

## **Dr. Asenath (Absalom) Arban**

### **Expert in Forensic Archaeology and Disgraced Academic**

Once, you were a prominent and well-respected scientist. You did a variety of research into new forensic methods and you consulted with police agencies and archaeological groups throughout occupied space. That was a good time for you, though you didn't realize how good it was until you lost it all. You never should have left Earth in the first place.

You did not think anything at all about taking credit for the research your graduate students did when you were a lecturer back at the University of Shanghai. On Earth, all the scientists stole research from their underlings. The way you got ahead in the field was by letting your supervisor take credit for your work, thereby building up the gratitude of the old boy's network. Eventually, if you kept your head down and didn't make waves, someone would give you your own graduate students to steal credit from, and then you had an easy life.

You were so good at manipulating the network of contacts and favors that you became pretty prominent in your field. You were offered a position as head of the new Forensic Archaeology department at the University of Proxima. You had never been off of the planet Earth before, but the position was made very attractive: Proxima was having trouble recruiting academics to the frontier, but wanted a university as good as any one orbiting Sol.

When you got to Proxima, you discovered too late that the academic culture there was radically different than back on Earth. Proximans didn't accept networks of favors and shadowy dealings and giving other people credit for their work. On the final frontier, the culture favored being self-reliant and taking credit for your own work, and that extended to academic circles. All this became clear when one of your stupid graduate students went to **Dr. Kashtaritu-Kennedy** with accusations of plagiarizing her work.

Things quickly went downhill from there. You were kicked out of the university, and couldn't find a new position anywhere. Even back on Earth, where this sort of thing is common, no one would hire you. Once you were publicly branded a plagiarist, none of the secret plagiarists wanted to be associated with you, the hypocrites.

The only person who has given you any respect is **Dr. Tenagon** from the **United Xenologists Conference**. Tenagon has worked both on Earth and the colonies, so she understands your dilemma. She brought you on this mission as a sort of second chance (plus, you were available and fit the mission budget). Tenagon is in charge of this mission, but is a xenologist by trade. You are here as an archaeologist, but have the forensic knowledge to investigate cause of death of any deceased crew you find. That means that that backstabbing Dr.

Kashtaritu-Kennedy is redundant. You still blame her for your academic fall from grace.

There are also a couple of soldier types and some business people from **Gaumata Enterprises**, but you don't really know any of them. After your last experience with grad students and academic assistants, you're still kind of skittish around **Shadrach Wheeler** and **Isabella Washington**.