sockets* where your own nations and aliens will neatly plug in. Or maybe you’ll be so amused by the Mexlar, or intrigued by the Krome, that you’ll want to explore them and find out for yourself what they mean. It’s your mill; I’m just selling grist.

*Points in Space* is built on the traditions of what the old-time fannish community labels “media SF” to distinguish it from the “literary” fare they prefer. The Asimov and Shekley references *are* here, but they’re secondary to the influences of TV, comic books, video games and film. I grew up believing in alien nerve pinches, and knowing that there’s nothing like a good blaster at your side. I used the word “felgercarb” in polite conversation. I was self-baptized in the faith that teaches that outer space will be (or *already is*) full of gambling parlors and seedy spacefarer’s bars. I started *reading* SF because I learned about it from *Star Trek*, *Star Wars*, *Battlestar Galactica*, the Gil Gerard version of *Buck Rogers* (gotta love Wilma Deering in those tight whites) and modern treats like *Babylon 5*.

When I became a gamer, I wanted to live that experience with friends, and played just about every RPG I could get my hands on that promised to take me to alien landscapes or onto the cold decks of the villain’s battle station. Classic *Traveller* and the old FGU *Space Opera* and *Star Frontiers* fed the urge in turn, then Greg Costikyan’s *Star Wars* RPG blew me away. The FASA incarnation of *Star Trek* inspired my first game design as a teenager . . . the Last Unicorn version gave me a steady gig and a chance to write about blue people. There are three *GURPS Space* campaigns that I count among my very best stuff as a GM. My wife plays a wicked game of *Babylon Project*.

Take all that, and melt it down. Bake it into shiny metallic sheets. That’s the stuff from which I’ve built this first volume of *Points in Space*. It’s for games like those, and games yet to come.

This is the very first Cumberland Games book for sale, released on New Year’s day of a year significant to science-fiction fans the world over. May that bring it luck, and may a few of these people and places find a real home in your campaign. Print and play; invite some friends over. That’s what it’s for.



Austin, Texas, December 2000

### About the Author

S. John Ross has been gaming since the mid-1980s, and writing games professionally since 1991. He’s served two editorial stints: one as an Associate at *Interactive Entertainment*, and once as editor of *Pyramid Magazine*, for which he recieved an Origins nomination. His work as a writer includes *Among the Clans* and the *Star Trek Narrator’s Toolkit* for Last Unicorn, *GURPS Warehouse 23* and *GURPS Russia* for SJ Games, and bits and scraps for everybody from Flying Buffalo (for the *Citybook* series) to White Wolf (for *Mage: The Ascension*) and more. His first space-adventure work was probably *Wierder Tales . . . A Space Opera*, published by Avalon Hill. He’s currently working on a swords-and-sorcery worldbook for Guardians of Order’s *Big Eyes, Small Mouth*, and on *Fly From Evil*, his role-playing game of hardboiled crime. As a youngster, he choked down several episodes of *Silver Spoons* because it had Erin Gray in it.

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newlines and network wires, organized for browsing and comparison. You can, for example, choose to buy a comp including all coverage of a recent planetary election, or news of a specific sports team, or about a murder trial. Popular comp topics are “prepackaged” and listed on a display board, or customers can work with the datagirls to create unique ones based on key phrases. Comps are sold by the byte, so very broad topics can result in an expensive comp (the newlines charge stiff licensing fees) but if a customer is concerned with broad coverage of a single topic, they’re still a lot cheaper than buying all the relevant source titles.

**Assorted Periodicals:** DocuMat carries all kinds of titles that aren’t news-oriented, from trashy favorites like *True Spacer Stories* to sober, brain-desiccating fare like the *Quarterly Journal of Hyperspace Engineers*. Garle focuses on Human-oriented stuff, but carries a random mix of alien titles supplied by his primary license vendor, and does his best to keep anything available if it’s trendy.

**Non-Periodical Titles:** The lines between novels, plays, films, television, and computer games have blurred into vast spectra, but pure versions of each are still available. Dinem keeps a thorough stock of the kinds of overblown, lurid bestsellers that travelers like to buy to occupy them for long trips, from gratuitous sex and romance to gratuitous techno-thrillers and horror novels. Dinem seldom shells out the large credits necessary to keep current versions of academic titles available; celebrity biographies represent the extreme limits of depth, here.

DocuMat sells most titles on datacrystals or via direct download to the customer’s portable. The charge is based on licensing fees charged by the publisher (Dinem is scrupulous about his sources; he tried pirating romance novels two years ago and got temporary blacklisted from the newswires owned by the same conglomerate). For pure news and many forms of periodical and entertainment, hardcopy versions are available, too – printed and bound smartly in a matter of seconds.

## ELA’S TOMB

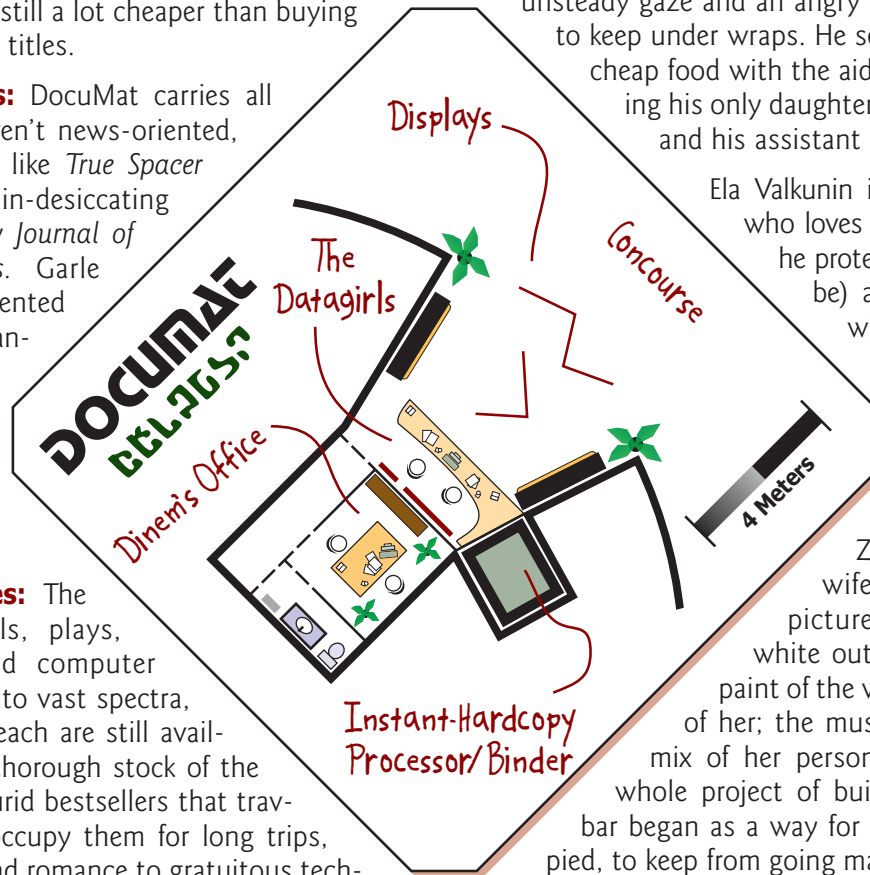
This is a large, busy watering hole, the kind of bar that thrives in this kind of backwater sector, where economic necessity forces the lawful and unlawful, the humanoid and the alien, to share the same space. It’s a societal stew tamed by *hrombasta* smoke and lubricated with tall beakers of Amber Nova Whiskey. Ela’s Tomb is the property of Ela Valkunin, a tired old barkeep with an unsteady gaze and an angry streak he does his best to keep under wraps. He serves liquor, smoke and cheap food with the aid of a small staff including his only daughter, the lovely Ela Zenyela, and his assistant barkeep, Vanor Salt.

Ela Valkunin is a bitter, hateful man who loves only his daughter (who he protects with ferocity if need be) and the memory of his wife, dead for fifteen years.

Though most customers never realize it, Ela’s Tomb is constructed as a monument to Ela Zorema – Valkunin’s late wife. The lovely woman pictured in long, graceful white outlines against the black paint of the walls is a representation of her; the music that plays here is a mix of her personal favorite styles. The whole project of building and running the bar began as a way for Valkunin to stay occupied, to keep from going mad – and it’s his instrument of revenge, in a twisted way.

Ela Zorema was a whore, and Ela Valkunin was a pirate, years ago. He rescued his wife from an insane cult that took girls from failed colonies and starving backwater planets, renting them an hour at a time in dangerous starports, just like this one. Ela, naïve and in love, rescued Zorema from the life she’d been trapped in, but the rescue didn’t stick. Four years after they were married, she was recognized by an agent of her former owners, and shot dead in a public square.

Valkunin built this bar to honor her memory, to provide a stable home for their daughter, and to work quietly against men like those who killed his wife. While Ela’s



Tomb has a reputation for being a neutral meeting ground and safe haven for any sort of spacefarer, honorable or criminal – it isn't. Very carefully and indirectly, Ela's Tomb is a sifting-screen for information on illegal activity. Any racket that even remotely stinks of the kind of slavery and callous abuse that Valkunin saw in his wife's "employers" Valkunin passes on to the authorities. He does so carefully, filtering the knowledge anonymously through a half-dozen others. When the local law stares at Ela's Tomb with contempt, thinking it nothing more than a haven for mercenary scumbags, they have no idea how many lives have been saved by the private "service" Ela Valkunin performs.

## Smokes, Oils, and Amber Nova

At the bar, any form of legal liquid amusement can be had. Depending on the moods of the local constabulary, Valkunin will make other forms of drugs available, too. Prices here are just above the market standard, for goods noticeably below average quality. Since Valkunin runs the only hole in this corner of the station, it's a matter of taking the overpriced rot-gut, or going without. The bar also sells *fosta* sticks (protein-rich "sandwiches" of a kind, spicy and dry), and *valna* balls – globs of dark blue gelatin that dissolve slowly in alcohol, turning a cocktail into a nutritious, if sludgy, meal.

Ela's Tomb features a gigantic *horukar* press, spilling out fresh, black oil that the local planets make into a hot bev-

## Hold it and Dance?

The deckplans provided in this book include only the areas of dramatic interest specific to each locale. This means that we don't always explicitly show the lavatory facilities, not unless they're close enough to the "good stuff" places to actually affect the layout (in both the Purple Fountain Club and Docking Bay E-3030, for instance, the restrooms are on the next deck down). If Rugoroph the Space-Slug needs to tinkle, we trust the GM to be kind and let him handle it off-screen (Space-Slugs are easily embarrassed). When we do show lavatories, we do so with standard human fixtures to make the maps easy to read. In settings with a lot of species variety, substitute void pits, giant litterboxes, inexplicable plastic sculptures, sonic purge arenas, and so on at need. The GM should assume that public restrooms are spaced generously along the concourses (some establishments, like Documat, maintains only private facilities).

## Character Notes

**Ela Valkunin:** Ela's pirating skills began to fade years ago, but he can still handle many kinds of weaponry, and pilot small freighters and fightercraft.

**Ela Zenyela:** Zenyela is pretty, energetic, strong-willed and curious . . . and as far as she's concerned, she's a grown-up, now, and she's getting sick of her dad's protective streak. She hoped that his obsession over her mother's death would dull with time, as he got on with his life, but it's only become more focused. Zenyela is doing her best to make friends and get time away, but she'd never consciously do anything to hurt her father or his business.

**Vanor Salt:** Vanor is probably the only member of the staff of Ela's Tomb who's consistently happy. A natural storyteller and almost supernatural drinker, Vanor happily settled into this job after working a fascinating mix of security/police and criminal jobs in his younger years. He sighs and shakes his head when Valkunin's emotional difficulties manifest; he knows there's nothing he can do. For the past year, Vanor's begun to notice how seriously beautiful Zenyela is becoming, but he's determined not to act on it.

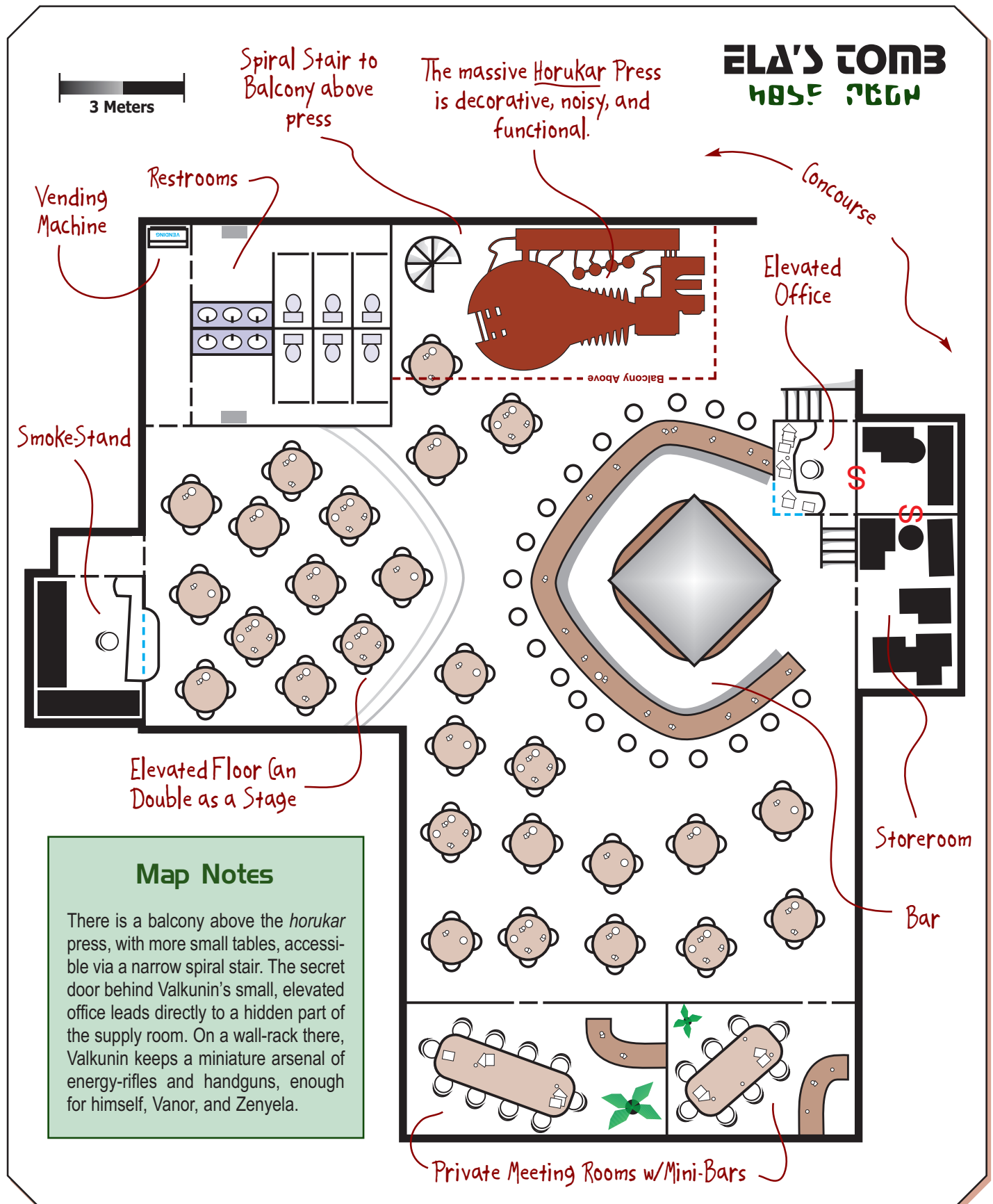
erage – the local answer to coffee, as stimulating as cappuccino and five times as bitter. Most places don't press their own oil; the presence of the machine is mostly for looks – Valkunin's wife loved *horukar*, and he thought it would make a good gimmick to bring in high-paying customers. It hasn't, but it's played a role in a few of the bar-brawls, since a lot of the machinery is dangerously exposed, and a strong shove can push an off-balance combatant directly into the carbon-iron jaws of the press.

Opposite the bar, against the far wall on the raised dais, there is a small smoke-stand where Zenyela sells the local tobacco-equivalents: heady *hrombasta*, and a hundred offworld varieties imported for the eclectic tastes of the clientele.

Ela's Tomb has two side-rooms, which customers may reserve for meetings. Valkunin doesn't charge for their use as long as the party orders drinks and maybe some food. Both of these rooms are secretly wired; Valkunin records every meeting.

Thanks to a ceiling-mounted network of entertainment holoprojectors, patrons can play games of strategy or dexterity at their tables. During busier hours, the room pulses with the light of miniature explosions and laserblasts from the game displays.





### Character Notes

All Q'Zoon are identical, with a bored, underpaid staff and long lines at meal times. Some examples of characters that might be encountered at the local franchise:

**Borb Elkins, Manager:** An angry, frustrated, balding, pot-bellied human . . . the only human on the regular staff (human cashiers and cooks are common, but few stay on for more than a week or three). Borb panics loudly and often; he sees every setback as a crisis of hair-shedding proportions. In the aftermath, he's either gloatingly triumphant (and unbearable) or poisonously vengeful and eager to place blame (ditto), depending on how things went.

**Slacker Gene, Cashier:** If you need a burger, he'll provide service with a "dude, your burger, dude," at his own pace. If you need to score some Plutonian Nyborg, he can hook you up. If you have a complaint, he'll just watch your mouth moving until you give up and leave (or until you demand to see Borb). He loves his job, mainly because he's smart enough (or lazy enough) to ignore most of it.

**Jarkie, Criminal Wannabe:** Seedy spacer bars always have little guys who are a lot like Jarkie: leather jacket, breezy (suspicious) manner, canned ethnic accent too vague to be pinned on any recognizable culture, and so on. These are the doors to the criminal underworld; the first step toward the larger realm of organized crime. If you mention the right name and slide a few creds across the table, they can help you meet important, dangerous people. Jarkie has the build, the jacket, and the accent. He does his level best to fake the rest, living a dream. In the brightly-lit, multicolored plastic booth of a Q'Zoon, though, it's a hard act to pull off. He makes a living fleecing the very, very gullible, charging money for promises he can't keep.

remarkable flexibility) and *Murzoon*, an equally-generic "multi-structural colloid" that can mimic any sort of meat and most vegetables. With the right molecular programming and a little added water, *Murzoon* can be crispy lettuce. With a bath of intense heat and a shot of *oomano*, it makes a passably furry chunk of *slachoi mu*. A happy side effect is that a Q'Zoon salad can be more nutritious, in some ways, than a conventional one.

Q'Zoon marketers don't like the term "side-effect," and avoid mentioning even the happy ones. Publicly, they deny the synthetic basis of their food, and change the subject when anyone asks. They prefer the added flavor of mystique and rumor – letting the customer believe whatever pleases them most, and sample what they dare.

## RED'S RUINS

Six years ago, structural damage rendered a huge section of the starport unsafe, shutting down operations on several cargo bays and associated inspection docks. It would have been too expensive to repair (all the money, that year, had been earmarked for important additions on the other end of the station) so the consensus was that Bays 30 through 39 should be sealed off from the port and exposed to vacuum as a write-off. Later, the segments could be repaired and returned to duty. In the meantime, they'd stop sucking away life support and heat.

It didn't work out that way. Bays 30 through 39 connected to the station in complex ways, and cost-cutting decisions made early in the history of the port led to inadequate compartmentalization. Docks 31-33 could be sealed off with a simple toggle (and were), but the remaining areas were too large and integral. Sealing them short-term for an emergency was no problem, but the engineers agreed that the network of interior pressure doors in that sector weren't suited for a long-term role as an impromptu hull. The leaks would cause damage that would be more expensive than simply keeping the docks as part of the station. Inspectors were rushed in to declare the segments safe for storage, if not for shipping activity.

Over time, bays 34-36 and 30 were repaired and modernized. But bays 37-39 remained largely untouched, filled with some old gear and misrouted shipments that needed a place to rot in peace. For all intents and purposes, the bays were abandoned – left cool and dark, but still livable.

For *most* intents and purposes, anyway. Those bays became *the ruins*, the port's "skid row," where spacers too broke for a room can find a corner to sleep, and where homeless or fugitive travelers can retreat into an alternate community where their poverty and their past do not distinguish them.

The ruins are both a haven and a hazard, divided into several small "kingdoms" where charismatic bullies, criminals, and others willing to play leader have organized hierarchies to better defend territory and to have their pick of meager, pooled resources. "Red's Ruins" is one such tiny enclave, an old inspection bay occupied by Red – a spiritually-inclined guru and canny leader – and the dozen or so squatters who've elected to follow him.

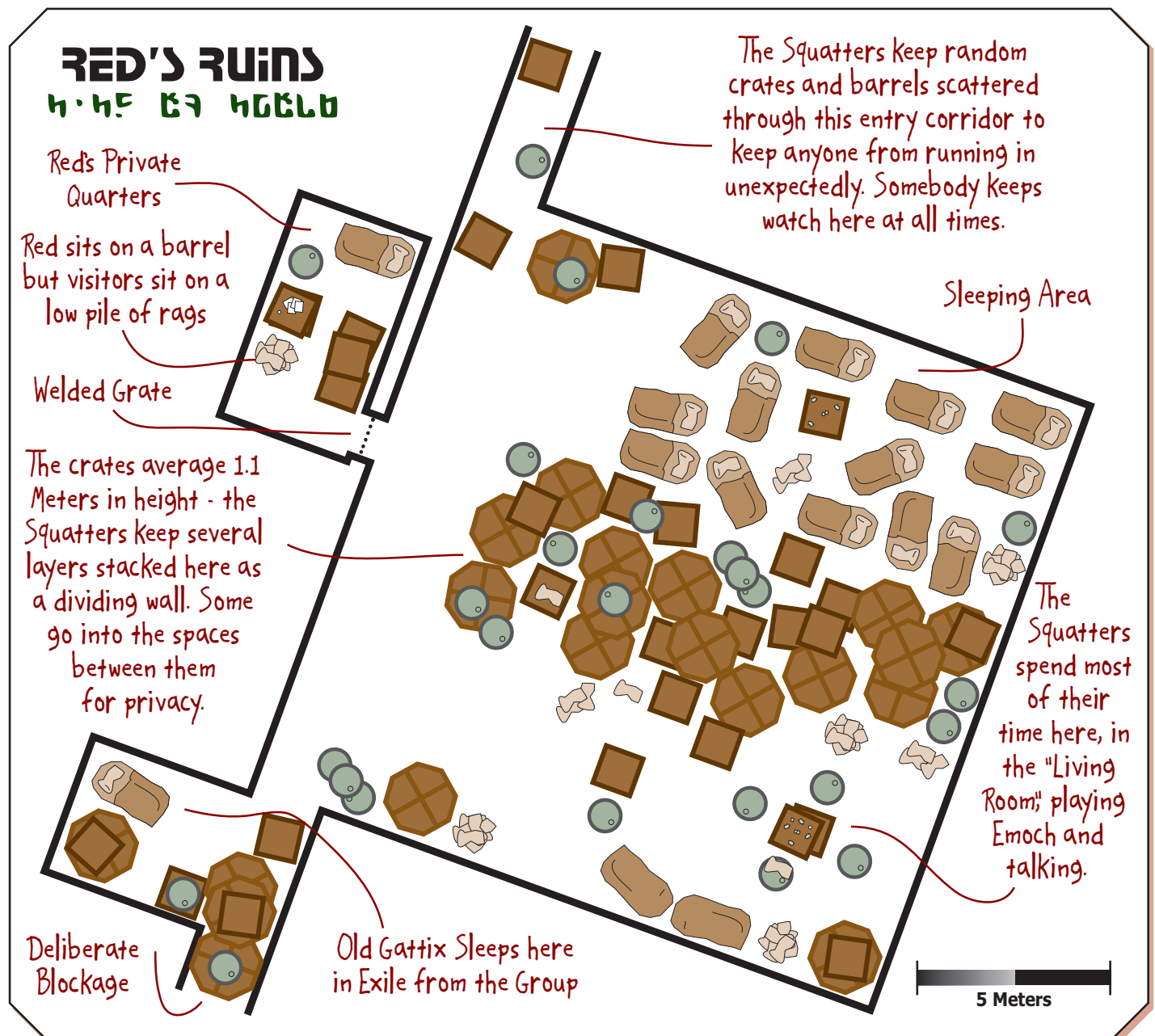
## Map Notes

Dim red emergency lighting, catwalks, grates, abandoned packing containers . . . Every corner of Red's Ruins (and the ruins in general) sings with a motif of metallic squalor. A wall of stacked crates divides the tiny bay into two major chambers: a sleeping/storage area, and a kind of community "living room" where the squatters talk, gamble, eat, and spend their idle hours (often, they're out on the concourse, panhandling or tending to other business). Red himself has a private room in the old inspection office, with a grate welded across the door, leaving

only a crawlspace beneath, so nobody can rush in. The old port-side entry booth has been gutted and filled with crates that block access from deeper corridors, and that's where Old Gattix (see sidebar, next page) lives, for now, in exile from the miniature realm.

## Plans and Visions

Red has genuine powers, though few are certain if they're psionic or genuinely spiritual in nature. Red makes no distinction between the two, and refuses any dialogue on the matter. Specifically, Red has the talent to look into



## Character Notes

**The Squatters:** Some squatters are former spacers – crew ejected from their vessel for poor conduct of some kind, or left adrift when a shipping venture collapsed financially. One of Red’s group, “Pretty Rosie,” claims she was captain of a scout ship; maybe she was. Some others are genuine criminals: Gulley, a shambling, comical panhandler well-known on the concourse for singing and dancing as he begs for chips (plastic credit tokens) has been a murderer and a rapist. Unlike Pretty Rosie, Gulley doesn’t brag.

Silence about the past is respected; everyone is welcome to a clean slate, achieving a kind of credit slip for redemption that they can invest or squander. Most are careful, because if you’re rejected from the ruins, there are few other places to go. The only cost is the loss of a place in the “real world” of the decks above. Some squatters dream of returning there; others would rather die.

**Old Gattix:** Gattix is a legless, bearded space pirate somewhere in his mid-seventies. He served, he claims, with two of the most infamous crews of his day. He refuses to be more specific, however, citing a code of honor, and a fear of the wrath of his old crewmates (the last he mentions in a harsh, theatrical whisper). Gattix is currently on the outs with Red’s band, and lives “in exile” from them, the Red’s Ruins equivalent of sitting facing the corner. Red caught him stealing from the community supply of food on behalf of his girlfriend, the 80-year old Dame Emma, a member of a rival band. His sincere repentance for the theft saved him from expulsion from Red’s group, but Red insisted on the current punishment as an example. Everybody was pleasantly impressed when Red was later forced to tack on an added prohibition on conjugal visits from Dame Emma, after the other squatters complained of strange sounds in the night! When challenged for details, Old Gattix simply chuckled and adjusted his belt meaningfully.

**Red:** His real name is Ulesh Trova, but his shocking-red hair and beard made some sort of nickname inevitable. His squatters know his real name, but they seldom share; secrets are a possession, and possessions are scarce, here, so they enjoy keeping it to themselves.

Red sees a lot of visitors. Men from all parts of the station come to ask him questions; some have even journeyed from nearby systems. These are pilgrimages, of a kind; Red and his followers keep their corner of the ruins draped in an atmosphere of spiritualism, centered on the “guru” himself, Red. People seek out Red for help making difficult decisions, and he provides answers.

people’s minds and find the truths that they hide from themselves. From there, he can free them from indecision. In short, he tells them what they already know, but can’t or won’t face.

His telepathy goes broader and deeper than that, but, true to his own guru image, Red is wise, and doesn’t sell himself as a peeper, and never describes the parameters of his abilities to anyone. He lets his visitors and followers believe he can see the future, in fact, when all he really does is give advice based on the past, and on the questioner’s real needs and motives, which are transparent to him.

Red’s powers manifested just a couple of years ago, after he’d already been homeless and drifting for some time. He took it as a gift from some God or another, and unsure which one to thank, he decided to be a prophet of *all* of them, and adopted a patchwork spirituality that celebrates all things powerful and unknowable. Suddenly, Red found it very easy to spot enemies and make friends, and he knew he’d never be hungry again.

Red doesn’t crave wealth or power – just comfort and the company of friends. He selects those in his group carefully, and turns away many applicants who would be harmful or untrustworthy. He keeps the group small and their means modest, despite receiving huge payments from many of his more powerful “clients.” Red hoards these funds on behalf of both himself *and* his group. Every member of Red’s Ruins has bank accounts worth thousands of credits; they just don’t know it. All they know is that they like and respect Red, and that while they’re still derelict, they’re never hungry, and don’t hide from despair in a bottle like so many others they know. They’re reasonably happy, all things considered.

Red himself is already worth more than 950,000 credits. He also knows that, sooner or later, powerful people will want to control him or kill him, and that his squatters may wind up innocent victims if he isn’t careful to protect them. He plans on buying a small ship as soon as he has the funds, just large enough for his “family,” who collectively (and not coincidentally) have all the skills needed to man a vessel.

Adventurers might seek out Red with questions of their own . . . his prices (negotiated in the privacy of his own chambers) will be proportionate to the questioner’s means (and, of course, being psychic, he’s very good at guessing a good price). Stories might also focus on attempts to spy on Red, or even infiltrate his band. The latter would be *very* challenging, indeed.



## SECURITY STATION BLUE SIX

The Mars Security Agency provides the station's ubiquitous population of rent-a-cops. The shady flood of merchants, soldiers, explorers and assorted criminal lowlife provides the rent-a-cops, in turn, with unshakable job security. No matter how many guards the station pays to keep on duty, it's never quite enough to keep up with the rapid changes in security needs brought on by the ebb and flow of the interstellar tradelanes. The "Martians," though, do their best to keep the peace, one way or another.

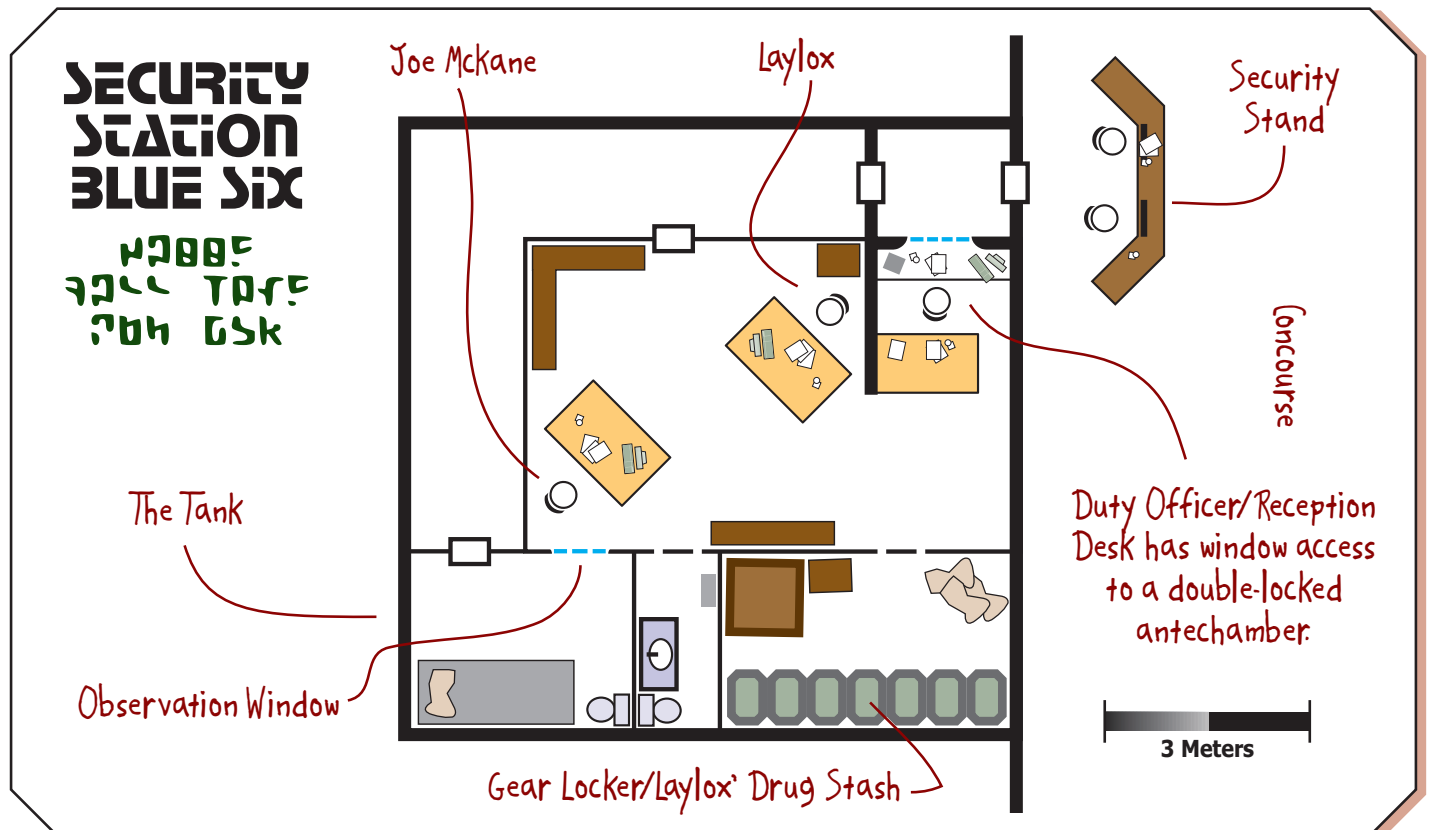
The agency maintains three categories of security station. Type I stations (several per level and/or sector of a large starport) are little more than standing-posts equipped with a counter and vid monitors. Type II or "Intermediate" stations (one per level and/or sector) are Type I stations placed immediately adjacent to agency office space, gear lockers, and one or more holding cells. Type III or "Administration" stations vary greatly depending on the size of the facility served. They can be the equivalent of small civilian prisons, complete with a complex of offices, vehicle bays, and more, appropriate to the agency's local needs. Blue Six is a typical Intermediate station.

### Map Notes

The exterior face of Blue Six is a curved counter inset with dumb network terminals linked to the agency's local network. Two officers stand duty here (three or four if the station is on any kind of emergency alert). The doors of the double-locked entryway can be opened directly from the terminals (codes change with each shift), but usually the guards maintain voice contact with the office inside, and simply request a "buzz" of the door verbally. This is where troubled citizens can run to ask for help.

The entry chamber features a blast-proof armorglass window to the desk of the duty officer, who can control each door with a simple switch (no code required). The corridor beyond connects to both the Blue Six offices and the station's single holding cell ("the tank"). The holding cell is a low-security room with a single keycard lock, designed to detain from 1-4 captives long enough so they can be escorted to the station's Type III, where they're held until they can be taken by the legitimate authorities. The holding cell can be partially evacuated and/or flooded with knockout gas to discourage rowdy prisoners from rattling the walls.

The corridor office door also requires a keycard for entry.



The office beyond it features two very messy desks with officers planted behind them; the blotters feature an assortment of donut crumbs and *horukar* stains. The gear locker is well-stocked with body armor and a selection of both lethal and non-lethal weapons.

### Character Notes

**McKane:** In his daydreams, Joseph McKane is the star of *McKane*, a holoshow exploring the action-packed and drama-charged life-and-death career of a starport security professional poised between good and evil. The daydreams feature lovely, grateful women, wide-eyed respectful youngsters, and acceptance speeches. McKane of *McKane* has a full head of hair and well-developed pectoral muscles. Coworkers notice that Joe hums when he works; they don't realize it's his theme song.

Joseph McKane is a grey-haired, balding, retired cop who keeps his romantic side alive because his coworkers frighten him as much as the punks he collars for the tank. When it comes down to veridium tacks, McKane is as reliable and competent (if not as fast or buff) as his daydream counterpart. He's been divorced three times, writes to all his kids regularly, and hides a powerful crush on Laylox.

**Laylox:** A feisty, raven-haired beauty with the compact frame that reveals her heavy-gravity upbringing, Laylox takes pride in being a skilled brawler, a tough-as-nails heart-breaker, and a canny minor narcotics supplier who pulls in as much cash selling silence as she does moving actual goods. She's a little careless lately, though, and she's keeping a small stash of concentrated Belidrox-90 (a potent hallucinogen) between the seldom-used riot vests in the gear lockers. Her customer flaked out three days ago, and she's looking for a fresh buyer rather than risk carrying the drugs back to her quarters. Laylox rarely sells to users; she supplies dealers with both goods and safety. McKane has no idea about her sideline; it would break his heart if he did.

**Benjamin and G'sark:** Junior officers who get off on wearing a badge and carrying a stunstick. They're often stationed at the outer counter. They sit, chugging *horukar* and making a contest out of bragging about anything from sexual conquests to dangerous arrests. Their work philosophy is uniform and simple: wait 'til the trouble gets dangerous, then wait some more, because cleaning up is so much easier than prevention. Besides, if the Bad Guys have already turned violent, Benjy and G'sark are allowed to wade in and "bust some heads" without asking nicely. Benjy and G'sark love busting heads.

## SPEED-E CHOP SHOP

Winston Teneb, an eccentric engineer with a warehouse full of scrap robot parts and the tiny remnants of his family fortune, was in need of a stable business to allow him to continue his lab work. Winston was a tinkerer, and wanted to keep tinkering, unburdened by the concerns of mundane life. He sat down with notebooks and his computers and engaged in thought: what sort of masterpiece would make him rich?

Winston's "masterpiece" was both an unusual success and an absolute failure. Determined to build "the robot to end all robots," he built the robot that ended him.

From the outside, the Speed-E Chop Shop is cloaked in a veneer of sanity. Holographic curtains of soft violet light give way to an elegant rotunda with a crystalline light-dome. The whole place has a freshly-washed, brushed-steel and liquid-marble look that creates an impression of high-tech wonderment and professional skill. The witty robot attendants, casual name and distant sound of clanking conveyor belts add just the right note of laid-back, unpretentious savvy.

Teneb designed the reception counter area for the benefit of Humans, but more than a third of Speed-E's customers aren't Human at all. Robots come here on their own, humming price negotiations tunelessly in a fraction of a second, slotting in their credits, and proceeding directly to the loading belt for service. Robots run the store; robots visit the store.

The store is a robot. That was Winston's plan to free up his time and maintain his resources. Mother Brain, a massive robotic mind, squats permanently in the rear chamber of Speed-E, monitoring every aspect of the operation. Even the witty attendants aren't individual robots at all, really – each is a personality subroutine commanded by the Mother Brain core. Every detail of the business is automatic, under the control of a self-aware robot mind. It can run itself, pay for itself, and – because it is a repair facility – it can even maintain and improve itself.

### Services

**People Services:** Most of Speed-E's customers are spacefarers seeking upgrades and repairs for personal gear. While Winston built the Speed-E Chop Shop with robot repair in mind, most Human-scaled equipment and machinery is identical to (or even simpler than) the

# Points In

# SPACE™

## Volume I: Starport Locations

Map Book by S. John Ross

This set contains fifteen tactical maps in approximately 1:36 scale, ideal for use with 25mm or 28mm miniatures. One map hexagon is about a yard (0.9 meters) across, leaving plenty of room for figures to stand and maneuver.

To create a map, print the appropriate tile pages (see guide below), with "Fit to Page" active. This will rescale it to any paper you like. While the real scale may be subtly altered, the per-hex scale remains constant. Use scissors or a hobby knife to trim stray white space. Crop-marks are provided along the edge of each tiling piece to show where the tiles overlap. The pages will print in the order they should be assembled. Tape the pieces together, and play. Maps can be stored long-term between cardboard sheets, or laminated and rolled. Better still, they can be marked on and discarded, since you can always print more. These maps vary considerably in scope, from small two-tile locales like Q'Zoon and Cozy Quarters, to huge fifteen- and sixteen-tile monstrosities like Anar & Moda's and the Purple Fountain Club. The larger maps can smother a kitchen table! Most can serve double- or triple-duty as different kinds of locations.

This book contains only maps! For descriptions of room contents, NPCs, backstory, and secrets about these locations, see *Points in Space 1* itself. For information about other Cumberland Games paper toys and books, see **page 103**.

### Anar & Moda: Outfitters

**Pages 2-16.** A bigass "warehouse-style" shopping experience, with lots of aisles for running and fighting!

### Bellweather's Arcade

**Pages 17-22.** Where the kids hang out to play expensive simulators and get kidnapped as gladiator slaves.

### Security Station Blue Six

**Pages 23-26.** A concourse-side station with a holding cell and offices. Double-locked outer door.

### Cor/Kraylor Customs Checkpoint

**Pages 27-30.** Check your baggage, check your soul, check your wallet.

### "Cozy Quarters" Starport Hotel

**Pages 31-32.** A brief stretch of corridor with three rooms on either side, plus vending machine.

### Docking Bay E-3030

**Pages 33-44.** A "shuttle-sized" civilian docking facility run by Rhongold Everest. A den of thieves.

### Documat: A Datastore

**Pages 45-46.** A futuristic newsstand and part-time travel booking agent. Useful map for many small businesses.

### Ela's Tomb

**Pages 47-55.** A large starport bar with a separate mini-map for the balcony over the dangerous *horukar* press.

### HarCorp Medical Franchise

**Pages 56-59.** The "family doctors" to the starport regulars, with labs and an operating theater, too.

### Laxa's Holoporn Theater

**Pages 60-65.** With lots of twisty places to run and duck. A great place for a firefight.

### The Purple Fountain Club

**Pages 66-81.** The most elaborate map in the set: a mob-backed nightclub with varied chambers and back offices.

### Q'Zoon!

**Pages 82-83.** An interstellar chain of "food court" fast food restaurants. Try the fried sputz!

### Red's Ruins

**Pages 84-92.** Semi-abandoned cargo bays turned over to a colony of homeless drifters in the guts of the station.

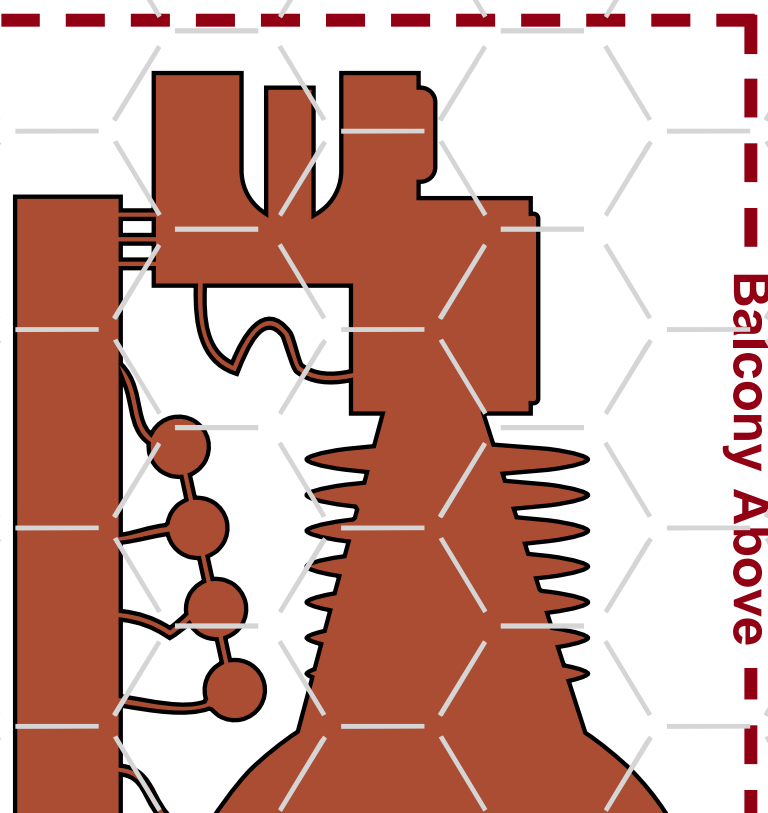
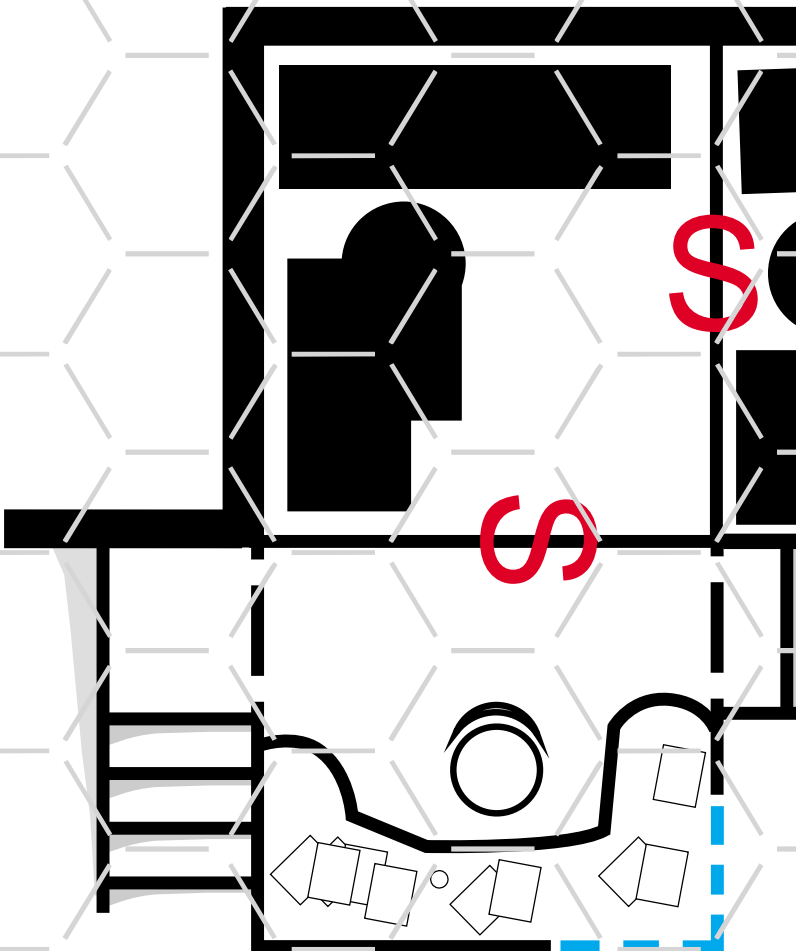
### Speed-E Chop Shop

**Pages 93-96.** Apart from the lobby, there's nowhere safe to stand in this robotic madhouse. Conveyor fight, anyone?

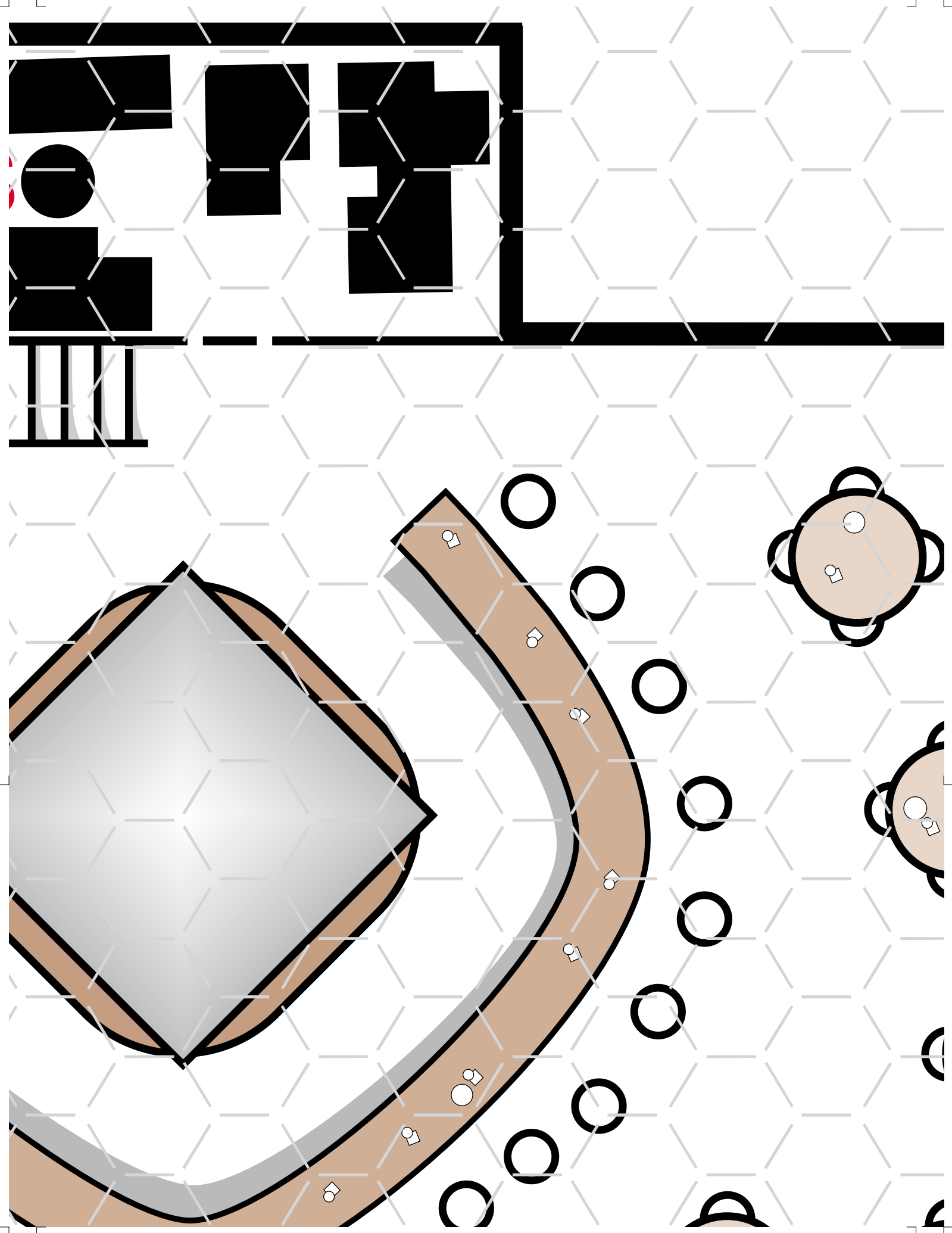
### Whomar's

**Pages 97-102.** A large gambling parlor where the patrons play Face of Emoch and brag in the *hrombasta* bar.

**CUMBERLAND**  
Games & Diversions





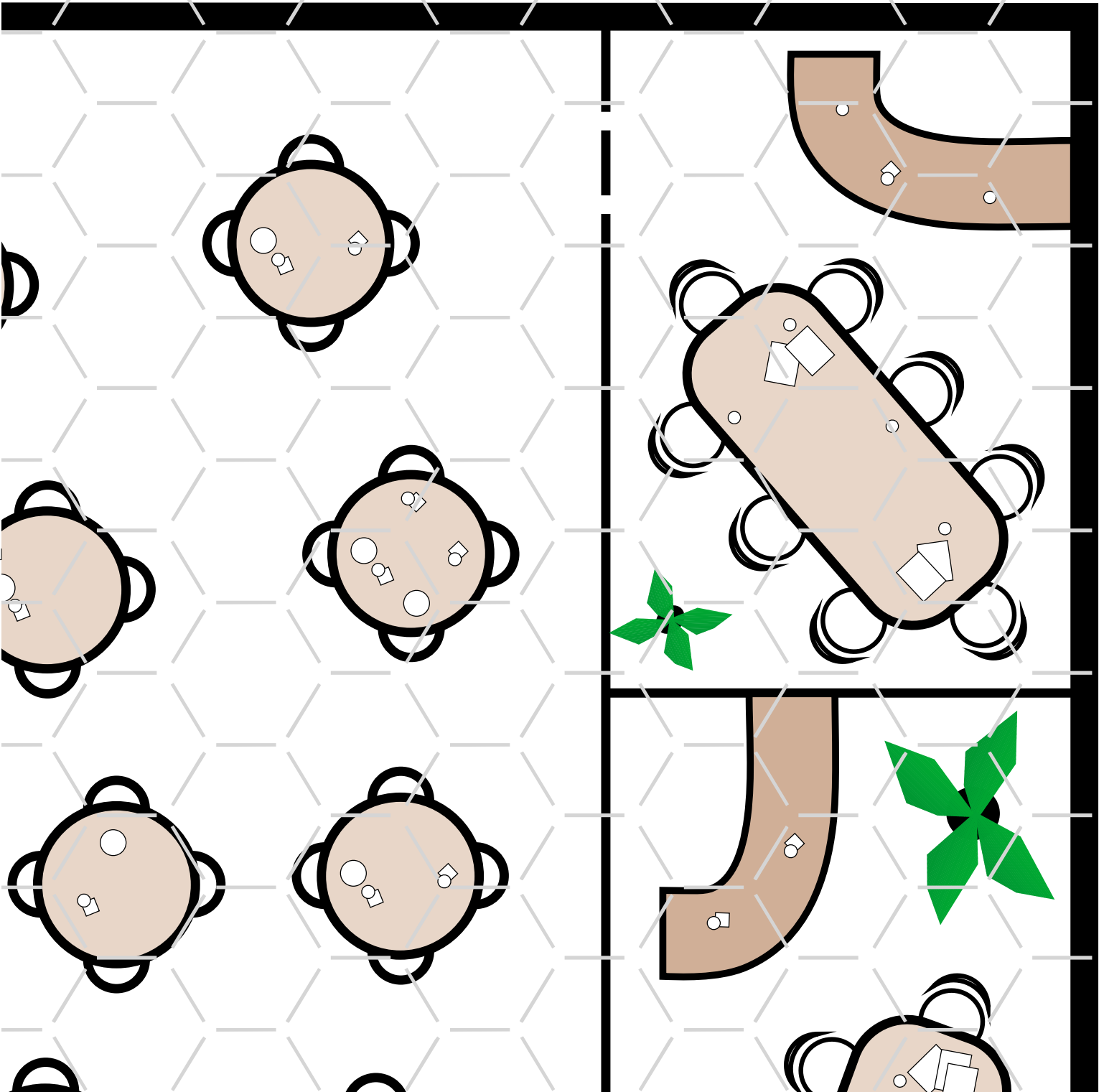


# Points in Space: "Ela's Tomb"

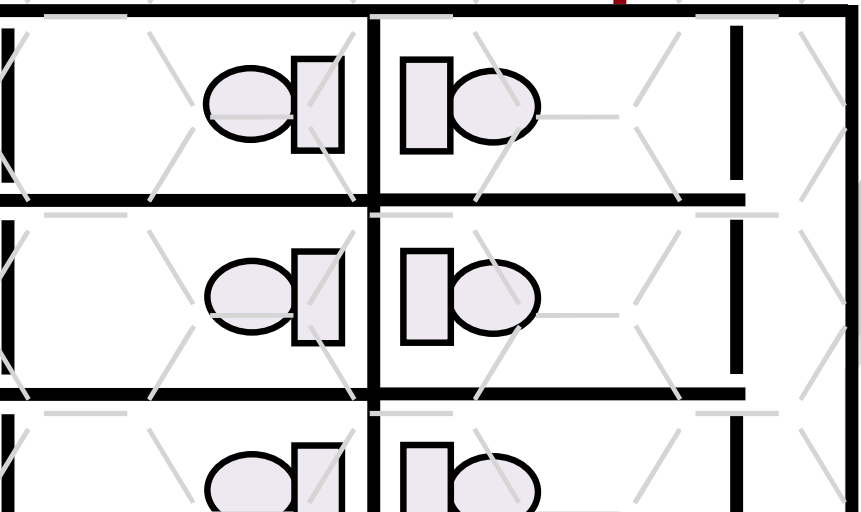
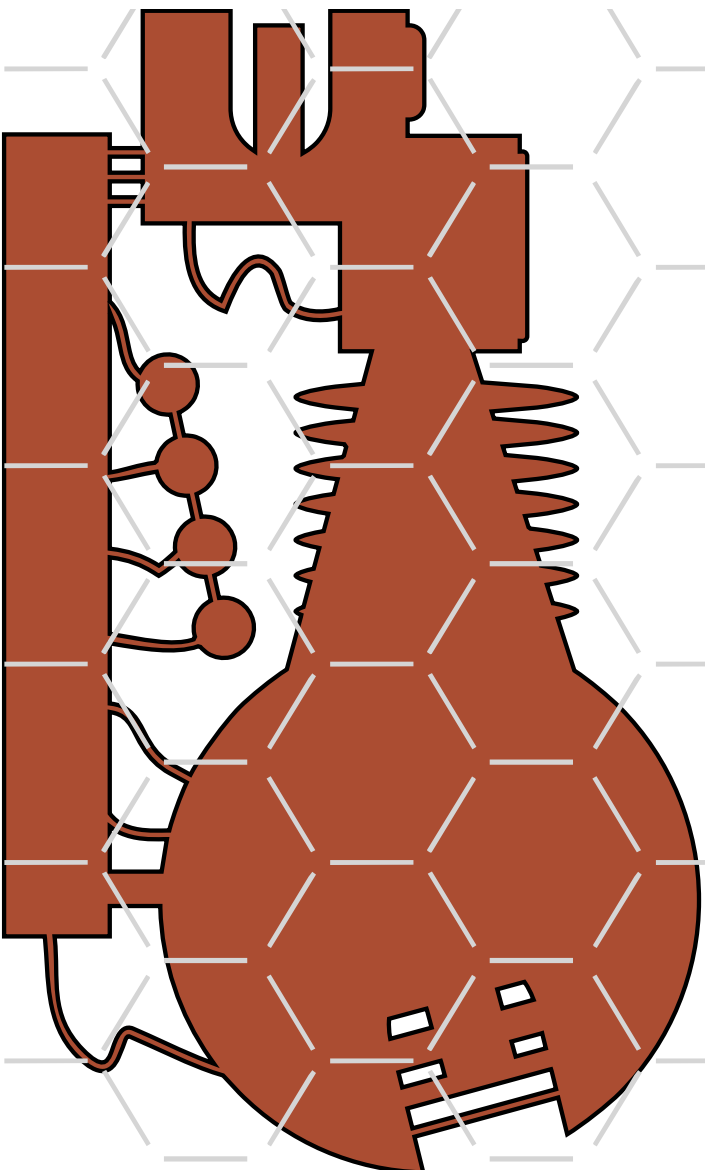
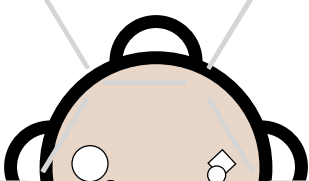
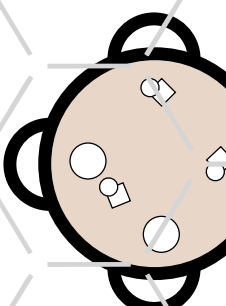
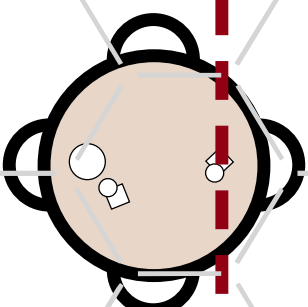
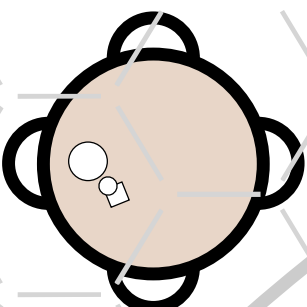
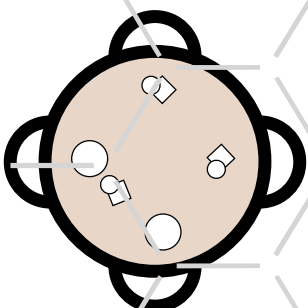
# CUMBERLAND™

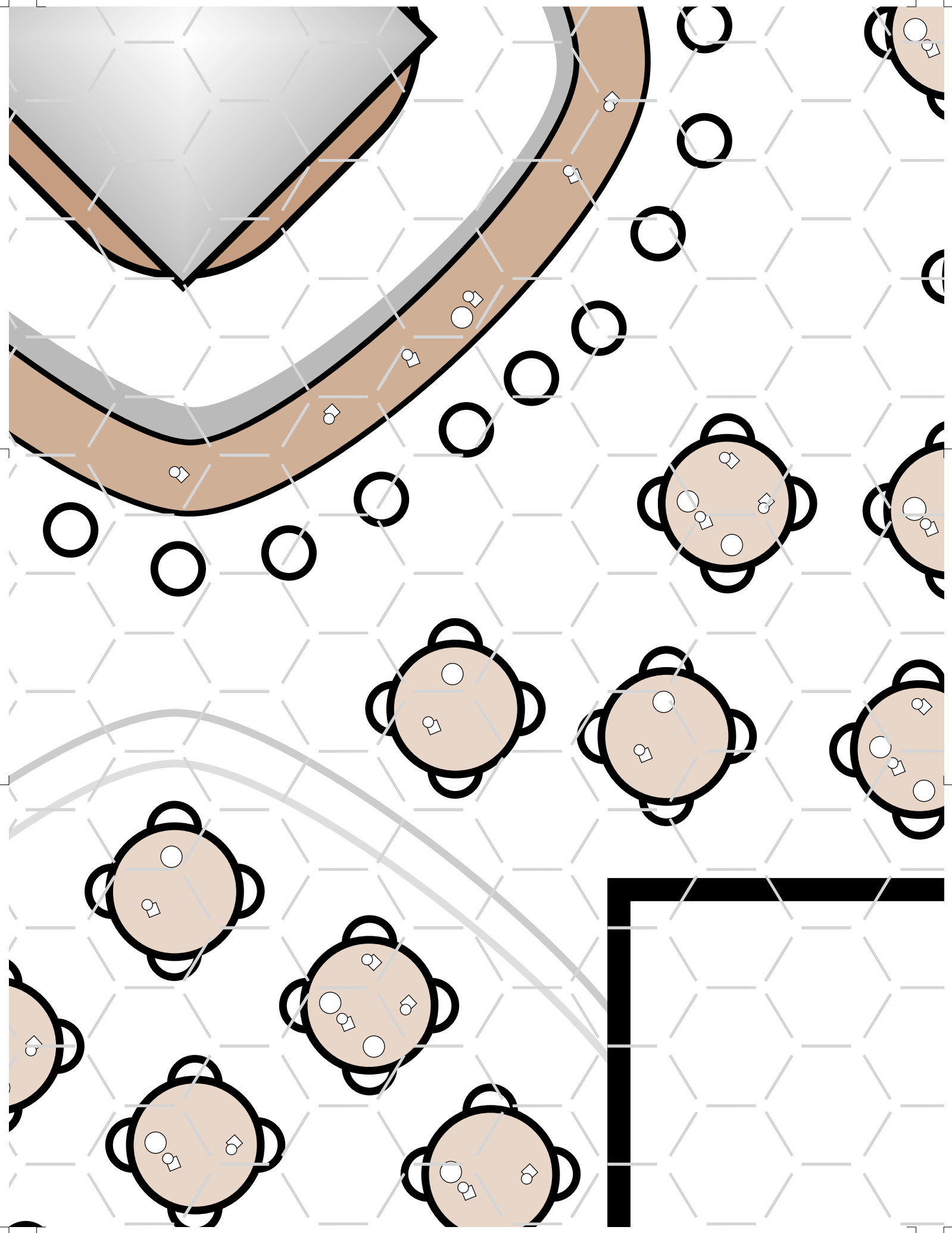
Games & Diversions

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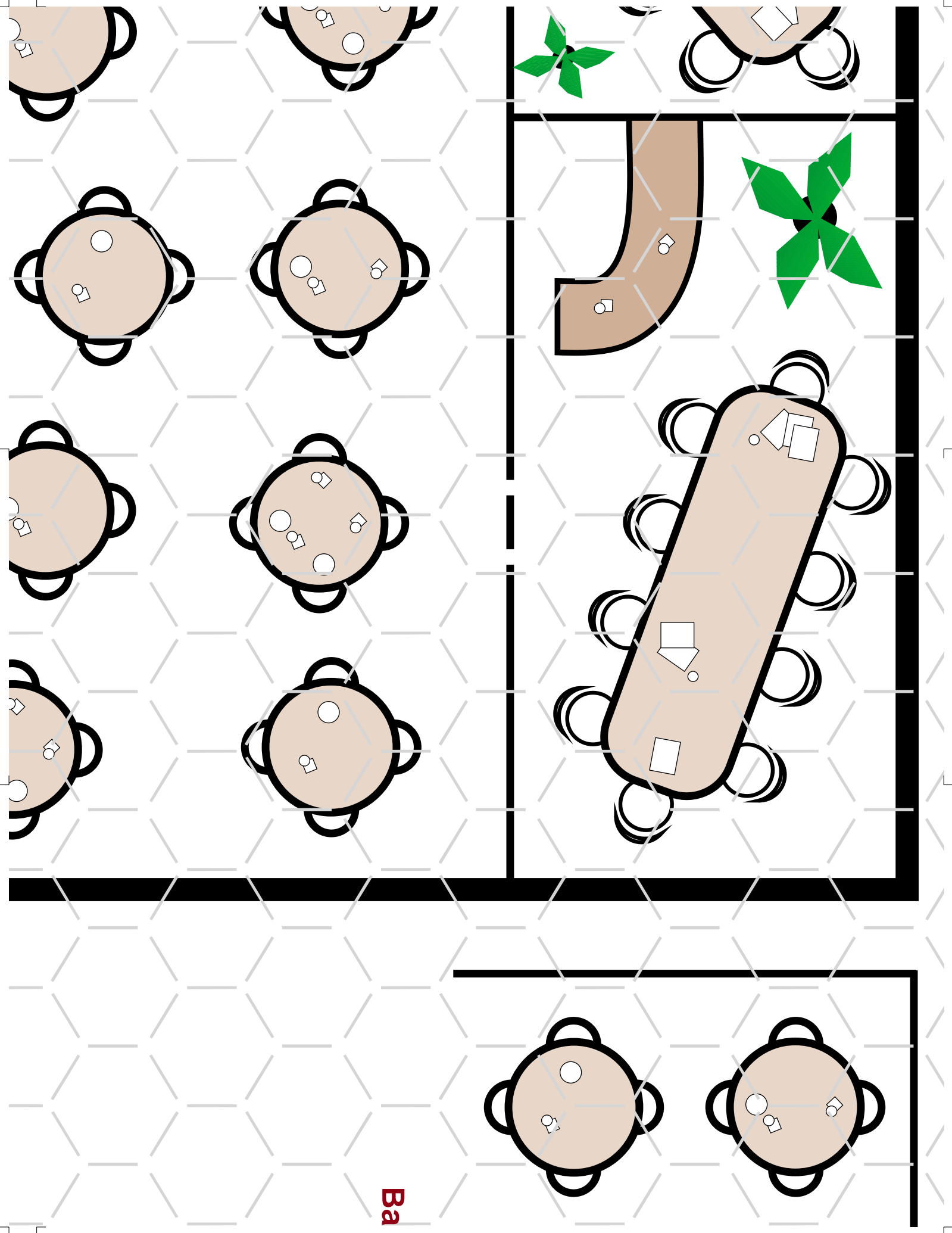


**Balcony Above**

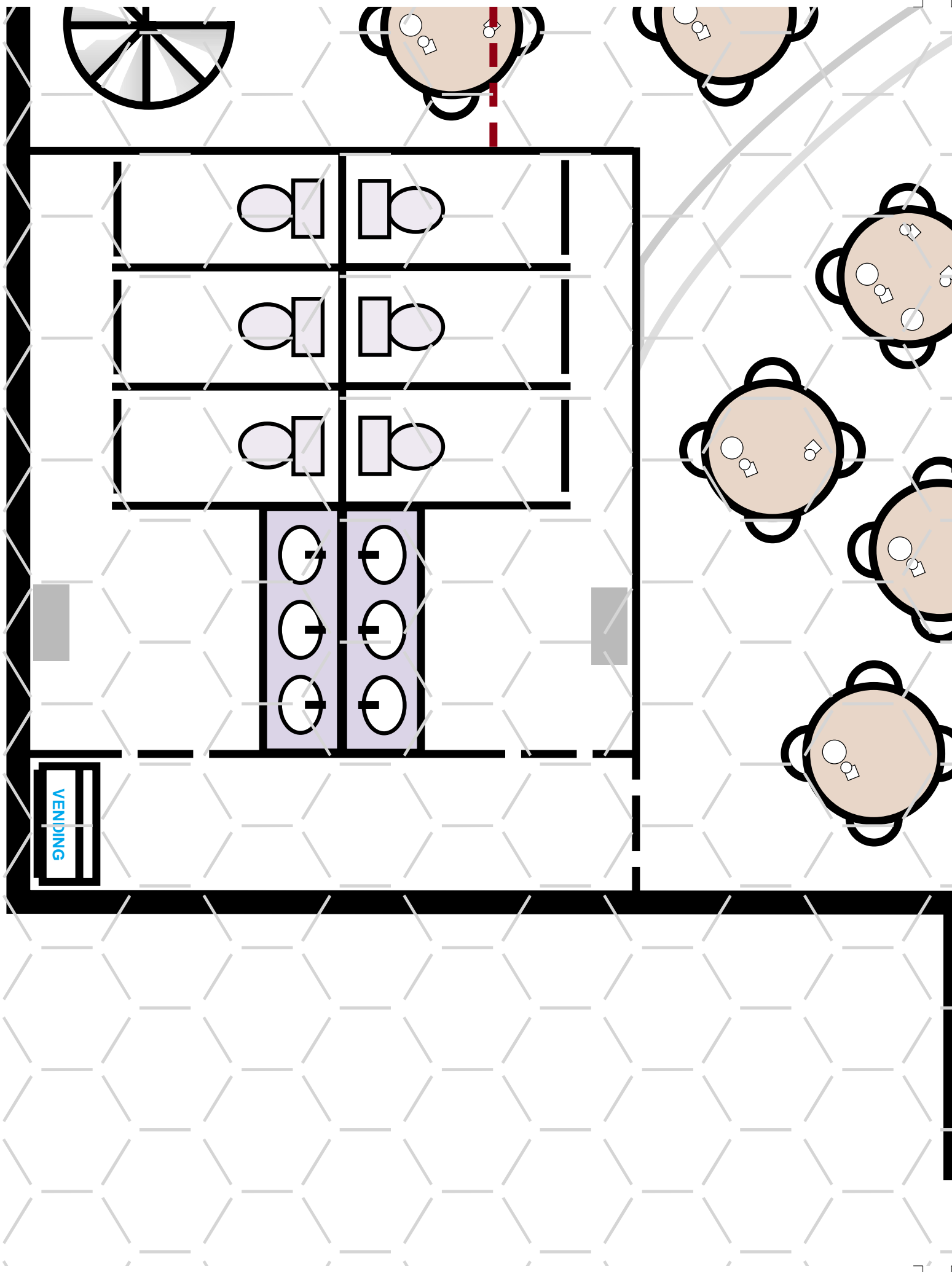


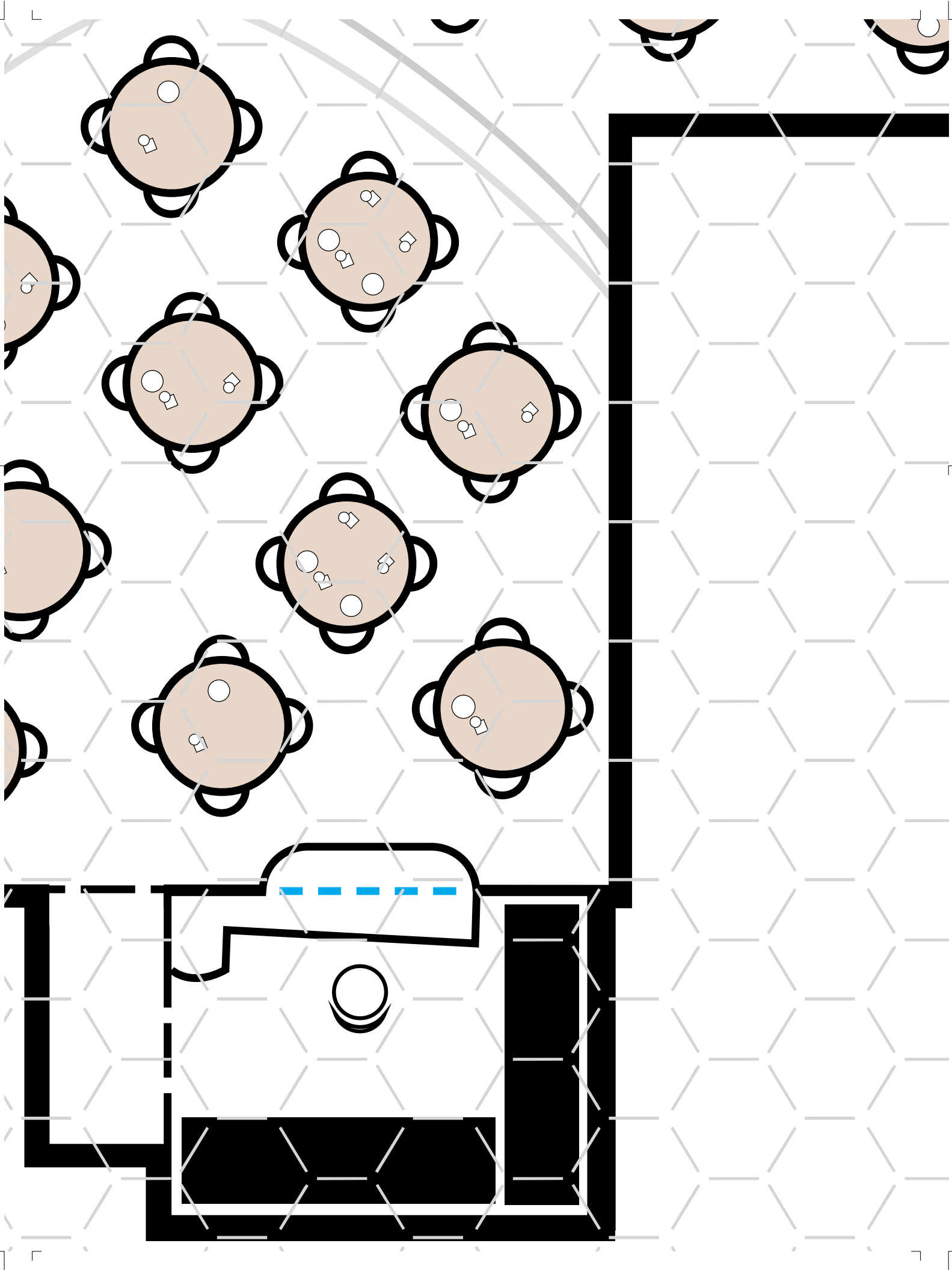


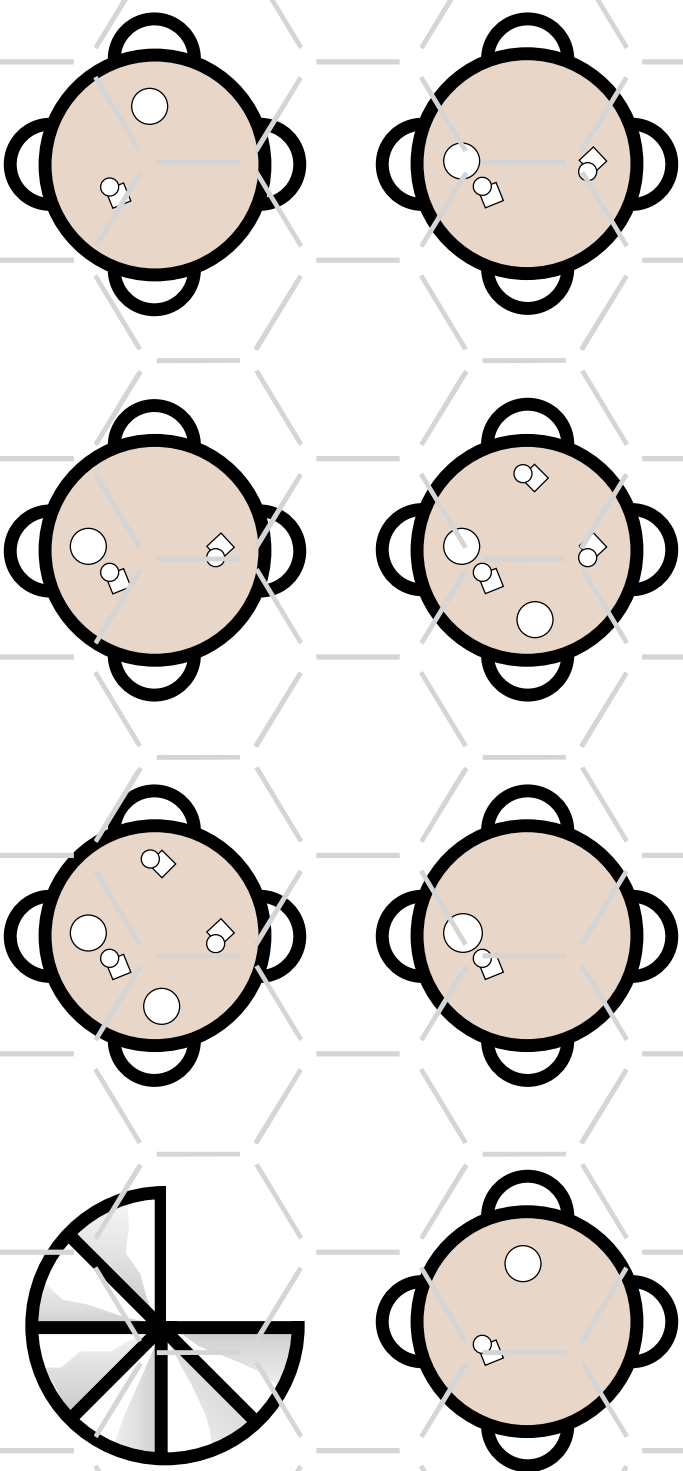




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**Balcony Area (Above Horukar Press)**