

*On Andoria, there is always wind. Wind that runs like ice in the soul, daring you to stay alive, mocking your fragile warmth. Ghalev, delirious with hunger, took the dare, pulled hard on his blade, and then pushed it deep into the chest of Lar'dora, freeing the bastard's blood and spirit and condemning it for eternity in Ahrasath.*

*"May you never rot, Lar'dora." And the old curse would stay true. In an hour, the corpse would be a block of ice forever.*

*Ghalev stumbled then, staring into the vastness below. The wind roared in the mouth of his cave, and the glacier was coppery in the sunset. Ghalev watched darkness fall and wanted so very much to die, but the soul of his keth wasn't going to permit him such peace. Not today.*

—Douglas Bell, *Ghalev: A Novel of Andoria*, 2253

# Introduction

The Andorians are where *Star Trek* begins. Not just alphabetically, either. Everyone knows who the Vulcans and Klingons are, or think they do—comedians, reporters, your mom—but mention the Andorians to anyone except a true *Star Trek* fan, and you'll get a blank stare. Once you know the Andorians, you're on our side.

Their obscurity works as another kind of boundary: one of the imagination. We've heard very little about the Andorians in thirty years and four series, and seen even less. That frees every *Star Trek* fan to piece together those half-glimpsed sightings of Andorians in Federation council chambers and experimental facilities, those references to "Andorian blues" and "Andorian ale", and the smoothly dangerous words of Ambassador Shras in "Journey to Babel." We take these clues, and the few others scattered around, and we build our own Andoria in the skies of our imagination. That's where *Star Trek* stops just being another TV show—when you care enough to imagine a whole planet full of blue, antenna-sporting folk with daggers and passions always at the ready.

And that's what Last Unicorn Games has done here. *Among the Clans* is the most complete, comprehensive, consistent, and downright enjoyable treatment of Andoria and the Andorians ever. We've scoured the shows for all those little details and added a whole planetful of our own. As a *Star Trek Roleplaying Game* sourcebook, *Among the Clans* centers on 23rd-century Andoria, but it contains details and information for players of any other Last Unicorn *Star Trek* game.

## SUPPORTING CAST

Throughout this sourcebook, we've inserted Supporting Cast characters ready to be dropped into any series. Every Andorian is the hero of his own song; here's a few for you to use. Narrators who wish to can even use them as player characters, although some of them have more points than beginning Crew.

## THE ICON LINK

This symbol appearing behind a sentence indicates that additional information on the subject in question can be found at the Last Unicorn Games Web site at [www.lastunicorngames.com](http://www.lastunicorngames.com).



## Andorian History: Built on Blades

*A man is no more than the sum of his memories, a culture no more than the sum of its history.*

—Andorian Proverb

Six hundred years. In terms of written records, that's all that Andoria has left of the millennia-long tale of her civilization's rise to be one of the founding members of the United Federation of Planets. Before that time, Andorian history is a collection of archaeological guesswork, half-baked forgery, half-remembered legends, and mythology.



Six hundred years ago, the Andorians deliberately gutted their own heritage, erasing their past in an effort to preserve their future. Sickened by decades of brutal war that threatened to extinguish life on their planet, the followers of Lor'Vela, Andoria's legendary peacebringer and lawmaker, gathered all the records that remained of what had gone before and burned them on an icy night in 1692. It was the act of a people desperately afraid of their own tendencies, terrified that knowledge of past grudges would again bring war.