

THE ORIONS

BOOK OF COMMON KNOWLEDGE

A supplement for use with
STAR TREK
THE ROLE PLAYING GAME



David R. Detrick 87

FASA
CORPORATION

THE ORIONS:

BOOK OF COMMON KNOWLEDGE

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THE ORIONS: BOOK OF COMMON KNOWLEDGE

Design & Writing:

Peter R. Rogan

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Dana Knutson

Cover Art

David R. Deitrick

Illustration

Jane Bigos

Dana Knutson

Todd Marsh

Jim Nelson

Typesetting and Layout

Butch Leeper

Pasteup

Dawn Wehrs

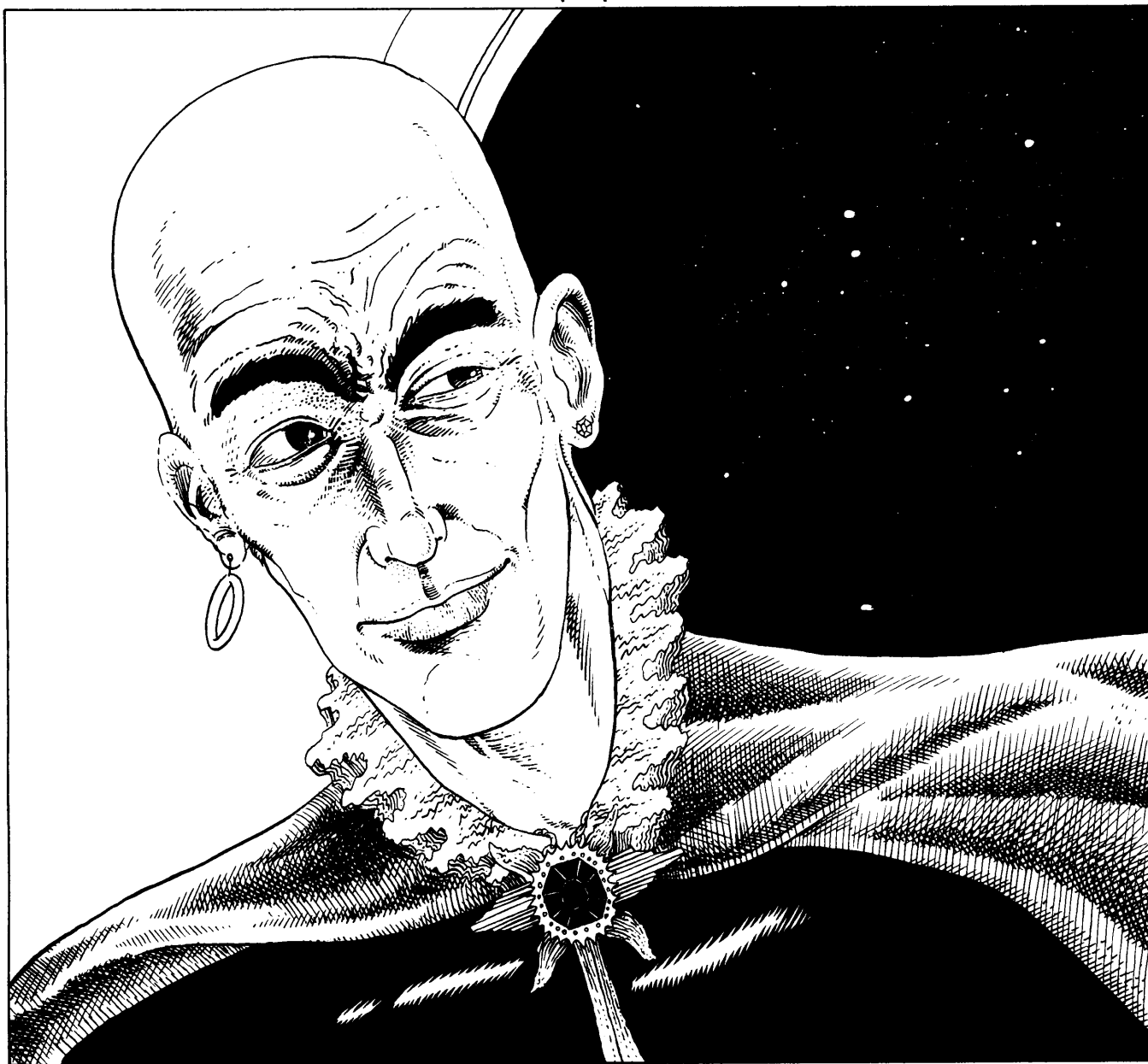
INTRODUCTION

STAR TREK is chock-full of memorable races: the Vulcans, the Klingons, the Romulans. All are easily recognized and well-known to fans. But the Orions? Who knows anything about *them*?

Everybody knows about the Orion pirates and the Green Orion slave women, of course. Everyone knows, too, about the Orion Colonies orbiting Rigel, which is balanced precariously between the Federation and the Klingon Empire, and that their homeworld is a major starport. Although the Orions and their culture were known, they generally remained offstage, with only occasional glimpses that were both inviting and threatening. Captain Pike's hypnotic fantasy of Orion entertainment was a lavish and heady experience, and the Orions' elaborate plan to sabotage the *Enterprise's* mission in order to protect

their mining interests speak of a certain savage thoroughness. However, beyond such tantalizing fragments, there was nothing.

This supplement fills the Orion gap by providing all the information players and gamemasters might need to play Orion characters and to understand Orions and their culture. It ties the scattered **STAR TREK** references to things Orion into a coherent whole, using a little honest extrapolation. Should discrepancies crop up between this book's information and other sources, remember that the Orions are fond of contradictions, puzzles, and paradoxes, and that they tend to lie a lot. In addition, they particularly enjoy confusing strangers. So, who can really say that he knows the truth about the Orions?



THE ORION PEOPLE

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

As a humanoid species, Orions greatly resemble *Homo sapiens*. Males average 1.7 meters high and mass around 70 kilograms, while females average 1.5 meters and 60 kilograms. They live about 90 standard years.

The Orions' distinctive difference is their colors. Constituting about three-fifths of the Orion population, Ruddy Orions have skin tones ranging from ruddy orange to yellow to Terran Caucasian. Their skin is sensitive to strong sunlight (such as that from Rigel), which can deepen their color or cause an unsightly purple burn.

The eye colors of Ruddy Orions run from deep sea-blue to violet to an occasional black. Their hair tends to be fine and thin, particularly among the males, and ranges in color from pure white to a deep metallic blue-black. Curiously, all the colors in between are shades of gray; from silver to ash to hullmetal to charcoal. Ruddy Orions of all classes and occupations generally prefer short hair or even a shaved scalp. Many women (and not a few men) wear wigs; the more well-placed the Ruddy Orion, the more ornate and jewel-encrusted. Popular shades include deep black or pure white. Orion wig fashions are constantly changing, and new colors often turn up—some of them quite startling.

Ruddy Orions tend to be slender. Some are quite delicate, and the fat Ruddy is indeed a rarity. By Human standards, their proportions and features are pleasing, even beautiful. Judging by physical standards, it is easy to see how the Ruddies claim their racial (and social and economic) superiority.

Compared to the Ruddies, Green Orions seem coarse and base. Their skin tones range from grass-green to deep pine, and deepen very nicely in strong sunlight. Their eye colors are not as varied as the Ruddies, with black being the most common, and lighter shades of green making up the rest. Some Greens (called "erratics") have very different eye colors: blue, brown, gold, yellow, even pink and silver.

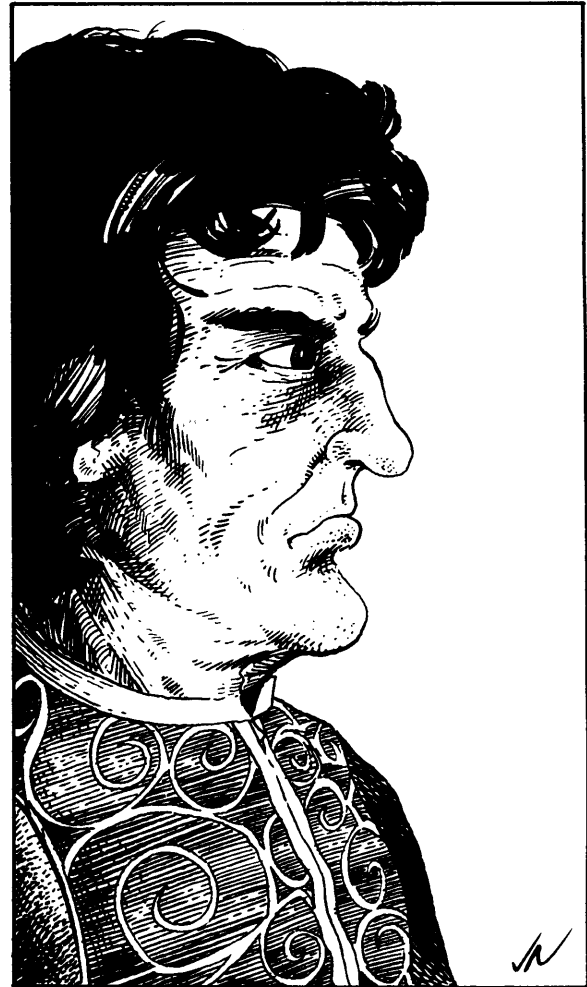
Physically, Green Orions tend to have powerful and fleshy builds. Although most are as tall as Ruddy Orions, they are generally more muscular (a result of manual labor) and more apt to be obese than slender. In addition, they differ from Ruddies in two very important ways.

First, Greens tend to be hairy. Though baldness among some older males is not uncommon, Green Orions generally have thick black hair with metallic green highlights. Body hair is common; indeed among both male and female Greens, body hair is a mark of distinction. Greens Orions hold the overall smoothness of the Ruddies in contempt. For their part, Ruddies consider body hair disgusting and no subject for polite company.

Second, Greens tend to smell. Although Ruddy Orions and the uninformed believe this is the result of insufficient hygiene, the scent is a natural function of Green Orions. Their skin is noticeably oilier and shinier than that of the Ruddies. Not unpleasant (at least to humanoid races), the scent is unnoticeable after about five minutes.

Pleasant or otherwise, the scent is definitely not innocuous. It is heavily laden with pheromones, or chemical agents, that affect the subconscious of most humanoid races. The effect is comforting, even soothing. Ten minutes among any sizable group of Greens drains tension, tranquilizing the recipient. Greens find it hard to stay angry when in a group, but any strong emotion, like rage, fear, or even desire, alters the scent. Although the chemical message does not compel others to share a particular mood, it does make them susceptible to it—one of the things that makes Green Orion slave women irresistible. Unless a humanoid is aware of the scent and its effects, he may find his emotions subtly altered. For this reason, it is hazardous to be among a group of angry, frightened, or panicky Greens; their mood is literally contagious.

Not all Orions are Greens or Ruddies. Any sizable population of Orions also has individuals of many other hues, including grey and black. No more than 1 to 3 percent of all Orions are other colors, not enough to constitute a proper third color. These other shades may be immigrants or halfbreeds. That they are rarely seen may have more to do with racial stigma and shame than shyness.



THE ORION MIND

As the Vulcans are known for logic, the Klingons for aggression, and the Romulans for stoicism, the Orions have made a name for themselves in treachery. Although they do not work at it, treachery is a side effect of their peculiar and self-centered way of looking at things.

The Orion mind is complicated because Orions think in complicated ways. There are five basic facets to their way of thinking: opportunism, egocentricity, materialism, hedonism, and barbarity. Added together, these traits make Orions maddeningly difficult to get along with, let alone understand.

Orion opportunism is legendary. If there is a profit to be made, an Orion will find it no matter how unorthodox or strange the means. Figuring chances, finding advantages, and measuring and comparing risks come naturally to them. In any given situation, an Orion will find out how either to clean up or else to get out with his skin intact.

Because of their faculty for gauging odds and their drive to win, Orions make formidable negotiators and able diplomats. From interstellar conferences to family confrontations, their politics are always multifarious and riddled with several flavors of intrigue. They are black belts of the bluff, the concealed motive, the loaded offer, and the ringer. An Orion enjoys matching wits in bargaining, and will play a complicated deal like a chess match. In fact, Orions often prolong dickering for its own sake.

If left unchecked, opportunism would make the Orions very dangerous. Fortunately, other traits balance their bargaining skill. For example, Orion egocentricity leads to overconfidence, which can be used against them. Most Orions are confident that they can get what they want, and are not shy about letting other people know. Proud of their brains, muscles, wealth, and powerful friends, they may show off just enough to trip themselves up.

Orion egocentricity is not limited to individuals. An Orion is loyal to his family, company, and any other group to which he belongs. Every Orion crewman knows his ship is the best in space, and every Orion archexecutive believes his corporation is destined for glory. Greens pride themselves on being the backbone of Orion might and the muscles of Orion civilization, while Ruddies are proud to be the nobility, brains, and rulers. Furthermore, because they are members of such a proud and puissant race, every Orion feels just a bit superior to the other peoples of space. Although this makes Orions hard to deal with, it also makes them vulnerable.

Orions and their materialism are an old cliché. If the Orions could rent the sunset, they would have three per day and schedule them before five so that they would not have to pay overtime. No other race cares so passionately about material things or puts monetary value on so many things that other races take for granted. Orion mothers really *do* sell cookies to their own children.

The reason for this is that Orions are excellent at estimating value. Material value is a universal language among Orions—the one thing upon which everyone can agree. To have a price for everything is not crass; it is a necessity, the very foundation of polite discourse and business. Orions themselves joke about the value of a particular sunset, the cost of clouds, and the dearth of dust. To an Orion, it is a comfort to rely on some standards. They are a measure of sincerity.



Of course, Orions know there is more to life than credits. A mother may sell cookies to her family, but she dispenses them with a kiss. True friends are never bought—loyalty is bound to blood, and blood alone. Although money can never replace love and devotion, Orions consider money more reliable.

Orion taste for luxury is so unfettered that it embarrasses less self-conscious races. Living as well as their means will let them, Orions spend all they make on rich clothing and jewelry, ornate furnishings and hangings, and lavish mansions and vehicles. They enjoy displays of wealth and comfort as much as they enjoy being rich and comfortable (though, of course, not everybody is). The Orions see no virtue in being, or acting, poor. Life is to be *enjoyed*, right down to the bottom of the pocket.

Orions enjoy large-scale entertainment: from street circuses to concerts, holomovies to festivals. It gives them a chance to dress up and to see and be seen in all their finery. Upper-class Orions are proud of their large and sumptuous banquets, which feature musicians, dancers, entertainment, and food from many worlds. Even the most pragmatic and hard-driven business meeting is not properly concluded until the final feast, with all participants trying to out-spectacle each other—an Orion corporation without a major Entertainment Division is unheard of. In such business gatherings, of course, the goal is more often to impress than to relax.

Even the Klingons, not known for genteel conduct, remark on the Orion's barbarism. Of all Orion characteristics, this one differentiates them the most from any other spacefaring peoples. Occasionally, a Ruddy Orion will comment that Orions are merely decadent, not barbaric at all. How could a race that plied the stars when Humans could not cross their own oceans be barbaric?

The crux may lie in the way the Orions perceive themselves. Far from disagreeing with any unflattering descriptions of themselves, they enjoy their reputation. Being secretive and treacherous has made them a lot of money and helped them conquer a lot of planets, which was all they ever wanted.

Let the Klingons vie for mastery, the Romulans seek their Great Brothers, the Federation seek the peaceful settlement of the galaxy. The Orions have no such racial purpose; they live for self-indulgence, and devil take the hindmost. The average Orion thinks it is silly to argue about racial destiny when he has a business to run. Although they may seem stagnant and purposeless, at least they thoroughly enjoy themselves.

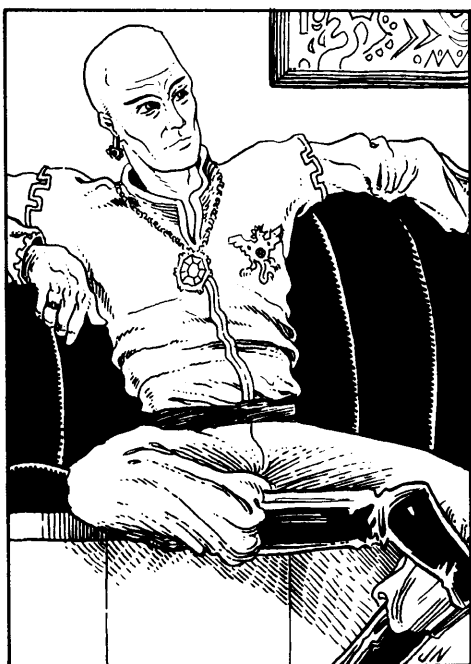
SOCIAL ORGANIZATION

The Orions have the most stratified spacefaring society in the galaxy. Besides discriminating between people on the basis of color, sex, income, family, and profession, they care greatly about class, titles, rank, and whether one's past is honorable. Between nobility and the slaves are myriad distinctions. It is better to be male instead of female, Ruddy instead of Green, rich instead of poor, a member of a large and prosperous family instead of a small, poor, or disreputable one, and it always helps to have connections.

The Ruddy race is dominant; they are the nobility, the executives, the captains of ships, the owners of plantations and factories. The Greens are the workers, the field hands, the soldiers, and slaves. Although the lines between the two are firm, they are not absolute. Many ships, particularly if considered elite, have all-Ruddy crews, and a Green with intelligence and persistence can rise to be a foreman or might even give orders to Ruddies. Ruddy Orions regard Green social climbing with disdain, but they reserve their contempt for Ruddies who become so wretched that they forfeit their social standing. Though it is not necessarily degrading to work for a Green, it is rather sordid to spend all one's time with them.

Orion society is unselfconsciously male-dominated. Men command every level of Orion life, and the line between the sexes is drawn very surely. The only place where women have any say is in their home life, and even there, it is a matter of compromise and negotiation. Though there are very few exceptions, Orion females who rise to positions of authority tend to be very good at what they do. All Orions are adept at wielding power behind the scenes, and there is no reason to believe that their women are any less effective than the men.

Respecting wealth and power, Orions particularly admire those whose vocations let them wield both: archexecutives, the eldest son of distinguished families, bankers, shipowners, and merchants. They also greatly respect the rare individual who breaks out of poverty and obscurity to gain authority and riches. Everyone dreams of doing the same thing, if he can only make that lucky break.



Space grips the Orion imagination like nothing else. For centuries, the key to wealth and power was voyaging into the unknown beyond the rim of Orion Space to find new worlds with which to trade—or to loot. Even though Orion Space has contracted and in spite of (or because of) Star Fleet persecution, Orion pirates have a mystique that everyone craves. An industrialist employing a half-million people is still flattered to be acquainted with the captain of a single small ship. There are plenty of opportunities for young men in space—even if they wind up sweeping a dock, loading crates, or dead. Orions look up to a spacer whatever his stripe.

To a great extent, Orions depend on personal leadership. They revere anyone who stands for an ideal and makes other people work toward it with him. Such leaders are rare among the Orions, who can usually find a way to undermine the strongest opponent. The man who cannot be swayed, bought, or shamed wins over even his enemies with his demonstrated virtue. Such an Orion can be trusted, and Orions work wonders for such as him. Unfortunately, such leadership is fleeting; a slip, a mistake of judgment, or a lapse of virtue crumbles the power to dust. Relying on charismatic people, the Orions have no faith in organizations or impersonal authority. When the leader goes, the Orions revert to plotting and selfish behavior until another finds the strength to lead them again.

Attempts to perpetuate power structures have been unsuccessful. Only three types of Orion organizations have any longevity, and they can only be described in gradually more imprecise terms.

THE FAMILY

The family is the basis and model for all of Orion life and certainly the oldest and most indestructible form of organization. Orion families find work for the sons, husbands and dowry for the daughters, and help for the sick. It is the last place an Orion expects to be betrayed.

The family *tahedri*, or patriarch, has a good deal to say about how the members conduct themselves. Possessing absolute authority, he decides who marries, when, to whom, and how much the dowry should be. He runs the family business, if any. Technically, the senior female—the *tabadi*—has only minimal influence, but in reality, she can wield great power. No Orion who can still speak is powerless.

A *tahedri* takes pride in the number of people he can keep happy, healthy, prosperous, and together. Those who are good at this attract alliances with other families who seek to improve their fortunes. A few carefully arranged marriages can construct networks of families with thousands of members, all interdependent and self-supporting. The strength and influence of such extended families are great; many Orion worlds are governed by a handful of ruling families whose word and name means law.

Age mostly determines hierarchy in Orion families. If a *tahedri* feels his health will not let him continue, he may appoint a new *tahedri*—typically the next-oldest, most closely related male—and retire. In some divided families, however, sons rebel against father or grandfather, and violence may be required to settle matters. Things rarely get this bad in the better families, where less-senior males may plot to get around the *tahedri*'s dictates but respect his age and position. The Orion family's soundness rests on this natural order.

CORPORATIONS

Business firms of all types and sizes are a very durable form of organization among Orions. Corporations exist to make money, which all Orions enjoy, and their structure mimics and improves upon the Orion family. One man, the chief executive officer, is at the top, and a handful of proven, capable leaders in a limited hierarchy are below him. Whether they are a handful of men and one ship or a multi-planet operation with millions of employees and shareholders, Orion corporations never have more than five levels of command.

Orion corporations work because of the *rhadamanen* class: the archexecutives. More than people at desks or names on a chart, they are exceedingly gifted leaders who can inspire confidence among perhaps thousands of Orions who work for them. Such people are rare; Orion corporations actively look for them, usually among their own ranks. Archexecutives are a kind of Orion cultural heroes, the men who get things done. Even a starship captain is a specialized *rhadamanen*; they wield power earned through work and respect. Like *tahedrin*, they usually succeed each other by age and seniority. Intracorporate wars are not as common as struggles between competing firms (nor as bloody), but they involve more people and use up a lot more resources—ships, planets, installations, and the like. *Radamanen* who can keep their firms in line and keep intracorporate struggle low-key and inexpensive command great authority and respect.

Orion corporations are known for their accelerated methods. Because only one man makes the important decisions, he can instantly mobilize his company to seize any opportunity. Orion shipping firms are quite profitable concerns—paradoxically, the smaller they are, the more efficient they become. However, they are more than money-making machines. For many Orions, the company is like a second family. Orion corporations take good care of their employees, offering comfortable pay and liberal vacations and valuing their employees' input. Preventing disaffection has made Orion businesses like feudal fiefs, and a large portion of their power comes from the loyalty of their employees. They often have more support, more overt signs of patriotism (flags, songs, bands, and paid festivals) than most planets. Frequently, they act as if they were sovereign, answering to no one but their archexecutives and stockholders.

GOVERNMENT

Governments are the weakest, least stable power structure of the Orions. Families take care of most social needs; corporations do the rest. Only the most unwanted and unglamorous of tasks fall to governments, including maintaining roads and sewers and keeping records. Although once they were more powerful, today even the Orion homeworld's government has to rent ships to patrol its own system.

Most Orion worlds and the vestigial nations of their home planet have elections for public posts. However, the heart of Orion government is the bureaucracy. Hidden behind the scenes, it issues permits, stamps licenses, conducts inspections, accepts bribes, and generally does whatever work is necessary to keep them in business. As even the best-run Orion planet requires professional administrators, there is bureaucracy on every Orion world.

Diplomacy used to be a sideline of Orion governments. Envoys and ambassadors were exchanged just to keep in touch and to provide more work for needy civil servants and impoverished nobility. Then came the Federation, who sought a voice in civil authority to answer their own. Out of the shadows came Orion diplomats, promising a solution if only they conducted the proper meetings. At first, the Federation did not realize that the officials and ambassadors had only their reputations and word to back them up. It was inconceivable that the bulk of Orion power rested with a few well-connected dynasties and corporations. By the time the UFP learned the true nature of Orion power and its distribution, it was too late—the pattern was already established. However, by believing in Orion diplomacy, the aliens from the Federation actually made it a ponderable force.

Diplomacy waxed especially powerful at Botchok, the Orion homeworld, where high-ranking Federation representatives would bring matters before the ruling council of all Orions. Centrally located in Orion Space, Botchok already had a nostalgic claim on most Orions. The arrival of Federation diplomats brought diplomats of every stripe, lobbyists, and spies.

Diplomats' power remains purely persuasive. Nevertheless, they can often persuade some powerful miscreant to accept a settlement—in credits, gold, dilithium, or other currency—from the complainant to stop the harmful activity. Although undignified and mercenary, such tactics have proven effective enough to guarantee a useful role for Orion governments for years to come.

REVENGE SOCIETY

Of all the factions, cliques, clubs, and other minor organizations, perhaps the most interesting is the *ganzu*, or revenge society. Even in Orion society, incidents sometimes occur for which there is no effective reprisal: a business deal falls through, a girlfriend is stolen, a perpetrator is known but there is no proof, or the law prohibits a wrongdoer's just reward. A wronged individual who lacks the means to make his displeasure felt contacts the local *ganzu* and pays for a suitable act of retribution. It could be as simple as a sabotaged grav car or as involved as the looting of a warehouse. Although the cost tends to be high, the results are usually worth the price. Some particularly obnoxious individuals pay off the local *ganzu* to prevent them from visiting; a *ganzu* with good notoriety can make a decent living from these alone.

Technically, the *ganzu* are illegal, but there is no way to stamp them out. Wherever Orions live, *ganzu* appear spontaneously. For the most part, their members are not professional criminals, but rather ordinary citizens who are inclined toward their own style of justice. Plus, it can be dangerous fun, and it makes a little money on the side—always a good thing. It is not possible to state the intentions of all *ganzu* at all times—among the Orions, even organized crime is disorganized.



SCENES FROM ORION LIFE

—Excerpted from *Spacing to Byzantium: Travels in the Orion Colonies*, by E.D. Fitzgerald (Imprimerie de Sorbonne Neue, Cleanth, New Paris, Stardate 1/8201)

I had fully expected to see the slave hovels crouching below the magnificence of mansions on the hills. Instead, I saw tidy little communities of modest dimensions, each with a park or garden close at hand. Here and there were larger and more formal parks, often (but not always) with a large and elaborate single dwelling comfortably nestled in it. The people, who were always careful to use Galacta around me, would inform me with pride that this was the home of the Glachies, five generations in space, or the Yungots, who built ten cities. I was quite surprised by their open friendliness, not just to me, but to their hidden masters. Not once did I encounter any trace of resentment, or any sign of acute poverty....

Tahedri Unlot, who insisted I call him Hugh, summoned his grav-car after lunch and took me on a short tour of his estate. From the air, his family's ancestral seat lost some of its perfect proportions, and the *Tahedri* cheerfully had his driver circle while he pointed out the various additions to the villa made since the original structure was built more than 200 standard years ago. Fire had destroyed the even-more-beautiful home built nearly 300 years before then. The *Tahedri* spoke wistfully of that lost mansion as if he had seen it himself, and remarked almost casually how the 'modern' architecture still disturbed him when aloft....

The waiter from the bistro helped me up and told me that several people had already given chase to the man who struck me. He was very solicitous, asking me back inside for some cool wine, but I resisted, shaken, and asked him to call the police. Looking surprised, he said it was likely that a guardsman would even now be joining the pursuit....

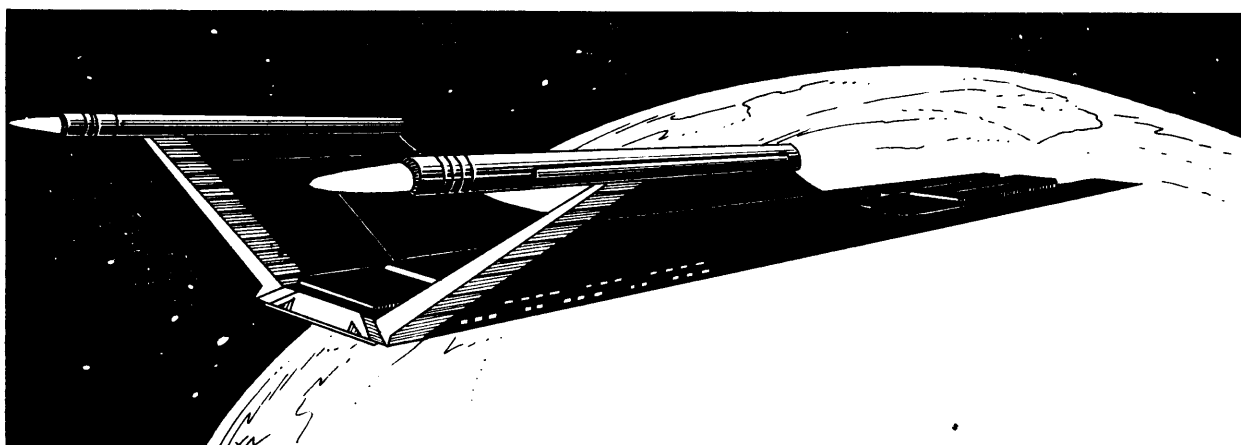
When the officer returned me my transactor and passport, I was grateful indeed, but that passed when he demanded 25 credits for the recovery of necessary documents! I was too surprised to bargain in the Orion custom—which is just as well, for he interpreted my pause as hesitation and informed me that the District Commissioner would fine me 100 credits for negotiating with an officer. And I was charged five credits for the wine as well....

I was the first to see the gray-furred stevedore fall, and cried out. The dockside guards immediately drew their weapons and ordered everyone to freeze while the ship's clerk and the customs man, masks in place, bent over him. I was startled to see the knife in the clerk's hands—horrified when he plunged it into the neck of the unconscious alien. There was a rip, and the alien's head came off to reveal a Human head under it, ghastly pale. After a hurried conference, a guard dragged the disguised man out of the loading dock. I asked the customs man what had happened, who the intruder was, and what he was doing here. He showed me the clogged nose-filters. 'Probably an inside man looking to snab a crate, or maybe less. We'll have the rest of the gang out of him by tomorrow, if he lives.' Not until we had quitted the side of the starship did my companion inform me that I had just witnessed the unloading of 75 tons of neoheroin—perfectly legal, under the regulations of the port, and no, I would not learn where it was going. I did not ask again....

That evening, I thought a great deal about those clogged nose-filters the disguised Human had worn. My host laughed off my fears. 'I *make* those things! My guarantee—you won't go blind.' It wasn't much reassurance, not with 30 dancers before me and another four hours of smoke, music, and food to enjoy without becoming neuro-intoxicated....

After a time, even the senior dancers' routines palled, and I found myself watching my host and his guests with growing interest. Did they spend so much time around such indulgences that they became immune to them? The younger men did look more glassy-eyed. At that instant, their casual remarks and idle hand-signals acquired a new importance. This was a subtle competition between the Gamashes and Flugol Corporation, not just of entertainment but of its consumption. Some kind of elaborate unspoken etiquette, continually modified, dictated how much could be drunk, how much should be smoked, where one should look and for how long, who was to applaud first, how loudly, how long....

By the end of the evening I was quite humbled. Again, I had expected Orions to be simply harnessed to their passions and customs, and had discovered—not for the first time and not for the last—that there was far more to Orions than I had realized or could anticipate.



LANGUAGES

There is only one Orion language, but it has two forms: High Orion, used by the upper classes for business and formal occasions, and Low Orion, spoken by the Greens but used informally at every level of society. Every Orion speaker has at least a passing knowledge of both forms.

The language of diplomacy and high-level negotiations, High Orion is flowery and difficult with precise rules of grammar and careful shades of meaning. Low Orion is the dockside vernacular, simpler, cruder, and more flexible. Although both use the same words, pronunciations are different. High can be musical and delicate, but Low has broader vowels and a honking sound. Those who learn the Orion tongue begin with the High form, acquiring the Low in passing. Both tend to be trickier than they first appear.

Orion is loaded with double meanings, ambiguities, and intentionally vague words, and the interpretations depend on the context. For example, there are no single words for "yes" or "no"; any affirmation or denial is always qualified: "Yes, if" or "No, but". Though a marvellous debating language, it is nearly impossible to deliver a direct answer in Orion.

Orion is a terrific cursing language. Although Low Orion has more vile epithets and simple bad words, High Orion has a sophisticated cursing case used to deliver delicate and elaborate insults in ambiguous terms, sometimes in verse. Such exchanges are works of art, expressions of an extremely limited linguistic style, and rarely heard by non-Orions.

Orions prefer not to use their own language around offworlders. Because Orion is a language ideally suited for those who wish to conceal their meaning and intention, the language is hazardous for talks with aliens not used to such subtleties. Orions speak the language of whatever race they are dealing with to put them at ease, to lull their suspicions, and to get inside their thinking. The Orions appear courteous, but their intentions are to gain as much information as they can without disclosing any of their own.

Uninformed beings sometimes mistake the Orion language for a different language called Rigellian. A furred and tailed race who happen to live in the same star system, the Rigellians control a great deal of the insystem trade. A simplified form of their language, called Rigellian Trade Lingo, is the *lingua franca* of all the merchants who deal in the Rigel system. As simple as Orion is complex, Rigellian Trade Lingo has a large number of adjectives and adverbs tailor-made for describing cargoes, and its words each have an unmistakable, single meaning—perfect for brief dickering (time is money). It is easy to pick up, easy to use, and hard to misunderstand.

Each language has a particular province. High Orion for the ambassador's reception, Low Orion in the spaceport bar, and Trade Lingo on the docks. Of course, if non-Orions are present, their language is always spoken instead. The Orions are rarely at a lack for anyone else's words.

ORION NAMES

Orion names generally come in three parts: a first or given name, a family name, and an honorific or nickname. First names tend to be short, but members of older and prouder families are sometimes given longer names. Orions prefer names that are memorable and easy to pronounce so that they stand out from the crowd. Unless very well-known or respected, Orion family names are rarely mentioned in public. Family names identify an individual's relations, allegiances, and enemies—too much information for an Orion to reveal. Less-reputable families are reluctant to let anyone know who they are.

Orion family names tend to have open vowels and a high frequency of "k", "s", and "v" sounds. For instance, Staviroloschok (pronounced "Stov'-ih-roll-ose'-choke") or Koltek (pronounced "Coal-tek"). If the name hisses, snaps, and sounds a trifle nasal, it is likely Orion.

By the time he reaches adulthood, a male Orion has probably acquired at least one nickname that marks some prominent characteristic or accomplishment of his. Most of these are flattering: Tenacious, Strong, Fortunate, Unsparing, Bloody-Handed, or even Dirty. The proper Orion honorific follows the name, as in "Hubin the Burned". Sometimes (particularly if the nickname is uncomplimentary), the honorific comes first: Deacon Repto and Crazy Drelk.

An Orion is usually called by his first name and honorific plus any title he may have. Fond of titles and distinctions, particularly if earned, Orions enjoy springing them as surprises on unsuspecting enemies. Imagine the emotion of trader Vic the Brash to find that his caller is not simply his old pirate associate Donat the Unlucky, but Assistant Planetary Trade Consultant Donat—with a few thugs to settle some tax liability.



CLUROS

Orions have no concept of honor. What is the use of being honest, incorruptible, and true to ideals when survival in business depends on doing just the opposite? Still, the Orions do have *cluros*: a code of self-control and restraint that attempts to limit brutal excesses while not really altering behavior. Translated as "coolness" or "cold", *cluros* means keeping one's head even in the most devastating or infuriating circumstances and, if possible, causing one's enemies to lose theirs. (In fact, most civilized races use low-temperature analogs as metaphors for keeping calm: Humans are forevermore saying "Keep cool", Andorians advise "Let the heat drop", and even Tellarites abjure the angry to "Chill!" As they never get angry, Vulcans have no such phrase. However, when a situation becomes too convoluted and they need to return to the starting point, they must "zero".)

By the rules of *cluros*, one must always speak formally and levelly to one's opponents whether they carry briefcase or blasters. As they are harmless, the disarmed and powerless are always treated with respect and courtesy. One must not forget any details or allow distractions of any sort to interfere with one's smooth, unruffled demeanor. To lose one's temper, to shout, scream, or cry, or to use more force than necessary signals a lack of *cluros*. Greens are expected to lack *cluros*, but the Ruddy Orion who spurns *cluros* risks losing the respect of his friends, enemies, neutrals, and dependents. Worse, he elevates his opponents.

There can be great nobility in *cluros*. The shipowner shrugs after a billion credits worth of cargo vanishes without a trace. The pirate grins at enemy guns as his ship lies helpless. The *tahedri* calmly buries a son and silently plans the vaporization of his killers. Frequently, *cluros* masks a battle of wits going on beneath a surface politeness, and the victor is he who keeps the most hidden while making his opponent reveal more. Orion diplomacy uses much *cluros*.

The highest goal of *cluros* is to cause one's enemies to lose it. Being maddeningly polite and restrained in the face of provocation may infuriate a tormentor into losing control, which demonstrates his baseness to all. Lapses of this kind are rare, but attempts to cause it never stop. *Cluros* is not just a code of conduct; in the hands of the Orions, it is a very effective weapon for winning bloodless battles. It might well be the highest expression of Orion civilization.



ORIONS AND THEIR NEIGHBORS

The Orions have very particular opinions about the people with which they deal. Although they rarely voice their opinion publicly, they feel no compunction about keeping the bottom line secret either.

THE FEDERATION

Originally, the Federation was five races with tenuous trade with Rigel and useful controls on Orion pirates. Orion observers attended the First Babel Conference as members of a friendly but sovereign power. Asked to join this new alliance, the Orions came up with a 'fair and equitable' sum for their participation—ten trillion credits. Considering this a request for a bribe, the five races refused to pay.

Since then, the Federation has expanded into Orion Space like a cancer, and Star Fleet has curtailed the slave trade. Orion is now little more than a Federation protectorate, its neutrality regarded as a joke and a shield for undesirable activities. The Orions resent this deeply. Aggression is one thing, but the Federation arrogantly annexed more than a third of all Orion worlds. To the Orions, the Federation is not just an eagerly expanding association, it is an overbearing bunch of self-righteous, self-proclaimed do-gooders without history or respect. Orions consider the pious posturings of the Federation absurd. It does not make deals—it simply proclaims laws and sends its ships to enforce them. Although it refuses to play or even to acknowledge the Orion game, the UFP claims it respects the individual cultures it has swallowed whole.

HUMANS

If the Orions despise the Federation, they love Humans. They perceive the Human race as their soulmates: a nasty, lusty people given to violent excesses and with a history full of drama and compelling romance. Had they not been forced by circumstances to form the Federation, the Humans would probably have been the logical inheritors of the Orion free-wheeling lifestyle—plundering, exploring, and enjoying themselves immensely.

Terran cultural artifacts are enormously popular among Orions. They love Westerns, buccaneers in the Spanish Main, baseball, rock concerts, the Kledani brothers, and the Three Stooges. Terran clothing, particularly historical fashions like Western wear, have always sold well on Rigel. Orions have picked up Terran slang, especially Russian and American. Rigellian Trade Lingo has even absorbed the word "okay", which is heard on worlds a thousand parsecs from Terra.

Terra of the 23rd century is far different from the Terra that the Orions romanticize. It is a civilized world now, its violent past safely sealed in books and tapes. There are few cowboys left, and they certainly are not murdering Indians any more. Although Humans appreciate Orion friendliness, its basis makes them uncomfortable.

The Humans are partly responsible for their plight. It was the Terran ship *Marco Polo* that opened direct trade with the Orions and brought them their first taste of fast food, Levis, and Clint Eastwood movies. Commercially, the trade was a whopping success, but the grandchildren of those early merchants must put up with beings who think *Godfathers* and *Shoguns* run Terra.

Quite used to fine distinctions, Orions have no problem distinguishing between the Federation and Humans. The Federation is a heartless mob, and a Human is a living being with appetites and desires, intellect and compassion. This can get embarrassing in social situations, when an Orion forces a Human to defend the Federation's ideal while praising him for not being as gutless as the company he keeps.

To their credit, the Orions seem to be correct in their appreciation of Humans as brothers under the skin. There are many thousands of Humans in Orion employ throughout the galaxy. Actual numbers are hard to come by, but it is well known that Humans are by far the most numerous beings coexisting with the Orions. Humans seem to adapt to the Orion tradition of self-indulgence with disturbing ease.

KLINGONS

Orions do not *seem* to get along with the Klingons. Although Orion-Klingon relations are a well-kept secret, typically blunt Klingon expressions of opinion reveal a deep-seated distrust and loathing for the Orions. By Klingon standards, the Orions are clearly a *khesterex*—a dying culture good for nothing but producing slaves. The trouble is that Orions make rotten Klingon slaves. They tend to be smarter than their captors and wherever they go their noxious culture follows—and thrives.

Upon encountering the Orions in Stardate 0/72, the Klingons assigned a military governor to rule their newest conquest. Although supplanting local Orion government worked on some Orion worlds, the Klingons came out second-best on Botchok. They may have won political control from the Orions only to fall victim to Orion trade and economics. An Orion sentiment refers to this dilemma as *uktas bo urndo* or, literally, "blasters and bookkeepers". One must fall before the other—but, in the usual Orion fashion, the saying does not specify which.

Star Fleet Intelligence has revealed that the Orions still conduct trade with worlds and races within the Klingon Empire and act as a trade conduit between the Empire and the UFP. Some surprising products of the Empire turn up in Orion Space and find their way into the Federation. Though the extent of piracy there is unknown, it is suspected to be low due to fierce Klingon reprisals.

The Orions have tapped a Klingon fondness for luxury items, which the Klingons may officially deplore. However, the Orions regard trade with the Klingons as something forced upon them. Occasionally, the Orions refer to them as *Klong*, a deliberate corruption with a revealing meaning: the Wall. Orion avarice battles Klingon might in deadly competition over power, privilege, and profit.

ROMULANS

Relations between Orions and Romulans are even less understood than those with the Klingons. What little information there is comes second- and third-hand from the Triangle. Reports are conflicting; rumors of a major trade exchange follow a clash of starships, and there is no confirmation for either. Considering both races, it is possible that conflict and commerce are occurring simultaneously. The Orions are wealthy and seek trade, and the Romulans are poor and seek resources. Both have a long tradition of piracy, and both are secretive.

An unconfirmed (but probable) Orion opinion of a Romulan diplomatic mission describes the Romulans as "stuffy". The Romulans' high value on honor (for which the Orions have no use) must put a terrible strain on any such meetings. "Stuffy" is probably the mildest word Orions use for Romulans.

COLONIALS

"The Orion Colonies" or "the Rigel Colonies" are sometimes used to refer to all Orion-inhabited worlds, Botchok (the homeworld) included. To Orions, there is only Botchok and the Colonies. They are two different entities, the two halves of Orion Space, and the differences between them are profound.

To Homeworlders, the Colonies are crude and uncivilized places settled too recently to have a history, tradition, or decorum and crowded with people who have both forgotten their origins and begun to pick up foreign ways. To Colonials, Homeworlders are effete, timid, and lazy snobs. They revere old names and old customs even when they make no sense. For people who have always traded and travelled, they have a bewildering fear and disgust for those who actually do. Ungrateful, unproductive, and decadent, these people are happy to be going nowhere.

Nevertheless, Botchok and the Colonies still need each other. Botchok is the cultural center and spiritual home for all Orions—no matter if their family has not been on its surface for ten generations. Not only do the Colonials supply a large proportion of Orion trade, but they also prosper beyond the frontiers of the three occupying star powers, giving Orions encouragement and hope everywhere. In spite of their common disdain, profit and sentiment cement the two groups.

Pressure from outside governments has improved Orion commercial and cultural links while, paradoxically, worsening the differences. Trade to and from the Federation (including pirate booty) has made everybody richer, but it has given the decrepit Botchok Planetary Congress and its creature, the Orion Colonies Intelligence, an excuse to intrude upon the affairs of Colonials to "keep the peace". A good proportion of the governments' funding comes from under-the-table 'settlements' the OCI collects from both parties in a dispute. Although Colonials resent the loss of income, they put up with it because the BPC usually has the goods on them—refusing to pay has sometimes caused a Star Fleet squadron to show up at a secret base or to intercept a secure mission. To combat this threat, the Colonials have tried to threaten the BPC and to ferret out the informers in their ranks. Neither tactic has been very successful. There are an awful lot of spies in Orion Space, on Botchok, and elsewhere, and Colonials would not think of threatening the Homeworld with a fleet. Anyone who tried would earn the enmity of every Orion and an enthusiastic battle fleet from the Federation.

Therefore, a secret and bitter diplomatic war is going on between the Homeworld and the Colonies over who has the right to choose the Orion destiny. With spies at every level of Orion society, these distrustful rivals are willing to sell each other out to the highest bidder. It is a confusing morass of cliques and factions, data and misinformation, and diplomacy and espionage.

THE PRICE OF KNOWLEDGE

—by Dr. Eunice Shupman, Professor of Interstellar History, University of Mars

In sheer volume of data, Orion records are a staggeringly valuable historical resource, comprising a wide sampling of media, from music and murals to computer tapes. Yet, for all this volume, there is surprisingly little hard data. Orion historians, painters, poets, musicians, novelists, and sculptors have concentrated on presenting the viewpoint of their patrons, whether family, world, or business firm. Objectivity was never an Orion virtue, even—perhaps especially—among those entrusted with preserving the present for the future.

Falsification was not just rampant, it was the standard, though it took many forms and moods. Military or business victories were always magnified, as were enemies, lest they appear to have been too small a test of the victor's valor. Defeats were likewise minimized, or wherever possible, ignored. In some defeats there was no losing side left to tell its story, and their records were often destroyed to prevent any contradiction with the victor's version. Despite frequent such mass erasures, Orion history springs from so many sources that balanced chronicles can still be constructed.

Of course, there are still holes in the chronology. Many historical figures from the Orion War are only partially known, their exploits eradicated in some forgotten power struggle years or centuries later. Only Nallin the Unconquerable survives in his glory, though doubtless many of his adventures in the company of this or that ancestor have been manufactured, and many are repeated with only slight changes in the annals of at least half a dozen lines. In fact, Dvoriv B'bargalah of Tellar has compiled an amusing and illuminating history of how later families have absorbed these stories from earlier, now-extinct families.¹

For non-Orions, to study Orion history is an invitation to bankruptcy and not a little personal risk. Most Orion historians have busied themselves with sanitized versions of their race's past that contain thinly veiled attacks on the Federation and its 'underhanded' dealings with the Orions. To extract the truth from the Orions is like pulling teeth from Klingons. One must find the proper official or corporate officer and bribe him, along with any clerks or other functionaries between him and the actual records. Even then, access awaits the pleasure of the librarian, who may have received a larger payoff from someone else for individual access or to keep alien snoopers out for reasons the baffled historian may never discover.

Even when access has been granted, it never lasts long. Studies must be hurried and usually conducted without benefit of proper forensic tools to determine authenticity. Therefore, there is no guarantee that the records so painstakingly accessed are accurate—as Federation historians have learned to their grief.²

As time passes and more dribbles and snips of Orion history come to light, perhaps a more accurate record of Orion times will emerge. Every time a major discovery surfaces, revealing that which the Orions did not wish to have known, the sources dry up and the prices climb. Because there are so many questions left unanswered, the pursuit goes on. For example, Orion technological development is an enigma. Now and again, the Orions show flashes of technology advanced beyond that of the Federation. Are these recent developments or rediscoveries of lost, perhaps alien arts? Are the Orions deliberately hiding their technological superiority, or have they degenerated to the point that they do not care for any so-called advances.

Even as the Orions try to conceal them, we will learn the answers.

NOTES

1. Dvoriv B'bargalah, *Title to the Truth: Orion Historiography and Its Ownership*, trans. Milo Thistlethwaite (Hurutam, Tellar: The Brightness Press, Stardate 2/09). Few bibliographies can be called uproarious, but this one is, now in its third complete revision.

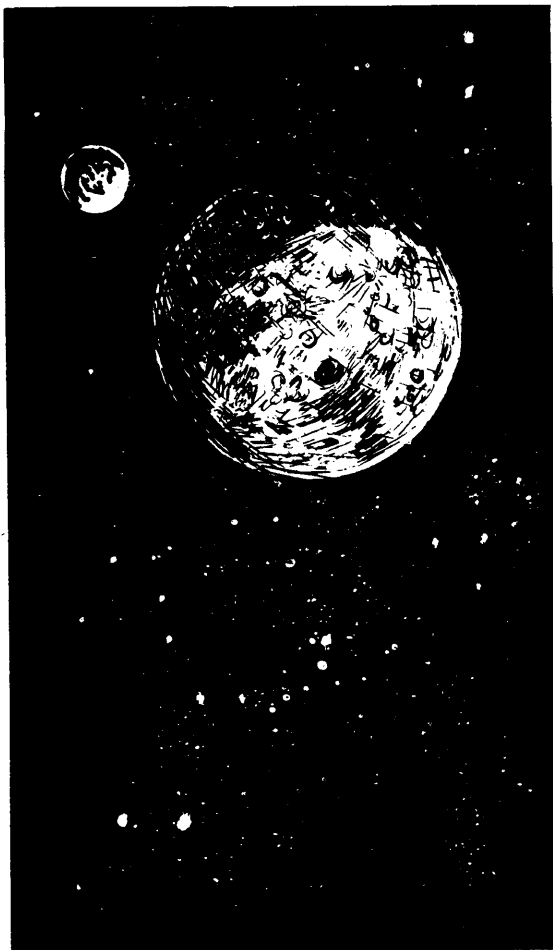
2. The well-known "Preserver hoax" is a case in point. Three unrelated but cordial Orion families made a small fortune selling counterfeit Preserver artifacts and documents to a gullible Federation scientific community. Not a few reputations were smashed in the process, but historians today have learned to be more cautious. For the complete story, read *Swindle! The Sale of Fraudulent Science* by E.B. Murray, et al. (New York, Terra: Simon and MacMillan Books, Stardate 2/14).

ANCIENT SPACEFARERS

The archives at Memory Alpha record the names of 2,493 spacefaring races known throughout history. Solid evidence for interstellar travel—identical artifacts on different planets—goes back at least 500,000 years. Traces of habitation on worlds incapable of supporting life suggest that races with star-drives existed one million standard years ago; there are indications that even then interstellar travel was old hat. The largest source of information on all these races is Rigel, where tiny fragments of nearly all these lost cultures have been found. Starfaring races with advanced civilizations now less than atoms have traded at the Rigel worlds.

The earliest known interstellar civilization for which coherent records exist is that of the world Arret. Although civil war destroyed their world half a million standard years ago, Federation scientists found and interviewed three survivors shortly before their deaths. They spoke broadly of far-flung settlements and their original humanoid natures, and suggested that the Federation races may be descendants of theirs (unlikely, based on the archaeological record).

From 500,000 to about 100,000 years ago, the historical record contains only ambiguous references to starfaring civilizations. Ancient Vulcan research on these lost civilizations is impossible now, for their records refer to sites and structures that have been long-plundered, lost or destroyed. This is the so-called Forerunner Era, characterized chiefly by nearly complete ignorance of who these races were, what they did, or even what they looked like. In this era, archaeology slides into paleoanthropology and geology. Remains are most likely found on dead planets, and life-forms are likely to be only fossils.



Of all the species known to have existed during this time, the two most common are the Fett, or Forerunner A, and the Bursen, Forerunner B (both named after the scientists who established them as spacing peoples). A chitinous race, perhaps like lobsters, the Fett lived perhaps 200,000 years before the Bursen, whose skin imprints suggest a reptilian origin. The last Bursen may have died only 150,000 years before the present, their decline—like their origin and home world—a mystery.

From 100,000 to 40,000 years ago is the more-complete Emergent Era. Romantic novelists to the contrary, these ancient cultures contributed nothing to modern Federation civilization until long after they were dead. Though there are many gaps in the record, the Emergent Era seems to have consisted of three periods of large expansionistic races separated by three intervals of retrogression or primitivism, when major races, or at least starflight, were not present at all.

The Era lived between 100,000 and 90,000 years ago. Although they left no physical remains, a scattering of images and the dimensions of the ruins suggest a blocky, even clumsy kind of body structure. The heart of their space nation lay on the rimward side of the Orion Arm, in what is now Klingon space, but there are reports of at least two sites in the Triangle region. After the 15,000 year First Interregnum, they were succeeded by the djKen, a race of slender near-humanoids who left numerous works of art in the tumbled ruins of their spired cities. Near Gorn space and the Romulan Neutral Zone lie most of the valuable sites, but again there is a rumor of an unexplored Triangle site. Because of their fragility, few djKen artifacts have survived intact, though the race itself ironically had a very long run on the galactic stage—fully 20,000 standard years. The Second Interregnum that followed lasted less than 10,000 years when the Querat, already a multi-world society far to coreward, began expanding. Eventually, they would come very near to the Federation homeworlds, but they left few artifacts and never visited Rigel themselves. Most archaeological evidence comes second-hand, and few actual sites have been investigated. The Querat remain the least-known ancient race, save for the Preservers.

With the decline of the Querat, the Third Interregnum began, but precisely when it began or ended is unknown. Sometime between 40,000 and 20,000 years ago, the shadowy Preservers lived. The absence of reliable data infers that the Preservers deliberately obliterated all traces of themselves in the galaxy. This puppet-master race, or group of races, is alleged to be responsible for the preponderance of humanoid races on both sides of the Orion Arm. The historical record clearly shows that at no prior time were humanoids of any species so numerous; perhaps the Preservers were paving the way for humanoid mastery of the Orion Arm. As no records exist, whether the Preservers themselves were humanoid or chose the form for other reasons cannot be determined.

During the Preserver Era, the galaxy was in a quiet period with only a handful of races in space, many of them planet-bound even though technologically advanced. If the Preservers had a sizable empire then, it met no opposition coreward or rimward of the Arm. Their influence seems to have been most pronounced around the Arm itself; they surely must have been active near Rigel, though they left no trace. What precious few of their works that have survived are still functional—and there is every indication that the Preservers intended things to be that way.

It is an interesting coincidence that, just as the Preservers vanished, the Orions first appeared.

THE RISE OF THE ORIONS

Exactly when trade began on the Rigel planets is not clear. RTA (Rigellian Trade Authority) records show cyclical profit trends going back for tens of thousands of years, but never a time when Rigel was not well-known and well-trafficked. At least 100,000 years ago, Rigel IV was in operation much as it is now, though who came there, what they traded, and from where they came are all mysteries. It is possible that the Rigel planets were in use long before their sun was kindled—though how *that* might be possible is a subject for only the most fantastic speculations.

Enough data from Rigel and other sources exists to paint a very complete picture of galactic history following the time of the Preservers. For many tens of thousands of years, including the Preserver Era, Rigel had no defense against the constant warfare of dozens of spacefaring races. Only alliances and short-lived combines claimed the system. The names changed, ruling races came and went, and blockades and battles continued with only occasional and brief pause. The Rigel system passed from hand to hand, usually a planet at a time, becoming a crazy-quilt-like mosaic of settlements that were established, destroyed, re-established, and abandoned.

Like all the rest, Botchok (Rigel VIII) had been picked over when it was only a cold-temperate wilderness. Alien narrations give no hint of any sentient life there, nor any sign that the Preservers were present. When primitive sentients first attacked a Yugai colony on Botchok, it was an astonishing discovery. Perhaps the primitives had been planted there, or perhaps they had always been there but never noticed. After exterminating the attackers and their village, the Yugai commander paid them no more heed. Nevertheless, from that encounter forward, the Orions would always be a factor in alien settlement plans. Dating their first appearance is difficult, but it can be no more than 21,000 standard years ago.

The Orions were club- and stone-wielding savages scarcely into their Neolithic Age—hardly more than a nuisance to warp-driven, laser-armed races used to combat on strange worlds. The aliens captured them, enslaved them, and taught them to tend fields, clear land, hew wood, and draw water. The surviving journals of one P'tak of the Sugg describe the labor and difficulty of capturing alive any useful numbers of future slaves and the satisfactory work they performed once broken to the routine. Although aboriginal Orions were ingenious and hardy warriors, they seemed to grasp the value of learning agriculture. There were some escapes, but there were also instances of Orions offering themselves for service, and now and again a tribe would trade slaves they themselves had captured for alien goods.

As they made such amenable slaves, they were soon taken offworld to work on other planets. One of the most poignant of all primitive Orion cave-drawings shows a spaceship landed on the plains, with bulky suited aliens capturing and carrying away sticklike natives. Such scenes were no doubt frequent, for as soon as Orions became a valuable commodity, other races besides the Sugg raided Botchok to bear away a few for their own colonies. Because trained slaves were more valuable than Orions 'on the hoof', most raids were against settlements and their slave quarters.

P'tak himself claims to have been one of the first rulers to arm his slaves against the raiders. As radical as the notion of arming slaves sounds, it became a nearly universal practice. Low-tech weapons, combined with the fear of being borne away from family, friends, and tribe made the first Orion slaves their own best protectors—particularly because the raiders could not afford to shoot valuable property in self-defense. Orions were enthusiastic fighters, particularly against slavers.

Soon, Orions everywhere were trained to defend themselves. Not all the training was for self-defense, and not every weapon given them was low-tech. Eventually, the aliens used Orions as slavers, on Botchok and elsewhere, for who should know more about catching Orions than Orions? Orion janissaries sprang up on other worlds, even in starships, and with much more destructive weapons than slug-throwers. The blood-thirsty Orions enjoyed their sport even if they did not understand its purposes or the arms they used.

THE TREATY OF KAMMZDAST

The abuses of arming Orions went on until it became clear to the dullest of races that unless limits were put on the practice, well-armed barbarians would overrun every culture within reach of Rigel. Delegates from every Orion-using race gathered at a great conference on Kammzdast from which came the Treaty of Kammzdast. Its signing, in Stardate -179/56, began what is now known as the Orion Era.

Kammzdast exceeded its need admirably. Technological transfer to the Orions was now regulated, every signatory watching the others for violations. Orions were not to be armed outside of the Rigel system, though slaves could still be lifted out for other purposes. Combat was allowed only on the unsettled worlds of Rigel, Botchok included. As a peace treaty, it stands far above the majority, for it channelled the urge to combat into less-destructive courses without harming any complying power and allowed the cultural and material enrichment of the signing worlds. However, it did so at the expense of the Orions, whose homeworld now became the only legal place to settle disputes, their people the convenient soldiery for other people's battles. Kammzdast and its modifications at the succeeding Rigel Conferences would keep a general peace for more than ten thousand years. It would also, indirectly, give the Orions the very tools they needed to end it.

It is impossible to determine exactly when the Orions began to envision a time when they would not be the playthings of technologically advanced aliens. It may not have become a recognized hope until alien schools brought new ideas and different perspectives to the primitives. Regardless, the Orions would never relax their grip on that hope, though 15,000 years of occupation and repression would pass before its fulfillment. As Dr. Thelanius Richter used to remind his students, "Orion history is a prime example of why we need a Prime Directive to protect *everybody*."

When the Orions were rounded up and disarmed, revolts became common, and not just on Botchok. The Orions resented their demotion to simple servitude. Only rigorous policing kept order, and most slave-holding races did not have the manpower to spare. Educating and preparing the Orion slaves for more responsible tasks proved to be a less-expensive and more enduring alternative. Orions were forced to learn the language and culture of each of their owning patrons, and slowly, the number of revolts decreased.

As the Orions learned more about their masters, they became more familiar with their weaknesses, racial tendencies, and blind spots. Now and again, a cabal of educated Orions would rise up against their masters, but the might of the aliens or their allies always prevailed. As yet, the Orions had had no opportunity to learn the art of government or diplomacy and were at the mercy of alien invaders who did. Orions learned the hard way that their civilization, hardly out of savagery, was no match for the starfaring aliens. Weapons were not as important as they seemed—certainly not once the fighting was over. Until the Orions mastered themselves and the arcane ways of civilization, they could never hope to dislodge the alien master races. Therefore, the revolts again faded away—another dire signal the aliens did not correctly interpret.

While the Orions collectively swallowed their pride and ceased to resist captivity, the Rigel system was finally enjoying the fruits of peace. With a more 'civilized' means of settling territorial disputes, the races now planned and built cities on the more fruitful Rigel worlds. The vast majority of holdings were on Botchok itself, for it was the source not only of Orion slaves but also of industries to serve the needs of educating Orions to be good slaves and warriors. The invaders divided the entire planet into arbitrary states—much as Terra's Europeans would subdivide the African continent millennia later. They built cities not just to live in, but to place the natives in more civilized urban surroundings where they could be controlled. Botchok became a greenhouse, or slave academy, where Orions were taught from the cradle to respect and obey their generous and powerful masters. If anything, this only fed the Orion longing for freedom and enlightened the Orions to the peculiar politics of being one thing while seeming to be another. For a people who had only recently been cavemen, it was heady education.

Using the Orions and Botchok for proxy warfare turned out to be more difficult than the framers of Kammzdast had imagined. For one thing, disputants might not have adjacent Botchoki holdings; intervening lands might belong to races unconcerned with the dispute, who might have to be placated or bribed to allow the treaty-mandated struggle to take place. In addition, when negotiating and fighting the diplomats and generals brought along their Orion translators and servants, who knew, learned, and shared more than they told their bosses.

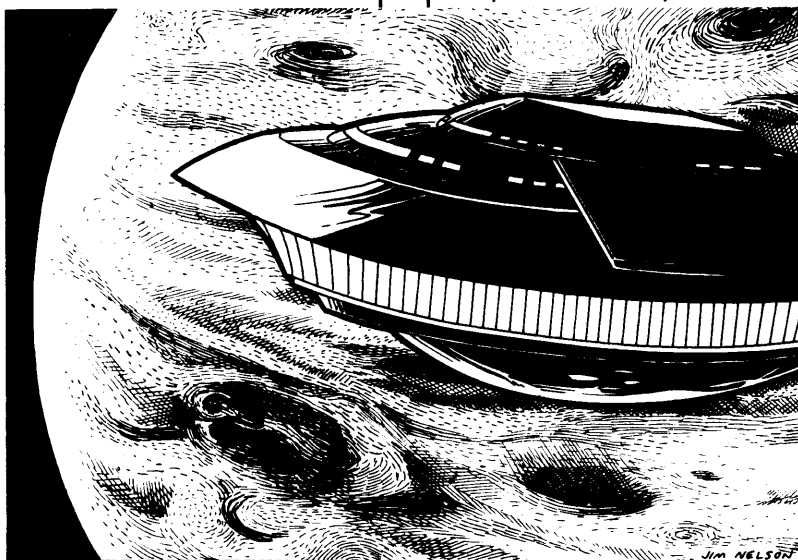
THE ATOM WAR AND THE LONG WINTER

By being trustworthy executors of their masters' will, Orions had learned that they could obtain more alien technological wisdom, fewer restraints on the education of slaves, and other little freedoms deemed vital to their cause. After four thousand years, the minor Orion bureaucrats and functionaries gained a goodly measure of what they requested, and the Orions grew more prosperous and civilized.

One of the Orion bureaucrats' successes was the gain of nuclear technology. Thousands of years of listening to alien diplomatic dicker over nuclear deterrence taught the Orions that deterrents could slow down or even stop the warfare on Botchok—a worthwhile and admirable goal. As soon as they constructed their own nuclear weapons, the Orions triumphantly delivered to their owners an ultimatum: depart the Rigel system or face annihilation.

The Orion officials should not be blamed for grossly miscalculating their alien masters' reaction. After holding secret meetings off Botchok, the alien property-holders exploded their own nuclear weapons on Botchok. Despite Botchok's importance as an involuntary keeper of the peace, a generation without it did not trouble the aliens overmuch. Kammzdast was modified to keep Orions away from nuclear technology and other harmful knowledge—not that there were many Orions left to protest. Eighty percent of Botchok's Orions would be dead before the Atom War and the Long Winter ended. The aliens had Orions off Botchok they could breed for slaves; sooner or later the planet would become habitable again and they could rebuild. There was no great interest in saving the lives of slaves bred to fight and die anyway.

Eventually, the aliens began rebuilding Botchok with Orions from elsewhere, who were not radiation-damaged or starving. If anything, these 'imported' Orions were even more outraged than the surviving Homeworlders and more determined to wrest free of careless coldblooded invaders. Compiled soon after the planet was repopulated, the Book of Tears describes the awful waste and destruction newcomers and natives were forced to clean up. Here and there are vows that Orions will never again allow themselves to be so callously manipulated. Denied advanced technical education, the Orions plotted to develop their own, steal it, or do without.



By and large, the Orions stole most of the information they subsequently acquired. To win free of the aliens, however, the Orions needed to convince every alien race that they were too much trouble to govern. This was no simple task. The limits in the Treaty of Kammzdast were firm, and had outlasted most of the original signing races as well as the Long Winter. To undo all that would take time, patience, and great feats of planning and restraint.

The adjustments of Kammzdast at the Rigel Conferences were always tiny and grudging, and those who ratified the Treaty never relinquished a whit of actual power. Even as the old races faded from the galactic scene and new ones rose to mastery, Kammzdast remained in force. To be free of it, the Orions used a very odd weapon: reliability. If they obeyed enough orders, served with enough humility, and were sufficiently selfless, then they would be trusted.

Over a very long time, the Orions did succeed. They buried their reputation as barbarians under thousands of years of loyal service to whatever race wanted to use them. Patiently, they acquired a reputation as faithful, reliable servants whose loyalty could not be stolen. Their long presence on the galactic scene made them valuable advisors and confidants; it was said that if an Orion had not seen it, it did not exist. Although their homeworld was still a battlefield, the Orions gradually instituted rules for battlefield conduct that reduced costs and casualties while preserving patron control and the thrill of actual combat.

THE ORION DAWN

Eventually, the Orions even gained the privilege of star-flight. There is evidence that Orions served as loaders and watch-standers as early as ten thousand years ago—quietly, of course, and usually on large ships on out-of-the-way routes short a few crewmembers. Kammzdast had never anticipated a Stone Age race acquiring starships and did not prohibit them, but every Orion-owning race was firmly opposed to a slave race possessing the ultimate in transportation. Orions could serve as secondary crew, even as spaceport officials, but no starship crew would be wholly Orion.

The Orion Dawn legend, describing how the Orions finally acquired ships of their own, is full of romance but short on historical validity. There really were Orions named Ombrey and Maark, and they did serve as senior officers aboard freighters belonging to the Buban, but they did not learn their trade while slaves in the hold or lead a shipload of manual laborers to take over an armed trading vessel. By all accounts, the theft of the *Revenge* and the *Fate* was a well-planned operation aided by Orions at Botchok and Colonies not far from Rigel. Ombrey and Maark established hidden bases, contacted friendly Colonies, and began to capture other ships in space to build an Orion fleet. Although these ships or their crew could never return to Botchok, the Colonies sustained them in their hideouts on Avali and Ugoan and provided more crewmen and equipment for raids. All that was important was that Orions not be dependent on alien invaders for star travel—and that the aliens believe the pirates, and not the Orions they had come to trust, were behind it all.

Believe it they might have, but the restrictions against Orion starships increased, and the 42nd Rigel Conference debated about amending Kammzdast to prohibit Orion use of the warp drive. With hopes of more commerce with the Orions, certain farsighted races vetoed the move and the restraint it would put on future trade. Orion starships were soon being built and

crewed for legitimate trade, though they were always open to inspection by anyone who cared to stop them. The result was greater prosperity for those owning a share of Orion shipping, especially because Orion starships were less often the victim of Orion pirates.

Orions with spacing experience were soon applying for work at the Trade Halls on Rigel IV. In just a few decades, they were in every Hall, and, in less than two centuries, they came to form the greater part of the clerical workforce—always following orders, efficiently processing the paperwork, and always in contact with the pulse of commerce into and out of the Rigel system. More than a few races were uneasy about the arrangement, but only a fool would have wished to disturb the flow of riches through Rigel.

Some three thousand years after the Atom War, the Orions took a big step toward self-rule. The 58 cultures that ruled Botchok had been quarreling more than usual, causing more than the usual amount of damage to the planet. Although aware of the cost to the planet, the powers were not willing to putting aside their differences to make repairs. At a minor parley during a truce, Orion representatives from the twelve largest Botchok nations deferentially proposed an electrifying thesis: Botchok's ecosphere was critically damaged, having never fully recovered from the Long Winter, and in a thousand years, it would fail completely. No longer would there be a Botchok to fight over or any Orions to do the fighting. Repairs would both be costly and require long-range maintenance, but the middle of a war was not the time to discuss such matters—unless the Orions themselves did something about it.

The delegates placed before their masters a detailed plan for the re-terraforming of Botchok, all done by Orion labor, at Orion cost, with existing Orion technology. All they needed was the go-ahead. The aliens agreed and went back to their own negotiations. Although a minor event to Botchok's masters, the Accord of Namazz was a vital first step for the Orions. With permission to use their technology on their own world, Orion bureaucrats began to exercise authority over their own people and help preserve their world as well. They would not do a good job—even today it requires constant tinkering—but the terraforming of Botchok was an indispensable political victory.

Eight hundred years after the Orion Dawn, nine of the most powerful civilizations near Rigel formed a mighty alliance called the Nine Worlds Confederation. Jealous of the exercise of any power within their domains, the Nine Worlds believed that the Orions had far too many prerogatives for a slave race. By regulation and appeals to law and treaty, the Nine Worlds clamped down. By subterfuge, double dealing, and their already ponderous commercial holdings, the Orions resisted, but their best efforts could not touch the legal restraints of Kammzdast. The Nine Worlds could insist on letter-perfect adherence to Treaty, and the Orions, squirm as they might, had to relinquish their quasi-legal gains.

As their ancestors had, the Nine Worlds wanted absolute control over Rigel right down to the least cargo-loader and transfer clerk. Merchant vessels entering Rigel were required to stop at least twice at Nine Worlds ports to have their cargoes and crews checked, despite the protests of the Rigellians and Orions begging for efficiency. When its enforcement of half-forgotten codes met only faint opposition, the alliance boldly moved for the killing stroke. In Stardate -20/9507, the Nine Worlds held the 187th—and last—Rigel Conference and issued a sweeping list of prohibitions removing Orions from commercial activities both in and out of Rigel.

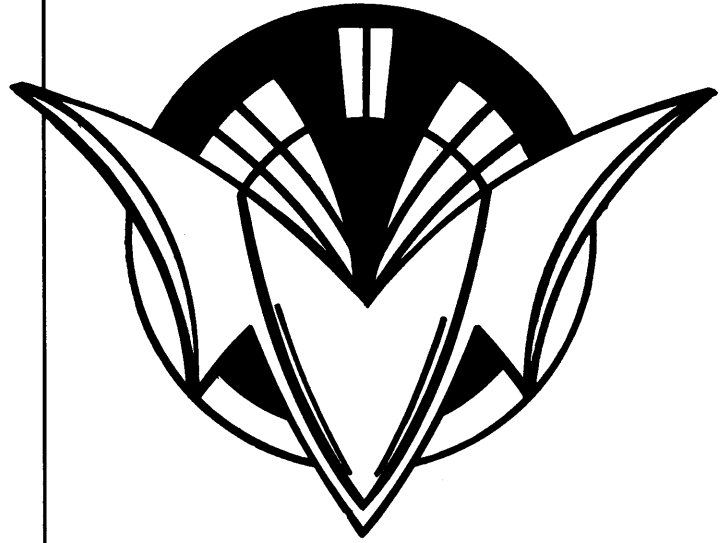
THE ORION WAR

According to Orion propaganda, the Nine Worlds acted in reckless haste and without the careful planning that would have meant success. In fact, however, it was the Orions who panicked and precipitated their own climactic crisis. The delegates made no real secret of their deliberations on Rigel IV; they had guards aplenty and their ships were in orbit. As per protocol, they first informed the Rigellians, whose guests they were, of their agreement. No one knows who acted first—a captain of the guard hastily ordering the meeting chambers sealed, an overzealous Trade Hall scion attempting a coup, even a technician shutting down the communication system—and it did not matter. As soon as the Nine Worlds delegates announced their resolution, their links to the outside world were broken. Within minutes, Orion troops had seized the orbiting ships and prevented them from sending any warning. Orion legend has made the opening of the rebellion the fruition of centuries of plotting, though it was all quite spontaneous. Every Orion on Rigel IV who was close to the Conference understood that the time had come to act—and they acted as if they had rehearsed every move.

Eventually, an Orion delegation, under the leadership of the then-unknown Nallin Oplate presented the Nine Worlds' diplomats with a bold counter-Ultimatum: restore Orion rights and allow the peaceful independence of all Orions or face carnage and destruction on every Nine Worlds planet until the Orions had their way. As the Conference was technically still in session, the delegates pleaded time to make a reply, which Nallin granted.

Nallin anticipated that the delegates would try to inform the Nine Worlds of the Orion rebellion. With a large contingent of Trade Hall *rhadamanen*, he journeyed to Botchok and informed the Orion governments there of the revolt. Within a month, every Orion government seized power from their alien overseers and imprisoned them. Warfare on Botchok finally ended, and for the first time, Orion troops prepared to battle in defense of their world. Nallin's diplomatic ability provided the impetus for the creation of the Botchok Planetary Congress. Contrary to legend, he was not the only one to send out the Recall of the Pirates. Rigel had no other space forces, and many Orions realized that a war for survival was imminent.

There may have been a leak in communications or suspicion at the silence from the Rigel Conference. Regardless, a Nine Worlds battlefleet arrived at Rigel before half the Orion pirate fleet arrived, and the deceit was over. Although the Rigellians promptly ordered the fleet to leave or face permanent revocation of trading rights, the fleet ignored them and closed on Botchok. In the opening battle of what would become the Orion War, Nallin Oplate himself commanded a ship—not a true warship, but an armed freighter, and he was *not* in command of the entire fleet. Outnumbered and outgunned, the Orions were shot to pieces. Though they continued to close ranks, they were forced to retreat, still firing, all the way back to the atmosphere of Botchok, in full view of half the people on the planet. To retreat further was impossible, and the Orion fleet would have been destroyed save for the miraculous appearance of Captain (later Admiral) Caruch the Blessed, who arrived behind the Nine Worlds' fleet with a scant 17 ships. They approached undetected and opened fire on the unscreened sterns of the largest warships, including the Nine Worlds' flagship, destroying most and pinning the remainder between two Orion forces. Only a handful of Nine Worlds' ships escaped to tell the tale.



The Orions had no closer call than this, though everywhere they faced desperate odds. The Recall took two years to complete, and the Orion War was fought initially with one-seventh the ships the Nine Worlds could muster. However, Nallin had spoken truly; Orions everywhere risked and lost their lives sabotaging the enemy's war effort. Rebellion swept the alliance's planets, occupying the greater part of the Nine Worlds ground forces—which did not help the space situation. Never able to force battle on their own terms, the Nine Worlds had to be content with innumerable raids and the attrition of their warfleets.

The signatory-successors to the Treaty of Kammzdast refused to surrender their claims and privileges easily, even with Orion pressure against them. What was a little war against the loss of Orion labor? At least war might bring the Orions to heel. Therefore, the war dragged on for 37 long years. Then, after the Battle of Rhinate devastated the largest remaining Nine Worlds' warfleet, the alliance sued for terms.

Simultaneously with the ceasefire, Nallin the Unconquerable, who had never lost a fight (though he had been in only one) issued the famous Declaration of Nallin, which proclaimed Botchok a free world, unbound by Kammzdast and beholden to any other people, and Orions everywhere free citizens, wards of the Botchok Planetary Congress and entitled to its protection wherever they may go. Enemies to no one, they wished only to resume, on a fair-trading basis, those relations that existed before the war. However, there remained much rebuilding before the Orions were as well off as they were before the war.

Nallin remained President of the BPC for only a few years before retiring to a world at the edge of the Outer Dark (those regions from which no ship had ever come to Rigel). He did not die in space or in combat; but lived out his days establishing a new Orion Colony—an ambition of his postponed by 40 years of circumstance. No other Orion is so revered as the Unconquerable, and he is rightly called the Father of his People.

THE NEW DAYS

Two hundred years after the Declaration of Nallin, the historian Letan summarized the perfection of Orion civilization:

On a thousand worlds, Orion cities and Orion marketplaces rise, holden to none. Out of Orion ports fly Orion ships laden with the commerce of a Galaxy. Orion Captains probe the Outer Dark, Orion *rhadamanen* fill Orion coffers, and Orion poets sing their praises to the stars. On all sides, Inward and Outward, Horsh to Ku'K'resh Spinward and Coreward, Uign to Payn, there is blessed peace. Prosperity lives and breathes like a Presence between the planets.

Nearly 40 years of warfare had exhausted the Arm of everything but animosity toward the Orions. For most cultures, the Nine Worlds included, the very idea of treating the Orions as equals was loathsome. Many civilization began taking steps to cut the Orions off completely.

The BPC decided that the best way to defuse the embargo of Orion trade was to conduct trade as inconspicuously as possible. Orion ships and crews visited only their own settlements, but many corporations and families hired alien ships and crews to haul for them, quietly, preserving the illusion of no Orion involvement. Not that the Orions had any goods to spare; they were as exhausted as any other race. Nevertheless, they understood that economic interdependence built strength, and thus trade had to be re-established at almost any cost. Freedom did not end the Orions' underhanded dealings with its neighbors.

As for their former masters, this peace was fraught with suspicion and mortification. To admit how much their societies rested on the Orions galled everyone. Even when the Orions were accepted as part of the natural order, they were relegated to the lower, or at least the less-visible, reaches of society. Only the nastiest, dirtiest, most drudgery-laden jobs that no one else would do were open to the Orions.



To everyone's surprise—including the Orions—Rigel was rebuilt quickly and the transition from slavery to freedom was almost painless. Few civilized worlds did not harbor an Orion settlement somewhere on it, busily restoring its economy. No one wanted to look worse off than the Orions, and so almost everyone found dodges and schemes to make use of Orion goods and services. Once the flood started, there was no stopping it, particularly as there was no real detriment to doing so. Business went on as it did before the war, right down to the use of Orion slaves—though the Orion *rhadamanen* renting them out were quick to use the term "contract laborer". In 20 years, no visible trace of the war remained; in half a century, only bittersweet memories were left in a galaxy grown much, much richer.

The sheer magnitude of the richness and energy of the newly freed Orion Colonies can scarcely be imagined today. Orion artisans and craftsmen tried to outdo each other to build larger, grander, more ornate towns, cities, and markets—the more and the faster, the better. Now that Orions could build ships, they opened dozens of yards and rapidly constructed a massive, highly advanced merchant fleet. Overnight, entire schools of design theory sprang into existence, and music, literature, and dance enjoyed a veritable explosion of talent no less great than the 'harder' disciplines. What had been folk art, gypsy culture now bloomed into hundreds of forms; from song to ballets to holovision and beyond. The Orion culture of today hearkens back to the proudest themes and traditions of this golden age—the strength, the grace, the majesty of a puissant race come into its own. Having spent ages creating an enduring, resilient civilization, the Orions were determined to enjoy the fruits of it to the fullest.

Under the loose authority of the Botchok Planetary Congress, the Orions and their trading partners enjoyed a thousand years of unparalleled luxury. Excess wealth actually became a major social problem for many races, including the Orions (though to a lesser extent). Over time, self-indulgence took its toll on the Nine Worlds and most of the other races of the Arm so that they became not merely dependent on the Orion economy, but were utterly absorbed into their way of life. Losing their culture and heritage, a few races withered away completely. Even after the contraction of Orion Space, many of these peoples would never regain their own civilization, but lived as if they were Orions and always had been. (A few of these 'swallowed' races are the non-Ruddy/non-Green element seen among Orions today.) Gradually the population of the worlds nearest Botchok became almost wholly Orion.

Thus was the pattern set for all Orion Colonies. Spaceports sprang up in Orion neighborhoods, where pure Orion was spoken when there was no one else to hear. The bazaars, cantinas, markets, and clubs greatly resembled those of Botchok, with fluted and spiralled towers, bulged onion-domes, and knurled blocks of apartments rich with balconies and riotous in colored stone and cloth hangings.

For all their fondness for space and exploration, the Orions were never a great settling people. Space was to be exploited and used. Unlike the Federation races, they had no drive to plant a seedling settlement on an uninhabited world. Unlike the Klingons or Romulans, they had no desire to force the natives to their will or to wipe them out. Orions wanted an inhabited world so that they could worm their way into the local economy and ingratiate themselves with their 'new business partners'.

Even that was slow in coming. For more than a century after the Orion War, the Orion Colonies had their hands full reestablishing themselves and building a lasting prosperity. Pirates and traders worked the Outer Dark, but they were adventurers and scarcely civilized about business; a sensible Orion stayed close to home and made his pile there. Only when population pressure began to build did Orions begin to carve new Colonies outside the known spheres.

Not every venture was successful; not every world wanted a permanent Orion Colony in its midst. Knowing this to be the case, the original Orion Colonies carefully studied their intended new Colonies to ensure maximum survivability and sent *rhadamanen* and the necessary funds to make a successful go at a new world. Colonial expansion was slow; an existing Colony might mount a colonizing effort every two or three generations. The interval could well be longer, especially if the last venture had failed.

Ahead of the slow wave of expansion rode the pirates, making things more difficult for those who followed. Behind the wave were worlds whose living standards had been markedly improved, linked by a dense web of Orion merchant shipping carrying the riches of literally hundreds of Orion Colonies. By the grace and with the permission of their hosts, clusters of Orions lived among alien populations often many times their size.

At its greatest extent, Orion Space was a full 150 parsecs in radius, covering more than half the distance from Rigel to Terra. The patterns of settlement varied widely; close to Rigel, the proportion of Orions to natives was much higher than it was toward the Outer Dark. Before the Reverse, some planets had populations fully 50 percent Orion and growing. The more typical percentage was closer to ten percent, and on the frontiers, it was often less than one percent. Regulus and Alphosa enjoyed large Orion Colonies, where beautiful cities still mirror the lost classical age of Orion architecture.

Exactly how many planets there were and what wonders they held are lost in history. Records are scanty, and the ruins are not very helpful. At least one Orion explorer ventured as far as Terra and Tellar without, alas, leaving any trace but his ship's log.



CONTRACTION AND REVERSE

Millions of words have been written on why the Reverse took place. Wealth and luxury may finally have poisoned even the Orions, making them discontented and covetous. The Colonies continued to expand, but much more slowly, as their sponsors in Rigel grew reluctant to fund such extravagant gestures. Minor differences in tariffs and trade-policy agreements escalated to full-scale corporate warfare, even near Rigel. Paying taxes to Rigel and getting little back for it, Colonies formally broke all relations with Botchok and declared independence, decreasing Botchok's revenue. Tax rebellions had little practical effect as the links between Orion worlds depended primarily on trade, which continued in spite of political disturbances. Only a small corps of nostalgic idealists minded the change, but they were prominent in Botchok's most powerful circles, and they begrudged the loss of authority sorely.

The peak of the Reverse was the time of the Three Emperors. The Botchok Planetary Congress had not been able to restore order or political supremacy using harsh laws and the threat of military force—in fact, the ineffectiveness of such measures weakened the BPC's authority even further. Then, several powerful families on Botchok revolted, seeking more power and advocating the use of extreme force to end the Colonies' petty squabbles. The revolt was successful, and the families chose a monarch to save Orion Space from its own successes. Under Boyor I, Botchok dispatched elements of the Orion Space Navy to bring disobedient worlds back within Rigel's fold. Doomed to failure, the effort just wasted lives and resources at the very heart of Orion Space and disrupted trade at Rigel.

So turbulent was this time that the usually detailed Orion records all but disappeared, and only spotty, second-hand accounts of the times survived. Lasting over 300 years, the reverse destroyed Orion wealth and made Orion expansion too costly and failure-ridden. Beset by pirates and shunned by peaceable alien races, the far-flung Orion Colonies could not maintain the volume of pre-Reverse trade. Colonies began to be abandoned more often than they were replaced or reestablished. Some simply ceased to trade, and were left behind in the Outer Dark to manage as best they could.

In Stardate -7/0101, the pride and arrogance of the Three Emperors' time had gone, and a chastened BPC quietly shifted its emphasis from governing to accounting. Published semi-regularly at ten-year intervals, the Orion Registry was the BPC's successful attempt to restore economic order by listing all the remaining Orion Colonies and their population, trade preferences, and other useful business data. Although compiling the first Registry was a major task and took several lives, it proved useful and met universal acceptance. Order had been restored, and Orion decline slowed.

This Orion Indian Summer ended bloodily and unnecessarily. As Orion Space contracted, the pirates had grown in number beyond all counting. The loss of order made them bold as the loss of profitable trade made them desperate. The Registry was a godsend to them, showing them where to strike and where to avoid. They formed larger bands, regular pirate fleets, and began to raid entire Orion Colonies instead of ships. The pitiful self-defence forces the Colonies were able to raise could not guard every world—there were too many pirates, too many hiding places, and far too few men and ships to be an effective deterrent.

There was simply no stopping the massive raid of the Tellum system, though it lasted for weeks and sacked one of the most productive worlds left to the Orions. The pirate ships outnumbered the defenders, and many Colony crews mutinied to return home, as if they could defend their communities more effectively that way. When the pirates withdrew, the fear remained, and the decline resumed in earnest.

About three hundred years before the present, Orion Space had shrunk to less than its size during the New Days. Although many worlds had high Orion populations, only those core worlds closest to Rigel remained even loosely federated and cognizant of the BPC. The others had been lost, forgotten, and left to fend for themselves. Traffic at Rigel ebbed; the Outer Dark came nearer each year.

INTERSTELLAR ENCOUNTERS

In Stardate 0/1402, a new threat made a terrifying appearance to Coreward. Abandoning their Colonies, streams of Orions told of distinctive, bird-like vessels with occupants who butchered or blistered entire planets. A few years of such rampaging in the resource-poor Arm convinced the Romulans that their efforts were better spent elsewhere, but not until a scare went through every Orion world.

Then, rimward of the Orion Arm, Orion pirates clashed with another starfaring, technologically advanced, and lethal race. When they took over old Orion worlds, they ruthlessly suppressed any resistance. Methodical and cautious approaching the Orions, the Klingons were careful to let no warning slip from the worlds they had conquered. Only pirates escaped their net to tell the tales—but who would believe a pirate? By the time reliable reports seeped back to Botchok, the Klingons had subjugated numerous Orion Colonies.

As the Klingon Empire expanded toward Rigel, the Orions realized that their collective navy could not withstand the Klingon fleet. Therefore, instead of battling the Klingons, they welcomed them and the opportunity for trade with a new race. The tactic worked, and the Orion proposal thoroughly confused the Klingons. The Orions readily agreed to allow a Klingon governor on Botchok and to pay tribute to the Empire, but to the Klingons, these were hollow victories. Something was wrong—they had won too easily. Often, the governor on Botchok asked his superiors on Klinzai if the Klingons were still in charge. Anxious for more control, he increased Klingon fleet strength in Orion Space. However, the move was useless as the Orions never rebelled against their Klingon 'overlords' and always paid their tribute promptly. As the Klingons' desire for Orion trade increased, the Orions' tribute decreased until it vanished altogether.

In Stardate 0/76, the Romulans began to get the upper hand in border disputes with the Klingons. To bolster his forces, the Klingon Emperor withdrew all warships and tradeships from Orion Space over the feeble demands of the military governor there. Soon, he too was recalled, though no one took his place. As the Orions had foreseen, the Klingons realized that the value of the Orions lay in their trade and that a military presence there was totally inefficient.

Three years later, the Orions first got wind of a developing alliance to spinward. An Orion Colony vessel patrolling the Outer Dark stumbled across a lost, dilapidated trading ship maned by Garggash Dlumppheg. His refusal both to identify and to trade infuriated the Orion commander, who decided to return to Botchok and let the BPC deal with the stubborn alien. After five months, Dlumppheg left Botchok with a trade agreement with the BPC, which, though exclusive, was worthless. The independent traders from the alliance soon learned that government trade was almost nonexistent and that the powerful Orion corporations and families were the ones with which to trade.

When, on Stardate 0/8706.06, the alliance banded together as the United Federation of Planets, Orions stood with the Rigellian delegation as interested parties but non-signatories. Always looking to make a credit, the BPC had offered to join the Federation if paid ten trillion credits "in compensation", but this infuriated the five alien worlds. It was then that the Orions had their first doubt as to Federation intersets. The UFP did improve trade and cripple the pirates, but also sent a sizeable delegation to Botchok to work out treaties, agreements, and protocols for the smooth operation of the Rigel-Federation spacelanes.

As time went by, the Orions and the Federation both realized that they had wildly different assumptions about power and its allocation. To the Orions, the Federation seemed unnaturally stiff and inelastic; specific tasks were arbitrarily handled by a minister or other functionary. To the Federation officials, the Orions were the epitome of anarchy. Not only were there no set officials for important governmental tasks, the Orions frequently squabbled over who would accept the responsibility or take the credit for doing a job. Furthermore, most of the delegates to the Botchok Plantary Congress were not above using their connections beyond the BPC to force events to go their way.

The Federation embassy was forced to demand that the BPC impose some sort of order. There should be certain officers holding specific titles doing at least loosely defined work. The suggestion took the BPC by storm, and for more than a year, they happily nominated ministers for ever-tinier tasks—the Minister for Rigellian Communications, the Minister for Insurance Claims (not to be confused with the Minister for Insurance Regulation or Insurance Writing), and even a Minister for Simplifying Government. When the exasperated ambassador asked if they planned to name a Pooh-bah, the BPC promptly formed a Commission for the Nomination of a Pooh-bah and did some desultory research. Their report has been deleted from the official record, and from that date, the number of ersatz ministers declined.

Advised of the difficulties at Rigel, the Federation began to understand how little authority the BPC actually possessed. The Federation Council advised the embassy to continue to press for the necessary treaties and to increase, if possible, the legitimacy of the Orion government. As requested, the embassy performed the task by referring all Orions who came to them to the BPC first for adjudication. Although the BPC began to learn the ways of Federation-style government, the Federation gained little but duly signed and stamped pieces of paper that went virtually unenforced.

UFP-ORION RELATIONS DETERIORATE

Federation expansion was much quicker than anyone on Botchok had anticipated—the Federation and the Romulans fought a war not 20 years after the Federation founding. Colonists and developers from the Federation were flooding into space and seizing even more worlds. When Orions did protest, they were shown the agreements the Federation held with the BPC—who naturally, began to be inundated by complaints, bribes, and threats.

The Orions began to understand that the universe was closing in on them faster than expected. Orions living on worlds that decided to join the Federation had to adhere to UFP laws and regulations. Orions tried to move out of the way, but there were fewer and fewer places for them to go. Anti-Orion sentiment made it difficult for existing Colonies to continue doing business, and occasionally it went farther than that. An Orion fleet sought to re-establish their colony at Talna, but Human and Andorian settlers there turned them away. Although Star Fleet upheld the rights of prior inhabitants, unoccupied Orion ruins on the planet were not enough to claim those rights. The Orions seethed over that and came to a boil over Beta VI where an existing Orion colony was forced to relocate because of "chronic criminal activity."

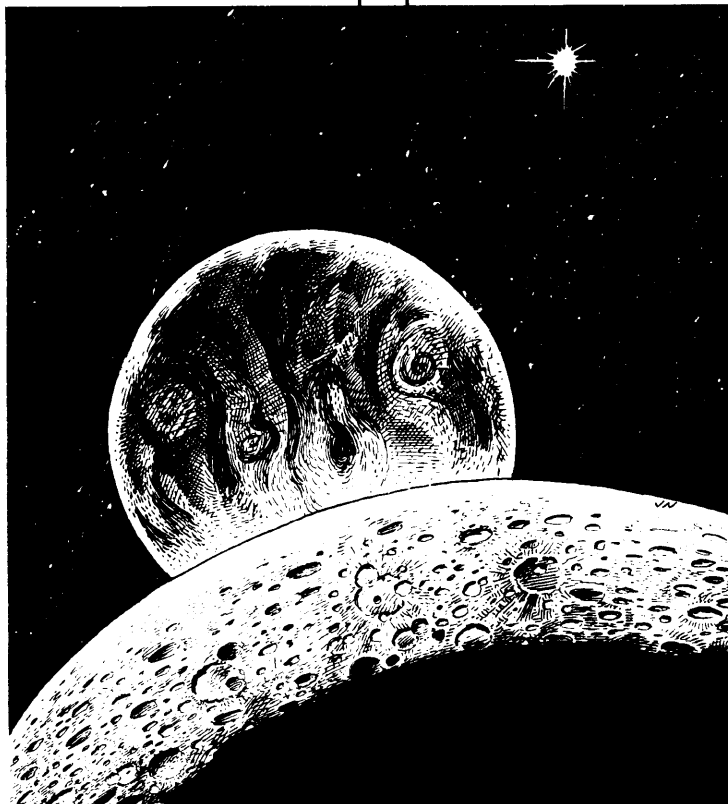
Federation-Orion relations reached a new low on Stardate 1/3611.20, the day the infamous Ethan Report was leaked. Supposedly the product of a Federation High Commission, the report cited continuing problems of enforcing Federation laws among Orions and in dealing with the Botchok government and advised a policy of "containment" to reduce the influence of Orions in the Federation. The Ethan Report

scandalized the Federation, but to the Orions, it was like a declaration of war. Not long after the release of the report, the Orions stepped up their trading volume with the Klingon Empire.

Perceiving that the Klingons and the Federation would soon encounter each other and come to blows, the BPC drafted the Orion Neutrality Act to preserve what little power remained to them. When Klingons first clashed with the Federation in Stardate 1/5105, the Neutrality Act went into immediate effect. Under the Act, the Orions reserved the right to trade with whomever they wished, on their terms, and requested that any race sending military vessels into or through Orion Space (definition left vague) submit an itinerary and schedule for each ship at Botchok.

The Federation Council was outraged. Botchok was a notoriously leaky place, and the ship dispositions sent to the Orions might just as well have been sent directly to Klinzhai. The alternative was cessation of all trading rights at Rigel, which no one wanted, or armed conquest of the Rigel system for the sake of trade there, an idea unthinkable by the Federation ideals. Postwar information showed that the Klingons were also displeased, though not enough to mount an invasion of a Federation-friendly world. The ready availability of data on Federation warships reimbursed them, and in any case, they could lie about their own. By the skin of their teeth, the BPC had escaped domination by either power and would continue to live free, on the edge of a knife, for the next half-century.

Between Stardate 1/5105 and the outbreak of the Four Years War, Rigel came to be a highly adventurous place, where Klingons and Federation members could meet socially. Both sides distrusted the Orions at least as much as they did each other, and both struggled to gain some kind of advantage in information, contacts, bribed officials, or number of agents.



THE FOUR YEARS WAR

Stardate 1/9301 saw a Klingon fleet of over 100 warships invading the space around Rigel. Soon, however, it became apparent that occupation of the Orion Colonies was not their goal. According to Klingon Admiral Kentin epetai-Kazu, the fleet was preparing to invade the UFP. Nevertheless, it was over a year before the fleet entered Federation space, and during the interim, the Orions entertained the Klingons lavishly. The Orion Colonies were jubilant, awaiting the war that would deplete both sides and increase trade with the combatants.

When war was declared in 1/9409, the Federation surprised the Orions by declaring that, according to treaty, the Orion Colonies could not trade with the Klingons. Faced with the choice of abandoning trade with either the Federation or the Klingons, the BPC decided to comply with the Federation's demand. The decision bankrupted several Orion corporations, and the Orions blamed the Federation, rather than the BPC, for the restriction. At this time, several Orion Colonies in the Triangle formed the Orion Frontier Mercantile Association, claimed independence from the BPC, and continued to trade with the Klingon Empire. Many other Colonies followed suit. The Federation/BPC agreements soon became worthless.

When the Klingons retreated before the advancing Federation forces, they spared Rigel, probably more out of twisted spite than charity. By not destroying the Orions, the Klingons made them look like Klingon allies and left the problem of how to deal with them up to the Federation. Grateful to have escaped Klingon wrath, the BPC called for a triumphant welcome for the 396 ships that came to secure Rigel. Apparently, the Orions failed to notice the Federation's irony at diligently sending their arrival time ahead, as per the Neutrality Act.

The Axanar Peace Treaty called for the removal of all Klingons "to the opposite side of Orion Space". The less-publicized Rigel Demilitarized Zone Commission gave that phrase meaning by officially setting the Orion boundaries, the region where the BPC could enforce the Orion Neutrality Act. By unilateral treaty, Orion Space was now a sphere centered on Rigel only ten parsecs in radius. All worlds falling outside of it, including those occupied primarily by Orions, were now inside Federation space.



RECENT DEVELOPMENTS

After delineating the boundaries of Orion Space, the Federation found many Orion Colonies within its borders. Some, desiring Star Fleet protection and Federation Council benevolence, chose to join the UFP as either associate or full-status members; some did not. However, all such Colonies dealt widely in Green Slaves, which the Federation could not allow to continue. Popular sentiment turned against the Orions as independent traders, corporations, and then the Council itself boycotted trade with Orions. In Stardate 2/0105, the Council passed the First Amendment to the Articles of Federation, banning the Green Slave trade outside Orion Space. Orion Colonies inside the Federation were hit hard financially, and their protests and the Federation boycott prompted the BPC to declare the Green Slave trade illegal throughout the Orion Neutrality Area. Once again, the threatened loss of Federation trade had given the UFP what it wanted. However, once again the Orions danced around Federation law. Certainly, it would take more than an upstart alliance to destroy the foundation of Orion society. Besides, unpopular BPC policy was and still is unenforceable within Orion Space.

Since that time, the Orions have not been a major problem for the Federation. There are still pirates, and, as the attack on the Babel delegates shows, there still are Orions willing to go to great lengths to protect their interests, but Rigel and its Colonies have been quiescent. As anti-Orion sentiment ebbed, the Council relaxed some of the more stringent restrictions on Orion immigration. After all, there seemed little the Orions could do to harm the much-larger Federation. The major worry has been Orion trade with the Klingons and possible infiltration of Klingon agents through Orion Space (as may have happened in the case of the Genesis affair). In accord with the Orion Neutrality Act, Star Fleet vessels may enter Orion Space by first giving notice of their arrival. Visits have become infrequent since the war, as no ship wishes to antagonize the Rigelians and hurt Federation trade.

For their own reasons, the Organians left the Orion Neutrality Area between the Klingons and the Federation which many, including the Federation Council, take to mean that the Orions are harmless. However, others have pointed out that, as the Organian motivations are not understood, such a conclusion does not necessarily follow. One may as well say that the Organians themselves do not know how to judge the Orions and left resolution of *that* riddle up to their biological juniors.

For the present, the Orions exist squarely in the middle—physically, politically, and philosophically. As they were in the beginning of their history, they are dependent upon stronger powers for their continued existence and are making the most of it. Living like this, the Orions have outlasted every other culture that has tried to conquer, subjugate, and enslave them. To the Orions, such setbacks are minor, and they have *always* risen from beneath them.

TIMELINE

c. Stardate -10,000,000/00

Rigel IV first inhabited (Muuly-Barsh projection).

c. Stardate -5,000/00

Civilization of Aret at zenith.

c. Stardate -4,000/00

Fett (Forerunner A) at zenith.

c. Stardate -2,000/00

Bursen (Forerunner B) at zenith.

c. Stardate -1,000/00 through -900/00

Ena civilization, centered somewhere Rimward (Klingon side) of the Orion Arm, rises.

Beginning of Emergent Era.

c. Stardate -900/00 through -750/00

First Interregnum, with no major starfaring civilizations. RTA records begin.

c. Stardate -750/00 through -550/00

DjKen civilization rises beyond Romulan Neutral Zone.

c. Stardate -550/00 through -500/00

Second Interregnum. The surface of Rigel IV is totally paved over.

c. Stardate -500/00

Querat civilization to Coreward rises. No incursion into the Orion Arm. Rigel III surface-sculpting completed though; starting date unknown.

c. Stardate -430/00 through -400/00

Third Interregnum.

c. Stardate -400/00 through -200/00

Preserver Era. A largely unknown civilization to Rimward seeds worlds around the Orion Arm with humanoid life-forms then disappears.

c. Stardate -200/00 through -180/00

Third Interregnum. Orions first appear.

Stardate -179/56

Treaty of Kammzdast begins the legal transfer of technology to primitive Orions and limits the use of mercenaries. Botchok used as a proxy battlefield to allow peaceful development of the Rigel system.



Stardate -178/39

First Rigel Conference relaxes some Kammzdast restraints and gives more training and technology to the Orions.

Stardate -157/81

XIII Rigel Conference. Only two original signatory cultures still exist by this date. Orions receive more technology, and slave transport and lodgment rules are relaxed, permitting shipment to more planets. Rigel BC planets settled, but the lack of resources keeps the population low.

Stardate -143/27

XXI Rigel Conference reinforces ban on combat in Rigel system, restricts secret slave transportation, vetoes Rigelian Confederation, and grants Orions nuclear technology for use on Botchok.

Stardate -142/37 through -142/17

The Atom War and the Long Winter kill 80% percent of Botchok's population in 20 years. Proxy warfare is temporarily postponed.

Stardate -141/8901

XXII Rigel Conference lifts restrictions on slave transportation to allow repopulation of Botchok. Forced resettlement begins.

Stardate -111/43

Namazz Accord (later appended to 59th Rigel Conference) grants Orions authority to reclaim their world ecologically with their own money, labor, and technology. This marks the first public responsibility allowed them.

c. Stardate -100/00

Orions begin to smuggle technology to and from Botchok and captive colonies. Orions clandestinely begin to crew aboard alien starships.

Stardate -97/30

Re-ecologizing of Botchok finished; it will later be called the First Stage, as subsequent readjustments are made.

Stardate -74/50

Approximate date of alien report praising "loyal and hard-working Orions" for their "selfless service though in bondage". At this time, Orions were in servitude to 32 races, and had colonies on 79 planets.

Stardate -67/1207

113th Rigel Conference first admits an Orion delegation. After short debate, Orion-proposed refinements and clarifications of the proxy battle system are accepted. Orions are present at all subsequent Conferences but the last.

Stardate -55/87

First public mention of Orion starship crews on an alien insurance claim.

Stardate -43/51

Battle of Lomatin IV sees Orions in ground, air, and space combat on both sides. Botchok national governments lodge a protest over the breaking of Kammzdast, and the belligerent worlds are punished. Other powers use Orions in combat more discreetly.

Stardate -35/0811

By popular legend, the Orion Dawn begins when Ombrey and Maark steal two armed alien freighters, putting ships under sole Orion command and starting the Orion pirate tradition. They settle Rigel BC worlds the same year.

Stardate -33/17

First Orion-built and Orion-crewed ships—unarmed merchants—are launched from yards on Bema, Sharu, and Nilor colonies. (Secret pirate hulls had long since been regularly manufactured.) By this time, there is substantial Orion involvement in the Rigel IV Trading Halls.

Stardate -28/9104

144th Rigel Conference deadlocks on the Orion pirate issue. Orions pledge to police the Rigel system and to aid interstellar enforcement of space law. The offer is accepted with little debate. Cucula the Dormon speaks his famous warning, "Ten thousand years ago, they were slaves. A thousand years ago, servants. When will they be masters?" An anti-Orion pogrom is bloodily put down.

Stardate -21/1105

The Taunpymi Incident occurs, in which a minor trade dispute culminates in charges of Orion complicity with pirates. Improving Orion fortunes spark deadly envy in the Nine Worlds Confederation and others. Riots against Orions become more prevalent.

Stardate -20/9507.14

The 187th and last Rigel Conference delivers the Ultimatum of the Nine Worlds. Nallin Oplate spurns it, as Orions consolidate control of all the Trade Halls on Rigel IV and prepare for war.

Stardate -20/9508

Nallin journeys to Botchok and helps organize the Botchok Planetary Congress, discarding Treaty of Kammzdast. The Recall of the Pirates is issued.

Stardate -20/9401.03

The Battle of Botchok begins the Orion War.

Stardate -20/9401 through -20/5712

The Orion War is fought with arms, diplomacy, and economic threat. Of 58 belligerents, the Orions defeat only 13 in open warfare; the rest eventually retire and sue for terms.

Stardate -20/5602.13

The Declaration of Nallin the Unconquerable, proclaiming freedom for all Orions in space. The New Days begin, ushering the cultural and spiritual regeneration of 21.35 billion Orions on 135 planets.

Stardate -14/2310

The first new Orion Colony since the War is established in the Outer Dark at Zonvan. New Colony ventures will eventually be launched at the rate of one per year. Many worlds are colonized, abandoned, and recolonized—some as many as 18 times.

Stardate -12/7905

The Gaetano Region declares independence from Botchok, causing war with the BPC. Although the BPC hires additional fleet strength from Anor, Guilpin, and Sark Regions, lack of funds finally forces an end to combat. No formal peace is ever made, and taxes slowly cease to arrive at Botchok.

Stardate -10/3707

Orion Space is at its greatest extent. A Colony at Talna III, only 31 parsecs from Terra, is established. At this time 57.3 billion Orions live on 972 planets.

Stardate -10/0303.21

With the help of several powerful Botchok families, Botchok Planetary Congress President Boyor Ignatin assumes dictatorial powers, jails his opponents, and reorganizes Orion government. Within the year, he is crowned Boyor the Righteous and issues his Demand for Unity to all rebellious or seceded Colonies. The Fringe Wars (and the Reverse) begin.

Stardate -10/6210

Boyor is assassinated. Clan warfare and rioting spread to destroy all his line. A fearful BPC names Renat the Old as the new Orion Emperor. Succession struggles last another 16 years.

**Stardate -9/5404.30**

Renat creates the short-lived Orion Provincial Senate. Most Colonies refuse to send delegates to the five sparse sessions.

Stardate -9/3203.07

Renat dies, and his nephew Arnet the Thoughtful takes the throne, implementing reforms conceived by his uncle. The massacre at Votannis kills 23.1 million Orions, depopulating the entire Colony.

Stardate -8/8803.17

Arnet abdicates as part of his plan to restore the old Orion way of life. Although he disappears before nightfall, his family is rounded up and killed. The Botchok Planetary Congress restores order on Botchok and ignores the Colonies.

Stardate -7/0101

The first publication of the Orion Registry lists all Colonies and relevant economic data. Orion population is now only 31.05 billion on 507 worlds and declining.

Stardate -3/15

Orion Indian Summer heralds nearly a century of cultural rebirth and a halt to the decline. This year, the Orion population stabilizes at 20.315 billion on 213 worlds.

Stardate -2/9402.19

Indian Summer ends with the devastating pirate raid on the Tellum system led by Half-a-Man Sorris. Over 2.5 million die, including 1.5 million Orions. The Colony on Troyius is temporarily abandoned.

Stardate -1/1609.08

The Orion Registry, 73rd Edition, reports the stabilization of Orion contraction. Only 12.7 billion Orions survive on 64 worlds, most of them less than 20 parsecs from Rigel. Colonies beyond this limit, no longer in contact with Botchok, are not included.

Stardate 0/14

Estimated date of first contact with the Romulans. The entire Colony at Farx is wiped out without a trace, and Orions flee the Coreward part of the Arm.

Stardate 0/72

Estimated date of first Orion-Klingon contact. The Klingons send a military governor to Rigel, but he exerts no influence. The average Orion is totally unaware that the Colonies are 'officially' a Klingon protectorate.

Stardate 0/7610

The Klingon Emperor withdraws his fleet and governor from Botchok as conflict heats up between the Romulans and the Klingons.

Stardate 0/7907

An Orion Colony ship encounters Tellarite trader Garggash Dlumppheg. The Orion commander transports the Tellarite to Botchok.

Stardate 0/7912

Dlumppheg leaves Botchok with an exclusive government trade contract. Upon his return to Tellar, he sells BPC trade franchises to the biggest corporations on Tellar, Andor, Vulcan, and Centauran worlds.

Stardate 0/8202

The Terran trade vessel *Marco Polo* returns from Rigel laden with cargo and important news. The exclusive ties between Dlumppheg and the BPC do not apply to the much richer trading market available by dealing direct with the Orion trading families. Small independent traders conduct vast trade with large Orion corporations. Dlumppheg is sued unsuccessfully over 750 times in Andorian, Centauran, and Terran courts.

Stardate 0/8706.06

The Articles of Federation are signed at the First Babel Conference. Orion delegates do not sign but make a great impression as members of an older and wiser race. Trade increases with all Federation members as the first Star Fleet ships chase pirates from the routes to Rigel.

Stardate 0/9101.13

The first Federation delegation arrives at Rigel to work out amenable diplomatic and economic relations. Orion complexities and intrigues baffle them and hinder their work. The Federation begins working to give the BPC 'legitimacy'.

Stardate 1/0610 through 1/0909

The Federation-Romulan War. Although no Orion forces are involved, a great deal of war materiel is freighted through Orion worlds, and many Federation crews on leave learn the pleasures of Orion leisure.

Stardate 1/1004

The Orions leak the existence of the Federation to the Klingons. All records of these transactions are mysteriously later lost.

Stardate 1/1209.12

The Andorian-crewed Star Fleet cruiser *Thanatok* destroys the pirate enclave at Brurem. The BPC protests the murder of civilians. Although the Federation punishes the overzealous captain, similar events are subsequently hushed. Pirate raids against Andorian worlds intensify.

Stardate 1/1811.07

Orion ships seeking to re-establish the Talna III Colony are turned away by the Human and Vulcan settlers. The BPC protests to the Federation Council, only to be told that prior settlers have the right to refuse later immigrants. "Talna" becomes a symbol to those Orions convinced that the Federation means to annihilate them.

Stardate 1/2701.14

Human and Andorian settlers on Beta VI order the removal of the pre-existing Orion Colony there, claiming "chronic criminal activity and corruption". A Federation High Commission is appointed at BPC insistence, but advocates relocation of the Colony. The Orions leave without paying their bills, costing Beta VI 21.32 million credits plus the Federation-ordered costs of moving the Orions.

Stardate 1/3611.20

A secret Federation High Commission report on the Orions is leaked to the public from Botchok. The Ethan Report labels the Orions "barbarous atavisms" bent on "mastery of the Federation monetary system" through "bribery, blackmail, coercion by force up to and including piratical attacks in Federation space".

c. Stardate 1/38

Klingon-Orion trade increases markedly, following a secret, non-aggression treaty purported to relieve Orion Colonies deep in Klingon space. Intelligence activity on Botchok intensifies.

Stardate 1/40

The first major wave of settlements is established in the Triangle.

Stardate 1/4112

Several Orion families open up freeports and tradeworlds, which have no regulations or tariffs to control trade. The first experiments are a huge success, with the Orion traders more than recouping their development costs by leasing commercial space and by setting up elaborate trade brokerage houses. Later experiments, however, are not as successful.

Stardate 1/4212.31

Over Orion protests, the Federation Uniform Mercantile Code (FUMC) becomes law, forcing Botchok and the Colonies to comply or face prosecution. The Rigellians successfully claim exemption on the basis of time-tested tradition.

Stardate 1/4705.18

The Federation Tribunal affirms the verdict of "guilty" in the hotly contested Duraba Corporation case. Every officer in the corporation and certain major stockholders are convicted of participation in a gigantic criminal conspiracy spanning 20 planets and involving more than 1,850 separate violations of the FUMC. The resulting anti-Federation riots on the Colonies cost 37 million credits and over 6,000 lives.

Stardate 1/5103.27

Freeloader, first and most notorious Orion freeport in the Triangle, is officially opened with the dedication of its spaceport facility. This date marks the beginning of large-scale trade operations in the region, which is soon to become the hottest and most open trade area in the known galaxy.

Stardate 1/5105.02

Klingon and Star Fleet vessels clash for the first time. The Botchok Planetary Congress issues the Orion Neutrality Act, declaring Rigel and all its Colonies unaligned with any spacefaring power and free to trade with any. All military vessels in Orion Space must inform the BPC as to their location and itineraries.

Stardate 1/51 through 1/94

Espionage activity escalates throughout Orion Space. Estimated Star Fleet Intelligence deaths for this period are in excess of 5,000. Slowed by the FUMC, Orion economic growth does not recover. Federation-Orion enmity grows.

Stardate 1/7603

Orions discover extensive dilithium deposits on Rigel XII. Mined and sold to both the Federation and the Klingons, dilithium revolutionizes interstellar travel and military weapon technology.

Stardate 1/9409.29

The Four Years War between the Federation and the Klingons begins.

Stardate 1/9412

According to the Federation Uniform Mercantile Code, the Orions are forbidden to trade with the Klingons for the duration of the war. The small, Triangle-based Orion Frontier Merchants Association declares independence from the Botchok Planetary Congress and trades with both sides.

Stardate 1/9504

After a Klingon task force destroys an Orion merchant ship carrying dilithium to the Federation, the BPC and the OFMA resolve to destroy all dilithium on Rigel XII if either side interferes with its trade. Both sides comply.

Stardate 2/0001.11

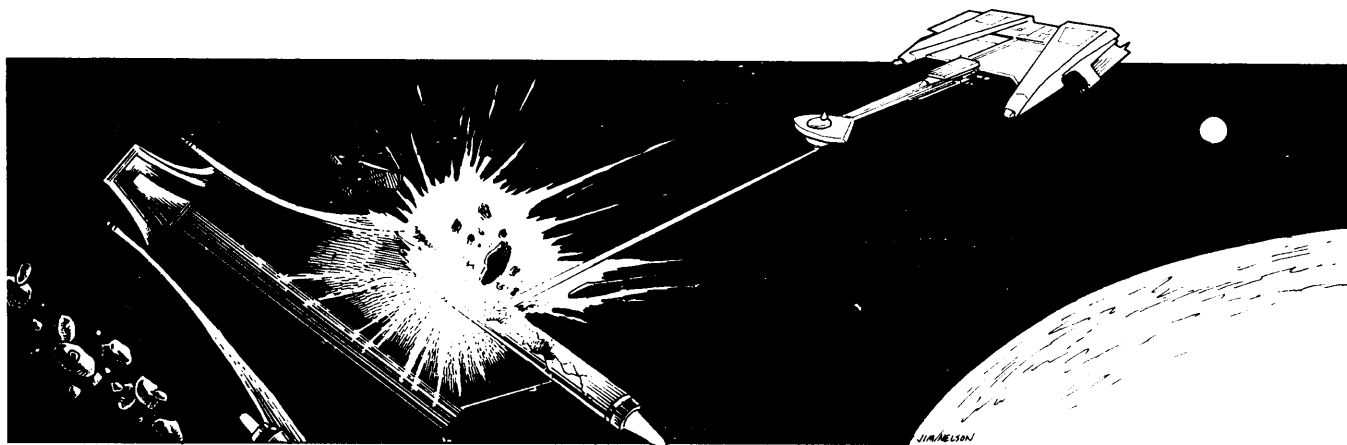
The Federation Council votes to impose sanctions against the Orions due to Green Slave trafficking. UFP members boycott trade with the Orions.

Stardate 2/0103.13

The Council endorses the boycott of Orion Colonies.

Stardate 2/0105.01

The First Amendment to the Articles of Federation bans the Green Slave trade within UFP space. Federation pressure forces the BPC to abolish slavery within Orion Space—officially. Traffic in Green Slaves continues as always within Orion Space and secretly within the UFP.

**Stardate 1/9709.01**

The Rigel Demilitarized Zone Commission, meeting at Star Base 27, decides the fate of the Orions after the war. Orion Space is to be severely circumscribed and the activities of Orions outside of it brought into line with Federation law.

Stardate 1/9806.13

The Axanar Peace Mission concludes, ending the Four Years War.

Stardate 1/9806.29

The Rigel Demilitarized Zone Commission lands on Botchok, where Commissioner Dzwonkowski meets with the BPC in closed session and outlines the Federation plan. The Orions capitulate, and Orion Space legally becomes a 20-parsec sphere.

Stardate 1/9807 through 1/9904

Klingon citizens required to relocate in compliance with the terms of the Treaty of Axanar are transported to their side of the newly redefined Federation/Klingon border.

Stardate 1/9808.15

Signed by Dzwonkowski and BPC President Vloun, the Orion Emigration Act goes into effect, requiring the registration of all Orions in Federation space.

Stardate 2/0801.24

The Organians impose their peace treaty on the Klingons and the Federation. The Orions are pointedly left out of it, though the Klingon frontier remains in contact with the Orion Neutrality Area.

Stardate 2/0902

Orions seeking to protect their illegal mining interests on Coridan attempt to sabotage the Babel conference. The BPC denies any involvement. Implicated in the sabotage, three Orion corporations go bankrupt, starting the Great Crash of 09. Orion trade interests are weakened in the Triangle and the Neutral Zone.

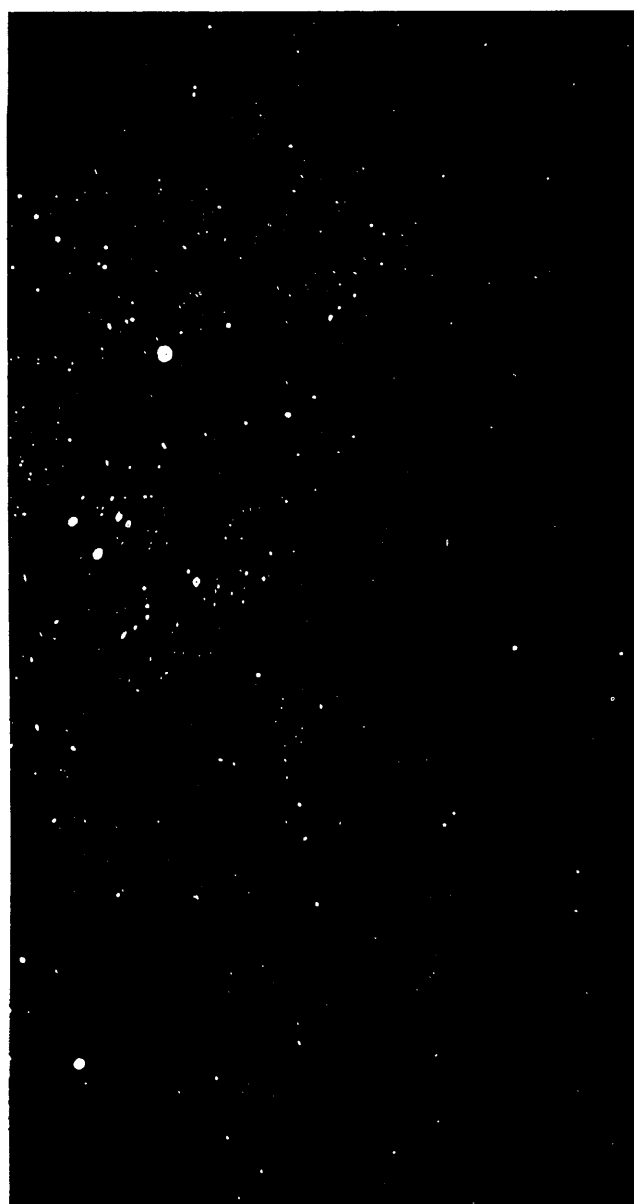
Stardate 2/1502

Star Fleet Intelligence reports possible Orion trade agreements with the Romulans in the Triangle. This year, an art object from a known Klingon servitor race appears in a gallery in San Francisco, origin obscure.

THE RIGEL SYSTEM

Astrographically, the Rigel star system resides just on the Coreward side of the Orion Arm of the galaxy, a belt of ionized hydrogen rich with large bright stars. With equal access to both sides of the Arm, the Rigel system resides almost exactly between the Federation and the Klingon Empire. Coreward lies the Triangle and beyond that the Romulans.

Actually, the Rigel system comprises three stars. Rigel A is the primary star, and Rigel B and C orbit each other a great distance from Rigel A. In a region poor in planets, Rigel has an embarrassment of riches: 14 planets, more than half of them habitable. Archaeological evidence shows that hundreds of spacefaring races have visited Rigel for tens of thousands of years, and a few have claimed it; it is prime real estate in a commanding location. The Orions originated in the Rigel system, and for more than a thousand years, it has been under their exclusive control. Although Rigel is not the sole reason for their power, it shaped them and helped them to achieve all they have.



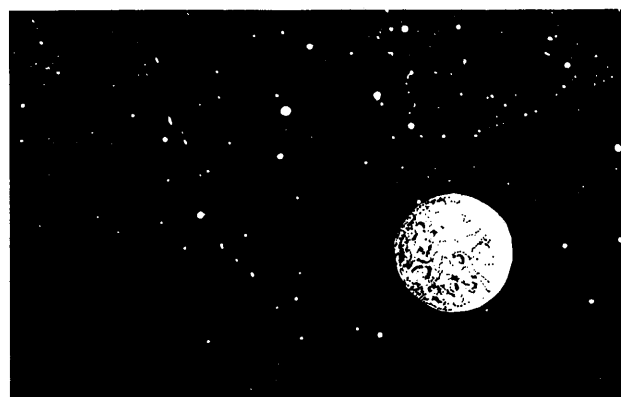
RIGEL I

WORLD LOG: TUGN

System Name:	Rigel A
Map Coordinates:	8.51S 1.27E
Number Of Class M Present:	3
Planetary Data	
Position In System:	I
Number Of Satellites:	0
Planetary Class:	J
Planetary Gravity:	0.2g
Planetary Size	
Diameter:	2,600 km
Equatorial Circumference:	8,170 km
Total Surface Area:	21,237,160 sq km
Percent Land Mass:	100%
Total Land Area:	21,237,160 sq km
Planetary Conditions	
Length Of Day:	64 days
Atmospheric Density:	N/A
General Climate:	N/A
Mineral Content	
Normal Metals:	41%
Radioactives:	07%
Gemstones:	05%
Industrial Crystals:	03%
Special Minerals:	01%
Cultural Data	
Dominant Life Form:	Orion
Technological/	
Sociopolitical Index:	999974-74
Planetary Trade Profile:	GABGDFHC/ (X)

Notes:

Rigel I is an airless Class J rock with only automated mining equipment. When the Hakiel Radiation Zone (which shields the rest of the system from Rigel's lethal ionizing radiation) occasionally knocks out the cybernetic controls, volunteer engineers clad in heavy armor and with heavily shielded ships arrive on Tugn to repair the equipment. The severe magnetic disturbances in front of the Hakiel Zone can be deadly, and the environment within it is indescribably so. As the planet's mining equipment collects molten metals from the planet's surface, Rigel I is not recommended for even emergency stops.



RIGEL II

WORLD LOG: ATUGN

System Data

System Name: Rigel A
Map Coordinates: 8.51S 1.27E
Number Of Class M Present: 3

Planetary Data

Position In System: II
Number Of Satellites: 0
Planetary Class: J
Planetary Gravity: 0.3g
Planetary Size:
Diameter: 2,980 km
Equatorial Circumference: 9,368 km
Total Surface Area: 27,898,600 sq km
Percent Land Mass: 100%
Total Land Area: 27,898,600 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day: 17 days
Atmospheric Density: N/A
General Climate: N/A

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: 46%
Radioactives: 27%
Gemstones: 02%
Industrial Crystals: 03%
Special Minerals: Trace

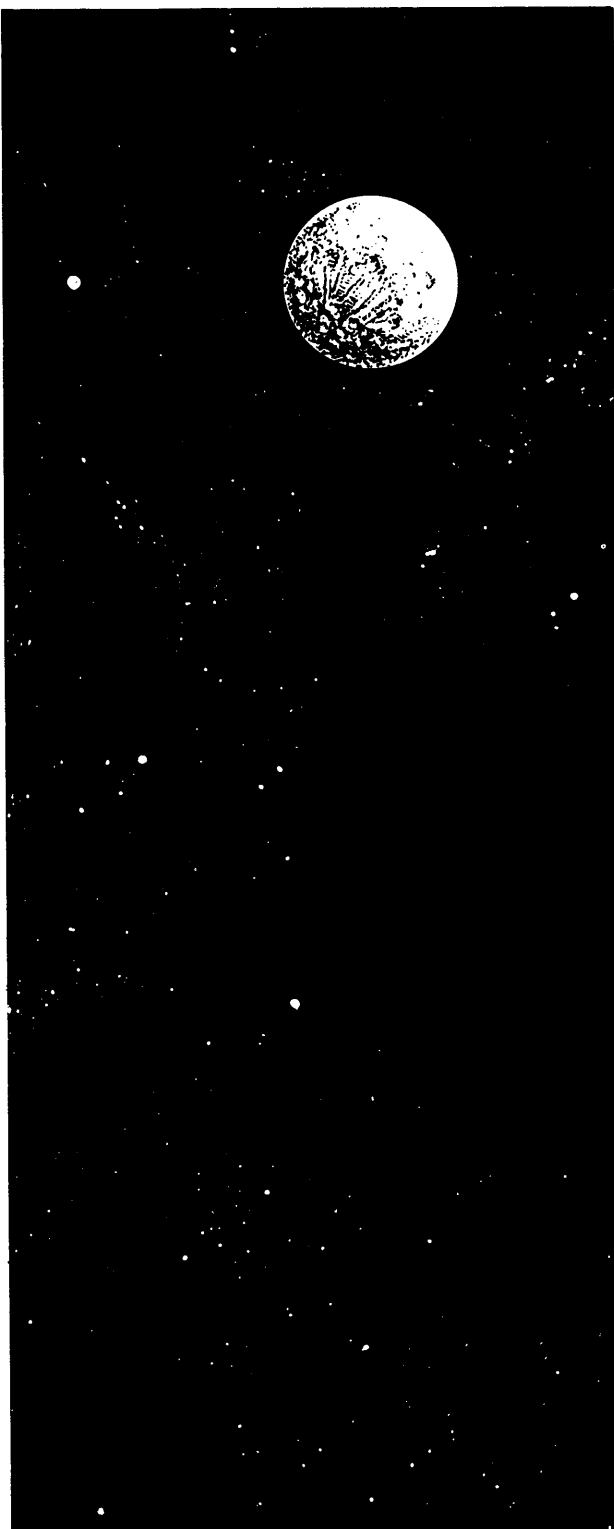
Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form: Orion
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: 999974-74
Planetary Trade Profile: HAGHDGH/B (D)

Notes:

A slightly cooler mining outpost, Rigel II is permanently inhabited and lies just outside a sparse and rocky asteroid belt between it and Rigel I. It is the haunt of asteroid miners and corporate drudges working the pits and shafts on the surface. Centuries of settlement have never removed the frontier atmosphere, the tumbledown, rough-and-ready towns, and the bawdy cabarets and saloons full of down-and-out spacers, burned-out miners, and tanked loaders. Rumors of a major belt strike galvanizes (and panics) the hopefuls who come and go.

Rigel II would be unremarkable except that Star Fleet vessels are allowed to monitor the Rigel System from orbit around this planet, though on highly restricted routes with strict limitations on how they may act. They may not intercept or follow ships in the system; they can only run identity checks and get an idea of Federation traffic. Ships on monitor duty here spend months doing nothing but waiting, avoiding diplomatic errors, and keeping tabs on radio traffic, ship passages, and the prominent rumors. Because of the boredom of such duty and the planet's poor R&R facilities, Rigel II has many times earned its nickname "Security's Playground".



RIGEL III

WORLD LOG: VOLUM

System Data

System Name:	Rigel A
Map Coordinates:	8.51S 1.27E
Number Of Class M Present:	3

Planetary Data

Position In System:	III
Number Of Satellites:	0
Planetary Class:	M
Planetary Gravity:	1.0g
Planetary Size	
Diameter:	13,410 km
Equatorial Circumference:	42,130 km
Total Surface Area:	564,946,610 sq km
Percent Land Mass:	34%
Total Land Area:	192,081,840 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day:	24 hours
Atmospheric Density:	Terrestrial
General Climate:	Warm Temperate

Mineral Content

Normal Metals:	28%
Radioactives:	14%
Gemstones:	Trace
Industrial Crystals:	02%
Special Minerals:	Trace

Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form:	Orion
Technological/	
Sociopolitical Index:	999974-74
Planetary Trade Profile:	DBDDDEF/A (A)

Notes:

Rigel III is a heartbreakingly beautiful, carefully groomed paradise. While many Class M worlds have brown deserts, blaring white polar caps, and deep blue seas, Rigel III is a tidy mosaic of literally thousands of habitats, all nestling cozily together on four continents.

The planet is also entirely privately owned. All its land, seas, airspace, and parking orbits are in the hands of families, corporations, individuals, and governments of other planets. An involved kind of concordat governs who can own what, how it may be purchased or inherited, and what may or may not be done with the property. Enforcement is by mutual consent, discreet but effective.

Aside from its natural beauty, Rigel III has no visible assets: no industry, no mining, no large-scale farming, and no habitation of more than 5,000 people. There are three land-based, semipublic spaceports used by owners and their guests exclusively. As most owners have private landing and berthing facilities, these ports are more like yacht clubs, places for formal and informal gatherings. Local space control ensures that no unauthorized vessel approaches the planet.

Not every landowner on Rigel III is Orion, and not all are reclusive. Some have allowed scientific teams from the Federation to excavate for signs of the planet's past and its previous masters. Some time in the remote past, the entire planet was reengineered into a perfect humanoid living environment—right down to the placement of seas and the atmosphere circulation patterns. From pole to pole, the seasons are gentle, and there is no harsh weather. No obvious signs of terraforming are present—quite a change from Botchok. Although the Orions claim credit, evidence suggests Rigel III was shaped many tens of thousands of years ago, before the Orions reached space. If more of the planet was open to scrutiny, scientists might discover why Rigel IV was planed flat and Rigel III carefully cultivated.

Owners of the Trade Halls on Rigel IV have estates here, as do a few other well-known groups and individuals. However, most of the residents and owners prefer to keep their holdings secret.



RIGEL IV

WORLD LOG: RIGEL IV

System Data

System Name:	Rigel A
Map Coordinates:	8.51S 1.27E
Number Of Class M Present:	3

Planetary Data

Position In System:	IV
Number Of Satellites:	0
Planetary Class:	G
Planetary Gravity:	0.9g
Planetary Size	
Diameter:	11,700 km
Equatorial Circumference:	36,760 km
Total Surface Area:	430,052,600 sq km
Percent Land Mass:	100%
Total Land Area:	430,052,600 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day:	21 hours
Atmospheric Density:	Thin (contaminated)
General Climate:	Cool Temperate

Mineral Content

Normal Metals:	42%
Radioactives:	03%
Gemstones:	01%
Industrial Crystals:	Trace
Special Minerals:	Trace

Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form:	Rigellian
Technological/	
Sociopolitical Index:	99AA96-93
Planetary Trade Profile:	Variable

Notes:

From space, Rigel IV appears not just dead, but blasted and scoured. Its surface is almost uniform steel gray, broken occasionally by garish artificial patches of red, yellow, blue, and green. The first Terran traders gave it the popular nickname it still carries: Parking Lot.

It is an appropriate name. There is no elevation on the planet more than five meters high, and the surface really consists of paved parking lots and landing areas for the thousands of starships and shuttles that arrive and depart every day. This is the most heavily trafficked world in the known galaxy; the Rigellian Trade Authority (RTA) states that 2.6 ships, bearing 6.15 millions tons of cargo, arrive or depart Rigel IV every minute.

To make it easier to land more ships, someone once planed away all the hills and valleys and eliminated any trace of life on its surface. Everything on the planet—including the Trade Halls, the underground hotels, the massive docks, unbelievable junkyards, and the glass-hard surface itself—is artificial. Even the air is mechanically recirculated and processed. Nevertheless, engine fumes and industrial pollution combine with the ever-blowing dust to make the atmosphere unbreathable.

CAPSULE HISTORY

No one really knows how long Rigel IV has been a trade center. The RTA authoritatively states that the last piece of bare ground was paved over approximately 50,000 years ago. At that time, air recirculation was already an old process.

Archaeologists have nightmares about Rigellian records. Races known only as legends or from tool fragments have left calling cards and even hotel receipts there. Some 5,439 wars have taken place on or near Rigel IV, counting revolts and mass mutinies, and now and again a junkyard produces some broken bit of ship whose makers are interstellar dust. As they have no retail value, such items are usually smelted down for other uses. How many precious artifacts suffer that fate cannot even be guessed. To avoid that problem in the future, licensed research teams are working to preserve and ship offplanet much of the unearthed material.

Incredibly, a few native species of Rigellian life still exist—perhaps 20, counting insects and the infamous sentient Rigellians. The planet's dominant race, the Rigellians are furred, bipedal, rat-like creatures with snouts, pointed ears, small but perceptive eyes, and long prehensile tails. Rigellians walk upright, but stooped on too-short legs. A buzzing inflection to most vowels and a lack of labial sounds like ("b", "m", "v", and "p") characterizes their speech. In fact, they prefer to stay out of sight. Although the total number of Rigellians is unknown, it is estimated at no more than a million or so.

Archaeologists and anthropologists would love to answer "the Rigellian Question". The Rigellian language has obviously been adapted to its present use from some older tongue. The peculiar speech, gait, and appearance of the Rigellians bespeak a race scarcely removed from the animal. All the evidence suggests that the Rigellians were created from lower stock—by whom and for what purpose is not known. More disturbing, the Rigellians do not seem a bioengineered species as much as an artificially accelerated one. For all that is known, they may well be (as the popular legend has it) the evolved house pets of whatever race paved Rigel IV.

There is more to the Rigellian Question. The three suns of Rigel are blue-white stars—very young by astronomical standards, being scarcely more than 100,000 standard years old. However, the planets of Rigel are obviously far older. Drillings on Rigel IV have returned samples some 8.8 billion years old. Either the planets were moved to their present orbits, or else the Rigel suns were synthetically created to replace the dead original star. Or, there is some other, stranger explanation.

The Rigellians might have the answer, but they are not talking. Although probes of the suns might reveal more, the Orions absolutely refuse to allow such nonsense and seem utterly uninterested in the whole matter. Therefore, the most baffling problem of Federation astrophysics—and perhaps the secret of what may be the largest artifact of the Preservers—goes enigmatically unanswered.

BUSINESS

"Doing it Rigel" has come to mean doing something ordinary in the most complicated and unnecessarily convoluted way. The phrase has its inspiration from the age-old way traders have had to conduct their business at Rigel IV.

Rigel Space Control first hails an incoming vessel, then asks the historic 60 Questions on ship, cargo, crew, originating point, and some rather bizzare particulars, likely included because of some half-forgotten disaster in the dim past. Once in orbit around Rigel IV, the ship must accept the Inspection Party, in robes and full regalia, who conduct purification rites and do a very thorough and practical examination of everything from ship's papers to crew quarters before issuing (after a quaint ceremony) the Certificate of Performance. Rigel IV is now open to the crew—but woe betide the ship that angers the Inspection Party or fails to adhere to their arcane rigamarole. At best, such a ship and crew will have to undergo an even more complicated and intrusive Purification before being inspected again; at worst, a ship will be ordered out of system immediately, forbidden to trade on Rigel IV again.

Ships or their shuttles are directed to land at the Port of P'nam—perhaps once a real place, but in effect it means anywhere on Rigel IV that Rigel Space Control directs. More rituals attend the unloading of cargo, the granting of liberty to the crew, and even the connecting of water, power, and sewer lines to the ship—conducted under the stern gaze of the Sutler and his retinue. (All the officials are Orions, but not all are Ruddy.) Ship's officers empowered to conduct negotiations do so at one of the massive Trade Halls that dot the surface, each presided over by a venerable Orion family or group of families. Although there are many traditions here too, the atmosphere is more relaxed and businesslike. If a cargo has made it this far, it may be traded directly for goods of surpassing value at fire-sale prices.

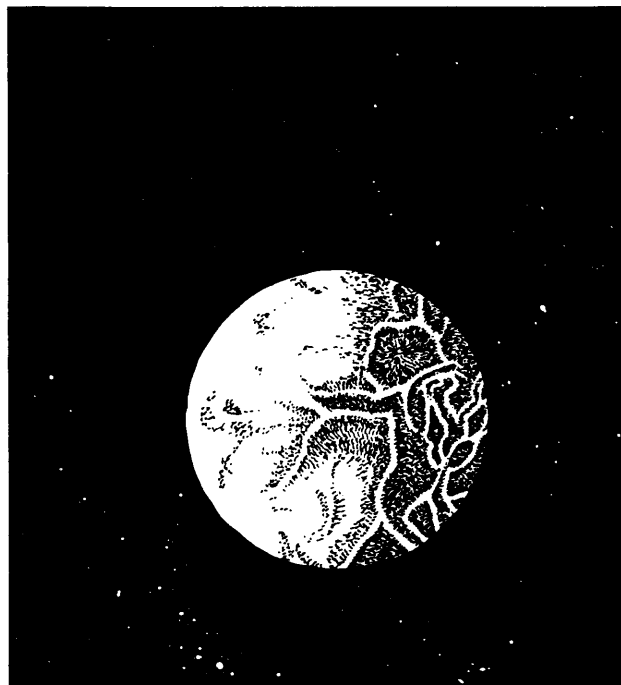
The Rigel IV market is nearly exclusively exotics—things not often found on the interstellar trading lanes. For example, a small, spiny race who keep their world's location secret arrive now and again laden with hundreds of tons of high-quality diamonds. Rigel IV is the place to take cargoes for which no known market may exist. Valuable or common, useless or prized, it makes no difference—there may be someone on Rigel IV who is seeking just such a commodity and willing to pay a premium for it. The first Terran ship to the planet brought metals and electronics and made a killing. The second ship found a second fascinating thing about Rigel IV: the market may suddenly, unpredictably, close on a previous sure thing and open up on another. The cargo that earns 50 times its cost one trip may be worthless the next, and something else not even considered valuable may be demanded at ridiculously high prices. Supposedly, a Vulcan ship once could not unload their atomically pure neutronium (usually a good seller), but made a profit when they sold every trace of soft drinks aboard. Rigel IV is a place to get things.

Even with computerized marketing, arranging trades would be impossible without the experience and knowledge of the Trade Halls and their staffs. For a reasonable fee, a Hall will post a cargo on the planet-wide Net and search—for another reasonable fee—for a cargo to take back. Finding the value in an exotic with an untranslatable name takes a great deal of skill and information. The Trade Halls charge accordingly for how hard they have to look. As they charge only for successful searches, they tend not to give up until the cost of the quest threatens to overwhelm the value of the commodity. A number of the more-experienced merchants will use their own contacts on Rigel IV and pay relatively little for that hard-to-find load.

Fluctuations of value and cycles of glut and lack in any trade item are only two of the hazards connected with Rigel IV. Another is cost; the berthing fees and other attendant expenses are three to five times as much as at any Federation world. Because of the many races, goods, worries, and problems, the average length of a ship's stay on Rigel IV is 12.6 standard hours. In that time, a merchant may be bombarded with more sights, sounds, requests, demands, entreaties, and deals than a ground-pounding merchant might find in a lifetime. The difference between fortune and ruin may be less than five minutes. Timing is critical, and the next stall in the offport bazaar may contain just the thing that makes the trip. Trade and see—and hope. Old Rigel hands know that intuition is just as reliable as marketing reports.

Rigel business does not stop with the Trade Halls. Like any other Orion world, the underground settlements of Rigel IV teem with all the other sorts of Orion commerce—from the noisy open-stall bazaars to lavish corporate offices. Although rent is not cheap, the cash flow is fantastic. In addition, there are the bars, spacers' dives, and less-reputable joints where the cargoes that the Trade Halls would not handle get exchanged. Though Rigel IV teems with private police forces, there are not enough to keep some unfortunate trader from winding up knifed in a back alley. High prices keep the lowlifes out, but effective criminal elements cope quite handily doing high-risk freight, cash conversions of questionable goods, and some lucrative short-term loans.

For the Federation, Rigel IV trade is a two-edged sword. Perhaps a third of the planet's regular traders are from Federation worlds, and the commerce is vital to the entire Federation. However, too many things are traded that Star Fleet wishes were not, like alien animals and plants, high technology, drugs and other dangerous substances. By interplanetary agreements, the entire Rigel system is neutral, and the trade world of Rigel IV a protected administered enclave. Star Fleet cannot exercise any authority over it—not even to make an official visit. All warships are prohibited from approaching the planet on pain of exclusion from future trade. The Federation has agreed to uphold this neutrality and is consoled only by knowing that the Klingons and Romulans are likewise banned.



RIGEL V

WORLD LOG: V'GELN

System Data

System Name:	Rigel A
Map Coordinates:	8.51S 1.27E
Number Of Class M Present:	3

Planetary Data

Position In System:	V
Number Of Satellites:	1
Planetary Class:	G
Planetary Gravity:	1.2g
Planetary Size	
Diameter:	15,600 km
Equatorial Circumference:	49,010 km
Total Surface Area:	764,537,960 sq km
Percent Land Mass:	100%
Total Land Area:	764,537,960 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day:	28 hours
Atmospheric Density:	Thin
General Climate:	Desert

Mineral Content

Normal Metals:	39%
Radioactives:	16%
Gemstones:	05%
Industrial Crystals:	Trace
Special Minerals:	02%

Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form:	V'gelnians
Technological/	
Sociopolitical Index:	345423-22
Planetary Trade Profile:	AAAAAA/D (E)

Notes:

Sometimes called V'gelin, Rigel V is the classic Class G desert world with dunes, buttes, sand, heat, thin air, and precious little water. Like Rigel VI, it has no intrinsic value, though people may visit it with advanced water-reclamation gear. Water and plant life exist only at the poles, which suggests that once the world was more habitable than it is now. Nevertheless, the planet is inhabited by the reclusive desert nomads of Rigel V, who live in laboriously constructed habitats in the occasional rock outcroppings and migrate to avoid the seasonal dust storms that sweep the planet twice a year.

How the nomads manage to survive on so little has fascinated scientists for centuries. For all this study, they remain uncontaminated and aloof, contemptuous of outsiders. They live as sparsely as the desert; they have no compunctions about abandoning their weak or unfit, or about disposing of the hapless, helpless traveller who makes the mistake of asking their aid. Those who cannot exist in the desert on their own are worse than a burden; they are unclean and unfit to survive.

In appearance, the nomads are very striking: tall, slender humanoids, usually wearing dust-colored hoods, robes, and masks. Their ears and eyebrows are elongated and pointed, through neither the Vulcan nor the Romulan tongue is similar to their language. As they are a cold-bloodedly vicious, primitive, and unforgiving people, only experienced contact teams should attempt to approach them. Some scientists have theorized that the nomads are the descendants of "weed-outs" from the Preservers. Or, they could be a lost Vulcan or Romulan colony's survivors, a living relic of prehistoric times.

RIGEL VI

WORLD LOG: SIRK

System Data

System Name:	Rigel A
Map Coordinates:	8.51S 1.27E
Number Of Class M Present:	3

Planetary Data

Position In System:	VI
Number Of Satellites:	2
Planetary Class:	K
Planetary Gravity:	0.6g
Planetary Size	
Diameter:	7,800 km
Equatorial Circumference:	24,500 km
Total Surface Area:	191,134,490 sq km
Percent Land Mass:	100%
Total Land Area:	191,134,490 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day:	28 hours
Atmospheric Density:	Tenuous
General Climate:	Desert

Mineral Content

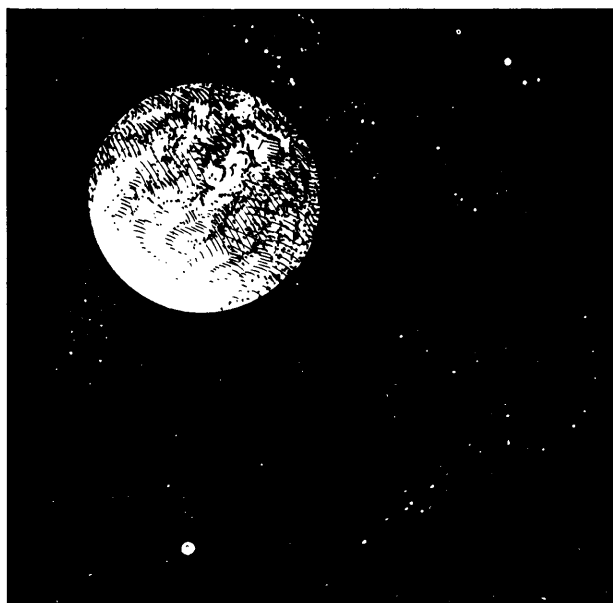
Normal Metals:	06%
Radioactives:	Trace
Gemstones:	Trace
Industrial Crystals:	Trace
Special Minerals:	Trace

Cultural Data

Uninhabited

Notes:

Rigel VI is an interesting nothing. A Class K world with no resources, it does have a brilliant ring system and two small moons. From a distance, its cratered pink surface and thick yellowish rings are very beautiful. However, the planet is useless, containing little air, less water, and no extractable minerals. In a system full of better planets, it has been left uninhabited, save for an archaeological team or two. At one time, anti-piracy forces were based on its surface, but now only holes in the ground remain. The rings make orbital maneuvering hazardous.



RIGEL VII

WORLD LOG: AULIA

System Data

System Name:	Rigel A
Map Coordinates:	8.51S 1.27E
Number Of Class M Present:	3

Planetary Data

Position In System:	VII
Number Of Satellites:	1
Planetary Class:	M
Planetary Gravity:	1.0g
Planetary Size	
Diameter:	12,580 km
Equatorial Circumference:	39,520 km
Total Surface Area:	497,177,120 sq km
Percent Land Mass:	29%
Total Land Area:	144,181,360 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day:	27 hours
Atmospheric Density:	Terrestrial
General Climate:	Cool Temperate

Mineral Content

Normal Metals:	42%
Radioactives:	14%
Gemstones:	11%
Industrial Crystals:	07%
Special Minerals:	Trace

Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form:	Kalar
Technological/	
Sociopolitical Index:	111220-13
Planetary Trade Profile:	BDEEDFF/B (E)

Notes:

On Rigel VII (Aulia), the adventurous traveller will be amply rewarded for his audacity. Aulia is a Class M planet of great natural beauty and nearly pristine wilderness. Its single moon (Golia) is so close that it literally fills the sky of Aulia, making its rugged cratered and fissured surface clearly visible and almost close enough to touch. Few spectacles are quite as soul-stirring as this stupendous moon rolling across the sky. Terra's famous Moon, subject of so much verse and song, is only half a degree wide seen from Terra's surface. Golia subtends 30 degrees—a colossal celestial object difficult to imagine. A thumbnail can hide the Moon; two hands at arm's length would not blot out Golia.



Even in full daylight, the moon is visible. At night, the bright side easily lights the landscape, and, if Golia is half-full or less, the blue-lit dark side, craters and all, is visible. Eclipses are common and frequent—and sometimes long. Depending on the position of the moon and sun, a full half-day may be twilit, or the disk of Golia at night may be blotted out almost totally. Daylong eclipses of the sun and total eclipses of the moon are unusual but not rare. Together, the slow progression of moon, sun, and planet make an awe-inspiring ballet not easily forgotten.

The romance of the planet runs deeper even than this. Orions have tried many times to colonize Rigel VII, and every attempt has failed. The reason is glaringly obvious: the moon raises huge tides. The difference between low and high water is never less than 150 meters and is often more. Because of the irregular coastlines and the shapes of the oceans, much of the shores are subject to unbelievable deluges at least twice a day. The rotation of the planet and the swift passage of the moon make the tides maddeningly irregular. There are times when high water marks occur less than two hours apart and when low water may last a day or more. Tidal bores sweep up narrow straits as solid walls of water 50 meters high, fast as a ground car.

Life on the planet is lush and plentiful, useful not only for food but for medicinal compounds. As colonists have discovered time and again, the difficulty is the harvest. The expense for harvesting ships and mooring towers has proved prohibitive for the amount of plants and animals recovered—not that it has not been tried.

The danger does not stop with the sea. There is a native humanoid species here called the Kalar, who live in a primitive and savage kind of civilization. They have towns, some agriculture, and a strong sense of territoriality, and their most advanced weapons are the sword, spear, and catapult. Though there are perhaps only 100,000 or so across the entire planet, they average over 2.5 meters in height, weigh over 150 kilos, and understand the ways of their planet surpassingly well. Most are mariners as well, able to cross the tumultuous oceans on monstrous-yet-light ships built long, narrow, and shallow-bottomed. Their hatred of aliens is total; there has never been a successful contact with them, and every meeting ends in bloodshed. The Kalar battle-frenzy makes them difficult to stop with non-lethal weapons.

Scattered over Aulia are the ruins of at least four separate colonization attempts by the Orions—castles and fortresses, mining and logging camps, fishing towers and spaceports. Even the humble villages of plantation workers have succumbed to the xenophobic natives. Where the sea does not reach, the Kalar do, and both have been unforgiving. Each time the Orions reached the cost/return break-even point, they pragmatically cut their losses and fled. At present, they have no interest in trying again.

Someone else has taken over trying to colonize Aulia. Humans have begun to re-occupy some of the larger and sturdier fortresses and castles with an eye to turning them into exclusive and expensive resorts, complete with air tours of the ruins and excursions to the seashore. The experiment is too new to tell if it will succeed, but it may be that the fifth time is the charm. Three corporations have already petitioned Rigel Space Control for permission to establish proper port and approach facilities.

RIGEL VIII

WORLD LOG: BOTCHOK

System Data

System Name:	Rigel A
Map Coordinates:	8.51S 1.27E
Number Of Class M Present:	3

Planetary Data

Position In System:	VIII
Number Of Satellites:	2
Planetary Class:	M
Planetary Gravity:	1.0g
Planetary Size	
Diameter:	14,020 km
Equatorial Circumference:	44,050 km
Total Surface Area:	617,512,690 sq km
Percent Land Mass:	41%
Total Land Area:	253,180,200 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day:	28 hours
Atmospheric Density:	Terrestrial
General Climate:	Warm Temperate

Mineral Content

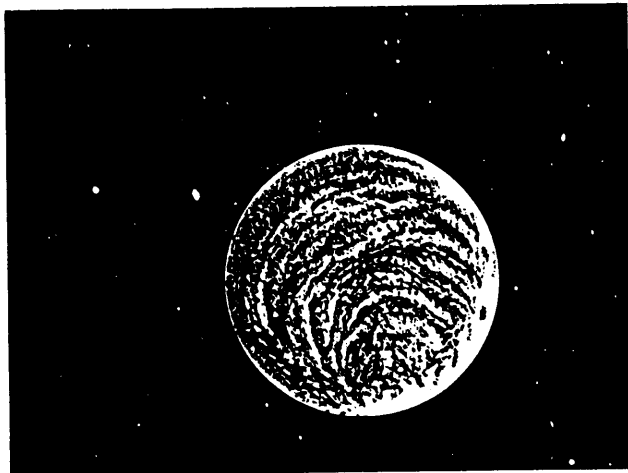
Normal Metals:	14%
Radioactives:	02%
Gemstones:	01%
Industrial Crystals:	02%
Special Minerals:	05%

Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form:	Orion
Technological/	
Sociopolitical Index:	999974-74
Planetary Trade Profile:	EEEEEEE/A (A)

Notes:

"Prince of planets," said the poet Huwald. "Festering stinkpot," ran the report of a nameless Klingon spy. "Reputed superbase of Orion pirates. Approach with extreme prejudice," states the original Federation scouting report. The Orion homeworld, Botchok, is all of this and more.



PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

With gravity of 1.0g, a surface 59.2 percent water, a warm and dry temperate climate (average temperature 19.2° Celsius), and twin moons, Botchok is a rather pleasant Class M world. Its 5.6 billion people live comfortably in the many well-managed cities and semi-dispersed agricultural communities scattered over the globe. Manicured to an exquisite perfection, Botchok is almost completely free of any hazardous plants or animals, diseases, or inclement weather.

Nevertheless, Botchok's climate and a surprising amount of its ecology are artificially maintained at a staggering cost. Centuries ago, the planet was terraformed with inferior technology and more zeal than care, and ever since, the Orions have been kept busy correcting numerous oversights and natural imbalances. Perhaps only five percent of all life-forms on the planet—including Orions and microbes—are native; the rest have been imported or altered. As nearly all its natural resources have been depleted, Botchok must import even timber and oil to supplement its own meager stocks, most of which are salvaged or recycled. More than any other world it depends on offworld imports. If for any reason those imports were cut, the biosphere management system would fail within days and, in less than a year, Botchok would become a half-frozen, lifeless wasteland.

Botchok produces no goods or raw materials to pay for the imports it lavishly consumes. Primary exports are information and cultural artifacts, including books, tapes, entertainment (live and canned), and expertise. A large portion of its population are authors, artists, entertainers, or specialists, whose earnings are a large portion of the planet's total income. A liberal tax policy encourages such people to immigrate from other worlds, and various local governments even offer package deals to would-be lucrative residents.

The cultural and spiritual center of Orion civilization, Botchok is crowded with shrines, monuments, statuary, memorial parks, museums, temples, and other fragments of 20,000 years of history. Perhaps three billion tourists a year come to enjoy them and the countless festivals, celebrations, services, remembrances, and tours attendant to them. Many journey on business to the sumptuous convention centers and hotels (many with casinos).

CAPSULE HISTORY

The earliest cave drawings on Botchok show figures from floating ships hunting down and carrying off Orions. There has never been a time when the Orions were free of interplanetary visitors, most of which having fixed ideas about the use of Orions.

From the beginning of their history, the Orions were faced with a hard choice: serve the pleasure of technologically advanced aliens or die in revolt. To their credit, the Orions found a third way. Although any resistance was crushed, they could defy their rulers in small, crafty ways, such as stealing equipment and selling and buying favors. From the time of the Aaine to the final decay of the Miln, the Orions may have been helpless, but they managed to beg, borrow, and steal the technology needed to make them equals with their oppressors.

Nevertheless, the aliens almost destroyed Botchok. Any disputes among the aliens were settled through battles on Botchok, using Orion troops, farmland, and cities. Occasionally (due to concern for useful livestock), the aliens would rebuild the areas of Botchok they ravaged. Although warfare was not continuous, it was frequently devastating. Nuclear weapons were once used in a brief, holocaustic frenzy, ushering in the Long Winter of 20 years' duration and killing four-fifths of Botchok's population. The Rigel Agreement prohibited such excesses in the future, but the Orions had already learned their lesson. They would never allow such a catastrophe again.

Originally, the nations of Botchok were convenient parcels for the aliens. Different alien factions controlled the Orions in their region and used them as pawns against each other. Then, approximately two thousand standard years ago, Nallin Oplate the Unconquered bound these nations together, and the Orion people refused to allow their alien visitors to use their arsenals or themselves for non-Botchok wars. They chose their time carefully. The alien powers could not agree on what to do, nor could they individually muster the force to subdue the Orions. Botchok was free.

POLITICAL DESCRIPTION

Of all the Orion governments, only the ancient Orion nation-states retain their original power and independence. Delegates from the Big Four—Kulian, Mazak, Tipot, and Yuin—control the Botchok Planetary Congress and the Orion Colonies Intelligence. The nations of Botchok have few disputes, and time has blurred distinctions between their forms of government. Mostly they disagree on matters concerning the BPC itself and its role regarding the Colonies.

The BPC pretty much has its hands full with the Federation on one side and the Klingons on the other. In addition, it also negotiates with each Orion Colony, corporation, and family. Of course, dealing with the Federation's unswerving devotion to law and principles and the Klingon Empire's likewise unswerving dedication to violence does not keep the BPC from continuing to butt into disputes that have nothing to do with it.

Before the Federation sought a formal Orion government, the BPC was only a minor political entity; even the expansion of the Romulan and Klingon Empires did not stir them. However, the Federation's desire to talk struck a responsive chord in the Orions of Botchok. It worked a minor revolution and rekindled interest in making Orion Space an equal to the others oppressing it. The BPC has gained a new respectability and authority and seems willing to involve itself in all the little schemes and plots in every corner of Orion Space.

A recent Star Fleet Intelligence report estimates that the BPC's budget would fund 19,000 OCl agents. A comparable study discloses that five times that number of spies are pursuing their trade on Botchok. The Federation will not release the report because it claims the numbers are "grossly miscalculated". Like every facet of Orion politics, the truth remains elusive.

RIGEL IX, X, AND XI

WORLD LOG: T'AP

System Data

System Name:	Rigel A
Map Coordinates:	8.51S 1.27E
Number Of Class M Present:	3

Planetary Data

Position In System:	IX
Number Of Satellites:	8
Planetary Class:	B
Planetary Gravity:	2.2g
Planetary Size	
Diameter:	41,730 km
Equatorial Circumference:	131,100 km
Total Surface Area:	5,470,803,000 sq km
Percent Land Mass:	N/A
Total Land Area:	N/A

Planetary Conditions

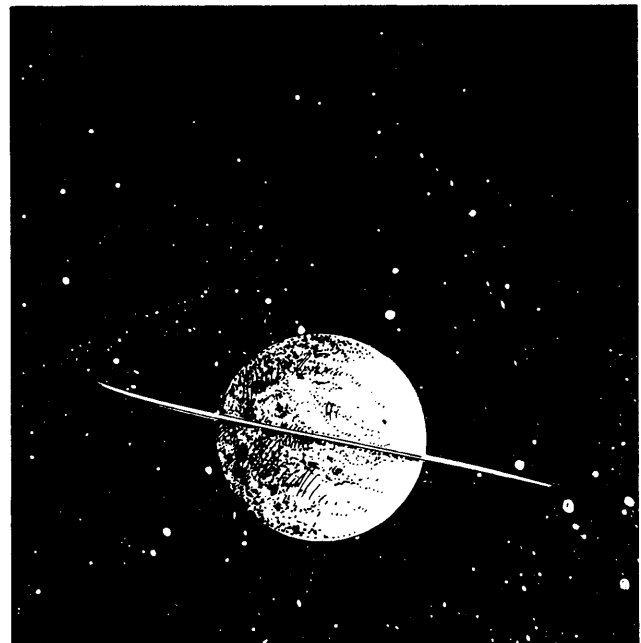
Length Of Day:	12 hours
Atmospheric Density:	N/A
General Climate:	N/A

Mineral Content

Normal Metals:	17%
Radioactives:	Trace
Gemstones:	Trace
Industrial Crystals:	Trace
Special Minerals:	Trace

Cultural Data

Uninhabited



WORLD LOG: ONOT

System Data

System Name: Rigel A
Map Coordinates: 8.51S 1.27E
Number Of Class M Present: 3

Planetary Data

Position In System: X
Number Of Satellites: 17
Planetary Class: A
Planetary Gravity: 3.7g
Planetary Size
Diameter: 62,940 km
Equatorial Circumference: 197,730 km
Total Surface Area: 12,443,238,000 sq km
Percent Land Mass: N/A
Total Land Area: N/A

Planetary Conditions

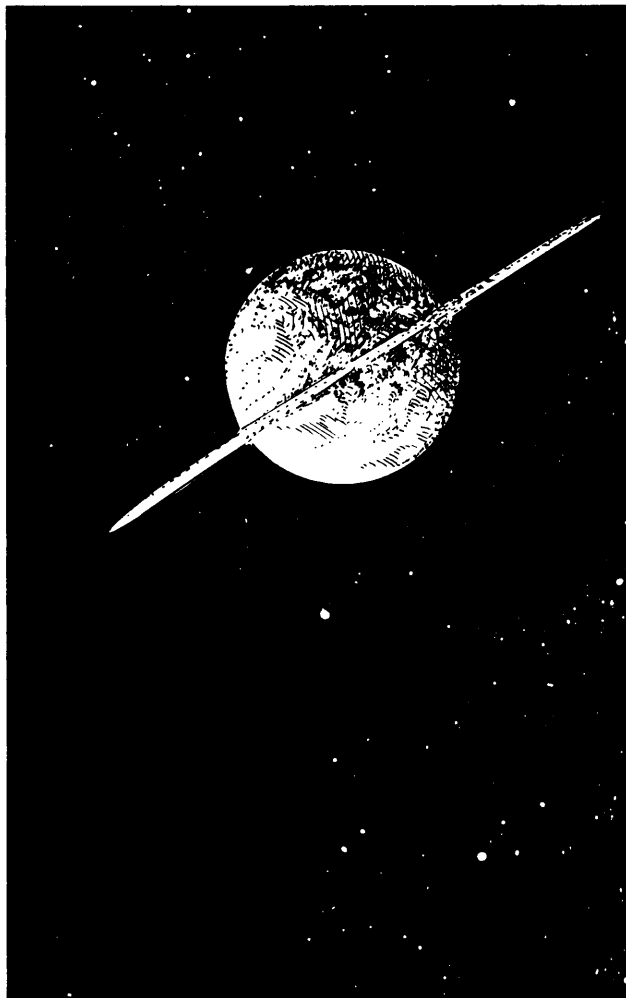
Length Of Day: 10 hours
Atmospheric Density: N/A
General Climate: N/A

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: 21%
Radioactives: 05%
Gemstones: Trace
Industrial Crystals: Trace
Special Minerals: Trace

Cultural Data

Uninhabited



WORLD LOG: PLIU

System Data

System Name: Rigel A
Map Coordinates: 8.51S 1.27E
Number Of Class M Present: 3

Planetary Data

Position In System: XI
Number Of Satellites: 12
Planetary Class: B
Planetary Gravity: 2.5g
Planetary Size
Diameter: 52,630 km
Equatorial Circumference: 165,340 km
Total Surface Area: 8,701,844,200 sq km
Percent Land Mass: N/A
Total Land Area: N/A

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day: 15 hours
Atmospheric Density: N/A
General Climate: N/A

Mineral Content

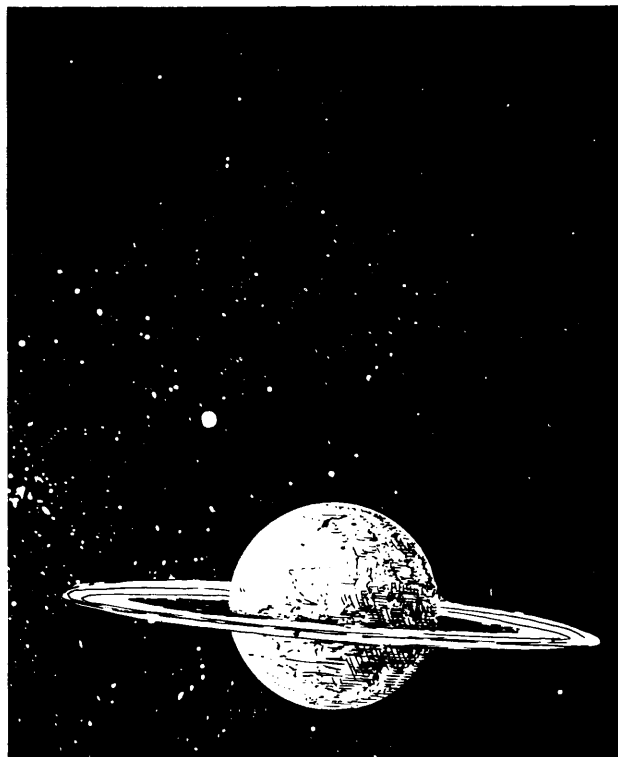
Normal Metals: 31%
Radioactives: Trace
Gemstones: Trace
Industrial Crystals: Trace
Special Minerals: Trace

Cultural Data

Uninhabited

Notes:

Rigel has three gas giant planets: Rigel IX, X, and XI. All are visually spectacular with rings and swarms of moons. Located on many of these moons are automated mining facilities. Although the largest moons support mining towns, these are so tiny and dreary that they make even Rigel II look glamorous. All properties on the moons are corporate-owned, and access is restricted.



RIGEL XII

WORLD LOG: EGESSEMIN

System Data

System Name:	Rigel A
Map Coordinates:	8.51S 1.27E
Number Of Class M Present:	3

Planetary Data

Position In System:	XII
Number Of Satellites:	0
Planetary Class:	G
Planetary Gravity:	1.1g
Planetary Size	
Diameter:	14,300 km
Equatorial Circumference:	44,920 km
Total Surface Area:	642,424,260 sq km
Percent Land Mass:	100%
Total Land Area:	642,424,260 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day:	22 hours
Atmospheric Density:	Thin
General Climate:	Desert

Mineral Content

Normal Metals:	46%
Radioactives:	29%
Gemstones:	17%
Industrial Crystals:	30%
Special Minerals:	08%

Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form:	Human
Technological/	
Sociopolitical Index:	999994-98
Planetary Trade Profile:	EABFBEF/D (X)

Notes:

At the edge of Rigel A's planetary system is a world of some little interest and speculation. A Class G desert world, Rigel XII should not be habitable at all as it lies so far from its sun, but its surface temperature never drops below minus -50° Celsius, apparently maintained by internal heat. The world may actually be Class E, with exploitable mineral resources, but the Botchok Planetary Congress refuses to allow any Star Fleet vessel near it, claiming it is necessary for Rigel system defense. The only settlement on the planet is a dilithium mining camp with a population of six—all of them Human. Exactly what their purpose is or what else they may be mining has never been disclosed.

Beyond the edge of Rigel A's twelve-planet system lie spotty asteroid fields. They are only minor navigational nuisances, with no value, and pirates are not known to lurk behind them.



RIGEL BC-1 AND BC-II

WORLD LOG: AVALI

System Data

System Name:	Rigel BC
Map Coordinates:	8.51S 1.27E
Number Of Class M Present:	2

Planetary Data

Position In System:	I
Number Of Satellites:	1
Planetary Class:	M
Planetary Gravity:	1.0g
Planetary Size	
Diameter:	12,850 km
Equatorial Circumference:	40,370 km
Total Surface Area:	518,747,610 sq km
Percent Land Mass:	81%
Total Land Area:	420,185,560 sq km

Planetary Conditions

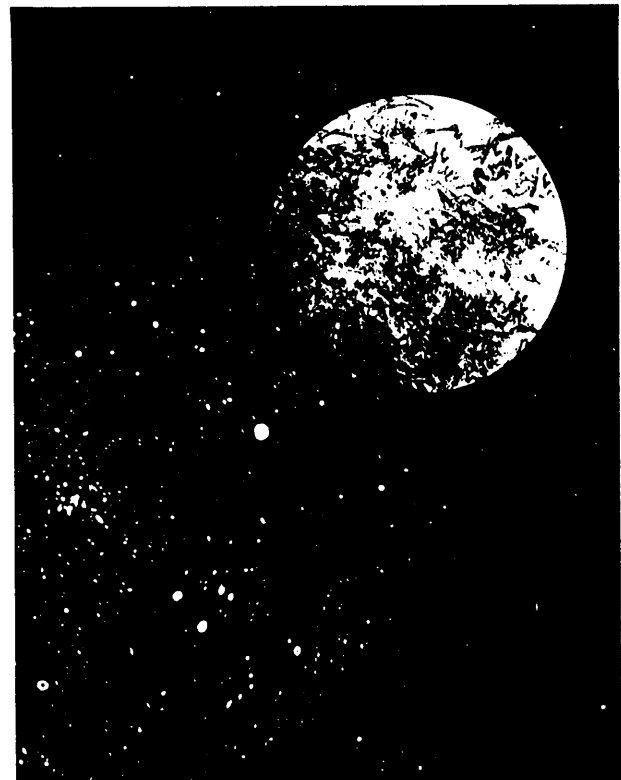
Length Of Day:	17 hours
Atmospheric Density:	Thin
General Climate:	Desert

Mineral Content

Normal Metals:	42%
Radioactives:	19%
Gemstones:	07%
Industrial Crystals:	Trace
Special Minerals:	Trace

Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form:	Orion
Technological/	
Sociopolitical Index:	999974-74
Planetary Trade Profile:	EBCECDF/A (C)



WORLD LOG: UGOAN

System Data

System Name:	Rigel BC
Map Coordinates:	8.51S 1.27E
Number Of Class M Present:	2

Planetary Data

Position In System:	II
Number Of Satellites:	0
Planetary Class:	M
Planetary Gravity:	0.9g
Planetary Size	
Diameter:	11,700 km
Equatorial Circumference:	36,760 km
Total Surface Area:	430,052,600 sq km
Percent Land Mass:	67%
Total Land Area:	288,135,240 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day:	27 hours
Atmospheric Density:	Terrestrial
General Climate:	Cool Temperate

Mineral Content

Normal Metals:	37%
Radioactives:	10%
Gemstones:	05%
Industrial Crystals:	Trace
Special Minerals:	Trace

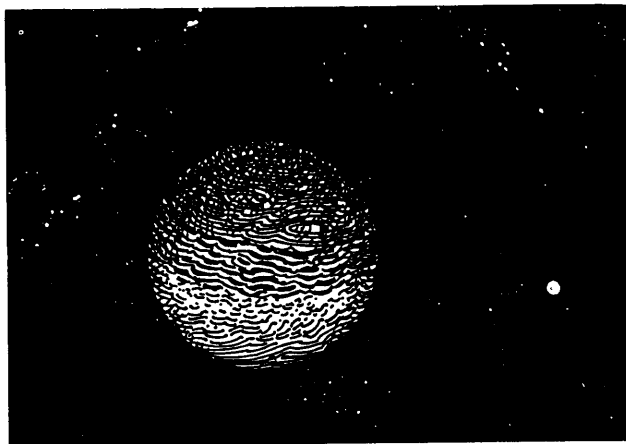
Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form:	Orion
Technological/	
Sociopolitical Index:	999974-74
Planetary Trade Profile:	DBBDBDE/A (B)

Notes:

Beyond the orbits of Rigel A's twelve planets lies the double-star system of Rigel BC, which has two Class M, inhabited, and disreputable planets. These are the Pirate Planets of Rigel.

Lying closest to Rigel BC, Avali has a hot, desertlike climate that gives way to swamps and jungle on the coasts and rivers. All major habitations are in the highlands and usually far from water. Ugoan has an alpine climate with snow on elevations above 1,500 meters, heavy evergreen forests, and forbidding tundra near its large polar caps. Habitations here tend to lie in the lowlands or on the foothills. Although they are two dissimilar worlds, their ownership is identical.



All the Rigel BC system is privately owned—land, water, airspace, even open space out to system's edge. Like Rigel III, the majority of the surface is unindustrialized, rural, and picturesque, with scattered settlements and the occasional large manor house. The owners prefer to keep their privacy, but most of their names are well-known, at least to the Orions. Conversely, both planets have a thriving and profitable tourist industry. Millions of visitors come every year to take in the natural beauty of the land and admire the lands, docks, and (if they are lucky) the ships of the landowners—who are reputedly the Pirate Kings of Orion.

Public information states that shipowners, trader families, and old noble lines from Botchok have lived and operated from here for millennia. Having grown rich and respectable, they indulge their vanity by allowing visitors to catch a glimpse of their opulence. The population of both worlds is nearly exclusively Orion as are the bulk of the tourists, who come seeking a peek at the pirates, but see only neatly manicured estates, lush palaces and villas, and the occasional landing pad, sometimes occupied by a swank shuttle. There are exhibits of the earliest settlements, complete with squalid plastic huts, actors portraying the ragged but proud inhabitants, and of course the simulated slave auction complete with audience participation. These last draw large crowds seeking a feel for the heroic Orion past as well as a glimpse of its present glory.

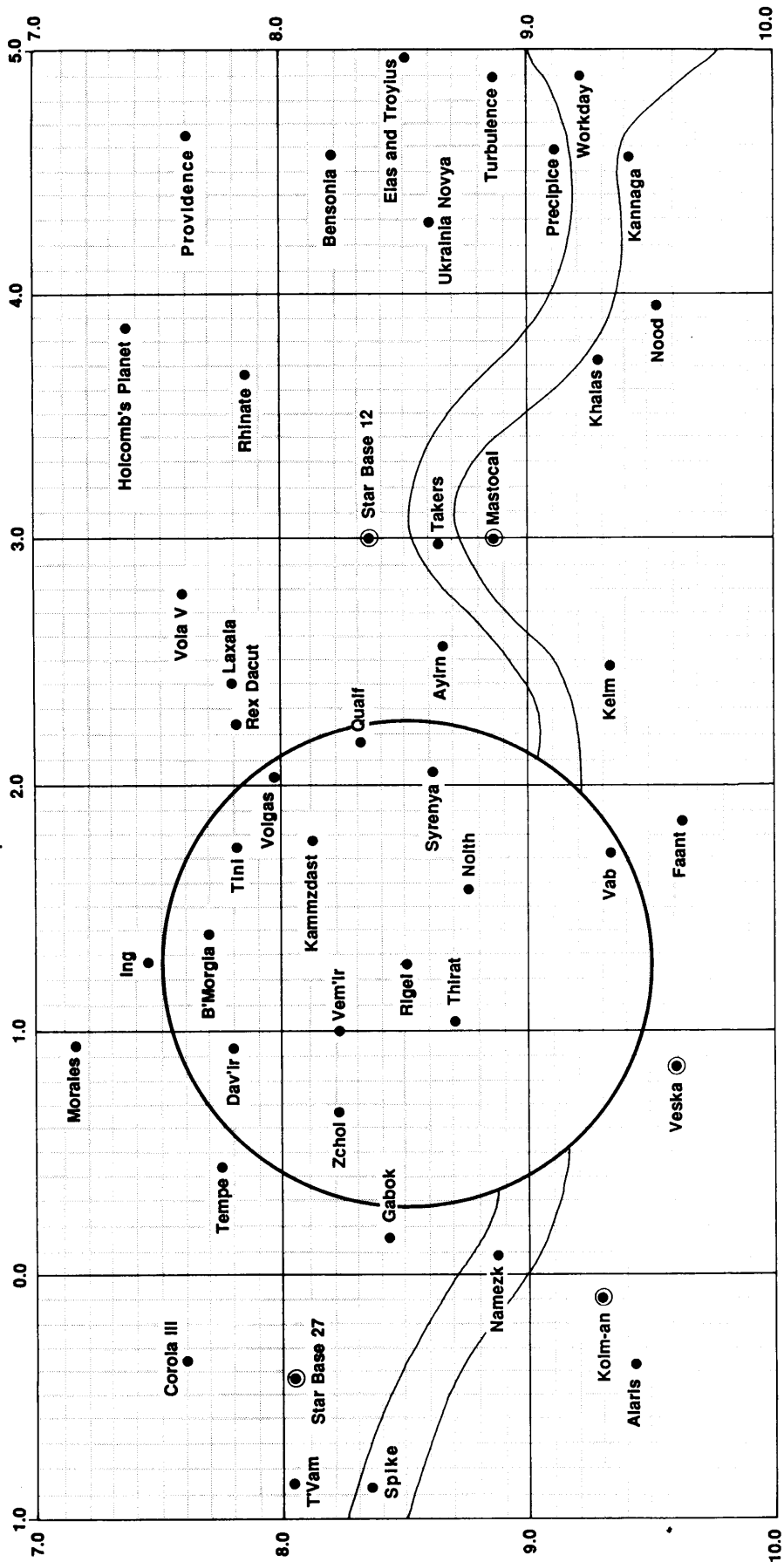
Avali and Ugoan were first settled by Orion pirates who preyed on the insystem traffic and needed a safe base of operations far from their beleaguered homeworld. For centuries, they lived a precarious existence. Piracy is always chancy, and now and again an alien task force would come to Rigel BC and attempt to mop them up. Every time their settlements were smashed, however, the pirates always crept down from the mountains or out of the swamps and built them up again. When the Orions seized their own system from the invaders and extended their dominion to Avali and Ugoan, Orion military might made it impossible for the pirates to remain where they were, and they left for deeper space, unknown worlds, and newer bases. For a time, the Orion Space Navy used Avali and Ugoan only as remote bases, and more peaceful and permanent civilian settlements began. Gradually, the residential status on Avali and Ugoan scaled upwards, and the wealthy inhabitants began buying everything around the planets that could be bought—including the obsolete military bases. The tourist trade was well-established by the time the pirates returned.

Modern-day Orion pirates are not as desperate or obvious as they used to be. Only after many years of quiet relocation did it become apparent that most property owners in Rigel BC were families of pirate lineage, whose holdings were generally secret and always distant in space, who had a great deal of money, and who were cordial only with one another. Rich and aloof, this new class of pirate-landowners had established themselves as gentleman planters and genteel squires. Here are no spacer's bars or hard-eyed men lounging around grimy spaceports.

Visitors to Avali and Ugoan frequently remark on the world's peacefulness. The most efficient police forces money can buy ensure that the tourists are not frightened off and that the landowners' privacy is not compromised. When it occurs, the occasional incident is quietly handled beyond the public's view. No one knows what happens to trespassers; no one dares ask.

ORION COLONIES

1 Square = 1 Parsec



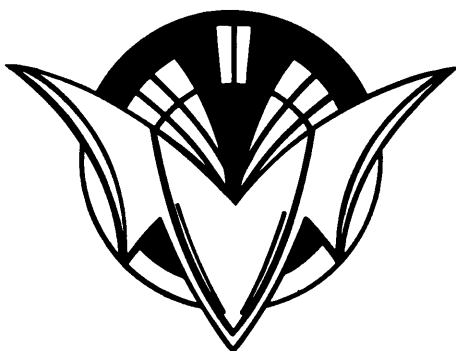


ORION COLONIES

Orion Space—or, more properly, the Orion Neutrality Area—nestles in a cusp between the Federation and the Klingon Empire like a pearl in its bed. Both inside and outside this space lie over a hundred Orion colonies, many of which were Orion for generations before invasion, occupation, and partition. Although each Colony has endured hardships, most still maintain at least one purely Orion settlement.

THE UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS

No other frontier in the Federation is as active or as volatile as the Orion Space border. Federation-Rigel trade is heavy, the Orion population large and restive, and Orion raiders often leak across their boundary into Federation space. Star Fleet's hands are full in this region, and the Botchok Planetary Congress forbids Star Fleet vessels from looking at the traffic between the Colonies and the Klingon Empire. Star Bases 12 and 27 are in effect cut off from each other. As long as they file an itinerary, do not power their weapons, and make no unauthorized scans, Star Fleet ships may penetrate Orion Space if they wish.



WORLD LOG: AYIRN

System Data

System Name:	Symbokovech
Map Coordinates:	8.66S 2.58E
Number Of Class M Present:	1

Planetary Data

Position In System:	III
Number Of Satellites:	1
Planetary Class:	M
Gravity:	0.5g
Size	
Diameter:	7,500 km
Equatorial Circumference:	23,560 km
Total Surface Area:	176,714,580 sq km
Percent Land Mass:	38%
Total Land Area:	67,151,540 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day:	18 hours
Atmospheric Density:	Thin
General Climate:	Warm Temperate

Mineral Content

Normal Metals:	43%
Radioactives:	17%
Gemstones:	Trace
Industrial Crystals:	06%
Special Minerals:	Trace

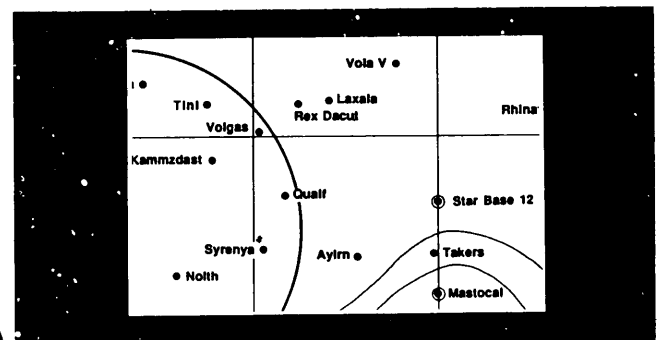
Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form:	Orion
Technological/	
Sociopolitical Index:	999974-74
Planetary Trade Profile:	CBCDBCD/A (B)

Notes:

Ayirn is a double rarity—a Federation member world with a purely Orion administration and an Orion world with firm loyalty to the Federation, despite its proximity to the Empire and Orion Space. As the premiere world in the so-called Spinward Horn of Federation space, Ayirn is a priceless strategic possession. The six Voltab brothers and their extensive families seem capable of keeping this tidy, orderly and productive world stable and peaceful.

There is one fly in the ointment. According to certain Federation documents, there is a trade in arms from Ayirn to anti-Klingon resistance movements on other Orion Colonies in Klingon space. As this part of the neutral zone is not under Organian jurisdiction, this would make Ayirn a likely target for a Klingon preemptive raid. Aside from one mild diplomatic protest, the Klingons themselves have ignored the problem.



WORLD LOG: BENSONIA

System Data

System Name: Votannis
Map Coordinates: 8.20S 4.58E
Number Of Class M Present: 2

Planetary Data

Position In System: IV
Number Of Satellites: 1
Planetary Class: M
Planetary Gravity: 1.3g
Planetary Size
Diameter: 16,900 km
Equatorial Circumference: 53,090 km
Total Surface Area: 897,221,000 sq km
Percent Land Mass: 31%
Total Land Area: 278,138,510 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day: 29 hours
Atmospheric Density: Thick
General Climate: Cool Temperate

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: 37%
Radioactives: 08%
Gemstones: Trace
Industrial Crystals: Trace
Special Minerals: 03%

Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form: Human
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: 999564-77
Planetary Trade Profile: CCEEBDE/D (D)

Notes:

About 98 percent of Bensonia's population is Human, with Orions making up the remainder. The Orions sold this world to the Benson Development Corporation, whose founder, Luther G. Benson, paid 7,000,000 credits to Mighty Golenz and his family. The deal was struck Stardate 1/2706, and there has not been a problem since. Bensonia is a rare example of Federation settlement on Orion terms.

Bensonia has another claim to fame. Once it was the thriving Orion Colony of Votannis and home to the race of Trunes, who had risen to their high level of civilization under Orion tutelage. A thousand years ago, in the darkest days of the Reverse, a horrible civil war erupted, causing over 40 million deaths; only a handful of Orions survived. Because only small, primitive slug-throwers wreaked this devastation, the war left behind largely intact ruins. Although plundered several times since the war, the ruins of Bensonia are an important source of information on Orions at the height of their power.

The exploration fees, equipment rentals, tourist guides, and hostels surrounding these ruins net a respectable income, most of which goes into preserving the ruins and defending them against a later generation of 'culture poachers'. Bensonia is also blessed with excellent starport facilities, which Star Fleet built during the Romulan War when the planet was an important rear staging area.

Most settlers favor opening of the system's third planet, Hodunk, to insystem colonization, not so much because they need the space but to keep the 'riff-raff' from taking over that world. The Federation's decision on this point is still pending.

WORLD LOG: COROLA III

System Data

System Name: Corola
Map Coordinates: 7.62S 0.35W
Number Of Class M Present: 0

Planetary Data

Position In System: III
Number Of Satellites: 2
Planetary Class: G
Planetary Gravity: 0.3g
Planetary Size
Diameter: 3,900 km
Equatorial Circumference: 12,250 km
Total Surface Area: 477,836,220 sq km
Percent Land Mass: 100%
Total Land Area: 477,836,220 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day: 24 hours
Atmospheric Density: Thin
General Climate: Desert

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: 12%
Radioactives: Trace
Gemstones: Trace
Industrial Crystals: 03%
Special Minerals: Trace

Cultural Data

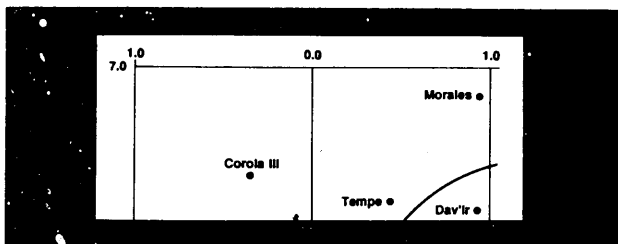
Dominant Life Form: Mixed
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: CLASSIFIED
Planetary Trade Profile: PROHIBITED

Notes:

During the Four Years War, this world's tiny Orion population fled before a Klingon Task Force and have never returned. Since then, Star Fleet has converted Corola III into a subsidiary base for Star Base 27. There is at least one world like this one near every Star Base, particularly those on sensitive frontiers, to keep all Star Fleet's eggs out of one basket in case of attack.

Orion rumor has it that behind the base's innocuous exterior is one of the Federation's most secret, most heavily guarded maximum-security prisons, intended to hold the hardest, most intractable Orion pirates taken alive. Supposedly, psychological reconditioning experiments are conducted here to make the prisoner-patients into 'useful', 'normal' Orions.

Star Fleet vessels must go through channels on Star Base 27 first to approach the planet, and no civilian vessels are allowed into the system at all. An excellent search-and-rescue facility ensures that any travellers stranded in or near the system are picked up quickly and kept in a small surface installation until a courier can ferry them out, usually within a day.



WORLD LOG: ELAS

System Data

System Name: Tellun
Map Coordinates: 8.58S 4.98E
Number Of Class M Present: 2

Planetary Data

Position In System: II
Number Of Satellites: 1
Planetary Class: M
Planetary Gravity: 1.1g
Planetary Size
Diameter: 12,260 km
Equatorial Circumference: 38,520 km
Total Surface Area: 472,205,240 sq km
Percent Land Mass: 84%
Total Land Area: 396,652,400 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day: 30 hours.
Atmospheric Density: Thin
General Climate: Desert

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: 41%
Radioactives: 03%
Gemstones: Trace
Industrial Crystals: 10%
Special Minerals: 02%

Cultural Data

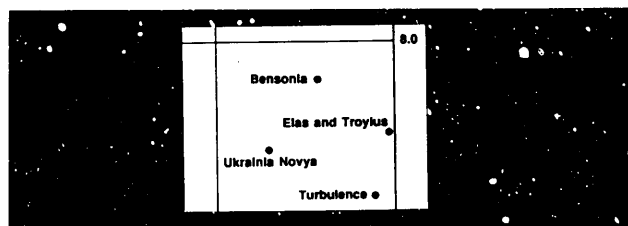
Dominant Life Form: Elasian
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: 666330-35
Planetary Trade Profile: FDEFDGH/B (C)

Notes:

Home to a socially primitive but technologically advanced race, Elas has marginal value but for the huge quantities of local *radans* (known more widely as dilithium crystals) that literally lie on the surface. So great is the quantity that the Federation has resisted immediate exploitation for fear of unbalancing the galactic market. The strongly independent natives may have had something to do with that decision as well.

Elas has been warring with its neighbor Troyius for centuries, using low-tech spacecraft, lasers, and crude atomic weapons. Diplomats and historians are still sorting out the full story. A Federation-inspired truce and the marriage of the Dohlman of Elas to the Prefect-King of Troyius may yet cement these two worlds together.

Elas's recent admission into the Federation has curbed Klingon presence in the system, though some factions of the Council of Lords are in favor of alliance with the Klingons. Merchants are warned that they must obey both Elasian *and* Federation mercantile law or suffer possible prosecution for smuggling or customs violations. This is one of the few worlds where it pays to go armed in public; in fact, armament seems to be a normal part of local garb. All who choose to imitate local custom do so at their own risk; the natives are all good shots.



WORLD LOG: GABOK

System Data

System Name: Bletayil
Map Coordinates: 8.425S 0.16E
Number Of Class M Present: 1

Planetary Data

Position In System: I
Number Of Satellites: 0
Planetary Class: M
Planetary Gravity: 1.4g
Planetary Size
Diameter: 18,000 km
Equatorial Circumference: 56,550 km
Total Surface Area: 1,017,900,000sq km
Percent Land Mass: 30%
Total Land Area: 305,370,000 sq km

Surface Conditions

Length Of Day: 29 hours
Atmospheric Density: Thick
General Climate: Variable

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: 01%
Radioactives: 13%
Gemstones: Trace
Industrial Crystals: Trace
Special Minerals: Trace

Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form: Orion
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: 322211-22
Planetary Trade Profile: HGBHHHA/D (E)

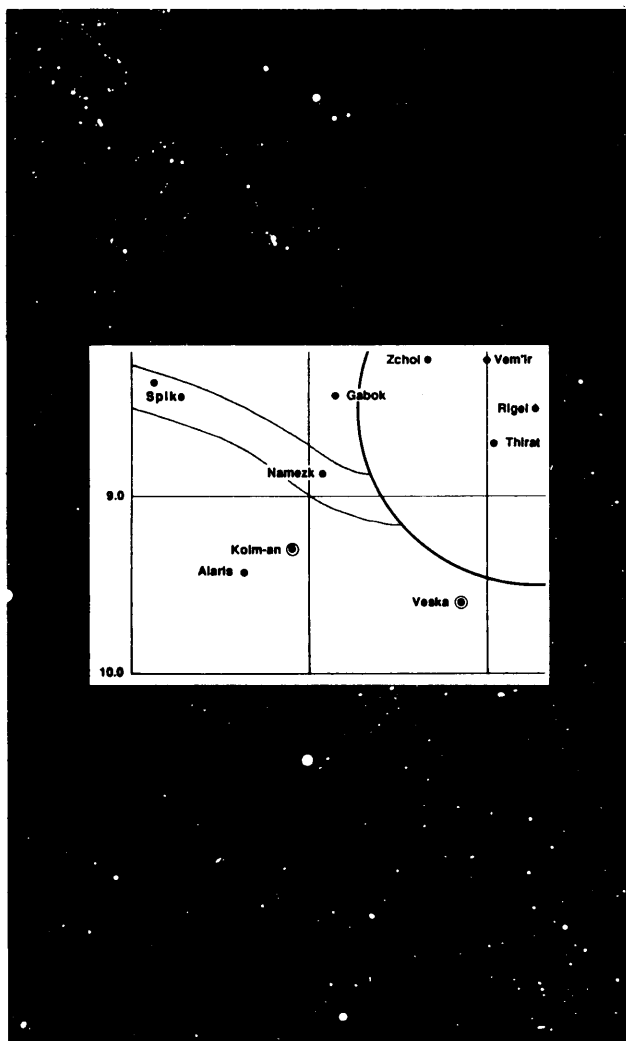
Notes:

Gabok's orbit has a staggering five percent eccentricity—50,000 times that of Terra—producing climatic extremes that are hellish. The temperature varies from summer highs of over 130° to -60° Celsius in winter. As the atmosphere has a high carbon dioxide percentage, winter snowfalls of dry ice are common. When the temperature dips low enough, air fogs and collects in low places, like the many meteor craters. Spring and fall bring sudden, catastrophic rainfalls and blizzards. The only native life is a lichen that has learned to live *inside* the pores of seemingly solid rock. As if this were not enough, asteroidal debris (perhaps the result of a primordial planetary collision) clogs the entire system, forming thick and irregular bands around Gabok. At night, the near-constant rain of meteors is breathtaking, but sizable impacts are not a daily but an *hourly* occurrence; cratering is quite common.

Unbelievably, Gabok is inhabited. The natives are all Orions, members of a peculiar political or perhaps religious affiliation known as the Earthly Brothers, the Human Supremists, or the Pinkers. They maintain that Humans are the natural, if not divinely appointed, successors to the Orions and that Humans have every right to invade and take over Orion worlds. An embarrassment to both Orions and the Federation, these Orions have been given this planet to keep them secluded and quiet. Here, far from everything, the million or so Pinkers can safely rant to each other about how they are performing a valuable service, holding a world safe from the Klingons while terraforming it for later Human occupation.

Actually, the Pinkers are too divided along obscure points of doctrine to cooperate in producing a workable government, let alone organize the terraforming of Gabok. As only a handful of Pinkers bother with hydroponic farming or mining, Gabok is utterly dependent on Federation aid for survival. Should Star Fleet decide not to send food, clothing, and sheltering materials, the entire population would likely be dead within six months.

Star Fleet crews have an appropriate nickname for Gabok—"Barbed Wire".



WORLD LOG: HODUNK

System Data

System Name:	Votannis
Map Coordinates:	8.20S 4.58E
Number Of Class M Present:	2

Planetary Data

Position In System:	III
Number Of Satellites:	1
Planetary Class:	M
Planetary Gravity:	1.1g
Size	
Diameter:	14,300 km
Equatorial Circumference:	44,920 km
Total Surface Area:	642,424,260 sq km
Percent Land Mass:	21%
Total Land Area:	134,909,090 sq km

Surface Conditions

Length Of Day:	21 hours
Atmospheric Density:	Terrestrial
General Climate:	Tropical

Mineral Content

Normal Metals:	18%
Radioactives:	07%
Gemstones:	Trace
Industrial Crystals:	Trace
Special Minerals:	Trace

Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form:	Selm
Technological/	
Sociopolitical Index:	000010-00(estimated)
Planetary Trade Profile:	None

Notes:

While performing a routine survey of Hodunk, the USS *Kitty Hawk* discovered an intelligent race of cetaceans living in the planet's oceans. Superficially resembling Terran porpoises, the Selm have developed an advanced language and civilization without creating a single artifact. To discover just how advanced is the task of the 15-man Federation science team there.

As the Selm automatically received the protection of the Prime Directive, the Bensonians were informed that they could not settle Hodunk. However, the Bensonians came anyway. The scientific research party on Hodunk duly filed a protest with the Federation Council, where the matter now sits. By the scientists' own admission, the Bensonian colonists are not affecting the Selm, as the settlement is inland and uses no ocean resources at all.

In the meantime, the race that is being so lavishly protected seems unconcerned with the activities of the surface dwellers. The Selm language is complex and depends on a wide range of water-transmitted sounds. Universal translators do not allow conversation above the level of a crude pidgin, which has not intrigued the Selm enough to converse with the scientists. Like Terrestrial porpoises, they are friendly and playful, but they are too busy to bother with beings who seem only semi-intelligent. Under these disheartening conditions, research continues doggedly forward.

WORLD LOG: HOLCOMB'S PLANET

System Data

System Name: Dilyut
Map Coordinates: 7.48S 3.88E
Number Of Class M Present: 1

Planetary Data

Position In System: V
Number Of Satellites: 2
Planetary Class: M
Planetary Gravity: 1.0g
Planetary Size
Diameter: 13,000 km
Equatorial Circumference: 40,840 km
Total Surface Area: 530,929,130 sq km
Percent Land Mass: 27%
Total Land Area: 143,350,860 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day: 25 hours
Atmospheric Density: Terrestrial
General Climate: Warm Temperate

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: 41%
Radioactives: 15%
Gemstones: Trace
Industrial Crystals: Trace
Special Minerals: Trace

Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form: Mixed
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: 889464-87
Planetary Trade Profile: BDEACEG/E (E)

Notes:

The Romulan massacre at Farx must have badly frightened the Orions on this planet, because they abandoned their beautiful world soon afterward. The Romulans never came, but itinerant spacer Harry Holcomb did, in Stardate 1/9304, and registered his claim on the eve of the Four Years War. One-man claims on entire worlds are easy to make but hard to keep, especially since this particular world, as Holcomb discovered, was a valuable source of pharmaceuticals. However, because of the war, his claim was never superceded or even challenged.

In Stardate 2/0410, Holcomb returned with his family and settlers and soon became a wealthy man. When a few Orion families petitioned the Federation for a settlement permit on the planet, he graciously championed their cause. Since then, Holcomb's Planet has been a model of Human-Orion cooperation, no doubt helped by Holcomb family rule. Harry Holcomb has since retired from planetary administration, but he still runs the number-one sportsfishing fleet out of the seaport capital of Orlando. His four sons share civilian authority equally, with an attentive ear to the problems and concerns of the minority Orion community. Not too many years ago, Holcomb's wife and daughter purchased Holcomb Pharmaceuticals, one of the planet's top five corporations (along with Holcomb Construction and Excavation, Holcomb Mining, and Holcomb Computers) and are netting a healthy twelve million credit profits.

Many Orions, including several off the planet, regard the Holcombs as heroes, for they have achieved the Orion ideal of beginning with nothing and rising to the top. Some consider Harry Holcomb a *rhadaman anthus*—or, roughly, "prince of executives". Although the Holcombs are publicly embarrassed about this, Harry Holcomb often wears a baseball cap with "*rhadaman anthus*" on it when he is fishing far out at sea.

WORLD LOG: ING

System Data

System Name: Sattenik
Map Coordinates: 7.47S 1.29E
Number Of Class M Present: 0

Planetary Data

Position In System: I
Number Of Satellites: 0
Planetary Class: E
Planetary Gravity: 1.2g
Planetary Size
Diameter: 15,600 km
Equatorial Circumference: 49,000 km
Total Surface Area: 764,537,960 sq km
Percent Land Mass: 71%
Total Land Area: 542,821,950 sq km

Surface Conditions

Length Of Day: 26 hours
Atmospheric Density: Terrestrial
General Climate: Desert

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: 27%
Radioactives: 10%
Gemstones: 10%
Industrial Crystals: Trace
Special Minerals: Trace

Cultural Data

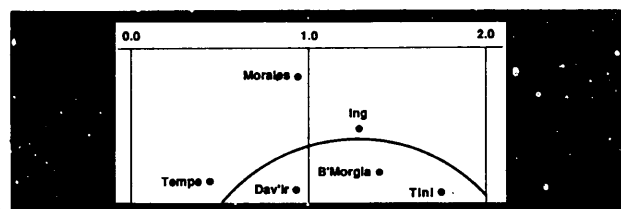
Dominant Life Form: Orion
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: 999783-74
Planetary Trade Profile: ECEFABC/C (D)

Notes:

Heavily industrialized and thus very valuable, Ing lies only about one light-year, less than a third of a parsec, from the boundary of Orion Space. In a planet-wide election, 80 percent of the planet's population decided to join the Federation—the remainder retreated into the wilderness. Hidden across this Federation member world are hundreds of communities of Orion rebels who have managed to infiltrate Federation installations and bomb, burn, and terrorize the inhabitants.

For five years, Star Fleet has attempted to clean out the rebel encampments, but it has yet to eradicate them completely. Although the BPC has officially disavowed the rebels, it has expressed unofficial support for their cause. The Federation would prefer that Ing became an independent world, but the majority of the population is happy belonging to the UFP. Star Fleet continues to send marines there to mount counter-offensives, while the rebels continue to stage sporadic campaigns of sabotage and subversion.

Supplies are doubtless reaching the rebels from Orion Space and independent traders attracted by cheap radioactives. Star Fleet is especially concerned with halting the flow of illegal arms because they are also reaching nearby Morales. The destabilization of Morales would damage Federation interests in this region, something that Star Fleet is committed to preventing.



WORLD LOG: LAXALA

System Data

System Name:	Lexa
Map Coordinates:	7.80S 2.40E
Number Of Class M Present:	0

Planetary Data

Position In System:	IV
Number Of Satellites:	0
Planetary Class:	L
Planetary Gravity:	0.8g
Planetary Size	
Diameter:	10,400 km
Equatorial Circumference:	32,670 km
Total Surface Area:	339,794,650 sq km
Percent Land Mass:	100%
Total Land Area:	339,794,650 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day:	25 hours
Atmospheric Density:	Thin
General Climate:	Arctic

Mineral Content

Normal Metals:	33%
Radioactives:	03%
Gemstones:	Trace
Industrial Crystals:	Trace
Special Minerals:	03%

Cultural Data

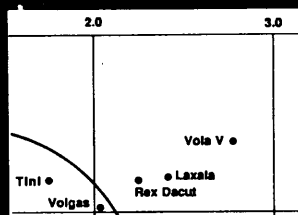
Dominant Life Form:	Mixed
Technological/	
Sociopolitical Index:	999683-96
Planetary Trade Profile:	GACFDEE/A (X)

Notes:

Three planets and eleven moons are being mined in this system, a veritable mineral treasure house. Long a rich Orion possession, it was abandoned by all but supervisory personnel before the Four Years War. In the drive toward the Klingon Empire, Star Fleet Marines landed here and stayed to the end of the war. The system thus passed directly into Federation hands, and private Federation interests bought the planet and re-opened the mines.

Besides the mines, the world of Laxala itself holds a rare archaeological treasure: well-preserved remnants of an ancient race. Unearthing, examining, and classifying these remains occupies one Federation and one private university research team full-time. They are frequently at odds with the miners over prospective research sites which happen to lie over promising ore beds. Not all the disputes are ended amicably.

Aside from the great mechanized loading docks and orbital facilities, landing arrangements throughout the system are primitive indeed. Unless they are miners attached to the Laxala Mining Combine, visitors are cautioned that the best accommodations are plasteel huts left behind by the wartime Marines.



WORLD LOG: MORALES

System Data

System Name:	Sergane
Map Coordinates:	7.26S 0.93E
Number Of Class M Present:	1

Planetary Data

Position In System:	III
Number Of Satellites:	1
Planetary Class:	M
Planetary Gravity:	1.4 G
Planetary Size	
Diameter:	18,000 km
Equatorial Circumference:	56,549 km
Total Surface Area:	1,017,882,000 sq km
Percent Land Mass:	21%
Total Land Area:	213,755,220 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day:	26 hours
Atmospheric Density:	Thick
General Climate:	Cool Temperate

Mineral Content

Normal Metals:	33%
Radioactives:	Trace
Gemstones:	08%
Industrial Crystals:	04%
Special Minerals:	03%

Cultural Data

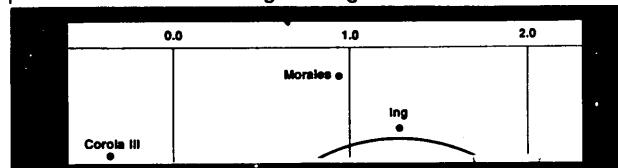
Dominant Life Form:	Orion
Technological/	
Sociopolitical Index:	999974-74
Planetary Trade Profile:	CEFDBCE/A (B)

Notes:

Morales was originally the home of a relatively advanced race known as the Morali. Little is known about this race, except that they looked rather humanoid and may have been in existence prior to the Orion War.

During the Four Years War, Star Fleet discovered that the Orions had driven the Morali into the planet's jungles and wastelands, where they soon forgot their culture and language and began to live like animals. According to some reports, the Orions even hunted the Morali. Outraged, the Federation slapped a military government on the planet, charged with administering the planet and its 350,000,000 inhabitants until a more humane government could take over. This has yet to happen; the Federation continues to run the planet as a military possession to protect the rights of the Morali.

If anything, the situation on Morales has gotten worse. With the relaxation of limits on Orion emigration, a large number of Orions have moved there. What began as a semi-agrarian planet has become a world of sprawling, misshapen cities and high unemployment—which is not helped by the influx of perhaps 5,000 illegal Orion immigrants arriving per year. The administration of Commodore Milton Ashe has been unable to do more than slow the process of deterioration. A Federation Security Council report concedes that they have no option but to continue the occupation until the situation either stabilizes, gets much worse, or somebody comes up with a better proposal for the social re-engineering of an entire world.



WORLD LOG: PROVIDENCE

System Data

System Name: Providence
Map Coordinates: 7.61S 4.66E
Number Of Class M Present: 1

Planetary Data

Position In System: III
Number Of Satellites: 0
Planetary Class: M
Planetary Gravity: 0.8g
Planetary Size
 Diameter: 3,000 km
 Equatorial Circumference: 9,425 km
 Total Surface Area: 28,274,330 sq km
 Percent Land Mass: 74%
 Total Land Area: 20,923,000 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day: 31 hours
Atmospheric Density: Terrestrial
General Climate: Warm Temperate

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: 09%
Radioactives: 10%
Gemstones: 10%
Industrial Crystals: Trace
Special Minerals: Trace

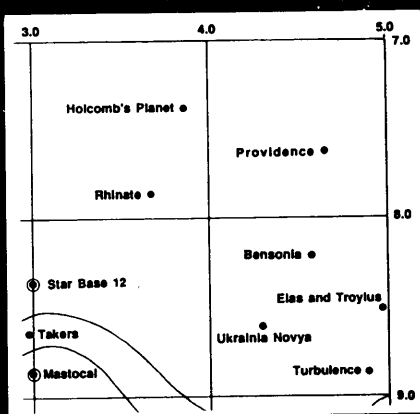
Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form: Orion
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: 999974-74
Planetary Trade Profile: EBEAHD/D (X)

Notes:

This is a most unusual planet. If it is indeed artificial, it has been put together too well to show any seams. It appears to be an open-air terraforming research lab—a planet where experiments in shifting mountains, redirecting river courses, and changing atmospheric circulation patterns can pave the way for similar projects on a larger scale. Although the Orions claim to have built the world, those that live here do little more than tinker with some of its features. Perhaps whatever race terraformed the amazing world of Rigel III created this planet too.

The Federation's Providence Planetform Research Team, 24 strong, is doing a little tinkering of its own, but even the Orion equipment left behind is a puzzle. A very nice planet to visit, aside from a horizon only a disconcerting half-kilometer away.



WORLD LOG: REX DACUT

System Data

System Name: Firaz
Map Coordinates: 7.81S 2.24E
Number Of Class M Present: 1

Planetary Data

Position In System: III
Number Of Satellites: 2
Planetary Gravity: 0.9g
Planetary Size
 Diameter: 11,700 km
 Equatorial Circumference: 36,760 km
 Total Surface Area: 430,052,100 sq km
 Percent Land Mass: 23%
 Total Land Mass: 98,912,100 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day: 23 hours
Atmospheric Density: Terrestrial
General Climate: Tropical

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: 28%
Radioactives: 16%
Gemstones: 09%
Industrial Crystals: Trace
Special Minerals: Trace

Cultural Data

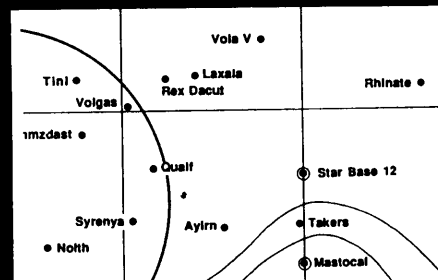
Uninhabited

Notes:

Site of a major space battle in the Four Years War, Rex Dacut has an extremely hot and harsh jungle climate that has thwarted most of the survey missions sent here.

The problem may not be just the climate. According to records, at least four Klingon ships are known to have entered the system, but none were seen leaving. The first postwar orbital survey tentatively identified two crash sites that could have been Klingon ships or their command pods, but found no trace of survivors. Since that time, at least three landing parties have attempted to explore the surface, but each one was lost without a trace. In some cases, contact was lost so abruptly that sensor telemetry and voice transmissions ceased at the same instant.

Star Fleet has duly placed a beacon marking Rex Dacut a prohibited system, unlawful to approach for any reason—including emergency landings. In spite of this, at least once a year Star Fleet receives a report of a ship lost somewhere in the vicinity of Rex Dacut. Such ships probably contain prospectors who wish to reap the planet's rich woods, petroleum, and medicinal plants described in Orion records. Apparently, these opportunists do not bother to examine Star Fleet records, which note that one landing party lost contact with their ship 15 minutes after beamdown.



WORLD LOG: RHINATE

System Data

System Name: Vitabon
Map Coordinates: 7.85S 3.69E
Number Of Class M Present: 0

Planetary Data

Position In System: III
Number Of Satellites: 0
Planetary Class: J
Planetary Gravity: 1.1g
Planetary Size
Diameter: 4,000 km
Equatorial Circumference: 12,566 km
Total Surface Area: 50,264,000 sq km
Percent Land Mass: 100%
Total Land Area: 50,264,000 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day: 16 hours
Atmospheric Density: N/A
General Climate: N/A

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: 42%
Radioactives: 02%
Gemstones: 10%
Industrial Crystals: Trace
Special Minerals: 04%

Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form: Mixed
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: 999653-56
Planetary Trade Profile: HADFAEF/C (C)

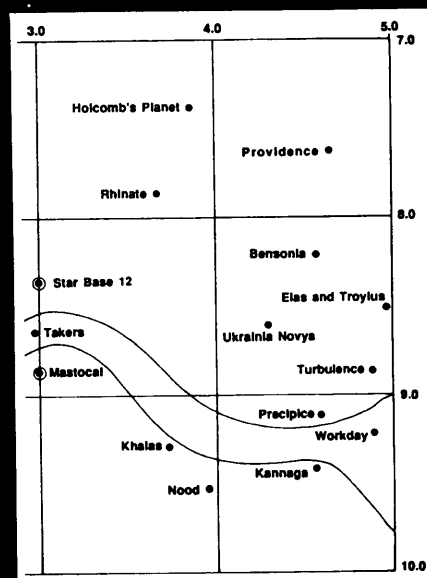
Notes:

A Class J planet, Rhinate is airless and lifeless. A long time ago, it was a larger, perhaps habitable and inhabited world. Then, half a million years ago, it was scoured clean of its atmosphere, its water, even its crust—and all its life, if any. What remains is the nickel-iron mantle, marked by parallel grooves that seemed scored by some titanic instrument. Though useless for life, it is perfect as the site for a fortress in space. Some ancient and forgotten race built the first installations, which subsequent tenants have enlarged, modernized, and improved. Even during the Orion War, its mines and shipyards were considered second to none.

Superadmiral Goluscz assembled the remnants of the Nine Worlds Confederation warfleet at Rhinate in a last attempt to win back the initiative from Orion forces. The arrival of the massed Orion fleets under Grand-Admiral Finit the Iron-Handed surprised them there, and the Battle of Rhinate inflicted great losses on both sides. However, this time the Orions could afford them and the Nine Worlds could not. Goluscz capitulated and sued for peace on behalf of all the Nine Worlds, ending the Orion War.

The Orions used Rhinate as an Orion Space Navy base for centuries. Gradually, as the Space Navy declined, it was transformed into a mammoth industrial park—even before the Reverse it had become largely abandoned and derelict. Pirates, including the infamous Half-a-Man Sooris briefly used the planet as a base. After the publication of the first Orion Registry, corporations returned here to develop the planet's resources.

Rhinate was one of the few worlds whose population stood firm against the Romulan panic, and its population actually increased due to the flood of homeless refugees (doubtless a stainless-steel roof ten kilometers thick made them feel safe). During the Four Years War, it became a refitting yard, and today is a secondary base site in support of Star Base 12. Under the leadership of the well-liked Benthine the Patient, the Otram family keeps the planet orderly.



WORLD LOG: RONTELM

System Data

System Name: Aladso
Map Coordinates: 8.34S 3.00E
Number Of Class M Present: 1

Planetary Data

Position In System: III
Number Of Satellites: 1
Planetary Class: M
Planetary Gravity:
Planetary Size
 Diameter: 13,000 km
 Equatorial Circumference: 40,840 km
 Total Surface Area: 530,929,130 sq km
 Percent Land Mass: 61%
 Total Land Area: 323,866,760 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day: 16 hours
Atmospheric Density: Terrestrial
General Climate: Tropical

Mineral Content

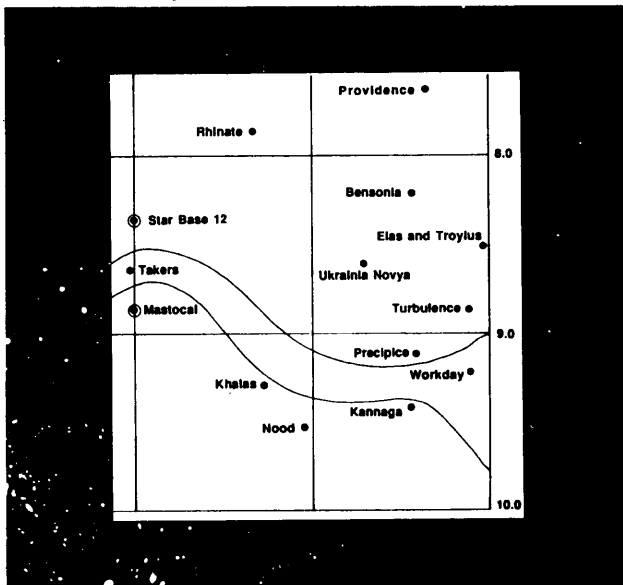
Normal Metals: 26%
Radioactives: 12%
Gemstones: Trace
Industrial Crystals: 04%
Special Minerals: 02%

Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form: Mixed
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: 999994-97
Planetary Trade Profile: DDBCABD/A (C)

Notes:

Built on Rontelm after the Four Years War, Star Base 12 supports 39,000 Star Fleet personnel and well over 150,000 civilian employees, two-thirds of them Orion. The mines on the third, fourth, and fifth worlds and the moons of the outer planets feed the factories that make Star Base 12 self-supporting, and the agriculture on Rontelm feeds not only the base but all the Star Fleet vessels that call here. Star Base 12 is home to the 12th, 42nd and 91st Strategic Forces, plus various anti-pirate forces whose numbers are classified. Despite occasional unrest, Rontelm is a showplace for Orion-Federation cooperation and harmony.



WORLD LOG: TABULON

System Data

System Name: Tir Kapov
Map Coordinates: 8.03S 0.42W
Number Of Class M Present: 1

Planetary Data

Position In System: II
Number Of Satellites: 1
Planetary Class: M
Planetary Gravity: 1.1g
Planetary Size
 Diameter: 14,300 km
 Equatorial Circumference: 44,920 km
 Total Surface Area: 642,424,260 sq km
 Percent Land Mass: 63%
 Total Land Area: 404,727,280 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day: 28 hours
Atmospheric Density: Terrestrial
General Climate: Cool Temperate

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: 25%
Radioactives: 10%
Gemstones: 07%
Industrial Crystals: Trace
Special Minerals: Trace

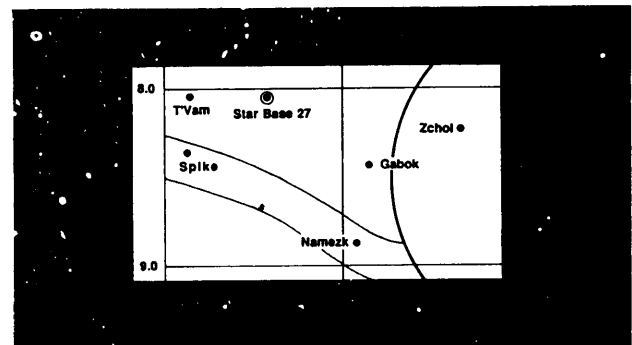
Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form: Mixed
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: 999994-97
Planetary Trade Profile: EEEFCDE/A (C)

Notes:

When Star Fleet decided to build a new base along the Klingon Neutral Zone, it arranged to purchase this sparsely settled, cool planet. The owners, the Heilen family, happily and profitably sold all title to the world—and only then, to Star Fleet's surprise and concern, did they find that they had also purchased the work contracts of all the inhabitants, making Star Fleet a planetary slave-owner. While Star Fleet figured out a legal way to free the population, the 'property' was quickly placed on the Federation payroll and put to work building the base.

Today, Tabulon is home to the largest forces assembled on any single Federation frontier, a logistical and administrative center without peer. Based here are the 14th, 72nd, 29th, and Fighting First Strategic Forces, as well as the 3rd and 7th Marine divisions and the Rigel Sector Materiel Command. It is also the reputed home of the clandestine, elite anti-pirate force that is rumored to operate on both sides of the Neutral Zone. Although Star Fleet denies its existence, the Orions say otherwise.



WORLD LOG: TEMPE

System Data

System Name: Khoosin
Map Coordinates: 7.74S 0.43E
Number Of Class M Present: 1

Planetary Data

Position In System: II
Number Of Satellites: 2
Planetary Class: M
Planetary Gravity: 1.4g
Planetary Size

Diameter: 18,000 km
Equatorial Circumference: 56,550 km
Total Surface Area: 1,017,875,900 sq km
Percent Land Mass: 10%
Total Land Area: 101,787,590 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day: 24 hours
Atmospheric Density: Terrestrial
General Climate: Cool Temperate

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: 15%
Radioactives: 03%
Gemstones: 02%
Industrial Crystals: Trace
Special Minerals: Trace

Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form: Tempean
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: 566741-64
Planetary Trade Profile: ABCDDEG/C (D)

Notes:

Under the vague red ball of Khoosin lie the cold productive oceans of Tempe, world of storms. Tempe is a quiet backwater teeming with fish, whales and other marine life that is harvested by the inhabitants. There is little else on the world—no industry or mines, too little land and too rough a climate for normal farming—and so the economy is dependent on exports of seafood, marine plants, and a few minerals extracted from the sea. Aside from the constant fluctuations on interstellar markets, events that shook the galaxy have rarely caused a ripple here. Life remained basically unchanged through the Orion War, the Reverse, and the Four Years War. When Star Fleet finally came to Tempe, it found the natives unconcerned about galactic politics or who claimed their planet, as long as they could live as their grandfathers lived. To the Tempeans, the Federation was just another fishbuyer.

Tempe is a major food exporter to Star Base 27 and many Federation colonies in the sector. New industries, including fertilizer and petroleum production, have brought new prosperity and a measure of Federation technicians and settlers here. The loose coterie of governing families has quite cordially and innocuously accepted them into the Tempean way of life.

Tempe is a veritable music factory, with an output of sheet music and recordings far in excess of many more heavily settled worlds. Ancient sea chanteys, doleful symphonic works, even modern popular tunes pour out of Tempe's Orions like they will never stop. Some are clearly ancient Orion music, but most are simply the expressions of Tempe's unique civilization, arising from the soul of the people. Tempean music and musicians are becoming known even to the core worlds of the Federation, and rare is the starship that does not carry the music of Tempe as entertainment—or as trade goods.

WORLD LOG: TROYIUS

System Data

System Name: Tellun
Map Coordinates: 8.58S 4.98E
Number Of Class M Present: 2

Planetary Data

Position In System: V
Number Of Satellites: 2
Planetary Class: M
Planetary Gravity: 0.9g
Planetary Size

Diameter: 18,200 km
Equatorial Circumference: 57,180 km
Total Surface Area: 1,040,676,000 sq km
Percent Land Mass: 35%
Total Land Area: 364,236,600 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day: 22.75 hours
Atmospheric Density: Thin
General Climate: Cool Temperate

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: 12%
Radioactives: Trace
Gemstones: Trace
Industrial Crystals: 15%
Special Minerals: 10%

Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form: Troyian
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: 668877-75
Planetary Trade Profile: ABCBCCB/D (C)

Notes:

Troyius is a cool but comfortably lush world, home to a race very similar to the Elasiens but somewhat more advanced. An associate member of the Federation, Troyius is committed to improving its interstellar merchant fleet. Although their crews are inexperienced, they are still dedicated and enthusiastic. Centuries of war between Troyius and Elas have recently ended, the pact being sealed by marriage between the hypnotically beautiful Dohlman of Elas and the Prefect-King of Troyius, Cosalthan II. The two monarchs now rule both worlds jointly.

Looking at the modern spaceport at the capital of Troilus, it is hard to believe that interstellar trade and Federation contact began only 20 years ago. Although their Colony here boasts many lovely cities, the Orions have never been able to ingratiate themselves into Troyian society since Half-a-Man Sooris and his pirate fleet sacked Troyius. Under Federation influence, this world has flowered and prospered as never before. In the huge Interplanetary Bazaar, its dilithium may be purchased (though in limited quantities strictly controlled by the government).

Recent changes in local law now discourage the carrying of weapons—whether guns or blades—in public. However, persons pay for the privilege of bearing arms, and the class of nobility is not restricted at all. As the tourist guides state, there exists a class of knights-errant among the nobility, but visitors should not expect to find armored figures on noble chargers. Although these *actone* are expected to act legally and to halt any criminal activity that they see, they are more concerned with tending their estates than with acting as impromptu police or taking up the cause of some wronged unfortunate. The Tribunal warns would-be petitioners that it will prosecute anyone seeking to hire an *acton* under false pretenses or through improper promises.

WORLD LOG: T'VAM

System Data

System Name: Gunarp
Map Coordinates: 8.02S 0.84W
Number Of Class M Present: 0

Planetary Data

Position In System: II
Number Of Satellites: 0
Planetary Class: F
Planetary Gravity: 0.9g
Planetary Size
Diameter: 11,080 km
Equatorial Circumference: 34,810 km
Total Surface Area: 385,682,010 sq km
Percent Land Mass: 25%
Total Land Area: 96,420,502 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day: 30 hours
Atmospheric Density: Thick
General Climate: Warm Temperate

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: 35%
Radioactives: 07%
Gemstones: Trace
Industrial Crystals: Trace
Special Minerals: 02%

Cultural Data

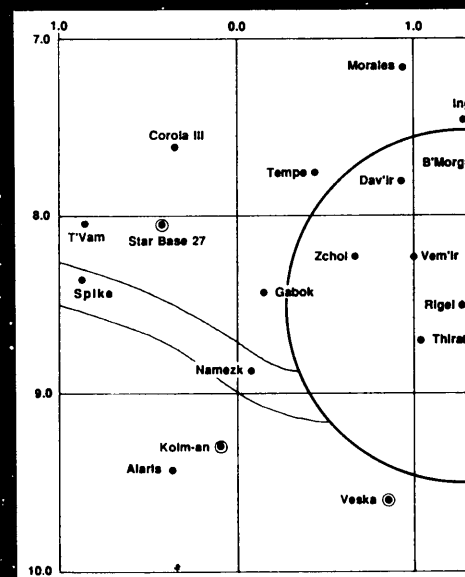
Dominant Life Form: Orion
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: 677752-70
Planetary Trade Profile: BCDACDE/B (E)

Notes:

T'vam was a minor, almost forgotten Orion Colony until the Four Years War. As their forces retreated toward their Empire, the Klingons garrisoned and fortified the planet, which was taken in Stardate 1/9708 by Task Force Thonat. The population of 2,000 readily elected to join the Federation—even though this meant that Federation colonists would soon come to settle their pristine, nearly empty planet.

Then, three entire UFP settlements failed—the first two, almost 30,000 people, died to the last man. The third, accompanied by a Star Fleet cruiser and research party, found out why. In spring, nearly all the planet's flowering plants release violently hallucinogenic pollen. Depending on the recipient's race, breathing the pollen can cause nausea and disorientation (sometimes permanent), severe mood alteration, impairment of higher reasoning, hallucinations, or (in at least 10 percent of the cases) a violent homicidal mania. Well over half those so afflicted stayed violent and murderous even after being removed from the environment. Decontamination and psychological reconditioning has helped some of the sufferers. By gruesome natural selection, the only Orions left on the planet are those who are unaffected by the pollen—save for some slight incidence of bizarre hay-fever.

Star Fleet labels this world prohibited; only the authorized research team or people with clearance may touch its surface. Nevertheless, these provisions have not stopped the lucrative illegal drug manufacturing that is going on right under Star Fleet's noses. Somebody, probably with native help, is extracting the extremely dangerous chemicals from the local plants and shipping it to the criminal underworlds of at least a hundred planets. The profits must be astronomical and the demand unslacking. As fast as Star Fleet obliterates one smuggling ring, another—or two—springs up to take its place. A Federation Security Council document specifies that, because of the danger to personnel, all smuggler traffic from or to T'vam must be intercepted in space—never on the surface.



WORLD LOG: UKRAINIA NOVYA

System Data

System Name: Dagem
Map Coordinates: 8.60S 4.30E
Number Of Class M Present: 1

Planetary Data

Position In System: II
Number Of Satellites: 2
Planetary Class: M
Planetary Gravity: 1.1g
Planetary Size
 Diameter: 14,300 km
 Equatorial Circumference: 44,920 km
 Total Surface Area: 642,424,250 sq km
 Percent Land Mass: 36%
 Total Land Area: 231,272,730 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day: 26 hours
Atmospheric Density: Terrestrial
General Climate: Warm Temperate

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: 47%
Radioactives: 23%
Gemstones: 08%
Industrial Crystals: Trace
Special Minerals: Trace

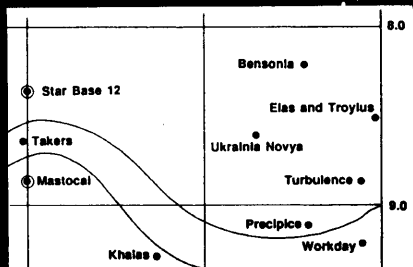
Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form: Human
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: 999884-74
Planetary Trade Profile: AABECDE/B (C)

Notes:

The Orions abandoned this world during the Romulan scare and never resettled it. In Stardate 1/8107, a large fleet of colonization ships from Terra reached Ukraina Novya and planted a large agriculturally oriented colony here, one of the largest and most successful Human settlements so far from the Federation core. The colonists are almost exclusively Russian and Eastern-European peoples, and their heritage is strikingly reflected in their architecture, music, popular culture, languages.

Ukrainia Novya is reputed to be a transfrontier pipeline. A large (though unknown) amount of its bounty enters the Tri-angle—possibly for shipment to either the Romulans or the Klingons (though there is no proof of this). Certain objects of known Klingon manufacture (not, thankfully, weapons) have been traced back as far as this planet—but if this is the work of individual traders, then there is technically nothing Star Fleet can do about it. The close-mouthed Korda family, who run the planet on a surprisingly Orion pattern, insist that their world is above reproach, and greatly resent any attempt to pry into their private affairs.



WORLD LOG: VOLA V

System Data

System Name: Vola
Map Coordinates: 7.60S 2.78E
Number Of Class M Present: 0

Planetary Data

Position In System: V
Number Of Satellites: 0
Planetary Class: N
Planetary Gravity: 1.0g
Planetary Size
 Diameter: 12,870 km
 Equatorial Circumference: 40,430 km
 Total Surface Area: 520,363,640
 Percent Land Mass: 0.00003%
 Total Land Area: 156 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day: 24 hours
Atmospheric Density: Terrestrial
General Climate: Arctic

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: 13%
Radioactives: 02%
Gemstones: Trace
Industrial Crystals: 07%
Special Minerals: 02%

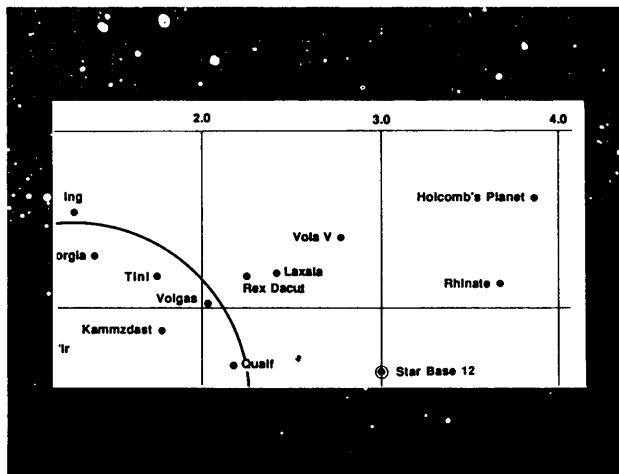
Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form: Mixed
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: 589683-98
Planetary Trade Profile: AAEBDEG/B (X)

Notes:

This former Orion ag-world is the site of a battle in the Four Years War. Cold, swept by frequent and vast storms laden with snow and occasional rain, it was a rich source of food collected by enormous semi-submerged factory-cities that travelled from harvest-field to harvest-field under their own power. After capturing the planet during the war, the Klingons ordered the Orions to evacuate. Outraged, they did—but not before they sank their cities in the ocean depths.

Federation settlers here have only recently begun to farm the oceans. The larger and better-equipped Orion facilities lie thousands of fathoms deep in ice-cold water, almost impossible to salvage (the smallest were 600 meters across, and the largest were over 15 kilometers). Ironically, Orions buy most of the harvest.



THE KLINGON EMPIRE

Data on Orion worlds held by the Klingons is scanty. Some worlds have been quarantined because their wealth is also a dangerous lure to the unprincipled, unscrupulous, luxury-loving elements in Klingon society. Selected governors and rigorously tested staffs are the only Klingons permitted to live there.

WORLD LOG: ALARIS

System Data

System Name: Koranischat
Map Coordinates: 9.42S 0.37W
Number Of Class M Present: 1

Planetary Data

Position In System: IV
Number Of Satellites: 1
Planetary Class: M
Planetary Gravity: 1.2g
Planetary Size
 Diameter: 15,600 km
 Equatorial Circumference: 49,010 km
 Total Surface Area: 764,537,960 sq km
 Percent Land Mass: 50%
 Total Land Area: 382,268,980 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day: 17 hours
Atmospheric Density: Thick
General Climate: Warm Temperate

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: 37%
Radioactives: 08%
Gemstones: 12%
Industrial Crystals: Trace
Special Minerals: Trace

Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form: Klingon
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: 999794-75
Planetary Trade Profile: BDEBCDF/C (D)

Notes:

Metallic sulphides in the native plant life give Alaris vegetation a red tinge. From orbit, the effect would be striking if clouds did not constantly obscure the surface. Alaris is very like the Klingon homeworld of Klinzhai: overcast, damp, and mostly warm. A small number of Orions still live here, but cumulative toxicity from the environment is slowly cutting them down. The Klingons are importing other, more endurable servitors and are themselves immigrating in large numbers. Alaris is an invaluable source of rare drugs and exotic, expensive foodstuffs. An Imperial Transporter is said to have offices here with the exclusive task of shipping food and pharmaceuticals back for the Emperor's household's own use.

Star Fleet Intelligence has been trying for years to help the Orions of Alaris throw off the Klingon yoke, but now only 30.8% of the population is Orion and not in any shape to revolt. Although Star Fleet Intelligence pays very well for any cargoes of drugs and foods from Alaris, opportunistic traders are warned that this is a Klingon world and legally off-limits to Federation traders. If a ship runs into difficulty there, the Federation will send no help of any kind. One might find help from the local Orions, but they could just collect the reward for turning in criminals against the Empire and leave it at that.

WORLD LOG: FAANT

System Data

System Name: Kintir
Map Coordinates: 9.62S 1.84E
Number Of Class M Present: 1

Planetary Data

Position In System: II
Number Of Satellites: 3
Planetary Class: M
Planetary Gravity: 0.9g
Planetary Size
 Diameter: 11,700 km
 Equatorial Circumference: 36,760 km
 Total Surface Area: 430,052,600 sq km
 Percent Land Mass: 47%
 Total Land Area: 202,124,720 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day: 24 hours
Atmospheric Density: Terrestrial
General Climate: Warm Temperate

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: Trace
Radioactives: 24%
Gemstones: 06%
Industrial Crystals: Trace
Special Minerals: Trace

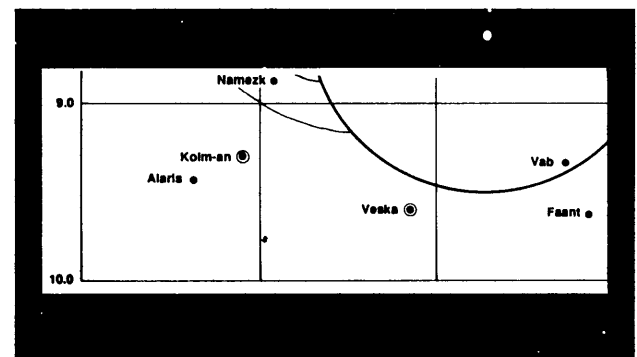
Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form: Orion
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: 999974-74
Planetary Trade Profile: AFCDDFG/A (B)

Notes:

Faant is a Klingon agricultural world that is wet, steamy, and ideal for Klingon food crops. Supposedly, it is also being groomed as a backup base in case of war. Orion traders come here a good deal, and they describe the planet as damp, overcrowded, gloomy, and utterly without interest—in short, a Klingon paradise. The civilian governor, Anthor, seems preoccupied with policing the sizable Orion Colony of 1.2 million that lies within the capital city of Korlath. Klingon Admiral Kazh epetai-Zulor, a Four Years War veteran and head of the Resources Marshalling Command for his sector, has restricted the size, tonnage, and type of Orion cargoes to keep the Orions under control. There is little rancor between the races at present, but the future is uncertain.

The humanoid natives, known as Faantines, 2.2 meters tall, slimy-skinned, with bifurcate jawless mouths and no readable expression on their hideous faces, do the bulk of the farming for the Klingons. Readily obedient, they are said to revere the Klingons as gods.



WORLD LOG: KELM

System Data

System Name: Zemica
Map Coordinates: 9.32S 2.50E
Number Of Class M Present: 0

Planetary Data

Position In System: I
Number Of Satellites: 0
Planetary Class: K
Planetary Gravity: 0.4g
Planetary Size
Diameter: 5,200 km
Equatorial Circumference: 16,340 km
Total Surface Area: 84,948,661 sq km
Percent Land Mass: 100%
Total Land Area: 84,948,661 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day: 24 hours
Atmospheric Density: N/A
General Climate: N/A

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: 45%
Radioactives: Trace
Gemstones: Trace
Industrial Crystals: 11%
Special Minerals: Trace

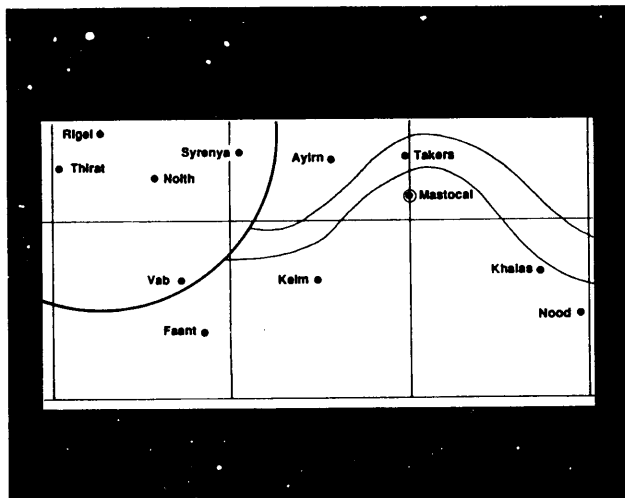
Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form: Klingon
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: 999794-75
Planetary Trade Profile: HEFGDGH/C (D)

Notes:

This Class K world is the only planet in the region even marginally suitable to use as a base against pirates and smugglers. Grim, cheerless, and bleak, Kelm is a blistered world that will never be more than passable as a habitat. Military governor Karab zantai-Velai apparently has a reputable linename, but some obscure scandal has forced him to be posted here. By all reports, Karab is hopelessly corrupt and worthless as an administrator.

Kelm is the headquarters of the Klingon 4th Frontier Force, which spends most of their time on patrol, as far from Kelm as possible. Rumor says that Kelm is a dead-end for losers of the Great Game; no ranking officer assigned here has ever been called back.



WORLD LOG: KHALAS

System Data

System Name: Aberriz
Map Coordinates: 9.28S 3.74E
Number Of Class M Present: 1

Planetary Data

Position In System: III
Number Of Satellites: 4
Planetary Class: M
Planetary Gravity: 1.2g
Planetary Size
Diameter: 15,600 km
Equatorial Circumference: 49,010 km
Total Surface Area: 764,537,960 sq km
Percent Land Mass: 41%
Total Land Area: 313,460,560 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day: 26 hours
Atmospheric Density: Thick
General Climate: Tropical

Mineral Content

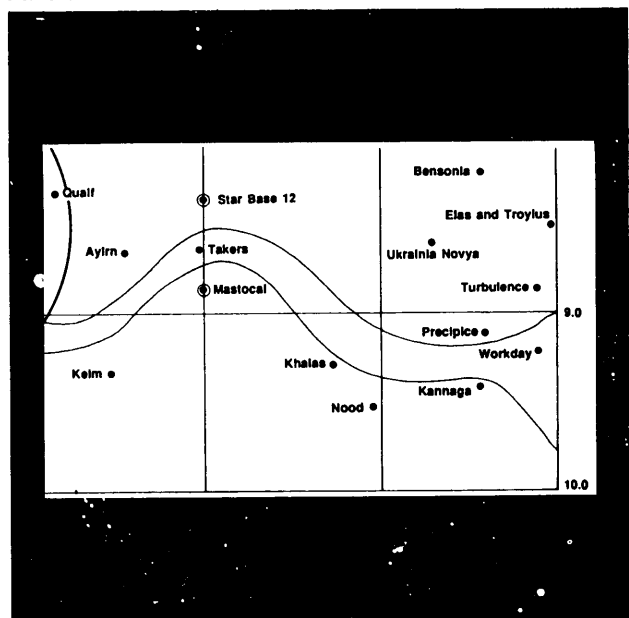
Normal Metals: 22%
Radioactives: Trace
Gemstones: Trace
Industrial Crystals: Trace
Special Minerals: Trace

Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form: Klingon
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: 999794-75
Planetary Trade Profile: CCCBBDE/A (B)

Notes:

Once a minor Orion possession, Khalas is now a significant Klingon R&R post and border monitoring station, technically commanded by Klingon Admiral Khour zantai-Laggal but equally a possession of the Orion Balun family. Although treated as a place for Klingon undesirables, the planet may be a front for Klingon Diplomatic Corps operatives. Star Fleet Intelligence personnel sometimes call Khalas "Checkpoint Charlie", a back door used by both sides for semi-legal transfers.



WORLD LOG: KOLM-AN

System Data

System Name: Karregheni
Map Coordinates: 9.30S 0.10W
Number Of Class M Present: 1

Planetary Data

Position In System: III
Number Of Satellites: 3
Planetary Class: M
Planetary Gravity: 1.0g
Planetary Size
Diameter: 10,060 km
Equatorial Circumference: 31,600 km
Total Surface Area: 317,940,470 sq km
Percent Land Mass: 24%
Total Land Area: 76,305,712 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day: 26 hours
Atmospheric Density: Terrestrial
General Climate: Warm Temperate

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: 17%
Radioactives: Trace
Gemstones: 07%
Industrial Crystals: Trace
Special Minerals: Trace

Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form: Klingon
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: 999794-75
Planetary Trade Profile: BADDDBCE/B (C)

Notes:

The control nexus for the Klingon invasion of Federation space in the Four Years War and the site of the war's last great battle, Kolm-an was not, as many think, an ancient Klingon base. Prior to the war, it was a peaceable Orion world with a primarily agrarian populace and a small ruling garrison. The records of the ruling Thentak family say that Kolm-an (then known as Kolmana) served as a base for Orion pirates until the Klingons chased them away.

Kolm-an's suitability for a major base convinced the Klingon Emperor to build a facility there in approximately Stardate 1/87, but he later diverted construction funds toward building up the invasion force poised against the Federation. Almost by accident, Kolm-an was selected as the forward marshalling area and coordinating communications center, and its defenses were neglected in favor of warehouses, administrative offices, and communications apparatus. As a forward command post, it directed fleets into Federation space very efficiently. A great deal of Klingon success in the early days of the war was the result of the decision to use Kolm-an as an administrative, not purely military, installation.

However, the decision came back to haunt the Klingons when Klingon Admiral Komex betrayed Kolm-an's location and importance. As the base was not fortified as other bases had been, it was utterly overrun and wrecked. Had the Federation decided to pursue the Klingons further, there was little the Empire could do to mount any organized defense against them.

Judging from subspace radio intercepts and scout probes, the Klingons have never attempted to rebuild Kolm-an, though a small garrison remains among the ruins.

WORLD LOG: MASTOCAL

System Data

System Name: Sigma Kinna
Map Coordinates: 8.87S 3.00E
Number Of Class M Present: 1

Planetary Data

Position In System: IX
Number Of Satellites: 2
Planetary Class: M
Planetary Gravity: 1.2g
Planetary Size
Diameter: 15,600 km
Equatorial Circumference: 48,000 km
Total Surface Area: 612,000,000 sq km
Percent Land Mass: 31%
Total Land Area: 189,720,000 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day: 21 hours
Atmospheric Density: Thick
General Climate: Warm Temperate

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: 33%
Radioactives: 10%
Gemstones: Trace
Industrial Crystals: Trace
Special Minerals: Trace

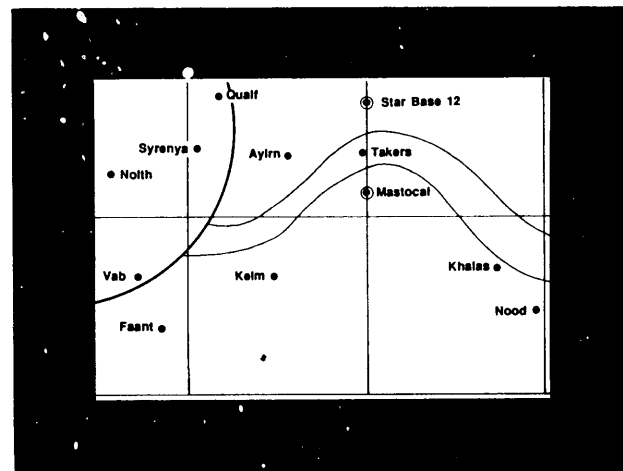
Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form: Klingon
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: 999794-75
Planetary Trade Profile: ECEDDDE/B (B)

Notes:

At the time of its completion in Stardate 2/0109, Mastocal was the largest Klingon naval base yet built. From here, the Klingons intended to extend their influence into Federation space, using Mastocal as their base of operations. The Organians interfered with their plans, putting a halt to the intended war. The Empire is still building up Mastocal, however, sure that one day they will find a way around the Organians into the Federation.

Mastocal is essentially one large planet-wide base. There are training facilities, planetside and orbital repair facilities, R&R facilities, and manufacturing plants for smaller weapons and tools of war. No shipbuilding facilities are maintained here, although extensive repairs can be made to any size vessel in the Klingon navy.



WORLD LOG: NOOD

System Data

System Name: Kedgellan
Map Coordinates: 9.51S 3.98E
Number Of Class M Present: 1

Planetary Data

Position In System: III
Number Of Satellites: 0
Planetary Class: M
Planetary Gravity: 0.8g
Planetary Size
Diameter: 10,400 km
Equatorial Circumference: 32,670 km
Total Surface Area: 339,794,650 sq km
Percent Land Mass: 80%
Total Land Area: 271,835,720 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day: 25 hours
Atmospheric Density: Very Thin
General Climate: Cool Temperate

Mineral Content

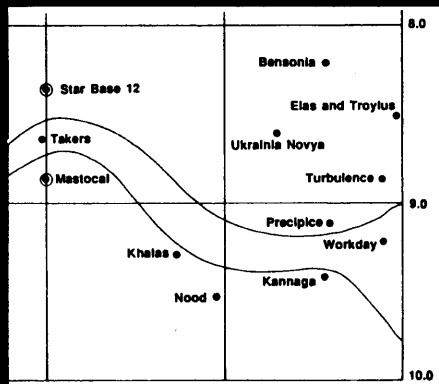
Normal Metals: 16%
Radioactives: Trace
Gemstones: Trace
Industrial Crystals: 02%
Special Minerals: Trace

Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form: Klingon
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: 999794-75
Planetary Trade Profile: ECFFCE/A (C)

Notes:

A token garrison occupies Nood, an unremarkable world deep within Klingon space. Actual civil authority is in the hands of the Flagine Corporation, itself only a minor trading-and-holding company. However, although Nood is more than ten parsecs beyond the Neutral Zone, it still receives regular shipping from Orion Space. Flagine can offer one of the most secure smuggling routes between Orion and deeper Klingon space—for those who can meet the price *and* their strict standards.



WORLD LOG: VESKA

System Data

System Name: Klathind
Map Coordinates: 9.60S 0.83E
Number Of Class M Present: 0

Planetary Data

Position In System: IV
Number Of Satellites: 2
Planetary Class: N
Planetary Gravity: 1.1g
Planetary Size
Diameter: 14,300 km
Equatorial Circumference: 44,920 km
Total Surface Area: 642,424,260 sq km
Percent Land Mass: 07%
Total Land Area: 44,969,698 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day: 22 hours
Atmospheric Density: Thick
General Climate: Cool Temperate

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: 31%
Radioactives: Trace
Gemstones: 08%
Industrial Crystals: 02%
Special Minerals: Trace

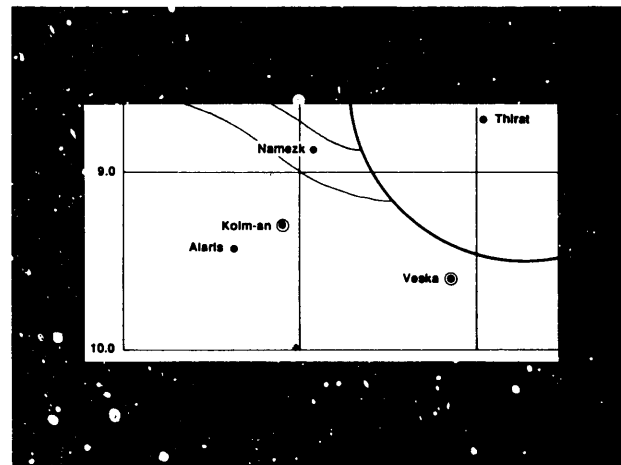
Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form: Klingon
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: 999794-75
Planetary Trade Profile: DDHEBCE/C (D)

Notes:

The greatest Klingon base on the Federation frontier, Veska is rightly called "the Klingon Gibraltar". The Klingon forces stationed here have been ordered to halt all Federation and Orion incursion into Klingon space and to punish a few.

Veska is not an obvious choice for a superbase; the largest landmass on this pelagic planet is only 350 by 120 kilometers and semi-tropical. However, Klingons find the climate ideal—not too warm, humid, small, and easily controlled. Seafarming provides the bulk of the food for the base and its ships. Although the military deployment here varies, between five and seven Klingon strategic forces are usually here at any one time. Admiral Klithis epetai-Horon commands this force, known variously as the Third Frontier Naval Division, the Federation Fighters, and *Tolum E'Dras*—the "Orion Wall".



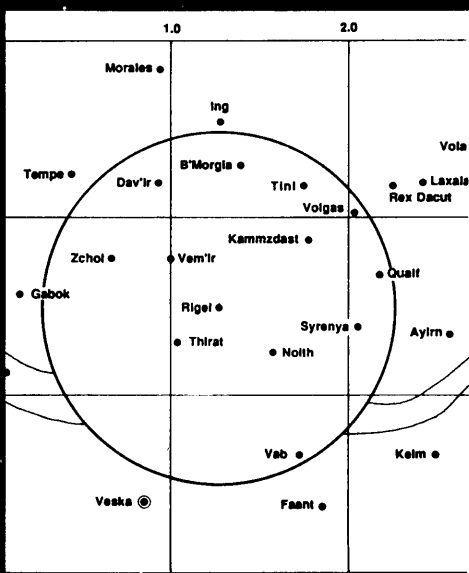
ORION SPACE

Orion Space is a legal fiction created at the end of the Four Years War to solve the Orion problem. Instead, however, it has fostered whole new problems that Star Fleet and the Federation will be dealing with for many years to come.

Originally, the idea of penning up the Orions was a kind of mutually protective one. In place of a myriad of Orion worlds claiming degrees of loyalty to Botchok and scorning Federation laws under their own Neutrality Act, there would be a clearly defined region where the Orions could live as they pleased. Federation Council records note that at one time a region roughly 40 by 80 parsecs was considered adequate room. However, the free passage of invading Klingon warships through Orion Space hardened the Federation's mood. Created to neutralize the Orions and to prevent their ever becoming a Klingon vassal state, the Orion Demilitarized Zone Commission wrestled with several possible solutions. The mildest was making the entire Orion Arm a demilitarized zone under the authority of the Orions; the harshest, full-scale occupation of Rigel and all Colonies. The solution they finally proposed was an Orion enclave centered on Rigel, a sort of 'reservation' where the Orions could live, neutral and unmolested, and the border would be Star Fleet's to maintain. A ten-parsec sphere would give the Orions ample room for a homeland, preserve the integrity of the border, and coincidentally give the Federation suzerainty over 80 percent of the Arm and the Colonies.

The Federation has since paid for its mistake. Allowing the Orions their neutrality has proved incompatible with patrolling the Neutral Zone, which runs *through* Orion Space. Marking an artificial barrier in space, Star Fleet has ruefully discovered, is not the same as keeping it inviolate. The Orions and a still-undetermined number of Klingon vessels slip over the line regularly to perform nefarious missions deep in Federation space.

Therefore, in spite of the hard lines drawn on the map, this region of space is the most disputed and active region known.



WORLD LOG: B'MORGIA

System Data

System Name:	Olio
Map Coordinates:	7.70S 1.40E
Number Of Class M Present:	1

Planetary Data

Position In System:	III
Number Of Satellites:	3
Planetary Class:	M
Planetary Gravity:	1.3g
Planetary Size	
Diameter:	16,900 km
Equatorial Circumference:	53,090 km
Total Surface Area:	897,270,240 sq km
Percent Land Mass:	56%
Total Land Area:	502,471,330 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day:	26 hours
Atmospheric Density:	Terrestrial
General Climate:	Warm Temperate

Mineral Content

Normal Metals:	34%
Radioactives:	10%
Gemstones:	Trace
Industrial Crystals:	03%
Special Minerals:	Trace

Cultural Data

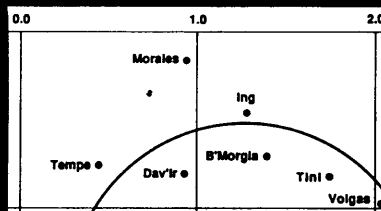
Dominant Life Form:	Orion
Technological/	
Sociopolitical Index:	999974-74
Planetary Trade Profile:	DDEDBCD/A (A)

Notes:

B'Morgia ("The Big B" or "The Perfect World") has required only slight modification to make it nearly ideal. Even before the Orions, coionization and invasion had produced a polyglot civilization, a hodgepodge of races very different from each other yet living in relative harmony. Only traces of this civilization remain, relics of the late-Reverse genocidal war that killed off all the races but the Orions. B'Morgia is home to the House of Thylaster, the oldest royal family surviving in Orion Space and which traces back all the way to Emperor Arnet. Under the leadership of King Holencas the Just, B'Morgia is rightly regarded as one of the most steadfast planets in Orion Space.

B'Morgia's trade volume compares favorably with Rigel's, and doubtless it is growing because there are fewer restrictions here. The king tolerates a host of small dissident political groups, including the strident Orion Freedom League that wishes to kick all the 'invaders' out and re-establish the Orion Golden Age of unfettered trade and piracy.

With its hundreds of universities and its copious history, B'Morgia is an Orion cultural center second only to Rigel. Small wonder that Nolos, the capital and home to the Royal B'Morgian University, is also known as the Orion Capital of Ideas.



WORLD LOG: DAV'IR

System Data

System Name: Toolian
Map Coordinates: 7.81S 0.93E
Number Of Class M Present: 1

Planetary Data

Position In System: IV
Number Of Satellites: 4
Planetary Class: M
Planetary Gravity: 1.0g
Planetary Size
 Diameter: 13,210 km
 Equatorial Circumference: 41,500 km
 Total Surface Area: 548,220,780 sq km
 Percent Land Mass: 92%
 Total Land Area: 504,363,110 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day: 28 hours
Atmospheric Density: Terrestrial
General Climate: Tropical

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: 33%
Radioactives: Trace
Gemstones: Trace
Industrial Crystals: 05%
Special Minerals: Trace

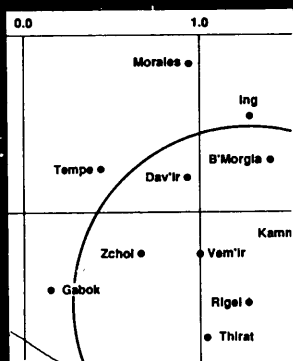
Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form: Orion
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: 999974-74
Planetary Trade Profile: BEFECDF/A (B)

Notes:

Dav'ir is a thriving agricultural world where over half of the land is used for farming. Only a few cities dot the landscape, and most residents live in small villages surrounded by vast fields of crops.

In the huge estates live land barons from two Orion families, the Bilat and the Cholifir. Their corporations rule Dav'ir jointly, but not agreeably; intercorporate rivalry is intense and just short of open warfare. Both have torched fields, assassinated *rhadamanen*, and hired pirates to seize the other's shipments. Despite these tactics, both families have shown remarkable *cluros*, treating each other civilly and inviting each other to their banquets and festivals.



WORLD LOG: KAMMZDAST

System Data

System Name: Skondard
Map Coordinates: 8.15S 17.8E
Number Of Class M Present: 0

Planetary Data

Position In System: II
Number Of Satellites: 0
Planetary Class: J
Planetary Gravity: 1.1g
Planetary Size
 Diameter: 3,400 km
 Equatorial Circumference: 10,680 km
 Total Surface Area: 36,316,810 sq km
 Percent Land Mass: 100%
 Total Land Area: 36,316,810 sq km

Planetary Conditions

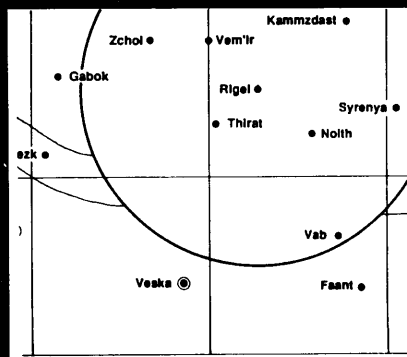
Length Of Day: 40 hours
Atmospheric Density: N/A
General Climate: N/A

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: 03%
Radioactives: Trace
Gemstones: Trace
Industrial Crystals: 13%
Special Minerals: Trace

Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form: Orion
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: 999974-74
Planetary Trade Profile: GGGGDFG/A (E)

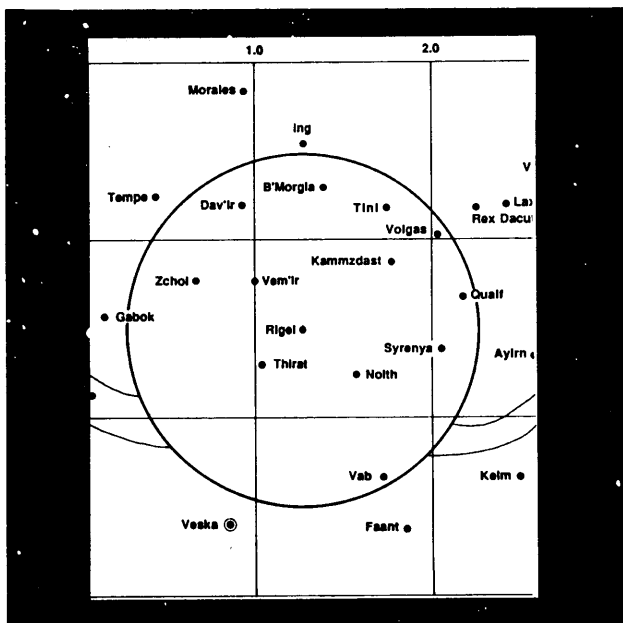


Notes:

This is where the ancient Treaty of Kammzdast was signed to regulate Orion slavery. Though airless and waterless, Kammzdast is extensively tunneled to a depth of 500 kilometers—less a planet than an enormous space station. Perhaps, in fact, it once was a battle station or fortified world; certainly its life-support still works.

Its history before the Treaty of Kammzdast is obscure, but without doubt it was a strategic fortress less battled-over than swapped in diplomatic maneuvers. After the Treaty and the cessation of general warfare, Kammzdast became a diplomatic meeting site. Orion slaves once mined the other planets in the system, but the mines have long since been depleted. Since the Orion War, Kammzdast has been used variously as a weapons cache and repair yard, a corporate and diplomatic meeting site, and an industrial park (which it is at present). The Botchok Planetary Congress owns and operates the rental concession here, leasing space, machinery, power, and utilities to quite a number of industrial customers. However, the bulk of the planet and its orbit are used as a marshalling yard for the Orion Space Navy, which uses it as their major outworld base. Annual naval exercises are held in the system, but by most accounts, the maneuvers are a convenient excuse for officers to get away from their usual duties, play at war, and enjoy the nightly round of parties in the opulent hostilities. Needless to say, maneuvers are very popular, and there is much competition among the lower commissioned ranks for a berth.

The Kammzdast Museum of Orion Civilization here commemorates the spread of the Orions throughout space, from Kammzdast to Orion Dawn to Reverse to the Four Years War, and it is worth the trip just to see how the Orions perceive their own history. The museum is huge—there are no less than 26 square kilometers of exhibit space, and easily twice that in administration, restoration ships, and storage. The Museum Guidebook states that a cursory tour of the galleries takes 79 hours without breaks, food, or sleep. Curator Abnel Isolio welcomes all visitors from whatever quarter of the galaxy they come.



WORLD LOG: NOLTH

System Data

System Name:	Halat
Map Coordinates:	8.75S 1.56E
Number Of Class M Present:	1

Planetary Data

Position In System:	IV
Number Of Satellites:	1
Planetary Class:	M
Planetary Gravity:	1.0g
Planetary Size	
Diameter:	11,650 km
Equatorial Circumference:	36,600 km
Total Surface Area:	426,384,790 sq km
Percent Land Mass:	73%
Total Land Area:	311,260,890 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day:	20 hours
Atmospheric Density:	Terrestrial
General Climate:	Warm Temperate

Mineral Content

Normal Metals:	14%
Radioactives:	26%
Gemstones:	02%
Industrial Crystals:	Trace
Special Minerals:	07%

Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form:	Orion
Technical/	
Sociopolitical Index:	999974-74
Planetary Trade Profile:	DCBEBBC/A (A)

Notes:

Like Syrenra, Nolth has had a peaceful history. The infamous Rigellian fever killed off the Hathine, the dominant native race and founding member of the Nine Worlds Confederation, but their many beautiful cities remained intact. With the help of refugees from the Outer Dark, Nolth rebuilt itself quickly and experienced a unique rebirth of Orion culture. According to the Orion Registry, a staggering total of 325 major families and their households and retainers live here in comparative peace, making this the most quiescent of Orion Colonies. It is governed by an elected planetary council, which elects the planet's ruling Judge. Fyash Motin the Fat has been Judge now for 32 standard years.

Nolth does a bustling trade, including Federation and Klingon merchants in its clientele. Some entrepreneurs have funded trading expeditions as far as the Triangle, and perhaps even beyond. The planet's most famous product is Nolth wool, grown from mutant sheep-like creatures bred to monstrous size; they are typically from 15 to 20 meters long and mass over 25 tons. In addition, Nolth also does a bustling business in pharmaceuticals and medicinal products. Various anonymous sources fund the development of new drugs.

Reportedly, an anti-aging drug has been secretly developed on Nolth. The entire drug industry is under extremely tight security, and so the truth of this single report cannot be verified. Star Fleet Intelligence is certain that Nolth produces many addictive substances that find their way into Federation markets, but it cannot prove it, halt it, or even trace the distribution network.

WORLD LOG: QUALF

System Data

System Name: Qualf
Map Coordinates: 8.34S 2.19E
Number Of Class M Present: 1

Planetary Data

Position In System: III
Number Of Satellites: 4
Planetary Class: M
Planetary Gravity: 1.2g
Planetary Size
Diameter: 15,600 km
Equatorial Circumference: 49,010 km
Total Surface Area: 764,537,960 sq km
Percent Land Mass: 21%
Total Land Area: 160,552,970 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day: 24 hours
Atmospheric Density: Terrestrial
General Climate: Warm Temperate

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: 38%
Radioactives: 17%
Gemstones: 09%
Industrial Crystals: Trace
Special Minerals: Trace

Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form: Orion
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: 999974-74
Planetary Trade Profile: DBCDCDE/A (A)

Notes:

Qualf used to be a serene and pleasant world. Happy, industrious, heavily populated (at 3.4 billion people, it was second only to Botchok), Qualf seems to have known little war since the coming of the Orions. Pirates never troubled it, and refugees from the Outer Dark and from Romulan and Klingon invasions never ruffled its planetary calm.

However, after the Four Years War, things took a turn for the worse. The Rigel Demilitarized Zone Commission designated Qualf as the final resettlement site for all relocated Orions from Sector Two—a total of 1.4 *billion* refugees. This crush forced a crisis on the four-family coalition governing the planet. For the duration of the crisis, they appointed Vintlel Sotars as dictator, empowered to use any means at his disposal to provide for all citizens and to maintain public order. Since Stardate 1/9904, Sotars has been in power and has earned himself a new sobriquet—the Harsh. Through alliances with minor families and certain political elements, he has cemented himself in power and neutralized all opposition.

A pro-Federation ruler, Vintlel the Harsh promotes the heavy trade between his world, Ayirn, and Star Base 12. The strong local resistance movement, *Oromente Qualfn* (Qualf Liberation Force), has strong Klingon backing, up to and including arms. Clashes between government troops and insurgents have grown bloodier and more frequent. The situation has distressed the Federation, but as Qualf is an Orion world, it can do nothing. Nashi Dolun the Young, the unofficial *Oromente Qualfn* leader, has been gaining allies for his movement from all quarters. Visitors are duly warned that Qualf is a powderkeg ready to blow.

WORLD LOG: SYRENYA

System Data

System Name: Adonolo
Map Coordinates: 8.62S 2.06E
Number Of Class M Present: 1

Planetary Data

Position In System: IV
Number Of Satellites: 3
Planetary Class: M
Planetary Gravity: 1.0g
Planetary Size
Diameter: 10,270 km
Equatorial Circumference: 32,260 km
Total Surface Area: 331,352,880 sq km
Percent Land Mass: 32%
Total Land Area: 106,032,920 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day: 27 hours
Atmospheric Density: Terrestrial
General Climate: Tropical

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: 04%
Radioactives: 21%
Gemstones: 12%
Industrial Crystals: Trace
Special Minerals: 03%

Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form: Orion
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: 999974-74
Planetary Trade Profile: EFBDCDE/A (A)

Notes:

Some 15,000 years ago, the Pergue race attempted to make Syrenya habitable but utterly failed. Syrenya has an axial tilt of 31.2 degrees and a hot, blue-white Type B7 sun. In summer, the stone plains were a blistering 100° Celsius; in winter, they plunged to -100° C. Only bacteria and lichens could live in the carbon dioxide atmosphere. Delighted when the Orions managed to terraform Botchok, the Pergue imported Orions to make the planet habitable.

To convert the CO₂ into breathable air, the Orions imported an ocean. Ice from asteroids and waste worlds was transported at unthinkable cost and hurled into the winter atmosphere to warm it. Ammonia ice was added to lend sufficient nitrogen for life processes. The impacts pulverized much of the rocky surface, making it possible to seed it with moss, microbes, worms, and such to form honest soil.

After a thousand years, the world became habitable. The air changed from carbon dioxide to balanced oxygen, nitrogen, and the oceans evened out the temperatures. The Orions planted here also thrived. The process reached a self-stabilizing plateau stage 7, 100 years ago, making Syrenya the oldest completely recorded case of terraforming known. (The records for Botchok are fragmentary.)

At present, a very hardy population of 900 million Orions calls Syrenya home. The original Syrenya Development Company that handled the terraforming is still here, and is in fact the principal governing power. Ten powerful families control the shares of the company and ensure a smooth, well-functioning society. Although the terraforming has never needed major readjustments, the world is still harsh. When Orions speak of being "proud as a Syrenyan", they mean that they have truly earned their pride.

WORLD LOG: THIRAT

System Data

System Name: Yuhso
Map Coordinates: 8.70S 1.04E
Number Of Class M Present: 1

Planetary Data

Position In System: II
Number Of Satellites: 0
Planetary Class: M
Planetary Gravity: 1.7g
Planetary Size
Diameter: 22,800 km
Equatorial Circumference: 71,630 km
Total Surface Area: 1,633,125,400 sq km
Percent Land Mass: 25%
Total Land Area: 408,281,350 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day: 19 hours
Atmospheric Density: Thick
General Climate: Tropical

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: 28%
Radioactives: Trace
Gemstones: 09%
Industrial Crystals: Trace
Special Minerals: Trace

Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form: Orion
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: 999974-74
Planetary Trade Profile: EDFDCDF/A (B)

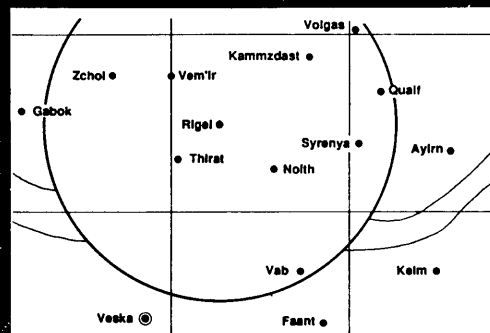
Notes

From space, Thirat is a very inviting blue-green world, but on its surface, life is extremely rigorous. The gravity is a whopping 1.7 times Terran normal, the average temperature fluctuates between 25° and 50° Celsius, and the humidity is always at least 60 percent. The surface is mostly swamp and jungle, which are infested with snakes, vicious insects, dangerous plants, and powerful beasts. The world's economy depends on the jungle for lumber, chemical, paints, drugs, fibers, petroleum, and a host of minor products. Cities—271 of them—dot the landscape under the forest cover. Most transport is by air as there are no roads and few open, cultivated areas. From a glance, it would be impossible to tell that 1.7 billion Orions live here.

Even today, ruins are being found in the jungle of ancient attempts at exploitation. Only gradually did the Orions learn to live with their harsh environment and not try to defeat it. The survivors of those slaves and their descendants are a hardy and canny breed, stronger than the norm and wise in the ways of jungle survival. For their strength, shrewdness, and sheer refusal to die when more sensible people would, Thiratin have been used and prized as mercenaries for centuries.

Thirat has a strong tradition of self-reliance. All citizens are skilled in either the martial arts or weaponry, and dueling is perfectly legal. If insulted before witnesses, a native of any social standing may challenge the offender, alien or not, to a duel. Even the ruling families—the Teish, Nomab, Sohola, and Emark—are not immune. Although they may run the Thirat Group (the loose confederation of industries that forms the de facto government), they understand very well that law and order on Thirat is a matter of protocol and individual politeness. One does not give orders here; one makes suggestions. The quaintness of this social order would bring many more tourists but for the high mortality rate among nonbusiness visitors. Thiratin are not known for their tolerance of outsiders. Once, a much-respected Klingon captain was killed here in a duel. There was no retaliation.

Thirat refused to accept Orion refugees after the Four Years War, and both Botchok and the Federation respected its decision. Besides, those Orions who had been slated to move there rebelled rather than be forced to live among the Thiratin. It is a proud and fearsome place, indeed.



WORLD LOG: TINI

System Data

System Name: Refniai
Map Coordinates: 7.81S 1.75E
Number Of Class M Present: 0

Planetary Data

Position In System: II
Number Of Satellites: 0
Planetary Class: G
Planetary Gravity: 0.9g
Planetary Size
Diameter: 11,730 km
Equatorial Circumference: 36,850 km
Total Surface Area: 432,260,830 sq km
Percent Land Mass: 100%
Total Land Area: 432,260,830 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day: 26 hours
Atmospheric Density: Thin
General Climate: Desert

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: 19%
Radioactives: 15%
Gemstones: Trace
Industrial Crystals: 06%
Special Minerals: 05%

Cultural Data

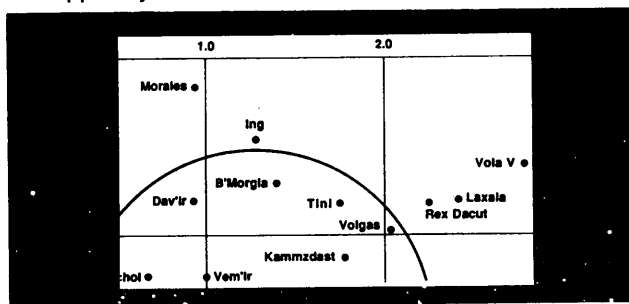
Dominant Life Form: Orion
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: 999974-74
Planetary Trade Profile: FCCDEF/B (A)

Notes:

Under two red suns lies the desert world of Tini, the Orion Vulcan. Its original inhabitants were the slender, 2.5-meter tall Miln, whose race was the last to resist the Orions in the Orion War. The Orions never bothered to conquer them, but left them in their delicate lace-crystal cities while they burrowed underground. They never concluded a peace and never had any real trade with them, but legend says that the Miln still live in their half-ruined cities.

The Orions prefer to run their mines from underground cities, or *plounla*. Across the planet are no less than 5,922 such *plounla*, each with their own ruling family and housing a population of more than one billion. Evaporator farms encircling each *pounla* are surprisingly effective at feeding this sizable population; almost every year, their production goes up.

This rigorous planet was chosen to be the primary resettlement site for refugees from Sector Four after the Four Years War. Many failed to adjust and had to move elsewhere. The only successful group came from Vola V, an all-water world, because they had also lived in large warrens and depended on life support systems.



WORLD LOG: VAB

System Data

System Name: Vab 7791
Map Coordinates: 9.34S 1.72E
Number Of Class M Present: 0

Planetary Data

Position In System: I
Number Of Satellites: 1
Planetary Class: G
Planetary Gravity: 0.5g
Planetary Size
Diameter: 6,510 km
Equatorial Circumference: 20,450 km
Total Surface Area: 133,141,000 sq km
Percent Land Mass: 100%
Total Land Area: 133,141,000 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day: 29 hours
Atmospheric Density: Thin
General Climate: Desert

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: 27%
Radioactives: 10%
Gemstones: Trace
Industrial Crystals: 08%
Special Minerals: Trace

Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form: Orion
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: 999974-74
Planetary Trade Profile: GBCGDFH/A (C)

Notes:

Located inside a dust cloud, Vab is an unattractive place by any standard. Its orbit carries it right between its twin suns: one yellow, one white. Even when not washed in constant daylight, its surface is continually bombarded by many types of radiation. With no agriculture and precious few resources, Vab is valuable only because it supports the nearest major port facilities to boundary with Klingon space. Like those on many other worlds, its underground structures were constructed in the distant past by peoples now completely unknown. In the Orion War, the Orions fought a huge battle for it and then abandoned it. Vab saw little use until the Reverse, when a few daring pirates risked the 'slot run' between the suns to base themselves here and to raid Orion and Klingon worlds recklessly. During the Four Years War, a Klingon task force demolished portions of the facilities, but the pirates remained.

Vab's value was realized only when the Orion Demilitarized Zone Commission presented the Botchok Planetary Congress with their plan for the Orion Neutrality Area. The Orion Space Navy instantly mobilized to seize Vab and to prepare it for future operations. Ostensibly, Vab is now a major base of the Orion Space Navy, but it seems that pirates also use it as a resupply point and transfer point for cargoes bound for both sides of the frontier. This is the most blatant example of BPC-Orion pirate complicity, and yet the Federation can do nothing. Star Fleet cannot approach it without risking war with the Klingons, the Orions, or both.

By all reports, Vab is a hellhole, needing constant maintenance to keep the inadequate tunnels and landing bays in operating condition. Unless a ship is underground, radiation is a major threat to it and its crew. Crowded, filthy, inadequately funded and dangerous, it is the least favorite duty in the Orion Space Navy. No wonder that rumors speak of friction between Navy officers and pirates on the base.

WORLD LOG: VEM'IR

System Data

System Name: Tyolo
Map Coordinates: 8.23S 1.00E
Number Of Class M Present: 1

Planetary Data

Position In System: IV
Number Of Satellites: 3
Planetary Class: M
Planetary Gravity: 1.1g
Planetary Size
Diameter: 14,330 km
Equatorial Circumference: 45,020 km
Total Surface Area: 645,122,570 sq km
Percent Land Mass: 70%
Total Land Area: 451,585,790 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day: 27 hours
Atmospheric Density: Terrestrial
General Climate: Desert

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: 40%
Radioactives: 19%
Gemstones: 20%
Industrial Crystals: 02%
Special Minerals: 05%

Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form: Orion
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: 999974-74
Planetary Trade Profile: GABFDGH/B (A)

Notes:

The environment of Vem'ir is ideal for mining, its major industry. Surface works (the shaft elevators, tipplers, smelters, and refineries) surround the graceful cities rising above the plains and rolling hills. This planet is the home of the Calids, who, though in decline even before the Orion War, survived the Reverse. When commerce declined during those dark times, the Orion population declined to emigrate. By the time of the First Orion Registry, the planet was back to full production.

Since the Four Years War, production has skyrocketed. Vem'ir is now the largest and most important mining planet left to the Orions, and its population of over 2 billion are all employed in mining or minding the mines. One glance at its blast pits is enough to understand why this world is known as the Feet of Orion Industry—everything stands on it.

A cumbersome, overburdened, and maddeningly slow bureaucracy governs Vem'ir. The shadowy, almost anonymous Vem'ir Executive Council meets once a year and sees no one personally, no matter how pressing the business. In usual Orion fashion, corporations would bypass this apparatus, but this is not practical. From single-holders to interstellar combines, no less than 1,424 firms do business on Vem'ir, far too large a number to allow proper coordination or cooperation among them. Even for Orions, life on Vem'ir is chaotic.



WORLD LOG:VOLGAS

System Data

System Name: Hagmi
Map Coordinates: 7.98S 2.04E
Number Of Class M Present: 0

Planetary Data

Position In System: IV
Number Of Satellites: 4
Planetary Class: N
Planetary Gravity: 1.0g
Planetary Size
Diameter: 13,740 km
Equatorial Circumference: 43,170 km
Total Surface Area: 593,093,720 sq km
Percent Land Mass: 06%
Total Land Area: 35,585,620 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day: 20 hours
Atmospheric Density: Terrestrial
General Climate: Warm Temperate

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: 07%
Radioactives: 24%
Gemstones: Trace
Industrial Crystals: Trace
Special Minerals: 04%

Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form: Orion/Psyll
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: 999974-77
Planetary Trade Profile: AEDBCDE/B (A)

Notes:

A Class N pelagic agro world, Volgas is an anomaly in Orion Space. Though it has its prominent families (the Wal, the Ofish, and the Tumbel) and planet-wide corporations (Volgas Food and Transport), its government is a pure democracy, with a Congress, a President, and a World Court. Its anchored *poden*, or cities-on-stilts, have mayor-managers, chosen from the citizenry by popular vote. Even VF&T treads lightly around them.

Volgas is unique in Orion Space for another reason. It is the home to another sentient race, the cetacean Psyll, who are the result of genetic modification by a lost race known as the Shapers. The idea seems to have been the creation of an effective sea-farming labor force, and the Orions are reaping the benefits. Volgas' 2.2 billion Orions and at least twice that number of Psyll live in a close and happy partnership. The embarrassing extent to which Orion culture has been compromised here bothers most non-Volgasan Orions. However, the Orions here could care less; they shun outsiders as much as they themselves are shunned.

Rumor has it that at the bottom of the world ocean lie several wrecks of lost spaceships, some from the Four Years War but most incomparably older. The locals, Psyll and Orions alike, are unconcerned about them and remarkably incurious. Although they do not mind outsiders diving for them, they are not inclined to help any of them discover what secrets wait at the bottom of the sea. Observers say that the Psyll are the ones who discourage such prying, but none have ever answered why the race should care about depths that they, as air-breathers, cannot reach on their own anyway.

WORLD LOG: ZCHOL

System Data

System Name: Sidianial
Map Coordinates: 8.23S 0.67E
Number Of Class M Present: 1

Planetary Data

Position In System: IV
Number Of Satellites: 0
Planetary Class: M
Planetary Gravity: 1.0g
Planetary Size
Diameter: 14,370 km
Equatorial Circumference: 45,140 km
Total Surface Area: 648,729,120 sq km
Percent Land Mass: 30%
Total Land Area: 194,618,730 sq m

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day: 23 hours
Atmospheric Density: Terrestrial
General Climate: Cool Temperate

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: 42%
Radioactives: 23%
Gemstones: 15%
Industrial Crystals: 09%
Special Minerals: 05%

Cultural Data

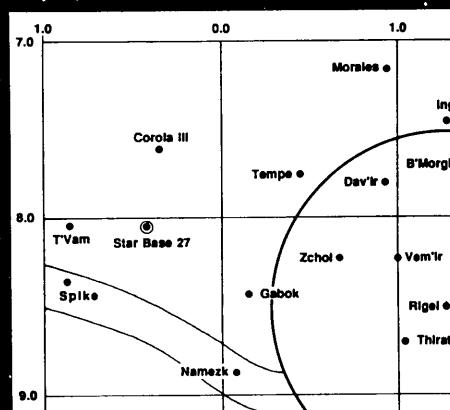
Dominant Life Form: Orion
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: 999974-74
Planetary Trade Profile: DDCDCCE/A (A)

Notes:

Zchol has been the ancestral home to no less than five major spacefaring races, all but the first being invaders and conquerors of this pleasant planet. The Athan first brought in limited numbers of Orions, who stayed and multiplied throughout domination by the Athan, the Shani, and the Kezt of the Nine Worlds Confederation. During the Orion War, this world suffered heavy fighting, known afterwards as the Agony of Zchol. Lengthy rebuilding and the glory of the New Days never did erase all the scars. When the Reverse came, the multi-racial population was decimated and forced to flee in the century-long Purge.

Strangely, as the Purge continued and trade ceased, Zchol's own fortunes improved. Without outside interference, the Orions could develop their world's resources, and they turned their attentions inward to cure their sickness. By Stardate 1/94, Zchol was a model Colony, its 3.1 billion people living in peace and prosperity under a Planetary Congress modelled on Botchok's. Then the border closed, resettlement began, and Zchol's golden days were over. Almost 2 billion refugees resettled on Zchol, bringing with them their rivalries, political differences, intrigues, and arms and clamoring for aid, relief, and revenge. Under the steady hammering of demands, the Zchol Planetary Congress dissolved. Power now rests in the hands of 22 major families or political factions, battling each other with words and occasional random violence for this or that city or region.

Although the planet remains rich, its fortunes are impossible to predict or to improve. A great deal of its import volume now consists of arms, a matter of great concern to both the BPC and the Federation. There are many groups on Zchol dedicated to one or another political idea and who are not above taking the struggle to somebody else's planet. Star Fleet is particularly worried about a leak of arms and radical politics to Ing and Morales in Federation space.



NEUTRAL ZONE

The Orions seem to have been the only winner of the Organian Conflict. With Klingon and Federation expansion into the Neutral Zone curbed (though not stopped), Orion ships almost have a free reign to establish Colonies and to exploit the wealth of the many planets in the Zone.

WORLD LOG: NAMEZK

System Data

System Name: Cevrinc
Map Coordinates: 8.88S 0.07E

Number Of Class M Present: 1

Planetary Data

Position In System: III
Number Of Satellites: 2
Planetary Class: M
Planetary Gravity: 1.0g
Planetary Size
Diameter: 12,940 km
Equatorial Circumference: 40,650 km
Total Surface Area: 526,039,570 sq km
Percent Land Mass: 56%
Total Land Area: 294,582,150 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day: 29 hours
Atmospheric Density: Thin
General Climate: Cool Temperate

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: 27%
Radioactives: 10%
Gemstones: Trace
Industrial Crystals: Trace
Special Minerals: Trace

Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form: Orion
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: 999974-74
Planetary Trade Profile: DCEDBCD/A (B)

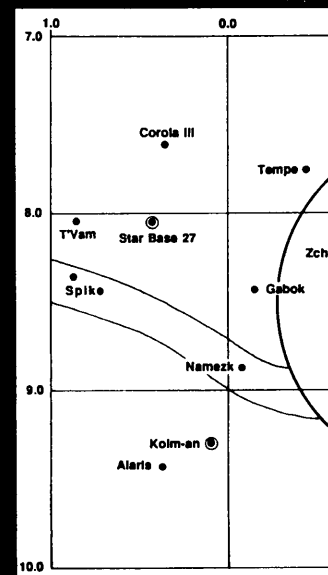
Notes:

While pursuing the defeated Klingon forces, Star Fleet ships made contact with this Orion Colony. The destroyer *USS Patton*, detached to make a fuller survey, made first contact with the inhabitants. Namezk was happy to trade with the Federation, and gladly provided valuable information on the movement of Klingon ships towards Kolm-an. Namezk had suffered very little damage from Klingon occupation, and its inhabitants were eager to return to full production, especially if the Federation were willing to open regular trading channels to them.

Technically, Namezk is a republic with an elected planetary congress very like Botchok's. The original race, the Bilini, once held the Orions in slavery, but their civilization has since declined. Those few Bilini not living among the Orions dwell in preserves, protected by law—a fact that makes Namezk dear to Federation hearts. The planet trades with the Klingons, the Federation, and the Orion Colonies in roughly equal proportions—the model of busy neutrality and a happy gateway for spies going in every direction. Namezk also does a brisk business in high-tech goods going from the Federation to the Empire, no doubt highly profitable but damaging to Federation interests.

Recently, Star Fleet Intelligence tried to swing popular opinion on Namezk away from the Klingons by flooding the local market with cheap Klingon disruptors. No one bothered to consider the obvious Orion response, which was, of course, to re-sell the weapons—to Klingon space, Federation space, and other Orions, causing unrest everywhere but the intended planet.

Namezk is now a planet very carefully watched. "The Last Free Orion World" is in fact nothing of the sort—simply a convenient front behind which everyone practices their particular favorite forms of deceit.



WORLD LOG: SPIKE

System Data

System Name: Spikal
Map Coordinates: 8.34S 0.87W
Number Of Class M Present: 1

Planetary Data

Position In System: II
Number Of Satellites: 1
Planetary Class: M
Planetary Gravity: 1.0g
Planetary Size
Diameter: 13,470 km
Equatorial Circumference: 42,320 km
Total Surface Area: 570,013,380 sq km
Percent Land Mass: 34%
Total Land Area: 193,804,540 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day: 28 hours
Atmospheric Density: Terrestrial
General Climate: Warm Temperate

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: 27%
Radioactives: 07%
Gemstones: Trace
Industrial Crystals: Trace
Special Minerals: Trace

Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form: Orion
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: 999974-74
Planetary Trade Profile: BDFCBCD/C (A)

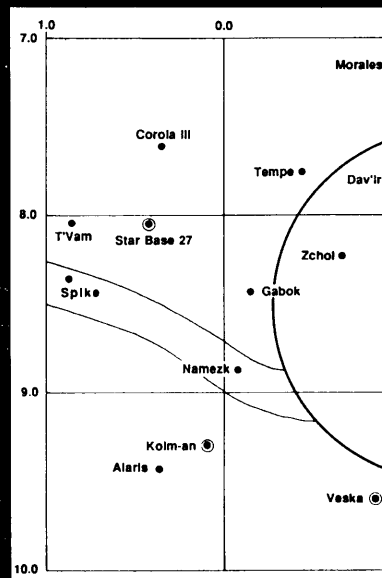
Notes:

Like Namezk, Spike was a world unknown to the Federation until the Four Years War. Although Star Fleet vessels missed it on the drive to Kolm-an, a major Federation force stumbled across the planet on its return. Admiral Trenton Reynolds dispatched a contact team, but the natives snubbed them and bluntly told Reynolds and his 300-ship force to leave at once. A bemused Reynolds withdrew his fleet and left the system to the diplomats—a practical decision as much as a polite gesture. The Spikans allowed the ambassador to land and welcomed a few traders, so long as they were not too obnoxious.

Officially, the planet follows this policy because Overlord Mentain the Strong wishes it. As far as Federation anthropologists can determine, Spike is a closed world because of the Reverse, when a frightened local populace ceased all commerce and blasted all ships that tried to force their way into the system. For a thousand years, they kept their world closed, save for the occasional lost trader or explorer in an unarmed ship. Gradually, they resumed trade, but the prohibition against armed vessels remained.

Traders and any others who travel to Spike are warned that Star Fleet cannot intercede on their behalf. Violators of local law may find themselves in prison for a long time while waiting for the consulate to negotiate an exile.

Spike has a Space Navy totalling 33 ships, mostly small and obsolete and quaintly armed. However, they are manned by efficient, capable, and hostile crews who spend a great deal of time practicing. Even the Klingons have learned to respect this Lilliputian fleet; gram for gram, the Spikans can match any Klingon for pure ferocity.



WORLD LOG: TAKERS

System Data

System Name: Tithadi
Map Coordinates: 8.63S 2.98E
Number Of Class M Present: 0

Planetary Data

Position In System: II
Number Of Satellites: 0
Planetary Class: L
Planetary Gravity: 0.8g
Planetary Size
 Diameter: 10,420 km
 Equatorial Circumference: 32,740 km
 Total Surface Area: 341,102,800 sq km
 Percent Land Mass: 100%
 Total Land Area: 341,102,800 sq km

Planetary Conditions

Length Of Day: 24 hours
Atmospheric Density: Thin
General Climate: Arctic

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: 35%
Radioactives: 12%
Gemstones: 09%
Industrial Crystals: 03%
Special Minerals: Trace

Cultural Data

Dominant Life Form: Orion
Technological/
Sociopolitical Index: 999974-74
Planetary Trade Profile: FDEFBCC/A (C)

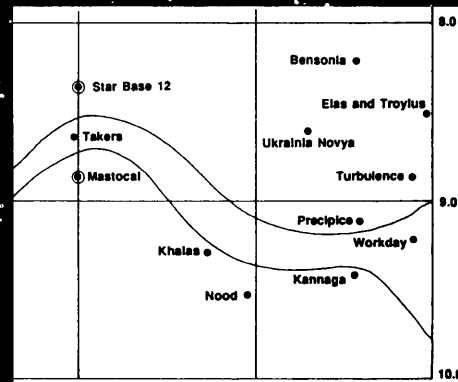
Notes:

Once Class M before its sun cooled, Takers was a minor outpost and emergency way station for civilian and military craft alike after the Orion War. Its many preceding tenants have tunnelled under the surface until it became well-honeycombed. Several cities and an entire starport exist entirely underground, with hardly a sign showing on the surface. It is not a rich world, and, even before the Reverse, it may have been completely evacuated. The sun of Takers is a red dwarf, hard to spot unless at close range. In the welter of bright suns in the Orion Arm, the star is next to invisible. Small wonder, then, that pirates found it and made it into a major base.

For centuries, Takers was a pirate starport of mythical proportions. Half-a-Man Sooris walked its subterranean streets—some legends say he discovered it, some say he died there, some say he was last seen alive there before his Last Voyage. Other famous pirates, including Dormanis the One-Handed, Ishar of the Jewel, and the Only Froun, have called Takers home and brought in fabulous treasures now long spent or well hidden. In sheer volume of raider traffic, Takers must rank as the most active pirate base known to history. There never was, or could be, a den of more foul or vicious creatures.

Pure accident happened to place Takers squarely in the Neutral Zone—safe from accidental exposure and with a guaranteed safe route to the Triangle and back to Orion Space. An ideal state, except that Takers is squarely between the Klingon base at Mastocal and Star Base 12. The two major powers could not have done better had they planned to cut Takers off deliberately.

Profits no longer roll in so lustily at the ancient base. It is still large and still the home to many dozens of ships, but there is more squabbling and struggles for power and privilege now that wealth is at a premium. Stolen goods are still sold here in vast auctions, and the old-style slave market here may be the only one to deal in non-Orions. Filthy, decadent, and drunk with its own history, Takers is not a place for the weak of heart—or the weak of arms.



SLAVERY

THE SLAVE LIFE

As the Orions began their civilization in slavery, it should hardly be surprising that they continued the practice into modern times. Orion slavery is a subtle and complex thing, filled with rights and duties incumbent on both master and slave, and not as absolute as some writers have made it seem. For example, the term for "slave" in Orion (*dubi*), is only a diminutive form of the word for "contractor" (*dubyal*). To the Orions, slaves are only a kind of contracted labor—not whole-sale ownership of one living being by another. In practice, however, the difference is not appreciable.

Only Greens are slaves. By custom stronger than law, Ruddy Orions never lapse into slavery, either voluntary or enforced. Men as well as women may be enslaved—or may enslave themselves. Most Greens experience slavery at least once. Slavery may last a lifetime, a slave may be given his freedom, or he may actually buy himself—and turn around, and re-enslave himself again! Of all Orion institutions, slavery is the most complex, mystifying, and important. The Federation has tried to eradicate the practice with only limited success.

Orion slaves comprise a large portion of the total Orion labor pool. They work the fields, operate the basic industrial machines, handle domestic chores, and perform an astonishing amount of hand-done work, whether in fine machinery or tending animals. In exchange for their labor, they receive food, shelter, a modicum of clothing, and some of them even collect an allowance. Except for the very lowest and unskilled of laborers, discipline is light—there are no whips, chains, or any other signs of their low status. To the Orions, slavery is not a state of oppression, but a rational and even honorable way of life.

Although there is no such thing as a typical Orion slave, an average unskilled and uneducated Green Orion might enter slavery as early as age ten or twelve. His parents make the arrangements for the sale, which is, surprisingly enough, completely voluntary on their parts. In fact, shopping for the right master is very important to the future slave's parents, as their child's education and eventual livelihood depend on that first owner. The larger and finer estates are swamped by a continuous stream of petitions begging the family to take a child into their service. In any year, only a few can be accepted, and the rest are turned away to accept lesser houses and names. The entire process greatly resembles that of a school entrance.

Once accepted into service, a slave is given a place in the household and a simple job (often more than one), and he is tested and questioned to find any aptitude. He then enters training to develop this aptitude and to become valuable and disciplined. The range of slave education is quite wide, running from simple bookkeeping to sophisticated technical training and even, for a few, the skills needed to become a starship crewman. Once a slave has trained and demonstrated some degree of competency at his intended job, he is often resold, at a substantial markup, to an owner with a need for his skills. Most large Ruddy households make a tiny amount by taking, training, and reselling bright and promising Green youngsters. Some seem to be veritable slave factories, with a yearly output in the hundreds of people.

Once trained, a slave is pretty much set for life in his job. Depending on his specialty, he may work for one master or many, a handful of years or a lifetime. An individual may become free in one of three ways: preselected date, self-purchase, or manumission.

By agreement with his master, an Orion slave may be set free after a number of years in service. Such agreements are usually specific to a particular master. If the slave is sold before the term expires, the slave may appeal to a tribunal for his freedom. In most instances, it seems the slave-holder must compel his charge into accepting freedom on the given date.

Self-purchase is the usual and respected means of ending slavery. Over the course of his career, a slave will accumulate a respectable sum of money from allowances, favors, and transactions on the side. Eventually, a slave acquires enough to purchase himself from the master. A startling proportion of slaves, well over a third, sell themselves into slavery again—typically, to get into a better line of work and receive the free training. Some may resell themselves as many as five or six times over a normal lifetime.

Manumission has two faces. A slave may be legally released at any time, but it is often a mark of disgrace. Unsatisfactory performance, overt criminality, or any other disreputable charge, usually prompts the slaveowner to discharge the wrongdoer. On the other hand, meritorious service or some extraordinary feat may free a slave, who retains all his money and bears away this prestigious honor. There is no middle ground; Orion slaves are given their freedom gratis only for being exceptionally good or exceptionally bad.

An Orion slave actually has it pretty cushy. Training, housing, and food are all free. There is the company of fellow slaves, male and female, a lack of worry about the future (but not always), constant employment, and a small, irregular but untaxed bankroll for the prudent and careful. Forged over the millennia, Orion slave law grants them rights and avenues of redress against unjust or harsh masters and permits them to hold certain kinds of property (though not land), to marry, to have children (who are always born free and the parents get to keep the money from selling the child) and to inherit and pass down their goods. All in all, it sounds rather ideal.

Nevertheless, it is still slavery. Bound Orions are not property, but they are definitely not free men. Their work must conform to particular standards, during set hours, at certain locations, and even when they are not working they can expect to be under someone's eye—actual or remote. They are not the social equals of free Orions, or even other Greens. On top of that, Orion slaves are denied even the security of lifelong work and care; they can be kicked out on their own or blackballed as an unsatisfactory worker. They can grow old enough to draw a termination date in their contract without enough money to retire on or years left to take up a new skill. Orion slavery is not an admirable condition.

Fortunately, only Orions seem to be slaves. Despite frequent rumors and scandals, non-Orion slaves are found nowhere in Federation or Orion Space. The Orions do not export slaves to races who are not used to slavery.

THOSE GREEN ANIMAL WOMEN

If the public knows anything about Orion slavery, it is that the Orions keep stunningly beautiful and alluring Green women for their distraction and amusement. They are often called "animal" slave women for their reputed violence and notorious effect on humanoid males of almost any species—their charms, it is said, cannot be resisted.

It is all romantic space claptrap. Animal slave women are only a class of Green women slaves who have been trained extensively as courtesans, like Terra's own geishas. They are no more animals than are any other Green Orions. As dancers, musicians, artists, conversationalists, they provide entertainment of a very high order.

Orion standards of beauty and grace are not as refined as those of most Federation races. To the discerning critical Federation eye, the Green slave women are coarse and almost brutally sensual. This is not a handicap for them—on the contrary, it is the better part of their charm. In their scanty costumes, typically laden with jewelry, barefoot, with their hair loose and wild, they cut a very barbaric figure even among their own people. Everything about them—the way they move and dance, the distance they maintain between themselves and their audience, their air of smoldering, barely restrained passion, even their very scent—is fraught with mesmerizing power. They are indeed very compelling creatures.

Their function in Orion society is strictly utilitarian and very deliberately ambiguous. Non-Orions who see them during Orion functions are simultaneously being paid a high compliment and presented with an extraordinarily powerful distraction. Their appearance signals the Orion host's belief that his guests are equal to not only resisting but enjoying the spectacle. At the same time, those guests are being tested for their own strength of will and self-possession. An all-out Orion banquet lavishly uses strong drink, exotic food, and even more exotic smokes; by the time the Orion slave women appear, even the strongest beings may be suffering a touch of neuro-intoxication, a systemic disorder brought on by multiple chemical exposure. Although the symptoms vary, the result is a



general lessening of mental and emotional stability—sometimes called zombification. Under chemical overloads, the higher brain functions cease, and the sufferer enters a vaguely trance-like state. A neuro-intoxicated being, fighting for possession of his faculties, might be put over the edge by the Green Orion slave women. Even females of other humanoid races are prone to such overloading, though not to the same degree that males are.

By general report, neuro-intoxicated persons are more suggestible to outside influences and do not always recall events after the fact. Many commercial deals have doubtless been readjusted while a businessman was incapacitated by Orion hospitality. After all, the Orions are renowned for being sharp dealers, as well as hard partiers.

In spite of their prominence in Orion life, there are more questions about the Green Orion slave women than answers. Obviously, they are very highly trained, but by whom? Are they sequestered in training cloisters away from all other slaves, or are they kept on the same estates as ordinary Green slaves? How are they chosen? Perhaps at a certain age, they settle down to produce and train another generation of Orion courtesans. Having purchased their freedom, some may leave their service for a more normal life. One must wonder, however, just what sort of normal life a former courtesan could have. The rumors may be correct—Green Orion slave women are kept so far removed from mainstream Orion life that they could well become (if they are not already) a separate subspecies.

THE SLAVE TRADE

Wherever Orions are found, there are slaves. This has been a constant since before Federation times, and war and conquest have not altered it. In spite of everything done to control it, the trade in Orion slaves continued all through history, until the end of the Four Years War.

By Stardate 1/9901, Federation trading firms had firmly entrenched themselves on the rich worlds surrounding the Orion Neutrality Area. No longer as dependent on Orion trade, UFP members boycotted Orion ports to show their displeasure of Orion slavery. The First Amendment to the Articles of Federation banned slave trade outside Orion Space, and, pressured by the boycott, the Botchok Planetary Congress officially outlawed the practice.

All this was well and good, but it takes a lot more than legislation to force Orions to surrender one of their most treasured customs. If a piece of paper would regain Federation trade, the Orions thought, then by all means sign it and get on with business. Naturally, resuming business included the continued—though less conspicuous—use of slaves.

Star Fleet has its hands full trying to enforce the Federation's and the Orions' own law. Orion slave-carrying vessels are neither foul, crowded, nor easily identified; usually, they are perfectly respectable transports with all the right papers, a smiling and cooperative crew, and the proper license to permit the transplantation of perhaps hundreds of 'perfectly free' Orions. Under the Orion Registry Act, a Star Fleet captain has no authority to detain any such properly documented vessel; most do not even try to stop them.

The situation on Orion-occupied worlds is even worse. Any non-Orion can find Greens working for room, board, and perhaps a banked sum to be credited back to relatives in Orion Space—but no slaves. Computer records, foremen, and the 'workers' themselves all agree: no slavery here.

PIRATES AND TRADERS

PIRATES OF ORION

Pirating is an old and established way of life to the Orions. Pirates were the first Orion spacemen and the saviors of Botchok in the Orion War. Though their depredations slowed colonial growth, it was not enough to dull their luster. During Rigel's New Days, Orion pirates lived beyond the sphere of the Colonies, plundering the ships of unknown races beyond and selling the booty to worlds in the Orion interior. Though a little hazardous, it was a comfortable way of life and perfectly respectable.

The Reverse ended all that. When Colonies fell, the pirates were deprived of their support, and their forward camps became isolated. Most moved into Orion Space and took legitimate jobs, but those remaining banded together to form large pirate fleets. The huge planetary raids that marked the end of the Reverse capped off their descent from respectability—what little was left to them.

The pirates of those days were mostly a sorry lot. Likely as not, they were men without prospects, family, or future and with precious little to lose. They stole for survival more than they stole for profit, as the goods they sold on miserable tradeworlds brought only a fraction of their value—usually they sought food, clothing, tools, and spare parts. So-called pirate kings who gathered covens of captains and ships were many and usually short-lived, their riches always coveted by someone a little smarter, a little crueller, and a little faster on the draw.

Nevertheless, when most Orions were reduced to mean subsistence, pirates seemed the kings of space, free to go where and when they wanted and answering to no man but their own inscrutable law. Though their work was low and dangerous, it was no worse than what most people had to endure throughout their working lives, and it held the promise of a lucky haul just around the corner. Orion pirates never went out of business. Ships, captains, and recruits were always available (though never very plentiful—maybe one in 20 lasted even ten years), and there were always those merchants and fanciers willing to loan seed money to collect a handsome percentage of the take. Although piracy might be a chancy business, it paid.

The Romulans were not tempting to the pirates—quite the opposite. Poor and not very technologically advanced, the Romulans shipped mostly raw materials or half-finished basic goods, valuable to the Romulans but not to any market the Orions could hope to reach. Worse, the Romulans were also pirates. Soon after capturing a rich haul near the Star Empire, the plunder-laden Orion ship would disappear. Furthermore, Romulans were utterly intolerant of aliens and destroyed them without compunction or mercy. An Orion pirate vessel was the first to discover that the Orion Colony at Farx had been destroyed, and only the great skill of the crew and captain saved them from death at the hands of the Romulan task force there. Orions retreated before them wholesale, and the pirates followed suit.

When the Klingons began to impinge on Orion Space, it was the pirates who first met them. Invariably coming off second-best to the larger, better-armed Klingon ships, the pirates soon learned to keep clear of the warships in favor of Klingon merchant vessels visiting already conquered worlds.

The Imperial Navy labored mightily to keep their trader ships inviolate and spared no effort to seek and smash all pirate bases, but it was a losing effort. The Klingon Empire was rich, and its shipping too tempting not to be pillaged.

When the Federation races began to expand near to Orion pirate enclaves, they came with a great wealth of goods and hardly any armament at all. Rich and innocent, they openly traded with Colonies near to them and distributed maps to their principal worlds. In particular, Humans and Andorians were fond of planting new settlements far from their homeworlds, lengthening their trade routes and increasing their vulnerability. The Orion pirates had a field day on the supply ships and traders that blundered their way. Of course, as their identity as Orions was inviolate, the pirates took pains to ensure no one ever lived to betray their identity.

The creation of Star Fleet Command put a definite crimp in pirate operations. With its centralized command and support structures, Star Fleet was very effective in patrolling areas at risk. Because many of the early crews included Andorians, encounters with pirates tended to be short, sharp, and fatal. Star Fleet's standing orders were to engage all pirates, seek out their bases, and destroy them.

Because the total Federation merchant tonnage increased every year, piracy remained profitable. In addition, as long as the Orion Colonies existed and the take increased, the pirates hung on—sometimes going so far as to base themselves on Colonies under some legitimate pretext. This practice has never died out, and unwary traders in lonely stretches of space may still find Orion pirates quite some distance from Rigel. Star Fleet has discovered that some pirates have mobile base facilities and may appear anywhere without warning.

As settlement increased, however, pirates fled the more densely populated regions. Too many people and ships means secrecy is harder to maintain, mobile facilities or no. As a matter of course, the pirates have gradually retreated from the core of Federation space, and away from the major trade lanes between Rigel and the Federation's major worlds.

During the Four Years War, pirates profited handsomely by turning smuggler or mercenary, but the greatest boon they received was the creation of the Neutral Zone. In the space between two expansionistic powers, the Orions pirates have found a paradoxically safe haven and can venture forth on either side to plunder merchants, freighters, and the occasional small outpost. Even Star Fleet and Klingon warships are not safe from them. In most cases, it is impossible to tell whether pirates or the enemy were the culprits.

As Federation settlement along the frontier has increased, the Klingons seem to have struck a diabolical arrangement with the pirates. In exchange for Federation ships and cargoes, pirates receive immunity from Klingon reprisal and even safe havens and base facilities within Klingon space. Although the Federation has protested strongly, the Klingons profess no knowledge of such arrangements. As neutrals, of course, the Orions have the right to trade anything with anybody—without saying how or from where it came.

OPERATING METHODS

The popular image of the Orion pirate is a boozy, swaggering thug in outlandish dress, armed to the teeth with stolen and modified weapons, looting ships and planets at random, and taking young female captives for fantastic ransoms or hefty prices on the slave block. Virtually all of this image is wrong.

First and foremost, Orion pirates are businessmen and professionals. Highly trained and motivated, they are in space to make money, and they do not tolerate those who cannot take the discipline and responsibility. Though not supermen, like any elite combat force they put a high value on reliability and self-sufficiency. Highly interdependent, frighteningly competent people who respect only weapons and their captain, they may rightly be regarded as the ultimate expression of the steamlined Orion power structure. The captain himself is a *rhadaman* among *rhadamanen*; his decisions mean the difference between a successful attack and a profitless one and between life and death.

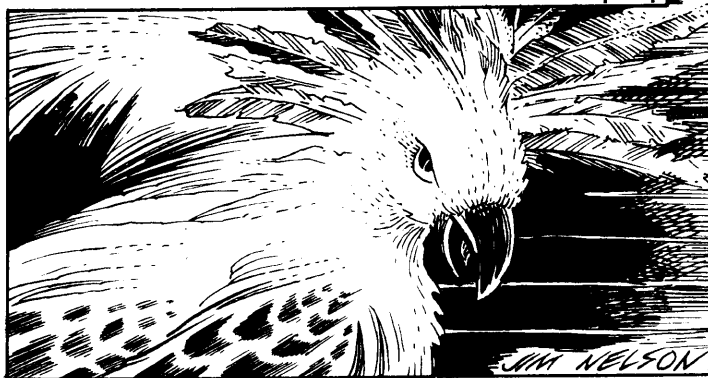
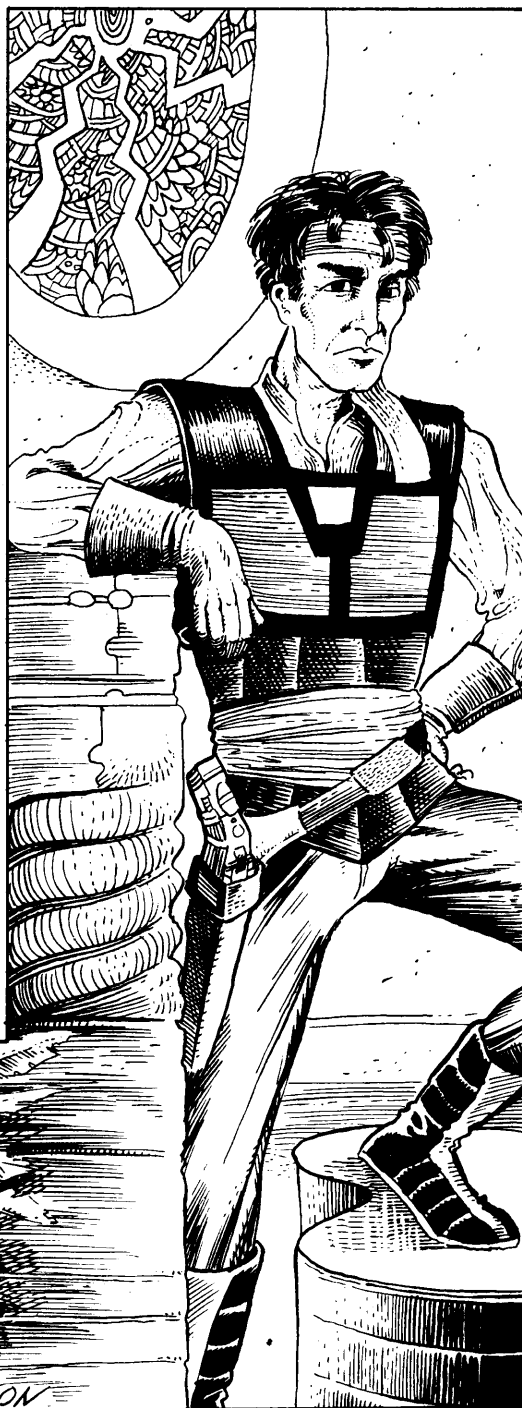
There is no set composition of Orion pirate crews. Some are all Ruddy, some all Green, and there are rumors of some crews that are all-female. The most common arrangement is a mix, with Ruddy officers and Green crewmen. Though it is not uncommon to find some Greens outranking some Ruddies among a ship's complement, they had best be very good at their job.

Pirates ships usually operate singly, either ranging a known trade route or acting on intelligence to find a likely target. Fleet actions are rare, but both the Klingons and Star Fleet have discovered what it is like to be dry-gulched by ten Orion pirate ships.

Pirates do prefer to pool their support—spare parts, shipyards, hospitals, recreation, crew replacements, plunder storage and transport, record-keeping, and the like—as solo operation of such arrangements is expensive. As few as five ships can sustain quite comfortable rear areas, and with more ships, the operation becomes quite cheap. The formation of these large pirate companies—sometimes actually listed as Orion corporations—allows pirates to loot vessels deep in Federation space. Doubtless, the professionalization of pirate bases made it possible to build mobile bases capable of moving from hunting ground to hunting ground on short notice.

Hordes of bad books and videotabs picture Orion pirates as travelling in swarms, who descend on any ship that blunders in their way, or as gun-happy marauders who shoot up entire planets and cruiser squadrons with thrilling but unlikely abandon. In fact, pirates rarely raid planets, and even then their targets are isolated colonies or stations far from help. The typical pirate target is an ordinary merchant spacer, not too

large or too small, and not well-armed. The accepted tactic is to make a sudden, dramatic appearance, fire a warning shot or two to force surrender, and make a swift boarding via transporters or airlock. (Contrary to the swashbuckler epic, they do not ride out from behind convenient asteroids, but intercept a detected ship at high speed—it is just as effective, just not as dramatic.) Pirates generally prefer cargoes that are small, light, valuable, and not easily traced, but few things fit all the requirements. In fact, pirates have been known to execute perfect attacks and then take nothing, if there was nothing they felt worth taking.



Pirates avoid combat as much as possible; it tends to be hard on ship and crew, not to mention the booty. Rather than choosing their targets idly, pirates have agents scan ship manifests and port departure lists or even sneak aboard likely prospects to determine if it is worth assaulting. If they lack such data, they will work a trade lane leading away from rich planets. As trolling for targets tends to attract the notice of Star Fleet, however, pirates without hard information have to keep moving. Pirate vessels tend to be small, fast, well-armed (particularly in the forward arc), and possess better-than-average shields. Their job is to intimidate, dominate, steal, and flee—as quickly and efficiently as possible.

Resisting pirates is not a good idea. Nonresisting, compliant crews that give up their cargoes quietly and quickly are left unmolested. Ships that fight—and lose—will be lucky to have only their armament destroyed. Crews that fight after boarding get particularly frightful treatment; a pirate captain usually lets his crew choose the punishment—typically something colorful, painful, and deadly.

Orion pirates do not especially mind being captured by Star Fleet. Though they lose their ship and face imprisonment, readjustment, or both, at least they remain alive. Eventually—almost immediately after readjustment—they may go back to their homeworlds and start over. However, some Star Fleet captains, not all of them Andorian, have very poor records for capturing live pirates. It seems that every marauder they encounter fights to the bitter end.

Occasionally, Orion pirates take captives (almost always Orion executives or their families) guaranteed to bring a large and fast ransom for safe return. So far as is known, none have been comely Federation females, nor have any been sold into slavery—trashy romances to the contrary.



ORION TRADERS AND BUSINESSMEN

"There are three kinds of people I don't want to face while making a deal," trader Carter Winston said. "Vulcan bankers, Tellarite lawyers, or anybody Orion."

To call Orion merchants and businessmen sharp is a gross understatement. Business is the Orion way of life; everything they do is geared toward making money, and they enjoy the making almost as much as the having. Any Orion—Ruddy or Green, male or female—understands the primacy of business and the things it can bring: comfort, authority, respect, and cash.

Uninformed people (and even those who should know better) expect Orions to cheat, lie, and steal to get their way. This is no more true for Orions than for any other trading race—getting caught, of course, would ruin one's reputation. Orion traders pride themselves on the care and consideration they show every one of their customers or clients, even if they expect to annihilate them later. In fact, Orions have a reputation for lavish, even opulent ways of doing business; they put great effort into ensuring that their clients are comfortable, at ease, and happy. It is a matter of pride among Orions to live well and to let other people know it. By lavishly showing off, Orions are showing their cordiality and hinting broadly at their past successes. "See how well I've done? Think what I could do for you!" All this emphasis on pleasure and entertainment tends to make many races very uncomfortable; "businesslike" is not the word that comes to mind when describing such practices.

The Orions' adaptability makes them business geniuses. Not only are they careful to speak the language of their prospective clients, but they also learn the right customs along with the proper form of address. If costume and hairstyle count, they must be appropriate to the occasion, too. The same goes for all the smaller details, right down to the imperceptible and unconscious ones. Mastery of these fine points makes Orions as similar to their business opponents as possible and keeps them on top of their profession.

When dealing with Vulcans, for example, Orions are quiet, calm, reserved, and very well-informed. With Tellarites, they are direct and voluble, but willing to lose an argument to win a sale. When trading with Andorians, they are cool and calculating but not actually hostile—combat has no place in business. And with Humans, Orions are friendly, outgoing, interested, and eager—just what a prospect wants to see.

Insincerity is a common charge against Orions. They acquire some superficial traits of a culture and forget them as soon as they have served their purpose. Nevertheless, they regard their own culture, decadence and all, as the only civilization fit for them. Despite all the hundreds of cultures Orions have absorbed or learned to imitate, Orion culture is almost hermetically sealed—its forms have not varied for centuries. Even the great impact of Terran culture seems to be a fad for the young and the impressionable.

Between the prowess of their businessmen and their tradition of hard work for low wages, Orions would be running the galaxy if it were not for one additional thing. Unless restricted by contract provisions, Orions tend to take the cheapest, most direct route to accomplishing their ends—right over (or through) local laws. This 'lawlessness' has little to do with their contempt for non-Orions. It is entirely a matter of practicality, and Orions are perfectly able and willing to obey all the laws required of them—if they are paid enough. Because of this attitude, Orions tend to make up a disproportionately large number of the criminal class, particularly in the larger racketeering operations like smuggling, protection, gambling, and the like. In turn, Orions in business are distrusted and shunned. There is no way of knowing just how deep one may be getting when dealing with Orions. It may be best just to avoid them altogether.

Avoidance is not always possible—or even desirable. For all their disadvantages, Orions remain the best choice for certain kinds of operations: the cheap, the quick, and the dirty. Those who disparage such low dealings get a standard answer from the Orions: they did not force anybody to do a thing. They just found a need and filled it, as they always do. It is just business.



TRADITION AND STYLE

Mendacious and greedy as the Orions seem, they are also rightfully known as the most colorful people with which to deal. As they see it, business is the process of making people happy by doing things for them. It does not matter if happiness lies in importing cheap illegal drugs, supplying slave labor, or smuggling arms through hostile space. The idea remains the same—keep the customer happy.

When they are concluding a first deal or contacting a new prospect, Orions are careful to conform exactly with the particular non-Orion way of doing business. Their attention to detail is total, for the tiniest slip could introduce suspicion or fear of the unknown—as well as reveal how well the deception is proceeding. Orion traders are careful to learn all they can about a client's likes, dislikes, preferences, prejudices, and weak points, so that they may play to them to maximum effect. Many people are uneasy at the thought of being sweetly seduced by Orion businessmen, but the purpose is to discover just what that particular prospect wants and how he wants it done.

Over time, as Orion and non-Orion become more comfortable with each other, a transformation occurs. Discussions still occur in the non-Orion tongue, and the proper forms are still used but more and more elements of Orion culture and business practice creep in. Meetings will conclude with a banquet, complete with musicians and dancers. If trappings have been austere, sumptuous and colorful ones will begin to appear—draperies, lamps, less-severe furniture looking suspiciously like loungers or couches. Traders have complained that this shifting of the initiative to the Orions puts them under pressure, and perhaps this is intentional. When Orions speak of these additions, they always stress that it is a lowering of the Orion guard—to let a non-Orion see just what an Orion thinks is comfortable, right, and proper for business.

Gradually, as a non-Orion becomes more accustomed to the Orion way of doing business, he begins to perceive how well the Orions understand and use the small, almost unconscious clues and body language that all intelligent beings are constantly making. As they let their guard down, Orions let their guests see just how much there is to read and to conceal.

In time, anyone who spends much time with Orions finds that a constant, subtle interchange in ambiguous code is going on. Words are only a small part of the code; the tone, the way the head and hands are held, the degree of importance given (or yielded) to a subject—virtually everything has a meaning. Once acquired, the habit of studying others for clues to their disposition is impossible to lose. Although this habit can be valuable in trade negotiations, such a talent becomes unbearable around friends and family. Once they have become used to Orion company, many traders find even their oldest and most comfortable relationships suddenly strained by what they now see. No wonder that traders who spend most of their time around Orions rarely have normal contacts with non-Orions, even of their own species.

ORION SHIPS

BORROWED DESIGNS

The first Orion starships were stolen from other races. Even the first Orion-built ships used designs 'borrowed' from a few captured or well-studied models. Originally, they were rather crude copies, but time and practice gave Orion ship-builders the expertise to duplicate alien ships almost exactly. Trial and error soon modified these designs to make them more suitable for Orion purposes—shields were strengthened, weapons were increased, and hulls were enlarged. Some pirates used ships noticeably different from the parent design in order to spread confusion and to hide their identity.

An original Orion starship design, new from the keel up, was not laid down until long after the Orion War. Even then, Orion vessels still tended to mimic those of others, as if the naval architects were afraid to deviate from standard practice. In fact, the Orions never really became known for any exceptional design features. Their ships tended to be drab and utilitarian, stark footballs of tritanium, spheres and cylinders on stalks and unimaginative wedges.

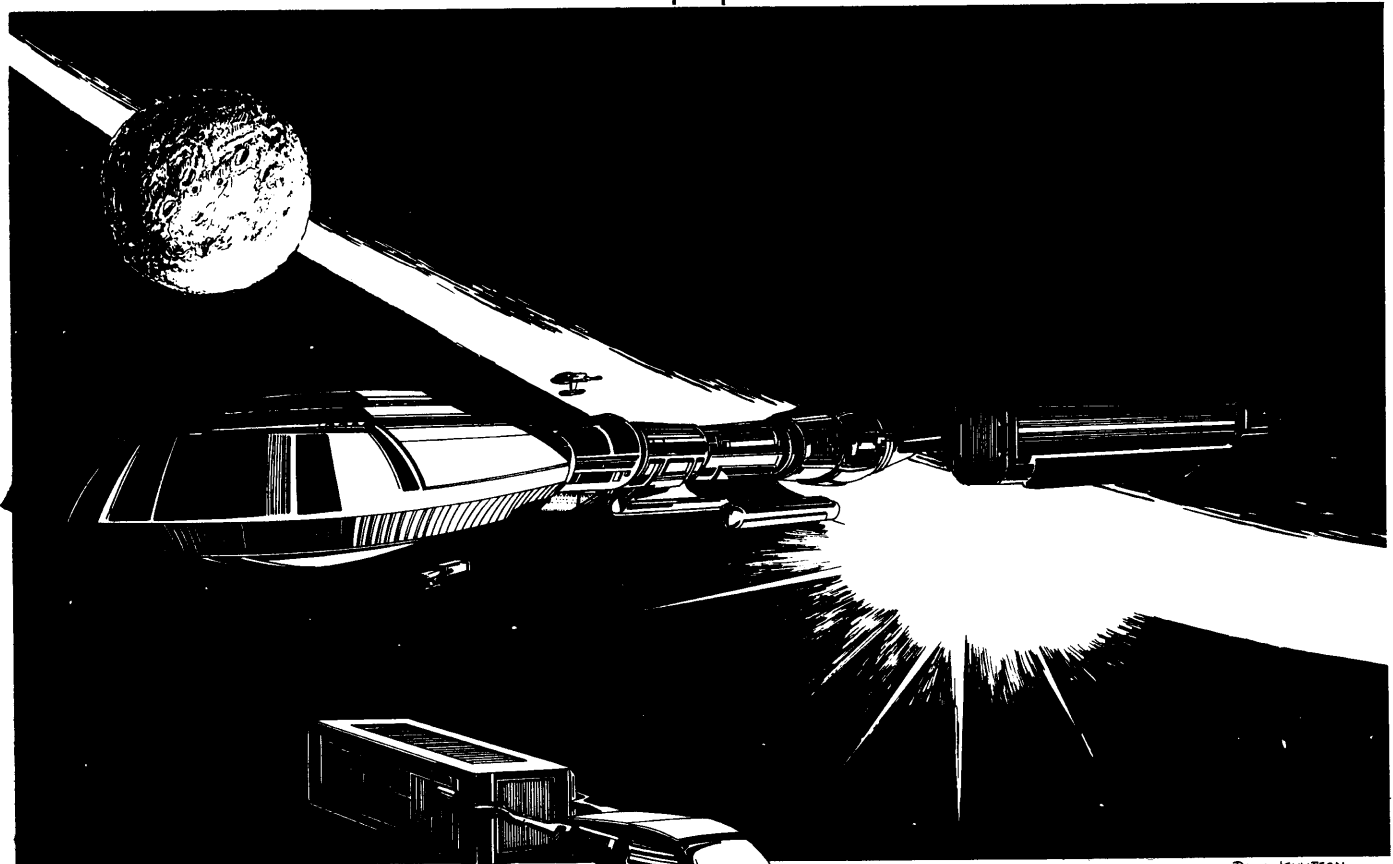
The only distinguishing feature of Orion vessels was their tendency to be elaborately, almost grotesquely decorated. Quite common on some vessels were unnecessary fins, complicated geometric patterns engraved into the hull, or

bolted-on masts, arches, antennas with no real function. The idea may have been to intimidate pirates—it did not work.

In the last 500 years or so, the Orions returned to copying the designs of other races. (Few Romulan vessels were so copied, probably from lack of opportunity.) They were quite useful to pirates, who could sneak up on their prey in the guise of a harmless freighter or explorer. The practice is alive and well today; in fact, the bulk of Orion vessels are of alien design. Some are so precisely mimicked that sensors cannot detect the difference; ship's papers must be examined or the serial numbers run against the manufacturer's records. Quite a few innocent ship purchasers have been surprised to find that their 'used' starship is actually a new Orion copy.

For all their attention to detail, Orion-made copied ships are not built with the same quality as the originals. Wherever they can get away with it, the Orions substitute cheaper materials, less-exacting manufacturing processes, and even substandard parts. Continual repairs in space and frequent overhauls in the shipyard plague the crews of such vessels.

Unsubstantiated reports claim that some wealthy Orions to Coreward have copied Romulan vessels from intercepted Federation intelligence reports and have been using them to explore those regions between the Romulan Neutral Zone and the uncertain borders of Gorn space. There are few Star Fleet vessels so deep in space, past Star Base 18, to verify the story.



DANA KNUTSON

NATIVE DESIGNS

At the height of their power, the Orions had the records and technical accomplishments of scores of civilizations, some of them several millennia old. For example, the Orions had transcended the impulse engine, using sublight paragravitic drives to accelerate ships from orbit to lightspeed—technology the Federation has not yet discovered. However, much of this advanced technology was lost during the Reverse, with the destruction of records and ships. Some has survived in crashed hulks, forgotten tapes and books, the odd time capsule, and lost monuments. Eventually, most of it will be recovered or rediscovered independently—or, at least in the case of the transwarp engine, surpassed.

Some of this technology still exists. The ancient formulae and computations used to determine the configuration of all components are exceedingly precise and comprehensive. Such-and-such a speed with this kind of cargo generates thermal stress beyond the norm—so there are interco to be placed at these calculated locations. At high speed, a design of this type encounters gravitic instability, which is balanced by the placement of its engines and the curve of the hull. Hundreds of years of starfaring experience went into the creation of these algorithms—most of which, alas, are not applicable to Federation vessels, as they were derived for the precise dimensions and capabilities of native Orion designs. These designs require a high degree of construction quality and component reliability, which are scarce around Orion shipyards. Maintenance is a particular problem, boosting the operating costs of such vessels.

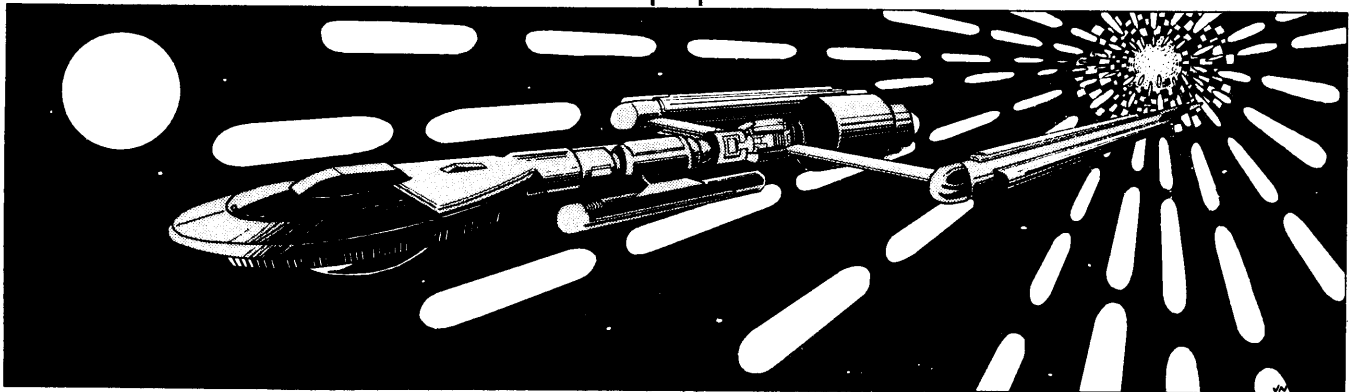
The laws of warp dynamics are myriad but inflexible; a push in one direction necessitates a pull in another. To achieve high performance, Orion designs must be built to accomodate the propulsion curve to the exclusion of all other concerns—the hull must be this shape, the conduits must run according to this

model of symmetry—and the result is a ship that has little, if any, margin of error. Exceeding the performance standards (as Star Fleet and Klingon vessels do frequently) is dangerous with Orion vessels. A tight turn compromises its engineering symmetry, and a high speed produces new realms of stress that the ship cannot handle. Orions wealthy enough to commission the construction of such a vessel are not wealthy enough to keep replacing the mistakes of past captains. Therefore, the use of native Orion vessels is limited, and only the best and most trusted crews and officers are allowed to serve on them.

Efficient small warships are easier to build than efficient large ones. Not only does the margin of error increase with size, but Orion design superiority evaporates once the size of the ship exceeds Class V. The engineering guidelines that make a Class II vessel fast, rakish, and murderous make a Class VII slow, peevish, and spidery. There is no Orion vessel of sufficient size or power to best any front-line warship of the Federation, the Klingons, or the Romulans in one-on-one combat.

A number of archeological engineers who have gained access to highly secret Orion design parameters claim that the Orions once had such technology for large, highly efficient warships and that there is a remote chance that the right formulae and algorithms could come to light some day. Star Fleet Intelligence closely monitors Orion shipyards that are capable of building a Class VII or larger ship for any signs of outsize construction.

The following two vessels are among the most popular native Orion designs, but hardly the only ones. There are freighters, liners, the famous "Rigel yachts", the fast couriers and packets, the rare corvettes and frigates of museum vintage, and, of course, the galaxy-choking swarm of pirate vessels. Regardless of what cheap novels say, there are no such things as Orion slave ships, and only two of the three-kilometer-wide colonial transports are known to survive, both as orbital museums. For further information, refer to **The Orion Ship Recognition Manual**.



WANDERER CLASS V BLOCKADE RUNNER

Construction Data:

Model Number—	A
Date Entering Service—	2/1701
Number Constructed—	Approx. 100

Hull Data:

Superstructure Points—	21
Damage Chart—	B
Size	
Length—	195 m
Width—	66 m
Height—	19 m
Weight—	48,325 mt

Cargo

Cargo Units—	180
Cargo Capacity—	9,000 mt
Landing Capability—	none

Equipment Data:

Control Computer Type—	M1
Transporters—	
standard 6-person—	2
cargo—	1
small—	2
large—	1

Other Data:

Crew—	102
Passengers—	10
Shuttlecraft—	2

Engines And Power Data:

Total Power Units Available—	37
Movement Point Ratio—	2/1
Warp Engine Type—	OWA-2
Number—	2
Power Units Available—	17
Stress Charts—	G/F
Maximum Safe Cruising Speed—	Warp 6
Emergency Speed—	Warp 8
Impulse Engine Type—	OIB-3
Power Units Available—	3

Weapons And Firing Data:

Beam Weapon Type—	OD-4 disruptor
Number—	4
Firing Arcs—	2f/p/s, 2a/p/s
Firing Chart—	T
Maximum Power—	6
Damage Modifiers—	
+2	(1-18)
Missile Weapon Type—	FP-1
Number—	4
Firing Arcs—	2f, 2a
Firing Chart—	L
Power To Arm—	1
Damage—	10

Shields Data:

Deflector Shield Type—	OSJ
Shield point Ratio—	1/4
Maximum Shield Power—	8

Combat Efficiency:

D—	148.0
WDF—	38.2

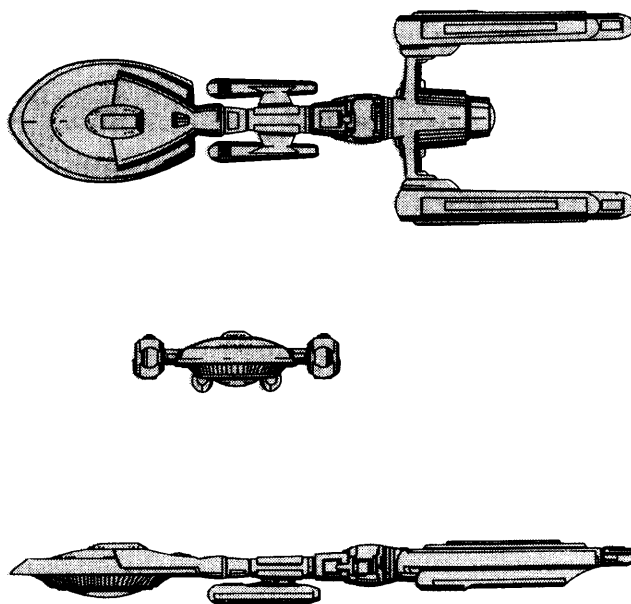
Notes:

Nothing symbolizes Orion space power more than this sleek and powerful vessel, often called "the Orion D-7". A relatively new design, the *Wanderer* owes much to Human starships, particularly in the use of an oval main hull where the bridge, sensors, computer, and most of the crew quarters are located. The engineering section, contained in a swelling 'abdomen', also contains the compact shuttlecraft bay (two eight-man shuttlecraft are carried in snug bays and can be launched simultaneously) and a powerful tractor beam capable of towing vessels up to twice the mass of the *Wanderer*.

The most striking feature of this ship is its outrigger weapons pods, carried at the waist of the narrow hull. Not only are these pods convenient for mounting heavy and dangerous weapons, but they are also easier to access for repair or to jettison in case of explosion, fire, or leakage. So far, the heaviest weaponry carried by a *Wanderer* has been four disruptors and no less than four Federation photon torpedoes. With some modifications (such as reducing the ship's shields), even heavier arms could be carried.

Although the *Wanderer* has often been termed nothing more than a pirate's mount, a number of Federation concerns have purchased *Wanderers* (despite the heavy import duties) because the ship is suitable for certain tasks. As a salvage and rescue vehicle, it has few peers, especially because sensor pods possessing marvelous range and sensitivity can replace the weapons pod. For the same reason, they perform planetary survey work well, particularly in unmapped regions or near uncertain borders where its great speed may ensure the survival of the mission.

The *Wanderer* is an example of a good, sturdy, versatile Orion starship. Star Fleet calls every vessel with a high speed and a small payload no larger than Class V a "blockade runner". This term describes a goodly portion of Orion starship designs, regardless of their actual function. For example, notice the differences between the *Wanderer* and the *Lightning*, which Star Fleet rates as the same type of ship.



LIGHTNING CLASS IV BLOCKADE RUNNER

Construction Data:

Model Number—	B-6
Date Entering Service—	Unknown
Number Constructed—	Approx. 50

Hull Data:

Superstructure Points—	16
Damage Chart—	C
Size	
Length—	100 m
Width—	33 m
Height—	32 m
Weight—	39,930 mt

Cargo

Cargo Units—	40
Cargo Capacity—	2,000 mt
Landing Capability—	none

Equipment Data:

Control Computer Type—	MK-IV
Transporters—	
standard 8-person—	2
cargo—	1
small—	2
large—	1

Other Data:

Crew—	23
Passengers—	10
Shuttlecraft—	2

Engines And Power Data:

Total Power Units Available—	33
Movement Point Ratio—	3/1
Warp Engine Type—	OWA-1
Number—	2
Power Units Available—	15
Stress Charts—	G/F
Maximum Safe Cruising Speed—	Warp 8
Emergency Speed—	Warp 10
Impulse Engine Type—	OIB-3
Power Units Available—	3

Weapons And Firing Data:

Beam Weapon Type—	OD-3 Disruptor
Number—	6
Firing Arcs—	3f/p/s1p,1s,1a
Firing Chart—	R
Maximum Power—	4
Damage Modifiers—	
+1	(1-16)

Shields Data:

Deflector Shield Type—	OSF
Shield Point Ratio—	1/3
Maximum Shield Power—	6

Combat Efficiency:

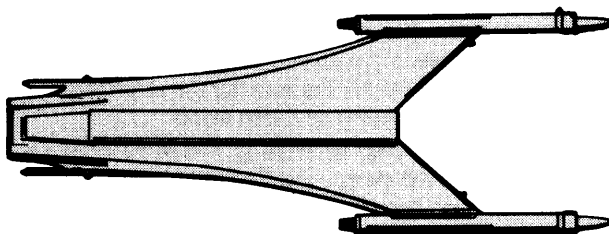
D—	81.4
WDF—	18.0

Notes:

For a Class IV vessel, the *Lightning* seems exceptionally well-armed with its six disruptors, half of them mounted for forward fire. This is no ordinary merchant vessel—though, with its crew of only 23, it is also a paltry excuse for a pirate vessel.

The *Lightning* is a courier, a light, fast ship intended to carry small valuable cargoes, blasting out of its path any opposition it cannot outrun. Though it bears a superficial resemblance to many similar vessels of the Orions, the *Lightning* is more recent than the *Wanderer*, having been designed during the tumult of the Four Years War. Designed to pour its heart out in speed, this ship has shields so paltry and a hull so strong that it makes no difference whether shields are up or not. Many Orion captains put their trust in speed and live to tell how both dorsals were holed and still they got away.

Equipped with fail-safe navigation systems, permitting accurate guidance even if the main sensors are shot away, and crewed by diehards who get paid only if they live to deliver the goods, *Lightnings* are exceptionally good at getting where they are supposed to go.



ORION EQUIPMENT

'BORROWED' TECHNOLOGY

The Orions have a natural inclination for stealing the good ideas of others and putting them to good, practical, and profitable use. Learned from the beginning of their history, this irritable trait continues because it is a successful survival skill, neccessary for the continuation of Orion civilization.

Just as the Orions copied ancient ship designs to produce their own, they also mimic virtually all kinds of other technologies they encounter. The terraforming skills they employed on Botchok were learned from others whose names are forgotten. They never developed the warp drive, but copied it from older spacefarers. The same for antigravs, antimatter manipulation—in short, everything.

In a practical, industrial sense, the Orions are technologically no better off than their neighbors. In the grand tradition of imitating their business associates, their products are annoyingly, depressingly similar to goods Federation visitors could pick up closer to home. Of course, they tend to be cheaper, as the Orions cut a lot of corners and do not worry about durability or paying someone for their patents. The influx of cheap Orion goods into the Federation is a growing and aggravating problem, and Star Fleet has neither the time nor the ships to check every merchant vessel leaving an Orion world.

One of the unexpected benefits of this practice is the bleed-over of Klingon technology into Federation space. Every kind of manufactured item with any kind of profit possibility sooner or later gets counterfeited in an Orion factory, including a great deal of Klingon body armor and Klingon hand disruptors.

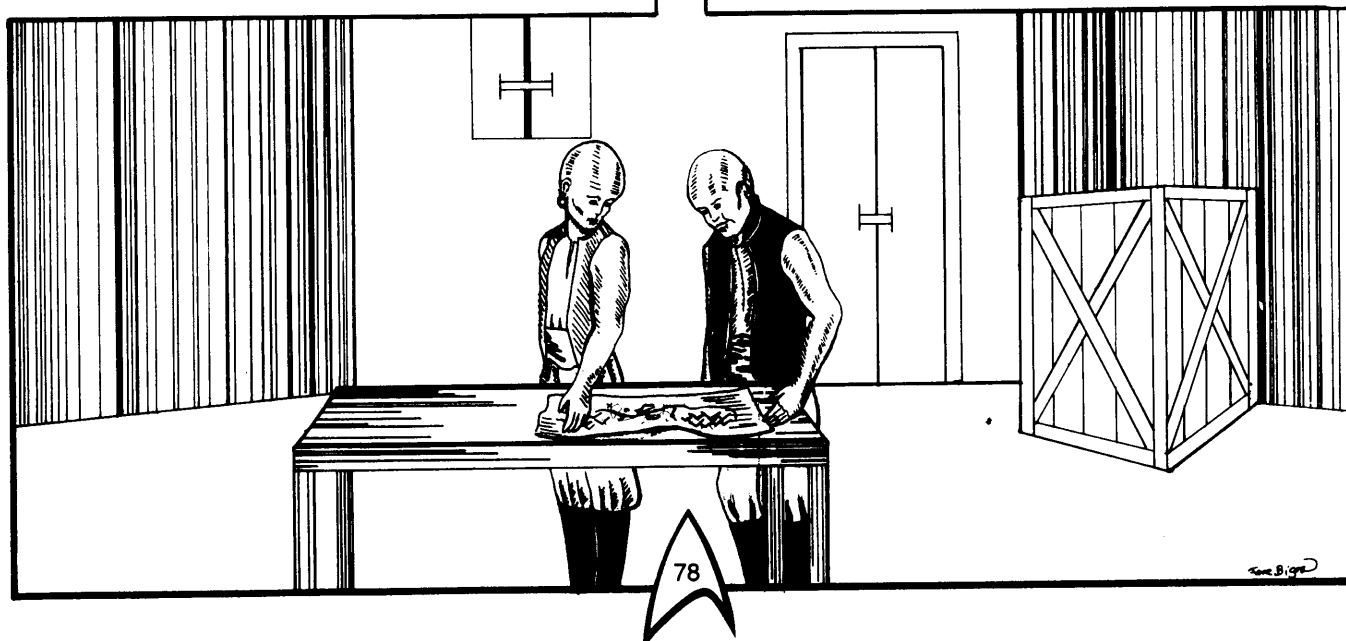
Naturally, Orions are also marketing unreliable copies of Federation goods on worlds in Klingon space and the Neutral Zone between them—perhaps even in Romulan space. Does this shoddy merchandise hurt the Orions or the Federation more? What are the Klingons and Romulans learning from these goods? After all, a clumsily copied transtator is still a transtator.

NATIVE TECHNOLOGY

Four characteristics usually mark an object or process as being native Orion: small size, high efficiency, a simple design, and extreme scarcity. To which many people add remarkable uselessness.

Federation members consider much Orion technology to be wonderfully curious. Fountains that play music as its water falls, holographic tapestries with figures that move, and living carpets that grow and even smell like meadows. An object in a private Orion museum has the curious property of polishing almost any surface at which it is pointed—soft plastics are easier and more quickly polished than granite, but supposedly, the object will do the same even to newly forged neutronium. It can be held in one hand and emits no detectable radiation; it has apparently never depleted its source of energy. In a ruin on one planet (jealously guarded by the present ruling family) is an antigravity platform like a table, which cannot be moved. The force needed to pull it free of whatever holds it in place would destroy it. The Orions tend to guard these treasures carefully as only a few examples of such luxuries exist.

Such objects are museum pieces, valuable for research if for nothing else. Not all old native Orion technology is like this; a great portion of it is still in use, but in only a narrow range of applications. For instance, Orion aircars all use Federation antigravity units—but there exists Orion antigravity furniture that uses extraordinarily tiny lift units that cannot be examined without destroying the mechanism. Somewhere, somebody is still manufacturing these things and selling them only to Orions. Starships the Orions painstakingly copy from Federation or Klingon examples slavishly duplicate the sick bays, but the galleys and all their equipment are unmistakably Orion. There are stoves that cook without heat or radiation, knives that do not cut living flesh, simple gadgets capable of taking raw ingredients and producing complete meals with the touch of a button. All of it is nice, but expensive and almost never available to non-Orions. As a wit has said, "If you want to see the future of Orion, go to Federation laboratories. If you want to see the past glory of Orion, go to the kitchen."



It is not just a joke. The best surviving examples of native Orion technology, and those still being produced, all have to do with personal comfort or self-indulgence. There are no ancient Orion weapons, but there are dustless floors; no metals better than Federation tritanium, but luminescent paste jewelry that never fades; no native heavy construction equipment, but exquisite holo-movies and ancient books that produce their own light for reading.

There is no doubt the Orions have lost much since the Reverse. One of the reasons funding for archaeological expeditions to Orion ruins has never slacked is the small but steady trickle of ancient arts that can be recovered. A lot of the Federation's android and communications technology derives from such planets. Unfortunately, weather, time, brigands, and art smugglers (who cut up ruins for some wealthy purchaser desiring a piece of history on his mantle) have destroyed all but a handful of fragments of what was.

One of the major reasons for so much present-day wastage is the persistent rumor that there are actual functioning Orion machines lying at the bottom of ruins. Hordes of eager fortune hunters have descended on the first Orion ruins they can find, blasting their way into every vault and hidden tunnel looking for a magic Feinberger. Blasting, cutting, and crumbling ancient structures have destroyed the records carved into the walls. Even when there is no actual writing, the layouts of ancient Orion ruins or the way they were cut into stone tell much about the builders and their works. Their destruction is the destruction of future knowledge.

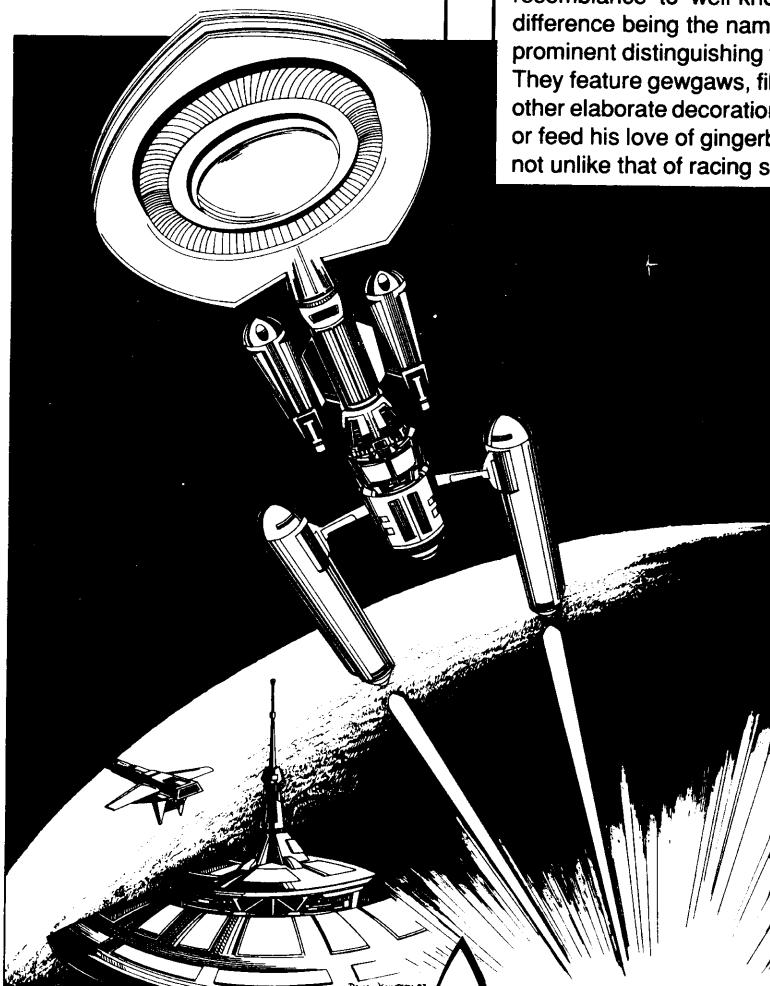
TECHNOLOGICAL UNRELIABILITY

When they are paid well, Orions are capable of producing excellent works. Some Orion counterfeit goods are virtual duplicates of the originals. The irony is that the vast majority of the Orions' customers want only cheap duplicates of expensive products, so that they can sell them for more and make a larger profit.

It is a good deal cheaper and more profitable to 'knock-off' substandard copies of more prestigious goods, to substitute inferior parts on more complex merchandise, or to fake technically demanding pieces of work to look as if they were done right. It startles people to learn that the 'craftsmen' who perform such frauds are only slightly less expensive than honest specialists. There are far more bunko artists among Orions, and, illogical as it seems, their skills are more in demand. Except for a handful of products (most of which they hoard for themselves), the Orions are known as producers of shoddy and nearly worthless trade goods, whose major value is extremely low cost with a high-priced look.

Because the quality of Orion products is negotiable, the customer cannot expect a long or useful service life from anything Orion. If only shabby furniture and lighting fixtures were involved, this would be only an annoyance. However, the Orions manufacture counterfeit life-support systems, antigrav transportation systems, and spacecraft. When they fail, many people may die as a result.

Obviously Orion products are renowned for their close resemblance to well-known Federation makes—the major difference being the nameplate. However, there is one other prominent distinguishing feature: Orion products are 'fussier'. They feature gewgaws, filigrees, stylish but useless trim, and other elaborate decorations, intended to catch the buyer's eye or feed his love of gingerbread. On the whole, the effect is not unlike that of racing stripes on a food processor.





Age: _____

Sex:

Race:

Credited On Account:

Credited On Account:

AP

14

13

12

11

10

9

8

7

6

5

4

3

2

11

Zero-G Operations

THE ORIONS

BOOK OF COMMON KNOWLEDGE

"THERE ARE THREE KINDS OF PEOPLE I DON'T WANT TO FACE WHILE MAKING A DEAL," MASTER TRADER CARTER WINSTON ONCE SAID. "VULCAN BANKERS, TELLARITE LAWYERS, OR ANYBODY ORION."

The Orions supplement for *STAR TREK: The Role Playing Game* consists of two books. **The Book of Common Knowledge** contains information that is known to Federation, Klingon, and Romulan characters. Inside are the Orions' social structure, a racial history dating back hundreds of thousands of years, descriptions of trade on Rigel IV (where alien races have traded for millennia), details on Orion slavery, and numerous planetary descriptions.

The Book of Deep Knowledge provides that information known only to the gamemaster and Orion characters. It fills the gaps of Orion history, presents the Orion character generation system, describes Orion families, corporations, and governments, and sets the record straight on Orion pirates.

Whether seductive slaves or merchants extraordinaire, Orions are the most treacherous, egocentric, opportunistic, materialistic, hedonistic, and barbaric beings in the galaxy. Play them to the hilt with **The Orions**.

