



# Sub-ether

## 2

### Orphans of the Black

Dreaming Gynoid studio

COMPATIBLE WITH  
**DCC  
RPG**

# Sub ether

## 2

*Transmissions from the  
space punk renaissance*



This product is compatible with the Dungeon Crawl Classics Role Playing Game.

&Xi; Sub-ether is published about three times a year

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 Certain elements make use of public domain art available for commercial distribution.  
 On the cover Dionysius crater as photographed by Lunar Orbiter 5, 1967

AbnorMaladies created by Osiris White

## Special thanks as usual, go out to the usual suspects

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 Super duper additional thanks and appreciation going out to my patrons on Patreon,  
 especially  
 Jodi Breeden, Beckett Warren, Corey Brin, and Victor Garrison  
 Thank you so much for your patience and support!

**Next issue** – Before we head to the Frontier, one last dive back into the  
 imperial core, to Saxus II, in the Canopus system. **The Spice Pirates**, next issue!  
 Slavers, Serpent Folk, the Spice Control Commission, Saurids, and Spice Spice Spice!

## Wisdom from the Noosphere – Rapid pursuit in a cooling suit through fields of Vantablack solar collectors

Welcome back! Thanks to all who picked up the first issue! If you are concerned you missed an issue, you did not! **Sub-ether zero zero** was just a mouthful so I shortened it. Functionally that's the first issue. This will be **Sub-ether** going forward, this being the second one. I'm sure the Ramones will understand.

IF all goes according to plan then by the time you read the next one of these, **Galaxy Black** will already be out. The text is in final proofreading as I write this; Sub-ether 2 and 3 kind of bookend the core, though each stands well enough on its own (both were ultimately developed BEFORE the core book) By the fourth Sub-ether there will be no "coming" about it, it will have dropped by then no matter what. I do not foresee a vast change (if any) in what will be appearing here in Sub-ether here; you should be able to use this material just fine with your **DCC** or **MCC** game without **Galaxy Black** at all. 'tis after all the whole point.

BUT if you like what you see here I think you will get enormous utility out of it.

The funnel adventure in this issue is unusual in that it has three acts, which may be run in any order, focusing on any of three groups of zeros, each taking a rather different approach to the material – those fleeing their planets, those brought up on a starship, and the maenad raiders themselves each may be run as heroes or villains while the same basic situation remains intact.

Which brings me to the Maenads. Golden and silver age sf loved the image of the Space Viking, from H Beam Pipers Space Viking to the Klingons of Star Trek. The Maenads are part of this long tradition. Inspired in parts by ideas from modern psychiatry and the Mongol hordes, the Maenadic Arts can be summed up thus "Know yourself by any means; pick your bones clean"

Inestimable thanks go out to James Velez without whom the first issue of Sub-ether might have been its last.

*In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure-dome decree:  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea.*

### Submission information - Sub-ether

Sub-ether welcomes submissions of short articles, venture seeds, variants, reviews

Such submissions should be for or compatible with the DCC RPG (including but by no means exclusive to, Galaxy Black) and of a space, space fantasy, science fiction, weird, or planetary romance nature. Longer articles that can be broken into smaller installments on interesting subjects not out of the question!

And we are always always always on the lookout for art submissions!

Sub-ether is happy to publish a review of an on topic work, book, supplement, zine, or adventure provided a copy (preferably electronic) is furnished prior to the next published installment and time is allotted to thoroughly read, absorb, and compose a review. Playtest reviews are a possibility but by no means guaranteed. (Though we welcome and encourage submissions of such!).

Drop a line at [Dreamingynoid@gmail.com](mailto:Dreamingynoid@gmail.com) with the subject line Review and we can discuss this further.

# The Space Alphabet

One of the single most important forces in the Collapsing Universe is

## Gravity

Imperial gravity tech is sufficiently advanced to make much of common SF gravity issues somewhat irrelevant. But only somewhat. Seldom do thrilling space adventures happen in the relative safety of a settled & civilized imperial planet. Thus, gravity and gravitational fields (natural and artificial) are generalized for our purposes into relatively broad categories.

- i. “Why do this to yourself? Is anything more than 9Gs that isn’t immediately fatal.
- ii. “For Great Justice” covers 5.1Gs up to about 9Gs
- iii. “Super High” is anything from 3.5 to about 5Gs
- iv. “High” gravity for our purposes is about 1.3Gs to around 3Gs.
- v. “Standard” is akin to 0.8 or 0.9Gs to about 1.2Gs in realistic terms.
- vi. “Low” is relative but broadly about 0.3Gs to 0.7Gs
- vii. “Micro-G” is for game terms 0.1 to 0.2Gs.

These rules represent ongoing immersion in a gravity well, not G forces created by acceleration etc. Should the Judge require it, for rare events, assume there are perhaps two more levels of gravity above Super High. Humorously we will call the category above Super High “For Great Justice” which covers 5.1Gs to about 9Gs. Beyond that we have a rank of “Why Do This to Yourself?” covering anything more than 9Gs that isn’t *immediately* fatal.

When moving out of one’s gravity tolerances, you move down the dice chain for certain/most things (Does it involve movement? Then the answer is yes) that many steps. Those with zero-G or micro-G training (see background, origin, etc. also class) may freely disregard.

These rules may free be ignored of course but in this case I call especial attention to it as this can easily feel needlessly penalizing and not necessarily in the greater DCC spirit, but I include them for completeness.

Doubly so if you include the following

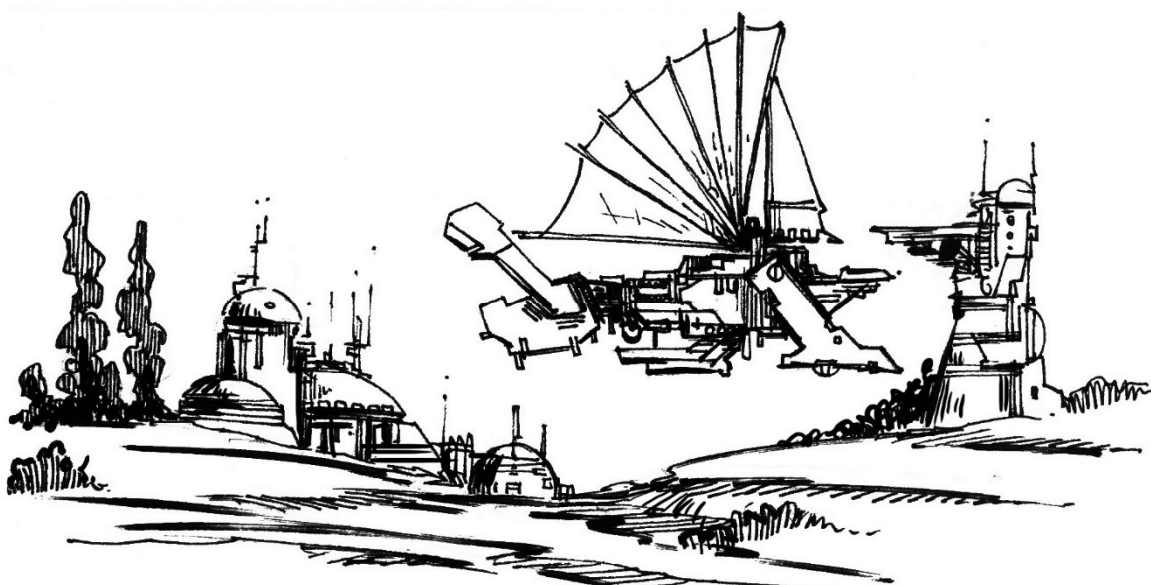
There is a flip side to the harshness of being out of one’s element gravitationally. Those from greater G environments when acting in lower gravity can with practice, move strength and possibly other rolls up the dice chain by a corresponding number of gravity steps. So, when John Carter, with say a strength of 16 on Earth, goes bounding around on mars, he’s still got a 16 strength but he’s now adding that to a d24 roll rather than a d20.

**Native gravity** is from your origin (homeworld usually) - if you are a spacer you can pick two as your native (usually standard and low or micro and low or etc.) even at zero level.

- Note there are other ways of getting extra 'native' gravities; implanted g-webbing makes all gravity issues moot of course; but professions, classes, etc. can all earn you more
- A first level character almost always has the two. People from a single world who have just left it are the only ones really disadvantaged.
- As characters further their aims and explore their universe and (most especially) gain levels, they will likely accrue additional 'native' gravities if they spend enough time in them. Remember that leveled characters are EXCEPTIONAL – and no less so on the galactic scale. This is not, strictly speaking, very realistic, but it conforms to the experience of many appendix N space explorers and is very much in the DCC spirit.
- If the optional gravity rules are not being used (page 207) then the Judge is urged to handle this with discretion and consistency and not to get bogged down in minutiae that takes away from fun time at the gaming table.

JUDGES: BE aware, this could easily lead to a sudden population influx of high gravity worlders in your game for reasons I can't fathom to speculate. :P In such case, I suggest the following.

*Increased Fumbles:* the side effect of all that extra strength tis such - each step below one's native gravity one gains a Fumble die. One below is a d4, two below is a d6, and so on.



### **Moving – and fighting - in Zero G**

Even the inexperienced will rapidly come to appreciate the unique circumstances such a fight gives them.

#### **Common maneuvers –**

**Torpedo** – you are capable of moving at your full movement speed and do so, deliberately attempting to propel yourself “into” another target; damage will be minimal but for each HD of the attacking character you will impart 10’ additional movement to those struck.

*Example – Truck Rogers, a low G mercenary with 3 HD, propels themselves into a service bot; the three HD mean that bot will be flung about 30 feet from where it was floating when Truck slammed into it.*

**Bounce to this** – attempting to fling yourself at an enemy or non-friendly ally for the purposes of propelling yourself, billiard-like, in a quite different direction at additional speed.

For those not accustomed to such maneuvering a REF save (DC 10, 12, or 15) may be required for tricky, overly thought, or especially dangerous maneuvers and movement attempts in such a gravitational field.

Fumbles will leave the poor character spinning and immobilized while they are lost in a vertiginous hell of nausea and false movement.

In all cases, both parties when struck must make a Fort save DC 12+

Or both take damage from the strike. (1d2+any HD difference between them)

Micro G Rated characters may attempt a Ref save each round subsequent to right themselves and correct their movement provided they are not otherwise engaged. .

#### For Warriors and non-Warriors alike

In all cases, both parties when struck must make a Fort save DC 12+

Or both take damage from the strike. (1d2+any HD difference between them)

Micro G Rated characters may attempt a Ref save each round subsequent to right themselves and correct their movement provided they are not otherwise engaged. .

## For Warriors

### Might Deeds of Low Gravity Combat (micro-gravity aggression)

This is intended to represent a base line and to augment the existing suggestions for zero and low gravity maneuvers for use by Warriors. Don't be shy about adding or modifying the results.

**(Deed die 3) Torpedo** – you send yourself at the target like a missile, intent on slamming into them to inflict injury, initiate combat, or force their movement. You are capable of moving at your full movement speed and do so, deliberately attempting to propel yourself “into” another target; damage will be minimal but for each HD of the attacking character you will impart 10' additional movement to those struck. **Warriors** add their deed die (plus str. Modifiers, if any) to the damage and take none themselves from this attack.

Example – *Truck Rogers, a low G mercenary with 3 HD, propels themselves into a service bot; the three HD mean that bot will be flung about 30 feet from where it was floating when Truck slammed into it.*

**(4) Bounce to this** – attempting to fling yourself at an enemy or non-friendly ally for the purposes of propelling yourself, billiard-like, in a quite different direction at additional speed, flinging yourself to or even three times your normal movement rate hopefully without landing on your face. IN full zero gravity that can get complicated quickly.....

**Warriors** can impart a torpedo (above) like attack as they do so, inflicting their deed die plus str. Bonus as damage as above.

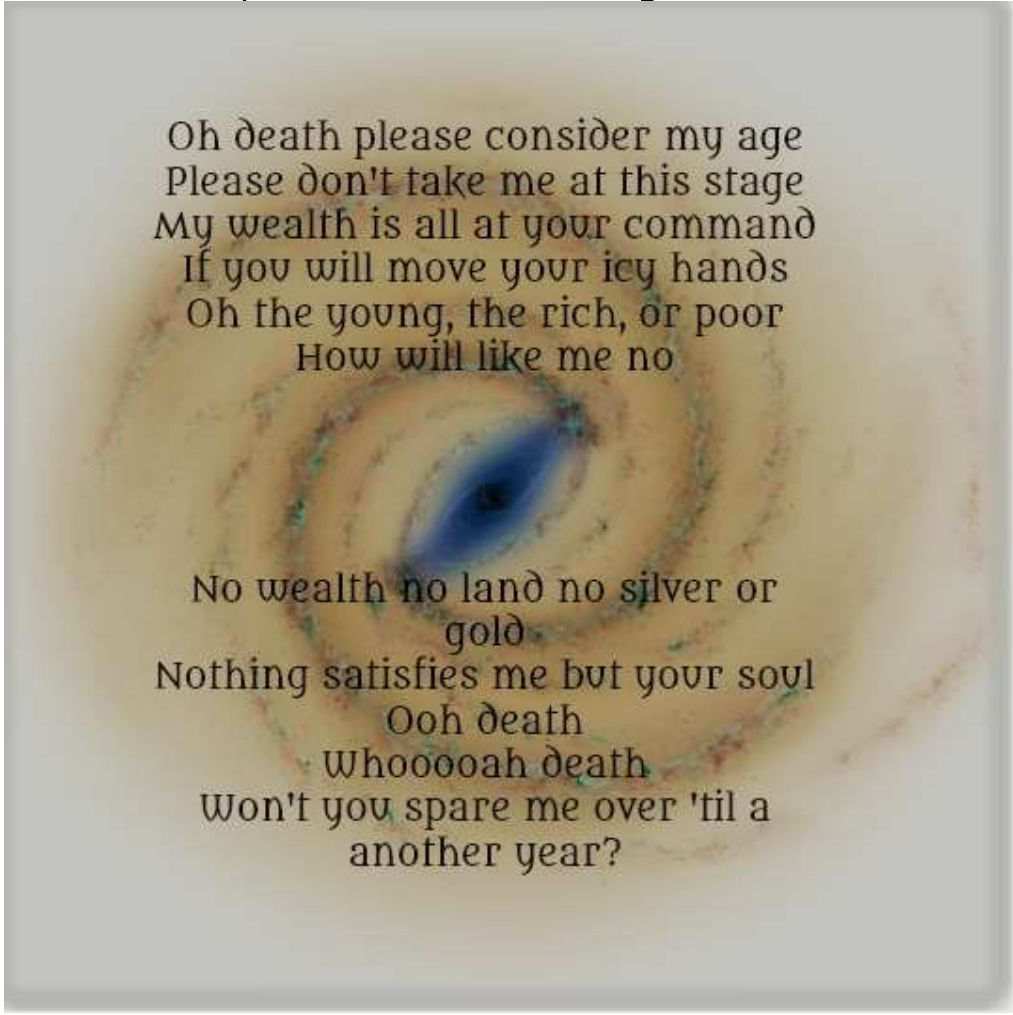
**(4) Flip** – you hit the target with sufficient force and at just the right place to impart an end over end spin to the target, who is now stuck in a constant reverse backflip while moving in a seeming random direction.

**(5) Spin** – you strike the target in just the right way to impart an uncontrolled and rapid spin on the target, sending them hurtling; zero levels not of a spacing or microgravity background must succeed at a DC 14 Fortitude save; this is what we shall tactfully call a “blow oats” roll. Failure imparts another five feet of motion/round in a random direction and nausea. The afflicted is unable to take additional action for another ( 5-CL rounds ) while their head and the room keep spinning.

**(5) Grapple and Pin** – you fling yourself at the target with the intent to grapple and and control their movement and actions. When successful the attacking Warrior restricts the movements of their enemy, gains a +4 bonus to AC, and saves v. incoming attacks at +2; the defender loses any AGIL bonuses they might possess and is considered to be in hand to hand combat for purposes of determining if they have a free hand or not.



Hey Dungeon-crawler! Bring your considerable  
 “archaeological” expertise to crystalline ruins  
 under alien sunsets  
 Learn alien magics  
 Confront terrible, baroque space gods  
 Evade roving star fleets of undead astronauts  
 Drink with burned out psions  
 Slum with VD infected ex-legionaries  
 & blissed out navigators



Oh death please consider my age  
 Please don't take me at this stage  
 My wealth is all at your command  
 If you will move your icy hands  
 Oh the young, the rich, or poor  
 How will like me no

No wealth no land no silver or  
 gold  
 Nothing satisfies me but your soul  
 Ooh death  
 Whooooah death  
 Won't you spare me over 'til a  
 another year?

Far Future, Low Life  
 with the scum of a million worlds

**CRAWL ACROSS THE GALAXY, SEE THE COLLAPSING UNIVERSE**

**GALAXY BLACK**

by

Dreaming Gynoid

A truly massive toolkit, campaign, and setting/generator for the Dungeon Crawl Classics RPG

## Sub-ether Super basic o level Chargen Cheat sheet

Determine origin

Determine profession

Determine Being

The o level **profession** means what you did before (either on ship or on homeworld)

The **Origin** table - where you're from

Players can add specs from any of six basic character types to any o level occupation that does not specify a species (and sometimes even then )

Your type of **Being** literally defines the nature of your existence until this point. Note that these are by no means the only life forms in the Empire, merely the largest and most common populations

All o levels begin with the following traits unless otherwise stated.

Base AC of 10

HD of 1d4

A Base Attack Bonus (BAB) of 0; all saves at +0

Gravity: ANY

Specify hair, skin, and eye colours, from any list of any colors.

Indicate any markings, scars, tattoos, denoting shipboard associations, cults, or other pre-funnel allegiances.

Roll 3d6 for each to determine, place as appropriate in this particular instance

Strength	result modifies melee to hit bonus and melee damage bonus
Agility	result modifies AC when moving or capable of moving also modifies ranged attack bonus and Reflex saves
Stamina	result modifies hp and Fortitude saves
Intelligence	result modifies # of known languages Also modifies number of spells and max. spell level for wizards & elves
Personality	result modifies Will saves
Luck	is spent to modify rolls; unless you take a class that works differently* once spent luck is <b>GONE</b>

*\*those classes are*

Thief, Halfling, and (in this book) Urban confiscator and Splinter shifter

Each of those (aside from luck) modify the same exact way

3	-3
4-5	-2
6-8	11
9-12	no modifier
13-15	+1
16-17	+2
18	+3

# *The Thousand Free Tribes of Space*

## **Replacement Zeros**

Crew positions of the Starship Serendipity, and new or petitioning members of the Roaming Tribe of Serendipity's Orphans

*"We were, once the million tribes of space."*

*"What happened."*

*"Some of us got tired and landed. Behold your ancestors, the tired."*

*"Whose ancestors"*

*"All of you. You come from planets right?"*

Voyagers are a breed of their own; frequently lonely and isolated by the standards of their long abandoned homeworlds, they build ties with those they serve, others like themselves, forging each ship crew into a tribe unto itself, a small nation with its own customs, values, Gods, and the like. Some of these nations have existed in space longer than some worlds have been habited.

## **Aboard the Caravan - Spacer culture "the Free Tribes of Space"**

"The Caravan" - Spacer terminology for the constant stream of commercial and illicit starships traversing between the imperial planets; "on the caravan" means variously "on the road" or "life" contextually. Part of these are the Thousand Tribes or the trading tribes or the tribes of the void - other spacers, quasi-religious. Archaic (pre-Imperial)

## **A Spacer's "kit"**

Shipboard culture is tribal and 'regressive' - to our eyes it would look very modern primitive if not actually post-apocalyptic. AT a glance anyone can tell by looking at someone, their cut (their skin markings; be they skintoos, traditional ink tattoos, or ritual scars, etc.) their background - meaning their 0 level occupation, their class, etc.

Further shipboard culture discourages concealing these markings. Those who do so are considered shifty folk and not to be trusted.

To the Spacers, your ship is your tribe. And no one else can be relied upon. These ships lead a quasi-trading/quasi nomadic existence, most have a series of ports that they travel between, but these almost universally evolve over time. When two tribe ships encounter one another, old grievances can be worked out but most often they will exchange pleasantries, perhaps necessities, but move on. They do not intermingle much, save for when it is necessary.

You are crew, and thereby some kind of family, or you are someone else. There is no other distinction.

### All o level ship positions begin with the following traits

HD of 1d4

A BAB of 0; all saves at +0

Likely you are tremendously under, or tremendously over-qualified for the position you have been assigned. Or it just sucks. It's up to you to get out of it.

An allegedly self-cleaning jumpsuit with their ident tags

Any markings, scars, tattoos, or jewelry denoting shipboard associations, cults, or allegiances. (Think prison tats)

Also, roll on the following at least once on the Spacer Peculiarities Table (p. 14)

### Spacer o-level vacant positions aboard ship (subs for Profession)

<p><i>Morale Officer – Doxy (clade any humanoid, Chimera, or Synthetic)</i>  Gear: immune booster genemod, reversible sterility, +3 Pers AC 10</p>
<p><i>Assistant technician (4th class) (any gens, any clade)</i>  Gear: multi tool, gray maint. Pass skintoo, wrench (1d6) AC 10</p>
<p><i>Created/Repair Bot – see Sub-ether 1</i>  Gear: you are a toolkit; AC 14</p>
<p><i>Created/Hologrammatic Simulant – see Sub-ether 1</i>  Gear: you have a light-bee, that's it (AC 18)</p>
<p><i>Created/Interface droid – see Sub-ether 1</i>  Gear: full computer access, the contempt of your peers, +3 Int AC 12</p>
<p><i>The Stowaway (any gens, any clade)</i>  Gear: simple wardrobe, something they are running away from, small cute fuzzy or cute disgusting animal life form</p>
<p><i>Meatsicle (any gens, any clade)</i>  You literally were cargo that someone on the ship decided to open. Be glad they didn't just chuck you down to recycling.  Gear: You have your life.</p>

### How to identify a spacer

*Despite what the holos will tell you it's not so easy. We're not all covered from head to toe in weird purple scars. Well not most of us.*

*About those scars*

*Most of us do have them, usually just around the eyes or the edges of wherever our goggles fit. Something to do with the long term distortion and warping of light in the Sub-ether. Though the gravity drive has somewhat to do with it too.*

*But nothing else identifies a deep space crew quite like those smooth purple radiation scars that collect around eyes and visual sensors. The kiss of Ishtar, heaven's blessing, etc. – associated spacer names for the blue – purple radiation burns around the eyes that some spacers get from excessive Sub-ether exposure*

*Sometimes, especially to the touch of a dirt walker, they are warm to the touch.*

**Crew Identifiers (2d3) (number d3-1)**

1. Ink
2. Ritual scarification
3. Ornamental implants (gemstones, etc.)
4. Clothing/uniform
5. Standardized implant or mod (like - everyone has implanted rabbit ears frex)
6. Ship language - ship has unique cant
7. A shipboard disease; poss. A harmless STD or equivalent that marks but does not infect
8. Your clothes are made from the skins and remains of your enemies (also their stuff). You know. You keep what you kill. All that.
9. Code (Masonic Handshake!)
10. Common jewelry or embedded ornaments (could be bracelets, rings, or piercings frex)

Spacer 'Peculiarities' sub table Roll 1d5; on a 5 roll 1d5 again and consult below

1	<b>Allergies</b> - so-called 'natural' life support, er, 'biospheres' are full of pollens and microbes and all sorts of....micro stuff that no one in their right mind would inhale. Regularly. <i>Oh god my head is so full of goo. Snot you said it's called? Ew.</i>
2	<b>Spindly</b> - over 25 generations of your ancestors have lived and worked in space and it shows. Even from 1g, you are tall with spindly limbs, and an elongated neck.
3	<b>Dirtsucker Contempt</b> - you have an elitist and obnoxious attitude towards planets and those living upon them, most especially those primitive clods who live under the open air of their unprocessed atmospheres walking and living on the dirt like base animals.
4	<b>Starsprite heritage</b> - Silver, blue, or green hair, eyes, or skin, crystal magic, usually avoided by their Ancestors;
5	<b>Tainted heritage</b> - Horns, possibly fangs, a tail, and cloven hooves; you have the taint of the lower worlds lingering in your cellular makeup and your orgonne cloud

*Most of us have, or wind up with, short hair. Nothing discourages dirt walker vanity like having your hair jerked out by the roots rather than being dragged head-first into magna-cogs. So, most of us that have hair keep it short, or shaved, or put some attitude control on it - we put it up, we braid it, we pin it back, whatever.*

### Spacer (Shipboard) Sub tables

Spacers are a superstitious lot; they have to be. Just going from one system to another can be an adventure unto itself at times. And in the deeper layers of the Sub-ether, even momentary belief is dangerous.

#### **Roll a D10 a couple times or pick somethin, spacer.**

1	(Ship Taboo) Never take part in the services or activities of another Ship's God EVER
2	(Ship Taboo) Your fluids are belonging to your ship-tribe and your God; do not exchange fluids with non-crew.
3	(Ship Taboo) You are forbidden from wearing a particular colour under any circumstances. It need not be a colour limited to visible light.
4	(Crew activities) To become an officer, crew members must quest for the ship's point of origin; find the world or settlement at which the ship's hull was originally constructed. Likely this will require them to leave the ship.
5	(Crew activities) Adolescent pilgrimage - those born on ship are sent away for 1-5 years to learn their way around the galaxy; likely it is expected they will leave or bring back something of use or value to the ship.
6	(Space Cult) "All souls hail from the sub ether; dying in real space is considered bad mojo and a ritual of purification will have to occur before they are recycled. "
7	(Space Cult) "Space itself, in its emptiness, is actually a patient, hungry goddess. Sometimes that goddess must be appeased before or after very long space journeys. "
8	(Space cult) "The planet bound have lesser souls and are not to be trusted as full persons."
9	(Lucky Omen)Any combination of a single pressure suit, one melee weapon, and one non-melee weapon, when found together.
10	(Lucky Omen) 23 sporks

Spacers are also a cliquish bunch. If you are from the same vessel, you are family, community, nation, and lifestyle all rolled into one happy bizarre unit with everyone else from your ship. Aboard ship yes but especially when off vessel wearing your tags, flying your colours, is very very important.

## City-states in Flight - Some of The Thousand Tribes

The 12 tribes of Strafe, the 6 tribes of Gleece, the 21 tribes of Amoh-dar,  
 The 2% nation of Ancient Martian Antiquity (Aesin "separatists")  
 The 5% nation of Oriental Space Jockey Zulu  
 The 7% Maker nation of Metem Z. Chronic (the pharmacopeia fleet)  
 The 16% free nation of the Mother Wheel, Sacred and Whole  
 The 77% nation of Audhyl Metrics  
 The 226% magical girl angels  
 The 2/1/4 State  
 The 4.2.5 Stand Alone Complex of Sacred Holy Ishtar  
 The 972 Nation  
 The Angel touched celestial nation of Free New Boskone  
 Canceri's Dozen Wise Angry Fools  
 The Certified Nation-state of Free Radicalsouri  
 The children of the Destroyer  
 The disparate nation of 4/5/0  
 The Dozen Drifting Shadow Discs  
 Caretakers of the Bonegarden (insectivroid/Friggian)  
 The Free Fleet of Far Cygnus  
 The Free nation state of The Zorbis Orb  
 The Free and Roaming Tribe of Draque's Magnetic Drift  
 The Horde State of Numinous Numbers  
 The Holy Blade that Cuts Across Space  
 The Jump nation of old Arienne  
 The Jump State of the Grinding Mother Wheel  
 Network of Assimilating Water Tribes (cometcrackers)  
 The Nomad family of Pegasus State  
 Nomad pack of K'an Liu  
 Outrigger state of Bes Tor Fal  
 The latter days of Ursine Colonization (multi-chimerae)  
 The Pack  
 The Gill state of Alchemical True North  
 Rangers of the Galactic North  
 Roaming nation of Serendipity's Orphans (see Venture Seed)  
 Sailing nation of the Southern Cross  
 The Sinking Nation  
 The Spacing State of Stillwaters-Roastoke  
 The Skin Tribe of Brotherhood Friendship  
 The Star Riggers  
 The Star State of Empowered Holy Resurrection  
 Star Vikings of Achird (believed destroyed, once a coreworld tribe)  
 The Void Sailors of Final Shaolin (Orgone Adepts maintain a temple there)  
 Void state of IZgarte  
 The Final Exodus from Crater Ridge  
 The Wandering Nation of Displaced Twins (slower than light group in the Fed NZ)  
 The True Witnesses of the Nine Space Gods (quiet, well-armed zealots)  
 The caretakers of The Pump of Soggoth  
 The Mother Wheel of Sag-A (Flesh wheels and other bio constructs)  
 The Splice Pirates of Scorpius (bio-synths and bio constructs, experimental chimera)  
 The Second Tannhauser Zoo State (old, mixed Chimerical, mutants and Variants)  
 The Inheritor ark of old Trader Space

## Drive Cults

So while many spacers are descendants of some of the first to go into space from their respective worlds, in some cases many thousands of generations distant, perhaps as many if not more, are recruited from worlds less connected with the Imperium, worlds on which imperial affairs only very indirectly can be traced to events on world.

Many vessels in imperial space, and the Serendipity is definitely among them (see pp 105), are primarily crewed by the descendants of those from regressed, low tech, or especially repressive worlds; Quite often prospective crew members are unaware or ignorant about the nature of the universe and so pick up aspects of imperial existence as the ship voyages, largely through interaction with the Ship's God and each other.

Much of a given ship's services to their God follow a cargo-cult like pattern, performing the symbolic rites by rote rather than by any achieved understanding. Gravitational engineers (and certain other dedicated imperial skill sets may also) by definition exist outside of this pattern.

Many have or have had periods of intense religious or spiritual awakening, some many times. For those who live and work within the deeps of space and the Sub-ether the distinction between fact and fantasy, doctrine and myth is blurred considerably. A strong sense of self and community identity is necessary and by definition emergent in those who migrate to the stars.

A great many of the Spacer Tribes seem very particular in their ideologies, which invariably seem 'off' from the imperial mainstream. For example, The Skin Tribe of Brotherhood Friendship are all as one hairless and consider the enhancement of the physique is an ideal. They believe all beings are 'brothers' and will aid sentients for the strangest reasons or remain aloof equally likely

## *Space Myths*

There is a very old spacer legend from the inner core, and long long ago. It claims the first ship gods were creatures called djinn, and part of some prior world before the age of mortals. As most ship gods seem to coalesce from the history and lore of the ship itself in many cases this seems a mystery.

## Economics

Most spacer tribes travel along known and mostly predictable migration pathways that have been established over thousands of years. Those who are freer moving generally trade first (sometimes only) with the belters and ice crackers of a solar system, trading fairly in a way they seldom do with dirt walkers on their planets in the same star systems.

## *Common Vocabulary & Space tribal slang*

**Dirt walker, Grounder, Groundling, Groundsider** – the planet-bound. Those who are born, exist, work, and die on a planet inside a gravity well. Degree of contempt in inflection varies depending on the individual Spacer and their Tribe.

**Rigger, Jockey** – euphemistically another spacer, though not one of your own tribe. Can be neutral or respectful depending on context. By implication it means "working individual" as opposed to the relatively soft, comfortable individuals in the core.

**Well** – gravity well, though most often used to refer to planets and solar systems. Sometimes Hole.



## Spacer tribes naming tables

### Column A

1-4 The

5-6 (nothing)

### Column B

1. (number) %
2. (number)
3. (word table)
4. Jump
5. Free
6. Sinking
7. Spacing
8. Star
9. Wandering
10. (nothing)

### Column C

1. Nation
2. State
3. Horde
4. Nomad pack
5. Fleet
6. Pack
7. Tribe
8. Temple

### Column D

1. Riggers
2. Vikings
3. Sailors
4. Pirates

### Column E

1-3 of

5-6 of the

7-8 (nothing)

### Column F

1. (place name)
2. (divinity)
3. (myth figure)
4. Descriptors (1-2)
5. Obscure Religious reference
6. Obscure astronomical reference

**Word sub table**

1. Word
2. Word + modifier
3. Word + modifier modifier
4. Words
5. Angel
6. Cozmik
7. Called
8. Disparate
9. Drawn
10. Immaculate
11. Celestial
12. Touched

**Place names sub table<sup>1</sup>**

1. Achird
2. Geminious.
3. Leonid
4. Scorpius
5. Zorbas
6. The Aerilane
7. Piscum
8. Capricum
9. Maoniceum
10. Lost Phobos

**Gods and Divinities sub table**

1. Ishtar or another aspect of Exterre
2. Radical Eris
3. Baldr Odinson
4. Arondikar Everlasting
5. Nionar Nikanyet the Solar Trader
6. Vheng lord of sky rodents

**Mythological figures sub table**

1. Elrond Hubbar, 5<sup>th</sup> intergalactic prophet; batshit crazy.
2. The Apocryphon, hyper beam satellite intelligence of wisdom
3. The Angels of Man – the lost first generation of Space Gods
4. Laika – chimera liberator; canid champion of the uplift rebellions
5. Hobbscat – semi mythical philosopher scientist

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<sup>1</sup> Other place names - By long tradition, most Spacer “place names” in a tribe’s name refer to places that do not exist any longer. Some few carry a designation of an wholly imaginary place.

## Spacer life – Silence is death

*To a Spacer, sound is an ever present. Taking EVA in a vacuum is the closest most of them will get to knowing the kind of silence that, while rare, is still possible on Earth today.*

*But they would never want to.*

*The only time a ship is ever completely silent is because it is powered down. A vessel that is powered down is one that is not moving. In the Collapsing Universe a ship that is not moving may as well be a hulk.*

*A spacer that cannot hear, cannot feel the constant, rhythmic thrumthrumthrum of the orgone pump in the vibration of the ship's deck plates, that cannot if they close their eyes tune everything else out and focus on the heartbeat of the ship, the ship's gravity drive in use, the spacer who cannot hear these and a hundred other things at once, however silently, or regardless of distortion through endless halls, the spacer that does not always have that light to moderate cacophony dueling in the back of their ears is immediately alert.*

*Quiet means something is wrong*

*Silence means death.*

*Spacer juves, once they free have run of the ship, frequently learn their way around by following the sounds and vibrations of the ship.*

*Of course, on every ship there's always two or three who claim they can hear 'sounds' in the Sub-ether registering through the vibration of their own vessel.*

*That doesn't really happen though, right?*

## **If you are using these character creation rules in conjunction with the adventure on page 42**

**Optional start – Chosen of the Maiden;** zero level spacers on the Serendipity All of you are juveniles or the children of those who came aboard the vessel in the last 25 sidereals. In any case you were decanted, hatched, born, came online, or were brought aboard the ship by your parents between 5 and 20 years ago.

And so, it is that you have been gathered for the test. All spacer juveniles undergo a test to see if they will remain crew as adults

You were gathered here awaiting the attendant god keeper when the lights went down, and the doors sealed. Begin at nave. Encourage anyone who plays in character and assumes this is all "part of the test."

**Spacer culture phenomenon**

**Void dancer** – sometimes void light dancer or void flame dancer

There is a phenomenon, half legendary but with enough substance (ironically) to have a gram of truth

On some vessels, the preferred form of devotion (or among them) is dance. And on some of those vessels, that dancing can get a bit...frenzied.

As it aids in raising power, sometimes, at high rites, these temple dancers can get so carried away that the whirl of their shapes' shadows, backlit from a central light cone or flame point is sufficiently similar to the "shadow dancing" phenomena known to gravity drive engineers that at times particularly ecstatic dancing has been known to call up the dead, either by spirit or by calling their splinters from other realities,

Of course, the maenads probably have a rite to do this on purpose



# *Leaving Home, finding yourself at a crossroads...*

*Juvs, Outlaws, Revolutionaries, Romantics, and other lost souls casting their fortunes into the space ways.*

Pick or choose one from each category. If full randomness is desired, roll 1d8, 1d7, and 1d7 respectively.

## **Origin**

- Arkship Migrant
- Belter tribe
- Coreworlder runaway
- Death Orphan
- Kilighur nomads
- Naekushan Exodite
- Orphan Killer
- Spacer Nomad

## **Being**

- Chimeric Neofin
- Chimeric Whalefin
- Insectivroid, Caretaker
- Friggian Maternal
- Iocaste' Wanderer
- Saurid, Yellow Sun caste
- Veclife cyborg

## **Profession**

- Apprentice & Trade professions
- Fleeing Political Dissident
- Gravity Mechanic
- Professional (learning based)
- Protected Environment worker
- Skilled & highly trained
- Space knight petitioner

Almost any character type generated with MCC or DCC are represented somewhere in the galaxy. AT a starport, out-system station or other crossroads, almost anyone can be assumed possible to get off a shuttle looking for their next port of call, flown in from strange and faraway places.

Use the material to make your game more fun, not as a straitjacket.

## A few (8) new zero level Origins

Arkship Migrant  
 Belter tribe (roll 1d6 1-2 Icehacker, 3-6 rockrat)  
 Coreworlder runaway  
 Death Orphan  
 Kilighur nomads  
 Naekushan Exodite  
 Orphan Killer  
 Spacer Nomad

**Arkship migrant** – When you were a young juve you, your community, and possibly your world were evacuated in an organized manner, rather than as part of some emergency contingency. You may have been part of a colonization effort or perhaps it was time to declare your homeworld fallow. Regardless of the reason, this means you spent a significant amount of your formative years in space aboard vessel in cramped conditions. Either you abandoned your craft or on arriving found the destination very wanting, but here you are.

**Detail:** The ship's discipline or possibly the evacuation protocols (if any) affected you. Add one to all Will saves; however, your immune system suffered somewhat from the long time within a largely sterile vessel; you save at -1 to most infectious agents and at -2 to any single disease, environmental toxin, or such<sup>2</sup>.

**Kit:** Finder chip (either still implanted or worn as a memento), something from home, a small but heavy piece of pipe (treat as mace), fond memories of the old homeworld.

**Belter tribe, ice hacker** – your family are among those belters that colonized the system's Oort cloud some five generations ago. Sending water comets in-system along pre-selected orbits. You have been raised on the go in great Ice rovers that crawl along and 'crack' the surface of comets when they are not low powered belt-made system ships dedicated for outer system operations.

**Details** low light vision, either spliced or inherited

**Kit** Comet-suit (a kind of hybrid vacuum/environmental suit designed to survive getting wet as well as vacuum and going back and forth), pressurized grapple gun and 660m of filament rope on a spool. (STR 18 rated)

**Belter tribe rock rat** - Your family can trace it's micro-g roots back 23 or more generations; you want to do more than pitch & scan dead rocks in space for the rest of your life. Swap out two points of Str for 2 points of Agil RIGHT NOW.

**Details:** Pale af, random blue and purple spotting from radiation burns, no glare response (save v. dazzle effects at +1), also speaks a local patois of spacer, belter, and microg slang.

**Kit:** Personalized and kitted vacuum suit; 2 seal patches, envirosuit micro repair kit, rock dust EVERYWHERE, if desired add any one additional language of the player's choice.

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<sup>2</sup> Likely but not necessarily, a common contaminant or hazard native to their home world or originating habitat that they did not bring with them on the crossing.

**Coreworlder Runaway** - why in all the hells are you here? No real skills but from a land of opulence and way past 'human' possibility. Might know people.

Swap out a point each from your Str, Sta, and Agil and add it to your Pers, Int, and (yes) Luck immediately. (Why luck? You came from a core world. As a Coreworlder you are used to technology as magic, also work is hard and probably not really for you.)

**Detail:** You are f'ing miserable. Keep speaking to objects until they are demonstrably inanimate.

**Kit:** You have never been not completely surrounded by interactive smart matter before. Life is scary. You have to do things for yourself now.

**Death orphan** – you were evacuated from a world that was declared Necrotized; an existential level threat when 73% or more of a habitat's population has become undead within a single sidereal. You were one of the lucky ones that survived the z-pocalypse (or whatever) you were likely bulk evacuated - maybe even like on the trid where the Imperial Legions are always pulling juves out of the drop zone at the last minute with (after a thorough bioscan and decontamination of course). Likely wound up a runaway or stowaway aboard ship or hiding among the smaller areas of an older imperial habitat. Maybe even this one.

**Detail:** You don't have issues – you have a subscription; you were literally evacuated from the Apocalypse for all intents and purposes. But this is all normal they say.....very little is likely to feel 'normal' for you ever again. +1 to Will saves involving death, and the dead.

**Kit:** Very little other than a determination to survive. What little gear you do have you have scavenged, stolen, or had given you.

**Kilighur nomads** – a steppe land Friggian people inhabiting the moon of Bielicor in the Maenad interrupts, where they have been engaged in an off and on shooting war with a clade of Aesin miners (see Sub-ether 1) for nearly 18 years

Most of that time has been spent in the north polar deserts however so that is likely the native environment of such a character. The character's clade is Friggian or was adopted by a settlement of such at a \*very\* early age (talk to your Judge)

**Detail:** likely absolutely no idea that wandering around a space station with a gun is going to get you into trouble. You gave up your Yach to leave home, but you are *not* giving up your rifle.

**Kit:** a rifle with scope and knowledge of how to equip, care for, ride, and live with/off of your war Yach (great curling tusked furry serpents)

**Naekushan Exodite** - Naekusha is a moderately High G world in the "Maenad interrupts" – the deepest part of the maenadic "incursions" – a wide swath of relative economic depression between primarily Friggian and Ketraxian areas of the Middlemarches. While it is only a marginal garden world, it is the only naturally occurring such world for 7 lights in every direction; consequently, almost everyone has a small population there. Including the maenads. Everyone gets along, and feuds, as driven by circumstance and need. It's a pretty miserable place. You got away somehow

**Detail:** You are used to dealing with small groups on a one-by-one basis and know no two are really alike. You speak at least one dialect known to the maenads of your home and (with an Int of 10+) one other language spoken by a different clade on your world.

**Kit:** two sets of clothes for extraordinarily arid cold weather on a rocky world with two seasons that are functionally fall and winter.

**Orphan-killer** – you are one of the surviving Ducrats from the fall & evacuation of the crumbling repurposed alien ring habitat **Thyon**

**Detail:** you are one of the 547 juves and pre-juves from Frame 5/Creche 13B that survived the breakup of the Imperial Ring by fleeing into the still pressurized atmo vents until rescue came, infamously 181 days later.

*You did what you had to.*

**Kit:** You will do whatever you have to, to survive, no matter what. +1 on roll the body checks done on your behalf, +1 to all critical hit results, your face on a thousand imperial holos, cold dead eyes. A backlog of trauma as long as your arm.

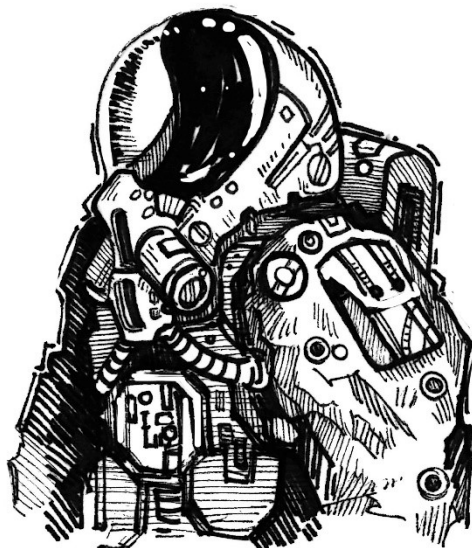
**Spacer Nomad** - You belong to one of the Ten Thousand Tribes of the Night and so you were born on a large starship and cannot imagine life planet bound – Though maybe you want to see the rest of the Galaxy.

Optionally chose profession from the Spacer sub table on pages ()

**Detail:** see shipboard tables (see page XX) . Your ship defines your culture. It's gods are your gods. It's taboos are your taboos

Furthermore, you speak a language unique to your star tribe and ship. If your tribe exists across multiple vessels then you share a language.

**Kit:** Very broken in vacuum suit, lots, and lots and lots of pockets, two vac patches where you can get at them at all times. Possibly a small plant or other life form that is yours to nurture.





## A few (7) new Zero level Being results

*Chimeric Neofin*  
*Chimeric Whalefin*  
*Insectivroid, Caretaker*  
*Friggian Maternal*  
*Iocaste' wanderer*  
*Saurid, Yellow Sun caste*  
*Veclife cyborg*

### (Chimera) Neo-Fin

The most successful aquatic clade in Imperial space and among the most successful branches of Teragen life. There are multiple variations of the basic Neofin, but this is among the most common; This particular branch is noteworthy for being somewhat smaller (approx.. 75%) than their ancestors.

**Detail** + 1 to Strength, Stamina, Agility, and Pers

AC 11 HD 1d6 Move: 45 (fluid) movement also applies to low and og gaseous environments. Can ram/headbutt in those conditions at +2 for 1d4 damage

**Kit** Roll 1d8; on an even roll the character begins with Empathy (see pp) at 1d16 Begins with *Full G Walker frame* (move 30, allows physical interaction with basic humanoid tools & controls)

-OR-

A pair of *Walking Tendrils*, large root or tentacle like structures that bloat up and allow stubby (20") motion on land and functional manipulation of tools at the expense of greater metabolic requirements (+33% more) or a reduction in swim speed to 25.

### (Chimera) Whalefin

Sometimes called Neo-whales but they are not true whales but a composite lifeform. They are one of the dominant species on Gantu among other high value water worlds in the outer core. They mass anywhere from twice to three times their smaller, narrower cousins.

**Detail** +2 Strength, Stamina,

AC 12 HD 1d8 Move 30' (aquatic) bite +2 1d6 damage

Possess 5-12 manipulative phalanges on the front/underside of each flipper; most are useless on land in full or heavy G without an external walker apparatus. Most prefer gravitic suspensors which

allow them their normal movement while 'out of the water'

However, deprived of these conditions the character is immobile, suffering a four stage reduction on the dice chain for all physical activities, more in heavier gravity. 1 in 4 possess no sense of smell out of the water and 1 in 8 none whatsoever.

**Kit** - your choice of

1. Modification for Land – four stubby legs and a variety of balancing phalanges are part of your genome, ancestral or genetically tailor-grown from your own tissues. You move SLOWLY on land (AGIL rating as Movement speed on land in normal

G, halved in full) and do not benefit from high Agility AC bonuses while operating on land in this way.

2. Twin implanted gravitic suspensors which allow your normal movement while 'out of the water,' while moving in a similar fashion. These are cybernetic in nature and require no servicing nor special license.
3. Empathy (see pp ) at 1d20

### **(Insectivroid), Caretaker**

The oldest clade of the Insectivroid gens, they are among the 'great old clades' of Imperial space, among the oldest of imperial species in any sense.

As much the progenitors of the other insectivroid clades as the Teragen are. Their numbers are almost entirely confined to the old core, and it is said that despite the glory of the imperial gene banks their kind are experiencing a declining birth rate. Indeed, theirs is a people in decline. Once possessed of their own Navigator houses and some of the craftiest merchant traders in recorded history, now they remain in the core, gently introspective where once they boldly split infinitives. As much as 80% of their population inhabit low-G high oxygen space habitats, but populations exist in all types of Imperial environs.

Centaur-like body plan; full body exoskeletal carapace, antennae, no sexual dimorphism  
Clan, tribe, family, company, or other scent and color markings on shell or exoskeleton (sufficient to serve as identification)

Any markings, scars, brands (the Insectivroids cannot be tattooed), or jewelry denoting shipboard associations, cults, or allegiances.

*Slow & steady metabolism, calm. +1 to Will saves. AC of 15, HD of 1d6, Move blind spot immediately behind head, cannot see and cannot easily turn around to see either. (Making it much easier to sneak up on them, +4 if you can avoid noise or much vibration)*

*Save at -1 to atmospheric toxins and inhaled conditions.*

*Move based actions at - 1 in thin or minimal atmospheres*

*-1 to any rolls involving visual acuity unless otherwise stated. As a corollary each receives a +1 to any perceptual tests involving scent, pheromones, insects, or scent markers.*

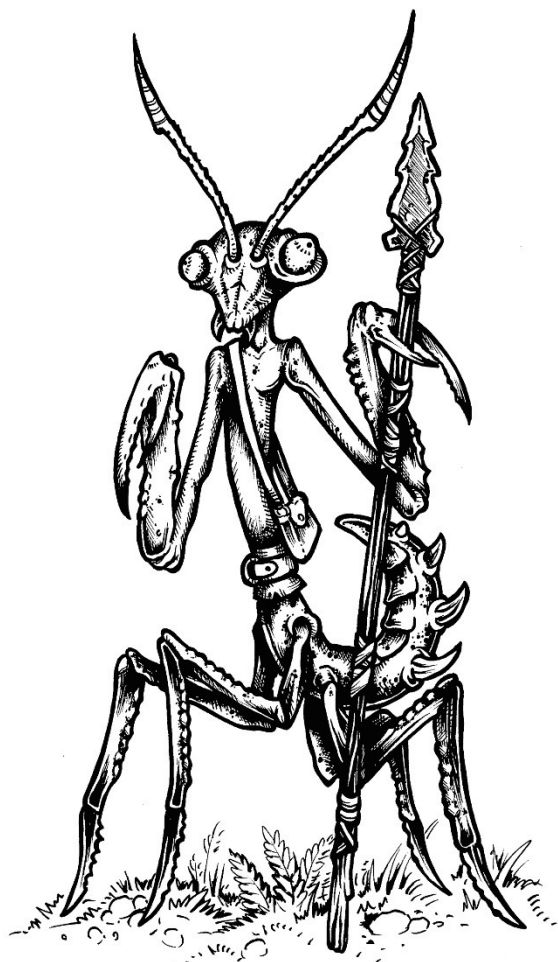
### Insectivroids "they eat their own"

Are so named for their carnivorous nature; they are the surviving members of a variety of engineered species created to care for Second Empire agricultural planets in a kind of hard coded genetic serfdom. As many of these worlds were ravaged by insects and their engineered and local analogs, it was decided, however perversely, to give them a taste for the particular values of protein best derived from those lower forms closest to themselves.

### **Insectivroid relations**

The Caretakers in some ways seem to exist in contrast to those which were derived from them during the Second Imperium. Their descendants live in the outer core and beyond and are almost entirely a planet bound people.

It is said that the successors do not get on with their somewhat ancestors, and perhaps there is some truth to this, for they each seem alien to one another, the Caretakers reeking of the sterile void of space, while the others seem drunk hormone and pollen driven Neanderthals who exist in a constant state of baser pleasures.



**(Organic Humanoid), Friggian Maternal**

Friggians may be the most common humanoid gene line within Imperial borders. Blue skin, random skin patterns in darker shades of blue, sometimes hair of white or pastel shades, prefer cool dry climes; older clades are covered in partial or full body hair.

Near-baseline Friggian biology has 3 genetic sexes, male, female, and you – you are one of the maternals, who raise the children after birth and manipulate/affect fertility rates of males and females. On many Friggian dominated worlds, the Maternals face social stigma and limited agency.

*AC 10, HD 1d4, Move 30*

**(Organic Humanoid), Iocaste' wanderer**

A clade of uncertain origins, while their ancestry can be traced to the Seven Sisters sector, no specific homeworld as yet has been found. Many derive from this that the Iocaste' (derived from a second empire dialect lit. meaning ('origin unknown') were manufactured en masse.

The humanoids have photosynthetic green skin, brown 'hair' (actually protein rich corded fungi). Prefers UV rich and moist environments; populations sporadically occur on garden worlds with warm shallow seas, dense swampland, or light jungle, where they will dwell by preference, especially around yellow or orange stars.

Very few leave their worlds for such takes them away from their precious sunlight. Most are encountered during a period of wanderlust that sets in during juvenile years in some individuals. It is not unknown for Starship captains to seek them out "for good luck."

The truth is they are natural air scrubbers. From an imperial standpoint, most are nudists. Those who travel tend to prefer bio-mods over cybernetics, and tech manufactured for them is minimalist and often appears as jewelry so as to be worn.

*AC 10 HD 1d4 Move 30' Character requires four to twelve hours of direct sunlight from particular class of star (Orange, Yellow, Red, Blue, or something exotic), the amount depends on body mass. Suffers additional +1 point of damage per die from all laser and other light based attacks.*

### **(Saurid) Yellow Sun caste<sup>3</sup>**

Only semi bipedal, with long wide tails that aid in balance, only semi upright, in a fashion resembling something like a velociraptor or deinonychus. They have short life spans, most populations not reaching 60 siderea. Features are scaled, feathered, or (rarely) skinned; regardless, stripes and spotting patterns are common.

Near baseline – egg laying neo-reptile; genetically male or female, of only modest sexual dimorphism (non-Saurids cannot often tell) Regardless of their initial origins, many were deployed en masse during the Second Empire to low nitrogen, high oxygen, high carbon dioxide "pre-garden" planets as slave troops, ensuring that at the end, they were widely enough dispersed to have survived as a significant population into the modern era. In the modern era they are not thought terribly well of, having a reputation more of exotic tinkerers than builders of their own. Very social creatures, few leave their home clutches for long; it is far more common for a band of young yellow suns to set out into the universe as a group.

*AC 11, HD 1d8, Speed 35. You may swap out points in strength for points in stamina or agility while in character creation.*




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<sup>3</sup> Orange sun caste Saurids are covered in Sub-ether #1, as well as in the charges for Galaxy Black (forthcoming)

### **Veclife, Cyborg**

Mostly Humanoid – you are (Roll 1d6 1-4 1m 5-6 2m) tall and greatly resemble the ancient Vem; you may in fact revere them among your ancestor spirits. You are part of an older population or a throwback in that you have low/mod G hands and feet instead of manipulators and foot-hands. The character is adapted to the void of space and conditions of near to total vacuum. They are native, descended from native, or was long ago engineered to survive natively. Many extended families in the millions exist as work-gangs in the imperial core. Most likely you are one of the ancestor worshipping tribal Vec peoples that have long worked orbital assembly and out of atmo maintenance tech alongside an increasing array of inorganic accompaniment. You are almost certainly from the core and have strong feelings about unionization and labour rights; you have spent a fair bit of your life to this point “enmeshed” in one or more info worlds; you get along very well with mechs compared to most organics, getting along with them at +2 on relevant interactions in stressful situations and likely have a highly developed internal life as well.

*AC 12 HD 1d6 Move 20 in full g +1 starting language (a machine language or mechspeech dialect), implanted wiretech medium range vacuum EM/radio transmitter/receiver. +4 on radio and primitive EM band communications and networking tests Starting EWW of 1d4.*

**Veclife cybernetic & biological Details:** you are fitted with internal synthesizers and are probably photosynthetic, Your eyes are featureless black lids protecting v the effects of bright light or UV; you are immune to dazzle effects. you also cannot see any colours past blue.

Characters begins with innate resistance of the effects of cold, heat, and exposure; each time such damage is inflicted, the creature takes 1d3 less damage than would have been the case. Further the character saves v. dazzling, bright light, and radiation at +4 (this includes lasers). They are immune to inhalants and gasses. Such a life form requires no vacuum suit to work in space though may still require an environment suit when going planet side or into a strange atmosphere; any single atmosphere can be considered non-hostile and so the creature will not need additional protection; commonly Garden oxygen-nitro atmosphere but not necessarily

## Plus a few (7) new zero level Professions

*Apprentice & Trade professions*  
*Fleeing Political Dissident*  
*Gravity Mechanic*  
*Professional (learning based)*  
*Protected Environment worker*  
*Skilled & highly trained*  
*Space knight petitioner*

### Apprentice & Trade Professions 1d4

1. Atmo Farmer (1. Water Vapor 2. Oxygen 3. Hydrocarbons)
2. Bio-Maintenance Engineer (Recycling & Reclamation)
3. Prospector (1. Ore 2. Salvage 3. Radioactives 4. Antimatter 5 G-well miner ex-atmo)
4. High/Low Pressure worker

**Kit:** apprenticeship medallion or other identifier, one set clothes for the dangerous scut-work that you're used to,

### Fleeing Political Dissident

Whether you are fleeing a city, a world, or the Imperium itself, you were on the wrong side of a power struggle with political, economic, and possibly religious overtones. Your enemies are rampant and suddenly being very much elsewhere is an extremely good idea.

Many are the ways one can wind up in this position – Roll 1d10

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1. Activist,                                    | 7. Rebel,                                  |
| 2. Conspirator,                                 | 8. Subversive,                             |
| 3. Former dictator,                             | 9. Symbol of Opposition to the New Regime. |
| 4. Idealistic Young Senator,                    | 10. Wanted by the Authorities              |
| 5. Leadership figure important to the Movement, |  |
| 6. Politician,                                  |  |

**Kit:** Case full of now useless money and 'bonds' that the imperial exchange will not accept, falsified travel papers, expired travel visa, your enemies in pursuit. A world or place you can never return to.

**Imperial licensed Gravity Mechanic** - One who has had the necessary psychosurgery, training, and demonstrated superior understanding of super-, null-, contra-, and quantum-gravitational forces and their application in imperial technology. They possess at least rudimentary understanding of the care and maintenance of a gravity drive and can supervise untrained but trusted subordinates in its use aboard very small vessels.

**Detail:** While you are (maybe) not nobility you may as well be. The Gravity Mechanics are the elite caste of imperial society. It could not function in its current state without them.

Control of gravity is reserved for the Empire itself. Violators will be purged.

**Kit:** You start fully brainwashed absolutely unable to spill the secrets of imperial gravity tech. You start with 5d100 extra credits and any single set of clothes you like.

### **Protected Environment worker – Training or Experience d10**

- |                                 |                             |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Biological Hazard,           | 6. Meme & Conceptual Hazard |
| 2. Exotic Atmo,                 | worker,                     |
| 3. Super High G,                | 7. Radiation area,          |
| 4. Hostile Background Resonance | 8. Sometow Hunter,          |
| (Psychic Taint)                 | 9. Squig Wrangler,          |
| 5. Joveworld conditions,        | 10. Vacuum                  |

**Kit:** One (light) environment suit of the appropriate type; a dire need for a bath, clean-can, liquid hose, or sonic shower

### **Professional (Learning based)** You have a partial or whole academic background **Degree 1d4:**

1. Student,
2. Xenoarcheologist,
3. Linguist
4. Robopsychiatrist

**Kit:** Credentials, opportunities for easy but boring employment, 1 set of clothes or other garment appropriate to the practice of your profession or degree. +1 additional language, or more than one additional if Int<15

### **Skilled & Highly Trained Professions** **Training d5**

1. Orgonne Trader,
2. Private courier,
3. Beamrider Steward,
4. Interface pilot
5. Solar Relay technician

**Kit** Tool harness & tools relevant to your profession; guild bond tattoo or brand somewhere visible to members of your trade.

**Space knight petitioner** – you are traveling to the city-satellite of Revis Rubiyat, a pilgrim hoping to join the Celstia Numina, take the oath and undergo the conversion process. You may want to smash the Un-dead, be a hero, escape home, or any other of a million other motivations.

**Detail:** As a pilgrim you have acquired at least a smattering of the church language Lingishtar.

**Kit:** necklace, ornament, or other symbolic memento of the life you are abandoning, the primitive version of whatever weapon you envision yourself bearing (commonly, sword, mace, or bow) that you are likely still learning to use. A heart full of ideals and/or desperation. Battered copy (material or electronic) of *Galahdar Errant the principles of fair war and an accounting of the Body Chivalric*<sup>4</sup>, an archaic Third Empire text on manners, philosophy, and proper conduct.

### Some mentioned gear and specialized Kit

#### **Comet-suit**

##### **AC 13**

The Icers of this system have created a dedicated protective suit for the rigorous but specialized needs of their chosen trade, and it has evolved across two lifetime generations of design.

A kind of hybrid vacuum/environmental suit designed to survive getting wet as well as vacuum and going back and forth),

Usually left or right wrist fitted with pressurized grapple gun and 660m of filament rope on a spool. (STR 18 rated)

#### **Walker Frame (Full G) – Neofin variety**

A basic streamlined exoskeleton providing four spider-like cyber-limbs and a pair of manipulator tentacle-tendrils for close in work; most are fitted specifically to the wearer. Allows physical interaction with basic humanoid tools and controls, supplementing a Fin's flipper-waldoes.

In conditions of zero or low gravity, the walker legs may be used as additional work 'feet' allowing an additional action die to be taken on repetitive repair and mechanical interface tasks.

Notes: In "normal" gravity (see pp XX) it takes a fin one round to free themselves from the Walker frame, or immediately if they are in water or other liquid medium in which they possess buoyancy. Can collapse into a 2kg frame 10cmx7cn when not in use.

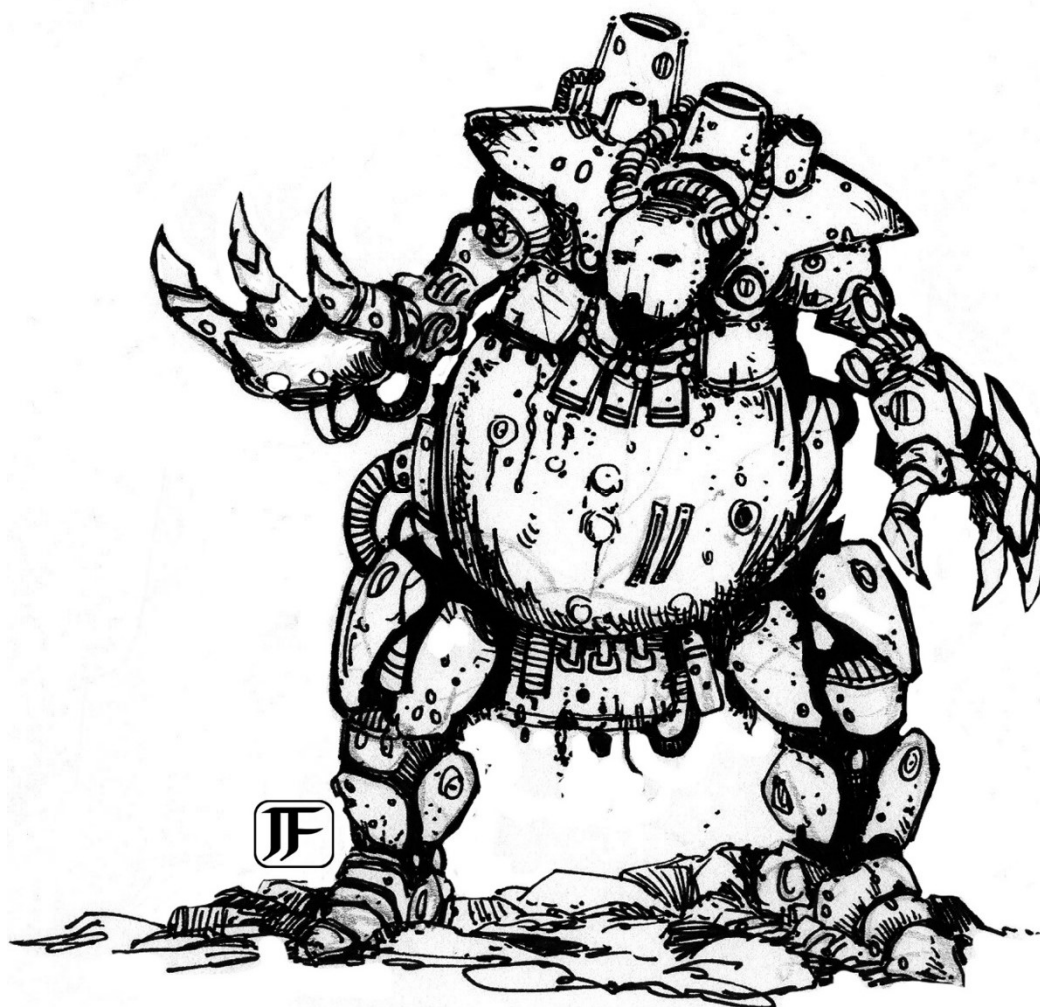
*Move 30, no bonus to AC; basic varieties max. the wearer's Agil bonus at 14 or 16*

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<sup>4</sup> Also the fairly straightforward, if symbolism laden, story of one of the first space knights, stranded on a low tech and lawless world for nearly 100 years before rescue. HIGHLY fictionalized.



## ONCE AND FUTURE COZMIK KNIGHTS Runaways, Stowaways, and other Voyagers into the Black (pregens)



Sometimes you want to just grab and go right? Here's eleven of those, any of whom could be found as potential PCs or potential threats on the promenade of a Middlemarches space station, say.....

**To the Judge:** obviously allow your players to make zeros with Galaxy Black itself or make them yourself and provide an assortment all your own OR use these or mix and match. It's your galaxy now, do with it as you will.

**RAID ON PLANETOID P-4710a option** – populate crowded sections of the rock (the promenade, shops etc.) with the following or variations of them as needed for local colour and the odd random stat block.

Anyone created using Sub-ether 1 is not just ideal for this purpose but encouraged. Likewise, the Spacer tribe zeros on page 7. Have fun!

## Aladdīn Stardvst

*“Unfortunately, when my ancestors brought “civilization” to the imperial core they also brought their weird gender issues. All of them.”*

**Origin** coreworlder runaway

**Being(Gens)** organic humanoid      **(Clade)** Friggian maternal

**Profession** political dissident      **(Training)** gender activist

**Gravity<sup>5</sup>** Low

<b>Strength</b>	10	
<b>Agility</b>	11	
<b>Stamina</b>	11	
<b>Intelligence</b>	13	+1
<b>Personality</b>	15	+1
<b>Luck</b>	6	

**Base AC** 10

**HD** 1d4

**HP**

**BAB** 0

**Saves** 0/0/0

**Armor proficiencies**

**Weapon proficiencies**

**Mechanized / Uplift Attributes**

**Shaper Traits/Mutations** Golden skin is unique in family line

**XP**

**Gear** expired travel visa, falsified exit visa and travel papers to get off world

Travel case full of now useless money, ID papers and the like.

your enemies in pursuit. A world you can never return to.

A male identifying Friggian Maternal, The star boy is androgynous, cosmic, wise, and a fool all at once. The golden skinned humanoid is from a desiccated, newly desert world (once garden), where he is part of what he calls the “Third wave” of Maternal revolution, and so choosing to identify as a traditionally male Friggian. This led to repression and harsh penalties and ‘idea-laws.’ So well liked was he that it was time for those forces sympathetic to him and what he represents to smuggle him off planet before the administration could have him arrested or “reprogrammed.”

**Contacts** (1) the Aladdin-7 Movement that was founded in his absence

---

<sup>5</sup> gravity rules this issue pp 6

## Test Umlavtt

**Origin** Freed slave

**Being(Gens)** organic humanoid

**(Clade)** mongrel

– dedicated crash test dummy

**Profession** trained & skilled

**(Training)** imperial test pilot

**Gravity** Heavy

**Strength** 17 +2

**Agility** 4 -2

**Stamina** 18 +3

**Intelligence** 8 -1

**Personality** 5 -2

**Luck** 13

**Base AC** 8 (10 in €-suit)

**HD** 10+3

**HP**

**BAB** 0

**Saves** 0/0/0

**Armor proficiencies** environmental suit

**Weapon proficiencies**

**Shaper Traits** Likely, Test case Code ID testbed7/b9/Umlavtt lacks ‘attributes’ wholeheartedly and in fact may be quite unaware or unconcerned about lacking anything. Regardless of presentation they are built like He-man on super-steroids.

## XP

**Gear** 6” War mullet

Maker’s mark (manufacturer’s stamp indicating rating & achievements) roof of mouth

Environment suit – Super heavy gravity AC 12 base

Contacts (1) Qvertzl 9, insectivroid member of the naval bureaucracy who filled out their exit paperwork, the only member of their series to survive their full contract of use. Was kind of enough to suggest the contract be reexamined for moral lapses. Test thought it seemed a good idea but that’s because “*whatever bughead was talking about they seemed nice*”

**Test really just wants to fugg some dregg up, get some big honking weapons and go maximum on someone**

**TEST UMLAUTT CONQUERS THE UNIVERSE**

**TEST UMLAUTT lives in eternity**

**TEST UMLAUTT was here**

## Unae and Ikaterine Nova ( two characters identical sheets)

**Origin** Troublemakers  
**Being(Gens)** Saurids **(Clade)** yellow sun caste  
**Profession** protected environ worker **(Training)** semiexotic atmo/low radiation  
**Gravity** Normal ( arid factory world of Ourile )  
**Move** 35 (bipedal walk)  
 Only semi bipedal, with long wide tails that aid in balance, only semi upright, Spotted with light feathering

<b>Strength</b>	11	
<b>Agility</b>	14	+1
<b>Stamina</b>	9	
<b>Intelligence</b>	7	-1
<b>Personality</b>	16	+2
<b>Luck</b>	7	

**Base AC** 12  
**HD** 108  
**HP**  
**BAB** 0  
**Saves** 0/0/0

**Armor proficiencies** environmental suit

**Weapon proficiencies**

**Mechanized / Uplift Attributes** n/a

**Shaper Traits** production & ID stamp, gene graft

Clone sisters commissioned & decanted by / for Solveig Isotope Storage & Transport – ID via gene graft

**XP**

**Gear** E-suits (high Radiation), One small melee weapon.

A pair of production line clone sisters from the arid factory world of Ourile, the two clones were issued names from the computer at hatching, and assigned to workgroup Nova, indicating their large yellow sun Saurid population. The entire population of 30 million Saurids is under a 15 sidereal indenture; With only two years left on those indentures, they broke loose, turned to petty crime, and fled their world on a company Grav sling.

**Contacts (1)**

## Varla Satana

**Origin** orphan killer  
**Being(Gens)** organic humanoid **(Clade)** Friggian Maternal  
**Profession** Skilled & trained **(Training)** interface pilot (jet bunny)  
**Gravity** “low”

**Strength** 10  
**Agility** 13 +1  
**Stamina** 12  
**Intelligence** 15 +1  
**Personality** 11  
**Luck** 11

**Base AC** 10  
**HD** 1d4  
**HP**  
**BAB** 0  
**Saves** 0/0/0

**Armor proficiencies** environmental suit

**Weapon proficiencies** knife

### Mechanized / Uplift Attributes

. +1 on roll the body checks done on your behalf,  
 +1 to all critical hit results

### XP

**Gear** 513B tattooed across belly

**e-suit** jumpsuit and acceleration harness

a dagger, a knife, and a switchblade all on her person somewhere (‘concealed’)  
 your face on a thousand imperial holos, cold dead eyes. A backlog of trauma as long as  
 your arm.

**Contacts** (1) *The 99 gang*, Orange Blossom Station (got her the shuttle pilot gig) She  
 runs packages for them sometimes. Always on time or early, never a prying eye.

Varla doesn’t try anything, she just *does* it.  
 You might know the type.

**Kirth Gerson****Origin** death orphan**Being(Gens)** organic humanoid**(Clade)** Iocaste' Wanderer**Profession** gravity mechanic**(Training)****Gravity** normal**Move** 30**Strength** 11**Agility** 11**Stamina** 12**Intelligence** 11**Personality** 16 +2**Luck** 9**Base AC** 10**HD** 1d4**HP****BAB** 0**Saves** 0/0/0

. +1 to Will saves involving death, and the dead.

**Armor proficiencies****Weapon proficiencies****Mechanized / Uplift Attributes**

Imperial Conditioning - fully brainwashed absolutely unable to spill the secrets of imperial gravity tech.

**Shaper Traits** Character requires four to twelve hours of direct sunlight from particular class of star (Orange, Yellow, Red, Blue, or something exotic), the amount depends on body mass. Suffers additional +1 point of damage per die from all laser and other light based attacks.**XP****Gear** UV permeable APFI superskin jumpsuit

204 creds of stuff

**Contacts** (1) *Hylidis Octet*, (security rated) Imperial Therapist

## Gerik Danderoffen

**Origin** Belter tribe (icebacker)  
**Being(Gens)** Veclife **(Clade)** cyborg  
**Profession** trade profession **(Training)** contraterene prospector  
**Gravity** Low  
**Move** 20 in full g

<b>Strength</b>	11	
<b>Agility</b>	7	-1
<b>Stamina</b>	5	-2
<b>Intelligence</b>	5	-2
<b>Personality</b>	8	-1
<b>Luck</b>	11	

**Base AC** 12  
**HD** 1d6  
**HP**  
**BAB** 0  
**Saves** 0/0/0

**Armor proficiencies** comet suit

**Weapon proficiencies**

**Mechanized / Uplift Attributes**

Eye lasers – IR eye lasers, granting 100' infravision optics also have ow light  
 +1 *starting language (a machine language or mechspeech dialect),*  
*implanted wiretech medium range vacuum EM/radio transmitter/receiver.*  
 +4 *on radio and primitive EM band communications and networking tests*  
*Starting EWW of 1d4.*

## Shaper Traits

### XP

**Gear** Comet-suit (a kind of hybrid vacuum/environmental suit designed to survive getting wet as well as vacuum and going back and forth),  
 pressurized grapple gun and 660m of filament rope on a spool. (STR 18 rated)

**Contacts** (1)

## K!Sturn B'lkstton (*Stern Blanston in Basic*)

Origin Arkship Migrant  
 Being(Gens) insectivroid (Clade) caretaker  
 Profession Professional (Training) space academy washout  
 Gravity  
 Move 25

Strength 12  
 Agility 5 -2  
 Stamina 11  
 Intelligence 13 +1  
 Personality 10  
 Luck 11

Base AC 15  
 HD 106  
 HP  
 BAB 0  
 Saves 0/0/0 +1 to Will saves

*Save at -1 to atmospheric toxins and inhaled conditions*

### Armor proficiencies

Weapon proficiencies mace

### Mechanized / Uplift Attributes

Shaper Traits *Slow & steady metabolism, calm.*

*blind spot immediately behind head, cannot see and cannot easily turn around to see either. (Making it much easier to sneak up on them, +4 if you can avoid noise or much vibration)*

*Move based actions at -1 in thin or minimal atmospheres*

*-1 to any rolls involving visual acuity unless otherwise stated. As a corollary each receives a +1 to any perceptual tests involving scent, pheromones, insects, or scent markers.*

### XP

**Gear** Finder chip (either still implanted or worn as a memento), something from home, a small but heavy piece of pipe (treat as mace), fond memories of the old homeworld. Data chips with astrogation and command lessons

### Contacts (1)

Always wanted to be a space explorer like in the days of old when your people mattered. More to compensate for crushing sense of failure.



## "Screaming Rev" Kimba Kennison

**Origin** Naekushan Exodite

**Being(Gens)** humanoid

**(Clade)** Aesin

**Profession** Space knight petitioner

**(Training)**

**Gravity** heavy

**Strength**

9

**Agility**

8

-1

**Stamina**

11

**Intelligence**

13

+1

**Personality**

12

**Luck**

8

**Base AC**

10

**HD**

104

**HP**

**BAB**

0

**Saves**

0.0.0

**Armor proficiencies**

**Weapon proficiencies** carbine

**Mechanized / Uplift Attributes**

**Shaper Traits**

**XP**

**Gear** two sets of clothes for extraordinarily arid cold weather on a rocky world with two seasons that are functionally fall and winter.

Sword

Necklace with holy symbol of upbringing

Battered copy (material or electronic) of *Galahdar Errant the principles of fair war and an accounting of the Body Chivalric*<sup>6</sup>, an archaic Third Empire text on manners, philosophy, and proper conduct.

heart full of ideals and/or desperation.

**Contacts (1)**

Quixotic would be space knight and general religious nutter.

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<sup>6</sup> Also the fairly straightforward, if symbolism laden, story of one of the first space knights, stranded on a low tech and lawless world for nearly 100 years before rescue. HIGHLY fictionalized.

**Stella Starburst****Origin** blank**Being(Gens)** org. humanoid **(Clade)** Aesin**Profession** Imperial serf **(Training)** Reclamation worker**Gravity** normal**Strength** 11**Agility** 12**Stamina** 9**Intelligence** 11**Personality** 16 +2**Luck** 13**Base AC** 10**HD** 1d4**HP****BAB** 0**Move** 30**Saves** 0/0/0**Armor proficiencies****Weapon proficiencies** club**Mechanized / Uplift Attributes****Shaper Traits** one of the drive crew razed<sup>7</sup> your hair white on the trip here; so far it's permanent.**XP** 11**Gear** Rain jack (matte/black The Wear-all Full Seasons Environmental Hood System)

Commstat (left cheek)

Macrospanner (treat as club 1d4)

Jumpsuit, kitbag, A wad of useless money from home on Noir

**Contacts** (1) Otire Hameth, Shop steward 315 Gardentank Reccieworks (Sky City, Noir)(2) Pih Dheris, wave reception officer aboard the *Nite Flyte*

You got out of Noir's Underworld but a whole new universe of terrors awaits you

---

<sup>7</sup> To Raze or Razeing – using particles of fuel to facilitate crude in transit minor gene mods by gravity mechanics.

**'Derk of Scorpivs'**Aka Squeak, pong, squeak squeak pong, *pod of responsible accountancy*

Aka Dirk Speed

Aka Rick Speedo

**Origin** coreworlder runaway**Being(Gens)** Chimera **(Clade)** Neo Fin type I**Profession** trained & learned **(Training)** banking clan apprentice**Gravity** low / medium**Move** 45 fluid/weightless  
movement also applies to low and og gaseous environments**Strength** 13 +1**Agility** 13 +1**Stamina** 12**Intelligence** 12**Personality** 12**Luck** 18**Base AC** 11 (12)**HD** 1d6**HP****BAB** 0**Saves** 0/0/0**Armor proficiencies** walker frame**Weapon proficiencies** ram/headbutt**Mechanized / Uplift Attributes****Ancestral & Shaper Traits**

grey skin that speckles with age until gradually turning pink or white (Taiwanese Humpback Fin)

Can ram/headbutt in those conditions at +2 for 1d4 damage

Roll 1d8; on an even roll the character begins with Empathy (see p 131) at 1d16

**XP****Gear** *Full G Walker frame* (move 30, allows physical interaction with basic humanoid tools & controls)

interface web, several false IDs that will crumble on inspection

**Contacts** (1) other disaffected but wealthy Fin youth

a fifth son of the third pod of the *Blooming Flower Plankton Onions* banking clan, with almost 900 members in 11,019; he has no desire to be a banker, work with numbers, or remain on world. He wants to live, he wants to sex strange organisms, and inhale designer pharmaceuticals. You know you will likely turn up dead, a criminal, or in the Imperial Legions. You don't care.

## Evis-99m, trel-trel red coral school

*Digitally known as Deetah-Nine Millimetre*

**Origin** Escaped Slave From Siren-8A

**Being(Gens)** Chimera **(Clade)** Lupoid (Canna Sirena – Aquadog,)

**Profession** skilled & high trained **(Training)** Aquashuttle pilot

**Gravity** low / medium

<b>Strength</b>	11	
<b>Agility</b>	13	+1
<b>Stamina</b>	13	+1
<b>Intelligence</b>	10	
<b>Personality</b>	13	+1
<b>Luck</b>	9	

**Base AC** 12

**HD** 104

**HP**

**BAB** 0

**Saves** 0/0/0

**Armor proficiencies**

**Weapon proficiencies**

**Mechanized / Uplift Attributes**

**Shaper Traits**

Canna Sirena – Aquadog, modded for partial aquatics (6 hours +/-1 Sta mod) at modest pressures

**XP**

**Gear**

**Contacts** (1) Blooming Flower Plankton Onions (Neo-fin clan) 15 year indenture

(Coreworld Data Habitat) High ranking top scoring player/contributor - the online persistent community of **Aqua Tyrant Endless Ocean War** where they are primarily known as the oversexed gun bunny gynoid *Deetah-Nine Millimetre*

From Siren-8A, a junior son of your employing clan came to you and enlisted your aid in running the hell away from his family. You don't know him, but you have five years left on your indentures....and he's not giving you a choice precisely. You haven't really planned for any of this so just roll with it. Can't go back now though, that much is certain.

Looks like you'll be seeing the universe a little sooner than expected. Don't go home.

# *The Station ANET.O // P-4710a*

Titus ANET.O Iiaus/Mithraides P-4710a, a minor crossroads in a wider universe.

P-4710a (Mithraides Out system<sup>8</sup>)

Type: Outsystem port

Configuration: Asteroid base (Vesta class)

Size: Irregular - 6.99 km (longest), 3.23 km wide (widest)

Asteroid captured (date/authorization) 10,972/ system port authority

Purpose: Commercial

Ownership: Matrick Tildah (bill of sale dated 11,001)

Commissioned: 11,003

Station spun up and went online: 11,016

Station was tunneled from a pre-selected site (chosen from dozens owned or optioned by Space Trader Nick's and most often discovered by beltters, independent contractors, etc. ) 11,012 – 11,018

## **Overview:**

The rock – the body of the station

The ring – partially a tunneled out area of the rock but the most exposed section of station proper; only 2/3 of the ring is visible from the station exterior.

## Internal Y Axis Station map<sup>9</sup>

Seven Sensor clusters and system traffic interface

Four through Six Space trader Nicks (three dedicated levels of shopping and support)

Inner Promenade is the facing Space Trader Nick's installation.

Three Outer Promenade

Two Secure (Employee) level -

One Small craft docks

Zero Central Docking Ring

01 through 06 Six levels of warehousing

07 Lower Docking Ring

08 – 014 Seven levels of warehousing

015 Cargo umbilicus

Fuel tanks and reactivities storage are in spherical external tanks on the far side of the highest density area of the rock.

**The station** – It isn't much. But it is growing and that attracts attention.

<sup>8</sup> Of some note, the asteroid's orbit keeps it on the far side of the system from the Imperial Monitor Satellite. Everyone is happier this way.

<sup>9</sup> As is standard throughout the imperium, levels above the docking area ascend, and are spelled out, while levels below the docking area are prefixed with a zero and expressed numerically 01, 02, and so on.

It's designed to get the business of starships that are arriving in system for Necessaries (refuel, resupply, reorient) and have no particular business in the inner system. Most of its business in this regard to this point is directed from other Space Trader Nick's locations, further to Rimward, riding a wide double line, roughly along the edge of the imperial Middlemarches, paralleling across the imperial border.

It is a transfer point between out system belters and in system ships, but more importantly it is becoming a highly trafficked transfer point between the out system belters and the Icers, a small but thriving group of belters who have dedicated operations in this system's Oort cloud, mostly sending water comets in-system on tagged vectors to this point.

## Level three Outer Promenade

This level is broken into inner and outer sections, sitting as it were just above the docking ring for the station.

The **inner promenade** is taken up entirely by the public facing business part of the Space Trader Nick's here. (Enter from here and from there, are this and two additional levels of shopping and support in the levels above)

**The Outer Promenade** is the area we are primarily concerned about. There are a small plethora of business and services present on the Promenade, all of which pay the Space Trader Nick's affiliate rent for space, air, and the like. Turnover is quite high.

Flash detectors<sup>10</sup> are located at either end of the mapped area, with a balisticonic audio bullet embedded in the ceiling here. Chemsniffers are located near the intakes and blowers to the station's ventilation system randomly throughout the promenade.

### **The Outer Promenade Docks**

- dock ring upper one presently being used to support the station's cargo umbilicus below.
- dock ring upper two presently supports a second access point to a massive vessel moored at the lower docking ring.
- 'central' docking ring (private to Space Trader Nick's contract customers)

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<sup>10</sup> Imperial space stations and other artificial habitats are routinely equipped with (among many other things) thermal detection "**flash**" sensors - used to pinpoint directed energy weapons fire down to the millimeter. Similarly ballisticonic detectors will register a chemically fired slug thrower as easily as a sonic stunner.

## Notable locations on the station

### *Outer Promenade section alpha*

**Temple** – not really a temple, more a “semi designated chapel area” and then only if someone is minding it. It is the final hall chamber before reclamation. If not staffed then likely as not 1d5 random pilgrims of various stripes may be resting/squatting here at any given time.

*Small medical alcove* – the barest minimum. No autodoc. No staff either. Presently site of an unofficial sex work operation – unofficial (meaning a violation of guild law) while also “licensed to operate, small communal business” by the head of the Space Trader Nick’s on condition that they “render aid”  
- *there may be some contention as to the meaning on this.*

*Imperial customs officer*, low to middling rank member of the system bureaucracy, on the take but gloriously stationed here; finally settling in after six months. Prim. Spends his time making sure nothing coming through violates imperial law

**Small set of rental habitats** – 139 medium rest tubes, 6 modest cube rooms, all charged to the station; in fact, the owner is a spacer who started this up with the blessings of management but has not been back in six months. Anyone with maintenance needs, or worse trapped inside a sleep tube, may have a hard time getting out without working communications.

### *Outer Promenade section beta*

**Imperial Ramen stand** – Look, there’s the ubiquitous Imperial Ramen Stand (see Down & Out at the Imperial Ramen stand pp)  
This is located across the plaza from the Noodle bar and so the entrance proper. Only Imperial Ramen could pay that kind of berthing fee.

**Fryll’s noodle bar** is located just outside the entrance to Space Trader Nick’s, perhaps in some jocular opposition to the Imperial ramen kiosk.

**Fryll** – the ‘live noodle chef’ pretty much IS “Fryll’s No Frills Noodle Bar”

*“A cousin to a close friend who married into the family of someone the owner trusts,”*  
Fryll arrived on station to see the universe a little over 26 progressions ago. However, he has since set up shop as the resident “chef” Just inside the control barrier of the Space Trader Nick’s here; in visible, loud and (usually) friendly ‘competition’ with the Imperial Ramen kiosk outside.

Since arriving here he was supposed to ship out on a space freighter to slip into the Empire proper but they have found they like it here and this improvised scam/gig is giving them plenty of opportunity to learn the language(s) and pick up the basics before setting out into the stars.

*“Noodles with oyaplast, fried, with whatever chlorophyll bearing choppables you got.”*

In point of fact, Fryll is one of the pilgrims from a closed world in the Federation neutral zone called Jaldipoor. (In fact, they are a criminal/adventurer who needed to disappear; it doesn't get more disappeared than being half a light away) If you need stats make up a 3.rd level Halfling using the DCC rpg rulebook. He's awfully good with those knives and axes.

## **Space Trader Nick's**

### **Primary Customer Facing Entrance – Space Trader Nick's**

The *Control Barrier* to Space Trader Nick's number XXX is located here. The scan grid offers forth a variety of privacy invading data feed directly into a dedicated central security computer.

There is a convenient weapons and pressure suit check at the door, the first is mandatory the second optional. For some reason, some folk<sup>11</sup> never seem to set the security sensors off though.

### **Meanwhile Inside Space Trader Nick's**

Space Trader Nick's are a general goods and wholesale distributor business with many startup locations throughout known space. In practice, each

**Space Trader Nick's**<sup>12</sup> exists as a sort of a frontier trading post given particulars of location and time. The product of a rather unique contract with the Empire, they have a perfectly legitimate license to operate throughout known space.

In short, the nearest Space Trader Nick's is really the perfect place for anyone to be. And an exceptional place to start a funnel for people who want to go to deep space.

(Space Trader Nick's continued pp 44)

Try our Vac dried slime mold flakes!!!! Ooonaaaaaaami goodness.

Soy Anything!

Algae Everything!

Ichthypaste, ichthypasta, krillcakes, and more *more* **MORE!**

IF you don't need it

We don't got it.

**Space Trader Nick's**

Lic Imperial Everywhere

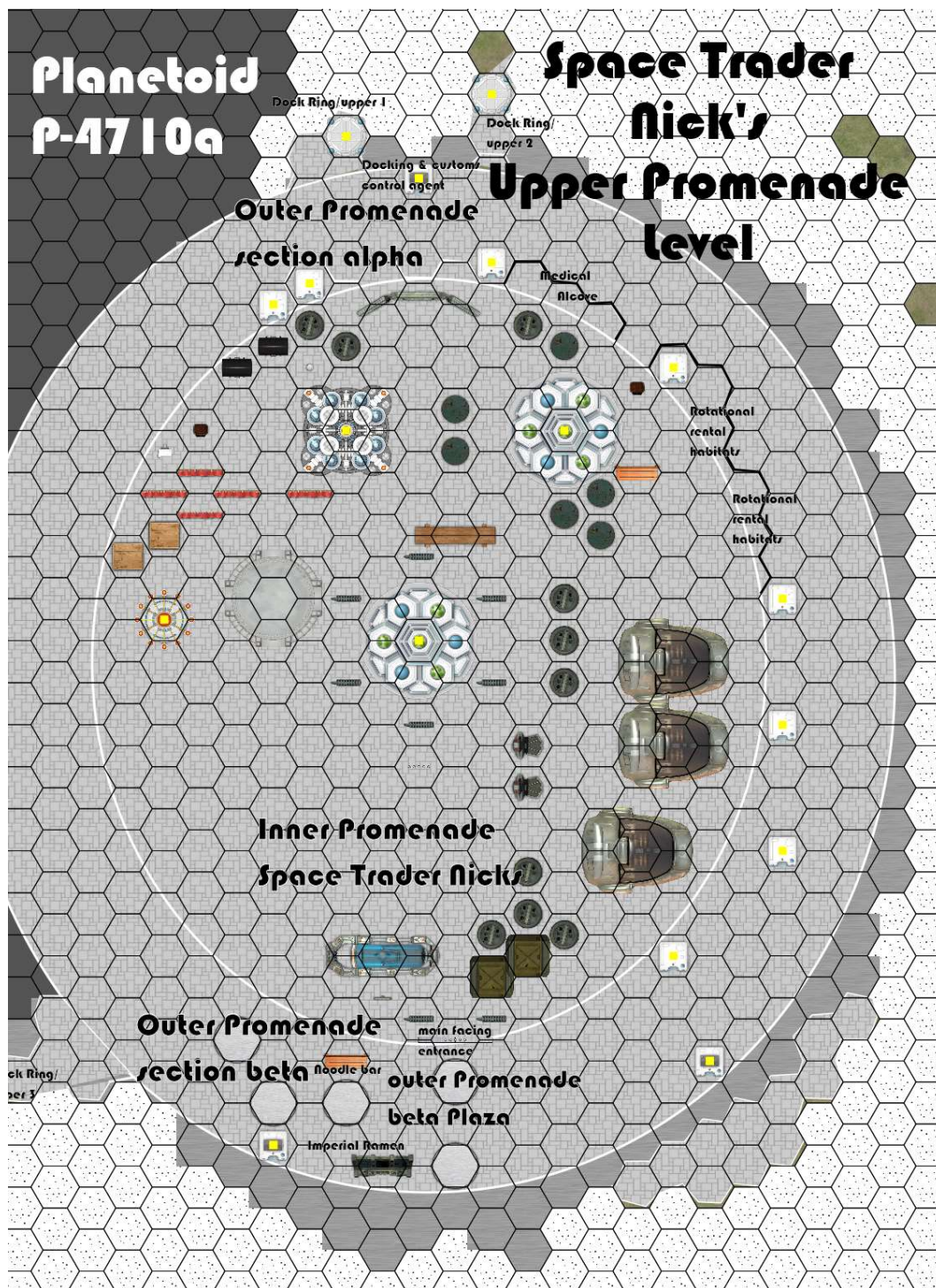
<sup>11</sup> All "close personal friends" of Management and/or the Space Trader Nick's franchise. Yes there is a list.

<sup>12</sup> Two other Example locations

Nickname: "The Bowshock Bar & Grill" One, located on or in, the semi hollowed out rock of an asteroid, 41% exposed but facing away from the system's primary. "You have to know it to find it" - located on asteroid deep in the heart of a large series of stable asteroids (System trojans perhaps)

Nickname: "Crystal Palace" There is a HUGE one known throughout the empire (it's like a mall) - you need special access to just dock there. The "mall of the empire" as it were. Mall world. Terrifying.





## Innuendo, Rumors, and other things overheard at the Space Station

Roll 1d20 or assign as appropriate

1. An old space hand claims that small trade installations and fuel stations have been getting hit by raids all along the Middlemarches for the last sidereal. They don't know by whom. (quite True).
2. "Bohica" is a maenad greeting. The word means friend (F).
3. **Common Wisdom** dictates that the Maenad scream is some kind of sonic attack. (F)
4. Dubious claims that the Traders will ship you anywhere in the Imperium for a small fee. You will of course travel cryofrozen. (T but only if you are a halfling)
5. **Everyone knows** Maenads are malicious demon-worshiping savages.
6. A shipping factor claims they saw the Trading Staff space someone for trying to steal from them. They stripped them completely of tradable goods and put them into the airlock right there. There were other witnesses. (probably F but not impossible)
7. "Imperial information control has this sector locked down tight, Ansible messages are taking twice as long to get through and receive." (T)
8. "The imperial Spice Commission is as corrupt and malicious an organization as they come!"
9. High end *Jusgar* is shipped only in mag-stripped, numbered batches.
10. kilowatt hours used are billed to your ship; if you are not on a crew manifest then you better be able to pay before you leave.....(? Possibly true.)
11. Space Trader Nick's is a front for something. (T)
12. There is an infectious alien signal working its way through artificial and cybernetic optics in this system. It is malevolent and known to cause problems., why aren't THEY saying anything? We have a need to know. (F)
13. Did you hear one of Noir's moons got locked down? I swear they were kidding but everyone keeps saying "something about Rats."
14. Some kind of massive pulse wiped the New Oiren Ansible station out of existence. Apparently there's a whole frontier area cut off from the imperial main.
15. Several naval vessels received new orders and jumped out system on literally hours' notice. Parts of the Deep Space fleet are being reorganized in a hurry for some reason
16. "That damn mutie empress is going to give microbes imperial representation now? That's damn stupid. What's next? A noble house of viruses? This is a disgrace on the One True Empress and...I've said too much."
17. The short humanoids who run this Trader facility are from a race of nomadic thieves. Blink and they will steal your maker ration from you.
18. A loud obnoxious spacer tells everyone in range a story about how they deflected a laser blast by using a solar collection mirror as a shield. He's obviously drunk.
19. Someone slips the PC the coordinates for some system along the Frontier. You don't know why.
20. Green star light induces psychic abilities.

Pick up encounters to get the group motivated and the blood flowing

1. **Creepy guy on the promenade** – “47 ships on 47 47 and 47 474747474747 the 47 and 10 bring ruin rain rain rain” pro’llly among the first to die when the Maenads attack
2. **Cute little pick pocket with attached brain slug**
3. The crew of the SNV *Viscount Armand Assante* (some noble’s yacht) were exposed to Five Star Space Spore during the last “Captain’s Orgy” and are now rageaholics seeking violence. “YOU LOOKIN TO FIGHT **HUH?**”
4. **The floppy artist** – “lunar shuttle tickets, lunar shuttle tickets! I’ve got ozone, non-ozone, in the aisle in the crib, lunar shuttle tickets!” A vulpine chimera sells “tickets to the inner system.”
5. **Osmium Powah Thump** or at least their touring ship just pulled into dock. Station population may swell with up to 5d100 roadies, groupies, and maybe just maybe the band. Station is going to get crowded. Anything that can happen to a group of touring musicians just might...and while docked at this fragile pressurized planetoid installation.
6. **“Five a fin some five for foresight?”** – an aging Neofin ex Vacuum Legionnaire who lost their lower waldo-fins in a pirate attack years ago is stuck on this rock. Who wants to hire an impeded fin where there’s neither water nor a dense gaseous medium? While a source of story, derision, and pity across the planetoid’s population, today he is seized by a vision, a scrap of the prescience his fire team had before they were obliterated in some nameless frontier campaign. He can see the doom ship (the *Serendipity*) arriving from jump and the attack then all becomes cloudy, but *he can functionally identify who is a PC.*
7. **Hexadecimal and proud!** A Mech Pride Parade is taking up a significant amount of space and traffic along the Outer Promenade. This Sidereal is highlighting an obscure (to organics) distinction of those running on old but flexible Hexadecimal code.
8. **The Red Hills of Mai-po** A single lonely spacer, face covered in an exotic, butterfly wing-like display of purple radiation scars, sings a mournful tune, perhaps of their long lost homeworld. They do not respond if spoken to, only singing louder.
9. **Three grizzled rock rats** of the Icer clan Finieous regale you with the tale of how they staked the claim on this rock first. At least one of them will note that “Everywhere we go these damn runtlings are everywhere getting underfoot and getting us in trouble.”
10. A strange woman travels about the promenade, marking a steady count...one for each of you. When she reaches you (the last zero controlled by a player) she will say “Yes, *I’m in the right place.*” This is **Maximia Cecillia** – the runaway Navigator; she has no connection to what is occurring at all but has been using her clairvoyance to find a safe way ahead for her in her flight from her family. This is her first touch point. The thing she remembers the most were the sixteen (or however many) faces on the promenade.. If and when violence erupts, she will make a point of being elsewhere as fast as possible. If for some reason she is attacked, she has a personal shield device that will absorb 100 points of energy damage before collapsing Any PC she speaks to in this scene will gain a +1 luck bonus to their next action die roll.

Judge’s notes: **Space Trader Nick** is a beloved children’s character the empire over, a dedicated imperial propaganda tool to teach core imperial values and is the subject of over 600,000 hours of juve programming/indoctrination. Billions of juveniles of all kinds and species from all across the empire watch the adventures of inveterate imperial free trader Nick This is of course a debased version of the imperial god of trade and money; be aware that the church produced it and keeps it in circulation.

*What it is*

A large, but not always, frequently multi-level but not many combination general store, warehouse, maker, base block, hostel, truck stop, and home away from home.

*What it provides*

Lodging (for members), almost any legal item of equipment, many items from beyond (or within) the imperial border,

Money changing

Secure storage

Computer access

Of note – Any Space Trader Nick's will happily convert to Platinum and Electrum or from Plat. & elect. To the current market value of Imperial Transactions.

*Fun facts*

The franchise took nearly a hundred years of frequently being denied before being deemed acceptable by the Office of the Empress.

Each Space Trader's has one "boss" figure who is the owner/operator; it is often a family business, but that definition of family is quite flexible and is often open to interpretation. Some 85% of known Space Traders are all run by members of a clade/species believed native to the interdicted world of Jaldipoor.

The owner, *Matrick Tildah*, has been known to dual wield hatchets and go for the ankles when she is angry. Do not make the little red headed humanoid matron angry<sup>13</sup>.

*Products:*

Oh, sweet Bog where Do I Begin? Is it a thing? Then they make it. Esp. whereby "Make it" is defined as *find/get/buy/get sold/produce/etc. It and stick a STN brand on it....kick its ass out the door and sell it.*

Did the characters find some cool random thing that has no practical application to them but is tasty? Sell it to STN and soon it will be the latest ingredient in "Nick o Time" flavored iced fun, named colourfully after the planet the thing was found on. The characters might even get mentioned in the ad copy.

Let's face it. Sometimes, especially on the Frontier, a type C Starport is defined as "your Ansible Uplink, the Imperial Ramen kiosk, and the Space Trader Nick's, all within 50m of each other."

No matter who you are you can probably afford a cheap packet of ramen or curry from them.

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<sup>13</sup> Before the family tapped her to run the next franchise, she and her sons were part of the local criminal element, second and third generation immigrants, on their homeworld. "You borrow money from my boy. You run. You don't pay and you run. You injury another of my boys trying to run. Now you are making a public fool of me. You will pay up, Imperial, or I will take your legs. Right here. Right now....child, go fetch *singer* and *twang*, I've got a tree to chop down."

**Space Trade Plaza** - Directly underneath the holo, to one side is an imperial ramen kiosk, oppose that a noodle bar. In the middle is the clear pathway to the Space Trader Nick showroom. .

### ***The Showroom***

From the main entrance, the customer steps into an immense seemingly domed warehouse. Overhead, an immense Holo of Space Trader Nick flickers into existence on approach, a combination of holy imperial maxims and the odd meme-able quotation billowing forth in a constant spiel of faux religion and low key salesmanship.

*"Theft from the dead robs only the rich."*

*"Greetings primitive, you need this!"*

*"Exploration breeds venture capital."*

*"Rootie tootie, loot and scootie."*

*"Howsa bout we make a deal!"*

*"Given time, all things have value."*

*"I'll buy that for a Transaction!"*

*"If you can't awe them with agility baffle them with blather. "*

The Showroom contains an obnoxious number and variety of things; practically anything the Judge wants to be in here can be assumed to be. Including things that have no business on a space station (there are three air cars here, brand new, never flown, but you know, available for the right price).

### **Current Specials at the Space Trader Nick's**

1. *Ketraxian Meat Blasts* – prepack noodles and odd shaped "blasts" of meat in a thick heavy flavored sauce. A thousand varieties exist<sup>14</sup>.
2. *Oestrovan meatballs* – effectively scotch eggs using the eggs and meat of the Oestrovan axe-ripper, an ostrich like bird creature  
-shelf stable cryo-suspension, just crack the seal and boil for 160 seconds!
3. 5 pallets - Over ten thousand varieties of individually wrapped little sweet treats from *Salbuca*.
4. *Tanquarats*<sup>15</sup> from *Jasmynq* Both whole and in 5 flats of 1, 000 BRICKS of Tanqpaste
5. A palate of inhalables – Concentrate brick Pooris Fumar Powder (500c/brick)

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<sup>14</sup> The meat "blasts" comes from protein blasts, the name for the weird clumps this zero g vat meat grows into. Ketraxian "puffed meat" essentially; A traditional favorite of Ketraxian belters, dating from an early period of expansion into their system;

Originally an early retextured meat protein genetically tinkered for rapid growth; however, the engineers did not take microgravity into account and so the vat meat grew in unwholesome blobby tumorous shapes.

Long since replaced the original strains were kept by the tribal genesmiths of those early Ketraxians and their belter descendants grow and export the stuff to aliens throughout the empire. In Ketraxian belter cuisine replaces mycoproteins and most fish in syrupy-sauce heavy carbohydrate meals.

<sup>15</sup> Tanquarats – sinewy orange or yellow root vegetable grown in tanks in zero g, some specimens have been known to reach 5m before harvest; they are very popular among Spacers as they are fruit-vegetable hybrids, provide many nutrients scarce in vac in high amounts and fry up really well without losing flavor at all. On high population stations and long term vessels the roots are commonly mashed into a paste, enriched with soy, lichen, or algae based protein paste or (rarely) krillolope oil, sealed up and sold off as shelf stable bricks to the destitute, the impoverished, and those in need of emergency rations. When properly and efficiently processed, a single brick can if rendered into broth keep a single organic being of modest base caloric requirements alive for most of a Sidereal provided they are relatively sedentary or of excellent health.

In the Imperial legions these bricks are used to secure personal kit and loadout of tactical packages. The 513th X legion is infamous for their 1001 uses for a brick of Tanqpaste

Originally from *Jasmynq* but spread throughout the empire by the Ketraxian diaspora

## ***What's for sale at Space Trader Nick's?***

### **Movement**

Pair of grip shoes for low g	20c\$
Length of cord 50m, 1000kg tensile strength	80c\$
Climbing and Rocking Pitons (easy grab package of 36)	120c\$

### **Survival**

Biological / Analytical (BA) Sensor wand	3,000c\$
Gas mask	700c\$
Environment suit	c\$
Vacuum suit	c\$
Atmo refresh	c\$
Life bubble	300c\$
Sealed survival rations, carbon based organics one progression	45c\$
RRC (rations ready for consumption)	2-5c\$
Shock rod	800c\$
Fort save DC 16 or be stunned/semiconscious for 4d6 -STA score rounds	
Molded fibroplastic armor (grown while you wait)	1,600c\$
+3 AC                      weighs about 15 pounds in 1g	
Degrades over time, losing one point of AC bonus every four progressions. After three months the remnants turn to ash.	

### **Exploration and Survey**

Desalinization kit	70c\$
Environmental Sensor Wand	1,150c\$
Fold up solar power array – o type	1,150c\$
- M type	700c\$
- K type	375c\$
- G type	250c\$

### **Sothis Ecclectronics Sonic Tool set**

-contains screwdriver, hydraspanner, pick and detectors  
+2 aid on mechanical matters, but +3 to open locks and disable electronics

### **Space Trader Select**

Lodging	
Maker base block	16,000c\$
Out-system message ('spensive; bundled in with other ansible traffic)	
Transit out system (to another Space Trader Nick's installation)	debt
Weapons – see showroom	

*Benefit from our Preferred Trader program! Bring in something we can sell, and we will compensate you! Preference always given to preferred traders!*

**c-bux** STN converts all internal transactions into Light-Dollars, literally the expense to send it one light year. Most often this amounts to about one thousand c\$ to a Transaction. ??

*Benefit from our Preferred Trader program! Bring in something we can sell, and we will compensate you! Preference always given to preferred traders!*

## Printing Costs

Carbon sword – a matte black short sword

Carbon blade- a matte black dagger with folding blade

Crystal sword – an apparent quartz cut short sword +1 on rolled criticals

Crystal blade – a thin wide dagger apparently made of cut quartz, retractable

Quadrodense sword – a super dense alloy, a ‘two handed short sword’ or broad blade, indicts 1d8 however criticals inflicted at +1, +1 to threat range

## Miscellaneous Media

Holoprojector (“portable”)	1,000c\$
Explorer goggles	850c\$
-come with antidazzle, UV, IR, and low light filters, wireless	
-recorder chit 120 hours	+1,000
-holo-recorder chit 60 mins	+5,000
Explorer lenses – like goggles but grown in store, 1hr, for maximal histo-compatibility	x6

## Drugs

Antirad

Local translator microbes – *gratis to new customers*

-rna lacing (permanent additions to languages)

Single does, speedheal-2

Double dose, speedheal-3

Boosterspice, synthetic, grade 1

*Boosts psychic psi check by 1*

Boosts spell check by one on a failed DC 14 fort check; +1 to any corruption that results

50c\$  
6000c\$<sup>16</sup>  
200c\$  
600c\$  
1,000c\$

## Rarities and unusual items

There had been a plan for some Jusgar but that is aboard the *Serendipity* when it gets attacked; it’s not going to show up.

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<sup>16</sup> And a small, nay tiny sample of your cortical fluid. Promise you nothing will ever come of this. There is also a two progression wait while we brew that cocktail right here on sight to imperial specifications. Hail the Empress. DC 4 Fortitude save to avoid toxic, possibly flammable reaction to rna lacing when introduced.



# *Orphans of the Black*

## *A funnel for Galaxy Black and the Dungeon Crawl Classics RPG*

*For 9-16 characters, of levels 0-1*

### **Overview**

Because the three segments of the adventure can be used in any order really, with or without the others, keeping the overall flow of events happening that bridge these scenarios can be a bit tricky. Thus, presented in one place and in some detail some detail here is the overall flow of events, with options directly in the text for use.

In general, be aware there are three acts or chapters, each one focused on a particular location/environment and (potential) group of starting zero level characters to go through the funnel. These are

1. The asteroid station
2. The starship serendipity
3. The maenad crater colony and pirate base

Each has an accompanying section of additional background and material contained each in their own sections elsewhere in this Sub-ether.

The Station pp 38

The Serendipity pp 97

The Maenads section pp 111

### **Adventure outline**

Why in three Acts? So, you can use them separately or together, or rearrange the order. Did everyone make Maenads with the Maenad section in the back? Start them at the Maenad base and then let them be part of the raiding team – let that be \*their\* rite of passage – and let them choose between hitting the Serendipity or the Station.

Or use the spacer section to make 0 level crew native to the Serendipity in act two, run the attack; then let them explore the station and/or pursue to the maenad base.

3 act structure – change the order to better fit your group's wants and playstyle; Start either with the pirate attack (from chapter one) or the shipboard characters, or even as the maenads



## - An outline of events -

**Captain Mathilde** has a box in her possession, long has it exercised its subtle control over her mind, and she has come to rely upon it's advice and aid as a source of strange, inexplicable wisdom.

Now that box has whispered to her of another box, much like that one. And that if they were brought together, they could help her that much more.

After a long search she has found that second box. A fuel cell engineer aboard the *Serendipity* has offered to betray ship and crew in exchange for -

- *Well it matters not, for they will surely be among the first to die when they board the ship. But now she knows WHERE the box is and so, how to get it.....*

**Prologue** - in another star system; *Serendipity* had traitor on board. An external cargo pod exploded, and then the ship was attacked by pirates; (Mother ship in system) *Serendipity* jumps away with boarders still on board and pirates pirating.

Once the ship went into (mis) jump with them aboard, for many of the maenads all bets were off. It was at this point that the situation escalated beyond the reach of both its commander and those following her. Certain maenad bands began to disregard orders and go off and do their own thing at this point, until most of a progression later when the ship emerged from the sub-ether at its initial intended destination much much sooner than expected, ripples in space and time from the stress of drive failure.

**If you run this part first**, the PCs are gathered in the nave when the boarding action starts. However, they are not released / escape from the nave until shortly before the ship misjumps.

**Maenad boarding action option** characters made using the maenad character creation system on pp xxx can take part in the boarding action. From their perspective they were part of a swarm of small system ships set out from the Captain's Mathilde's mothership. Each ship matched vector and deployed individual boarders or docked alongside the *Serendipity*. The raid was rather more executed and planned than is normal for such a raid and the pcs can be presumed to be part of the (many) bands that get tired of the Captain's organizational nonsense and want to go look ... *over here*.

Once the *Serendipity* undertakes a panicked misjump all comms are out and the various maenad bands are on their own aboard ship. This is the presumed starting point for such a scenario. Inevitably, Captain Mathilde, aboard her starship, having long given pursuit, attempts to board the *Serendipity* while still in the Sub-ether. There is more fighting. She does not necessarily make tremendous effort to round up her abandoned contingent.

### **On the Asteroid**

Zero levels on Planetoid – maybe some encounters, maybe some shopping; possibly meet Bliss who extends offer on behalf of ship. However, much time you want to spend giving the zeros time to poke around in and around Space Trader Nick's. Whenever you want that to end, have the *Serendipity* misjump in. If Bliss is with the party she will have likely already remarked that it was weeks later than expected.

**When the misjump completes** - *Serendipity* arrives in system<sup>17</sup>.

Drive failure of course does lead to undead sieging the ship; the crew (and maenad boarders) gets good and diced up. (B-17 abound!)

Captain Mathilde grabs what she seeks from the *Serendipity* and makes back to her ship, giving an all clear to those still paying attention. As spectral hordes pour over the ship, she detaches her corsair and flees the system.

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<sup>17</sup> Include option to have the ship pull into orbit after the Maenads attack the planetoid, more along the lines of the initial set up

Maenads manage to return to system ships and bail from the Serendipity, many cursing Captain Mathilde's name.

Suddenly thrust into a 'target rich environment' some of these maenads raid or attack other ships present. Others travel to the station

captain desperate hails station offers crewmembers if thing once the PCs have mopped up their part of the maenad fighting. Party can come aboard with Bliss, take a maenad boarding pod to ship or radio ship or whatever.

- Worst comes to worst the S can send an excursion boat to come fetch the PC volunteers back (excursion boat; a non-jump spaceship used for in system travel)

Eventually Maenads not killed or captured begin retreat; Captain Mathilde and her starship warp out at this point, warp out, dropping back into the sub-ether as soon as possible. Very likely any PC maenads will be more than upset with their former Captain/hostess at this point.

Aboard the *Serendipity*

All aboard the boat - arrive on ship and repel the boarders  
this is mostly undead but also maenads still aboard

Ends with Test of the Ship God So...a bunch of o levels get tested by the ship god; those who pass become CREW. The rest go to the Recycling Vats.

At end - the Serendipity limps into orbit over the planetoid and puts down to get supplies and bluntly to replenish crew. Also allows people to replace characters again.

Clean up and then repair the Serendipity (fix the drive plate ha)

The space station will deal with any remaining maenads as profits them best but will be especially guided by their actions during the boarding<sup>18</sup>.

**Serendipity** - *All Aboard the Space Caravan*

Party as crew or as mercenaries or in whatever role accompany the Serendipity on raid to where their ship's little god has tracked the attacking vessel to. (though any PC maenads may be able to help in this matter – this will not go unrewarded)

Captain Mathilde returns to the crater.

General unrest in the ranks and throughout the whole crater follows.

Both starships sent out on

**Time we left this world today Serendipity undertakes** Brief warp voyage through the sub-ether, then (now poss. At level 1) raid the pirate base

**Pirate Base wackiness. Act Three in total.**

**Now everyone is in one place and on hand to party.** Depending on a host of factors this could be pure RP, a good ol' time, lots of gross misunderstandings, or a very large scale eruption of violence. If someone is not quick and attentive, very bad people will get a lot of not very bad people very **very** dead, and that includes you voyager. That definitely includes you.

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<sup>18</sup> In the maenad playtest they boarded and....went shopping. Had a nice lunch. Quarreled with the "shorty sushi chef" and then got Angry when the captain ditched them. THEY were invited back to Nickmas dinner that sidereal.....

## *Act one RAID ON PLANETOID P-4710a*

*Welcome to Planetoid P-4710a, where 47 starships are currently tethered, primarily to call at the local branch affiliate of Space Trader Nick's!*

P-4710a can be located anywhere. It's what is called an "Out Port<sup>19</sup>" or out system port. In some systems a smaller secondary port exists in the outer system. In this case, it exists at the system's fringe, and is literally built into a captured small vesta-class planetoid (about 7km long and 3km wide at its widest point).

If you lack another place to put it, or do not care, then P4710a is located on the fringes of the Mithraides system, in the Widders. If one does not carry the analogy too far, the station serves in part as a railhead; From here, cargo diffuses into the Outer system belt, while also moving in-system from here more directly.

### Name of Ship tethered or in dock

*Kokopeli Dream*

*B!ang, Nhao baby*

*Pride of Ba-Sing Se*

*The Kelpie Princess*

*In memory of Sludge*

*The essence of Crusty Punk*

*( -NAME OF SHIP- )*

*Corvette Summerlands*

*The Number of the Breast*

*The Spirit of George Floyd*

*Bow your head in service to the State*

*Hainish Nova*

*The Scarlet Dream*

*The Ice-9*

*BoredFlak*

*Pale Colonial Discharge*

*Glory Road*

*The Spiral Blossom*

*The Nite Flyte*

*Strange Cargo*

*Somewhere in Time*

*The Three Engine Eye of Total Contempt  
for All I See and Hear*

The *Nite Flyte* is a small, "fast trading vessel" out of Maleth Noir on the far end of its run; anyone from that post-atomic City world can reasonably be assumed to have gained transport to this point aboard ship.

And for anyone seeking flight from that system, this is the end of the line. From here, it's back the way the *Nite Flyte* came.

The *Hainish Nova* is desperately seeking replacement crew. Must be willing to risk irradiation and permanent spatio-temporal dislocation; vessel on a hard burn through the Scythian Drift and expecting heavy casualties. Hard pay bonus for survivors on arrival at destination.

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<sup>19</sup> Functionally such ports are typically located at or near the out-system Hohmann transfer point. Without using the gravity drive, it's about one and a half standard days to reach the primary world in the inner system.

### Starting options for the space station (act one)

1. *"The characters are among the patrons in the Starcrash Lounge,..."* Two way fight between crews of two rival ships, one from (ship the chars to be joining) and the other (the bad guys)
2. *"Wake up, time to die!"* – all of the zeros happen to be holed up inside one of the station's "medium rest tubes" when the alarms start to go off. By the time all of the PCs have discharged from their rest capsules the maenads will likely already be aboard. Best for when you want no context or exposition.
3. *Bar room brawl at Space Trader Nick's* the party is at the local Space Trader Nick's or just outside of it when the Maenad attack begins. If the party are first level or have some experience behind them this may be the best option. Leveled and reputation-preceded characters will almost certainly be offered "a grand deal" in exchange for defense of the station and maintenance of the rock's (and it's businesses) reputation.
4. *Down & out at the Imperial Ramen stand* – The characters are across the way, queueing in line at the Imperial ramen kiosk.

Either way, then a) the maenads attack, b) ship enters system. If you have a really large group don't be afraid to change it up; change the order of things, start the funnel *\*aboard\** the *Serendipity* when the pirates attack; when the players need a fresh infusion of zeros have the attack on the station begin. The adventure works fine either way; the PCs who survive the initial pirate raid start either aboard ship or aboard Starport (depending) – Then it goes to the other place and so on.

**Judge's notes:** It is notable that when the maenads hit the station, they are doing so at their own behest, breaking off from the focus of attack to go do something more interesting.

Give any group starting on the station as much or as little time to explore and poke about before the attack as your table is comfortable with. The action once it starts offers few initial explanations.

### Introducing Bliss: Your Tour Guide

While the zeros are still on the station they will meet Bliss. Unless they are total smegheads, she will likely offer them passage or position aboard ship, depending. Bliss is on station because she is in charge of a system ship of her very own, she is at the station waiting for *Serendipity*, her home ship, which is faking overdue. She is akin the XO as she's entitled to negotiate contracts for the ship and is in the very good graces of the ship's god; put her as a meetable NPC on asteroid. She likely has a very good deal set aside with the Jaldihinh family that run this Space Trader Nick's but that should not be immediately apparent.

Once they are on ship and it becomes clear that the Captain's judgement is impaired, she can serve as a foil – if the PCs take charge then by all means let them. If they do not and the action requires executive decision making, have Bliss step up and take charge; since the PCs would by then already be known to her, she'll be inclined to trust them that much more, whether or not she's made the recruitment pitch already.

And now your first real big fight – and the zero grazing begins in earnest

### **MAENADS ATTACK MOTHERF-20**

#### *Ayiyiiyiyiyi*

When the Maenads attack they are not quiet about it. They holler, they roar, they scream, they sing, they make ululating noises and speak in glossolalia; many of them are wound up on a variety of psychoactive drugs.

#### **Boarding Action** – *how did the Maenads get aboard the station?*

While a rather obvious “Expedition Boat” is heading toward the station, on near approach some may note it seeming to fire torpedoes of some kind at the station. In fact, they are firing “sticky troops” an all-volunteer group covered in megne-mesh, itself coated in an outward exploding vest of the same material that makes up sticky nets. They are launched directly onto the target’s hull and then slowly make their way to board, however.

It’s a new idea but it is sure to catch on after this. Maenads love good ideas.

Meanwhile two other expedition boats will turn away from the station and head directly for ship’s docked at station, which is more likely their primary target (well, apparently). Oh, the **salvaged late Second Imperium breaching pod** that they fired at the station on arrival, when it finally tacks on and blows it’s way in, it discharges about half a kiloton of sticky net goo on wherever it just breached. Distraction. Typical.

#### ***Pirate Attack!***

While the raid concentrates on the *Serendipity* it is by no means is confined to it. About half of the remaining Maenads can be assumed to have broken off from the main (long since) and opted for a variety of available targets. Bored maenads are a terrifying thing. Attack on the space station !

Six maenads hit the promenade – **fire it up.**

**Maenad raiding party** (1-5) **Init** +0; **Atk** fists +4 melee (1d6) or diss pistol +3 ranged (2d4, range 9’); **AC** 16; **HD** 2d8; **hp** 14 or 15, 14, 11, 9; **MV** 30’; **Act** 1d20; **SP** sonic screechers, dis pistols;; **SV Fort** +3, **Ref** +1, **Will** +1; **AL** C.

Psychic potential – may have empathy or other psi powers.

**Sonic Screechers** (planted grenade-like bombs that create a massed crowd suppressing field in their area of effectiveness; all actions are reduced one step on the dice chain for those failing a DC 25 Fort save. Mechanicals, Synths, and certain exotics (as well as those deaf or in sealed suits) need make no save as they are immune to these effects.

**Sothis 5p5Diss Pistol**

**Dmg** 2d4

**Range (s/m/l)** 1/3/9

(Sonic Disruptor, minor)

Weights about 3 pounds in 1g

x shots per e-charge

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<sup>20</sup> You know as a DCC RPG Judge you are *almost* contractually obligated to play **Sonic Attack** by *Hawkjwind* here. Only almost. But you *really* should. Double points if you can play it off as an actual Station Announcement. Be fearless Judges, never be afraid to set the scene.

### Setting the Tone: Maenadic Tactics

In certain sectors of the Imperial Frontier the Maenad tribes are regarded as more a force of nature than mere pirates. Their proclivities for BOLD, BRAVE ACTION (from the standpoint of the rest of the imperial population) means mind fragging tactics, lots of shock and awe, and dazzling you with as many colours as they can stand.

The boarding parties are armed with Sonic Screamers and chain swords for a REASON. Also, lots of photon grenades – the latter used exclusively for maximum ‘dazzle’ effect; preferred targets are property damage, often to distract or misdirect from their actual objective should there be one. The chain blades are used for boarding and mostly intimidation and access after that; the Sonics subdue pretty much most opposition by themselves. And they are really good at using them.

Once they engage the PCs though all bets are off. Play them like Player Characters in that each one will resort to strange of the wall tactics to achieve victory or just to mess with them. The PCs who put up most of a fight will get tranq’ed and dragged off to join the maenads, either as crew or trade goods.

Note that anyone captured turns up in act three at the maenad base, one way or another.

So, in short

FIRE IT UP FIRE IT UP

ALWAYS MAKE MORE MAYHEM

SHOCK AND AWE AND BIG COLOURFUL EXPLOSIONS (Maenads like that!)

When all else fails, play some Diamanada Galas. **Loudly**. I recommend *Wild Women with Steak Knives* as a starter.

**Maenad pranksters** (1-6) **Init** +1; **Atk** fists +3 melee (2d2+1 if using Wearable Knuckles or +2 palm buzzer (1 pt.); **AC** 14 (light vacuum suit); **HD** 1d6 **hp** 6, 6, 6, 4, 3, 1; **MV** 30'; **Act** 1d20; **SP** palm buzzers, psychic potential; **SV Fort** +1, **Ref** +1, **Will** +0; **AL** C.

Palm buzzers, paint, and glitter bombs, cannisters of sticky net

**Palm Buzzer** – essentially a small joy buzzer that inflicts 1d2 hp of electrical damage or a single point on a successful save (DC 12 Fort save to resist). Mostly there to annoy and enrage the offending target.

The combination does add one to the users AC (if they are unarmored) and one to hit to the brass knuckles

“Slap and Zap” – a “bare knuckled” two weapon fighting style combining brass knuckles on the off hand and a palm buzzer in the dominant. Sometimes grudges or command crisis are resolved by equipping the offending parties thus and dropping them in the drive core to fight it out.

## Judge's Notes Keeping the Mayhem Moving

Depending on how the players react this can be a grotty desperate combat or something sillier. The Maenads individually have no specific goals in mind and are easily distracted.

Player groups that join in the freewheeling mayhem and begin to loot and in general be part of the problem will likely Not be attacked by the Maenads, who will instead be bolstered by how easy it is to sow chaos aboard station.

Particularly chaotic individuals may be approached or captured with intent on recruitment

### Fryll's having a bad day

So bad in fact that when the fighting starts, he's just going to keep working, showing off those mad chopping skills until and unless anyone gets into it with him, his, or anyone who hasn't paid yet. He will just keep working.

Anyone who stops in the midst of all this and gets some noodles will get an experience point, also the respect of Fryll and probably that of the maenads too. It might even stop the fighting as they all line up for noodles.....

*ATTENTION NICK-MART SHOPPERS, Imma gonna need about 20 volunteers who want to get the hell off this rock and into space at lock fifty in thirty minutes. My ship's got boarders need repelling. Crew positions available. Must bring own armament and e-suit or take it from one of these pesky boarders.*

- **Bliss, recruiting by leaving**

**As a surprising alternate**, esp. if they seem uninterested in the above

A lone maenad gunship is making a final sweep before bailing and one or more of them have taken a fancy to your party. *Wanna go for a ride?*

This jumps the party right to part three, save that they are now on much friendlier terms with one or more warrens on that moon.

**While providing a third option** – it should be noted that the Jaldihinh Traders are **NOT TOO HAPPY** about this and are even less happy about having to summon the imperial patrol. (That would very much NOT be good for the business....)

HOWEVER, since the *Serendipity* was hit also would you like to make a deal with the Nick's? Free trade rights with us without fees in Perpetua,

if they will go pay the maenads a visit

Of course, boss Mattick might blame the *Serendipity* for bringing the Maenads here ( a fair point) and urge the pcs to go mess the *Serendipity* up. Dangerous but they do say she's *maaad* when she's angry.



## *Act Two*

### *Hunting Rites of the Green Maiden*

**THIS is the incursion that the Serendipity faces.**

When the Ghost screens fail there are a series of redundancies but sometimes the Ghost screens fail completely. Depending on the circumstances this could be an inconvenience or a nightmare. This incidence was far closer to the latter.

Off camera, at first there is a very real danger of losing the ship. All of the properly experienced crew are presumed to be dealing with the dire and immanent threat that sabotage, drive failure, AND hordes of undead pouring over their ship brew into a heady apocalyptic soup.



In the beginning, any corpses, un-sleeved bodies, and a great many cryodisplaced are overcome and inhabited by the spirits of the dead. Many others, more alive, nonetheless feel the experience of angry ghosts attempting to take their bodies as well.

(While not applicable to the Serendipity, it is common practice on those vessels with morgue facilities to keep them locked and from the outside whilst the ship is in transit.)

**The** dead and dying from the initial maenad attack become the first risen. Others follow. The cryo-displaced break out of their tubes next, still in a cryogenic state.

There is a point where (just before part one starts) the oscillator is offline and so, so the gravity drive pulls random spirits in from the local Sub-ether. (To expand what is here, add a random map to what is depicted here and populate with un-dead and Sub-etheric horrors; Instant dungeon crawl. )

**Risen dead crew member** (1-6) **Init** -1; **Atk** reaching clawing fists +2 melee (1d2+1); **AC** 12; **HD** 1d12; **hp** 12 or 11, 9, 9, 8, 4, 2; **MV** 25'; **Act** 1d20; **SP** un-dead **SV Fort** +2, **Ref** +0, **Will** -1; **AL** C.

Drawn once enfleshed vaguely to places familiar to the corpse in death thanks to the lingering tie in their flesh to the Green Maiden. Eventually the little goddess will notice and send armed parties to the habitation areas where most of them will have entered into combat with the residents. They constantly reach and claw for the living....

Many appear to have died of vacuum exposure, esp. on aft/7; others seem to have died mostly by melee or energy weapons fire.

**Risen dead maenad** -6) **Init** +0; **Atk** bludgeoning fists +3 melee (1d3); **AC** 16; **HD** 2d5; **hp** 9 or 10, 9, 9, 6, 5, 4; **MV** 30'; **Act** 1d20; **SP** un-dead; **SV Fort** +2, **Ref** +0, **Will** +0; **AL** C.

Un-dead; does not need to eat or breathe, can survive in the vacuum of space

On a natural 20 to hit, the mae-dead will have covered the mouth of their target, who must succeed at a DC 14 Fortitude save or lose consciousness from lack of air.

*Aura of fear* the chill of the grave is shared with all who can hear the boarder's dead raspid breathing. Will save, DC 14, not to lose heart and move away from the deceased at top speed (not necessarily running; this can be a reasoned retreat)

The raspy labored pulse-breathing of the maenad boarder's Vec suit belies the perfectly clear face plate, broken, and the face beneath, a victim of laser fire and vacuum exposure.....

**Animate Cryocorpse** (1-3) **Init** +0; **Atk** fists +4 melee (1d6); **AC** 16; **HD** 2d8; **hp** 14 or 15, 14, 11, 9; **MV** 30'; **Act** 1d20; **SP** frozen touch of death; **SV Fort** +3, **Ref** +1, **Will** +1; **AL** C.

*Frozen touch of death* - while the pure cold of their touch inflicts 1d3 points of damage by itself. When first striking an opponent however, they must succeed at a DC 13 Fortitude save or suffer an immediate loss of 1d5 points of STA with a corresponding loss of hit points, effective immediately. Thankfully, subsequent attacks by these creatures do not carry this secondary risk to one who has previously succumbed.

**Maenads** (1-6) **Init** +0; **Atk** fists +4 melee (1d6) diss pistol +3 ranged (2d4, range 9'); **AC** 16; **HD** 2d8; **hp** 14 or 15, 14, 11, 9; **MV** 30'; **Act** 1d20; **SP** sonic screamers; **SV Fort** +3, **Ref** +1, **Will** +1; **AL** C.

*Sonic Screechers* (planted grenade-like bombs that create a massed crowd suppressing field in their area of effectiveness; all actions are reduced one step on the dice chain for those failing a DC 25 Fort save. Mechanicals, Synthys, and certain exotics (as well as those deaf or in sealed suits) need make no save as they are immune to these effects.

*Sothis 5p5Diss Pistol*

Dmg 2d4

Range (s/m/l) 1/3/9

Weighs about 3 pounds in 1g

### **Start (Serendipity native characters)**

Characters created using the spacer tribe tables on pp are assumed to begin the game aboard ships, already part of the ship's company even if they are not – formally – crew yet.

Such characters will be gathered in the lesser nave when the action starts. When Serendipity herself, the ship's little goddess asks them to defend the ship, the chamber doors will open.

What happens next will be messy. Command is impaired and busy dealing with the undead and maenads and this level has been devastated by fighting. You and you alone must make your way to the nearest Jump Pad, clearing it of threats and securing it from such if possible.

Having reached that Jump Pad, she will need the party to descend to level 7 and begin clearing boarders off of the ship. By now they are all fleeing anyway<sup>21</sup>.

For both practical purposes and simplicity's sake this is functionally the precise route a party of boarders must take but reversed. The encounter rules work both ways.

### **Test of Attrition**

If you wish to really *expand the scenario*, you can start the Test of the Ship God at the beginning of the sequence of events, and so a (presumably much larger) group of zero levels native to the Serendipity would be undertaking the Test when the Maenads initially attack. This would lead to an extended period where in the first part, they run around securing the deck fighting Maenadic pirates.

Then after a week (or whenever the action lags; it can be however long the Judge needs their time in jump to be) the second part, covered here, would consist of the characters attempting to secure "their" level from the hordes of undead; thereafter the Ship's little goddess would manifest and send them to secure the docks below (as above).

Thereafter the adventure would proceed normally. In all likelihood all of your zeros remaining will have enough XP for first level by this point so pace your encounters accordingly if controlling their advancement is important to you.

So, in the first part they fight Maenadic pirates

In the last they repel the dead after the drive failed.

### **"Protect me from my Enemies" Native Characters –**

If the PCs are native to the ship then use the same maps and pathing above but reverse it; they must clear a path from the attendant chambers to the airlock (possibly to allow aid to show)

If test of the ship god is going on while ship is still unsecure then lit. reverse what they just did as part of their test.

Additional info on the Test of the Ship's God can be found on p 59

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<sup>21</sup> If you are running this with two or more groups, especially at a con or other large gathering, allow the player groups to encounter each other here;



## (re)TAKE the SHIP

As the player group(s) attempt to make their way around the Serendipity, make the environment work against them. This vessel has seen a week of violence and taken a very severe beating. Atmo and various gasses are leaking and venting all over the place, and in general most corridors (at this point) seem to have suffered some small arms fire. Various coded alarm signals constantly blare and flash.

**Visibility** is very limited. Unless you have a guide you will almost certainly get very lost very quickly. The constant flashing of blue, green, and amber lights throws off any UV or ultravision, while thermal and infravision ranges are limited to 20, which is about equal to visual light seen by the rest of the party anyway.

There is a constant range of sound – experienced spacers and those who have served on starships before recognizing some of it as just the constant sounds of the internal life of a starship, echoing and distorting endlessly among its many twisted corridors, halls, and decks. However, approaching scenes of violence or conflict will definitely make a lot more noise. Even zero levels who seek to achieve surprise should be able to.

**Ship's humors** – If Galaxy Black is available to you, you may alter any magical effects to reflect the vessel's etheric humors.

*fertility & danger (+1),      innocence & disillusionment (+1 ea.)*

Roll 2d6 encounters on the non-secured starship

2. A handful of juves have just finished kicking a wave of invaders out of aeroponics; now armed with improvised bamboo spears 2d6 late teens now cautiously are attempting to gain control of whatever section you have encountered them in.
3. 1d4 maenad raiders in full gear Fire it Up Fire it Up
4. **Maenad raiding party** (1-4) **Init** +1; **Atk** fists +1 melee (1d2+1; 2d2+1 if using Wearable Knuckles or +1 knife melee (1d4+1) or +2 ranged sonic blaster (5d4, 5'); **AC** 12 (14 in vacuum suit); **HD** 1d8 **hp** 6, 3, 3, 2; **MV** 30'; **Act** 1d20; **SP** psychic potential; **SV Fort** +1, **Ref** +1, **Will** +0; **AL** C.
5. Vision of a Green Maiden strikes all those with psychic or other metaphysical potential.
6. The sound of those Screamer things precedes coming round the corner to find 1d5 crew members dazed or unconscious. The raiders seem to have gone....thataway.
7. Lone maenad raider. Does not especially want to attack the ship or anyone on it so she has slipped quietly away and is just looking around.
8. 1d3 massed spectral
9. Lone injured crew member
10. Party comes upon a scene of recent slaughter. 2d5 bodies of various origins seem to have slain one another here....only to now rise as zombies, animated by the spirits that possessed and killed these bodies, their victims.  
**Zombie Horde** (2-5) **Init** +0; **Atk** fists +4 melee (1d6); **AC** 16; **HD** 2d8; **hp** 14 or 15, 14, 11, 9; **MV** 30'; **Act** 1d20; **SP** ; **SV Fort** +3, **Ref** +1, **Will** +1; **AL** C.
11. Party is bathed in a creepy green light; the ambient temperature drops 2d5 degrees
12. A corpse, that of a maenad in full vacuum suit; all of her gear is intact and charged (d3 screamers, Sothis sonic gun, vacuum suit, d3 knickknacks)
13. Motion in your peripheral suggests a presence. It is time. Make a DC 5 Will save. If you fail, **Captain Death** whisks your soul away to join his Final Crew. To all appearances you will seem to have spontaneously, if peacefully, died right there in the moment. The deceased will *\*not\** be inhabited by ghosts.

Note on any rolled results where the number is doubled (so on 2d6, snake eyes, or box cars, or a pair of twos, threes, fours, or fives, know that no matter what else the Ship's God has noted them. Those who are attempting to reach a specific goal may find themselves almost drawn to it, having a MUCH easier and shorter time navigating the maze of starship to find what they seek.

**Detailing your un-dead** The Judge is encouraged to detail the un-dead hordes to whatever level of detail they feel a need for. The suggestions on page 381 of the DCC main book are a great place to start.

### Boarding Parties

Those PCs boarding the ship from the space station will find themselves drawn into the level and then further into the depths of the star vessel, faster if they are intent upon rendering aid and recovery thanks to the subtle aid of the Ship's Goddess. They must basically fight their way through undead and other encounters to the attendant chamber, (the same chamber where the Test of the Ship God starts.) This destination works even if they are playing the Maenad boarders.

### **To the *Serendipity***

About eight minutes away from the station in the *Beauty*, a shuttle, or another interface craft acquired or borrowed from the docking ring.

*On approach you see what appear to be multiple points of theoretical entry...but then you see the expedition craft, and five or more of them have lit on the ship's surface*

*Then you see a small vessel making away from the ship. That should give you a place to tether.*

*Serendipity* is adrift, albeit slowly, turning but only very slightly, counterclockwise. Once on the vessel it should be easily disregarded.

*The party will be docking on the **Exovac Operations level** (Aft/7)*

**Map Aft 7/Exovac operations** shows the path from the docking site and cargo bays to one of the two bounce stations operative on this level. The upper / central bounce station contains a powered jump pad that may allow up to four PCs at once to make a g-assisted leap up to the bounce pad on a level deep within the ship, in the Godkeeper section of the central core.

### **Gravity and getting around (for use with the gravity rules on pp )**

But the *Serendipity* is wholly without the use of her gravity drive right now and so that means for the boarding party, no gravity. The smoke, haze, and detritus of the conflict hang suspended in corridors and chambers like water droplets, making navigation of the interior of the ship even more problematic.

or with the relevant experience (Belters, Icers, Spacers, basically anyone who works – and lives – in space.) won't be out of their element and should be allowed their full movement without penalty to move or action.

*High Gravity PCs* will be at rather a disadvantage; at worst many actions will be undertaken at two steps lower on the dice chain (See gravity pp)

The cluttered and debris choked hallways of the vessel though make it *easy to hide in*; if you are by yourself simply not moving provides a 35% remain hidden chance if someone else is passing through the corridor.

### **Aft/7**

Has seen a lot of back and forth in the last progression, it may be the most beat up section of the ship at the moment.

While the ship's gravity drive is offline the vessel is adrift, albeit very slightly.

However, on the outer hull, as this area is, those effects are relatively severe. *Gravity here is rated ZERO.*

Artificials, Vecs and aquatics will have the least (read: no) problems adjusting.

**Exovac operations staging area uno, dos, and tres** Lockers abound at each corner containing grip shoes and grip pad equipped gloves that both fit over an existing vacuum or environment suit (like adjustable sandals, though these can lock into clamps on such suits).

*Staging area dos / Encounter zero – six maenads*

There is a small shuttle here and six maenads are loading booty onto it in readiness to depart.

If the new craft is one of Maenadic NPCs there may or may not be an altercation, they're all amped up and not really ready to leave yet.

If the new craft is the Beauty or another ship from the space station, then the Maenads will assume it to be a threat. Regardless if the docking ship is the Beauty or a raiding vessel from Captain Mathilde's ship, their craft will be slipping into the ship through the open and exposed (and now largely empty) Lower starboard cargo pod; most of the pod has been emptied or cut loose by the raiders already.

**Maenad raiders** (6) **Init** +1; **Atk** fists +1 melee (1d2+1; 2d2+1 if using Wearable Knuckles or +1 knife melee (1d4+1) or +2 ranged sonic blaster (5d4, 5'); **AC** 12 (14 in vacuum suit); **HD** 1d8 **hp** 8 or 8, 7, 6, 3, 3, 2; **MV** 30'; **Act** 1d20; **SP** psychic potential; **SV Fort** +1, **Ref** +1, **Will** +0; **AL** C.

**Secure transfer** Atmo-mag locks; this area has force fields that maintain separate and discreet atmo from the remainder of the deck; further, each contains a seven wavelength sterilizer field

All of these have been powered down but could be reactivated in minutes, even by someone only vaguely inclined toward these controls.

**Cargo inspection chamber** Somewhat like the CHI checkpoint at a terrestrial border crossing but more thorough and or paranoid. In pleasanter times, anyone spending any amount of time aboard the ship would be subject to an inspection here first. Contains small sterilizer bath, containment fields, and a very low level sensor bed.

**Cargo conference chamber** In the center of the room, a bright sphere casts light and shadows across the whole chamber – A live Holo displays a fight occurring somewhere else aboard the ship (An attempt to drive intruders out of command) .

**Personnel station – commander supercargo** The corpse of the cargo commander is suspended here, floating as though a river corpse, sprawled face down halfway through the doorway, facing down as though he and gravity both died simultaneously mid-fall.

**Exovac operations central hub** has seen a recent firefight Controls available here will allow lighting, atmo in the area shown to be controlled. This section of the ship (this map) could be spaced if desired from here, though the party would need at least one person who had some idea what they were doing (Judge's option).

**Bounce chambers** – Two of the four Jump pads herein are still active, though this multi-level vertical corridor has the same gravity conditions as the rest of the ship. At present the only force controlling access from one level to another is *Serendipity* herself. Transit tubes can be navigated directly (if slowly) in micro gravity; however, in any case, only Core/4 and Aft/7 can be physically accessed from this bounce chamber (and it's twin on Core/4)

**Interior cargo** - To the left side and along the bottom left side of the Aft/7 map are located twin interior cargo spaces, both normally sealed as though to the outside during transit. These areas are presently inaccessible as the maenads triggered a pressure alarm when attempting to enter interior cargo A. Assume all locks on that side of the map are vacuum-secure.



Map showing path from door lock/hatch to portal way down (hull adjacent part of level near bottom or top of ship)

### Boarding party encounter – *Test of the Ship God revisited.*

Characters who begin in the nave as part of the Serendipity crew start are already assumed to be taking the Test of the Ship's God. Once any boarders reach either the nave or one of the attendant chambers, either one of the Godkeepers or if need be, the spirit of the ship herself will manifest before the party.

Aboard some spacer vessels this *Test* is almost your ur-funnel. Such rites are not always worth experience of course, this is rather a more dangerous circumstance. Throughout this funnel, whenever the bodies start falling, you can direct the players to replace them here. .

Regardless of who is taking the rite, the test of the Ship's God is an opportunity for the PCs to gather experience points (up to five) and to *do certain things that will increase the results of the Bond ritual.*

The highlights are simple

- Remaining boarders must be tracked down and dealt with; this may or may not include acceptable surrender.

- Sub-etheric threats must be tracked down and dealt with. This will require destruction of all such threats.

Either way once the rite has begun, a bunch of 0 levels get tested by the ship god; those who pass become CREW. The rest go to the Recycling Vats.

For more information see Test of the Ship Goddess pp 59

## Central Core encounters

Check every ten minutes or whenever the party enters a previously unexplored chamber.

1. *Lost soul* – repulsed by the Green Maiden's presence it is fleeing the ship but first encounters the party. Even if accosted it will make for the nearest available exit from the ship, those who follow it will become hopelessly lost in 1d5 rounds.
2. *Dying Godkeeper attendant*; will pass their Green Staff to one of the party, which will allow that PC to invoke or channel effects from the ship's goddess at +1.
3. *Maenad raider, bleeding out* – will attempt to communicate that their captain left them to die before expiring. Will impress their weapon (1 lasersonic disruptor 2-3 a blaster 4-6 a diss pistol) into the hands of any PC who gives them their attention.
4. *Small band of 2-5 maenads* that just want to get off the ship. They may be motivated to surrender or turn if they can be convinced they will not suffer too much for it.
5. *An etheric ghoul*, inexplicably now made of flesh post-misjump, it is confused and very hungry

**Materialized Etheric Ghoul** (1) **Init** +1; **Atk** slam +4 melee (1d5+1) and Grab attack +2 melee (1d3 crushing); **AC** 17 **HD** 3d5; hp 14 **MV** 35'; **Act** 2d20; **SP** mindless spectral entity; **SV Fort** +2 **Ref** +1, **Will** +0; **AL** C.

*mindless spectral entity* – The ghoul is an eating machine and nothing more; it is immune to any effect that requires a Will save.

Anything consumed by this thing will be digested and eventually extruded as purest ectoplasm 1d7 days later. No recovery of body, mind, or soul is possible from this process.

A three armed, two headed blue-green monstrosity, each 'head' is a large rotating lamprey-like orifice ringed by eye-stalks. It will attempt to smash, grab, and stuff as many living things into it's strange maws as it can.

6. *A large contingent (1d14) of juves on patrol*, part of a regular wave radiating out from Aeroponics, which is presently among the most secure parts of the ship thanks to a population of bright quick thinking juves. They kicked a rag tag group of maenads out

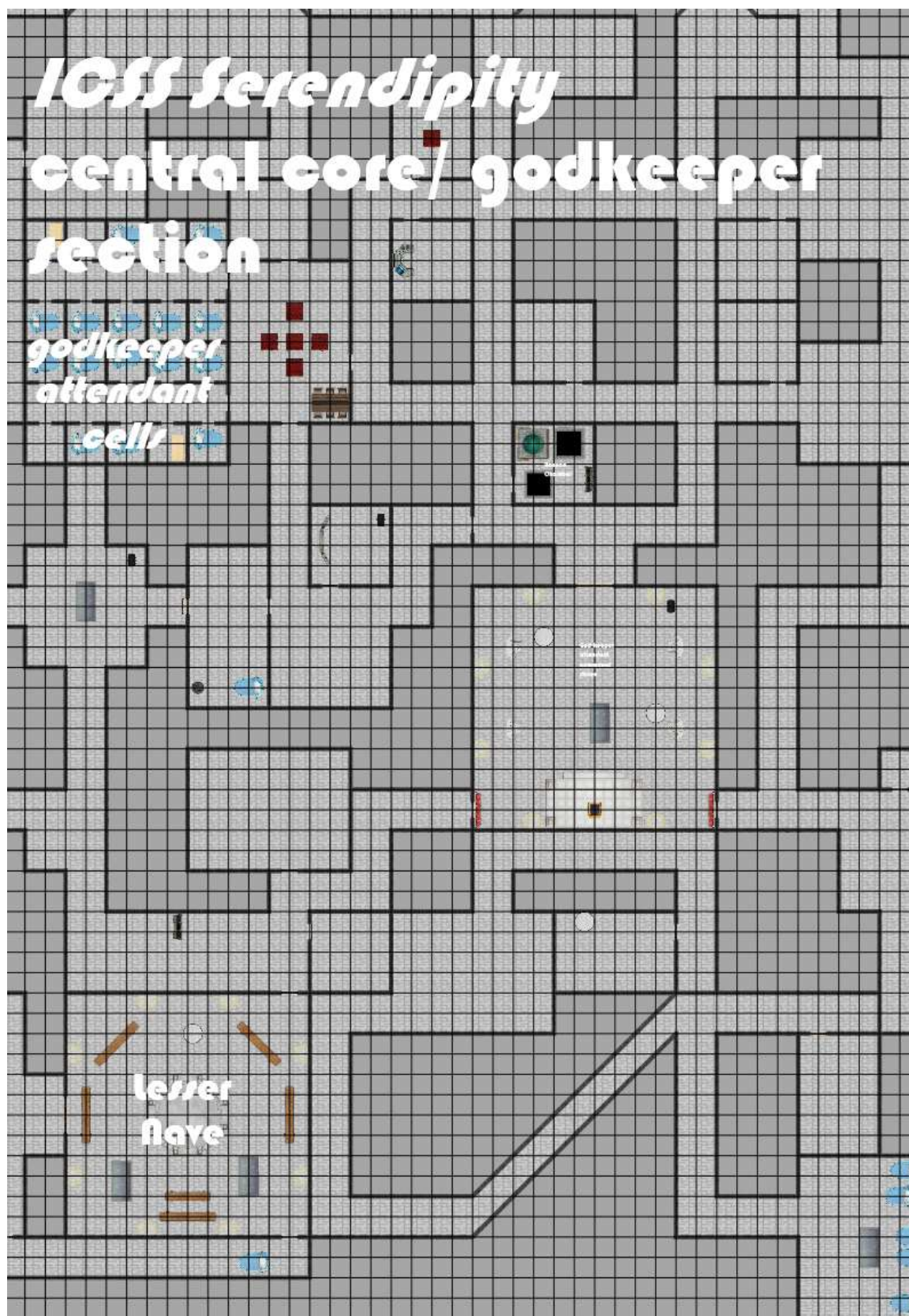


yesterday and are scraping for a fight. Natives to the ship almost certainly know these juves – they grew up together. High PERS characters may find many of their aeroponics peers looking at them with new eyes now that they have a few XP accumulated.

If the PCs are from the Space station or, worse, maenads, the juves will challenge them and possibly attack. They will also immediately send for backup, in the form of 2d6 more who will arrive in 1d4 rounds. Regardless of age all of these juves are blooded and here to fight; those not inclined toward or capable of violence are back at aeroponics keeping things running.

**Juves of Aeroponics (1-14)** **Init** +1; **Atk** bamboo spear +2 melee (1d3); **AC** 11 **HD** 1d3; hp 5, 4, 4, 2, 2; **MV** 30'; **Act** 1d20; **SP** n/a; **SV Fort** +0 **Ref** +1, **Will** +0; **AL** N.

7. Way ahead is blocked by a pool of strange pink liquid. While it *\*is\** something that seeped in from the local Sub-ether, along with everything else when the drive failed, it is in fact completely harmless. Just a shimmering, inch thick layer of mysterious pink goo.
8. Momma – (see page XX) the Saurid elder is shuffling to check on the juves that were in the nave awaiting rite when everything went to hell and back. She will immediately know, thanks to the Green Maiden, if the party has killed or harassed members of the crew; otherwise she will almost certainly enlist them in sweeping this level and sector clean of “Parasites, infestations, things that are unhinged, or otherwise, look like they are going to be a problem.” She will instruct the party if they encounter the juves to escort them to the Attendant Chamber where she shall meet them.
9. Badly mauled body of a Godkeeper attendant having been eviscerated by a roaming undead thing. However, their 2-5 **Eye-spies** (see p. 109) are still intact and alive and *watching* the player characters. Serendipity’s remaining Attendants will begin searching for the PCs thereafter.
10. Deranged, mortally injured member of command, out for blood **Unhinged junior commander** (1) **Init** +2; **Atk** cone rifle +3 ranged (2d8, 390') or rifle butt +2 melee (1d3); **AC** 14 (e-suit) **HD** 3d8; hp 17, presently 7; **MV** 30'; **Act** 1d20; **SP** cone rifle; **SV Fort** +1 **Ref** +1, **Will** +1; **AL** N (functionally Chaotic at present).  
*Cone Rifle* – a sort of portable platform for firing micro-missiles. A deranged weapon aboard ship in any event. Range 390 (but limited to line of sight aboard ship) Discharges up to 1d3 rocket projectiles that do 2d8 damage to target struck.  
*On results of 1 the rockets have blasted open a bulkhead, pressure alarms will go off and overpressure doors will seal everyone in their current compartments on this level. If this somehow happens on Aft/7, this counts as a hull breach and the vessel begins losing atmo, though the above protocols will certainly also occur.*  
*IN the last progression they have lost 1d20+1d7 friends and family members to sneak attacks, explosions, drive failures, and undead aboard their ship. They don't much care who's in their way, they ae going to make them pay.*  
 If they are natives to the ship you will zealously protect them with your life, even from things they do not need protection from. If they are anyone else fire at the intruders. If there is a Maenad among them DESTROY IT ALL



Map showing portal way up to attendant chamber; (part of a level deep inside the ship)

**Map Central Core/Godkeeper section** shows the path from the bounce pad (in the upper middle) to the Attendant chamber in the lower left.

## CENTRAL CORE

Within minutes of the misjump and Serendipity's sudden expulsion into material space, the un-dead pouring into the vessel's form were purged from the area directly below the drive chamber and bleeding into the adjacent two levels through direct action of the ship's Little Goddess.

Subsequently, and acting on her directives, her attendants and keepers have been working to secure the God's Hall and gather as many as possible within her direct manifest shadow as possible. Many have made or attempted to make their way to the inner part of the ship on seeing the un-dead adding to the confusion.

Gravitational effects are least severe here as this is nearly the center of the vessel. *Treat as Low gravity throughout.*

**God keeper attendant cells** Like the 'priest holes' of old, these cells provide small, discrete, but dedicated homes for the Green Maiden's attendants and other shipboard God-keepers. At least two fights have transpired here in the last progression and both god-keepers and maenads have camped herein for extended periods during that time. The whole place looks quite picked over and is a general mess.

An uncompleted mural along the left wall depicting the Star Garden has been added to in the last progression, by two graphically inclined maenads with ties to cavern Flowers (see Act Three), adding an increasingly imaginative but presumably fictional range of flowers and foliage along the far right side of the wall.

### *Bounce chamber*

– all but one of the three bounce pads are offline; at present the only force controlling access from one level to another is *Serendipity* herself. Transit tubes can be navigated directly (if slowly) in micro gravity; however, in any case, only Core/4 and Aft/7 can be physically accessed from this bounce chamber (and it's twin on Aft/7)

### *God keeper attendant communal shrine*

Has signs of being used as a sleeping and staging area until very recently. Approximately the same time the party boarded the ship (or escaped from the nave, if that's the scenario being played) the head attendant called an evacuation and the 12 or so sentients here gathered their things and are presently making their way towards aeroponics (traveling to the upper right corner of the map enclosed, functionally).

### **Lesser Nave**

This is the starting location for spacer zeros native to the *Serendipity*, (see pages 53)

## **Spacer rituals – Test of the Ship God**

In times of crisis when crew numbers need be replenished quickly, and it must be determined rapidly who can be trusted, the would-be crew members agree to be tested by the ship itself, set to fulfill up to three tasks on their own without aid.

**Bonuses that may be accumulated to Bond with the Serendipity at any point prior**  
**Each bonus may only be applied once per party**

- +1 Iocaste' earn immediate welcome<sup>22</sup>
- +2 Runways, orphans, and the abandoned have Her sympathies, as do all survivors
- +1 Any who have taken up or bear the longbow, short bow, or other bow weapon (functionality anything more sophisticated than a self-bow, though anyone who comes aboard bearing even that as a weapon will gain the Vessel's attention.)

**Points earned during test of the ship goddess**

**Per virtuous act undertaken by any member of the party**

- +1 Each crew member aided
- +1 Each shipboard hazard rendered safe
- +1 Offering captured (zero level) Maenads the chance to stand with them and join the crew
- +1 Putting ship and crew before self
- +2 Putting the ship's juveniles ahead of self
- Each un-dead, spectral entity, incursion, or ghost successfully destroyed, banished from the ship, resolved or otherwise "dealt with."
- +1 per max HD 'dealt with'
- Each Maenad or other hostile boarder captured, imprisoned, spaced, or ultimately recruited
- +1 per max HD 'dealt with'

***Serendipity the green maiden***

the Ship's Little Goddess

Age: the Empress Era

Manifest HD 6<sup>23</sup>

Aspects - Survival, Home seeking/home gathering, travel, and exploration

Access mundi - fertility & danger (+1), innocence & disillusionment (+1 ea.)

Vessel - the ICSS *Serendipity* (primary investiture)

**Vessel** - in particular usage, a starship helmed by a little god or other patron entity, reflecting the degree to which the ship and it's physical nature act as conductors for the Ship-god's power.

**General** The voyager commits to the lifetime service to a ship and it's God; this God may be a post organic uploaded intelligence, a noosphere being, an angel, or a network of telepathic alien engrams, provided it can guide and protect the ship and its contents and that it accepts those voyaging within or underneath it's aegis. The initial ritual services requires a day to prepare and a day to perform under most circumstances. Once the pace is made the voyager may invoke the ship's god and the god may or may not answer as it sees fit. The Ship's god will ask you to do certain things "for the good of the ship" from time to time. Once the Test has been completed those being tested are now crew. This builds on the ship's pre-existing Patron Bond Speaking of which.....

<sup>22</sup> Indeed, humanoids of the Iocaste clade invoke the Ship's God at +1 anyway, regardless.

<sup>23</sup> Note that this may change with the results of the Test of the Ship God ritual.

## Patron Bond (Ship's God)

**Level 1**

**Range** varies (Self or Touch)

**Duration** Lifetime, perhaps beyond

**Casting time** One week + Quests

initially 1 week; *test of the ship god* required for incoming and replacement crew

**Save:** None

**General** Creates a tie between a ship, it's dedicated crew, and the patron entity, which maybe a little god of the noosphere or Sub-ether, demon, angel, or other cosmic being, which manifests within the body of the vessel and protects the voyaging starship from threats while guiding it safely through the sub-ether and the Otherworlds, in effect replacing the navigator position.

In so doing the starship itself and possibly the crew as well become vessels for the entity, through which it may manifest and act.

Can be subbed as a third category<sup>24</sup> to Patron Bond and Patron AI Bond

**See also (especially) Ship's God pp 284**

**Manifestation:** Varies

**Misfire** N/A

**Corruption** N/A Always patron taint

1 Failure, Lost, and Patron Taint! Unlike normal spells, this spell is lost for an entire month, not simply one day.

2-11 Failure. Unlike normal spells, this spell is lost for an entire month, not simply one day. Perhaps the offering or your will was insufficient.

12-13 The "little god," be it ghost, faerie, alien, angel, demon, noosphere meme, elemental or something stranger, hears your petition and agrees to a single exchange which must be compensated for – in the meantime they will informally adopt you and your vessel and your pitiful little band. For the next Sub-etheral journey, your vessel and crew are guided through the shallows of the Sub-ether and protected from the worst of its excesses by the patron; the God will escort the vessel through the first Sub-ether. It will not repulse undead, spectral entities, or manifest in any way without significant further negotiation.

14-17 Claimed – The patron is more impressed The caster forms a simple bond-pact between ship and patron, and by definition the ship's crew. For a single year the patron will guide the vessel through the Sub-ether during which time the vessel and its crew will be incorporated into the patron's schemes; crew may petition for minor favors from the Patron on a one for one basis, once per month or once per sub-etheric journey, whichever is longer by making a luck check at -2. The crew is marked somewhere inconspicuous by the patron, permanent even if the pact is not renewed beyond the year.

18-19 Indentured – the patron is pleased with your petition and likely also for reasons of its own has chosen to adopt your vessel and its present disposition of crew. Vessel and crew are marked prominently but inconspicuously. As a condition of this pact, the patron spirit will require the constant attendance to by 1d3+1 disciples, who are sensitive to the

<sup>24</sup> Following this model those categories would be – 'When cast on self,' 'when cast on others,' and 'when cast on starship'

patron's needs and through which it will make its wishes known and through which communications channels may be directly handled between patron and crew-bound<sup>25</sup> The patron spirit may now guide the vessel into the second Sub-ether. From this point onward, each level of success endows the spirit to guide the vessel at greater and greater etheric depth.

Furthermore while the ship is in the Sub-ether, the Patron spirit may repel or destroy up to 1d3 HD of Undead or other Spectral threats per turn; should the spirit need to manifest while in the sub-ether or another of the Otherworlds the being does so with d2 HD, with the number of HD based on the present Sub-etheric depth. The God may manifest in flight for up to one instance per drive rating.

20-23 Soul bound - The patron is pleased to have the ship and its crew under their control and influence and the Patron may be disposed to sharing or making use of shortcuts and safe paths through the Sub-ether. This is large as 18-19 above however, the patron spirit now requires 4 to 8 (1d5+3) attendant disciples plus a dedicated "speaker" whose position is to let the patron's wishes be known must be allocated to the Patron's needs. This is likely the caster but could be any of the attendant disciples.

The guiding spirit may broadcast repulsion v. the Undead/spectral threats as above save that now the patron spirit repels up to 5 HD/round

Should the patron choose to manifest while the vessel is in the Sub-ether they do so with a d4 HD

Finally, the patron spirit may now guide the vessel down to as far as the third Sub-ether. The ship most prominently and all the crew add a prominent mark to their kit, proudly displaying their ship's patron as part of their spacer identity. Occasionally, some of the dead of the ship's common folk will persist aboard ship after their demise provided they died well by the mores of the ship, serving as ghostly extensions of the patron in death.

24-27 The patron increasingly factors this vessel into their medium and long term plans and may have a specific use for the ship and its crew which it may not be upfront about. As 20-23 above however now the Patron requires 7 to 13 (2d4+5) attendants including a Speaker as above. The patron may Broadcast repulsion of Undead/spectral etc. 8 HD and uses a d6 as their HD to manifest in the Sub-ether or other of the Otherworlds. Further the patron may find it necessary to transit the vessel to other planes or continua at times to further its own ends and schemes. If the starship has sufficient drive capability, the Patron God may guide the vessel through the deeps of the fourth Sub-etheric layer. The patron's speaker will learn the Invocation of that ship's god, if any, which they may invoke seven times a progression (about a week) on ship's business.

28-29 The patron considers the vessel and certain if not all of its crew valuable resources in all of its' coming endeavors. As above 24-27 above. With however the following quantifiers

10 to 25 (5d4+5) attendants and up to two speakers.

Broadcast repulsion of Undead/spectral etc. 10 HD

Manifests with d8 HD

If the starship has sufficient drive capability, the Patron God may guide the vessel through the deeps of the fifth Sub-etheric layer.

<sup>25</sup> This creates the social distinction that exists between so-called 'crew bound' or the oath-taken and 'ship serve' those who are presently crew of a starship but are not members of the ship's cult. They may be working passengers or something else entirely. The patron under most circumstances will NOT speak with the Ship-serving.

The patron may be compelled to send servitor beings to aid or augment the vessel from time to time as the whim takes them. While they are in no way compelled to obey anyone, they will take direction or information from the crew and especially the Attendants and the spell caster if present.

30-31 The patron invests enough of themselves into the crew and vessel to provide a constant though causal link between crew and patron. Patron is constantly linked with the crew on a limited (empathic) basis and may in rare instances manifest telepathically to speak to one or more of the crew members directly. At any given time, an attendant and up to CL+d6 others (most likely the other player characters) may exist in a state of transcendental Omni telepathy with each other and their ship's god. All thoughts and feelings are communicated omnidirectional and immediately for rapid discussion in all manner of incidences.

Otherwise As 28-29 above save for the following

patron will require 11-40 attendants (1d30+10) and up to three different speakers (on some vessels these will be sorted by alignment).

Broadcast repulsion of Undead/spectral etc. 12 HD

The Patron spirit manifests in the sub ether with d10 HD

If the starship has sufficient drive capability, the Patron God may guide the vessel through the very deeps of the sixth Sub-etheric layer.

Finally, the crew is marked somewhere commonly visible – the upper extremities or face. Furthermore, certain among them may become altered, those in closest communion with the patron first; most often this takes the form of the attendants manifesting one or more patron taints.

32+The ship is raptured immediately as the patron spirit has partially embodied themselves within the hull and material / spiritual makeup of the vessel. It is now \*of\* the patron, who is now constantly linked with the crew on an intimate and engaged basis, This functionally allows for the crew to share unlimited telepathic contact with one another via the patron....and everyone else in the crew. See 30-31 above. Otherwise,

15 HD of Repulsion Broadcast repulsion of Undead/spectral etc. ( starts at 3 HD, then 5 working up to up to 15 HD)

Manifest die is d12

Under unusual circumstances, the patron may guide the attendants and one or more player characters in creation of certain items unique or sacred to the patron.

**Invocation of Serendipity the Wandering Maiden (Ship's God)**

Level 1      Range: Self      Duration: Variable      Casting time: 1 round

Save: None

Corruption Roll 1d8 1-4 minor      5-7 major      8 greater

Misfire N/A

1	Lost, failure, and Patron Taint!
2-11	Failure. Depending on the results of the Patron bond, the caster may or may not be able to cast it again.
12-13	The Green Maiden lends you strength to endure adversity Roll 1d5 which may be added to Stamina or Strength; these points may be used for spellburn. Otherwise they linger for CL+1d3 hours. The tribe's brand or cult symbol will manifest fiercely, glowing with a living green light.
14-17	Serendipity lends you her accurate aiming eye, granting you +6 bonus points on ranged weapon, thrown, and missile attacks; if not spent these points will fade after 24 hours. Bonus can be applied to hit or to damage.
18-19	the Wandering Maiden teaches the gifts of survival even in relentlessly hostile conditions; She can help you survive in strange and foreign environments for extended periods; The petitioner can survive foreign environment for 2d6 days +CL before suffering any adverse effects.
20- 23	In times of crisis the caster may move freely about the ship, step-teleporting to familiar locales of the caster, up to 3+CL times / day.
24-27	Serendipity lends you her bow arm +1d6 bonus to all attack & damage rolls for 24 hours with ranged, thrown, or missile weapons.
28-29	The Green Maiden is a capable intuitive tracker, and she can lead the vessel and its crew to almost any location reachable provided there is a particular destination declared, most often to recover crew, pursue, an enemy, and so on. She imparts this ability to her Speaker or Godkeeper?
30-31	The Wandering Girl lends you her perfect balance and perfect accuracy, allowing for feats of ambidexterity etc. Add 1d7 to skill checks, saving throws, attack, and damage rolls for 24 hours
32+	The Green Maiden has chosen the invoker as one of the leaders of her people. To commemorate this, She calls into being an extent and persistent bank of sorcerous machinery that amplifies, absorbs, and redirects, not just the air, but it's quality, it's essential "air-ness" (as interpreted by the Elementals) and d12+1 minor elementals in which to dwell. This device and the elementals bound into it ensue the air quality of the vessel remains fresh regardless of circumstances. These machines will degrade with exposure to Sub-etheric forces however and degrade over time. Overall, the effect will last for 1d10 months + CL.



**Patron Taint 1** – The Godkeeper’s skin turns green. The wearing of clothing soon becomes uncomfortable and they will fatigue easily; soon the character will realize they require sunlight; which alleviates the fatigue. *if acquired a second time* they become fully photosynthetic and require 8 full hours of direct sunlight a day; *if this is acquired a third time* they sleep, forming a dewy pod around themselves for 2d5 days, awakening ‘respun’ as one of the Iocaste’ humanoids (Sub-ether, this issue pp 26-27)

**Patron Taint 2** – The devoted wake to find they have gained a form of ambidexterity, negating any penalties to using an off-hand; *if gained a second time* they gain perfect balance, a +3 to resist vertigo, dizziness, and motion based attacks/disorientation attempts, and +4 to maintain balance, *if gained a third time* they gain a climb speed of 30 and a small tail.

**Patron Taint 3** – “*brown of eye and hair, wandering here and there*” – like the ancient Tanixian melody, the character manifests an innate need to travel and to do so regularly. While they may have a home or home base they will by preference spend most of their time (nine months out of a year) “on the road.” As crew of a starship it is not enough to simply go from place to place but the character will need to go down to planets to see and experience life there in it’s strange splendor.

*If gained a second time*, they will begin to grow a fine layer of grass or other foliage, eventually replacing any extent hair or other secondary characteristics.

*If gained a third time*, their skin will bloom and pollen will fill the air, attracting 1d6 small pollenating creatures. Further, every week 1d3+CL small brown fungal growths will manifest on the character’s person. If plucked and consumed by crew they will heal 1d7 points of hp or ability damage, while allowing second saves v. recently ingested/exposed toxins and poisons while inflicting the first level of this patron taint upon them.

*If gained a fourth time*, the invoker will find a quiet space near the drive core and slowly disincorporate, physically becoming a small ship garden and psychically becoming one with the patron. This process is rapid and takes only 1d24-CL hours to complete.

**Patron Taint 4** – endures a period of enhanced fertility, lasting CL+14 days during which they much more easily find themselves siring children or becoming pregnant/hosting organism from ‘interactions’ with members of the crew and so on. Each week such activity takes place, there is a 3 in 5 chance of someone becoming a parent. *If taken a second time* this condition becomes permanent

**Patron Taint 5** – the caster acquires a certain ‘magical deliciousness’ – hungry monsters will find their scent delectable, those needing fertile specimens will find the vessel highly useful to their purposes and invading spectral hordes will seek you out first to taste your flesh.

**Patron Taint 6** – the Green Maiden has long been fiercely protective of those she has taken under her responsibility, and that certainly includes your tribe. Overnight you grow, reaching a height that will see you a head and a half taller than the rest of the crew. You now seem a mighty synthesis of plant, spirit, and your prior form. Add 2 to both Strength and Stamina, and an additional 2d6 hit points. You will be greatly uncomfortable leaving the ship, doing so only on ship’s business or in the defense of other members of the crew.

+2 to invoke by Iocaste’ (Has especial fondness for Iocaste), +1 to invoke her by all elves, mutants, and orphaned or abandoned children.

## **Interlude - Actually fixing/saving the ship “Let’s Go Space Monkey!”**

*"Jusgar is an effervescent pale green whiskey from the Ketraxis star cluster. Among many varieties there exists also Y-Jusgar and S-Jusgar; S-Jusgar is especially potent but also blended with fine Tahnlic oils that dissolve immediately and leave a pleasing aftertaste. It also kicks like a donkeyhorse."*

- Centredex

Here is what will be at some tables, the logical conclusion to the funnel. However, there is one more act for those who want a little payback.

In the meantime, by now likely someone if not several someone's have reached level one. (It's also a pretty good place for it for those of you who are ad-libbing the XP thing. In about seven years of DCC'ing I know *one* Judge who rigorously follows the XP system. I won't tell anyone.)

Allow some minor bit of settling in. If you're going to ask for some random skill checks for whatever reason now would be that time. Fixing and repairing and planning.

In the meantime, the new crew shakes out the bugs – there are still many holes in the command structure unless they've already been filled by PCs. It takes time for the new command crew to get their dregg under control and assess what has been lost.

*Final tally between us and the mad* – the Maenads made off with quite a bit of stuff before they boarded their vessel and jumped out-system, (or were driven out as things unfolded)

Some of it, indeed, the vast majority of the actual “cargo” is written off immediately. It's not that important to the Spacers.

However, there are a few exceptions.

The Serendipity had been hauling, as part of the Captain's Cargo, a palate bearing eight cases, only recently out of rather perfect (high quality) cryogenic suspension, of 880 year old Jusgar<sup>26</sup>.

Recovering that is a matter of some pride for the Captain.

Player controlled maenads should not face an abundance of obstacles to joining the crew provided the desire to do so. If this flies in the face of in game logic it's perfectly in keeping with their mysterious nature for the Ship's Goddess to adopt the new character(s) by fiat.

### **One way or another**

The Maenads will be tracked to a system in the Maenad Interrupts, approx.. 15 Lights distant. Pursuit at warp depth two means this is on average 13-17 days away ship time.

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<sup>26</sup> Each branded with the platinum and gold foil seal of the High Jusgar houses of the Ketraxis, most often a representation (often comic) of the Ketraxian Monkey God, more or less.

This is more than sufficient for any resting and basic training needed to take place. Most or a great many of the surviving PCs likely will be sitting on XP to gain a level. By the time the Serendipity rises out of the Sub-ether in the target system, the party should be fresh and ready for new hell.

While it is unusual for such a journey to be uneventful, assume that the party is kept safely within the confines of the ship's temple for the most part training and learning their respective new crafts and not yet back on the chopping block for sacrifices to the greater good. If the Judge wishes the new party to ride out the full traveling the sub-ether experience, they are directed to Galaxy Black pp 227 and go from there.

Should it be decided that a follow up Raid is not in order, you can end the game here.

### **Deployment:**

Surviving zero level characters should be assigned to the first levels as their commander...at least for the boarding action if they are being brought. If desired at this time players can trade zero level characters with each other, but all characters under the control of a player will be by definition under the command of their (presumably) only first level character.

Anyone who gets more than one of their zeros to level one? Congratulations. It is left to the Judge as to if you want them to keep playing both; once characters in DCC reach level one moving from character to character in a round goes a fair bit slower; use what works best for the table.



## Judge's notes – Troubleshooting

### **What prompted the captain of the to attack the Serendipity in the first place?**

The Answer is perhaps a bit more complicated and likely “No one will ever know.” On the Serendipity's voyage through the New Orien Cluster, they took on cargo a number of odds and ends but most especially a small octagonal device. A “music box” as the Captain thought of it. Which the captain took briefly into their possession. This item is not a music box. An old device of magic or technology (or both) it knows many things and exercises a subtle but potent psychic influence.

**Slowly attracting the attention of those who could achieve its ends.** Much as its sister device was doing aboard Captain Mathilde's vessel, it is the captain lich that is feeling the call. They have come to rely also upon the information to be obtained in the “Wisdom box.” Now that it is gone they feel an .. emptiness.

*What manner of fell intelligence has crossed the path of these two disparate space vessels?*

### **What are these damn boxes?**

Both Captain Mathilde and, independently, Captain Achab have (falsely) come to believe that the items they are throwing around are omniscience boxes, legendary items from a billion years ago.

They are not.

Each of them are a fragment, an important one to be sure, of a much larger item.

**Girunthil**, *the world breaker*

Girunthil<sup>27</sup>, the world breaker is a potent elemental superweapon, from the age of that conflict and was perhaps utilized in imprisoning his “corpse.” Later broken into multiple fragments to prevent its use. Not just capable of destroying planets the potent elemental control gauntlet (sized for only vaguely humanoid titans) is capable of manipulating elemental material, in this case earth – steel, rock etc. on a planetary scale. Worlds can be blasted apart and recombined into new forms with this at your disposal.

The last time the world breaker was in one piece was when it was used to impale, slay, and imprison the Star God Nirzhungrandl - whose corpse is bound at the Rim inside a world destroyed and recreated into a prison for the star god's remains.

Nirzhungrandl A hideous being imprisoned at the turn of the 43<sup>rd</sup> Vlan. Awakened two million years ago; slain but at great cost, shattering whole civilizations. The galaxy has not been quite so organized since that time, not until now.....

Weeks before the raid on the *Serendipity*, the ‘music box’ began whispering to Captain Achab. It can give him a body again. One to his specifications, one that can be shaped at will but also will be immortal. He need only find another part of the box.....

In the days after the Raid makes off with the music box, Achab comes to (correctly) believe that that was the target of the raid and makes rather obsessive plans to get it back...

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<sup>27</sup> In Ab-terran, the syllables of Girunthil can be translated to mean ‘The Earth Tuner’

## *Act three*

### *Crater Chaos: The Maenad Base*

**When:** Ship-time a few weeks since the misjump / raid at Space Trader Nick's  
**Where:** the dwarf planet space pirate base of several semi-allied schools of maenads, the inner *Ilthea* system, in the Interrupts

Each character should now be level one. Each should lead a band of 2-3 zeros in their boarding action. The *Serendipity* rises from the Sub-ether into material space perhaps a light hour outside the heliopause of a relatively barren system around an immense, healthy orange sun.

On arrival in-system, ansible comms will detect this, incoming from a few lights away, by distortion it's maybe a year old.

“:this is this ICSS Grendel calling anyone  
 We are under attack  
 Gravity Drive is out  
 Power to ghost screen one is not responding...we cry your aid we are being overrun  
 Venting atmo fast...calling anyone this frequency.....  
 this is this ICSS Grendel calling ...any imperial frequency  
 We cry your aid  
 Cry your aid  
 Cry your a-  
 <<TRANSMISSION TERMINATED CARRIER LOST>>

Welcome to the **Ilthea** system, eleven lights or so inside the **Maenad interrupts**, an ‘unremarkable’ (meaning unsurveyed) system with no charted development. Initial sensors only sight two worlds in system, and what appears to be at least one mid-system belt. The sheer radioactivity of the outer world suggests the inner system world the more likely target.

Unless the player characters have themselves taken command of the *Serendipity*, Captain Acheb (or Bliss if there has been a coup) will begin to bring the ship into system while dispatching the *Beauty* or another on-board system ship to travel to the inner system and find the enemy. In theory this is a scouting expedition but Acheb himself makes it clear that while a frontal assault is probably suicide, if they can take a small band by themselves they will do so with his blessing and permission. “Let you be the reach of the captain’s hand.” He will tell them.

Thankfully for them, *neither* of the **two** maenad starships that operate from this system are present on moon or in-system at the present time. Their timing is as perfect as it is likely to get.

Ilthea-1, an otherwise unnamed micro planet. More a small captured moon, perhaps from a shattered planet? The base is on, or more accurately under, the surface of this moonlet-world, the captured world in a very close, though elliptical solar orbit around a tremendous orange star. The base-moon is approaching perihelion when the party's ship arrives in world orbit.

The Maenads have dug into and tunneled into the sides of this crater, a base being constructed to serve as a storage area and basis for later expansion, as well as other, less well identifiable motives. Initial settlement augmented and joined by additional settlements from other, loosely allied Maenad schools. Between three primary and a smattering of smaller tunneled caverns (many of them nothing more sophisticated than large horizontal cylinders buried in the rock and expanded or ancient lava tubes repurposed and only occasionally pressurized) the crater base contains habitat, maintenance, and light fabrication facilities, as well as a small packing and loading facility for a jury rigged (and since expanded) mass driver to facilitate transfer of stolen cargo from base to orbiting spacecraft. A vast solar array of Vantablack collectors serves to power, in part, the ship dock, cargo loading, and mass driver facilities, with the base bleeding some substantial amount of that power when those activities are not occurring. The small, moon-like micro planet was selected as a place to stash a major haul, most especially including a "Mobile base" seized in the attack on the *ICSS Grendel* 11 months ago. The base was literally dropped in a crater and buried. As close to its primary the world would seem too tenuous for settlement by any other faction in space but not to the maenads, for whom this made it the perfect choice. The crater itself is the only area on world rich in materials and so in tunneling into the sides of the crater the maenads have liberally provided themselves with adequate building material for almost constant material expansion.

Which is unlike them, but it does give the captains' lieutenants something to keep all those maedins busy with.

The initial settlement was 26 Maenads spending four months tunneling into the side of the crater working non-stop to emplace the large base. Other Maenad pirate clans have to varying degrees formally committed to the effort or are squatting and hoping to join the fun...one way or another.

With all craft away, there are still about ten maenads on station at any time. While the base is envisioned to one day be a more permanent emplacement (and thus have facilities for childrearing, places for Juves to spend time, etc.) for the moment this facility is concentrated on piratical activity and so the families of the clans in question remain aboard their home vessels, or occasionally stuffed into the population at Cavern Aleph. .

The 'maenad base' isn't what it seems - it's a half dozen independent settlements off of a common crater.

What this means is that there are not one maenad faction but several of them, organized into a shifting series of groups. At the moment there is increasing friction between the pirates most loyal to Captain Sonja (so far Mathilde's only Captain level partner in this enterprise) and those loyal to Mathilde. An increasing sense of unease with Mathilde's captaincy and her increasing uncertainty...even amongst Maenads...causes even more friction. At times, the two have come close to actual conflict.

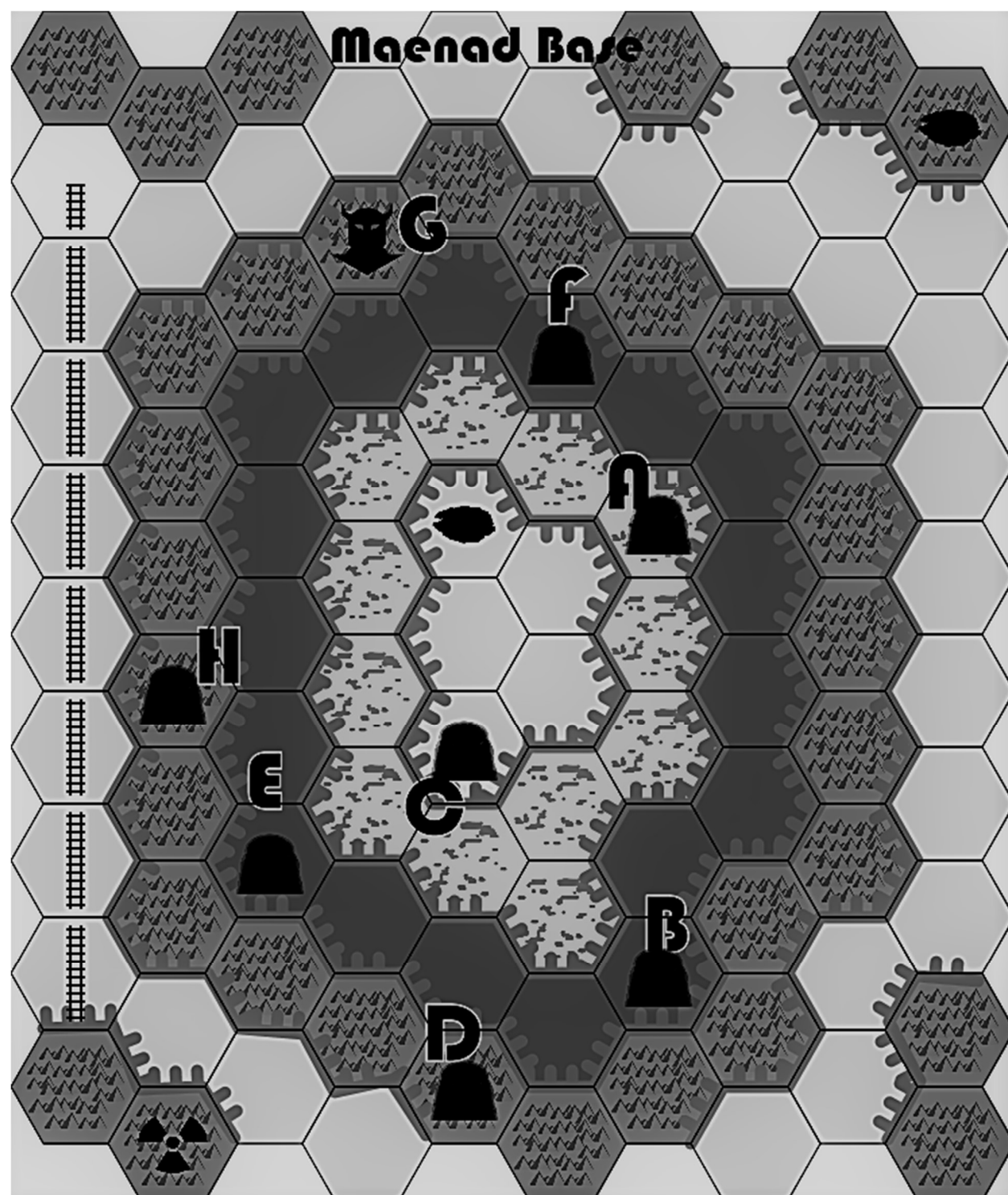
Crafty PCs will be able to play them off one another or make genuine alliances as the case may be. At least one habitat should be able to provide mercs and additional zeros.



Additionally, write the maenad base also for use as a base of ops for maenad characters created with the chargen bit elsewhere in issue. PC Maenads can participate in raids between habitats, perhaps as part of the factional rivalry above. Such characters most likely begin in Cavern Aleph.

# The Crater of Chaos

Maenad base map each hex = 100m; the crater itself is about 1km across





**Outside encounters** (like three of them)

**Path of the Linear Accelerator**

**Collector Fields** The ten hexes between the southeastern corner of the crater and the ridge with the Radioactives dump are quite positively covered with a field of solar arrays. An entire colony's worth of Vantablack solar collectors were in the hold section they looted from the Grendel and so here is a field where they attain most of their passive power from. **Not in any way** an organized manner but the whole area is shot through with hoses, connectors, patchwork and the odd piece of abandoned tech or debris. The field was assembled quickly in piecemeal fashion and then added to as needed. Travel through it will be slow and quite possibly hazardous.

**Radioactives Dump ( & Spaceship hangar)**

This is likely the first thing the party will notice, likely even before the crater itself. An unexpectedly deep crater just over the lip of a large ridge, overlooking the crater itself. With the right sensors, the area practically glows in the dark from low orbit, the rock of the crater and the large escarpment it is pitted into is sufficient given vacuum, elevation, and distance, to shield those maenads coming and going from the crater proper provided they are wearing protection (and without protection they will die, this IS an airless rock remember.

Starship silo – this is a tremendous mechanical/automatic hangar, dedicated to a single ship's use.

Some 150m away, Captain Mathilde has recently completed her Starship silo, a tremendous tunnel-dock/berth for her ship (and her ship alone, it is a very tight fit). The facilities are very primitive, but the Captain apparently has ambitions to build.....

The radiation shields located just inside the exposed part of the mouth of the silo scramble passive sensors and, as close as it is to a Radioactives pile, the captain relies upon that to keep any passing ships from paying either the crater or her *parked hidden starship* any undue notice.

**Vacuum desiccated corpse** – in the hex north of the Radioactives dump the more perceptive members of the party might pick out a small pile of artificial material as they cross through this hex. Investigation will reveal the vac desiccated corpse of a maenad, the remains of a young maenad that had the misfortune of being with his captain when she discovered the Hidden chamber. Injuries are consistent with being bludgeoned repeatedly in the head from behind or the side, followed by crushing or impact injury to the limbs face and torso, before being abandoned outside in the airless eternal day-night vacuum of this lonely rock in space.

The corpse has mostly been stripped of anything useful; however, their security fob (a small (a circuit printed maker-steel torc- see Cavern Complex H, Wares) is still on their person and will still work.

## **The Crater**

### *Some facts about the crater*

The rock of this crater is especially dense, the result of a long ancient asteroid impact that left a fine layer of far denser metal than can otherwise be found on this small moon. The maenads have utilized the vast majority of the materials seized from their raids to dig, tunnel out and build up this place. Especially in the Starship silo and the tunnel dug beneath all of this connecting that and the crater settlements, characters will be able to identify components and parts from a variety of craft, machines, and technologies stripped and repurposed to build this place. The maenads are especially adept at this sort of repurposing and so there is an efficient elegance to this hodgepodge.

### *Construction and recent history*

As the maenads soon learned, it also blocks most civilian quality sensors relatively well. Additionally, the rock below, the natural material of this moon, is far easier to work with and the whole of the crater has been tunneled out in approximately nine months; Cavern Aleph (Cavern A) was the first section tunneled out and it took four months. The rest came after and with a greater understanding of the metal-material layout of the crater. Work on Cavern Hazatee came next, under many very specific and unusual instructions from Captain Mathilde, followed (starting some six months back) by the tunneling and opening of caverns B, C, D, & E. Four months ago, now with settlers from several maenad vessels guesting at the crater, work began to tunnel a path to an area selected by the Captain to hide her ship (which was in low orbit to this point). Cavern Flowers came last, completed only two months ago, excavated entirely by the school that came with Captain Sonya. Mathilde would have objected but all of her people were busy tunneling out a cavernous silo for her ship to hide in when it was not out raiding.

Sonya's people recently (in the last few weeks) completed their part of digging a connecting tunnel to the main ship silo tunnel (see ) and since the captain has taken the vast majority of her crew out a-raiding.

### **Judge's Notes: Role playing the Maenads of the Crater**

Once one of the three main settlements has been alerted that the crater is being invaded the whole place will light up like a Yule tree within minutes. Unless,.....

### *Guerilla tactics*

Player Characters can probably get away with – if they are smart and quick – slowly knocking out the smaller caves first, or possibly moving into either the Mobile Base (after dealing with its current resident that is) or the empty caverns at () and using that as a base for scouting, exploration and subsequent guerilla raids.

### *Maenad tactics*

Unless the circumstance has elevated to “War” (meaning a Maenad has been murdered<sup>28</sup>), almost all of the maenads (excepting those in cavern Hazatee) will fight, while ferociously, but with a curious sense of fair play. Fighting is sport to them (most things are to the maenads) and so long as it does not end in maiming or killing a perfectly fine way to pass the time....but strangers invading their complex are not to be trusted with such “friendly violence.”

This means no guns, firearms, or other distance killing weapons out in vacuum. No violence in vacuum unless it's necessary. And generally, no firearms or killing weapons of distance. In the main they prefer their guns and other area effect weapons to be non-lethal and often humorous. Despite imperial propaganda, as many as 55% of all maenad raids are conducted with dazzlers, sonic and stun weapons and LOTS of distracting noise and light. They prefer to count coup on those they raid; in times of war however they are quite savage, applying themselves in ways most imperial subjects can't or won't to the art of killing and destruction. Gleefully.

Maenads are strongly social creatures and quite gregarious, they are also anarchic, moody, and do not like to put things in boxes or categories. Underneath it all is a very strong sense of community and group purpose; while everyone is theoretically free to do anything they like, all keep the needs of the group over their own needs, at least in matters of import. Ultimately every maenad is responsible for their own actions, save the captain who is responsible for all underneath them, and all maenads in a community are considered responsible equally for the children and juveniles around them.

While exploring the various caverns, remember that Maenads live their whole lives in space and often in relatively small vessels; things will be cluttered but they are masters of efficient space usage. Walls of whole rooms may be arranged in a locker or corkboard like fashion depending a chamber's dedicated purpose.

Any blank surfaces or walls that are not needed to be kept clean will become host to art, writing, abstract symbology, or any other graffiti-like (to the Imperial mind) activity. Many carry sets of markers or other implements which will work on the surface of their preferred surfaces. Save in rare instances these are never assumed to be permanent. A long held maenad dwelling if there was such a thing would eventually develop an almost palimpsest like covering on all the walls and ceilings/floors or other flat clear surfaces, where layer after layer of tags and marks have been laid down over the years.

There are few doors, and fewer considerations of privacy. Staring is a challenge or invitation, and rudeness is met with consequence. Given spaces, sometimes arranged around devices instead of spaces, become dedicated to that purpose but otherwise any space may be repurposed or used for whatever reason.

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<sup>28</sup> The maenads draw a distinction between murdered and killed. Dying in combat you voluntarily entered was your choice. Being shot while in vacuum is murder. Any kind of fighting where the intent is death or maiming probably counts as war-invoking.

### **Should the whole of the crater be raised against the party**

Unless the characters are very lucky, very clever, or brilliant strategically, they are probably going to wind up raw material for the Maenad's Reclaimators.

If the party attempts some sort of frontal assault or leads off with repeated multiple deaths (or any deaths at all in cavern Aleph) then within d12+4 rounds the entire crater will be armed and awake and aware of active hostilities. Four rounds later everyone in the crater will be fully armed and armored and the main caverns at Aleph and Flowers will actively depressurize.

Any non-maenads still in or visibly around the crater at that point are targets for a turkey shoot. If the party flees, unless they are careful their system ship may wander into the path of the mass driver (see p) which they most certainly will use as a weapon against such a party. In such an instance the Judge is urged to allow the system ship to escape based on player ingenuity otherwise it will likely be shot down, crash landing just off the edges of the crater map. Depending on the degree of hostility displayed by the party to that point they will either be left alone but remaining watchful, or they will close in for the kill.

### **To start**

Unless they somehow take specific precautions to do so, an invading party will arrive about one hour before local sunrise. As the moonlet is at perihelion this means the surface is about to become very **very** brightly lit and quite warm. A standard vacuum suit in fact may not be enough.

While they only have a limited supply of the things, those Maenads who are sent out to service the collectors (or any other long range long term over land task) take Cool suits; just in case (especially as Maenads are not known for their meticulous time keeping records. They get by.)

### **Dazzle Bedazzle**

The sun being up will, without adequate protection cook a medium sized humanoid in their vacuum suit within a standard hour. Without extra anti-dazzle filters (such as those in the cool suits) distance vision will be impossible, limited at best to 100m at the very best (one hex) and that only in the roughest of shapes, practically all things are backlit that are further than ten feet away. Active communications circuits will crackle, hiss, and pop

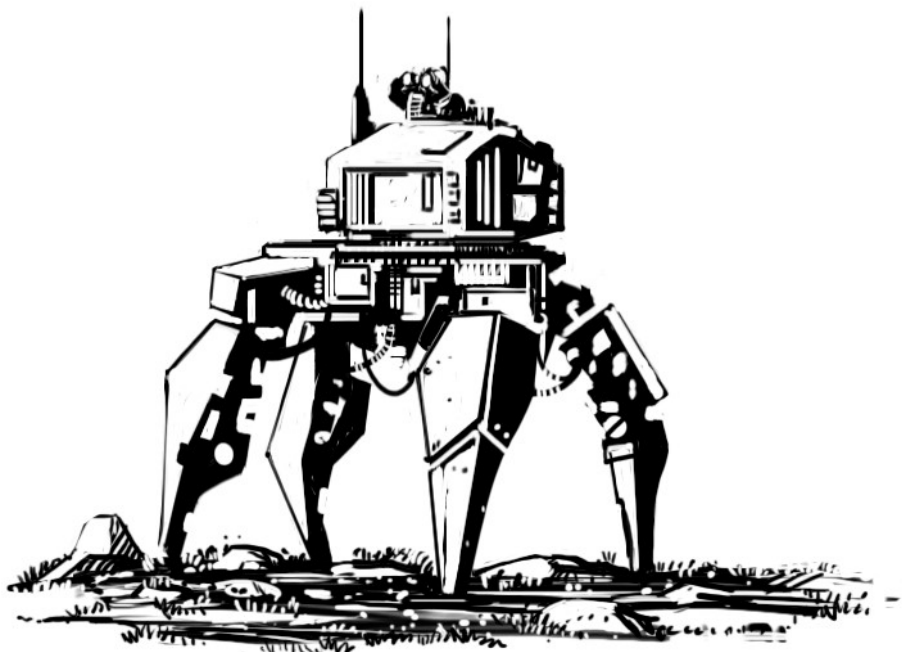
Of course, the party could opt to wait for sunset, hoping that this is a possibility. In fact, it is, this is a fast spinning rock in space and the sunset will follow in about six hours, though while the world remains at perihelion the horizon will seem bathed in orange light, and visibility will be entirely too like full day light on most planets.

Who is on foot in the crater right now?

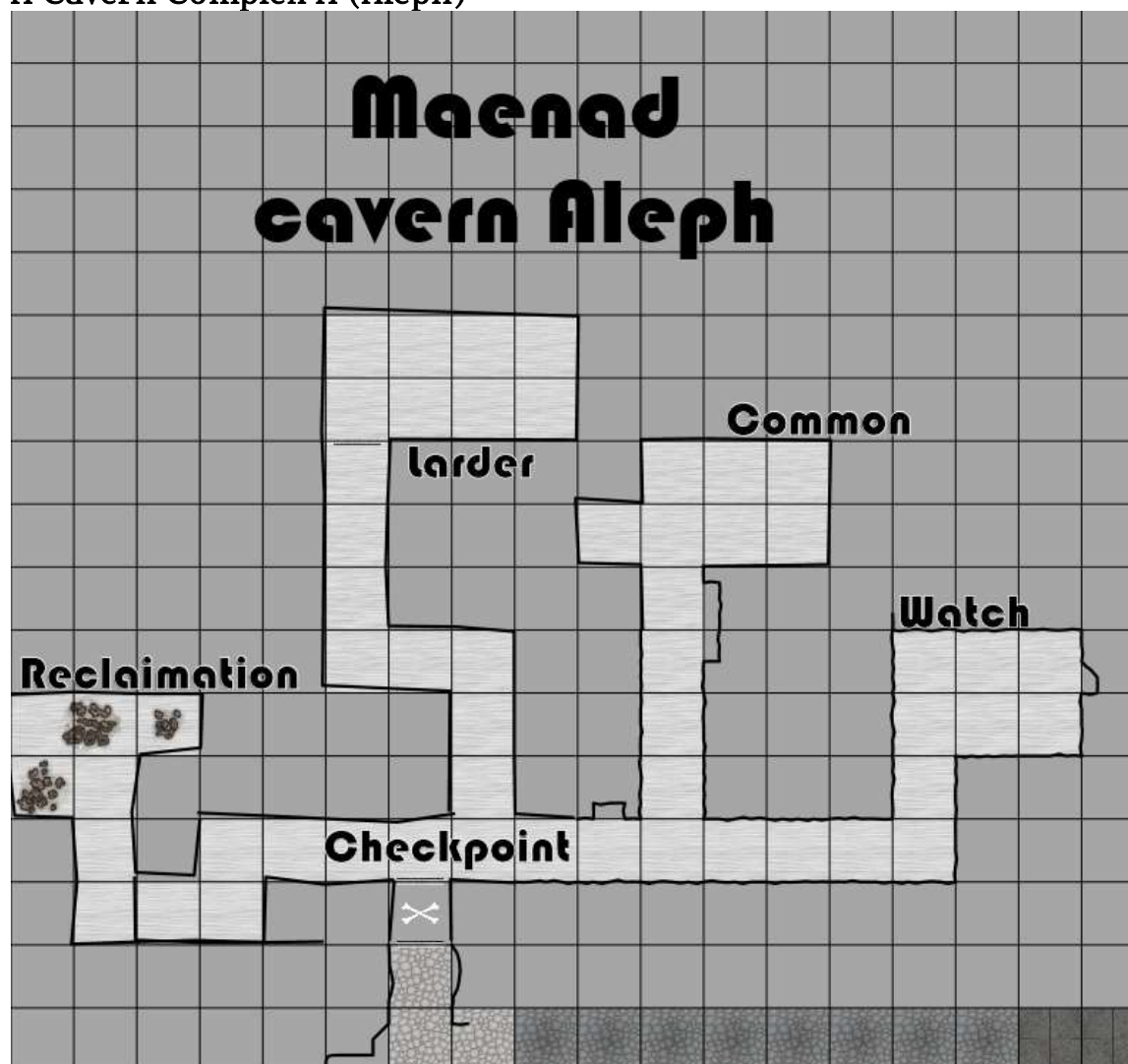
Roll every half hour the PCs are in or observing the crater's interior. In almost all cases the (theoretical) encounter will be going to or from cavern Aleph or cavern Hazatee and any of the other caverns.

Roll 3d6x100 feet to determine distance between NPC and PCs at beginning of encounter

1. Small group of juves (1d6 zero levels of 1d4 hp) from Cavern Aleph most seriously playing Hooky. 90% they are coming or going from a stickball game.
2. Grizzled comms specialist – being summoned to do another damn repair. All of the security fobs and comms beads are their manufacture.
3. Mathilde's aides – one of Mathilde's officers is on an errand to represent the Captain who, increasingly cannot be bothered with the affairs of her followers. Worrying. 2 HD +4 to hit
4. a spectral green hue flickers and flashes into momentary appearance before the PCs. A young maenad lad who seemingly has had his head bashed in seems not to realize he is dead; he waves his arms and gestures wildly to the southwest. The ghost of the Captain's dead aide is either attempting to warn them of the danger in Cavern Hazatee or direct them to find his corpse. Should the ghost manage to lead the party to their body in some fashion, it will attempt to indicate the security fob to them before going on to their final fate. Anyone who says a prayer to Exterre or genuflects to whomever their God is on the soul's behalf will gain an experience point and subsequently if/when they reach 1<sup>st</sup> level may feel "the call" of that God's service as a cleric.



## A Cavern Complex A (Aleph)



The Aleph Cavern was the first one tunneled into by the maenads under Captain Mathilde once the decision was made to linger. It is the most lived in and the one that members of almost every other cave call on at least once a day for one reason or another (most caverns use this one's larder for example). By agreement of the captains settling this crater, no murdering or major fights allowed in this cavern, it's a designated safe. No firearms or other ranged killing weapons will be drawn or used in this place without consequence and not by visitors.....

So, both the easiest of the caverns for the PCs to invade first...and probably the most dangerous in terms of consequences.

**Maenad zero levels (1-4)** Init +0; Atk fists +2 melee (1d2); AC 16; HD 1d4; hp 5, 4, 4, 2, 2; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP empathy; SV Fort +1 Ref +1, Will +0; AL C or N.

**Entrance cavern** – From even a moderate distance something will seem off about this cavern. As one approaches within 90 yards or so a faint glimmer of metal will be noticeable just outside the cave mouth despite the heavy layer of rock dust that has been

tracked over the flooring. About thirty feet surrounding the cavern mouth has been covered in cheap steel flooring and set into the ground, long since pounded down into place. This flooring continues INTO the cavern (which is semi regularly swept free of rock dust to keep it from getting everywhere inside). A trace of soft lighting just barely inside the common ROYGBIV visual range is detectable to anyone with low light or UV vision radiating from inside the Cyclor lock to the north. Anyone shining a light within will note an old imperial glyph (the Aleph) has been burned into the wall to the right for some purpose.

A set of very old passive beltertech motion sensors have been deep set into the cavern walls here. Their sensitivity has been set to low however given the boisterous nature of a maenad warren, and so only a significantly large group (six or more members of party of medium sized humanoids at least) will actually set them off.

Even then the effect is more like door chimes. This will ensure that by the time the PCs enter the lock,, there will be a full six maenads at checkpoint and likely watching (and if the PCs flood the airlock with air to open the inner door, listening) the PCs with some amusement.

Bored maenads are dangerous.

*Cyclor lock - the airlock itself is a little over three meters on a side<sup>29</sup> Hard pressure seals are wholly mechanized but controlled electronically on the far side at **Checkpoint** (Below)* From the outside, it is clear that it must be spun and then levered open; older spacers or imperial trained spacers will recognize a standard, semi portable airlock arrangement and recognized the following fact – the airlock’s mechanism will simply not let the inner door to be spun open until and unless the far door, the exterior door, is closed with a hard seal. Left to their own devices each door will swing shut inward on its own power in a single round, locking into that hard seal immediately unless somehow prevented.

At present, unless one of their number is on the surface the door will be electronically locked, requiring the attention of someone on the inside...or someone with access to the electronic mechanism. (ECV 15 to override or control remotely)

Taking advantage of their vacuum (unless the airlock is cycled full of air first) the party could opt to try to break through the door or, more successfully try to get through the locking mechanism; it will require someone with experience in mechanics, vacuum, physics, or breaking and entering (an urban confiscator for example) or such to undertake; a DC 12 Ability check on Intelligence to such a character will suggest that they would need to drill through the door lock’s pressure sensor and for an airlock door like this they would need at least an industrial drill.

## Checkpoint

The most reliable Maenads in this warren are those stationed at the Checkpoint at any given time. All of them are fully rested, well fed, comfortable and ready for action. And mostly quite bored by it all

That said, the Maenads are people and if the PCs are obviously violent and especially belligerent, they may just gather around the view sensor and openly mock the PCs

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<sup>29</sup> Yuppers, a 10x10 room, shock, and horror! Don’t be flat out about it or experienced and/or older players will know something is up.

knowing they likely can't get through the door first. Eventually though the maenads will get bored with this and as it's been some time since they've had a chance for a good fight will eventually psych themselves and each other up until the whole warren is up and ready to kick some ass. Then they will just let the PCs in.

The Maenads love to fight, and unless the PCs are clearly willing, intent, *and capable* of murdering them, they will pair off in vaguely fair fights<sup>30</sup> quite visibly enjoying themselves and not taking this perhaps as serious as the PCs.

Those who get further wound up by this will eventually be recognized as a problem and put down. However, should the PCs be genuine good (if probably confused) sports about the whole thing they will find negotiation of all kinds suddenly a VERY real possibility. If the PCs seem to be of the same stripe as the Maenads (impulsive, bores easily, gets themselves into trouble for fun....not like a PC at all....) and have not made any particular threat or statement of intent they may even be welcomed into the cavern subsequently (though under MUCH scrutiny).

**Reclamation** “Everything that was goes in the Reclaimator, everything that is came from the Reclaimator” – a scrap of Maenadic juve-rhyme. And just as it is aboard ship here it is no different. There will be 1-3 maenads in here at any given time dropping off scrap or waste, in addition to those (1d6) that have drawn Reclamation duty. Every round there is a 50% chance of a maenad wandering in to drop off or pick up a base block or other manufactured basic good.

**Larder** raw, perishable, and expensive food and nutrient items are kept in here inside very weak sterilizer-fields that give the otherwise dark room an eerie yellow glow. A central preparation counter, a large three person chopping block, and an island style clear seal tank full of aquaculture take up much of the space within.

At any given time, there is a 35% of 1-2 maenads “on punitive duty” and a 63% chance of 1-5 maenads engaged in various stages of food or beverage preparation. Lighting will remain low unless the kitchen is fully occupied (3 or more maenads present).

No cooking involves open flames.

**The Common** is a combination sleeping area, living room, and in general “let your guard down” area. Even maenads sparring will be asked to move elsewhere if it disturbs anyone. At any given time 1d12 Maenads will be in here engaged in a variety of leisure activities; at all hours maenads will be seen sleeping, talking, watching/hearing entertainment recordings, playing games, cuddling or having sex, often all at once (and in the same room which is probably a bit unusual for most imperials) More than anywhere else in the cavern, the common reflects the maenads communal nature.

## Watch

1d6 maenads eager for battle or intruders or some kind of interesting trouble

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<sup>30</sup> Just EXACTLY like in a bad sword and sorcery movie where the hero is surrounded and then the baddies serially attack them one at a time. But with amused self-awareness



### **Judge Notes: Running this with the PC Maenad rules on pp 124**

*Despite the increasingly clear sickness of Captain Mathilde and her increasing disregard for life, not all of the maenads in the crater are so heartless. Far from it. Chaotic, to be sure, but not necessarily evil. Certainly not where some matters are concerned.*

*Zero level maenads, regardless of school, ship, or allegiance, can reasonably be assumed to be stuck here, just so many bored post-juves among many. At game start, each character should roll 1d4 for their current “choice” (not their choice naturally, they are just stuck with it) of “chores.”*

1. Reclamation
2. Larder
3. Common
4. Watch

Said zeros will start the game in or near that chamber (unless they are playing hooky) but are definitely assigned duties to that chamber. So, pitching and filling the reclaimators, cleaning the dreggu off the reclaimators, making food or preparing food (Peeling cactus-taters and crying!), being “the responsible adult” in the Common, or being on Watch. And so, near the Entrance cavern at all times.

*All zeros will start with a fitted and custom vacuum suit, a weapon they are competent with, and a comms bead worn or implanted somewhere about their person that allows short range communication with others on the same frequency to about 200 feet in this rock, double that outside.*

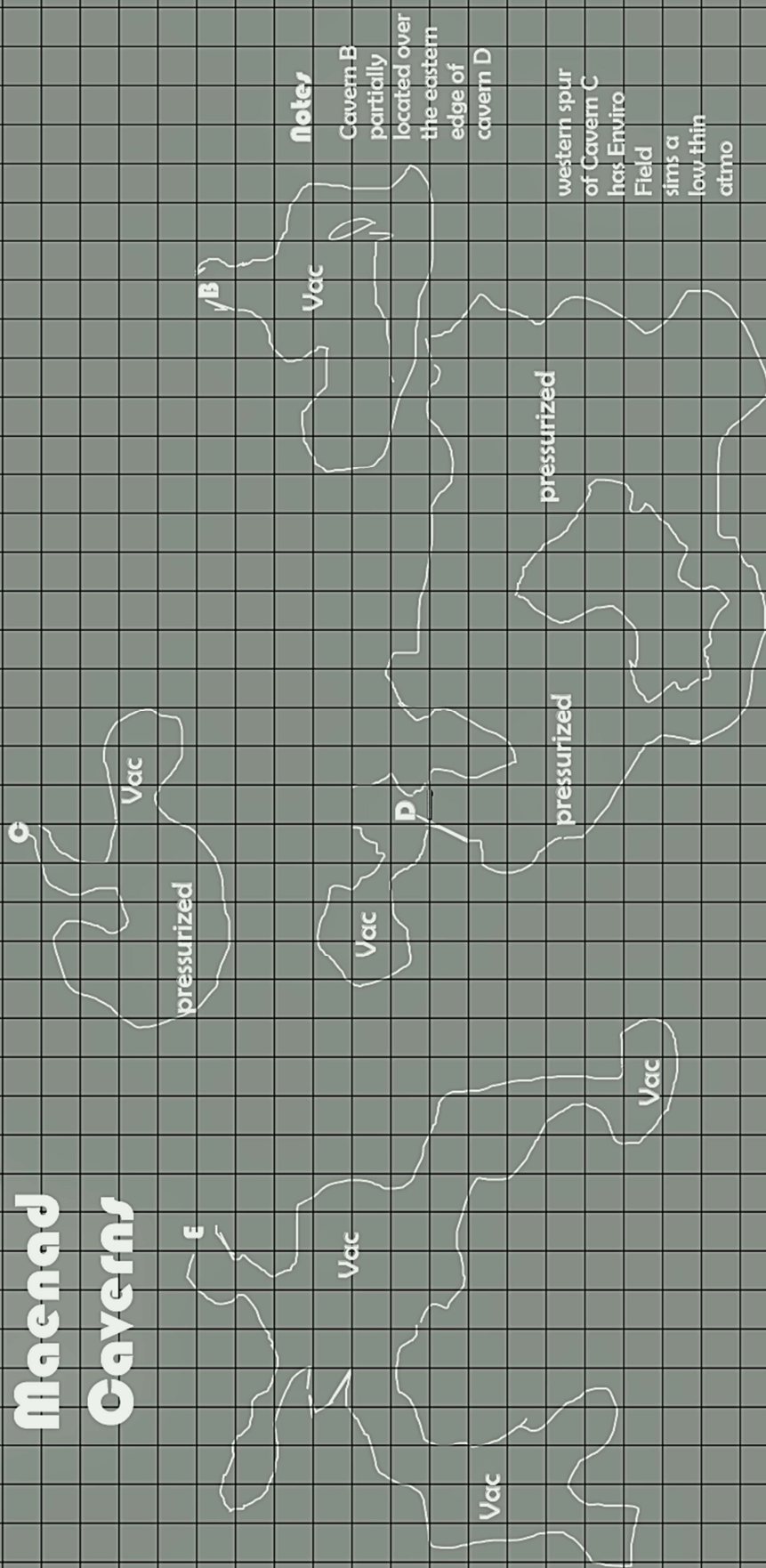
Not all of the Maenads in this cave are older juves and post juves; some are infirm, and some (though only a few) are just old. This cavern hosts a fairly representative sample of the overall maenad population, any configuration, sub-clade, or gender could be found here, with no one variety dominating.

There is a flip side to this – functionally everyone in this cavern is important to someone else in the crater. If this place is violently put upon with lots of deaths, sooner or later the entire crater will rise up and viciously hunt the perpetrators down, most especially any of the deceased were very old or very young.

### **Functionally everyone in this warren unless stated has the following statistics.**

**Maenad zero levels (1-6) Init** +1; **Atk** fists +1 melee (1d2+1; 2d2+1 if using Wearable Knuckles or +1 knife melee (1d4+1); **AC** 12 (14 in vacuum suit); **HD** 1d4 **hp** 3 or 4, 3, 3, 2, 1, 1; **MV** 30'; **Act** 1d20; **SP** psychic potential; **SV Fort** +1, **Ref** +1, **Will** +1; **AL** C. Psychic potential – each maenad functionally has 1d16 action die in empathy Comms bead, knife, or Wearable Knuckles, vacuum suit,

# Remaining Maenad Caverns



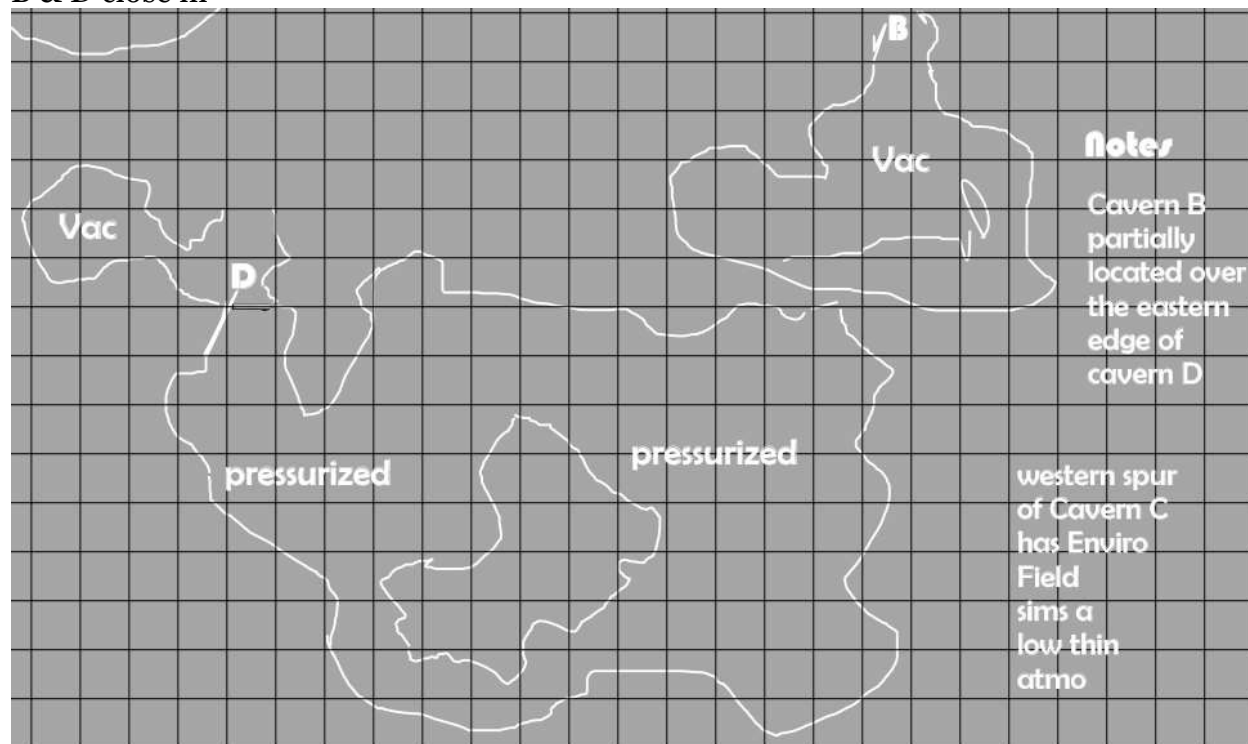
### B Cave complex containing new arrivals

A lave cave from a time when this rock was geologically active. The narrow blow-hole shaped edifice has the appearance of rapidly hardened mud, and this is not entirely inaccurate.

The cavern moves downward at a very sharp angle initially about five meters before opening into a much wider cavern with an elevated sloping ceiling. On the far wall is a high shelf where a group of maenads are existing, roughing it in vacuum suits and stealable tents. They are miserable and would love to get into a very very serious fight.

**Unblooded Maenad raiding party** (1-6) **Init** +1; **Atk** fists +1 melee (1d2+1; 2d2+1 if using Wearable Knuckles or +1 knife melee (1d4+1) or +2 ranged sonic blaster (5d4, 5'); **AC** 12 (14 in vacuum suit); **HD** 1d6 **hp** 3 or 4, 3, 3, 2, 1, 1; **MV** 30'; **Act** 1d20; **SP** psychic potential; **SV Fort** +1, **Ref** +1, **Will** +0; **AL** C.  
Psychic potential

B & D close in



**D 1 complex in progress** Two other caves, one unpressurized, one recently pressurized with walls laden down with building material. A party of Raiders, no matter what is here at all times if only to razz the group at B below. Given cavern conditions even in the pressurized area they will be reluctant to fire their weapons, preferring knives and hand to hand unless fired upon.

**Hard working Maenad raiding party** (1-6) **Init** +1; **Atk** fists +2 melee (1d2+1; 2d2+1 if using Wearable Knuckles or +1 knife melee (1d4+1) or +2 ranged sonic blaster (5d4, 5'); **AC** 2 (14 in vacuum suit); **HD** 2d6 **hp** 10, 10, 9, 8, 7, 4; **MV** 30'; **Act** 1d20; **SP**; **SV Fort** +1, **Ref** +1, **Will** +0; **AL** C.

### C semi pressurized complex

One encounter cave two chambers – another of the lava tubes turned cavern by the erosion of impact and plundering maenads. Nonetheless medium sized humanoids will need to get on their hands and knees and wiggle through a narrow 2x3m tube to get into the cavern beyond. There is usually a sentry posted here, or two, unless they are goofing off. The larger of the two caverns has a low powered environment field where half of the encountered number will be in exposed vacuum suits sleeping. The other cavern is dark; however, the back wall has mining equipment stolen off of the *Grendel* piled three deep all the way to the curve of the ceiling. The roof in the storage chamber is shot through with lava tube holes in the ceiling which may make invading PCs suspicious, but they are neither inhabited nor trapped.

**Experienced Maenad raiding party** (1-6) **Init** +1; **Atk** fists +1 melee (1d2+1; 2d2+1 if using Wearable Knuckles or +1 knife melee (1d4+1) or +2 ranged sonic blaster (5d4, 5'); **AC** 12 (14 in vacuum suit); **HD** 1d8 **hp** 8 or 8, 7, 6, 3, 3, 2; **MV** 30'; **Act** 1d20; **SP** psychic potential; **SV Fort** +1, **Ref** +1, **Will** +0; **AL** C.

Psychic potential

**Sothis-T513t lasersonic blaster**

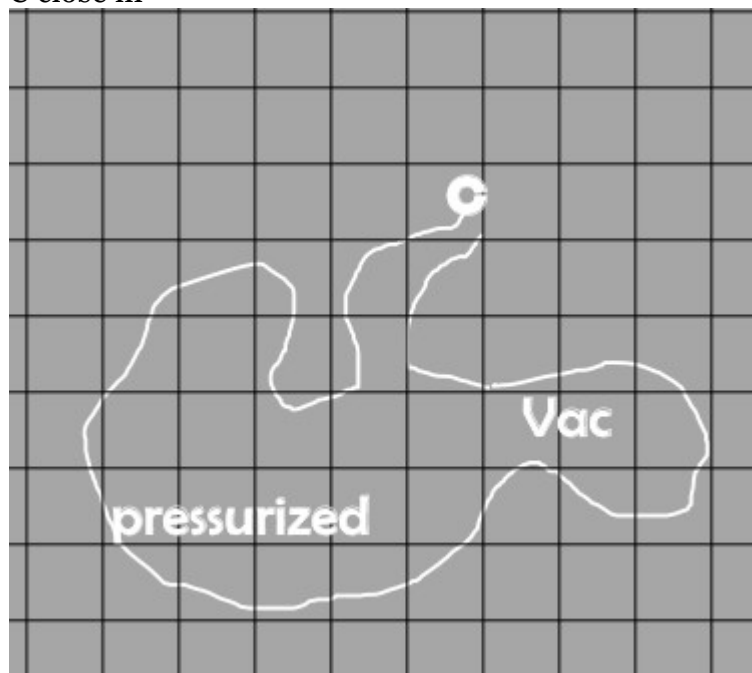
**5d4**

**Range 2/3/5**

12 shots per e-charge

-1 initiative penalty to use the weapon

C close in

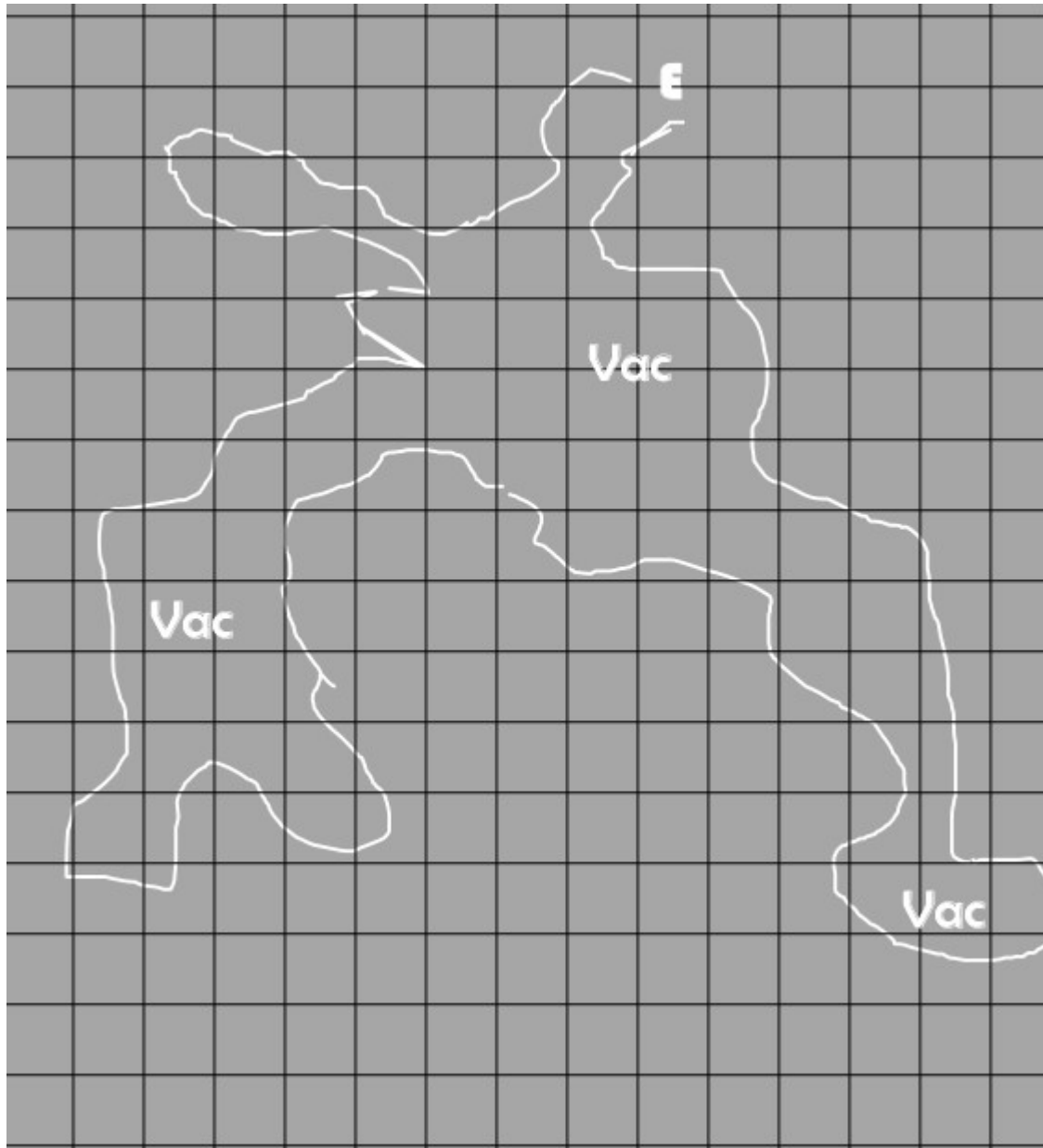


### € abandoned tunnel complex (non-maenadic)

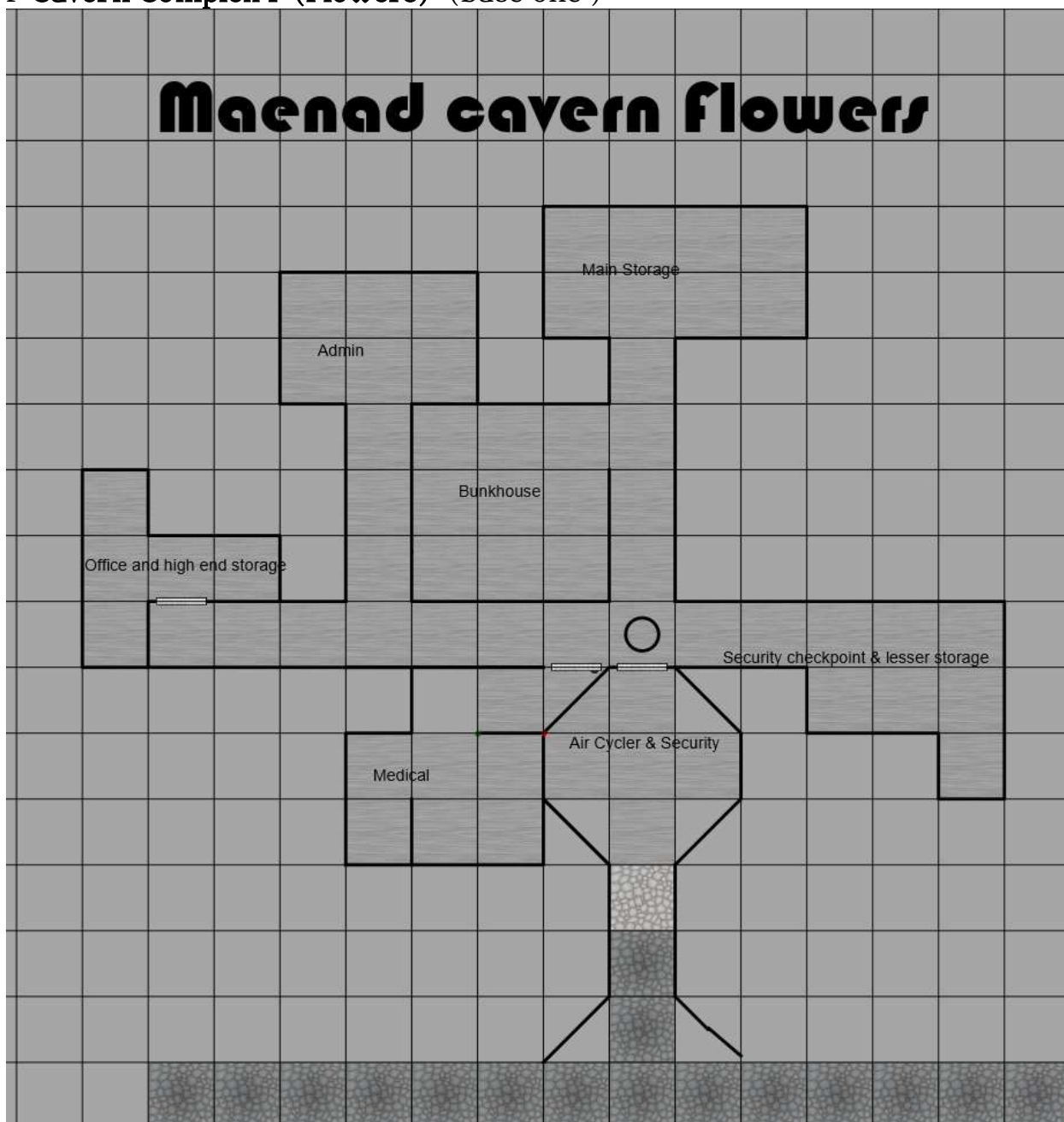
One of two tunnel complexes that are not maenadic – one looks abandoned; this cave system was once inhabited by something large and capable of tunneling into (and perhaps digesting) meteoric rock. But despite maenadic concerns, it is quite empty. The practical reason it is not in use however, is more simple than that – maenads are to a certain extent raised to be suspicious of outsiders, and trust nothing until it is tested...moving into someone else's ruins seems, to the maenadic mind, a bad idea until they've been established as SAFE.

But building it themselves will always seem safer.

€ close in



### F Cavern Complex F (Flowers) (base one )



One is pressurized and also trapped; it has minimal but augmented personnel. The leader there at the moment is a young Maedin named Karliah. She represents Captain Sonya, who runs a most effective crew though they are not so much pirates as outlaws. Sonya will happily negotiate with anyone to get a better position for her ship or her crew, though obviously she won't be party to genocide or mass murder

These caverns while disciplined (by Maenad standards) are very much still a Maenadic warren in that the walls are covered in imagery; in this case, the walls

inside are covered in flowers, giving the impression of being inside some bizarre garden.

All of Sonya's lieutenants have tattooed, branded, or ritually scarred a flower of some kind on their bodies, sometimes many many times over.

**Captain Sonja's Maenads** (1-6) **Init** +3; **Atk** fists +3 melee (1d2+1; 2d2+1 if using Wearable Knuckles or +1 knife melee (1d4+1) or +2 ranged sonic blaster (5d4, 5'); **AC** 12 (14 in vacuum suit); **HD** 3d8 **hp** 14, or 23, 16, 15, 13, 7, 7; **MV** 30'; **Act** 1d20; **SP** psychic potential; **SV Fort** +2, **Ref** +1, **Will** +1; **AL** C.

**Sothis-T513t lasersonic blaster** **5d4** **Range 2/3/5**  
12 shots per e-charge  
-1 initiative penalty to use the weapon

**Entrance** – The cavern entrance has been left deliberately unmolested. It's not until the final seven feet of the 15 foot narrowing cave that there is any evidence of technology at all. It opens into a twenty foot steel corridor (these tunnels are more precise than those dug by Mathilde's crew and reinforced. Captain Sonya intends on keeping this stash hole.)

#### **Air Recycler & Security**

Once the motion sensors in the Airlock detect movement, dosimeters determine mass and location; on such a ping, quiet alarms in both Security and Medical go off. There are live comm feeds that view into the chamber from the north, west, and east sides, these cameras can be manipulated or controlled from outside the north door (on the north side of course) and from medical.

**Of note** – the air recycler's main controls are not IN the airlock (those are backups) but in Medical next door. A maenad on duty in medical can control the cycling of the atmo and the lock on the inner doors.

**Hatch** – the floor hatch drops down 5 meters into darkness, with somewhat concealed rungs in the wall along one side allowing rapid descent. This drops into the end of the cavern that stretches far far to the Southwest; eventually meeting up with the cave bearing Captain Mathilde's starship.

With relations the way they are, the hatch is sealed from the inside at present. However, once a PC enters it the hatch will likely remain open from that point onward.

#### *The Tunnel Below*

The tunnel is much narrower than the one in H and much longer. On average only about 8-9 feet on a side it leads deep down, to the southwest, where it encounters the Long Southwestern Corridor in H after about a Kilometer; it joins up with that tunnel about 75m north of the Starship silo.

At a brisk walk without precautions or encumbered by stuff, a maenad or any PC could traverse the distance from here to where the tunnel hooks up with the tunnel from H in about 23-26 minutes. Hauling gear and treasure and what not, even with suspensor platforms or equivalent, will take about an hour to walk the same distance. It is not lit. All of the members of Mathilde's crew can see in the dark and all of the other maenads

have low / no light lenses, light sources, or other work arounds depending. None of the other clans however save for complex F and H know about this tunnel AT ALL.

#### Security Checkpoint and lesser storage

1d4 maenads will be here, working at any given time, augmented to 1d6 if there has been any reason for heightened security.

Medical -Captain Sonja's ostensible XO is a freed slave of long acquaintance, a scientist doctor of not inconsiderable skill and their presence here is a boon for the whole crater. At least that is, when they are here. Thankfully for the player characters, Doctor Umar Borzhata is with their Captain aboard Sonya's yacht (Sonya likes the finer things in life, like this classic era imperial yacht she captured and has over the years retrofitted to fit her needs most perfectly.

Among the computer files, sim chips, and other storage media are probably enough, learned mundanely or through use of a sleep teacher, to begin helping a zero level character with sufficient XP to first level Field Scientist,

Nonetheless the medical center is EXTRAORDINARILY well stocked for a random pirate base. Equipped more for biological and necro logical experimentation perhaps (one could perform a full autopsy here for example) than a proper facility of healing, the good doctor nevertheless does make an effort to keep the troops fit and in fighting trim. At any given time if the facility is staffed, there will be one maenad with at least minimal paramedical training on standby, who will likely be responsible for controlling the airlock if anyone steps into it.

Main Storage – this is a surprisingly well organized assortment of tools, parts, and sundries required to build and operate a “base” such as this. It is also the home of a phenomenally slow Great Amber Rock slug (*dire snail AC 16 hp 18, no attacks*) kept as a pet by one of the younger juves. (Sonja has hopes of ‘growing’ these slugs to use as mining ‘aids.’)

Bunkhouse – at “Camp Sonya” sleep and rest are important, as are dreams. Those who are sleeping do so here and no other activity is permitted. At any given time 1d6 Maedins will be inside sleeping peacefully while a sentry sits outside the sound and light baffling field projected across the open doorway.

Admin - If she has not already been encountered and is for some reason not busy observing the PCs, there is a 50% chance Karliah will be in here, otherwise she will be encountered in the office (below). Each room is sparse but well equipped for their purposes.

Office and high end storage - If encountered in here, she is nervously watching the sensor feeds pacing, really hoping that something INTERESTING would happen.

**Karliah the Maedin** (1) **Init** +4 **Atk** fists +5 melee (2d3+2) or power mace +6 melee (2d6+3); **AC** 15 (hardened Vec suit) ; **HD** 3d8+3; **hp** 26; **MV** 30'; **Act** 1d20; **SP** psychic, power mace; **SV Fort** +4, **Ref** +2, **Will** +1; **AL** C.

Psychic (Total Self Awareness 1d20 action die)

Power mace, Sword



### **G buried Mobile Base – “haunted”**

What initially appears to be another tunnel complex, and possibly (like E above) one that is \*not\* Maenadic, on approach the mound will reveal itself to rather different – there are (many) signs here that something, something large, was deliberately buried here, dug up, and then reburied.

That last part very quickly.

This is the location of the Mobile Base that the Maenads bagged from the *Grendel*.

Unfortunately for them, when the time came to “retrieve” (or as planned, at this point, move into) said Mobile Base, they were quite surprised to find it not uninhabited....

**The thing inside** is either the result of something the Maenads did when they hit the *Grendel* - something that came on board while the Base was being hauled through the Sub-ether outside of the ship’s ghost screens. It is most assuredly an un-dead spectral entity. While it does seem to have a beef with the Maenads specifically it is not going to be but inimical to the player characters either.

**The Un-dead Thing Inside** (1) **Init** +0; **Atk** touch of the damned +3 melee (1d6+1); **AC** 15; **HD** 2d12; **hp** 12; **MV** 35’; **Act** 1d20 + coughing void stuff or roar of anguish; **SP** spectral entity, roar of anguish, coughing void stuff; **SV Fort** +1, **Ref** +0, **Will** +3; **AL** C.

Un-dead – the ghost thing is quite un-dead, and rages endlessly at the living. IT can no longer distinguish between living beings, nor does it care to. It merely wishes to inflict maximum suffering to share its pain.

*Spectral entity* – as an immaterial death thing, only energy weapons, psychic powers, and other magic will successfully inflict damage upon it.

*Roar of anguish* – once a day the creature can spew forth a wail that cuts to the bone and the soul; all within 60’ must succeed at a DC 14 Will save or be immobilized with shock and fear for one round taking no action. This is a biplanar attack that also attacks within the Sub-ether allowing for the scream to seem to pierce the void’s utter silence.

*Coughing Void-stuff* – once a round, the angry ghost can take a full round to cough, hack, and wheeze, sounding very much like someone suffocating in a foreign atmosphere, eventually producing smoldering black cloud from their expectorations. This is somehow a mix of purest empathic misery and void-stuff. It affects up to 3 adjacent creatures at once on failed Will save (DC 18). Those who fail this save suffer 1d4 points of ability damage (inflicted on any stat save luck, determine randomly or by Judge fiat) and are overcome by wracking waves of fear and nausea that make visibility especially hard until the green black haze fades, reducing all visual tests by a step on the dice chain for one additional round thereafter.

The Mobile Base – unpowered but a small, cramped three level enclosed mobile lab designed for extended habitation. A good place to hide if the party can overcome it’s resident. The mobile base itself is surprisingly intact and aside from being moved from ship to ship under combat conditions and subsequently buried is brand new. This is probably the single most valuable thing the party can make off with, worth hundreds of Imperial Transactions probably if it could be uncovered and retrieved....

## **Cavern Complex H (Hazatee) (base three)**

Only one of them, the 2 – 3 HD ‘caverns’ lead directly to a concealed hanger silo for their vessel. They may affect escape, or the PCs may try to steal a ship. (good luck with that!)

I is evidence of the stickball that the maenads play in (and often out of) this crater). See Stickball in Stickney.

**Mathilde’s elite raiding party** (1-6) **Init** +3; **Atk** fists +3 melee (1d2+1; 2d2+1 if using Wearable Knuckles or +1 knife melee (1d4+1) or +2 ranged sonic blaster (5d4, 5’); **AC** 12 (14 in vacuum suit); **HD** 3d8 **hp** 14, or 23, 16, 15, 13, 7, 7; **MV** 30’; **Act** 1d20; **SP** psychic potential; **SV Fort** +2, **Ref** +1, **Will** +1; **AL** C.

Psychic potential – may have one or more first level psi powers

**Sothis-T513t lasersonic blaster** **5d4** **Range 2/3/5**  
12 shots per e-charge  
-1 initiative penalty to use the weapon

## **Encounters**

Note – all of the maenads of clan (Hazatee) in complex H speak and wear Vec suits

Plus, a sensor bee keyed to the traps and security features (including the holo generator and doors at Wares below) at all times. These bees appear to be common jewelry or fobs and only dedicated searching and experimentation will reveal the nature of these devices.

## **Entrance Cavern**

baffling fields and deliberate construction keep noise from penetrating into the entrance tunnel from anywhere else in the complex. The entire stretch of the cavern is embedded with microsensors in the walls, and floor relaying in real time to the **ambush point** below.

**Ambush Point** 6 Maenads await any intruder here, falling back when the entryway sensors indicate an unauthorized entry. They are rotated out regularly and all of them are spoiling for a fight (this is punitive duty for many of them)

**Maenad ambush party** (1-6) **Init** +3; **Atk** fists +3 melee (1d2+1; 2d2+1 if using Wearable Knuckles or +1 knife melee (1d4+1) or +2 ranged sonic blaster (5d4, 5’); **AC** 12 (14 in vacuum suit); **HD** 3d8 **hp** 23, 16, 15, 14, 13, 6; **MV** 30’; **Act** 1d20; **SP** psychic potential; **SV Fort** +2, **Ref** +1, **Will** +1; **AL** C.

Psychic potential

**Sothis-T513t lasersonic blaster** **5d4** **Range 2/3/5**  
12 shots per e-charge  
-1 initiative penalty to use the weapon

*Tactics* – after lots of raiding and counting coup on one another, these maenads are quite frosty and are unlikely to be taken off guard regardless of whatever else they are doing. Doctrine and lots of experience have built a twofold strategy. Once the party has entered the complex, sensors inside the Ambush Point indicate roughly how many (rounding to groups of 3-4) and if they are maenads or not.

*If even a single party member is of maenadic extraction, they will use non-lethal methods only on the whole party. Further in such a circumstance, doctrine changes to “fight for fun.”*

Non-maenadic intruders are allowed entry uncontested.

If the party heads west, they ‘comms in’ to whomever is at the Charging Station or Wares for backup and then move in behind the party to ambush or attack, striking as far down the tunnel toward the Charging Station as possible.

If the interlopers travel south, again, they will remain hidden, this time activating a shadow field over the concealed (but open) doorway; allow astute or clever characters a small (DC 20) chance to notice this, especially if they are already having a rough time of it. Otherwise, they will be allowed to travel south until they have turned the bend (heading toward the prisoner chamber). At which point they will set about a rear ambush, coordinating again via comms with the maenads in that set of corridors (see below).



**Charging station** this communal area is heavily trafficked as there is a central charging pillar with over 600 connection ports; check every round for 1-2 Maenads to come in from any direction seeking to charge their weapons or gear. 25% there are 1-4 Maenads hanging about the charging station when the PCs arrive.

AS the main generator for the cavern complex is literally right below the station, five plates making up the floor (see map) are notably discoloured; it would require hours and tools the PCs almost certainly will not have to pry these open. HOWEVER, much more importantly, they can be electrified; all maenadic officers and 1 in 3 other maenads will know the code to punch into their commlink (many have this keyed to their voice and a voice command) which will deliver 3d6 damage to anyone standing on or hovering less than 10 cm above, the floor panels indicated. Mech Created take half damage on a successful Fortitude save (DC 15), electrovores likewise though they save at DC 12, and will recover 1-3 hp or 1 point of ability loss on a successful save. Doing so however prevents the charging station from being used for 33 minutes thereafter as the one who wired this all together was not precisely following the manual.

**Prisoners** – this is the remainder of those taken from the *ICSS Grendel*, the survivors on the (abortive) attack on the *Ozymandias*, and of course any prisoners taken from *Space Trader Nick's* or the *Serendipity*.

They are kept in an unfinished side chamber on the southeastern corner of complex H. At any given time 1d6 maenads will be lingering in the corridor outside, able to come running in a single round.

Any PCs taken in part one that have not subsequently joined up with the maenads will be here; any breakout scenarios for such characters would start thusly.

If need be, the Judge can always consult the following table:

### **What are the Maenads going to do now that you've been captured?** Please roll 1d7

1. *Of course*, they will kill you
2. Slavery – either they will keep you and treat you relatively well if you are actually useful or possess a rare skill set...or they'll sell you at the nearest pirate market.
3. Food; if you are lucky, you are merely the source of some sort of additive, they may tap you for blood or other replenishing fluids
4. The captain is an ambitious woman with a captured imperial scientist...who needs test subjects. You just "volunteered."
5. Stock – one or more influential crew members had decided they dig you, or at least, your genetic material. If the captured play their cards right they may be on a path to becoming crew
6. They gas you and let you go on the nearest inhabitable planet possibly with a small amount of food and essentials. Wait what?
7. If you will do a private job for the captain, head engineer, ship's doctor, or similar, supposedly you will be released, or at least recompensed.

**The Hall of Traps** - This large L shaped chamber has two purposes. The Eastern side is a wide solidly constructed corridor that likely will suggest to the PCs that they have "reached the real part of the base." As it is an empty corridor save for what is

visible in the western area beyond the assumption is that intruders will blunder boldly forward. Any Maenads visible in the western area will attempt to encourage this. Of course, any non-Maenads that come down this corridor are in for a world of hurt. Any non-Maenad moving through this hall moving East to West (likely the way the PCs will be entering IOW) will probably trip one of the motion sensors. Any non-Maenad moving through this hall moving West to East (back out IOW) will find that all of the traps activate and actively attempt to prevent their survival and escape.

### *The Main hall*

In the western end of the L is the closest place the crew of the XXXXXXXX have to a common area down here. Anyone who is “not working” is likely to be here at any given time, which practically means up to 1d12 maenads depending on security levels and the presence of the ship in its silo.

**Maenads**(2-12) **Init** +0; **Atk** fists +2 melee (1d2+1; 2d2+1 if using Wearable Knuckles or +1 knife melee (1d4+1); **AC** 16 (13 outside of tactical vacuum suit); **HD** 2d8 **hp** 14, 13, 11, 11, 9, 9, 9, 8, 7, 5, 5, 4; **MV** 30'; **Act** 1d20; **SP** psychic potential; **SV Fort** +3, **Ref** +0, **Will** -1; **AL** C.

Also, separately **Wares** – aka treasure room, where various items they have seized are parked.

What is here:

4 sealed chemical drums (each containing petrochemicals)	about a Tran total
2 sealed chemical drums (each containing processed coal)	A tran each
16 bottles 100 proof Salbuccan truffle oil with banya seeds	ea. half a Transaction
8 bottles 150 proof Salbuccan truffle oil with banya seeds	ea. a full Transaction
Sealable Environmental Box containing 14 loaves of Truffle locus bread	about 7500 creds
100 units of	
14 pallets of Mongo Beans	about half a Tran
11 pallets of industrial lubrication of mechanized bodies.	
(each containing sealed boxes full of sealed containers of the stuff)	about a Tran all said
21 identical maker printed short swords	a few hundred c?
A strongbox – containing 26 lasersonic blasters	
A great heavy wooden chest – containing spoils of a short campaign somewhere primitive.	
There are 1d7 such bags.	
1d20 x 1000 Copper coins	1d6x100 gold coins
3d6x 1000 Bronze coins	1d3x100 Platinum coins
1d6x1000 Silver coins	1d2x100 Mithril coins
2d6 x 5 Electrum coins	
Plus	
1d20 pieces of costume jewelry worth 1d5 creds each	
1d5 pieces of actual jewelry worth 1d6x1000 creds each	
Plastic box containing 1d6 transactions worth of Maker replacement parts. A Field Scientist could probably assemble a very basic (Simple) Maker with these parts and access to even primitive laboratory space on a DC 25 Jury Rig roll. Would still need to be programmed.	
A lockbox – containing 19 security fobs (which would need to be activated and configured (DC 10 computer use) first; this requires a trip to the Charging Station and access to the comms the Maenads have set up.	

**Maenad security party** (1-6) **Init** +2; **Atk** fists +2 melee (1d2+1; 2d2+1 if using Wearable Knuckles or +1 knife melee (1d4+1) or +2 ranged sonic blaster (5d4, 5'); **AC** 16 (13 outside of tactical vacuum suit); **HD** 2d8 **hp** 12, or 13, 11, 9, 7, 5, 4; **MV** 30'; **Act** 1d20; **SP** psychic potential; sonic screamers **SV Fort** +2, **Ref** +1, **Will** +0; **AL** C.

**Sonic Screechers** (planted grenade-like bombs that create a massed crowd suppressing field in their area of effectiveness; all actions are reduced one step on the dice chain for those failing a DC 25 Fort save. Mechanicals, Synths, and certain exotics (as well as those deaf or in sealed suits) need make no save as they are immune to these effects.

**Sothis-T513t lasersonic blaster** **5d4** **Range 2/3/5**  
12 shots per e-charge  
-1 initiative penalty to use the weapon

There are concealed (partially using holography) entrances and exits to the Wares; the common one is on the west side (the Main Hall) and seldom has the holo field active (and 3 in 6 chance the door is open anyway) whereas the entrance in the NE opens into the far eastern end of the Hall of Traps and is VERY concealed (DC 22 to detect with tech or magic, DC 25 without) sliding hush door protected by a persistent holo-field that protects the door, doorway, and shields anything emerging \*from\* the doorway to the north until they are ten feet distant from the holo generator (which is placed just over the doorway itself, facing north). To those coming down the corridor from the north maenads will appear suddenly out of nowhere, apparently the recipient of a teleportation device or such.

**The Captain's Secret Temple** – contains in small measure just slightly intact elements of a prior, long smashed and destroyed structure, yet somewhat still it remains. The floor here and parts of the wall are of a homogenous worked deep blue stone, giving it the supple appearance almost of a living thing. Appearing perhaps more as a brand or tattoo than a set of glowing glyphs however, in the room's center is

*The invoking circle –*

The whole chamber has an unusual, briny stench to it, as though dredged from some long ago sea. Perhaps also it is the unusual way the strange, supple blue stone carries the sound waves. Surely a maenad could appreciate that.....

Once, long ago perhaps this place was part of a larger place of power but no more.

**The Hidden Chamber** – only maenad captain Mathilde. knows of this chamber or has access to it, certainly no one else knows of the thing inside.....

*The Idol* – a large statuary in the upper NW corner of this ancient cavern is far from mundane masonry. **The idol** Is made of green and purple star stone, apparently shot through with 'star-like' patterns of sheared rock pressed together into folds at great pressure. The figure it depicts is octopodid, only semi upright, possessing reptilian and insectoid qualities; most prominent is wide head, and large face; chitinous and arachnoid save for the lamprey-like maw.

This is an ancient binding location for a "speech demon" a container of lore and knowledge wrapped up in demonic ichor and underworld visage; a means for the oracles of old to 'backup their data' as it were. This was one such for some long ago, long dead oracle, its mind and soul long since consumed by the Idol. At some point

one or more parts of **Girunthil** were here, probably as the weapon being disassembled and scattered, though by who is anyone's guess.

–over several months now, in exchange for increasingly bloody sacrifices, the bound demon idol has explained many things to Mathilde pertaining to a time when the tides of chaos last rolled across the galaxy; she is seeking clues to the location of the next five fragments.

If she has not yet been encountered, this will be where Captain Mathilde is located; quite likely she has just concluded consulting her stone oracle or perhaps has finished sacrificing one of the prisoners to gain greater insights.

**Captain Mathilde** (1) **Init** +3; **Atk** fists +4 melee (1d2+1; 2d2+1 if using Wearable Knuckles or +1 knife melee (1d4+1) or power sword +6 melee (1d12+2); **AC** 16 (13 outside of hardsuit) ; **HD** 4d8; **hp** 27; **MV** 30'; **Act** 1d20; **SP screamer mask**; **SV Fort** +3, **Ref** +2 **Will** +1; **AL** C.

Psychic disciplines – Empathy, Coronal Adjustment

**Screamer Mask** - aka banshee mask; the custom psionic mask amplifies the maenad's empathic abilities to create

A painful attack +12 to strike, 2d6 sonic damage in a cone 3x5x15

Or a fear attack (DC 20 Will to resist)

**Power Sword** strikes +6 melee inflicting D12+2 damage per hit.

A particularly savage maenadic pirate captain. Her corsair is known more for its collateral damage than anything else; eleven months ago, she found ... something on some barren isolated rock. After a period of intense and disorienting dreams she brought the crew to this system. After savagely hitting the *Grendel*, they brought their vessel, loaded for bear, back here and on the captain's urging, selected this crater as the site needed to bury the single largest item they made off with a Mobile Base (large enough that it was strapped to the vessel's exterior in transit).

Over the next four months she directed her crew to begin tunneling into the side of the crater to create a stash / base; however her actual purpose lay in her dreams, she was drawn here and initially thought that the "circle chamber" once penetrated was their goal. This made a handful of her officers uneasy, but this has since faded.

It is only in the time since the coming of the other Maenad schools that she found and alone (well the young aid that was with her was kept quiet the hard way – see exterior encounter 4).

Despite her paranoia and general preparedness, there is still at one in three chance that even the most unprepared party will surprise her if they are not making tremendous amounts of noise. If the alarm has not been raised, on seeing the PCs she will likely seek to close and deal with them directly, and likely as violently as possible, herself.

The PCs very much do not want this. If they are lucky in such a circumstance they can perhaps dogpile her before she cuts too many of them down, but Mathilde is more than willing to sacrifice a band of interloping strangers rather than tell her girls about what she's hiding back here, feeding for knowledge.

Besides, very likely, she feels the idol will appreciate a few more sacrifices.

**Stash** – The northeastern branch of this section of the long tunnel is being used as a makeshift stash; this hidey hole belongs not to the Captain but one of her senior officers. It contains rest and survival facilities for one that can be enclosed for 24 hours, as well as several sets of personal effects. These plus a few high value personal items are hidden, concealed in the rock behind a support strut.

### **Long southwestern tunnel**

This is the end of a long (about half a kilometer) tunnel that leads directly to a concealed hanger silo for Mathilde's vessel when it is here.

If forced to retreat, the Maenads may affect escape. Alternatively, the PCs may try to steal a ship. (good luck with that!)

About 100m into the tunnel there is a small storage alcove to the right, currently stocked are six drums of industrial ectoplasmic slime in sealed containment, a 45 kg base block for a standard Maker, and a small (2 foot long tube) stasis container containing unidentified germ plasm. All of these have been seized over various heists and are sitting here awaiting resale or use

At any given time, there will be a sentinel (use stat blocks from Wares) on guard somewhere in the tunnel. If the crater is on alert there is a 1 in 3 chance this increases to 1d6 maenads.

### **Optional climax**

#### **Complications and Betrayals**

If Captain Achab becomes aware that the box has been recovered, or learns anything about the Idol, it is likely they will insist on finding a way to come down to the planet.

If Mathilde is on the moon when Achab decides to come down it almost behooves the Judge to allow a confrontation between the two.

#### **Optional Making it Worse, upping those Stakes**

Should the two captains come face to face again, Achab will be overwhelmed with need – he will demand the return of the box. For her part, Mathilde simply wants to eliminate as many loose ends as possible. AT this point she has fully engaged with the suggestions from the now paired fragments and whatever resistance she might have had to their suggestions eroded some time ago.

IF the confrontation gets talky and the PCs do not intervene, have Mathilde casually draw her power sword and slay the hologram in a single well placed blow.

If he's lucky, he will be the next sacrifice to the Idol. Should she manage to "feed" the idol, everything that is Captain Achab will be preserved alright – it will be uploaded to the knowledge contained in the Idol's demonic matrix.

The music box did not lie, but it has no further use for him at this point.

#### **Afterward – what about the Idol**

If the PCs triumph over Mathilde and the Idol remains, if the Idol has been fed Captain Achab then at some point before the party departs the caverns or attempts to destroy or bury the idol, one of the members of the player party will find that Captain Achab is coming to them in their dreams. See the Idol knows everything he knew and now that includes the player characters. Possibly one of them would be willing to track down these five ancient devices?



## Wrapping up

If the PCs have brought the whole of the crater against them well it's going to be a slugfest pretty quickly. Negotiation, while not impossible, will be very unlikely to succeed at that point.

Any party, regardless of outcome, that have killed any juves or infirm, or old people will be regarded coldly thereafter and not subsequently welcomed regardless of how it turns out immediately.

If the PCs are smart they will play the groups off each other, though this will require some finesse, luck, and good guesses. Do not be shy about giving the party hints to this effect but keep them circumspect. (Don't drive the car for them.) The two easiest ways to affect this involve first encountering caverns A or F before encountering cavern H. Details are included in each cavern but in general if the PCs do not go in guns blazing to these locations and keep their wits about them, and recall their purpose, they should find it doable, if somewhat challenging to form at least a temporary alliance with the locals.

## Special XP awards.

For allying with any of the Maenad factions	+1 xp
For making peace with the maenads of the crater	+2 xp <sup>31</sup>
For getting rid of Captain Mathilde	+3 xp
For exposing the hidden chamber in Cavern Hazatee to the Maenads.	+1 xp
For retrieving their cargo, partially	+1 xp
For retrieving their cargo, completely	+2 xp
For putting Captain Sonya in charge of the crater	+1 xp <sup>32</sup>

## **If using the Ahab option**

Putting Bliss back in charge of the Serendipity (obviously these two are mutually exclusive)	+1 xp
Taking over the captaincy of the Serendipity	+2 xp
Getting rid of Acheb the lichogram	+1 xp

## **For a Maenad game**

Unique items bagged on the space station	+1 xp
For each foe in combat you count coup upon	+1 xp <sup>33</sup>
Each act of insubordination to Captain Mathilde survived	+1 xp

**"In space, justice is swifter."**

- Captain Sonya, seconds before releasing the outer hatch, spacing a traitor

<sup>31</sup> Those PCs already in the service of the Green Maiden will gain double this amount. Serendipity does not wish her children to be at war with the Maenads or vice versa.

<sup>32</sup> Plus a Maenad captain who remembers who put her there. They could make a true friend of her from this.

<sup>33</sup> Practically this means leaving foes dazed, confused, unconscious, or otherwise impaired, rather than bleeding out or dead.

The ship....

# *The ICSS Serendipity*

Imperial Commercial Starship Serendipity

Welcome aboard the **ICSS Serendipity**

*Vessel of innocents, lost souls, the mad, the destined, the foolish, the divine, the damned, and the damned foolish.*

**Drive Rating 3** Most often however the Serendipity maintains a cruising speed of warp-depth two, confining itself to the second sub-ether. When needs be, however, it dives for max. burn.

*Timespace of Last Drive Inspection* - 11,005.6/third **Nova Ariene** high port/Orien sector

*Inspection status* - '4 - Very good<sup>34</sup>'

**Crew Rating** 1 - competent (poss. Now 0 - green)

**Glyph:** woman (oft. A maiden or girl bearing (or only wearing) a shield and bearing two spears.

Presently, along the side, etched by laser burn, is the phrase (in classical Interworld) *Muwani Sekethet* - lit. "Fare you well among the stars."

**Hull:** standard pre-Reconquista bullet or missile shaped, like a stretched out and swollen pyramid; the central % of which are surrounded by a circular shell.

**Approx. mass displacement** - 1,150,000 displacement tons

**Age:** old, Hull believed commissioned at around 1,000 years ago - sometime during the life of Empress Venae Martel I.

*Ship's Papers* originally for The FISS Serendipity Registry **Ariene** / R-43:267

Which would make the ship's hull several thousand years older than that, though these may be forged, in whole or in part; papers pre-date the Reconquista.

## Ship Tour

### Seven levels, broken into Forward, port, Starboard, and Aft sections

	<u>Fore`</u>	<u>Central</u>	<u>Aft</u>
1	--	Exovac	--
2	FC&E (fire)	Command & cmdnd hab	EC&C fuel
3	FC&E (mrgnc)	EC&C/gravity drive	EC&C power/drive
4	FC&E	God Hall/Chamber	Star Garden/habitation
5	habitation	Hatchery & Nursery	Star Garden
6	FC&E(atmo)	Aeroponics / food	Rec & Fab
7	--	Exovac	--

<sup>34</sup> On a scale of 0-7, where 3+ is good

## Ship Sections/Sectors

*Central minus three* – external, cargo, and Exovac

*Central minus two* command

*Central minus one* - Captain's cabin above core in GEC, beneath and behind Command

**Central core** – God hall, Hatchery, star garden

*Central plus one* Aeroponics & good between fabrication and Environmental systems so either behind with Fab & Rec Aft

*Central plus two*

*Central plus three* – external, cargo, exovac

Forward/central ship (esp. exposed levels 1, 2, 5, and 6)

Fire Control & Environmental systems

Emergency services

Fire control

Atmo control

Climate & vac control

**Atmo & climate**

Exovac operations (1 / central and 6 / central)

Command and command hab (1 / central)

Multiple habitation sections

GEC&C

Gravity drive itself

Captain's cabin

Power

Fuel

Reclamation

Waste management

Rites of the Dead

Rites of the old Tool

Keeping of the Stories

Atmo & climate

Nursery & Hatcheries (below Ship's god)

Aeroponics & food prod

The Green Maiden's Star Garden

The Gods Hall (above / below gravity drive and main drive systems)



### **Fire Control/ Environmental Systems (FC&E)**

Fire Control and Environmental Systems Maintenance all of your ship's emergency services, fire control, atmo control, climate, and vacuum control, are all part of the same department and structure. They tend to identify with their jobs more, which are time consuming and stressful.

While maintaining the systems in question they are broken down by emergency department – Emergency Services and Exovac Operations, each then broken into subdepartments from there. This is a very orderly sub-population on the ship, and they do not like surprises.

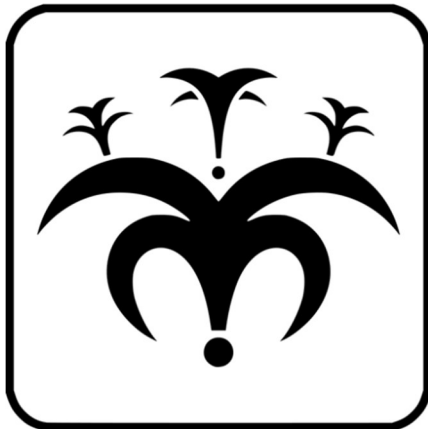
Emergency services

Fire control

Atmo & climate control

Exovac operations (1 / central and 6 / central)

Atmo & Vac control



### **Command section**

**Command** – the command structure is composed entirely of people and beings to make decisions and form both emergency and long term consensus. They are drawn from yet apart and above the other departments, while not being in charge of their former departments (not directly; alliances do happen). Command lives, sleeps, and works separate from most of the ship and so there is a distance. Sometimes when the Command gets too feudal, the Ship's God initiates steps to be taken. Or a purge.

### **Habitation –**

there are multiple sections, but Habitation takes care of the crew; many are also drawn from the ranks of the Ship's God. Many social services are part of Habitation or can be. (Most ship's doxies are registered as part of Habitation as their formal duties)



### **Fabrication & RECLAMATION**

“Now look you dirt humping scum, none of you know the value of the air you are huffing yet so pay attention. These compilers are not the dregg huffers that you will find aboard other “free and independent starships’ no these are quality, works of art even, and they are MAINTAINED. And they will go on BEING maintained, or I will feed your blood and bone to the ship’s god myself.

Any dregg on my deck and I will personally space your void-humping-unfit-for-crew ass, *do you scan my signal short-timer? Are You reading me loud and clear yet?*”

On some ships in fact reclaimator cycles are set to begin and end coinciding with periods of extended shore leave. On such super-efficient vessels, it is ensured that the reclaimators will be in pristine as close to perfect efficiency as possible even as away crew are encouraged through a variety of means to pack on additional foodstuffs for later reclamation aboard ship. The farewell feast. Other names besides

**Reclamation** - deals with waste management, the rites of the dead, the rites of the old tool, and the keeping of the stories thereunto. Many also serve the Ship's God.

**Fabrication** – among the highest ‘class’ aboard vessel – each is a skilled and experienced person of learning or someone who understands the maintenance, jury rig, and repair of such devices.

The **Nursery & Hatcheries** are their own unique area and “command structure” located below or near the Ship's God (and other deep hull vessel placements); this is where children are (sometimes) conceived, (most often) gestated, and (communally almost always) raised (though they do have time with their inceptors) Customs vary by ship but aboard Serendipity, in theory all adults are parental units, but in practice by a certain age definite bonds have naturally formed.



### **Aeroponics & Food production** – a dedicated area

between Fabrication and Environmental Systems

Have your algae paste

The ship's unique store of yeast is located here in a sealed vault; as is the ship's essential 'seed germ.'

The mycovats are located here

At least 100 head of bamboo are fast growing inside tanks, they are used for all manner of things from fast building to food additives to improv weapons.

An enclosed Kuzu garden grows an exotic micro G variety of Kudzu long ago gene tweaked for space farming. The root is ground into a powder that is a source of starch.

**The God's Hall** or Temple (a thousand other terms) is the dedicated vessel of the Ship's God<sup>35</sup>, it's ether circuitry and the like. For mechanical – design purposes this is often located adjacent, above, or below the ship's gravitational and main drive systems. Often there will be priest cells

Exovac operations – most often synonymous with cargo crew but this also includes dedicated hull and exterior threat security, external maintenance, and techs, and is in general a very grab bag assortment of spacers from all over. Always in demand. High attrition rate. Hard to get to settle down on one ship, infamously On some ships this includes shuttles and other interface vessel operations

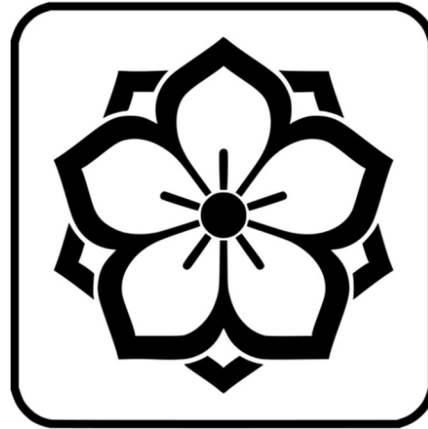
God Attendants live nearby, in attendant priest-like cells. Even after Orphans of the Black there should be 2d4+5) attendants remaining, Plus a Speaker though Serendipity will likely need a new one. Enter the party wizard....

attendant disciples plus a dedicated "speaker" whose position is to let the patron's wishes be known must be allocated to the Patron's needs.

**Water from a Vine leaf** - The Green Maiden's Star Garden takes up a small hall, an arboretum of plant life secreted, found, and domesticated. Many many years ago it was the dwelling of a small cell of Iocaste mystics; now it is among the commonest places to informally petition the patron.

(Forward ships, central)

<sup>35</sup> Ship's Gods are instrumental in repelling the spectral hordes, and the manufacture of any relics sacred to the ship in question, the latter of which follow the same rules for making magic items as those displayed in DCC RPG pp and in every case will require exotic materials (dwarf star alloy, pure computronium, etc.) and likely a quest to find other elements necessary.



### **Gravities and Engineering Command & Control GEC&C**

Centered around the Gravy Drive – Engineering Command and Control is centrally located – beneath and behind the command section proper. Additionally, the Captain's Cabin is located here actually; this is an old Third Empire tradition; the ship's head bunks nearest the master Orgonne pump, so as to keep the Ship and it's captain in perfect synchronicity. The captain does not spend much time in it but jealously safeguards their private space.

#### **Other sections**

**Power & Fuel** the ship has to get its power from somewhere yes

#### **Notable other ship's positions**

**Crew Memory** – they maintain the wall or other data; theirs is the lore of what the ship tribe has done before now. Largely but not entirely an Iocastesh population, the inheritors to a shipboard line that dates to the Reconquista. **Momma Rilkanthi** is their de facto leader

**Mycovat Operations** is the domain of his manorship the 'lord high' Mycovat Chief Operator '*Chef*' *Che!*'llik, a meticulously clean (one might say retentive) insectivroid (biocaste -caretaker); the elder bug is quite territorial about their sector of the "Kitchens" (the mycofabrication fac); assistants are handpicked and sometimes not related to him or each other. Sometimes.

**exoVac Operations** is traditionally populated by "mechs and Vecs," though on the Serendipity there has usually been one or more particularly daring others from different clades. They are always looking for more to join them – especially seeking droids and Vecs that are Sub-ether rated .

## Ship of Fools - NPCs of note or importance aboard ship

### Serendipity

a nude green skinned girl, sometimes bearing a self-bow or compound bow, This unassuming creature is the commonest manifestation of the ship's Little Goddess.

### The Captain Lich

The Captain is an infomorph hard light holo-simulant, similar to but far more primitive than the *pratimathic* holograms of Noir. . As The Captaincy was long ago deemed a VITAL and necessary role by the one-time Ship's AI it found a perfect blend with itself and the ship's captain (of the time) and preserved that person after their original demise thus. Some two hundred years later that holo-sim wished to be dead and so the ship found another captain.

The present captain is now the third such. This once member of the Imperial Electric Congress has lived for 3 centuries in it's present (storage) form and was a meat body captain and practicing wizard for 200 years before that.

However, as the Serendipity has not had an AI God in over 720 years, while the apparatus is still present the third captain since the Empress was last aboard has found to their horror that they – their holo-pattern, their cyberliced consciousness loop, and the equipment that maintains it – are all degrading. Worst of all, while advancement in the arts were suspended with your untimely demise, you managed to compensate by having the time to satiate your curiosity about all manner of strange things. But now that is wearing thin. Ennui increasingly drives your actions.

**The Captain, Achab deNimbus, the Mighty Photo-Lich** (1-4) **Init** +3; **Atk** fists +4 melee (1d2); **AC** 20; **HD** 4d5; **hp** 15; **MV** 30'; **Act** 1d20; **SP** hard-light 'body'; **SV Fort** +3 **Ref** +3, **Will** +4; **AL** C.

Hard-light 'body;' as an infomorph holosomulant they are functionally a force field wrapped in the shape of their former self. Immune to most conventional forms of attack. Powers swords, plasma weapons, and other super-high energy weapons can and do however attack the force field directly.

## Notable Shipboard Populations at the time of the Maenad sabotage

### Humanoids

There is a large and thriving population of Friggian maternals on the *Serendipity* which have been here since the Reconquista and followed a different, less colonial path, more akin to their original off beat, somewhat spiritual inclination.

There is of course a presently small population of Iocaste' also from that time.

A small population of Ketraxians, mostly mixed with the other ship's populations or carrying the maenad strain.

A modest population of Vec humanoids, mostly mixed with a population of created of roughly equal number, mostly mechs

-includes a pod of Fin-Vecs

Insectivroids a small caretaker population of voluntary Coreworld exiles

A tiny number of Saurids

The ship's population has wavered from 400 – 1159 and back over the last 750 years.



## Momma

is a Saurid female of extremely advanced age. Her brill, originally just a slight crest at the top of her head from the bridge of her nose–snout, now goes all the way down to the tip of her tail and in places is several feet long. With her shiny black sunken pits for eyes, it is impossible to tell when she is looking at you or not.

Maybe also an attendant to the Little Goddess in some sense

Will sniff out the characters when they board. Momma has been on the ship longer than any other organic being and in some senses, is the viewpoint character of the ship. Designated Mentor. Oldest living member of the Crew Memory group.

Commonly makes an unsettling “throaty sound” whenever she is pleased or irritated. At least once has been called Momma Iguana. That got a reaction.

**Momma Rilkanthi (Rielkan Thie) (1) Init +2; Atk fists +5 melee (1d6) ea. or bite +6 (1d7 + str bonus + poison, DC 14 Fort save or endure a paralytic sleep for 10d6 rounds); AC 16; HD 5d12; hp 56; MV 40'; Act 2d20; SP possibly magic or psionics, immune to most poisons; SV Fort +5, Ref +3, Will +6; AL N.**

*Semi-aquatic* Can hold her breath and use a vestigial gill to swim underwater allowing for up to 10d6 rounds of vigorous action before needing a fresh source of air. Movement speed doubled in Water or Low G

*Saurid Matriarch* – as a strange blue scaled large framed but fragile and old Saurid she has certain hidden advantages; as they age their body seems to take on traits of an older precursor form even for them, many fin-like outgrowths providing a sort of blue-green membrane when in use underwater; they flex when tense or angry; similarly their eyes are inky black pools of pure darkness with no discernable iris or pupil in the jet black sclera.

*Semi-aquatic* Can hold her breath and use a vestigial gill to swim underwater allowing for up to 10d6 rounds of vigorous action before needing a fresh source of air. Movement speed doubled in Water or Low G

## ‘Mouse’

Maoese – works in third tier reclamations, has been on board the *Serendipity* since she ran away / jumped ship at age 11 or 12. Is super loyal and hardworking when called for. Sometimes acquires fumaro while dirtside and smokes them in a bowl (at times with one or two confidants only) while standing directly under the ventilation intakes, right below Reclamation 2–prime.

Momma would YELL at her for doing such a thing.

Copper haired, with a twinkle in her still young eyes, freckled as get out.

Inoffensive. Will cut you if it's necessary to her survival without a second thought.

She can be a loyal friend given time, but you do not want her as an enemy.

**Mouse (1) Init +2; Atk +2 knife melee (1d4+1); AC 13;; HD 3d4; hp 9 ; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP SV Fort +2, Ref +2 Will +1; AL C.**

Carries polyspanner, comms bead, Vacuum sealed bag of freeze dried, deep fried foodbugs

## Bliss

**Blissanobulus (1) Init +; Atk fists +4 melee (1d2+1; or +1 knife melee (1d4+1); AC ; HD ; hp ; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP SV Fort +, Ref + Will +; AL N.**

low light vision, Low G default, lower core body temperature, saves v. cold at +2, -2 damage from cold attacks; save v. heat at -1, tail of significant mass and strength, +4 to saving throws and checks involving balance, orientation, and movement, especially swimming and action in Zero G.

Possesses *air gills* allowing breathing of tainted and foreign gasses

White hair, 5'7" aquamarine skin, tendency towards lower core body temp; prefers lower temps and slightly lower G.

Tough, practically but flamboyantly dressed; favors garments in yellow and blue.

Prefers hip huggers and bell bottoms, wears blaster strapped to hip, known to bead hair on long voyages.

Given her predilections, while she is not a navigator she has long ago moved into the old navigator's niche and more importantly her tub/tank,

Has been crew aboard the *Serendipity* for perhaps ten years ago; prior to that she was a privateer in New Orien. Before that she served briefly in the Imperial fleet.

Despite everything she is at heart a loyal imperial citizen, insomuch as one can be and still a pirate.

Brings with her to the *Serendipity* the Fusion torch ship *Beauty*

*The Beauty* is an Orien cluster hot rod, a highly modified ship on a restored older (but very reliable space frame designed for fast burn illegal cargo and piracy runs. While it has been disarmed Bliss has taken the liberty of converting the space freed up by the weapons systems for a variety of purposes. In recent years it's become common for the captain to send her into a new system with a small detachment of crew in the system ship to negotiate on behalf of the ship.

**Using Bliss:** The Judge may find it expedient to include Bliss on the roster of NPCs available for the Player Characters to interact with shortly before the Maenad attack. Likely she is on return to the *Serendipity* and wondering why her home vessel is so overdue. In this case the *Beauty* is docked here at the station. Should the PCs have evinced interest in joining the crew beforehand they may find themselves fighting their way to the ship dock to make the short hop directly to the *Serendipity*, rather than defending the station proper.

## Clade Uraele

Serpentine semi humanoids from Euryale in the New Orien cluster.

Appearance – Green skin (sometimes ivory or blue), large black serpentine eyes White hair serpentine features (gills are prominent) nose slits but no actual nose.

**Details** low light vision, Low G default, lower core body temperature, saves v. cold at +2, -2 damage from cold attacks; save v. heat at -1, tail of significant mass and strength, +4 to saving throws and checks involving balance, orientation and movement, especially swimming and action in Zero G.

## Unusual aspects of the ship's tech and a few ship's secrets besides

The Serendipity is unusual in that while it hosts a vital ship's cult and the Ship's God is healthy and robust it has not always been this way. In fact, during the mortal life of the Empress, it is known that the vessel had an AI-God pilot, retrofitted from some ancient AI shell capsule.

But even **this** was a later development. The vessel was originally designed as a Navigator's far range craft, and so the central axis of the ship still has elements of Navigator housings and the like.

The ship's little goddess, herself identified at times as Serendipity, or The Maiden, is said to have manifested in the days prior to the AI God's death and remaining thereafter. Ship's lore says that she kept the old Frame company as they died and then took up the (ship's) torch. She speaks seldom save through her Attendants and Keepers, but is often seen, a shy and playful spirit, not at all the image of a Ship's God in the minds of most.

*"She has a lot of mileage and more than her fair share of strange locally obtained parts and tech."*

In other, more trivial matters, much of the vessel's technology is a hodgepodge of different eras and styles and even types of technology, even more so than is standard for a spacer vessel. Owing to its unusual origins and widely traveled nature, this is only natural. The vessel's original flights were probably several thousand years ago in the old Ariene sector and has spent over a decade in the NEW ORIEN sector, near the Forgeworlds and on the far side of the old imperial core.

**To the Judge:** Obviously, this is a bit of a construct to allow the band of adventurers that inherit the ship to have fewer hurdles in having the kind of vessel that they wish. However enough redundant and relic technology of each kind remains aboard that should the band of adventurers decide to pursue a different course forward the basics should already be there. The rest they will have to quest for of course.....

Of note, successful and repeated use of certain psychic disciplines over a period of time once one is a member of the crew (and so not being blocked by the Little Goddess) or ardent fasting and prayer (for any reason) by a Cleric or Agent of The Empress (the Goddess) may result in quite a sight. Someone that very much appears to be Vena Martel, sneaking into the shell of the old empire aboard ship. Other episodes, likely out of chronological order, may be seen, perhaps most startlingly suggesting that she herself installed the ship's AI God when the vessel misjumped, killing the navigator and destroying much of the navigational systems.

## Life aboard Ship

### Shipboard Parasites

Another fun bonding exercise for new crew is when you go to the spawning pools and explain they *\*have\** to take a parasite now, right?

**Bloating Lungworm** - usually swallowed; kept in hibernation, a burst of adrenaline and pressure loss from loss of atmo wakes it up and spikes the blood supply of the host organism with oxygen, drugs, and anti-vac enzymes, good for about 30 minutes + STA rating minutes even if caught more or less bare assed. (Some vac exposure may still occur esp. in the latter instance)

**Shiptick** - sometimes called *head crabs* or *skull spiders*; these are six legged pseudo arachnids resembling somewhat crustacean descended ticks, albeit ones of extraordinary size. They park on the head, neck, or (rarely) shoulders of the host, plugged into the host to draw sustenance and influence their hormones; all Ship Ticks can immediately tell one another apart and so as a consequence anyone wearing a Ship tick is by definition themselves. Ship ticks are known to be somewhat sensitive to sudden changes in the orgone energies of their hosts however so there is a 1 in 10 chance that someone under mental influence may be detected as off by their own Ship tick. Those newly dirt lifted often find them hideous and the practice of wearing them disgusting. They get over it after doppelgangers phase in from a near Splinter and wreak havoc.

*Usage* Host can instantly tell when someone is not who they appear to be, and the network of those wearing them keep the crew-hosts from being fooled by subsequent deceptions.

**Eye Spies** (*Iris Bugs*) - Are globules of red-orange gelatinous fat, suspended in an arcane seeming metal & bone lens frame. The glob itself is a semi-conscious, semi psychic lifeform, the frame taps and augments its native abilities. When plugged in (rather like a monocle) and allowed to feast upon the orgonne emissions of their visual cortex (and their eye moisture; their eyes will DRY OUT) the Eye Spy parasite eventually (over a month) grows a neural connection to the host after which the host finds that the glob-growth acts as a 'natural' psionic lens that augments psi craft checks by 1. However, it's primary feature lay in the organism's ability to 'see' details about a living being during a visual inspection that would not ordinarily be visible.

*Usage:* it shows the user a hallucination to impart the information but the nature of it is contextual to the user.

In function shows the user a hallucination to impart information rapidly in a means immediately visually understandable by the host-user. In practice this means it works rather like x-ray vision in old comics (and about as reliably). Anything of density approaching that of the ship's hull will block this ability - otherwise it sees somewhat inside the being through some odd biological sense, into the being's aurorae, and also acts somewhat as a chemical sniffer; the interface with a higher organism allows this globule for formulate this disparate data into 'visual' or visual seeming models that the host organism can use.

Rumors of these parasites controlling their hosts for some fell purpose are strictly the stuff of the trid. Really.

**Runtime Bricks** - are silicide bricks that are absolutely inert until brought into contact with the vita-electric field of a sapient machine. Runtimes are all that remain of a naturally occurring silicoid parasite species native to a world that was destroyed by the Imperium as an existential threat to the Mechanized population of the Empire.

Aboard ship they are carried in case a computer - be it that of the ship, a crew member, a von Neumann machine some dumbass brought aboard, whomever is suddenly begins to execute a Cascading Bootstrap Operation; a type of infomorphic forced evolution.

IN case of runaway smart tech, grab brick.

*Usage:* Aboard ship they have a practical secondary purpose, at least sometimes. To any Created or machine sentient that is placed into contact with the brick, the effect is a bizarre one. From their perspective they gain an infinite Runtime. Their (internal) time flow stretches to high mathematical disproportion to that of the external outside world. In the meantime, the parasite is leeching off of the host organism heat, current, and other qualities, keeping the being effectively unconscious. Aboard ships where this sort of thing matters, they are sometimes kept on hand as a non-violent means of securing machine life, for whatever reason.

**Spacers and their Space Suits Vec and E suits** - Not a model of space suit so much as a style, a way of modifying other vacuum, and environmental suits to a particular purpose. Stripped down and built back up, each suit is customized endlessly by its wearer; oftentimes, when a member of your space tribe dies, it is often easier to send the suit with the body down to Reclamation rather than try to tailor it.

Spacer suits are designed to be comfortable and patchable; they don't get taken off much. Bodily wastes are reclaimed and recycled through the suit's waste cylinder (not nec. an actual cylinder) usually must be dumped at Reclamation once every 26 hours or so. Otherwise, this is a custom fitted "uniquely you" light space suit designed for casual wear and travel; the character's kit stores neat and tidy in patches, pockets, and secure loops designed for that specific purpose.

Only the addition of a helmet is necessary to survive the rigors of space, the near ether, or a foreign atmosphere.

*Power source* - bodily bleed heat, amplified pumping action from motion, internal and external (the suit charges very slowly from heartbeat and respiration) The spacer's tags indicating ship, Ship's God etc. will be displayed prominently upon their suit of course and likely the suit will at least in part be in ship's colours.

Examples that can be adopted and modified to fit 'spacer fashion.'

<b>Light Environment suit, Space</b>	AC 11	5kg inert
<b>Light Vec (vacuum) suit</b>	AC 12	7kg inert
<b>Vacuum Hard suits</b>	AC 14 max. Agil bonus +2	20 kg inert

### **Ship's Charts – which should be part of any ship write up always**

Among the more valuable and useful commodities to seek out on derelict spacecraft you have boarded or hostile vessels you have taken over (or any other time you are aboard a strange ship) are the ship's nav logs and tapes – collectively this data is known as the Ship's Charts.

For almost any starship worth the name has a collection of places in the imperium, outside of it, and in other splinters (at least) that likely they and they alone have been to.

### **Notables on the ship's charts**

#### **The very flux of change**

Sometimes the things one encounters crossing the Sub-ether are more, and less, Sensors might register a blip at great range, depending on their type and sensitivity, but no warning greater than a blip and perhaps “some sort of energy ribbon” should be given.

When the ‘ribbon’ hits the ship (more properly when the vessel crosses the threshold from one area to another) the very essence of change itself washes across the vessel.

Everyone within faces an imminent psychological and existential crisis. Those who succeed may recover. And for those who fail.....

Madness.

### **HQLD**

Distorted warbling music plays amidst a constant stream of static pops and hisses, inducing a kind of movement-less nausea.

Regardless of whether the traveler has arrived by misjump, teleportation mishap, or travel among the Splinters, visitors to HQLD

#### **The Pit of Teeth**

More legend than actual place, it often comes about at the end of old spacers stories, oft told around the nascent gravity drive on the eve of a long voyage, amongst the engineering sections, usually to scare the young. In morality tales where young engineers weren't at their posts, or paying attention, or were in some way derelict in their duty, there is a misjump and it deposits them and them alone into the Pit of Teeth. The pit of teeth appears in most versions of the tale as an immense whirlpool (if the tale is grounder oriented) or a black hole or other spatial vortex anomaly but wrought entirely of discarded rotted teeth...most often of a type consistent with the person the speaker is trying to frighten. In at least one spacer's tale, a particularly unwholesome but crafty merchant apprentice, serving below decks in engineering, is derelict of duty in pursuit of prurience and profit, but yet manages through great cunning and sheer perseverance (*core imperial values!*) to escape the vortex, sanity mostly intact. In that story, regardless of its own variations, the vortex forms into a manlike shape and engages in pursuit. The mountain of swirling dead teeth, pursuing the errant forever.....

**Teeth 'elemental'** (1) **Init** +0; **Atk** crunching dental vortex+8 melee (2d8); **AC** 20; **HD** 12d8; **MV** 60'; **Act** 1d20; **SP** endlessly stalks; **SV Fort** +8 **Ref** +4, **Will** +4; **AL** C.

To the future....

### **Upgrading the Ship**

Sooner or later the players will want to upgrade their vessel. Story hooks anyone? As presented the Serendipity, while an old hull, could definitely use some long term upgrades.

Cargo pod – if the PCs get serious about ~~smuggling~~ trading or just carrying a whole bunch of stuff, the hull has fittings for a 200 ton external cargo pod.

Weapons – as is clear by now, the Serendipity is barely armed, even (maybe especially) for a ship of its type and age. Upgrading the ship's armaments and or defense may likely be an early goal to a band growing attached to their new ship.

What is interesting about the Serendipity (and it is suggested this also apply to any replacement vessel you might use) is that it has many 'hardpoints' – mountings clearly intended for, and showing one time signs of, weapons. A thorough inspection by engineering minded characters of the whole ship will take perhaps two weeks when they are otherwise not doing anything but reveal up to *sixteen* reinforced points where it seems the ship was once armed. Heavily armed. Power relays and the like do not extend to such but can easily be made to do so (...again).

New Ship's vehicles – once new spacers get the hang of life in imperial space (big city ships are jump capable, everything else is in system) they are likely going to want to improve, replace or just get more of small system ships with which they can truck about in at sub light speeds.

*The Beauty* is present and if Bliss has died may very well wind up in the hands of the PCs.

Ghost Scoop – the Serendipity does not have a Ghost Scoop and the holographic captain is violently opposed to mounting one. As is the ship's little goddess. Indeed, it's ghost grid is patchy and in sore need of repair. (Boarding actions are common mid transit by typical sub ether life)

# Maenads

An Especially Prolific Spacer Tribe, the Maenad Space Pirates have in recent centuries grown in numbers, ships, and ... proclivities to become a legitimate menace.

## Myth

The Maenadum are not prone to long term accurate record keeping.

In all maenad tribes aboard all maenad ships there are a few common elements. There was an exodus, and then another one – and a dying Goddess of madness and indulgence blessed them as she met her demise. Since that exodus, the Maenad people have known the gift of madness – it is said the ancient moon tides of their homeworld live on in the pounding in their blood, the song in their heart, and the sometimes terrifying, often exhilarating potent emotions swirling deep in their brains.

It is said that the Maenadum feel and feel intensely, but may flip freely from positive to negative, from love to hate – and back – with frightful rapidity to those unused to such displays.

To the Maenads, the Collapsing Universe is a vast and unexplored ocean

## History

The Maenadic peoples have their roots on Teranaya itself, among the posthuman tribes that roamed the world in pre-spaceflight times. As the peoples of Teranaya became the peoples of the Solar Federation and later, the First Empire, the ancestors of the Maenads followed them. Once the sole purveyors of Teranaya's devastated oceans, in a later era they fled en masse to the ocean world of Siren, 9<sup>th</sup> from its immense hot primary, and among the brightest stars in the old imperial core.

With time and tide so goes history; at some time prior to or early in the Second Empire's history, the Maenadic peoples fled en masse first their adopted home world and later the Siren system itself. Precisely why is not known save for speculations that can be made from extant oral tradition and lore.

It is after this semi mythological "Flight from Siren" that the present tribes hail. The Maenads fled, in vessels singly or a group, deep into the modern Imperial Widders, well beyond the furthest extent of the Second Empire even at its "height." They settled in some numbers for a time on Jasminq with those who would one day settle the Ketraxis but did not linger more than a few generations it is thought. .

## *Maenadic Uprisings*

Official term for 200 year period of protracted fighting between sparsely deployed however coordinated imperial forces and makeshift fighting vessels and small limited starships in corsair

Today the Maenad clans roam across the Widders of the empire, and beyond.

The **Widders**, the trailing or *Widdershins* edge or *frontier of the Imperium*, called the Widders in c 11,020



## Attributes and Qualities

From the standpoint of your typical imperial humanoid, Maenads are .. strange. By turns gloomy, impulsive, airy, and then detail oriented, their behavior is frequently a source of great tension to those unused to it. Neurologically, the Maenadum have great differences than most imperial humanoids; socially and culturally, these divergences are greatly amplified.

The Maenads descend from a particular branch of post-humanity that capitalized upon it's tendency toward "novelty seeking behavior." Neurological traits that are regarded as impairments or unusual – on some worlds even issues in need of correction – marginalized attention spans, intense emotional mood swings,

As well as tendencies toward or encouraging certain core behaviors – challenging authority, curiosity about their surroundings and their own selves, and a strong sense of group identity. A mix of behaviors and attributes both psychological and neurological that have proven advantageous to nomads of all clades across the scrolls of endless time and documented as advantageous on Prehistoric Teranaya as far back as the mytho-historical clade father Gingham.

From the standpoint of most Imperials or other Spacer tribes for that matter, Maenads are infamously "full of promiscuity, risk-huffing, and being of highly distractible attention." Indeed, from an outsider's perspective, Maenads can appear temperamental, moody, or prone to fits of anger and intense frustration, irritability or a "general desire to move on with things," from one moment to the next. Contrary to imperial propaganda not all maenads are inclined toward violence. Some most definitely ARE however, but like all "dangerous blessings" young sirens are inundated by the need to work with their natural inclinations rather than to fight them. *Ride the waves or crash*. Healthy outlets of violence are common, though all know the consequences.

## Inspiration and additional reading

Some sources and inspirations: obviously, this isn't something to be taken too literally in the real world (Indeed, I believe much of the findings here have been walked back to a pretty serious degree and not without reason). Such things are far more complex matters but in science fiction such a basis can be a dandy way of exploring alternative societies and ways of viewing things. Such is the case here. The following is provided for some clarity and for verasimilitude's sake.

The Mystery of Risk, National Geographic

<https://www.nationalgeographic.com/magazine/2013/06/mystery-of-risk/>

The Wanderlust gene DRD4-7R

<https://www.telegraph.co.uk/travel/travel-truths/the-wanderlust-gene-is-it-real-and-do-you-have-it/>

The Perils of Novelty Seeking, Psychology Today

<https://www.psychologytoday.com/us/blog/the-athletes-way/201311/the-perils-novelty-seeking>

Dopamine\_receptor\_D4

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dopamine\\_receptor\\_D4](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dopamine_receptor_D4)

Besides, a 'variant or alternate view of the universe' will always be implicitly more interesting than "racially chaotic and evil." And way less dodgy. Hey even WotC's making that rather obvious realization these days. No insensitivity is intended, the author herself experiences a number of these conditions herself and so understand I am approaching this more from a position of "fascination with the possibilities" than articulating any view at all that "all people even vaguely like this are in any way like these fictional people. It's fiction y'all. But you can poke into interesting places with it.

# *Beyond the Veil, the Maenads*

## **Maenadic Pirates**

The Sirenese Maenads are an organic imperial humanoid clade descended from sea going Teragen psions on Siren a-9 and throughout the Siren system. Wanderers since the early Second Empire, they are the last identifiable remnants of a once prolific bloodline. Now they are space going nomads, engaged in a variety of nefarious criminal and often piratical, activity.

Different ships or 'schools' have different identifiers; many embed crystals into their flesh (esp. those engaged in the Dulcinean crystal trade), others have tattoos in their stead; some populations appear to have a naturally occurring spotting pattern instead, though perhaps this is a natural element that is concealed by other's ornamentation.

**Description:** 2m humanoids, extensive head hair, otherwise unornamented skin. Neither facial nor body hair occur naturally save on the top of the head. Very little sexual dimorphism. In some populations some males may mass slightly more. Many individuals display spotting pattern on 35 - 95% of their bodies; common practice is to cover these in identifiers (Tags) to indicate who you are and what you have done.

*Features – skin commonly an amber to jasmine colour, while some ethnic groups evince a darker saffron skin tone, especially with sufficient sun. Eyes commonly of topaz or gold. Certain rare individuals evince an orange cast to hair, eye, or skin, and they can sometimes pass for Ketraxian given their shared biological heritage.*

**Organization** - 'racial' cohesion is difficult; they are a violently impulsive people, prone to random and radical changes in mood and motivation; many believe they are innately prone to violence.

The largest unit of "organization" the clade appears to have is a Meet; a declared time when (at prearranged coordinates known only to captains of vessels) the largest 18 - 26 factions will gather to meet, fight, and trade. These meets have traditionally occurred beyond the borders of Imperial space.

**Relations** - Certain of the oldest Maenadic sects maintain discreet ties with one or more Fin populations, primarily those descended from those who have out migrated from Sirius after their departure.

Imperial relations - the last Meet that occurred in Imperial Space did so some 23 years after the declared end of the Reconquista; having aided the Empress in her initial set up to conquest, they enjoyed free access and mobility in Imp space (much as the Hinh traders to today). After this meet resulted in the plundering of two imperial worlds, their movement allowances were rescinded, and they became actively hunted for many centuries. This eventually led to the **Maenadic Uprisings** a 200 year period of protracted fighting between sparsely deployed however coordinated imperial forces and makeshift fighting vessels and small limited starships in corsair.

Today the Maenad schools roam across the Widders of the empire, and beyond.

The Widders, the trailing or Widdershins edge or frontier of the Imperium, called the Widders in c 11,020. The Maenads have far more vessels today than they did even at the peak of the Uprisings.

**Settlements** - Perhaps as few as 4% of the clade exists permanently on one or more worlds of the empire. Those tend toward warm or tropical Garden worlds, all of which have a significant hydrographic percentage.

### 1d7 Maenadic Schools

1. *Starfire's Freebooters* – the Maenads call Lyra Starfire “the Freebooter” and some who are allied with imperial interests find her freewheeling “sword and blaster” philosophy appealing. This school is one such, oriented around a ship with a powerful avatar of the Starfire as it's ship's god. Somewhat catering to the ‘good natured space pilot’ myth, they will (rarely) even come to a spacer's aid.
2. *The Empress' Privateers* – **A privateer** faction exists among the Maenad clans, they who declare for the empire in some form or fashion. While they are a distinct minority they are accepted as much as any other of their number. **Likely the result** of a Maenad vessel and the whole of its crew declaring for the Empress and the empire thus during the Reconquista and thereafter, becoming a de facto member of the Imperial Deep Space Fleet. Even tonight, the few maenad members of the Imperial navy that last more than a tour find themselves making their way to serve aboard the Imperial Deep Space Expeditionary Fleet (IDSEF-72)
3. *L-Dopa 999* – **smugglers** who run a commandeered Flyte, which they have somehow converted into a deeper dive vessel, the *Witherwander*. Last seen bound for the New Orien sector. Very....very.....slowly.
4. *The Purple Riot Sunshine Fun Circus and Parade* – 3 generations of Maenad **mercenaries** have fought for free and for profit under the banner of Radical Eris, whom they hold to be their Ship's God, since the passing of the Uprisings. Infamously unpredictable. Proud to have “not stood down” at the end of the Uprisings. If they begin anew, *Purple Riot Sunshine* will drop whatever they are doing to come help. Cronewarden Ataxis and her daughters and grandchildren will ensure it.
5. *Hazatee* – briefly rulers of the world of Xhazatee in the Interrupts
6. *Grove weavers* – a very small & obscure caste of maenadic psions that are developing a form of biological shaping, primarily/exclusively for agricultural purposes. These ‘plant witches’ tend to dominate the vessels they are on, which eventually become overgrown things brimming with foodstuffs and secondary life. AS they are empaths, these tendrils, seeds, fruits, vines, branches, and the like can all serve as remote sensing or manipulative vines/fronds/etc. for these ship-witches. By way of inner pseudo alchemical mystical process, on death, they will erupt in 1d6 Biome-seeds within 2d3 weeks, provided the body is allowed the natural process of wither and decay. Each biome-seed can be used by another shaper or Maenadic captain
7. *Via's Mousekateers* – a school of ‘**professional heroes**; – their Ship God speaks of the ancient wisdom of a presumed maenad ancestor “*He was born with a gift of laughter and a sense that the world was mad...*”

Can you do the Fandango?

## Maenad ships

Are an exception to the usual rule; they do not have standardized ship designs at all; instead, they all make extensive repurposed use of virtually any other ship, with an eye toward any vessel that is smaller, maneuverable, and most importantly fast. (Or any ship that can be converted to such circumstances).

They are masters of jury rig tech as they have no ability to legally call at any imperial port and doing so always incurs penalties.

### 1D4 Maenadic ships

#### **The Immodesty Blaze –**

*Follow your Bliss Unto the End*

**The Jolly Roger** – a smaller maenad pirate vessel; They are followers of Nikas Liet (Nikas Baxt as they call them) they will be polite and friendly as they rob you, *but they WILL rob you*

The Red Smoke Witch – a maenad systemship/fast attack craft; their base is a late second empire naval hull (frigate) that barely moves but has jump capability.

3 main weapons, Drive rating 3.

## Maenad (shipboard) discipline

Outbursts, swearing, shouting, or disruptive behavior not critical to ship's function or mission – immaterial. "It it's not a problem, it's not a problem."

Disrespecting another maenad, the chain of command, or the vessel's mission, captaincy, or purpose – disloyalty; corporal punishment (theoretical) and brought before the Captain

-On very large vessels, Maenad captains may designate someone trustworthy to be their ward officer to see to these miscreants while acting with the captain's authority; functionally such a person becomes the captain's hand

## Maenad Ship Gods

**The Moby Dame** - an evolved neo-Fin of the early Third Empire who gave into the Whale Dream meme during a sub-etheric misjump. What's left of their physical form exists in a network connected static box aboard ship. The Moby dame has been known to transport reliable individuals from one maenad vessel to another when the need arises.

**Dyon-Isis** (A Dionysic figure) the demon seer rewards those who engage in smash and grab with insight and visions

**Scarpering Mother** – see **Sub-ether no. 1**

**Cillithix** - collector daemon of lost civilizations (such vessels invariably plunder ruins and dead worlds rather than the living; if anyone can survive in the empire tis such a ship) see Galaxy Black pp

**Tamarah** – old, powerful vengeance demon whose love of violence inspires many smash and grab crews (see also **Book of Scarlet Abomination**)

**Thozmathot** (implies heavy Saurid population; at least once) see Sub-ether 3

**The Mule** (implies heavy mutant population) – a rarity amongst the maenad population but mutant-fear is insidious and can spark anywhere the conditions are right. How rare? You'll have to wait and see until **Sub-ether 7**

## 2d6 Maenad encounters

1. 2-16 young warrior maidens on their first raid. Unopposed, this tiny starport pro'lly won't exist within the hour. Some PCs will want to take advantage, and some of course will want to try to stop them.
2. A mid-sized yellow and blue maenadic corsair is sighted, drifting without directed vector but still apparently powered. Most spacers will raise their shields and maneuver on away from this obvious pirate trap. Those who do investigate will find that the vessel attempted their usual boarding action shenanigans on an alien craft. The alien animals thus released devastated and overwhelmed the corsair who eventually separated from the prey ship and then flushed atmo, spacing the contents of the ship (hopefully). A single Maenad lass, not quite an adult, is the only survivor of the wreck though she will quite naturally insist that it is hers. (Which by maenadic law it would be). What about the original ship? Are any of the invasive life forms still aboard somehow? Especially if the players want to station crew aboard, this could easily become something very much like Alien.
3. While planet or habitat-side, some or all of the player party will be sized up by 3d6 relatively experienced warrior maids on a very particular kind of raid – they are looking for alien genetic material. If they play their cards right, they may fleece the PCs for any grabbable items, information, and loot.....in addition to any onboard genetic material they might have left laying about, all without a shot being fired. Unlike most maenad parties, this one has decided that they will achieve their aims by cleverness and subtlety, something that will (they hope) distinguish them from the others when they return to their mother ship to boast of their planet side claims.
4. Rescue party – 1d6 maenads deploy from their starship quickly as it warps into orbit over this world; they will ignore / disregard the player party so long as they stay clear of their intended objective....a datapod/recorder some 1d6 miles distant. The pod is from a Maenad nursery ship, part of an Uprising era convoy that was attacked and misjumped.
5. Further, the pod landed with an evacuation boat that disgorged 50 surviving maenad juves on crash landing, 15 local years ago. 37 of those juves, all girls, have grown up but live in an arrested and violent state as the nursery's sleep teachers stopped working long before the crash. These women now dominate the surrounding area as a highly aggressive tribe (some or all of them equivalent to DCC warriors) and have already noted both the player party and the 'invaders'. Both will be attacked with surprise and overwhelming numbers once darkness comes. Needless to say, getting any of them back to the Maenad fleet will involve capturing them and they are not in any way willing to go.
6. The party's ship will receive a local in-system distress signal; a biological transport ship is under attack and being boarded by maenad pirates. Coming to the aid of the vessel, during or after the attack, will lead to a ship, drifting with no engine power, on an uncertain vector (heading in=system but unguided); the vessel will turn out to be a specially outfitted "zoo ship" for

the purpose of transporting dangerous alien organisms while alive, though often in stasis.

7. Apparently a maenad captain heard that ten coeurl (alien "Heart cats" originally from well beyond the Galactic Rim) were being carried aboard vessel (incorrect; there were a full dozen of them) and the Captain has "always wanted one." Heedless of the danger (I said Maenad Captain) the ship was boarded and all of the coeurl freed from stasis. The Captain's desire to abduct all of the older breeding females was overtaken by a high body count. Ultimately they removed five, in stasis (well four in stasis, one that ripped many maenads apart on arrival aboard their starship) before untethering and jumping out system.
8. This leaves 5-7 others wandering around the vessel, plus (if the Judge is feeling really sadistic) another 10-30 random alien animals also wandering around out of stasis and in varying stages of confused, traumatized, or angry.
9. Another distress call – a small local star base or other outpost is relaying emergency information; there was a raid, a few maenad ships entered orbit and proceeded to smash and run. Regardless of their authority to do so, the speaker offers a substantial reward or bounty for the apprehension or (with substantial proof) substantial extermination/suppression. In fact, they may have stolen a vital or experimental component, by accident or design....or the official may have stolen such and is using the conveniently timed raid to cover their own tracks. If the later, the PCs will likely become good patsies. Curiously if they are framed, a non-violent attempt to approach the Maenads in question may easily lead to them offering testimony to this effect...provided the PCs can win them over with their own 'bravery.' (Though coming aboard a maenad ship under flag of truce is pro'lly considered bravery enough by them....)
10. A Player group containing an ISA Scientist can (and will) likely be abducted by Maenad pirates, who may or may not care what happens to the rest of the party. Meanwhile, other scientists are being "killed" or going missing across the sector. Thanks to the misjump of a dead time traveler, it seems a young hotheaded Maenad captain has seized control of a ship with an advanced gravity drive. Rather than turn it in to the yards (like they are supposed to) she's hid the vessel somewhere and is assembling a "crack team" to figure out how to replicate the technology. If word of this gets out, likely the other Maenad clans will attempt to destroy her before the Imperium can do so....lest the whole of them be hunted down.
11. A young Maenad, recently captain has just gained control of her first corsair. Immediately she has gone off on her own on a wild scheme, setting down on typical regressed humanoid world somewhere considerably off the main star lanes. Assembling a secret base with the aid of primitive, savage locals (your typical DCC zeros) they are slowly assembling a non-Maenadic pool of crew. What reaction this will provoke from the other captains has literally not crossed her mind; so, caught up is the new Captain in her caper, esp. as it is (so far) going especially well.

## Captaincy –

Ultimately captaincy aboard a Maenad vessel comes down to being the one person (or group of people) that everyone else aboard will listen to and obey without question under duress of battle or crisis. Due to the chaotic nature of maenadic society, this means that no two ships have the same variety or even style of Captain despite both being recognized authorities in Maenad society (what little of it there is). Some ships are functional anarchist collectives with everything decided (somehow, telepathy, tech, and a small crew are all likely rationales) by immediate group decision. Others have a single unchallengeable tyrant who has police who enforce laws (these tend not to last very long), and all points in between. A stable period of captaincy aboard a vessel is a sign of strength, respect, and glory (mostly to the Captain.)

## 5 Maenadic Captains

1. One of the many so-called ‘Pirate Queens of the Maenads’ is an older, ‘retired’ pirate; the founder of the “Clan Destyne” asteroid port/base. She sports several visible battle scars and injuries and is not as spry as she once was but will put a fool down at a moment’s notice. Not Port Royal and not omega Really
2. The Captain of the pirate ship *Voidwraith*
3. Sonja, a Captain associated with the Grove-weavers, called by some the Orphangrinder, both for her ability to accumulate strays and incorporate them into her crew as for their tendency to die and quickly or especially badly.
4. Mathilde – a particularly savage maenadic pirate captain. Her corsair is known more for its collateral damage than anything else; despite this her successes and enormous wealth have earned much respect among otherwise diffident clans.

## **Venture Seeds and Story Hooks**

### **Captains Secrets**

Presently, five maenad captains are thought to have this **implant**: stolen all at once from the same laboratory during their maiden run.

Each appear to have larger/enhanced knucklespikes, but in fact these are (replenishable) firing mini-rockets with a range of 10', that fire at +8 against a single, or a pair of adjacent, target(s).

Depending on taste, they

- may be coated with poison (variable save DC, but 18-22 Fort is common) that will be lethal or inflict 3d4+1 damage
- Or tipped with micro explosives; these strike instead at +4 (heavy and bulky) but each hit for 1d6+1 of rapid burning thermite, which will inflict 1d4-2 the next round and become inactive the following

**The Exchange** – a remarkably elaborate multi ship system whereby Captains can get booty calls from across the “maenad fleets.”

- In fact, this is a lie; since the Uprisings, some 72 maenad captains set up “the Exchange” not as a form of ship to ship prostitution but as a secret attempt to breed a Navigator of their own.
- Now literally hundreds of larger Maenad ships maintain at least part time participation in the Exchange, while at the same time having no idea or notion of its actual purpose.

**the Five and the Thirteen.** The captains of each ship alone (though possibly the Grove-weavers may have this information as well) have locations to one or more of The Five – seed worlds where they harvest their organic and biological material from, for widest possible compatibility and use with the rest of the fleet; (this does mean some maenads are emerging with compromised histamine response but also see below) Possibly higher ups (not just the captain) may know of the existence / location of one of the 13 facworlds, where maenads go to repair (secretly to build) their ships and technology; it is thought that a work rotation here (13-16 mos. on average) is by choice....or as punishment for commission of crime. Those unsuited to shipboard life, those throwbacks who seek home and scuttle, are consigned to these five and thirteen habitats, though their children are allowed to join ship like everyone else. It is extraordinarily common for Maenads to group things into numbers equaling 5 and 13 and much cant originates in such.

But yes, this does mean the Maenads *might* have secret shipyards. What they lack is the ability to make their own gravity drives of course, which would lead to Imperial Sterilization Protocols. And they are well aware.

Still, the Maenad captain “looking to replicate the science” trope is there for a reason....usually they are the ones seeking to “lead the barbarians to overrun the empire” and of course become it’s next empress.



0-level occupation tables for those born to ***Maenadae Piracy***

D12	Occupation	Trained Weapon	Trade Goods
1	Aquaculture farmer	Ceramic knife	Tank grown fish, kelp, and seaweed
2	Cook	Knife or blade	Secret herb or spice garden; branded with fire glyph
3	Drive Monkey	Hydro-spanner (mace)	Data tape (holographic memory)
4	Teboriark (Ink Artist)	Needle gun	Tebori needles, d7 tats
5	Surgeon	Laser scalpel (d6+1/point of int bonus)	Air Hypo, 1d3 drugs
6	Gunnery Monkey	Scattergun, Ship's Weaponry	Mech-hydraulic toolkit
7	God Attendant	Bone knife	Incense, consciousness expansion herbs,
8	Electronics Monkey	Diss pistol	unitool
9	School archivist	Brand (1d3),	Knowledge, wisdom
10	School 'diplomats'	Vibragun	+1d3 extra starting languages
11	Mechanician/Tinker Monkey	Wrench/club (1d4)	20m length of coiled micro-fabric cable
12	Crystal cutter	Precision cutter (1d3)	Sonic cutter, crystal-carving gloves

## Occupations notes

**Eclectronics** - all of the ship's electronics, fiber optics, etc. If Miles Obrien does it, it's their job. Save for particular techs, like Gunnery Monkeys.

**Clan diplomats** - Raised to speak and understand "allies" - be they Fin, other Pirates, or whatever. Ref will determine by ship

**Tinker Monkeys** – know how to build things; once they were known for building one of a kind ‘immaculate psi machines’ ‘custom’ psionically active droids, during the post Second Empire interregnum. (Like many stellar nomads, they thrived in the aftermath of the Second Empire’s collapse.)

**Cooks** are among the few aboard a maenad craft to receive the captain’s brand that allows them to make fire aboard ship. Aboard maenad ships only certain Captain branded individuals may create open fire, cooks mostly but sometimes tinkers and the odd engineer.

## o level genetic quirks

1. Gills – the character has intact and heritable gills that allow the breathing of water and casual aquatic movement up to 20”
2. Goggler – The character has nictitating membranes covering their eyes; they save at +2 to flash and dazzle effects and can see triple range underwater or in other fluidic medium without issue. As a consequence, they appear somewhat fish eyed.
3. Drawn to the Sea – the character has likely dreamt of the ocean all their life, sometimes the ocean of a particular world. Those who give in to this impulse and find a water world or ocean to settle on and in gain a permanent +2 to all checks involving aquatic or underwater activity, sailing, oceangoing, fishing, etc. While at the same time receiving a perm. -1 penalty on all zero or micro gravity operations.
4. Violent mood swings – Character has volatile mood swings which sometimes lead to destructive violence or intense depression if kept unchecked. +1 on Will saves, however.
5. sublime neuroplasticity +2 to saves to sudden shocks and out of context problems. Suddenly transformed into an enhanced Vole? No problem! Magic jarred into a 7 dimensional orb? Cool! What’s it like? The supreme weirdness of the universe is endlessly fascinating, and you often feel urges to experience as much of it as possible regardless of the consequences

If selection of such traits is not desired, award all zero levels with the gills trait. A common rite of adulthood is immersion in a great saltwater tank to determine if the Maenad “still has the salt.”

## Maenad Pirate Class

Type: Organic Humanoid  
(Medium size base move 30")

Ancestry: an early organic humanoid clade/species from the Siren system.

**Gravities** – low / standard

**Hit Points:** 1d8 HP/level

**Weapon Training:** “Blades, Sonics, and blasters”

Axe, Club, Sword, Blaster, sonic, vibragun, vibro dagger, vibro sword, Needle gun,

### Armor Training

**Alignment:** most Maenad pirates are quite Chaotic. All are, by some genetic inclination, “novelty seeking.” They bore easily, have endless curiosity, do not take things at face value, and fidget a lot. Most of them have difficulty sitting still for extended periods.

**Languages** - At first level Maenadic pirates have been instructed in Basic, Interworld, and their own language. Each odd numbered level they may select one from any of the following languages -

Lingeshtar,

ISG (Imperial Sign Glyph),

STPL,

Aquabase,

Aresian,

Oumneuz,

Kravenspiel,

or any other language spoken by organic humanoids and their nearer cousins.

**Luck** - Maenadic Pirates may always apply their starting luck modifier towards use of sonic weapons.

At first level the Maenad gains the **Maenadic Empathy** ability. As they are natural empaths, they begin untrained with a d16 action die in Empathy and do so with a +3 bonus.

## Fury and Fury Dice

At each level, the Maenad gains a certain number of Fury dice; Under normal circumstances the Maenad's fury dice represent their base attack. Fury dice used for other purposes than attacking are used for that round. Except however, in very close quarters (see below).

At first level Maenad pirates learn how to channel their fury, entering a directed primal state of rage and fury. From even the provocation of a single act of violence, the Maenad may enter a state of violent arousal as their brain is flooded with adrenaline enhancing neurotransmitters. Each round the Maenad may spend their Fury dice to

- Attempt a melee attack or other action die required combat action, adding their fury dice to the result.

- you may apply your fury dice as temporary hit points after you have been hit in combat

- can be added directly to damage roll with Maenad specific weapons.

- may be added to Will, Ref, or Fortitude saving throws

Once fury dice are used in a combat round they are spent. No takebacks. At higher levels it bears mentioning that while the maenad may gain extra action dice they will not gain additional fury dice. Such dice must spent on one action die based action in a round, no more, and may not be divided between available action dice.

**Masters of Furious Boarding Actions** - when fighting in close quarters aboard ship or with their backs to the wall, the Maenadic pirates may always add their class level to their attack modifier. This entitles them to that much even if they have spent their fury dice that round.

**Table Maenað Pirate**

Level	Fury Die	Action Dice	Crit die & table	Threat Range	Ref save	Fort save	Will save	Manifest Per day (max lvl)
1	+d3	1d20	d12/III	19-20	+1	+1	+0	1 (1)
2	+d4	1d20	d14/III	19-20	+1	+1	+0	2 (2)
3	+d5	1d20	d16/IV	19-20	+1	+2	+1	3(3)
4	+d6	1d20	d20/IV	19-20	+2	+2	+1	4 (4)
5	+d7	1d20 + 1d14	1d24/V	18-20	+2	+3	+1	5 (5)
6	+d8	1d20 + 1d16	1d30/V	18-20	+2	+4	+2	6(5)
7	+d10	1d20 + 1d20	1d30/V	18-20	+3	+4	+2	7 (5)
8	+d12	1d20 + 1d20	2d20/V	18-20	+3	+5	+2	8 (5)
9	+d14	1d20 + 1d20	2d20/V	17-20	+3	+5	+3	9 (5)
10	+d16	1d20 + 1d20 + 1d14	2d20/V	17-20	+4	+6	+3	10 (5)

**Level titles for Maenad Pirates**

- 1 Blooded Boarder
- 2 Raider
- 3 First Mate / Raider adept
- 4 Pirate
- 5 Captain
- 6 any title the captain can claim and keep
- 7 any title the captain can claim and keep
- 8 any title etc. etc.
- 9 (very theoretical) Princess of the Amazons
- 10 (theoretical) Star Queen of the Pirates

**Maenadic fighting styles**

“Slap and Zap” – a “bare knuckled” two weapon fighting style combining brass knuckles on the off hand and a palm buzzer in the dominant. Sometimes grudges or command crisis are resolved by equipping the offending parties thus and dropping them in the drive core to fight it out.

**Palm Buzzer** – essentially a small joy buzzer that inflicts 1d2 hp of electrical damage or a single point on a successful save (DC 12 Fort save to resist). Mostly there to annoy and enrage the offending target.

The combination does add one to the users AC (if they are unarmored) and one to hit to the brass knuckles

### **Maenadic Weapons**

The **Sonic Sword** - a relic piece of alien technology found long ago by the early nomads and it has spread since. Sometimes called a singing sword on planets and habitats overrun with pseudo-medieval primitives.

It is a very difficult weapon to learn to master (non-prof. at -5) as it is a bizarre combination of a vibroblade and musical instrument.

**Damage** 2d8+agility bonus

### **The Bore-blade or Chain sword**

A modified implement for opening and carving the hull of imperial starships, long since retooled as an ugly weapon of psychological terror and mad destruction. While used in boarding actions yes, only the more depraved Maenad pirate would use this as a practical weapon.

It's sheer size and ripping power add 3 to the wielder's AC while it is active v. anyone facing them. If used on an actual target (ew) start the

**damage at 1d16.** *Strength bonuses do NOT add to this, nor do abilities based on finesse.*

**Screamer Mask** - aka banshee mask; the custom psionic mask amplifies the maenad's empathic abilities to create

A painful attack +12 to strike, 2d6 sonic damage in a cone 3x5x15

Or a fear attack (DC 20 Will to resist)

**Sonic Screechers** (planted grenade-like bombs that create a massed crowd suppressing field in their area of effectiveness; all actions are reduced one step on the dice chain for those failing a DC 25 Fort save. Mechanicals, Synths, and certain exotics (as well as those deaf or in sealed suits) need make no save as they are immune to these effects.

**Scream sword** - a warbling, shifting blade constantly emitting strange low hums; when used in combat, the psi-circuitry stimulates the blade into creating these constant intimidating wails and moans. A modified form of the Sonic Sword used by a Captain in the Uprisings which has only evolved since.

**Knucklespikes** - less cybernetics and more maenadic body crafts; many first + level maenads have their knuckles altered by their sisters to contain two - four knuckle mounted pseudocalcium spikes, allowing 1d4-1+Str bonus damage with a simple punch.

**Sothis Aquasonics** - early Third Empire Sirene technical consortium; the pinnacle of underwater sonics tech.

ultimate/original developer / manufacturer of many modern maenad weapons

- The company was apparently being infiltrated by a cabal of maenads for about 50 years of the Uprisings.
- The company has a long history of association with the maenads as it was founded by the ancestors of the modern pirates. Indeed, there may even be a small throwback population that takes meds to control their more “maenadic temperaments” and so stabilizes moods etc.
- The company was formally broken up and it's interest sold/acquired by other Siren based technical conglomerates in the aftermath of the Uprisings.

**Sothis lasersonic series** – a unique hybrid technology allowing the weapon range to be used in almost any hostile environment from deep underwater, to the shallows of a methane sea, to the \*near\* vacuum of space, and even to the depths of a gas giant. While an artifact of the uprisings, many Maenad captains swear by them and their Uprisings era Maker codes remain precious and keep the weapons in constant rotation on some vessels.

**Sothis S-11 lasersonic Disruptor**  
Weighs about four pounds in 1g.

**Dmg 6d4**                      **Range (s/m/l) 3/9/17**  
**Discharges cone shaped narrow**  
**area of effect; It is only 3 feet across at**  
**its widest**  
**28 shots per e-charge**

**Sothis 5p5Diss Pistol**  
(Sonic Disruptor, minor)  
Weighs about 3 pounds in 1g

**Dmg 2d4**                      **Range (s/m/l) 1/3/9**  
**38 shots per e-charge**

**Sothis T513t lasersonic blaster**

Weighs about 4 pounds in 1g

**5d4**

12 shots per e-charge

**Range 2/3/5**

While not a true blaster in the atomic disintegration sense, this super powerful snub nosed disruptor inflicts devastating effects at the expense of any kind of range; also The weapon is clumsy to draw and unless in the hands of the Gunslinger class (Galaxy Black pp) the user suffers from a -1 initiative penalty to use the weapon

Remember, **sonics inflict half damage on inorganics**, no damage on most Veclife, and are useless in a vacuum. Despite the ad copy, the above applies just as well to Sothis lasersonics.

### Psychic abilities of the Maenadic Pirates

Primarily lots of empathic powers, their use is innate and commonplace at all levels of maenadic society. At low levels they are aware of the emotional states of those around them and have keen insight into the emotions and possibly thoughts of those in radius who are known (well) to the empath. At higher levels certain among them are capable of the complete reading of emotional states and aura, with some being able to manipulate the emotions of others, in or out of combat.

### Sword Marriage – Maenad rites of supernal weapon bonding

@ 3rd level, a Maenadic pirate must select a class of weapons such as Swords, or Needlers and an ability (from Strength, Agility, or Stamina) that they train extensively in, focusing their psychic might into rage focusing scream katas and directed efforts training, in so doing exploring and empowering the empathic bond with their selective weapon as well as a chosen physical path paired with that weapon and those like it. When desired, the Maenadic raider may gain an additional +1 bonus to all tasks; this applies equally to abilities and to weapon use in combat - a Pirate with a strength of 13 would functionally be at +2 to hit and damage from their strength from this power, and if their preferred weapon was vibroblades, then her bringing a vibro sword down on your head at first level would increase her functional BAB from +1 to +2. Note that, in this particular example, this does mean that the character gains a net bonus of +2 if the ability score and weapon choice would synergize.

For purposes of psychic and psionic combat this means that any such weapon while wielded by that maenad counts as psionic.

Poss. Event give them the following discipline list

- 1 Empathy, Premonitions of Violence, Total Self Mastery
- 2 Coronal adjustment (Mental Blast), Pirate song<sup>36</sup>?
- 3 (Empathic Healing) (Psychosurgery)
- 4 (Unleash the Third Eye)

(\*see Galaxy Black)

Psychic powers here work as per Galaxy Black. In brief, treat these as a category of spell magic similar but different than divine magic of the clerics and the sorcery of the wizard class.

**Strain** is the toll use takes upon the body, often the brain and nervous system, of the psion in question.

**Warp** is similar to corruption but differs in that it is primarily taken out on the world around them and not necessarily on the psychic themselves. This can get very destructive at higher levels.

---

<sup>36</sup> Rumor suggests a power, likely a psychic discipline developed by the Maenads, using song and sound to transmit control and influence. (Somewhat of a musical version of “the Voice” from Dune).

**Empathy (empathy)****Level 1****Range:** Near**Manifesting time:** 1 round plus**Duration:** Variable**Save:** Will if resisted**Visible?** No.**General** the Empath displays unusual insight into another's feelings or motives.**Strain** Roll 1d8 1-4 Negligible, 5-7 1d2 Pers, 8 1d3 pers**Warp** Roll 1d8 1-3 Negligible, 4-7 Empathy warp, 8. Gen Warp (**d4**)

1 Critical Failure! Roll 1d6 modified by luck; 1- Warp + Strain, + 2+ Strain
--

2-11 Failure. Manifester may attempt again the following round.
---

12-13 . <b>Sense and Feel Aurorae</b> - At this degree of success the Empath can read the emotional states of those around them by peering into the emotional wavelength of those unshielded in range. This cannot be utilized to read the corona of insentient minds, nor to perceive them.
--

14-17 <b>Sense Emotional States</b> - The empath becomes aware of the active emotions and general emotional state (or barring that, the general 'self-state of needs and drives') of any unshielded sapient minds within the radius.
--

Also, at this level, the empath can detect 'powerful minds' in a vague sort of way, but at considerable distance. Such minds would include a starship's little god(s), or AI God, older Noosphere Intellects, manifest gods, demons, or the like. Such can be sensed, depending on shielding and power level. Finally, the empath may force very specific, primal emotional states (fight, flight, hunger) on insentient minds of less than 1 HD (they are entitled to a will save however)

18-19 <b>Basic telepathic projection</b> - The Empath is able to send any basic 'emotional' state (defined as curiosity, fatigue, fear, friendliness, hatred, hostility, hunger, love, pain, rage, thirst, uncertainty ) to another unshielded sapient mind within the radius. Psions, wizards, and anyone with character levels is entitled a will save DC = to the Empath's psi craft roll per usual.
---

20- 23 <b>Deep sense</b> - at this threshold of success, the Empath is able to read deep into the target's emotional life. Ongoing emotional conditions will be apparent (love of child or spouse, deep seated resentment at being held back at work) and their relation to surface emotions are now apparent to the Empath. The Empath will be able to feel who is important to the target. Further, the Empath may also detect hidden or deeply buried emotional content, though in this case accessing that information will bring it to the subject's attention as well so this may be undesirable.
---

24-27 <b>Telepathic Projection</b> - now capable of evoking complicated emotional 'triggers' - <i>feel protective of me, treat me like your aloof co-worker, think about Grav ball while the priest makes me feel guilty, mentally check out for a few rounds while the boss is speaking</i> , etc. Tapping into pre-existing mental 'macros' in a subtle form of mind control by essentially tricking the brain into going on autopilot for a few rounds.
--

Among the easiest tricks this power impacts is the ability to assert the target seeing the Manifester (or anyone present really) as a "person," rather than an object, which will make it more difficult for some to commit to a plan of violence. Can alternately be used to aid hiding when one is being sought by appearing as "part of the background" rather than one's quarry. Unless the subsequent experience with the Empath supersedes the effect of this power, once the Empath is no longer interacting with the target, they must make a successful Will save or recall the experience not as with the psychic, but with the person or persons (or in those



circumstances, if no persons present) relevant to the mental trigger (child, boss, co-worker, priest, etc.)

**28-29 Deep insight** – at this point the Empath gains unique insight not just into the target's deep inner feelings, but what they intend or desire to do about those feelings. But a few moment's observation is all the trained empath requires to derive a +4 initiative bonus with regards to the target from this point onward as they are uniquely suited to anticipating what they are likely to do next. Further uses of Empathy upon this target occur a step higher on the dice chain than normal due to the usual and intimate nature of the understanding of the target. Deep secrets and highly personal details can be inferred if not entirely obvious to the empath with regard to the target. Attempts to manipulate or coerce the target with such will be made at +3 as well.

**30-31 Control** – At this point the Empath may control, mold, and sculpt the emotions of those around them. Depending on their training and predilections, this could make them a great healer of the traumatized or a complete monster. Check for Strain afterward with +1 to the roll.

**32+** The empath may permanently implant or remove an emotional state so long as it is clearly quantified. Once it has taken it is not more or less 'real' than any other feeling or emotional condition, and so great care must be taken with using this ability, for even benevolent intent can have greatly unforeseen side effects.

Further use of Empathy or any of the empathic disciplines on this target are made at +10. Each major use of this ability on the target permanently removes a point of personality from the target if it is resisted in any way.

Additionally, the Empath can take a specifically prepared object of the appropriate emotional value to themselves and implant a particular emotion or emotional state into that item. This item, (a fetish/effigy) when used as a psychic focus can add 3 to the psi craft rolls when it would be appropriate to do so. (Example: The empath-assassin, Vera Gemini, invests her hate into a doll once stolen from the man she has sworn to kill. When using her psi abilities to find, locate, and ultimately, to help destroy that man, the doll gives her a +3 on the relevant rolls.) When used otherwise, it offers only a +1. Finally, should such fate as death befall the empath, the focus will likely serve as a summoning or binding object for those who might wish to attempt to communicate with them or bring them back. If stolen, many means both psychic and magical can take advantage of such a focus.

Check for Warp afterward at +1.

**Premonitions of Violence (was combat Precognition (Seer, precognition)****Level 1****Range:** Personal**Manifesting time:** instant**Duration:** instantaneous**Save:** NA**Visible?** N**Manifestation** Seer can get premonitions of danger up to 180 hours ahead of time.**Strain** Roll 1d8: 1-5. negligible 6-7. shock-1 pers 8. shock and panic -1 pers, -1 int**WARP** none

1 Critical Failure! Roll 1d6 modified by luck: 0- Burnout , 1+Strain 4+ nothing the Manifester need not check for the next 29 standard days.

2-11 Failure. No particular sensitivity to future doom this time. *Clearly* brighter days are ahead.

12-13 **Premonitions of Violence** does not work like other psychic disciplines. Instead, at the beginning of every session, the manifestor makes their PoV roll. The results work from this premise, and at some tables the Judge may wish to restrict the results of the roll at first. The results, once known, are placed where the Judge deems them appropriate; this is why it is suggested they may wish to restrict those results, though after a time this will likely become tiresome. Precognition powers are tricky and rely more than most on Judge interpretation as they are final arbiter of past, present, and future in their games. Do what's right for your table and use what's here as a guide.

14-17 The seer **tremors with the feeling of imminent danger**; the precognitive can sense a fore coming attack by detecting the violent intent of their attacker (3d5) 3-15 rounds ahead of time (roll or Judge decides); until that time the psion gains the benefit of +4 initiative bonus

18-19 **Your seer senses are tingling** – as 14-17 above; however, the psion also now has an inkling (perhaps a picture in their head) of the *implement* that will be used to attack them, an axe, claws, bare hands, whatever.

20- 23 **I feel a disturbance in the** – as 18-19 above; additionally now the Psion has a general idea about their *attacker* – shape, rough difficulty in comparison to themselves (push over, lightweight, a fight like any other, “kinda challenging, it’s gonna hurt, maybe you should run”)

24-27 as 20-23 above save now the psion will experience a secondary, additional premonition; a ‘tremor’ as in 14-17 above. This second premonition will concern one close to them or their own person.

28-29 as 24-27 above save that the second instance will be as in 18-19 above

30-31 the seer will experience two instances this session, both as in 20-23 above, either may pertain to themselves, someone close to them, or someone significant to their own immediate future (an NPC related to the current goings on but unknown to them would qualify for example).

32+ as 30-31 above, save that in both instances the initiative bonus is +6; in addition, the Psion is entitled to ask the Judge five questions about the creature that must be true though the Judge can of course be elusive. (Asking how many HD the foe has is tacky but acceptable, though your Judge may well answer with “More than you.”) Questions pertaining to special abilities, weaknesses, or unusual attributes should be indulged over simple “How many HD, what are it’s hp” questions, especially if they can be answered in a single short answer. The information Arises out of a generalized field of awareness that the seer is privy to via this result.

**Total Self Mastery** (Autoharmonics, Mind over Body)**Level 1****Range:** Personal**Manifesting time:** 1 round plus**Duration:** trance**Save:** N/A**Visible?** N**Manifestation 1.****Strain** Roll 1d8 1-4 minor -1 Pers, 5-7 major -1d2 ea. Pers Sta, 8 greater -1d3 Sta**WARP** Roll 1d8 1-4 Autoharmonics warp, 5+ Burnout (**1d4**)

1 Critical Failure! Roll 1d6 modified by luck; 1- Warp + Strain, 2 Burnout, 3+ Strain
---

2-11 Failure. Manifester may attempt again the following round.
---

12-13 Sense inner flow – the Manifester quiets their mind and clears their third eye, blocking out all but their own internal bodily processes. Manifester becomes radically and instantly aware of their own body and body conditions, the presence of ongoing conditions, ailments, diseases, or the like and so on. Uncanny bodily self-knowledge can be had this way.
---

14-17 Channel Inner Flow - The Manifester's mind slowly takes control of their own metabolism. Healing at twice the normal rate for 24 hours or going without but the barest essentials of food & water for CL days, during which time the Manifester may induce sleep and wakefulness at will. During this time, the Manifester may substitute this psi check result for one saving throw v. poison.
---

18-19 as 14-17 above, the manifester may now <i>disregard any undesired physical sensations</i> at will; the Manifester may step on caltrops, run on hot coals, or ignore that they are dying for the duration of the Discipline. Additionally, the Manifester may now induce the Placebo effect, allowing the regaining of 1d4 +CL hp damage and 1d2 points of ability loss by focusing on what they believe for a round. Use of the placebo effect ends any further use of this psychic discipline.
---

20- 23 As above save now the Manifester may induce a deep hibernation state, somewhat resembling cryogenic suspension. During this time, all metabolic processes slow to negligible levels, as though in Cryo suspension. They may maintain this for a maximum number of days equal to their CL + any Pers bonus.
---

24-27 Feign Death AS above save that the Manifester may now induce a comatose-like state in which they appear to be dead or very nearly so. They may establish a particular set of conditions or a particular amount of elapsed time to emerge from this state and if they do so under their own ability there are no other adverse side effects.
---

28-29 As above; in addition, if the Psion wishes to remain in part or whole mentally 'active' during this period they may, awake but reliant upon only passive perceptions.
---

30-31 As above save that now the Psion may elect to remain fully but psychically aware throughout all of the above. During which time, the Psion may use psychic abilities or any other activity that does not involve utilization of the body. This is not otherwise detectible save by mystical detection methods or a thorough medical examination.
--

32+ Disregard body – the manifester is so focused that the body could be rent apart, and they would suffer no ill effects initially. The Manifester adds their CL+Pers bonus to all Will and Fort saves.
--

**Coronal Adjustment (aurorae alter, empathy 2)****Level 2****Range:** Personal /Near**Manifesting time:** 1 round plus**Duration:** Variable**Save:** Will if resisted**Visible?** N**General** – Manifestation Psion shapes their own or another's coronal field.**Strain** Roll 1d8 1-4 minor -1 ea. Int & Pers, 5-7 major -1d3 Pers, 8 greater -1d3 Pers & Int**WARP** Roll 1d8 1-5 Empathy Warp 6-7 Teep warp 8 -1d4 Pers (**1d6**)

1	Critical Failure! Roll 1d6 modified by luck; 0- Warp, 1 Warp & Strain, 2+ Strain
2-11	Failure. Manifester may attempt again the following round.
12-13	You gaze into your navel for a full round to little effect. You may try again the following round.
14-15	<b>In touch</b> – with a full round's concentration the Manifester may immediately perceive their own Corona (what the ancients called their aurorae) and, in vague and shallow ways, those in close proximity to them.
16-19	<b>In tune</b> – the manifester may with a round's concentration flush their Coronal aura of any unwanted resonances and least taints – any short term mental, psychic, or magical effects, acting on the DC of the spell or psi check of standing effects where necessary can be both perceived and if the DC is overcome, banished. Unlike common perceptions however, failure to initially perceive such an effect (say the effects of a charm person spell) prevents and precludes their doing anything about that effect
20-21	At this point the Manifester may <b>alter their corona</b> to resemble practically any desired outcome. The use of psionics, psychic ability, magic, or the like can be concealed, the presence of curses, spells, effects, or the like can also be concealed. The manifesters alignment and general emotional state (as read in their corona) will appear to be anything the manifesters desires.
22-25	At this point the manifester is able to <b>affect the Cornea of another</b> , as with In Tune, above. This is limited to a single subject at a time; resistance is possible if the subject is aware they are being supernaturally perceived, allowing a Will save.
26-29	<b>Coronal Sounding</b> The empath may now sense and detect the presence of Corruption, Warp, or divine disapproval on an individual. They may sense curses on places, items, and people.
30-31	<b>Prime Coronal Sounding</b> the Manifester may now perceive and interact with the strange glyphs of Life and Death as well as Destiny that appear embedded in the cornea of some individuals. Any attempt to change or alter one of these glyphs always incurs immediate Strain. Other Soul marks may be perceived by the Manifester as well (see below). Attempting to alter the corona of others in a casual way, as 20-21 above, is permissible provided the subject is not resisting.
32-33	By fully <b>reconfiguring</b> their corona and all other metaphysical emissions, the Manifester may functional hide (up to their CL) a number of "indelible" marks...indefinitely. Evidence of soul murder & psychic cannibalism, boosterspice addiction, long term possession,

divine (or infernal) service, all can be nested deep within the manifester's identity, overcoming even deep scans or mind probes (provided they do not overcome the manifestation result)

**34+ Deep Primal Manipulation** – the empath may now fully remove, transfer, or place resonances, death and fate marks, signs of murder, trauma, or any other quality from one source into a donor. The 'beneficiary' of such a 'gift' may not even be aware of such an 'inheritance' (Will save DC = to the psi check result to notice anything is unusual). In such a fashion a diabolist may transfer the signs of their corruption from one to another. Such usage always incurs Warp.

Dangerously, the manifester may attempt to transfer 1d3 minor or a single major corruption from one caster to another; such is not without hazard, however. Both the corrupted and the manifester must beat at DC 25 Will save immediately on completion of this task or both will simultaneously incur a Greater Corruption. The Greater Corruption will act on the Manifester as though they were a spell caster of the equivalent level. This corruption may not be transferred and attempting to do so will always incur a (1d8 1-4 Major 5-8 Greater) Corruption – this is in addition to the above. Warp effects are not affected by nor do they affect this Corruption. Any warp must be taken after the corruption effects have manifested.

# 17 trinkets, knickknacks, and doodads of a faintly identifiable nature

*As might be found picking a pocket, rolling a body, or robbing an alien merchant. Say.*

- 00 No result
- 01 Tiny, ornate, purple octagonal alien music box
- 02 Small pulsing jeweled rods, they appear to be a pair.
- 03 Small round pocket mirror of undefinable substance. Reflection shows alternate world of purple skies and a green sun.
- 04 A soft pink cube, it always returns to the same rigid shape once no longer acted upon.
- 05 An irregular purple blob with eyes; extrudes pseudopod that encircles the neck, finger, arm, or tentacle of the wearer.
- 06 Small crystalline wand- when touched to the forehead of one of equal or lower INT it shows Jungian images of transformation and apocalypse, drawn from the imaginations of user and wielder.
- 07 Purple hexagonal crystal. Can be telepathically induced to store and show images, like a camera, but taken from the user's mind.
- 08 What appears to be a jagged multicoloured piece of plastic
- 09 A four pronged semi-transparent tube, seemingly jewelry or otherwise ornamental.
- 10 A small smoky-ash brown stone that induces feelings of dizziness and vertigo when concentrated upon.
- 11 A precisely 33mm torus of loudly obnoxious pink material that will not bend, burn, or warp by any means short of throwing it in the gravity drive. *What is it?*
- 12 A perfect pink sphere: when held in more than one hand it becomes pleasantly warm to the touch. If licked it begins to glow yellow white from the inside.
- 13 Squirmy slippery yellow things.
- 14 An elaborate 1m control rod festooned with buttons switches and input plates – it weighs half a kilo and is perfectly balanced.
- 15 A triangular silver of white-gelatinous goo. When you hold it in your palm it quivers and gives you visions
- 16 A small purple rock. When held by 1 in 10 people it telepathically screams, “audible” to everyone who is not mind blind in 30’
- 17 A ridge-clip of black silica, superheated white at one end, somewhat shaped like a guitar pick. Gives excellent sound if anyone checks.

## SPACE TRUCKIN! – 113% guaranteed True Tales of Trade Capitalism and Venture Finance on the Imperial Frontier and Beyond

### Merchant and Caravan adventure job charts

Throw under CL+PERS bonus on a d10 to find available commercial job; every 500 (on the ) or 1000 (in the ) spent trying to find a cargo takes 3-5 days and subtracts one from the roll.

### **Available Commercial Jobs** (1d3 add Person bonus and CL to available jobs)

1., 2., and 3 are always available to anyone with a ship and the proper circumstances

1. Trade Capitalism – the raw buying and selling of cargo
2. Establishing a New Route – a step up from mere Trade Capitalism, this is about establishing a new trade route between two planets, either on the frontier or (rarely) in the Middlemarches.
3. Smuggling – carrying illegal cargo or (more commonly) carrying cargo where it does not belong
4. Defended Cargo Run – ship (usually reinforced) transporting across route where attack is likely
5. Subsidized Cargo Run – ship transporting official cargo as third party on behalf of more established concern.
6. Established Trade Route – an established trade route/run between two or more planets/habitats
7. Mail Run – a regular or emergency contract to ferry databanks of information, news, and communications.
8. Passenger Run – only common in the core
9. Secure Courier – internal security forces contract/co-opt vessel for service

### Security: ship's internal security

Throw (result) or under for raiders, criminals, etc. to infiltrate or hear of vessel

Throw (result) or higher for official infiltration of ship's internal security

13. covert cargo – could be troops, drugs, black ops, whatever.
16. establish trading group, organization, or federation

## A few ideas left out of Sub-ether 1 – for Maleth Noir

The following adds to the **Maleth Noir** material from **Sub-ether** number 1. Use, alter, or ignore as you desire.

### **BEACON PROBABLE NEWS**

All information derived from official imperial beacon cast, fact sources are an aggregate of the six strongest and most reliable imperial signals. Data has been cleared by local censors. Hail the Empress

**All Beacon Probable News has an 83% or higher rating on the Imperial**

**Veracity Index.** As determined by simulation, projection, and other legitimate and legal systems and semantics analytics. Hail the Empress.

The *IRVT Bow your head in service to the State* Imperial Registered Trafficking Vessel has been declared lost.

scattered radiation and comms fragments suggest some sort of misjump accompanied by aboard-ship fire.

There is no official word on cause.

>>>>Belsen's House of Odds broadcasts a 38% likelihood of a <rated>rare  
<probability>successful **slave revolt**

>break -ATTN Adspam incoming

**Vauxhall lumens**

**They'll clean you out**

<adrecspamcommercialtrafficerdidirect>

Commercial and Citizen Traffic to the New Orien Sector has been suspended and the sector closed by order of the Empress.

**Local**<<< official population estimates for the five rated "densest population centers" on Maleth Noir report a continued declining birthrate for a third consecutive Sidereal.

<<<KRYPTOEYESNEWSBREAK>>>>No official word as yet on circumstantial reports and outright lies-truth in-rumors suggesting 'illegal' overpopulation in the slum sector underworlds underneath certain ConUrbs.

From a Fog cloud of Ad-Vurps

"TUBES, DID YOU JUST CHARF YOUR SPARKLEBURGER on me?"

"...No, I think it was a Manic Dreamcicle-Pixymelt with extra green and orange-"

"*What in Space* is this dregg?"

"It is.....green."

**-COME ON DOWN TO THE RED QUEEN'S HORNBURGER**

A sparkling pixelbitch joint.

An unsettling hunger overtakes you. You squelch comms and focus on the world in front of you.

You are HUNGRY



Hey you like more chargen tables right? Good here's some

Sorry I left the imperial scum sub table off but referenced it anyway. Here's that table. Use or ignore to taste.

#### **Imperial Scum table**

- |                                       |                                |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Code cracker                       | 7. Print and/or data forgery   |
| 2. Dream thief                        | 8. Illegal sim dealer          |
| 3. Escaped perpetrator                | 9. Illicit sim star            |
| 4. Known Ganger                       | 10. Benevolent disease carrier |
| 5. Organ legger                       | 11. Smuggler                   |
| 6. A history of the old mega violence | 12. Organized Crime            |

**Serfdom!** Because it wouldn't really be DCC without a population of serfs in there right? By way of in-universe legality, Serfs generally are, legally or only traditionally, the property of that habitat or world's Space Lord.

**serfdom sub table** - all Imperial serfs on Noir technically belong to the household of Lord Noir. In reality, the Lord maintains a staff of four Bannermen whose job it is to act in his (legal, on Noir anyway) stead where certain affairs are considered., this means three of them are in charge of the Lord's serfs at any time. As there are over 100,000 of them in the AcroUrb-Umbra City complex as it is, this is a very large number.

Most of them are considered company or institutional assets and the sale or acquisition of that business or holding includes some or all of the serfs that have been raised and trained to work it. Serfs are forbidden to travel out of their neighborhood or work sector though in practice this is seldom enforced.

- 1 Garden Tank Reccieworks – Perhaps 45% of the Reclamation workers in and under Umbra City are serfs though they do not live substantially different from those around them.
- 2 Imperial Labour Pool – over a million serfs are owned and loaned out by Imperial Labour, a sort of cheap labour contracting pool/day laborer coordination system.
- 3 XPloit – a labour pool/serfdom company, smaller but similar to Imperial Labour; this one is based off of Noir and specializes in mutant serfs, specifically employing Variants.
- 4 Umbra city maintenance techs – 98% of which are serfs, each of which have handlers and overseers depending on which neighborhood they service/are resident in.
- 5 City or neighborhood employee; job to be determined. You are stuck with it for life. +1 starting contact as EVERYONE comes to you in your city uniform colors with their problems

### **Another reason I don't write "genre emulation rules" much (optional af)**

Characters from sky city or another world in the imperial core can pick their origin, being, and profession, and may choose any shaper traits they want.

Characters from Underworld or Umbra city have to roll everything or select from a restricted list; all secondary traits (be they mechanical, shaper, or uplift) must be rolled randomly and you are stuck with the result. Yes, this means that for Shaper result six, you can determine your character's gender identity, but you must roll for your junk. Life is hard. Learn to adapt. *You get one roll.*

### **(current) major Political Parties of the Acroplex**

As tracked in the betting parlour at the back of the Ozone Lamp. The **Ozone Lamp** is a seedy mid-town surface bar that has seen better days but stays connected.

#### **The New Preservation Party (Preservers)**

Seemingly a "back to traditional values" movement it is simply the party dedicated to advancing Sky city interests.

#### **The Greater Sky City Commercial Advancement Party**

Is exactly what it sounds like on the tin. Sort of the polite face of the above; they are unrelated organizations but this one was founded by the person who is now the Space Lord for the planet to advance the early Holography and Sims industries and so they dominate its interests. This allows them to maintain the monopoly they have on Sky City and it's shadow, leaving it to dodgier organizations (like the Preservationists above) to get caught doing dirty work.

Has a few branches in one or two of the other Urbs but elsewhere they are banned.

#### **The Third Counsel Reformed Technocratic Movement of Imperial Loyalty - The Imprats**

The only version of the Technocrat Party allowed on Noir.

A voting bloc ignored save when the Imperial Governor needs something to pass

#### **Free Umbra City movement**

No longer a political party. Illegal dissident movement

*It was fuxxing terrifying. Hundreds of these jobbos in hoods bouncing up and down in time with their heads bowed, their arms raised and crossed in some kind of x. Like something out of the third circle of hell. Whatever it is that forever is a blind fascist rally to static and white noise"*

## Political story table

Roll

1-2 Intrigues 3-5 Manipulations 6 Sabotages

If Intrigues, determine subsequent Manipulations and Sabotages

If Manipulations, determine subsequent Sabotages.

Determine Who (Assign Blame, Assign Suspect, Assign Patsy)

Intrigues

Two nobles go to war with one another through proxies

Multiple parties compete for the attention of Lord Noir

Multiple parties compete for high value contract with Noble house or Megacorp

Quiet coup within house, corporation, or other high value concern

Manipulations

someone attempts to manipulate the characters

someone uses characters to manipulate someone else

two parties are manipulated into confrontation for benefit of third

Sabotages

Local political process

City political process

Career of specific official(s)

Outcome of particular issue

Local public works or other noteworthy distraction

Who Diplomats

Nobles

Supercomputers

Spies or Terrorists

Mercenary

Commercial Concerns

The Starport Authority

Multicity trade federations

Political Parties

The Lunatic Fringe

The Opposition

The Player Characters

Allies or Friends of the PCs

**Important Criminal details** – each chance rolled per results above

**Election fraud** – 23% any contested 'election' proceeding, rising to 57% with media attention. Chance of each party accusing election fraud (regardless) 55%

**Voter manipulation** – 99/o irrelevant. Such is either total or irrelevant.

**Data suppression** - 57 % if left to local agencies, 83% if desired at imperial level

Remember the random underworld tunnels? Same principle, surface streets Umbra City.

### **Random city streets – surface streets**

1. Business (examples below)
2. City Facilities
  - a. Wireless tower
  - b. Computronium block (80% subterranean)
  - c. Office block
  - d. Power facility
  - e. Holo Rely
  - f. SecFor sensor relay
  - g. SecFor sensor cluster
  - h. City sensor cluster
  - i. Water and hydrogen works
3. Communal Gathering area – park, square, plaza
4. Impromptu Bazaar or Market
5. Commercial block 1-4 Low end 5-7 Middle income 8 high end or abandoned
6. Licensed Bazaar or Market
7. Local Reclamation unit
8. SecFor Concentration House
9. Landing zone for elevated or flying craft and vessels
10. Enhancement Learning Center
11. Juvenile Recreation Facility
12. Squats – roll again but repurpose result to house the city's Blank population who have moved on in. 10% chance of shooting gallery or another drug den
13. Imperial Facility
- 14.

### **Umbra City Businesses**

**AgroRooms** – an Umbra city tradition, dating to the direct imperial occupation; sort of a rec center where you are allowed to break things, shout, carry on and be destructive.

25 Quantis medical waive fee

1 Q per minute of AgroTime (min. 15 min.)

Equipment rental (up to 90q) etc.

**Curiosities** – an invitation only (invitations are anywhere from 50-250q depending on what they think of you) pharmacological bar. This is more or less a chance for the PCs to try drugs in a remarkably safe venue dedicated for that purpose.

### **Graffiti seen on an upper sky-way of Maleth Noir (or any random Starport)**

“spare heat”

“Tekeli-li”

“the future is made of bad farts”

“the Empire never ended”

“Tears Will .shine”

“the Future Emits Black Body  
Radiation”

# Gods of the Imperium – THE EMPRESS

*“There were 923 planets in the Third Empire when Vaena Martel rolled into the Imperial Core with her battlefleets. That was a thousand years ago. Today her Empire has over a million such planets.*

*She was Divine, have no doubt.”*

## **The Empress, Venae doa Exteris Liet**

*Demigoddess and incarnation of Empire; Civilization’s Champion*

<b>Divinity</b>	The Empress
<b>Cult Alignment</b>	Lawful
<b>Weapon</b>	Sword & Blaster (Axe & Bow)
<b>Unholy</b>	The Lords of Ignorance & other Lords of Chaos
	Enemies of Civilization
	Enemies of Civilization - barbarians without and within; those
	who
	would subvert Her just rule’
	destroyers of history, learning, or knowledge.

**Empress disapproval** arises from failings of ambition or follow through often; Failure to pursue goals of self or Goddess, failure to police the church and state, failure to set a righteous example, failing to act rigorously in the name of civilization, failure to prune and police church and state of rogue elements.

**Popular Aspects** – The Queen Mother, The Conqueror, the Planner

**Divine Titles** -The Warrior-Conqueror; the Path to Ascension, the Imperial Salvation, the Queen-Mother, and the Holy Daughter of the Empire.

**Holy symbols** – Sword & Rocket (the Reconquista era symbol of the Empire),

**Holy Stars** – Tanix Prime, the Seven Sisters,

**Holy colours** – black and green

**Sacred spaces** – Libraries, Museums, Places of Learning and Growth

**Holy works** –

The Empire itself.

The Church itself.

**the Transubstantiation of Vaena Martel** by A Lone Witness,

**A History of the Reconquest of the Empire** by Galcen Olgoolic,

**the Fourth Way** by Vaena Martel I.,

**She Gave Us a Church** a philosophical treatise by ‘the electric monk’ (Nijol 88679 uploaded cloud form)

**Civilization’s Champion – the bloody story of Vaena Martel I.**

(unofficial biography)

**Many becomes One** – *the holy Maiden Imperial a compilation of Martelian Psalms* (Imperial Church Publications)

. The very incarnation of the Empire itself; said to return at times of great need and dire emergency. Her spirit guides the office of the Empress to this day.

**“The tree of empire must at times be pruned with the blood, bones, and flesh of those who would obstruct civilization’s aims. Treason is death.”**

The **Empress Doctrine** is quite succinct; it has four basic tenets.

if you want civilization, civilize things yourself

Do what you must to survive

Care for your young and your old and your infirm

it is better to have civilization than not

### **The Empress Cult**

A cult of personality based around the conquering hero of the Reconquista; by the time of her death the cult had become a church and that church (now an arm of the State) declared her divinity.

The original empress cult exists still, and has grown far beyond the Church's ability to control it.

Once the (sole) focus of the Imperial Church in scant centuries there are now those who doubt She is divine or that she ever existed at all.

Among the faithful however....

### ***The doctrine of the Revealed Child and Empress Ascended.***

Holds that the Empress Vaena Martel I was the divine child of the Parent-sponsors of the Church, Leviathan, Exterre, Nikas Liet, Starfire, and Mu. (This is the Revealed Child doctrine). She incarnated into mortal form, her mortal form born of the blood every subject clade in the imperium, so as to properly represent the spirit of the Imperium, and finally, that she transubstantiated into divine form upon her death, becoming the Empress Ascended.

**“Your persistence, your survival, your prosperity;  
these will dictate the quality of  
your successful conquest.  
Pray for strategy.”**

*Who she was before she turned up in the Ketraxis whispering of conquest, revolution, and renewal, is a matter of great conjecture. Many contradictory accounts exist each supporting a range of viewpoints with their particulars – some say she is immortal and has been guiding history since the Golden Age, some say she is the errant offspring of a God who rejected her divinity in order to do better. Some say many things.*

*Individuals of a variety of names that may or may not have been Vena Maetel (as she was known prior to the Reconquista) have documented existence throughout imperial history but nothing definitive exists. Nonetheless by the time of her demise, the Imperial cult was such that they immediately “canonized her divinity” per a doctrine of divine transubstantiation ascension. Regardless, she walked out of myth and into the pages of history, left her savage and articulate mark and then in memory returned to legend.*

*Less a veneration of the person that was and one of the Imperium itself. Per doctrine she \*was\* the Imperial state, incarnate in a time when it had been rejected, until the Reconquista.*

**For in the rigorous maintenance of your duties, righteous duties  
both of heart and destiny, do not let any thing that walks,  
crawls, flies, or speaks turn you from your purpose.**

**Vaena Martel I<sup>37</sup>**

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<sup>37</sup> As recorded in the Medicant's Humble Recollections of the Imperial Word and the Wisdom of the Imperial Voice

## Dreaming Gynoid Coming Releases

### Out now!

DG000 Book of Scarlet Abomination: Tamarah Pandoramicum  
 SE0001 Sub-ether vol. 1  
 SE0002 Sub-ether vol. 2 – yuir reading it

### **Near**

DG001 Galaxy Black  
 SE0003 Sub-ether vol. 3

### **Far**

Cosmic Madness  
 The Cults of Fell Summons  
 Savage Children of the Jade Lady  
 Through Walls of Mist and Thorn: Patrons of the Faery Chaos  
 Splinters – Sailing Across the Seas of Probability  
 Codename: Weird Hero  
 The Book of Jaldipoor  
 The Snarky Space Girl's Guide to the Galaxy

### **So, you want to write for Sub-ether or Galaxy Black?**

Send me a proposal!

A few suggestions

Think Big – High Concept, Big Ideas, don't worry about translating them into anything epic or equivalent; just don't be afraid to lean on really enormous high concept. We'll find a way to sell it.

Allow for Heroes – but Don't Assume Them; don't discourage people from doing the right thing. That's part of why some people play these games. But don't Make them heroes, don't insist on heroism, and don't assume you and the players will always have the same idea of the Right Thing anyway

A bit of Cheek – a side of grimdark is fine but it needs a bit of cheek; don't take the piss, that sends folk away, but always keep this all in perspective. This is for fun; it should be fun. Let fun in.

Imperial grunge: Anything Galaxy black sooner or later will need an extra coat of grottness, what I like to call the Imperial Grunge. “2000ad it up!”

I hope you have enjoyed this excursion into the collapsing universe. If you have comments, queries, or feedback, please drop us a note at [dreaminggynoid@gmail.com](mailto:dreaminggynoid@gmail.com)  
 See you next time!

# ALL HAIL THE LORDS OF SPACE



“Preternatural inhuman things  
vie for the imperial destiny against  
the machinations of robotic space gods,  
and the mad ambition of a single  
woman to unite the whole of the galaxy  
Welcome to the Collapsing Universe,  
Welcome to ‘the Empire that Works.’  
.....*all aboard the planet caravan*”

Far future  
Low Life  
In  
Deep Space

## Sub-ether #2

*A ‘zine for the space punk renaissance*