

SAVING THE FORGOTTEN

DOCTOR WHO CAMPAIGN NOTES

"If you could touch the alien sand, and hear the cry of strange birds, and watch them wheel in another sky, would that satisfy you?"

-The First Doctor

STORY ARC: THE BASICS

ACTION

The Artist, a young survivor of the Time War, is obsessed with finding the legendary Doctor, convinced that if anyone else survived, it'd be the Doctor. Unfortunately, the Artist and his new companions are being followed through time and space. The word "Queen" keeps haunting the Cast, from one point in time and space to the next, always one step ahead, leaving vicious traps behind.

Thus begins a mad romp through time, seeking the pieces of the answer to the great riddle. Who is the mysterious Queen of Time, and what does she want? Along the way, the trail leads the Cast to an encounter with Susan Foreman, who joins their quest. Just how long and far will the group have to go, and will they solve the mystery and threat of the Queen of Time?

Little does the Artist know that the Queen of Time is none other than his long, lost wife Zeidu, who he watched die at the hands of the Daleks. Unbeknownst to him, she survived execution by transferring her psyche into the only living vessel available in which to hide: a Dalek. Being trapped inside the mind and skin of a Dalek drove her quite mad, and over the next year as she was compelled to kill her own people as one of their greatest enemies, she came to blame her husband for her plight, but at the same time dreamed of the day when they would be reunited as husband and wife. Eventually, in the last days of the war, she was assigned to exterminate a young Time Lord, and saw her chance. She transferred her psyche into the woman's body and fled Gallifrey in a stolen TARDIS, reborn as The

Queen of Time. Her ultimate goal is to restore the Time Lord race as an empire that will dominate the entire universe, ensuring no "evil" adversary ever rises to challenge them again...

ABOUT THE EPISODES

Scenarios herein are presented in the format of episode guides from a television show, and include a "Pre-Credits Scene," meant to be read aloud to set the tone of each episode, and then a "Sequence of Events" forming a skeleton for the episode. Game Masters should use the sequence of events to move the game forward, but not as a railroad to tie the Cast down. Important background and Chronicler-specific information in each episode appears in the header font for ease of use. Finally, it is intended that this will be a thirteen-episode series as is standard for British television; however, readers will note that we present fewer than thirteen episodes, on the assumption that a couple will run as two- (or even three) part serials. In the original play through, what is presented here as Episodes 2, 5, and 7 all ran as two-part serials; episode 8 is designed as a three-part finale.

USING THE DOCTOR IN SAVING THE FORGOTTEN

Finally, this series could be run with the Tenth Doctor instead of our Crew; When the Queen of Time shows up, simply change Zeidu to the Rani, or Romana 2 (or 3), and with a few other minor adjustments to situations and cut scenes, you're set! Alternately, with your own Crew and Time Lord, the same alterations work, save the Queen simply needs attached to your Time Lord.



EPISODE 1: SCOURGE OF THE DROSMIANS

In which a group of old college friends have their first shared bona-fide extraterrestrial experience, and fly off to the stars with a Time Lord in search of adventure and a new purpose in life...

PRE-CREDITS SCENE

Ruins. The entire world—or rather, the planetoid-sized chunk of it that still existed—stood in ruins, the once-beautiful orange sky now blood red with shots of green radiation flashing randomly through the atmosphere. The cities were barely more than shells, now, and not a single survivor cried in pain from the skeletons of buildings. Always an emotional being (one had to be to excel in the arts) he wept freely for his people as he wandered the shattered remains of his dead world. They were thorough, but then, so were his people. The destruction had, at least, been mutual.

But had it? He'd survived; perhaps there were others. One other in particular. One who *had* to survive this destruction. The hero, the renegade, the one the others considered a near outlaw, but who he'd always revered. If he could find the other...but first, he'd need a way off this dead world full of dark, dead memories.

He made his way to the Library, the center of all the technology and culture for his world. The place where the Tribunal had once held court and made decisions for all the people. He didn't expect to find anything there, but it was a hope, at least.

He saw it there as soon as he walked in, small but monolithic, it stood in the middle of the wreckage like a monument to all that once was. It trembled as he drew near; it was terrified, as well it should be. He touched it, gently circling around to check for structural flaws. It shuddered beneath his touch, almost like a lover away from her beloved for too long.

"Oh," he whispered. "You are beautiful."

It groaned quietly in response.

"Well, how would you feel about the two of us getting away from all this death, and these bad memories? A pair, companions, partners. Survivors, that's what we are. Let's go see what's out there, shall we?"

Punctuality was essential to a forensic scientist, and so Chuck McKinney was there for the meeting ten minutes early. He sat nervously at a table that had been reserved for them at the Union Grill, turning the object over and over in his hands and debating for the thousandth time what to do with it.

Where were they? He took a deep breath and reminded himself they weren't due for another five minutes, yet. Punctuality was a curse, sometimes. It had been three years; had they changed? Had *he* changed, and not realized it?

He'd find out soon enough. The crowd of screaming teenagers down the street spoke of the arrival of one of their little group, now.

Emilie Winters flew down the streets of Oakland with the top down, the wind in her hair, the CD player blaring her latest unreleased demo CD, "Queen of the Night". The record company wanted her to review the mix before they put it into press. So far, so good.

She was looking forward to seeing her friends, again. After three years of touring, promotions, and fans, it would be good to get grounded again, remind her of where she came from. Not only would it be a welcome break, but if she expected to keep any kind of edge to her music, she couldn't let herself become spoiled.

She jammed her 1967 Shelby Cobra into gear, and swung into a parking space, ignoring the blaring horns of someone just about to back into the same spot, then leapt out of the car without bothering to open the door. She did remember to put change in the meter, mostly because she had a premonition of a ticket if she didn't. She also had the feeling she was going to have to run a gauntlet to make it to the restaurant, and she'd learned to trust those feelings.

So she wasn't surprised when the throng of teenagers charged her, screaming her name. Gracious as she could be, she signed autographs while moving the herd towards her destination. Peeking over their heads, she saw Chuck sitting at a table, watching her struggle. She smiled, waved, and worked on finishing the impromptu meet-and-greet before heading over.

James Trappen pulled into a spot half a block away from the restaurant and made his way down the street. His stomach was in knots; after all, he was the only one of their little group who couldn't consider himself to have made good. In fact, he'd made more than a few messes in his day. Would they know? Would they see right through him as the phony he kind of always felt like in their presence? He'd heard Emilie had made it pretty big; maybe she could hire him on as a roadie or something. It'd be a start.

He rounded the corner to Craig Street and there they were, sitting at the Union Grill, having coffee and working on getting over that awkward, "we-haven't-seen-each-other-in-years" series of initial moments. Emily had to stop every so often to sign the odd autograph; she didn't show it, but it looked to James like the newfound fame was taking a bit of a toll. He took a deep breath, patted his leather jacket, and approached with a smile pasted on his face.

If anyone among their little group had a real devil-may-care attitude about this whole thing, it was Davan Reardon. Sure, he was looking forward to seeing them; they were, after all, some of the best friends he'd had from some of the best days of his life. But he was who he was, and if they'd changed, or they didn't like who he was anymore, so be it. People changed and



grew apart, and after some of the things he'd seen in his three years of military service, Davan knew that better than anyone.

Still, part of him hoped it'd be the same. He parked his bike, adjusted his aviator sunglasses and flight jacket, and headed casually towards the Grill, throwing an irresistible grin at a few college girls, who swooned and giggled as he walked past.

Yep, he thought. I've still got it.

He casually walked up to his old friends, sitting at a table and getting re-acquainted, spun a chair around, and straddled it.

The last to arrive, fifteen minutes late, was Don. A last-minute call at the funeral home had him working on his day off, and he'd just wrapped up in time to make the lunch date. He realized to his irritation that when he'd organized this little reunion via e-mail, he'd forgotten to get current cell phone information for any of them, so he just hoped they didn't give up on him before he got there.

To his relief, they seemed to be still just getting re-acquainted as he arrived, apologizing for his lateness. Food had already been ordered, but they'd been good enough to hold a menu for him, and he scanned the choices available, picking something quickly so as not to divert too much attention from his old friends.

Something told them all that this was going to be a big day, and they didn't want to miss a moment of it.

SEQUENCE OF EVENTS

1. A bunch of college buddies meet up for the first time in several years, to have lunch. One of them has a strange device he found in a meteor crash site.
2. Emilie gets funny feelings about a strange group of extra-goth-looking men milling around the crowd, who seem to be growing more numerous.
3. As they discuss the device, enter the Artist ("Where did you get that?")
4. Awareness and Spot rolls reveal that the Goths are getting a tad rowdy, pushing people around. They seem to be looking for someone or something. Resolve and Spot for Emilie to give her a flash of strange, alien worlds, a war from thousands of years ago, and primitive items that look similar to (though not exactly like) that object Chuck has. They also look vaguely familiar to the Artist, who has a bad feeling about them. An Awareness and Science roll by Don will reveal that their features are off, like they'd been built with derma-wax. They seem too smooth, too sculpted, and don't appear to reveal any emotion.
5. Suddenly, one of the Goths looks directly at the Cast and the object they're holding, and they all simultaneously say, "The device!" and begin shoving their way through the crowd. When someone gets in the way of one of the Goths, the Goth grabs him by the throat, *and his head pops off!* A Resolve and Spot roll by Emilie will see through the image inducer disguise. Awareness and Technology notices an LED flashing on their belt buckles. The Artist can identify these as image inducers. Destroying one might cause a distraction...but they don't realize the inducers are networked and destroying one destroys them all. Drosmians revealed!
6. The Artist runs the Cast to his TARDIS...which looks like a Porta-Potty. From here they can monitor the situation. The drosmians start killing hostages, demanding the Cast "turn over the Gallifreyan super-weapon and its master so we can extract our vengeance upon his people." The Artist knows it's in fact the broken sonic screwdriver that started this whole mess, and that the aliens have already determined Earth is in league with the Time Lords. If the Cast turns him over, they'll "cleanse" the Earth of the filth of humanity.
7. At some point, the Cast should come up with the idea that high-frequency sound has a distracting and often painful effect on many species of vermin on Earth, and these drosmians are extremely vermin-like. Combining a high-frequency wave with some sort of psychic feedback might give the Cast a weapon. And they do have a psychic among them. An experiment with the sonic screwdriver shows the hypothesis correct, but there are hundreds of these creatures and only one sonic screwdriver. If only there were some sort of amplifier, or broadcast tower nearby, the TARDIS and screwdriver could be wired into it to emit a pulse that would disable the lot of the creatures and send them running for the hills.



8. Ingenuity and Awareness rolls will remind the Cast about the WPTS broadcasting facilities in the William Pitt Union. The TARDIS can take them right inside, and as the Artist gathers up various and sundry bits of tech he'll need to rig up the apparatus (with help, of course), he can give anyone who just happens to be a pilot a crash course in steering the TARDIS.
9. Unfortunately, the WPTS station is swarming with drosmians. The Artist will

need someone to hold them off while he works on the apparatus, with the help of Emilie and Chuck. As the Cast fight off the drosmians, the Artist, Chuck, and Emilie all work on getting the sonic-psychic-scream machine set up. When they use it, the drosmians all clap their heads and writhe on the ground in pain. The Cast run through the mess back towards the TARDIS, where they make their grand getaway...and presumably the Artist makes them an offer they can't refuse.

Drosmians

Eons ago, the Time Lords were involved in a great war with a race known as the drosmians. The drosmians are a semi-insectoid race resembling humanoid scorpions, with venomous retractable tail-stingers, retractable pincers that fold out over their hands, and advanced space-time-warp technology. They were a plague upon the galaxy, descending on systems like locusts, consuming resources and converting the populace into new drosmian soldiers via the venom in their stingers. Before the drosmians could turn the

galaxy into a desolate wasteland and spread their influence throughout history, the Gallifreyans leapt into action. In the end, the drosmians were defeated, the few survivors banished to the Void to be imprisoned forever...Except that recent events, including the incursion of the Cybermen to Earth from an alternate dimension, has made the Void accessible, and the drosmians have returned. For now their numbers are small, but they will inevitably expand, becoming a menace to the galaxy once more...

Attributes:

Strength 7	Co-Ordination 4	Resolve 2
Ingenuity 3	Awareness 3	Presence 2

Story Points: 3

Skills: Alien Culture 5, Fighting 3, Marksman 2, Medicine 2, Spot 4, Science 2, Technology 2, Transport 2

Traits: Brave, Face in the Crowd*, Fanatic, Psychic, Tough, Vortex, Weakness (High-pitched sonic frequencies)+, Weakness (psychic attack)+,

Attacks: Claws (5) plus (2) per round. Stinger (2) plus poison (S)#. Stinger (Co-Ordination and Fighting -2). Death Ray (L).

** This Trait exists only as long as the drosmians' Image Inducers are functioning.*

+ Psychic assault combined with high-frequency sound counts as (L) attack against the drosmians. Either of these attacks separately bypasses Natural Armor and Tough Traits, and deals double damage if applicable.

Those who succumb to the drosmian poison attack are coated in a thick resin and suffer 1 point of Strength Damage per round, after which the resin explodes off to reveal a brand new drosmian. Spend those Story Points, people!

Gear: Primitive Networked Image Inducer, Death Ray, Time Ship w/Transmat

Traits not included in core rules:

The following Traits were Aspects I included in the original writeup, which are not in the playtest rules. Perhaps we could think about including them as traits or alien abilities:

Leaping (Major): Drosmians can leap six feet high, and twelve feet long from a stand still; double these distances with a running start.

Strike (Minor): Drosmians dart forth in combat with blinding speed, like a reptile or insect. This grants them +1 to any initiative checks.

Flame Immune (Major): Drosmians take no damage from fire. Perhaps a minor version of this ability could exist that halves damage.

Scent Tracking (Minor): By rolling Awareness and Spot, a drosmian can track its prey by scent.

Acid Blood (Minor): Exposure to drosmian's blood is like touching acid. It has a damage rating of (3) per turn until diluted with water.

Natural Armor (Minor): My original drosmians had natural armor representing their exoskeleton, *and* damage reduction for physical toughness. For purposes of this adventure, assume that drosmian natural armor absorbs an additional 2 points of damage.