

the

DAYEN:

Star Trek
Gaming Material



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Here and there in the Federation are races that have not developed space-flight on their own but who are nonetheless full Federation members and citizens. One of these, the Dayen, are typical of the so-called 'minor' peoples of the Federation.

In appearance the Dayen are humanoid, with an average height of about 115 centimeters (about 3'9") and an average mass of 45 kilograms (around 110 pounds in a one-G field). Their skins are typically a rich metallic bronze in color, possessing a natural luster that makes them seem actually shiny, as if they were of polished metal. Their features are quite regular by human standards, save for a somewhat more bulbous nose, and a tendency to facial skin-folding and wrinkles at a relatively early age. The average Dayen lives about 75 solar years; females tend to live a little longer. Hair colors vary from deep black to a dull brown and an extremely dark red, that looks brown unless under a strong light. Their eye colors are dark, with an occasional bronze showing up.

The Dayen homeworld is called Orodanga, third of seven around Zaniah, the star Eta Virginis. It is more than 72% land area, with small and mostly-narrow seas of high mineral and salt concentrations ringed by ancient rounded mountains. The coastal strips, where the majority of Dayen live, are heavily populated and intensively cultivated. Beyond the

arid interior, but even they cling mostly to the slopes of the mountains where sparse grazing could be had, and nowadays they are all but gone. Dayen civilization began on the relatively richer and more fertile coasts, and though it has spread to the mountains it has not gone past them. From the tropics to the edge of the arctic zones the shores of the Ayusan and Hyrian Seas are thick with compact Dayen cities, their efficient gigantic farms and carefully-managed parklands and wilderness, but once over the mountains the light of civilization fails where the lifeless plateaus roll endlessly to a dead horizon.

The major spaceport is by the city of Mossaben, 'the jewel of Orodanga.' It lies on the east coast of the Ayusan Sea on the beautiful Colaten Peninsula, and has been likened to a San Francisco with a better climate. Its gleaming metal towers are home to more than four million Dayen, the largest city on the planet. Its facilities for offworlders are excellent, from hotels and specialty restaurants to the trade exchange, and include museums of Dayen art and technology geared for foreigners with translators, audio-visual aids and hands-on exhibits. Most of the major Dayen engineering firms have offices here; the company that does not probably has a mobile headquarters somewhere in space.

Dap, like Mossaben, is a major city on a peninsula, and unlike its neighbor

A Profile of a Minor Race

by Peter R. Rogan illustrated by Janet Aulisio

mountains lie the planetary upland plateaus, nearly 2,000 meters (6,500 feet) higher than the coasts, a flat and arid region with little rainfall or vegetation. Visitors from Earth's Australia have compared these plateaus to the bleak but striking gibber deserts of home. The only habitations found here are mining encampments and exploration camps, many like miniature cities rising from the waste, built of metal and stone with a carefully-cultivated strip of green around them.

At one time in Orodanga's past primitive tribes of nomads roamed the

to the north, has a hilly topography and a more rounded and domed architecture. Its climate is clearly tropical, and frequently rainy—it is, in fact, the rainiest city on a water-poor planet. It is the foodbasket for the world, close to the southern farmlands and possessed of a superior transportation system of rail, seaborne, and gravitic haulers. For all that Dap, like Mossaben and most other Dayen cities, is still a major manufacturing center. Its transport system brings metal out of the deserts to factories here and else-

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where across the planet.

Visitors to Orodanga who do not come entirely for business may find the islands of the Gurud Archipelago, in the Ayusan Sea some 700 kilometers west of Dap, a very pleasant and surprising place. Once the seat of an ancient seafaring nation, now a verdant chain of resorts and private estates, the Gurud Islands offer Dayen and offworlders a chance to explore ruins, wander in primeval (and scarce) forests, and even venture to sea in Dayen skiffs, called *dafu*. Halfway around the world, on the west coast of the Hyrian Sea, the Venian Peninsula presents a quite different scene. In the temperate zone of the southern hemisphere its evergreen forests and snowcapped mountains stand inviolate, a last bit of pristine Orodangan wilderness. Aside from some little fishing, most of it out of the nearby port city of Calber, the Venian Peninsula depends entirely on tourism and some carefully-supervised forestry to support its sparse population. It was here that Terrestrial enthusiasts established the first Dayen ski resort on Uilam Gng—the Golden Mountain.

Aside from these few places, most of Orodanga is a workaday place, its cities given to manufacture of technological goods, mostly for export. Its pleasantly populous coasts, intended for the use and enjoyment of a race that likes crowds, can be a little hard to take after a time. Even the Dayen feel it, occasionally, which is why there is tourist trade and private settlement on the upland plateaus. Far north on the massive Malak Plateau is a brackish but sizable body of water called Toka's Sea. It was semi-legendary until discovered by an overland expedition only three centuries before. Out on its surface giant factory complexes extract industrial chemicals from the brine. On the shore, here and there, are encampments of people seeking to get away from it all as few people have. For the truly adventurous there are even escorted—and some unescorted and unauthorized—tours of the interior. Most of the dry expanses of the Malak and Rata Plateaus are legally, theoretically, possessions of the ancient nations across the coastal mountains, but in fact they are nearly totally empty tracts devoid of life and even of geologic features. Yet here and there are exceptions, starkly alone in the

wastes: a scrub bush, a forgotten skeleton, some tiny sign of life gone or still struggling to live. On the desiccated plateaus, so like a different and dead world, there still are the rings of craters left over from the primordial meteoric bombardment.

Perhaps the best way of describing the desolation of the upland plateaus is to mention that, just three years ago, another secret and illegal Tellarite mining camp—abandoned many years before—was found out in the open far from the mountains, and it is not expected to be the last.

For Orodanga's claim to fame is its great wealth in metals, most but not all of them found on the upland plateaus. Metals and metallic salts lie heavily on the planet's surface, and even in the tissues of its plants and animals—and the Dayen. Without processing, Dayen foodstuffs would be poisonous to offworlders; most food imported to Orodanga, a large part of the Dayen diet, must be 'fortified' with metals to make it nutritious. Even the surface water contains metallic traces, and the seas are so metal-heavy that the average offworlder can float easily in them. The seas are fairly good conductors of

"People should deal with the Dayen frankly and directly....try to bluff them, and they'll treat you like an unmannered and rude slob."

electricity, too. A lightning-strike many miles away can incapacitate or even kill a non-Dayen swimmer; seawise Dayen keep a wary eye on the weather and keep close to their boats. This wealth in metals attracted illegal miners once, and it has always been a major factor in Dayen technological progress.

When first contacted by the Federation, Stardate 1/0205, the Dayen had only recently discovered interplanetary spaceflight, and were in the process of exploiting the worlds of their own planetary system. They were a little disconcerted to find they were only decades behind other races in producing a faster-than-light drive. Their culture and technology were only slightly behind those of the

human race, but their population, being smaller, and their basic drive to perfect existing technology, made it uncertain how soon in fact they would have developed interstellar flight on their own. A later Federation would have put the Prime Directive over the Dayen and let them figure out their own fate. But when Orodanga was first contacted, no one understood this race was just a little behind the rest of the Federation technologically, and no one anticipated the effect the importation of technology would have on the culture.

For many years after contact Orodanga was a major industrial world of the Federation, and a memorial stands in Mossaben near the spaceport commemorating their contributions during the Romulan War. By the middle of the twenty-second century, Orodanga no longer had this status. Its technological development had stalled, either through the importation of Federation technology, which was copied, or else the basic process of contact had stopped all desire to advance Dayen technology through an unknown mechanism. Save for specially-contracted goods, Orodanga possesses much the same level of technology it had when first discovered. More disturbingly, it is not clear, even now, whether this halt in technological advancement is permanent. Worlds develop industry at varying rates, some slower than others; it is feared that Orodanga's rate was so slow, its progress so delicate, that Federation trade may have stopped it entirely.

For all this worry, the Dayen have managed to remain a potent industrial force in the Federation on the strength of their mining and extractive engineering technology, which remains among the best in the Federation.

The Dayen have become famous as mining experts of the first water. 'It'll take a Dayen to dig it out' is a rueful tribute to their ability to find and remove mineral wealth from anywhere at all. When oil was first discovered at a depth of 30,000 meters, Dayen engineers found a way to get it to the surface without an explosion or fire. The Tellarite-built Masteroid Masticator uses Dayen space-mining technology to harvest industrial-grade ore from asteroid belts. It is hard to find a mining venture anywhere in the Federation that does not have, or did not consult, a Dayen engineering

team.

Still, the Dayen remain sensitive to being regarded as a 'second-class' race because of the lack of technological advancement on their homeworld. They avoid discussing the topic as much as possible; there seems to be little they can do personally, and if their mining expertise cannot speak for itself, well, there's little enough else to say about it.

When by themselves, or not made to feel self-conscious, the Dayen are a vital and energetic people. Their language has many hand gestures used for emphasis and, if it is not musical to human ears, it nonetheless has the busy rhythm of a bubbling brook. When not at work, where they wear overalls, T-shirts or spacesuits as required, the Dayen show a fondness for color and pattern that is just a little short of riotous. The usual formal garb, for the men, is a jellaba-like shirt, with an open V-neck and large sleeves reaching just below the elbow. These come in many patterns, colors and lengths; most are strong in reds, yellows and blues, with intricate designs running parallel to the neckline and extending the V-shape to the hem, which is usually between waist- and knee-length. Shorts and open sandals complete the costume, with a truncated-cone hat, very like a fez and usually dark red, which is worn indoors and out. Dayen women tend towards much simpler dress in color and pattern, when they are not at work; they wear a simple belted tunic or a wraparound like a sari, usually of a single color with an occasional simple muted pattern, and the universal sandals. Women may wear earrings sometimes, small and simple ones. Dayen males tend to wear much more jewelry, including necklaces, bracelets, rings, and, among the upper classes, earrings and brooches. A Dayen with a gem set into his fez is a high-ranking man, indeed.

Socially the Dayen are monogamous, though there is a polygamous sect called the Menuu that is an accepted — or tolerated — minority. They have extended families and live, when they can, in large homes with as many as four generations under one roof. Dayen households are noisy but rarely boring. They are fond of friends, and music, and conversation, and prefer a large social gathering to almost any other form of amusement. Public entertainment among Dayen tends to ►

The Dayen...

be a boisterous and conspicuous affair, but a great deal of fun for the non-stuffy.

The typical Dayen's life is usually very active, highly social and riddled with proprieties and religious obeisances. From childhood he or she is expected to recognize and know all their relations, their schoolmates and their neighbors by name and degrees of relatedness. At adolescence, the young Dayen are separated by sex and remain separate until marriage. The Dayen concept of 'separate' is not the human one; it means either a teenager is with a group all of the same sex, or a mixed gathering with at least one adult couple chaperoning. Both sexes are urged to complete their educations, get married and start a new household or at least add themselves to an existing one. It is not unusual to see husband-and-wife teams, often several of them part of a single clan, go into space to work together. Dayen men may do the negotiating and the 'front work' that most people see, but the Dayen engineering team, which may be a large family working together, is always more people than it seems. It is a mistake to think that Dayen women are not equal partners in the work—and the reward.

The Dayen family structure insures a contented life for every Dayen save the very unfortunate or the outcast. The very aged, who are encouraged to be active in the education and upbringing of the youngsters, stay with their chosen clan as long as they choose to honor them with their presence. The clan that drives off an elder has made itself an object of scandal. Yet many older Dayen, male and female, can be found putting their knowledge to work on an engineering team just like their younger co-workers—or children, or grandchildren, as is often the case.

The Dayen have only a few shortcomings, as a race. They do not trust outsiders who are not able to comprehend the cozy-claustrophobic Dayen social world, or understand the easy familiarity that exists between all Dayen regardless of social standing. They are very uncomfortable with unfriendliness, which they quite literally don't know how to deal with, and if they feel they are being left out of business that is rightfully theirs they will complain, and bitterly. They will cut themselves off from people, para-

doxically, whom they feel are not being fully open with them. They have a hard time understanding the concept of 'formality' or 'dignity'; their buddy-buddy way of doing business has no need of such things. Their approach has won them many friends in places like Texas. They do not comprehend Vulcans at all, and cannot understand why other people put up with them when Dayen can design machines that could work just as well in their place without being confusing. They are also fond of chatter and argument; perhaps a single Dayen would be outgunned by a Tellarite but since the Dayen are fond of (and used to) arguing in groups, no one Tellarite can stand up to them.

Medically the Dayen, in spite of their long association with mining and manufacturing, have a surprising sensitivity to many chemicals. This may be due to the high proportion of metals in their bodies. They are very sensitive to alcohol, and a dose that a human might ingest with no ill effects, can make a Dayen roaring drunk or knock him unconscious. Drunkenness is unknown among the Dayen save as a pathological condition, a precursor to shock, coma, and death. When they do drink socially (and Dayen drink no other way), they do so in extreme dilutions. They also have a high intolerance of certain hydrocarbons, and when working around petroleum they must wear protective suits against vapors or stray splashes, which can be toxic to them. Aspirin, to Dayen, is a systemic poison. Dayen cannot tolerate tobacco or strong smoke, though for the sake of being friendly they will stay in the presence of people who do. They will cry, however, when they have to do this, and this seems to upset other people.

For all their openness the Dayen are sensitive, extremely so, about some things that they will not willingly discuss in public. Family disputes have no public forum, for instance, though an individual may complain around them. They may debate the question of their homeworld's 'backwards' technology heatedly, but they would rather not. Some questions about social life and family concerns and relations are just not brought up, and will not be answered if asked. They cannot understand criticism of their social order, and if someone is foolish enough to do so, they had better be prepared to be gang-argued about the

value of privacy and of having some concern for others.

One common conversational mistake people make in talking with Dayen is to assume that they are sensitive about their height. They are not; they tend to think other people are far too tall, and look funny, too. The casual, thoughtless remark about their stature is likely to bring a quick retort about the altitude of the speaker. Dayen may have the largest collection of 'tall' jokes in the Federation, and absolutely no compunction about using them. But the person who meets them, and tiptoes around their shortness, is likely to be bombarded with hostile questions: What's bothering you? Why won't you say? What're you hiding?

People should deal with the Dayen frankly and directly. They appreciate it, expect it, and they'll respect you for it. Try to bluff them, and they'll treat you like an unmannered and rude slob.

Dayen are a complex and individualistic people, a colorful and intriguing race of the Federation, 'minor' or not. They are not often seen; they made one brief appearance in "Journey to Babel" when two of them pushed under some taller delegates to get to the refreshment table. That's largely been it. But, now that their story's been told a bit, they might be seen a little more frequently.

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Tables for the Dayen and the Homeworld

World Log

System

Name: Zaniah (Eta Virginis)

Number of Class M Present: 1

World Name: Orodanga

Position in System: 3

Number of Satellites: 2

Planetary Gravity: 1 G

Planetary Size:

Diameter: 12,000 km.

Equatorial Circumference: 31,000 km.

Total Surface Area: 450,000,000 km.²

Percent Land Mass: 72%

Total Land Area: 350,000,000 km.²

Planetary Conditions:

Length of Day: 28 hrs.

Atmospheric Density: Terrestrial

General Climate: Desert

Mineral Content

Normal Metals: 96% Radioactives: 23% Gemstones: 8%

Industrial Crystals: 44% Special Minerals: 7%

Life and Civilization Log

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Planetary Trade Profile

Foodstuffs & agricultural goods: G

Normal minerals and raw materials: A

Radioactives and special minerals: D

Drugs & refined medical agents: E

Low-technology manufactured goods: A

Medium-technology manufactured goods: C

High-technology manufactured goods: E

Luxury items: A

Population rating: (D)

