DUNE

ADVENTURES IN THE IMPERIUM

SAND AND DUST

- THE ARRAKIS SOURCEBOOK -

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Contents

Introduction 2
Overview of Arrakis 2
The Lure of Arrakis 3
What's This Book About? 4
A Warning… 5

Chapter 1: 7
Arrakis, Dune, Desert Planet 7
Eras of Play 10
Butlerian Jihad 10
Reconstruction 10
The Imperium 11
The Ascension of Muad'Dib 11
Era of the God Emperor 11
The Scattering 11
The Age of the Enemy 11
Arrakeen 12
Arrakeen's History 12
The Arrakeen Residency 12
The Conservatory Garden 13
Merchant Quarter 14
Arrakeen Spaceport 14
The Keep 15
Alia's Temple 15
The Refuge 16
Carthag 17
Carthag's History 17
Harkonnen Residency 18
City Guard Complex 19
Carthag Spaceport 20
Merchant District 20
TheColosseum 21
Spice Storage Yard 21
Waterfall District 22
Residential District 22
Slums 23
The Desert 24
Climate and Weather 24
Environs 24
The Changing Sands 27
The Planetologist's Vision 27
The Greeningof the Deserts 28
From Jihadto Holy Imperium 28
Museum Fremen 28
A Holy Pilgrimage Site 29
Alia's Regency 29
The God Emperor's Arrakis 29
Beyond Muad'Dib 30
Green Arrakis 30
Forgotten Dune 30
Dune Reborn 31

Chapter 2: 33
The Fremen 33
The Zensunni 35
The Migration of the Zensunni Wanderers 35
Nilotic al-Ourouba 35
Wanderers No More 36
Hidden in Sand 37
A Verdant Dream 37
Sietch and Tribe 38
The Sietch 38
Fremen Community 39
Fremen and Water 41
Fremen Outcasts 41
Fremen Technology 43
Fremen Assets 43
Worm Riding 47
Fremen and Outsiders 48
Chance Meetings and Tribal Adoption 48
Fremen and the Common People of Arrakis 49
Smugglers and Mercenaries 50
The Houses of the Landsraad 50
The Spacing Guild 51
Muad'Dib 52
The Trap of Prophecy 52
The Trap of Faith 52
The Times of Muad'Dib 53
Before the Coming 53
The Early Days 53
The Great Crusades 54
The Time of the Preacher 54
Museum Fremen 54
Fremen Player Characters 55
Fremen Life Events 55
New Focuses 57
New Fremen Templates 57
New Talents 58
Creating Your Sietch 60
Fremen Characters in Your Game 62
Welcome to Arrakis 62
What Is This Place? 62
Revenge Is Sweet Like Water 63
Go Safely on Your Journey 63

Chapter 3: 65
The Politics of Spice 65
The Substance Itself 67
The Effects of Spice 68
The Cost of Doing business 69
Spice Talents (Physical) 70
Spice Talents (Mental) 71
The Sandworms 72
The Life and Death of a God 72
Sandworms in Gameplay 75
Harvesting 77
The Spice Blow 77
Unlicensed Operations 80
Spice Prospecting and Mining 82
After the Harvest 82
Making a Team 85
Roles for Desert Workers 86
Plot Hooks and Challenges 87

Chapter 4: 89
Walk Without Rhythm 89
What's Special About Arrakis? 90
A Brutal, Beautiful Landscape 91
Boisterous, Colorful Cities 91
Diverse Communities 92
A Class-Based Society 93
Water and Spice 93
Influence of the Great Houses 94
The Emperor's Whim 94
The Judge of the Change 94
The Governing House 95
Houses of Arrakis 96
Entertainment and Commerce on Arrakis 97
Emporiums 97
Black Markets 97
Entertainment Venues 97
The Arrakeen Bazaar 98
Factions of Dune 118
Bankers 118
Courtesans 118
Criminals 119
Importers 119
Manufacturers 120
Campaigns on Arrakis 122
Spice Smugglers 123
Imperial Agents 123
Fremen 124
Bene Gesserit 124
Guerillas and Revolutionaries 125
Explorers of the Old Empire 126
Sample Campaigns 127
Shadows on the Sand 127
The House of Heslin 129

Chapter 5: 133
The Water Must Flow 133
Adventure Outline 134
Structure 134
When is the Adventure Set? 134
Prelude: A Great Concern for Water 135
Act I: Arrakeen 136
Act II: Carthag 141
Act III: The Desert 146
Conclusion 148

Introduction

"The one-eyed view of our universe says you must not look far afield for problems. Such problems may never arrive. Instead, tend to the wolf within your fences. The packs ranging outside may not even exist."

— The Azhar Book; Shamra I:4

Arrakis. Dune. Desert planet.

Far from the Imperial court on Kaitain and the powerful Houses of the Landsraad lies the remote world of Arrakis. It is a dry, desolate place, a vast inhospitable desert where the only place cool enough to build a city is near its northern polar cap. No one comes to Arrakis because they want to. For some, a posting here is a punishment, a banishment from the beauty and civility of the noble courts. Some come here for work, knowing it will be hot and brutal labor, but that there will always be a need for strong backs and ready hands. Even the Fremen, the planet's most notable inhabitants, are descendants of a community who crashed unwillingly upon the planet's surface and had no way to leave.

But there is one thing here that makes Arrakis more important than any planet in the entire universe. A substance that is only found here, and has confounded every attempt to duplicate it. A substance that grants long life to those who take it. A substance that controls the fate of Houses, lineages, and empires. The spice melange.

While most do their best to avoid admitting it, the fate of the entire Imperium hinges on spice. The Bene Gesserit need it to practice their truth trance. The Spacing Guild needs it in vast amounts so they can safely pilot vessels across foldspace. But it is not just the powerful factions and organizations that rely on spice. The spice extends life. Regular consumption can as much as double a human lifespan. Even just a little might add years to one's life. Everyone wants it, everyone needs it, and Arrakis can never supply enough to satisfy the hunger of the thousands of planets across the Imperium. So the spice must flow. If it doesn't, the entire Imperium might collapse, under the weight of a desperate populace.

When the importance of spice was recognized, the Landsraad decided it was far too powerful a commodity to allow the Emperor complete control over it. So a single House was granted a governorship of the planet, with a mandate to provide as much spice for the Imperium as they could. While the Imperial House Corrino would never be allowed to administer this governorship themselves, they retained the right to decide who it was given to (with the approval of the Landsraad). Several Houses have made their fortunes on Arrakis, but it has been the downfall of others. Most recently, House Richesse lost control of the governorship in favor of House Harkonnen, who currently hold it in the era of the Imperium. The loss of Arrakis sent House Richesse into a spiral of decline it never truly recovered from. In the current age of ***Dune: Adventures in the Imperium***, House Atreides is poised to take control of Arrakis, which will cause a string of events that will shake the Imperium and the Golden Lion Throne itself.

Overview of Arrakis

The planet Arrakis, also known as Dune, is one vast desert of sand and rock across its entire surface. There are only two cities, Carthag and Arrakeen, both of which are located in the northern polar region. For this reason, most maps of Arrakis view the planet from the top rather than the side. Not only is the northern polar region cooler, but it is one of the few places safe from the giant sandworms of the desert. A vast natural barrier called the Shield Wall divides the region from the deep desert and prevents the sandworms reaching the cities. But it also offers protection from the terrifying coriolis storms. These deadly sandstorms form in the desert and pick up incredible speed on the open plains of sand. The sand caught in the winds of the storm becomes deadly and can strip flesh from bone and even tear into metal. To be caught in one is a death sentence even the Fremen cannot escape.

The two cities are very different in character. Arrakeen is the older of the two, and considered the more backward. It is a place for spice miners and locals to live and work, not for nobles and spice merchants. They prefer the seat of Harkonnen power in Carthag, where one might forget for a moment they were quite so far from the delights of the Imperial court.

The people of Arrakis are a variety of types. Many low-born folk come here to make a living, as while the work is hard there is always a need for more spice workers. A few nobles come here to manage spice acquisition for their House, or to be taught a lesson. Agents can be found here aplenty, openly or in hiding, looking for advantage for their House or faction. While everyone tries to appear as if they care little about Arrakis, for many it is the only planet in the universe they really care about at all.

While there is no indigenous people, the closest to natives of Arrakis are the elusive Fremen, descendants of the Zensunni Wanderers. While there were people dwelling on the planet since before the Great Convention that birthed the Imperium, they remained culturally indistinct, described in most Imperial censuses as 'pyons', dwelling in small villages and near the planet's first spaceport, Arrakis City, which later became Arrakeen. The Fremen, however, thrived in the deep desert and are culturally distinct. They live out in the deep desert, but often come to the cities ostensibly to trade, but secretly to pick up rumors and keep an eye on the rhythm of Imperial politics. While the Fremen are for the most part ignored, or even hunted for sport by the Harkonnen, they quietly bide their time. The desert has made them strong and resourceful, and their faith has hardened them into fierce fighters. They know their time will come, and like the desert, they are patient.

While few on Arrakis look beyond the Shield Wall, for all its dangers there is a terrible beauty and majesty to the planet. Out in the desert the dunes roll on forever, shifting in ever-changing shadows to the movements of the sun and wind. The twin moons seem a little clearer in the night sky here, as they rise above the shifting sands.

Out in the deep desert are secrets. Tribes of Fremen (or sietches) are hidden in caves and rock formations across the planet, safe in the knowledge that no one comes out there. Spice smugglers create hidden caches in the desert, or try and find a way to get their spice off-planet before a worm destroys their hiding places. Arrakis is a place to get lost, or to hide, and so the sands hold so many secrets, only the Great Worm Shai-Hulud knows them all.

The Lure of Arrakis

So, if the planet is so inhospitable and the player characters are elite agents, why should they deign to come here? Why build a campaign on this desolate and forbidding world? As always, the answer is spice. While only one House claims the governorship, it is possible for other Houses to lease the rights to harvest spice themselves under that ruling House. There is always more spice to be harvested. The fees are exorbitant and they take a cut of any spice harvested. But even so, the profits can be vast, even for a small operation. Who knows, if a House proves successful enough, perhaps the Emperor might entertain their claim to take the governorship one day. That is, if they don't mind making a lot of enemies.

But there is more to Arrakis than the spice. It is a place of mysteries for the players and gamemaster to explore. The Fremen and the sands have held secrets for generations, and no one truly understands the planet even after all this time. It is also a hotbed of politics. Most noble Houses have representatives here who feign a lack of interest in the place. Each one knowing that the universe might turn on what happens here with the right leverage. For those who want a more military campaign, all these politics and plots often erupt into violence. A group of player characters might make a name for themselves settling scores with duels and blades. In short, almost any adventure imaginable can be found upon the sands of Arrakis, so one needs to take care where they tread.

What's This Book About?

Sand & Dust deals with Arrakis, its inhabitants and visitors, and the spice itself. This sourcebook provides a broad overview of the entire history of Arrakis, details its people and places, and reveals the secrets of the spice melange.

It is divided into the following chapters:

Chapter 1: Arrakis, Dune, Desert Planet

This chapter concentrates on the planet itself, its geography, and its place in history. We look at Arrakis in terms of history, from its discovery, through its exploitation, to its place as the Imperial throne world to the fall of the God Emperor and its fading from history. We also take a look at the geography and places of Arrakis. We focus on the two cities, Arrakeen and Carthag, but also look at the vast desert itself and the dangers it holds for the unwary.

Chapter 2: The Fremen

Here we take an in-depth look at the Fremen as both a culture for NPC background and as potential player characters. We look at their development from the Zensunni Wanderers and how they managed to not only survive but prosper on Arrakis. There is a look at their customs and social structure, and how they manage the most important resource of all, water. We end the chapter with a collection of new talents and options for Fremen player characters and detail on how to make them fit as agents of a noble House.

Chapter 3: The Politics of Spice

This chapter concerns itself with the secrets of Arrakis. We look at spice, what it is, what it does, and what power it offers. There is also detail on the business of harvesting the spice, how dangerous it is, and what can go wrong. Once harvested we take a look at how it is moved off planet and spread across the Imperium. Then we detail the great sandworms, who jealously guard the spice fields and offer a constant danger to those harvesting it. To this end we offer all manner of advice for the gamemaster about bringing these deadly monsters into contact with their player characters without ending the adventure.

Chapter 4: Walk Without Rhythm

In Chapter 4 we look at creating campaigns and adventures on Arrakis. What is special about the planet and what sort of stories can you tell? We look at the politics of the Imperium and how Arrakis fits into them, as well as the influence the Houses have on Dune. Then we offer detail on the various factions on the planet, from spice smugglers to water merchants, and where the Bene Gesserit, CHOAM, and the Guild try to influence events here. There is also a host of new NPC archetypes to expand those found in the ***Dune*** Core Rulebook each with their own adventure seeds and characters. Finally we take a look at different types of campaign on Arrakis, ones that do not focus on agents of a noble House. In such a campaign your characters might all be spice smugglers or Fremen trying to make their way in the shadows of the Imperium.

Chapter 5: The Water Must Flow

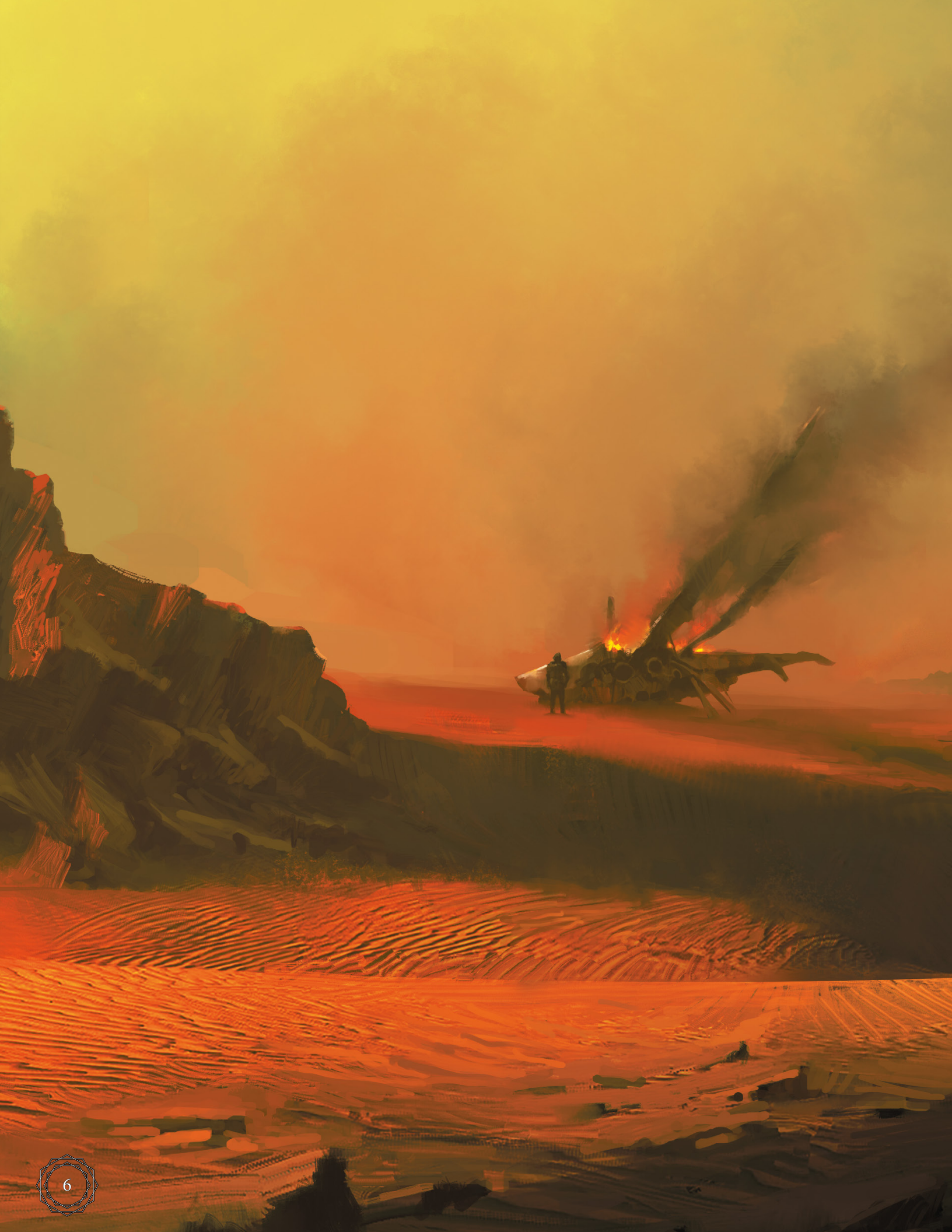
We finish the book with an adventure set on Arrakis during a water shortage. While this doesn't affect the nobles very much, who still have all they need, the pyons and ordinary Arrakeen folk are dying of thirst. Unrest grows daily despite the Harkonnen attempts to quell the populace with threats and executions, rather than the water they so desperately need. After an attack on a water shipment, suspicion turns to the Fremen as the agents behind the shortage. Is it possible the Fremen are truly to blame, or is there another force at work on Arrakis? It will be up to the player characters to investigate, before their agents and contacts die of thirst, or the shortage begins to affect the nobility.

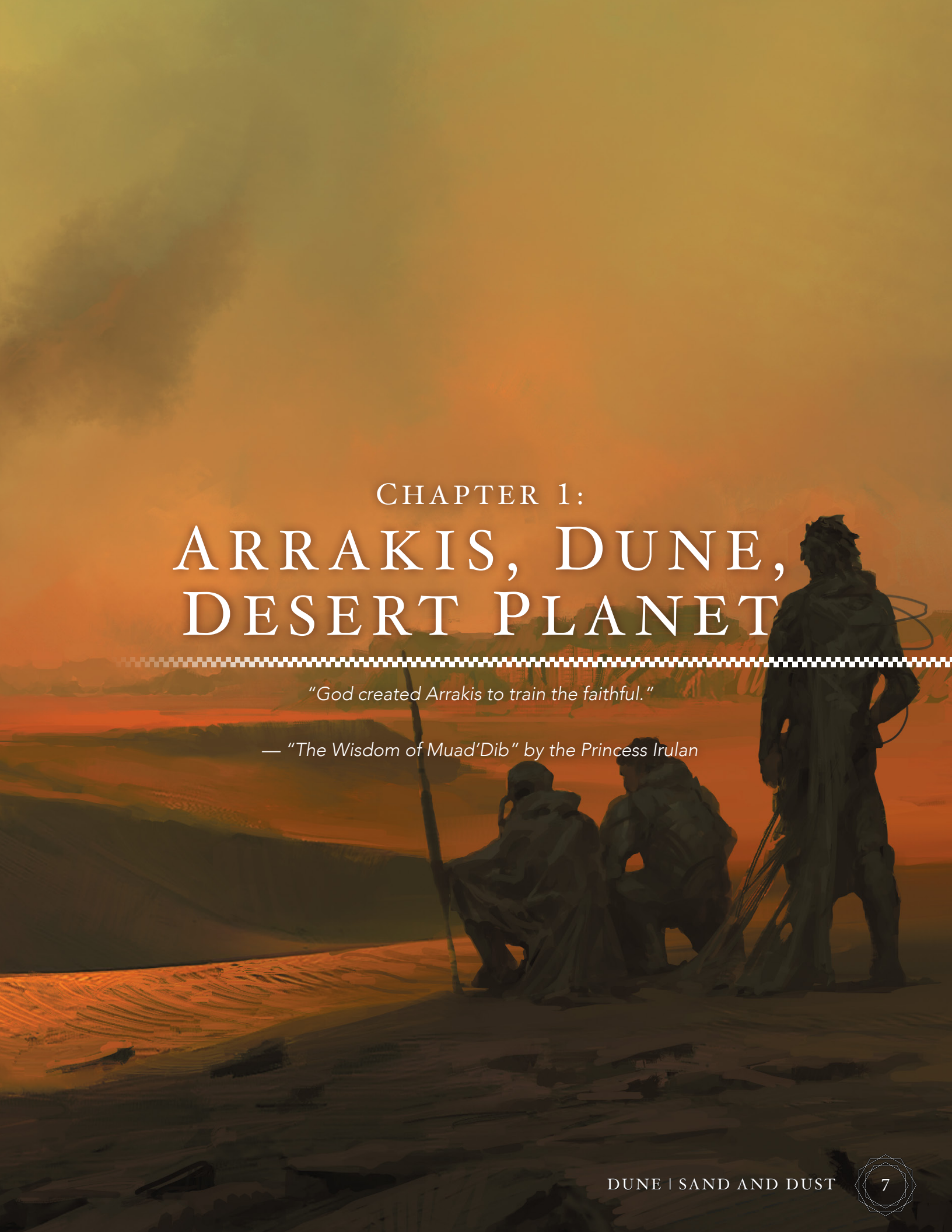
A Warning…

So, Arrakis awaits. There is power to be taken here, power that can shake empires. But Dune does not grant that power or its secrets without exacting a price. From deadly Fremen to a multitude of agents, a thousand knives glitter in the shadows for the unwary, even those who would betray anyone for what spice can offer them. But there are fortunes to be made here if one has the will, and the right allies.

Perhaps Arrakis is where a story of greatness begins. But be wary… the sands of Dune are littered with the bodies of the ambitious.

What will you do to ensure you do not join their number?





Chapter 1:

Arrakis, Dune, Desert Planet

"God created Arrakis to train the faithful."

— "The Wisdom of Muad'Dib" by the Princess Irulan

The History of Arrakis

Arrakis. The desert planet known as Dune is not the center of the Imperium, but throughout the ages it has played a central role in determining the balance of power in the universe. It is the source of the spice, a commodity that when used as a pharmaceutical can dramatically extend human life spans and expand human consciousness. When used in large concentrations, it grants limited prescient abilities. This last quirk of the spice is what allows the Spacing Guild to safely pilot foldspace vessels over cosmic distances. In a universe devoid of computers and 'thinking machines', the spice is a necessity for all intergalactic trade and transportation.

Whoever controls Dune holds a knife at the throat of the Imperium and the Emperor, and the Great Houses do all within their power to make sure they control the hand that holds that knife. This is why the subtle politics of the Landsraad and the boring accounting of CHOAM directorships can quickly devolve into open warfare when the status quo on Arrakis is threatened. This is why the bounty of Dune is divided up under the arcane rules of CHOAM and the favor of the Emperor himself. This is why Arrakis is ruled over by a House powerful enough to squeeze the planet for profit but not strong enough to survive without the support of the Emperor and the Spacing Guild. This is why Dune's indigenous Fremen are purposefully dispossessed by their Imperial overlords, their planet's great wealth stolen from them.

Arrakis is more than just a planet, it is often a central character in any ***Dune*** game, even if the player characters never step foot on its sands. Before the discovery of the properties of spice, Arrakis was a desolate planet of no political or economic significance. The first wave of Old Empire colonists who first settled Dune would discover the geriatric properties of the spice melange and would use it for many everyday purposes, even trading small amounts of spice to off-worlders.

These folk struggled for survival on the planet, and when the Zensunni Wanderers crash-landed upon the planet and were absorbed into their midst, the desert tribes became what we now know as the Fremen, marked by their religious reverence for and riding of the massive sandworms. They would come to call the great worms Shai-Hulud, a Fremen word that conjures both the physical and divine aspects of the huge monsters. The Fremen's relationship with the sandworms, their frugal ecological lifestyle, and their deep communal bonds have made them the masters of the Arrakeen desert. While off-worlders and the Great Houses bleed Arrakis of its spice, they control very little of the vast planet. The secretive, stillsuit-clad Fremen keep to their sietches and endure the Harkonnen occupation of their planet, keeping their vast numbers and water stockpiles a secret. While the Fremen have the power to wound the spice trade, they choose instead to bide their time, in hopes of freeing Arrakis from the desert sands through terraforming. They have even gone so far as to bribe the Spacing Guild with smuggled spice to guarantee their privacy from satellites and prevent the discovery of their great plans.

The Fremen's struggle against the Harkonnens and their Imperial allies also made them suspicious of all off-worlders, even the Atreides who hope to recruit them as allies. Regardless of their noble aspirations, all of these off-worlders came to Dune to enrich themselves and to gain some advantage against their rivals. They did not care for Arrakis, only for what they could gain from its exploitation. To the Fremen there is not much difference between Harkonnen, Atreides, or any other of the Major Houses. That the Atreides see the Fremen themselves as Dune's greatest resource in their game of galactic politics only changes how they wish to exploit the planet. Managing the spice's flow can make a House rich, but a vast army of battle-hardened and strong-willed Fremen could overthrow an Emperor.

Dune is a harsh planet, and in turn it has shaped the Fremen into a pragmatic and insular people. The Imperium has brought them nothing but deprivation, but they are not xenophobic to the point of folly. Anyone can prove themselves worthy of their trust, but they do not idly risk themselves to advance some off-worlder's scheme to gain favor from some far-off Emperor. A Fremen's loyalty is to their home sietch, the broader Ichwan Bedwine, and ultimately to Dune itself.

For unknown millennia Arrakis has shaped the Fremen and those who would unlock the secrets of Shai-Hulud and the power of the spice. The size and power of the sandworms fill the human mind with thoughts of the divine, especially when their power is harnessed by a rider. The geriatric properties of the spice can more than double human lifespans while granting vigor. This is the lesser of its many powers when compared to its ability to grant prophetic visions, and in a rare few, access to genetic memories.

The Fremen, the worms, and the spice are Dune's legacy. Since its earliest days Arrakis's role in the Imperium has been shaped by these forces as well as how the powerful have attempted to exploit and control them for their own purposes. It is said that one who controls the spice, controls the universe, and controlling the spice means controlling Arrakis, the desert planet that only the great sandworms and the Fremen call home.

Eras of Play

The Imperium era is the default setting for Dune campaigns and sets the stage for the incredible events that unfold in the core story of the original series. This means player characters start with a solid foundation upon which to explore and probe the setting before things begin to unravel. If the story continues beyond that era and into the next, perhaps they can even lead their House or protect their faction as the firestorm of Muad'Dib's jihad unfolds and envelops thousands of worlds as it topples a galactic empire.

However, there is far more to the universe of Dune than the story of Paul Atreides, the spice, or even the politics of the Imperium. In service to the incredible scope of the Dune setting, we have divided the broad history of Arrakis into the eras of play as described in the core rule book (pages 10–11).

Butlerian Jihad

Humans wage a desperate war against 'thinking machines' that have spread across space. This period is known as the Butlerian Jihad, and it is a time of revolution, change, and war. Arrakis is an undeveloped and desolate place during this era. While the Zensunni had already settled the planet long ago, the Fremen emerged during this era and harnessed the power of riding sandworms to dominate the desert. The spice has found limited use during this era, but the full extent of its abilities are unknown. Some on Arrakis, however, begin to discover its prophetic powers.

Reconstruction

After the thinking machines are defeated, humanity reorganizes itself into the Imperium with its Great Convention. The potential of the spice to reshape human conscience is unlocked and the Great Schools are established. As the sole source of spice, the planet Arrakis becomes integral to this new order and off-worlders descend on Dune. The Fremen are sidelined as Arrakis City—later Arrakeen—becomes the hub of economic and political power on Arrakis. The Imperium depends upon the free flow of spice. The Fremen are an obstacle that must be dealt with, to allow for the full exploitation of the desert's resources.

The Imperium

Arrakis is now the most critical part of the galactic economy, as the spice has become indispensable to space travel and an addictive drug that the elite depend on to extend their lives. This is the era when the Great Houses rule Dune for the Imperium and deadly intrigue and assassination defines the conflict between those jockeying for Imperial favor. The Fremen are forced into concealing their power, as the Imperium would wipe them out in an open conflict. The Harkonnen epitomize this conflict, and from their home base of Carthag they direct both the flow of spice and the persecution of the Fremen. When House Atreides arrives on Dune, they threaten to upset the natural order by allying with the Fremen against the Imperium.

The Ascension of Muad'Dib

Arrakis becomes the center of the Imperium and home to a new religion that worships Paul Atreides. The Fremen lead a brutal genocide across the universe to crush rebels and spread the worship of their Mahdi, Paul 'Muad'Dib' Atreides as the Messiah. Arrakis in this era sees the Fremen begin to abandon their way of life, and their planet also loses itself. Arrakeen swells with off-worlders and Imperial sycophants, while the Fremen transition from their role as holy crusaders to serve as a new praetorian guard that upholds the authoritarian rule of the Atreides. As Paul, and later his sister Alia, seemingly descend into paranoid madness, only a few pockets of resistance remain among free-thinking Fremen and the agents of the Great Schools.

Era of the God Emperor

Paul's son Leto II becomes the ultimate embodiment of Shai-Hulud, the God Emperor of Dune. Arrakis is terraformed into an ideal planet of forests and rivers, but the sandworms are nearly driven to extinction and many of the Fremen forget the meaning of their traditions. One desert preserve that remains allows only a few worms to survive. Leto II restricts the flow of the spice to starve the universe. He is considered a brutal dictator, and his Fish Speakers enforce his will with almost mindless loyalty. On Dune, few things transpire without Leto II being aware of them, and his machinations often play his enemies against each other. Abandoned Fremen sietches and crumbling ruins dot the transformed planet, and no real organized resistance remains against the God Emperor. Agents of the Great Schools develop technology to hide themselves from Leto II's prophetic powers.

The Scattering

God Emperor Leto II is assassinated, and Arrakis reverts again to a desert planet as the sandworms become more abundant. The planet becomes known as Rakis and the city of Arrakeen is renamed Keen. After the God Emperor's death, the Fish Speakers and the Bene Gesserit take control of Rakis.

Humans scatter into the far corners of space as fighting and war force them from places of comfort. The Great Schools and Ix fill many of the gaps left by the fallen Imperium, but no new emperor rises. Even the Spacing Guild's power is shattered as Ixian-built interstellar navigation machines are built to replace their exclusive ability. The Bene Gesserit and Tleilaxu are now the main users of the spice melange, and Dune loses its political and economic importance.

The Age of the Enemy

The Bene Gesserit Sisterhood secretly controls the Imperium. Their rivals, the Honored Matres, eventually destroy all life on Dune and burn much of the planet's surface to glass. Rakis is a forgotten backwater before its destruction. The Fremen have been reconstituted but do not have the numbers or mastery of the desert they had before Leto II's era. The city of Keen is a shadow of its glory as the Imperial throne city, but Bene Gesserit agents are around every corner to ensure the flow of the spice they need.

ARRAKEEN AND ARRAKIS

While Arrakeen is one of the two cities on the planet Arrakis, the word is also used to describe anything 'of Arrakis'. The city was named in ages past as simply being 'of Arrakis' itself. So where we refer to 'the streets of Arrakeen' we are referring to the city, but 'the Arrakeen wilderness' are the wild spaces of the planet Arrakis.

Arrakeen

While the larger of the two cities on Arrakis, the city of Arrakeen is still relatively small compared to the settlements on many worlds. Still, its modest size does little to detract from the city's importance, both before and after the arrival of the Atreides on Arrakis. Two of the locations listed—the Keep and Alia's temple, better known as the Fane of the Oracle—do not exist prior to the rise of Muad'Dib. Before this, those areas of Arrakeen consist of various government buildings and settlements, torn down to make way for new infrastructure.

Arrakeen's History

Arrakeen, originally called Arrakis City, home to the planet's first spaceport, has often served as a seat of power on Arrakis, or at least was home to important officials and nobility. Unlike Carthag, which was constructed by the Harkonnens, Arrakeen was an older settlement built up by Imperial presence. A modest but important metropolis, the city served as home to various leaders, officials, diplomats, and other dignitaries.

During the Harkonnen rule, Arrakeen is the home of Imperial advisor Count Hasimir Fenring and his wife, the Bene Gesserit Lady Margot Fenring. From the Residency in Arrakeen, Hasimir kept an eye on Harkonnen and Imperial interests while Margot watched for events of concern to the Bene Gesserit. When the Atreides won the governorship, Duke Leto Atreides chose the Residency as his own, settling in the more secure and less Harkonnen-infested Arrakeen. After suffering for years under Harkonnen rule, the city is further devastated when the Duke is betrayed and killed,. Eventually, Paul Muad'Dib takes Arrakeen as his Imperial capital and the city grows to become a vast and wondrous place. This expansion lasts throughout Paul's rule, through Alia's regency, and into the early reign of Leto II.

Eventually, the city transforms again, becoming the holy city of Onn, a place devoted to the worship of the great God Emperor, Leto II. After Leto II's assassination, the city becomes the home of the Priesthood of Rakis. This period of Arrakeen's history is not the focus of this section, but is included to better understand the city's whole history and the process of its transformation from small settlement to great capital and beyond.

The Arrakeen Residency

Prior to the construction of Paul's great Keep, the Residency at Arrakeen was the largest and most impressive structure in the city. While smaller and less extravagant than similar places on Kaitain and other worlds, the palace is of sufficient size to house the Atreides family and their chief retainers. It includes dining halls, meeting rooms, numerous sublevels, and the fabled Conservatory Garden, gifted to Lady Jessica upon her arrival. Though reasonably secure and defensible, the Residency was infiltrated during the Atreides occupation and ultimately fell to a mix of inner betrayal and outside assault.

As noted above, prior to the Atreides, the Residency was home to various dignitaries and officials, most notably the Count Hasimir Fenring and his wife, Lady Margot. The two stayed in the Residency whenever business took them to Arrakis, a frequent occurrence for those the Emperor commonly tasked with monitoring the machinations of the Harkonnens. After the death of Duke Leto Atreides, the Residency was used by the Harkonnens as a base before their defeat at the hands of Paul Muad'Dib.

Visitors to the Residency commonly enter through a great entryway. From there, hallways and stairwells lead to various side chambers and living quarters. The area below the palace is a mix of storage and secure living quarters—a place for its inhabitants to stay to weather siege or outside attacks.

RESIDENCY ADVENTURE SEEDS

NON-PLAYER CHARACTER PLOT HOOKS

- **Shadout Mapes** is the head housekeeper in the late Imperium. She was also watching the place on behalf of her people, the Fremen. Will she need to report what the player characters are up to?
- **Heema Kullain** is one of the many cooks in the Residency's kitchens when noble guests are visiting. An expert in mixing local cuisine with the favorite dishes of residents and guests, he often sends his aides to the markets to hunt down special ingredients.
- **Jasker Graymes** is a talented assassin on deep cover assignment with the Residency staff. He has instructions to build his cover until he is activated and ordered to kill his ultimate target. Even Jasker doesn't know who his true employers are, and who his target might be, until the final order is issued.

RUMORS & PLOT HOOKS

- Rumors of mistreatment and exploitation of the locals by the inhabitants of the Residency are spreading throughout the city. Agents of an enemy power are responsible. They seek to incite the citizenry to riot, thus placing the Residency under siege from its own subjects.

ENCOUNTERS & HAZARDS

- Left by some disgruntled former resident years ago as a trap for an incoming enemy, a deadly gas trap activates from its hiding space somewhere inside the Residency walls. Initial leakage from the ancient weapon both claims some lives and alerts the player characters to the danger. Unless the trap is found and disabled, it will activate fully, drowning the Residency and the surrounding area in a deadly nerve toxin.

The Conservatory Garden

Though located within the Residency, this location is significant enough to warrant its own entry. Hermetically sealed and climate controlled, this hidden garden was originally created under the direction of the Lady Margot Fenring. After arriving on Arrakis with her husband, Lady Margot soon missed the greenery and pleasant climes of her home world. Using the exceptional resources afforded one of her station, she ordered construction of a garden filled with various flora from across the Imperium. Unlike other plants on Arrakis, the trees, shrubs, and flowers of the garden were for show and decoration—an absolutely sacrilegious waste of water in the eyes of most natives.

After the Fenrings left Arrakis and Leto I took power, the garden fell into the hands of the Lady Jessica—a gift from one Bene Gesserit Sister to another. Jessica wisely recognized the garden for the double-bladed dagger it was. It was a great gift and a wondrous sanctum for her on the desert world, but she knew it could easily become a source of great resentment among a people constantly struggling for sufficient water and food. Jessica decided to hold the garden in trust, promising that over time the Atreides would work to expand the habitable land upon the planet, until the day plants like those in the garden would grow free on Arrakis's surface.

This promise drew attention, though House Atreides' governorship would end long before she could make good on it. It won Jessica and the Atreides admirers who wanted to believe her, and it caused skeptics and conservatives to question the wisdom of changing the world so drastically.

After the fall of House Atreides, the garden was forgotten for years, though its automated watering systems continued to support it. However, its legacy returned in the numerous gardens and projects to bring moisture and flora to Dune during Paul's reign and in the great terraforming of the planet under Leto II. In many ways, the Conservatory Garden is a living omen that shows the future of Arrakis under Paul and Leto II.

The characters and game elements in this section can be used for either the Conservatory Garden itself, during games set during the Harkonnen or Atreides occupation, the Fenring occupancy, or the various gardens created during Paul or Leto II's reign.

CONSERVATORY GARDEN ADVENTURE SEEDS

NON-PLAYER CHARACTER PLOT HOOKS

- **Hervard Kun** is an old gardener tasked with keeping the plants of the Conservatory Garden. His wife passed on some time ago and he dotes on his daughter, Umina, a water seller.
- **Jal Loomis** is a young guard assigned to protecting the Conservatory Garden from thieves and trespassers. His husband, a stillsuit factory foreman, is fascinated by Jal's stories of the garden and would love to see one of its flowers.
- **Kiva** was a maid to Lady Margot who stayed on to serve the Atreides. Born on Arrakis, she fell in love with the green of the gardens and sometimes sneaks into the area to sit among the plants and dream of wonders outside her world.

RUMORS & PLOT HOOKS

- A conspiracy of smugglers is siphoning water and taking cuttings from various plants from the Conservatory Garden for resale. Keen observers can notice the pruned plants and unusually dry soil in the area, suggesting something is amiss.

ENCOUNTERS & HAZARDS

- Someone has left a coded message in the Conservatory Garden revealing important information about a plot against the player characters' house. It will take great skill to slip in unnoticed, find the message, and leave undetected. Of course, this all assumes it's not a trap.

Merchant Quarter

Dominated by water sellers, stillsuit manufacturers, and other Dune-specific industry, the Arrakeen merchant quarter is a bustling area of trade mixed with the dwellings of local merchants. Many of these houses are modest, sealed structures housing small-time traders and their families. However, in the richer part of the quarter, more extravagant and water-reckless structures house the wealthy merchants and manufacturers, their families, and numerous servants. A handful of the more respectable smugglers also live here, though their homes often resemble larger and more elaborate common homes than the wasteful and insecure dwellings of the rich.

In the center of this quarter is Arrakeen market itself. Dwarfed by the vast walls around it, this circular courtyard is an open plaza of small trade markets and stall-holders. It is a place for common folk to trade, buy provisions, and gossip about the day. As such, it is one of the main community centers of the city. This draws its fair share of infiltrators and spies hoping to learn some interesting tidbits of information they might sell.

MERCHANT QUARTER ADVENTURE SEEDS

NON-PLAYER CHARACTER PLOT HOOKS

- **Lucinda Bewt** is the sister of Lingar Bewt, a prominent water seller. Like her brother, she makes her fortune in water, though her focus is on waterproof containers and environmental sealing. She also has strong ties to the Water Peddlers Union. Lucinda's home is notoriously water-inefficient—proof she is too wealthy to need her own products.
- **Bem Vinn** is a tailor sought after for his skill. He can make everything, from regal gowns to stillsuits, and even Fremen admit his work on the latter surpasses that of other city dwellers—largely because the tailor is smart enough to copy Fremen design. Bem's bespoke garments are expensive but seen as a sign of affluence and good taste.
- **Lexander Craye** is a spice smuggler who occasionally dabbles in other criminal activities. A skilled pilot and dangerous man with a knife or pistol, he has friends among both the local authorities and a few nearby Fremen sietches. Craye has little love for the Harkonnens, but he will still do business with them for the right price.

RUMORS & PLOT HOOKS

- A local ornithopter manufacturer reported numerous parts missing from his facility. If gathered and assembled, this would allow the thief to field a half dozen unregistered fliers.

ENCOUNTERS & HAZARDS

- A young child is being beaten by the guards of a wealthy merchant. The guards claim the child stole a small bottle of water. The child at first denies the crime, but if pressed, confesses they took the water for their younger sibling, who is sick with dehydration.

Arrakeen Spaceport

Originally a modest port for smaller ships and transports, the spaceport grew with the prestige of its rulers. By the time House Atreides took over Arrakis, there was sufficient space to land the bulk of their forces for deployment. By the time of Emperor Muad'Dib, it was a bustling port for ships of all sizes.

Given the regular animosity between the Spacing Guild and the Imperial family, the spaceport is a place of high security and intrigue. Guild representatives are closely watched, and in kind their agents watch to ensure their secrets are not compromised. Several hostels, eateries, and other businesses near the spaceport serve to cater to both travelers and these agents.

Smugglers tend to avoid the area, preferring secret landing strips hidden throughout the desert. Merchant transports and diplomatic vessels are common sights. During the reign of Paul, military transports delivering Fremen to fight off-world for their glory of the Emperor were a common sight.

So were returning vessels, bringing both the triumphant and the wounded home after many bloody crusades.

SPACEPORT ADVENTURE SEEDS

NON-PLAYER CHARACTER PLOT HOOKS

- **Oram Yates** is a senior customs official at the spaceport. He is largely believed to be incorruptible but his semuta addiction has grown in recent years and he is beginning to find it hard to buy his fix on his current pay.
- **Maman Unger** was a transplant from Giedi Prime who stayed after her Harkonnen masters left. She runs a hostel and eatery across from the spaceport that caters to spies, agents, and smugglers.
- **Beatrix Decosta** is an Atreides guard native to Caladan. In addition to her regular duties, she is part of a covert unit tasked with identifying smugglers for either arrest or possible recruitment.

RUMORS & PLOT HOOKS

- Numerous dangerous off-world weapons and creatures are being smuggled past spaceport security. The destination for these shipments is unknown, but whoever is bringing them in has the money and connections to bribe major officials and bypass security—something normal smugglers cannot manage even on their best days.

ENCOUNTERS & HAZARDS

- A sabotaged ship crashes into one of the landing pads, causing a much larger explosion than expected for a ship of that size and reported cargo. Those investigating learn the ship was carrying dangerous explosives.

The Keep

(ASCENSION OF MUAD'DIB ERA)

A grand fortress large enough to hold several small cities worth of population, the Keep rose to prominence as a location during the reign of Muad'Dib. Serving as a home and central base for the royal family and the Qizarate (Muad'Dib's priests and administrators) during Paul's reign, the Keep of Arrakeen far exceeds the impressiveness of the Residency, instilling a measure of awe and sheer intimidation. A marvel of plasteel and cutting-edge engineering, it is the largest structure in existence by far.

The faithful claim the Keep was constructed in seven weeks, though the more devout claim that, if he wanted, Muad'dib could build it in seven days. The truth of these claims is less important than the general acceptance of them. Like the Keep itself, these claims stand as a testament of the Emperor's power as both a ruler and religious figure.

The Keep contains countless passages and chambers, all centered around a grand entryway, reception chamber, and the immense throne room, large enough to house any temple built to humankind in all of history. In this vast throne room is the Golden Lion Throne, carved from a single piece of Hagal quartz and serving the seat of power for the Emperor of the known universe, moved (or possibly copied) from Kaitain to Arrakis.

The royal family's private chambers are located further in the fortress, past the throne room. It is said the Keep is so vast the royal family are nomads within it, as a way to maintain their Fremen culture. In fact, there are many rumors about what is to be found in its vast never-ending corridors and rooms. Some even say Muad'Dib keeps a sandworm trapped behind a moat deep within its recesses that helps him prophecy the future.

Throughout the structure, art and artifacts from history adorn numerous substructures. Offices for various officials are found within the Keep, as well as servants and worker quarters the size of large towns. The whole Keep could, if necessary, be sealed and operated as a great city-castle for years if necessary.

KEEP ADVENTURE SEEDS
(ASCENSION OF MUAD'DIB ERA)

NON-PLAYER CHARACTER PLOT HOOKS

- **Shadout Nym** is a Fremen woman and the current head housekeeper of the Keep's main living areas. Nym once served in the Residency under the Atreides and helped a handful of minor officials, soldiers, and servants escape the Harkonnen attack. These actions cost her left eye but earned her a trusted place on Paul's household staff.
- **Korva** is a young Keep guard who longs to join his sietch brothers and sisters on one of Muad'Dib's great crusades. He is loyal and capable, but sometimes overly romantic and distracted.
- **Lemp Bennek** is a heavyset, aging former soldier for the Atreides. He serves as a supply officer for the Keep, overseeing a group of younger troops who ensure the Keep has everything it needs. He views his position as a sort of pleasant semi-retirement and enjoys telling old war stories. His loyalty to the Atreides is unshakeable, though he is less comfortable around Fremen.

RUMORS & PLOT HOOKS

- Enemies of the Emperor, the Fremen, or the Atreides managed to bribe an architect working on the Keep. This traitor hid a small secret tunnel within the Keep, hiding it behind a secret door somewhere near its southern walls. If the tunnel can be located and accessed, it would give access to the private chambers of the Emperor and his family.

ENCOUNTERS & HAZARDS

- Elite Fedaykin death commandos are guarding an area the player characters need to access. Their presence is unusual, and they will be difficult to get past. What are they guarding?

Alia's Temple

(ASCENSION OF MUAD'DIB ERA)

Built around the same time as the Keep, Alia's temple—known as the Fane of the Oracle—is the home to Lady Alia and her own Society of the Faithful as their de facto high priestess and leader. A massive shrine to Muad'Dib and his religion, it serves more practically as a place of worship and power for Alia and her Qizarate priests.

The temple is dwarfed by its companion, the nearby Keep. However, that comparison is misleading and visitors to the temple soon realize it is a vast and impressive holy seat, made less impressive only by its proximity to the largest structure in the Empire. A great central chamber and numerous smaller chambers for meeting and worship make up the bulk of the temple. Living quarters of various sizes for the Qizarate priests and acolytes are also found here, though these are generally closed to outsiders.

Alia and her temple are guarded by devoted Fremen pledge to her service, chief among them an all-female guard of Fremen warriors sworn to protect her as princess, holy sister of Muad'Dib, and later as Imperial Regent. Access to the temple by the public and visiting officials varies, but it is unusual for unescorted groups to move about in all but the outer areas. The temple sees a steady stream of pilgrims, especially around important festival days and holidays.

After the death of the Lady Alia and the rise of Leto II, the temple and its inhabitants are briefly silent before remerging as a force of worship and guidance for those who follow the new God Emperor. Throughout Leto II's reign, the priests and their temples change and evolve, and eventually the whole city of Arrakeen becomes a holy site for the Priesthood of Rakkis.

TEMPLE ADVENTURE SEEDS
(ASCENSION OF MUAD'DIB ERA)

NON-PLAYER CHARACTER PLOT HOOKS

- **Keloni** is a junior member of Alia's personal guard. Recently joined and just out of training, she is eager to prove herself and prone to reckless action.
- **Juja** is an aging Qizarate priest who believes deeply in the divinity of Muad'Dib and his family. He also expects the Atreides to act according to his view of proper divinity and suspects unholy corruption and influence whenever Paul or another Atreides acts in an 'ungodly' way. Prior to his time as a priest, Juja was a Fremen warrior of the Red Chasm Sietch.
- **Fortis Loup** grew up among smugglers during the years of the second Harkonnen occupation. His smuggler family aided the Atreides and was nearly wiped out for their efforts. After living briefly on the streets, he joined the temple as an acolyte, hoping to find a place in the new order.

RUMORS & PLOT HOOKS

- The priests of the temple are seeking information on a cell of traitorous heretics plotting against the Emperor. They will pay handsomely for any information that leads to the discovery and elimination of these unbelievers.

ENCOUNTERS & HAZARDS

- The player characters come across a priest of the Qizarate engaged in an illicit affair with an important dignitary. It would result in scandal or worse if this affair were made public.

THE REFUGE

Even city has its poor district and Arrakeen is no different. Under the Harkonnens, those who were too old or broken to work were given no support and gravitated toward the edges of the city to cheaper housing. As you might expect in a district full of desperate people, crime is rife here, and if the Harkonnen ever bothered to police it they would simply 'thin out the population' until things are quieter.

In the era of Muad'Dib, Paul sought to revivify these areas by turning them into accommodation for veterans of his wars. He reasoned the presence of Fremen would help curtail the worst excesses and the injection of new services and building repairs would help regrow the community. Homes were provided free for those too old, injured, or unwilling to continue their Emperor's crusades.

These communities represent the changing ways of Arrakis. In times past, the injured and infirm 'unfortunate' enough to die in battle would take their own lives or go to perish in the deep desert. Now these wounded warriors were able to live in 'government-funded comfort'.

Reactions to this change were mixed. Many question if the old ways, though harsh, did not alleviate undue suffering and strengthen the Fremen as a people. Others suggested the old ways are inappropriate now that the resources exist to care for these veterans of Muad'Dib's wars to pacify and unify his empire. This debate is eventually manifested in Paul himself, when he is blinded by a stone burner that destroys much of this area later in his reign.

A mix of narrow streets and cul-de-sacs, the refuge is a dark place of poverty and danger during the Imperium. Under Muad'Dib it becomes a comfortable and generally affluent area, although not a grand one. Every Fremen is given a home and often a servant or two to take care of them, but most are uncomfortable in such 'luxury'. However, Paul does make sure that few of those who spilled blood for him are ever forgotten or neglected.

REFUGE ADVENTURE SEEDS
(ASCENSION OF MUAD'DIB ERA)

NON-PLAYER CHARACTER PLOT HOOKS

- **Lokt the Soft** was an elite member of Muad'dib's Fedaykin. He lost one eye and most of an arm in service to his Emperor on the distant world of Naraj. He now works part-time as a combat instructor. His nickname is both a reference to his step and grace in battle and an ironic reference to his teaching methods. Many of Lokt's pupils are employed as soldiers and guards across Arrakis and beyond.
- **Agga** is Lokt's daughter. She is unmarried and lives with her father. She is said to be the loveliest woman in the refuge and has numerous suitors, some who are quite jealous and driven to earn her affection. For her part, Agga is more interested in her duties—she is a member of Alia's amazon guard.

RUMORS & PLOT HOOKS

- Someone is killing veterans in the refuge. All the victims are Fremen who served on the planet Ecaz during the Emperor's wars. Drops of sapho have been found near the victims, suggesting the involvement of a Mentat in the killings. The locals are increasingly upset, worried some twisted Mentat/assassin is stalking them.

ENCOUNTERS & HAZARDS

- An uncharacteristically violent storm strikes the refuge. Taking shelter from the weather, characters can meet and talk with those who live here, learning their varied opinions about the way they now live.

CARTHAG

The megalopolis of Carthag is one of two significant cities on Arrakis and the local home to House Harkonnen. It is located 200 kilometers northeast from the other city, Arrakeen, across the Broken Land. As with Arrakeen, Carthag is located on the northern cap of the planet because it is more temperate than the Emptiness, and one of the only places that sandworms cannot reach. The surface of the planet is rocky here and features a few smaller mountain ranges.

While it is a walled city like Arrakeen, Carthag does not rely on its wall for defense in the same way. Its higher and rockier ground makes it less prone to a sandworm attack, mainly as it is hard to enter the city on foot up the rocks. An ornithopter is the best way to travel there, and so the roofs of many buildings also serve as landing pads. This also means those without ornithopters cannot come and go easily, keeping out 'undesirables'—at least as far as the Harkonnens see them.

The capital of Arrakis under the Harkonnens, Carthag has an estimated population of over two million people. The true count is unknown, as many of the city's occupants avoid census takers. This is a smaller population than Arrakeen, though Carthag is the larger of the two cities in total area.

Described as "a pustule on the skin of the planet" by Planetologist Pardot Kynes, Carthag was designed by the Harkonnens as a model of extravagant luxury, intended to both please its Harkonnen residents and dazzle the eye of any visitors—at least, those who are enamored of expensive trappings and garish décor. While Carthag is more modern than Arrakeen, it does not blend into its environment as well as its sister city. Instead, it rises in spite of the desert, built where no one else could build and made elegant in defiance of storms and sand damage.

Having said that, many buildings are quite blocky and utilitarian, built using cheap materials and completely lacking in elegance or finesse. Not everyone living here can afford to adorn and expand their homes and businesses. So great citadels rise from a rather bland and nondescript but well-planned city. Each citadel is a monument to the wealth of its owner, especially as such buildings cost a fortune to maintain in the Arrakis climate.

Carthag is well known for its hedonistic diversions. Though the best of these are saved to meet the demanding needs of the Baron himself, this still leaves plenty of decadent enjoyment to be had by those who can afford it—and who remain in the good graces of the Harkonnens. Parts of the city were designed specifically to satisfy the Harkonnen need to blow off steam, including brothels, drug dens, a gladiatorial arena, and a few options that would not be legal in many places in the Imperium.

CARTHAG'S HISTORY

Carthag was built by House Harkonnen soon after they were granted control of Arrakis. Though Arrakeen was the traditional capital of Arrakis and had been for thousands of years, Baron Vladimir Harkonnen wanted a residence more suited to his aesthetic tastes. The city was built rapidly, using prefabricated buildings whenever possible and employing the work of a vast army of forced laborers.

Carthag served as the home of the Harkonnens on Dune, becoming the planet's new capital immediately after its construction. When the Atreides claim stewardship of the planet, Duke Leto chooses Arrakeen as the capital once more, reasoning that the older city would be both safer for his House and easier to defend, as well as lacking that characteristic 'Harkonnen stench'.

Harkonnen Residency

The red banners streaming down the sides of this luxurious palace advertise that it serves as the headquarters for Baron Harkonnen and his retinue, including Feyd-Rautha Harkonnen and Glossu Rabban Harkonnen. However, the Baron tends to leave operations to Rabban and he rarely visits Arrakis himself.

The Residency is surrounded by towering statues, and made up of several buildings with many levels. Much of the architecture of the Residency is designed to give the illusion of greater space, including false tapered pillars, craftily-arched ceilings, and high windows. The palace displays all the opulence expected of a Harkonnen residence, including antique furnishings, expensive art objects, perfumed air, and other lavish décor. Like the buildings of Giedi Prime, the Harkonnen homeworld, the buildings of Carthag are sealed and climate controlled as much as possible. On Giedi Prime it is to keep out the pollution, on Arrakis the heat and dust. But it has the effect of making the whole place feel just that little more like home for the Harkonnens.

The Baron's private apartments are among the fanciest—and well-protected—rooms in the Residency, including a dedicated kitchen, a private conference room, and a bedchamber with a shielded balcony. Some of these rooms are connected to stairs and ramps that lead to underground passages that accommodate unobserved travel by the Baron, or people he does not want to be seen visiting him.

Besides the Baron's suites, the largest subdivisions of the Residency include the servants' wing, the pleasure wing, and the slave quarters. It also features a reception room, meeting hall, dining rooms, library, guard barracks, strategy room, monitoring stations, and numerous kitchens. The most important rooms are protected by security systems, poison snoopers, gas ventilators, armor-plaz windows with solar filters, and sometimes sound-deadening fields for confidential conversations.

On the Baron's orders, the main square out in front of the Residency hosts regularly-scheduled military parades. Trumpets blare as fully-armed soldiers march in dress uniforms, observed by Rabban (and occasionally the Baron) on an observation platform high above the square. Attendance is mandatory, and in the case of the poorer residents of Carthag, it is physically coerced. Cheering is expected as well.

RESIDENCY ADVENTURE SEEDS

NON-PLAYER CHARACTER PLOT HOOKS

- **Sanso Trin** is a servant who would love to see the Harkonnens brought low but is afraid their family would suffer if they were spotted doing anything suspicious.
- **Tavetti Cuso** is a technician who helps maintain the Residency's defense systems. He looks the other way regarding Harkonnen brutality so long as he continues to be paid well.
- **Maslee Lyyn** is a spy for another House and is willing to aid anyone working against the Harkonnens so long as her identity is not compromised.

RUMORS & PLOT HOOKS

- A Harkonnen functionary has information on an upcoming plot of the Baron's but will only reveal it under the cover of a masquerade ball being thrown at the Residency—for which the functionary can provide invitations.
- In recognition of something one or more of them has done, the player characters are invited to a dinner at the Residency. This is an opportunity to make contacts with a few other reclusive invitees—and an even greater opportunity for intrigue.

ENCOUNTERS & HAZARDS

- A military parade is marching nearby, providing opportunities for both hiding among the crowd of observers and being spotted looking suspicious.
- Security systems in the Carthag Residency are some of the best on the planet, with a Quality of 2 or 3. Can the players find a way to get past them unseen?
- The main square in front of the Residency also sees frequent use for public punishments, and a crowd has gathered to watch a local traitor receive 50 lashes.

City Guard Complex

The Carthag City Guard is tasked with obeying the Governor, protecting Harkonnen interests, and preventing violence (except where authorized by Harkonnens). Whenever they see fit, the City Guard can sound alarms and lock down the populace of the city, instituting martial law. The Guard boasts over a thousand members, and their complex near the Residency contains the barracks, an armory, a prison, a training center, and an administration facility. (That last one might not sound intimidating, but it's where the City Guard's legendary interrogations take place.) The square at the center of the complex features the second largest statue of the Baron in Carthag. Guards are hired based on their obedience, strength, and ruthlessness, though they display varying degrees of greed and dedication to their job. Those who serve well are rewarded, and those who fail to enforce Harkonnen brutality or prove too soft hearted are similarly punished.

GUARD COMPLEX ADVENTURE SEEDS

NON-PLAYER CHARACTER PLOT HOOKS

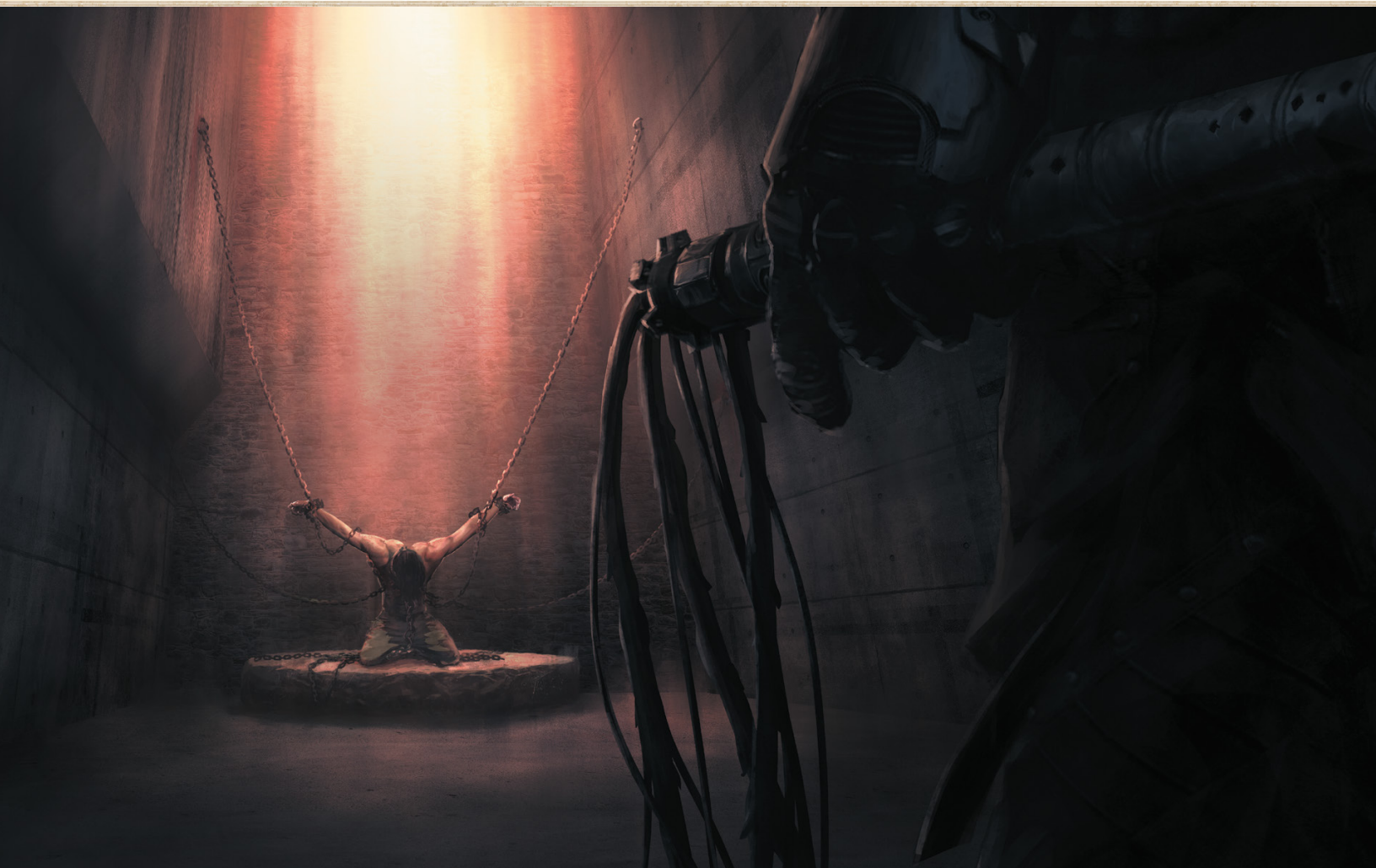
- **Zalmar Rosha** is a front desk officer, the one most people talk to when they visit the City Guard. He cannot help being sarcastic.
- **Dietfried Devlin** is one of the biggest, toughest Guard officers, often called upon for riot control and getting information out of prisoners. What is his weakness?
- **Lavorna Reini** is a Guard captain who efficiently leads a squad of guards on important missions. What is so important about today's mission?

RUMORS & PLOT HOOKS

- An ally of the player characters' House is about to undergo interrogation by the City Guard. If they want to avoid the Harkonnens learning particular secrets, the player characters must break the ally out.
- The Harkonnens are said to be experimenting with a new training methodology that uses drugs and brain manipulation to produce stronger, more obedient, and even more ruthless troops.

ENCOUNTERS & HAZARDS

- A pair of guards is brutally punishing a new trainee for failing a test.
- A guard hassles the player characters because something about them apparently seems suspicious.



Carthag Spaceport

With room to land a dozen vessels up to frigate size, Carthag Spaceport size and accommodations rival those of some larger cities in the Imperium. The buildings here were constructed from blocky prefab components, modeled after the architecture of Harko City on Giedi Prime. Ships park on a landing field paved with fused silica, where they can be moved into nearby hangars for maintenance.

Fuel is stored in enormous silos, and crews use cranes and suspensor barges to unload crates of supplies and load outgoing shipments of spice. A plaz observation bubble has visibility over all spaceport operation. Short-range transports are available at the port for carrying passengers to other locations in the city.

SPACEPORT ADVENTURE SEEDS

NON-PLAYER CHARACTER PLOT HOOKS

- **Joy Hedren** performs maintenance on ships and might discover something suspicious… or plant something dangerous.
- **Daled Redondu** monitors spaceport operations and enjoys increasing landing prices just before a ship arrives. Can they be bargained with?
- **Tavetti Sayol** pilots a 'thopter and can take a party just about wherever they want to go in Carthag. She is also a storehouse of area rumors.

RUMORS & PLOT HOOKS

- A member of the player characters' House has been captured by Harkonnens on another planet and is being delivered to Arrakis. They will surely pass through the spaceport before being taken to the Residency for whatever fate the Baron has in mind for them.
- A group claiming to be Fremen capture a short-range shuttle, load it with explosives, and fly off into the desert. Are they really Fremen? And either way, what have they set out to blow up?

ENCOUNTERS & HAZARDS

- Sandstorms in the desert often reach the spaceport, damaging ships that aren't in hangars and delaying takeoffs and landings.
- A spaceport official hints that the characters' ship will be delayed (on either takeoff or landing) unless they offer a bribe.

Merchant District

Anyone shopping for merchandise, food, water, transportation, or services—of any level of legality—will find a multitude of options in Carthag's merchant district. Both shops and street vendors sell all kinds of wares and experiences, including some shipped in from other worlds.

The largest part of the district is taken up by a packed bazaar, always noisy and chaotic from the constant give-and-take of individual commerce. Here a shopper can find water-sellers, stillsuit makers, taxi and 'thopter drivers, tailors, weapons dealers, drug suppliers, information brokers, and more. City guards patrol the area regularly, but they are more interested in preventing violent crimes and accepting bribes than stopping any illegal transactions.

MERCHANT DISTRICT ADVENTURE SEEDS

NON-PLAYER CHARACTER PLOT HOOKS

- **Parda Tammalayo** is a newly-arrived water-seller looking to make her mark by selling 'enriched' water of highly-reputed medicinal qualities.
- **Stefano Lind** sells whatever weapons a visitor might need, but he can't help being nosy about what the weapons will be used for.
- **Leta Karon** is an information broker with ears everywhere, and an uncanny knack for knowing what kind of information visitors are looking for.

RUMORS & PLOT HOOKS

- An information dealer who poses as a maker of low-quality stillsuits is willing to sell information about an upcoming Harkonnen military operation that they say will be of interest to the player characters.
- One of the street vendors at the bazaar is selling a new drug said to greatly increase intelligence for a while, but for the same period shuts down the sense of sight. It also has occasional side effects of euphoria, delusions, and a sense of being connected to the universe.

ENCOUNTERS & HAZARDS

- Nearby city guards are shaking down a vendor for a bribe. They are not used to being interrupted in such activities. But if they are made to back down, they only come back with more powerful friends.
- Some wealthy merchants employ private guards to protect their merchandise. The city guards do not get on with them and clashes are common.

The Colosseum

The Harkonnens in general, and Rabban in particular, love a good gladiatorial fight, and Harkonnen cities almost always have an arena for this purpose. 'Good' does not mean 'fair', of course, and Harkonnen fighters win almost all the fights they participate in.

Modeled after one on the main Harkonnen world of Giedi Prime, the structure in Carthag is centered on a triangular arena with a sand-covered floor. Eager observers sit in packed stands and galleries arranged in tiers around and above the arena floor, where they wave pennants and sometimes sound horns. The Baron himself has a private (shielded and guarded) golden box from which he and his entourage can look down on the action. Rabban can often be found there if the Baron is not in residence.

Musicians play as slave-gladiators emerge through a red door. Combatants typically wear tights or leotards along with a shield or semi-shield. Duels commonly involve the customary pairing of dual knives: a poisoned one in the white-gloved right hand, and a non-poisoned one in the black-gloved left hand. The finale of a combat involving a Harkonnen is typically a foregone conclusion—thanks to a variety of tricks from drugs to hidden weapons to psychologically-implanted trigger words. But in case a Harkonnen is losing, they can escape through a prudence door on the arena floor that only opens for those wearing an Ixian-designed authorized identification band.

COLOSSEUM ADVENTURE SEEDS

NON-PLAYER CHARACTER PLOT HOOKS

- **Sio Ignacia** is a slave-gladiator who was captured from another House, and whose rescue might result in a reward… or important information.
- **Koro Sheehan** is an especially-hated slavemaster whose fatality rate rivals that of the Harkonnen combatants. Plenty of people seek vengeance for his treatment.
- **Karmen Yemi** is a musician skilled at playing a trumpet with technologically-modulated harmonics that can affect a keyed target's nervous system. The key is a liquid that does not register as a poison, and the effects range from distraction to full paralysis.

RUMORS & PLOT HOOKS

- An important ally has been captured and placed in the ranks of the slave-gladiators. The player characters have several avenues for rescuing them, including having team members pose as Residency staff and guards while one of their number becomes a slave-gladiator themselves.
- After winning their first few arena fights, a high-profile slave-gladiator escapes from the arena just before they are set to fight their first Harkonnen. There is evidence that someone helped the slave escape, but who, and for what purpose?

ENCOUNTERS & HAZARDS

- The arena floor has been rigged with several pit traps.
- A group of freshly-acquired gladiator-slaves is being led to the arena and one makes a break for freedom, hoping to outrun the slave-master or dodge his needle gun.

Spice Storage Yard

Ten huge silos on the outskirts of Carthag store the Harkonnen spice stockpiles—highly-visible 'official' ones that the Emperor knows about—the spice containers inside earmarked for shipment from the nearby spaceport to the Landsraad, the Guild, CHOAM, and the Emperor himself. Each silo has a lift on the outside and a platform at the very top, where one can view the entire storage yard. The entire area is well-guarded by Harkonnen troops and by scanner technology. Well-armed 'thopters constantly patrol the area for Fremen thieves.

STORAGE YARD ADVENTURE SEEDS

NON-PLAYER CHARACTER PLOT HOOKS

- **Radu Mirall** is an accountant who keeps track of the spice inventory and all transfers. Some would say the knowledge in his head of Harkonnen business is as valuable as any given spice silo's contents.
- **Dwen Bower** pilots a guard 'thopter and likes to brag in a local bar about the attempted spice thieves he's 'taken out'.
- **Sebio Marvay** is a spice storage guard who thinks nobody knows he is smuggling a boot-full of spice home every day.

RUMORS & PLOT HOOKS

- Some say that one of the spice silos doesn't house spice at all, but a captive sandworm. Is this true, or is the occupant of the silo something even stranger?
- Two storage yard employees were dismissed in the last few months after they started experiencing strange, hallucinogenic visions unlike anything spice is known to confer. What did they see? Was it really the future, or just a trick of the mind?

ENCOUNTERS & HAZARDS

- Attack 'thopters are always alert for trespassers, and sometimes don't provide warning before attacking. Player characters might find themselves under fire just for wandering into the wrong area.

Waterfall District

Not named after an actual waterfall, 'Waterfall District' is the name given to the wealthy part of Carthag by the city's poorer residents, reflecting the common view of the rich as extravagant water-wasters. In addition to the local Guild Bank, this area is mostly filled with mansions and other less-than-humble estates, commonly those of water merchants, arms dealers, and other business magnates. Such residences typically feature rare art objects and statues, fancy draperies, exotic silks, an abundance of cushions, a rooftop 'thopter pad, water misters, and in a few cases fountains that contain real water (demonstrating that the district's nickname is not pure exaggeration). To protect such amenities, these dwellings tend to also be equipped with advanced security systems and armed guards.

WATERFALL DISTRICT ADVENTURE SEEDS

NON-PLAYER CHARACTER PLOT HOOKS

- **Forsencia Hann** owns a successful business that makes starship components. She has established what she jokingly calls her 'summer home' in Carthag to help monitor her business on Arrakis—and chase down rumors of sabotage in her factory in town.
- **Helina Ferrin** hates the Harkonnens but established a home here to keep a better eye on her enemies. She is rapidly running out of money and is desperate to make her time here mean something.
- **Lorrie Kouma** is a water systems expert trusted by all the wealthy residents to keep their systems flowing. None of them know she is a Fremen.

RUMORS & PLOT HOOKS

- Some say a water seller's manor is being used as a hideout by a group of Fremen planning to assassinate high-ranking Harkonnens. If true, is the owner of the residence in on the plot as well, have they been captured, or are they simply oblivious to what's going on in their own house?
- A wealthy arms dealer has gone missing from their mansion. There are no signs of struggle, though it appears the security systems were deactivated.

ENCOUNTERS & HAZARDS

- Security personnel in this district are supplied with an unusually high grade of weapons and equipment
- A group of well-dressed movers-and-shakers from several Houses disembark from a ground transport and head to a nearby mansion, looking disdainfully at any nearby player characters that do not appear wealthy. Will someone try to wipe the smirk off their faces?

Residential District

This is where most of Carthag's middle-of-the-road residents live: the functionaries, merchants, mechanics, accountants, service providers, and other civilians of modest means. Homes here are decently maintained, if austere, constructed from simple pre-fab molds as is done nearly everywhere else in the city. The district offers apartment buildings (with rooftop 'thopter pads) as well as small- and medium-sized houses (the large ones being confined to the Waterfall District). Temporary residences are available for rent as well, in the form of low-price inns and mid-priced hotels.

RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT ADVENTURE SEEDS

NON-PLAYER CHARACTER PLOT HOOKS

- **Falco Leone** runs the Blue-Eyed Inn and thinks the staff at Hotel Harko are snobs who like to over-charge people. He knows many stories about the goings-on there that could be valuable—or ruinous—under the right set of circumstances.
- **Emilie Petrie** is a city-renowned chef at the restaurant 'A Taste of Home'. But some believe that he's using his kitchen as an underground railroad, smuggling Harkonnen slaves out of the city to freedom.
- **Yanne Landru** is the door attendant at the Dmitri Towers apartment buildings and has dirt on nearly every resident. Now they are behaving strangely, as if spooked.

RUMORS & PLOT HOOKS

- After an apartment building collapses, Harkonnen investigators say the cause was an explosive device set by Fremen, intended to kill the Harkonnen functionaries who live there. But independent examination can show that no Harkonnens were in the building, and points to an attack on an Imperial investigator—whose body has not been found. Some even suggest the whole thing is a cover-up because the building was unsafe, having not been properly maintained to resist the rough Arrakis climate.
- Diners at an area restaurant have reported seeing visions when eating there late at night. Is there something in the food? Is this due to the extraordinary amount of spice, or some side effect of the cooking process?

ENCOUNTERS & HAZARDS

- Two men in a restaurant get into a fight when the poison snooper above their table goes off and each blames the other for it.

- It is not unusual for rented rooms in Carthag to be bugged. What is unusual is for a stash of these to become available on the black market, priced to sell as quickly as possible.

Slums

Though a visitor can see dingy homes, piles of rubbish, and shifty-looking people just about anywhere in Carthag, the city's slums contain the pinnacle of the downtrodden and the damaged. The streets are narrow and cluttered, the pavement broken, the buildings dilapidated. Structures here mostly consist of simple prefab constructions—stained, blocky plazcrete buildings erected for use by spice workers and other laborers. The architecture is unadorned, and many of the taller buildings lean precariously. Buildings are commonly held together by haphazard sheets of metal and plaz. The refuse dumps in the slums make those in the rest of the city look like gardens.

The people of the slums are a mixture of the desperate, the dangerous, and the downtrodden. Here you will see dirt-covered servants and laborers, nervous beggars, and wild children playing among the junk and vermin. This is a good place to find an underworld contact, though it is also a likely place to be mugged by an assailant stepping from a shadowy doorway.

SLUMS ADVENTURE SEEDS

NON-PLAYER CHARACTER PLOT HOOKS

- **Pilaz Jowett** cries out emotional appeals from his begging station, telling a tale of woe regarding his sabotaged career in the Harkonnen military.
- **Maddy Quera** is a popular fence who can arrange the sale of just about anything one might find in the city.
- **Tarmo Sakari** runs a small gang of small-time criminals. He doesn't like when any of his crew are hassled.

RUMORS & PLOT HOOKS

- A noble from a rival House to the Harkonnens has been supplying weapons and other materiel to disenfranchised people in the slums who have pledged to use them to damage the infrastructure of Carthag wherever possible. The Harkonnens are bound to realize what's going on before long and put a stop to it.
- A Bene Gesserit Sister is secretly living in the slums. She seems to be there to learn something specific.

ENCOUNTERS & HAZARDS

- A child pickpocket steals a small asset from a player character. Does the child know the value of what they stole, or were they sent by more than chance? Where can the player character go to track down the thief?
- A city guard savagely beats a beggar he caught stealing food. The beggar claims it is to feed his children, but there are none in evidence.

The Desert

Outworlders think of Dune as a world of endless, monotonous sand seas, punctuated only by a handful of human settlements; an endless waste devoid of life. In truth, the wilderness of Arrakis is composed of many distinct biomes, each with its own unique ecosystems, perils, and stark beauty. While city folk may never step outside the Shield Wall of the polar settlements, those who venture into the deserts must come to respect, if not appreciate, the planet's varied landscapes. The alternative is death.

Climate and Weather

It is a simple mistake to think of Arrakis as a world of nothing more than harsh temperatures and barren landscapes, but in truth, its many environs are full of differentiating features, some obvious, some subtle. Though, of course, the punishingly high temperatures and lack of moisture are the driving environmental factors in any biome on the planet. The weather of the desert may seem inscrutable to non-natives, but familiarity with its vagaries is a key to survival.

Like any planet in orbit around a sun, Dune's weather and climate are influenced by seasons. Seasons on Dune are subtle and largely indicate a small reduction or heightening of average temperature across one hemisphere or the other for the duration. The small amount of moisture found in the planet's atmosphere ebbs and flows with the seasons and while precipitation is unheard of beneath Dune's silvery cloudless skies, some periods of the year are less punishing than others. Still, even these small, predictable changes in weather can have enormous consequences and are a major factor in the generation of sandstorms and the massive coriolis storms that blast across thousands of kilometers of the planet's surface each year.

Small sandstorms are a common occurrence and affect most regions of Dune, but the massive coriolis storms are more seasonally driven, though not exclusively so. These enormous events occur when a sandstorm moving across the open deserts reaches such a scale as to become amplified by the planet's own revolutionary motion. Coriolis storm winds have been recorded at speeds up to 700 kilometers per hour, sufficient to scour flesh from bone. Accordingly, those who wish to survive in the desert learn to pay close attention to the weather.

Environs

The regions of Arrakis are poorly catalogued by outsiders, and even by most of the 'civilized' inhabitants of the planet. Most of the planet is left to the lawless Fremen while the Imperial citizenry are confined to the cities and larger settlements, usually only venturing out as part of the omnipresent spice harvesting operations.

THE NORTHERN POLAR SINK

Most who find themselves on Arrakis will never leave the cities of Arrakeen and Carthag. Located behind the shield wall in the polar north, these cities and most of the planet's larger settlements are found in this, the region least inimical to human life. Arrakis's small polar icecap is located in this region and produces a moderate cooling effect on the broader area. Mostly encircled by the so-called Shield Wall, almost all of Arrakis's cities and settlements are located here. Temperatures are still blisteringly high in this area but comparatively low relative to most of the rest of the planet. While this region would be considered a harsh and barely habitable zone on most settled planets, on Dune it is the heart of civilization and a place of merciful refuge.

OPEN BLED

The vast expanses of the open sands of Arrakis have been likened to a sea of sand, a poetic metaphor but one not without merit. Much of the planet's surface is covered in this windswept, finely ground sand. Called the 'bled' or sometimes the 'erg', it is the iconic feature of the planet, home to the enormous sand dunes which earned Arrakis its common name. At a glance, the bled seems a totally barren environment, disturbed only by the wind and the passage of the giant sandworms. These regions would be of no value were it not for the fact that it is here that the precious melange is found. As such, many people labor each day in pursuit of the spice wealth.

It is here that temperatures on Arrakis reach their ultimate heights, and the only shade to be found is in the lee of the great sand dunes that can reach hundreds of meters in height, and hundreds of kilometers in length. The only permanent geographic features to be found in the bled are sparse outcroppings of rocks, the time-worn remnants of ancient mountains and hills. These rocks punctuate the landscape like islands in a sea and offer the only refuge for those who find themselves lost in the desert. Those lost in the stretches of desert not far from civilization may be able to make their way to safety by navigating from one outcrop to the next.

Few visit the desert except as part of spice harvesting operations, which are conducted in such a manner to minimize time spent in this hostile environment. Individuals who find themselves stranded due to accident have a low rate of survival. Without a working stillsuit and intimate knowledge of the desert, survival for more than a few days is unlikely. It is not unknown for stranded workers to take their own lives rather than face the slow agony of dehydration and desiccation.

Still, individuals stranded in the open desert relatively close to civilization have made the perilous journey to safety. Those with Fremen-made stillsuits, good water discipline, maps, and other essentials, may, with a little luck, avoid the sandworms and endure the heat long enough to hop from one distant rocky zone to the next. What little vegetation exists in the open desert is found on these rocks, low scrub and hardy cactus-like plants that eke their living in crevices. Many, if not most, species of Arrakeen vegetation are poisonous, but some few are edible, and can provide a few milliliters of water in an emergency. Fremen also know other techniques of desert survival, but do not teach them freely.

SALT PANS

In the deep desert, far from the usual spice sands, are a handful of vast salt pans. These unusual features are hard and deeply inhospitable plains, hundreds of kilometers in size. The great sandworms seem to avoid these regions, but their other features make them unsuitable as places of refuge. The surface of the ground has been baked hard for centuries, if not millennia, and fiercely reflects the sun's heat. Even the canniest desert traveler will find no shade and no moisture at all, just an endless plain upon which to die. The flattened surface and intense heat generate optical illusions, mirages which may lead an unwary traveler deeper into the deadly plains or show an inverted image in the distance. These uncanny but beautiful illusions are often the last thing a wayward soul on a salt pan will ever see.

SINKS

The few places of refuge to be found on Arrakis are typically within the so-called sinks. Geological depressions, ringed by cliffs and stone deposits, these sinks are areas sheltered from both the terrible storms and the depredations of sandworms. Sinks found near the civilized north polar region are usually dominated by long-established communities or used as military bases by the ruling House. In the deep desert, smaller sinks may seem uninhabited but are secretly the province of smugglers or Fremen tribes. Trespassing upon such a place, even in dire need, may carry lethal consequences for interlopers.

HAZARDS OF THE SANDS

The sands themselves can be perilous to life. Collapsing dunes and weather-borne landslides are obvious perils, but more unusual hazards await the unwary. Parts of the open desert are subject to the tidal influence of Arrakis's two moons. Geological depressions, called sinks or basins, can stretch for hundreds of kilometers in places. Filled with the finest ground dust, the moons' gravity pushes and pulls at them, creating a subtle, but measurable tidal effect each day. These sinks are treacherous perils for travelers who may fail to heed the difference in texture and slip beneath the thin dust, never to be seen again.

In other places, sand may become impacted by outside pressures. Difficult to distinguish from mundane sands, when stepped upon, a patch of this so-called 'drum sand' reverberates loudly and attracts any sandworms that may be in the region. Learning to identify and avoid drum-sand is critical to anyone who wishes to survive a passage across the desert.

The process by which spice is deposited on the sands of the desert is poorly understood by most but extremely dangerous. When certain hidden circumstances are fulfilled beneath the desert surface, a powerful explosion occurs. Anyone standing atop this large area will be swallowed up by the desert as the precious melange is jettisoned into the air before scattering across the surface. There are few warning signs of these 'spice blows', though it is said that a faint smell of melange precedes the explosion by a few minutes.

WILDLIFE

As desolate as Arrakis may seem, it is in truth host to a wealth of native wildlife. The creatures of the desert are highly specialized, having evolved to not just survive, but thrive in the terrible heat of the planet's desiccated biomes. Humans who would adapt and survive on Arrakis are wise to closely watch the comings and goings of the wildlife. Sensitive as they are to weather, moisture, and danger, the creatures of Arrakis can teach much to a desert-going human.

With the notable exception of the sandworm, most of Dune's native fauna is diminutive. A few species of snake can exceed a length of three meters, but these are exceptions to the rule. The necessities of water conservation and thermal management for a living creature in the arid environments of Arrakis encourage an evolutionary tendency towards compact size and efficient metabolisms.

As on most planets, arthropods are the most plentiful type of multi-cellular organism. Arrakis is host to numerous beetles, biting flies, wasps, gnats, and other insects. Along with arachnid-like organisms, these creatures make up the base of the Arrakeen food web. Considered pests by many, these tiny creatures are vital to the planet's delicate ecology. A clever observer can sometimes find small amounts of morning dew in the burrows and webs of insects and arachnids.

After the arthropods, the most numerous creatures on Dune are several small mammals and reptiles. Fewer species live on the open sands; the passage of sandworms makes it far too dangerous for most creatures. The majority of Arrakis's wildlife are omnivorous burrowers, constructing their homes in sandy crevices near rocky outcroppings. These small mice, shrews, bats, lizards, and snakes prey upon one another and the insect life, finding much of their water in their meals, or in condensed morning dew that lines their burrows. They will also eat what vegetation is available, and many are capable of consuming plants that are toxic to human beings.

These tiny creatures are wary in the extreme, making them difficult to hunt. As well, many of the lizards and snakes are venomous. The Fremen are known to make a meal of virtually any creature in the desert, but the uninitiated take their own lives in their hands when considering a reptilian meal.

Several species of birds also make Arrakis their home. A few are highly specialized seed-eaters, but birds of prey are more common. Hawks and owls are a common sight even in the cities where they hunt domestic vermin, but in the wild they prey upon virtually any mammal or reptile they can find. Desert travelers do well to mark the passage of birds as much can be learned from them of both the weather and the proximity to water and shelter.

Most of the planet's wildlife seems to be native, or were introduced in such ancient times as to effectively be so. More recently introduced pests and beasts of burden can be found in the cities and settlements, but few of these creatures are capable of survival in the wilds. Dune's climate is such that those not specially adapted perish quickly.

The Changing Sands

It is important to remember that Fremen were not the first human denizens of Arrakis. The first humans arrived on Arrakis in the days of the Old Empire sometime before 2,200 B.G., more than 12,000 years ago, at least two millennia before the founding of the Imperium. Spice's properties were discovered by that time, and in 203 B.G. an Arrakeen 'native' exiled from his sietch became the first worm-rider.

It was not until 174 B.G. that the Zensunni Wanderers fled enslavement on the world of Poritrin in one of the first space-folding ships. They crash-landed upon Arrakis and were adopted into a band of outlaws a year later, eventually dominating that group with their culture and ways. The other natives of the planet, defined as 'pyons' in the Imperial census, continued to dwell in the few cities and villages on Arrakis while the Fremen came to exclusively live within desert sietches, becoming the dominant culture upon the planet.

The reason this is important to re-state is that ten thousand years of culture and Fremen dwelling in a state of harmonious respect with the desert are utterly upended within a few short years after Muad'Dib's ascension to the Golden Lion Throne and the shift of the center of power in the Imperium from Kaitain to Arrakis. Immediately after this change, the Fremen become bitterly divided, loyalties torn between those who embrace their off-world Mahdi's' vision for Arrakis, and those who would reject all that is new and foreign and hew to the old ways of sietch and graben.

A perfect example of one caught between these factions is none other than the Mahdi's right-hand-man, Stilgar, naib of Sietch Tabr, where Paul Atreides and his mother first sheltered and were enculturated into Fremen ways. And from within that sietch, they transformed the Fremen and all the planet. The onetime unity of the Ichwan Bedwine became a thing of the past, as all were forced to struggle to adapt to an Arrakis unlike anything they have known.

The Planetologist's Vision

The ecology of Arrakis holds many secrets, not least of which is the fact that with the arrival of Pardot Kynes, then Imperial Planetologist, the planet began to be dramatically changed by human hands. Kynes's initial survey pointed out that Arrakis's salt flats demonstrated that it had once had oceans, and he recognized that Arrakis bore all the signs of being a world capable of transformation from its arid state to a verdant, even lush paradise. Through determination, charisma, and more than a little luck, Kynes was able to inveigle the Fremen in his experimental dream.

In the decades that followed, the Fremen worked in secret to begin Kynes's work. Under his direction they began the methodical work of observation and analysis. In time, the planetologist determined that they might carry out their great work in less than four hundred years. Another people might have despaired, but the Fremen possessed the patience of former slaves and merely shrugged, content to know that future generations of their people would benefit from their work.

Accordingly, in that time, the Fremen worked furtively, introducing non-native plants to begin the cycle of ecological transformation. Far from the main settlements and cities, they first planted poverty grasses on the leeward side of dunes, creating the beginning of soil mats. In time, they carefully added scrubby brush and hardier plants to expand the cycle. They carefully introduced off-world insects and arachnids, choosing those that would complement but not out-compete native species. To guard those, they further introduced more small mammals and even parasites, carefully laying out the underpinnings of an entire ecological system. In the farthest southern reaches, they even established the first palmaries, open orchards of date palms and portyguls. These holdings represent a tangible paradise on earth for the Fremen, and no outsider is permitted to look upon them or even learn of their existence.

Outside observers might notice the influx of non-native species and plants in this time, but there is little incentive for investigation as it does not seem pertinent to Arrakis's sole resource, the spice. The Fremen guard their work with religious fervor and are capable of any act to maintain their secrecy.

Though Imperial Planetologists Pardot and Liet Kynes were unable to complete the mass terraforming project that was eventually to transform the surface of Arrakis, their most profound accomplishment was changing the minds of the Fremen into accepting the inevitability of a green and verdant Arrakis, no matter how remote it seemed. The elder Kynes estimated that it would take 3% of the planet's surface covered in green to change everything and devoted everything within his power to accomplish that end. He taught that fervor to the Fremen, who worked clandestinely with him, all under the noses of House Harkonnen. This secret stewardship was taken up by his child, Liet, who died without seeing it come to fruition.

The Greening of the Deserts

Under Muad'Dib's rule, the inexhaustible resources of the Imperium, and its steep taxes, are brought to bear upon Arrakis. A small village of planetologists and ecological scientists is founded near the Shield Wall, the work of the Kyneses continued in earnest. Small lines of poverty grass and careful plantings become oases, become green-covered hills, become small forests, changing the very weather of the planet so that rain does indeed fall on Arrakis. Slowly, inexorably, this deliberate change to the Arrakeen ecosystem takes hold, pushing back the endless desert and achieving the coveted 3% tipping point and going beyond it.

This saturation of water has the unfortunate side effect of raising the carbon dioxide quotient in the atmosphere, causing rainstorms, and consequently driving the sandtrout and sandworms even farther from the inhabited poles, deeper into what was once known as 'the Friendly Desert.' The transformation of their very world causes a mix of responses. Arrakis has truly become livable to a degree it never was before, but the upset caused by this change is now threatening the very substance the Imperium runs on… spice. For without the delicate cycle of sandtrout to little maker to sandworm, spice itself is at risk.

This, of course, escalates the urgency for the Spacing Guild, the Tleilaxu, and others to ensure that their access to spice is uninterrupted, which further feeds the conspiracies that foster like weeds in Muad'Dib's Arrakis.

From Jihad to Holy Imperium

One might say that the sands of Arrakis were watered in blood, as the Atreides rule over the Imperium is as violent as any the universe has ever seen. From Arrakis extends armies of the faithful, Muad'Dib's Fedaykin death commandos, his army of zealot Fremen, wage a holy jihad upon the rest of the Imperium to bring it into line. Tens of billions of people are killed. Hundreds of worlds are sterilized, pacified, or otherwise ruined. Scores of religions are expunged utterly, all their followers killed.

This war wages for twelve years, and in this time Arrakis becomes the undisputed center of the Imperium, a Holy Imperium where religion and government are inextricably intertwined. It is a world where lawbreaking becomes sin, where the functions of church and state are indistinguishable from one another. More than ever the Emperor is the singular most important person in the universe, but unlike the Corrino dynasty, he is the head of its religion.

The naibs of the Fremen sietches become his trusted Inner Council, and where the Imperium was known for its Byzantine bureaucracy, Paul's theocracy is filled with a new class of servant, the Qizarate, late and perhaps only superficial converts to the faith of Muad'Dib, far more at home manipulating numbers and data, and without any guiding ethos other than that which is pragmatic. The Fremen increasingly distrust these civil servants, though they share their faith.

But the most profound difference is within the Fremen culture itself. The Fedaykin have not just ventured into the Imperium as missionaries and as conquerors, they have returned… changed. The steadfastly xenophobic Fremen have now been exposed to many other cultures and worlds, have encountered places where water is plentiful, and have been transformed themselves by this experience, an inner alchemy every bit as potent as that which has changed their planet. Granted an entire suburb of Arrakeen—a suburb—they live lives of luxury beyond any they or their ancestors had ever known or dreamt of.

This Holy Imperium is a strange, and to many, unwelcome fusion: he Atreides have brought the Imperium to Arrakis and the Fremen, but Paul's adoption of Fremen ways have been imposed upon the Imperium itself. It is an ultimately irreconcilable dichotomy of which the stresses are obvious, foremost among them that the church of Muad'Dib is both foreign and local, and the one once thought an Abomination, Alia of the Knife, stokes a faith that at times seems at odds with Muad'Dib's own teachings.

Ultimately, Arrakis and Arrakeen are transformed alike by Muad'Dib's enthronement into a true center of the Imperium in a way that even Kaitain never was under the Corrino dynasty. It is the center of the universe's religion, and streets that were once almost exclusively filled with native Arrakeen pyons and Fremen—city and desert—are now thronged with off-worlders of all types. It is a time when anyone, no matter their affiliation or status, might be found on Dune, and might find themselves in the seeking.

Museum Fremen

Though the Mahdi's rule comes with the delivery of the Fremen's promised land, it is in fact a world that they are not entirely sure they want. The old-time water discipline is lost, and homes are no longer sealed against water loss. Gone are the water-sellers whose cries filled the souk, unmissed and unloved, but nonetheless representative of a time that has passed. Newly made stillsuits are shoddy and, unthinkably, lack face coverings, and it is not uncommon to go into the desert without hoods at all. Fremen children sometimes go muddy-footed. A freak accident when an aquifer bursts and kills

several Fremen, introduces the previously unthinkable concept of 'drowning' into the Fremen consciousness.

Some Fremen sietches resist, withdrawing from active involvement with Muad'Dib's regime. Growing increasingly distrustful of this paradise they were promised, they hold to the old ways and customs, becoming known as 'museum Fremen'. They reject the modern, water-soft face of Arrakis, and factions form within the Fremen, disrupting their onetime fraternity and shared purpose. The Emperor's marriage to Irulan and keeping Chani his consort, while well-understood for the political statement that it makes to the Imperium, is nonetheless a troubling matter to the Fremen, another sign that things are not as they should be.

A Holy Pilgrimage Site

Under Muad'Dib's reign and continuing through Alia's regency, Arrakis itself is a holy place, a destination for the hajj, or pilgrimage. The city of Arrakeen is thronged with outsiders and off-worlders, an endless tide of religious seekers, sorcerers, mummers, street preachers, haruspices, charlatans, oracles, prophets, fortunetellers hawking Dune Tarot readings, and sorcerers, all followers of the religion of Muad'Dib, eager to see where it was born, frantic for a look at their living god.

The city of Arrakeen becomes unrecognizable under Muad'Dib, his massive plasteel and plascrete Keep replacing the former Residence, larger than any other structure ever built by humankind, its cliff-like base looming over the city. Near it is Alia's own Fane of the Oracle temple, half its size but built along the same grandiose scale, of which it is said the greatest temple of any bygone age prior could fit easily through its doors.

The onetime drab clothes of the Arrakeen natives are replaced by the bright yellow robes of the Qizarate, the green-and-white robes of 'passage bird' pilgrims upon their hajj, and Alia's green-robed Society of the Faithful. The noise of the street is filled with the calls of Mahdi spirit cultists with their pet hawks, the wailing of the Sand Dancers, and the ever-present chants of the faithful.

Alia's Regency

After the passage of Muad'Dib into the Great Desert, Alia's regency becomes even more callow, its entrenched theocratic bureaucracy famous for corruption and graft. The naibs no longer trust the very Inner Council they once filled the ranks of. Bribes become commonplace means of accomplishing anything, and to most Fremen and Arrakeen natives, there is a barely-recognized but definite sense that they have lost their way, seduced by the off-world promise of a water-rich world that they can barely live in.

The transformation of the Arrakeen environment is even more profound, the planet-circling Great Desert reduced in size by nearly half. The Emptiness where nothing grew is now verdant in parts, even boasting the occasional marsh. The scarce-yet-hardy plant life native to Arrakis is dying from overexposure to water, unable to cope with the increasingly moist sand, falling back against an ever-expanding tide of green. South of Sihaya Ridge is the 'Tanzerouft', a 3,800-kilometer stretch of dunes locked in place by poverty grass. It requires constant tending but continues to thrive.

Rather than adhere to basic water discipline, Fremen and Arrakeen dwellers rely on pills that reduce their need for water consumption, causing blurred vision and slowed reflexes, which would have been deadly in the world gone by. New and foreign addictions fester, Fremen turn to off-world inventions like Tleilaxu 'gifts', and the tension of an imminent civil war builds day by day. A mysterious man known only as 'The Preacher' speaks openly against the Church of Muad'Dib, claiming that it in fact draws its followers away from Muad'Dib. Despite this blasphemy, he grows popular and the faithful listen to his every word.

Despite the tensions and conspiracies that marked Alia's reign, its violent end—and the dramatic emergence of the one who would become the God Emperor—marks a fundamental change in the future of the planet, its denizens, and the universe at large.

The God Emperor's Arrakis

Upon the planet, the only desert at all is that contained within the God Emperor's Sareer, a region contained by the onetime Shield Wall that encircled much of the planet's north pole. Now shored up and heightened, it is the only place on Arrakis where true dunes can be found, and in it is the incredible redoubt of Leto II's Citadel.

Beyond Muad'Dib

Arrakis is forever etched in the imagination as the desert planet, but Dune is not a static place and its history has not been fixed. Just as it shapes its inhabitants, it is also shaped by them. For millennia only the gargantuan sandworms of Arrakis had the power to control the face and character of Arrakis. It was the life cycle of the divine Shai-Hulud that made Dune a desert place and through them the spice permeated the planet, and it was a mortal avatar of Shai-Hulud who would change it the most.

Green Arrakis

No one had a greater impact upon the face of Arrakis than the God Emperor, Leto Atreides II. During his reign, the desert planet would give way to forest and rivers, the culmination of the Fremen dream would come to fruition long after the Fremen themselves had forgotten their ways and the dream itself. Leto II walked the Golden Path, a single thread of destiny that weaved through the other tangled paths of prescience that all lead to Arafel the end of all humankind and time itself. It was a path that required great cruelty, sacrifice, and metamorphosis. A path that his father Paul refused to follow and one that Leto II took on, partly due to the pragmatic and communal spirit of his Fremen heritage. Leto II accepted his destiny to become a monster in more ways than one, transforming himself with the sandtrout skin into the hybrid entity of the God Emperor. A sandworm with the mind and face of a man that would rule as an immortal over an endless human empire.

Though it is not the final of Arrakis's metamorphoses, the once-desert world is changed almost entirely into a green paradise. Sunlight glimmers upon the Kynes Sea, moonlight ignites the Idaho River, and wind rushes through the leaves of the Forbidden Forest. By the end of the first 1,000 years, the desert planet falls away and is replaced by a green one, lush with temperate forests and rivers filled with fresh water. Even the Fremen forget the desert and culture. Only a few continue to mimic their traditional ways as living museum pieces. Cut off from the flow of visitors to and from the planet, the remaining denizens eventually become culturally adrift, no longer Fremen, no longer associated with their home worlds or institutions, Arrakeen natives.

Although the God Emperor's own royal preserve, the Sareer, preserves the last desert upon Arrakis, the great sandworms nearly become extinct without the great ranges of desert to roam. The abundance of water turns Dune deadly to Shai-Hulud. This is a green and thriving Arrakis under the protection of the God Emperor's Fish Speakers, a deadly military order composed entirely of women who are religiously devoted to Leto II and his Empire.

The city of Arrakeen has been transformed into the Festival City of Onn, devoted entirely to the worship of the God Emperor, and housing the planet's only official spaceport. Due to the throttling of all space travel to a near-trickle, it is rarely used for this purpose.

The planet teems with myriad animals and plants brought from off-world, and spice is no longer an abundant resource on Dune. Leto II hoards what spice remains and starves humanity of the mind-expanding drug. It is Arrakis in name only, an utterly changed world… though as history has demonstrated, what has been made can just as rapidly be undone.

When his life is cut short by an assassin, Leto II's rule has lasted for over 3,500 years, his will reshaping humankind and Arrakis itself. After his death, no one will ever claim the mantle of Emperor again. That, coupled with the reduced importance of spice, greatly diminishes Arrakis's importance. No longer the Imperial seat or the economic engine of the Known Universe, Dune is slowly abandoned as humanity spreads itself farther out into space. The desert and the worms eventually begin to reconquer the planet, and its significance begins to fade from human memory.

STORIES ON A GREEN DUNE

Games set on a green Arrakis must contend with an idyllic world completely under the control of a prescient and immortal Emperor willing to commit any crime to advance his prophetic agenda, the so-called Golden Path. Leto II is not only a formidable enemy because of his personal power and influence, though. He is also an unreliable ally, as his favor can turn on a prophetic vision beyond the control of the player characters. Moreover, the planet is populated with zealously loyal Fish Speakers and politically neutered Fremen divorced from their ruggedly individualistic culture.

Any campaign that takes place on a green Dune must confront the limits of prophecy and the extreme sacrifices required by Leto's Golden Path. The Houses of the Landsraad are puppets of the empire, but the Great Schools still plot for power in no-ships and other limited spaces beyond the sight of prophetic vision.

Forgotten Dune

During the reign of Leto II, humanity is denied its usual diet of spice. Starved of this resource, the Great Schools suffer, and space travel becomes a rare thing outside of Imperial trade. New innovations in navigation systems eventually break the Spacing Guild's monopoly, but

even then Leto II constrains human expansion. When the God Emperor dies the Imperium dies with him, but humanity's pent-up desire to explore and expand is unleashed in a torrent. War and conflict explode across the stars, but humanity survives and spreads across more of space than ever before. Dune falls to obscurity. The remnants of Leto's Fish Speakers and the Bene Gesserit take stewardship of the planet as the sandworms return and erase the green forests with deserts in their wake.

While the rest of humanity has been weaned off their dependence on the spice by the draconian rule of Leto II, the Sisterhood and a few others still require it to maintain their superhuman capabilities. Manufactured spice substitutes become more commonplace, though Dune remains the only source of the original pure spice melange. Eventually the planet becomes known as Rakis, with Keen its main city.

The Bene Gesserit Sisters, now in control of Rakis and its spice, secretly exert their power over the remnants of the old Imperium over the next millennium. While their homeworld remains the secretive Chapterhouse, on Rakis they rule overtly, as it is the only source of the original spice.

The next 1,500 years after Leto's death mark the era known as the Scattering. As humanity spreads to the deepest reaches of the universe, they adapt in isolation, leaving the core of the old Imperium behind. No longer dependent on the Spacing Guild, humans travel freely and form brand-new societies and cultures beyond the reach of the old power centers. Foldspace journeys through the use of no-ships and navigation machines make Guild Navigators obsolete and spice no longer fuels or limits human space travel.

Rakis and its importance in history as the spice planet fade into obscurity as well, except for the Bene Gesserit Sisterhood and the Tleilaxu who continue to exploit it, as well as the surviving Fremen who re-adapt to the planet as the worms and desert reassert themselves. Dune returns to being a provincial, unimportant, worthless desert planet, a status it has not held in over 10,000 years. The Fremen once again control the desert with the sandworm and the spice, but though no Imperium rules now, the Bene Gesserit Sisterhood continues to pull the strings from the shadows.

This changes dramatically with the coming of the Honored Matres, a sect of Bene Gesserit sisters that had left the Imperium over a millennium ago, only to return as conquerors. Fleeing some great enemy they unearthed in the darkest reaches of space, the Matres return to carve out a new empire. Unlike the Bene Gesserit they were descended from, the Matres are not as interested in ruling from the shadows and directly challenge their Sisters' puppets and clients in the old Imperium.

To that end, The Matres see destroying the remaining reserves of spice as the best way to break the Bene Gesserit grip on the old Imperium and to replace them as its masters. While the rest of the universe has forgotten about Rakis, the Honored Matres remember its true history and value to their rival Sisters. Understanding the spice's origins and connection with the sandworms, the Honored Matres unleash a devastating space weapon on Rakis that scorches the sand to glass and kills all life on Dune. Only the quick work of a few Fremen and Bene Gesserit allow a lone adolescent worm to escape the carnage, transporting it to Chapterhouse.

Dune is no more, only the lifeless planet of Rakis remains. Its part of the story is finally over, or so it seems.

STORIES ON A FORGOTTEN DUNE

A campaign that takes place on Rakis is set on a world that has fallen from a green paradise and is no longer at the center of the political and economic life of the universe. While the remnants of the Fremen have returned to the desert, along with the sandworms, both their numbers are greatly reduced. The old Imperium has fallen, but the Bene Gesserit have filled the power vacuum even as they remain behind the scenes. Although Rakis and the spice is the key to their power, to the universe-at-large it is a backwater of no importance.

A campaign set on Rakis centers on the world's secret power, and player characters may come into conflict with the Bene Gesserit that depend on it. Only the coming of the Honored Matres reveals that Rakis is more than it appears to be.

Dune Reborn

After Rakis is burned by the Honored Matres and all life is seemingly destroyed on the planet, the Bene Gesserit manage to escape with a sandworm to their planet of Chapterhouse. The worm is successfully transplanted on their planet and the Sisterhood revives their hope that Dune and thus the spice can be recreated on other worlds. Though everything else on Rakis was killed, deep beneath the surface the eldest sandworms still survive. In the end, the Honored Matres and the Bene Gesserit unify into a single Sisterhood.

STORIES ON A REBORN DUNE

Campaigns that take place after Rakis has been devastated by the Honored Matres take place on a planet seemingly barren of life. Only the most ancient sandworms survived the incineration of the world's surface, but that is a secret unlikely to be easily discovered. Such a story could also be set on Chapterhouse as the worms begin the slow but inevitable process that will transform that world into a new desert planet.

Chapter 2:
The Fremen

"Truth suffers from too much analysis."

— Ancient Fremen Saying

History of the Fremen

The Fremen are a people whose identity was forged in suffering and privation. Their heritage is one of slavery, genocide, and displacement. Where other peoples might have been lost to despair and scattered, the Fremen found strength and unity. Every Fremen knows their place as not just a survivor, but as an heir to a thousand generations of survivors. Their survival is not just pragmatism, but a religious obligation to those who came before. God chose to make the Fremen His strongest children, and to do less than one's utmost is a sin against their obligation to Him.

Fremen history is preserved as an oral record, passed from parent to child, and strengthened through collective storytelling. The Reverend Mothers further preserve their traditions through access to Other Memory, though the direct memories of their ancestors are as fallible as the memory of any living person. Much of what the Fremen consider their history may be more parable than fact, though there is at least some historical basis for the broad strokes of most of their canonical heritage.

The Zensunni

It is an accepted fact that in ancient times the Fremen's ancestors were among the congregants of the Zensunni. Precisely where and when their antecedents gathered as their own unique culture is unknown, but it was in this time that they adopted the language of Chakobsa and began to diverge from the Zensunni orthodoxy. It was in this fabled, paradisiac time that their people began to suffer the depredations of Imperial raiders, initiating thousands of years of oppression.

The Migration of the Zensunni Wanderers

At the core of Fremen history and indeed, their own identity, is the millennia long period of time during which they were a migratory people as part of the Zensunni wanderers. Forced from one world to the next, they suffered for many generations. It is certainly an inarguable fact that the people known as the Zensunni Wanderers inhabited many planets over many thousands of years.

However, the specific places, people, and chronology of the Fremen's oral history of this period are likely not literal fact. More likely, the people who would become the Fremen were separate Zensunni groups who became caught up in a slow-moving aggregation of cultures. It is probable that the traditionally recounted sequence of events is an artifact of their need to craft a compelling story out of a complex, ancient, and prolonged series of exoduses. No matter the specifics, it is known that the Fremen's ancestors were harried from one world to another as slaves, refugees, and above all, survivors.

Nilotic al-Ourouba

Fremen tradition generally claims the world of Poritrin as their homeworld, but some of their legends speak of the realm of Nilotic al-Ouroba as the place of their origin. It is most likely that this place was a region of Earth, home of all humankind, from which the Fremen or their predecessors originally sprang. Whatever the case, the Fremen's identity as a singular culture did not truly begin to coalesce until after their arrival on Poritrin.

PORITRIN

The Fremen themselves remember Poritrin as the homeworld of their original forbearers, and laud it in song as a peaceful world of abundance from which they were driven. By the time of the late Imperium, Poritrin had become an agricultural world of little significance to any but the Fremen. It is believed that the Zensunni of Poritrin were a peaceful people who fell victim to slavers. They were likely enslaved as a population and transported for labor by their Imperial masters.

SALUSA SECUNDUS

The Zensunni Wanderers are said to have endured nine generations of slavery on the harsh world of Salusa Secundus. The historical factuality of this period is a matter of debate, but whatever the case, it's likely that a great number of Zensunni did spend time there in bondage to the Imperial House. The enslaved Zensunni eventually escaped, or in some traditions, were sold as chattel and moved offworld. Whatever the case, the time they spent in servitude on this desolate and challenging world had a profound effect on the Zensunni, who came to view Salsua Secundus as a place that trained their souls for their future on Arrakis.

BELA TEGEUSE

Bela Tegeuse was the third planet in the Zensunni's migration, and ultimately considered a place of temporary refuge. Fremen tradition claims it as a place of rest after their time on Salusa Secundus and a time in which they learned to temper the harsh necessities of survival with mercy when possible. Bela Tegeuse came to be a bloody flashpoint in the Butlerian Jihad but it is believed the Zensunni had already fled by the time of that unrest. Fremen myth points to these events as a metaphorical device illustrating their people's need to foresee danger and avoid it when possible.

ROSSAK

Rossak was a place of spiritual awakening for the Zensunni. Harried there by their enemies, they came to settle in the planet's habitable zones. Despite the difficult environment they learned to not just survive, but thrive, an attitude that would serve them well in future generations. Even more importantly, it was on Rossak that the women of their religion began to ingest the awareness-spectrum narcotics abundant in the planet's flora. They experienced the first awakenings of Other Memory, and subsequently their religion further splintered from mainstream Zensunniism.

Fremen ritual remembers Rossak as a place of respite mixed with hardship, and forever after the Sayyadina would lead their congregants in recollection of raiders harrowing their people through lush gardens, lost forever. Their ritual phrase, "We will never forgive and we will never forget," is associated with the loss of Rossak in particular.

HARMONTHEP

The penultimate stop in the Zensunni migration, Harmonthep was a swampy and inhospitable world. Fremen myth is vague about their time on Harmonthep and it is considered a period of dire tribulation. Ultimately, Harmonthep was destroyed completely, but the experience of the Zensunni there is poorly understood. Whatever the case, it was from Harmonthep that they made their way to their final destination.

ARRAKIS

When the Zensunni finally arrived on Arrakis they were superbly prepared for the challenge. Countless generations of hardship had honed them into an adaptable and pragmatic people for whom the rigors of Dune were hardships, but surmountable ones. It was on Arrakis that they finally found a home in a place so inhospitable no others cared to trouble them.

Wanderers No More

Possessed of a strong cultural identity, now divorced from their almost forgotten ancestors, the Zensunni of Arrakis thrived in the harsh environment, intermixing with the few people who already eked out an existence in the wastes. Already insular and clannish, they came to view themselves as rightful inheritors of this planet. Few others had ever succeeded in surviving the lethal environment, and none were truly thriving there. It was only natural that this fact, combined with their generations of persecution, would lead the Zensunni to view themselves as the chosen of God, and Arrakis the final crucible of their strength.

The dangers of their environment would prove to be the greatest of gifts. Few outsiders troubled with the people of the deep desert, fearing the heat, winds, and of course, the terrible sandworms. The Zensunni settlers adapted quickly to these hazards, and far from the prying eyes of the rest of the universe, were granted the time to grow as a culture.

In time, they had conquered even the worm both materially as riders, and spiritually, as their Reverend Mothers came to imbibe the sacred Water of Life, drawn from the life essence of stunted worms. Masters of their environment, they came to be known as the Free Men of Dune, and eventually, simply 'the Fremen.'

Hidden in Sand

Though their culture blossomed in the deep desert, life for the Fremen was one of perpetual struggle. Planetary governors came and went at the whims of the distant Emperor and the so-called 'rulers' of Arrakis viewed the desert-dwellers as inconsequential nomads and barbarians, an attitude the Fremen did their best to cultivate. Segregated as they were, the Fremen became a martial people, driven by the twin fuels of survivalist obsession and religious fervor.

Their culture came to echo the pragmatism their lifestyle demanded, even into their religious life. For every situation, they had a contingency. The Fremen learned the strength to abandon any aspect of their material lives, including life itself if need be, at a moment's notice in obligation to the greater needs of the tribe. The spiritual center they had found permitted them to endure beyond the normal bounds of human existence. It was in this time that the Fremen culture of tribes, naibs, and sietches was established. Any cultural attachment that would not serve them well was abandoned, and the Fremen were honed like the blade of a knife.

As generations passed and the spice came to be the most valuable commodity in the universe, the Fremen were well prepared to deal with the rising challenges. They lived their lives evading outsiders, adapting to each new Imperially-appointed ruling house, and raiding or keeping to themselves as needed. The Fremen might have gone on in this manner indefinitely were it not for the arrival of Pardot Kynes.

A Verdant Dream

When Pardot Kynes was appointed Imperial Planetologist of Arrakis, he set about his duties with the stubborn single-mindedness that drove his every action. Kynes saw Arrakis as a problem to be solved: how to turn a desolate and inhospitable world into a land of plenty? He immediately recognized the furtive desert-dwellers as the collaborators he needed. Free of the crushing weight of the Faufreluches and already versed in the ways of desert ecology, the Fremen would be just the tool required. When by happenstance he encountered a Harkonnen patrol tormenting a group of Fremen youths, he took them by surprise and killed a number without thinking twice. The surviving youths slaughtered the remaining Harkonnen as Kynes tended to their wounded companion.

This event left the young Fremen with a quandary. He had seen their unsheathed crysknives and could not be permitted to live, but he had saved their lives without hesitation. Adults might have shrugged and regretfully carried out their task but these young Fremen were still unseasoned. They brought the outsider to their sietch and told the story. It might well have ended there and then for Kynes, for after some debate, the elders of the tribe dispatched a warrior with a consecrated crysknife to take the planetologist's water. The executioner found Kynes lecturing a group of rapt Fremen on how Arrakis might be turned into a verdant world. When Kynes saw the assassin, he said simply "Remove yourself," and returned to his lecture. The warrior paused in thought, walked three paces, and fell upon his own knife.

Precisely what went through that Fremen's head will never be known, but the tribe took it as an omen of the deepest significance. From that moment forward, Kynes had only to speak and the Fremen acted. In a matter of short years Kynes's dream of Arrakis-as-paradise had spread from sietch to sietch, and his scientific rigor was soon married to the Fremen's religion. By the time of his death in a cave-in, the Fremen had fully embraced the technological and ecological studies and experiments necessary to one day fulfill what they saw as God's task: the flowering of the desert.

Kynes's offspring, Liet, took up Pardot's role as Planetologist to the Imperium and ecological counselor to the Fremen. The generational work of transformation proceeded apace on a schedule of hundreds of years and might well have been accomplished on that long timeline were it not for the arrival of the Atreides and the Fremen's long-awaited Mahdi, their messiah…

Sietch and Tribe

The Fremen of Arrakis have spent hundreds of years learning to survive on Arrakis, and even then, every day is a struggle for survival. Living in the deep desert has forced them to take on many strict customs and rituals. While to outsiders these customs are draconian in the extreme, to a Fremen they are simply the only way to survive, and a daily fact of life. To ignore even the simplest of these customs is potentially life threatening, and it is not up to the tribe to spare extra water for the foolish. The desert sands are littered with those who thought they did not need to worry about its rules, and the Fremen spare no pity for them.

Most people in the cities believe the Fremen are a small minority. The few Fremen found in such places rarely advertise their presence and most pass without notice among the populace. This has led most people to assume they are a small minority of hardy folk who probably live short and brutal lives given their distance from 'civilization'. In truth, the Fremen exist in vast numbers, their way of life having allowed them to not only survive but thrive.

The Fremen community at large is referred to as the Ichwan Bedwine in their language. It is a loose collection of different tribes who live in communities called 'sietches'. This term refers to the community of the tribe but also the place they call home. Each sietch is based in the only truly safe place in the desert, the natural caves and rocks that sandworms cannot cross. While many Fremen are nomadic their journeys always bring them back to their home sietch and the community of their tribe.

Sietch communities have a very flat hierarchy, and while skill with a blade is a way to earn respect, those who lead (naibs) are also chosen for their wisdom. The Fremen follow their strongest, but they recognize that age and wisdom are proof of a strength that has survived the desert as much as force of arms. So, while leadership is exchanged in a duel to the death, the counsel of tribal elders is held in great esteem.

The Sietch

In the ancient Fremen tongue, the word 'sietch' originally meant 'place of assembly in time of danger' but in time it came to be their word for their permanent settlements in the deep desert. All Fremen tribes maintain several sietches, usually hundreds of kilometers apart. Most sietches were established in ancient times, and even abandoned sietches are kept in the Fremen's oral memory that they may be reinvested by future generations when it is once again safer to use such a space.

Some sietches may be used seasonally in conjunction with certain crops, others maintained as bolt-holes while the tribe maintains one sietch as the tribe's primary home. In all cases, sietches are sited upon the rocky outcroppings found in the deepest desert. Safe from the depredation of sandworms and far from the eyes of outsiders, a tribe's sietch is a hidden holdfast built for defensibility and secrecy. The Fremen choose existing cave systems as the basis of their sietches and then expand upon them to meet their own needs.

A sietch's ingresses and egresses are cunningly disguised to appear as nothing more than natural rock; only the inhabitants can readily find the method of entrance. Water discipline is stringently maintained at the sietch's entrances through hermetic doorseals and double gates preventing a measurable amount of moisture from being lost as people come and go. Once passed, a series of confusing tunnels lead to the sietch's common areas. Murder holes, looping passages, and side tunnels are laced alongside the entrance corridors, confusing outsiders and allowing the Fremen defenders to exact a brutal toll on any who dare trespass.

Once past the labyrinthine entrance tunnels, the sietch opens into larger communal caves and then a complex of smaller private dwellings. Water discipline is greatly relaxed within the sietch, allowing the Fremen to live free of stillsuits and enjoy a life of surprising comfort, though still spartan by the standards of any outsiders.

The communal areas serve as places for the tribe to gather and mingle socially, to meet in religious observation, or to muster in times of danger. Private dwellings are typically small caves home to one or more extended families with hearths, bedding, and other necessities, decorated to the tastes of their inhabitants.

Primary sietches are home to manufacturing facilities of surprising sophistication. The Fremen are capable of fabricating stillsuits, survival gear, weaponry, and machinery of high quality. After the coming of Pardot Kynes, most sietches were also home to subterranean catchbasins for the collection of water to be used in their ecological work.

Life in-sietch is free of the overt struggle the Fremen face in the desert, but is still a rigorous and disciplined existence. Each Fremen will have his or her own responsibilities to the broader community (working in manufacturing, agriculture, or other necessary tasks) while not neglecting the needs of their closer family. As well, every Fremen capable of doing so is expected to act in the defense of the tribe and so martial training is a regular part of life for all but the very young and very old.

In general, a sietch is a harmonious community thanks to the oneness of the Fremen tau, and those serious disputes that do arise are settled in a highly formalized fashion.

The social hierarchy of a sietch is relatively flat; most Fremen almost instinctively know their place and what is needed of them. However, each tribe is ruled by a Naib, something of a first among equals. Very large sietches may be host to numerous tribes and their naibs who will together comprise a governing council. A naib is invariably an accomplished warrior who wins their role by the challenge of combat. Naibs are expected to be not just fierce, but wise, and those who endanger their sietch and tribe will find themselves facing an endless series of challenges. Ultimately, it is the naib or naibs who will make the most critical decisions for the entire community and they will be held accountable for their choices. While the naib's word is law, they will always take the counsel of the tribe's elders. Fremen have a deep respect for the aged, seeing them as the ultimate survivors, and their words are always given consideration.

While the naib leads the tribe in practical matters, it falls to the Reverend Mothers and the Sayyadina to tend to their spiritual well-being. Most every sietch, or sometimes, each tribe, will have its own single Reverend Mother, a priestess who has transmuted the poisonous Water of Life and gained access to the ancestral memories of the tribe. The Reverend Mother is looked upon with reverence and awe, seen as a living repository of the tribe's history. A Reverend Mother spends much of her time in religious contemplation and counseling those who require her wisdom but like all members of the tribe, she is also expected to do her share of labor and take up arms in times of peril. When a Reverend Mother first transmutes the Water of Life, she chooses a younger woman of the tribe to be consecrated as Sayyadina. Should she fail in her task and perish, the Sayyadina will become the next Reverend Mother. Together, Reverend Mother and Sayyadina ensure that the tribe's religious life is fulfilled and are responsible for the retellings of much of the sietch's oral traditions.

Fremen Community

The Fremen are a hardy people, accustomed to living in harsh conditions, and their lifestyle reflects this. The sietch awakes early in the morning as it is good to get as much of the physical work done as possible before the blazing heat of the day sets in.

A DAY IN THE SIETCH

Everyone dresses before sunrise and goes to communal areas to prepare and eat breakfast. This is a light, spice-laden meal, washed down with coffee. The people then go about their daily tasks. Some leave the sietch for the day, or longer, to work on terraforming, to tend to what few plants can be grown, and to hunt the desert creatures that provide the tribe with protein. Others go to trade or to harvest spice from wind caches. Those who remain in the sietch are also busy.

Sand gets everywhere, making the sweeping of sleeping and living areas a daily necessity. Someone needs to take out and shake moveable objects such as clothes, rugs, and curtains. Others process spice, prepare food, feed babies, and instruct children in the ways of the sietch. Further tasks include spinning fiber and weaving it into cloth, which is made into clothes and hangings. In larger sietches there are workshops for the construction and maintenance of stillsuits, thumpers, deathstills, and other items essential to the tribe or trade.

With few exceptions, members of the community take equal responsibility for the performance of tasks. The Sayyadina is happy to push a broom; the ranking warrior of the sietch may be proud of his special way of grinding and blending the coffee. All work necessary to the upkeep and wellbeing of the community is valued and most tasks are shared equally between men, women, and children old enough to manage them. There are exceptions. The Sayyadina are always female, and women take a more active role in caring for babies who are still at the breast.

Nobody does much in the full heat of the day. The Fremen, whether in the sietch or working outside, gather in whatever shade they can find. They may exchange news, cement friendships, tell stories, or sleep.

As the searing heat of the sun diminishes towards evening, work re-commences. Those who remained within the sietch prepare the evening meal, so it is ready when those working out in the desert for the day return, frequently late at night. Extended family groups eat this meal together along with any guests they have invited. Fremen consider it wasteful to prepare food for less than six adults due to the need for fuel and water, the most precious commodity of all.

After the evening meal, there is a time for quiet talk, catching up on the events of the day. It is at these times the Sayyadina tell their stories, preserving the oral traditions of their people. Warriors of the tribe and others relate their own experiences, keeping the histories up to date.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS

These routines do not apply to high days and holidays. When there is a birth, or a wedding, or a funeral there are celebrations. Fremen from other sietches visit on such occasions and much effort goes into arranging for their accommodation and ensuring everything looks

its best. Extra care and extra spice goes into the food prepared on these occasions. There are also days and nights set aside for the infrequent Water of Life ritual and the spice orgies that follow. The days preceding these events are busy with preparations, though, of course, the routines of maintaining the sietch and hunting and gathering food still need attention.

PERSONALITY

Each of the Fremen is an individual, but, from an outsider's point of view, they appear to have some common traits. Most are laconic, talking only when they have something necessary to communicate. This is a part of their training—speaking uses water—but it can give outsiders the impression that they are terse and possibly even unfriendly or hostile. While, as warriors, they are happy to risk their lives in battle, the harsh realities of their day-to-day existence make the Fremen seem deliberate and careful in their movements and actions. They will not waste energy on activities they view as trivial. Most Fremen have a strong sense of fidelity and duty to their family and their tribe. The closer the relationship, the stronger the bond. They are nearly always wary of strangers and those who are not part of their culture or society. Given how the ruling Houses and others have treated them in the past, this is an understandable survival trait.

ATTITUDES TO LIFE AND DEATH

Most Fremen believe they should live their lives in service to the tribe. They will work on serving the tribe according to their abilities and talents. They bring their children up to be self-sufficient and to contribute to communal activities as far they can. Everything is done for a reason. Before the coming of Muad'Dib, the Fremen looked for the coming of the Mahdi. This underlaid their philosophy, although, on a day-to-day level, few of them gave it a great deal of thought.

Once Paul Atreides was accepted as the Lisan al-Gaib, the crusade gained great significance and Fremen lives were dedicated to his service. The aftermath of the Great Crusade saw the dissolution of the typically Fremen way of life, and it is no longer possible to speak of them as a unitary people. The museum Fremen continued to ape the traditional ways, but theirs was a shadow-play with no real passion behind it.

When Fremen die, their water returns to the tribe. They cease their existence as individuals but know they continue in the hearts and minds of those who knew them and, of course, in the stories told by the Sayyadina.

Fremen and Water

The Fremen are, at least to the minds of those from less inhospitable planets, extremely unsentimental when it comes to the death of a kinsperson. Their funerary rites are often brief to the point of being terse, with a few friends of the dead coming forward to share anecdotes or memories, before the body is taken to the deathstills. No tears are shed for the deceased—on a planet where water is so precious, any such display of emotion is something of an affront. On rare occasions, such an action is considered to be something more than simply wasteful. 'Giving water to the dead' as it is called is then seen as a mark of honor, of highest respect to the fallen, but it remains an extremely rare occurrence. Survival comes before all else to the Fremen; certainly it comes before sentiment and emotion.

The stillsuit forms a key node for understanding Fremen society as a whole. It is not simply about survival of the individual—though, of course, this is important. It is about the survival of the whole people, of the sietch, of the Fremen as an entity. The stillsuit does not just preserve water for the individual wearing it to drink. It also provides a means of preserving the water of a body, should that individual die. To the Fremen, the water of a dead man or woman belongs to the wider sietch. The individual may be dead but their family and friends are not. Just as the whole group worked to aid that individual as they grew, as they learned to survive in the desert, so too, in death, does the individual pay this debt back. When one of the Fremen has died, they are placed within the deathstills, so that the last of their water can be reclaimed and the water from their stillsuit is also collected. The stillsuit itself is carefully removed and kept, should it be needed in the future. A stillsuit is almost never removed, save in an individual's own quarters of a sietch. Every molecule of water wasted costs the Fremen, and the tribe.

As a culture which values martial skill, survival, and fortitude in the face of the hardship, Fremen pride themselves on their self-determination and stoicism. A man or woman wounded in battle is meant to be able to take the decision to end their own life, should their continued survival prove to be too much of a burden on their fellows in the tribe. To cost the tribe water to nurse a single person back to health from serious injuries is grievously selfish for the Fremen. It is also why the Fremen so rarely take prisoners from the ranks of their enemies in battle. Why should water be wasted on the foe? Far better to kill them and claim their water for the sietch.

The Harknonnens, in particular, recount horrified stories of the Fremen women stalking across the battlefield after an intense encounter, driving their crysknives into the throats of the wounded. The Fremen, however, do not perceive this as cruelty or savagery. It is, in fact, an act of kindness—or at least, mercy. Better to die quickly at the practiced hands of the Fremen, than to expire slowly under the blazing sun of Arrakis.

Fremen women are some of the most studious custodians of a tribe's water. After all, they strive to capture as much water as possible spilled during the birthing of children, so that it too can be preserved, and added to a tribe's supply. There is no water not worthy of conservation and consumption. This focus extends to other bodily functions, with all being collected and purified, and added back to the available water for the suit's wearer.

This emphasis on the protection and preservation of water, before life and before all else, renders many of the Fremen's customs extremely odd to outsiders. The act of spitting, typically considered one of the most sincere forms of repudiation in most cultures across the universe, is a mark of the utmost respect to the Fremen. Just as 'giving water to the dead' is accorded only to the most worthy, so too is spitting—relieving oneself of the water of the mouth—a means of showing a person precisely how important they are, whether to an individual or to the Fremen as a collective.

To offer water, in any form, is the ultimate honor the Fremen can accord someone; to offer them access to the tribe's water, to share the tribe's means of survival, is to be prepared to die for them. It is a binding oath made with those the Fremen deem truly worthy. Being anointed so is not always an easy responsibility to bear.

Fremen Outcasts

Shared traditions, laws, and customs bond hundreds of tribes together as the single community of the Ichwan Bedwine. The most consequential of these codes pertain to water discipline. And the most reprehensible violation against the collective tribes is stealing the water of another Fremen. Not only is stealing water from another Fremen a crime punishable by death, but such despised individuals lose the honor of returning their water to the tribe. Their water is fetid.

Imagine then how abhorrent it must be for a Fremen to steal another Fremen's water, murder them to squeeze out every last drop, and then rob the victim of their most significant honor. This is why Ichwan Bedwine do not go to Jacurutu. It is taboo.

In olden times, many generations before Paul Atreides' arrival, Sietch Jacurutu had been stealing water from other Fremen tribes. Like vultures, they stalked isolated or injured Fremen in the open desert, killed them, then dragged their bodies to the nearest deathstill. The Ichwan Bedwine rejected them as part of their community and branded them Iduali, meaning 'water insects'. Eventually, after enough Fremen fell to Iduali, the other tribes acted.

The Fremen tribes banded together, traveled to Sietch Jacurutu, and slaughtered everyone in it. They showed no mercy. Men, women, children, they spared no one. All were Iduali. With deathstills reserved only for the untainted, the water of Jacurutu's Fremen painted the sietch's walls and evaporated on the sand. The massacre included Jacurutu's Sayyadina, forever removing the memory and history of their tribe. Afterward, the victors declared Jacurutu taboo, and Fremen elders left them out of their oral traditions. Eventually, they became a ghost story used as a cautionary tale.

However, not all of Jacurutu's tribe was in the sietch that night. Some returned home from the desert to find their families butchered. When the Ichwan Bedwine realized some had lived, they branded the survivors Cast Outs, exiling them. So, the Cast Outs withdrew into the deep desert. Isolated from their community, they died terrible, lonely deaths.

Or so the stories say. But, in the deep desert, some endured. They subsisted by selling spice and hiding among smugglers. Many years later, they returned to Jacurutu while working alongside smugglers who had named the place Fondak. After Paul's reign, his son Leto II eventually travels to Sietch Jacurutu/Fondak and sets the universe on the Golden Path, beginning the era of the God Emperor.

USING THE JACURUTU

Survivors of the massacre scattered, venturing deeper into the desert, or masquerading among the Arrakeen natives. No longer an actual tribe, the Jacurutu now function in small familial cells. Some pay homage to the Zensunni of old while living on the fringes of the desert and in places even the Fremen would consider unsafe. Others have adapted to the cities and make their way selling spice to smugglers. Finally, some sietches have adopted them, unaware of the Cast Out's true origins.

Vengeance drives these Fremen. Never forgetting their day of despair, the young's rite of passage into adulthood requires the murder of a Fremen and the claiming of their water. From the Jacurutu perspective, Fremen society murdered them hundreds of years ago, and for that great crime, they owe a debt of water. They also believe when they claim a Fremen's water, they also claim their soul as a personal guardian that will warn them of demons and become their slave after crossing into the alam al-mythal.

Jacurutu make excellent notable supporting characters, especially if there is a Fremen player character or characters allied to Fremen. They provide two things Fremen stories typically lack: intrigue and civil strife. Secret enemies, spies, and assassinations are usually the hallmark of a nobles' game, while Fremen culture has little need or talent for deception. Because they prefer honesty and sincerity in most interactions, Fremen warriors tend not to doubt a fellow warrior's heritage. Plus, they have done everything they can to erase Sietch Jacurutu from history. With this in mind, it can be easy for Iduali to infiltrate the Fremen and sabotage their efforts.

The Fremen also operate on Arrakis from a place of deception. The siridar governor has no idea how many Fremen or sietches are in the desert because they have cultivated this picture of a dozen scattered, disorganized tribes comprised of uncivilized animals. But the Jacurutu know the truth. They know precisely how many sietches there are, and more importantly, where they are. They know how to track Fremen movements and ambush them effectively. The Fremen view the Jacurutu as mythical ghosts, but these ghosts inflict real and lasting damage. All they lack are numbers and a gamemaster to utilize them strategically.

Players with Fremen concepts can also descend from the Jacurutu, as per the talent listed under *New Talents* on page 58-60. Playing this background is a game of subtlety and secrets. Akin to playing an undercover operative, Jacurutu must obfuscate their true origins to operate within Fremen society. They must choose their words and battles with care, weighing their need for vengeance against their continued survival.

The gamemaster can work with these concepts by crafting a Fremen tribe leading the charge against the Iduali while creating opportunities for the player character to exact their revenge. It is also possible to create obstacles for the Jacurutu character to overcome, possibly in the form of a suspicious Reverend Mother or a young Fremen scholar seeking to locate the fabled Sietch Jacurutu.

Fremen Technology

Outsiders think of the Fremen as primitive nomads, scratching a meager living from the hinterlands of Arrakis. This fiction is encouraged by the Fremen who are in truth sophisticated technologists who craft tools of unsurpassed quality. The brutal conditions under which they live their lives require specialized equipment that they must manufacture themselves in their sietches. Every Fremen tribe can produce the necessities they require, at least in small amounts, and transport their manufacturing infrastructure great distances even with notice.

What the Fremen cannot produce themselves—or choose not to in the case of commonly available equipment—they acquire through limited trade with city dwellers or smugglers. Fremen-made stillsuits are highly desired by those who make their livings in the desert and are second in value only to melange amongst the Fremen's trade-wares. Indeed, the Fremen's spice wealth trickles down into their craftwork and is utilized as a component of their manufactured fibers and plastic.

Fremen Assets

Survival is at the heart of every choice the Fremen make, and nowhere is this more evident than in their tools. Life in the deserts of Arrakis leaves no margin for error and the Fremen distrust the careless, watersoft manufacturing of outsiders. Fremen-made goods and assets are also far from abundant, even to the Fremen. So, each individual element is meticulously repaired and looked after. A stillsuit might have a score of owners, over several generations. Each new owner lovingly repairs any damage, working to preserve and protect that which belongs not to them, as an individual, but to the sietch as a whole. This attitude permeates Fremen society, a dedication to the common ownership of what is needed to preserve the life of the sietch and tribe.

Due to their care to make sure everything lasts, any asset with the keyword 'Fremen Made', is considered 1 level of Quality higher than would otherwise be the case.

Additional examples of Fremen technology and desert equipment can be found in the ***Dune*** core rulebook on pages 194–199.

FREMEN STILLSUIT

Fremen-manufactured stillsuits are of unparalleled quality and represent the zenith of their skill as craftspeople. Where a mass-produced city-made suit keeps water loss to 2.7 ml of water per day, a Fremen stillsuit, worn properly, will maintain a nearly unmeasurable loss of moisture, even in the deep desert. These suits are exactingly manufactured to general size templates and then tailored and fitted for the individual.

The suit functions as a high-efficiency filter and heat-exchange system. Nearly every millimeter of the wearer's body is in contact with the suit, allowing perspiration to penetrate the porous surface, cooling the body via evaporation. Layers of heat exchange filaments and salt precipitators are powered by the body's natural motions to pump fluids into catch pockets from which they can be drawn by a tube located at the neck. Even urine and feces are processed by the suit, permitting the simple removal of remaining waste products. A fitted skull cap encloses most of the head and is supplemented by a detachable flap covering the lower face to protect the wearer from the elements. Beneath the faceflap is the integral nose tube and mouth filter. By breathing in through the mouth and out through the nose, only the most undetectable amount of moisture is lost through respiration.

Fremen often wear additional layers of simple garments over the stillsuit. Loose robes and voluminous hoods aid in further reducing temperature and provide the added utility of pockets and contact points for harnesses, sheaths, and holsters.

As an Asset: A functional, fitted Fremen stillsuit enables the wearer to endure up to two months in the deep desert, provided they have a source of food.

Keywords: Arrakis, Fremen, Survival

FREMKIT

Containing the essential items of desert survival, Fremkits are kept in caches for quick access in an emergency. A kit typically includes a paracompass, a simple knife, a stilltent, maker hooks, a thumper, replacement stillsuit parts, and emergency stillsuit patches. Indeed, the satchel in which the kit is enclosed is itself made from material that can be cut up and used to temporarily repair a stillsuit or tent in an emergency. Fremen usually include in a Fremkit a small guide that addresses the basic operation of its contents accompanied by notes on the essentials of desert survival.

As an Asset: The kit's primary purpose is to allow someone to survive in the desert for a short period.

Keywords: Desert, Fremen, Survival

THE CRYSKNIFE

A defining item of Fremen identity, the crysknife is both practical weapon and sacred tool honed from the tooth of a sandworm. Every Fremen bears one as a mark of adulthood and treat these blades with genuine reverence. The blade must only be drawn in genuine need and may not be re-sheathed without first drawing blood. Most Crysknives are roughly 0.2 meters in length from tip to pommel, and they typically have a finger-ridged grip. The blade is a milky-white coloration, the natural color of a polished sandworm tooth, and is sometimes coated with a fast-acting and lethal poison.

Crysknives are nearly as sacred to the Fremen as their sietch names, and it is taboo for outsiders to look upon a drawn blade. Those outsiders who view a crysknife's blade are put to death, or, in rare circumstances where it is not appropriate to kill the offender, the blade is ritually cleansed in a lengthy ritual.

A Fremen is never without their crysknife; it is a symbol of their culture and tradition as well as being the tool they use to defend the tribe. In the harsh environment of Arrakis it is also a vital survival tool as much as a weapon. As such, being given a crysknife means you are trusted not only to defend your tribe but to walk alone in the desert as a true Fremen.

There are two variants of the crysknife: unfixed and fixed. An unfixed blade is attuned to an individual's electrical field and prolonged separation will cause the blade to crumble to dust. A fixed blade is treated with a melange-based chemical substance that allows the blade to be stored indefinitely.

As an Asset: A crysknife is a status symbol for an outsider among Fremen to show that one is a friend. They are an effective weapon against shielded opponents.

Keywords: Fremen, Melee Weapon, Sacred

Quality: Even the most meager crysknife has a Quality 1. Most are 2 or 3, and the poison used may increase the Quality further.

DISTRANS BAT

The Fremen have domesticated several small species of desert bats for use as distrans couriers. A tiny steganographic device is implanted in the bat by which it can carry a temporary neurally-delivered message. An individual can speak a message to the bat which it then carries to a distant location. The recipient speaks a trigger word or phrase, and the bat then responds with its normal vocations which carry the encoded message which can be deciphered by a second distrans receiver device. Secondarily, these bats function as pest control in sietches and are treated as loyal companions by the Fremen.

As an Asset: Distrans bats ensure private and secure communication.

Keywords: Animal, Courier, Stealth

DEATHSTILL

The deathstill, an appliance for the collection of moisture from the dead, is a grim expression of the Fremen's water discipline. These coffin-sized devices are maintained in all Fremen sietches (and a few secret locations in Arrakeen) and are the method by which the fallen gift their water to the tribe. A corpse is placed in the still and the lid is sealed, at which point the device is activated and a combination of pressure and heat evaporates all the moisture from the body. This condensation is then gathered and precipitated back into distilled water to be deposited in a container or directly into the sietch's catchbasin. Returning one's water to the tribe is the final privilege and honor of every Fremen, and only the most despised or tainted of individuals will be denied this act.

As an Asset: A deathstill allows precious water to be gathered from the dead and utilized by the living.

Keywords: Fremen, Infrastructure, Raw Materials, Ritual

WATER

There is no substance as precious to the Fremen as water; their entire culture is centered around its preservation. It is treasured, and its use is governed by a series of strictly observed taboos. Wasting water is utterly anathema to the Fremen. Tears are almost never shed for the lost or dead—on a planet where water is so precious, any such display of emotion is something of an affront. On rare occasions, such an action is something more than simply wasteful. "Giving water to the dead" as it is called is then seen as a mark of honor, of highest respect to the fallen, but it remains an extremely rare occurrence.

As an Asset: A vital element of survival for anyone on Dune, but, for the Fremen, a mark of belonging, and a mark of status. Water is everything, and is to be protected with absolute dedication. This represents a large stash of water, such as might be held within a sietch.

Keywords: Fremen, Life, Survival

WATER OF LIFE (UNCHANGED)

This ritual poison is another important part of Fremen culture and community. To make it, Fremen take a small juvenile sandworm and drown it, collecting the bile it spits out as it expires. Few non-Fremen know the substance exists and almost none know how it is made. While this is mostly because the Fremen keep their secrets, there is also something shameful about killing one of the children of Shai-Hulud, even for the tribe.

Water of life is a powerful narcotic as well as a deadly poison, and one infused with spice. However, it can be made safe by a Sayyadina with advanced training in biochemical control, such as a Bene Gesserit Sister. The adept drinks the poison and uses her skill to neutralize the poison in her own body. If she survives the process, it will awaken her 'Other Memory' and is one of the substances used to be come a Reverend Mother. To fail this test is to die. However, some have taken the Water of Life, knowing it will kill them, for the visions it produces. Prophecies have been spoken with the dying breath of those who take the Water of Life and cannot change it.

As an Asset: A deadly poison, this substance rarely ever leaves the sietch it was created in. It is usually only created for a purpose and used then, so the Fremen keep no stores of it. To have it as an asset suggests you are on a very special mission or trusted by the Fremen.

Keywords: Change, Fremen, Poison, Prophesy, Sayyadina

WATER OF LIFE (CHANGED)

Once the Water of Life has been changed by a skilled adept it is safe for others to drink. While it loses its deadly poison, it retains all its narcotic properties. In celebration of the survival of the transmuting Sayyadina, the sietch or village joins in drinking the changed water. The narcotic effects lead to an almost orgiastic festival and it one of the few times the Fremen cast aside their usual stoicism for wild abandon.

As an Asset: As the ritual of change doesn't produce a lot of changed water (only a sip is needed for its effects) there isn't usually any left after the celebration. It is a sacred substance to the Fremen, so they don't simply sell it. Those who have any should be prepared to offer a good reason.

Keywords: Abandon, Narcotic, Spice

WATER RINGS

When a Fremen vanquishes a rival or enemy in ritual combat, the dead's water is weighed from the deathstill and the victor given a metallic counter denominating the volume of that water. These rings permit the bearer to draw that water from the tribe's communal catch basin or give them in trade to other Fremen. Likewise, water rings might be granted by the tribe's Reverend Mother to account for outside enemies slain in battle. Significantly, water rings are a key element of Fremen courtship rituals. A would-be groom must offer his water rings to his bride. If she accepts his proposal she will weave fine metal strands through the rings to use as hair ornaments, or less commonly, as earrings.

As an Asset: Water rings may be used as a limited form of ritual currency among the Fremen.

Keywords: Fremen, Sacred, Small, Valuable

WILL OF THE ICHWAN BEDWINE

The Fremen are a close-knit society; each tribe may have its own desires, its own reputation to maintain, its own ambitions, but they all remain a single people. Should a member of a sietch be traveling on behalf of several tribes, bearing an important message, or seeking to prosecute a goal important to a large proportion of the Ichwan Bedwine, then they might be said to be carrying the 'Will of the Ichwan Bedwine'. This causes all Fremen to aid the carrier however they can, rendering them shelter, water, and assistance of whatever kind is needed. This is a potent asset, one bestowed only in rare circumstances. The Fremen unify in such a fashion only in the most important or decisive of circumstances.

As an Asset: The Fremen are almost entirely at your disposal; their encampments are yours, their weapons are yours, their water is provided for you to drink. It is rare for a Fremen to be so honored, almost unheard of for an outsider, but to those who act on behalf of the Fremen as a people, this is a priceless asset.

Keywords: Courier, Fremen, Knowledge

THUMPER

A thumper is a roughly meter-long stake bearing a spring-loaded clapping device. Driven into sand in the open desert, the rhythmic pounding produces a resounding low-frequency thump, irresistible to the sandworms of Arrakis. Some thumpers are modified to bear a delayed action device, consisting of a candle that burns for one hour (or more/less) before activation. Delayed-action thumpers have an increasing chance of failure for every additional fifteen minutes.

As an Asset: The thumper is useful in calling or distracting sandworms. The device can be used to cause mass destruction by luring a sandworm to appear in an area.

Keywords: Arrakis, Sandworm

MAKER HOOKS

These narrow metallic shafts are used to open a gap within a sandworm's ring segments, exposing the less-armored hide beneath to the elements. The hook is jammed between the worm's ring segments and levered round to separate them and expose the worm's flesh. Once pried open, the sandworm rolls to make sure the exposed area is on top, as far from the sand as possible. Under the armor of its ring segments the worm is exceptionally sensitive to sand. This allows the user to get on top of the sandworm (carried up as it turns) and guide the beast to wherever the rider wishes. If not levered properly to open a segment, the worm might turn the other way and simply crush the irritant against the sand.

As an Asset: Maker hooks can be used to guide sandworms into enemy locations or travel great distances across Arrakis.

Keywords: Fremen, Sandworm, Transportation

Worm Riding

No Fremen may call themselves a man or woman until they have called and ridden a sandworm. The act of worm riding is at the core of Fremen identity, demonstrating their mastery over the desert and their reliance upon Shai-Hulud, the force of God.

Fremen children are taught the basics of worm riding from a young age, and most master the act no later than their early teenage years. As this skill is crucial in the Fremen's ability to navigate the vast wastes of Arrakis only the oldest and youngest are exempt from attaining proficiency.

The fundamentals of calling a worm are simple: A thumper is set and triggered, and its rhythmic clapping will inevitably call a worm, given enough time. The subtleties of this act, however, are deep and carry potentially lethal consequences for the careless. When calling a worm the individual must be keenly aware of the conditions of the sand, the wind, and their own position some space distant from the thumper. The rider must anticipate the likely course of the worm's arrival and position themselves far enough away to not be in immediate danger but not so distant that they will not be able to quickly approach the worm and mount it. Further, if they are accompanied by others, they must consider the same issues for their companions.

Once the worm has been called, the rider must rush alongside it while it remains on the surface. While keeping pace they must then thrust a maker hook beneath one of the sandworm's segments, and pry it open. At this critical juncture the worm will begin to roll over and away from the point where the hook entered to avoid sand and debris from irritating its sensitive interior flesh. The rider must have established a strong connection with the hook and then hold on as the worm lifts them vertically dozens or even hundreds of meters depending on its size. Once atop the worm, the rider must act quickly to set a second hook and create a stable 'back' from which they will guide their vast mount. At this point, the rider will tie guiding ropes to the hooks with which the sandworm may be steered. If the rider has set their hooks well, they have near total command over the worm which will not burrow until released. If the rider wishes others to join them, they drop trailing ropes from the hooks to allow others to ascend the worm's sides. Once mounted, a sandworm can be used to travel hundreds of kilometers before it becomes exhausted, then sluggishly buries itself to recover from its exertions. An expert worm rider will anticipate this moment and dismount before it comes to pass.

Most Fremen know how long it takes for a worm to tire, and how far that will take them, allowing them to plan a long journey. It has also led to 'thumper' becoming a measure of distance, referring how many thumpers will be used to call worms before they reach the destination. A twenty thumper journey can take a worm rider around three quarters of the way from one pole of Arrakis to the other.

WORM RIDING RULES

Worm riding is extraordinarily difficult for the uninitiated but a matter of regular life for the Fremen, if a perilous one. A character who is familiar with the processes will typically find them to be a Difficulty of 2 but an individual with no training will certainly find it a Difficulty of 4, if not 5. Complications may arise from the terrain and weather, or a need to hurry.

The attempt is made as an extended test and the character in question will only have time to make three dice rolls to gain the points to reach the requirement. The Worm Rider focus will obviously apply, but other focuses can apply for the individual rolls if the gamemaster allows. These rolls are:

- **Understand:** To set the thumper and position themselves in a good place. Complications at this point only make later tests more difficult rather than create injuries.
- **Discipline:** As the worm rises from the sand the Fremen must stay focused as the terrifying worm bears down on them. Complications at this point will lead to greater Difficulty but not just for the worm-riding attempt. It will add a social stigma if other Fremen are watching as they fail to face Shai-Hulud with respect and dignity.
- **Move:** Finally, they must make a run to the worm's side and plant the maker hooks correctly to make it turn and lift them onto its back. Complications at this point can lead to injury and even death.

To make things more difficult, you can only know the requirement for the test when a worm actually arrives. The larger the worm the harder to ride it, although the more auspicious the test if it is your first time. To determine the size of the worm and the requirement, roll **1d20** on the table:

ROLL (1D20)	DESCRIPTION	REQUIREMENT
1–3	Juvenile	**4**
4–13	Adult	**8**
14–19	Large Adult	**12**
20	Shai-Hulud	**16**

If the rider can get enough points to meet the requirement (from successes and spent Momentum) they find themselves on the back of one of the great sandworms of Dune, commanding it to travel where they please. For other passengers it requires only a simply Move test at Difficulty 2 to catch a rope and climb up to join the rider. Leaving the worm when it tires requires no test, but if one needs to call another worm to complete the journey, the process starts again.

Fremen and Outsiders

The Fremen are a notoriously insular people. Distrustful of outsiders and reclusive, they shun the cities of Arrakis, keeping to the deep desert whenever possible. They are notoriously aloof in attitude to those outside their tribes and have a reputation for sudden violence if provoked. Citizens of Arrakeen afford a wide berth to those Fremen they encounter in the souks and markets. But even as self-sufficient as they are, the Fremen have needs that bring them into contact with others. The secret spice-wealth of the Fremen ensures that when they require trade or outside assistance they are able to afford virtually anything they may need.

The necessities of survival on Arrakis require the Fremen to trade for certain raw materials and weaponry, and individual Fremen have their own motivations and needs that may inveigle them in the broader community of the planet. And naturally, other powers have their own interests in the Fremen and their lands. The wise treat the Fremen with respect and a measure of fear in their dealings; to do otherwise invites only a swift death.

Fremen live by a harsh philosophy gained from the difficulties of surviving their environment. This attitude leaves them brusque and seemingly rude to those unfamiliar with their ways. Conversely, the Fremen never cease to be astonished by the carelessness with which others regard water and this can easily give rise to misunderstandings. For their part, they tend to treat outsiders as dim children whose poor etiquette must be indulged. Even so, a serious insult or perceived threat is likely to result in violence.

Chance Meetings and Tribal Adoption

Intruding upon Fremen territory is a grave risk. In most cases, they will permit travelers to move unmolested, observing them in secret, if they believe they mean no harm. However, the Fremen guard their lands jealously, and if they believe intruders may have seen (or will see) something they should not, they will unfailingly attack and eradicate them if possible. There is little chance for negotiation as the Fremen attack from concealed positions and then act with ruthless efficiency. Few people have survived such events and those that have spread wild rumors about the ferocity and cruelty they encoun-

tered. It is not unknown for people to take their own lives rather than fall into the hands of the Fremen.

In some cases, the Fremen may make themselves known to interlopers, particularly small groups who have survived an accident or mishap. The Fremen concept of mercy for outsiders is narrowly defined, and they will usually leave such unfortunate folk to survive or perish on their own, but may take an interest if the group includes children or young adults. In such instances the outsiders will be taken captive and their potential value as members of the sietch assessed. The burden of training adults in the skills and attitudes necessary for survival as a Fremen is considerably greater than with children, and supporting such individuals poses a considerable risk to the entire sietch. Typically, adults will be executed in a swift and merciful fashion and their water and personal items claimed for the tribe, though those with valuable skills may be spared. Children and the rare adults spared will be offered membership in the tribe; those who refuse or are overly hostile will be regretfully killed.

Individuals brought into the tribe in this manner live under the supervision of a respected member of the sietch who is responsible for teaching them the ways of the Fremen as quickly as possible, with an emphasis on water discipline and the communal customs of sietch life. Newcomers are afforded the latitude typically only granted to children, but they will be expected to master the basic skills of desert survival quickly and enthusiastically. Fremen mercy ends the moment such an individual proves themselves to be an ongoing liability to the sietch.

Those who attain the respect of the tribe will in time be welcomed as full members and as Fremen in their own right. At this point, they are granted all the rights and responsibilities of any Fremen and are no longer thought of as outsiders. The majority of Fremen hold no prejudices against such adoptees, who are often surprised by the warmth which the tribe comes to show them. In most cases, this means the adopted Fremen will never return to their old life, whatever it may have been, but rare exceptions have been made. People with valuable connections in the cities or elsewhere may be permitted to return and cultivate their own relationships for the good of the sietch, though this privilege is only granted in very unusual circumstances, and only for highly trusted individuals. Most individuals who are adopted into a Fremen tribe become fully naturalized and in time no longer wish to return to the water-soft people from which they came. Should they marry into the tribe their children will be raised as full members of the sietch from birth. Indeed, the occasional influxes of new blood help keep the Fremen a genetically healthy people.

Fremen and the Common People of Arrakis

The pyons and common people of Dune's cities, like Arrakeen and Carthag, may go their whole lives without ever having a more significant interaction with the Fremen than seeing them here and there in the street or at market. On the whole, the civilians of Arrakis view the people of the desert with a sense of fear and mistrust. There is a general feeling that the Fremen are impoverished tribesmen prone to violence and best avoided. The Fremen, for the most part, are happy to encourage this view as it discourages most people from peering too deeply into their activities. For their part, the Fremen see almost all outsiders as water-soft dilettantes competing for the planet's scarce resources; at best liabilities, at worst, dangerous enemies.

Still, the Fremen recognize the necessity of trade with the city dwellers. Most tribes and sietches have individuals who are responsible for treating with merchants and tradespeople. These individuals are the most common Fremen to be encountered, and are rarely replaced in their duties out of an effort to keep their true numbers concealed. Trading partners forged in this manner may be maintained over decades; in many cases, the Fremen may introduce their children to their trading partners, paving the way for generational relationships.

While these partnerships are usually simple transactional affairs, it's not unknown for Fremen to forge genuine friendships in this manner. More than one merchant stranded in the desert has found himself saved by the seemingly miraculous discovery of a fremkit or simply granted a swift and merciful death.

Remote villages at the edge of 'civilization' have been known to engender friendly relations with Fremen tribes. While Fremen do not care to rely overly upon such outsiders, they recognize the utility of shelter and support in the event of an emergency and will pursue limited exchange if they feel the community in question is relatively trustworthy. Such places are used only in the direst of situations as the Fremen never fully trust such groups. In return, a friendly community will find themselves spared raids, or in rare instances, even gifted with supplies in times of scarcity.

Fremen do have occasion to seek employment, as well. It's not at all uncommon for individual Fremen to be found among the crews of spice-harvesting operations where their knowledge of the desert is a welcomed boon, if their surly attitudes are not. For their part, these Fremen workers are usually there less for the monetary reward and more to surveil desert operations and prevent outsiders from seeing things they should not. In some cases, Fremen have sabotaged operations or

even led them into lethal ambushes. Whole harvesters have been secretly lost to Fremen raids, the incidents ultimately reported as accidents or the depredation of sand worms.

Smugglers and Mercenaries

While the Fremen dominion of the deepest desert reaches is unchallenged, there are many others who operate in the stretches closer to the cities. The lucrative spice trade attracts thousands of parasitic organizations and individuals, all striving to obtain the tiniest fractions of the incredible wealth found in the sands. Naturally, such vast profits attract the unscrupulous.

Arrakis is home to numerous criminal organizations devoted to illicit melange profit, and the most successful of these ply their trade with the aid of the Fremen to one degree or another. Many smugglers find it prudent to offer regular tribute to the Fremen to avoid their depredations. In other instances, they may be able to bribe Fremen for information on environmental hazards or for the locations of rich spice deposits outside the purview of official harvesting operations. In some cases, Fremen may be hired to provide tactical assistance in diversionary attacks against harvesting spotters or outposts to pilfer a harvest. There have even been rare incidents in which Fremen have agreed to launch their own assaults against rival criminal operations for substantial pay, though these occurrences almost always further some secretive secondary goal of their own.

The Fremen care nothing for Imperial legalities and are generally as happy to treat with smugglers as they are with whichever House officially rules the planet at any given time. However, the Fremen are ultimately motivated by their need for secrecy, and groups that seem likely to draw undue attention from the authorities will be considered inconveniences to be eliminated or avoided. Likewise, smuggling operations are highly regimented affairs that require a paranoid level of secrecy for success, which makes the more professional outfits sometimes acceptable partners for Fremen interests.

However, even those criminals who succeed in forging alliances with the Fremen do so with immense trepidation. Illicit operators have no recourse from authority against the desert-dwellers, a fact of which the Fremen are keenly aware. Criminal operators treat the Fremen with the utmost respect or find their water quickly claimed.

Numerous mercenary companies ply their trade on Arrakis both in the employ of the planet's ruling House and as catspaws for other nobles with their own interests on the planet. The bulk of these companies are off-world organizations whose members are contracted from across the universe, but Arrakeen and Carthag are host to several standing companies that have worked nearly exclusively on Arrakis for generations. In either case, mercenary troupes are often employed in the defense of spice harvesting operations to pad out a House's own troops or even as their sole security presence. For the most part, the Fremen take a dim view of these soldiers who they see as faithless interlopers. Fremen do occasionally serve in mercenary companies themselves, but they typically take pains to present themselves as simple natives of Arrakis and hide their heritage.

A few mercenary companies have succeeded in creating working relationships with certain Fremen tribes. In some instances, mercenaries have even sold their services to Fremen sietches that wish to project force but keep well clear of it themselves. In turn, the Fremen do cultivate relationships with some mercenaries as they can be a useful source of information regarding the machinations of their enemies.

The Houses of the Landsraad

To the Fremen, the Imperially appointed governing House of Arrakis is a near irrelevance. They have watched numerous Houses come and go, and have come to consider their legislative whims with the same stoicism with which they regard the weather, or the passage of Shai-Hulud across the sands.

Typically, the rulers of Arrakis pay little attention to the people of the deep desert. Provided the spice production quotas are met most ruling Houses have been content to ignore a people they see as nomadic rabble and focus instead on the internecine intrigues that plague the nobility. However, Dune's rulers have been known to use the Fremen as scapegoats for their problems and have, from time to time, issued punitive raids against them.

For their part, the Fremen see the Great Houses as simply another expression of the oppressive forces they have escaped in the desert. Punitive incursions are a serious concern but the Fremen are adept at evasion and surprisingly so well-informed by their contacts with city folk and outsiders that they are rarely more than inconvenienced by such events. Still, they have long memories and never forget a wrongdoing. Rulers who meddle overly in the lives of the Fremen will find their spice-harvesting operations interrupted with increasing frequency, their facilities raided, and their personnel butchered.

The Fremen are careful to not press such assaults past a point that might invite escalated reprisals and instead seek to force the cost of such incursions to become greater than the profits to be gleaned elsewhere on Arrakis. Historically, the Fremen and the rulers of Arrakis have sought to leave one another alone.

Individuals in the employ of a House may be able to gain the trust of a Fremen tribe on a limited basis, though few were interested enough to even try before House Atreides arrived. The Harkonnen rule is brutal even by the standards of Arrakis and has left the Fremen with an even greater antipathy towards the rulers of the Empire. The Harkonnen hunt the Fremen for sport, and the Fremen return the favor, albeit with more subtlety. This has so soured relations between the Fremen and all the Imperium nobility that any attempt to heal this divide would require great patience and diplomacy.

Such agents would not only need to prove their utility and good faith to an individual Fremen, but would also need to demonstrate it in acts over time to that individual's entire tribe. Even then, other sietches and communities would have no inclination to trust such potentially dangerous outsiders on those merits. The Fremen and their naibs would look upon any such gestures of friendship with the utmost suspicion, and the most minor breach of etiquette or sign of deceit would shatter the alliance at once.

Ultimately, the opulence displayed by the rulers of Arrakis and the other Houses who also maintain holdings on the planet is disgusting to the Fremen. Even the most benign nobility engages proudly in wasteful and callous behaviors which the Fremen consider grave sins. Any offers made by them to the Fremen will be considered with the deepest of suspicions.

The Spacing Guild

It would come as a great shock to the rest of the Imperium were they to learn of the Fremen's relations with the Spacing Guild. An alliance of convenience, the Guild and Fremen have no trust or affection for one another, but have engaged in an uneasy relationship for generations.

The Fremen wish to keep their activities in the wastes of Arrakis secure from prying eyes. This secrecy has long been the key to their very survival, allowing them to move as they wish across the desert without interference and hiding their true numbers from their many enemies. Naturally, the greatest threat to this secrecy comes from the Spacing Guild and their monopoly on spacecraft and the subsequent ability to monitor planets from orbit.

On most inhabited worlds the Guild maintains a host of weather control and surveillance satellites to benefit the planetary inhabitants. While secondary to their critical role as the sole controllers of travel between star systems, this infrastructure is still of vast importance and a source of significant profit. The Fremen recognized this threat early in their time on Dune and immediately set about finding a way to circumvent it. Fortunately for the Fremen, they were in possession of the sole commodity that might tempt the Guild: the spice melange.

The abilities and very survival of Guild navigators is wholly dependent upon spice, and the Guild was pleased to have access to a secondary source, free from Imperial taxation. The Fremen offered a yearly tribute of spice in return for keeping the skies of Arrakis clear from orbital monitoring. For their part, the Guild is content to make good on this arrangement as it allows their stockpiles of melange to grow by enormous margins with little risk to themselves.

Periodically the ruling house of Arrakis or the Imperial House itself will request that the Guild once more attempt to install a satellite monitoring system above the planet, but the Guild always demurs, stating that the unique atmospheric conditions of Dune preclude any such attempt. This lie has gone largely unchallenged, though some privately believe that the Guild is merely obscuring its own extra-legal spice harvesting operations.

The transaction is conducted annually via Guild lighters that touch down in an appointed place, far from the gaze of outsiders. Guild representatives oversee the receipt of the bribe and may issue changes to the terms for the following year. Only the most trustworthy of Fremen warriors are chosen to take part in this trade; seasoned warriors accompanying the most the diplomatically minded naibs. Though this is conducted as a matter of course it is still a potentially fraught moment for all involved, and any interference from third parties would be met with severe and immediate repercussion.

Muad'Dib

Paul Muad'Dib. Lisan al-Gaib. The Mahdi. Whatever name they call him, no one transformed the Fremen and their way of life more than the young Paul Atreides. Or more accurately, no one transformed the Fremen more than the prophet, leader, and religious figure Paul would become.

After Muad'Dib claims Arrakis for his Fremen and the seat of Emperor for himself, his chosen people begin an unstoppable change. Even Muad'Dib himself cannot stop the evolution—and eventual devolution—of the Fremen.

This section explores how Muad'Dib affects the Fremen at various times. It also explores how player characters and the gamemaster might incorporate the changes brought by Lisan al-Gaib into their characters and campaigns.

The Trap of Prophecy

Paul Muad'Dib often feels trapped by his gift of foresight. He can see the future but finds himself unable to avoid the path he sees with his abilities. This despair informs his entire reign, and eventually that of his son, Leto II. This confinement of an unavoidable future similarly restricts the Fremen; they are destined to become Muad'Dib's holy warriors. They will fight and kill their way across countless worlds, enforcing the will of their savior, hero, and leader.

The pull created by Muad'Dib's passing draws everyone near him into his wake, even if some individual Fremen manage to escape this pull and chart their own destinies. As a people they cannot distance themselves from Muad'Dib, his crusades or his rule.

This setting element is particularly important to characters interact closely with Paul Muad'Dib, his family, and his closest friends and allies. Paul's actions create adventure and opportunity, but they also run the constant risk of forcing characters to become extras and bit players in the grand drama of Muad'Dib's life.

The Trap of Faith

Prophecy is not the only trap which touches Fremen existence. Their faith in their destiny, Muad'Dib, and the righteousness of his actions pushes them from their tried and tested ways. They leave the desert, travel to other worlds, and otherwise migrate away from their ways before Muad'Dib changes the universe. Eventually, the pressure of these new experiences begins to chip and shatter the Fremen's way of life, creating variations and perversions.

Some Fremen embrace the idea of Muad'Dib as divine, becoming fanatical holy warriors and devoted priests. Others are entranced by newfound wealth and resources, becoming water-soft and complacent. Others die in service to Muad'Dib and their families embrace this loss as grand martyrdom or quietly resent the new ways taking away their loved ones. The end effect is like the chipping or notching of a knife. The blade may still be sharp and true in places, but it is overall diminished.

Deciding how a Fremen character feels about Muad'Dib and his role as prophet and messiah is important in any campaigns featuring him. Beliefs can be structured to explain this outlook, and the gamemaster should consider this element when designing encounters and adventures involving the Fremen, Arrakis, and the future Muad'Dib brings.

The Times of Muad'Dib

The following section examines how Muad'Dib influences the Fremen before, during, and after his rise to prominence. Advice on how to use these concepts during play are included for both the gamemaster and players.

Before the Coming

Before the arrival of Muad'Dib, the Fremen are quite different. While they hope for a leader and a prophet, they remain pragmatic and conservative in their methods. They keep their secrets, follow the teachings of Liet, and are careful to observe and test anyone who seems connected to their fabled savior and the stories of his coming. This is why Paul must prove himself several times before the Fremen before they truly accept him. They are wary of false prophets, agents, infiltrators, and charismatic fools. The Fremen of this time still desire the coming of their Madhi, but they are even more concerned about getting it wrong and opening themselves to the wrong influences.

This pragmatism and caution inform everything the Fremen do before the coming of Muad'Dib. They are slow to trust and even slower to throw their lot in with others. Those few allies they make are expected to prove their allegiance through service and assistance to the Fremen. Words are insufficient; action and purpose are necessary. Those willing and able to spill the body's water—theirs or of someone else—are respected for their will and ability. This is how Duncan Idaho earned his dual allegiance with House Atreides and Stilgar's sietch; he proved himself a deadly warrior willing to respect the Fremen's ways and work to further their goals. Idaho's other responsibilities were accepted and understood as a practical condition for gaining someone of his talents.

PLAYING IN THIS TIME

As detailed in 'Chance Meetings and Tribal Adoption' (pages 49-50), Non-Fremen player characters may earn similar consideration as Idaho—and later Paul—does during play; accepted as Fremen if their prowess and dedication are impressive enough. The gamemaster should stress these expectations and requirements, making sure any dealings with the Fremen beyond the most cursory involve sacrifice, mutual respect, understanding, and proving one's worth.

The Early Days

The early days of Muad'Dib are heady and optimistic. First, as a newcomer draped in prophecy and eventually as their leader, young Paul brings victory and the promise of new freedom. His battles with the Emperor and Harkonnens cost lives, but the Fremen know Paul shares their struggle and pain. He is the grand leader who delivers them from years of oppression, and they love him for it.

While Paul first rises to lead the Fremen and then eventually takes the throne, the Fremen's mood and expectations grow. They believe he will deliver them their promised paradise—Arrakis for the Fremen free of outside oppression and slavery. The young and idealistic are the first to embrace this idea of the Fremen as the righteous hand of Muad'Dib, though eventually all but heretics and outcasts accept him and his role.

This period begins the trap Paul and those closest to him feel for the rest of his life. The Fremen become fully Paul's and he completely theirs. He is no longer an outsider ducal heir or legitimized bastard of a Great House. Instead, he is Muad'Dib, the cunning desert mouse whose secret name represents the strength of all. He is hero of the Fremen and the demon who haunts the dreams of the Harkonnen and anyone else who would stand against them.

PLAYING IN THIS TIME

This is a romantic and terrifying time for Fremen characters and their allies. The growing legend of Muad'Dib begins to transform those who follow him. A valiant warrior may become a devout berserker. An idealistic youth may grow into a devoted priest of cult of the new Fremen messiah. The skeptical or cynical may find old friends and family turn against them for refusing to follow the righteous path. Players should consider how their own characters change, including how they relate to Muad'Dib and his ever-expanding crusade. The gamemaster should consider how the changing times affect adventures, non-player characters, and overall campaign themes.

The Great Crusades

After Muad'Dib becomes Emperor and sends his Fremen across the galaxy, things grow beyond his immediate control. Fremen travel to worlds both amazing and horrifying to them, filled with water, lush landscapes, and people with abhorrent softness and decadence. While some sights and experiences are wonderful, the overall shock of encountering alien climes and cultures fuels fanaticism. This time sees the creation of the Golden Elixir of Life, the official religion of Emperor Muad'Dib, and the Qizarate priests. This faith rises to prominence even as Muad'Dib's crusades eliminate dozens of other religions.

To many Fremen, the strangeness they see proves the righteousness of their own existence. This is reinforced by the reason for these travels: the pacification of all resistance to Emperor Muad'Dib's reign. For many Fremen, the best way to accept being dragged from their deserts and sent to fight and die on strange worlds is to embrace the idea they are holy warriors delivering the truth of Lisan al-Gaib to the outside world.

Back on Arrakis, the gradual changing of the climate and increased comfort and prosperity many Fremen experience causes a similar crisis. Those who enjoy and embrace the new ways praise Muad'Dib and his Golden Elixir of Life. Their devotion ranges from strong appreciation to dangerous devotion. The most opportunistic and faithful join the Qizarate, directing the spiritual development of the age. Conversely, those few who lose too much to Muad'Dib's wars or embrace forbidden paths turn to dissidence and heresy. These outcasts find other paths.

PLAYING IN THIS TIME

The great crusades are a time of grand adventure, deadly intrigue, and great change. Houses rise and fall, religions and philosophies disappear and are rediscovered, and countless heroes and villains act across all the known worlds. Players should consider how Muad'Dib and his wars and edicts affect their characters. Some may become devoted followers of the Emperor carrying his word far beyond Arrakis; others may become lost and embittered as they watch so many friends and allies perish during seemingly endless wars. Qizarate characters, player character or not, should be created to showcase their beliefs and personal reasons for joining the church. The gamemaster can craft heresies, military campaigns, and other exciting and dangerous events for characters to explore.

The Time of the Preacher

With the 'death' of Muad'Dib, his empire turns to fanaticism and corruption. Paul, now wandering Arrakis as the blind Preacher, seeks to undo the damage done to his planet and people by his sister, the Qizarate, and his own failings. This effort is doomed to fail, instead forming the final stone on a path that leads his son to embrace his great Golden Path as a terrible but necessary step in the development of humanity.

This period sees the Fremen begin to lose their way and fracture. Many turn to Alia and the Qizarate, embracing the idea of Lisan al-Gaib as a godlike force now immortal and guiding the Fremen into the future. Others reject these beliefs, believing as the Preacher himself suggests that turning from the wisdom of the desert brings doom and damnation. This time is brief, but it brings great conflict.

PLAYING IN THIS TIME

The days of the Preacher and the years before the rise of Leto II are a whirlwind of change, especially for the Fremen. Players should consider how the increased corruption and fanaticism of the period affects their characters, especially Fremen who lived, fought, and possibly even knew Paul Muad'Dib. The gamemaster should consider how the tensions between the Preacher and the Qizarate cause cultural conflicts, religious intrigues, and bloody resistance—all of which make great sources for adventure and campaign themes.

Museum Fremen

Once Leto II takes power and begins to implement the Golden Path, the Fremen are 'saved' from further corruption through isolation in their sietches. This preserves the Fremen culture, but at the cost of transforming them into relics. By the death of Leto II, they are largely isolated people whose ceremonial ways lack the practical utility of the past. The terraforming of Arrakis confines these people to an increasingly small area on the planet, and they largely serve as an example of how Leto II abandoned his father's people for godhood and his centuries-long cultural engineering.

PLAYING IN THIS TIME

Museum Fremen are an important part of the reign of the God Emperor thematically but can be difficult to incorporate into campaigns due to their isolation. However, a renegade Fremen who leaves their sietch to explore Leto II's world might make an interesting character for the gamemaster to utilize and players to encounter.

Fremen Player Characters

There are likely to be many players who want to create a Fremen character to play. They are, after all, one of the most iconic aspects of the ***Dune*** universe. The Fremen are fierce warriors, knowledgeable about the desert world of Arrakis, and sworn to protect their sietch, and to follow the Lisan al-Ghaib, when they finally arrive. They are loyal, courageous, and deadly fighters. You might say they make perfect player characters in every way, and the choice is to be encouraged.

However, Fremen are also quite isolationist and give their trust slowly and warily. So it can be difficult to integrate them to a group of player characters with mixed backgrounds. The ***Dune*** core rulebook contains the basics for creating a Fremen character. This section builds on that with new options and abilities, something to make the Fremen characters in your games feel more authentic, and uniquely themselves.

There are new talents, new traits, and new character options—all designed to offer Fremen player characters a means of customizing their sietch members, before sending them out into the jaws of Shai-Hulud! Any player wanting to use these new features with their character should double-check with their gamemaster, ensuring that their character concepts are suitable for the game they are running.

Fremen Life Events

When you begin to create a character you need to ask: How did they come to be who they are? What early experiences in the tumult of sand and madness shaped them? The following table offers a selection of events and origins to help define your character's unique background. Either roll on the following table, or choose one which appeals to you, to give additional depth and flavor to your sietch-dweller.

ROLL (1D20)	EVENT
1–3	Child of the Storm
4–7	Orphaned
8–10	Water Thief
11–13	Chosen of Shai-Hulud
14–16	Blood Feud
17–18	Lover of Battle
19–20	True Believer

CHILD OF THE STORM

You were born in the midst of one of Arrakis's regular, and devastating, sandstorms. While the wind blasted the surface of the planet, your parents huddled in the scant shelter of the sietch, and you emerged into the world. To be born during a sandstorm is to be marked as special, to possess a grand destiny—you carry this knowledge with you. Is it a burden? What is your destiny? How will you seize it?

ORPHANED

You are a child of the sietch in the truest sense of the word. Both your parents died, leaving you to be raised by others. You have always been treated kindly, welcomed, and tended to by the tribe, but you cannot escape the sense of loss you feel. How were your parents lost? How old were you when they were taken from you? Do you seek to avenge them?

WATER THIEF

You didn't do it. It is almost impossible for you to believe such accusations were leveled at you, but they were. The ultimate crime—that of water theft—was once imputed to you. You proved the falsehood of the allegations, whether at the point of a crysknife or more peaceably, else you would not be alive, but still the dust of the putative crime clings to you and your stillsuit. How did you come to be accused? How did you prove your innocence?

CHOSEN OF SHAI-HULUD

The maker courses through the desert, implacable, immortal, unstoppable. Those who seek to mount and ride the great sandworms are the most venerated of the Fremen. You're young, yet, but you know you will be one of those great riders, one day. Whatever it takes, whatever sacrifices it may ask of you, you'll make them gladly. You'll allow nothing to prevent your ascension, to feel the hook fasten into Shai-Hulud's flesh, to stand upon its back… How have you prepared for this great day? How many enemies have you made in pursuit of your ambition?

BLOOD FEUD

Honor is paramount in Fremen society. Honor and respect. Its cultivation, and its absence, drive the Fremen to hone their skills in combat, their courage, and survival skills… all is attributable to the need to earn a place of honor in the sietch. Such a society is prone to clashes between individuals, between groups and factions, who believe their reputation is being denigrated in some way. You became bound up in such an argument, and it has never gone away. It has yet to escalate into combat and slaughter, but it cannot be far away. How did this feud begin? How will you end it?

LOVER OF BATTLE

Fremen culture places huge value on skill at arms. Surviving on Arrakis makes such martial talents essential, and you embrace the craft of killing more than your peers. Indeed, within the sietch, your skill is legendary, but you are considered intemperate, dangerous even. Battle-lust is feared by the Fremen, as much as it is prized. How do you seek to control your impulses? Does your love of combat threaten to overwhelm your reason?

TRUE BELIEVER

All dwellers in the sietch know the tales of Muad'Dib. All know of the leader prophesied to lead the people of Arrakis to supremacy over the stars, to incite the jihad, when those long consigned to the harsh climes of Arrakis conquer those who oppressed them. You know you will serve at the side of Muad'Dib. You've seen it, in the spice dreams that come to you from time to time. You'll be in the front ranks of the Muad'Dib's army, as the jihad burns its way through the stars. How do you prepare for the coming of the leader? How do the other Fremen treat someone as fanatical as you?

New Focuses

The following options for focuses are not always limited to Fremen and some may be taken by any character if the gamemaster allows.

- **Desert Navigation** (Understand) – Knowing how to orient yourself in the desert.
- **Fremen Crafting** (Discipline) – The dedication and patience to create a variety of crafts such as weaving and ropemaking.
- **Fremen Culture** (Understand) – Knowing the ways of the Fremen people.
- **Fremen Technology** (Understand) – Knowing how to repair and construct stillsuits and fremkits, etc.
- **Forging** (Discipline) – Crafting metal items using a forge or furnace.
- **Interpretation** (Discipline) – You know (or think you know) how to read the signs around you, and the truth of dreams and visions.
- **Leadership** (Communicate) – How to make people want to follow you, rather than how to give orders.
- **Metalwork** (Discipline) – Working forged metal into small items for art or utility.
- **Pistol** (Battle) – Use of firearms, such as maula pistols or dartguns.
- **Pottery** (Discipline) – Crafting ceramic goods for art and/or utility.
- **Rifle** (Battle) – Use of non-lasgun rifle weapons.
- **Speechmaking** (Communicate) – How to influence a large crowd with an idea or command.
- **Stillness** (Discipline) – The ability to maintain a quiet, almost meditative posture in the same position for hours at a time. Useful when lying in wait or remaining unobtrusive.
- **Stonemason** (Discipline) – Working and carving stone for art or buildings.
- **Weather Lore** (Understand) – An understanding of weather patterns and when a storm may be brewing.
- **Woodcarving** (Discipline) – Constructing wooden items for art or utility.

New Fremen Templates

Fremen are as varied a people as any other. As such, a single faction character template doesn't really do them justice. Different in temperament, in belief, in skill, to all others, they are formed from different stuff than the soft clay of planets where water is abundant. As a result of this, we offer several new archetypes for Fremen characters only. If you choose the Fremen faction template when creating your character, you may select one of the following archetypes, instead of the usual choices under Warmasters, Socialites, Disciples, and Adepts from the ***Dune*** core book. These archetypes are no more powerful but offer a more Fremen twist to the usual combinations available.

NAIB

The naib fulfils the role of war-leader and protector of the whole sietch, representing the ideals of Fremen society. As such, a naib is also a religious leader in some ways, as the spiritual well-being of the tribe is as important as its physical well-being. The naib must be the toughest and most remorseless of all those who dwell in their sietch. The word naib translates roughly to 'one who has sworn never to be taken alive by the enemy' and such an attitude is necessary for any who wish to hold the role for more than a few days.

One only becomes naib through challenging the current naib and slaying them. As a result, the naib is the greatest warrior in the encampment and knows the burden of taking another life. These are deemed the essential qualities of a Fremen leader. The sietch's survival is their most important and fundamental task. It can only be achieved by those strong enough to preserve themselves.

- **Trait:** Naib
- **Primary Skill:** Battle
- **Secondary Skill:** Understand
- **Focuses:** Dueling, Leadership
- **Talents:** Ways of the Ichwan Bedwine, To Know Someone Is to Fight Them
- **Drives:** The survival of the sietch is the most important thing to the naib. Before all else, the protection of the Fremen under their command is their focus. Expanding the influence and reputation of the sietch is also a common goal, but always secondary to their Duty toward the sietch in the long term.

FEDAYKIN

Originally the term Fedaykin was simply another word for a warrior or guerilla fighter among the Fremen. However, those who bore the title were among the most dedicated fighters the Fremen had to offer, excelling in hand to hand combat. With the coming of Muad'Dib, the name became synonymous with his elite guard, later considered Paul's 'death commandoes'. In any case, those who bear the name are fearsome fighters who have dedicated their lives to the blade.

- **Trait:** Fedaykin
- **Primary Skill:** Battle
- **Secondary Skill:** Move
- **Focuses:** Dueling, Short Blades
- **Talent:** Bold (Battle), Crysknife Master
- **Drives:** Exacting retribution, by any means necessary, against those who have wronged the Ichwan Bedwine, is the perennial goal of the Fedaykin. This form of Justice is the central motivation of the Fedaykin. A justice underpinned by their Faith in the Fremen way.

SAYYADINA

The spiritual well-being of a tribe is almost as important as water. So nearly each sietch also possesses Sayyadina: priestesses or wise-women. The Sayyadina is a role of great importance, particularly given the Fremen belief in the accuracy of prophecy. It is the Sayyadina who are the keepers of the wisdom and lore the Fremen have accreted over their millennia struggling to survive. The Sayyadina are therefore both the heart and soul of the tribe, its living memory.

- **Trait:** Sayyadina
- **Primary Skill:** Understand
- **Secondary Skill:** Communicate
- **Focuses:** Deductive Reasoning, Empathy
- **Talent:** Ways of the Ichwan Bedwine
- **Drives:** Preserving the Truth of the Fremen's past is essential to the Sayyadina; it is the operative element of their calling, the reason they strive to memorize every scrap of information they can, every half-formed murmur from the lips of an elder, every tale whispered to a child.

SAND RUNNER

While all Fremen learn to ride a worm, some are more skilled than others. Those who prove especially adept are often used as messengers between the tribes. They can call a worm quickly and tame one large enough to take them for a long distance at great speed. So they use this talent to keep the tribes informed and maintain the lines of communication quickly and efficiently.

- **Trait:** Sand Runner
- **Primary Skill:** Move
- **Secondary Skill:** Discipline
- **Focuses:** Resolve, Self-control
- **Talent:** Chosen of Shai-Hulud, Peace of Shai-Hulud
- **Drives:** For most Sand Runners, their Duty to the tribe and the Fremen in general is what matters. But some enjoy the Power they feel bending the master of the desert to their will. For others, it is about Truth, as to ride a worm is the ultimate embodiment of the values of the Fremen—the desert's master and the people of Arrakis become one.

WALI

The young, untested members of the sietch are known as wali. They are the future of the tribe, still unblooded, untested. Still yet to make their way across the vast desert alone or as part of a small team. Instead, they must wait close to the sietch, listening and learning and abiding by the strict laws of their teachers, until such time as they begin to form themselves in the crucible of the Great Flat.

The wali are unshaped, but all have the strength and skill of the Fremen; they merely wait for the chance to be unleashed, to make their name and add it to the stories passed from mouth to mouth, in every sietch across Arrakis.

- **Trait:** Wali
- **Primary Skill:** Discipline
- **Secondary Skill:** Battle
- **Focuses:** Self-control, Stamina
- **Talent:** Walk Without Rhythm, Water Wisdom
- **Drives:** The wali is urged onward by a Faith in the Fremen way, inspired by the memories of stories shared by the Sayyadina, or by seeing a Fedaykin banded together before a hunt. Alternatively, they might seek Power amongst their people, desperate to slake a raging ambition for recognition and prestige.

ECOLOGIST

Pardot Kynes dream of a transformed Arrakis fills you with longing and dedication. The ecologist works tirelessly and in secret to see that dream made a reality. It is a dream they know they may never see fulfilled in their lifetime, but that doesn't matter. What matters is the Arrakis they leave for the children of their tribe. To join this movement, one must give up much of what one knows. Long periods of time away from the tribe and learning a mastery of new forms of equipment. But the Fremen know how to wait, and the ecologist will prevail over the desert one day.

- **Trait:** Ecologist
- **Primary Skill:** Discipline
- **Secondary Skill:** Understand
- **Focuses:** Ecology, Precision
- **Talent:** Fremen Technology, Water Wisdom
- **Drives:** Those who serve the dream of a green Arrakis must have Faith or they would never believe it was even possible. But they also need Discipline as the work is long and requires great patience and sacrifice.

New Talents

The following talents are available to Fremen and in some cases to other characters as usual.

CHOSEN OF SHAI-HULUD *(FREMEN TALENT)*

To ride the worm is to prove your mastery of the desert. Whether it is talent or that you are favored by Shai-Hulud, you have a knack for capturing and riding the great worms.

There are three tests that need to be made to capture a sandworm: Move, Discipline, and Understand. Pick one of those skills. When making a test with that skill when attempting to mount or ride a sandworm, you may reduce the Difficulty of the test by 2. This talent may be taken up to three times with a different skill chosen each time.

CRYSKNIFE MASTER *(FREMEN TALENT)*

Crysknives are immediately recognizable, in part due to their distinctive opalescent color and to their jagged surface—entirely unlike the knives and blades used by the military forces of the great Houses or the Emperor's Sardaukar. Despite their organic origin, crysknives never need to be sharpened, remaining capable of slicing through flesh with ease. Their use is a specialized skill, akin to the martial techniques of the Swordmasters of Ginaz, but uniquely influenced by the conditions of Arrakis. It is known, and taught, only to the Fremen and those who spend a long time among them.

When making an attack during a skirmish or a duel, when using a crysknife, you may automatically generate 1 free point of Momentum whenever you succeed.

DESERT WALKER

Accustomed to the privations of life on Arrakis, the Fremen know how to exploit every advantage they possess to ensure their survival. Whatever the conditions, however daunting the outlook, the Fremen find a way to endure, and then to thrive. It is what renders them so remarkable. And so dangerous.

You may ignore the detrimental effects of one environmental trait that is active in the scene as long as it relates to deserts, heat, thirst, or Arrakis.

FREMEN TECHNOLOGY

Stillsuits, stilltents, deathstills, thumpers. All these items of Fremen technology require careful understanding, if they are to be maintained to the standards needed to survive the heat and aridity of Arrakis. Given the scarcity of resources on Arrakis, such maintenance is often difficult and ad hoc, but for those who dedicate themselves to repairing Fremen technology, there is always a way.

When making an Obtain Information spend about a piece of Fremen technology or attempting to repair such, you may re-roll 1d20 in your pool.

JACURUTU *(FREMEN TALENT)*

Not every sietch lives harmoniously together. Some tribes have performed such dark deeds they are outcast from Fremen society and their names struck from all records. They have become a myth and a cautionary tale. You are descended from such outcasts and have hidden in Fremen society for years but remained loyal to your true tribe.

You are adept at manipulating Fremen to maintain your cover and live among those who would call you outcast. The Difficulty for you to deceive any Fremen is reduced by 1.

PEACE OF SHAI-HULUD *(FREMEN TALENT)*

The sandworm, Shai-Hulud, is seen by the Fremen as a form or manifestation of god itself. This is often misunderstood by visitors to Dune, who do not recognize the divinity which the Fremen attribute to the Makers. It is perhaps not surprising that such a creature should be seen as a god—unpredictable, powerful enough to wreck a city, but also something that can be captured and tamed by those who have the correct skills. You are one of those who feel a deep kinship with Shai-Hulud. You understand its ways and needs and can predict its actions.

You may reduce the Difficulty to see wormsign by 1. If you do see a worm you always know which direction it is going in and how long it will take to get there. As such, any attempt to avoid it has the Difficulty reduced by 1.

WALK WITHOUT RHYTHM

The Maker is attracted by rhythm, by the consistent thud of feet against the surface of the sand. The Fremen have evolved a means of constantly varying and shifting their progress across the desert, ensuring that Shai-Hulud is not called up unexpectedly. It is a surprisingly complex thing to master, requiring some practice to render natural and instinctive.

When crossing an open stretch of sand, you do not need to make a test to see if you can avoid attracting a worm with your movements. However, anything other than walking may provoke a test as normal.

TOOTH CRAFTER *(FREMEN TALENT)*

The secrets of creating a crysknife are kept by only a few craftsmen among the Fremen. Only a handful of the teeth collected from a sandworm can be made into knives, and it must be done quickly before they crumble. Be warned, though, crysknives are sacred to the Fremen. Outsiders who bear one had best be able to prove they have earned such an honor.

You know the secrets of crafting a crysknife. If you are present to collect the teeth of a worm you may make a Difficulty 4 Discipline test. If successful, you may spend 1 Momentum to craft one crysknife. You may spend multiple Momentum to create more crysknives, but may only roll once.

WATER WISDOM *(FREMEN TALENT)*

The collection and preservation of water is one of the central aspects of Fremen life and culture. It pervades every action, and every choice made within a sietch. It dictates funerary rites, it determines how the Ichwan Bedwine express emotion, it leads to the creation of the Fremen's prized technology.

This is water wisdom, the knowledge of how important water truly is, and it cultivates in those who possess it an abiding recognition of the importance of water, and the means of its acquisition.

You are adept at managing your water rations. As such you may ignore the effects of any one trait relating to thirst or water loss in a scene.

WAYS OF THE ICHWAN BEDWINE
(FREMEN TALENT)

The Fremen eschew most forms of writing. Instead, they rely on their own oral records, a history of vast length and scope maintained almost entirely unchanged, without ever having been properly codified. According to this collection of stories, the Fremen were descended from a group of Ichwan Bedwine nomads—refugees driven out from their home planet of Poritrin, and forced to make their way across the stars until they found a permanent home. The only place they found which did not also drive them out was Arrakis. Who else would live there? The Fremen's oral history recounts their travels across myriad worlds and the means by which they came to not simply inhabit Arrakis but learn to thrive there. It is a testimony to the importance of survival—whether or not it is believed by those who visit the planet to exploit its resources.

When you use this talent, you gain one automatic success when making a test to Understand anything relating to the Fremen's history or culture.

Creating Your Sietch

For the most part, one Fremen sietch is similar to any other. The main difference is the size and influence each sietch has within the community of the Ichwan Bedwine. But those who know the Fremen can see the variety and diversity among the tribes, and the old animosities. To create some detail about the sietch your Fremen player characters belong to, roll or pick from the following tables.

If you are in a mixed-player character group, it is unlikely the sietch will play a large part in the adventure unless the other player characters earn the respect of the tribe. However, it is still important to know where any Fremen characters come from and how their upbringing has colored their ideas and beliefs. If all the player characters are Fremen it is recommended they all come from the same tribe and sietch to create unity in the group, like serving a House.

SIZE

Size obviously determines how large the sietch is. Smaller tribes are more mobile, having fewer supplies to move with them. Larger tribes are more powerful and produce more of the equipment and tools the Fremen use.

ROLL	SIZE	DESCRIPTION	INFLUENCE
1–3	Small	A community of under a hundred Fremen who may guard an outpost or keep watch over one of the cities. They may have no fixed home and move around constantly.	–2
4–8	Moderate	A community of around 100–200 Fremen. They will have a sietch of their own but not one with a large water store.	–1
9–14	Average	A community of up to 500 Fremen. Their sietch will have its own water storage.	No modifier
15–18	Large	A community of just under a thousand Fremen who will be a production centre for stillsuits and crafts etc.	+1
19–20	Huge	A community of 2,000 or more Fremen, undoubtedly one of the leading tribes of its area.	+3

INFLUENCE

Every tribe has a reputation among the Ichwan Bedwine, and its members are judged by that reputation. As such, when a tribe calls for aid or tries to unite the others to a single purpose, that reputation is a vital asset. The influence of your tribe offers a Difficulty modifier when trying to convince a member of another tribe to follow your lead. When rolling on this table, apply the influence modifier listed for its size to the dice roll.

ROLL	INFLUENCE	DESCRIPTION	DIFFICULTY MODIFIER	ENEMIES
1–2	None	While not outcast (yet) your tribe is in disgrace. Few will follow your call.	+2	3
3–7	Disliked	Your tribe has a bad reputation as possibly too much of one thing or another. But others can work with you.	+1	2
8–15	Known	Your tribe is as well-known and respected as any other.	No modifier	1
16–19	Trusted	Other tribes look up to you as the voice of reason.	-1	0
20	Admired	Most tribes consider you an example of the best in Fremen culture.	-2	1

REPUTATION

Every sietch is known for one thing or another. It doesn't mean that is the only thing it does well or is dedicated to, but it is the trait most synonymous with its members. The table below offers a selection of possibilities for that trait. This trait can be used just like a House trait for any Fremen belonging to that tribe, as long as those they are trying to impress know the tribe's reputation.

ROLL	REPUTATION TRAIT
1–2	Crafters: Your tribe makes the best and most beautiful crafts and art.
3–4	Learned: Your tribe has the most knowledge and scientific understanding.
5–6	Infiltrators: Your tribe has great spies and brings back the most intelligence from the cities.
7–8	Fighters: Your tribe's skill with blades is unmatched.
9–10	Faithful: Your tribe is known for its dedication to the faith.
11–12	Riders: Your tribe produces and trains the most skilled worm-riders.
13–14	Wise: Your tribe is known for making good decisions.
15–16	Negotiators: Your tribe has skilled diplomats, possibly dealing with the Guild.
17–18	Survivors: Your tribe has suffered great adversity and remained strong.
19–20	Ecologists: Your tribe is dedicated to Pardot's dream and works tirelessly to realize it.

ENEMIES

Every tribe has a few enemies. Often these are due to simple disagreements that have been left to fester. But among a people like the Fremen, some animosities can turn to vendettas. The number of enemies your tribe has is defined by their influence. Note that even those who are well-loved often have enemies jealous of their fortune as much as those who are disliked. Each enemy is a tribe that holds animosity to yours. Create them as you did your own tribe and add as much detail as you like. To see why they dislike you and how bad that animosity is, use the tables for enemies in *House Creation* on pages 96–97 of the ***Dune*** core rulebook.

Fremen Characters in Your Game

Warriors of astonishing skill, indomitable constitution, and legendary ferocity. Why wouldn't your players want to be Fremen? As the gamemaster, you're almost certainly going to be building adventures for player character groups containing one or more of the Ichwan Bedwine. Fortunately, the strangeness of the Fremen, their hyper-attunement to a single environment, and their naivety about so much else in the Imperium makes them perfectly suited to almost every possible function a player character, or a non-player character, might fulfill.

Let's look at some of the potential adventures you might construct, and how you might use the Fremen within them.

Welcome to Arrakis

The Fremen is the ideal character to guide newly created characters across the desert, to show them how Arrakis really works. Sure, they might have been shown the pristine streets of Arrakeen, or the gleaming homes of Carthag, but all that is for show. All that is the opulence of the Imperium, straining to withstand the winds and the sand, and the relentlessness of the sun. The truth of Arrakis lies out there… beyond the luxuries of regularly replenished water, beyond the convenience of 'thopters. Out where the only means of transport is the rhythmless walk, or mounted on the back of Shai-Hulud.

This is a great adventure for early in a campaign, and gives a Fremen player character a real chance to take the spotlight for a little while. For some reason, the party must head out into Arrakis proper. Perhaps they need to check on spice production, perhaps they need to find a lost sand crawler, or hunt a fugitive. Whatever the reason, they've got a difficult journey. Fortunately, they have a guide or two. Let the Fremen player character guide a scenario like this, let them be cool; possibly even have them give you a few key words for a scene, to recreate the right level of mastery one of the Ichwan Bedwine has over the sand dunes, when compared to an off-worlder.

What Is This Place?

The precise reverse of the above adventure can be just as fun. While a Fremen is the most accurate guide possible to the featureless wilderness of Arrakis, they are likely to be entirely confused and disoriented by the other form of wilderness, a wilderness of mirrors, awaiting them amidst the stars. While an adventure exploring the endless political machinations of the Imperium might not seem like a natural fit for a Fremen player character, that kind of confusion and even naivety can be an opportunity for character development, for humor, and for the particularly Machiavellian party, a double bluff. That's not to forget how useful a Fremen bodyguard might be, should the player characters find themselves confronted by a series of assassins from one rival House or another.

In these kinds of adventures, the gamemaster should

FREMEN NON-PLAYER CHARACTERS

Don't forget the utility of a Fremen as a non-player character. Just as Paul and the Lady Jessica were shown the true nature of Arrakis by Stilgar, Chani, and the rest of the sietch, and came to realize that the Fremen were perfect allies, the same might be true for the player characters. They understand the world of Dune in the way that no off-worlder can, and, as a result, are ideal for communicating key information to the party—about whatever it is they're going to have to face.

That's not to say that Fremen should become mere mouthpieces for exposition, of course. But their deep connection with the Arrakeen wilderness makes them an invaluable tool for the gamemaster. Especially if your player characters manage to get themselves into a difficult position in the middle of the Great Flat!

However, use Fremen non-player characters carefully as they are a pragmatic and secretive people. They often kill those who uncover their secrets and nosy player characters will be no different. They don't have much of a sense of humor, either, and so disrespectful player characters may also find themselves on the wrong end of a crysknife if they are not careful.

feel free to impose social penalties on a Fremen player character—without being too punitive, of course! Let the Fremen player character roleplay their confusion, their uncertainty, and encourage them to try and find ways of bringing a typically forthright Ichwan Bedwine perspective to the infinite curlicues of Imperial etiquette.

Revenge Is Sweet Like Water

Honor is amongst the most important of Fremen values. Their culture is replete with dozens of taboos and highly ritualized forms of address and conduct, all specifically designed to ensure the cohesion of the sietch, and the preservation of order necessary to survive in such inhospitable terrain. Anything that breaches those strict codes must be dealt with, and harshly. It is the way of things. Crysknives, for example, may never be taken off Arrakis by an outsider. So what happens when such a taboo is shattered? When a Harkonnen agent filches a crysknife say, or purloins a number of Fremen-made stillsuits? A Fedaykin is likely to be called and sent after whoever was unwise enough to commit the offence. But what if the Fremen player character feels responsible, feels the need to expunge the stain on their honor as an individual? Might it result in the issuing of a Tahaddi challenge? Duels are a major part of the ***Dune*** game, and Fremen duels are fast, brutal, and to the death—there can be few more exciting climaxes to an adventure!

A pursuit with the aim of eliminating a stain on a player character's honor is an adventure with considerable potential—both for exciting set pieces, exploration of the deep and intriguing lore of the Fremen, and the gamemaster to gently encourage roleplaying for the whole party. All the different factions in ***Dune*** possess their own codes of conduct, their own concepts of honor, prestige, and standing. Sharing these and beginning to recognize how they interact with and shape the player characters will really enrich the game experience.

Go Safely on Your Journey

The above is just a small taster of the variety of adventures a Fremen player character, and the Fremen as a faction on Arrakis, can result in. The Fremen are one of the most recognizable, and arresting, elements of the ***Dune*** universe, and you, as the gamemaster, should feel able to take possession of them, to make them your own, to weave new stories and build new tales. The kind of tales that, one day, the Lisan al-Ghaib might hear, might be whispered to him from the lips of the woman he comes to love, or be muttered to him by the tall, formidable man he comes to trust as his right hand. The Fremen are there to be used, to make games more exciting, more flavorful, more authentically ***Dune***.

Just remember… the Mahdi's arrival draws near, the time when the Fremen will set the stars themselves on fire. Make sure your player characters are ready!

Chapter 3:
The Politics of Spice

melange (me'-lange also ma,lanj) n-s, origin uncertain (thought to derive from ancient Terran Franzh): a. mixture of spices; b. spice of Arrakis (Dune) with geriatric properties first noted by Yanshuph Ashkoko, royal chemist in reign of Shakkad the Wise; Arrakeen melange, found only in deepest desert sands of Arrakis, linked to prophetic visions of Paul Muad'Dib (Atreides), first Fremen Mahdi; also employed by Spacing Guild Navigators and the Bene Gesserit.

— Dictionary Royal, Fifth Edition

SPICE

It is the reason for war, for suffering, for the endless factionalism and machinations of the Landsraad. It is the reason the Padishah Emperor's favor is so eagerly sought, and the reason why the dismal, desert planet of Arrakis is the most important in the universe. It's why the Guild is able to navigate through the endless void of space. It is how the Bene Gesserit can glimpse the outcomes of their scheming.

The spice melange.

The vital element in all of humanity's actions across the vast expanse of the cosmos. Without it, without the spice, there is no Imperium. Without it, humanity is bound to individual planets, unable to travel from world to world. Without the spice, humanity is either beholden to the will of machines, or trapped. The spice is the thing that binds the Imperium together. It is the reason the Imperium exists at all.

The responsibility for its production is the greatest honor, and greatest burden, the Padishah Emperor can bestow. For those ruthless enough to maximize their production—by whatever means necessary—it is an opportunity for boundless wealth. For those who lack the… necessary mettle for the task, it is a short route to Imperial censure and worse. A shortage of melange can cause disaster across dozens of worlds.

So what is it? What is this miraculous substance? Why is it so prized? And what gifts does it bestow upon those who imbibe it, with the avidity of addicts, desperate for their next fix?

The Substance Itself

Spice is found in beds, scattered across the surface and buried in the sand of Arrakis. The depth of color present in each bed indicates the quantity of spice to be found, and gives some notion of the quality of the substance present therein. The spice is then harvested, refined, and rendered ready for use (for more on this process, see pages 77–82).

Spice's actual appearance is difficult to determine; the spice gas, relied upon by Guild Navigators, is a deep, ferrous, orange color. The more refined essence partaken of by the Imperium's elite is entirely without consistent appearance. While unrefined spice is said to have a blue glow, what the substance looks like once it has been effectively refined, ready for consumption is never referred to, though its distinctive, cinnamon scent is unaffected by the production processes all raw spice is subjected to. The presence of spice is always revealed by the smell.

The potent, cinnamon-scent of spice is not mirrored in its taste. Or not always, at least. Certainly, many of those who consume melange mention that, on occasion, it has the flavor of cinnamon, though this never lasts, the nose momentarily tricking the tongue. Indeed, some Imperial researchers believe the taste of spice differs each time it is consumed, the mind's desire for the substance so profound that it constantly reinterprets the flavor as delicious in some new way, seeking out more and ensuring the body never wearies of it, always seeks out more.

Why the appearance of processed spice is so obscure is unclear, though there are several potential explanations. The first of these is the possibility of an individual House's supply being contaminated or poisoned as an assassination attempt. As a result, each House has additional production steps for the spice it purchases and readies for use, making its appearance entirely unique to that House. These additional refinement steps are

kept secret, making counterfeiting virtually impossible, and ensuring that the spice available to each House is always safe for consumption.

This level of paranoia and concern over both the quality, and security, of a House's spice supply is found in every major organization in the Imperium. Whether it's the Spacing Guild's constant demand for more spice in order to facilitate space travel (and, in so doing, ensuring the obedience of the Landsraad), or the Padishah Emperor's personal allotment of spice and the tithe he demands on each shipment, every consignment of spice is the focus of considerable scrutiny and security concerns. Despite this obsessive concern, the likelihood of a shipment being adulterated or stolen, or in any other way tampered with, is extremely unlikely. The Imperial elites are painfully aware of both the terrifying precedent such actions would set, and the response it would trigger from their rivals.

Those of less exalted rank know the danger of drawing Imperial ire upon themselves; no petty thief or smuggler wishes to be pursued by the Sardaukar and made an example of. There are much easier ways to make a living. However, the profits for smuggling unrefined (and therefore less traceable) spice are very tempting and many take the risk. So while it is usually safe once in the hands of a House, until then a multitude of smugglers do their best to skim from harvesters and shipments. Perhaps because of this, the ardent neuroticism over the transportation and use of spice persists, increasing the substance's importance, and the cost of delaying or obstructing its flow across the universe.

The Effects of Spice

The importance of spice to the functioning of the Imperium cannot be overstated. Its acquisition might truly be called the single most vital operation in the universe. The reason for this lies in spice's variously remarkable properties, detailed below.

AGING AND SPICE

The most widely noted, and widely popular of melange's effects is the impediment it places on aging. The geriatric qualities of spice prolong life and severely retard the appearance of aging in those who ingest it regularly. Taken regularly, it can extend the natural lifespan to around 200 years on average. This makes it intensely sought after, even by those without any interest in the spice, either as political tool or for its other properties. The promise of extended life is an allure few can refuse, and it enables the elite of the Landsraad to ensure their lengthy, and carefully honed, plans come to fruition, even if they must span generations. This, of course, does not result in any diminution in the importance of heirs—assassination remains an extremely high risk—but it does ensure that the leaders of a House or other major organization can teach and mold their protégés as carefully, and meticulously, as is needed.

PRESCIENCE

The second, and perhaps most remarkable, of the spice's properties is the prophetic abilities it grants to some adepts who ingest it in sufficiently large qualities. It is this property which makes melange so essential to the composition and maintenance of the Imperium, and, as a result, so precious. Since the Butlerian Jihad, and the destruction of all thinking machines, spice has been the only means by which humankind can travel, safely, through foldspace. Without melange, the human race is left as a series of discrete planets, left to rot in their own corners of the galaxy, limiting most interstellar space travel to a crawl. It is only through the use of spice that a means of crossing the vast interstellar void at speed is made possible. Without the ability to look beyond the present, there is no safe means of plotting a route through the constant turmoil of foldspace. This gift is only achievable through utter spice saturation and the mutation it brings.

Guild Navigators are typically seen only through the swirling mists of spice gas, contained in large tanks in which they spend most of their lives, consuming tablets of concentrated spice regularly. The extremity of such conditions, and the cost, is one of the reasons the Guild is so powerful, and its monopoly on space travel goes entirely unchallenged. Simply affording sufficient spice to be able to deluge a Navigator in the quantities required is an enormous expenditure, beyond even most noble Houses. At the same time, finding those with the necessary mental capacities to consume spice, and have it expand their senses to grant such powers of prescience, is not easy. Spice consumption in such large quantities can have deleterious effects on the health, and stability, of its takers. Those few capable of potentially challenging the Guild's dominance over space travel often lack such commitment to the cause.

While few outside the nobility have ever seen this to confirm, it is believed that the massive quantities of spice consumed by Guild Navigators alters them physically, warping their forms until they can no longer survive outside the large tanks they seem to dwell within. The Guild's intense secrecy causes others to dismiss this as nonsense, asserting that the tanks used by the Navigators are solely a means of containing the large quantities of spice they require to fulfill their function. The rumors persist, however, that the changes wrought on the human form by vast spice consumption render survival impossible outside of these specially designed habitats.

EYES OF IBAD

Prolonged spice consumption, even in the limited quantities ingested by most nobles, is associated with a change in the eye-color, turning the entire eye blue from edge to edge. The Fremen call this condition 'the eyes of Ibad' though the origins of the phrase are entirely obscure. The change in eye color is considered a mark of spice addiction amidst the Landsraad, and, despite the frequency of spice ingestion amongst the noble Houses, it is relatively rare to see the full eye stained in such a way off Arrakis.

THE WATER OF LIFE

The Bene Gesserit derive their prophetic powers, and prescience, from their use of the spice. Unlike the Guild, they awaken the powers of foresight via a different process, poisoning themselves and forcing their bodies to neutralize the chemical toxins. The agony of this transformation allows the Sister to achieve enlightenment and awaken their Other Memory. Upon Arrakis, this process necessitates the ingestion of the highly poisonous bile of a young sandworm, the Water of Life, called 'Kan, the water that frees the soul', extracted by immersing a juvenile sandworm in water, and, as it drowns, collecting the mucus-bile it exhales as it expires. This substance is then ingested by a Sayyadina, the Fremen equivalent of a member of the Bene Gesserit Sisterhood. Though the nature of the Water of Life differs off-world, the process is identical.

A Sister chosen to undergo this ritual does so knowing full well she may not survive the process. Only those who have undergone extensive training in the Bene Gesserit's praxis of bodily control and mental discipline can hope to endure the pain which such poison inflicts upon the human body. Those who are able to withstand the wracking agonies of the process are able to unlock the hidden genetic memories contained within each Bene Gesserit, becoming inducted into the Other Memory, the full suite of secrets carefully protected by the Sisterhood over the years of its existence.

The sweat of the Sister undergoing this trial is then collected—or sometimes, the Sister regurgitates the bile at the conclusion of the process—and hoarded. This substance possesses great potency, and can be used in place of spice. Only a woman meticulously trained in the Bene Gesserit's tradition of prana-bindu can endure the extreme pain of the process—no man who has ever attempted it has succeeded. All died in considerable agony, and the Bene Gesserit believe it to be impossible for a man to undergo the ritual. However, it is said that any man able to convert the toxic bile of the sandworm into the Water of Life will be their long-awaited Kwisatz Haderach, the totality, 'He who can be in many places at once'.

The Cost of Doing Business

The constant need for spice throughout the Imperium renders it almost impossibly expensive, so expensive as to be entirely inaccessible to all bar the wealthiest members of the Landsraad. At one stage, the price of a decagram of spice was 620,000 solaris, rendering melange the most expensive substance in the universe by some considerable distance.

This enormous cost renders its possession capable of fundamentally altering the balance of power within the Imperium, and, as a result, ownership is carefully monitored and controlled. Stockpiling spice is strictly prohibited, ensuring that the Landsraad is forced to rely upon the Padishah Emperor alone for its supply of spice—ensuring their loyalty and guaranteeing his ongoing, unquestioned supremacy.

Despite this, most major organizations within the Imperium do maintain a covert stash of spice, both for their own use, and to guarantee that, should they be declared renegade, they have something with which to bargain. This is hugely risky, as any sign that such a stash is growing too large is likely to be met with swift reprisals from rival Houses, or from the Padishah Emperor's forces. Nevertheless, it is equally unwise to allow one's supply of melange to be dictated entirely by the Emperor, and the small amount allowed through to the market. The maneuvering for position and influence within the Landsraad depends, almost entirely, on the availability and distribution of spice, with each House desperate to procure enough to guarantee its survival.

TALENTS AND THE ADDICTION OF SPICE

Spice talents are the same as any other talent and are purchased the same way. However, they all require the character to ingest spice to activate them. So it isn't a good idea to acquire such a talent if you think it unlikely your character will have access to spice.

Some of these talents require not a single use of spice but that the character is taking spice regularly. While not every character can do this, as agents of a noble House, player characters have the option to do this.

However, anyone declaring they are taking spice regularly gains the trait 'Spice Addicted'. This means that if they cannot get their regular ration of spice, they suffer a certain degree of withdrawal. During such a time they cannot use their spice talents and the trait may be used as a complication against them.

Even if the character is receiving regular spice, the trait can be detrimental. It shows a potential weakness (albeit a common one) and means their House is paying for them to enjoy a lot of spice. This means that any further favors they might ask are less likely to be considered favorably.

Spice Talents

Those who consume spice always gain something from it. For some, it is merely a means of ensuring an extended life and improved health. For others, it is how they guarantee their influence and prestige, and, for those who work for the Spacing Guild, or are Bene Gesserit, it is a means of opening the mind to the universe in new and unexpected ways. The following are a series of spice talents, divided into two loose groups: Spice Talents (Physical) covering those abilities related either to spice as a substance or to how it impacts the body; and Spice Talents (Mental) covering those abilities that expand cognitive and perceptive abilities.

Acquiring these talents comes at a cost, as detailed below.

SPICE (AS AN ASSET)

Whether carried in a sealed tube, canister, or a small personal receptacle, the spice melange is carried and transported in dozens of different ways. It has to be. It is required in every corner of the Imperium, and everyone who can afford it partakes of the substance in one way or another. The geriatric properties of the spice make it a vital tool in ensuring social cohesion, and its mind-altering qualities make it essential for space travel. The universe is, quite simply, unable to function without it.

As an Asset: The asset consists of a tube or canister of the spice melange, containing enough for one adult human dose. It can be either spice essence, spice capsules, or spice gas, depending on the intended means of ingestion. It can be used as a bargaining tool in negotiations, or a measure of personal power and prestige. It can also unlock certain traits and talents when ingested.

Keywords: Drug, Geriatric, Knowledge, Prophesy

Spice Talents (Physical)

These talents are concerned with either the identification of spice as a substance, or the effects it can have on the longevity and wellbeing of a user.

SPICE LORE

How good is the spice you're buying? How many times has it been refined? What's it worth? These are vital questions for anyone seeking to survive in the ruthless business of spice dealing. Or even if one simply wants to ensure any melange you're purchasing is of decent quality. This is Spice Lore, an understanding of how spice behaves once it's been refined and readied for consumption. From recognizing authentic spice, to knowing how to operate the various canisters used for spice containment, Spice Lore covers all of these elements.

Whenever your character attempts an Understand test related to the spice melange, you may re-roll up to two d20s, once per scene.

SPICE REFINEMENT

The procedures used to harvest spice, process and purify it, and render it ready for the palates of the Imperial elite are closely guarded secrets. Knowledge is power, and your careful study and comprehension of the means by which spice is gained and preserved is powerful indeed. You understand the use of the different harvesting machinery and techniques; you know the difference between a rich spice patch and one nearly used up. Once the spice is harvested, you've seen the means by which it is turned into spice essence, or into gas. You can even help oversee some of these processes, if needed.

Your character understands the methods and techniques to harvest and refine spice. Whenever your character is attempting a task relating to the mechanics and logistics of spice production or refinement you gain one free d20 for your roll.

IMPROVED HEALING

Take spice into your system, and you suddenly feel tougher, more resilient, more able to withstand pain. This isn't simply the euphoria of a spice high, it is a genuine effect of the melange. It hardens the bone, toughens the skin, increases the blood flow. It fights off illness, and those with it coursing through them heal far more quickly than they would without it.

Your character must be taking spice regularly to use this talent. This talent allows you once per scene to re-roll one d20 that results in a complication, if the potential complication is an injury.

ENHANCED LIFESPAN

The geriatric qualities of the spice melange are well known, and widely sought after. These properties keep regular spice users alive for up to triple the expected lifespan of a human, resulting in those in the Landsraad living over 300 years or more. Such an extended lifespan requires the consistent ingestion of spice, almost without a break, though not in large enough doses to trigger the expansion of temporal cognizance or other faculties.

Your character must be taking spice regularly to use this talent. As such, any complication or trait they have due to old age can be ignored at the cost of 1 Momentum. If their supply of spice is stopped for any reason for more than a few days this talent is lost until they can restore their spice supply.

Spice Talents (Mental)

The physical benefits of spice ingestion are, of course, as nothing to the potential mental gifts available to those with both the strength and the fortitude to seize them. These gifts are not always available to all, and many of them come with substantial costs attached.

FORESIGHT

The prescience granted to the Bene Gesserit by their use of spice derivatives is well known—it is not for nothing the Sisterhood is often labeled 'witches'—but the use of high doses of spice can, sometimes, trigger visions of the future even in those who do not otherwise understand the full properties of melange, or how to control them. This is a dangerous state, often resulting in waves of nausea or other physical reactions to such violent expansion of sensory and temporal awareness.

Using this talent requires your character to consume two spice assets. At the beginning of a scene, you may ask the gamemaster two questions about the nature of the scene about to play out or you choose or alter one of the defining attributes of the scene. Your character then immediately suffers one consequence of the gamemaster's choosing, as a result of the damage inflicted on your character's psyche by this reckless use of a power they are ill-adapted to.

SHORTENING THE WAY

The Guild utilize the spice to enable their Navigators to plot routes for space freighters, folding space without being ripped apart by the titanic stresses of the cosmos, or colliding with the obstacles otherwise detectable only via the use of a thinking machine. On a smaller scale, spice can grant vital insight into the flow of movement in the universe and how objects in motion pass each other. It allows an adept to move as if they know where everything is about to be.

To use this talent, your character must consume one spice asset. For the remainder of the scene all Move tests they make are one step of Difficulty lower.

VOICE OF THE INNER DARK

The process by which the venerable Bene Gesserit Sisterhood inducts its members into a full consciousness of their power, prestige, and authority, is a painful process—often terminally so. Those who survive become Reverend Mothers, capable of seeing into the past with the unlocked memories of their ancestors. But some without training can gain a taste of this ability at great risk to themselves with enough spice.

To use this talent, your character must consume one spice asset. Doing so unlocks some of the wisdom of their past memories to grant them clarity. You may ask the gamemaster one question about the scene that deeper experience or past knowledge might help uncover. They gain the 'Exhausted' trait for the next day, and if they attempt to use this power again in that time frame it functions normally, but afterward the character dies.

The Sandworms

No living thing in all the Imperium is as impressive as a sandworm. The interplay of evolution that conspired and converged to create such a thing is beyond anything most scientists can comprehend, and that is even without adding the unusual, little known, intrinsic relationship between the sandworms and the spice. These colossal creatures define all life on the planet and are more important to the environment than any but the wisest Fremen and Imperial Planetologist understand. As such, the sandworm figures prominently in Fremen religion and culture, and one cannot understand these fierce desert-dwelling people without an understanding of the life cycle of the sandworm, which they revere.

The Life and Death of a God

The life cycle of the sandworm is an astonishing one, an evolution of life taking centuries, transforming each from a tiny being barely the size of a human palm to a titanic creature capable of swallowing small buildings whole. Following are the primary phases of development of these incredible creatures, though admittedly some is still unknown, despite their having loomed so prominently in Fremen religion and the intense study by various scientists, biologists, and ecologists over the course of millennia.

ORIGIN

It is unknown whether sandworms are native to Arrakis or whether, through some accident or set of circumstances, the larval form of life—the sandtrout—was first brought to Arrakis. Such an event, if it occurred at all, occurred in the Old Empire, at least a millennium before even the Time of the Titans, as some of the earliest records of Arrakis, from the era of Shakkad the Wise, note the presence of the spice melange. And without worms, there is no spice, so the sandworms were by necessity present there.

PLANKTON

The lowest and most plentiful form of life on Arrakis is sand plankton, a tiny fungal life form that is nonetheless ever-present in the sand that makes up most of the planet's crust. Requiring only a modicum of water by which to subsist, plankton comprises most of the living matter in the sandworm diet, processed by the vast chemical furnaces that serve as stomachs.

Plankton does not play a direct part in the sandworm life cycle but is nonetheless critical to its survival. Due to their immense size, sandworms can digest an astonishing variety of matter, but for the most part their sustenance depends upon a near constant diet of this plankton, which is separated from other inorganic matter through its digestive process.

Sandworms graze through the sand like whales of Old Earth grazed plankton from the water, swimming through it with mouths agape and allowing drifting plankton to pass within, drawn along with the water carrying it, or sand in the case of the sandworm. The inedible mass of sand is excreted, and the plankton is digested to provide energy and the biological raw materials necessary for growth.

Knowing this, the fundamental question a scientist might ask is what the plankton eat on such a nutrient-poor planet as Arrakis, in order to survive. The answer, unsurprisingly, is spice.

SANDTROUT

The 'sandtrout' or 'sandswimmer', as it is called, is the larval stage of a sandworm. It is quite small, a diamond-shaped flat and leathery creature with no head, no eyes, no mouth, bearing little resemblance to the final form of its life cycle, the sandworm. Despite their appearance, they are relatively fragile, able to be killed by a variance of temperature as little as five degrees.

They are commonplace throughout Arrakis, and to most are along the line of vermin, drawn to plankton and to water wherever they find it, no matter how miniscule the amount. Like the plankton they consume, sandtrout are also a rich form of sustenance on Arrakis, and are consumed by many of the wildlife, whether that indigenous to the planet or those few species introduced by the Imperial Planetologist that managed to survive.

Sandtrout bodies are rich in spice and can be squeezed to produce a small but extremely potent amount of spice in the form of a green, syrupy substance, killing them in the process. All Fremen and those taught in desert survival know this process, taking a sandtrout and rolling it in the sand until it forms a child-worm, a stiff tube-like shape. Biting one end yields this rich syrup, providing a vital burst of energy that can often mean the difference between life and death.

Sandtrout are so commonplace that children in Fremen sietches often played games with them, as if they were mere pests. A common game was to place a living sandtrout on one's hand, moistening it with saliva, letting it conform to the skin, forming a living glove. Eventually the sandtrout resists this crude symbiosis and slips off, repelled by the excess of water in human blood.

Behaviorally, sandtrout seek out water whenever they can find it, moving through the sand through a simple flexure of its tissues, wriggling and forcing its way through to the site of any moisture. They congregate in groups around this moisture, the tiny ridge of cilia along their outer ridges locking together and forming living shields to encapsulate it, protecting the later phases of their metamorphoses from accidental exposure to water, which is fatal.

In this fashion, sandtrout keep deserts 'dry' to preserve their own continued existence, a theory proven by the existence of great salt beds upon Arrakis's surface, now-dried seas that prove that Dune had once been a water-rich planet. Much of Arrakis's water is encysted deep within the surface, protected by thin veils of sandtrout.

Their seeking of moisture leads them to congregate around the nascent concentrations of fungal plankton and moisture below the surface, called the 'pre-spice masses', described below.

PRE-SPICE MASS AND SPICE BLOWS

Deep beneath the surface of Arrakis, fungal growths such as plankton can concentrate and form colonies relatively rich in moisture compared to the sand and soil surrounding. When exposed accidentally to a young sandworm, the combination of the moisture, fungal growth, and excretions from the young sandworm form spice concentrations called 'pre-spice masses'. This rapidly expanding reaction creates pressure as it expands outward, rising through the sand to the surface as it does so. As it rises the moisture present in this process attracts sandtrout in vast numbers.

When the pre-spice mass finally emerges from the surface, the resulting burst of carbon dioxide and water vapor causes what called a 'spice blow', an explosion that kills millions of these sandtrout 'water-stealers' instantly. This sudden and violent exposure to oxygen, heat, and sunlight causes the pre-spice mass to chemically transform into the spice melange, which is scattered upon the surface, later to be consumed by the surviving sandtrout, with some miniscule portion harvested by Fremen, and later, by the spice industry. The few sandtrout that survive this spice blow coalesce and hibernate for roughly six years, in which time they pass into the next phase of their growth, a small sandworm nearly three meters in length, continuing the cycle of spice and sandworm development. The remarkable properties of the result, the spice melange, are discussed earlier in this chapter.

LITTLE MAKERS

Somewhere in the process they develop their internal organs and take on the shape most associated with sandworms and begin to grow their characteristic multi-toothed maw. These teeth grow in size and thickness from ridges of delicate cilia to rows of thick, semi-transparent spears, and from these broken or shed teeth are fashioned the crysknives favored by the Fremen.

In this phase of growth, the young sandworms are most in danger of being consumed by larger sandworms, but those that survive this period of their life—decades long—continue to grow and grow, eventually becoming full-sized massive sandworms, hundreds of meters in length.

Fremen sometimes intervene and collect these small sandworms, confining them within rocky pits where they cannot burrow free, and feeding and nurturing them until they grow to as much as nine meters in length, rarely larger. These smaller, stunted worms are called 'little makers' by the Fremen, for they create the pre-spice masses and the Water of Life upon their deaths.

THE WATER OF LIFE

When submerged in water, a little maker dies violently, poisoned in reaction to that water. As it dies, the nascent sandworm excretes a blue bile that is hugely poisonous to anyone ingesting it. As part of the process by which a Fremen Sayyadina is chosen to replace a dying Sayyadina, the new prospect imbibes a tiny amount of the bile, transforming it through her prana-bindu training. In the process, she unlocks her genetic memory and can then access the Other Memory in which the consciousnesses of all prior Sayyadina reside.

The chemical transformation turns the poisonous blue bile into a new substance, which the new Sayyadina either regurgitates or perspires. The resultant liquid, 'the Water of Life', is then consumed by the Fremen community as a ritual of oneness, usually culminating in a spice orgy.

THE WATER OF DEATH

As noted above, however, water is intrinsically poisonous to the sandworm throughout every stage of its life after the sandtrout phase. Consuming or even excessive exposure to water accelerates a sandworm's biologic process, including its spice-rich body, to the point that it causes a hugely disruptive reaction that is as apparently as painful as it is fatal. This is the process by which a stunted maker creates the Water of Life.

FEEDING THE AIR ITSELF

Sandworms are not merely responsible for the production of spice: They are also massive living chemical factories capable of creating oxygen, which they are far more efficient at than the photosynthetic process. Inside each sandworm is a vast chemical furnace, filled with a potent mix of aldehydes and acids, capable of processing the immense flow of sand and digesting the nutritious plankton as it passes through. The resultant process sustains the sandworm and also provides an immense amount of oxygen. According to Imperial Planetologist Pardot Kynes, a 200-meter sandworm provided more pure oxygen into the Arrakis atmosphere than "ten square kilometers of a green-growing photosynthesis surface." The resultant oxygen, however, caused the atmospheric mix of Arrakis to be even drier and less hospitable to plant life, which continued the cycle that sustained the sandworms.

WORMSIGN

The movement of a large sandworm through the sand is often accompanied the obvious disruption of the sand when it nears the surface, sometimes by slight tremors within the surface itself. Upon the worm's appearance, observers are said to note that sandworms give off an intense spice odor, resembling a combination of flint and cinnamon. So powerful is this smell that it often precedes the sandworm itself, carried on desert winds as it approaches. The larger the sandworm, the more pronounced and visible is the wormsign.

SHAI-HULUD, THE ADULT SANDWORM

The fullness of development yields a sandworm as much as 450 meters in length from head to tail, though Fremen claim to have seen them as long as 1,000 meters in length. A sandworm's natural lifespan is similarly unknown, though it is estimated to be thousands of years, the sandworm continuing to grow throughout its lifespan. The Fremen call the sandworm 'the Old Man of the Desert', implying that they are ancient beyond measure.

Adult sandworms move throughout the sands of Arrakis, often diving deep beneath the surface but never venturing into rocky areas, which they are unable to move through. They tend to roam where the plankton can be found most plentifully, though no observer has been able to determine a particular system or pattern to their migration, whether it is cyclical or mere peregrination. They are attracted to vibration, though the reason for this is unknown. It may be that they sense rivals and attempt to consume the many smaller sandworms that encroach on their territory, born out of spice blows. It is for this reason that sandworms are most commonly found near spice blows, for this is where they are born and where they find their largest prey.

Upon adulthood, sandworms are covered with a tough, thick armor, made up of giant rust-colored scales that overlap and interlock to cover every bit of their hides. These scales provide a flexible sheath that protects a worm from abrasion from sand and yet allows some suppleness for it to move and bend as it travels beneath the sand. It is obvious to some that each of these tough, diamond-shaped scales is a fully-grown sandtrout, the collective having formed a type of creature called a superorganism, fused together into a colony that essentially becomes a singular living being.

Upon death, the bulk of a sandworm usually disintegrates, though it sheds the sandtrout that sheathe it, and they return to the sands and begin life anew, continuing the strange cycle.

As to most living things, sand is an irritant, and sandworms will writhe and roll to avoid getting sand between these scales, which allows Fremen to pilot them by exploiting this behavior. It is by this process that the Fremen became worm-riders, noting this reactive behavior of sandworms and forging tools to guide the sandworm away from gaps in their armor, which the Fremen create though use of their sandhooks and priers. The Fremen cunningly use thumpers to summon the sandworms, creating rhythmic vibrations that attract them, and upon climbing atop one, use 'Maker hooks' to steer it.

Rumors in Fremen lore hint at a single great sandworm, the 'Old Man of the Desert', Shai-Hulud himself, the uttermost personification of God, above all others. Other names for it include 'Old Father Eternity' and 'Grandfather of the Desert', a massive sandworm greater in size and more ancient than any other, but no outsider has ever witnessed such as creature, or survived an encounter with it.

Sandworms in Gameplay

Any campaign on Arrakis should eventually involve sandworms in some fashion, no matter what era or machinations of plot. Any trip into the desert is a calculated risk against the arrival of a sandworm, from the daily excursions of spice harvesters to even the most mundane transits between Arrakeen and Carthag, or any other two points. Any passage over the open desert presents the opportunity to encounter the sandworms, ideally from a distance and some degree of altitude.

The entire spice industry is essentially a gamble about how long a harvester can sift through sand and harvest spice before attracting a sandworm, and most of the processes as to how spice is collected are designed explicitly with that danger in mind. Spice harvesters are accompanied by a bevy of scout ornithopters wary and on the lookout for wormsign in any direction. They are of a size, that, while still quite massive, can be picked up within a carryall at a moment's notice, and carried back to Arrakeen or Carthag and the end of each workday. Rather than remote factories established out on the desert to process spice, it is done in those flying carryalls, which deliver raw spice to the cities to be further refined or shipped off-planet, as required.

Thus, anyone involved with any aspect of the spice industry is aware of and must certainly contend with the existence of Shai-Hulud. Even the most obstinate city-dweller is nonetheless forced to deal with Fremen, whose entire religion focuses upon the enigmatic colossi.

MEETING THE MAKER

Though player characters are generally at the upper edge of competence, able to face a wide variety of challenges and surmount them, the sandworm is a thing of an altogether different level. Most conventional weapons are simply of no use against a sandworm, No force shy of atomics or massive artillery will bring a sandworm down, and the notion of standing against a sandworm without such weaponry at hand is futile, if not suicidal.

Few have sought to test the sandworm for supremacy of the desert. Among those few was Glossu Rabban of House Harkonnen. A brutal, simple man, Rabban was better known as "the Beast", a nickname he earned repeatedly throughout his reign upon Arrakis. When his father Abulurd Rabban was appointed stewardship under House Harkonnen, Glossu went with him, but he remained on Arrakis after Abulurd was removed, ruling in his place. An avid hunter, Glossu took Pardot Kynes on a sandworm hunt, using explosives to kill the creature. He was disappointed to find that its corpse broke apart rapidly into countless sandtrout and a mass of internal muck, rather than serving as a proud trophy he could display as a sign of his martial prowess.

SANDWORMS AS FORCE MAJEURE

For the gamemaster, the appearance of a sandworm is akin to that of a hurricane, a tornado, or an earthquake. It is a force of nature that must be fled rather than countered. The only question open to the player characters should be how they choose to flee, rather than entertaining any thought of resisting its presence.

The appearance of a sandworm should engender instant calculations of risk versus loss, such as what the player characters can jettison or sacrifice to increase their chance of survival.

Ultimately, the circumstance of a confrontation with a sandworm is a potential campaign-ender, where anything other than a full-fledged attempt at flight should result in death. There is little to such a conflict that can be measured by a degree: Either they are killed utterly by the sandworm, killed by the violence of its passing, or unfortunately devoured within the atomic furnace of its interior. In either case, death should be almost absolute. Any state of woundedness is only through external means, such as crashing their ornithopter or being swept aside in the avalanche of sand that accompanies and follows the sandworm's passage.

If, by some miracle, the player characters survive an encounter with a sandworm, they should consider themselves blessed by any god they revere and do everything within their power to see that they are never, ever, placed in a situation where their lives are at stake in this fashion again.

Harvesting

Spice harvesting is a dangerous and often random business seeking out 'spice blows' where raw spice explodes from under the desert and collects on the surface. Spice blows produce the largest quantities of melange. As described prior, blows occur when gases produced in what is called the 'pre-spice mass' build up to critical pressure and throw the mass up to the surface of the desert, sucking whatever was on the surface down, deep below the sand. A brief exposure to sun and air transforms this mass into melange. Being in the same place as a spice blow is usually fatal. The House licensed to harvest spice uses spotters, flying at a safe height above the desert to watch for signs of a spice blow. Once detected, the spotter pilot communicates the coordinates back to base and, ideally, a carryall arrives with one or more harvesting teams on board at the exact point the melange is ready to harvest. Even if they miss the blow itself the spice may remain on the surface for some time where it can be harvested. But such fields are not as rich as a recent blow.

It then becomes a race against time. Harvesting teams must gather as much melange as they can before their activities are cut short by the arrival of a sandworm, a hostile harvesting team, or a sandstorm which will bury or blow away the spice. While they are working, the harvesting team may be watched over by further spotters, ready to warn of wormsign, storm, or hostile action. Some Houses like to economize on these essential safety measures, and those Houses lose melange and harvesters when sandworms consume their harvesting teams or when a violent storm destroys the harvester. Even with an effective and conscientious spotter team, sandworms and storms can move so fast it proves impossible to get the harvesters to safety before they strike.

Spice lost in this way is rarely recovered by the licensed Houses. More often it is taken by informal teams of smugglers or Fremen harvesters who understand more about how to operate on the sand without attracting unwanted attention. Though not even they can always find shelter from a fast-approaching storm.

The Spice Blow

Spotter pilots are adept at finding spice blows. Some claim to have what amounts to an 'instinct' for it, while others rely on a combination of system and luck. It is important to fly low enough to be able to detect small changes on the ground while remaining high enough to get out of the way should a blow occur close by. There's not a spotter pilot on Arrakis who hasn't a tale to tell of the time they narrowly escaped death when they got too close to a blow. Some, of course, do not live to tell their stories. Pilots who report false positives—causing their bosses to waste resources sending a carryall to somewhere there is little or no spice to be harvested—don't keep their jobs very long.

Once the position and size of the spice blow is established, an operator sends out a carryall, complete with the required complement of harvesters and workers. The carryall drops the harvesters off close to the spice blow then retreats to a safe position; far enough not to be conspicuous or interfere with the harvesting operation but close enough to come in and pick up the harvesters should a rival operation, worm, or storm threaten the valuable spice. Some carryalls are simple transporters with no more than a skeleton crew. Others are mobile factories where the first stages of spice processing take place.

On these 'factory' carryalls, the spice is cleaned of gross pollutants, compacted, and vacuum-packed, ready for further processing in Carthag or Arrakeen. Most carryall teams are composed of a manager, two pilots (so they can work in shifts), clerks to record the quantity of spice retrieved, and a dozen or so laborers and workers to carry out manual tasks involved in cleaning and compacting the produce. As the carryalls are often many weeks away from the cities, they may carry domestic staff—cooks and cleaners—to maintain the crew and keep the workspaces up to standards. Harvester crews are also on board the carryall when they are not working on the sand and, at such times, they are expected to lend a hand with day-to-day operations. At times, an Imperial inspector may be on board, to ensure that the Emperor is not being shorted a single solari worth of spice he is owed.

SPOTTER ORNITHOPTER

Spotter 'thopters are small, agile craft. Like all ornithopters, they are propelled by flapping wings. They carry one, or for the occasional long tours of duty, two, scouts. They are equipped with viewing scopes, communications systems, and often, light weaponry for personal defense. These craft are rarely armored and not suited for carrying heavy loads. While ornithopters offworld are equipped with shields, those on Arrakis rarely are. At a pinch, if the scout is on her own, they may be able to rescue one or two crew members from a harvester, but on the whole, all they can do in a rescue operation is radio for help.

Some spotter pilots own their own 'thopters and advertize themselves for hire. Most, however, are employed directly by a House that provides them with the vehicles they need. The efficiency and state of repair of the vehicle depends on the generosity of their employer and the status of the pilot.

As an Asset: A spotter ornithopter might belong to a skilled spotter pilot, able to advertize themselves for hire to the highest bidder. A successful smuggler could have one for their hired spotter pilot to fly. Mostly, though, these vehicles would be owned by those Houses licensed to operate on Arrakis. They are fast and maneuverable, though, and kept in good shape, as the pilot's life may depend on it.

Quality: 2 or 3

Keywords: Fast, Flying, Glide, Quiet

Size: Small

CARRYALL

Carryalls can vary from those used to carry the harvesters and a couple of pilots and workers (often themselves harvester crew) to attach and detach the harvesters as needed, to what amounts to a flying factory. A lot depends on their precise purpose and the philosophy of those who commission them. The less elaborate ones travel out to a single blow, pick up the harvesters when they have finished their work, and transport them to facilities on Arrakeen or Carthag where their harvest is processed. Others may stay out on the sands for weeks at a time, harvesting from several locations before returning to base with a heavy cargo of semi-processed melange.

Whatever their design, carryalls are large to enormous and some are heavily armored against the harsh Arrakeen weather. All carry at least light weaponry in case of attack by smugglers or rival houses.

As an Asset: Carryalls are vital equipment to save harvesters from the danger of sandworms, although their main purpose is to deploy harvesters effectively. This means they aid primarily in the movement of other assets. They are also useful as a passenger transport and are fast for their size, but not as fast (or comfortable) as an ornithopter.

Quality: Any

Keywords: Armored, Cargo, Flying

Size: Huge to Gargantuan

HARVESTER

Even the smallest harvester is a huge, lumbering machine, dragging itself slowly across the desert floor as it gathers raw spice into its storage tanks. Incapable of moving fast or far under its own power, it is dropped onto the blow by a carryall. The carryall returns to collect it when its storage is full or if storm or sandworm threaten the operation. Harvesters tend to be armored to protect the cargo from attacks by rivals, though no amount of armor protects against a worm.

Storage tanks occupy most of the harvesters' interior, so there is little space for the crew. A large harvester has a crew of about 20 or so workers, operators, and drivers. The driver can extrude sweepers, drills, and vacuums as directed by the ground crew to move spice from the blow into the tanks. Working in a harvester is loud, industrial, cramped, and hot, more like being in a factory than a vehicle, but it pays better than most jobs of that level on Arrakis.

Due to their size and the way they operate, harvesters invariably attract sandworms. Fremen know that this is due to the rhythmic vibrations their machinery produces. Some more experienced operatives have either learned this information from Fremen or have managed to work it out for themselves. Crews with this level of knowledge do what they can to suppress the vibration or interfere with the rhythm, and these crews tend to last longer on the sand. Though, of course, this knowledge does nothing to protect them from other dangers of the desert.

As an Asset: Nearly all harvesters belong to Houses licensed to operate on Arrakis. Fremen are not interested in using them or working on them. Some smugglers manage to obtain their own harvesters by fair means or foul. Despite being massively expensive due to their size, armaments, and harvesting equipment, harvesters have a limited lifespan as they are frequently devoured by sandworms or suffer other terminal accidents due to the conditions in which they operate.

Quality: Any

Keywords: Armored, Cargo, Lumbering, Noisy

Size: Large to Huge

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HARVESTING

Once the harvester or harvesters are in place, they start to gather spice. Hostilities from rival teams, sandworms, or storms terminate most operations long before they have exhausted the blow, so teams must work as quickly as possible. There is some controversy about whether it is more cost-effective to send out a single huge harvester or several smaller ones (though, when referring to a harvester, 'small' is a relative term). With a large harvester, the profit is immense, assuming the machine makes it back to base at all. With several smaller vehicles, it is more likely that at least some spice can be retrieved from the blow. Many believe smaller harvesters are less likely to attract sandworms and there is some evidence for this. The smaller machines are, however, just as susceptible to storms and less able to defend themselves from hostile attacks. Rarely, it is noted, is the personnel cost figured into these reckonings. There are cynics among harvesting teams who like to point out small harvesters cost less to produce and, therefore, their destruction represents less of a loss. Those cynics prefer to go out with a larger harvester, believing their employers put more effort into preserving such assets should a rescue operation become necessary.

Harvesters extrude sweeping tools to brush the spice into onboard containers and vacuums to suck it up. They are frequently equipped with drills, although, as the spice sits on the surface of the sand after a blow, these are only used when there is a solid object in the way of spice collection. Due to the necessity for speed, the product is not cleaned in the harvester itself and is polluted by sand, stones of various sizes, and the occasional bit of desert vegetation.

Harvester crews consist of a driver and co-driver plus several ground operatives. The driver extrudes whichever tools the ground operatives require. The tools function semi-automatically. The ground crew calls for the right tools, ensures they are correctly placed, and clears away any rocks and vegetation large enough to interfere with the harvest. The driver, working inside an armored vehicle, is relatively safe from hostile attacks and minor storms. The ground crew takes cover behind the harvester in case of attack and survives as best they can until rescue or reinforcements arrive.

Another team of workers inside the cramped harvester manages the collection systems to try and make sure as much spice as possible (as opposed to just sand) gets collected in the tanks. Not only must they sift some of what is being collected, they must try and unclog jams or blockages from the systems to keep everything working. Dangerous as it is to be out on the sand, working inside the harvester is considered the least desirable job among the crews.

Harvester crews who can afford it send out spotters to give as much advance warning of sandworm approach as possible. These spotters are as skilled as those who scout for spice blows in the first place and, very often, the same individual fulfills both roles. A skilled spotter pilot can save tons of precious spice, not to mention the lives of the crew. The spotter reports back to the harvester crew and carryall as soon as they notice worm-sign. The harvester supervisor must decide whether to lumber off, hoping to reach solid ground while awaiting rescue, or to continue harvesting for as long as possible. The former course maximizes the crew's chance of survival (and, of course, the survival of the valuable machinery and existing cargo); the latter course is more popular with the employer, particularly if the subsequent rescue is effective.

This is a fulcrum point in the relationship between the licensed Houses and their desert workers. If the crews trust their employers to rescue them from the sand, they work hard to maximize profits. If the crew doesn't believe the House values their existence, they strive to maximize their individual chances of survival. This can, as in the case of the Harkonnens, also be weighed against the risk of retribution should quotas fall short. In any case, it requires a fine judgment (and experience of the desert) to determine the best course of action. Often a crew's decision depends on how much spice is on board the harvester. A near-empty vehicle can move more swiftly and is of less value to the employers. A near-full vehicle is harder to maneuver and of more value to those in charge.

In any case, the crew needs to retract all harvesting tools and clear the tubes connecting these to the storage tanks of spice prior to moving the harvester or attaching it to a carryall. All too often there are delays as the crew tries to scrape up just a little more melange or when a sweeping tool refuses to retract smoothly. It's a calculated risk. It can increase the profitability of the venture and it can also result in total loss of cargo, vehicle, and life.

INITIAL PROCESSING

If all goes well, once the harvester returns to the carryall, massive pipes suck the melange out of the storage tanks to receive a first, rough cleaning, before being loaded into the hopper of a compressing machine. As the product is dust-like, fine, and completely dry, it cannot be compressed into blocks. Instead it is packed under vacuum into uniform 'bricks' each weighing precisely one kilogram.

At this stage, the spice is still mixed with sand. These 'bricks' are stacked under atmospherically controlled conditions, to be unloaded at the processing factories of Carthag or Arrakeen. Where the carryall lacks compressing machines, the spice is kept inside the harvester tanks to await unloading at an initial processing facility where it undergoes much the same process. The 'bricks' are approximately 25% spice and 75% sand—the greater the skill of the harvesting team, the lower the percentage of sand.

Many mining vessels stop off at Carthag to refuel. Some unload raw spice from the storage tanks at the same time. It is not unusual for some spice to 'disappear' prior to being vacuum-packed, as it is difficult to account for it at this stage. Who can tell how much of a hopper's content is spice and how much is contaminant? Even when the spice is stacked into neat vacuum packages it is still roughly 75% sand. Though, of course, entire packs do find their way into unofficial channels. Many miners and prospectors believe there is a healthy market for contraband spice in Carthag, where the authorities often turn a blind eye to smuggling in return for a percentage. Some say a percentage of this percentage goes straight into Harkonnen pockets. This, of course, is impossible to prove. It is dangerous even to try. The official refineries in Carthag are under direct Harkonnen control—the Emperor takes more of a hand in the affairs in Arrakeen, the former capital city.

Most vacuum-packed spice, however, is taken on to Arrakeen for recording, refining, and processing into the forms required at its destination.

AUDITING AND ACCOUNTING

It is in Arrakeen where the first accurate auditing of the spice takes place. The Emperor employs a great number of clerks and accountants who ensure no spice goes missing on its way to the space docks. There, Spacing Guild auditors weigh every pack and check them against the Imperial manifest, before allowing them to be loaded onto an orbital transport heading to the Heighliner which will take the spice to its final destination.

Unlicensed Operations

Nearly all licensed mining operations take spice from blows. This is the most cost-effective means of extraction, as they are the most visible from the air. It is, however, very detectable (by rivals and the authorities as well as by sandworms), and because of this, it is rarely feasible for a smaller operation. Smugglers, Fremen, and small-time operators take spice wherever they can find it. Wind accumulations are a valuable source. Fremen know where storms carry spice lost from blows and where it accumulates in rock outcroppings. This is not an exact science. The ever-changing landscape of Arrakis means these small pockets of spice could turn up anywhere conditions are right. Some spice may remain near the site of a blow, after a worm has left. This can be collected by brave harvesters, and occasionally

Fremen bands ride a worm in and stand by, watching as it devours the Emperor's harvesters before taking the remaining spice for themselves.

Fremen collect spice by hand. While this is much slower, they can do so with little chance of attracting a worm and therefore they have more time. Sifting the sand in this way also ensures they are carrying mostly spice rather than mostly sand back to the sietch. Smugglers and other successful small-scale operations may have a harvester at their disposal, but more frequently they land a 'thopter near a likely source, and work carefully to sweep and vacuum the melange into sacks. Some have learned (either from Fremen or by harsh experience) how to avoid attracting a worm. They venture further into the deep desert than licensed operators dare. If a worm does arrive, despite precautions, an off-worlder is unlikely to escape to tell the tale. Fremen, on the other hand, can harness the worms and ride them if they act quickly enough.

This contraband spice is initially cleaned by hand before being taken to a sympathetic facility for processing (or the sietch in the case of Fremen). The facility might be an official one, willing to handle business 'on the side' for a generous cut, or it might be owned by smugglers or small-scale harvesters themselves. There are more of such facilities in Carthag than in Arrakeen, as the rule of law in Carthag is less obtrusive.

All facilities for the harvesting and processing of spice, however well-constructed and maintained, are infused with melange. The very air is laden with it and anyone working in those facilities swiftly becomes addicted. As spice acquired through legitimate channels is expensive, some Houses use addiction as a means of controlling and underpaying their workers. This backfires when the workers, feeling little loyalty to their employers, siphon small quantities of their product off to other sources, helping to feed the grey market which the Emperor and his minions give the appearance of being keen to stamp out.

FREMEN HARVESTING

Fremen spice harvesters have little contact with the corruption in Carthag or Arrakeen. Away from the eyes of the Emperor and the Landsraad, they deal directly with Guild agents. This trade is a deadly secret, and all Fremen and Guild agents involved in these dealings are fully aware of the inevitably fatal consequences of betrayal or detection by Harkonnen or Imperial individuals. A strictly limited number of individuals on either side conduct this business. The Guild take spice, unrefined, to a Heighliner for their own purposes. It is far cheaper for them to get it this way (albeit unrefined) than to pay the Imperial tax. It also makes them less dependent on the Imperium. In return, they keep the extent of the Fremen holdings and much Fremen activity hidden from outsiders.

Fremen also retain spice for use in their sietches, where they use it in their food and for ritual purposes. This is a low-volume business, as harvesting bands take only what their own community needs.

Spice Prospecting and Mining

Most spice mined on Arrakis is harvested by those in the direct or indirect employ of the ruling House. The ruling House may grant licenses to others—both Houses and other groups—to harvest the spice on their behalf. Such groups of harvesters have access to appropriate equipment and suffer little or no harassment from the authorities when collecting spice in the open. If attacked by rivals, they expect the ruling House to protect their legitimate endeavors. This is not to say there is a lack of rivalry between harvesting teams, but the ruling House keeps this under control.

Licensed harvesters often race to be first to reach a spice blow, but they are reluctant to pick a fight with a team who have already started to harvest. Sometimes there will be two or more legitimate teams working on the same blow. They may or may not cooperate but most conflict is confined to banter as engaging in a firefight tends to hasten the arrival of a sandworm. In any case, if there is more spice than one team can harvest before the worm's arrival, there is no real reason to prevent another team from sucking up the excess.

FREELANCERS

Some teams have managed to acquire their own equipment and put themselves out for hire to the highest bidder. Workers on these teams are experienced and hardy, able to operate independently without the constant advice and support of a patron. These teams are attractive to employers as if the equipment is lost there is no cost to whoever commissioned them. These teams enjoy the same advantages as those directly employed when it comes to harvesting spice from blows.

UNLICENSED HARVESTERS

Usually allied with smugglers and in contact with an unofficial spice buyer, those with their own equipment are in direct competition with licensed harvesters for access to spice blows. Any harvesting team without the right permissions from the ruling House is liable to be attacked by those with the right documentation. Some, however, think it worth the risk. If they have a top-notch spotter and a fast carryall, they hope to get onto a blow before the legitimate harvesters arrive. If they get lucky, they can pick up enough spice to make it worth the risk before they get driven off. More frequently they operate out of a six- or twelve-person ornithopter, relying on their superior speed to get onto the blow, pick up the spice, and run with it before the larger competitors arrive.

Some teams prefer to concentrate on less obvious sources of spice, performing 'clean up' after a licensed team has been driven off, or finding small caches of melange in wind accumulations. These often provide as much as a team without heavy equipment can carry or, more significantly, sell.

FREMEN

Fremen harvesting teams occasionally employ the 'harvest and run' tactic, using their knowledge of the desert to avoid detection by other harvesting teams. More frequently, though, they avoid the blows where conflict occurs and go for other, less easily detectable sources of spice. They do not normally compete with licensed harvesters as to do so would draw unwanted attention to themselves. They frequently come into conflict with unlicensed teams and, when this occurs, they decide whether to fight, run, or do a deal depending on the precise circumstances and the attitude of their rivals. A deal cut between a Fremen band and an unlicensed team can bring considerable benefits to both parties.

After the Harvest

Teams working for the ruling House, whether directly or indirectly, unload their bounty at licensed premises where it undergoes processing and onward shipment. There are many opportunities for illegitimate businesses to make a bit of profit. Who accounts for the spice that gets caught in a worker's coveralls, sticks to the bottom of their boots, or becomes entangled in their hair? Small quantities, for certain, but it's a rare harvester who can't find a market, and some keep it to feed their own addiction. This, however, is very small-time trade and likely to be for personal use. The merchants and smugglers who deal with less legitimate teams can rarely be persuaded to trust anyone who works for the ruling House. Too many of them are spies or, worse still, informers. It is hardly worth anyone's while to take the risk of siphoning off spice if one doesn't have a market for it.

However, where there is a valuable commodity, there is always a market, and a steady stream of legitimately harvested spice leaves legitimate routes to end up in the hands of smugglers and merchants, who, in turn, sell to local users for less than the going rate.

Unlicensed harvesters, on the other hand, if successful, have profitable relationships with smugglers and middlemen who understand how to get spice (whether mined by informal teams, Fremen, or purloined from processing facilities) off the planet. This often, but not invariably, involves the cooperation of the Guild.

REFINERIES

As noted above, the compressed spice 'bricks' regularly contain more sand than spice. The more experienced the team, the better the spice-to-sand ratio, but sand is ubiquitous on Arrakis and it is not possible to harvest melange without picking some up. A gridex plane, a differential charge separator, frees the spice of sand. The machinery involved is not complicated, and many exist in both Carthag and Arrakeen. Skilled workers remove the spice/sand mix from its vacuum packs under controlled conditions and run it through the plane. The sand falls away and is hauled away back to the desert. Some of the refined spice is processed further and, in some cases, adulterated with other substances to make it go further. The purified or contaminated product is then packaged into the quantities required by the customer.

UNLICENSED FACILITIES

Spice gleaned by the unlicensed rarely passes through legitimate facilities. The back streets of Carthag conceal many refineries and packaging plants under cover of taverns, bakeries, or vehicle repair shops. The Emperor's forces make these a less attractive proposition in Arrakeen, where there is more risk of discovery. However, this may also have something to do with the Harkonnens in Carthag, who know about some of these illegal operations and enjoy taking a cut in either spice or profit that they don't have to declare.

Once behind the 'legitimate' business at the front of the shop, the processing plants operate in the same way as licensed facilities, refining and packaging the spice into the form required by the end-consumer. Care is taken in the design of these factories so their true purpose can be disguised swiftly should an inspector come calling. They are well insulated against both sound and breezes that could carry a betraying whiff of cinnamon. It's impossible to disguise the scent completely, but so many quarters of the cities of Arrakis are rank with the stench of spice that this is not considered too great a risk.

These underground businesses have contracts with fixers and spice merchants, as well as with trusted independent harvesting teams. In Arrakeen, some deal with Fremen, but Fremen rarely venture willingly into Carthag, certainly not on clandestine business. Many of these 'informal' refineries have deals with someone in Harkonnen or Imperial employ, either directly or, more frequently, through an intermediary.

MERCHANTS AND FIXERS

'Informal' harvesting teams need contacts with merchants and 'fixers', much as any thief needs a fence. These people act as intermediaries between those who harvest the raw material and those who wish to purchase it. They are well-connected, either in Carthag or Arrakeen, sometimes in both. They know licensed facilities prepared to process spice 'under the counter' and where to find hidden processing factories. Approaching such facilities without a fixer leads, at best, to being greeted with a blank stare and "I have no idea what you are talking about" and at worst to betrayal to the authorities.

The best fixers work with a contact within the ruling House or amongst the Imperial staff. These contacts may cooperate with the fixer in exchange for a percentage, or the fixer may have some hold over them; assets such as blackmail material or threats to the individual's property or family are useful here. It would be possible for an undercover harvesting team to forge such contacts for themselves, but acquiring these assets is a long and risky process.

Many believe that the governing Houses, the Harkonnens in particular, siphon off quantities of spice through illegitimate channels and that many intermediaries work for them, whether knowingly or otherwise. This makes it easy for the Harkonnens to waltz off with the profits while washing their hands of any taint of illegal activity.

SPIES AND INFORMERS

While the powers that be are not averse to profiting from the informal spice trade, they do so surreptitiously and have many agents in place, employed to help shut it down. The consequences of being caught taking part in the illicit trade are dire. Firstly, the illegal business is shuttered with all the economic hardship that brings, and secondly, punishment at the hands of the Harkonnens or the Emperor is severe. Perpetrators can be exiled, enslaved, or imprisoned. Some speak of torture and maiming, or of being used as a plaything by some sadistic Harkonnen favorite until the novelty wears off, then being used as target practice, or set to fight in a gladiatorial ring.

Nobody doubts there are spies and informers at every level of the informal spice economy. Anyone suspected of occupying such a role finds themselves swiftly ostracized and, often, severely beaten and left for dead in a back alley. Some regard this as a handy way of ridding themselves of a rival; by the time the accusation is discovered to be false, it's far too late to do anything and often impossible to make amends to the unfortunate victim.

Genuine spies and informers stay in deep cover, many join harvesting teams or run illicit factories, others form close relationships with someone in the underground supply chain. Anything to avoid revealing their true allegiance, assuming such people have any true allegiance at all. Pay them enough and they might keep quiet, while reporting any rivals to their own House. Stop paying them enough (or run out of solaris) and suffer whatever fate the ruling House has in store for those who would profit from spice without allowing the rulers their percentage.

SELLING ON ARRAKIS

Most believe selling to someone on the planet is less risky than trying to get your product smuggled into space. There is a ready market for spice on Arrakis, both in Carthag and Arrakeen, not to mention the smaller settlements. Many inhabitants of Arrakis, whether native or off-worlders, are addicted to melange. If a merchant can undercut the legitimate dealers (who pay duty to the ruling House), they can make a tidy profit. Selling from a stall on the market is possible, but risky. Slightly less so if one can lay hands on a Harkonnen seal (counterfeits, some more convincing than others, are in circulation). But it's still risky. A market stall is, by definition, out in the open. Anyone can see it. If they can't, it's not going to get a lot of passing trade.

Most local trade of this nature works along the same lines as illicit drug sales have done since time immemorial. People sell to people they know and have come to trust (for a certain value of 'trust') and people buy from those they know and have come to trust (for a certain value of 'trust'). Some of this trade takes place 'under the counter' of the businesses hiding illicit refineries. This is especially the case with taverns. Other dealers deliver to the clients' homes.

OFF-WORLD TRADE

This is the domain of experienced spice smugglers who avoid interaction with small-time traders, considering them a liability. Smuggling small quantities of melange is not worth the risk involved. Those who take big risks expect to reap substantial profits. A surprising amount of melange finds its way into the luggage of visiting dignitaries who have agents who know where to ask for wholesale spice, untaxed by Harkonnen or Emperor. Such clients either have their own contacts among Guild agents or, more frequently, know how to hide their contraband from prying eyes. Few Imperial or Guild inspectors care to go through the personal belongings of a high-ranking noble of a major House or a Reverend Mother of the Bene Gesserit.

The absolute height of success for a smuggler is to conclude an ongoing deal with a Guild agent. This is always the culmination of many years of work, building up a reputation for secrecy, canniness, and absolute reliability. The smuggler must wait for the agent to approach them. Approaching someone believed to be a Guild agent is a big mistake and tends to be met with a puzzled look from the potential client. If the individual is an actual Guild agent, the approach tends to be followed by a run of bad luck which, even if it does not prove fatal, results in betrayal to the authorities. The Guild does not appreciate this kind of interference.

Smugglers on Arrakis with genuine Guild contracts can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Such criminals have extensive supply chains who are blissfully unaware of the destination of the product they take such risks to produce. The protection afforded by such an elevated chain is limited only by the individual's loyalty, discretion, and productiveness.

Making a Team

So, a player character group wants to harvest spice? There are several ways this could be set up, depending on the desired campaign. A one-shot game, featuring a team of harvesters, could start with being dropped into the desert with a harvester and ending with escaping the inevitable sandworm. A longer arc might involve the player characters getting their hands on a harvester in the first place, coming back with a haul, and selling it off to a fixer, patron, or undefined middle person. Or there could be an epic tale, involving making a relationship with the Guild and maybe, just maybe, uncovering the secret ways in which the Guild is working with the Fremen.

WHO DO YOU WORK FOR?

The simplest way to set up an adventure on the spice fields is to have the player characters working for one of the Houses licensed to harvest spice. This could be the players' 'regular' characters from a longer campaign or characters specifically created for the mining of spice. Another possibility is to have the characters form a 'team for hire' and seek a patron among the licensed Houses. This could be a story in itself, if the group wants to play intrigue and politics on that level.

For a longer story arc involving the collection and onward sale of spice, the player characters could either be a freelance team, hiring themselves out to whoever will pay them, or independent operators. The latter involves a lot of risk as the 'informal' trade in spice is likely to attract unwanted attention from the authorities. In this case the dangers would not only be those of the desert and competition on the sands, but also inspectors, Harkonnen and Imperial agents, treacherous intermediaries, and jealous fellow smugglers prepared to sell their 'colleagues' out for fee or favor.

Some groups might want to play a Fremen band, and spice collection and onward sale is definitely within the Fremen remit, though this makes for a very different story arc. Fremen work for themselves, or for their sietch, unless, of course, they have disgraced themselves in some way or stand outside the Ichwan Bedwine.

WORKING FOR A HOUSE

The ruling House may license other Houses to send harvesting teams out to the desert. The licensed Houses pay a tithe, in spice, to the ruling House in exchange for this privilege. A licensed House team has the advantage of being entirely legitimate and may have expensive vehicles, equipment, and other assets—both tangible and intangible—provided by their House. The challenges to such a team are the natural hazards of working in the desert (sandworms, sandstorms, etc.) as well as attacks from competitors from rival houses, Fremen resenting the exploitation of their territory, and smugglers keen to protect their own, unlicensed, access to a spice blow.

This is the most obvious set up for a team of characters who are agents of a House. They need not be dedicated spice workers. Instead it will be up to them to manage the operation on behalf of their House and make sure everything is running smoothly. A House may send a team down to inspect a facility, to investigate suspected sabotage, or an unexplained shortfall in product.

INVESTIGATORS

Given the extent of the informal spice economy and the difficulties of accounting for all potential losses to revenue, the ruling House, the Emperor, and the licensed Houses employ investigators and enforcers to track down smugglers and other illicit operations. These teams may work directly for a House or they could be freelancers, especially if the House concerned requires a degree of plausible deniability. Smugglers themselves could equally well employ such a team if they felt rivals were cutting into their profits or feared someone in their supply chain was thinking of betraying them.

Characters working as investigators would face challenges of all kinds from rival Houses, smugglers, informers, and infiltrators. Getting to the bottom of the operation under investigation is likely to involve a lot of intrigue challenges, though physical challenges could still feature heavily in this kind of story.

WORKING THE UNLICENSED TRADE

Characters can take the roles of those who own and run the illegitimate processing facilities, the merchants, the fixers, even a smuggling gang. All these operate much as criminal gangs have always operated through time and space. Personal loyalty is at least as important to these organizations as it is to the Houses, and failure to remain loyal to the smuggling gang has potentially fatal consequences. Many informers, even those only suspected of informing on the gang to the authorities, have been found dead and maimed in the back allies of Carthag and Arrakeen.

The unlicensed trade in spice is risky, but it is also extremely profitable, if one can survive it. Challenges for a group involved in the unlicensed trade are similar to those faced by investigators, with more emphasis on competition from rival gangs. This might be a better choice for a group who prefers physical challenges to the complexities of intrigue, though some intrigue is always going to be involved on Arrakis.

THE FREMEN BAND

Fremen working on spice operations have the advantage of understanding how to survive and thrive in the desert. Most teams collect only enough spice to cover the needs of their own sietch. None deal with the licensed Houses, though some 'rogue' bands might deal with smugglers in Carthag or Arrakeen. Challenges to a Fremen band come from the environment as usual, though they do have advantages in dealing with such hazards. But they will also have to deal with other harvesters, both legitimate and illegitimate, who could enter into territorial disputes. There could be opportunities to profit from making deals with the off-worlders, though these are unlikely to be attractive to many Fremen. Individual Fremen could join any other team and contribute their special knowledge to their team's success.

The trade with the Guild is extremely secret. This might be a mystery player characters might uncover after a long campaign, rather than as an option for beginning characters.

Roles for Desert Workers

Every spice harvesting team—licensed or otherwise, employed or freelance, off-world or native—has certain functions that need to be performed if their endeavor is to meet with success. It is likely that some of these roles require more than one individual and, in many cases, one individual divides their time between two or more roles.

- **Spotter:** Every team needs at least one spotter. It's not possible to find spice without one and foolhardy to harvest without having someone on the lookout for wormsign. A spotter may have their own 'thopter as an asset (they are less effective without one).
- **Mechanic:** If mechanical equipment is being used in the harvest, the team needs someone to operate and maintain it. This task may be shared between several characters.
- **Fixer:** A long-term team needs a fixer, or someone to negotiate with fixers, buyers, and patrons to ensure the best possible deal is cut for the spice they've risked their lives to collect.

- **Spice worker:** The team needs people to do the actual hard labor of spice collection. As such team members are fit, strong, and hardy, these characters often double as 'protection' for the team and are capable fighters—either hand-to-hand or with weapons.
- **Driver:** As the spotter 'thopter is not likely to be able to carry the whole team, they need a spice driver with a vehicle to take them out to the desert and bring them home again. This team member needs to move swiftly to rescue their team from danger.
- **Medic:** A team member with knowledge of medicine, at least first aid, could be a literal life-saver.
- **Security:** A team member adept at detecting threats from rival operations and organizing the team's defense. They may also organize offensive action should it be considered necessary.
- **Intelligence:** A spy or infiltrator from a rival team, or even the authorities, but the latter only if everyone in the group enjoys this sort of play (some players prefer to be more cooperative).

Characters on a harvesting team could come from any background—native to Arrakis, member of one of the Houses, Fremen, an ex-employee of a House, off-worlder, etc. There are no limits here.

Plot Hooks and Challenges

Every team operating on the sand, and everyone who takes part in the spice trade at any level, faces a variety of risks. The most obvious of these are the environmental dangers of the planet itself: the constantly shifting sands, the unpredictable weather patterns, the danger of hunger and thirst if stranded in the desert, the searing heat of the sun, as well as the cold of the night and the sandworms. Additional physical dangers come from rival harvesters, whether of an enemy House, Fremen hostile to invaders of their territory, honest or corrupt authorities trying to eliminate (or coerce) the team's operation, or bounty hunters hoping to sell 'informal' teams out to the authorities. All these can launch effective physical attacks on the player characters.

The dangers of the desert are not so present in Carthag or Arrakeen, though enemy groups may be stronger or better positioned to bring in effective backup. In the cities are more social dangers and intrigue challenges. These include complex webs of intrigue between fixers, merchants, rival teams, ringleaders among the smugglers, Houses surreptitiously involved in the unlicensed trade, spies, and informers. Who can be trusted? Who is trying to backstab whom? Is the friendly woman behind the bar which hides the spice processing facility what she seems, or is she a Harkonnen agent?

ON THE SAND

- Your spotter has found a profitable spice blow. You head toward it, but another, faster vehicle appears to be heading in the same direction. It is showing no insignia.
- Your spotter has reported wormsign and you are packing up as fast as you can. Now, you spot a thin line of Fremen in the distance. Have they seen the worm? Why is it heading toward them? Does this mean the worm will ignore you?

IN THE CITY

- There is something very odd about this tavern. You could swear you saw quantities of spice changing hands across the bar. And is that the faint hiss and clank of machinery you hear?
- You are, of course, faithful to your House. So why are they sending you out onto the desert to investigate a mining operation?

Chapter 4:
Walk Without Rhythm

"I hear the wind blowing across the desert and I see the moons of a winter night rising like great ships in the void. To them I make my vow: I will be resolute and make an art of government; I will balance my inherited past and become a perfect storehouse of my relic memories. And I will be known for kindliness more than for knowledge. My face will shine down the corridors of time for as long as humans exist."

— Leto II's Vow, after Harq al-Ada

What's Special About Arrakis?

This is a place like nowhere else. It has known periods of incredible bleakness and hardship, to that of incredible splendor, all coexisting with the harsh hostility of the planet itself. People in search of their fortunes cross the Known Universe to create a new life on the harsh, desert planet of Arrakis. As a result, a vibrant mix of cultures from across the Imperium have created a new community in these sunbaked cities and arid dunes.

In this chapter we look at Arrakis from the gamemaster's point of view. How can you evoke this incredible setting and its people? What sorts of adventure can you create and what sort of people will your characters meet?

A Brutal, Beautiful Landscape

On Arrakis, the sun beats down with an oppressive heat during the day. The burning sands release melange into the air, tingeing everything on the planet with a cinnamon-like aroma and taste. Throughout much of the world, creosote bushes and other small, hardy shrubs are all that grows, mostly finding purchase on rocky outcroppings and occasionally in the undulating expanses of sand. Poverty and sword grasses, planted by the Fremen, cover specific patches of desert, creating immovable dunes. At high altitudes, some tubers, native to Arrakis and holding up to half a liter of water, thrive.

The dunes dominate the terrain, shifting and changing in a constant, mesmerizing dance. A slight breeze can cause one of these mountains of fine sand to collapse like water. The massive sandworms, one of the few creatures active during daylight hours, leave dramatic marks and scars in the scenery as they burrow through the desert, searching for prey.

Everything changes as day turns to night. Because of the dust and melange permeating the air, the sunsets splash spectacular colors across the sky. Dramatic purples, reds, and greens ripple in the remaining heat overhead. The dying sun catches tiny motes of sand in its final rays, sparkling and glistening off their sharp edges like gems. After Paul's opening of Arrakis to the outside universe, this stunning sight inspires songs and poems sung throughout the Imperium, though few outside of the local population ever really appreciate Arrakis's natural glory for what it is.

As the world grows dark and the stars glitter in the sky, one can hear the faint calls of kangaroo mice and the other small creatures that inhabit Arrakis. Nighttime is their time, when they can move and hunt and forage without the burning eye of the sun upon them. However, the sandworms, the sandstorms, and dehydration are still ever-present threats. On Arrakis, death is a constant.

Boisterous, Colorful Cities

"Soo-soo sook!" The water-sellers' cries carry down the streets of the cities during the day, as the unrelenting sun seems to overpower life itself. People don't mill about, instead hurrying from building to building to avoid the extreme heat. There is a stillness and quietness to everything, except for the groundcars that hum over the sand-covered roads as their occupants make their way through the cities.

But at night, the cities come alive. As soon as the sun sets, glowglobes pierce the darkness from every corner of the city. Songs from across the Imperium pour out of buildings as shops and restaurants open their doors. The delicious aromas of many different cuisines and a variety of exotic spices from an unknown number of planets mixes with the melange in the air. People crowd the streets. Groundcars stop, idling, as their passengers go about their business in the markets and shops. The din now drowns out the water-sellers, but they are as busy as ever.

Throughout the cities, groups from across the Known Universe have gathered into their own communities. Different districts sell clothing styles, crafts, and comfort food from specific planets. The melodic characteristics of a variety of languages and dialects shift and change from neighborhood to neighborhood.

To live on Arrakis, one must have the qualities of a survivor, a strength of spirit and body. As a result, the people on the planet have a strong love of life and an almost desperate desire to truly live. Every type of vice and entertainment does incredibly well on a planet that seems so desolate.

Diverse Communities

People from all over the Imperium make their way to the cities of Arrakeen and Carthag for a variety of reasons. And groups with like minds and similar professions often know each other, creating tight communities and sometimes even entire neighborhoods that revolve around a certain craft. This gives each area and district its own flair and flavor. Over time, the cities have become a cultural tapestry unlike any other in the Known Universe.

ARTIST COMMUNITY

Elegant signs with windchimes dangling below hang from many doorways, signaling the presence of an artist. The soft ringing of the decorations makes every breeze a little more musical and magical. The harsh odor of mixed paints and burning kilns tinges the air. Colorful murals cover the walls of the buildings and bright textiles hang in the windows. The artists of Arrakis take notice of the planet's stark beauty and often create works of art based on it. A few artists manage to do well by having wealthy patrons. The others struggle like most of the working class.

Many different art forms require water—to mix with dyes, to polish carvings, or to wash brushes. As a result, these communities often struggle with the limitations of water more than some of the others.

SAMPLE NON-PLAYER CHARACTER

- **Bahir Vdovin**, a semuta musician from Ecaz, makes his living playing his Chusuk flute in the semuta dens of Carthag. He came to Arrakis to find romance, adventure, and fortune. So far, he has found none of those, though he does have a mysterious, anonymous benefactor from one of the Houses Minor.

MERCENARY COMMUNITY

The areas where the mercenaries gather are both quiet and noisy. The pubs and bars are rowdy with frequent fights breaking out. The lodging houses they live in possess a troubled hush with a tense sense of danger overlying it.

They come from all over the universe searching for their share of the spice riches on Arrakis, hoping strike it rich by protecting those who harvest the spice, legally or otherwise. Those who can adapt to the harsh environment and scarce resources are the ones who survive and thrive. Mercenaries tend to adorn their stillsuits and utilitarian clothing styles with a variety of weapons that they know how to use with deadly efficiency.

SAMPLE NON-PLAYER CHARACTER

- **Infinus Senesac** has made a name for themselves on Arrakis, working as a bodyguard for some of the wealthier merchants. This talented Swordmaster has contacts all over Arrakeen, and, as a result, knows all about what's happening with the upper classes in the city. Due to their naturally suspicious nature, getting into Infinus' good graces isn't easy, but the effort can pay off in intelligence and connections.

ENGINEERING COMMUNITY

The engineers and manufacturing experts gather in parts of the cities with wide avenues and a low population density. Large hangars and workshops take up a lot of the land. Tools clang, people shout, and engines roar to life throughout the neighborhood because these people create and maintain the equipment found on Arrakis. One can find everything from groundcars to carryalls dismantled in various workshops around the cities.

A good mechanic rarely needs to look hard for work. The environment of Arrakis means even the hardiest of devices can overheat or get clogged with sand and grit. The mechanics often have a pair of goggles perched on their heads. Everyone who belongs to this fraternity seems to have a toolbelt strung about their hips. As a group, they're vocal about the persistent sand and dust of Arrakis, complaining about how it gets into everything and snarls every type of moving part in a given mechanism.

SAMPLE NON-PLAYER CHARACTER

- **Kyanna Tian** is a miniaturization specialist from Richese. She has found ways to make ornithopter engines lighter and more maneuverable, and thus with more cargo capacity. Now she's looking into creating smaller water reclaimers and cooling coils. As an engineer, she's picky about who she works with, requiring anyone who wants to hire her to go through a series of 'provings' before she'll agree to any kind of contract. Quirky and brilliant, Kyanna can come up with a solution for almost any mechanical problem… except the infernal sand of Arrakis! She's still working on that one.

A Class-Based Society

On Arrakis, as in much of the Imperium, distinct social strata impact everyday life for the citizens. The working class struggles and works together to survive, while those who inhabit the Houses Major and Minor play political power games with Arrakis's spice melange riches.

NOBLE CLASS

The aristocrats who have positions and titles within the Houses Major and Minor tend to keep to themselves and stay quite separated from the population at large. They do not understand the dire need to conserve water on the desert planet and use resources wastefully at their whims. They rarely walk anywhere on Arrakis, especially if a stillsuit is required. Their elegant, luxurious groundcars are easy to spot on the streets of the cities. They flit from city to city in personal ornithopters and aircraft.

The nobles tend to favor extravagant, impractical clothes and expensive, off-world perfumes and colognes because those who come to Arrakis want fame, fortune, and influence... and try to exude that aura whether they have it yet or not.

SAMPLE NON-PLAYER CHARACTER

- **Danya Ziya** is a shrewd, calculating aristocrat, the youngest child of House Ziya, a House Minor with a small presence upon Arrakis. Annoyed and disappointed by the competition, she's forming plans to overtake a rival House and bring it under House Ziya's control. And she's looking for people to help her.

BUSINESS CLASS

Tycoons and brokers make up the business class. These influential businessmen and businesswomen tend to bridge the gap between the aristocracy and the working class. These buyers and sellers attend the fancy galas the nobles throw but also engage with the local population, running shops, distributing imports, and coordinating exports. Those who supply the water-sellers with their water are an especially well-off group, profiting off Arrakis's harsh environment. These magnates have a tense, fragile relationship with the working class, needing their labor but also wanting to exploit them for profits and gain.

SAMPLE NON-PLAYER CHARACTER

- **Eltekeh Traore** is working his way up among the merchant tycoons. The wily and cunning entrepreneur is subtly, craftily building an empire in Carthag. Now that his wealth is growing, he needs a similarly savvy team to help him manage it.

SKILLED ARTISAN CLASS

The spice mining equipment specialists, stonemasons who help to create the exquisite towers and manors, and elite chefs who feed the members of the Houses are just some of the people who make up the skilled artisan class. Their pay is generous and allows them to live with adequate, though not copious, amounts of water.

Their skills give them the ability to move between employers who desire their expertise. Though the upper classes value them, they are not recognized as peers or colleagues by the Houses or merchants and fall into a lower class of their own.

SAMPLE NON-PLAYER CHARACTER

- **Addiin Rans** is one of the specialists who researches new applications of spice for one of the Houses Minor. Though she's creative and clever, the nobles always want more productivity and results from their studies... though Addiin repeatedly tells them they can't rush the science. She believes she's on the cusp of finding a way to apply melange to agricultural products that will increase yield and produce new strains of food.

Water and Spice

In the Known Universe, spice is a precious and expensive commodity that grants life. Water is an everyday substance that can be found anywhere you look. On Arrakis, water is a precious and expensive commodity that grants life. Spice is an everyday substance that can be found anywhere you look. To a large degree, this juxtaposition is the root of most cultural clashes between outsiders and natives on Arrakis.

WORKING CLASS

These are the people who truly make Arrakis run. Those who can survive the brutal conditions of the planet are hardy, with a strong will to survive. Whether a native of Arrakis or those seeking fortune and adventure from other planets, the working class has an independent, defiant streak that they hide from the aristocrats and that is a frequent challenge for the local business moguls to overcome.

Though they rely on the noble and business classes for critical resources, the working class also loathes the upper echelons' ability to ignore the survival requirements for the everyday people of Dune. Often, these folks become beholden to a single employer over their lifetimes.

SAMPLE NON-PLAYER CHARACTER

- **Enide Bajraktari** works in Arrakeen maintaining and repairing the cooling apparatuses that keep the nicer parts of the city running. She digs sand, and sometimes creatures, out of crevices and cleans mold from cooling coils. The nobles tend not to notice her, but she pays attention to them and their games. On this desert planet, Enide is a fount of knowledge about the goings on in the upper classes.

Influence of the Great Houses

Arrakis is the wasteland of the Empire, a remote and unforgiving world on the edge of civilization, thought to be home only to unruly nomads. This is the common perception of Dune by the majority of people in the Known Universe, but it is far from the truth. In fact, Arrakis is arguably the most politically active location in which to set a game. Every major faction and power in the setting has keen interests on Dune, home as it is to the sole source of the most valuable commodity known to humanity.

Every major House of the Landsraad, and many of the minor ones, maintain a presence on Arrakis to exploit its vital resource or to stay abreast of the doings of their rivals. The nobility care little for the wellbeing of the planet and its people, viewing it only as a source of wealth to bleed dry. For all their power, this callous indifference leaves them with vulnerable blind spots, and Dune has been the graveyard of many great Houses over the millennia.

The Emperor's Whim

Like all the worlds of the Empire, Arrakis is the feudal property of House Corrino, the Imperial House. While the Emperor's rule is, in theory, total, the truth is that he must exercise caution in the execution of his power. Were the Corrinos to overtly control the harvesting and production of melange it could upset the balance of power among the Houses of the Landsraad and lead to open rebellion. Accordingly, the Imperial House instead uses Arrakis as a fief with which to reward loyalty among the lesser Houses. For the Emperor, Arrakis is an abstraction from which spice either flows or does not. It falls to the House he chooses to govern the planet to ensure that that flow is uninterrupted. Whole campaigns can revolve around gaining the Emperor's attention to gain the fiefdom of Arrakis, or see it taken from a hated rival.

While the Imperial House leaves the governance of Arrakis to whichever House is currently charged with the planet, they act to ensure that their interests are seen to. At any given time, Dune is invested with dozens of spies operating at the behest of the Emperor, usually through numerous intermediaries. This provides an excellent opportunity for campaign intrigue wherein the player characters could be employed on the behalf of the Emperor (and may not even know it!).

Characters may be tasked with observing the goings-on of Arrakis's ruling House, cataloging their weaknesses. A specific crisis could require them to brave the desert to learn critical information. Alternatively, non-player characters could be spies in the employ of the Emperor and present a threat to the player characters. In an intrigue-driven campaign, the player characters may come to suspect even the friendliest merchants and allies of being Imperial pawns. Indeed, survival as a noble demands such paranoia, and grants the gamemaster a rich opportunity for mischief.

The Judge of the Change

The process by which the Emperor installs a new House to rule any planet is a byzantine affair, and even more so when it regards the singularly valuable planet Arrakis. Once the Emperor has made his choice the process by which the former ruling House divests its holdings on the planet to make way for the incoming House may take many months or even years. The most critical role in the undertaking falls to an individual jointly appointed by the Landsraad's High Council and the Emperor: the Judge of the Change.

Once appointed, the Judge is tasked to oversee the smooth transition of power and is the sole arbitrator of disputes between the incoming and outgoing Houses. It is the Judge's responsibility to ensure the forms are obeyed, sabotage falls within the range allowed by the Great Convention, and that, in the case of Arrakis, the spice continues to flow. Further, the Judge is responsible for presenting a report on the matter at the end of the transition.

The Judge's authority may be challenged only before the High Council and the Emperor himself. This leaves the Judge in a uniquely powerful position, permitted as they are to pry into all matters on Arrakis during their period of duty. It is even possible for the Judge to provide a report that sees the Change overturned or delayed for many years. With the spice wealth of Arrakis hanging in the balance, the Judge is almost as powerful an individual as the Emperor himself during their tenure.

The transitional period between ruling Houses offers a rich setting for a campaign. The player characters could find themselves on one side or the other of the transition, or even both, if their group is of mixed loyalties. The operations of almost any great House will have secrets best kept hidden from the Emperor, making the Judge of the Change a potentially dangerous for who to be out-maneuvered, bribed, or otherwise dealt with. Conversely, the player characters may wish to bring evidence to the Judge regarding the transgressions of their rivals, or perhaps even fabricate such evidence. Whatever the particulars of the situation, the transition of power is a fraught and delicate time for all involved.

Another intriguing option for a campaign would be one in which the player characters are members of the Judge of the Change's own retinue, perhaps with one of their number portraying the Judge themselves. Such a campaign would see the characters courted by members of not just the two Houses involved in the transition, but potentially by every power with a stake in the fate of Arrakis.

In theory, the Judge is expected to arbitrate and observe from a position of perfect neutrality, but the reality of the situation will almost always see them sorely tempted with bribery, coercion, and subtle threats. Naturally, the Emperor is likely to have his own interests in the outcome of the situation, to which the Judge may or may not be privy, but in either circumstance the Judge must take this into consideration for their own career, if not their very life.

The Governing House

At any time only one House is entrusted with the governorship of the fiefdom of Arrakis. It falls to this House to extract every possible milligram of the most valuable commodity in the universe at any cost. Required to maintain, and preferably exceed, the spice quotas that keep the Guild's Navigators functioning, and countless billions of Imperial citizens from grisly addiction withdrawals, the pressures under which the ruling House of Arrakis operates are crushing. And of course, the rulers of the House are also ultimately motivated by the opportunity for extraordinary wealth this role affords them. Historically, this has been accomplished without the slightest regard for the well-being of the planet or its people.

Any campaign set on Arrakis will require the gamemaster to consider the current ruling House and its operations. Even the most benevolent of rulers will find themselves hard-pressed to rule justly, let alone kindly. Dune is a colonial fiefdom, granted to a ruling caste of settlers with no ties to the world's natives. The other powers of the universe have no concerns beyond that the House meets its quotas, and they will tolerate no lapse in production. Consequentially, few ruling Houses have ever given more than a second thought to anything but the extraction of wealth from Arrakis.

If the characters are in the employ of the governing House, they find themselves equally courted and loathed by their jealous rivals. They must take pains to safeguard their operations from sabotage, the depredations of Fremen raids, and subtler machinations, all while maintaining the efficient operation of their own personnel and equipment. These pressures leave little time for philanthropic pursuits, and even the best-intentioned rulers will be hard-pressed to find the time to improve life on Dune for anyone, if they're even interested in doing so.

With the ruling House of Arrakis invariably focused on squeezing every last mote of spice from the world, the people of the planet have at best a resentful attitude. Water is more precious than spice to the unfortunate commoners, and displays of largesse by a House's rivals can stir unrest against them. Characters may find themselves uncovering such plots or setting them in motion themselves. Water riots are a not uncommon occurrence in the streets of Arrakeen and, should related unrest grow out of hand, can even threaten planet-wide industry. Such disruptions can bring the eye of the Emperor squarely to bear upon the House's governance and raise questions about their competence.

Despite these risks, the rewards are more than commensurate. In truth, there is so much wealth to be gained that the ruling House of Arrakis cannot manage it all. Other great Houses are sometimes granted subcontracts for spice production and these lucrative deals can provide fertile ground for the gamemaster to grow a campaign.

To rule Arrakis is to be beset on all sides, and a single misstep invites terrible disaster. A ruling House in decline could make for an interesting campaign as characters make difficult choices or deal with other powers and factions. Even in its final hour a House that controls the spice wields incredible power.

Houses of Arrakis

While the ruling house of Arrakis is at the center of influence, countless others are swept up in the endless political roil. Even the most minor of Houses may maintain an interest in spice production or simply wish to keep its rivals under observation. As such, the cities of Arrakeen and Carthag are home to countless holdings and operations controlled by other Houses of the Landsraad.

With so much wealth to be gained on Arrakis, the gamemaster will have an easy time creating a network of non-player characters from minor Houses. Notably, spice harvesting is such a tremendous industry and the quotas for the ruling house to fulfill are so great that they often contract other Houses to take on some of the burden. The profits to be gained are a fraction of those of the ruling House, to whom the contractor must pay the bulk of their earnings, but these are still substantial enough to amount to a fantastic wealth. Naturally, competition for such contracts is intense in the extreme and offers plenty of opportunity for an intrigue-laden campaign. Having attained such a contract, the House is likely to fall victim to the same perils and attentions of the ruling House's spice obligations, but with even less legal recourse. The ruling House may even use a contractor as a convenient scapegoat to cover any of their own harvesting deficiencies. As with anything relating to the spice, profit moves hand-in-hand-with peril.

Houses not directly involved in the spice trade have their own interests on Arrakis. In particular, the city of Arrakeen is a hotbed of political machinations. With every major power in the universe, and most of the minor ones, maintaining operations and operators, both overt and clandestine, much of the business of the Landsraad passes through Arrakis, regardless of its relevance to the planet's people. For their part, the citizens of Arrakis may look to lesser Houses for support in their own dealings with the ruling House. A merchant or industrialist may have little leverage in their dealings on their own, but with the support of another great House, or coalition of lesser Houses, they may be able to better enact their will. Bribery and coercion are regular parts of life for such individuals, and more than one lesser House has been swept up in a scheme far beyond the initial expectations of the deal.

Entertainment and Commerce on Arrakis

There are many places for an interested adventurer or traveler to make and spend money on the desert planet of Arrakis. Between the legitimate and black markets, there's a way for anyone to earn a living, depending on how strong their morals are.

Emporiums

Shops line streets and indoor arcades, throwing their doors open as soon as the sun drops below the horizon. Under the light of glowglobes, people can buy or haggle for almost anything from across the Imperium. Religious knick-knacks, popular filmbooks, dried fruits, survival equipment, suspensors, and all manner of goods are available in the markets across Arrakis.

Rare delicacies like fragrant Caladan pundi rice and finely crafted jewelry from Kaitain command an impressive amount of solaris... and need guarding from those who would try to rob the law-abiding merchants of Arrakeen and Carthag's legitimate markets. It's not unusual to see requests for shipment guards, couriers, or even bodyguards for wealthier vendors traveling between cities.

SAMPLE NON-PLAYER CHARACTER

- **Sarpedon Ensel** inherited the Arrakeen Emporium, and he has a lot of ambitions to move up in the world, even hoping to create a permanent partnership with one of the Houses... or, even better, create a new House Minor for himself. He's not above trying to weaken or discredit one of the current Houses to make that happen. With constant schemes to bring in new customers, he's always on the hunt for new merchants and wares, giving him connections all across the planet. And he is ruthless.

Black Markets

In the back alleys of Arrakeen and in hidden labyrinths under the streets of Carthag, one can find the underworld's marketplaces. Larger smuggling organizations run their own markets, while other smuggling rings must band together. There are even the occasional independent exchanges, as well.

Home-brewed alcohol, medicines made by unlicensed laboratories, illicit drugs, weapons, smuggled spice, and cheap, reclaimed water that wealthy water merchants won't touch line the shelves of any black market one finds. An adventurer or traveler who can't find something for the price they want at the regular market is much more likely to come across the item for lower costs when dealing with the shady merchants of these illegitimate marketplaces. Stolen art, pirated filmbooks, filched survival equipment, illegal weapons, 'misplaced' spice from the refineries, and technology of questionable quality are all readily available.

That's not all, though. There are also ample opportunities to make some solaris in the underworld. Bounties are placed on heads, generous rewards are promised for the acquisition of certain goods, and, in the right corners, there are even those looking to pay for a little sabotage.

SAMPLE NON-PLAYER CHARACTER

- **Kristabelle Grandin** runs Carthag's Underground Agora with an iron fist, forcing an uneasy truce between smugglers. A disgraced onetime Sister of the Bene Gesserit order, she's fought off multiple attempts to usurp power from her over the last several years. She moves her offices on a frequent, seemingly random schedule and is impossible to contact without the right connections, but those with the connections can truly profit from them.

Entertainment Venues

Despite, or perhaps because of, Arrakis's stark, austere environment, entertainment is big business in the cities. People flock to semuta dens and game arenas, spending hard-earned solaris on anything that will take their minds off their challenging lives.

TEA AND COFFEE HOUSES

In the expensive parts of the cities, cafes have tables, chairs, and counters made of valuable, imported wood that require frequent upkeep to maintain in the dry, Arrakis climate. The highest quality cooling coils keep these luxurious establishments comfortable. Hot and cold beverages flow into wide-mouthed glasses sipped on by the wealthy denizens of the cities. Live musicians quietly play popular songs from Kaitain in a corner on traditional instruments.

The tea and coffee bars of the 'lower classes' all possess heavy-duty, if unattractive, moisture seals over every door. Hardy, artificial materials make up the furniture and décor. Recorded music from across the Imperium pipes through the bars. Drinks come in watertight vessels with valved straws to minimize evaporation.

SAMPLE NON-PLAYER CHARACTER

- **Parla Gao** runs a small bar called Gao's Grog in one of the industrial districts of Carthag. The bubbly and affable proprietor keeps her moisture seals in good condition and makes her coffee notoriously strong and bitter. Because of Parla's good nature, people tend to spill their secrets and woes to her. Adventurers looking to help some people down on their luck can always find a client through Parla Gao.

SEMUTA DENS

The semuta dens are often only found by word of mouth and have close ties to specific merchants who import the semuta or to smugglers who bring the narcotic illegally onto the planet. Elacca wood from Ecaz provides the raw materials for semuta, a popular narcotic across the Imperium. While not illegal, semuta addiction is treated with distain and few places to take the drug are respectable. Pillows and couches line the walls and floors of Arrakis's semuta dens, creating a warm, sleepy atmosphere. Perfume diffusers spread woodsy, smoky aromas to heighten the experience. A small counter to one side sells the drug to patrons.

Music is a vital part of the semuta experience as particular tones enhance its effects. In the center of the floor is a place where musicians play the unmistakable atonal chords of semuta music that sends users into blissful ecstasy.

SAMPLE NON-PLAYER CHARACTER

- **Lysander Catapano** runs a small, high-end semuta den in the Ecazi neighborhood of Arrakeen. Originally from Ecaz himself, he uses his connections there to smuggle in the best quality semuta… and semuta music players onto Arrakis. He often hires guards for his shipments and musicians.

The Arrakeen Bazaar

This sprawling, open-air market is the largest on Arrakis. Colorful tents sprout out of the sand and blankets spread over the ground insulate the sellers from the burning heat in the Arrakeen Bazaar. Activity is subdued during the middle of the day with little activity while the sun is at its height. So the market does its best trade in the early morning as the sun rises and in the early evening when it has set. In daylight, the aromas of spices, perfumes, coffee, and roasting street food compete for dominance. Sellers call out to passers-by; acquaintances stop to chat in the narrow strips of sand between the tents and stalls. Children squeal and run through the various tents with abandon.

At night, the market has a different tone, and while it has many of the same sights and smells several different wares become available. Tents selling bright glow-globes covered in a kaleidoscope of geometric patterns throw rainbows of light into the darkness. Textiles with traditional designs drape over racks for easy perusal. Handmade pots pile up on blankets and dangle from tentpoles.

There is a strong community here... and, of course, an undercurrent of politics and deceit. It is said that one can find anything or anyone in the Arrakeen Bazaar with enough solaris and the right connections.

SAMPLE NON-PLAYER CHARACTER

- **Tasla Vadir** appears to be an old woman who haunts the market simply for something to do with her day. But she is one of the most experienced information brokers in Arrakeen. If she doesn't know the answers you seek, she probably knows where to look for them.

ARTIST

DRIVE		STATEMENT
DUTY:	5	
FAITH:	6	
JUSTICE:	5	
POWER:	5	
TRUTH:	7	I reflect the truth in my art.

SKILL		FOCUSES
BATTLE:	3	
COMMUNICATE:	7	
DISCIPLINE:	5	
MOVE:	5	Art (Acting, Music, Painting, etc.), Inspiration
UNDERSTAND:	6	Cultural Studies

Traits: Artist, Creative, Crafter

TALENTS
None

Assets: Art Supplies, Information Network, Workshop

Art is a rare luxury on Arrakis, and artist is a profession pursued by those with passion and skill. For the fashionable artisans who cater to the Houses, the best equipment and supplies from throughout the Imperium are within reach. Rare woods from Ecaz, rich pigments from Caladan, and brushes made from the hairs of Salusan bulls grace their busy workshops. They can use as much clean water as they want for rehydrating paints, cleaning equipment, and other various needs.

These elite artists have unprecedented access to the Houses of Arrakis and may know about the inner workings of the current state of politics.

On the other side of the spectrum are the local artists who struggle along with the rest of the working class. They paint and re-paint signs and murals for the local businesses, their work fading quickly in the scorching, parched environment. They craft instruments and textiles that can withstand the arid heat. Only local resources fill their humble workspaces. The aroma of crushed insects, dried creosote flowers, or powdered minerals indicate which colorants an artist might be using in their craft that day. Instead of water, many local artisans have found ways to use oils and enzymes to dilute their dyes and clean their tools.

These working artists have a deep connection to and understanding of the people of Arrakis. Valued in their own way, their networks span the working class.

EXAMPLE ARTISTS

- **Janohah** has made a name for herself as a portrait painter among the Houses of Arrakis. She has a traditional style that would befit even the most influential Houses of the Landsraad and has many House members as loyal patrons.
- **Kier** leaves small, rebellious murals and sculptures along the Shield Wall, signing it with only a symbol. Kier's identity is unknown—perhaps they are several people—but is nonetheless beloved by the working class of Arrakeen.
- **Roaque** uses Arrakis's sand itself to create delicate, beautiful glassware. When he can, he stretches himself into more sculptural work, but as art is seen as a luxury beyond the reach of most on Arrakis, he doesn't often get the chance.

SCENARIO HOOKS

- An ambitious artist would like to secure the patronage of some of the Houses Minor on Arrakis... and they believe the best way to go about that is to make a rival artist lose their patrons. They're offering a percentage of every commission going forward to anyone who can help them with their goal.
- A graffiti artist has been leaving unflattering images and messages about House Montet, a House Minor, around Carthag. House Montet is offering a hefty reward for their capture.

Bounty Hunter

Drive		Statement
Duty:	5	
Faith:	5	
Justice:	7	Money is Justice.
Power:	6	
Truth:	5	

Skill		Focuses
Battle:	7	Dirty Fighting, Strategy
Communicate:	5	
Discipline:	4	
Move:	6	Drive
Understand:	5	

Traits: Bounty Hunter, Mercenary, Relentless

TALENTS

- **Nimble:** When attempting a Move test over difficult terrain, the bounty hunter may reduce the Difficulty of the test by 2. If this reduces the Difficulty to 0, they may move over or around that obstacle freely.

Assets: Contacts, Groundcar, Maula Pistol

From running down escaped Harkonnen workers to those who might snitch on a smuggling ring, bounty hunters have a variety of clients and targets. Some specialize in working for Houses. Others will only take jobs from the various underworlds that operate on Arrakis. Regardless, they all have a mercenary streak, a nose for trouble, and a penchant for fighting.

In their jobs, a bounty hunter is a combination of scout, strategist, fighter, and private detective. It takes a certain personality to enjoy bounty hunting and to excel at it. The bounty hunters who take House and Guild missions tend to have high-end gear and lots of resources. Their primary way of getting information is through bribery.

Bounty hunters who insist on working only with locals make do with creative solutions and gear that often fails them, but they have extensive underworld networks of contacts that are willing to provide reliable intelligence on their targets.

Bounty hunters often have valuable insights into the ebb and flow of life on the various planets... and, when befriended, can give solid advice on how to avoid seeing a bounty on one's own head.

EXAMPLE BOUNTY HUNTERS

- **Ori** is Carthag's black market bounty hunter. Anyone who works in Kristabelle Grandin's underground agora and doesn't get paid can approach this charismatic individual, who will find the debtor... for a percent of what's owed, of course. He knows the ins and outs of Carthag and Arrakeen almost better than anyone else on the planet.
- **Jennis** works only for House Harkonnen, finding errant workers and escaped slaves throughout the Known Universe. He has ships, access to Guild transport, and a huge amount of solaris. This clever bounty hunter often hires locals to aid him in his searches, but he trusts no one, as he's had more than one hired hand try to betray him for working with the Harkonnens.
- **Fynballa** takes jobs from the Houses and Guild to find smugglers out in the deserts for them. However, as a Fremen bounty hunter, she mostly uses it as an excuse to remove any illegal operations that stray too close to Fremen territories and gets paid well to do it.

SCENARIO HOOKS

- A bounty hunter for one of the most influential Houses in the Landsraad is searching for an individual who stole valuable information about weapons stashes and various accounts from their employer. Now, they're looking for people on Arrakis to help them track the thief down. Whoever turns over the bounty or keeps the spy's ill-gotten gains can earn a hefty purse of solaris.
- One of Arrakis' smuggling rings believes that someone is leaking information about their operations to the Guild. And they want it stopped. They've put a bounty out for whoever is giving up their routes and schedules.

CRAFTSPERSON

DRIVE		STATEMENT
DUTY:	7	I dedicate myself to my craft.
FAITH:	6	
JUSTICE:	5	
POWER:	5	
TRUTH:	5	

SKILL		FOCUSES
BATTLE:	3	
COMMUNICATE:	5	
DISCIPLINE:	6	Craft (Forge, Metalworking, Pottery, Stonemason, Wood carving), Self Control
MOVE:	4	
UNDERSTAND:	7	Cultural Studies

Traits: Craftsperson, Entrepreneur, Skilled

TALENTS

- **Passive Scrutiny:** When the craftsperson enters a scene, they may ask one question of the gamemaster as if they'd spent Momentum to Obtain Information.

Assets: Contacts, Tools, Workshop

These artisans create functional works used throughout Arrakis. Survival gear, buildings, clothing, and high-quality cooking equipment are all made on the planet. The governing House of Arrakis sometimes hires local craftspeople to build items specific for them, but they're just as likely to hire someone from off-world for the cachet.

As with most professions on Arrakis, there are those who refuse any jobs with the Houses or the Guild. And there are those who are not so choosy about their clientele. Because they work on a lot of the planet's infrastructure and supply many of the residents' daily necessities, Arrakis's craftspeople have keen insights into the subtle political and social shifts that occur over time. There are also those who have access to secure areas or influential people.

EXAMPLE CRAFTSPEOPLE

- **Connlaodh** makes stilltents of all sizes for use around Arrakis. He doesn't have the mysterious skills the Fremen do, but his stilltents have a good reputation, especially for the price. House event organizers, traveling entertainers, and even temporary market stall owners contract him and his team to create shelters for them.
- **Sankul** has a talent and well-honed skills for working with Arrakeen stone. She can coax the stubborn blocks into works of art and her stonemasonry can be found on buildings all around the city. The Houses often come to her for various jobs on their properties, and, in return, she charges them many times more than what she charges locals for her skills.
- **Gan** cleverly uses the heat of the Arrakis sun to fire ceramics in a pit kiln made of Arrakis sand. These useful porcelain receptacles are famous for resisting evaporation and the harsh elements of the planet, making Gan's work popular with pub owners and restauranters. Despite a reputation for high-quality goods, Gan refuses to do business with the Houses, no matter how much they offer.

SCENARIO HOOKS

- Thieves are trying to infiltrate the team of assistants a well-known builder is using for House Kroene's mysterious new warehouse, as the bandits suspect that the House will use the building as a treasury or spice storehouse in addition to holding their mining equipment. The builder might agree to help with a big enough incentive. House Kroene's head of security would probably handsomely reward anyone who let her know about the scheme.
- One of Carthag's most famous stonemasons needs stone cut from a particular rock formation deep in the desert. These rocks have a certain color and quality they desire, and they're willing to pay to get it. The craftsperson's rival, on the other hand, is willing to pay to make sure they don't get the stone they need.

ENTERTAINER

DRIVE		STATEMENT
DUTY:	5	
FAITH:	6	
JUSTICE:	5	
POWER:	5	
TRUTH:	7	There is truth in movement.

SKILL		FOCUSES
BATTLE:	4	
COMMUNICATE:	7	Charm, Inspiration
DISCIPLINE:	5	
MOVE:	6	Grace
UNDERSTAND:	5	

Traits: Entertainer, Skilled

TALENTS

- **Stirring Rhetoric:** When the entertainer succeeds at a Communicate test to address a group, select a number of those people equal to their Communicate skill. They may re-roll a single d20 on their next test that aligns with the belief used on the Communicate test.

Assets: Costumes, Groundcar, Tools

Though Arrakis can often feel barren and desolate, it is full of life. Entertainers make sure that the people of Arrakis can find some joy amid their difficult lives. Depending on the local- and Imperium-wide trends, different skills and talents become fashionable and can earn a hefty amount of solaris. Some performances are more about passion than profit, and an entertainer might earn only enough for a coffee or light meal.

Regardless, it takes an incredible amount of practice, determination, and savvy marketing for a performer to make a living on the poverty-stricken planet. Entertainers often have opportunities to observe and interact with the various classes of Arrakis.

EXAMPLE ENTERTAINERS

- **Hirarama** is a dancer who specializes in the traditional forms from the Emperor's planet of Kaitain, something that never goes out of style. As a result, Hirarama is frequently hired for House events and higher-end venues. Shrewd and perceptive, open eyes keep them up to date on what the various nobles are scheming.
- **Marwe** travels between Carthag and Arrakeen with her acrobatic performance troupe. Their massive stilltent with the faded checkered patterns on the outside announce their arrival in the city. With her almost-unhindered movement between the major cities of Arrakis, she makes some extra money by transporting goods for some of the black-market sellers and smuggling rings.
- **Secg** makes his way around the various inns and markets of the planet performing traditional puppet shows from Caladan. His tales of a water-rich world and heroes who have adventures across the Known Universe always draw crowds. If anyone needs to find someone on Arrakis, Secg is a good person to ask as he seems to know everyone.

SCENARIO HOOKS

- A member of one of the Houses is convinced that a group of entertainers is smuggling goods around the planet that were not brought onto Arrakis legally by the Guild... they just need proof and are hiring someone to infiltrate the group. The troupe, on the other hand, would love to know that one of the Houses Minor is targeting them and would part with some illegal weaponry or some solaris for the knowledge.
- Contortionists have recently come into vogue as entertainment among the elite, and a talented contortionist act refuses to work with a slimy, ambitious merchant who wants to increase his influence with the Houses of Arrakis. The merchant is willing to hire someone to 'convince' the duo to book several dinner performances for him using whatever leverage necessary. The contortionists would like to hire bodyguards to prevent the merchant from getting to them or their families.

Fremen Craftsperson

Drive		Statement
Duty:	6	
Faith:	5	
Justice:	5	
Power:	7	I can help my community through my craft.
Truth:	5	

Skill		Focuses
Battle:	6	Strategy
Communicate:	4	
Discipline:	5	
Move:	5	
Understand:	7	Ecology, Fremen Crafting

Traits: Craftsperson, Fremen, Skilled

TALENTS

- **Putting Theory into Practice:** Once per scene, when the Fremen craftsperson spends Momentum to Obtain Information, they may create a trait for free, representing an advantage they've identified with the information they received.

Assets: Assistants, Tools, Workshop

As the local population with incredible desert skills developed over many, many generations, Fremen craftspeople have a distinct advantage when creating goods for surviving on Arrakis. Their stillsuits and stilltents are unparalleled. They also have instruments, tools, and equipment unique to their culture and way of life, items that newcomers to the planet know nothing of and do not have access to.

Some Fremen craftspeople sell to clients outside their sietches, while others keep their art a secret and only offer their creations to other Fremen. Fremen craftspeople have deep networks of Fremen suppliers and manufacturers. Their contacts often stretch between sietches and they have a deep understanding of the current Fremen socio-political state. They rarely have insider knowledge about Houses or House politics, but if one needs to survive in the desert, there's no better resource.

EXAMPLE FREMEN CRAFTSPERSONS

- **Aleferede** lives and works in Arrakeen. As an acclaimed Fremen stillsuit maker, his goods are in high demand, but he is particular about who he will sell to. One must earn his trust and respect before he will even consider trading one of his creations for some solaris.
- **Bega** is a metalworker who lives in one of the smaller sietches on Arrakis, but Fremen come from all over the planet for her maker hooks, watercounters, swords, and knives. It's said that a child who attempts to ride their first sandworm with her maker hooks will never fail.
- **Lucian** crafts deathstills for the various sietches hidden deep in the deserts of Arrakis. He understands how best to handle a corpse and extract every drop of precious water from it using mechanical means. While their deathstills are pragmatic and functional, Lucian also includes elements of elegance and beauty into these devices, because even the dead deserve that much respect.

SCENARIO HOOKS

- Fremen dew collector crafter who feels wronged by their sietch is selling their secrets to the highest bidder outside of the Fremen community. Several merchants, a handful of Houses, and even smugglers want to know how the Fremen create such efficient dew collectors and will pay to have exclusive knowledge... even if that means kidnapping the artisan. On the other hand, other Fremen are unwilling to allow their blueprints to get out into the world at large and will do whatever it takes to prevent that from happening.
- A Fremen stillsuit maker refuses to sell their superior goods to any Houses or merchants, preferring to work with individuals that they like working with. One of the snubbed merchants wants the stillsuits for their couriers at any cost...

Fremen Ecologist

Drive		Statement
Duty:	5	
Faith:	6	The highest function of ecology is the understanding of systems.
Justice:	7	I bring life to the desert.
Power:	5	
Truth:	5	

Skill		Focuses
Battle:	5	
Communicate:	5	
Discipline:	6	Survival (Desert)
Move:	5	
Understand:	7	Botany, Ecology

Traits: Fremen

Talents

- **Resilience** (Discipline): The Fremen ecologist may Resist Defeat twice in a scene when in a conflict using the listed skill.

Assets: Dew Collectors, Fremkit, Stillsuit

These Fremen have studied the greening of the planet. They work on planting and maintaining secret stations set up to terraform Arrakis. Following the work and theories of Imperial Planetologists Pardot Kynes and Liet Kynes, they plant and care for grasses to stabilize the sands. They collect water in qanats and secret reservoirs. All their efforts are carefully hidden from city folk and off-worlders.

Example Fremen Ecologists

- **Enil** is happier out in the desert than he is in the sietch. A loner, he is dedicated to making the desert bloom. He is secretive and hostile to non-Fremen.
- **Estra** likes to work as part of a team. She is naturally outgoing and, while understanding the need for utter secrecy, is willing to make alliances with those who seem able to help.
- **Palin** acts as an advisor to other Fremen ecologists and travels from sietch to sietch, teaching their skills. No longer young, he seeks to see the green Arrakis promised by the Imperial Planetologist.

Scenario Hook

- A team working in, stranded in, or exploring a distant tract of desert comes across a patch of grass where, theoretically, no vegetation should be. Investigation reveals a small team of Fremen ecologists, tending the planting in the dead of night. Their initial reaction, on learning they have been discovered, is hostile.

Fremen Infiltrator

Drive		Statement
Duty:	6	Hide the truth about us.
Faith:	5	
Justice:	5	
Power:	5	
Truth:	7	Learn about them.

Skill		Focuses
Battle:	5	
Communicate:	7	Charm, Listening
Discipline:	6	Infiltration
Move:	5	
Understand:	5	

Traits: Fremen

Talents

- **Constantly Watching:** Whenever you attempt a test to detect danger or hidden enemies, you reduce the difficulty by 2, to a minimum of 0. In addition, once per scene, you can increase the cost to keep initiative by +2.

Assets: Crysknife, Tools of assumed trade, Distrans

The Fremen do not find it easy to live away from their sietch community and loved ones, but these individuals act as the eyes and ears of their kind in the cities of Arrakis. Some city folk might know they are of Fremen origin, but they are careful to keep their true allegiance hidden. Apart from reporting back to the sietch on events within the cities, they sow false information about Fremen customs and plans.

Example Fremen Infiltrators

- **Amla** is nursemaid to a rich merchant's children; she has access to the best Houses in Arrakeen. The children adore her.
- **Fameer** is a porter in the House kitchens. A lowly manual worker ignored by everyone, he overhears much.
- **Hanife** works in an exotic club popular with unlicensed spice workers. She makes friends easily and people confide in her.

Scenario Hook

- The new barmaid has a strange look about her. Obviously a spice addict (her eyes are completely blue) and she has a strange accent. There is something fascinating about her and it's tempting to get to know her better. She has all kinds of things to tell you about the Fremen in the desert. Did you know, for instance, that they eat their own children?

Fremen Sayyadina

Drive		Statement
Duty:	5	
Faith:	7	The sietch's memory is preserved in me.
Justice:	5	
Power:	5	
Truth:	6	

Skill		Focuses
Battle:	5	
Communicate:	6	Empathy
Discipline:	5	
Move:	5	
Understand:	7	Physical Empathy, Religion

Traits: Fremen

TALENTS

- **Stirring Rhetoric:** When a Sayyadina succeeds at a Communicate test to address a group, select a number of those people equal to her Communicate skill. She may re-roll a single d20 on her next test that aligns with the belief used on the Communicate test.

Assets: Acolytes, Crysknife, Water Rings

Every sietch has a Sayyadina, a wise woman or priestess who preserves the traditions of her tribe, both spiritual and mundane. Taught Fremen versions of the Bene Gesserit traditions, the Sayyadina enjoys great respect within the sietch and is frequently consulted on all manner of matters. The Sayyadina preside over sietch orgies and ensure the ritual purity of the Sietch's stored water. No Sayyadina are found in the cities, though they may venture out of their sietch and into the desert.

EXAMPLE FREMEN SAYYADINA

- **Uimar** is ageing and looking for someone to replace her. She has a lifetime of experience dealing with the affairs of her sietch and is greatly admired by all around her.
- **Arui** is just setting out on her path as a sayyadina. She is untried and uncertain of herself, yet the Elders consider her to have great potential.
- **Mussa** wants to undergo the spice agony but believes she would fail it. She puts on a good show and follows all the forms, but her faith is not strong.

SCENARIO HOOK

- The player characters have been lost in the desert and are captured by a wandering Fremen band. They are bought before the Sayyadina of that sietch so she can decide what to do with them. Her pure blue eyes seem to penetrate their very souls. How much can she learn from them, and, perhaps more importantly, how much can they learn from her?

Fremen Scout

Drive		Statement
Duty:	6	
Faith:	5	
Justice:	5	
Power:	5	
Truth:	7	If it is there, I will see it.

Skill		Focuses
Battle:	5	
Communicate:	5	
Discipline:	7	Observe, Survival (Desert)
Move:	6	Worm Riding
Understand:	5	

Traits: Fremen, Scout

TALENTS

- **Constantly Watching:** Whenever the scout attempts a test to detect danger or hidden enemies, they reduce the Difficulty by 2, to a minimum of 0. In addition, once per scene, the scout can increase the cost to keep initiative by +2.

Assets: Crysknife, Distrans, Fremkit, Stillsuit

These Fremen spend long periods out on the sands, checking up on the secret places where the ecologists' work is done, keeping an eye on what the off-worlders are doing. They are expert desert survivors and can cover great distances by riding sandworms. They receive information from Fremen infiltrators in the cities and pass messages back to their sietch via distrans. Off-worlders harvesting spice in the desert may, occasionally, spot a Fremen scout, but it takes an observant spotter to detect them.

EXAMPLE FREMEN SCOUTS

- **Straiz** is young and keen to make a good impression on the elders of his sietch. His enthusiasm drives him to get close to off-worlder harvesting operations. Several spotters have seen Straiz, and he is known to several smugglers as the 'elusive native'.
- **Genna** is fiercely devoted to the ideal of the greening of Arrakis. She'll bring down a warrior band on anyone she sees getting anywhere near any of the areas where terraforming is taking place.
- **Benan** has fallen in love with an exotic dancer who works in a bar that is a front for a smuggler spice factory in Carthag. The smugglers arrange for the pair to meet secretly, in exchange for information about caches of spice they can harvest without interference.

SCENARIO HOOK

- Spice harvesters report having seen a young Fremen out in the desert, miles from anywhere. This individual appears to be interested in observing the harvesting operation. The Fremen does not appear to realize they have been identified. More data comes in—the watcher appears to be the same individual. What is he doing out on the sand, so far from any form of society, and why is he so interested in the player characters' harvesting operation?

Fremen Warden

Drive		Statement
Duty:	6	
Faith:	5	
Justice:	7	A fair portion of the tribe's water to each.
Power:	5	
Truth:	5	

Skill		Focuses
Battle:	5	
Communicate:	5	
Discipline:	7	Composure, Precision
Move:	5	
Understand:	6	Surgery

Traits: Fremen, Warden

Talents

- **Dedication:** If there is no Threat at the start of a scene, roll 1d20 under the Warden's Discipline to gain 1 Threat.

Assets: String of water rings, Deathstill, Distrans

Wardens occupy a respected position in Fremen society. They take care of the tribe's water whether it is inside or outside a Fremen body. They operate the deathstills, which recover water from the dead, distribute water rings, and keep a careful tally of who is owed how much from the carefully guarded supply.

Example Fremen Wardens

- **Amal** only leaves his sietch should they need to retrieve water from any of the tribe who die in the open desert. Amal is taciturn and dislikes all non-Fremen. He has influence and opposes sharing any information with non-Fremen.
- **Xala** is an apprentice warden, learning her trade from her aging grandmother. She is keen to do well and interested in everything around her. She sometimes visits Carthag to visit her brother, and is appalled by the way her people are treated by the off-worlders.
- **Qualid** lives in a humble apartment in Arrakeen where he retrieves water from any unfortunate enough to die in the city. Too many, in Qualid's opinion. He knows the water debt of every Fremen in the city.

Scenario Hook

- Informers report seeing the corpse of a young man being carried into a dwelling on the edge of town under cover of night. Initial investigation reveals he died after getting involved in a bar fight. What was the fight about? Who wants a dead body and what do they want it for?

INFORMANT

DRIVE		STATEMENT
DUTY:	5	
FAITH:	6	
JUSTICE:	5	
POWER:	7	Secrets make me powerful.
TRUTH:	5	

SKILL		FOCUSES
BATTLE:	4	
COMMUNICATE:	7	Deception, Listening
DISCIPLINE:	5	
MOVE:	6	
UNDERSTAND:	5	Imperial Politics

Traits: Betrayer, Gossip, Informant

TALENTS

- **Hidden Motives:** When an opponent fails an Understand or Communicate test against the informant, they may immediately create a trait which reflects a mistaken belief the opponent has about them.

Assets: Contacts, Mimic Film, Recording Equipment

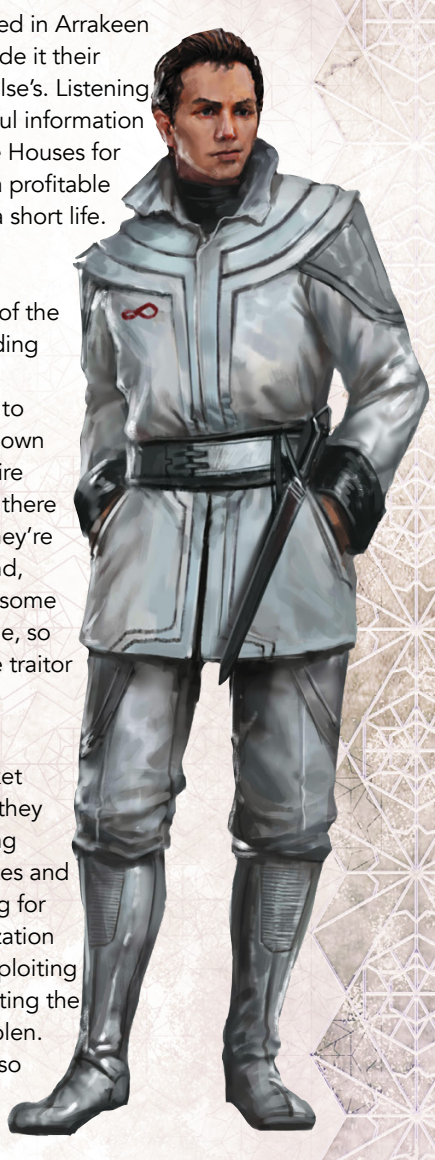
Informants tend to live tense, anxious lives and are always looking over their shoulders, waiting for those they've betrayed to get revenge. However, the rewards for such treachery can be great indeed.

An ambitious smuggler with the high hopes of becoming a Guild representative might report to the Guild about their organization's activity. However, not all informants give up their secrets because of greed. There are those with more noble goals. Some domestic workers within the Houses may provide information about their employers' accounts and stores to the Fremen as they work behind the scenes to overthrow the current regime.

If one wants to find a turncoat, it helps to know what a potential informant wants. Money? Power? Justice? Finding the right leverage for the right person in the right position can provide a wealth of intelligence.

EXAMPLE INFORMANTS

- **Eathelyn** is a minor noble from the low-ranking Minor House Avner. She attends every event she can and collects gossip about every other House. In the futile hopes of elevating her position, she reports all the local goings on directly to a contact who works for the Corrinos.
- **Phygellus** is a server in Arrakis's governing House. He makes sure to peek at paperwork and listen in on dinner-table discussions and passes along information about House spice shipments to a local smuggling ring for them to pillage.
- **Xen** and their family have lived in Arrakeen for generations and have made it their business to know everyone else's. Listening for gossip, Xen sells any useful information they learn to agents of noble Houses for coin (even rival Houses). It's a profitable venture, but often results in a short life.



SCENARIO HOOKS

- The Guild suspects that one of the Houses on Arrakis is withholding spice and building their own stockpile. The Guild is trying to embed an informant of their own among the House's staff or hire someone who already works there to provide the intelligence they're looking for. On the other hand, the House would pay a handsome reward to learn of this scheme, so that they can take care of the traitor themselves.
- One of the major players in Carthag's biggest black market suspects that the smugglers they use are not being forthcoming about product losses to pirates and Fremen. This player is looking for proof from within the organization that the smuggling ring is exploiting their good nature and pocketing the goods they're claiming as stolen. The smuggling ring would also love to know that their client is targeting them.

Market Seller

Drive		Statement
Duty:	6	
Faith:	7	I know that I can survive with my skills.
Justice:	5	
Power:	5	
Truth:	5	

Skill		Focuses
Battle:	3	
Communicate:	6	Bartering
Discipline:	6	Survival (City)
Move:	5	
Understand:	5	

Traits: Entrepreneur, Market Seller, Skilled

TALENTS

- **Driven:** After you spend a point of Determination, roll 1d20. If you roll equal to or under your Discipline rating (by itself), you immediately regain that point of Determination.

Assets: Market Stall, Network of Contacts, Wares

The market sellers of Arrakis are just making ends meet while the merchants and nobles profit off them. They rent expensive stalls in the various markets in Arrakeen and Carthag to peddle their wares. It's not unusual for these canny entrepreneurs to resort to illegal means to increase their incomes. Many have a surprising number of contacts in the black market, as well.

EXAMPLE MARKET SELLERS

- **Wickam** is a legitimate water seller in Carthag, calling out "soo-soo sook!" all day long. He works for one of the wealthiest merchants on Arrakis but makes very little himself.
- **Nico** sells modest cakes and breads in a tiny stall in Arrakeen... and moves illegally procured spice for one of the planet's largest smuggling organizations on the side.
- **Tamannah** specializes in clothes and textiles that she peddles out of a stall in Arrakeen's biggest market. Competing against the larger merchants is not easy to do, so she's trying to make a name for herself and prove the quality of her wares.

SCENARIO HOOKS

- One of the planet's wealthiest merchants discovers a large shipment of illegally procured off-world goods hidden within one of the local markets. Concerned that this could be eating into their profits, they are hiring mercenaries to try to find out who is coordinating this new smuggling ring. The market sellers are looking for someone to help protect them from the merchant's overzealous enforcers.
- Carthag's creosote exchange market sellers are arriving to missing products and vandalized stalls every night. They are hiring someone to figure out who is sabotaging them.

MUSICIAN

DRIVE		STATEMENT
DUTY:	5	
FAITH:	5	
JUSTICE:	5	
POWER:	6	
TRUTH:	7	Music never lies.

SKILL		FOCUSES
BATTLE:	3	
COMMUNICATE:	7	Charm (Music, Voice or Instrument)
DISCIPLINE:	6	Precision
MOVE:	5	
UNDERSTAND:	4	

Traits: Musician, Skilled

TALENTS

- **Collaboration (Communicate):** A musician can spend 2 Threat to allow an ally to use their Communicate skill as if were their own.

Assets: Instrument, Network of Contacts

Music is universal, whether the fashionable, esoteric sounds popular on Kaitain or the gentle, folk rhythms of traditional Richesian strings. There are those who must play because of their passion for music. And there are those who make a business out of their skills, latching onto whatever is sought after by the members of the Houses.

From street performances to grand concerts, one can find musicians in every stratum of society.

EXAMPLE MUSICIANS

- **Thy** is said to have the voice of an Ecaz songbird. House event managers and higher-end venues often hire her to bring a certain prestige to dinners and galas. She has more than one admirer among the Houses... and the leverage to go along with it.
- **Ellary** plays the strange, discordant notes that coaxes bliss and contentment out of semuta users. He works the various semuta bars of Carthag and knows many of the legal and illegal dealers.
- **Landon** is an Arrakeen native who plays the Arrakeen dulcimer, an instrument that combines various traditional instruments from around the Imperium into one that's now unique to Arrakis. It uses strings and mallets to create a delicate melody.

SCENARIO HOOKS

- One of the Houses' preferred performers has vanished. No one knows if the musician left of their own free will or is being held for some reason, but the Houses are intent on finding this individual because of some inside knowledge they may have. Others who want that same intelligence are also after the missing musician.
- Two rival bars in Arrakeen are competing for customers. They are looking for the best liquor supplier and the best musicians to attract patrons. And they'll do whatever it takes to come out on top.

MYSTIC

DRIVE		STATEMENT
DUTY:	6	
FAITH:	7	I know what is true and what is right.
JUSTICE:	5	
POWER:	5	
TRUTH:	5	

SKILL		FOCUSES
BATTLE:	3	
COMMUNICATE:	7	Inspiration, Persuasion
DISCIPLINE:	5	Interpretation, Resolve
MOVE:	4	
UNDERSTAND:	5	

Traits: Fortuneteller, Inspirer, Mystic, Visionary

TALENTS

- **Dedication:** If there is no Threat at the start of a scene, roll 1d20 under the mystic's Discipline to gain 1 Threat.

Assets: Spice, Followers or Clients

Throughout the Imperium, mystics follow different paths and religions. For example, the Bene Gesserit have Reverend Mothers with their access to Other Memory and Truthsayers who can identify lies. The Fremen have their Sayyadina spiritual leaders.

Not all mystics have ties to official organizations, however. The intense concentrations of spice on Arrakis permeate everything and can have some strange effects on the residents. The phenomena that arise from consuming and living in so much melange can manifest in a myriad of ways... leading to an unusually high number of natural mystics among the general population who rely on instinct rather than training.

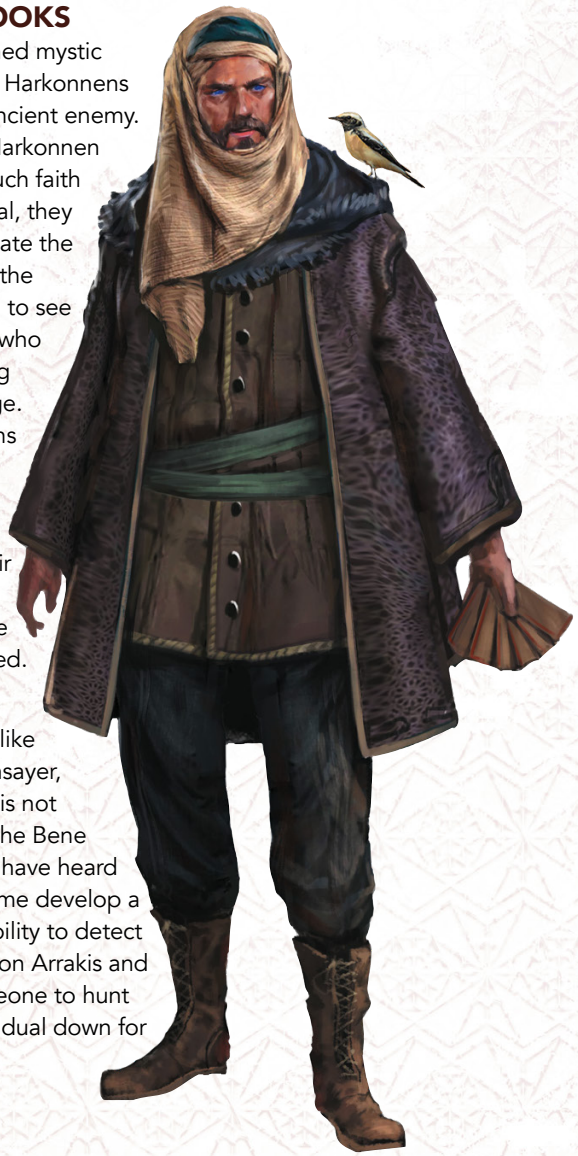
Finding a mystic with true abilities can turn the tide in a conflict or struggle.

EXAMPLE MYSTICS

- **Erroll**, born and raised in Arrakeen, is particularly sensitive to spice and has visions due to constant exposure to melange on the planet. Errol has made a small name for himself through telling fortunes that are unerringly accurate.
- **Kroisos** hails from Richese and is a devout Orange Catholic Bible follower. He claims to have a higher understanding of the religion and is developing a bit of a following due to his interpretation of the text.
- **Zezili** comes from Carthag, and her innate ability to detect the truth has been heightened by the spice ever-present on Arrakis. Unlike Erroll, always knowing the truth is debilitating for Zezili and makes life difficult for her.

SCENARIO HOOKS

- A self-proclaimed mystic claims that the Harkonnens will fall to an ancient enemy. While House Harkonnen doesn't put much faith into the spiritual, they do not appreciate the defamation or the people hoping to see their ruination who are now rallying around the sage. The Harkonnens will pay to see the mystic stopped. The mystic and their followers will pay to have the mystic protected.
- One of the Houses would like their own Truthsayer, even one who is not affiliated with the Bene Gesserit. They have heard rumors that some develop a rudimentary ability to detect truths and lies on Arrakis and are hiring someone to hunt one such individual down for them.



Ornithopter Pilot

Drive		Statement
Duty:	5	
Faith:	5	
Justice:	5	
Power:	7	My reputation precedes me.
Truth:	6	

Skill		Focuses
Battle:	3	
Communicate:	4	
Discipline:	6	Observe
Move:	7	Drive, Pilot (Ornithopter)
Understand:	5	

Traits: Pilot

TALENTS

- **Bold (Move):** The pilot may re-roll a d20 gained from adding Threat.

Assets: Communinet, Ornithopter, Paracompass

Ornithopters come in many shapes and sizes and so do the people who fly them. A military pilot might fly a huge troop transporter or heavily armed assault ornithopter. A carryall pilot needs skills adapted to flying through sandstorms, and taking off and landing on the shifting surface of the desert. Anyone who moves outside Arrakeen or Carthag needs a skilled pilot and pilots know this. Good pilots do not sell themselves cheaply.

EXAMPLE ORNITHOPTER PILOTS

- **Lixip** flies personal transports for rich people who need to get from place to place. She is very discreet and insists she doesn't report to anyone.
- **Trimor** flies a transport for a military House. He feels his House doesn't value him and would betray them if the price was right.
- **Xaruthan** flies a carryall for a small-time spice operation. They know many people involved in the illicit side of the spice economy, including some big-time smugglers.

SCENARIO HOOK

- A huge agricultural transport has just been unloaded at the spaceport in Arrakeen. Word of it is all over the city—it's so big it could hardly go unnoticed. It's unmarked and no one knows who owns or why it is in town. A pilot of your acquaintance says she has been hired to fly it and she knows what it will be carrying back to the orbital transport that bought it here.

Proprietor

Drive		Statement
Duty:	7	I run an important part of my community.
Faith:	5	
Justice:	6	
Power:	5	
Truth:	5	

Skill		Focuses
Battle:	4	
Communicate:	5	
Discipline:	7	Composure, Survival (Economic)
Move:	5	
Understand:	6	House Culture

Traits: Entrepreneur, Establishment Owner, Knowledgeable

Talents

- **Cool Under Pressure (Communicate):** May spend a Determination (3 Threat) to automatically succeed at a Communicate task.

Assets: Employees, Establishment (coffee house, lodging house, etc.), Loyal Customers

The true shadowy deals and political agreements often happen in the fancy coffee houses and seedy pubs all around Arrakis, where people can meet without anyone batting an eye. And those running these establishments find it necessary to possess a certain neutrality to protect themselves and their communities from the noble and not-so-noble powers that rule the planet.

These proprietors tend to be pragmatic to a fault... something that helps them survive. They often know who is negotiating with whom and when they meet. As the trusted people serving much of the population, they also overhear confidential matters or have secrets confided in them.

Example Proprietors

- **Rima** owns a bustling coffee house in Carthag where she serves strong brews, buttery pastries, and confidentiality. Though the upper classes don't usually mingle with the lower classes, the groups tolerate each other within Rima's walls and among her crowded tables.
- **Orion's pub** has dim lighting, few tables, and strong drinks. It's a quiet place just outside the nicest part of Arrakeen where the patrons tend to mutter to themselves or each other about their noble employers. Those who work for the powerful factions in Arrakeen tend to gather here to let Orion work their bartending magic.
- **Corrado** runs a lodging house in Arrakeen for those with business in the city. He makes it a point not to ask any questions of his lodgers.

Scenario Hooks

- An ambitious merchant is trying to set up a new coffee establishment in Arrakeen with the goal of attracting members of Arrakis's Houses, discovering their secrets, and creating lucrative partnerships... or profitable blackmail schemes. In the process, they're trying to put any rivals out of business. Those rivals are looking for a way to fight back.
- A Guild representative staying in a seedy lodging house in Carthag has turned up dead with their effects missing. The Guild is out for blood and believes the owner of the lodging house murdered their representative. The owner is looking for someone to help prove their innocence

Spice Manager

Drive		Statement
Duty:	5	
Faith:	7	The spice must flow.
Justice:	5	
Power:	6	
Truth:	5	

Skill		Focuses
Battle:	3	
Communicate:	5	Diplomacy
Discipline:	5	
Move:	4	
Understand:	7	CHOAM Bureaucracy, Imperial Politics

Traits: White Collar

TALENTS

- **Binding Promise:** Spend 1, 2, or 3 points of Threat to make an agreement binding. To break it, the other party must spend twice this in Momentum.

Assets: Ixian damper, Small staff, Intelligence, Contacts

These are the white collar workers in the spice business. They are reluctant to visit the desert (though many of them started their careers there) and work from offices based in the cities. Both legitimate and illegitimate businesses need managers. These are the people who make sure the weights and measures are correct and deal with the bureaucracy imposed by the ruling House and the Emperor. They audit input and output. They draw up the manifests for export. They have high status in society as they play an important part in keeping the spice flowing. Most are honest but they are in a position to 'cook the books' and siphon off a portion of melange or profits for their own use, or on behalf of special friends.

EXAMPLE SPICE MANAGERS

- **Calman** is a top-end 'fixer'. Every smuggler needs a good accountant, and no one has a better understanding of how to make a smuggler's ill-gotten gains appear perfectly legitimate. Calman works for a percentage of the profits and woe betide anyone who tries to deprive her of her cut.
- **Peri** works at the spaceport, liaising between the Imperial bureaucracy and the Guild. Peri usually looks stressed as the pressures of their work are intense. She loves to provide information about the correct procedures and immediately reports any hint of 'irregularity' to the authorities.
- **Strone** is a Guild agent who inspects manifests drawn up by his Imperial colleagues. At least, that is how things appear to the uninitiated. He also processes the documentation for deals the Guild does with the Fremen—the end point in a deeply secret commercial train.

SCENARIO HOOK

- The player characters hear through the grapevine that their House's chief accountant has been cooking the books and skimming off 10% of the spice harvest for their own purposes. The source is normally reliable, but the player characters need to be very sure of their facts before accusing such a respected House employee of embezzlement.

Spice Operator

Drive		Statement
Duty:	7	My team is productive.
Faith:	5	
Justice:	5	
Power:	6	
Truth:	5	

Skill		Focuses
Battle:	5	
Communicate:	5	Persuasion
Discipline:	7	Command, Self Control
Move:	4	
Understand:	4	

Traits: Foreperson

TALENTS

- **Direct:** Once per scene, give an ally an extra action on your turn.

Assets: Communinet, Spice Processing Machinery, Team of Spice Workers

Spice operators are crew bosses on the sands and foremen in the spice factories. Without exception they know how to motivate their team, some inspire loyalty and others inspire fear. Many would like, if they could, to reward their team more generously, but all are subject to the whims of those who employ them. Being middle management is an unenviable position.

EXAMPLE SPICE OPERATORS

- **Ferdi** is in charge of a carryall with space for five harvesters and their teams. She thinks of herself as a caring boss and believes her teams appreciate what she does for them.
- **Rynar** is foreman at a spice refinery in Arrakeen. He is fixated on maximizing production and minimizing costs. The workers on the factory floor are considering industrial action.
- **Tov** works for a smuggling gang and takes care of a bar which fronts a spice-processing plant in Carthag. The gang does not treat him well and he is considering betraying them.

SCENARIO HOOK

- An agent of the player characters' House has been secretly approached by the foreman of a rival's harvesting team. She reveals how her bosses are mistreating the crews and she would like to bring them over to work for their House. She's just not sure how to go about this…

SPICE WORKER

DRIVE		STATEMENT
DUTY:	7	It's a tough job, but someone has to do it.
FAITH:	5	
JUSTICE:	6	
POWER:	5	
TRUTH:	5	

SKILL		FOCUSES
BATTLE:	6	Tactics
COMMUNICATE:	4	
DISCIPLINE:	5	Precision, Survival (Desert)
MOVE:	5	
UNDERSTAND:	7	

Traits: Crew

TALENTS

- **Bolster:** Spend 2 Threat or give 2 Momentum to allow an ally to reroll their dice pool. They may use your Discipline instead of their skill as well.

Assets: Emergency Transmitter, Jubba Cloak, Knife

These are the men and women who harvest spice from the desert surface. It's hard manual labor and carries many dangers, including small-scale battles with those who harvest for their boss' rivals. Spice workers are strong, hardy, independent-minded, and often fatalistic in their outlook. Although of humble origins, they have no time for anyone who fails to treat them with respect. Some Houses regard them as disposable assets and this does not sit well with the people who get out onto the sands and are primarily responsible for ensuring the spice flows. Whatever their disagreements in the tavern, once on the sand, spice workers act as a team.

EXAMPLE SPICE WORKERS

- **Palte** is a juggernaut, huge and immensely strong. He is faithful to his colleagues first and his employer second. He is not known for his intelligence or initiative.
- **Strom** is light and nimble on their feet with excellent knowledge of the desert and its ways. Faithful to his team, but not to his employer, he has a good relationship with some Fremen.
- **Kerika** is a bundle of resentments. She does not see the fairness in people like her risking their lives on the sands so the Houses can roll about in wealth. She has the beginnings of a spice addiction.

SCENARIO HOOK

- The quantity of spice collected from a recent blow is not as much as the accountants expected. Initial questioning of the crew reveals they were approached by a rival while out on the sands and have diverted a portion of the fruits of their labor in that rival's direction. Will they tell you who your rival is? What did your rival offer that you did not?

Factions of Dune

The political triumvirate of the Great Convention includes the Major and Minor Houses of the Landsraad, the Imperial Household, and the Spacing Guild with its monopoly on interstellar transportation. Nowhere in the universe is this alliance more explicit than on Arrakis. And nowhere in the universe is the surety of this alliance more uncertain than when these titans cross the ever-shifting sands of lesser factions.

From water merchants to courtesans and mercenaries to manufacturers, lesser factions govern and influence the day-to-day economy of the desert planet. Neither ruler nor servant, these middle-tier circles have the power to shape events in their favor, if only by degrees. But the noble Houses calling Arrakis home understand degrees can mean the difference between life and death. Even the siridar governor does their best to keep enterprising factions content, or at the very least, in line.

Whether financiers, captains of industry, entrepreneurs, or criminals, these bourgeoisie live by the maxim: "Business makes progress! Fortune passes everywhere!"

Bankers

The Imperium uses solari for all free-trade transactions. Forever fixed to melange, the Spacing Guild (and by extension CHOAM) controls this monetary unit. Nothing within the Imperium, from the sale of Heighliner fleets to the purchase of a single literjon of water, occurs outside the solari economy.

This creates a complicated bureaucracy, rampant with corruption, managed by agents as calculating as they are pitiless: bankers.

Bankers fall into two categories: those associated directly with the Guild, and those who operate outside it. Guild Bank agents handle all monetary transactions on behalf of the Spacing Guild, collecting melange or solaris in exchange for interstellar passage. On Arrakis, they are the dominant economic force with financial advisors imbedded into every institution, government agency, and noble House. They also maintain an embassy in the heart of Arrakeen, and within the Guild, earning an appointment here is a mark of high recognition.

Non-Guild bankers exist on the fringes of the solari economy, lending an air of credibility to otherwise shady dealings. Generally, these brokers, money lenders, and financiers make their services available to Houses when treasurers prefer to avoid fiscal entanglements with the Guild. Some will also help local businesses and families in a pinch while others are no better than loan sharks working alongside the criminal syndicates of Carthag.

Bankers highlight the influence money has over society. Use them when you want to call attention to issues of poverty and debt, or when you want to create a financial trail for your players to follow.

Campaign Inspiration: Debt Collection

Elric Kene, a greedy Guild Bank agent, approaches the player characters. Several Arrakeen residents have defaulted on their loans, and the banker needs debt collectors. Kene pays handsomely, provides a list, and gives the characters leeway to collect payments by any means necessary. The list includes a wounded veteran who can't afford their medical bills, a family who just lost their home in a fire, and a spice miner with a gambling addiction.

To complicate matters, Tanjir Gatt, a local banker with ties to the criminal underworld, offers to pay the player characters double, along with a line of future, no-interest credit, in exchange for ownership of the debts. If they accept, those in default will no longer owe the Guild Bank agent, but the debtors will find themselves beholden to criminals.

The player characters must weigh greed and opportunity against the job the Guild banker hired them to do, as well as the effect their choice will have on the innocent Arrakeen residents.

Courtesans

As a feudal monarchy, the Imperium is no stranger to slavery or prostitution. Both are legal. And while the majority of the Landsraad finds slavery distasteful, the sex trade doesn't share the same scorn. Courtesans, also known as escorts, come in all shapes, sizes, and genders. Arrakeen natives make up most available courtesans, though off-world escorts are also in fair supply. Known Fremen, however, are never found in such places.

Most escorts pursue work with a service, while others stick to the freedom and security Carthag's bars and brothels provide. A few of the more intrepid—or desperate—freelance on the streets. Escort services, be they high or low status, often earn more solaris from protecting their clients than from servicing them. With secrets and blackmail as valuable currency, spies and Face Dancers go to great lengths to infiltrate the sex trade. Elite courtesans can charge a premium for their company, security, and discretion, making it prohibitively expensive for anyone except nobles to buy their time. But these exorbitant prices come at a cost. Should the secrets of a loose-lipped lover become public, the escort can quickly find themselves blacklisted.

According to rumor, the Bene Gesserit Sisterhood control several madams on Arrakis, using them as informants and profilers for their breeding program. However, these madams are usually unaware of how the Sisterhood uses the information they pass along.

Given the sensitive nature of courtesans and their role in ***Dune***, gamemasters should review the *Comfort & Consent* section (pages 232–233) of the ***Dune*** core rulebook, and discuss the matter with their players before utilizing them.

CAMPAIGN INSPIRATION: SEX AND SCANDAL

The siridar governor issues a decree ordering authorities to conduct a city-wide raid on illegal businesses. Among the arrested is Lady Nafisa Pell, a powerful madam who owns and operates an exclusive brothel in Carthag. Lady Pell is charged with racketeering. But she refuses to go quietly, threatening to release incriminating recordings of dozens of nobles. She explains that if she's held for more than six hours, proof of nobles behaving badly, replete with drug use, bribery, and scandal, will go public.

Among the recordings, Lady Pell has damaging material on a high-ranking member of the player characters' House. They need to arrange for the madam's release or locate the recordings before it's too late.

Criminals

When noble Houses or other organizations need to operate outside the law, they turn to the criminal underworld. Kidnapping, extortion, arson, and murder are all within reach on Arrakis, provided one knows where to look. Black marketeers obtain hard-to-find items as well as act as go-betweens for people who want to hire assassins, gangs, thieves, and smugglers. Money lenders offer easy credit with high interest rates and brutal consequences for defaulting on loans. And the street criminals of Arrakis profit from burglary, robbery, assault, and the sale of illegal weapons and narcotics.

In Carthag, the red-light district is a patchwork of rival gangs and syndicates, each vying for dominance with frequent and bloody conflicts over territory. Law enforcement ignores most of these territorial disputes, either out of ineptitude, or more often, because of bribes. Criminal enterprises pay good solari, and so long as they don't draw too much attention to themselves, the law generally turns a blind eye. However, that is not the case in Arrakeen, where the criminals consider themselves more sophisticated than the brutes in Carthag. Arrakeen is a haven for white-collar crime: embezzlement, tax evasion, fraud, and solari laundering. In Arrakeen, crooked accountants, con artists, fences, and solari launderers prefer to hide their illegal activity behind legitimate fronts like bars, teahouses, and marketplaces.

Though criminals are prevalent on Arrakis, smugglers far outnumber them. Most noble Houses let them operate unchecked and tax the smugglers instead. They cultivate these relationships in case they need to steal spice from their rivals or because they need a swift exit off the planet. Smugglers are known to have fast ships capable of escaping the surface of Arrakis and secret contracts with the Spacing Guild that allow them to leave the Canopus star system.

The gamemaster can use criminals as reminders that no one—except the Spacing Guild—can act with impunity on Arrakis. When player characters bend or break the law, criminals can deliver consequences in response to poor choices. Maybe their actions cut into a gang's territory or a syndicate's profits. Criminals can also be good assets. They often have information, know how to get around regulations, and can get jobs done when the player characters need to keep their hands clean.

CAMPAIGN INSPIRATION: TURNING A BLIND EYE

Cherith Sanad, the face of a gang operating out of Carthag, approaches the player characters and their House. They intend to conduct business within the House's primary domain and pay for the privilege. At first, this is a lucrative investment.

However, soon Sanad and their underlings squeeze local shop owners, forcing them into protection rackets. Sanad has the unwilling beaten down. If the owners still resist, the gang sets fire to their establishment. Owners turn to the House for help. Do the player characters keep the money and allow the harassment, take on Sanad, or find another solution?

Importers

The desert planet's hostile environment means Arrakis imports most of its resources, supplies, and machinery. While the Guild handles travel between planets, importers undertake acquisition and delivery of off-world goods. Industrial machinery, electronic equipment, construction materials, vehicles, food, and water are just some examples of the cargo their fleets shuttle to and from the surface of Arrakis.

Importers act as hubs connecting legitimate businesses, criminal enterprises, the Landsraad, and the Spacing Guild. Whether an Arrakeen marquis needs wine, a Carthag repair shop needs parts, or a criminal needs weapons, importers ensure prompt and safe delivery. But it is an expensive, risky enterprise. They pay tithes to the siridar governor and the Guild to gain access to the planet's spaceports. They hire mechanics to maintain their aircraft, pilots to transport their shuttles, mercenaries to guard cargo, and workers to load and unload. They also shoulder the costs of sourcing and importing supplies. And at any point, a spoke in their logistics wheel can snap.

Often, Minor Houses become financial backers or silent partners in specialized import businesses that source materials and negotiate supply chains related to their domain. These importers voluntarily become pawns in corporate and political agendas. In exchange, the Houses protect the importer and their assets. While many of these specialists trade their freedom for security and remain under the House's influence for the duration, a few industrious entrepreneurs build enough wealth to leverage their control into securing a patron for their own nascent House.

If the gamemaster wants to incorporate hard-to-find materials or items not native to Arrakis in their campaign, an importer likely made it happen. Importers make excellent reluctant informants and mules torn between maintaining the discretion required for their survival and profiting from lucrative prospects.

CAMPAIGN INSPIRATION: PRECIOUS CARGO

Namaka, a rich importer, hires the player characters to secure the landing of precious cargo at a location far from the public spaceport. She pays extra for their promise not to look inside the container. The next evening, under the cover of darkness, the transport arrives. The characters take possession of the cargo shipment with ease and escort it to a shady corner of Carthag. There, a group of spice-hunters open the container and reveal a vital component for an atomic.

The Great Convention forbids atomics. But the container's contents suggest someone might be building one. The player characters can either betray the importer and repossess the device, or they can allow the hunters to keep it and accept Namaka's generous fee.

MANUFACTURERS

While heavy machinery and vehicles are brought in from off-world, the harsh sandstorms of Arrakis take their toll on anything with a moving part. Ornithopters, harvesters, and other spice equipment requires constant maintenance. But then there is also what people need to live on the planet. Whether building construction, stillsuits, thumpers, tools, garments, or furniture, needing to import everything can drain the coffers.

No company exists in the Imperium without a direct tie to either the Guild, CHOAM, or a member of the Landsraad. This creates a complicated Gordian knot with no difference between a noble House and the domain they hold primacy over. Which often means the manufacturers who populate the industrial centers of Arrakis can represent a noble House via proxy, adding another layer of corporate warfare to political jockeying.

Stillsuit construction is exclusive to Arrakis. While no manufactured suit compares to Fremen ingenuity, stillsuit manufacturing is a highly competitive market. Half textile milling, half industrial engineering, stillsuits consist of layers of woven fabric and the tubes, filaments, and precipitators necessary for water filtration and reclamation. This delicate process is lucrative, especially considering the maintenance and upkeep required to keep the stillsuits functioning efficiently.

Other manufacturers on Arrakis make parts to repair carryalls, ornithopters, sandcrawlers, and spice mining equipment. Located adjacent to the refining and mining centers of Carthag, these can be cutthroat organizations. Few are above lying, cheating, stealing, or even killing to maintain dominance.

The gamemaster should try to tie manufacturers and captains of industry to Houses, even if loosely. Each manufacturer with their millions of solaris and thousands of workers can represent either an economic rival or a potential ally.

CAMPAIGN INSPIRATION: BUSINESS IS WAR

After a stillsuit manufacturer goes under, the siridar governor searches for a worthy replacement. Two rival manufacturers, both with ties to warring Minor Houses, come into conflict as they compete for the opportunity. After deploying a series of spies and saboteurs, each suffers significant losses, with neither winning the exclusive contract with the governor.

Both turn to the player characters' House asking for assistance against their enemy. House Soot is in the losing position, but with their fleet of spies, has access to intelligence which could prove valuable. Their rival, House Obada, offers a percentage of their stillsuit profits provided they obtain the winning contract.

MERCENARIES

Living on Arrakis is a test of survival. With the political intrigue of rival Houses, various factions, and competing agendas, it is not just the harsh conditions that make the planet dangerous. Mercenaries find no shortage of employment on Arrakis. Either brought in from offworld or left behind as forgotten soldiers from fallen Houses, mercenaries find work joining private armies, providing extra security to nobles, or operating as muscle to criminals. Some government officials will even deputize mercenaries to act as magistrates. Whether bodyguards, security guards, rank-and-file soldiers, gladiators-for-hire, or private combat instructors, mercenaries touch every aspect of life on Arrakis.

Recruitment officers can earn excellent wages scouting for people able to fight in a group and function in extreme climate. Because most off-world fighters are unaccustomed to life on Arrakis, let alone know how to survive combat that calls a sandworm, Houses and institutions often employ a specialized sergeant. These veterans have spent time in the wilds of Arrakis and can

train their people to fight effectively in the sand. While they may still pale in comparison to Fremen, natives of Arrakis are some of the most sought-after.

Some run mercenary gymnasiums, selling platoons to warring Houses in times of conflict. Others operate ludi, academies devoted to training slaves for on and off-world gladiatorial arenas. Both are known to acquire combatants from prisoners serving life sentences and those who have fallen into extreme debt.

Mercenaries make great front-line soldiers when staging a combat scene or as bodyguards for notable supporting characters. Even if a campaign is a social or political one, the fickle nature of a mercenary's loyalty can reveal fault lines in alliances and the secrets of other Houses.

CAMPAIGN INSPIRATION: THE SWORD SCHOOL

Isha Kardos is an elderly Ginaz Swordmaster of little note. She arrives on Arrakis to form a gymnasium. At first, while she recruits retired soldiers and out-of-work guards, no one pays much attention. As far as anyone is concerned, they are a sad group of washed-up has-beens. But as weeks pass, rumors circulate that some mercenaries hired by various noble Houses decline to renew their contracts. Instead, they join the Kardos gymnasium.

Then reports come in that these has-beens are running impressive training drills in the desert, and they don't seem so washed-up anymore. As more capable and talented fighters join Isha Kardos, one of Arrakeen's Minor Houses opens negotiations with her. This sparks a bidding war. Chief among the Houses vying for the army is a rival to the player characters.

The player characters are quickly dispatched to the gymnasium, tasked with purchasing the mercenary army, or at the very least, ensuring they do not sign a contract with their rival.

WATER MERCHANTS

Even though every home and building has water traps and moisture collectors, they do not always produce enough water. The working people conserve every precious drop; nevertheless, palm trees and fountains line the governor's palace while nobles casually spill their water onto dining room floors. Water merchants and sellers get families the water they need and Houses the water they want.

Water-sellers own large-scale water farms and peddle their carts along the streets of Arrakeen and Carthag shouting, "Soo-soo-sook!" and "Ikhut-eigh!" Distributing water from storage drums, the Fremen and most off-worlders look down on them. Yet, they maintain their position within the city by banding together as the Water Peddlers Union. Participating members divide and share the work, coordinate routes, and divide the profits. The Union pays a fee to the siridar governor to operate and a stipend to the Guild Bank as a show of their commitment to the economy of Arrakis.

As water-sellers amass influence, some become successful water merchants owning multiple water farms or by securing exclusive contracts with off-world suppliers. Some merchants employ entire fleets of water-sellers or import large quantities from water-rich planets like Caladan or Poritrin. Others have enough resources to mine the polar cap and sell water directly to the noble Houses.

With the gulf between water-fat nobles and the parched masses, having water or not is a symbol of socio-economic competition among the classes. The vital resource of water can add political tension and economic antagonism to any story.

CAMPAIGN INSPIRATION: WATER IS POWER

Lingar Bewt, a water merchant, controls a substantial amount of water on Arrakis. From his summer mansion near his polar-cap factory, Bewt maintains a dozen large-scale water facilities. But Bewt becomes intolerable when he uses his dominating influence over the water economy and threatens to destroy his water installations if his skyrocketing fees remain unpaid.

A cabal from the Water Peddler's Union approach the player characters, asking them to unseat Bewt. They want the player characters to infiltrate Bewt's organization and either take control over it or permanently remove the water merchant from Arrakis.

Campaigns on Arrakis

Despite the relatively low population and limited access, Arrakis contains a variety of factions and organizations striving for supremacy against one another, and even for their own survival. The ***Dune*** core rules describe the default campaign structured around that of a noble House, with the player characters its members and loyal retainers, but that is far from the only avenue for play on Arrakis.

Though the House-centric framework is an excellent portal into the *Dune* universe, deeply enmeshed as it is with the pillars of the setting—the Imperium, the Landsraad, the House as social structure—it can also be somewhat limiting and not every player might enjoy, or want the responsibility of, being part of a noble retinue with all that entails.

With the materials presented in the core rules as well as this sourcebook, the opportunities for other types of campaigns are far broader than just one centered on a single House, with its attendant constraints and expectations. Many of these campaign types are intrinsic to Arrakis and are wonderful means of exploring the *Dune* setting from different angles, and can be run in place of, or even parallel to, a traditional ***Dune*** campaign focusing on a noble House.

Though there are as many potential campaign types as there are grains of sand in the Funeral Plain, this section discusses those that are the most suitable for gameplay, allowing for diverse groups of player characters focused on a shared goal and unified with a singular purpose.

Each campaign type is defined by the following:

- **Purpose:** The reason behind the group's existence, whether their shared goal, their social allegiance, or the primary driving force that governs their choices in gameplay.
- **Eras of Play:** These are the available and most appropriate eras of play (described on pages 10–12 of the ***Dune*** core book),
- **Suitable Archetypes:** The most suitable character types for a campaign of this nature, and those that are not recommended.
- **Assets:** Traditional ***Dune*** games provide a structure and support system in the form of a House and its assets. What does this campaign offer in its place?
- **Notable Factions:** The groups within the Imperium that are the most likely to be encountered during gameplay.

- **Antagonists:** The sorts of antagonists the campaign might feature, whether hazards, rivals, or bitter enemies.

These qualities are not intended to be restrictive, but instead are provided to be inspirational, a starting point for the gamemaster to devise an original game structure best suited to their desired play style and their players' expectations.

Spice Smugglers

The spice smugglers are familiar with the Imperial Planetologist and the local Fremen tribes, and likely have support in the form of their largest customer base, the Landsraad and the Houses within it. Though patently illegal, it is likely that CHOAM turns a blind eye to spice smuggling, its bureaucrats likely accepting (and reporting) bribes in return for allowing the black market spice trade to profligate. Even the Emperor himself knows about the existence of the off-the-books spice trade and, for the most part, allows the smugglers to operate unhindered.

Though the Emperor and the Landsraad may overtly interrupt the dispersal of spice throughout the Imperium, it is in no one's interest to end its availability, and thus the existence of spice smuggling is the Imperium's dirty secret. The Spacing Guild, especially, is complicit in this arrangement, as dependent as they are upon an uninterrupted supply of the spice melange to their storehouses. The slowness and expense of non-Guild transport rules out most illegal use, and thus the Guild discretely allow smugglers the use of their Heighliners, in return for spice.

Tolerated to various degrees by the Fremen, the Houses governing Arrakis, the spice industry, and even the Spacing Guild, spice smugglers operate with impunity and even dine in the halls of the rulers of Arrakis. Unlike the delegates of the Great Houses, smugglers are not appointed by the Emperor and will likely outlast any of its Imperial rulers. Crime, after all, is one of the universe's must durable professions.

- **Purpose:** Getting rich, putting a thumb to the eye of the Landsraad, and even serving the Imperium covertly.
- **Eras of Play:** Reconstruction (late), Imperium, Ascension of Muad'Dib, Era of the God Emperor
- **Suitable Archetypes:** This is perhaps the most open, as any potential archetype could have fallen to spice smuggling, from ousted nobles and soldiers, failed Bene Gesserit Sisters, outlaw Fremen, discredited Mentats, and others. Smuggling needs technicians, engineers, and diplomats, as well as those capable of protecting their clandestine industry.
- **Assets:** Smugglers inevitably need one or more bases to operate out of, and often move between them. They have little in the way of a standing military and have no industries other than those connected with selling raw and processed spice off-planet. They may have other resources taken from previous Houses or smuggled on-planet from elsewhere.
- **Notable Factions:** They have extensive contacts within the spice industry, the ongoing group of spice workers who work for whomever pays them. Successful spice smugglers make pacts with the Fremen, and they also have contacts among the Spacing Guild, the Tleilaxu, various Houses of the Landsraad, CHOAM, and potentially even the Imperial House itself.
- **Antagonists:** Smugglers wage war with one another, battle the Fremen when they encroach upon their territory, often fight openly with the House governing Arrakis, and have little recourse within the Landsraad should they need assistance.

Imperial Agents

The 81st Padishah Emperor's interest in Arrakis is as obvious as it is intense, though he of course must by necessity mask that interest in the guise of acquiescence to the Landsraad. Nonetheless, in 10,175 AG, the same year Paul Atreides was born, Shaddam Corrino launched a clandestine operation against the Landsraad while simultaneously attempting to develop a spice alternative called amal, the goal being to deplete the Great Houses' spice reserves, to throttle spice production on Arrakis, and make the Landsraad dependent on his alternative spice. The failure of the program to synthesize an effective substitute, and the Spacing Guild's reaction to his intent, caused Shaddam within the year to prematurely end what was called 'The Great Spice War' before it could be openly fought.

Despite this monumental setback, Shaddam's intent was undiminished, and a campaign might be crafted around those agents put in place to effect his will. Though the Great Spice War was stillborn and barely flourished, it may have moved to an entirely clandestine, colder version, still attempting to accomplish three goals: to deplete or seize rival spice hoards, to develop a synthetic alternative to the spice melange, and to prevent others—for there are most certainly others—from doing the same.

- **Purpose:** Serving the Emperor in weakening the spice industry on Arrakis, clandestine missions across the Imperium to destroy rival spice hoards, serving Project Amal and thwarting rival developments of spice alternatives.

- **Eras of Play:** Reconstruction (late), Imperium, Ascension of Muad'Dib
- **Suitable Archetypes:** An Imperial agent-based campaign should have a mix of skilled operatives and nobles. Count Hasimir Fenring is an excellent example of such a figure, unaffiliated with a noble House other than Corrino, able to serve the Emperor in his own fashion.
- **Assets:** A group of Imperial agents is in a unique position in that they have the Emperor's aegis and likely the freedom and resources accompany it, but they must act clandestinely and thus are separated from industry, substantial military, and overt access to official channels.
- **Notable Factions:** Depending on how they act, the Imperial agents may be in regular contact with the House governing Arrakis and may even be working with… or within it. They may find shared purpose among the Fremen and the smugglers or be at cross purposes with both. By contrast, unlike most noble Houses, an Imperial agent group may work with Tleilaxu under the guise of collaborating on the spice substitute.
- **Antagonists:** An Imperial agent campaign inevitably opposes the governing House on Arrakis under the guise of collaborating with it, and by extension, they are opposed to the entire Landsraad, CHOAM, and especially the Spacing Guild.

Fremen

One of the most natural of Arrakis-based campaign frameworks is that where the player characters are a group of Fremen, whether ranking members of a traditional sietch or a smaller group, perhaps one of the groups of Fremen who stand outside the Ichwan Bedwine, the alliance of all Fremen sietches. Fremen goals are counter to many held by other factions, who would see the Imperium remain upon a steady diet of spice and the planet exploited to its fullest.

A Fremen-based campaign takes advantage of the materials presented in this sourcebook and places the player characters largely outside the Imperium. The traditional levers the Imperium exacts upon its members—that delicate balance of power imposed upon them by the Spacing Guild, CHOAM, and the Emperor himself—hold little water to the Fremen, who have no need of extra-planetary transport or wealth, and are the only ones within the Imperium who hold no fear of the Sardaukar.

Unlike many campaigns, this approach allows the gamemaster and players to fully immerse themselves in the aspects of Arrakis that are normally denied outsiders: life inside a sietch, living according to Fremen customs and rituals, unhindered movement across the planet's surface, strict adherence to the water discipline, ownership of a sacred crysknife, and the training and the right to ride sandworms.

A later-era game, post Muad'Dib, would focus on the changing face of Arrakis and how the God Emperor Leto II has placed Arrakis at the center of the universe. Many Fremen sietches resent this and reject this new Arrakis, creating the class of 'museum Fremen' who do not adapt to the new ways.

- **Purpose:** Survival, community, serving Shai-Hulud, remaining faithful to their beliefs, ridding Arrakis of the off-worlders, and strengthening the sietch against adversity from without and even from within.
- **Eras of Play:** Reconstruction (late), Imperium, Ascension of Muad'Dib, Era of the God Emperor, Scattering
- **Suitable Archetypes:** Any Fremen archetype or (rarely) an outsider with strong ties to the sietch, such as an Imperial Planetologist. Fedaykin serve the place of warriors, and the ranking noble is the naib. Any Bene Gesserit archetype should be a Sayyadina, the Fremen equivalent.
- **Assets:** All assets and industries are focused around the sietch and desert environment, limited to Arrakis, but may include assets such as spice reserves and unique assets such as the use of sandworms and the means of generating the Water of Life.
- **Notable Factions:** Any Fremen-based campaign will inevitably be focused on the sietch and the rest of the Ichwan Bedwine, the governing House of Arrakis, the spice industry, and spice smugglers. Depending on the era of play, they may be dealing with Imperial representatives such as the Imperial Planetologist. A later-era game would involve more outsiders and the conflict between the museum Fremen and those who have embraced Leto II's reign and all it encompasses.
- **Antagonists:** Enemies to the Fremen include the governing House (if it has not made alliance with them), smugglers, Imperial interference, and even conflicts between the city-dwelling 'pyons' and the desert Fremen.

Bene Gesserit

From its earliest origins, the Sisterhood has long seeded the various planets of the Imperium with their Missionaria Protectiva, the carefully curated collection of myths, prophecies, and rituals that have enabled them to survive and thrive within any social grouping. The Zensunni Wanderers who survived their arrival upon Arrakis and became the Fremen were not spared this, and early Bene Gesserit contact with the Zensunni instilled in them the socio-mythic structures that would become their religion.

The Fremen had Sayyadinas instead of Sisters, but the method of passing knowledge from one priestess to another was identical to that within the Sisterhood. Their religion centered around the sandworms that figured so prominently in their existence, rendering unto them the semblance of a god, Shai-Hulud.

A Bene Gesserit campaign set upon Arrakis could be a sub-set of a Fremen campaign, focusing on the Sayyadina within one or more Fremen sietches and across the Ichwan Bedwine, guiding the planet and the Fremen culture to where it becomes suitable for fostering the Mahdi, their savior, prophecied to lead Arrakis to its glorious destiny.

An earlier era campaign could focus on an intact cell of Bene Gesserit Sisters operating upon Arrakis independently of the Landsraad or governing House and their program to integrate the Missionaria Protectiva into Fremen culture. Even during the late period of the Imperium, around 10,070, a delegation of Bene Gesserit Sisters upon Arrakis led by Reverent Mother Ramallo disappeared mysteriously (but, as it turned out, were integrated fully into Fremen society, Ramallo becoming the Sayyadina of Sietch Tabr). Perhaps a campaign can focus on that group and their fate?

A campaign set during the God Emperor's reign would have them struggling to maintain power and relevancy within Leto's Golden Path. After the rapid environmental transformation of Arrakis under Leto—and following his assassination, its return to desert—the Bene Gesserit's control over the planet is overt as part of a triune government, the other two factions being Leto's own Fish Speakers and the still-vital remnants of the Fremen priesthood.

- **Purpose:** Preservation of the Order, spreading the Missionaria Protectiva across Arrakis, readying the way for the arrival of the Quizatz Haderach (or, post-Paul and Leto II, one who can be controlled).
- **Eras of Play:** Reconstruction (late), Imperium, Ascension of Muad'Dib, Era of the God Emperor, Scattering, Age of the Enemy
- **Suitable Archetypes:** Bene Gesserit archetypes should dominate a campaign like this, though these may be more rugged and exploration-focused Sisters than those accustomed to haunting the halls of the Imperium. Outsiders may work closely with the Order, but such is the Bene Gesserit nature that few secrets will be shared, or trust conferred.
- **Assets:** A Bene Gesserit campaign set upon Arrakis should take full advantage of the strengths of the Order, such as its deep well of institutionalized knowledge bestowed by the Other Memory, the remarkable training and capabilities possessed by each adept, and their vast network of embedded spies in virtually every House and faction within the Imperium.
- **Notable Factions:** Fremen, the Imperium, the Spacing Guild, the Landsraad and especially the governing House upon Arrakis.
- **Antagonists:** Any of the above, and perhaps even the Sisterhood itself. Despite the cultivation of a unified front and purpose, the truth is that the Bene Gesserit are sometimes divided and suffer internal schisms and form their own factions, so a campaign set upon Arrakis may put these matters into the forefront, with other Bene Gesserit Sisters themselves providing the most dangerous and powerful source for conflict.

Guerillas and Revolutionaries

Since the discovery of the spice melange and its properties and value to the Imperium, Arrakis has had many siridar governors of the last ten millennia, many appointed by the Emperor, whomever that might be at the time, and especially in the last few centuries the opposition to that rule has grown even more intense.

A campaign set upon Arrakis focusing on the underground resistance to its rulers can focus on paranoia and subterfuge, plotting and sabotage. Each of the major factions within the Imperium has a profound interest in Arrakis and particularly the spice trade, and thus has an active interest in making sure that the spice flows, and especially that it flows to them.

Though the arrangements within the Landsraad that govern the overseeing of Arrakis are as complex as they are balanced, none of the Great Houses are particularly content with having a single one of their peers sitting upon Arrakis, the most lucrative domain within the Imperium. There are Houses who have once had the privilege of overseeing Arrakis but do so no longer, having lost Imperial favor. House Richese was supplanted by House Harkonnen, but who was there before Richese?

Even the ending of the Imperium and the rise of Muad'Dib does not put an end to those opposing Arrakis's siridar-governance. Paul Atreides struggled against many plots and conspiracies that extended deep into his own household, and even the God Emperor Leto II succumbed to a plot to overthrow him and end his own reign.

- **Purpose:** Opposing the Imperium and in particular the current House governing Arrakis, whoever that might be.
- **Eras of Play:** Imperium, Ascension of Muad'Dib, Era of the God Emperor

- **Suitable Archetypes:** This is perhaps the most diverse of the options available, as it can utilize characters from different Houses working together in the same group, Fremen, city-dwellers, off-worlders, smugglers, Tleilaxu spies, agents from the Great Schools, operatives of CHOAM or even the Spacing Guild, and more. Essentially, anyone with a grudge against the ruling body on Arrakis, whether it be House Harkonnen, House Atreides, Muad'Dib, or the God Emperor himself.
- **Assets:** Again, this campaign framework provides a near-limitless range of assets and opportunities, brought by those who fight and their own support systems. Against such an array of resources, how can any tyrant prevail?
- **Notable Factions:** Any and all.
- **Antagonists:** Any and all.

Explorers of the Old Empire

One entirely novel campaign structure is that of the explorers, with gameplay set in the Time of the Titans and the Old Empire. These are the earliest years of the exploration of Arrakis before the founding of the Imperium and the Great Convention. This campaign framework is an especially unique approach to *Dune*-based gameplay, as it sets aside many of the core elements such as the Landsraad and its Houses, the Imperium itself, and the Great Schools, and may even involve the Titans themselves and the great wars that caused the Butlerian Jihad.

Arrakis had two periods of exploration, the first long before the Zensunni crash-landed upon it, a time without Fremen, when the properties of the spice melange were first being discovered. The earliest human settlers of Arrakis were not the Zensunni at all, but others from the Before Guild (B.G.) era, and it was they who first discovered the technique of riding sandworms. The second period was after the Zensunni arrived and was sanctioned by the Imperium itself upon its foundation, and the realization that spice is indeed the axis upon which the universe resolves. This later period features many of the characteristics that define Dune as it is commonly known.

- **Purpose:** Exploring the world of Arrakis and creating its future.
- **Eras of Play:** Butlerian Jihad (or even earlier), Reconstruction
- **Suitable Archetypes:** A player character group might be made up almost entirely of scientists as part of the earliest biological and environmental survey group,
- **Assets:** This is an era bereft of many of the traditional *Dune* trappings such as personal shields, space-folding Guild Navigators, and the Landsraad with all its industries and resources. New settlers, scientists, and explorers on Arrakis must make do with few resources other than those they can create or improvise.
- **Notable Factions:** None from traditional ***Dune*** games exist in their current form. Any factions encountered during this era are drawn from the time of the Titans or the earliest versions of the Great Schools, such as the Sorceresses of Rossak or even the Cymeks. A campaign like this could even involve legendary historical figures such as Serena Butler, Norma Cenva, or Tio Holtzmann themselves.
- **Antagonists:** Arrakis itself, in a time where desert survival involves a constant attempt to mitigate its effects through technology rather than adaptation. Sandworms are more plentiful and aggressive, and the various factions at work in the Time of the Titans present many threats, obvious and subtle. The Zensunni arrived upon Arrakis with many enemies, some of whom followed them there including their escaped masters from Poritrin.

Sample Campaigns

Provided are two campaign outlines for groups who want something a little different from playing agents of a noble House.

- **Shadows on the Sand** centers on a group of spice smugglers trying to eke out an existence among the dunes. The remnants of the agents of House Richese, they are looking to survive on their own and perhaps take revenge on House Harkonnen.
- **The House of Heslin** is based around a merchant operation being developed by a House Minor. The player characters are freelancers brought in to help this operation find a toehold on Arrakis. This campaign places the player characters in the middle class of Arrakis, where success can mean ascension to the ranks of nobility, but failure will leave them all sifting sand in a harvester for the rest of their days.

Shadows on the Sand

"The spice must flow," as is often said, assumedly by whatever means necessary. An ever-present force upon Arrakis, spice smugglers are something of an anomaly in that they hold little allegiance to one another, yet they all must operate wholly outside the laws of the Imperium. As noted before, smugglers are the Imperium's dirty secret. Somehow spice is gathered and processed on Arrakis. Somehow it is transported off the planet's surface and shipped across the Imperium. Somehow it is sold on the black market to various Houses and other factions, such as the Tleilaxu, who stockpile it for their various reasons. And somehow this profit makes its way back to the spice smugglers.

That they are so openly tolerated is testament to their importance. Smuggling provides a check to any House's intended dominance of spice trade within the Imperium: When the price of spice increases too much or its availability is threatened, illicit spice smuggling provides that spice and fills that need. It also allows Houses Great and Minor to fill their spice hoards without the ever-watchful eye of CHOAM, which notes and takes a piece of every legitimate transaction within the Imperium. By this means, Houses have a spice reserve that can sustain them in times of hardship, adversity, or even censure by the Spacing Guild.

A LEGACY OF RICHESE

House Richese was no different from any other House in this regard. They were appointed siridar governance of Arrakis for many years and oversaw the spice industry, serving Emperor Elrood IX dutifully and making themselves rich in the process. The House was ambitious, their specialty of technological development, however, making them ill-suited for the requirements of mastering Arrakis. Though they could manufacture many machines and were able to devise superior spice harvesting technology, they were nonetheless still at odds with the planet and its fierce inhabitants, the Fremen.

House Richese lost Elrood's Imperial favor and were forced to cede the planet to House Harkonnen. Unwilling to surrender the planet entirely, House Richese left a small core of retainers embedded within Arrakis, their residence an uncompleted spaceport built secretly upon the Habbanya Ridge in the region of the Great Flat called the Habbanya Erg. Wary of their only center of power being within the city of Arrakeen, House Richese sought to build a redoubt safe from the eyes of the satellite eyes of their rivals and the Spacing Guild itself. Funds and resources were diverted to the construction, and a vast underground complex was assembled within the stone of the Ridge, capable of surviving an atomic attack from above and impregnable against sandworms, who travel only through loose sand. A small sietch had once existed in the Cave of Birds, but it was abandoned at the time and thus the Fremen did not interfere with this construction.

Though the House was forced to abandon the planned construction when they surrendered Arrakis, they disguised the landing field and all traces of the spaceport, an easy enough feat given that much of it was undergrown, hewn into the natural rock. Generators were installed, however, as well as the means by which water could be extracted from the atmosphere to supply those remaining within the base. A few spaceships capable of surface-to-space travel were left behind, and all the parts and fuel cells to maintain and power them.

Arrangements were made with the Spacing Guild and thus a supply of spice continued to pass from Arrakis to House Richese's spice stores. Over time, though, this became increasingly difficult, and the House's fortunes turned for the worse. This culminated in the destruction of Korona, an artificial moon orbiting the planet of Richese, from which they conducted their illegal spice smuggling operation.

Back on Arrakis, remaining Richese partisans were forced to go native, adopting wholly to the desert, but continued to smuggle spice off-world, just no longer directly, or exclusively, to Richese. They were joined by other smugglers and a few disaffected Fremen, and remain where they are, thriving so long as they keep their actions discrete, or at least as discrete as a spice smuggling operation can be.

The former spaceport is known to the Fremen as Muktafi ('hidden' in Chakobsa, the Fremen tongue) and the spice smugglers themselves as the Alzilal ('shadows'). The smugglers are content to adopt these names for their own use, all the better to ally themselves with the Fremen rather than setting themselves apart. The Alzilal are led by a woman named solely as Cytheris. It is not common knowledge that she is a descendant of House Richese, though her lineage would be scarcely acknowledged by Richese should it become known.

A SPICE SMUGGLING CAMPAIGN

Two generations have grown up within Muktafi in the decades since House Richese abandoned it in 10,114 A.G. Depending on how a campaign is structured using this community, the player characters can assume the role of Cytheris' immediate family or household, or other trusted members of the smuggling base's leadership. See page 123 'Spice Smugglers' for more information about the sorts of issues that a spice smuggling campaign presents and the opportunities it allows.

PLAYER CHARACTERS

Suitable player character archetypes are broad, with obvious ones being smugglers, technicians, soldiers, or others. House Vernius may have left a Suk doctor with the household, forced to pass their teachings down without the training (and inherent discipline) of the School itself, and Bene Gesserit teachings may continue in the form of family members and teachings stemming from Richese, or a Sisterhood spy placed within the base. Any enemy of House Harkonnen, however, is welcome within the smuggling community, and those who like killing Harkonnens will find themselves in good company.

GAMEPLAY

The day-to-day goal of getting spice and moving it off-world, however vital, is not particularly interesting to sustain as the primary activity the player characters perform session after session. Instead, their gameplay should be dominated by the means of security and survival. This can create many exciting and vital plot elements that should enrich any campaign:

- **Fremen:** The growing resistance of the Fremen towards the Harkonnens means that all off-worlders, unfortunately, are becoming increasingly unwelcome, and the denizens of Muktafi must contend with the combined might of the Ichwan Bedwine, representing all the sietches. The Alzilal must find a means of coexistence with the Fremen, whether a show of strength or some other arrangement to their mutual benefit.

- **House Harkonnen:** The brutal siridar-governance of Arrakis is as dramatic as any plot element one might devise, with the Beast Rabban squeezing every measure of spice he could from the planet's sands, at the cost of much blood and sorrow. Trying to stay one step ahead of the Harkonnens and remain concealed from their efforts should be a primary concern to the player characters, while also allowing them the thrill of defeating the Harkonnens (to some degree).
- **The Imperium:** Each of the major factions in the Imperium, from the Bene Gesserit, the Spacing Guild, and even the Mentats, have spice hoards of their own and depend upon an uninterrupted flow of spice so as to not deplete those hoards. Any smugglers on Arrakis may have deals with them, or be forced to make arrangements. CHOAM, on the other hand, depends on the legitimate stream of spice, but understands fully that the clandestine trade must exist. So a group of spice smugglers may need to deal with CHOAM demanding their cut, or making life difficult for them otherwise. Lastly, the ingenious Tleilaxu have much use for spice, and they prefer to stay off-the-books as far as their own spice consumption and purchasing goes, so they might infiltrate the smuggling base using Face Dancers, or simply make them an offer they cannot possibly turn down, perhaps with access to innovative and illegal technology that skirts or outright defies the Butlerian Edicts.
- **The Landsraad:** Other Houses need spice just as much as House Richese did, and though they prefer to keep their books honest, they nonetheless do not want to risk losing their access to the most precious commodity in the universe. Among the Landsraad, House Richese had many rivals. House Vernius, in particular, would be delighted to cause harm to any branch of Richese, however distant.
- **The Imperial Planetologist:** Whether Pardot Kynes or his offspring Liet, the Imperial Planetologist is intimately aware of all activity on the planet's surface, with access to weather-monitoring satellites, sensors capable of detecting surface disruptions, and even atmospheric gauges capable of measuring the chemical quotients of spent spacecraft fuel in the air.
- **Imperial Agents:** Officially, spice smuggling is not tolerated, and the Emperor is undoubtedly likely to send his own agents to Arrakis to see what is transpiring there and how, ideally, to maintain his own supply of spice. The player characters may find themselves dealing with Count Fenring himself, forced to come up with an accommodation that both presents the illusion of being disciplined by the Emperor while simultaneously cutting him a deal.
- **Rival Smugglers:** Smugglers are like wolves, all-too-ready to seize the advantage over one another. Esmar Tuek and his own smuggling band grew to some notoriety during the Harkonnen era, and even took in the refugee members of House Atreides, particular Gurney Halleck, the Atreides Warmaster. For a brief period, the smuggling trade upon Arrakis was even unofficially sanctioned by Atreides, who took a share of their profits and provided it to the Emperor as tribute.
- **Muad'Dib:** After the fall of his House and the death of his father, when cast among the Fremen Paul Atreides becomes Muad'Dib, their eventual leader. He unites the sietches in a war against the Harkonnens and even takes sanctuary for a while in the Cave of Birds, a natural cave complex upon the Habbanya Ridge, where the Muktafi and the Alzilal are based. How will the player characters react to the Fremen Mahdi, their prophesized savior, arriving in the flesh, with none other than Esmar Tuek's smuggler band at his side?

MAJOR THREATS AND EVENTS

Following the events depicted in *Dune*, a smuggling campaign set in this period is rich with opportunity, covering the apparent end of the Harkonnen siridar governorship, the brief interlude in which the Atreides arrived and fell, the return of the Harkonnens and the years of Fremen uprising against them, and the eventual ascension of Muad'Dib to the Golden Throne and the end of the Imperium.

This is an utterly amazing sequence in which the smuggler's-eye view is even broader than any of those factions listed, as they see the struggle from all sides, and with this the player characters can experience ***Dune*** in an all-new fashion yet still be intrinsically participating in the major events that shaped the final days of the Old Imperium and the birth of the new one.

The House of Heslin

Sina Heslin of the small, vulnerable House Heslin has plans to set up her own market in Carthag. She wants to create something to rival Sarpedon Ensel's Arrakeen Emporium... and eventually put him out of business. Sina believes that Sarpedon is too dangerous to the Houses Major and Minor to allow him to amass more power than he already has. The young noble can see that Sarpedon has his eye on at least one of the planet's Houses Minor and that will inevitably spell trouble for House Heslin, something Sina cannot, and will not, abide.

With plans to move up the social ladder and create an economic force of her own, Sina is willing to blackmail and bribe people to work for her, even going so far as to hold loved ones hostage for the right 'recruit.'

THE PLAYERS

In this campaign, the players all start out as small-time merchants just looking for a way to survive on Arrakis. Perhaps they've set up a small collective, looking to pool their resources and work together... until Sina Heslin shows up.

The Heslin aristocrat can convince them to join her with solaris, economic pressure, blackmail, or even by taking hostages to act as leverage. She sees something valuable in the player characters, their hunger to prevail against all odds, their cunning negotiating skills, or the fact that they're warm bodies and not yet under Sarpedon Ensel's control. And she wants to work with them.

LOCATIONS

These are places and people that will feature in the campaign.

HOUSE MINOR—HOUSE BAKHTIAR

In the northern part of Arrakeen, an estate sprawls across the sand and rock. A stunning manor house dominates the landscape with many small outbuildings surrounding it. A small, but audacious, fountain burbles near the grand front entrance, showing off the wealth of the occupants. House Bakhtiar is a rising star in Arrakeen, making a fortune with imports, exports, and their partnership with the Guild. They are looking to secure a fiefdom and earn some influence in the Landsraad. House Heslin is hardly worth their consideration.

Sina Heslin, on the other hand, sees House Bakhtiar as the goal to reach and surpass. And she would dearly love to see them fall... or answer to her in some way.

Admago Bakhtiar is one of the heirs to House Bakhtiar. He is working toward a position within the Guild or an invitation to live and work on Kaitain. To make that happen, he must prove himself as a capable businessperson and notable noble on Arrakis. As such, his social circles overlap with Sina's quite often, and they often compete for the same resources.

PARATO PARLOR

Named after the famously luxurious Parato Silk, Carthag's Parato Parlor caters to the wealthy cheops and card players of the city. To allay suspicion, Sina Heslin has set up in the Parato Parlor, creating the illusion of a carefree aristocrat with a preference for playing gambling games rather than political ones.

If one needs to find Sina for any reason, she'll most likely be in a corner table of the back room with a cheops board in front of her. She explains away all her visitors with a tired, dismissive handwave, telling the curious that she's remodeling part of the Heslin estate and requires more workers than she ever thought she would have to deal with. Contrary to appearances, she's in the process of building a small empire.

Sutton Losito is a dealer at the Parato Parlor. Always poised and well-groomed, they exude the elegant, upscale image the Parato Parlor wants to portray. Though they seem mild-mannered and passive, they are neither soft nor placid. Clever and driven, they observe the aristocrats around them, seeing through their plots and schemes with ease. Befriend Sutton to learn about what's really going on in local political circles.

SABER'S PEAK SIETCH

Within a craggy rock formation near Red Chasm lies Saber's Peak Sietch. It is one of the smaller Fremen strongholds. About 75 families live in the tunnels and caves carved into the stone. The current windtrap setup can't support much more than that. Like all Fremen settlements, the occupants are ferocious fighters and fiercely independent.

Like most nobles, Sina Heslin has seen some small groups of Fremen rebel against the Imperium with small, tenacious actions, but she's also heard that they're organized in some larger way. And she wants to know more. She believes she can either partner with the Fremen, turn them against Sarpedon, or have them actively work counter to one of the other rival Houses. Any of those will create opportunities for House Heslin.

The Naib of Saber's Peak Sietch is Yzebel, who takes her role as leader very seriously. She hates the Houses and the Imperium but is also cautious when it comes to putting her people at risk. Teaming up with her will take considerable diplomacy, shows of strength, and negotiation.

SMUGGLERS' DEN ON SIHAYA RIDGE

Camouflaged to look like the surrounding rock, the Sihaya Ridge smugglers' den is difficult to find the first time. Since there's nowhere to land ornithopters on the rugged terrain, even the small clues that humming engines and brief glimpses of mechanical wings would leave are absent. No one's quite sure how these smugglers move merchandise around without the ornithopters. Some claim that they have an underground tunnel that stretches to a point outside the Shield Wall. Others say that they use some kind of suspiciously smart automated technology to fly crates around the desert... some even claim that they work with heretical thinking machines.

How the smugglers do things isn't Sina's concern. The low-level aristocrat wants to know what kinds of deals the smugglers are making. Are they importing rare items from off-world? Is it precious gems, a creature for the gladiatorial arenas, or some kind of delicacy? Or are they smuggling spice to other planets? Are they helping a member of the Landsraad stockpile precious spice melange? Regardless, Sina wants a partnership with the smugglers, or she wants to see them destroyed so they can't work with her competitors.

In Carthag, Kendon Ordway works as a driver and pilot for the Sihaya smuggling ring, moving their goods around the city. He might not know what he's transporting, but he knows how to find their base. And he can probably put interested parties in touch with some of the Sihaya smugglers' higher ups... if one can convince him to. As a smuggler, he doesn't trust easily and will need anyone approaching him to really prove that they won't backstab him.

THE CARTHAG COLOSSEUM

The roar of a Laza Tiger reverberates across the arena. The answering bellow of an enraged Salusan bull follows it. At once, solaris start flowing into the betting windows on one side of the stadium. Spilled alcohol evaporating into the dry air mixes with the smell of sweat and bloodlust from the audience.

The Carthag Colosseum, an institution active only while the Harkonnens ruled Arrakis, hosts any kind of gladiatorial fights that will bring in solaris. Animal matchups are just as popular as human ones. Bullfighters tend to draw the largest crowds. Though this is one of the largest arenas on the planet, there are still rumors that someone or some organization is fixing fights. Finding out who that is could be very lucrative… or very dangerous. Sina Heslin isn't particularly concerned about the risks involved. If she can expose the fixers or get them on her side, that would give her even more power.

When the crowd in the Carthag Colosseum cheers, it's often for Caith Ines, a talented fighter who takes on creature and human opponents. They not only know how to survive in the arena, but they also know how to survive the games that take place in the luxurious loges reserved for the wealthiest spectators. If anyone understands how to navigate the world of the colosseum, it's the deadly, cunning Caith Ines. Winning their allegiance isn't easy, however.

THE SANDSTORM CANTINA

Dim glowglobes light the sparse interior of this bar that serves the Carthag locals. The vibrating notes of a rebec's strings play throughout. Quiet conversations take place at the different tables. Curious, suspicious, spice-blue glances take in any strangers who enter the moisture seal. The yeasty, cinnamon aroma of baked spice biscuits competes with the telltale odor of stillsuit-reclaimed water.

This is one of the places that the Fremen frequent in Carthag. Need a Fremen contact or need to find a way into a sietch? The Sandstorm Cantina is a good place to start. However, those who aren't Fremen will receive an icy welcome until they prove themselves true friends of Arrakis's local population and respectful of their practices.

Sina Heslin knows that the Fremen aren't friends of most of Arrakis's transplants, including the Houses. She's hoping to use that information and the Fremen's stubborn insubordination to her advantage. However, she needs to hide her involvement from any Fremen she enlists as they likely won't want to work with an aristocrat from House Heslin.

To get into the Sandstorm Cantina, one must pass the gatekeeper, Berossus. He towers over Fremen and offworlders alike and has a bit of a philosophical bent to his thinking. Intelligent, compelling arguments that engage his mind are likely to sway him enough to let someone in the door. No one knows of any monetary bribe that has worked, thus far.

THE ILLEGAL SPICE REFINERY

There are rumors that just outside the Wind Pass settlement lies a hidden spice refinery unknown to the local House Major and the Guild. And Sina Heslin wants details. She wants to know how much spice it's churning out and who is running it.

After the players find out for her, Sina may just send them on another mission. If smugglers are running the refinery, she may request a heist to fill her own coffers. If her rival Sarpedon Ensel has any involvement in the refinery, she will suggest sabotaging the facility. If one of the other Houses has their claws in this lucrative venture, she might recommend leading local authorities to surreptitiously discover it with a plethora of evidence conveniently compiled inside (meticulously collected by her mercenaries, of course).

In a stifling, ill-made stillsuit, Agdta Diehl patrols the outer edge of the refinery campus as a security guard. She doesn't know who her ultimate boss is, and, honestly, she doesn't care. Agdta took the job to pay for medication for her nephew who suffers from a childhood disease. For enough solaris, or with a story that will tug at her sense of justice, Agdta might be willing to help smuggle a group into the refinery or smuggle some information out.

Chapter 5:
The Water Must Flow

"My father once told me that respect for the truth comes close to being the basis for all morality. 'Something cannot emerge from nothing,' he said. This is profound thinking if you understand how unstable 'the truth' can be."

-from "Conversations with Muad'Dib" by the Princess Irulan

Adventure Outline

Tensions run high as a water shortage strains Carthag and cripples Arrakeen. Taking their cues from House Harkonnen, the governing House of Arrakis spreads rumors of Fremen capturing water caravans and damaging collectors. Now, they say the Fremen have hijacked a carryall full of vital water. This act of terrorism plunges Arrakis into crisis as those who can afford it stock up on water and opportunists take advantage of the political strife.

With a thirsty public on the verge of rioting and water sellers price gouging, House Harkonnen squeezes the population with an increased fai (a water tribute/tax). But when the player characters lose part of their House's water tribute, they must find a way to make good on the debt while an ambitious water merchant attempts to sabotage their efforts.

When is the Adventure Set?

Like 'Harvesters of Dune', this adventure takes place before the events of Dune while the Harkonnens control Arrakis. It's written with House Harkonnen in mind as the governing House, but the gamemaster can adjust aspects of the story, including the era, to best serve the needs of players.

'The Water Must Flow' can serve as a standalone adventure as well as link to an ongoing campaign or act as a springboard for future adventure. If you have played 'Harvesters of Dune', depending on how the story resolved, there are several tie-in opportunities.

Second only to the spice melange, water is a resource vital to any noble House. Player characters can act as members of their own House, work under franchise for another, or as free agents under contract.

Structure

The adventure includes a prelude and three acts. During the prelude in Arrakeen, a thirsty mob overwhelms the player characters while they deliver their House's fai to the Harkonnen. In the melee, they lose a portion of the water tax, which could earn them the ire of House Harkonnen. But when they report to the treasurer of their House, they learn of an opportunity to make a deal with one of the guests at a feast.

The first act takes place at this feast. Hosted by a pet House of the Harkonnen, the decadent clothier House Seraut, the player characters must use their social cunning to corner a newly installed Harkonnen treasury clerk named Eques Farzan and negotiate an equitable resolution. Farzan offers the characters a chance to clear the debt by investigating the carryall hijacking and bringing the perpetrators to him.

In the second act, the investigation sends the player characters to the water-wasteful city of Carthag where they will face the corruption and cutthroat politics of the criminal underworld. Little do they realize that they are in a race against time as an assassin attempts to capitalize on their progress so he can tie up loose ends and leave the trail cold.

After uncovering what they can in Carthag, the third act has the player characters venture into the desert. Using a combination of force and finesse, they must capture the water bandits responsible for the hijacking, locate a portion of the missing water, and return to Farzan with answers. Only then may they avoid the repercussions of shorting House Harkonnen.

ASSETS

If they don't already have them, player characters should have access to Arrakis-manufactured stillsuits (assets of Quality 0), as the adventure takes them into the deep desert. These are not as effective as Fremen stillsuits, but still offer player characters a chance at survival. They also need access to an ornithopter or have the means of hiring one. If they are agents of a House, their House can provide these things if required.

Player characters should also have access to personal combat assets, be they melee or ranged weapons, shields, or even light body armor. Character writeups for the notable and minor supporting characters are provided, but the gamemaster should adjust their relative effectiveness to accommodate the relative experience of the player characters. 'The Water Must Flow' should be a challenging and enjoyable experience; not so difficult that it frustrates them and not so easy that it leaves them bored and disinterested.

Prelude: A Great Concern for Water

Under the burning sun, an angry mob surrounds the Arrakeen spaceport. With water prices at a record high, the thirsty masses crush against the security gate as Harkonnen stewards, with a fleet of ornithopters and a cadre of armed guards, collect the fai—the water tribute—from each noble House on Arrakis.

Following the orders of the characters' House Treasurer, the player characters and a handful of House guards escort a small caravan of suspensor-buoyed litters filled with pallets of literjons to the gate's entrance. The fai has tripled in a single week, and the Harkonnen demand punctuality with increasingly stringent and byzantine regulations. It's difficult to tell if there is method to this madness or if it's for Carthag's amusement.

The recent water shortage has hurt the player characters' House, as it has the rest of the city, and this tax drains the majority of their water reserves. The House is not destitute by any means, but all of the solaris in the Imperium cannot purchase what is simply unavailable. The characteristic cry of the water-sellers in the souks of Arrakeen have been dearly missed.

One hundred meters from the spaceport barricade, the first rock flies, hitting one of the player characters. The mob breaks into a riot and dozens of desperate city folk rush the convoy.

There mob should consist of a number of people three times that of player characters. Writeups for the Arrakeen natives are on page 271 and the House soldiers are on page 283 of the ***Dune*** core book. This scenario throws players immediately into the action with some difficult choices and little time to make them. Do they:

- Draw their weapons and **Battle** (D1) the rushing crush of people?
- **Communicate** (D4) with the angry mob to calm them?
- Threaten the crowd with a (D3) **Discipline** test, shooting into the air or invoking the possibility of persecution?
- **Move** (D3) the convoy through the gates of the spaceport as quickly as possible?
- **Understand** the crowd (D1), recognizing they are desperate and donate a portion of the fai to the thirsty masses?
- Utilize some other method of dealing with the problem, with the Difficulty determined by the gamemaster?

Despite their efforts, many literjons will go missing. There are too many rioters and too few guards. A group of children snatch several of the literjons and flee down the street. Player characters can catch them with a Move test (D2), but by the time they catch the thieves or give up, they find themselves in a squalid neighborhood of Arrakeen where the stink of death stings the nose. The children, acting out of desperation, plead for their lives through dry, chapped lips.

While the player characters decide what to do with the children, the Harkonnen clock keeps ticking. Whether they return to finish the delivery or let the House guards handle it, the convoy glides into the spaceport. A tired Harkonnen treasury clerk examines the fai and, with a substantial number of literjons missing, marks it as insufficient. With no time to spare, the treasury ornithopters lift into the air and head towards of Carthag. There will be penalties and hardship to come unless this is resolved as quickly as possible, and likely disrupting the player characters' House's relationship with House Harkonnen and their license to harvest spice on Arrakis.

The players characters will need to deliver their report on the fai to the House Treasurer. If there is already an established figure or alternative authority, such as a House Advisor or even the Head of the House, feel free to replace the Treasurer.

If the player characters detained the children who stole from the House, now is a good time to resolve their fate.

If the gamemaster wants to add a layer of intrigue to the situation, tie the theft to an inside job planned by a cabal of House guards and staff. These individuals supplied the delivery route to the mob and consider their actions merciful charity rather than duplicity. It's their families and communities dying of thirst, not these off-world nobles. In this side plot, the player characters investigate who is responsible and determine the consequences.

Eventually, the Treasurer summons the player characters to a dark chamber illuminated by glowglobes and provides new information on the Arrakeen water crisis.

"Intelligence reports reveal a carryall was hijacked before it could deliver 10,000 literjons of water to Carthag. The Harkonnen have blamed the Fremen, which seems ludicrous, but some of the other noble Houses give the impression that they are willing to accept this at face value. The propaganda machine is in full motion, painting Fremen as responsible for the crisis. But this lost shipment is what is wreaking havoc on the water economy of Arrakis."

"The shortage of water has increased demand, which has increased the price. Noble and commoner alike scramble to purchase as much as possible. The Harkonnen increases in the water tax are exacerbating the problem. While Carthag keeps their fountains running, we've got people dying in the streets. We'll need to cut rations again."

Alarmed by the failure to pay the full fai, the Treasurer makes this an immediate concern. Penalties for not providing the entire water tribute will result in a huge financial burden and undoubtedly ripple out to political damage to the House. But there may be a solution. House Seraut, a minor House, economic rival and fellow resident of Arrakeen, has invited all the Noble Houses to a feast displaying their recent water wealth.

Recognizing this feast as tone-deaf at best and social suicide at worst, the player characters' Head of House intended to decline. However, the Treasurer notes that Eques Farzan, a newly appointed senior clerk to the Harkonnen Treasury, will be in attendance. The House Treasurer suggests the player characters attend the feast on behalf of the House so they can meet directly with Farzan to work out a deal. They can also use the opportunity to learn what they can about these rivals and the continuing water shortage. Given the reputation of House Seraut, it will undoubtedly be an elegant affair.

THE FEAST OF HOUSE SERAUT

House Seraut is a clothier focusing on stylish water reclamation, having earned their riches from breakthroughs in stillsuit technology. They specialize in textile construction for home treatments and garments offering protection from the heat and sunlight while also helping capture and reclaim condensation. Not only are they tastemakers for Arrakis, some suspect their army of stylists may also be spies who gather information on the nobles they dress. The water shortage has boosted Seraut's profits, and they are a Minor House on the rise.

Lady Behati, Viscountess of House Seraut, has invited a host of noble families and officials to a feast celebrating their recent windfalls with the intention of using the spectacle to garner more favor with House Harkonnen. She is a woman of excess. Bold and colorful, she is unapologetic about her water wealth. During the feast, she gesticulates broadly when she speaks, which often results in water spilling from her glass. And when it does, her scintillating laugh cuts across the hall.

The most she has ever paid attention to the plight of rabble was when she briefly entertained the idea that filth might provide some creative inspiration. To say she is out of touch with the needs of the people would be a generous understatement. However, no one would ever say that out loud. While House Seraut is not known for violence, they wield gossip like knives, socially savaging anyone who insults them.

After sundown, the player characters work their way through a small but growing crowd of protestors outside the home of House Seraut. The opulent feast is public knowledge, and resentful Arrakeen natives gather out of anger and desperate hope there will be leftovers to claim for themselves. A heavy gate prevents the growing mob from entering the main courtyard while armed guards create a path for the player characters to enter with ease.

Passing under a lavish entryway of hovering glowglobes draped in lush hanging plants and decorative vines, they follow a procession into a large hall. Erected in the middle of the hall, standing upon a short pillar and looming at just above eye level, is a perfectly clear ice sculpture in the shape of the Seraut crest—a kit fox. The existence of an ice sculpture is likely raise eyebrows, as no more conspicuous and ostentatious display of wealth on Arrakis can be imagined.

Guests parade in the finest silks while high-ranking officers display polished medals on their full-dress uniforms. Servants pour water, wine, and spice beer as generously as they would on any other planet. And when water is spilled, or sometimes deliberately flung onto the floor, young servants with rags swarm the puddles in hopes of taking a drop or two home to their families.

HARVESTERS TIE: JARIS OBREGON

If the player characters participated in 'Harvesters of Dune' and their decisions resulted in Jaris Obregon escaping, the notable supporting character may find employment with House Seraut. Her background and character sheet can be found on page 309 in the ***Dune*** core rulebook. Obregon's presence at the feast makes it more difficult for player characters to complete their objective. She may call additional security, deploy surveillance devices to follow the player characters, or even attempt to assassinate one of them.

EQUES FARZAN, SENIOR CLERK TO THE HARKONNEN TREASURY

(NOTABLE SUPPORTING CHARACTER)

A training accident permanently removed most of Farzan's left arm, which lead to his dismissal from the swordmaster school on Ginaz. While this disappointed his family, in truth, Farzan was relieved. He preferred collecting swords over using them for bloodshed and had fully expected to get killed in the final graduation if he ever reached that point. So in many ways the injury was a relief.

Afterward, he was assigned to an accounting unit within House Harkonnen. After years of dedication and excellent service, the Harkonnen Treasurer appointed him to the position of senior clerk. His role is to collect and catalogue the water tributes from the other noble Houses on Arrakis.

Farzan does not partake in the usual Harkonnen brutality or pride. Of course, he has taken bribes and cooked a book or two, but he considers himself less corrupt than most. In the face of the water crisis, he is highly motivated in resolving the situation before one of his colleagues places the blame on him.

DRIVE		STATEMENT
DUTY:	5	
FAITH:	3	
JUSTICE:	7	Do a great right, do a little wrong.
POWER:	5	
TRUTH:	7	Numbers do not lie

SKILL		FOCUSES
BATTLE:	4	
COMMUNICATE:	7	Diplomacy
DISCIPLINE:	4	
MOVE:	3	
UNDERSTAND:	7	Finance, House Politics

Traits: Bureaucrat, Cautious

TALENTS

- **Binding Promise:** When Farzan succeeds at a Communicate test to persuade someone to agree to a promise or deal, he may spend 1, 2, or 3 Threat to make the agreement binding.
- **Cautious (Communicate)**: When Farzan attempts a test using that skill and buys additional d20s by spending Threat, he may re-roll a single d20 in that dice pool.

Assets: Emergency Transmitter, Knife, Poison Snooper

A man matching the description of Eques Farzan admires the ice sculpture with a furrowed brow. While the player characters may have intended to have a discrete conversation with him, Lady Behati has insisted on amplifying the music to drown out the protesters yelling from the outer gate. As a result, the only area quiet enough for a conversation is an attached parlor where a water tasting is underway. Player characters can follow Farzan into the dimly lit room where Romesha Cotto, a well-regarded water merchant, offers thimbles of water to each of the participants. The samples come from exotic locales including the polar ice caps of Arrakis, rainwater from Caladan, and the Isana River on Poritrin. Cotto encourages the participants to sip the water, allow it to rest in the mouth to absorb the taste, then spit the water into one of many spittoons dotting the tables. Servants do their best to hide their expressions of horror while guests sip and spit.

AN EXCHANGE OF FAVORS

Eques Farzan appears out of place. Reluctant to join in the water tasting, he does it regardless with a sense of obligation to fit in. Anyone in this parlor not participating, which includes the player characters, is notably out of place.

However, if the player characters give Farzan a chance to pass on a flight or two, he seizes the opportunity. Between sips, the player characters can explain their situation. He listens intently before making a counter-offer.

Hamstrung by red tape and bureaucracy, he suggests the player characters might have more freedom to investigate the carryall hijacking. If they can bring the hijackers to him alive for interrogation, he will not only clear the debt but lower the fai rate for their House. He reiterates the need for discretion, and his preference is that those responsible are brought to him alive. If the player characters need a place to start, Farzan suggests they "Follow the water..."

SPECIAL GUESTS

Several minor supporting characters can provide additional details and background information about the player characters' objectives. They include:

- Disgruntled staff passing along intelligence on House Seraut. While they have no information on who hijacked the carryall, they don't believe Lady Behati is involved. She has spent a fortune on water to build her clientele and ingratiated herself to the Harkonnens. A challenging (D2) **Communicate** test reveals additional details about House Seraut, including House roles, general strength, and enemies.
- Water sellers can discuss the water economy. Several of them work behind the scenes with kitchen staff to keep the water flowing. They explain that stillsuits and traps can collect moisture, but large quantities of water must be farmed. They maintain these farms on the outskirts of Arrakeen with deep-sunk wells and industrial precipitators. Then, they sell their captured water on the streets. Mined polar ice and off-world imports are also part of the water economy, both of which are expensive. Notably, the skyrocketing price of water is putting most sellers and merchants out of business so many are consolidating and partnering to stay afloat. If asked about the hijacking, the water sellers have no suspects. One water seller may suggest it would take a small army to hijack a carryall—something available to the noble Houses of Arrakis or the criminal gangs operating out of Carthag.
- Torig Gravis, a Harkonnen general from Carthag. Fremen sietches are a known source of water, and the Harkonnens have intensified their raids against them. Unfortunately, most of these raids have resulted in unacceptable losses for the Harkonnens, a frustration the general isn't shy about expressing. The general believes wholeheartedly all water problems lead back to Fremen.
- Selina Doran, a spice smuggler. If asked about the hijacking, the smuggler will reveal there is no profit in transporting water. Smugglers on Arrakis focus exclusively on the spice melange, so she suggests taking a hard look at water bandits.
- Nobles from other Houses. Some are hoarding water, adding to the crisis. Others fear uprising and have acted charitably or increased their security. Many believe the propaganda and blame the Fremen for the carryall hijacking. A few may even be negotiating with the Spacing Guild to obtain passage offworld while others whisper rumors about a coalition of Houses banding together.
- Caron Varshal, an envoy of House Corrino. To add an optional layer of intrigue, insert a representative of the Padishah Emperor. This influential individual appears friendly with House Seraut and Romesha Cotto, which may suggest a grander conspiracy at work. What if powers located within the Imperial Court of Emperor Shaddam IV have financed this spectacle?
- The gamemaster should also feel free to include other notable supporting characters from previous or future campaigns.

ROMESHA COTTO, AMBITIOUS WATER MERCHANT

(NOTABLE SUPPORTING CHARACTER)

Romesha Cotto is water soft, but that is due, according to them, to an exclusive offworld contract with Caladan. This supposed contract has lifted Cotto's family to the precipice of becoming a nascent House. But with only a small retinue and no planet to call home, they still require sponsorship. To that end, they intend to corner the water market on Arrakis, and using their guile, will achieve their goal.

Romesha is a social chameleon, taking on the traits of the company they are in. They can put on a smiling face with the Harkonnen laughing at some misfortune or depravity as easily as they can play a victim among the other water merchants complaining about the high cost of living. Quick and cunning, they see all and reveal little. For Cotto, their own survival is paramount. And in the game of Imperial chess, they will not hesitate to sacrifice a queen to achieve victory

Cotto is a key figure behind the carryall hijacking but has obfuscated their involvement behind multiple proxies. They have embarked on a dangerous gambit by hiring a criminal gang run by someone named Boselli to hijack the water carryall. Using the stolen water, they sell exclusively to key noble Houses (including House Seraut) and make a fortune in the process. Unfortunately, with Farzan on the hunt for the criminals, Cotto realizes it is only a matter of time until he captures the bandits, and they spill their secrets.

However, just like Farzan, Cotto doesn't know where the hijackers are hiding. They also don't have the resources to track them down, so they intend to use the player characters to get to Boselli's gang while a trusted assassin ultimately kills the bandits before they can talk.

DRIVE		STATEMENT
DUTY:	5	
FAITH:	6	I forge my own destiny.
JUSTICE:	4	
POWER:	8	No one will look down on me.
TRUTH:	4	

SKILL		FOCUSES
BATTLE:	3	
COMMUNICATE:	7	Deceit, Listening
DISCIPLINE:	7	Observe
MOVE:	5	
UNDERSTAND:	5	

Finding out this connection to the hijacking should be difficult for the player characters. Cotto was just the money. They should come across as a someone who can help the players' characters and as a merchant who simply made a bad deal with the wrong person, namely Miran Rocha.

Traits: Survivor, Water Merchant

TALENTS

- **Constantly Watching:** Whenever Cotto attempts a skill test to detect danger or hidden enemies, they may reduce the Difficulty by 2, to a minimum of 0.
- **Hidden Motives:** When an opponent fails an Understand or Communicate test against Cotto, Cotto may immediately create a trait which reflects a mistaken belief the opponent has about them.

Assets: Assassins, Contacts and Agents, Knife, Personal Shield

THE PLOT THICKENS

If the player characters don't approach Romesha Cotto at the feast, Cotto will approach them or send staff to invite them to speak. Cotto apologizes for overhearing the conversation they had with Farzan and proposes trading a lead for a small favor.

"You see, I am indebted to a rather unsavory figure in Carthag. In order to procure my water contract with Caladan, I had to secure a loan. When the banks refused, I was forced to turn to Miran Rocha, a black marketeer. I'm not proud of my choices, but I'm almost out from under this if I could just deliver a last shipment of water to her. Except, with everything going on in the streets, I can't do that myself."

"If you make the delivery to Rocha in Carthag, I'll tell you who I think stole the carryall."

If the player characters decline Cotto's offer, Act Two has other avenues to proceed.

PARTY CRASHERS

When the gamemaster wants to close the scene, the outside mob breach the outer gate. As House Seraut guards fight off the crowd, the guests panic. Servants scurry into the shadows and others take up arms. The player characters have several options to close out Scene One.

- They can **Battle** (D1) the mob who, though numerous, poses little threat.
- They can **Communicate** (D5) with the rioters to get them to go home.
- They can scare the crowd with a (D3) **Discipline** test, compelling them to flee.
- They can **Move** (D2) via stealth to leave the compound and escape the riot.

Even if the player characters refuse Cotto's offer, appropriate traits and assets can help track those responsible for the carryall hijacking.

- Courtesans can point out which bars and brothels in Carthag criminals frequent.
- Criminals and smugglers know when Boselli's bandits gang is selling large quantities of water. They can also provide the history behind the gang, in addition to background information on Rocha.
- Political contacts can point the player characters at Carthag. Through government officials or noble Houses in the know, the asset can mention the Carthag spaceport where the hijacked carryall was supposed to land.
- Spies and assassins have spotted an assassin named Deimos, who normally operates in Arrakeen, in Carthag. They can also provide information on Rocha.

The gamemaster may provide additional means of locating the water bandits per the makeup of their player characters' party. The goal is to point them toward Carthag.

Carthag, the seat of Harkonnen power on Arrakis, is located 200 kilometers from Arrakeen. Accessible primarily by ornithopter and separated by a great deal of challenging terrain, it exists in conflict with its desert surroundings. The cheap and brassy megalopolis of Carthag is rife with corruption.

As word of the Arrakeen riots reaches Carthag, the Harkonnens uses them as justification to intensify their raids against Fremen sietches. However, these increased military incursions into the desert are not going well, losing dozens of soldiers for every Fremen they manage to make an example of. Fremen may not walk the streets of Carthag, but criminals absolutely do.

INVESTIGATING LEADS

In Act Two, the player characters are led to investigate the three locations in the following order: the Carthag Spaceport, Miran Rocha's warehouse, then The Eastern Wasteland. But the scenes can also be quite freeform, with player characters following the trail in whatever order they prefer. Each location adds information about the hijacking and Boselli's criminal gang. Regardless of whether the player characters visit all three locations or not, the act should end at The Eastern Wasteland.

DEIMOS

Unbeknownst to the player characters, Romesha Cotta has hired an assassin to trail them. Deimos has two objectives. First and foremost, he needs to locate and kill Boselli's gang, to prevent them from turning on his employer, Cotto. Second, Deimos needs to capture incriminating evidence on the player characters.

Deimos is in Carthag, waiting for the ornithopter carrying the player characters to land at the spaceport. From there, he intends to follow the player characters, trusting that they will lead him to Boselli's gang.

Additionally, it never hurts to have blackmail on members of a noble House. One of Cotto's ulterior motives for asking the player characters to make a delivery to Rocha is to ensure that Deimos gets incriminating evidence to use as leverage. Proof the player characters are supplying a notorious black marketeer could do just that.

Deimos uses **Move** to track the player characters via stealth, but as they are unaware of his existence, the Difficulty is 0. At least once per scene and no more than once per location, the player characters can use **Discipline** or **Understand** tests to spot him. If they do, he flees and hides until it's safe to track them again.

Deimos should be difficult to catch, and it may be more interesting to drop small clues in the wake of his departure. But if player characters catch him, he passes himself off as an independent contractor hired to find water and does what he can to barter for his freedom.

DEIMOS, ASSASSIN

(NOTABLE SUPPORTING CHARACTER)

Deimos owes his life to Romesha Cotto. The child of a single mother working in a spice refinery, Deimos was sold to Cotto at the age of seven. His mother found herself on the wrong side of some gambling debts and had tried to sell him to a slaver headed to Poritrin when Romesha interceded. As a water seller making a local delivery, Romesha overheard the exchange. Taking pity on the boy (and needing small hands to help clean filtration equipment), they bought Deimos instead. His mother snatched the money and never looked back.

Romesha raised Deimos, grooming him to be a water seller in their budding merchant empire until Romesha's partner gave birth to fraternal twins. If there was anyone Deimos was more loyal to than Romesha Cotto, it would be these children. Over time, Deimos grew more interested in learning ways to protect the twins, and by extension, the Cotto family, than hauling water across Arrakeen. Now, years later, he has become a dedicated assassin and spy investing blood, sweat, and tears into the success of his adopted family.

Deimos isn't a direct antagonist. He is a character the gamemaster can use to add complications, setting enforcement, and consequences to player choices without needing fire-fights, player character death, or removing abilities from player's sheets. If the player characters make good decisions, Deimos can fail in his objectives.

On the other hand, if player characters make poor choices or get lazy, Deimos can alter how successful they are at accomplishing Farzan's task. He can sabotage the player characters' ability to bring the bandits in alive, which may mean sabotaging an ornithopter during Act Three, beating the player characters to the bandit camp, or trying to poison the bandits after capture.

Traits: Assassin, Loyal

DRIVE		STATEMENT
DUTY:	7	I owe my life to Romesha Cotto.
FAITH:	4	
JUSTICE:	6	No child should suffer.
POWER:	3	
TRUTH:	5	

SKILL		FOCUSES
BATTLE:	6	Assassination
COMMUNICATE:	3	
DISCIPLINE:	4	
MOVE:	7	Stealth
UNDERSTAND:	5	Poison

TALENTS

- **Subtle Step:** When Deimos attempts a Move test to pass unseen through an area, or when he attempts to move an asset subtly during a conflict, the first extra d20 purchased for the test is free.
- **Unquestionable Loyalty:** At the start of each adventure, Deimos begins with 3 Threat that only he may use when acting in direct service to Romesha Cotto.

Assets: Dartgun, Hunter-seeker, Poison, Surveillance Equipment

HARVESTERS TIE: LORRIMER GLOBUS

If the player characters participated in 'Harvesters of Dune' and Lorrimer Globus is still connected to the House, he can give the party carryall schematics, tips on how to read flight plans and manifests, or other bits of information someone as incompetent as him can manage.

If the House removed him from his position, the player characters could find him as a middle manager pushing paper at the spaceport. He may be less inclined to assist the characters, but if they make it worth his while, Globus can point them in the direction of an air traffic control operator who seems to have come into some money.

His background and character sheet can be found on page 311 in the ***Dune*** core rulebook.

THE CARTHAG SPACEPORT

The missing carryall was due to land at the Carthag spaceport. If the player characters pass a (D2) **Understand** test, they realize carryall flight is strictly regulated. Only certain individuals would have a complete schedule of arrivals and departures. Intelligence the captors must have had.

Whether doing a paperwork dive (like checking shift reports, shipping and flight manifests, or financial records) or Globus (see sidebar) pointing out the air traffic control operator, the player characters run across the name 'Adavir Toth'. They can wait until Toth's next shift or find out where she lives to interrogate, pay off, blackmail, seduce, or otherwise convince her to reveal her duplicity in the hijacking.

Toth was paid handsomely to notify security of a decoy air threat which lured forces to a different part of the spaceport while the bandits hijacked the carryall. By the time security realized what was happening, the carryall was headed into the open desert.

Toth is a pawn who saw an easy payday, so she does not know details. If the player characters **Battle** (D2) using torture or **Communicate** (D3) using interrogation techniques or threats, she will describe Deimos as the figure who paid her off, but does not know his name.

Player characters can turn Toth over to the authorities or let her go.

MEETING MIRAN ROCHA

If the player characters agreed to help Romesha Cotto, they take the water cargo to Miran Rocha. Operating out of an empty spice mining warehouse, Rocha has muscle with her, just in case things turn ugly. The number and relative competence are up to the gamemaster, but they should feel free to use the writeup for criminals listed on p 275 of the ***Dune*** core rulebook. Rocha and her people are professionals. They arrive for the meeting, conduct their transaction, and depart unless antagonized, at which point, they jump in with the intent to kill.

Deimos tracks the player characters to this meeting, and if they agreed to deliver water for Cotto, captures the transaction with a surveillance device. The delivered water is originally from the stolen carryall, making the player characters appear complicit in its theft. Cotto intends to use this as a potential bargaining chip down the road.

If the player characters successfully deliver the water shipment to Rocha, Cotto makes good on their promise. Using a communinet transceiver, Cotto, back in Arrakeen, tells the player characters that one of Boselli's gang approached them with a discount price on a large quantity of water. Cotto lies, claiming they refused to purchase suspect water after which these bandits threatened to kill them if they informed the authorities.

If the player characters did not agree to help Cotto, they can still approach Rocha. She knows Boselli's gang is selling large quantities of water, and she knows they frequent The Eastern Wasteland, but she won't provide this information for free. The player characters can negotiate a fee or perform a service for Rocha. Rocha could need them to break into a Harkonnen armory and steal a cache of weapons or steal the signet ring from the head of a noble House. The difficulty of the task and time requirements are left to the gamemaster.

MIRAN ROCHA, BLACK MARKETEER

(NOTABLE SUPPORTING CHARACTER)

Miran is not a native to Arrakis, though she might as well be. She fell in with Carthag's criminal element first as a thief, then as a smuggler, and has spent the past few years building her own black market fiefdom. She is a well-regarded black marketeer, brokering services between the noble Houses and those willing to both bend and break the law.

Rocha sees herself as a businesswoman willing to work with anyone who can get a job done, including smugglers, fences, prostitutes, and legitimate merchants. As someone who has seen too much, she is not easily impressed and grows irritated when her time is wasted. Jokes, catcalls, and the like are met with a calm threat of violence.

Traits: Criminal, Cunning

TALENTS

- **Find Trouble:** Wherever Rocha is, once per adventure, she can always make contact with the criminal underworld or black market.
- **The Slow Blade:** When Rocha attacks during combat using a melee weapon and buys one or more dice by spending Threat, she may choose one of the enemy's assets in the same zone as her attack; she can ignore that asset during during attack.

DRIVE		STATEMENT
DUTY:	4	
FAITH:	6	
JUSTICE:	5	
POWER:	7	Take what you can, while you can.
TRUTH:	6	I decide what is true.

SKILL		FOCUSES
BATTLE:	7	Dirty Fighting
COMMUNICATE:	7	Bartering
DISCIPLINE:	3	
MOVE:	4	
UNDERSTAND:	6	Danger Sense

Assets: Criminal contacts, Long Blade, Maula Pistol

THE EASTERN WASTELAND

Given the stranglehold the Harkonnens have on Arrakis, it's difficult for any rival organization to gain the upper hand. Even the criminal underworld of Carthag pays off House agents to stay in business. Boselli's gang is no exception.

The small group of bandits maintains a hideout in an abandoned sietch 50 kilometers from Carthag but travel to the capital city to sell the water they steal. When they do, they frequent The Eastern Wasteland, a bar and brothel named after the sprawling desolation on Giedi Prime. The player characters encounter a pair of Boselli's gang members drinking and carousing the night away. Some actions the player characters can take:

- **Battle** (D2) the bandits in an ambush.
- Interrogate or intimidate them with a (D3) **Communicate** test.
- Use a (D2) **Discipline** test to secretly place a tracking device on one of the bandits.
- Follow them to the Carthag spaceport after they've finished their festivities with a successful (D1) **Move** test.
- Search their gear for clues to the hideout location with a (D2) **Understand** test.

These low-ranking minions are part of the gang but weren't on the carryall job and have little to offer in intel, aside from confirming it was the gang who hijacked it. If defeated, interrogated, or intimidated, the bandits admit to stealing the water, but do not willingly reveal the location of their secret desert compound. They are more afraid of their boss than the player characters, and telling anyone about the hideout is a death sentence.

However, the player characters may have skills to extract the information unwillingly, or they can surveil the group instead of engaging. If left alone, the bandits depart Carthag and travel home to the hideout, leading the player characters to Act Three.

BOSELLI'S BANDITS

(MINOR SUPPORTING CHARACTERS)

Boselli's bandit gang was formed by Andros Boselli, a mercenary hired to guard spice mining operations for House Richese during their economic war with House Vernius. But when House Richese found itself on the losing end of that conflict, they betrayed Andros Boselli, along with several of his crew. So, Boselli and crew turned on their former employers and recouped far more than just their salaries by stealing from the House. More irritation than actual problem, Boselli never did much more damage to the Richese than a papercut.

Andros and his original crew have long since died, but the gang lived on and are still referred to by his name. In recent years, and under new management, they have specialized in water theft. Though not as ruthless as the Sardaukar or as desert savvy as Fremen, they are technologically gifted and possess the skills necessary to capture and pilot a carryall.

The gamemaster can customize the bandits or use the writeups for criminals on page 275 of the ***Dune*** core rulebook. To simplify them further the gamemaster might assign them a generic Drive of 5.

HARVESTERS TIE: JOTHI METZOS

If the player characters participated in 'Harvesters of Dune', Jothi Metzos, the harvester captain and spice smuggler, can either assist or complicate this encounter. Her writeup is on page 315 of the ***Dune*** core rulebook.

As an informant, she can provide intelligence on Miran Rocha, arrange the meeting, help with the exchange, or assist in the fight for a fee. As an antagonist, she can complicate the plot by giving Rocha information on the player characters, convince Rocha to renege on the deal, or attack the player characters during a fight.

Cloistered within a rocky rim wall, the hideout for Boselli's gang is in an abandoned sietch just west of Carthag, near the garrison village of Tsimpo. Given its proximity to the capital, the sietch was the first to fall after the Harkonnen occupation.

Fifty kilometers is a short distance for an ornithopter, but an ornithopter is easy to spot and likely to get shot down before it lands. The more subtle method is to walk the distance, which at an average speed of five kilometers per hour, will take a minimum of ten hours. Or, more likely, taking an ornithopter partway, landing out of sight, and then walking from there. Journeying across the arid landscape of Arrakis is never easy, even with portable water and stillsuits. Potential encounters include:

- A small group of wounded Harkonnen soldiers, separated from their unit after a raid, desperate to make their way back to Carthag. Helping them could secure a favor from the Harkonnens but delay finding the hideout. If left to the elements, it's possible one of the soldiers will survive to remember.
- If a Fremen is among the player characters, they could run into a band of mercenaries. These Fremen-hunters invite the player characters to sit and eat with them, masquerading their true intentions with a show of friendship. Once everyone's guards come down, these dangerous individuals attempt to capture and kidnap the Fremen player character.
- Attracting a worm is inevitable if the player characters do not walk without rhythm or find a way to stick to rocky ground. Thankfully, they are not too far into the deep desert, where a worm is a certainty, but they will be lucky to pass without attracting at least one. The player characters must find shelter or lure the creature away with a thumper before it is too late.
- Well-armed Fremen surround if the player characters, concerned they are part of the Harkonnen raids.

THE ATTACK ON BOSELLI'S BANDIT GANG

The abandoned sietch includes a network of caves, many of which collapsed from mortar shells long ago. It includes a dozen living quarters, several communal areas, and a large storage vault—currently filled with 4,000 literjons of water. There is no sign of the carryall, which they sold shortly after capture. The sietch also includes a makeshift landing pad with three worn ornithopters. The gamemaster can add other stolen items and property to weave into future stories.

The gang includes criminals equal to twice the number of player characters. The gamemaster can create a single 'bandit captain', drawing inspiration from the house guard on page 283 or elite soldier on page 288 in the ***Dune*** core rulebook. Increase or decrease the number of combatants, and their level of lethality, per the experience of the players.

Either with a direct assault or a sneak attack, dealing with these bandits is a simple (albeit potentially bloody) affair. In the aftermath, alive or dead, the player characters need a means of delivering both the bandits and the recovered water to Arrakeen, though the three worn ornithopters are certainly available. If the fire-fight destroys or damages the ornithopters, the player characters can use a communinet transceiver to contact Eques Farzan. He happily provides one.

And Deimos? If the player characters take too long between discovery of the hideout and apprehending the criminals (for example, waiting hours until nightfall or having a scouting party find the hideout before returning to camp), Deimos assassinates the bandits. When the player characters return, they find only corpses.

HARVESTERS TIE: DRASIL

If the player characters participated in 'Harvesters of Dune', the Fremen, Drasil, can play a vital role in Act Three. His background and character sheet can be found on page 313 of the ***Dune*** core rulebook.

If things were left on good terms, Drasil can provide desert crossing equipment or he can offer intelligence on the abandoned sietch that includes a secret, tunnel entrance. He might even save the player characters from a worm they have attracted, and teach them proper walking techniques.

ZONES IN THE HIDEOUT

To play out a full conflict, the bandit's base can be divided into different zones or can use the map provided. Each zone can have different environmental traits and options that can be used to either side's advantage. Some examples are provided below, but the gamemaster should ideally make the place their own. The gamemaster might reveal the map to the player characters as they explore the base and move their assets into place.

MAIN ENTRANCE

A small opening in the rock leads to a small guard position.

Traits: Cramped, Hidden

COMMUNAL AREA

A wide open cave where the bandits can gather for meals or recreation

Traits: Busy, Central, Cluttered

LIVING AREAS

Each small cave is a different size but inhabited by one or two bandits. There is space for a bed and some personal effects.

Traits: Personal, Small

LANDING PAD

A tunnel takes you to an open space hidden inside the rock just large enough for a small ornithoper

Traits: Hidden, Landing Space, Open

ARMORY

A few pieces of weaponry and equipment are stored here; it is always guarded.

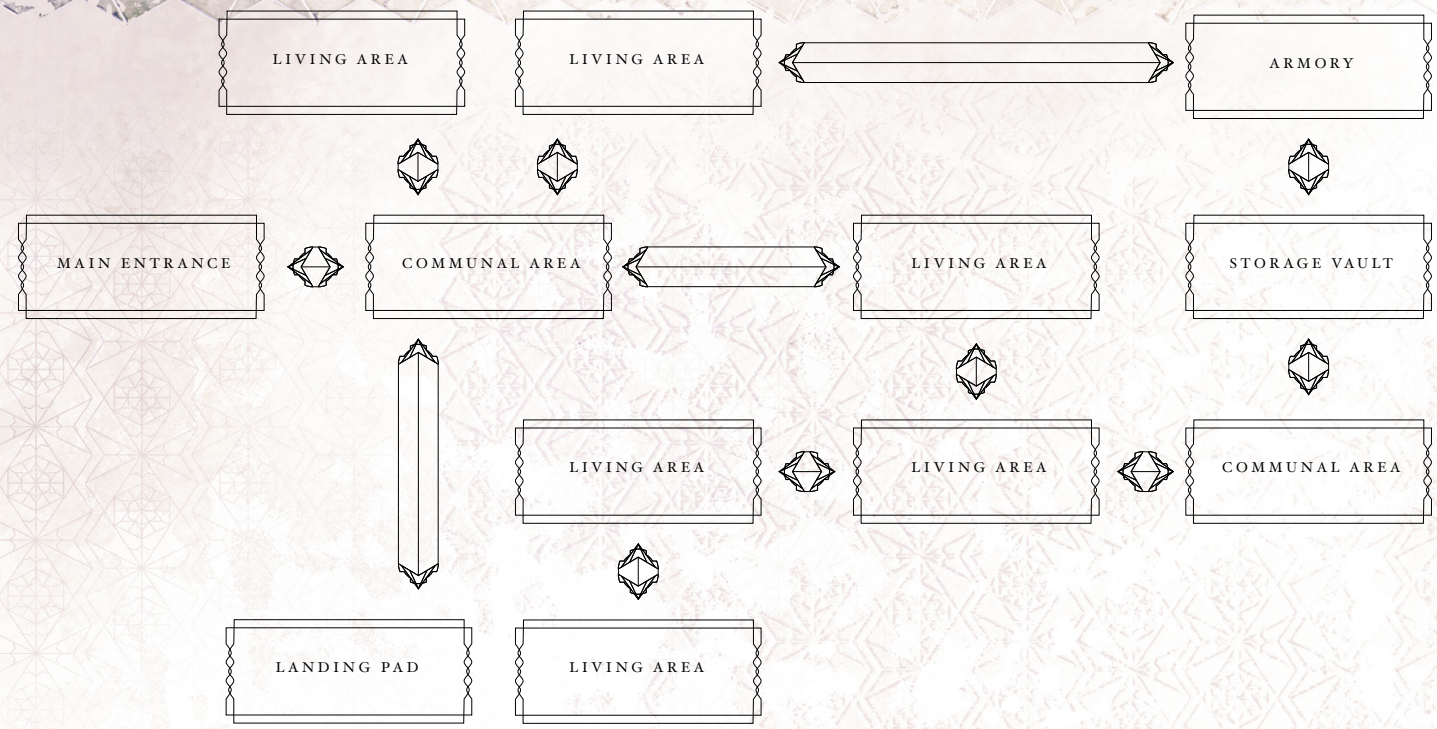
Traits: Weaponry, Well-guarded

STORAGE VAULT

A vast room where the water is stored. The place is littered with empty crates marked with the name of the hijacked carryall the water has been decanted out of.

Traits: Open, Vast, Water

Hideout Zone Map



Conclusion

With a portion of the stolen water recovered, the player characters can decide what to do with it. They can keep it for themselves, donate it to the masses, or sell it. Regardless, with the bandits caught dead or alive, the fragile water economy of Arrakis will quickly find its balance once again.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THEY RETURN TO FARZAN?

- If they bring the hijackers in alive, he clears the House of their debt and lowers the fai rate for the House.
- If they return with corpses or actionable information, Farzan splits the difference, wiping the debt but declining to lower the fai rate.
- If the player characters return the stolen water to mitigate the dead bandits, Farzan takes the water and gives his word he can be called on in the future to help the House.
- If the player characters only return the stolen water, Farzan, though disappointed, ensures that the House doesn't suffer any further consequences while they repay the original debt.

WHAT ABOUT ROMESHA COTTO?

Cotto financed the hijacking for a cut of the water. This solidified their position as a water merchant and earned them enormous riches from inflated prices. If the player characters did not uncover Cotto's connection, they will go on to create a nascent House for use in future stories.

If the player characters do manage to tie Cotto to the hijacking, Cotto does everything they can to wriggle out of the pinch. If there is incriminating evidence, they use it to leverage their way out of the situation. On the other hand, if their back is against the wall, Cotto offers to pay off the player characters with an exclusive water contract at a substantially reduced price. This could be a chance for the player character's House to earn an ally beholden to them.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

These potential avenues may be implemented in conjunction with 'The Water Must Flow' or as separate jumping-off points.

- Vagrants are disappearing off the streets of Arrakeen. An investigation leads to a murder-for-profit scheme. A local doctor has found a way to extract water from the bodies (a jury-rigged deathstill, but not of Fremen make) and is selling that water at exorbitant prices.
- Spice deliveries from Arrakis to CHOAM are at a record low. Between conservative spice mining operations, Fremen disruption, and skilled spice thieves, it's a perfect storm. House Harkonnen calls an emergency meeting of the Minor Houses of Arrakeen. Their offer is simple—the House that can solve the issue of spice production will earn Harkonnen patronage. Player characters must strategize and execute a plan on behalf of their House while fending off political sabotage from rivals.
- A Fremen leader executes a series of brutal attacks on Carthag. Tensions are high, with widespread Harkonnen retaliation and countless innocents killed in the crossfire. The player characters must build a broad coalition of Houses to fortify the city and bring an end to hostilities.
- Seeking to recoup their losses from spice thieves, the player characters capture a harvester factory from a rival House. This high-risk-heist involves sneaking inside, incapacitating the crew, and making off with the melange without detection. But when they realize the captured harvester functions on behalf of House Corrino, it's already too late.
- A Bene Gesserit agent arrives in Arrakeen on behalf of the Sisterhood. Their eugenics project requires a marriage between two rival Houses who refuse to comply. As she negotiates a resolution over the course of days, the player characters serve as her bodyguard while foes attempt to assassinate her.
- A Ginaz Swordmaster operating out of Carthag has an immense bounty on their head. The player characters race to collect the bounty while fending off a half dozen other hunters.
- While resupplying in the Hagga Basin, a group of villagers approach the player characters asking for help after a ruthless spice smuggler forces the villagers to work the harvesters while holding their children captive.

- A rare albino sandworm has been attacking harvesters with unusual lethality. The Harkonnen gather a fleet of ornithopters to hunt down and slay the beast using rockets and explosives. With an exclusive spice contract on the line, even the player characters consider the hunt.
- A Fremen child is found murdered in Arrakeen, resulting in a breakdown of civility between the native and off-world populations. The player characters must find those responsible and bring them to justice. With racial tensions on the verge of bloodshed, time is a factor.
- In an unsavory district of Carthag, one of the player characters wakes up next to a dead prostitute, without any idea how that occurred. With the authorities just outside, it is a clear set up. The player characters must avoid the law and unearth who is framing them.
- When an unknown party poisons a Fremen ambassador, the player characters rush that ambassador to the nearest doctor. Unfortunately, the doctor refuses to help, declaring that their wife and brother died in a Fremen attack. The player characters have no time to find a new physician and must convince the doctor to set aside their vengeance.
- The player characters must protect a peace summit between several noble Houses. During the proceedings, a Harkonnen scientist approaches the player characters, declaring their intention to defect. If she does, the player characters will gain access to vital intelligence, but it will likely end peace negotiations.
- When a sudden sandstorm crashes an ornithopter carrying an agent of House Corrino, the player characters' House plans an emergency rescue. The matter is complicated, however, when spice smugglers reach the agent first. Now they must infiltrate the smuggler ring and rescue the captured agent.
- House Harkonnen imprisons the player characters under false accusation and forces them to participate in a series of gladiatorial matches. The player characters must survive the ordeal long enough to alert their House to their predicament, or escape the penitentiary on their own.
- When a scientist hires the player characters as guides for a long, harsh journey into desert to various 'pocket gardens' to better understand the ecology of Arrakis, potential encounters include Harkonnen patrols, Fremen scouts, and the unwelcome arrival of a sandworm.
- After a rival gets their hands on some classified intelligence, it becomes obvious that someone inside the player characters' House is not what they appear. Everyone is a suspect, regardless of rank or position.
- House Harkonnen tasks the player characters' with hosting a meet and greet for a Spacing Guild agent. With representatives of other Houses in attendance, the stakes and standards are high. The player characters must execute a flawless event while defending themselves from social rivals.

ARRAKIS.
SOURCE OF THE SPICE.

In the far reaches of the vast Imperium lies the hostile desert world of Arrakis. It is a deadly place, where no drop of rain falls and the people live a sparse existence in the sweltering cities of the northern pole. But Arrakis is the most important planet in the Known Universe, for it is only here that you can find the spice melange.

The spice is everything. To some, it is a way to extend life, to others a way to see into the future. It is the key to wealth and power in the Imperium, and many of the noble Houses will stop at nothing to control it in any way they can. The cities of Arrakeen and Carthag are full of agents and spies, all looking to gain advantage for their faction and ready to kill to maintain the power of their masters. Will Arrakis be the place your characters prove the power of their House? Or will their blood be spilled on the unforgiving sands?

This 156-page sourcebook for the ***Dune: Adventures in the Imperium*** roleplaying game takes you to the desert world of Arrakis and explores the secrets of the spice. Visit the hidden sietches of the Fremen to learn the mysteries of their culture. Walk without rhythm in the deep deserts and perhaps see one of the incredible sandworms. Trade secrets with spies and agents in the bustling marketplace of Arrakeen or the alleys of Carthag. Arrakis is a planet of mystery, opportunity, and danger, and those who underestimate it never leave.

Sand and Dust: The Arrakis Sourcebook contains:

- An overview of the planet Arrakis, known as Dune, its history and features.
- Detail on the mysterious desert Fremen and their many secrets.
- A host of new options for Fremen player characters, including new archetypes, talents, and rules for riding the great sandworms.
- An in-depth look at spice harvesting and those who try to smuggle and stockpile it secretly.
- The secrets of spice revealed, including new spice related talents and abilities.
- A gazetteer of the cities of Carthag and Arrakeen, including their layout, noteworthy landmarks, and what life is like for the people of each city.
- Expanded notes on creating your own campaigns on Arrakis, including a host of new NPCs, scenario hooks, and story seeds.
- New campaign options as smugglers, Fremen, or merchants instead of agents of a noble House.
- A complete adventure 'The water must flow' that involves the player characters in a deadly plot during a water shortage on Arrakis.

Dedicated to Frank Herbert, author and creator of the Dune Universe, whose singular vision and imagination have inspired us all.

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