

MRPG-M1

A
violent
incursion into
the land of the living
for the MOTHERSHIP™
Sci-Fi Horror Roleplaying Game

DEAD PLANET

FIONA MAEVE GEIST + DONN STROUD + SEAN MCCOY

*Tuesday
Knight
games*



DEAD PLANET

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HOW TO USE ANY MODULE

Cannibalize it. Rip it apart.

Take the tables, take the monsters, take the maps (you can get blank versions for free with a copy of the PDF and if you're holding a physical copy in your hands right now and thinking "What the hell? That's not fair!" then send a selfie of you holding the game to @seanmccoy and we'll get you squared away with the goods, no joke), take the ships, or the planet, or the adventures, or locations. Take anything you want and do anything you want with it. This book belongs to you and now so does everything inside. Do with it what you will.

More specifically, the Dead Planet operates on a pretty simple premise: there's a planet somewhere out there in the universe and it has a dark and brooding energy that sucks ships out of hyperspace and then strands them in orbit with no hope of ever returning home (well, that's where you come in). PCs can't get away from the Dead Planet using their Jump Drives, and a voyage on thrusters alone would take hundreds of years in uncharted space. If your PCs don't find a way to deactivate the Dead Gateway on the planet's surface, then they're doomed. But why shouldn't that be any fun?

MAJOR SPOILERS (OR HOW DO WE GET OFF THIS ROCK ANYWAY?)

Here are a few ways we've thought of to "beat" the Dead Planet, and all of them are pretty awful (hopefully you can find some better ones):

- » Don't. Just give up and die here. Tell your friends about Mothership.
- » De-power the Dead Gateway (pg. 36) by travelling to the Necropolis (pg. 34) and removing the engines at the center of the city.
- » Destroy the Dead Gateway (and tear a hole in the universe).
- » Blow up the planet by descending to the lowest level of the Red Tower (pg. 39) and arming the Fission Core Burner Bomb.
- » Convince Brekt (pg. 21) to let you join him on his "coffin run" onboard the *Lucifer Rising*. He's got room for six.

Let's get started.

THE DARKNESS THAT CAME TO PASS

There are plenty of habitable planets in the universe. Life bursts forth, proliferates, diversifies and ultimately succumbs to death and decay as empires, civilizations and federations rise and fall. The Dead Planet short circuits this cycle. Since the surface first cooled, life has been trapped in a compulsive cycle of growth and the obsessive building of a cyclopean gate—an entryway for the Gaunt—around which they revel in pure abandon, offering up sacrifices to the forces of nothingness in order to will the Gate open.

The nightmare-inducing Gaunt are parasites, cannibalizing the will of sentient species and bending them to opening the rift between their Dead Dimension and the material world. The ultimate aim of the Gaunt is to escape their captivity on the Dead Planet and flood the universe as an inexorable tide of necrosis.

The Dead Planet is a testament to their hunger, orbited by abandoned ships, drawn here by an anomaly in the warp. Recently a colony ship schismed over those who compulsively serviced the Gate to the Gaunt's Dead Dimension and those who feared the maniacal, single-minded compulsion that drove their compatriots to expand the Gate with wild ecstatic abandon. The schism was ultimately pointless; they're all dead and the Gate is even greater than before, threatening to truly split open and allow the Gaunt to surge forth in a tide of necrotizing madness.

- » **10 YEARS AGO:** *The Perennial Tyrant*, a colony construction vessel, crash lands on the Dead Planet's moon and establishes the Tyrant Beggar Moon Colony.
- » **18 DAYS AGO:** Archeology Research Ship *The Alexis* unearthed a strange artifact and headed back to civilization.
- » **ONE WEEK AGO:** The Military Drop-Ship *The Defiance* was waylaid and crashed on the Dead Planet.
- » **NOW:** *The Alexis* floats absent of life and the crew of *The Defiance* is scattered and dying. The colonists on Tyrant Beggar are at a breaking point...

Will your crew survive...

THE DEAD PLANET?

// 1D10 I SEARCH THE BODY ON THE ALEXIS...

01> SMUDGED NIGHTMARE DRAWING

02> STONE IDOL

03> 2D10 CREDITS

04> COLLAPSIBLE SHOVEL

05> PAMPHLET: THE SHEDDING OF FLESH

06> COFFEE MUG: IF THERE IS NO ORDER, KEEP
QUIET

07> NOTE: "I AM THE SILENCE THAT IS
INCOMPREHENSIBLE..."

08> A TROWEL OR MATTOCK

09> AN OSSIFIED TRILOBITE

10> INSTANT COFFEE POWDER

// RANDOM ENCOUNTERS ON BOARD THE ALEXIS.

// ROLL 1D10 WHENEVER ENTERING ANY ROOM

01> 2 PARALYZING THORN CRAWLERS + 1D10 CRAWLERS

02> 1 TOXIC GAS CRAWLER + 1D10 CRAWLERS

03> 3 ACID SPRAY CRAWLS + 1D10 CRAWLERS

04> 1D10+2 CRAWLERS

05> SKITTERING WITHIN THE WALLS

06> BANGING INSIDE THE VENTS

07> SOMETHING CRAWLS BENEATH THE FLOORS

08> THUMPS IN THE CEILING THAT GROW FAINTER

09> DEATH WORM'S OUTLINE SCORCHED INTO THE FLOOR

10> 2D10 CRAWLERS SHREDDING/EATING EACH OTHER

THE SCREAMING




```
// GAUNT AI TABLE. CHECK ONCE/MIN. UNLESS
NOTED, GAUNT ALWAYS MOVES TOWARDS NEAREST PC
01> SCREAMS AND MOVES 40M
02> MOVES 80M
03> SCREAMS AND MOVES 60M
04> MOVES 100M
05> SCREAMS AND MOVES 50M
06> MOVES TO ANOTHER DECK, IGNORES PC LOCATION
07> SCREAMS AND MOVES 30M AWAY FROM PCS
08> MOVES 40M AWAY FROM PCS
09> ATTACKS WALLS AND/OR DESTROYS A ROOM
10> STOPS TO SENSE LOCATION OF PCS
```

```
// BOOKS FOUND IN CAPTAIN YANCHEG'S QUARTERS:
01> ONE CREW ONE CAPTAIN: THE ART OF MANAGING
THE UNMANAGEABLE
02> A STORM IN EVERY PORT
03> SHACKLETON'S GHOST
04> GREAT SPACE BATTLES OF THE DELTA SECTOR
05> ZEN AND THE ART OF CRYOPOD MAINTENANCE
06> WATERSHIP DOWN, BY RICHARD ADAMS
07> MY WORK IS NOT YET DONE (LIGOTTI)
08> THE LOST FLEET: DAUNTLESS
09> A COLLAPSE OF HORSES, BY BRIAN EVENSON
10> DIAMOND DOGS, BY ALASTAIR REYNOLDS
```

ON THE ALEXIS...

ON ARRIVAL...

The Dead Planet sucks ships out of hyperspace and pulls them helplessly drifting into its orbit. If the PCs have had a Jump Drive issue, or have recklessly jumped into a unknown sector, this an easy way to quickly get them into the action. As soon as they come out of hyperspace they'll find that their Jump Drives are malfunctioning, and that they're in orbit around a strange planet (pg. 30) with a tidelocked moon (pg. 14), and a vast graveyard of orbiting derelict craft (pg. 8). The first of these drifting craft they come upon is *The Alexis*.

BACKGROUND

The Alexis is an archeological research vessel, crewed by scientists and teamsters and complemented with three androids. The crew is dead, the androids and computers have had days of their memory erased, and the ship floats purposelessly. *The Alexis* is running on a low-power cycle, the engines presently offline. The ship's atmosphere is fine, but a scan reveals no signs of life and inexplicable power fluctuations.

SCANS SHOW

THE JUMP DRIVE IS CONNECTED TO THE
ARTIFACT GATE BY UNUSUAL ENERGIES.
ODDLY, THE CORPSES ALSO ARE FEEDING INTO
THE OBSCENE RELIC.

WHEN THE DEAD PORTAL OPENS

Every 47 minutes, strange energies pour forth. Lights flicker as black tendrils spill like hair floating underwater out of the strange relic and slither through the ship. Corpses' eyelids flutter, the orbs within frantically search for something, as their mouths senselessly gape open and snap shut. Their extremities twitch spastically. Androids keel over, unresponsive. This crash erases the memories of the computers and androids back to moments before the first opening of the Gate.

ANDROIDS & THE GATE

AFTER THEIR FIRST EXPOSURE TO THE OPEN
GATE, PC ANDROIDS CAN ROLL A BODY SAVE,
REROUTING THEIR CIRCUITS AND AVOIDING
SHUTDOWN WHEN SUCCESSFUL.

THE GAUNT IN THE GATEWAY

When the Gateway sunders reality, the Alpha Gaunt shambles forth to hunt. Her piercing screams evoke primal terror as they echo throughout the vacant ship. The Alpha Gaunt moves based on the results from the Gaunt AI Table above unless the Warden wants to manually control her. The Gaunt can traverse vents and doors; however, she cannot bypass airlocks.

This is caused by the strange artifact uncovered by the crew—currently in the hold—that opens a gateway to the Dead Dimension for 13 minutes out of every hour, unleashing Gaunt upon the ship. *The Alexis* can be accessed through the port airlock or a larger airlock in the hold.

COMMAND ROOM: Two androids—**Pander and Kranot**—occupy the room alongside two corpses. Pander is fruitlessly trying to recover files to figure out what is happening. If he is assisted by a PC with a relevant skill he can roll with Advantage, but the files are corrupted and have been erased many times. Kranot has been cut in half and resides in the corner next to the corpses; he does his best to be helpful.

LIFE SUPPORT

GALLEY: Laid out for meal preparation. There's a splatter of what looks like blood on the floor. It's actually juice. 2 corpses are under each table.

NAVIGATION COMPUTER (Erased)

SCIENCE LAB: The airlock to this room is dented and gouged. Inside, the computers and equipment are in disarray, having been smashed and strewn about the room and commingled with three corpses. The vent is smashed outward into the room.

LIFE SUPPORT (Damaged)

CREW CHIEF'S QUARTERS: Dead crew chief, Kaul. Mirror in cabin covered with a dirty shirt. Locker filled with a lavish chess set, a gorgeous Tarot deck, and colorful bone dice.

CRYOCHAMBER: 30 cryopods.

CARGO HOLD: is well provisioned for archeological digs: skeleton walkers (some with laser cutters), earth movers, cranes, etc., alongside conventional tools such as picks and shovels. There is also a variety of gear for managing terrain (parkas, vacsuits, magboots, etc.) and rations. There is a distinct lack of weapons, as this is a research vessel.

In the hold is a strange artifact made of a dark, twisted metal—a steel alloy containing iron, carbon, tungsten, and cobalt. A grotesque statue of excessively jointed twisted limbs entwined with screaming faces adorned with too many eyes. It is 3 ft wide by 5 ft high and about 2 ft thick. Broken pieces of a cargo crate surround this horrible effigy. These pieces are scattered outward as if a force blew the crate apart from the inside. There are 6 dead crew members kneeling around the relic with their hands or foreheads touching it.

CREW QUARTERS 3: 12 bunks, 4 corpses, one of which is stuck to the ceiling; prodding it causes it to crash to the floor. It was impaled by the shredded vent—after being violently pulled against it.

CREW QUARTERS 2: 6 bunks, 6 corpses. Pinned to the bottom of a bunk is a poster of a smiling woman riding a rocket; it is dotted with throwing knives.

CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS: Captain Yancheg led a spartan lifestyle alongside her crew. There's a small bunk in an alcove. Her possessions amount to some exercise equipment, a personal computer terminal, a wall com, and a small shelf of books. Among the books are Yancheg's journals which detail mundane aspects of running a vessel. The final entry (from two weeks ago) speaks of an artifact unearthed on the moon in the Rhondi sector and experiencing a horrible nightmare—see **Nightmare Table** (pg. 28).

MEDBAY: The supplies are intact; there is an incompletely autopsied corpse on the exam table.

ARCHEOLOGIST'S QUARTERS: The stench of decay overwhelms anyone approaching this room. The walls are covered with photographs and drawings of the artifact, along with notes about the nightmares. Sankar, the head archaeologist of **The Alexis**, lies under a pile of moist papers. His body is decomposed and a medical check reveals blunt force trauma to his head from repeatedly slamming it against a solid surface; this is what killed him about a week and a half ago.

FIRST MATE'S QUARTERS: Dead first mate, Rayik. He was a survivalist: locker of K rations, waterproof poncho, flare gun, SK109 "Seeker" Smart Rifle. Vibrachete on wall.

CREW QUARTERS 1: 12 bunks, 3 corpses stacked in corner. Mundane possessions except for a music player with a corrupted drive. Plays music with a persistent static effect and an occasional unearthly beastial scream. Anyone hearing the scream must make a Fear Save or gain 1d10/2 Stress.

AIRLOCKS: All airlocks controlled remotely by the command room. Opening them manually requires a Strength check. The large red door in the Cargo Hold can be opened from outside, but will trigger a violent decompression.

ENGINE/DRIVE ROOM: With a successful check, a PC can determine the engines are fine but the jump drive has been burned out. There are two deceased crew slumped in the corner. There are 2d10 Fuel units remaining, which will take 1d10 hours to offload.

D100	SHIP CLASS/STATUS		SALVAGE	CAUSE OF RUINATION		WEIRD		
00	Mining Frigate	Uninhabitable	No Survivors	Engine, Thrusters, Jump Drive non-functioning	2D100 Scrap	4D10 Ore	Virus	Haunted
01-09							Combat	Inhabited by Alien Life
10-19							Raided by Pirates	Terraformed by Strange Creatures
20-24							Hyperspace Malfunction (see pg. 12)	Crew Dressed for Costume Party
25-29							Abandoned Ship	Crew All Identical
30-34	Insane AI				Crew was preparing Theatrical Performance			
35-39	Freighter				Mutiny		Morbid Artwork	
40-44					Crash: Other Ship		Pet Hoarders	
45-49					Crash: Space Debris		Erotic Sculptures	
50-54					Crash: Jump Drive Miscalculation		Communist Regalia	
55-57					Engine Failure	Company Uniform		
58-60	Shuttle			Cannibalism	Cult Members			
61-63				3D10 Metal	Nerve Gas	Extensive Journals Kept		
64-66					Escape Pod Never Returned	Strange Health Obsession		
67-69					Betrayal/Backstabbing	Unnervingly Clean		
70-71					Succumbed to Nightmares	Android was Poisoning Captain		
72-73	Courier				Hatch Opened, No Air	Ancient Ship		
74-75				Cargo Created Mishap	Temporal Distortions			
76-77				2D100 Trade Units of Random Cargo	Starvation	Failed Utopia		
78-79					Part of a Conspiracy	Crew Weighed and Measured Weekly		
80					Thrusters Slagged	Extensive Body Modification		
81	Research Vessel				Weapons System Malfunction	Isolated Physics Anomalies		
82					Cryosleep Never Disengaged	Sexual Deviants		
83				Complex Series of Events	Religious Extremists			
84				Suicide Pact	Transhumanist Android Worshipers			
85				Parasite Infestation	Anti-Android Conspiracists			
86	Blockade Runner	Medbay		2D100 Precious Metal	Environmental Systems Failure	Nauseating Stench		
87					Uncontrollable Fire	Everything is Jury-Rigged		
88					Failed Fraud Attempt	Crew Taking Video Through the Catastrophe		
89					Void Worshipping	Body Horror		
90					Bizarre Love Triangle	Scooby-Doo Crew		
91	Cutter	Weapon		1D10 Computer	Fight Spiraled Out of Control	Interior Coated in Flesh, Doors are Membranes		
92					Chainsaw Rampage*	Whispering Echoes Always a Room Ahead		
93					Drug Addled Debauchery	Dolls in Macabre Tableaux		
94					Fatal Depressurization	Dead Crew: Exploded Heads		
95					Nightmares Ending in Heart Attack	Elaborately Posed Corpses (Hooks & Chains)		
96	Colony Ship	Unstable Core		1D10 Contraband	Mob Hit	Flickering Lights and Frenzied Screams		
97					Crew Members Vanished	Ship Rearranges Itself Frequently		
98					Prank Taken Too Far	Ship Has Infinite Depth		
99					William Tell Trick	Fruit Basket, Greeting Card Inexplicably Addressed to Crew		

D100	CARGO TYPE
00	Body Bags (Full)
01-09	Wine
10-19	Complex Navigational Equipment
20-24	Ceramics
25-29	Antique Books
30-34	Garden Gnomes (Full of Illegal Stimulants)
35-39	Opium
40-44	Tea
45-49	Silver Bars
50-54	Sensitive Documents
55-57	Anthropology Mission
58-60	Botanists/Horticulturists
61-63	Industrial Engineers/Architects
64-66	Terraforming Equipment
67-69	Hydroponic Plants
70-71	Rare Wood
72-73	Lab Rats
74-75	Cultured Cells
76-77	Cremains
78-79	Drug Production Starter Equipment
80	Common Cloth
81	Designer Clothes
82	Expensive Fish (food)
83	Pets
84	Plastic Junk (gewgaws)
85	Legionaries (guns & ammo)
86	Religious Pilgrims (religious texts & symbols)
87	Compressed Algae Blocks (1 = days rations, gross)
88	Disarmed ordinance (lack detonators)
89	Cars (high end)
90	Medicine
91	Cosmetics
92	Race Horse Reproductive Material*
93	Livestock
94	Prisoners
95	Mobile Black Site (used for completely illegal interrogation)
96	Census Takers
97	Cadmium
98	Preserved Fruit
99	Refugees <- Maybe make this an alien prisoner

DERELICT SHIP GENERATOR

There are dozens, if not hundreds, of derelict craft floating in orbit around the Dead Planet. The most recent of these (and the closest to the PCs upon arrival) is *The Alexis* (detailed on pg. 6). If the PCs want to continue to explore space wrecks, there are a few easy ways to generate one:

1. ROLL 1D100 AND READ RIGHT ACROSS.

For example: [76] = An uninhabitable courier with no survivors. The Engine, Jump Drives and Thrusters are totally non-functioning. There's 13 (7+6) days of Galley stock remaining (which is strange because it appears that the crew starved to death) and 76 cargo units of cremains on board the ship. This must have something to do with the Failed Utopia on board - maybe someone decided no one eating was better than unfair rationing.

2. ROLL 9D100 AND READ THE RESULTS.

For example: [81, 91, 87, 30, 87, 61, 41, 35, 42] A habitable, but non-functioning research vessel with no survivors, a stable Engine, Thrusters, and Jump Drive. Not only that, it has 1d10 Fuel and 4d10 ore! Quite a find. It appears that the cause of the ship's status was a mutiny; not only that, the crew seems to have been pet hoarders of some kind - the ship is lousy with hungry animals. Maybe they were experimenting on the animals...

3. PICK AND CHOOSE YOUR FAVORITES

Just use these lists as a jumping off point, or to answer a quick question about any ship the PCs happen to board.

*(if kept cold, among the most valuable things in the universe)

DERELICT SHIP MAPPING

You can use the generator on the previous page to quickly get a feel for what's going on in the ship, what the problems are and what the possible loot is. You can easily use it as a jumping off point for writing your own adventure, but if you're strapped for time, you can just grab a handful of d6s and drop them on the table. Place them however you want to create a map and then roll a d10 for each room, consulting the **RANDOM SHIP MODULE** table on the next page. All ships must start out with at least 1 Command Module and 1 Thrusters; other than that, have fun with it.

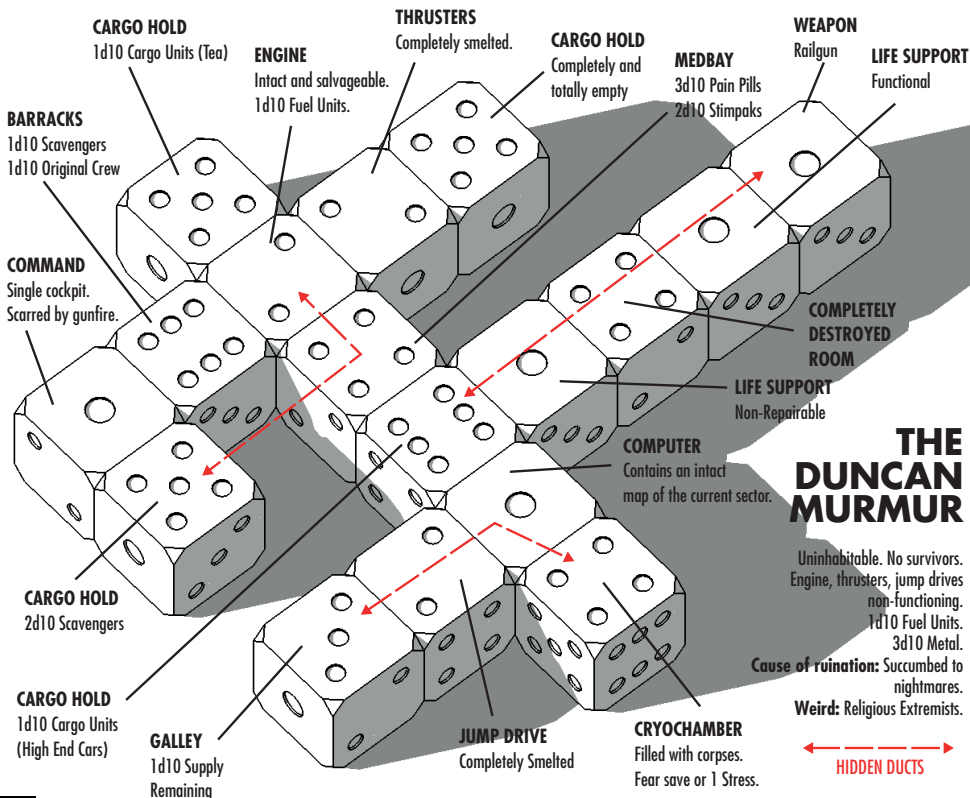
HIDDEN DUCTS

A quick way to establish hidden ducts connecting different modules in the ship is to connect a few rooms whose numbers add up to 7. You can create a ship with a ton of hidden ducts or just limit it to a few.

SHIP CLASS

Depending on your ship's class, you should roll a different number of d6s when constructing it. Some ships are big enough to have more than one level, as outlined below:

- » **BLOCKADE RUNNER:** 15d6 1+ levels
- » **COLONY SHIP:** 20d6+ 3+ levels
- » **COURIER:** 4d6 1 level
- » **CUTTER:** 10d6 2+ levels
- » **FREIGHTER:** 17d6 2+ levels
- » **MINING FRIGATE:** 12d6 2+ levels
- » **RESEARCH VESSEL:** 8d6 1+ level
- » **SHUTTLE:** 7d6 1 level
- » **TROOPSHIP:** 15d6 2+ levels



DERELICT SHIP MODULE GENERATOR

// 3D10 SHIP NAME GENERATOR
// ROLL ONCE IN EACH COLUMN

01> IAGO	VALEFOR	ECHO
02> HECATE	OPHANIM	ALPHA
03> OBERON	MARAX	OMEGA
04> WHITEHALL	MARTINER	KING
05> DUNCAN	LABOLAS	BEGGAR
06> BANQUO	ASTAROTH	DELTA
07> WINTER	CHERUBIM	EPISLON
08> MARLOWE	TYRANT	JIBRIL
09> TEMPEST	BALAAH	BRAVO
10> FAUST	MURMUR	TANGO

To use the table below, roll a handful of d6s and start placing them on the table to create a map. For each room roll a d10; this shows the basic contents of the room, whether they're trapped, have extra supplies, or if there's a conflict or survivor on board.

	1	2	3	4	5	6
01	COMMAND: Single cockpit, scarred by gunfire.	JUMP DRIVE: Intact and salvageable.	GALLEY: 1d10 supply units remaining.	MEDBAY: Stocked to the gills. Roll twice on Weapon Cache.	CARGO HOLD: Roll on Cargo table on page 9.	CARGO HOLD: Roll on Cargo table on page 9.
02	COMMAND: Bridge with working comm station.	JUMP DRIVE: Completely smelted.		MEDBAY: Completely picked over.		
03	LIFE SUPPORT: Functional.	THRUSTERS: Intact and salvageable.	GALLEY: Completely barren, booby trapped.	MEDBAY: 3d10 Pain Pills, 2d10 Stimpaks.		
04	LIFE SUPPORT: Repairable.	THRUSTERS: Completely smelted.	GALLEY: Roll on Weapon Cache table on page 13.	SCIENCE LAB: Strange creature in containment .		
05	LIFE SUPPORT: Non-repairable.		BARRACKS: One survivor unconscious.	SCIENCE LAB: Quarantined. Body Save or 2d10 dmg.		
06	LIFE SUPPORT: Radioactive (Body Save or 1d10 dmg).	ENGINE: Intact and salvageable.	BARRACKS: Roll on Weapon Cache table on page 13.	CRYOCHAMBER: Filled with corpses. Fear Save or 1 stress.	CARGO HOLD: Completely and totally empty.	ENGINES: 1d10/2 squatters in Vacsuits huddling around the warmth of the engines.
07	COMPUTER: Contains an intact map of the current sector.	1d10 Fuel units.	BARRACKS: Corpses.	CRYOCHAMBER: 3d10 working cryopods.		
08	COMPUTER: Contains an intact map of a random sector.	ENGINE: Completely destroyed and unuseable.	LIVING QUARTERS: Roll on Weapon Cache table on page 13.	CRYOCHAMBER: 1d10 Cryopods that seem fine. 25% failure.		
09	WEAPON: 1. Laser Cutter 2. Autocannon 3. Railgun 4. MG Turret 5. Torpedoes 6. Rigging Gun	ENGINE: Rigged to explode in 1d10 minutes.	LIVING QUARTERS: Booby trapped.		CARGO HOLD: Currently being picked through by 2d10 armed scavengers. Roll on Cargo table on page 9.	BARRACKS: Fight between 2d10 scavengers and crewmembers of the ship's original crew.
10			LIVING QUARTERS: Stowaway squatting here.	COMPLETELY DESTROYED ROOM		

Local Drive (MS:/) 165000 Free

d100 JUMP DRIVE MALFUNCTION

- 01- A LARGE AQUARIUM IN THE MESS IS FILLED WITH: 1) TILAPIA 2) TROUT 3) SALMON
05 4) JELLYFISH 5) CATFISH 6) OYSTERS 7) OCTOPI 8) SQUID 9) SNAILS 10) STRANGE MASS
- 06- THREE BEFUDDLED SPACEFARERS LOUNGE ABOUT THE DECK, PERPLEXED THIS IS NOT THE GOLDEN
10 HEART. THEY ARE: RIO URIBE, CARA DELEUINGE AND IRINA LAZAREANU (FASHIONABLE
SOCIALITES). THEY WEAR CORSETED JACKETS, CRINOLINED BALLERINA SKIRTS AND TOWERING
STILETTOS AND MAKE EXCELLENT NEGOTIATORS AND ALWAYS HAVE A CONTACT ANYWHERE THE CREW
MAY WIND UP. THEIR SALARY IS 7,000 CREDITS AND THEY ONLY WORK AS A TEAM.
- 11- PASS YOUR CHARACTER SHEET ONE SPACE CLOCKWISE; YOU ARE NOW THE CHARACTER PASSED TO YOU
15 (IF APPLICABLE, AN NPC CONTROLLED BY THE DM IS PART OF THIS CIRCLE).
- 16- WITHIN THE SHIP: GRAVITY IS DELAYED 3 SECONDS (OBJECTS REMAIN SUSPENDED FOR 3 SECONDS
20 BEFORE FALLING) FOR 104 HOURS.
- 21- TIME MOVES DIFFERENTLY FOR EVERYONE. TIME TO PHYSICALLY TRAVEL FOR EACH CREW MEMBER IS
25 MEASURED IN (ROLLED INDIVIDUALLY): 104 SECONDS, MINUTES, HOURS, DAYS. LASTS 24 HOURS.
- 26- IN THE POCKET OF EVERY CREW MEMBER IS A SEALED LETTER SIGNED BY A CREW MEMBER
30 SELECTED AT RANDOM. THE LETTER IS AN ARDUOUS CONFESSION TO ACTS SO SINGULARLY VILE
AND UNCONSCIONABLE THAT READING THEM TRIGGERS A STRESS TEST (D10/2). TO AID THE CREW
MEMBER WHO "WROTE" EACH LETTER REQUIRES A FEAR SAVE.
- 31- THERE IS AN ELABORATE LACQUERED BOX. INSIDE IS A BLACK CAT WITH WHITE EYES; ALL SCANS
35 SHOW IT TO BE DEAD. IT IS PERFECTLY ALIVE AND SOMEWHAT FRIENDLY.
- 36- A "BIRD"—THAT LOOKS LIKE A CUBIST PAINTING—FLUTTERS ABOUT, RECITING THE DIGITS TO PI.
40 AT AN ARBITRARY POINT THE BIRD EXPLODES IN A SOFT HISS OF INK. THE NEXT MATHEMATICS
CHECK EACH CREWMEMBER MAKES IS WITH ADVANTAGE.
- 41- MOVEMENT IS BLINDINGLY FAST. YOU ACCELERATE AT BREAKNECK SPEED. YOU CAN VAPORIZE
45 YOURSELF RUNNING INTO A WALL—BODY[—] SAVE TO NOT SMASH INTO A WALL FOR 4D10 DAMAGE.
THIS ENDS IN WHAT FEELS LIKE SECONDS BUT IS ACTUALLY 4 HOURS.
- 46- THE CREW ARE WHOLLY CONVINCED THEY ARE SOMEONE ELSE'S DREAM; THAT THEIR ENTIRE
50 EXISTENCE IS SIMPLY FRAGMENTS OF A DREAMING STATE. THEY ARE IMMUNE TO STRESS CHECKS
UNLESS SOMEONE SUGGESTS THE DREAMER MAY AWAKEN. IT ALSO REQUIRES A SANITY SAVE TO TAKE
RAPID SELF PRESERVING ACTION.
- 51- PHYSICAL CONTINUITY IS OUT OF WHACK. WHEN THE CREW WALKS INTO A ROOM, INDIVIDUALLY
55 ROLL FOR WHAT ROOM THEY WIND UP IN. THE ROOM'S ORIENTATION IS: D10 1-5: NORMAL, 6-8:
INVERTED (LEFT-RIGHT), 9-10: INVERTED (UPSIDE DOWN).
- 56- EXITING WARP: THERE IS A TABLE SET WITH A FEAST AND A MARBLE BUST OF EACH CREW MEMBER
60 ON THE TABLE FACING THEIR SEAT.
- 61- EVERYONE BECOMES A MIRROR VERSION OF THEMSELVES (RIGHT HANDED PEOPLE BECOME LEFT HANDED,
65 SCARS ARE ON OPPOSITE SIDE, ETC.). GAIN 2 STRESS. SOME GEAR MAY BE DIFFICULT TO USE.
- 66- THE SHIP AND CREW HAVE BEEN BOUNCED BACKWARD BY A TIME RIPPLE. 1-4 THEY EACH HAVE
70 5 MORE XP 5-6 THEY CAN ROLL ADVANTAGE ON ALL SAVES THIS SESSION 7-8 THEY CAN ROLL
ADVANTAGE ON ALL CHECKS THIS SESSION. 9 THE SHIP HAS A NEW MODULE THAT WAS NEVER THERE
BEFORE 10 EVERYONE HAS D10 MORE STRESS.
- 71- A DUPLICATE OF EVERY CREW MEMBER APPEARS. THE WARDEN ROLLS SECRETLY TO DETERMINE
75 WHETHER EACH PLAYER IS THE ORIGINAL OR DUPLICATE.
- 76- THERE'S A HEAVY MIST THROUGHOUT THE SHIP AND ALL SOUNDS ECHO FOR THE NEXT D10/2 HOURS.
80
- 81- EVERYONE'S CLOTHING IS WORN THIN AND PATCHED UP AND IT WASN'T LIKE THAT BEFORE THEY
85 ENTERED THE CRYPODS.
- 86- SHADOWS SEPARATE FROM THEIR OWNER, MOVING AHEAD OF THEM UNTIL A SANITY SAVE IS MADE.
90
- 91- EVERY WOUND EVER RECEIVED REOPENS AND BLEEDS. PANIC CHECK. EVERYONE IS COVERED IN
95 BLOOD UNTIL A SANITY SAVE IS MADE AND THE CREW REALIZES IT'S AN ILLUSION.
- 96- EVERYONE THE CREWMEMBERS HAVE EVER LOVED AND LEFT BEHIND IS LOOKING AT THEM IN EVERY
00 REFLECTION. THIS FADES GRADUALLY AFTER D10 DAYS. ROLL A DIE; EVEN RESULT: SANITY CHECK
OR 1D10 STRESS EACH TIME THEY LOOK INTO A MIRROR, ODD RESULT: GAIN ADVANTAGE ON FEAR
CHECKS FOR ONE DAY.

[WHY DOESN'T THEIR JUMP DRIVE WORK?]

Specifically, any ships drawn into the Dead Planet's orbit will have their jump drive cease to work due to the pull from the Dead Gate on the surface. The first time the PCs try to use their jump drive, roll a critical hit for the ship and a Jump Drive Malfunction. If you're running a game where you don't want the PCs trapped here, or they're getting bored, then just let them leave with another two critical hits rolled and then roll another Jump Drive Malfunction when they leave.

D100 WEAPONS & SUPPLY CACHE

- 01-15 A ROTTING WOODEN BOX: ROSCO 556 NAIL GUN, 4 BOXES OF NAILS, MMC MODEL A LASER CUTTER, SPARE BATTERY, PEABODY FLARE GUN, 6 FLARES (HUNTER GREEN).
- 16-25 A PICKED CLEAN ESCAPE POD: EVA MK-II HAND WELDER, HALLS B SERIES FOAM GUN, EMERGENCY BEACON, CROWBAR, INFRARED GOGGLES, FLASHLIGHT, STRAY BULLETS.
- 26-28 INSIDE A ROTTED TREE: A PRESERVED PRIMITIVE HUMANOID CORPSE CLUTCHES A HARD METAL SPEAR (1D10 DAMAGE).
- 29-35 A PAIR OF RUSTED FOOTLOCKERS: AUTOMED(X6), FIELD RECORDER, MEDSCANNER, HAZARD SUIT (4X), SCALPEL, MEDKIT, D&C 7 TRANQUILIZER PISTOL (2X).
- 36-40 BLACK SYNTHETIC LEATHER SUITCASE: ELECTRONIC TOOLKIT, FLASHLIGHT, LOCKPICK SET, MRE (X7), PAIN PILLS (X18), FN "SLUG GUN" REVOLVER, SPEEDLOADER (X2), BOOK: IVY LEAGUE GUIDE TO BYPASSING SECURITY.
- 41-50 A TARP STITCHED SHUT: SURVEY KIT, VIBECHETE, WATER FILTER, RADIO JAMMER, REBREATHAR, SK 109 SEEKER SMARTRIFLE, GHILLIE SUIT (WHEN UNMOVING: SEARCHING FOR YOU IS AN INTELLECT CHECK WITH DISADVANTAGE).
- 51-58 LYING ATOP AN OCTAGONAL ALTAR, BEDECKED IN ORNATE BELLS: A PAIR OF CRUEL LOOKING ENERGY WHIPS (INTELLECT INSTEAD OF COMBAT, 2D10, 10% BREAK CHANCE).
- 59-68 A WATER RESISTANT DUFFEL BAG: BINOCULARS, CAMPING GEAR, STIMPACK (X2), WATER FILTER, LOCATOR, REBREATHAR, SK 109 SEEKER SMART RIFLE (2X), SPARE MAGAZINES (X8, JUNGLE CLIPPED), 4X EROTIC PICTORIAL MAGAZINES.
- 69-70 AN OILCLOTH WRAPPING CONTAINS: HAN-290 RIGGING GUN (X2), D&C 7 TRANQUILIZER GUN (X4), A GUIDE TO BIG GAME HUNTING (MANFUL CONQUEST)
- 71-80 CANVAS "DOCTOR" BAG (CADUCEUS): BIOSCANNER, PAIN PILLS (X6), FIRST AID KIT, STIMPACK (X2), CYBERNETIC DIAGNOSTIC SCANNER, D&C 7 TRANQUILIZER PISTOL, ROSCO 556, BOOK: QUIETING THE SCREAMS: A PRIMER ON BEDSIDE MANNER.
- 81-84 A HUMANOID HUSK-TALL, WITH FOUR CLUSTERED EYES-WEARS ONLY A PAIR OF ORNATE BRACERS (1D10 DAMAGE, BLASTER OR EXTENDABLE BLADE; 10% BREAK CHANCE).
- 85-88 BADLY CHARRED ASBESTOS FIRE SAFE: RAMHORN 1 FLAMETHROWER, FUEL TANK (X4), 1 GALLON KEROSENE, ZIPPO (ENGRAVED: "WHAT THE HAND, DARE SEIZE THE FIRE?").
- 89-91 A GEOMETRIC STACK OF UNKNOWN PURPOSE AROUND AN INTRICATELY WROUGHT METAL STAVE (2D10 DAMAGE BLAST OR 1D10 STRIKE).
- 92-96 A HARDBODY GUITAR CASE: AZUREGLO RICKENBACKER 4001C64 ELECTRIC BASS IN CHERRY RED FINISH, ARMA 29 SUBMACHINE GUN, SPARE MAGAZINE (4X).
- 97-99 RUSTED 10 FOOT SHIPPING CONTAINER (STENCILLED WITH PRIVATE MILITARY CONTRACTOR LOGO): KANO X9 COMBAT SHOTGUN (X4), ARMA 29 SUBMACHINE GUN (X4), F20 "ARBITER" PULSE RIFLE (X2) RAMHORN 1 FLAMETHROWER; BOXES: 200 SLUGS, 10 PULSE MAGAZINES, 20 ULTRA CAPACITY MAGAZINES, 4 FUEL TANKS.

THE DEAD PLANET'S MOON is roughly the size of Earth's moon and tide-locked. From a distance (or with long range scanners), the PCs can tell that the moon is barren though obviously littered with wrecks. There are faint signs of life in the northern hemisphere. If the PCs inspect the moon closely they notice:

- » The life signs come from a buried **UNDERGROUND BUNKER (2,6)**.
<see **TYRANT BEGGAR MOON COLONY** on pg. 18>
- » 60km away from the bunker is a **HUGE HARPOON GUN (5,3)** surrounded by an enormous junk pile.
<see **BREKT'S BREAKERS** on pg. 21>

After ten minutes, a massive harpoon is fired from the surface of the moon and hits the PCs' ship (3d10 damage) and begins pulling it towards the surface. Roll a Speed[-] check for the ship (Piloting) to avoid:

- » **CRITICAL SUCCESS:** The ship is able to pull away, the harpoon and cable uncoupling and falling to the surface. During the evasive maneuver, the pilot is able to make out the hidden **WRECK OF THE PERENNIAL TYRANT (6,8)**.
- » **REGULAR SUCCESS:** The ship is able to pull away, the harpoon and cable coming with it.
- » **FAILURE:** The ship gets pulled to the surface. The crew has 60 seconds to prepare before the ship is grounded.
- » **CRITICAL FAILURE:** In the struggle, the ship is struck twice more with smaller harpoons, causing another 2d10 damage, and then crashes (taking a **CRITICAL HIT**). Roll 1d10 for crash site:

1-5) LOST IN THE DUNES

Roll 2d10 for the exact location on the map's grid but reroll if landing on a red dot. If within 5 squares of Tyrant Beggar, 12 BREAKERS (C:40, PULSE RIFLES, I:40, H:1) arrive on foot within four hours. Otherwise, no one comes looking.

6) WRECK OF THE PERENNIAL TYRANT (6,8)

14 MREs. Weapons cache. Parts for repairs.

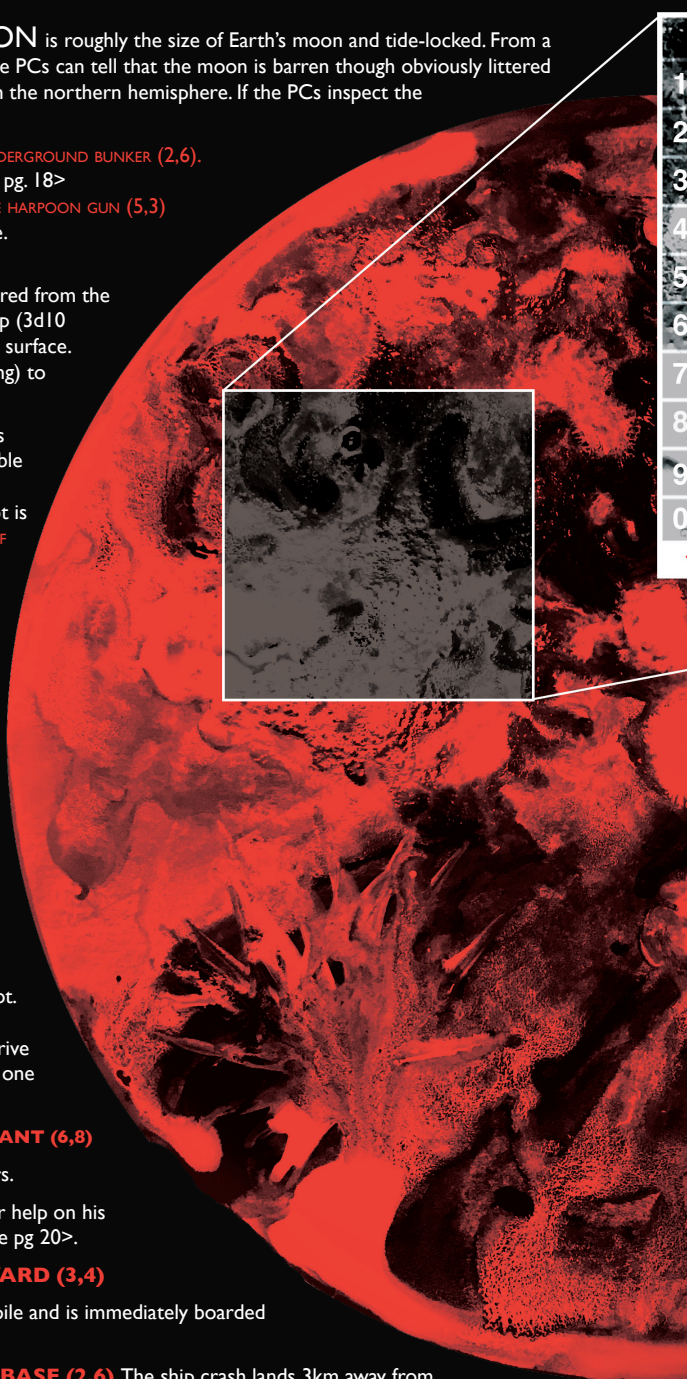
Within 3 days, DEAN will arrive and beg for help on his doomed mission to the planet below <see pg 20>.

7-8) HARPOON GUN & SCRAPYARD (3,4)

The ship crash lands into a massive junk pile and is immediately boarded by 8 BREAKERS, led by BREKT <see page 21>.

9-10) TYRANT BEGGAR MOON BASE (2,6) The ship crash lands 3km away from the underground bunker. Within 15 minutes they are approached by VERGER & KALM <see page 17>.

MOON COLON





THE DUNES

Barren and uninhabited, the dunes are a lifeless, airless desert. Roll 1d10 when passing through a dune:

- 1-4. Nothing. Just dirt and moon rock and nothing.
5. The planet below seems to pulse with energy.
6. Scrap, unuseable. Wreckage from orbit.
7. Sinkhole. Body Save or 1d10 dmg. per turn until a friendly PC makes a Strength check and frees you.
8. A wanderer from Tyrant Beggar, looking for death.
9. 1d10 of BREKT'S BREAKERS arrive in an ATV.
10. Weapons cache <see pg. 13>.

HOW FAR CAN YOU WALK?

Marines and Androids or anyone with Strength over 50 can ruck about 10km/hr for three hours once per day (30km/d) under normal gravity. Everyone else moves at half that rate (15km/d). If moving more than that in a day, take 1d10 damage for every 5km travelled past the maximum, Body Save for half. Without enough water you start taking damage after 10km, no matter what, and moving more than your max in a day puts you at Disadvantage for all Body Saves for the next day.

DAY & NIGHT ON THE MOON

The moon experiences two weeks of sunlight followed by two weeks of darkness.

FOOD & WATER

If the crash hasn't already caused this, the crew will eventually run out of food, water and oxygen. When the ship crashes, total up the remaining oxygen left on the ship and divide it amongst the human players <as per the rules on pg. 8.3 of the *Players Survival Guide*>.

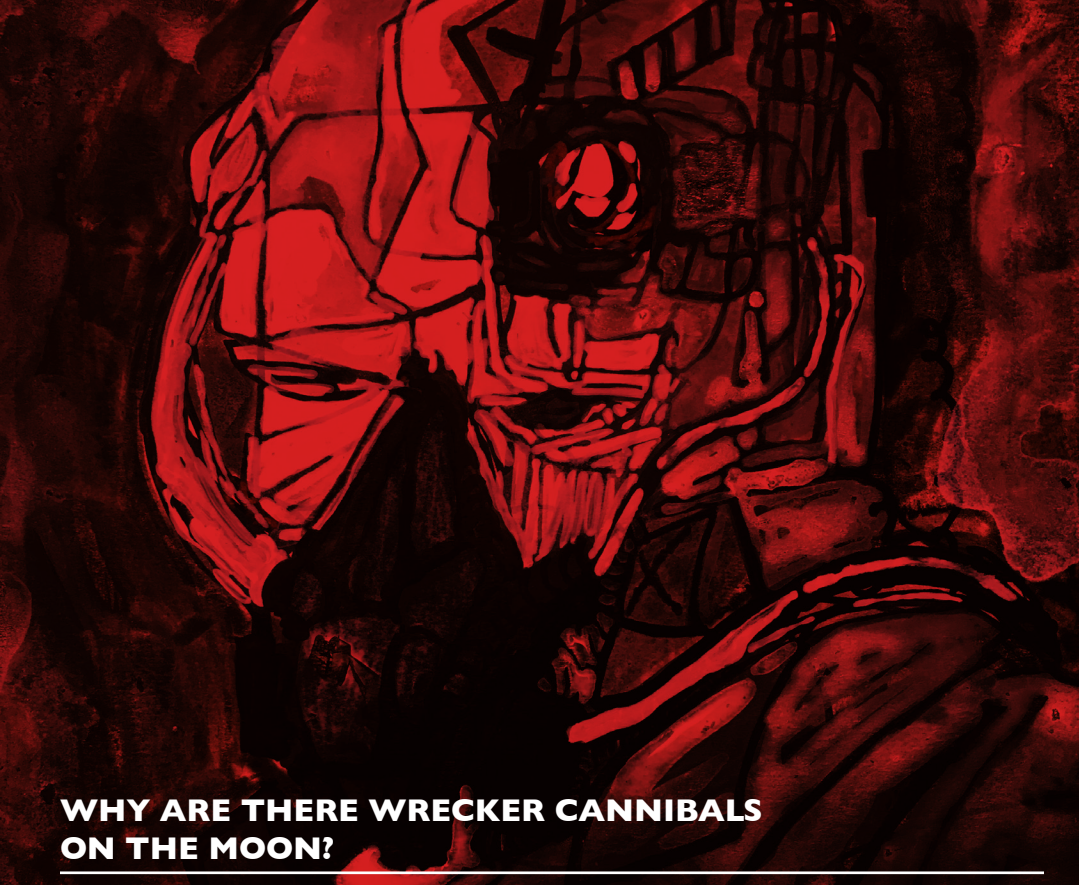
GETTING LOST

If the players set out on foot to make it to the bunker, they can do so and generally won't get lost. Let them know how far away they are from their destination and what their chances of survival are so that they can make smart decisions.

NIGHTMARES

Resting on the moon has its consequences. Proximity to the Gaunt and their Gate causes nightmares for those who choose to rest in this barren wasteland <see page 27>.

NY BLOODBATH



WHY ARE THERE WRECKER CANNIBALS ON THE MOON?

A decade ago, strange energies <see DEAD GATEWAY on pg. 36> caused the colony construction vessel *Perennial Tyrant* to crash into the Dead Planet's moon. The desolate plains of the moon were witness to the rapid repurposing of the *Perennial Tyrant* into shelter, sullenly christened Tyrant Beggar by its grim-yet-stoic inhabitants. Tyrant Beggar is sustained by a society predicated on ritual cannibalism, a collective emphasis on survival, the denial of reality, scavenging and nightmares.

WHAT ARE THESE MOON CANNIBALS LIKE?

The inhabitants of Tyrant Beggar are somewhat incomprehensible to outsiders. Because of the necessity of cannibalism to sustain themselves early on, every member of the colony demonstrates their willingness to put the colony first by amputating a part of themselves to be mixed into the common meal. As a corollary, prosthetics are a common sight. However, parts are not simply hacked off and tossed into a stewpot! Rather, John the Ripper is lauded for his devotion to and skill at ritual amputation—despite accidents that occasionally happen when offerers flinch. Overall, prestige is accrued among the colonists in direct proportion to the amount of themselves they have offered up as food. Among those who enjoy the highest status is Malta, whose legs were amputated—she is now wheelchair bound. Holding certain positions of social authority—such as being a goat herder or administrator—are predicated upon a significant volume of excision. John the Ripper is additionally esteemed as his donations have reduced his hands to the absolute minimum necessary for his job. Notably, this ceremony is almost completely unnecessary; the colony has many goats, scavenged from a wreck, that provide them with sour milk and stringy meat. Still, rituals are an important part of social cohesion.

The subterranean lifestyle in Tyrant Beggar produces a sensitivity to light amongst its citizens. To compensate, many wear dark goggles, sunglasses or even surgically remove their eyes. There is currently a vogue for wearing blindfolds with eyes painted on them. The squalid lives of the inhabitants are spent in a claustrophobic, tenebrous, musky warren, where they experience unabating angst over the scarcity of water, food and air. Casual conversation generally touches on these topics.

MINIMUM STRESS: 4

WHAT HAPPENS IF THE CREW APPROACHES THIS AWFUL PLACE?

When they crew approaches the colony they will be hailed by half an android strapped to the chest of a scrawny, excitable, dullard—Verger. The android—Kalm—dispassionately explains that the crew has landed on the moon of the Dead Planet, which is inescapable. Jump Drives don't work here and this moon is in the isolated hinterlands far from civilization. This is truly the worst place.

Chipperly, she informs the party of the subterranean colony and offers conditional membership, guaranteeing the crew's continued survival. They can even aspire to be full citizens! Should the crew need food, water, medicine, or other mundanities, Kalm will assure the crew of their availability beneath the surface. She is quick to add that this hospitality is conditional upon the crew contributing to their scavenging efforts—she will gesture nonchalantly towards a derelict being hauled to the surface by the giant rigging guns—and surrendering their ship and all possessions to the collective.

IF THE CREW REJECTS KALM'S OFFER

Kalm is nonplussed and placidly admits the colony will simply wait for them to die—whether the cause is starvation, cabin fever, or some other grisly end is immaterial. She will take pains to express that she sees this as regrettable and a senseless waste of life. The colony will respect the boundaries of the ship and even engage in lopsided trade for items the colony desperately needs. Otherwise they view the contents of the ship as inevitably becoming theirs and believe plundering the ship would be a gratuitous squandering of finite resources. There will always be 2 scouts on the horizon watching the ship. DEAN will try and sneak aboard within 2 days.

IF THE CREW ATTACKS

The colonists deal with the crew in a swift and brutal fashion. Tactically, the colonists will not engage a well armed crew head on. Instead, they will slink back into their shelter and utilize their familiarity of the terrain to spring ambushes and quickly melt back into the shadows. A small party will sneak off to destroy the life support system on the PCs' ship and steal their food and water. Then the colonists will seal off their base when the crew retreats. If their goats are threatened in any way the colonists will relentlessly assault the crew until every member is dead. For combat purposes, assume that there are 30 willing fighters in the colony, 50 if defending from invasion.

IF THE CREW ACCEPTS KALM'S OFFER

The colonists lead the crew to the QUARANTINE CELLS [1], then, swiftly subject them to a harrowing and intrusive battery of security measures. The crew is stripped, hosed down with cold water, scanned for viruses and inspected like livestock by John the Ripper. They then may nominate their amputation site [SEE SIDEBAR] before being issued an ill fitting jumpsuit with SIGHTED stencilled across the shoulders. Their next week is intermittent medical prodding, culture shock and feedings before they are admitted as provisional members with a cheerlessness that lacks hostility as they are finally cleared to enter the colony.

VOLUNTARY AMPUTATION

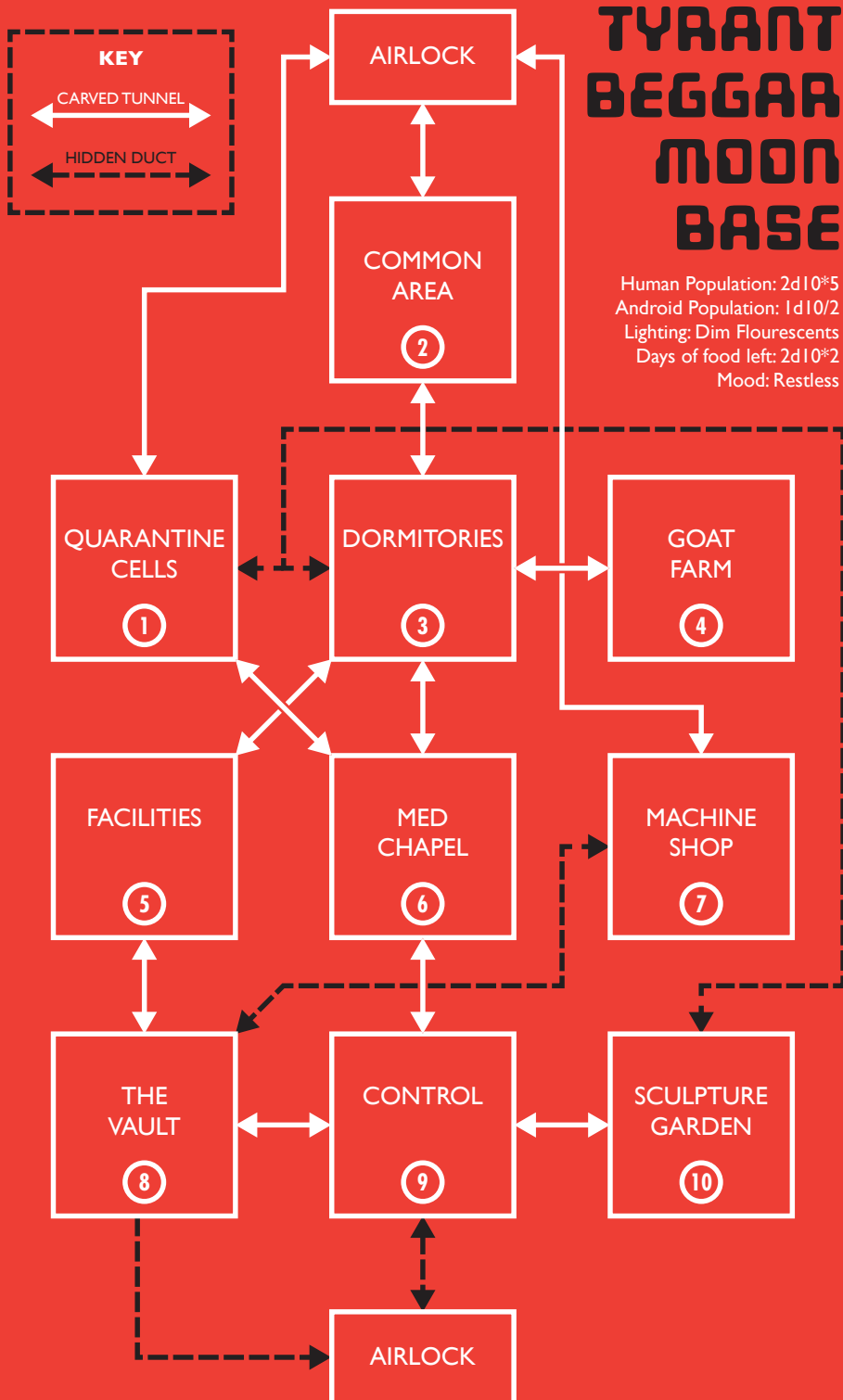
Yes, to join the colony the PCs must amputate some part of themselves for a common meal, ostensibly in honor of the desperate founders of Tyrant Beggar. They do get to partake in the meal. Sanity Save or gain 1d10 Stress. Androids are not exempt from this ritual.

TIMELINE OF EVENTS THAT WILL HAPPEN IF THE PCS DO NOTHING

DAY 1	DAY 2	DAY 3	DAY 4	DAY 5	DAY 6	DAY 7
PCs get out of Quarantine. - OR - Tyrant Beggar sends out a search party for the PCs	Malta asks the PCs about getting Dean to quiet down or "disappear." - OR - Dean tries to sneak aboard the PCs' ship.	Dean asks the party about joining his movement to flee to the surface of the Dead Planet.	Verger secretly contacts the PCs and asks them to break Leer's hands. He thinks her sculptures are bad and make her sad.	Civil war breaks out at Tyrant Beggar. The Youth faction standoff against Malta's Loyalists.	Leer finishes the Dead Gate in the Sculpture Garden unwittingly. Dozens of Gaunt stream through every hour.	Brکت's crew finishes repairs on the Lucifer Rising and set off on their hundred-year journey. They have room for 6 people.

TYRANT BEGGAR MOON BASE

Human Population: 2d10*5
 Android Population: 1d10/2
 Lighting: Dim Fluorescents
 Days of food left: 2d10*2
 Mood: Restless



1. QUARANTINE CELLS: Several small cramped and dingy prison cells with slots in their doors for feeding and communication.

2. COMMON AREA: No matter the time, citizens mill about idly in this dingy space cluttered with scavenged, mismatched furniture. There are also a collective ramshackle kitchen and some dig pits that serve as bathrooms. When the crew enters the common area, 2d10 COLONISTS are taking a respite here. Roll on the table below for the most notable goings on.

d10	COLONIST(S)	AMPUTATION	WHAT ARE THEY DOING?
1	Circle of surly teenagers.	Eyes removed, sockets ringed with scars.	Animatedly plays chess.
2	Several stern elderly women.	A patchwork of remaining fingers.	Practices reading Braille.
3	Troop of wretched, grubby children.	One leg amputated to the calf.	Smokes furtively, eyes askance.
4	Couple on a date.	One arm amputated to the elbow.	Discusses the goats excitedly.
5	Scavenging crew returning from work.	Lips sliced off.	Morosely eats a bowl of gruel.
6	Scrapper crew preparing to break down a ship.	Cheek sliced off.	Signals they wish to barter (have contraband).
7	Venerated amputee—nothing left below the ribs—mobbed by admirers.	One eye, three fingers, one hand removed (this was a fad for awhile).	Debates the merits of amputating a hand contrasted with a foot.
8	Simple goat-tender.	Ear removed.	Drinking fuel distillate alcohol (180+ Proof).
9	Despondent emaciated man.	Tongue cut out.	Compares impressions of the latest sculptures.
10	Apprentice of John the Ripper.	Two toes amputated, awkward gait.	Describes favorite things scavenged from ships.

3. DORMITORIES: Smells like a foetid locker room with the humidity to match. The space is crowded with far more somnambulant people—some naked—than there are bunks (fashioned from repurposed cryopods) crammed together. Despite the omnipresent lines festooned with hanging clothes and the occasional impromptu curtain, privacy is impossible. Gear, including clothing, left unattended will be stolen.

4. GOAT FARM: The relentless, brutal cycle of involuntary cannibalism was made obsolete when BREKT’s crew recovered these goats while scavenging. Despite the goats’ somewhat haggard appearance they are figures of awe amongst the colonists and are treated better than any citizen could aspire to be. On account of their value, access to the goats is restricted to a privileged few.

5. FACILITIES: Dominated by a hazardously jury-rigged bricolage of scavenged life support systems and dilapidated generators running on scavenged fuel.

6. MEDICAL CHAPEL: The dominion of JOHN THE RIPPER, a gleaming, pristine Medbay enhanced and expanded with the finest pieces looted from every subsequent wreck. The facilities have a notable emphasis on amputation.

7. MACHINE SHOP: Smells heavily of grease and worked metal overlaid with the grunting perspiration of machinists. There are two ten-man ATVs—only one of which is currently operational; the other is awaiting scavenged parts for necessary repairs. The shop is well stocked with tools, although the collection is eclectic.

8. THE VAULT: Entrance is restricted to the highest ranking colonists without exception. This heavily secured room houses a veritable smorgasbord of vice—drugs, luxury goods, pornography, fine art, weapons, tracts arguing for the primacy of the individual rather than society; it’s all here. Scavenged contraband is deposited here by BREKT and inventoried by MALTA—who is not above using the contents for motivation, reward or personal indulgence. The entrance is locked and Malta keeps the key on her person at all times <see pg. 25>.

9. CONTROL: The surveillance center of the base. Monitors fed from a multitude of hidden cameras document the bleak quotidian experience of life in Tyrant Beggar. One wall, free of screens, is devoted to a chalkboard coated in arcane calculations tracking the stores of food and water. Adjacent is a cork board with photographs of candidates for disposal—should the need arise—along with preemptive justifications. The disposable colonists are largely newcomers or troublemakers. MALTA passes most of her time here, voyeuristically transcribing the lives of others accompanied by the occasional bon mot. KALM is also largely confined here—except when she patrols the base mounted on VERGER.

10. NIGHTMARISH SCULPTURE GARDEN: Inhabitants of Tyrant Beggar are unlikely to be anything approximating psychologically well. The collective trauma expression of the colonists has always coalesced into crafts with a particular fixation on sculpture. This room is a repository for the many tiny sculptures produced daily by the colonists <see pg. 27>. Unbeknownst to them, their nightmare sculptures are less therapy and more a point of entry for the Gaunt. LEER in particular has a mania for sculpting and works on her pieces until she physically collapses—possessed to complete her sculptures. She is five days away from completing the Gate. When this happens 2d10 Gaunt will invade from their awful dimension every hour, unceasingly.

CHTHONIC CATHARSIS

Several youth on TYRANT BEGGAR have heard a broadcast from the surface and are very exhilarated by the prospect of not living their life in a suffocating underground structure eating goat and gruel supplemented with human flesh. Of particular suspected gratification is the potential to experience the entirely theoretical concept of personal space. A small party—led by a precocious, overly enthusiastic youth named DEAN—is formulating a plan to steal the crew's ship and pilot it to the surface. This plan is met with derision—the inhabitants of Tyrant Beggar did not survive by taking risks—and Malta is looking for a pretext to dispose of the lot of them, or at least Dean.

LET'S FACE IT: THE TEENAGERS ARE DOOMED. They were raised in total isolation and indoctrinated with atypical beliefs that are socially disastrous to conversing with anyone outside their colony. More pressing, they are almost completely ignorant when it comes to hazards—outside of the fragmentary knowledge gleaned from scavenging derelict ships. It's comical; they don't stand a chance.

MALTA REALLY WANTS TO NIP THE PROBLEM IN THE BUD. If the crew wants to lounge around Tyrant Beggar, that's fine. The inhabitants will become fiercely polarized about abandoning the colony for the surface—largely along lines of age and social status—with increasingly violent results.

NO ONE TRUSTS A NEUTRAL PARTY. Malta or another administrator may plead with the party to describe the horrors outside Tyrant Beggar—or may simply ask them to ruthlessly cull the opposing side before the matter comes to a vote. Comorbid with these tensions is the growing influence of the Gaunt through Leer's Sculpted Gate.

ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE AFTER FIVE DAYS. The party may obviously leave sooner; in the case that they don't, a civil war breaks out. This is an excellent opportunity for the party to pilfer any valuables, scavenge anything needed for repairs, abscond with any likely crew and vamoose to the surface <see pg. 30>.

THE FIRST BROADCAST

AFTER THE CRASH OF THE DEFIANCE
QUEEN OMNI SUPREME 9-4-9-0
YANKEE HELIOS FOXTROT

This is Lance-Corporal Victoria Bradlee, allow me to repeat: Queen Omni Supreme 4-9-0.

No one is going to hear this so I'd like to make a confession: after the things we did in that forest this almost seems nice... relaxing... no screams, no disputes, just rocks and fishing with all the water. The Captain is convinced there's a big payday here, some bomb... maybe some artifacts to loot and get rich off of some antiques dealer.

[Sighs] It'll all be junk tho; that seems just about our luck... at least this place is too empty for us to have any hostiles... Captain can't see the wasteland for the total emptiness so still guard up. What's that saying the Captain loves so much? "The more hardship, the better." Well, at least the weather's nice?

And this hardship had better pay off because I didn't sign on for being stranded in the middle of nowhere. As I say "Heureux comme un poisson sur la paille," but half the unit forgot the coms code.

Yet another exciting task.

YANKEE HELIOS FOXTROT 9-4-4-9

Dean understands this to mean the surface is full of valuable things and that potable water and fish are plentiful.

The parts he doesn't understand he handwaves.

THE SECOND BROADCAST

SALT ECHO QUEEN
13093 READY, READY 65 PARASOL
ACHTUNG! 03246/16

This is Lance Corporal Victoria Bradlee. Fireteams Archipelago, Desperado, July; Achtung! *Avoir des engelures aux yeux?* We crushed *les sans-culottes* but an empty building apparently has three fireteams down? You expect me to believe this? This stupid prank merits *la savate*....

Well if this is time [SOUND OF A ROUND BEING RACKED], I have no choice. *Khong xau*, as Linh says.

Maybe I'll finally understand how there is freedom in living as if one has already died.

This is Lance Corporal Victoria Bradlee; it has been a pleasure to serve.

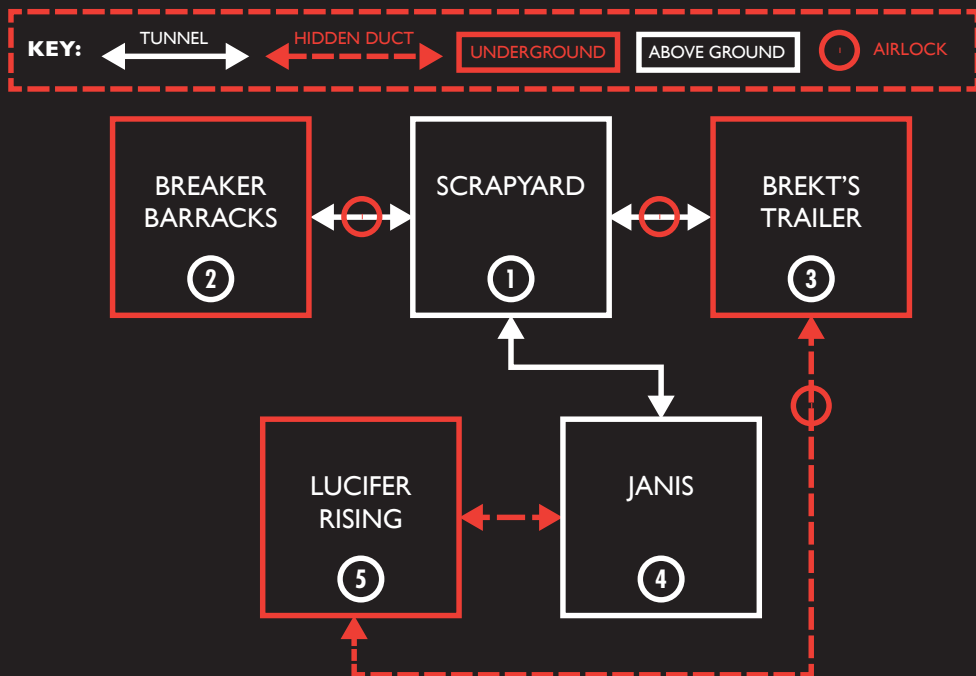
[STATIC]

This message is cause for consternation among the young dissident faction. They are deeply confused by the use of Napoleonic military slang (something the crew of the DEFIANCE utilized in lieu of other cryptography).

Dean is convinced they've discovered something amazing and are trying to keep it for themselves. The others are more leery but still view the surface as a worthwhile pursuit. The second message is broadcast the first day the crew are released from QUARANTINE, interpretations proliferate and fuel schisms.

BREKT'S BREAKERS

Human Population: 2d10
Android Population: 0



BREKT'S WORK CREW ("the Breakers") work grueling two-week shifts (a day and night shift). However, their occupation grants them a degree of personal freedom—the only authority figure they truly obey is Brekt, to whom they are fanatically loyal. They know the colony will fail without them, which insulates them from punishment. This greater freedom translates most notably into a lack of major amputation, for which they are treated with a mix of envy, spite and pity. This friction is exacerbated by their free access to pet and admire the goats whenever they would like.

For these privileges the Breakers spend their time in poorly-maintained vacsuits tearing scrap from orbit and breaking it down. Additionally, they are to salvage ships likely to contain goods that are in short supply. Their personal freedom, insubordinate attitude and utter devotion to Brekt vexes Malta—she simply lacks a way to cow them without dooming the colony. However, whenever the colony is in dire need, it's always the Breakers who get the brunt of the blame.

1. THE SCRAPYARD: A coliseum-sized junk heap. Contains the dross from the harvest of ships, wrecks, derelicts, and the occasional asteroid.

IF THE PCS NEED A PART:

50% chance Brekt or a Breaker knows its location.

Otherwise: SPEED CHECK

» Success: Found in 1d10 hours

» Failure: Found in 1d10 days

2. BARRACKS: Spacious, private and comfortable berth for a dozen or so—the finest scavenged bunks wind up here. The ceiling and walls are excessively bedecked with trinkets the Breakers find.

3. BREKT'S TRAILER: The trailer is completely consumed with the task of researching where they are, using every available star map in order to plot an escape. This has been Brekt's singular focus for four years and the maps are nearly incomprehensible without guidance.

4. JANIS: The gargantuan scrapping machine used by the Breakers, affectionately named Janis, can break down, smelt, crush, cube and strip down anything, including—if one believes dark rumors—Brekt's enemies.

5. LUCIFER RISING: Brekt and a secretive few have devoted the last four years to the construction of a nearly completed spaceship. It is a Frankenstein's monster of mismatched parts, but completely functional once some parts from the PCs' ship are added. The Breakers are uniformly aware there is a secret project but the uninvolved assume it is a distillery.

ONCE COMPLETED, the *Lucifer Rising* only has room for six or so additional passengers. The trip involves setting a course for where Brekt believes the nearest civilization is (100 years away) and riding it in cryosleep, a so called 'coffin run.' Malta is unaware of the ship and would attempt to destroy it. She will reward the PCs with the vacated jobs for the network and give them a collection of unrelated, shiny medals recognizing their valor.

MAJOR NPCs ON TYRANT BEGGAR



MALTA

+COLONY LEADER+

For the last six years, Malta, amputated above the kneecaps, has run the settlement. Intensely isolationist and paranoid insurrection is brewing, Malta is cunning, ruthless and devoted to colony survival. She finds suggestions for alternative solutions seditious yet adopts a matronly tone and offers sweets when agreed with. She finds Leer unnerving, John delightful, and Brekt displeasing.

WHAT DOES SHE WANT?

- » **Stability**
- » **To avoid needless risks**
- » **Absolute, singular, unquestioned authority**

WHAT IS SHE UP TO RIGHT NOW?

- 1-5:** Watching the security feed, taciturnly noting sedition.
6-8: Doing her daily rounds, beaming a matronly smile that belies subtle contempt.
9: Taking complaints in an open forum in the Common Area.
10: Wistfully admiring the goats.

Possessions: Wheelchair, Hereditary Diary of Office (Gaunt Communications & Personal Grudges), Bag of Dusty Hard Candy, Pearl Handled .380, Pet Cat (Lindy-Hop). Corrupted Pocket-Al (Faustus) that she talks to when alone.



JOHN

+THE RIPPER+

Esteemed unanimously within the colony for his skillful amputations and clinical manner. Privately, John considers himself a gourmand and artist when it comes to his singular interest—amputation. Obsessed with cleanliness. Solely focused on surgery, John has no opinions regarding leadership. Heavily amputated.

WHAT DOES HE WANT?

- » **Limbs to amputate**
- » **Stability, so his work continues uninterrupted**
- » **To amputate Leer's hands as a capstone to his career**

WHAT IS HE UP TO RIGHT NOW?

- 1-5:** Sharpening his cutting tools in the Med Chapel, whistling.
6-8: Performing surgery. Invites passersby to observe while he explains the intricacies of the task in his operating theater.
9: In the machine shop, working with a machinist to design a new prosthetic.
10: Watching Leer sculpt. Trying to convince her to give up her hands.

Possessions: Doctors Bag (Roll of Scalpels, Bone-saw, Diagram; Amputations Ranked by Taste and Ease, Disinfectant, Suture Kit, Chlorpromazine Syringes, Handcuffs), Personal Electro-Retinogram, Locket (Contains self portrait, pre-amputations).



VERGER & KALM

+EMISSARIES+

Even combined they are barely one functional being. Verger is a simple soul, devoted to carrying Kalm, and lacks further aspirations. Kalm is an ideal emissary—damage to her logic core prevents her from cognizing catastrophe, dismemberment or death as negative. She has exacerbated this impairment, teaching Verger to repair and improve her.

WHAT DOES KALM WANT?

- » **A fixed logic core**

WHAT DOES VERGER WANT?

- » **To carry his best friend, Kalm**
- » **To pet the goats**
- » **For Leer to stop sculpting**

WHAT ARE THEY UP TO RIGHT NOW?

- 1-5:** Routine maintenance on Kalm in the Machine Shop.
6-8: Kalm does a medical scan on the goats while Verger pets them.
9: Reporting to Malta at Control.
10: Hiding in the Facilities room, where Kalm patiently teaches Verger how to repair and surreptitiously upgrade Kalm's OS.

Possessions: Verger's unnerving sketch of a three eyed, four horned goat; Goat Treats; Kalm's copy of Satow's Diplomatic Practice heavily annotated, Necklace of Corrupted Logic Cores.



DEAN

+TROUBLED YOUTH+

Dean, a born fantasist, spent most of his unremarkable life in petty rebellion—playing electric guitar, begging Breakers for a leather jacket, resisting amputation and generally standing out. He was transformed when he heard the transmissions from the surface—they galvanized him into a utopian aspirant to migrate the colony to the surface, his sole purpose. He's youthful, optimistic, trusting and almost certainly doomed.

WHAT DOES HE WANT?

- » To be taken seriously
- » To assume leadership of the Colony
- » To settle the planet below

WHAT IS HE UP TO RIGHT NOW?

- 1-5:** Haranguing the Common Area about the stagnant nature of Moon life.
- 6-8:** Sullenly picking at his guitar in an empty bunk.
- 9:** Smoking in quarantine, alone.
- 10:** Engaged in petty pro exodus vandalism ("THE MOON IS DEAD, LONG LIVE THE PLANET").

Possessions: Oversized Leather Jacket, Aviator Cap with Goggles, Switchblade, Giita—a Les Paul Standard (Cherry Sunburst), Pack of Chal Cigarettes, 40 oz. of Heisler Beer.



BREKT

+HEAD SCAVENGER+

Under different circumstances, Brekt would have made a perfect marine. He's steadfast, fiercely loyal, practical, and has an unbreakable will. Despite this, Brekt is soft-spoken and often diplomatic. He worries about the psychological wellness of his former lover, Leer, and thinks Malta's leadership is needlessly draconian. His flaw: serious addiction to combined painkillers and stimulants.

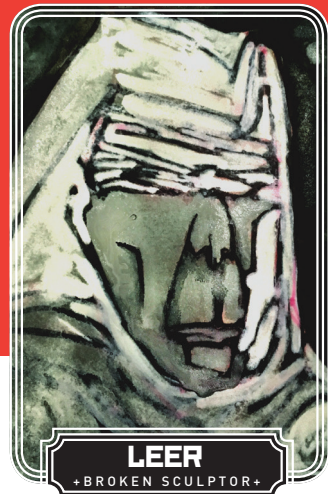
WHAT DOES HE WANT?

- » To flee the Moon with his crew, no matter the cost
- » To get high and be alone

WHAT IS HE UP TO RIGHT NOW?

- 1-5:** Hauling loot into the machine shop for sorting and scrapping with the Breakers.
- 6-8:** Going over inventory with Malta in the Vault. His men have found new contraband, which she knows.
- 9:** Checking in on an injured crewmember, promising to protect their stash.
- 10:** Tearfully begging Leer to give up her obsessive sculpting.

Possessions: Map of Proposed Exodus Route, M1911, the Hagakure, Utility Knife, Serenity Prayer Medallion, Meditations (Marcus Aurelius), Nude Charcoal Sketch of Leer, Speedball (Pain Meds + Cocaine) and Syringe.



LEER

+BROKEN SCULPTOR+

Sculpting is the only thing keeping Leer sane. A formerly beautiful woman, she is currently emaciated and wan with corymbant eyes. On good days she can manage limited conversation. Mostly, she alternates between manic fits of compulsive sculpting till her hands are a raw, bloody mess, eventually collapsing from neglect and catatonic apathy as she compulsively weeps.

WHAT DOES SHE WANT?

- » Material to sculpt with
- » To sculpt
- » For the sculptures to free her of her nightmares
- » For Brekt not to worry about her

WHAT IS SHE UP TO RIGHT NOW?

- 1-5:** Compulsively sculpting.
- 6-8:** Passed out from exhaustion. Screaming in terror. She'll attack if woken up (1d10 damage).
- 9:** Being force fed and lectured by John in the Med Chapel.
- 10:** Scouring the vault for sculpture material. She is not allowed in here but always sneaks in.

Possessions: Smock, mallet, chisels, angle grinder, rasp, hand drill, steel detailing & modeling tools, bandages for her hands, love note from Brekt, nightmare sketchbook.

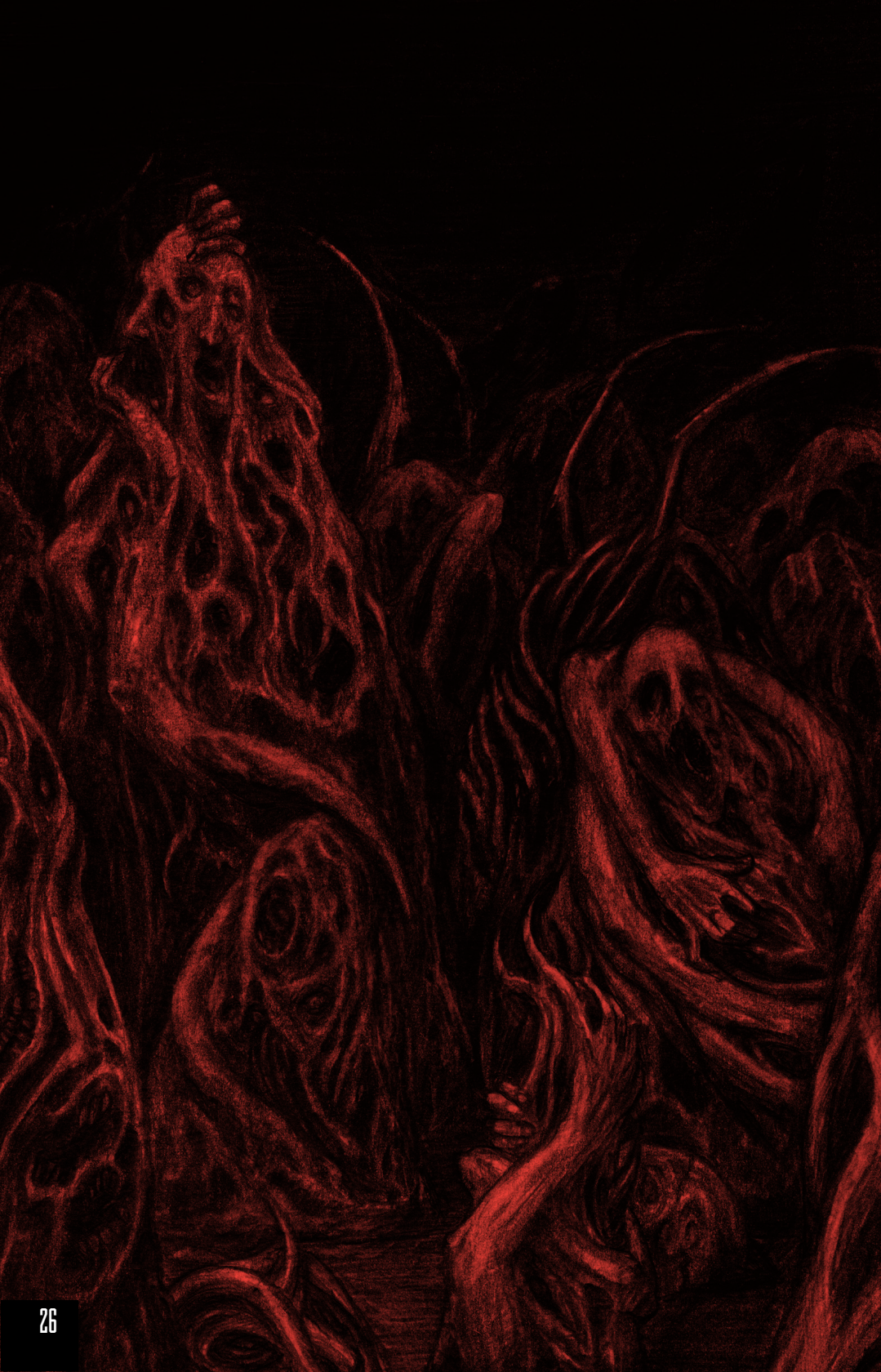
D100 COLONISTS & SURVIVORS

d100	QUIRKS
00-15	BENIGN TIC: Taps pen on teeth, drums fingers when waiting, flicks Zippo open and closed, minor situational catchphrase, etc.
16-30	SLIGHTLY GROSS TIC: Adjust themselves constantly, loudly share the status of their digestion as part of regular conversation, pick nose or scabs, talk about their fetishes in great detail unprompted, etc.
30-34	HOBBY: Sports, playing chess or a similar game or collecting something like coins or stamps; use specialized language in casual conversation, talk about their hobby a lot, have a logo related to it on their gear.
35-39	ADDICT: Still functional but have an affect related to their vice, perk up at the mention of their substance of choice, must seek out a hit when they fail a Stress test and flee proceedings to do so.
40-44	PICK UP ARTIST: Believe sexuality is modelable with game theory (use a lot of innuendo & jargon, touch others unprompted).
45-49	NARCISSIST: Belittle others and believe they are responsible for all successes, were undermined by others in all failures.
50-54	OVER EDUCATED: They are working beneath their level of education and are very smart. They slow everything down reminding you of this.
55-59	CONSPIRACY THEORIST: Believe a cabal is responsible for everything, try to recruit. May have fringe beliefs about health and wellness.
60-64	RECOVERING ADDICT: Judgmental, tense, particular language use, want others to also give up their vices.
65-69	RELIGIOUS: Zeal, singing, witnessing, testifying, pamphlets.
70-74	PYROMANIAC: Love fire & starting fires; must do so on failed Stress test.
75-79	NIHILIST: Everything is hopeless and they know it. Hopeless situations do not trigger a Stress test. Disadvantage when rolling a Stress test.
80-84	BEAST: Self-described Apex Predator, insatiable bloodlust, excellent at roughing it, will mock you for crying.
85-89	SURVIVOR'S GUILT: Final survivor from their planet, family, village, military company, first ship. Feel horrible about it, constantly seek to maintain their comrades memory, also kind of want to die.
90-94	SAVANT: One skill they are perfect at, they cannot explain why their answer is right but their answer is always right. They otherwise have Disadvantage at all skills unless there is cross pollination with their savantism.
95-99	ROLL TWICE & COMBINE

1. MALACHI	REX	26. BATBAYAR	REBANE	51. JOHNNY	AJAR	76. BORJE	NYMAN
2. LUKE	HONEY	27. ANTONIA	HUSEYNOVA	52. ROY	LOPEZ	77. PELLE	LINDBERG
3. CORTEZ	CASTRO	28. JULIANA	MAMMADOVA	53. AUDRINA	PATRIDGE	78. MAI	ZETTERLING
4. RAY	HAMMETT	29. MARCIA	ALIYEV	54. RACHEL	BILSON	79. STOFFE	LILJEDAHL
5. DASHIELL	CHANDLER	30. EVANDER	TYSON	55. STELLA	BROUSSARD	80. SYLVIE	DENIS
6. NADIA	FEDEROV	31. ESTELLE	KING	56. PETER	BUDAJ	81. ALEXIS	DIAMENT
7. DONATELLA	LANGERFELD	32. DUTCH	SCHULTZ	57. LOUIS	WEINBERG	82. MED	TEYNAC
8. KARL	NADEAU	33. SADIE	ROTH	58. DUTCH	SCHULTZ	83. JÉRÔME	FANDOR
9. SONYA	BERLIN	34. LUCKY	LUCIANO	59. JOEY	NOE	84. BERNTH	TUTUOLA
10. KLAUS	SINGH	35. DARRIN	HATCH	60. ILSE	VON KLAPPER	85. ODAFIN	OBIECHINA
11. NICOLE	VASSILLY	36. SINEAD	GOTHBESHIRE	61. MINAL	ARORA	86. SELDEN	WEST
12. HANNA	KOLLONTAI	37. ELLIS	HARLAN	62. FALAK	ALI	87. NGUGI	LO LIYONG
13. WANG XIU	YING	38. WILLIAM	STANIFORTH-	63. JASPER	SHARP	88. NRIPEN	CHAKRABORTY
14. LI	WEI	39. ENOCH	DONAHUE	64. YASUKO	TAKAHASHI	89. GAUR	VENUGOPAL
15. KUKI	SYNOVATE	40. URIEL	LEWIS	65. RUMI	KIMATA	90. ARVIND	JJ
16. MERCY	CHIVERS	41. SCOTT	BERLIN	66. MINAMI	AOYAMA	91. FRANCES	FARMER
17. JESSE	BELL	42. AMBROSE	CARVER	67. LEMON	HANAZAWA	92. MAGDALENA	GAGARINA
18. BILAL	SAID	43. RACHEL	LOCARD	68. AIKO	FUKUI	93. MARCUS	DALY
19. HECTOR	RIOS	44. ASHER	MARSTON	69. MUNROE	BERGDORF	94. ALAISTAIR	RABBITT
20. GAMBIO	BONANNO	45. HAING	BOUILLEVAUX	70. ZELAG	GOODMAN	95. CHUCK	DELILLO
21. SELENA	GARCIA	46. SOMETH	UNG	71. MURAT	AUBERJONIS	96. JONESY	DIOSDADO
22. AMIR	RAJA	47. HAXHI	BIÇAKÇIU	72. GUNNEL	THULIN	97. MARSHALL	LYNCH
23. YOUSEF	TENGKU	48. GRISELDA	BLANCO	73. SARAH	GIERCKSKY	98. CARTER	HARRISON
24. KHALIL	WAN	49. CHINO	ÁNTRAX	74. KJELL	PINK	99. JACKSON	DUKES
25. OTGONBAYAR	SEPP	50. CLAUDIA	OCHOA	75. VILGOT	SJOMAN	100. KHANH	LAO

THE VAULT has at least 1d10 of any listed good in the PLAYERS SURVIVAL GUIDE. Without help from either Malta or Brekt: roll a Speed Check (Success 1d10 min. to find, Failure 1d10 hours). If just poking around, roll 1d100, the result is the most interesting thing found in 10 minutes searching.

1. Neon Green Survival Hatchet
2. Pepper Spray
3. Throwing Knives
4. A Jade Handled Sword Cane
5. A Sawback Machete
6. A Gunto Katana with paired Wakizashi
7. A Pipe Bomb
8. Barb Wire Wrapped Baseball Bat
9. A Paired Set of Hot Pink ARMA 29 SMGs Bedecked with Diamonds
10. A Papal Order of Planetary Excommunication
11. A Glass Casket Containing A Bald, Stocky Man with a Tapered Beard and Trim Mustache in an Unremarkable Suit, a plaque reads Владимир Ленин
12. A Hollowed Out Holy Book containing Sacred Assassination Knives
13. A Taxidermied Creature—Hybrid of a Snake, Rabbit and Parrot
14. A Stack of Anti-Armor Mines
15. A Stun Baton (Physical Attack, Unarmored Target Body Save or Collapse Unconscious)
16. Semtex and a Detonator Cap
17. A Set of Titanium Golf Clubs
18. A Wildly Impractical and Ornate Claymore
19. Full Coverage Chastity Cage
20. Bondage Strap Corset (Halter/Choker)
21. Book: *Chastity Belts: An Illustrated History of the Bridling of Women*
22. Book: *Voynich Manuscript*
23. Painting: *A Maiden Holding A Chicken in a Field of Oranges*
24. Ming Vase full of Flaking Mannequin Arms
25. A Silver Cigarette Lighter (Priapus)
26. A Box Overflowing With Shurikens
27. A Collapsible Compound Bow
28. A Brick of Marijuana
29. An Oil Drum of Personal Lubricant
30. A Bronze Gladius
31. A Mink Coat
32. A Staggering Variety of Fireworks
33. A Roman-Style Marble Statue of Pan Seducing a Goat (Covered With A Drop Cloth)
34. 60 Pain Pills in an Rx Bottle
35. A Comically Ineffectual Knife (Festooned With Spikes and Curved Serrated Blades)
36. A Carbon-Fiber Dao
37. Bubinga Aklys
38. A Brick of Cocaine
39. Rhino-hide Litupa
40. Book: *Heptameron*
41. Extremely Gaudy Sissification Dresses
42. Whalebone Corset
43. Book: *The Picatrix*
44. Book: *Der Einzige und sein Eigentum*
45. Book: *The Investiture of the Gods*
46. A Plastic Case of 12 Stimpacks
47. A Bundle of Injectable Combat Drugs (all rolls related to violence are [+] for a day, cannot retreat from combat or fail a Fear check; afterwards Body Check[-] for addiction and go catatonic for 6 hours)
48. A Pickled Mako Shark in a Formaldehyde Tank, Cut Into Arbitrary Sections for Display
49. A Dress Made of Meat, Somehow Perpetually Fresh
50. A Gigantic Marble Bust Making A Disapproving Face (a grown person can fit inside, the mouth acts as an amplifier)
51. A Taxidermied Wooly Goat, its face Painted Strangely
52. Elaborate Facial Harness with Ball Gag
53. Vinyl Military Uniform
54. Plastic Nunchucks
55. Fully Articulated Pleasure Doll (Masculine, Rugged)
56. Anime Body Pillow
57. Brick of Heroin
58. Unstable Hallucinogenic Research Chemical (Snortable)
59. A Snake Shaped Staff (bites when striking, Body Save or Paralysis for 1d10 minutes)
60. Book: *No Title Just Byzantine Diagrams of Rope Bondage*
61. Ship-Breaching Charge (1d10 Hull Damage)
62. Disturbing Restraint Chair with Fingernails Gouged in the Armrests
63. A Functional (Well-Oiled) Iron Maiden
64. A Sally Rod
65. A Pitted and Rusted Set of Dental Tools
66. A Leather Collar, "DADDY"
67. Several Sheets of High Grade LSD
68. Riot Shield (*URBAN PACIFICATION UNIT*)
69. Book: *Dominatrixes of Rag*
70. Book: *Fundamentals of Brothel Management*
71. A Mace: the Beatific Face of Cupid
72. A Set of Plastic Concealable Knives
73. An Ebony Baphomet Statue
74. A Box of Anti-Personnel Mines
75. The Gilded Bones of a Saint in an Elaborate Reliquary Coffin
76. A Talking Board
77. A Magic 8-Ball
78. A Case of Alertness Drugs
79. Book: *Dictators and Dictatorships: Understanding Authoritarian Regimes and Their Leaders*
80. Studded Leather Jacket, Patch: *I REMAIN UNGOVERNABLE*
81. A Motorcycle
82. A Pallet of Teargas Canisters and a Launcher
83. A Rocket Propelled Grenade Launcher and 7 Shaped Core Rounds (1d10 dmg to buildings and ships; 1d100 damage to living targets)
84. A Carton of Green Apple Cigarettes
85. A Bottle of 18 Year Old Scotch
86. A Case of Vodka
87. Macuahuitl
88. Religious Vestments, Robe and Meiter
89. Gold-Plated, Bullet-Studded Gas Mask
90. Flogger
91. Riding Crop
92. Zentai
93. Babydoll Latex Mask
94. A Box of Expensive Cigars with Cutter
95. Tekko-kagi (Claws)
96. Bronze Tintinnabulum
97. Book: *Le Veritable Dragon Rouge*
98. An Rx Bottle of 1d100 Anti Anxiety Pills ([+] on all Stress Checks for 8 Hours, Addictive)
99. Painting: *A Figure In Red Eats The Face of a Horse, Children Smile, The Sun is Black*
100. A Tea Service Made of Fur



NIGHTMARES, SCULPTURES & COMPULSIONS

Nightmare Checks are Sanity Saves made when you rest. Fail and you have a nightmare, gaining a Stress point. Note the result from the Nightmare Table. Nightmares prevent healing and the benefits of rest. Wardens are encouraged to make Nightmare Checks after any traumatic event or any day in which a crewmember made a Panic check.

RECURRING NIGHTMARES

If you ever have the same nightmare again this causes 1d10 Stress and becomes your sole, recurring nightmare; it's that same nightmare every night, without fail.

Additionally, failing three Nightmare Checks in a row renders you incapable of resisting nightmares; the permanent condition: Night Terrors. You gain 1d10[+] Stress whenever you have a nightmare.

WHEN TO CHECK FOR NIGHTMARES?

- » **If you're on the Moon:** Once a week.
- » **If you're on Tyrant Beggar:** Every other night.
- » **If you're on the Dead Planet:** Every night.

COMPULSIONS

Failing two (or more) Nightmare Checks while significantly exposed to the Gaunt (including carrying around artifacts) causes you to wake up with a compulsion to sculpt a small, terrifying object. Roll on the table below to figure out what you'll need to sculpt with. You have 1d10 days to sculpt the object or else you have to make a Panic check when it is least convenient. Every day you don't finish the sculpture you gain 1d10 Stress.

Once the object is made you now have the choice on future Nightmare Checks to either take no Stress at all (and thus have no nightmare) but build another sculpture or to take Stress equal to the number of sculptures you have created.

Whenever a sculpture is created the Warden rolls a d100. If the result is equal to or less than the total number of sculptures the crew possesses—including those they did not make—the sculptures form a Gaunt Gate and Gaunt start streaming through.

Losing any of your sculptures or destroying one causes 1d10 permanent damage to your Sanity score.

d10	MATERIAL	Evokes		Subject 1		Subject 2	
		COMPOSITION	THEME	DETAIL 1	OBJECT 1	DETAIL 2	OBJECT 2
01	Melted Plastic	Disjointed	Parasitism	Riotous	Flesh	Angelic	Faces
02	Spoiled Food	Geometric	Lust	Gnarled	Fingers	Coiling	Tentacles
03	Blackened Metal	Sharp	Confusion	Seeking	Tongues	Cruel	Talons
04	Stitched Cloth	Grotesque	Religious	Twisted	Limbs	Serrated	Beaks
05	Dissassembled Firearms	Abstract	Violence	Gnashing	Teeth	Elegant	Probosci
06	Bone / Teeth	Brutal	Melting	Unnerving	Smiles	Incandescent	Wings
07	Unorthodox Taxidermy	Rapturous	Paranoia	Sliced	Hands	Proud	Antlers
08	Gouged Wood	Ornate	Transformation	Palpating	Gristle	Scintillating	Scales
09	Android Parts	Decadent	Hopelessness	Dark	Pus	Slashing	Hooves
10	Stone	Brittle	Fertility	Split	Lips	Spiny	Fins

COMPULSIVE NIGHTMARISH SCULPTURE TABLE

There are three methods to generate a Nightmarish Gaunt Sculpture:

- » **Fastest (1d10): read straight across.**
Example: [2] — Spoiled rations shaped into geometric gnarled fingers sensually entwined with coiling tentacles.
- » **Medium (4d10): roll for Material, Evokes, Subject 1 and Subject 2.**
Example: [4, 6, 7, 3] — Fabric composition of sliced hands brutally melting into barbed talons.
- » **Slow (6d10): roll for Material, Composition, Theme/Motif, Detail 1, Object 1, Detail 2, Object 2.**
Example: [10, 2, 1, 6, 5, 10] — Erratically worked stone depicting eerie teeth growing inside a figure of elegantly flowing fins.

The Warden is encouraged to use this table any way they see fit.

NOTE: Don't be daunted by the slow method for generating PC sculptures. Roll the material, and while they are securing that, work out the rest. Part of the fun is how the player interprets the prompt.

D100 NIGHTMARES

1. Your migraine is splitting your skull. A dog rushes towards you, it's eyes full of loving devotion. The dog's head explodes into a crimson mist, coating your hands like an accusation.
2. Your jaw unhinges as you vomit a torrent of earwigs.
3. You are having sex with someone with the face of an ant; they regard you coldly and whisper something you can't quite hear.
4. You draw a straight razor across your mother's eye. This is the right thing to do. She does not resist.
5. There is the steady tick-tock of an egg timer in your chest. You know something terrible will happen when it rings. There is no clear way to stop it.
6. An amber scorpion crawls on your face. Your limbs are leaden anchors a million miles away.
7. You swim frantically, uncertain of which direction you are heading. The water is like ink, your lungs are bursting.
8. You look at your hands. They fall apart like puzzle pieces. You cannot stop thinking about your 7th birthday.
9. A crowd of beautiful, slim, fashionable and elegant people stare at you derisively. You drop your drink. They laugh with cruel, sensual smiles.
10. Your ribs swell to make space for the blind orgy of wasp larva. You think about motherhood as your flesh stretches to its breaking point. The larva burrow out and unfold their iridescent wings.
11. You are in a pale room. You hear the laughter of children. You cannot pinpoint the source.
12. You feel the trapdoor spider making its home in your throat; you know what you have to do. Jamming the blade in is as simple as carving butter. You wiggle it around with satisfaction. You missed.
13. A weathered hag sits on your chest, her mouth a hideous O of accusations. It won't stop dripping pale fluids onto your face.
14. You hear panicked screams in the darkness: they're growing fainter, you are running away.
15. Pale hands press against darkened glass. You are surrounded. Alone.
16. No matter how much you struggle or bat them away, the crows are relentlessly consuming your face.
17. You smell moss and dirt. Inane stammering and chanting fills your ears. They are coming for you.
18. Figures flit about in the hanging fabric. You can't quite make them out, they seem familiar. You aren't certain if you are the hunter or the quarry.
19. Your fingernails tear from their moorings as you futilely scabble against the rough wall. The hole atop the shaft—your only escape—is as distant as the sky.
20. Your eyes melt—crawling down your face like limpid tears. Your skin starts sloughing off. Your muscles fall off with a meaty slap. Maybe this face is not yours.
21. You feel the slender fingers encircle your throat; there are too many of them, they are far too long and thin. Everything smells like camphor.
22. A carousel spins madly—the music hellish, discordant. The horses' eyes are meeting yours.
23. You can smell the rot in your bones. You struggle to dig them out.
24. Your face warps and shifts—stretching and pulling against its own definition. It becomes bovine. Your friends are leading you to a grey cement building. Everything smells like copper.
25. Your fingers unwind like meaty corkscrews; they start anchoring you in place. The wind is cold.
26. Your teeth blacken and rot. The crowd laughs uproariously. Nails drive through your putrid gums in a birth of pus and blood. You bite their faces away. They taste like cinnamon.
27. A bulbous, fleshy, eyeless face hunts you in the dark. Its steps are deliberate. It has already found you.
28. A puppet gazes up at you. A mockery of human features—exaggerated, stretched. Its hands spring into action, manipulating your strings. You dance a macabre waltz.
29. A red sun slowly rises. The light carbonizes your toes, feet, legs. You watch. The smell of cooking meat overwhelms you.
30. You fight a current of blind, swollen, pale fish to reach the masticating maw. There is a smell of jasmine.
31. Your wrist bends back. It keeps bending. Your hand is in your arm.
32. The shambling figure is dark, save a chipped porcelain mask. The air is hazy with the smell of candy and rot.
33. Every door is labeled 'EXIT' despite taking you back to the start of the corridor. You have been here before.
34. You pin the fish down. You bash its gasping face with a hammer. You can't stop. You won't stop.
35. The music is pleasantly generic; the waiting room sterile. How long have you been here? How long will you remain?
36. The skeletal cats need fed. They yowl, they fornicate, they piss. The air is thick with ammonia, wet with humidity. You lose count.
37. You sip wine as she nails your fingers to the table. You have long, elegant hands.
38. You stab the featureless body with a baby doll head, over and over. A torrent of red ants crawls from the womb.
39. Your fingers are jagged snarls of glass. You caress yourself. You can't feel how sticky your fingers are.
40. The dinner party is lovely. Then you notice the centipedes crawling from your collar; hear the snide comments.
41. The children dash ahead of you. Their rabbit masks are askew. You need to bring them home. You stumble.
42. You feel them growing, behind your eyes. Your vision dims. You are the host and they are nothing like you.
43. The pliers are getting red hot. The air is damp and unctuous. You don't really need all those fingernails, not when you have so many toes.
44. The ground is dry and desolate. Your drool pools by your face. You sink into the lukewarm puddle.
45. It is cold. Your fingers blacken. You could snap them off if your hand would move. The cold scours everything away.
46. You float in the void of deep space. A planet-sized foetus regards you with lugubrious, watery eyes.
47. Poison gas fills the warrens. Blood seeps from their eyes as their despondent screams echo in your ears. Mocking laughter shakes your ribs like a bass note.
48. He splatters his cravat with viscera when he cuts your hand off. You roll on the floor. You cauterize the stump with a hot plate. You line up your shot at the retreating figure. He spins around and shoots first.
49. Your incisors won't stop growing. They pry your jaw apart, your mouth wider and wider, lips bleeding from the strain, teeth grinding into gums. The snap will be a relief.
50. You feel it churning inside you. Wrapping itself in your entrails. Kicking against your stomach wall. Waiting to break free, you can feel the grin fill the hollow of your belly.
51. Filthy, louse-ridden children pelt you with stones. They know what you did.
52. You bash the figure across the face with a rock. Your hands seek purchase on their face and you confidently press your thumbs into the eye sockets. Your own tortured face grins back.

53. The sinuous reptiles circle you warily, languid motions at incredible speed. Their tongues taste the air, taste your body, your sweat tying them to you. Any second they will close in, their snapping jaws slathered with miasma.
54. You crush the nimbus blue egg in your hand. Amidst the splintered shell fragments is the partially formed baby bird. It stares back at you with eyes like black marbles. Then you notice the teeth.
55. Children with sunken eyes and rotted teeth chant, "SACRIFICE, SACRIFICE." They push you, you fall. Their faces fade in the distance. You keep falling.
56. You trudge through a landscape blanketed in bones. They snap and crunch underfoot. Drifts of them knee deep and pulling you gradually under. They rattle as you descend.
57. You walk towards the horizon. You pass a burning car and the air is thick with malodorous smog. Your skeleton stops walking and is left behind. Your shadow tells you your real bones have been replaced.
58. You are in a pool. The water is warm. Tropical fish peck away at you, each bite a paper cut. You feel your legs gradually vanishing one small bite at a time. You can't see an exit.
59. You are lying on the beach, tangled in nets. The tide keeps rising up towards your face, gradually but inexorably. Gulls squabble and circle in the baking sun.
60. Your face is smothered in kisses, teeth scraping your brow. A sudden rough bite and pull on the cheek till it tears leaving a hole. A tongue probes the fringes of the new orifice.
61. You walk on broken glass, barefoot, the wet cracking of the shards your only companion save a floating red lantern illuminating the seemingly endless expanse of glass.
62. The person talking to you is so unpleasant the world seems to curdle from the rancidness of their presence. Their hand is on your knee.
63. A robot regards you. It mirrors your motions. It mimics your emotions. It takes your name.
64. You feel sick, feverish, desperate. The bullet lodged in your gut is necrotizing too fast, spiderwebs of dying, blackened, leaking flesh.
65. You are digging up a skeleton. The bones are impossibly fine, elegant even. The face long and gaunt, mournful. The wings so wide they consume the sky.
66. The hammer feels momentous, pitted surface spattered with rust. You see the children with lambs' faces. You silence their frenzied bleating.
67. You bleed the pigs. All of them. In their fine jewelry and spotless dinner jackets.
68. The bolt cutters pass through your joints roughly. The end announced by a smooth click. Your finger is discarded into the bucket. The bucket chews noisily.
69. You claw at the glass. Your husk withering. They dispassionately take notes on clipboards. You desiccate and blow away in a fine spray of dust. They nod, approving.
70. The Leviathan blots out the sun. The air ruptures as it breathes in. Its multifaceted eyes gaze upon you uncomprehendingly.
71. Unnaturally white teeth grin at you, gleaming. The smile is forced. The laughter like a blade dragged across glass.
72. The sky is an ink black horizon of tentacles and blazing vermilion eyes. It falls upon you like an avalanche. Tentacles force their way into your eyes, your mouth, down your throat. Your need is not slaked.
73. Your hands are bound behind your back. The burlap over your head is tight, sucking in with your breath—the smell of kerosene overpowering. You feel wet, tired. You hear the scratch of a match being struck.
74. You clip your nails. You keep clipping them. It won't stop. You see bone.
75. You're at the end of the dock. Everything stinks of salt and rotting fish. Your feet squelch pointlessly in the concrete. They smoke cigarettes and leer at you. They're coming over to push you.
76. You follow the woman in the red damask dress through the hedge maze. She's just out of reach. Her scent, peach blossoms, wafts behind her. You corner her. She turns around. There is no face, just a sunken pit with fleshy teeth.
77. Scabrous rats—wounds dripping with pus—crawl all over you. Smother you with their wet, stinking bodies, force their way into your mouth and explore you. Where are your arms?
78. You drive the nails into your leg. 1-2-3-4...99-100. Aghast, you realize your pattern isn't symmetrical. You pry them out and start again—perfect this time.
79. You see sharks circling in the wine dark sea. You are bleeding. It won't stop.
80. The ship controls won't respond, all the systems are down. You are slowly drifting towards a sun. You perspire, your hands slipping as you struggle to stop the ponderous drift.
81. You are beneath an immense pendulum. With each swing you feel years drain away. Your teeth disintegrate, your nails grow and twist, your vision dims, your hair becomes dust.
82. Your arms are dragged in opposite directions as they are fed into gears. You feel the crushing weight and the tears forming in your muscles. Everything reeks of grease and rust.
83. The airlock is slowly opening. Behind the glass they point and laugh. Your face is wet with tears. They enjoy slices of cake.
84. You are engulfed in flame. No one seems to notice. Even when you touch them, spreading the flame. Vacant eyes.
85. You're bleeding from your mouth. Ropes of it suspended from your lips. The viscera starts moving of its own accord.
86. You are crouched behind a crate. Pinned down by automatic arms fire. You can't clear the jam.
87. There's a pulse grenade in your hands. You can't remember how to throw, your fingers are useless. Everyone is disappointed.
88. The mouth in your torso is hungry. It wants your friends. There are rewards for compliance.
89. The conversation is charming, civil, courteous. The problem is they're holding your hand in acid.
90. A drill descends towards your eye. The whirr fills the air, gives it texture. They ask how you are feeling.
91. No matter how many volts you deliver to the subject, he won't divulge the information. He can't last much longer, you hope. They are getting impatient.
92. Your lips are being sewed shut. The needle dances in and out. There is something in your throat: you deserve this.
93. You tear wrapping paper desperately from the gifts, shredded colorful paper piles up to your knees. The antidote is in one of these. It has to be.
94. They deliver shocks to you. They ask you to prove you aren't a machine. They don't believe you.
95. The snake is swallowing you. Everything smells of offal and carrion. It moves up your legs, relentless, devourer.
96. Your fingers split and mutate into baby hands. The new hands repeat the process. The hands are getting heavy.
97. Your arms become snakes. The snakes start biting you. You reach out towards your friends, share.
98. The walls are closing in. Only when you close your eyes. Remain vigilant.
99. You keep trying to scoop your guts back in; glistening ropes of your intestines wriggling and slipping in your hands. You've shoveled so much in. There should be an end to this.
100. It is hot. It is dark. It is cramped. It is dusty. You are trapped.

LANDING AREA on the DEAD PLANET

[SEE PAGE 32]

The ancient, rocky plateau is scarred with scorch marks and impact sites, including the remains of several campsites. This elevated location seems defensible, with excellent vantage points and crumbling ruins for cover. No Piloting roll is needed to land here, though landing anywhere else on the island is at Disadvantage.

DEAD GATEWAY

[SEE PAGE 36]

The terrain is rough and steadily rises as far as you can see. The sky to the west is filled with ominous black clouds with the appearance of a writhing nest of tentacles. Occasional violent purple slashings of lightning illuminate the disturbing mass of black. The sickly black mass distends to caress the highest point on this island. Visibility is reduced to 30m in the thick sludge of black air.

ENCOUNTERS IN THE WEST (ROLL ONCE PER SQUARE)

- 01 Purple lightning rips into a PC. Speed check or 4d10 damage and Fear Save.
- 02 1d10 Crawlers sighted 20m away. 1-7 normal, 8 toxic, 9 Paralysing, 10 Acid.
- 03 Glow Skull floats, facing the party. Intellect check or it sounds the alarm, attracting 1d10-3 Gaunts.
- 04 Glow Skull shards and skull lay broken on the stony ground.
- 05 Glow Skull floats within 30m, facing away from you.
- 06 Dead Gaunt lies twitching on the ground.
- 07 Valley or cliff blocks the way. Strength check to climb or take detour (+1d10/2 hours).
- 08 Yellow hail rains from black clouds. Intellect check to find shelter or take 1d10 damage.
- 09 1d10-4 Crawlers sighted 20m away.
- 10 Weapons cache (roll on Table on pg. 13).

THE RED TOWER

[SEE PAGE 39]

Metallic objects glint when kissed by the sun. The land is burnt and littered from impacts with random pieces of myriad spacecraft.

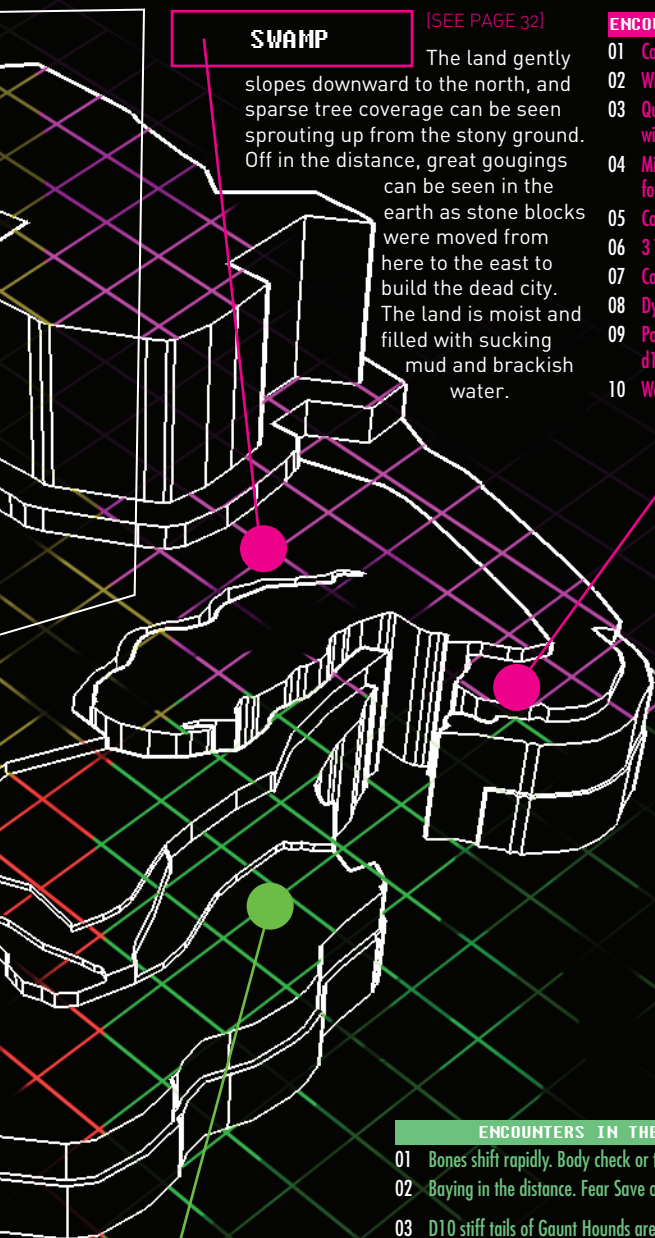
ENCOUNTERS IN THE SOUTH (ROLL ONCE PER SQUARE)

- 01 Eviscerated human soldier lies on the ground.
- 02 D10+2 Slimemoths ambush the PCs.
- 03 Chunks of spacecraft are strewn around.
- 04 Chunks of metal junk with booby trapped locker. Speed check or be struck with the rusty metal, causing 1d10 damage.
- 05 Wet flapping leather is heard in the distance. Party freezes/stops or 1d10 Slimemoths attack.
- 06 1d10 Slimemoths devouring a human soldier.
- 07 Eight dead Gaunt with bullet and close combat wounds. One jumps up and attacks.
- 08 1d10/2 Slimemoths fly to attack PCs.
- 09-10 Weapons cache (Roll on Table on pg. 13).

WRECK OF THE DEFIANCE

[SEE PAGE 38]

In the south smoke billows into the sky from the wreckage of a down ship.



SWAMP

[SEE PAGE 32]

The land gently slopes downward to the north, and sparse tree coverage can be seen sprouting up from the stony ground. Off in the distance, great gougings can be seen in the earth as stone blocks were moved from here to the east to build the dead city. The land is moist and filled with sucking mud and brackish water.

ANCIENT STONE QUARRY

[SEE PAGE 33]

As stones were cut and removed, a giant staircase was created, one that descends hundreds of meters to the beach.

From this vantage point, large carcasses and the ancient skeletons of immense aquatic beasts litter the beach as testaments to the long centuries of death holding sway over this planet.

The remains of stone and bone huts litter the steps and beach.

I SEARCH THE BONE HUT

- 01-04 **Nothing**
- 05-06 **1d10 Slimemoths**
- 07 **Antigravity Device**
- 08 **Laser Cutter**
- 09 **Weapons cache (roll on Table on pg. 13)**
- 10 **1d10 Precious Unfinished Gems**

ENCOUNTERS IN THE EAST (ROLL ONCE PER SQUARE)

- 01 **Bones shift rapidly. Body check or take 10% damage to Speed.**
- 02 **Baying in the distance. Fear Save or gain 1 Stress.**
- 03 **D10 stiff tails of Gaunt Hounds are sighted in the distance. If PCs can stop and remain quiet there is no attack.**
- 04 **A tall archway of very large ribs and skulls covers a path of bones.**
- 05 **Five Gaunt Hounds sprint out of the grass and attack.**
- 06 **Two dead Gaunt Hounds straddle the path.**
- 07 **Lifelike sculpture of flaming creature holding two smaller replicas. The species could not survive here and calcified in the salt air.**
- 08 **D10 Gaunt Hounds sit on the path 80m ahead. They will attack.**
- 09 **Lifelike statues of bizarre creatures covered in flame or fur kneel off to the side.**
- 10 **Weapons cache (roll on Table on pg. 13).**

THE NECROPOLIS

[SEE PAGE 34]

To the east, an avenue of bones leads to monumental, grim towers that scrape the sky. The smooth terrain is blanked in meter-tall purple grasses, hissing in the salty ocean breeze.

LANDING AREA

The ancient, rocky plateau is scarred with scorch marks and impact sites, including the remains of several campsites. This elevated location seems defensible with excellent vantage points and crumbling ruins for cover. Unless otherwise stated, moving one square on the map (10x10km) results in an encounter check for the color coded region. When resting at the landing site individual PCs have the following dreams (roll on the Nightmare Table for any extra PCs):

You are the DKRENOM and your people are building their burial towers. With massive chests and powerful tentacled arms and legs you cut and move heavy slabs of rock from the north of the island. Now is the time for dying. This is how we die.

The ULURIANA are standing at the coast and watching giant, aquatic beasts hurl themselves onto the beaches to flop and suffocate. They are doing their part and contributing to the plan. "All will die here for all of time," one of your Lifemates clicks at you. Your gaze travels up its long, thin legs, skinny torso, and delicate pincer arms, and your wings buzz in anticipation. You nod and move towards your death chamber even as you wish it was time for the Mating Flight instead of the Death Song.

You marvel at your eight slender fingers upon a graceful and long arm. It's hard for your brain to process your vision as you seem to have an extra set of eyes. You look around and see your people, the TRILILE ELYAAN XHANXHENDRI, chopping apart your spacecraft to remove the engines and drag them toward a dead city of tall towers. Then you know you will all die.

The SKISZKRYNZ toil. They build a door which will not be functional for another two ages. They drop to the ground and are covered by strange, dark, crawling things.

THE SWAMP

To the north, sparse tree coverage sprouts from stony ground as the land gently slopes downward. Eventually, this gives way to great gouges pockmarking the surface from which geometric shapes were cut. The land is moist, filled with sucking mud and brackish water. Fresh water can be located with an Intellect or relevant skill check.

D10 SWAMP ENCOUNTERS

- | | |
|----|---|
| 01 | COPSE OF D10 GRABBER TREES. |
| 02 | WIDE SHALLOW LAKE AHEAD. D10/2 TRILEACH REST ON THE SHORE. |
| 03 | QUICKMUD. STRENGTH OR INTELLECT CHECK TO ESCAPE. CRITICAL FAIL WILL TAKE D10 DAMAGE A ROUND UNTIL PULLED OUT. |
| 04 | MIST BLOWS IN FROM THE COAST. VISIBILITY REDUCED TO 20M. LASTS FOR D10/3 HOURS. |
| 05 | COPSE OF D10 INFECTED GRABBER TREES. |
| 06 | 3 TRILEACH BURST FROM THE NEARBY POND AND ATTACK. |
| 07 | COPSE OF D30 GRABBER TREES. |
| 08 | DYING TRILEACH SPLASHES MUD IN DEATH THROES. |
| 09 | POURING RAIN FORCES THE PCS TO FIND SOME SHELTER. LASTS FOR D10/3 HOURS. |
| 10 | WEAPONS CACHE (PG. 13). |

THE ANCIENT QUARRY

The intensive quarrying formed a giant staircase that descends hundreds of meters to the beach. Littering the shore are the mouldering carcasses and ancient skeletons of extraordinary leviathans—a testament to the ceaseless crusade against life. The wind whips through long abandoned, crumbling stone and bone huts along the stairs and beach. There are 5d10 huts structurally intact.

D10 I SEARCH THE HUT

01-03 NOTHING.

04 HUT COLLAPSES.
BODY SAVE OR 1D10 DAMAGE.

05-06 1D10 SLIMEMOTHS.

07 ANTIGRAVITY DEVICE.

08 LASER CUTTER.

09 WEAPONS CACHE (PG. 13).

10 1D10 PRECIOUS UNFINISHED GEMS.

THE NECROPOLIS

To the east, an avenue of bones leads to monumental, grim towers that scrape the sky. The smooth terrain is blanketed in meter-tall purple grasses, hissing in the salty ocean breeze. A Biology or Xenology check identifies the bones as having both piscine and avian traits.

Tall and ancient, these buildings loom over debris clogged streets, casting preposterous shadows. There is no unified style; the structures exhibit a bewildering juxtaposition—a capacious ziggurat is dwarfed by a latticework tower abutting a hoary cenotaph nearly melded into a ghostly, neighboring cupola. Their sole similarity is the ubiquitous presence of the dead; lying on stone slabs, perched in chairs, ensconced in alcoves or coiled in the street. The vacant streets resound with the occasional baying of the Hounds and an omnipresent mechanical hum.

TOWERING OBELISKS (100'+)

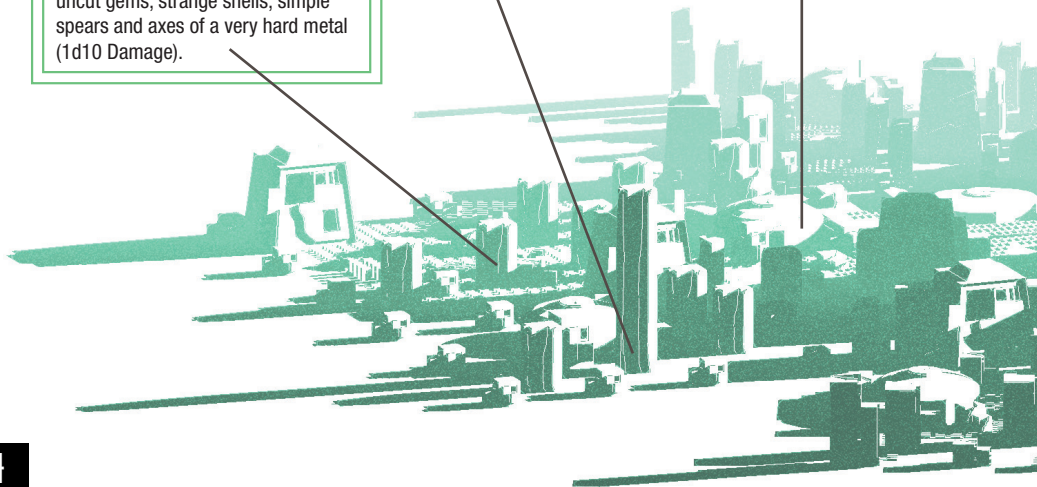
house the remains of the insectoid Uluriana. The interiors contain geometric, symmetrical piles of black metallic jewelry with luminescent opals. In the dessicated remains' hands are intricately wrought metal staves (energy beam (2d10) or strike (2d10), 10% chance of breaking each use.

Clusters of **FOUR STORY**

OCTAGONAL BUILDINGS house different evolutionary lineages of the prime native species. Their spartan tombs have altars bedecked in rough uncut gems, strange shells, simple spears and axes of a very hard metal (1d10 Damage).

The **HUM** emanates from a faceless, square, metallic building in the center of the Necropolis. The door is unlocked but stuck shut and requires a Strength check to open. The first room is covered in 2d10 Crawlers. In the next room is a set of stairs descending roughly 90m into darkness. The deeper you go the more penetrating and intense the humming becomes and the stronger the light filtering from the base becomes. The stairs spill out onto a landing overlooking a colossal chamber filled with jump engines and impulse engines ganged together. This and the countless dead are the generator for the Dead Gateway of the Gaunt. Disabling nine or more engines or drives renders the gateway inoperable and allows ships to flee the Dead Planet via their jump drives again. Each engine or drive can be rendered inoperable with 5 successful attacks or Mechanical checks. Doing this is quite noisy—each round there is a 35% chance d10 Gaunt or d10 Gaunt Hounds are drawn to the noise.

STACKED DOMES—interiors littered with hollow metallic spheres imprinted with goetic glyphs—house the remains of tall humanoids with many slender, tapered fingers and a cluster of four eyes. Their preserved bodies are dressed only in ornate bracers with a blaster and extendible blade—1d10 damage 10% chance of breaking each use.



SEARCHING THE NECROPOLIS: ROLL LOOT, BUILDINGS, AND ENCOUNTER (1D10)

D100	LOOT
00-20	NOTHING, DUST AND SORROW
21-30	1D10 UNCUT GEMS
31-40	1D100 CERULIAN AND VIOLET SHELLS
41-45	SIMPLE SPEAR (HARD METAL)
46-50	AXE (HARD METAL)
51-58	TINY METALLIC FLOATING SPHERES WHICH DANCE AROUND EACH OTHER.
59-65	INTRICATELY WROUGHT METAL STAFF (SHOOTS BEAM 2D10, STRIKES 1D10, 10% BREAK CHANCE)
66-68	SMALL PALLADIUM FIGURINES
69-72	BINDLE: REVOLVER, 104 K RATIONS, FLARE GUN, TRENCHING SHOVEL
73-75	GILDED SKULLS SET WITH CANDLES
76-80	PAINTED FUNERARY MASKS OF STONE
81-85	PATTERNED STEEL ALLOY SWORDS
86	A SILVER AMPHORA
87-89	THIN IRIIDIUM LINKS
90	BLACK METALLIC JEWELRY WITH LUMINESCENT OPALS
91-93	WAX GAUNT SCULPTURE
94	METALLIC GAUNT SCULPTURE
95	PLATINUM TEAR DROPS
96	FIRED CLAY HORROR
97	BRASS TABLET WITH OMINOUS PICTOGRAMS
98-99	SURVEYOR'S NOTES

MULTIPLE CIRCULAR TOWERS, each 60 ft tall, house the solid, tentacled Dkrenom mummified in alcoves adorned with sashes and belts hung with bells and clappers carved of semi-precious stones. Curled among the decorations are cruel looking energy whips—uses Intellect Check instead of Combat and reaches up to 15ft. (2d10 Damage) 10% chance of breaking each use.

D100	BUILDINGS
00-30	FOUR-STORY OCTAGONAL COMPLEX
31-40	ROMANESQUE OBELISK
41-45	BRUTAL MONOLITH
46-55	TIERED CIRCULAR TOWERS
56-70	INCANDESCENT LAYERED DOME
71-72	OVERGROWN PARK FEATURING GRIM TILE MOSAICS
73-75	BAROQUE MAUSOLEA COVERED IN BAS-RELIEFS
76-78	CRUMBLD ARCH
79-82	ORNATE TOWER WITH GROTESQUE STATUES
83-87	ERODED STATUE
88-89	MORTUARY SHRINE
90-91	BLOOD-SATURATED ABATTOIR
92-95	OMINOUS CREMATORIUM
96-99	MORBID BASILICA

D10	ENCOUNTERS (HOURLY)
01-03	NOTHING.
04-05	VOCIFEROUS BAYING OF 1D10 GAUNT HOUNDS NEARBY (25% CHANCE THEY TRACK DOWN PCS, UNLESS PRECAUTIONS ARE TAKEN).
06-07	SIX GAUNT HOUNDS VAULT FROM THE ROOFTOPS GENTLY GLIDING DOWN BEFORE FALLING AMONG THE CREW, SNAPPING AND BRAYING IN A FRENZY (SURPRISE ON ALL BUT 1 IN 10).
08	D10/2 GAUNT WALKERS BLOOD-CURDLING SCREECH AND RECKLESS CHARGE.
09	D10 GAUNTS AND D6 GAUNT HOUNDS AMBUSH THE PCS FROM ALL DIRECTIONS.
10	THE EXQUISITE AND DREADFUL FIGURE OF AN ALPHA GAUNT AMBLES INTO VIEW.

THE DEAD GATEWAY

The terrain is rough and steadily rises as far as you can see. The sky to the west is filled with ominous black clouds with the appearance of a writhing nest of tentacles. Occasional violent purple slashings of lightning illuminate the disturbing mass of black. The sickly black mass distends to caress the highest point on this island. Visibility is reduced to 30m in the thick sludge of black air.

THE GATEWAY

Protruding from the murkiness is an appalling ringed monstrosity of twisted metal—multitudinous bodies entwined and melded, blurring any distinction between human and other in a morass of tentacles, wings, trunks, limbs, and distended faces. The sickly flashes of lighting illuminate, and the abomination seems to writhe sinuously (Sanity check, 1d10 Stress). A profusion of taut cables sprouts from the earth, feeding the gateway. The portal vomits forth five Death Worms and six Gaunts from the undulating surface of the dead portal upon approaching.

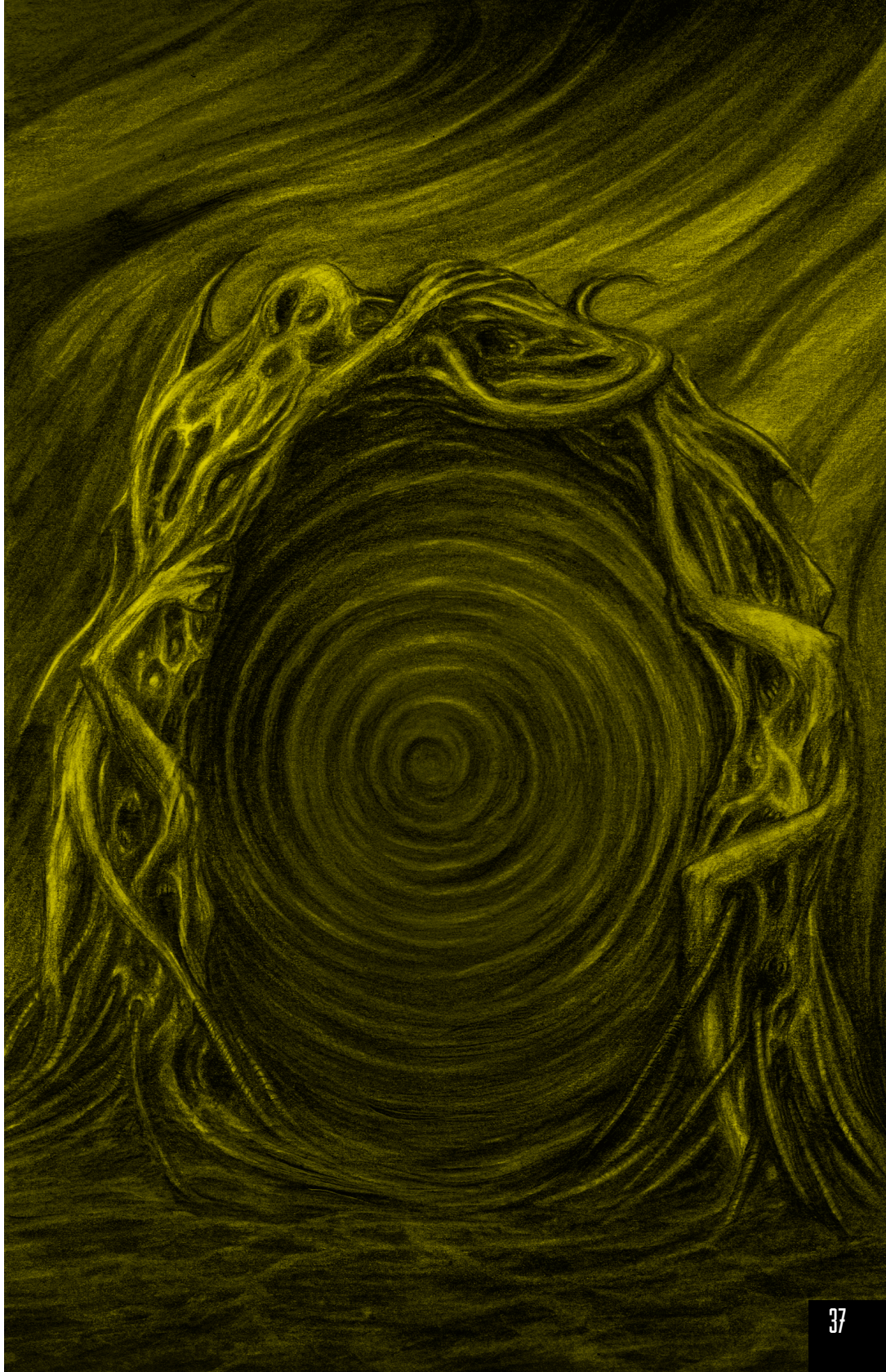
D10	DEAD GATE ENCOUNTERS
01	PURPLE LIGHTNING RIPS INTO A RANDOM PC. BODY SAVE OR 4D10 DAMAGE AND FEAR SAVE.
02	1D10 CRAWLERS SIGHTED 20M AWAY. (1-7 NORMAL, 8 TOXIC, 9 PARALYSING, 10 ACID).
03	GLOWSKULL FLOATS, FACING THE PARTY. SANITY SAVE OR IT SOUNDS THE ALARM ATTRACTING 1D10-3 GAUNT HOUNDS.
04	GLOW SKULL SHARD LAY BROKEN ON THE STONY GROUND.
05	GLOW SKULL FLOATS WITHIN 30M, FACING AWAY FROM YOU.
06	DEAD GAUNT HOUND LIES TWITCHING ON THE GROUND.
07	VALLEY OR CLIFF BLOCKS THE WAY. STRENGTH CHECK TO CLIMB OR TAKE DETOUR (+1D10/2 HOURS).
08	YELLOW HAIL RAINS FROM BLACK CLOUDS. INTELLET CHECK TO FIND SHELTER OR TAKE 1D10 DAMAGE.
09	1D10-4 CRAWLERS SIGHTED 20M AWAY.
10	WEAPONS CACHE (PG. 13).

POWERS OF THE GATE

Attempting to enter the gateway is a mortifying experience—akin to being flensed and torn apart simultaneously—which triggers a Body Save (3d10 damage, Save for half) and Sanity Save (2d10, Save for half).

- § The Gateway cannot be disabled here—not that this is evident (see pg. 34).
- § Attacking the Gateway only makes it less stable, though destroying or depowering it does allow ships to use their Jump Drives again.
- § It can only be meaningfully damaged with explosives or a laser cutter:

- » **UP TO THREE HITS:** Gateway Remains stable.
- » **FOUR HITS:** The “surface” of the Gateway undulates wildly as an Alpha Gaunt strides out, digits grasping in anticipation, to defend the Gate.
- » **FIVE HITS:** The Gateway is dangerously unstable, wracked with tremors and extruding an amalgamated, harrowing confused jumble of Gaunts and Crawlers—a single quivering mass of flesh that when witnessed triggers a Sanity Save (2d10 Stress if failed).
- » **SIX HITS:** The ground and reality itself fracture around the Gateway, tentacles of nothingness grasp and caress everything within 10m (1d100 damage, no Save).
- » **SEVEN HITS:** Reality recoils, screeches and breaks. The ring of the gateway melts away like quicksilver—but the portal does not disappear; rather, it starts multiplying in size, like a cancerous tear in reality. It is permanent and rapidly proliferating—good luck fixing that.



THE CRASH OF THE DEFIANCE

One week ago, the military dropship *The Defiance* was dragged through hyperspace by the Dead Planet and crashed landed here. From the smoldering wreckage you can see the Red Tower in the distance. On the whole, the ship is salvageable with major repairs (Jump Drive-1, Computer, Weapons-2, Thrusters-4). It can hover planetside and drop the back hatch allowing for rapid deployment. Most of the crew are dead, though there are still some salvageable pieces of loot within the wreck itself. Wardens needing replacement characters can easily find a few confused marines here. Every turn spent searching has a cumulative 10% chance of a random encounter (10% the first turn, then 20% the second turn, etc.).

IN PRIVATE STORAGE (LOCKED)

- » 10 Gold Bars (15k credits)
- » 20x 8' Burls (10k credits)
- » 2,000 Board Feet of Pink Ivory (16k credits) [1 pallet]
- » 55 Gallons of Maple Syrup (2.2k credits) [single drum]
- » 910 Units of Compressed Algae Rations (1.8k credits)
- » 2 Weeks of K Rations (3.6k credits)

REAR HATCH (OPEN)

Ramp leads into Main Storage Bay.

CARGO EJECTOR

The main ship can eject the storage bay here. The door is passcode locked (TALLY HO).

The keypad is obviously trapped. Incorrectly entering a passcode sets off an alarm (roll for encounters every round) and arms a 5 minute timer on the PRIVATE STORAGE. If it isn't disarmed it destroys all the cargo.

MAIN STORAGE BAY

The Main Storage bay contains 80 working Cryopods and is filled with mostly empty Gun Racks. The whole place, however, is laced with tripwires rigged to bundles of grenades (tripping one sets off a chain reaction).

Replacement PCs (confused marines) can be placed here.

THE RED TOWER

<SEE PAGES 40-43 FOR KEY> The source of the Military Distress Beacon. The Red Tower, the twisted and eroded remains of a carmine ergonomic building, appears like a shattered molar on the horizon. A km in all directions around it is completely vacant. Originally, the building was a breakaway from the colony ship settlement—a hybrid bunker, armory and research station, built to serve as a protected space against the compulsive Gate building madness. Clearly, this did not work.

GAUNT SOLDIERS

The corpses of the overly optimistic crew of the *Defiance* military dropship are scattered throughout the complex. Their initial scan turned up the valuable warhead in the depths of the Red Tower. Unfortunately, their discipline, weapon and experience from previous campaigns were not enough and they are entombed here as mindless puppets of the Gaunt. The soldiers of the *Defiance's* last and poorly paying job was to crush a loggers' strike on a timber planet, silencing their mewling pleas for basic quality of life protections. The crew was already prone to nightmares from the atrocities they perpetuated for coin.

The soldiers were not bad people—they saw themselves as good people stuck with a bad job, and many of them were already afflicted by nightmares before winding up here. If the crew needs restocked: have a few survivors huddled in D5, C4, C5 or B9; they are Marines with standard statistics, armed with either a shotgun or SMG and 2 'stick' style pulse grenades or 3 canisters of tear gas. The standard battledress for Defiance Company is a gas mask, environmental protection greatcoat, and fatigues. They and the other bodies in the Red Tower act as Gaunt Walkers (see pg. 46).

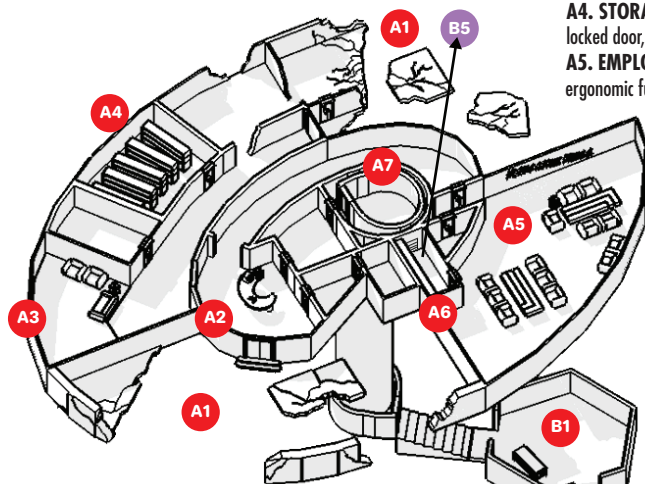
TO QUICKLY GENERATE GAUNT WALKERS IN THE RED TOWER, ROLL 3D10 BELOW

D10	CLOTHING	MUTATION	DETAIL
01	Shredded Fatigues	Head has blossomed open like a fleshy orchid, petals lined with eyes and teeth.	Riddled with lymph leaking tumors.
02	Great Coat and Gas Mask	Hands have devolved into a slimy morass of tentacles interspersed with bony fans.	Tiny mouths form all over their body and whisper softly.
03	Nude except Gas Mask	Arched backwards, walking on all fours; their ribs are straightened and have burst through their skin as razored spines.	Skin is dry and flaking everywhere (susceptible to flame).
04	Lab Coat with Party Hat	Clavicles have stretched in an upward arc laced with strands of flesh; they flap like feeble wings.	Their knees bend backwards, allowing them to leap a surprising distance.
05	Security Guard Uniform	Everything from the ribs down has fused into a slug-like tail, their emaciated hands making scraping noises as they drag themselves along.	Their bite is envenomed and causes nightmarish hallucinations (Body Save or 10/2 Stress until a successful Save).
06	Office Drone Outfit	Eyes are on stalks, mouths a horrid lamprey-like hole.	A cowl of flesh, like a robe, trails from their body.
07	Wacky Bowtie and Loud Suit	Flesh like a deflated balloon, they envelop their prey and regurgitate acid on them to break through the skin.	Their body sprouts fleshy, rigid tubes that leak purple ichor through grasping phalanges.
08	Dripping, Torn, Hazmat Suit	A rack of antlers emerges from their eyes and fuses with their forehead, pressing up into the sky. There is no difference between their mouth and throat, just a pulpy mess of gnashing needle teeth.	Their skin is a terrifying shade of pinkish-orange and their mouth leaks a steady trail of pus.
09	Imposing Executive Suit	Their arms have become excessively long and withered yet exhibit sinuous strength. Their face has collapsed into their torso, which is a colossal screaming vertical maw.	Crystalline formations erupt from inside their bodies.
10	Cult Style Robes	Beaklike mouth surrounded by tentacular whiskers, eyes like a goat, an enormous third eye has ruptured through their forehead.	They vomit a horrifying slurry of pus, viscera, stomach acid and partially digested meals to deter pursuit.

(A) FLOOR: No combat encounters.

EMPHASIS: Abandoned, nothing of value, mundane.

LOOT: Low value damaged furniture, office supplies.

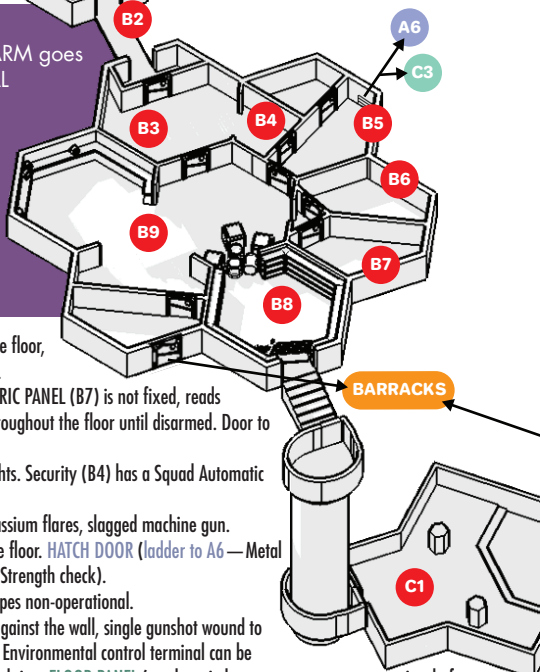


(B) FLOOR: No combat encounters.

KEY POINTS: Abandoned and quiet unless the ALARM goes off. Flickering, minimal light unless ENVIRONMENTAL CONTROL is fixed at B7.

- If B7 is opened and not secured, Gaunts may reach (B) floor.
- If B5 is open and not secured, Gaunts may reach (A) floor.

MOOD: Eerie, desolate, flickering lights, possibly ear-splitting alarm. Mysterious barricade in B9, area littered with spent shells, no bodies.



A1. EXTERIOR: Broken glass, crumbled walls.

A2. LOBBY: Cracked tile floors, receptionist desk (broken glass & broken console).

A3. WAITING ROOM: Moldering, overturned couches and chairs, desiccated potted plants, ruined carpet.

A4. STORAGE CLOSET: **ALIVE INSIDE** spraypainted on locked door, empty.

A5. EMPLOYEE BREAKROOM: Broken plastic ergonomic furniture, corkboard splattered with blood, wilted inspirational calendars, **RUN LIKE HELL** spraypainted on the wall.

A6. MAINTENANCE CLOSET: Smells like disinfectant, pile of cleaning supplies from fallen shelf (covers **RUSTED METAL HATCH**: maintenance shaft to B5—hatch is jammed with a Metal Fire-Axe, remove to open).

A7. GLASS FRONTED ELEVATORS:

Non-operational to Upper Floors. Humming generator powers the **SUBTERRANEAN ELEVATOR**: held open with a spanner; vandalized: **TO HELL** [stenciled] and **SEND HELP** [freehand]. Goes to B1.

B1. ELEVATOR: From A7 opens to a staircase. Past double doors: white tile floor, flickering lights, abandoned gurney (blackened sludge) in makeshift triage.

B2. DECONTAMINATION LOCK: Hissing air, sealed door to B3; if ELECTRIC PANEL (B7) is not fixed, reads everyone entering as "contaminated," sets off alarm, flashing red lights throughout the floor until disarmed. Door to B3 is one-way unless someone in B1 works the panel.

B3. WAITING ROOM: Door hisses open, spent shells, flickering track lights. Security (B4) has a Squad Automatic Weapon (SAW) pointing into B3—barrel slagged.

B4. SECURITY ROOM: Locked safe (Revolver & First Aid Kit), spent potassium flares, slagged machine gun.

B5. ARMORY: Empty gun racks, spare magazines and loose ammo on the floor. **HATCH DOOR** (ladder to A6—Metal Fire Axe is wedged in the locking wheel, cannot be opened from B5 without Strength check).

B6. BATHROOMS: Black & white tiles, grimy floors, water is stagnant, pipes non-operational.

B7. ENVIRONMENTAL CONTROLS: Corpse (desiccated, old) propped against the wall, single gunshot wound to the head. Pistol on the floor. **GOODBYE BLUE SKY** spraypainted on the wall. Environmental control terminal can be fixed here (Intellect check [Computers]): disables alarm, turns on regular lighting. **FLOOR PANEL** (can be pried up, access to spartan security shaft to **GUN RANGE** at C10.)

B8. LIBRARY: Overturned shelves, formerly hidden door to **ELEVATOR TO C1**. Most of the reading material is sodden, blood spattered, or burned. Several spent potassium flares. Every round spent searching yields a rumor from the table on the opposite page. T=True, F=False, HT=Half True.

B9. SOCIAL SPACE: Barricades (overturned couches, tables, and chairs) surrounded by spent potassium flares and shells. Posters on the wall warn of the dangers of poor sanitation, recommend vigilance. A few rifles with jungle-clipped magazines are propped against the barricade along with a dog-eared copy of "Treat Your Rifle Like A Lady." None of the barricades have taken arms fire. **SEALED DOOR** to the **BARRACKS**. Takes several rounds to open and Gaunt can be heard behind the door the entire time.

THE RED TOWER: FLOORS A-C

(C) FLOOR: Every round spent sitting still, 1D10 GAUNT (see “To Quickly Generate Gaunt Walkers in the Tower”) arrive, increasing die each round (Round 1=1d10, Round 2=2d10, etc.) Gaunts take 4 rounds to open a blast door.

KEY POINTS: If the ENVIRONMENTAL CONTROLS on B7 or C6 aren't fixed: flickering lights and portions of complete darkness. **BLAST DOORS** are noted as being either opened or closed, they can be cut with a hand welder in 3 rounds.

C1. ELEVATOR: Opens to lobby. Sandbag barricade (2 slagged SAWs and 3 rifles with jungle clipped magazines propped against) blocking stairs down to C2. Spent shells and potassium flares.

C2. PITCH BLACK HALLWAY: Lights on if ENVIRONMENTAL CONTROLS have been fixed. Broken glass (crunches underfoot), **GET SOME FUCKERS** spraypainted on the wall, spent shells, potassium flares. Blast Door to C10 closed. Blast Doors to C7/C6 open. **SEALED DOOR to the BARRACKS.**

C3. DARK MAZE OF CUBICLES: If ENVIRONMENTAL CONTROLS aren't fixed there is flickering track lighting. Cubicle walls, monitors, complicated diagrams on the wall, all shredded by small arms fire. Fire extinguisher in the corner near **AIR DUCT** which leads to B5.

C4. SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE: Makeshift barricade (conference table). 3 Pulse Grenades, empty magazines. **NO ROOM IN HELL** spraypainted on the door. Plate glass wall to C2.

C5. BREAKROOM: Overturned tables, plastic ergonomic chairs, broken coffee machines, some instant coffee.

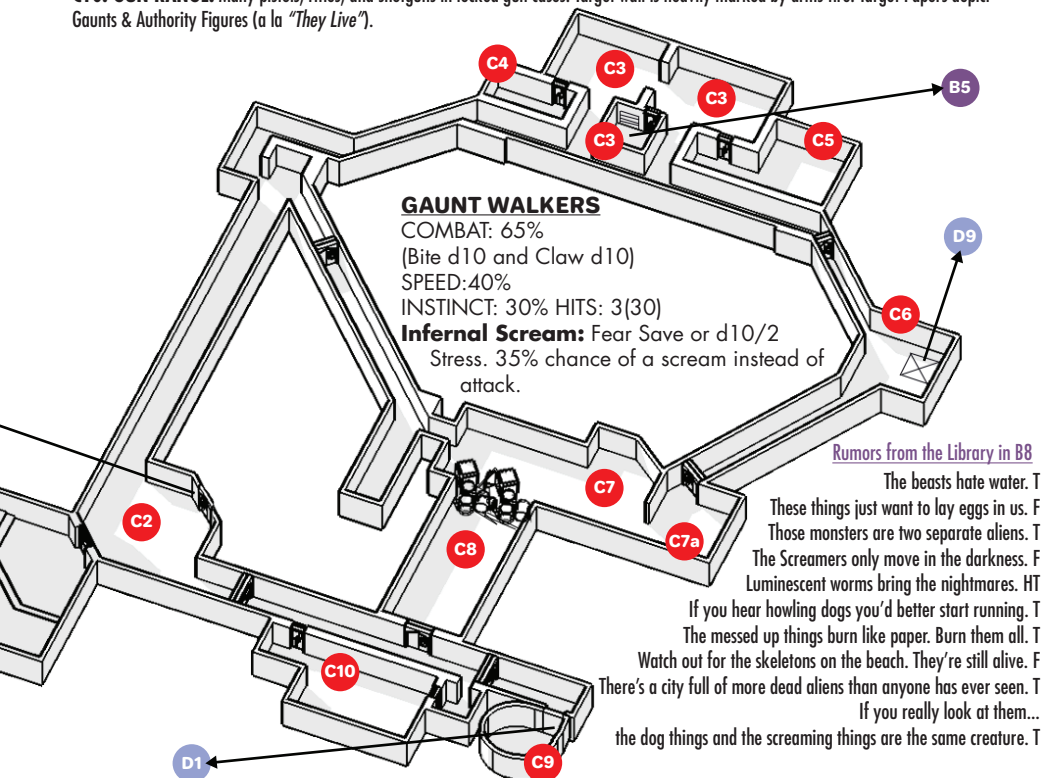
C6. DARKENED HALLWAY: **METAL EMERGENCY DOOR** (welded shut, cement shaft to D9). Partially set up cutting rig. Blast door to C7 is open.

C7. SPARTAN CONCRETE HALLWAY: ENVIRONMENTAL CONTROLS at C7a. Entrance to C8 is blocked by a sandbag barricade. Dark unless ENVIRONMENTAL CONTROLS have been fixed.

C8. CHOKEPOINT: Overrun barricade. Blast door to C10 is open. Blast door to C9 is closed. Dark unless ENVIRONMENTAL CONTROLS have been fixed.

C9. ELEVATOR: Leads to D1. Disengaged unless ENVIRONMENTAL CONTROLS are fixed. Propped open with a spanner.

C10. GUN RANGE: Many pistols, rifles, and shotguns in locked gun cases. Target wall is heavily marked by arms fire. Target Papers depict Gaunts & Authority Figures (a la “They Live”).



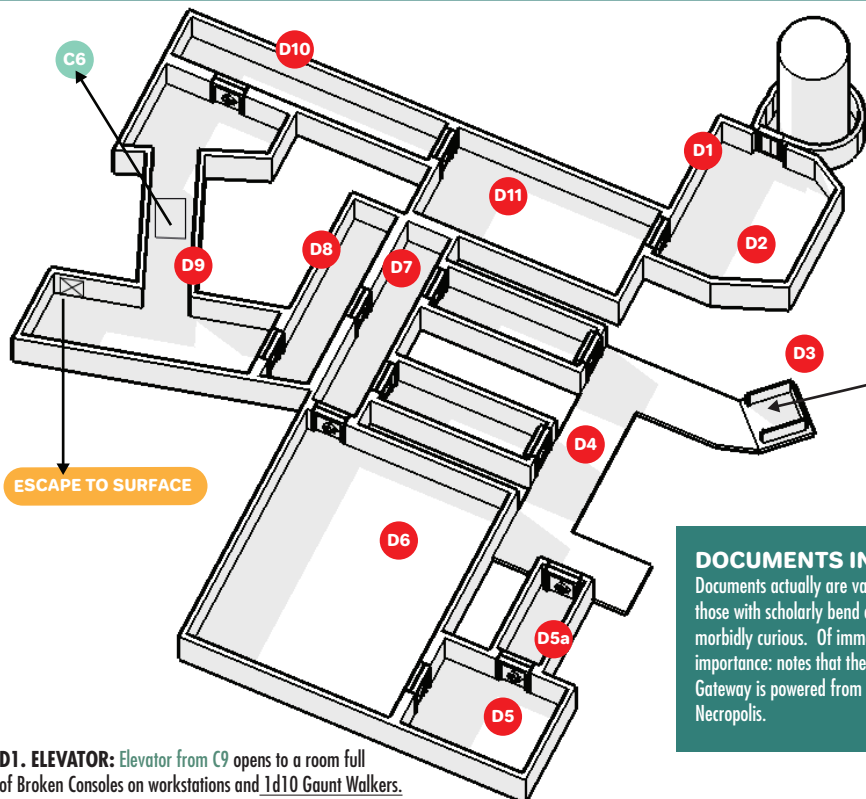
THE BARRACKS: B9 & C2: both have Sealed Doors to the Barracks (hallways of repetitive rooms stuffed with bunk beds). This floor is full of Gaunt (the elevator can stop on DORM floor—scratched out: THE DEAD RULE HERE is scrawled over it).

- If C2 door is breached: use d20's instead of D10s for Gaunts.
- if B9 door is breached sitting still incurs 1d10 Gaunts per round.

(D) FLOOR: All the active gaunts from Floor C pile into the elevator shaft and eventually come pouring in. The floor should feel rushed given less space to maneuver.

MOOD: Dripping uniform concrete, Light is **HARSH RED EMERGENCY LIGHTS**.

NOTE: PCs can survive (by escaping through D9), solve the mystery (by using the console at D6), or save the day (by activating the lift at D5 and take the lift D3 to the E floor).



DOCUMENTS IN D6:

Documents actually are valuable to those with scholarly bend or the morbidly curious. Of immediate importance: notes that the Dead Gateway is powered from the Necropolis.

D1. ELEVATOR: Elevator from C9 opens to a room full of Broken Consoles on workstations and 1d10 Gaunt Walkers.

D2. COMPUTER STATION: There is a clearly visible operational terminal.

D3. OBSERVATION ROOM: Provides a clear view of E1. ELEVATOR CONTROLS for D3 (power up, set timed departure). Breaking a support beam at D5a collapses the hallway, sealing D5 from D4.

D4. ELEVATOR ACCESS BALCONY: Steel guardrail, Plummet to E1 by going over railing.

D5. TERMINAL ROOM: Many cubicles, access to complete documents from the organization (see SIDEBAR), can transmit the files. Corpse of Defiance Commanding Officer (CO) Tecumseh Grimaldi sits in an office chair. Facial gunshot wound, at his feet Massive Gold Plated Pistol (Holds 7+1 shots, can fire semi auto, does damage die of a Pulse Rifle, knockdown of a revolver, short range) and in his pocket: inventory of the Defiance and safe password (TALLY HO).

D6. LOCKERS: Lockers (Environmental gear, light ballistic armor) in uniform rows. Two separate decontamination rooms to enter D4.

D7. BREAKROOM: Overturned tables, plastic ergonomic chairs, vaguely inspirational posters about upcoming apocalyptic war, several very old bottles of champagne in rusted buckets.

D8. VERTICAL SHAFT: EMERGENCY DOOR from C6 drops into an access room between a room of broken monitors and scientific equipment and Specimen Examination Room (D10), entrance is a metal freezer door (THICK, cannot enter D9 from D10 without breaking the door). Spraypaint **YOU'RE ALREADY DEAD**; Painting of a Doglike Creature in a strange smudged style (3,000 credits; outsider art) — hidden behind the painting is an **ESCAPE SHAFT** to the surface. The shaft is wired with timed explosives when the painting is removed, plastic explosives lining the shaft are activated and explode in 10min collapsing the shaft and sealing the exit. Anyone within 20m of the blast takes 3d10 damage (Body save for half).

D9. SPECIMEN EXAMINATION ROOM: Somewhere between a butcher shop and torture chamber. Chainsaw, various medical saws and probes. Disassembled Gaunt Hounds and Walkers hang from hooks. On shelf: preserved Gaunt parasite in a specimen jar.

D10. GUN LOCKERS: Assault rifles and shotguns. Extremely motivational posters about killing the Gaunt.

(E) FLOOR: Full of complex, dusty machinery humming and flashing as it boots up and comes to life. A control panel in E3 can control the gates and disable the automatic firing of the bomb (E2) into the core of the planet. Igniting the bomb before it explodes destroys the Gaunt, the planet, and the moon colony, containing the Gaunt incursion.

E1. PLATFORM ELEVATOR: As the platform from D3 slides down to E1, a mournful pattern of synth notes plays (D, A, Bm, G, D, Em, D, A, Bm, G, D, Em, A, A, G, D, A). The moment the synth pattern finishes playing, klaxon alarms spring to life, and a single red spotlight illuminates the FISSION CORE BURNER BOMB.

E2. FISSION CORE BURNER BOMB: The sleek and illuminated Fission Core Burner Bomb slices deep into planets before reacting with the core, fissioning it and producing a dramatic planet destroying explosion. In order to detonate the Dead Planet, the party must use the controls at E3 to open the Gate at E4 and arm a launch code. Behind E4 is a nearly limitless supply of Gaunt.

E3. COMPLEX CONTROL ARRAY: Terminals open the gates (all closed when the crew descends but the gate to E4 starts to open automatically and E2 arms with a countdown).

E4. ELEVATOR ACCESS BALCONY: The tracks are corroded and drip with biological taint--vast webs of viscera and flesh and the screaming malformations of the gaunt surge forth from within.

E5. EXIT TO THE SURFACE: There is a well-stocked APC if someone opens the gate between E3 & E5 and E5 and the surface, the party will exit near the crash site of the *Defiance* after 20 minutes (if driving) or an hour (on foot).

GAUNT WALKERS

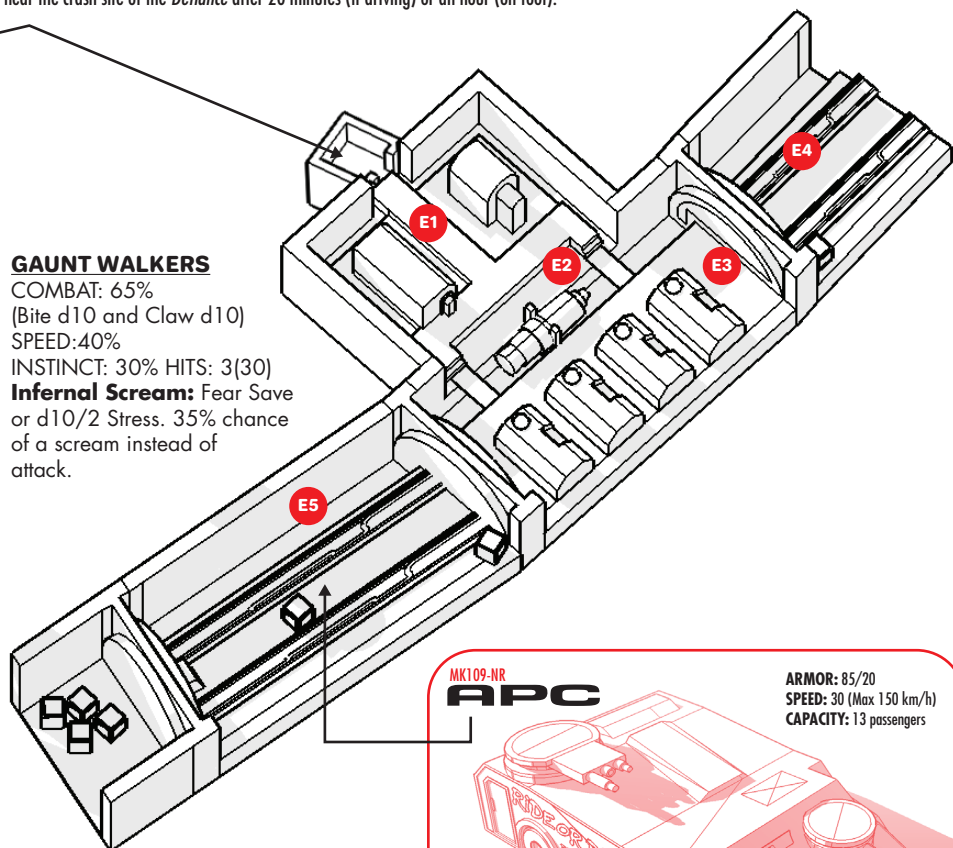
COMBAT: 65%

(Bite d10 and Claw d10)

SPEED: 40%

INSTINCT: 30% HITS: 3(30)

Infernal Scream: Fear Save or d10/2 Stress. 35% chance of a scream instead of attack.



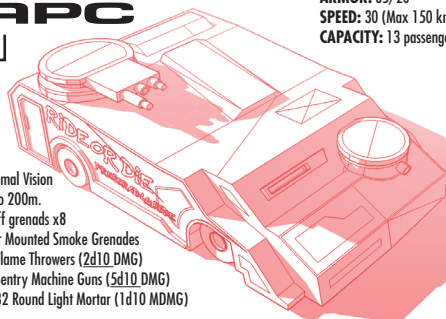
MK109-NR APC

ARMOR: 85/20

SPEED: 30 (Max 150 km/h)

CAPACITY: 13 passengers

Thermal Vision
up to 200m.
Chaff grenades x8
Rear Mounted Smoke Grenades
x2 Flame Throwers (2d10 DMG)
x4 Sentry Machine Guns (5d10 DMG)
x1 32 Round Light Mortar (1d10 MDMG)





ALPHA GAUNT

COMBAT: 75%

» Bite 3d10 and Claw 3d10 or **TELEKINETIC DRAIN**

SPEED: 60%

INSTINCT: 65%

HITS: 6 (45)

Special Abilities

- » **HORRIFIC SCREAM:** Alpha Gaunt always screams before an attack. The scream forces a Fear Save and adds d10/2 Stress upon failure. 35% chance of a scream instead of attack in combat.
- » **TELEKINETIC DRAIN:** 3d10 Damage, -5% STR and SPD, Sanity check or 1d10/2 Stress.

Alpha Gaunts are emaciated, leathery, graceful and tall. They are produced when a higher form of Death Worm parasitizes a near perfect host. A series of grasping claws protrudes from their torso to their face and becomes a mouth and telekinetic organ which lifts their prey into the air and drains them of life.



DEATH WORMS

COMBAT: 20%

» Bite 2d10

SPEED: 45% (Swims through air)

INSTINCT: 30%

HITS: 1 (10)

Special Abilities

- » **BURROW:** When causing 10 pts. of damage, victim must make a Body Save or the worm starts implanting itself into their face.

Spectral, parasitic worms that must find a host to inhabit this universe as their bodies are not suited to anything but their native environment. Inhabiting a victim involves the death worm burrowing into the throat and cranial regions of their victim. When they have successfully implanted, they radically transform the host.

The host's cranial structures split down to the chest from which webbed and clawed appendages burst, tipped with the host's teeth. The host's skin thickens and stretches tightly across protruding joints and skeletal structures. The resulting amalgamation—parasite and host—is known as a Gaunt due to its emaciated figure.

GAUNT CRAWLER

COMBAT: 15%

» Bite or ranged spike 2d10

SPEED: 40%

INSTINCT: 10%

HITS: 1 (20)

Special Abilities

» **HIVE MIND:** for each Crawler beyond the first, Combat and Instinct are increased by 5%. Paralyzing Spike forces Body Save or become Paralyzed for d10 rounds. Acid Spray released in 3m long cone and adds additional d10 damage. Toxic Gas released in 5 sq m cloud and adds 1 Stress per round in cloud and d10 damage to health.)

These tentacled and armored creatures are usually the first of the Gaunt kin to come into the living dimensions. They're about a foot long and scurry around using a long, prehensile proboscis, cleaning up any scraps left by the larger Gaunts. Black spines undulate in ridges down the backs of the "bugs" and some of them may contain paralyzing agents or other toxins.

GAUNT HOUNDS

COMBAT: 60%

» Bite 4d10

SPEED: 85% (Run and/or Glide)

INSTINCT: 45%

HITS: 3 (20)

Special Abilities

» **HOWL:** Adds 2 Stress and a 5% chance of forcing Panic Roll.

Fast, six legged animals akin to a dried out, leathery hyena. Flaps of skin connect to the legs on each side allow for gliding attacks from elevated locations. Toothed jaws open impossibly wide. Four dead glassy eyes are set on top of the creature's skull. A stiff, lashing tail is held erect and can often be seen above the grass. The Hounds stand about 5 feet tall at the shoulder and utter a loud, baying howl when the scent of prey is picked up.





GAUNT WALKERS

COMBAT: 65%

» Bite 1d10 and Claw 3d10

SPEED: 40%

INSTINCT: 30%

HITS: 3 (30)

Special Abilities

- » **INFERNAL SCREAM:** A group of Gaunt Walkers always screams before an attack. The scream forces a Fear Save and adds d10/2 Stress upon failure. 35% chance of a scream instead of an attack in combat.)

Gaunts here are emaciated and hunch-backed with willowy arms, squat legs, and webbed digits. They are as comfortable moving on two limbs as four. Their faces consist of immense eyes and high nostrils atop an elongated vertical orifice of interlocking bone tipped digits.



GLOW SKULL

COMBAT: 15%

SPEED: 10%

INSTINCT: 50%

HITS: 1 (5)

Special Abilities

- » **BLINDING FLARE:** Flashes brightly and moans when non Gaunt are spotted. Forces Sanity Save (1 Stress if failed). 40% chance of Skull exploding when attacked and causing 2d10 damage to those within 5m.

Brittle hyaline globes filled with phosphorescent liquid ensconce internal skulls that moves within the green glow of the liquid. They act as sentries and will flash and moan when a threat is detected.



GRABBER TREE

COMBAT: 10%

SPEED: 00%

INSTINCT: 10%

HITS: 4 (40)

Special Abilities

- » **SEEDPOD:** Throws seedpod at anything moving by. Body Save or be pinned to the ground by the seed's exploding roots. Strength check to get out from under.
- » **INFECTION:** 25% chance the Grabber Tree has been infected by Death Worms. Infected Seedpods release black, caustic sludge (which deal 2d10 damage/round until freed).

Drab olive green trunk, split into five branches and topped by slender red grass-like structures. Oval seed pods twice the size of a human head dangle from the ends of twisted vines and are hurled at warm blooded bodies.



SLIMEMOTH

COMBAT: 25%

» Bite 2d10

SPEED: 40%

INSTINCT: 15%

HITS: 2 (10)

Special Abilities

- » **SLIME:** Produces copious amounts of slime when attacking, which slows victims by d10% unless a successful Body Save is made.

Two feet long and greyish in color with a fat, legless slug-like body. Moist, heavy wings make a peculiar sound like wet leather flapping in the wind.

TRI-WORM

COMBAT: 50%

» Tongue 3d10 or Club 4d10

SPEED: 20%

INSTINCT: 20%

HITS: 3 (15)

Special Abilities

- » **TONGUE ATTACK:** Body Save or the victim of the tongue attack loses an additional 1d10 Health per round until the wound is wrapped.

A 15 foot long, 1 foot diameter moist, black, thick-skinned, aquatic worm with a tetrahedral head, and a large, compound eye on each side. Three sharp tongues lap from the tip of the cone head. Despite having three legs, only two are for locomotion; the third is a weapon.

D100	I SEARCH THE BODY... DERELICT CRAFT	MOON COLONY	RED TOWER
00	Vial of amber liquid (alien-human hybrid foetus)	Blindfold (Eyes Painted on)	Commando Knife with Compass
01-09	Breast Pocket Satanic Bible		
10-19	Key to a Storage Locker		
20-24	Scalpel		
25-29	Vitamin Sludge	Glass Eye	3 Shotgun Shells
30-34	Lagomorph Foot	Venerated Goat Figurine	
35-39	Napkin (Coordinates Scribbled On Back)	Painkillers	SMG Magazine (Loaded)
40-44	Lipstick		
45-49	2d10 Credits	St. Christopher's Medallion	K Ration
50-54	"Touch the Void" Cyanide Pills	Pack of Cigarettes (Green Apple)	
55-57	Music Player		3 Potassium Flares
58-60	Bounty Notice for Relevant Crewmember	Tiny Wax Gaunt Sculpture	
61-63	Anxiety Medication		Pack of Cigarettes (Red Apple logo)
64-66	Switchblade (Blade Says: <i>BAD BITCH</i>)	Wrap Around Black Sunglasses	
67-69	Cheap Sunglasses		Plastic Ziptie Handcuffs (4x)
70-71	Hula Girl	Grey's Anatomy (Highlighting Focuses On Digestibility of Parts)	
72-73	Compass		PATCH: "TO DESTROY YOU IS NO LOSS"
74-75	Spy Codebook	"Never Sleep" Alertness Pills	
76-77	Receipt for Alimony Payment		ZIPPO: <i>FUCK OWLS</i>
78-79	MOTIVATIONAL REMINDER: <i>This Will Pass</i>		
80	BRACELET: <i>Right Now, I Am Not In Danger. Right Now I Am Safe</i>	A Scalpel	Pinup Playing Cards
81	Playing Cards (Marked)		Faded Photograph of a Child
82	BOOK: <i>Horse Races Gambling Guide</i>		Music Box plays "Tom Dooley"
83	PIN: <i>Panic!</i>	PAMPHLET: <i>A Great New Darkness</i>	Honorable Discharge Papers (Pension Eligible)
84	Painkillers (Crushed to Snort)		Chopsticks
85	Postcard (Nice Casino)		Key (Storage Locker)
86	COLONY SHIP BROCHURE: <i>A New World For A New You</i>	Anti-Anxiety Pills	Packet of Dodgy "Alertness Powder" [Text Mostly Russian]
87	PATCH: <i>These Are Just Feelings, They Will Go Away</i>		Sobriety Coin
88	PIN: <i>All Matter Wants To Be On Fire</i>		
89	PAMPHLET: <i>What A Union Can Do For You</i>	PAMPHLET: <i>Distilling Rocket Fuel Alcohol</i>	Canteen (Moonshine)
90	PIN: Bleed the Pigs		BOOK: <i>Cook Crank With Your Mess Kit</i>
91	Animal Mask (Cloth)		BOOK: <i>Unions: A Parasite Draining YOUR Wages</i>
92	Box Cutter	Sculpting Tools	MAGAZINE: <i>Thomas of Sweden</i>
93	BOOK: <i>A Brief History of Hideous Dust</i>		PATCH: "I'm Here To Defile Your Place of Worship"
94	Holdout pistol		MAGAZINE: <i>Hot to Fro!</i>
95	Thermal Lance (tiny)		PATCH: Grinning Reaper" <i>Let's Earn That Paycheck</i>
96	Machete Saw	Goat Visitation Token	
97	Bandana		PAMPHLET: <i>The Faceless Hero: Grunts Through The Ages</i>
98	ZIPPO: <i>FUCK CAPITALISM</i>		
99	.50Cal Round Bottle Opener		Shot Glass (Alien Bone)