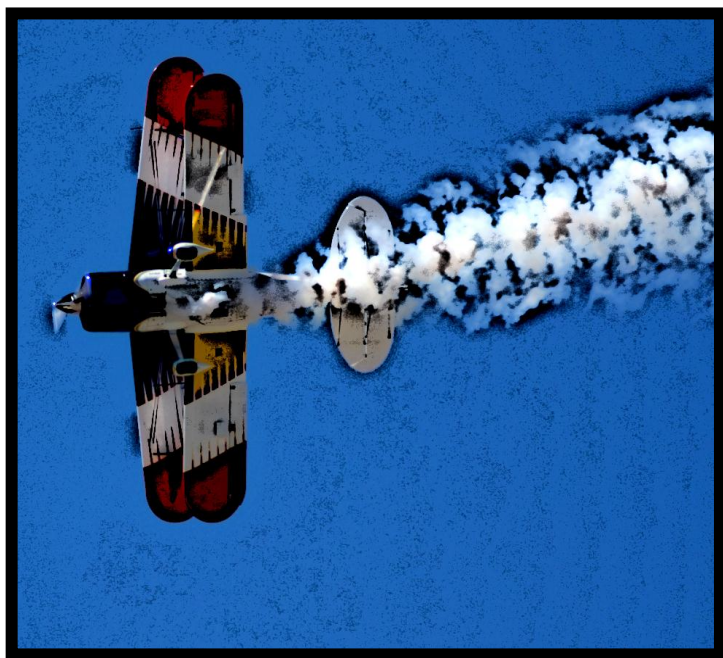


BLUE YONDER



DESIGNED BY BRETT CUTLER
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INTRODUCTION

Welcome to a world of high-flying excitement. A world where your destiny is under your control, where escape is just a full tank of petrol and a good pair of wings away. This is the world of *Blue Yonder*, and it's waiting for you.

Take the role of a Sky Jockey. Ditch your old corporate lifestyle and take your destiny into your own hands. Work with your friends to keep the dream going. Fight when you have to, run when you can, and take what you must — all to keep your freedom alive. Only your wits and courage can keep you a step ahead of the authorities.

Do you have the courage to leave everything behind? Do you dream of being free? Dive into the *Blue Yonder*, and find out!

THE WORLD OF *BLUE YONDER*

Blue Yonder takes place in an alternate history of the twentieth-century. In the mid-1920's, a group of brilliant young finance wizards began reshaping the stock market with complicated financial products. These products allowed the financial wizards to spread risk among large pools while becoming dangerously leveraged. With their new financial products the 'Derivative Seven', as they were known, grew to dominate Wall Street. The young financial wizards became enormously powerful, and when the hammer fell and the market collapsed in 1929, they were able to wield their influence to convince the U.S. Treasury Department to back all bank deposits indefinitely. This act prevented the Great Depression.

However, it only strengthened the Derivative Seven's power and grip on the economy. They soon wielded de facto control over the entire U.S.

economy – their banks buying up every company that fell in the near-collapse of '29. They were the masters of the world, able to dictate government policy. The United States was now an oligarchy, ruled by the elite few at the top of business.

Meanwhile, with no Great Depression, the world of the '30s turned out very differently. Without massive economic hardship, governments remained stable. Hitler and his Nazi Party remained a minority group in Germany. Russia quietly focused on building its own economic engine, no longer pushed to brutalizing modernity by competing empires. The world hummed along quietly.

But the Derivative Seven could not foresee events as well as they thought. Over the next 30 years, the unprecedented and unchecked economy began to poison the land. Factories dumped refuse straight into swamps. Nuclear energy was developed as an economic tool, not a weapon, and soon took over the energy market. These nuclear power plants had no supervision, and accidental meltdowns were common. The air began to smell less sweet. People began developing cancers at astounding rates.

By the 1950's, scientists eventually pieced it together: at ground level, the air was poisoned from industrial waste. Within 20 years, all major low-lying cities would be uninhabitable. So the guardians of the economy, the Derivate Seven, simply built new cities in the only pristine land left: the mountains.

It is now 1963. Massive gleaming skyscrapers now rise from the tops of mountain peaks across America. Their neighboring cities lie abandoned, too poisonous to live in. The move to new cities has placed even more

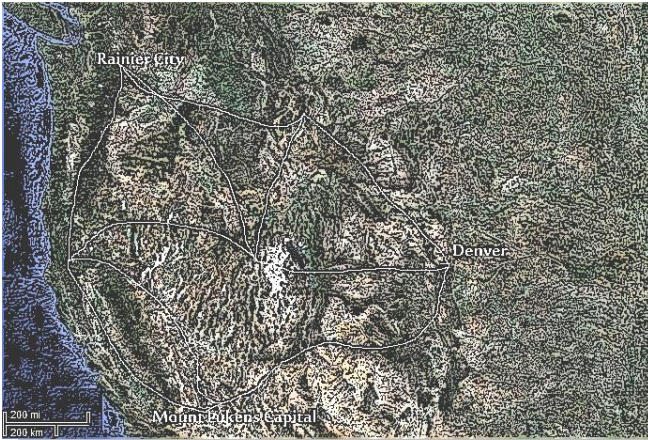
control in the hands of the now-aged Derivative Seven: citizens have had to sign their lives away to get a condo in a sky-high city. But they have no choice. Gangs roam the now-abandoned cities of the past, raiders who butcher people. It is of no concern to the titans of industry, however. The government is essentially a puppet organization, with the real disputes occurring behind the scenes between the Derivative Seven and other minor corporate entities. Corporate espionage, intrigue, and even assassinations are becoming increasingly common. And with the Derivative Seven growing old, a new generation of ruthless businessmen is fighting to take their place.

Enter the Sky Jockeys. Individuals who reject the life of a corporate slave, they are men and women who attempt to own their futures with their own planes, often smuggling goods between cities and performing the dirtier deeds for the corporations. Planes may not be cheap, but gas is; and with a little luck, a person can eke out a life on the margins of society. The only pure space on Earth is the big blue sky, and this is where the Sky Jockeys make their home, always dreaming for the job big enough to keep them flying for the rest of their days.

MAJOR LOCATIONS

Blue Yonder is designed to take place in the United States. Lowland areas are inhabited only by vicious gangs. Most commerce is shipped by air, although heavily-guarded trains still move freight between major cities. The mountain peaks, the only places where the air is relatively clean, hold all the major population centers. Agriculture must take place on carved mountain steppes, using techniques like those of the Incans. Because of the restricted amount of livable land, most people live under the corporate thumb, effectively indentured servants in a system that profits only the businesses that own everything. Sky Jockeys attempt to

live above this, hoping to keep their planes gassed up and above corporate land.



Map of some major cities on the West Coast. The white lines indicate the few remaining rail lines.

Major Cities

Ranier City

Seattle was an early boomtown during the 30's. With its prime shipping lanes and excellent access to natural resources, it experienced an industrial surge that the local environment couldn't handle. Now Puget Sound is a backwash of toxins, poisonous to any with the misfortune to fall in. When the local Washington Trust holding firm decided to start building anew on nearby Mount Ranier, gangs soon replaced the vacuum left by business in Seattle's downtown. Any who try to visit the old city is a fool, unlikely to live out the night. But in glittering Ranier City a person can enjoy a fine night life, in modern night clubs populated by jazz musicians and rising corporate stars. For most, though, life is a

harsh slog, cleaning streets and working in factories, their sweat raising the profits of Washington Trust.

Washington Trust is run by Algier Gimmel, a member of the Derivative Seven. He was among the first to see the environmental problems of the lowlands, and has become even richer by speculating on high-elevation land. Rainer City is almost completely owned by him. His corporate men ensure that the streets are clear of any who might 'lower profitability' — in short, rounding up the indigent and street punks and forcing them to work in his factories, churning out fine northwest furniture products to keep his economy moving.

Smuggling is a problem Washington Trust has not been able to contain. Hidden runways allow Sky Jockeys to land and take off underneath the notice of the corporation, bringing in goods at cutthroat prices. Sky Jockeys can usually be found in underground clubs, looking for their next job. Dirty corporate middle managers, looking to skim a few profits from their quarterlies, will often hire smugglers to move goods quietly.

Mount Lukens Capital

Los Angeles didn't go down as quickly as other cities. Residents were already used to smog-heavy air; what could a few more chemicals mean? Mutarexia changed that.

Some say it was caused by a loose chemical being experimented on at a research lab. Others say that the unique concentration of air in the valley was enough to mess people up. Whatever started it, at some point in the '50s people started changing — losing their hair, fingernails peeling off, even growing vestigial arms. It started in the underground clubs but spread rapidly to the upper crust, transmitting through Hollywood

nightclubs and long parties. Within a month of the outbreak, all those with money had fled to the mountain in the center of Los Angeles, Mount Lukens. There a massive wall was built to keep out any suspected of being diseased.

Today, Mount Lukens is a center of weapons production. The steel walls still stand, but the 'slugs' of L.A., as the diseased are known, have learned to keep to their poisoned valley. They are shot if they even approach the walls. Blacktop, a massive arms company, effectively runs the city. Blacktop is an arm of the Samuelson Foundation, a megacorporation run by James Samuelson, a member of the Derivative Seven. He has become paranoid in his old age and is rumored to move between his many residences at Mount Lukens. He fears most of all his twin sons, who are each struggling for sole control of what they assume they will inherit when their father passes. They are just ruthless enough to assassinate their father and hasten the succession.

Mount Lukens Capital is a massive security state, its citizens subject to constant search by helmeted Blacktop guards. No one gets in or out without Blacktop knowing. However, the mountain is riddled with catacombs, and linked to L.A.'s old sewer system. Through these passages, slugs and smugglers manage to keep the underground economy of Mount Lukens Capital thriving.

Denver, Colorado

Denver was fortunate in that its natural elevation kept it free of the choking air pollution much of the rest of the country experienced. As time wore on, though, most corporate interests left in favor of higher altitudes and cleaner air. Denver remained habitable but less than ideal, an undesired slum. The economy collapsed as industry left, and Denver

found itself home to the outsiders of society, those who never needed a 'real' job to make a living. It's not pretty, it's not clean, and you'll probably die 20 years earlier just from breathing the air, but at least it's relatively free.

The folks who call Denver home, the beatniks, the artists, and the outcasts, have had to fend off persistent incursions by gangs eager to take the land for themselves. From these battles a leader has emerged: 'Doc' Hammersmith, a ruthless tactician and leader of the Patriots, a group devoted to fighting corporate power and living independently. Hammersmith has managed to keep Denver free, but residents fear he's more interested in conscripting them into his own organization than in preserving the free life Denver enjoys.

MAJOR CONFLICTS

In *Blue Yonder*, corporations control nearly every facet of life. The local, state, and federal governments of the U.S. have been largely superseded by corporate power. No major wars have been fought since World War I. But mankind is never far from conflict. The major corporate players long ago took war into their own hands, fighting in subtle and open ways. When the new sky-cities were built, they tended to have one and only one corporate sponsor. This separation gave each corporation further control over its locale of power, but it also separated them and pitted them against each other. For decades now the Derivative Seven have struggled against each other, hoping to gain a leg up by sabotaging each other's work. There is a thriving economy for corporate security; each megacorp has its own private army and is ready and willing to defend its turf. Independent agents are often used by the corporations to spy, steal, and kill their rivals. A Sky Jockey learns to keep his or her ears open for a

corporate offer; the work might make them a few enemies, but corporations always pay on time.

The Sky Jockeys themselves are a movement that has grown up since the move to sky-cities. The American dream of owning land and a house was no longer possible in the new urban centers. But economics provided a solution. Without capable federal law enforcement, piracy and smuggling became much easier. And with air shipping becoming the main means of transport, both for goods and people, the price of an airplane plummeted. Prospective Sky Jockeys need only save up enough to buy themselves a plane and then snag enough jobs that they can keep their planes running. Sky Jockeys are the cowboys of the new world — outcasts from society, valuing freedom over all else. They are outlaws, living in fear of being picked up by a security officer and being locked up, but they are useful to the espionage arms of the corporations as well. Of course, many Sky Jockeys make their living simply stealing from the corporations. Some operate under a code of ethics, but others are simply bandits, taking what they want from anyone they can prey on.

Sky Jockeys often form clans for mutual support and protection. These can range from five to upwards of thirty members. They usually get no larger, though: most Jockeys are fiercely protective of their independence, and leave in a hurry if they feel they are being stepped on. Jockey clans don't always get along, and conflicts over good smuggling routes have been known to end in bloodshed.

MAJOR PLAYERS

The Derivative Seven

The men who once declared themselves "Master of the Universe" now control nearly all aspects of public life. They own the government, they

own the land, they own the jobs. They long ago stopped working as a group. Each member hates and fears the others, believing they are constantly scheming to take over their corporations the hostile takeovers or outright war. Because of this, they each naturally plan to strike first. No member of the Derivative Seven is less than seventy years old. With their end approaching, there is a real question as to whom will succeed them. Do any of the younger generations have the cunning, the willpower, the ruthlessness to do what has to be done to control the world? They'll certainly try.

Algier Gimmel

CEO, Washington Trust

As one of the Derivative Seven, Algier Gimmel has long been a power player in the Northwest. He was smart enough to foresee the market problems in '29. He was smart enough to see the environmental



problems coming to bear, and was one of the first to start construction on a relocated city. Now that his underlings are gunning for him, can he outwit them for a few more years?

As head of a megacorp, Gimmel is always guarded by a personal security force of no less than thirty armed guards. He travels in an armored limo and is rarely seen in public. Word has it that he frequents the Mile High Club, a penthouse bar in one of Rainier City's most exclusive districts. There he sometimes hears pitches directly from enterprising individuals hoping to strike it rich. It's his way of keeping in touch.

Age: 74

Profession: CEO, Derivative Seven member

Characteristics:

INT: 7 WILL: 7 PRE: 6 TECH: 3 REF: 1 DEX: 1 CON: 1
STR: 2 BODY: 2 MOVE: 2

Derived Characteristics:

STUN: 10 HITS: 10 SD: 2 REC: 3 RES: 21 LUCK: 8 SPD: 1

Complications:

Public Figure [15], Intolerance [5]

Skills:

Concentration [4], Deduction [3], Perception [3], Conspiracy [4],
Leadership [3], Persuasion [7], Trading [10], Bureaucratics [10], Business
[12], Education [6]

Talents:

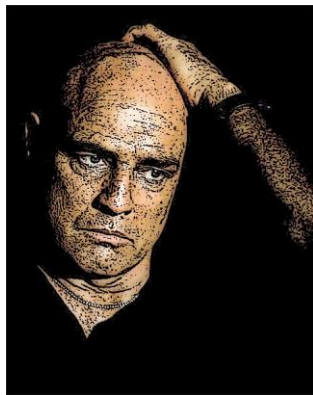
Eidetic Memory

Gear:

Though he carries nothing on him, Gimmel is at all times surrounded by his escort of personal bodyguards. He has the resources to acquire almost anything, given enough time.

'Doc' Hammersmith*Leader of the Patriots*

Aaron Hammersmith grew up believing in the American dream. White picket fence, smiling children, yapping dog, the works. That dream slowly vanished as the country he knew was chipped away at by the corporations' greed. Not one to give



up, Hammersmith worked tirelessly to keep Denver a livable place, a role that earned him the nickname 'Doc' by relieved citizens. He's become convinced that the only way Denver can maintain its freedom against bandit raids is by organizing the townspeople into a militant force. Not everyone agrees, but Doc Hammersmith is not a man to take no for an answer.

Age: 43

Characteristics:

INT: 5 WILL: 5 PRE: 7 TECH: 5 REF: 4 DEX: 4 CON: 5
STR: 4 BODY: 4 MOVE: 2

Derived Characteristics:

STUN: 20 HITS: 20 SD: 10 REC: 9 RES: 15 LUCK: 9 SPD: 2

Complications:

Public Figure [10], Dependents [15]

Skills:

Evade [5], Melee Weapons [5], Marksmanship [6], Deduction [3],
Surveillance [3], Driving [4], Pilot [5], Leadership [8], Persuasion [8],
Streetwise [4], Jack of All Trades [5], Paramedic [4], Singing [3],
Education [2], Survival [3], Tactics [5]

Talents:

Combat Sense [2]

Gear:

Automatic Rifle [Medium Rifle], Bulletproof Clothing

James 'Bad Wolf' Urbak

Head of Blacktop Personal Security

Once, he was just a kid on the street, picking pockets to feed his brothers and sisters. Once, he was nothing more than human refuse. Now he's head of Blacktop's security division. Now



people look up to *him*. So what if a few skulls are cracked along the way? If he could make it to the top, no one has any excuse to stay at the bottom.

Jack is feared by the citizens of Mount Lukens, who tell tales of his cruelty and violent temper. He's known to abuse suspects for laughs. Subordinates who cross him are said to be thrown to the slugs of L.A.

Age: 35

Characteristics:

INT: 3 WILL: 4 PRE: 3 TECH: 3 REF: 8 DEX: 8 CON: 5
STR: 5 BODY: 5 MOVE: 5

Derived Characteristics:

STUN: 25 HITS: 25 SD: 10 REC: 10 RES: 12 LUCK: 11 SPD: 4

Complications:

Public Figure [10], Bad Tempered [10], Berserker [10]

Skills:

Evade [4], Hand to Hand [5], Marksmanship [8], Surveillance [6], Pilot [2], Athletics [3], Stealth [2], Bribery [3], Conspiracy [2], Interrogation [6], Streetwise [4], Bugging [1], Security Systems [2], Criminology [4], Local Expert [5], Tactics [5]

Talents:

Combat Sense [1], High Pain Threshold

Gear:

Autoshotgun, Kevlar Body Armor

Because he is the leader of the Blacktop Security division, Bad Wolf has access to the entire force armory and can assemble soldiers as he pleases.

Sam Green

Leader of Red Tags Sky Jockey Clan

Sam has always been a survivor. She never much cared about other people, except when they got in her way. The life of a Sky Jockey was a perfect fit.

Her natural skill won her many followers. Sam doesn't really care to have others around, but she doesn't

mind them tagging along, either, as long as she gets her share. She now heads the Red Tags, a group of un-like-minded individuals who share a base out of convenience more than camaraderie. It's the perfect expression of the Sky Jockey lifestyle: free, impersonal, only the blue sky as a companion. Sam's never met a better pilot, but she probably wouldn't care if she did.

Age: 29

Characteristics:

INT: 4 WILL: 7 PRE: 4 TECH: 6 REF: 6 DEX: 6 CON: 4
STR: 3 BODY: 4 MOVE: 5

Derived Characteristics:

STUN: 20 HITS: 20 SD: 8 REC: 7 RES: 21 LUCK: 10 SPD: 3

Complications:

Public Figure [5], Impulsiveness [10]

Skills:



Evade [5], Marksmanship [6], Gunnery [5], Lip Reading [3], Driving [5], Pilot [8], Trading [4], Jack of All Trades [5], Mechanics [4], Navigation [4], Tactics [2]

Talents:

Light Sleeper

Gear:

Submachine Gun [Medium], Prop Fighter

WHY PLAY BLUE YONDER?

Blue Yonder is a game of high adventure and dangerous risks. It's a game of possibilities, of characters down on their luck but still with another shot at making it big. It's a game with an art deco style but a modern sensibility.

Ever wanted to quit your day job and just explore the world? That's exactly what you'll do in *Blue Yonder*. You'll fast-talk your way out of sticky situations, get into tense shootouts, sneak into dangerous situations, and find yourself stranded and out of gas a hundred miles from home, with raiders closing in.

Blue Yonder combines the dark fatalism of cyberpunk with the boundless optimism of a sky pirate adventure.

BUILDING YOUR CHARACTER

In *Blue Yonder*, you play as a Sky Jockey, always struggling to keep your freedom. Sky Jockeys come from all walks of life and all personalities, but they all have one thing in common: a love of freedom and the big blue sky.

A *Blue Yonder* character always starts with the equivalent of a **Light Private Plane** [Fuzion, pg. 22]. This is free with character creation, but note that the fuel isn't! All characters should buy a few points in **Pilot** to handle their planes. After all, they're Sky Jockeys now.

If a character wants a plane with guns, well, that comes with knowing the right people and having the cash. It's nearly impossible for a character at start to have the resources to acquire armaments for their plane.

Blue Yonder characters are built with **40 Character Points** and **40 Option Points** by default.

Blue Yonder uses the Fuzion characteristics INT, WILL, PRE, TECH, REF, DEX, CON, STR, BODY, MOVE, and the optional derived characteristics LUCK, ENDURANCE, and SPEED, as well as all of the base derived characteristics.

Skills

Blue Yonder characters will find nearly all the skills in the Fuzion book available to them. However, any mystical skills, such as Clerecy and Sorcery, or certain high-tech skills, such as Computers, are disallowed. The following skills are greatly encouraged for *Blue Yonder* characters:

Pilot: You already start with a plane. What self-respecting Sky Jockey wouldn't know how to fly their own craft?

Business: Corporations rule the world of *Blue Yonder*. It can be very helpful to know how they work, and be able to navigate their bureaucracies.

Marksmanship: the life of a Sky Jockey invariably means getting into situations that words just can't handle. When it does, you'll want to be able to defend yourself with a gun.

Mechanics: A Sky Jockey's plane is his best friend. Treat it well, and it'll treat you back.

Paramedic: Sky Jockeys can't always get to a hospital to patch themselves up from unexplained bullet wounds. It never hurts to know how to do some battlefield surgery.

Streetwise: in order to find the jobs that'll get you paid, you've got to know some people who know some people.

Gear

Blue Yonder takes place roughly in a Tech Level 5 setting. It's the middle of the 20th century. Planes are common (though jet planes are still experimental technology). Computers are still room-sized research tools. Most of the conveniences of the 'modern' '50s can be found in a typical *Blue Yonder* apartment.

A new Sky Jockey should look into the following equipment:

Radio (1 OP): Whether installed on a plane or a personal communicator, radios are essential for a team to work together.

Fake ID (7 OP): Combined with some successful Persuasion skill use (or similar skills), these can get you into places you really have no business being.

Light Private Plane (12 OP): Every character starts with one. But if you crash yours, you're going to need to buy (or steal!) another. Planes cost, generally, half of their normal cost in *Blue Yonder* because they are so prevalently used.

Autopistol, Light (6 OP): The standard firearm for a *Blue Yonder* character. Easy to fire, easy to come by.

Submachine Gun, Light (9 OP): A weapon similar to that carried by street cops. Not easy to get your hands one, less easy to hide while carrying.

Bulletproof Clothing (8 OP): This is what most street cops wear.

Civilians seen wearing bulletproof clothing are immediately arrested for suspicious behavior.

Roles

The following character roles are suggested for players new to *Blue Yonder*:

Ex-PMC

You spent your time working for the man. And at first, you liked it. Carrying a gun, protecting people from the bandits... But after a while, the orders stopped making sense. Arresting folks who couldn't pay their bills because they lost their job? 'Surveillance' on those who read certain books? One day, it all clicked: *you* were the bad element. You quit the next day. Now you fight from the other side of the law — as a Sky Jockey, protecting those who *really* need it.

An Ex-PMC is trained in military weaponry and tactics. You know how to shoot and how to move. Although the backroom deals and legalese of the corporations might not be your thing, you trust in the strength of your arms and the steadiness of your aim to get you out of any tough spots.

Characteristics:

INT: 3 WILL: 4 PRE: 2 TECH: 3 REF: 4 DEX: 4 CON: 5
STR: 6 BODY: 5 MOVE: 4

Derived Characteristics:

STUN: 25 HITS: 25 SD: 10 REC: 11 RES: 12 LUCK: 7 SPD: 2

Complications:

Stubborn [5]

Skills:

Evade [3], Hand to Hand [3], Melee Weapons [3], Marksmanship [5], Driving [2], Pilot [4], Athletics [1], Climbing [1], Stealth [1], Interrogation [3], Paramedic [3], Security Systems [2], Criminology [2]

Talents:

Rapid Healing

Gear:

Submachine Gun [Light], Radio, Body Padding, Light Private Plane

Grease Monkey

You always preferred machines to people. Given the choice, you'd just stick in your shop, fixing up gear. The political fights, the street protests, they just never were your thing. Then a land deal behind your back saw your shop bulldozed for a high-rise condo, and you stuck owing 50 grand for your shop's demolition! That was all it took to wake you up. You're not going to let that happen to you again, so now you roam the skies, keeping in business fixing up others' gear.

A Grease Monkey is a whiz mechanic. You can fix and even invent almost anything you might need. You might not enjoy getting in a fight, but you're not going to back down from one, either.

Characteristics:

INT: 6 WILL: 3 PRE: 2 TECH: 6 REF: 3 DEX: 6 CON: 3
STR: 3 BODY: 4 MOVE: 4

Derived Characteristics:

STUN: 20 HITS: 20 SD: 6 REC: 6 RES: 9 LUCK: 9 SPD: 1

Complications:

Personal Habits [5]

Skills:

Evade [3], Marksmanship [2], Concentration [3], Driving [3], Pilot [4],
Streetwise [2], Demolitions [2], Jack of All Trades [3], Mechanics [5],
Weaponsmith [3], Education [3], Teaching [1]

Talents:

Light Sleeper

Gear:

Autopistol, Radio, Light Private Plane, Mechanic's Tool Kit

M.B.A.

You were on the right path to success. A good upbringing, a good school, a good degree. You had high hopes for the future — middle management by 30, junior executive by 40, cushy retirement by 50. But once you got in, once you saw how business *really* worked, you knew you couldn't be a part of it. You still know how to play the game, but now you're your own boss, making money moving goods *your* way.

As an M.B.A., you're able to negotiate with the best of them, and blend into corporate society. You may not be great with a gun, but you can talk your way out of almost anything — convincing everyone else *your* interests are *their* interests.

Characteristics:

INT: 6 WILL: 5 PRE: 5 TECH: 4 REF: 3 DEX: 3 CON: 4
STR: 3 BODY: 4 MOVE: 3

Derived Characteristics:

STUN: 20 HITS: 20 SD: 8 REC: 7 RES: 15 LUCK: 9 SPD: 1

Complications:

Honest [5]

Skills:

Evade [2], Marksmanship [2], Concentration [2], Deduction [2], Pilot [2], Athletics [1], Conversation [3], Leadership [3], Persuasion [6], Trading [4], Business [3], Education [4]

Talents:

Speed Reader

Gear:

Autopistol, Tape Recorder, Radio, Light Private Plane

Streetwise

Growing up, you had nothing. No one took care of you when your parents were sent to debtor's prison. No one gave you a leg up. They assumed you'd figure it out, if you were strong enough. Well, you were. You picked up everything you needed to know from the streets — how to pick a pocket, how to go unseen, how to look as innocent as possible when security starts nosing in. Your lucky break came when some fat merchant left the keys to his plane just sitting out in the open. Now you're the proud owner of a pair of wings, and trying out the life of a Sky Jockey. It's a tough life, but you're plenty tough enough.

A Streetwise character is a survivor. You know how to sneak around, who to contact to get a deal made, and how to 'acquire' what you might need. You might not know everything, but you can learn quick enough.

Characteristics:

INT: 3 WILL: 4 PRE: 2 TECH: 4 REF: 6 DEX: 6 CON: 4
STR: 3 BODY: 3 MOVE: 5

Derived Characteristics:

STUN: 15 HITS: 15 SD: 8 REC: 7 RES: 12 LUCK: 9 SPD: 3

Complications:

Oppressed [5]

Skills:

Evade [4], Hand-to-Hand [2], Marksmanship [2], Shadowing [4], Pilot [3], Athletics [3], Stealth [4], Streetwise [4], Sleight of Hand [3], Survival [2]

Talents:

Common Sense

Gear:

Autopistol, Lock Picks, Light Private Plane

ACTION RESOLUTION

Combat: or, speaking with your fists and not your mouth.

Eventually, any Sky Jockey character is going to run into trouble. *Blue Yonder* uses the Fuzion system to resolve its combat. Refer to the Fuzion book for details on combat; what follows is a sample combat in *Blue Yonder*:

Inga has a gun and she knows how to use it. Some corporate security thug in a bar is threatening to take her into custody because she's refusing his advances. What he doesn't know is that she's currently carrying a briefcase full of stolen corporate blueprints that'll land her a nice long sentence if she's caught. So she decides to take matters into her own hands.

She pulls out her Autopistol. Though the security officer wasn't expecting this, he's trained to deal with such situations, so Inga doesn't get a Surprise Attack. They go in order of REF. Inga has more so she acts

first. She adds her Marksmanship (5) to her REF (5) and rolls a d10, getting 4. This gives her $5 + 5 + 4$, an Attack Value of 14. The security officer combines his Evade (3) to his DEX (2) and rolls a 6 on his d10, for a Defense Value of 11 ($3 + 2 + 6$). Inga hits.

Inga's Autopistol has a DC of 3 – so she rolls 3 dice for damage. She ends up with 16. The security officer isn't wearing his bulletproof vest (bad mistake), so he takes the full 16 HITS. He's only got 15. He's dead.

Using Skills

Inga's killed the security officer threatening her, but now she has to keep out of the way of reinforcements. She bribes the bartender not to talk, adding her BRIBERY skill (4) to her PRE (2) and a d10 roll of 6, for 12. The bartender makes an opposed roll (he's going to have to be convinced to lie to the police) of his BRIBERY (1), WILL (1), and a d10 roll of 7, for 9. Inga greases his palms and makes her way out the back door. The bartender will describe how a large Russian man picked a fight with a security officer.

Death

HITS damage is subtracted from a character's HITS pool. When this reaches 0, a character is dead.

Recovery

Characters under medical care can recover HITS equal to their REC score every 24 hours. A good medic can even achieve this with the limited tools available to a Sky Jockey in the skies.

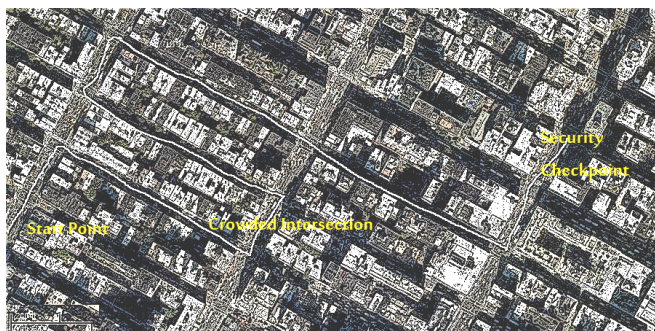
Experience and Leveling

Experience is awarded after every roleplaying session. The Gamemaster should award between 1 and 2 Option Points after a routine session. For completing major quests, players should get a bonus of around 5 OP. Also, Gamemasters are encouraged to award a few bonus points each session to players who roleplayed well.

INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE: A SAMPLE ADVENTURE

Rainier City, like most of the new corporate cities, is littered with security cameras. Washington Trust's Overwatch subsidiary group is in charge of collecting and reviewing the tapes for suspicious material.

Unfortunately, the players have just been caught engaging in such activities: buying fuel from an unlicensed vendor (fuel is supposed to go through corporate-sanctioned depots). The players have just realized that their vendor stupidly led them right into the field of vision of a camera – and they only realized this when they heard the Overwatch tape collector crack open a camera film roll...on the other side of a crowded street.



The white path indicates the route of the van.

If that tape gets to Overwatch, the players will be wanted for criminal activity. They have to stop that van before something that can happen.

The van holds two security guards, one driver and one passenger (use the stats from the starting Ex-PMC character Role). The van will move along the path indicated in the map at a speed of roughly 7 miles per hour – enough to catch up on foot, if the PCs hurry.

Force is certainly an option, but it may attract more attention than it's worth. Any gunshots will bring an additional 1d4+2 guards to the scene within 2 minutes.

The players can cause traffic jams that will slow the van's progress by being creative.

There are several social options open to players: Bribery is difficult but possible (DV 20), Seduction works well on lazy guards (DV 15). Any social option must succeed against both guards in the van.

If the players manage to stop the van through mechanical sabotage, the guards will get out to inspect the van. This is an opportunity for a player to steal the van. The back door of the van is locked (DV 18), but if picked the guards will fail to notice a player attempting to steal a tape if the player can pass a Stealth roll (DV 15). This stealth difficulty rises to 20 if the guards have become aware of the players' presence.

After 10 minutes, the van will pass through a security checkpoint. The checkpoint is guarded by 5 security guards. Once past the checkpoint the van will enter a tunnel and the tape will be nearly impossible to retrieve.

Image Credits:

Google Maps

Bernie Sanders

Marlon Brando, *Apocalypse Now*

Al Pacino, *Devil's Advocate*

Pam Grier, *Jackie Brown*