

CLIFFORD CREDENZA SYNC SHEET

Y

ou are Galactic Patrol Officer #19328-00345C: Ceto CR\$DZH*. Your three hive brothers, Alet, Bitu, and Delt all have separate bodies, but you share a single mind. That is not technically true. You all have independent thought processors, brains, but you are intuitively mentally linked, so that all four of you know and sense and feel everything together. This allows you to work with incredible coordination.

Approximately three of this planet's years ago, your hive pod crash-landed on this world while in pursuit of a galactic criminal. You had to fashion a disguise. Earth has been declared a Stage Two world, off limits to Galactic Personnel until it has developed a strong moral culture with the technology to travel to other worlds. This could be centuries away. Luckily, none of your hive pod were hurt in the crash.

You were chasing the infamous intergalactic criminal, ■■■■■. ■■■■■ is wanted for many crimes, including robbery and murder. It feeds on the life force of sentients, and is clever and slippery and difficult to catch. ■■■■■ has escaped from the Galactic Patrol on over seven different occasions. It is one of the most wanted criminals in the spheres.

The chase lasted for several time spans when name banked a close turn around Sol, attempting to use its gravity well as a boost to escape. It miscalculated, and you watched horrified as its ship exploded in the third planet's atmosphere. What a terrible way to go. Your horror was short lived as an urgent beeping from your control panel turned your attention to more pressing matters.

Your ship was low on fuel. Desperately low on fuel. Your ship gets its power from the matrix lattices inherent in carbonic crystals. You were far away from any fuel source. You did a quick scan of the system and discovered that there were many unrefined carbonic crystals on the third planet, the prohibited planet. Also, the third planet was the only one with the right conditions to support your bodies. You had no choice; you made a controlled crash landing on the planet.

Your ship is damaged and is running on auxiliary, solar, power. It does not have enough power to leave the atmosphere, but it does have enough to move about, to keep intruders out, to run the computer banks, and for disguise capability. Yes, your ship can disguise itself to look like a native house or transportation device. Currently, it looks like a circus wagon, a circus wagon that only your hive pod can enter. Luckily, your individual bodies look like earth humans, so you did not need to disguise yourselves.

You did as much research on the culture as you could and went out to meet the world. Your ship had landed in a country called The United States, a land recently recovered from a messy and barbaric civil war. You had landed outside of a small town in a state called Kansas. The occupants were naturally curious about you. To cover up your lack of knowledge about the local customs and language, you claimed to be from a foreign country. The rest of your cover identity was made up piecemeal as it was needed. You didn't have to worry about your individual bodies making a mistake as each immediately knew what the other had said.

One of the local residents asked if you were with the circus. Apparently a circus is a show made up of oddities and outcasts, a perfect cover. You had also quickly realized that carbonic crystals were either incredibly rare, or the locals did not know their use as nobody knew what you were talking about when you asked for them. The local fuel seems to be burning wood or an inferior version of carbon, known as coal.

You went to visit the circus and met with its owner Colonel Sebastian T. Rawhide. You later learned that Colonel is a title, not part of his name. It was fairly simple for the four of your bodies to put on an impressive display of acrobatics. Besides being able to move as one, your four bodies had years of null-gravity experience. You were hired on as acrobats, working on the trapeze.

Life in the circus in fine, if intellectually unstimulating. You have sent numerous distress calls from your ship, now disguised as a circus wagon, and have begun waiting for humans to develop a power source for you to return home. It is highly unlikely that this will happen in your lifetime, however. You still hold out hope. You know there are carbonic crystals on this world; you simply have to find them and you can use them to power your ship and return home.

In the meantime, you have been acclimating yourself to this world. It is nice enough, albeit primitive. As of this writing, you have lived here for three years. You have learned the language well enough, and though you still make some errors, they are few and far between. At least your cover story of being from Italy has been accepted. You can always fall back on that when you find yourself caught in an embarrassing situation.

Recently, the circus traveled to a different continent called Europe. This world has seven distinct continents, most separated by large bodies of water (oceans). You were pleased to learn that the tour did not include travels to Italy as that would have given away your ruse. Apparently, Europeans are not well

traveled as those in the countries you did visit, (England, Spain, Freedonia, Fandonia, France, and others) easily believed that you were from Italy.

However, not long after your trip began, two sensors lit up on your ship. The first sensor was very exciting. You detected a power source, an advanced power source. It seems to be a battery of some sort, but it shows that there is some advanced technology on this world, other than yours of course. The second alert was much more disturbing. ■■■ was here. ■■■ had survived and is on Earth. And is nearby.

In fact, ■■■ probably is responsible for the advanced power source. Most likely, ■■■'s ship was destroyed, but ■■■ was able to jettison to safety. You attempted to determine ■■■'s whereabouts, but were able to pinpoint them exactly. But, by the time the circus reached the end of its tour, in France, it was clear that ■■■ was part of the circus, as was the advanced technology. Interesting. Perhaps it is hiding within the freaks.

However, that is not your main concern now. Yes, you must stop ■■■ as it will certainly kill here on Earth, if it hasn't already. But, you have a more pressing problem. You have become ill. You have the Floo. The Floo is a devastating disease for your kind. You require certain nutrients and atmospheric conditions that do not exist on Earth. Without them, your hive-pod will gradually disintegrate into four autonomous beings. Being alone: it is, perhaps, one of your kind's greatest fears.

It has already started to affect you. Douglas - Delt - is perhaps lost forever. You are next to go. You have felt the mind of the others slipping away. You have lost all but the most tentative of mental contact. Your hive-pod is deteriorating fast. If you do not get home soon, the Floo will overtake you and the invariable madness that results will make you wish you were dead. You have suffered from that madness and you fear you soon will again.

You still have access to a method for temporarily overturning the Floo. You have a device in your ship which will allow your four individual brains to sync for approximately a half hour of time. During that time, it is as if you did not have the Floo at all. It even works with Delt. However, it cannot be used more often than once per twenty hours or so, so you use it to synchronize your brains before your act. Much to-do has been made about the Credenza's secret pre-performance ritual, but it will be a secret that the Brothers will never tell.

You are worried about Douglas - Delt. He has begun to exhibit symptoms of advanced stages of the Floo: memory loss, irritability, and erratic behavior. You have never dealt with any being in such an advanced stage, and you do not know what to do. You know you have suffered from the Floo, too. Bita has tried the distraction of cataloging the Earth creatures. You are falling apart, literally. If you do not find carbonic crystals soon, it may be too late for you.