

Reverend Samuel Hines

“Victory at all costs, victory in spite of all terror, victory no matter how long and hard the road may be; for without victory there is no survival.”

-Winston Churchill

Things simply are not going as planned. It was supposed to be just a simple mission. Commonwealth high command had received reports of Thwarkian supply ships sending resources to this quadrant. As the only habitable planet in the quadrant, Earth was seen as the prime target for the next Thwarkian takeover. So you, ace spy for the Commonwealth, were sent here to investigate.

That's when the problems started. HQ was sure that the perfect place to land was a small desert in the western portion of the area called “the United States.” Nothing was out there. It was a perfect place to hide the ship. Unfortunately, they hadn't counted on the fact that the desert was a wonderful source of uranium, and that the United States would be looking for new uranium mine sites. So less than a year after you landed, your ship was found, confiscated, and sent off to a place called Roswell.

Leaving you up the nebula stream without a retro-blaster.

So you've been wandering around the country for the last four years, looking for clues about the Thwarkians. And quite honestly, you haven't found much. Not that you've been looking that hard. HQ said that the perfect way to establish a cover would be to set yourself up as a priest. Sure. People would trust you implicitly. No one would suspect you of anything.

They didn't tell you about two years of seminary school.

So, here you are, stuck on this planet, two years behind in your work, desperately searching for spies. Five billion people on this planet, and you're looking for one of them. And you don't even know which one.

Well, HQ had determined that there was a radio wave emission from San Inguon, Arizona, so whatever intergalactic spies there were had to be there. So you came to San Inguon, narrowing your field of five billion down to five thousand. It's a step in the right direction, at least.

So you've lived in San Inguon for the last two years. You set up a small orphanage, which ostensibly was your *raison d'être* for showing up in San Inguon in the first place. And you've been waiting, watching to see what happens.

And the answer is, a lot. Or at least, a lot has been happening within San Inguon. As far as the thought of alien spies being here, you really haven't found much. Oh, you know that there's at least one Thwarkian spy here, maybe even a Betazoid as well. But they haven't really shown themselves. Besides, you've really sort of been too busy to investigate too much.

The problem is that your cover is simply too good. You're one of the more respected people in town. People come to you with their problems. People ask you advice. People want you to help them. So you spend all of your time trying to help them out, and that doesn't leave much time for finding out what's going on, espionage wise.

And the orphanage itself isn't an easy job, either. Right now, you've only got a few charges, but two of them are lifetime jobs in and of themselves. Mary Jenkins is the first. She came from a broken home, punctuated by the violent death of her mother. She's bounced around orphanages for nearly ten years now. And while she acts like a normal girl, filled with vim and vigor, you can tell that she's not as happy about things as she lets on. And the kid she's dating- J.D. Koln- now there's a problem child. He's the town rebel, given to pulling dangerous pranks against the other kids, and has no interest in getting through school and preparing himself for the real world. He'll probably end up an alcoholic like his father. And while Mary covers it well with makeup, you've seen the bruises he's laid on her these last few weeks. She's headed for disaster, and you've got to do something to save her.

Your other headache is Catherine Thomas. Oh, sure, she puts up a good act of being quiet and soft, fading into the background whenever something's going on. But you've passed by her room and heard things, weird things, voices and chants, things that simply don't make sense. And she keeps getting picked up by Sheriff Barnes for being out after dark, running around the mesas. She's up to something, but you have no idea what.

And then there's the rest of the town. Ivan Kerensky keeps wanting you to lend moral support to the Legion of Social Decency, his anti-Communist organization whose tactics make Joe McCarthy look like a saint. Every time he tries to talk to you about it, you end up having an hour long shouting match, getting neither of you anywhere. Gerald Forbes' wife died in a car accident two weeks ago, and you're trying to get him to unload some of the grief he's been burdened by. Mayor Cunningham's having this town festival he's calling the Iguanafest, and he'd like you to help him out with it. Top this off by being the only priest to all of the men serving at Ft. Lucas Rita. Is it any wonder you haven't been able to track down the Thwarkian spy?

However, news from HQ indicates that you'd better start moving, fast. A huge new offensive was just opened up by the Commonwealth across the Bidrigan system, and most of the Thwarkian fleet is engaged. However, at least one Thwarkian cruiser was seen to leave the area of the battle and head off towards this quadrant. That doesn't bode well for Earth. Nor for you, as the only way you'll get off this planet is to call for the Commonwealth to pick you up.

So someone in town is the Thwarkian agent. And whomever he or she is, they've contact their HQ and gotten a cruiser sent here. Which means you'll have to find out who the spy is, why they called for a cruiser, and whether it's anything you can stop. If you can't stop it here on Earth, the Commonwealth can send part of its fleet to hunt down the rogue cruiser. Of course, doing that jeopardizes victory in Bidriga, so that's an option of last resort, only.

In any case, you'd better find out what the deal is with that cruiser, or taking care of the orphans might just end up being a moot point.

Standard Quote: "Is there something I can help you with, my child?"

Mannerisms: Reverend Hines is calm, quiet, friendly, and always willing to lend an ear or a hand to anyone who needs it. He hasn't really been doing his job as a Commonwealth spy, so he has to make up for lost time really quickly.

People You Know:

J.D. Koln: Young juvenile delinquent. Raised by Zeke Koln, an alcoholic. You used to think that his rebellion was just a harmless phase; but given what he's done to Mary, you're not so sure anymore. Actually, you may just be jumping to conclusions. You don't know that J.D. caused those bruises. But it wouldn't surprise you.

Mary Jenkins: One of your charges. She puts on a good act of being cheery and happy, but you know that deep down she's extremely depressed and scared of what her life is going to be like.

Catherine Thomas: Another of your charges. She's very quiet and non-committal. She's hiding something, but you have no clue what it may be.

Mayor Cunnigham: Mayor of San Inguon. He's normally a very nice, outgoing man. However, recently he's been much more strict and overbearing. Perhaps it's the stress from trying to put on this Iguanafest.

General Hiram Cork: Commander of Ft. Lucas Rita and the adjoining Research Labs. A very gruff and businesslike man, but you expect that from a soldier.

Sheriff Ward Barnes: Sheriff of San Inguon. A good man, decent and caring. You've heard rumors that he's been hitting the bottle occasionally. That really doesn't seem like him.

C.J. Nickels: Runs the 5 and Dime in town. A good man, if a little bad-tempered. Still, when one lives to be a hundred or so, one expects to be able to be bad-tempered.

Harold Smith: Insurance salesman. The consummate salesman; he could sell Ginwak to the Hafmurs. You probably shouldn't use that expression in public. People might wonder.

Ivan Kerensky: Rabid anti-Communist who runs the local gas station. He's in charge of the Legion of Social Decency, which you think is going far too far in its tactics for hounding Communists out of town.

Harold Sturvin: Richest man in town, if not all of Arizona. You keep trying to get him to donate money to help build a new wing onto the orphanage. You haven't succeeded, yet. Maybe if you asked Harold Smith to talk to him...

Irving Thorton: A poor man in the throes of alcoholism who sometimes sleeps it off behind the church. You bring out soup to him whenever he drops by.

Goals:

1. Help out the town. Care for the sick, help heal the spiritual wounds of the townspeople, and make everyone feel better about their place in the cosmos.

2. Help save the world. Speaking of places in the cosmos, you should definitely try to find out who the Thwarkian spy is. Whoever it is, it has to be someone who hangs around the Research Labs and talks to the scientists a lot. That way, they could find out information about what new projects are being worked on. Since the cruiser is on its way, they'll probably work less at keeping up the facade of being human. Therefore, look for people acting strangely; they might be Thwarkian spies expecting to be picked up by the cruiser soon.