



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



CONTENTS

HOW TO USE ANY MODULE.....	3
THE DARKNESS THAT CAME TO PASS.....	3
THE SCREAMING ON THE ALEXIS	4
RANDOM ENCOUNTER TABLE	4
MAP AND KEY	6
DERELICT SHIP GENERATOR.....	9
DERELICT SHIP MAPPING.....	10
DERELICT SHIP MODULE GENERATOR.....	11
JUMP DRIVE MALFUNCTION TABLE	12
RANDOM WEAPON CACHE TABLE	13
MOON COLONY BLOODBATH.....	14
MAP AND KEY OF THE MOON	14
TYRANT BEGGAR MOON COLONY.....	16
TIMELINE OF EVENTS ON TYRANT BEGGAR	17
MAP & KEY TYRANT BEGGAR	18
MAP & KEY BREKT'S BREAKERS	21
IMPORTANT PEOPLE ON TYRANT BEGGAR	22
D100 RANDOM COLONISTS TABLE	24
WHAT'S IN THE VAULT? TABLE	25
D100 NIGHTMARES TABLE	28
THE DEAD PLANET.....	30
MAP OF THE DEAD PLANET.....	30
THE LANDING SITE.....	32
THE SWAMP	32
THE ANCIENT QUARRY.....	33
THE NECROPOLIS	34
THE DEAD GATEWAY	36
THE WRECK OF THE DEFIANCE.....	38
THE RED TOWER	39
MAP & KEY FOR FLOORS A & B	40
MAP & KEY FOR FLOOR C	41
MAP & KEY FOR FLOOR D	42
MAP & KEY FOR FLOOR E	43
ALIENS & OTHER HORRORS	44

WRITTEN BY DONN STROUD, FIONA MAEVE GEIST & SEAN MCCOY

ILLUSTRATED BY STEPHEN WILSON & SEAN MCCOY

EDITED BY JARRETT CRADER | PROOFREAD BY DANIEL HALLINAN

SPECIAL THANKS TO ALAN GERDING, LINDSAY, LANGSTON & JUNIPER

COPYRIGHT © 2023 TUESDAY KNIGHT GAMES | FIRST EDITION, FIRST PRINTING V1.0

MOTHERSHIPRPG.COM

HOW TO USE ANY MODULE

Cannibalize it. Rip it apart.

Take the tables, take the monsters, take the maps, 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 the players come in). Characters 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 players 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 city's center.
- » 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. 23) to let them 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 landed on the Dead Planet's moon and established the Tyrant Beggar moon colony.
- » **18 DAYS AGO:** Archeological research ship *The Alexis* unearthed a strange artifact and began heading 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...
00> SMUDGED NIGHTMARE DRAWING
01> STONE IDOL
02> 2D10 CREDITS
03> COLLAPSIBLE SHOVEL
04> PAMPHLET: THE SHEDDING OF FLESH
05> MUG: IF THERE IS NO ORDER, KEEP QUIET
06> NOTE: "I AM THE SILENCE THAT IS
INCOMPREHENSIBLE..."
07> TROWEL OR MATTOCK
08> OSSIFIED TRILOBITE
09> INSTANT COFFEE POWDER

// RANDOM ENCOUNTERS ON BOARD THE ALEXIS.
// ROLL 1D10 WHENEVER ENTERING ANY ROOM
00> 1D5 PARALYZING SPIKE CRAWLERS
01> 1D5-2 TOXIC GAS CRAWLERS
02> 1D5-1 ACID SPRAY CRAWLERS
03> SKITTERING WITHIN THE WALLS
04> BANGING INSIDE THE VENTS
05> SOMETHING CRAWLS BENEATH THE FLOORS
06> THUMPS IN THE CEILING THAT GROW FAINTER
07> DEATH WORM'S OUTLINE SCORCHED INTO THE FLOOR
08> 1D5 CRAWLER CORPSES
09> SILENCE

THE SCREAMING



// GAUNT MOVEMENT. ONCE/MIN. UNLESS NOTED,
GAUNT ALWAYS MOVE TOWARDS NEAREST PLAYER
00> SCREAMS AND MOVES 40M
01> MOVES 80M
02> SCREAMS AND MOVES 60M
03> MOVES 100M
04> SCREAMS AND MOVES 50M
05> MOVES TO ANOTHER DECK, IGNORES CHARACTERS
06> SCREAMS AND MOVES OUT OF RANGE
07> MOVES OUT OF RANGE
08> ATTACKS THE ENVIRONMENT
09> STOPS TO SENSE CHARACTERS' LOCATIONS

// BOOKS FOUND IN CAPTAIN YANCHEG'S QUARTERS:
00> ONE CREW ONE CAPTAIN: THE ART OF MANAGING
THE UNMANAGEABLE
01> A STORM IN EVERY PORT
02> SHACKLETON'S GHOST
03> GREAT SPACE BATTLES OF THE DELTA SECTOR
04> ZEN AND THE ART OF CRYOPOD MAINTENANCE
05> WATERSHIP DOWN (RICHARD ADAMS)
06> MY WORK IS NOT YET DONE (THOMAS LIGOTTI)
07> THE LOST FLEET: DAUNTLESS (JOHN G. HEMRY)
08> A COLLAPSE OF HORSES (BRIAN EVENSON)
09> DIAMOND DOGS (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 players have a Jump drive issue, or have recklessly jumped into an unknown sector, this is an easy way to quickly get them into the action. As soon as they come out of hyperspace they'll find their Jump drives are malfunctioning and their ship is in orbit around a strange planet (pg. 30) with a tidelocked moon (pg. 14) and a vast graveyard of orbitting derelict craft (pg. 8). The first of these drifting craft they come upon is *The Alexis*.

BACKGROUND

The Alexis is a Jump-4 Class-II 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.

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 must make a Body Save or keel over, unresponsive. This crash erases the memories of the computers and androids back to moments before the first opening of the Gate.

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 Movement Table** above unless the Warden wants to manually control her. She can traverse vents and doors, though cannot bypass airlocks.

SCANS SHOW

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

THE ALEXIS

J4C-II ARCHEOLOGICAL RESEARCH VESSEL
THR:35 BTL:5 SYS:45 CREW:30
- MEDBAY
- SCIENCE LAB

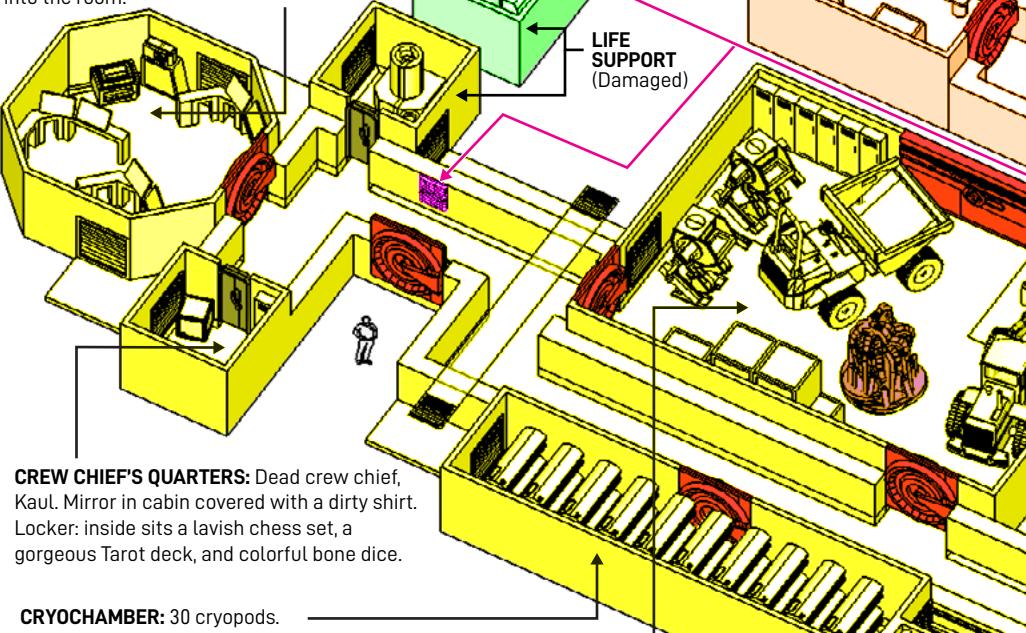
This is caused by the strange artifact uncovered by the crew—currently in the hold—that opens a gateway to the Dead Dimension for 13 minutes out of every hour, unleashing Gaunt upon the ship. *The Alexis* can be accessed through the port airlock or the larger airlock in the hold.

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, 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.

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

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.



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

CRYOCHAMBER: 30 cryopods.

CARGO HOLD: is well provisioned for archeological digs: Two skeleton walkers (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. No 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 1m wide, 1.5m high, and 1m 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 six dead crew members kneeling around the relic with their hands or foreheads touching it.

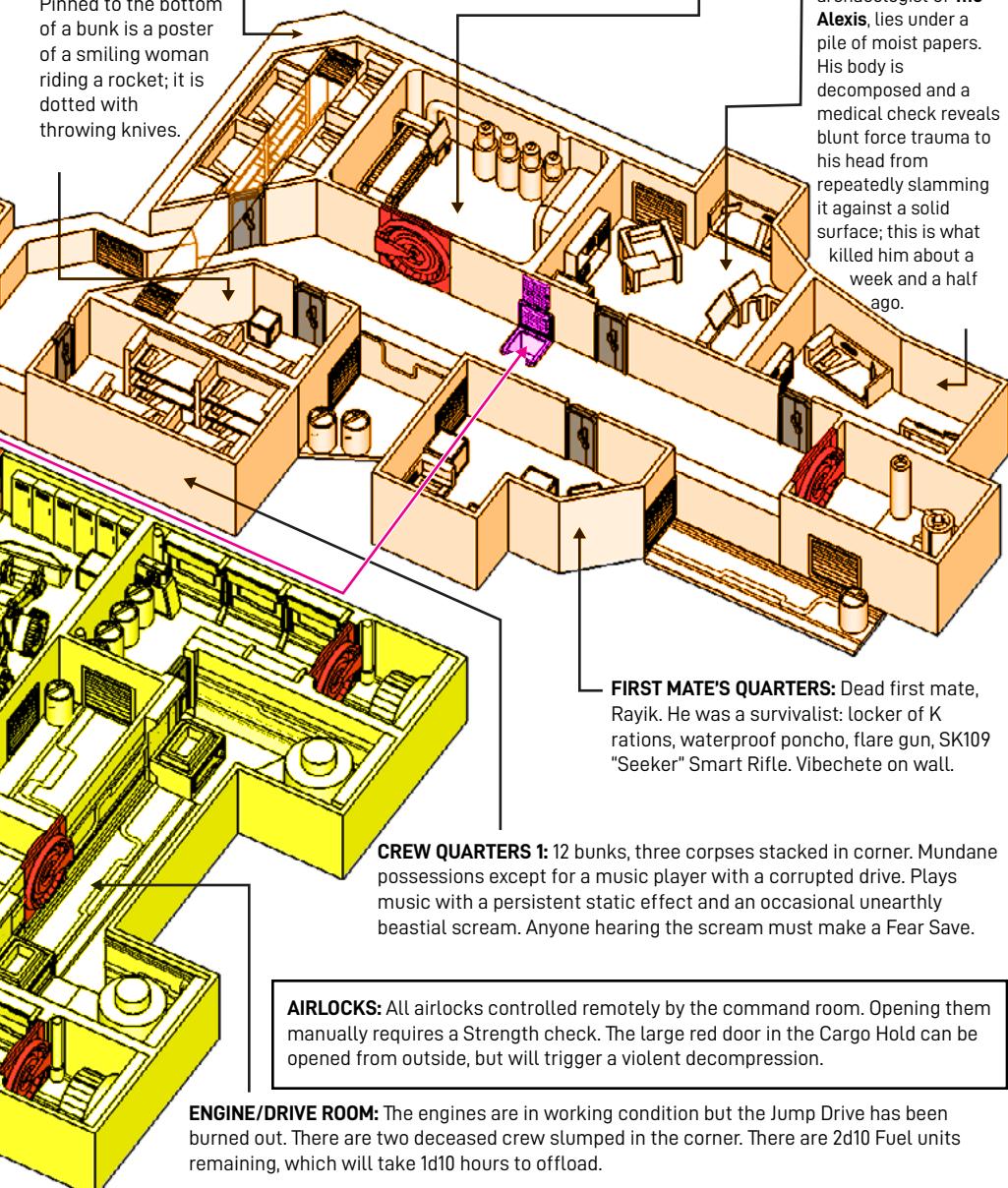
CREW QUARTERS 3: 12 bunks, four corpses, one of which is stuck to the ceiling; prodding it causes it to crash to the floor. It was impaled by the shredded vent—after being violently pulled against it.

CREW QUARTERS 2: Six bunks, six 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.



D100	SHIP TYPE/STATUS		SALVAGE	CAUSE OF RUINATION		WEIRD
00				Virus		Haunted
01-09				Combat		Inhabited by Alien Life
10-19		Mining Frigate		Raided by Pirates		Terraformed by Strange Creatures
20-24				Jump Drive Malfunction (see pg. 12)		Crew Dressed for Costume Party
25-29				Abandoned Ship		Crew All Identical
30-34				Rogue AI		Crew was preparing Theatrical Performance
35-39				Mutiny		Morbid Artwork
40-44		Freighter		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				Cannibalism		Cult Members
61-63		Raider		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				Hatch Opened, No Air		Ancient Ship
74-75		Executive Transport		Cargo Created Mishap		Temporal Distortions
76-77				Starvation		Failed Utopia
78-79				Part of a Conspiracy		Crew Weighed and Measured Weekly
80				Thrusters Slagged		Extensive Body Modification
81				Weapons System Malfunction		Isolated Physics Anomalies
82				Cryosleep Never Disengaged		Sexual Deviants
83				Complex Series of Events		Religious Extremists
84		Exploration Vessel		Suicide Pact		Transhumanist Android Worshippers
85				Parasite Infestation		Anti-Android Conspiracists
86				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		Corvette		Fight Spiraled Out of Control		Interior Coated in Flesh, Doors are Membranes
92		Jumpliner		Chainsaw Rampage		Whispering Echoes Always a Room Ahead
93	Troopship			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				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	Colony Ship			William Tell Trick		Fruit Basket, Greeting Card Inexplicably Addressed to Crew

D100**RANDOM CARGO**

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 and symbols)
87	Compressed Algae Blocks (1 = days rations, gross)
88	Disarmed Ordnance (lacking 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

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 players upon arrival) is *The Alexis* (pg. 6). If the players want to continue to explore space wrecks, there are a few easy ways to generate them:

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 are 13 (7+6) days of Galley stock remaining (which is strange because it appears 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 1D100 9 TIMES AND READ THE RESULTS.

For example: [81, 91, 87, 83, 61, 41, 35, 42, 11] An exploration research vessel, habitable but non-functioning, with no survivors, a stable Engine, Thrusters, and Jump Drive. Not only that, it has 1d10 Fuel and 4d10 containers of ore! Quite a find. It appears the cause of the ship's status was a mutiny, and they seem to have been pet hoarders of some kind - the ship is lousy with hungry animals. Maybe they were experimenting on the animals with the complex navigational equipment in the cargo hold?

3. CHOOSE YOUR FAVORITES

Use these lists as a jumping off point, or to answer a quick question about any ship the players 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 a ship's status, its problems and what it's carrying. You can easily use it as a jumping off point for writing your own adventure, but if you're strapped for time, you can grab a handful of six-sided dice (d6) and drop them on the table. Place them however you want to create a map, then roll 1d10 for each room, consulting the **DERELICT SHIP MODULE GENERATOR** on the next page. All ships start out with a Command Module and Thrusters.

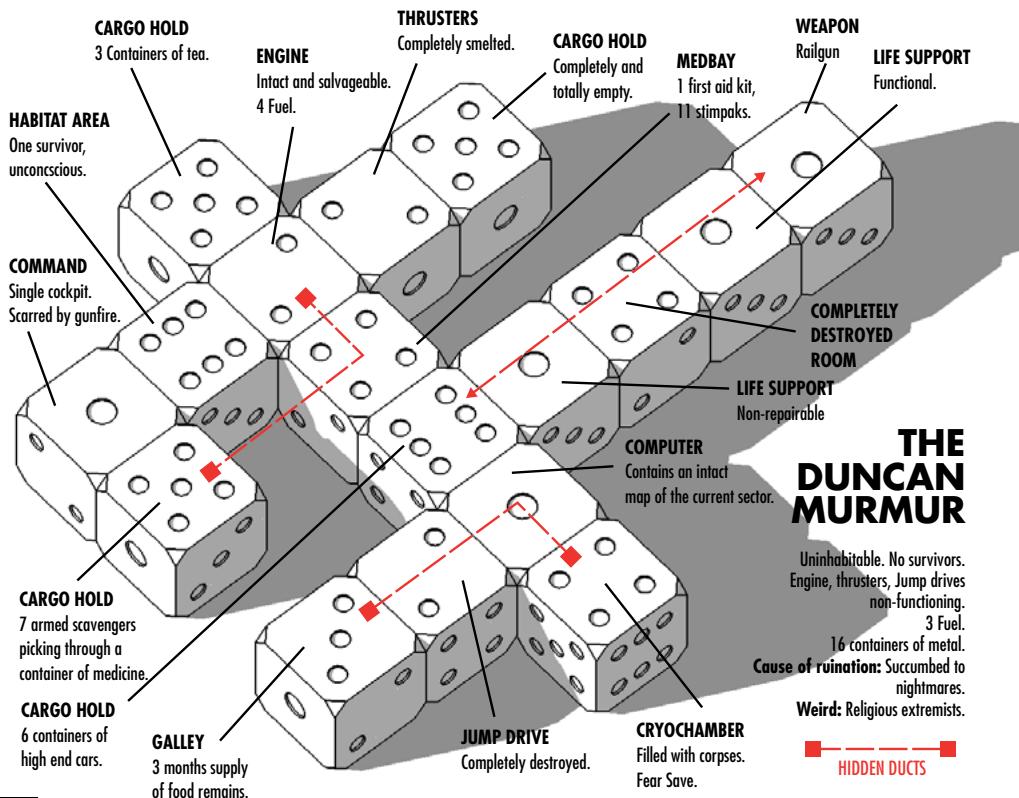
HIDDEN DUCTS

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 limit it to just a few.

SHIP TYPE

Depending on your ship's type, you can roll a different number of dice when constructing it. Many ships have multiple decks, as outlined below:

- » **MINING FRIGATE:** 10+ decks, 2d6 each.
- » **FREIGHTER:** 5+ decks, 3d6 each.
- » **RAIDER:** 4 decks, 1d6 each.
- » **EXECUTIVE TRANSPORT:** 5 decks, 2d6 each.
- » **EXPLORATION VESSEL:** 10+ decks, 4d6 each.
- » **JUMPLINER:** 10+ decks, 3d6 each.
- » **CORVETTE:** 5+ decks, 5d6 each.
- » **TROOPSHIP:** 15+ decks, 3d6 each.
- » **COLONY SHIP:** 20+ decks, 5d6 each.



DERELICT SHIP MODULE GENERATOR

// 3D10 SHIP NAME GENERATOR		
// ROLL ONCE IN EACH COLUMN		
00> IAGO	VALEFOR	ECHO
01> HECATE	OPHANIM	ALPHA
02> OBERON	MARAX	OMEGA
03> WHITEHALL	MARINER	KING
04> DUNCAN	LABOLAS	BEGGAR
05> BANQUO	ASTAROTH	DELTA
06> WINTER	CHERUBIM	EPISLON
07> MARLOWE	TYRANT	JIBRIL
08> TEMPEST	BALAHM	BRAVO
09> FAUST	MURMUR	TANGO

Roll the dice and start placing them on the table to create a map. For each room, roll 1d10; 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
00	COMMAND: Single cockpit, scarred by gunfire.	JUMP DRIVE: Intact and salvageable.	GALLEY: 1d10 months of food and supplies remaining.	MEDBAY: Stocked to the gills. Roll twice on Weapon Cache.	CARGO HOLD: 1d10 shipping containers full of (Roll on Random Cargo table) (pg. 9).	CARGO HOLD: Roll on Random Cargo table (pg. 9).
01	COMMAND: Bridge with working comms.	JUMP DRIVE: Completely destroyed.		MEDBAY: Completely picked over.		
02	LIFE SUPPORT: Functional.	THRUSTERS: Intact and salvageable.	GALLEY: Completely barren, booby trapped.	MEDBAY: 1d10 first aid kits, 2d10 stimpaks.		
03	LIFE SUPPORT: Repairable.	THRUSTERS: Completely melted.	GALLEY: Roll on Weapon Cache table (pg. 13).	SCIENCE LAB: Strange creature in containment.		
04	LIFE SUPPORT: Non-repairable.			HABITAT AREA: One survivor, unconscious.	SCIENCE LAB: Quarantined. Body Save or 2d10 DMG.	ENGINES: 1d5 squatters in vacsuits huddling around the warmth of the engines.
05	LIFE SUPPORT: Level 2 Radiation.	ENGINE: Intact and salvageable. 1d10 Fuel.	HABITAT AREA: Roll on Weapon & Supply Cache table (pg. 13).	CRYOCHAMBER: Filled with corpses. Fear Save.		
06	COMPUTER: Contains an intact map of the current sector.			HABITAT AREA: Corpses.	CRYOCHAMBER: 3d10 working cryopods.	
07	COMPUTER: Contains an intact map of a random sector.	ENGINE: Completely destroyed and unusable.	LIVING QUARTERS: Roll on Weapon & Supply Cache table (pg. 13).			CARGO HOLD: Completely and totally empty.
08	WEAPON: 1. Laser Cannon 2. Autocannon 3. Railgun 4. Particle Beam 5. Missiles (Light) 6. Missiles (Heavy)		LIVING QUARTERS: Booby trapped.	CRYOCHAMBER: 1d10 cryopods that seem fine. 25% failure.		ENGINES: Strange creature infestation.
09		ENGINE: Rigged to explode in 1d10 minutes.	LIVING QUARTERS: Stowaway squatting here.	COMPLETELY DESTROYED ROOM		BARRACKS: Fight between 2d10 scavengers and crewmembers of the ship's original crew.

Local Drive (MS:/) 165000 Free

d100 JUMP DRIVE MALFUNCTION

- 00-05 A LARGE AQUARIUM IN THE MESS IS FILLED WITH [1D10] 1) TILAPIA 2) TROUT 3) SALMON 4) JELLYFISH 5) CATFISH 6) OYSTERS 7) OCTOPI 8) SQUID 9) SNAILS 10) STRANGE MASS
- 06-10 THREE BEFUDLED SPACEFARERS LOUNGE ABOUT THE DECK, PERPLEXED THIS IS NOT THE GOLDEN HEART. THEY ARE: RIO URIBE, CARA DELEVINGE, AND IRINA LAZAREANU (FASHIONABLE SOCIALITES). THEY WEAR CORSETED JACKETS, CRINOLINED BALLERINA SKIRTS, TOWERING STILETTOS, AND MAKE EXCELLENT NEGOTIATORS AND ALWAYS HAVE A CONTACT ANYWHERE THE CREW MAY WIND UP. THEIR COMBINED SALARY IS 10KCR AND THEY ONLY WORK AS A TEAM.
- 11-15 PASS CHARACTER SHEETS ONE SPACE CLOCKWISE; PLAYERS PLAY THE NEW CHARACTER (IF APPLICABLE, A CHARACTER CURRENTLY CONTROLLED BY THE WARDEN IS PART OF THIS CIRCLE).
- 16-20 INSIDE THE SHIP, GRAVITY IS DELAYED 3 SECONDS (OBJECTS REMAIN SUSPENDED FOR 3 SECONDS BEFORE FALLING) FOR 1D5 HOURS.
- 21-25 TIME MOVES DIFFERENTLY FOR EVERYONE (ROLL FOR EACH CREW MEMBER). TIME TO PHYSICALLY TRAVEL DISTANCES IS MEASURED IN [1D10] 1-4) SECONDS 5-7) MINUTES 8-9) HOURS 10) DAYS. LASTS 24 HOURS.
- 26-30 IN THE POCKET OF EVERY CREWMEMBER IS A SEALED LETTER SIGNED BY ANOTHER RANDOM CREWMEMBER. THE LETTER IS AN ARDUOUS CONFESSION TO ACTS SO SINGULARLY VILE AND UNCONSCIONABLE THAT READING THEM TRIGGERS A PANIC CHECK. ADDITIONALLY, THE CREWMEMBER WHO "WRITES" THE LETTER MUST MAKE A SANITY SAVE.
- 31-35 THERE IS AN ELABORATE LACQUERED BOX. INSIDE IS A BLACK CAT WITH WHITE EYES; ALL SCANS SHOW IT TO BE DEAD. IT IS PERFECTLY ALIVE AND SOMEWHAT FRIENDLY.
- 36-40 A "BIRD"-THAT LOOKS LIKE A CUBIST PAINTING-FLUTTERS ABOUT, RECITING THE DIGITS TO PI. AT AN ARBITRARY POINT THE BIRD EXPLODES IN A SOFT HISS OF INK. THE NEXT MATHEMATICS CHECK EACH CREWMEMBER MAKES IS AT [+].
- 41-45 MOVEMENT IS BLINDLY FAST. CHARACTERS ACCELERATE AT BREAKNECK SPEED AND CAN VAPORIZIZE THEMSELVES RUNNING INTO WALLS. BODY SAVE [-] TO NOT SMASH INTO A WALL FOR 1 BLUNT FORCE WOUND. THIS ENDS IN WHAT FEELS LIKE SECONDS BUT TURNS OUT TO BE 4 HOURS.
- 46-50 THE CREW ARE WHOLLY CONVINCED THEY ARE IN SOMEONE ELSE'S DREAM, THAT THEIR ENTIRE EXISTENCE IS SIMPLY FRAGMENTS OF A DREAMING STATE. THEY ARE IMMUNE TO PANIC CHECKS UNLESS SOMEONE SUGGESTS THE DREAMER MAY AWAKEN. ANY RAPID SELF PRESERVING ACTION (LIKE FIGHTING FOR YOUR LIFE) TRIGGERS A SANITY SAVE.
- 51-55 PHYSICAL CONTINUITY IS OUT OF WHACK. WHEN THE CREW WALKS INTO A ROOM, INDIVIDUALLY ROLL FOR WHAT ROOM THEY WIND UP IN. THE ROOM'S ORIENTATION IS [1D10] 1-5) NORMAL 6-8) INVERTED (LEFT-RIGHT) 9-10) INVERTED (UPSIDE DOWN).
- 56-60 EXITING WARP: THERE IS A TABLE SET WITH A FEAST AND A MARBLE BUST OF EACH CREW MEMBER ON THE TABLE FACING THEIR SEAT.
- 61-65 EVERYONE BECOMES A MIRROR VERSION OF THEMSELVES (RIGHT HANDED PEOPLE BECOME LEFT HANDED, SCARS ARE ON OPPOSITE SIDE, ETC.). GAIN 2 STRESS. SOME GEAR MAY BE DIFFICULT TO USE.
- 66-70 THE SHIP AND CREW HAVE BEEN BOUNCED BACKWARD BY A TIME RIPPLE. [1D10] 1-4) PLAYERS HAVE [+] ON ALL SAVES THIS SESSION 7-8) PLAYERS HAVE [+] ON ALL CHECKS THIS SESSION. 9) THE SHIP GAINS A RANDOM UPGRADE. 10) PLAYERS GAIN 1D10 STRESS.
- 71-75 A DUPLICATE OF EVERY CREW MEMBER APPEARS. THE WARDEN ROLLS SECRETLY TO DETERMINE WHETHER EACH PLAYER IS THE ORIGINAL OR DUPLICATE.
- 76-80 THERE'S A HEAVY MIST THROUGHOUT THE SHIP AND ALL SOUNDS ECHO FOR THE NEXT 1D5 HOURS.
- 81-85 EVERYONE'S CLOTHING IS WORN THIN AND PATCHED UP AND IT WASN'T LIKE THAT BEFORE THEY ENTERED THE CRYOPODS.
- 86-90 SHADOWS SEPARATE FROM THEIR OWNER, MOVING AHEAD OF THEM. SANITY SAVE EVERY 10 MINUTES UNTIL THE SAVE IS PASSED, AFTER WHICH THE SHADOWS RETURN TO NORMAL.
- 91-95 EVERY INJURY EVER RECEIVED REOPENS AND BLEEDS. SANITY SAVES ONCE PER MINUTE UNTIL THE SAVE IS PASSED, AFTER WHICH THE VIVID MEMORY PASSES.
- 96-99 EVERYONE THE CREWMEMBERS HAVE EVER LOVED AND LEFT BEHIND IS LOOKING AT THEM IN EVERY REFLECTION. THIS FADES GRADUALLY OVER 1D10 DAYS. ROLL 1D10. EVEN RESULT: SANITY SAVE EACH TIME THEY LOOK INTO A MIRROR. ODD RESULT: GAIN [+] ON FEAR SAVES FOR ONE DAY.

[WHY DOESN'T THEIR JUMP DRIVE WORK?]

On the surface of the Dead Planet is the Dead Gateway (pg. 36), which is the source of the hyperspace disturbance and the reason ships are drawn to the Dead Planet. Once pulled in, all ship's Jump drives cease to function. If the players attempt a Jump, deal 1d5 MDMG to the ship and roll a Jump Drive Malfunction. If you're running a game where you don't want the players trapped, or they're getting bored, let them escape and roll 1d5-1 MDMG rolled and another Jump Drive Malfunction when they leave.

D100 WEAPONS & SUPPLY CACHE

- 00-15 ROTTING WOODEN BOX: ROSCO 556 NAIL GUN, 4 BOXES OF NAILS, MNC MODEL A LASER CUTTER, SPARE BATTERY, PEABODY FLARE GUN, 6 FLARES (HUNTER GREEN).
- 16-25 PICKED CLEAN ESCAPE POD: EVA MK-II HAND WELDER, 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 DMG).
- 29-35 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), STIMPAC (X10), FN "SLUG GUN" REVOLVER, SPEEDLOADER (X2), BOOK: IVY LEAGUE GUIDE TO BYPASSING SECURITY.
- 41-50 TARP STITCHED SHUT: SAMPLE COLLECTION KIT, VIBECHETE, WATER FILTRATION DEVICE, RADIO JAMMER, REBREATHER, SK 109 SEEKER SMARTRIFLE, GHILLIE SUIT.
- 51-58 ATOP AN OCTAGONAL ALTAR, BEDECKED IN ORNATE BELLS: A PAIR OF CRUEL ENERGY WHIPS (INTELLECT INSTEAD OF COMBAT, 2D10 DMG, 10% BREAK CHANCE).
- 59-68 WATER RESISTANT DUFFEL BAG: BINOCULARS, CAMPING GEAR, STIMPAC (X2), WATER FILTRATION DEVICE, PERSONAL LOCATOR, REBREATHER, SK 109 SEEKER SMART RIFLE (2X), SPARE MAGAZINES (X8, JUNGLE CLIPPED), 4X EROTIC PICTORIAL MAGAZINES.
- 69-78 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, STIMPAC (X6), FIRST AID KIT, CYBERNETIC DIAGNOSTIC SCANNER, D&C 7 TRANQUILIZER PISTOL, ROSCO 556 NAIL GUN, BOOK: QUIETING THE SCREAMS: A PRIMER ON BEDSIDE MANNER.
- 81-84 HUMANOID HUSK-TALL, WITH FOUR CLUSTERED EYES—WEARS ONLY A PAIR OF ORNATE BRACERS (2D10 DMG BLASTER OR 3D10 DMG EXTENDABLE BLADE).
- 85-88 BADLY CHARRED ASBESTOS FIRE SAFE: RAMHORN 1 FLAMETHROWER, FUEL TANK (X4), 1 GALLON KEROSENE, ZIPPO ("WHAT THE HAND, DARE SEIZE THE FIRE?").
- 89-91 GEOMETRIC STACK OF UNKNOWN PURPOSE AROUND AN INTRICATELY WROUGHT METAL STAVE (3D10 DMG BLAST OR 1D10 DMG STRIKE).
- 92-96 HARDBODY GUITAR CASE: AZUREGLO RICKENBACKER 4001C64 ELECTRIC BASS IN CHERRY RED FINISH, ARMA 29 SUBMACHINE GUN, SPARE MAGAZINE (4X).
- 97-99 RUSTED 20-FT SHIPPING CONTAINER (STENCILLED WITH TEMPEST CO MILITARY 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.

UNDERLINED ITEMS ARE NOT DESCRIBED IN THE PLAYER'S SURVIVAL GUIDE.

THE DEAD PLANET'S MOON is barren and tide-locked. Once within Firing Range, the players can tell that the moon is littered with wreckage. There are faint signs of life in the northern hemisphere.

If the players inspect the moon closely they notice:

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

After ten minutes, a massive electromagnetic tether is fired from the surface of the moon and hits the players' ship (1 MDMG), and begins pulling it towards the surface. Make a Thrusters Check [-] for the ship (Piloting) to avoid:

- » **Critical Success:** The ship is able to pull away, the tether and nanofilament cable uncouple safely and return to the surface. During the evasive maneuver, the pilot is able to make out the hidden **WRECK OF THE PERENNIAL TYRANT** (6,7).
- » **Regular Success:** The ship is able to pull away, the tether and nanofilament cable dealing another 1 MDMG to the ship.
- » **Failure:** The ship gets pulled to the surface. The crew has 5 minutes to prepare before the ship is grounded.
- » **Critical Failure:** In the struggle, the ship is struck twice more with smaller tethers, causing another 2 MDMG, and then crashes (taking 1d5 MDMG). 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 the ship lands within 5 squares of Tyrant Beggar, 12 **BREAKERS** (C:35, PULSE RIFLE 3D10 DMG, I:30,W:1) arrive on foot within four hours. Otherwise, no one comes looking.

6) WRECK OF THE PERENNIAL TYRANT (6,7)

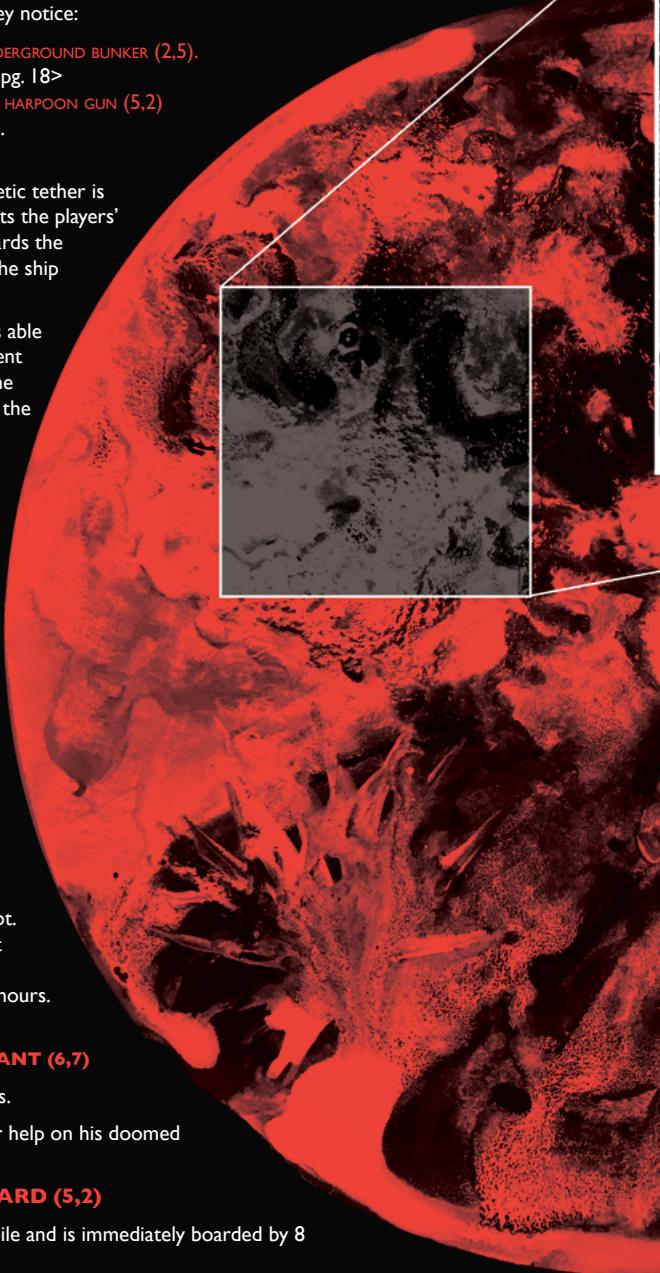
14 MREs. Weapons cache. Parts for repairs.

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

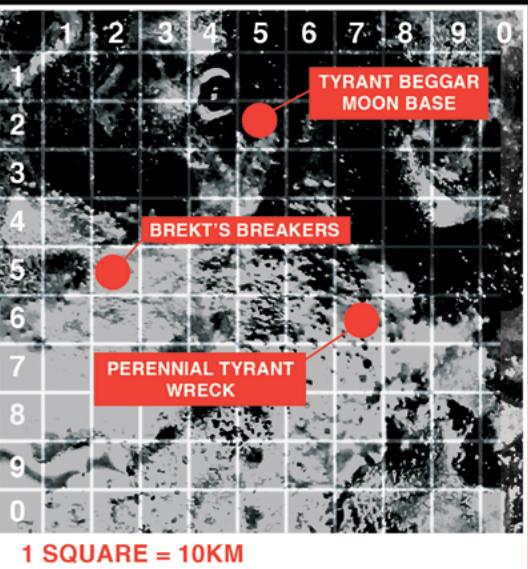
7-8) HARPOON GUN & SCRAPYARD (5,2)

The ship crash lands into a massive junk pile and is immediately boarded by 8 **BREAKERS**, led by BREKT <pg. 23>.

9-10) TYRANT BEGGER MOON BASE (2,5) The ship crash lands 3km away from the underground bunker. Within 15 minutes they are approached by VERGER & KALM <pg. 22>.



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 an ally makes a Strength Check to free them.
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 THEY WALK?

The players can hike roughly 10km/day (over 8 hours) on the broken terrain in their vaccsuits and armor.

After 10km, the players are considered Exhausted (see *Player's Survival Guide* pg. 32.4).

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, roll 1d10 and multiply that by the ship's maximum crew capacity to determine the remaining oxygen supply <see *Players Survival Guide* pg. 33.1>.

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 pg. 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 mangy goats, scavenged from another wreck, that provide them with sour milk and stringy meat. Still, rituals are an important part of societal 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, tenebrific, musky warren, where they experience unabating angst over the scarcity of water, food, and air. Casual conversation generally touches on these topics.

MINIMUM STRESS +2 WHILE AT TYRANT BEGGAR

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 crew 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 assures 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 gestures 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 takes 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 two scouts on the horizon watching the ship. DEAN will try and sneak aboard within two 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 group will sneak off to destroy the life support system on the players' ship and steal their food and water. The colonists will then seal off their base when the crew retreats. If their goats are threatened in any way, the colonists relentlessly assault the crew until every member is dead. For combat purposes, assume 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 [!], 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 VOLUNTARY AMPUTATION] 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 with a cheerlessness that lacks hostility as provisional members of the colony.

VOLUNTARY AMPUTATION

Yes, to join the colony the crew 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 (Fear Save). Androids are not exempt from this ritual.

TIMELINE OF EVENTS THAT WILL HAPPEN IF THE PLAYERS DO NOTHING

DAY 1

DAY 2

DAY 3

DAY 4

DAY 5

DAY 6

DAY 7

Players get out of Quarantine.

- OR -

Tyrant Beggar sends out a search party for the crashed ship.

Malta asks the players about getting Dean to quiet down or "disappear." - OR -

Dean tries to sneak aboard the ship.

Dean asks the players about joining his movement to flee to the surface of the Dead Planet.

Verger secretly contacts the players 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 stand off against Malta's Loyalists.

Leer finishes the Dead Gate in the Sculpture Garden unwittingly. Dozens of Gaunt stream through every hour.

Brekt'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

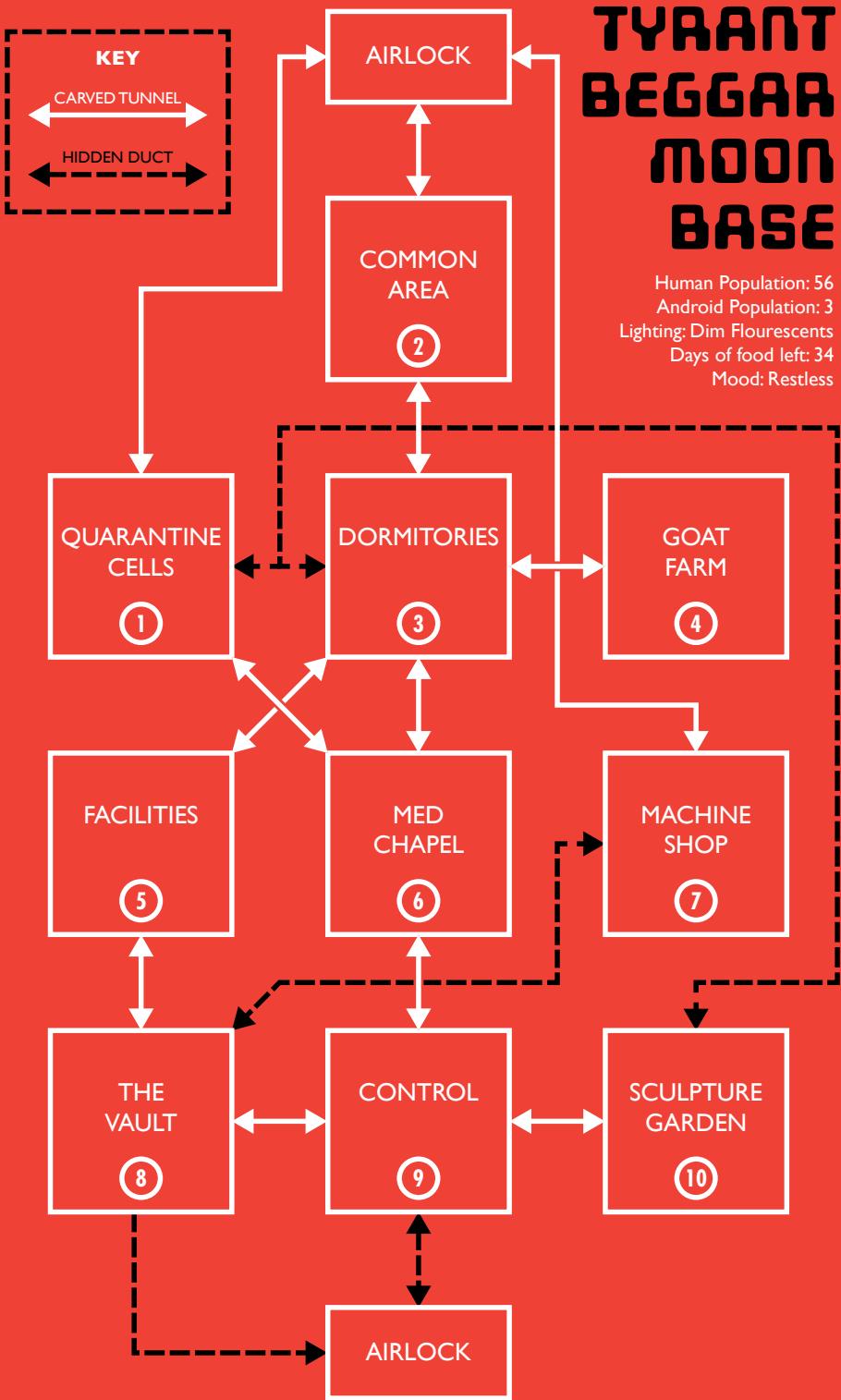
Human Population: 56

Android Population: 3

Lighting: Dim Florescents

Days of food left: 34

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 going on.

d10	COLONIST(S)	AMPUTATION	WHAT ARE THEY DOING?
0	Circle of surly teenagers.	Eyes removed, sockets ringed with scars.	Animatedly plays chess.
1	Several stern elderly women.	A patchwork of remaining fingers.	Practices reading Braille.
2	Troop of wretched, grubby children.	One leg amputated to the calf.	Smokes furtively, eyes askance.
3	Couple on a date.	One arm amputated to the elbow.	Discusses the goats excitedly.
4	Scavenging crew returning from work.	Lips sliced off.	Morosely eats a bowl of gruel.
5	Scrapper crew preparing to break down a ship.	Cheek sliced off.	Signals they wish to barter (have contraband).
6	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.
7	Simple goat-tender.	Ear removed.	Drinking fuel distillate alcohol (180+ proof).
8	Despondent, emaciated man.	Tongue cut out.	Compares impressions of the latest sculptures.
9	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 among the colonists, and 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 10-man ATVs, one 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 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 <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 <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 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 group—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 pressingly, 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 crew 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 crew may obviously leave sooner; in the case that they don't, a civil war breaks out. This is an excellent opportunity for the crew to pilfer any valuables, scavenge anything needed for repairs, abscond with any likely crew and vamoose to the surface <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.

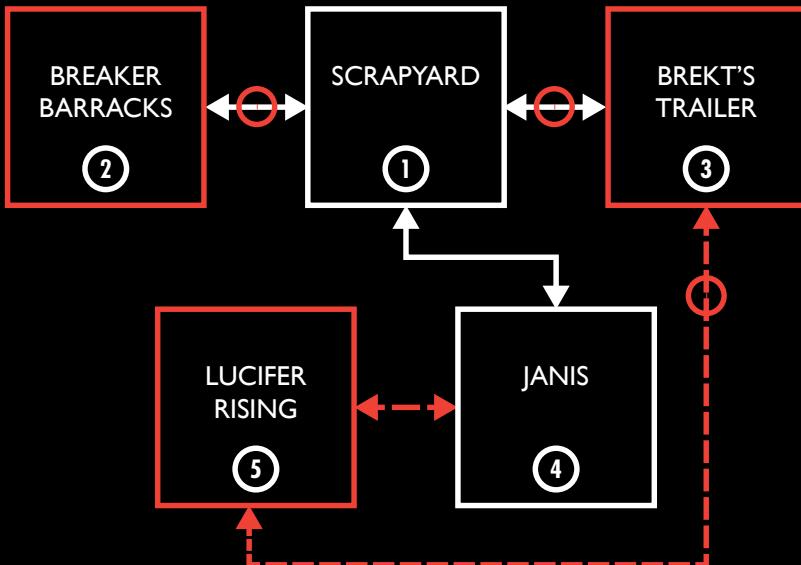
[STATIC]

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: 13
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.

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

IF THE PLAYERS NEED A PART:

50% chance Brekt or a Breaker knows its location.

Otherwise: SPEED CHECK

» Success: Found in 1d5 hours.

» Failure: Found in 2d10 hours.

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.

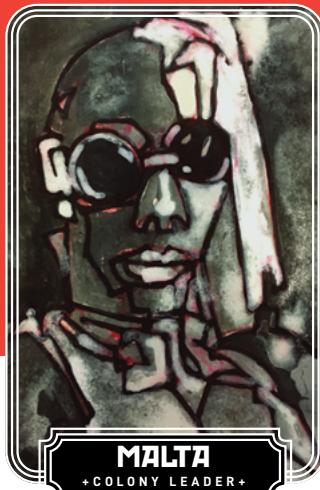
3. BREKT'S TRAILER: The trailer is completely consumed with the task of researching where they are, using every available star map in order to plot an escape. This has been Brekt's singular focus for four years and the maps are nearly incomprehensible without guidance.

4. JANIS: The gargantuan scrapping machine used by the Breakers, affectionately named Janis, can break down, smelt, crush, cube, and strip 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 players' 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 additional passengers. The trip involves setting a course for where Brekt believes the nearest civilization is (100 years away) and riding in cryosleep, a so called "coffin run". If Malta is made aware of the ship, she will attempt to destroy it. She rewards the players with the vacated jobs for the wetwork and gives them a collection of unrelated, shiny medals recognizing their valor.

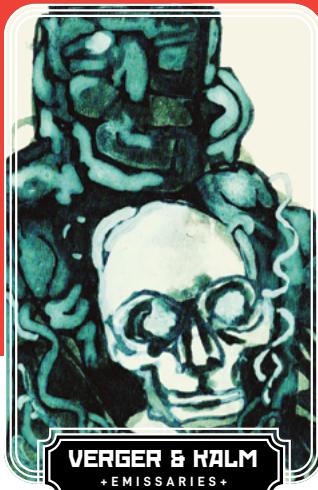
IMPORTANT PEOPLE ON TYRANT BEGGER



MALTA
+ COLONY LEADER +



JOHN
+ THE RIPPER +



VERGER & KALM
+ EMISSARIES +

For the last six years Malta, amputed above the kneecaps, has run the settlement. Intensely isolationist and paranoid an insurrection is brewing, she 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?

- 0-4:** Watching the security feed, taciturnly noting sedition.
5-7: Doing her daily rounds, beaming a matronly smile that belies subtle contempt.
8: Taking complaints in an open forum in the Common Area.
9: 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-AI (Faustus) that she talks to when alone.

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, he 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?

- 0-4:** Sharpening his cutting tools in the Med Chapel, whistling.
5-7: Performing surgery. Invites passersby to observe while he explains the intricacies of the task in his operating theater.
8: In the machine shop, working with a machinist to design a new prosthetic.
9: 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).

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 preventing 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?

- 0-4:** Routine maintenance on Kalm in the Machine Shop.
5-7: Kalm does a medical scan on the goats while Verger pets them.
8: Reporting to Malta at Control.
9: 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?

0-4: Haranguing the Common Area about stagnant nature of Moon life.
5-7: Sullenly picking at his guitar in an empty bunk.

8: Smoking in quarantine, alone.
9: 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, he 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?

0-4: Hauling loot into the machine shop for sorting and scrapping with the Breakers.

5-7: Going over inventory with Malta in the Vault. His men have found new contraband, which she knows.

8: Checking in on an injured crewmember, promising to protect their stash.

9: Tearfully begginng 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 corybantic 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 inconsolably 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?

0-4: Compulsively sculpting.
5-7: Passed out from exhaustion. Screaming in terror. She'll attack if woken up (1d10 DMG).

8: Being force fed and lectured by John in the Med Chapel.

9: 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 ANNOYANCE:** Taps pen on teeth, drums fingers when waiting, flicks Zippo open and closed, minor situational catchphrase, etc.
- 16-30 **SLIGHTLY GROSS BEHAVIOR:** Adjusts themself constantly, loudly shares the status of their digestion as part of regular conversation, picks nose or scabs, talks about their fetishes in great detail unprompted, etc.
- 31-34 **HOBBY:** Sports, playing chess or a similar game or collecting something like coins or stamps; uses specialized language in casual conversation, talks about their hobby a lot, has a logo related to it on their gear.
- 35-39 **ADDICT:** Still functional but has an affect related to their vice, perks up at the mention of their substance of choice, must seek out a hit when they fail a Panic Check and flee proceedings to do so.
- 40-44 **CREEP:** Believes sexuality is modelable with game theory (uses a lot of innuendo & jargon, touches others unprompted).
- 45-49 **NARCISSIST:** Belittles others and believes they are responsible for all successes, was undermined by others in all failures.
- 50-54 **OVER EDUCATED:** Working 'beneath' their level of education and very smart. They slow everything down reminding others of this.
- 55-59 **CONSPIRACY THEORIST:** Believes a cabal is responsible for everything, tries to recruit. May have fringe beliefs about health and wellness.
- 60-64 **RECOVERING ADDICT:** Judgmental, tense, particular language use, wants others to also give up their vices.
- 65-69 **RELIGIOUS:** Zeal, singing, witnessing, testifying, pamphlets.
- 70-74 **PYROMANIA:** Loves fire & starting fires; must do so on failed Panic Check.
- 75-79 **NIHILIST:** Everything is hopeless and they know it. Hopeless situations do not trigger a Panic Check. Disadvantage when rolling a Panic Check.
- 80-84 **BEAST:** Self-described Apex Predator, insatiable bloodlust, excellent at roughing it, mocks others for crying.
- 85-89 **SURVIVOR'S GUILT:** Final survivor from their planet, family, village, military company, first ship. Feels horrible about it, constantly seeks to maintain their comrades' memory, also kind of wants to die.
- 90-94 **GENIUS:** One Skill they are perfect at, they cannot explain why their answer is right but their answer is always right. They otherwise have [-] at all Skills unless there is cross pollination with their area of expertise.

95-99 ROLL TWICE & COMBINE

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

THE VAULT has at least 1d10 of any listed good in the PLAYERS SURVIVAL GUIDE. Without help from either Malta or Brekt: make 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.

0. Neon Green Survival Hatchet
1. Pepper Spray
2. Throwing Knives
3. Jade Handled Sword Cane
4. Sawback Machete
5. Gunto Katana with paired Wakizashi
6. Pipe Bomb
7. Barb Wire Wrapped Baseball Bat
8. Paired Set of Hot Pink ARMA 29 SMGs Bedecked with Diamonds
9. Papal Order of Planetary Excommunication
10. Glass Casket Containing A Bald, Stocky Man with a Tapered Beard and Trim Mustache in an Unremarkable Suit, a plaque reads *Владимир Ленин*
11. Hollowed-Out Holy Book containing Sacred Assassination Knives
12. Taxidermied Creature — Hybrid of a Snake, Rabbit and Parrot
13. Stack of Anti-Armor Mines
14. Stun Baton (wrapped in electrical tape,)
15. Semtex and a Detonator Cap
16. Set of Titanium Golf Clubs
17. A Wildly Impractical and Ornate Claymore
18. Full Coverage Chastity Cage
19. Bondage Strap Corset (Halter/Choker)
20. Book: *Chastity Belts: An Illustrated History of the Bridling of Women*
21. Book: *Voynich Manuscript*
22. Painting: *A Maiden Holding A Chicken in a Field of Oranges*
23. Ming Vase full of Flaking Mannequin Arms
24. Silver Cigarette Lighter (Priapus)
25. Box Overflowing With Shurikens (as Scalpel, Close Range when thrown)
26. Collapsible Compound Bow
27. Brick of Marijuana
28. Oil Drum of Personal Lubricant
29. Bronze Gladius
30. Mink Coat
31. Staggering Variety of Fireworks
32. Roman-Style Marble Statue of Pan Seducing a Goat (Under A Drop Cloth)
33. 60 Pain Pills in an Rx Bottle
34. Comically Ineffectual Knife (Festooned With Spikes and Curved Serrated Blades)
35. Carbon-Fiber Dao
36. Bubinga Aklys
37. Brick of Cocaine
38. Rhino-hide Litupa
39. Book: *Heptameron*
40. Extremely Gaudy Sissification Dresses
41. Whalebone Corset
42. Book: *The Picatrix*
43. Book: *Der Einzige und sein Eigentum*
44. Book: *The Investiture of the Gods*
45. Plastic Case of 12 Stimpacks
46. Bundle of Injectable Combat Drugs (all rolls related to violence are [+] for a day, cannot retreat from combat or fail Fear Saves; afterwards Body Save [-] or 2d10 DMG and go catatonic for 6 hours)
47. Pickled Mako Shark in a Formaldehyde Tank, Arbitrarily Sectioned for Display
48. Dress Made of Meat, Somehow Perpetually Fresh
49. Gigantic Marble Bust Making A Disapproving Face (a grown person can fit inside, the mouth acts as an amplifier)
50. Taxidermied Wooly Goat, its face Painted Strangely
51. Elaborate Facial Harness with Ball Gag
52. Vinyl Military Uniform
53. Plastic Nunchucks
54. Fully Articulated Pleasure Doll (Masculine, Rugged)
55. Anime Body Pillow
56. Brick of Heroin
57. Unstable Hallucinogenic Research Chemical (Snortable)
58. Snake Shaped Staff (bites when striking, Body Save or paralysis for 1d10 minutes)
59. Book: *No Title Just Byzantine Diagrams of Rope Bondage*
60. Ship-Breaching Charge
61. Disturbing Restraint Chair with Fingernails Gouged in the Armrests
62. Functional (Well-Oiled) Iron Maiden
63. Sally Rod
64. Pitted and Rusted Set of Dental Tools
65. Leather Collar, "DADDY"
66. Several Sheets of High Grade LSD
67. Riot Shield (*URBAN PACIFICATION UNIT*)
68. Book: *Dominatrixes of Rog*
69. Book: *Fundamentals of Brothel Management*
70. Mace: the Beatific Face of Cupid
71. Set of Plastic Concealable Knives
72. Ebony Baphomet Statue
73. Box of Anti-Personnel Mines
74. The Gilded Bones of a Saint in an Elaborate Reliquary Coffin
75. Talking Board
76. Magic 8-Ball
77. Case of Alertness Drugs
78. Book: *Dictators and Dictatorships: Understanding Authoritarian Regimes and Their Leaders*
79. Studded Leather Jacket, Patch: *I REMAIN UNGOVERNABLE*
80. Motorcycle
81. Pallet of Teargas Canisters and a Launcher
82. LAT-90 Rocket Launcher (Range: Extreme DMG: 2d10x10 DMG Shots: 1. Wound: Fire/Explosion [+] Two-handed. Heavy. Reloading takes a round.)
83. Carton of Green Apple Cigarettes
84. Bottle of 18 Year Old Scotch
85. Case of Vodka
86. Macauhuil
87. Religious Vestments, Robe and Meiter
88. Gold-Plated, Bullet-Studded Gas Mask
89. Flogger
90. Riding Crop
91. Zentai
92. Babydoll Latex Mask
93. Box of Expensive Cigars with Cutter
94. Tekko-kagi (Claws)
95. Bronze Tintinnabulum
96. Book: *Le Veritable Dragon Rouge*
97. Rx Bottle of 1d100 Anti-Anxiety Pills ([+] on all Panic Checks for 8 Hours, 10% chance to gain 1 Stress)
98. Painting: *A Figure In Red Eats The Face of a Horse, Children Smile, The Sun is Black*
99. Tea Service Made of Fur



NIGHTMARES, SCULPTURES & COMPULSIONS

Whenever players attempt to rest and fail, they have a Nightmare (and gain 1 Stress as usual). Note the result from the Nightmare Table. Wardens are encouraged to make Nightmare Checks after any traumatic event or any day in which a crewmember failed a Panic Check, as well as whenever they rest on the Dead Planet.

RECURRING NIGHTMARES

If a player ever has the same nightmare again, this causes 2 Stress and becomes their sole, recurring nightmare; it's that same nightmare every time from now on.

Additionally, after a player has the same recurring nightmare three times, they gain a new condition: Nightmares. They gain 1d5 Stress whenever they have a nightmare.

WHEN TO CHECK FOR NIGHTMARES

- » **On the Moon:** Once a week.
- » **On Tyrant Beggar:** Every other night.
- » **On the Dead Planet:** Every night.

COMPULSIVE SCULPTING

Failing two or more Nightmare Checks while significantly exposed to the Gaunt (including carrying around artifacts) causes players to wake up with a compulsion to sculpt a small, terrifying object. Roll on the table below to figure out what they'll need to sculpt with. They have 1d10 days to sculpt the object or else they have to make a Panic Check when it is least convenient. Every day they don't finish the sculpture they gain 1d5 Stress.

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

Whenever a sculpture is created, the Warden rolls 1d100. 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 within 1d5 days. Losing any sculptures or destroying one reduces a random Save by 1d10.

d10	MATERIAL	Evokes		Subject 1		Subject 2	
		COMPOSITION	THEME	DETAIL 1	OBJECT 1	DETAIL 2	OBJECT 2
0	Melted Plastic	Disjointed	Parasitism	Riotus	Flesh	Angelic	Faces
1	Spoiled Food	Geometric	Lust	Gnarled	Fingers	Coiling	Tentacles
2	Blackened Metal	Sharp	Confusion	Seeking	Tongues	Cruel	Talons
3	Stitched Cloth	Grotesque	Religion	Twisted	Limbs	Serrated	Beaks
4	Disassembled Firearms	Abstract	Violence	Gnashing	Teeth	Elegant	Probosci
5	Bone / Teeth	Brutal	Melting	Unnerving	Smiles	Incandescent	Wings
6	Unorthodox Taxidermy	Rapturous	Paranoia	Sliced	Hands	Proud	Antlers
7	Gouged Wood	Ornate	Transformation	Palpating	Gristle	Scintillating	Scales
8	Android Parts	Decadent	Hopelessness	Dark	Pus	Slashing	Hooves
9	Stone	Brittle	Fertility	Split	Lips	Spiny	Fins

COMPULSIVE NIGHTMARISH SCULPTURE TABLE

There are three methods to generate a Nightmarish Gaunt Sculpture:

» Easy (1d10): read straight across.

Example: [1] — Spoiled rations shaped into geometric gnarled fingers sensually entwined with coiling tentacles.

» Medium (4d10): roll for Material, Evokes, Subject 1 and Subject 2.

Example: [3, 5, 6, 2] — Fabric composition of sliced hands brutally melting into barbed talons.

» Hard (6d10): roll for Material, Composition, Theme/Motif, Detail 1, Object 1, Detail 2, Object 2.

Example: [9, 1, 0, 5, 4, 9] — 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 sculptures. Roll the material, and while they are securing that, work out the rest. Part of the fun is how the players interpret the prompt.

0. Your migraine is splitting your skull. A dog rushes towards you, its eyes full of loving devotion. Its head explodes into a crimson mist, coating your hands like an accusation.
1. Your jaw unhinges as you vomit a torrent of earwigs.
2. You are having sex with someone with the face of an ant; they regard you coldly and whisper something you can't quite hear.
3. You draw a straight razor across your mother's eye. This is the right thing to do. She does not resist.
4. 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.
5. An amber scorpion crawls on your face. Your limbs are leaden anchors a million miles away.
6. You swim frantically, uncertain of which direction you are heading. The water is like ink, your lungs are bursting.
7. You look at your hands. They fall apart like puzzle pieces. You cannot stop thinking about your 7th birthday.
8. A crowd of beautiful, slim, fashionable and elegant people stare at you derisively. You drop your drink. They laugh with cruel, sensual smiles.
9. 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.
10. You are in a pale room. You hear the laughter of children. You cannot pinpoint the source.
11. 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.
12. A weathered hag sits on your chest, her mouth a hideous O of accusations. It won't stop dripping pale fluids onto your face.
13. You hear panicked screams in the darkness: they're growing fainter, you are running away.
14. Pale hands press against darkened glass. You are surrounded. Alone.
15. No matter how much you struggle or bat them away, the crows are relentlessly consuming your face.
16. You smell moss and dirt. Inane stammering and chanting fills your ears. They are coming for you.
17. 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.
18. Your fingernails tear from their moorings as you futilely scrabble against the rough wall. The hole atop the shaft — your only escape — is as distant as the sky.
19. 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.
20. 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.
21. A carousel spins madly — the music hellish, discordant. The horses' eyes are meeting yours.
22. You can smell the rot in your bones. You struggle to dig them out.
23. 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.
24. Your fingers unwind like meaty corkscrews; they start anchoring you in place. The wind is cold.
25. 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.
26. A bulbous, fleshy, eyeless face hunts you in the dark. Its steps are deliberate. It has already found you.
27. 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.
28. A red sun slowly rises. The light carbonizes your toes, feet, legs. You watch. The smell of cooking meat overwhelms you.
29. You fight a current of blind, swollen, pale fish to reach the masticating maw. There is a smell of jasmine.
30. Your wrist bends back. It keeps bending. Your hand is in your arm.
31. The shambling figure is dark, save a chipped porcelain mask. The air is hazy with the smell of candy and rot.
32. Every door is labeled 'EXIT' despite taking you back to the start of the corridor. You have been here before.
33. You pin the fish down. You bash its gasping face with a hammer. You can't stop. You won't stop.
34. The music is pleasantly generic; the waiting room sterile. How long have you been here? How long will you remain?
35. The skeletal cats need fed. They yowl, they fornicate, they piss. The air is thick with ammonia, wet with humidity. You lose count.
36. You sip wine as she nails your fingers to the table. You have long, elegant hands.
37. You stab the featureless body with a baby doll head, over and over. A torrent of red ants crawls from the womb.
38. Your fingers are jagged snarls of glass. You caress yourself. You can't feel how sticky your fingers are.
39. The dinner party is lovely. Then you notice the centipedes crawling from your collar, hear the snide comments.
40. The children dash ahead of you. Their rabbit masks are askew. You need to bring them home. You stumble.
41. You feel them growing, behind your eyes. Your vision dims. You are the host and they are nothing like you.
42. 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.
43. The ground is dry and desolate. Your drool pools by your face. You sink into the lukewarm puddle.
44. It is cold. Your fingers blacken. You could snap them off if your hand would move. The cold scours everything away.
45. You float in the void of deep space. A planet-sized foetus regards you with lugubrious, watery eyes.
46. 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.
47. 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.
48. 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.
49. 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.
50. Filthy, louse-ridden children pelt you with stones. They know what you did.
51. 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.

52. 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.
53. 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.
54. Children with sunken eyes and rotted teeth chant "SACRIFICE, SACRIFICE." They push you, you fall. Their faces fade in the distance. You keep falling.
55. 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.
56. 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.
57. You are in a pool. The water is warm. Tropical fish peck away at you, each bite a papercut. You feel your legs gradually vanishing one small bite at a time. You can't see an exit.
58. 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.
59. 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.
60. 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.
61. 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.
62. A robot regards you. It mirrors your motions. It mimics your emotions. It takes your name.
63. You feel sick, feverish, desperate. The bullet lodged in your gut is necrotizing too fast, spiderwebs of dying, blackened, leaking flesh.
64. 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.
65. The hammer feels momentous, pitted surface spattered with rust. You see the children with lambs' faces. You silence their frenzied bleating.
66. You bleed the pigs. All of them. In their fine jewelry and spotless dinner jackets.
67. 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.
68. 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.
69. The Leviathan blots out the sun. The air ruptures as it breathes in. Its multifaceted eyes gaze upon you uncomprehendingly.
70. Unnaturally white teeth grin at you, gleaming. The smile is forced. The laughter like a blade dragged across glass.
71. The sky is an ink black horizon of tentacles and blazing vermillion 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.
72. 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.
73. You clip your nails. You keep clipping them. It won't stop. You see bone.
74. 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.
75. 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.
76. 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?
77. 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.
78. You see sharks circling in the wine dark sea. You are bleeding. It won't stop.
79. 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.
80. 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.
81. 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.
82. The airlock is slowly opening. Behind the glass they point and laugh. Your face is wet with tears. They enjoy slices of cake.
83. You are engulfed in flame. No one seems to notice. Even when you touch them, spreading the flame. Vacant eyes.
84. You're bleeding from your mouth. Ropes of it suspended from your lips. The viscera starts moving of its own accord.
85. You crouch behind a crate, pinned down by automatic arms fire. You can't clear the jam.
86. There's a pulse grenade in your hands. You can't remember how to throw, your fingers are useless. Everyone is disappointed.
87. The mouth in your torso is hungry. It wants your friends. There are rewards for compliance.
88. The conversation is charming, civil, courteous. The problem is they're holding your hand in acid.
89. A drill descends towards your eye. The whirr fills the air, gives it texture. They ask how you are feeling.
90. 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.
91. Your lips are being sewed shut. The needle dances in and out. There is something in your throat: you deserve this.
92. 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.
93. They deliver shocks to you. They ask you to prove you aren't a machine. They don't believe you.
94. The snake is swallowing you. Everything smells of offal and carrion. It moves up your legs, relentless, devourer.
95. Your fingers split and mutate into baby hands. The new hands repeat the process. The hands are getting heavy.
96. Your arms become snakes. The snakes start biting you. You reach out towards your friends, share.
97. The walls creep in only when you close your eyes. Remain vigilant.
98. 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.
99. 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. Landing anywhere else on the island but here is at [-].

DEAD GATEWAY

[SEE PAGE 36]

The terrain is rough and steadily rises as far as can be seen. The sky to the west is filled with ominous black clouds with the appearance of a writhing nest of tentacles. Occasional violent purple lashings 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 Close Range in the thick sludge of black air.

ENCOUNTERS IN THE WEST (ROLL ONCE PER SQUARE)

- 00 Purple lightning strikes. Body Save or 4d10 DMG. Fear Save.
- 01 1d10 Crawlers sighted 20m away. 1-7 normal, 8 toxic, 9 paralysing, 10 acid.
- 02 Glow Skull floats, facing the crew. Fear Save to stop it from sounding the alarm, attracting 1d5 Gaunts.
- 03 Glow Skull shards and skull lay broken on the stony ground.
- 04 Glow Skull floats within 30m, facing away from players.
- 05 Dead Gaunt lies twitching on the ground.
- 06 Valley or cliff blocks the way. Strength Check to climb or take detour (1d5 hours).
- 07 Yellow hail rains from black clouds. Find shelter or take 1d10 DMG.
- 08 1d5 Crawlers sighted 20m away.
- 09 Weapons & Supply cache (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)

- 00 Eviscerated human soldier lies on the ground.
- 01 1d10 Slimemoths ambush.
- 02 Chunks of spacecraft strewn around.
- 03 Chunks of metal junk with booby trapped locker. Body Save or be struck with the rusty metal, causing 1d10 DMG.
- 04 The sound of wet flapping leather in the distance. Hide or 1d10 Slimemoths attack.
- 05 1d10 Slimemoths devouring a human soldier.
- 06 Eight dead Gaunt with bullet and close combat wounds. One jumps up and attacks.
- 07 1d5 Slimemoths fly in and attack.
- 08-09 Weapons & Supply cache (pg. 13).

WRECK OF THE DEFIANCE

[SEE PAGE 38]

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

SWAMP

[SEE PAGE 32]

The land gently slopes downward to the north, and sparse tree coverage can be seen sprouting from the stony ground. 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.

ENCOUNTERS IN THE NORTH (ROLL PER SQUARE)

- 00 Copse of 1d10 Grabber Trees.
- 01 Wide shallow lake ahead. 1d5 Trileaches rest on the shore.
- 02 Quickmud. Body Save or Fear Save to escape. 1d5 DMG per round until pulled out.
- 03 Mist blows in from the coast. Visibility reduced to Close Range. Lasts for 1d5 hours.
- 04 Copse of 1d10 Grabber Trees (Infected).
- 05 3 Trileachers burst from the nearby pond and attack.
- 06 Copse of 3d10 Grabber Trees.
- 07 Dying Trileach splashes mud in death throes.
- 08 Pouring rain forces the players to find some shelter. Lasts for 1d5 hours.
- 09 Weapons & Supply cache (pg. 13).

ANCIENT STONE QUARRY

[SEE PAGE 33]

As stones were cut and removed, a giant staircase was created, descending 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

- 00-03 Nothing
- 04-05 1d10 Slimeoths
- 06 Antigravity Device
- 07 Laser Cutter
- 08 Weapons & Supply cache (pg. 13)
- 09 1d10 Precious Unfinished Gems

ENCOUNTERS IN THE EAST (ROLL ONCE PER SQUARE)

- 00 Bones shift rapidly. Body Save or reduce Speed by 2d10.
- 01 Baying in the distance. Fear Save.
- 02 1d10 stiff tails of Gaunt Hounds are sighted in the distance. If players can stop and remain quiet there is no attack.
- 03 A tall archway of very large ribs and skulls covers a path of bones.
- 04 1d5 Gaunt Hounds sprint out of the grass and attack.
- 05 Two dead Gaunt Hounds straddle the path.
- 06 Lifelike sculpture of flaming creature holding two smaller replicas. The species could not survive here and calcified in the salt air.
- 07 1d10 Gaunt Hounds sit on the path 80m ahead.
- 08 Lifelike statues of bizarre creatures covered in flame or fur kneel off to the side.
- 09 Weapons & Supply cache (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 blanketed 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, 10% chance during rest to have one of the following dreams:

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 Check.

D10 SWAMP ENCOUNTERS

- | | |
|----|---|
| 00 | COPSE OF <u>1D10 GRABBER TREES</u> . |
| 01 | WIDE SHALLOW LAKE AHEAD. <u>1D5 TRILEACHES</u> REST ON THE SHORE. |
| 02 | QUICKMUD. BODY SAVE OR FEAR SAVE TO ESCAPE. <u>1D5 DMG PER ROUND UNTIL PULLED OUT</u> . |
| 03 | MIST BLOWS IN FROM THE COAST. VISIBILITY REDUCED TO CLOSE RANGE. LASTS FOR <u>1D5 HOURS</u> . |
| 04 | COPSE OF <u>1D10 GRABBER TREES (INFECTED)</u> . |
| 05 | <u>3 TRILEACHES</u> BURST FROM THE NEARBY POND AND ATTACK. |
| 06 | COPSE OF <u>3D10 GRABBER TREES</u> . |
| 07 | DYING <u>TRILEACH</u> SPLASHES MUD IN DEATH THROES. |
| 08 | POURING RAIN FORCES. SHELTER REQUIRED. LASTS FOR <u>1D5 HOURS</u> . |
| 09 | WEAPONS & SUPPLY 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 28 huts structurally intact.

D10 I SEARCH THE BONE HUT

00-03 NOTHING.

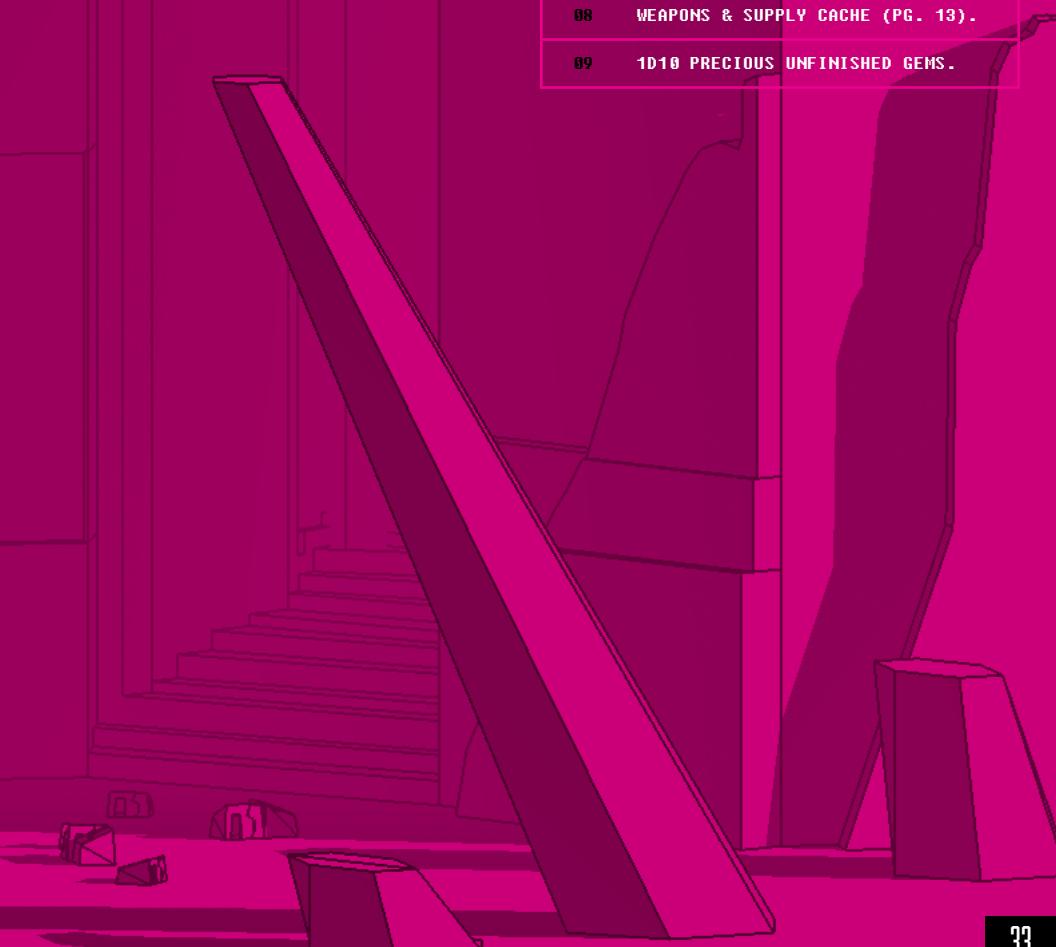
04-05 1D10 SLIME MOths.

06 ANTI GRAVITY DEVICE.

07 LASER CUTTER.

08 WEAPONS & SUPPLY CACHE (PG. 13).

09 1D10 PRECIOUS UNFINISHED GENS.



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. An Intellect Check (Zoology/Exobiology) 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 ghastly, 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 (30M+)

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: Blast 3d10 DMG or Strike 1d10 DMG, 10% chance of breaking each use).

CLUSTERS OF FOUR STORY OCTAGONAL BUILDINGS

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 DMG).

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 ~90m into darkness. The deeper players 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 a Combat or Intellect (Mechanical Repair) Check. A failed check still disables the drive, but causes 1 Explosive Wound to everyone in Close Range. There is a 35% chance that any attempt will attract 1d10 Gaunt Hounds.

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 (2d10 DMG) or extendible blade (3d10 DMG).

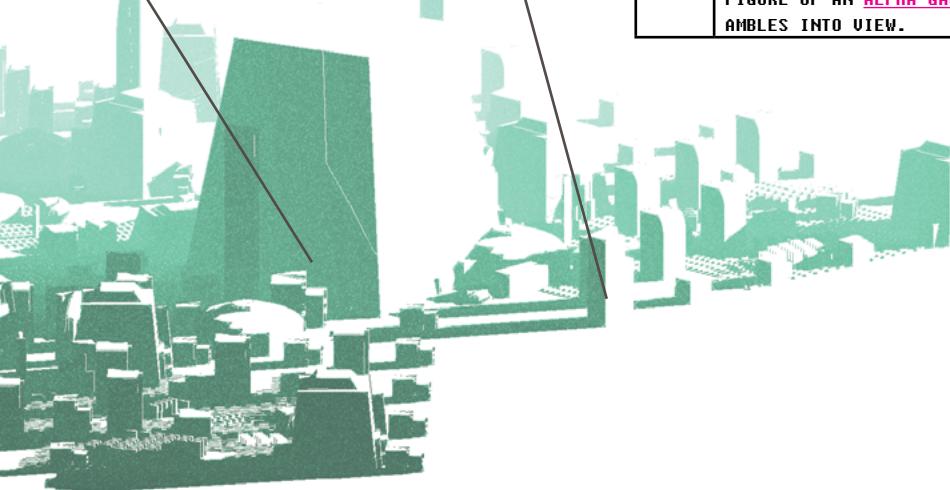


SEARCHING THE NECROPOLIS: ROLL LOOT, BUILDINGS, AND ENCOUNTER (1D10)

D100	LOOT	D100	BUILDINGS
00-20	NOTHING BUT DUST AND SORROW	00-30	FOUR-STORY OCTAGONAL COMPLEX
21-30	1D10 UNCUT GEMS	31-40	ROMANESQUE OBELISK
31-40	1D10 CERULEAN AND VIOLET SHELLS	41-45	BRUTAL MONOLITH
41-45	SIMPLE SPEAR (HARD METAL)	46-55	TIERED CIRCULAR TOWERS
46-50	AXE (HARD METAL)	56-70	INCANDESCENT LAYERED DOME
51-58	TINY METALLIC FLOATING SPHERES WHICH DANCE AROUND EACH OTHER	71-72	OVERGROWN PARK FEATURING GRIM TILE MOSAICS
59-65	INTRICATELY WROUGHT METAL STAFF (BEAM 2D10 DMG, STRIKES 1D10 DMG, 10% BREAK CHANCE)	73-75	BAROQUE MAUSOLEA COVERED IN BAS-RELIEFS
66-68	SMALL PALLADIUM FIGURINES	76-78	CRUMBLED ARCH
69-72	BINDLE: REVOLVER, 1D5 K RATIONS, FLARE GUN, TRENCHING SHOVEL	79-82	ORNATE TOWER WITH GROTESQUE STATUES
73-75	GILDED SKULLS SET WITH CANDLES	83-87	ERODED STATUE
76-80	PAINTED FUNERARY MASKS OF STONE	88-89	MORTUARY SHRINE
81-85	PATTERNEED STEEL ALLOY SWORDS	90-91	BLOOD-SATURATED ABATTOIR
86	A SILVER AMPHORA	92-95	OMINOUS CREMATORIUM
87-89	THIN IRIDIUM LINKS	96-99	MORBID BASILICA
90	BLACK METALLIC JEWELRY WITH LUMINESCENT OPALS		
91-93	WAX GAUNT SCULPTURE		
94	METALLIC GAUNT SCULPTURE		
95	PLATINUM TEAR DROPS		
96	FRIED CLAY HORROR		
97	BRASS TABLET WITH OMINOUS PICTOGRAMS		
98-99	SURVEYOR'S NOTES		

MULTIPLE CIRCULAR TOWERS, each 60m 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 instead of Combat, Close Range, 2d10 DMG, 10% chance of breaking each use.

D10	ENCOUNTERS (HOURLY)
00-02	NOTHING.
03-04	VOCIFEROUS BAYING OF 1D10 GAUNT HOUNDS IN CLOSE RANGE (25% CHANCE THEY TRACK DOWN PLAYERS UNLESS PRECAUTIONS ARE TAKEN).
05-06	1D5 GAUNT HOUNDS VAULT FROM THE ROOFTOPS, GENTLY GLIDING DOWN BEFORE FALLING AMONG THE CREW, SNAPPING AND BRAYING IN A FRENZY.
07	1D5 GAUNT WALKERS BLOOD-CURDLINGLY SCREECH AND RECKLESSLY CHARGE.
08	1D10 GAUNTS AND 1D5 GAUNT HOUNDS AMBUSH THE PLAYERS FROM ALL DIRECTIONS.
09	THE EXQUISITE AND DREADFUL FIGURE OF AN ALPHA GAUNT AMBLES INTO VIEW.

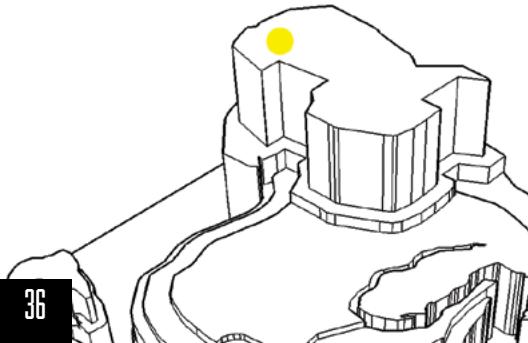


THE DEAD GATEWAY

The terrain is rough and steadily rises as far as can be seen. 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 Close Range in the thick sludge of black air.

D10 DEAD GATE ENCOUNTERS

- | | |
|----|---|
| 00 | PURPLE LIGHTNING STRIKES. BODY SAVE OR 4D10 DMG. FEAR SAVE. |
| 01 | <u>1D10 CRAWLERS</u> 20M AWAY. 1-7 NORMAL, 8 TOXIC, 9 PARALYSING, 10 ACID. |
| 02 | <u>GLOW SKULL</u> FLOATS, FACING THE CREW. SANITY SAVE OR IT SOUNDS THE ALARM, ATTRACTING <u>1D5 GAUNT HOUNDS</u> . |
| 03 | <u>GLOW SKULL</u> SHARDS AND SKULL LAY BROKEN ON THE STONY GROUND. |
| 04 | <u>GLOW SKULL</u> FLOATS WITHIN 30M, FACING AWAY FROM THE PLAYERS. |
| 05 | DEAD GAUNT HOUND LIES TWITCHING ON THE GROUND. |
| 06 | VALLEY OR CLIFF BLOCKS THE WAY. STRENGTH CHECK TO CLIMB OR TAKE DETOUR (1D5 HOURS). |
| 07 | YELLOW HAIL FROM BLACK CLOUDS. FIND SHELTER OR TAKE 1D10 DMG. |
| 08 | <u>1D5 CRAWLERS</u> SIGHTED 20M AWAY. |
| 09 | WEAPONS & SUPPLY CACHE (PG. 13). |



THE GATEWAY

Protruding from the murkiness is an appaling 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 (**Panic Check** upon viewing). A profusion of taut cables sprouts from the earth, feeding the gateway. The portal vomits forth 5 Death Worms and 6 Gaunts from the undulating surface of the dead portal upon approaching.

POWERS OF THE GATE

Attempting to enter the Gate is a mortifying experience, akin to being flensed and torn apart simultaneously: Body Save or 3d10 DMG and Sanity Save or 1d10 Stress.

- § The Gate cannot be disabled here—not that this is evident (see pg. 34).
- § Attacking the Gate only makes it less stable, though destroying or depowering it does allow ships to use their Jump drives again. Treat the gate as if it has Wounds: 10(50).
 - » **UP TO 2 WOUNDS:** Remains stable.
 - » **4 WOUNDS:** The “surface” undulates wildly as an Alpha Gaunt strides out, digits grasping in anticipation, to defend the Gate.
 - » **6 WOUNDS:** The Gate becomes dangerously unstable, wracked with tremors and extruding an amalgamated, harrowing confused jumble of Gaunts and Crawlers—a single quivering mass of flesh that triggers a Panic Check.
 - » **8 WOUNDS:** The ground and reality itself fracture around the Gate, tentacles of nothingness grasp and caress everything within Close Range (3d10 DMG, no Save).
 - » **10 WOUNDS:** 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 experimental military transport J2C-II *The Defiance* was dragged through hyperspace by the Dead Planet and crash landed here. From the smoldering wreckage can be seen the Red Tower in the distance. On the whole, the ship is salvageable but requires Major Repairs (Jump Drive is offline and it has taken 3 MDMG). 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. Players 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.).

THE DEFIANCE J2C-II Military Transport

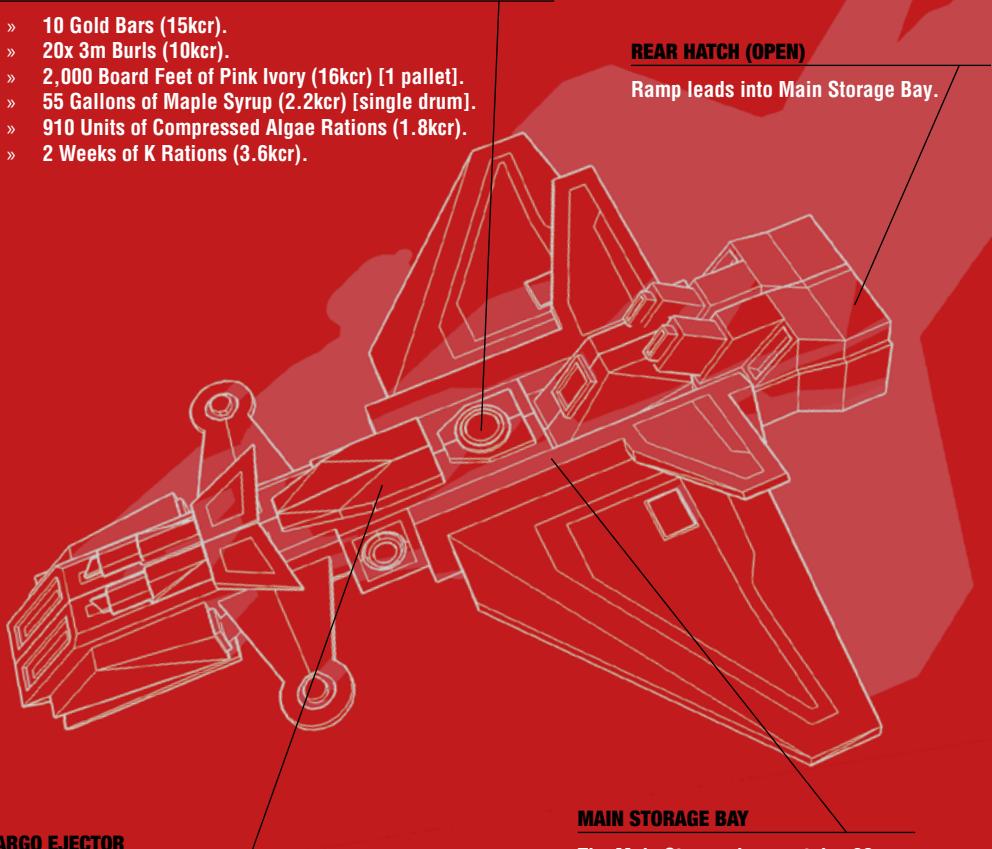
THR:35 BTL:30 1d5 MDMG SYS:20 CREW:24

Cryopods:80 Fuel Capacity: 18 Escape Pods: 2

Autocannon

IN PRIVATE STORAGE (LOCKED)

- » 10 Gold Bars (15kcr).
- » 20x 3m Burls (10kcr).
- » 2,000 Board Feet of Pink Ivory (16kcr) [1 pallet].
- » 55 Gallons of Maple Syrup (2.2kcr) [single drum].
- » 910 Units of Compressed Algae Rations (1.8kcr).
- » 2 Weeks of K Rations (3.6kcr).



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, destroying the entire ship and everyone within Close Range.

Replacement characters (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 kilometer 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* are scattered throughout the complex. Their initial scan turned up the valuable warhead in the depths of the Red Tower. Unfortunately, their discipline, weapons, 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 were 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).

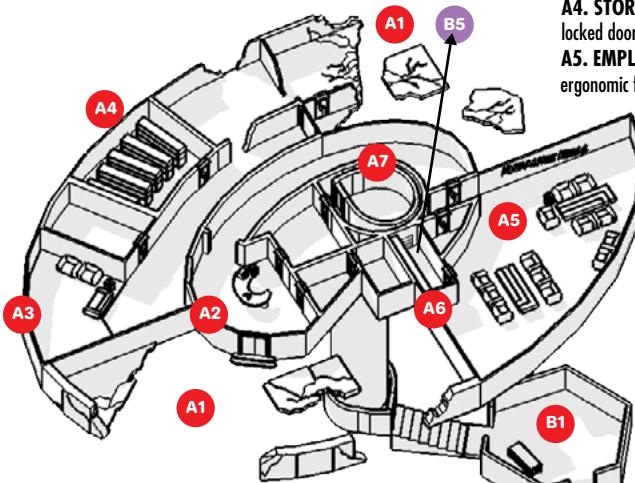
TO QUICKLY GENERATE GAUNT WALKERS IN THE RED TOWER, ROLL 3D10 BELOW

D10	CLOTHING	MUTATION	DETAIL
00	Shredded Fatigues	Head blossomed like fleshy orchids, petals lined with eyes and teeth.	Riddled with lymph leaking tumors.
01	Greatcoat and Gas Mask	Hands devolved into a slimy morass of tentacles interspersed with bony fans.	Tiny mouths form all over their body and whisper softly.
02	Nude except Gas Mask	Arched backwards, walking on all fours; ribs are straightened and have burst through skin as razored spines.	Skin is dry and flaking everywhere (susceptible to flame).
03	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.
04	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/round until a successful Save).
05	Office Drone Outfit	Eyes are on stalks, mouths a horrid lamprey-like hole.	A cowl of flesh, like a robe, trails from their body.
06	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.
07	Dripping and 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.
08	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.
09	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 violent encounters.

EMPHASIS: Abandoned, nothing of value, mundane.

LOOT: Low value damaged furniture, office supplies.



(B) FLOOR: No violent 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.

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 GPMG pointing into B3—barrel slagged.

B4. SECURITY ROOM: Locked safe (revolver and 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.

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 spattered with blood, wilted inspirational calendars, RUN LIKE HELL spraypainted on the wall.

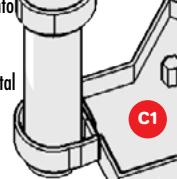
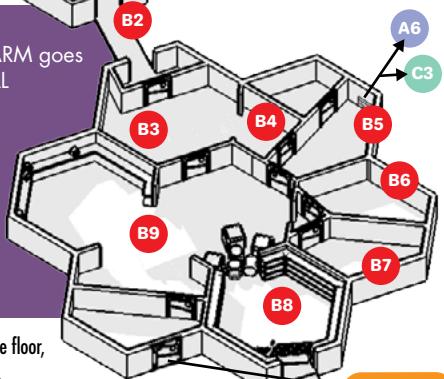
A6. MAINTENANCE CLOSET: Smells like disinfectant, pile of cleaning supplies from fallen shelf (covers RUSTED METAL HATCH: maintenance shaft to B5—hatch is jammed with a metal fire axe, remove to open).

A7. GLASS FRONTED ELEVATORS:

Non-operational to Upper Floors.

Humming generator powers the

SUBTERRANEAN ELEVATOR: held open with a spanner; vandalized: TO HELL [stencilled] and SEND HELP [freehand]. Goes to B1.



(C) FLOOR: Every round spent sitting still, 1d5 GAUNT (see "To Quickly Generate Gaunt Walkers in the Tower") arrive. 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 GPMGs and 3 pulse 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 frag grenades. **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.

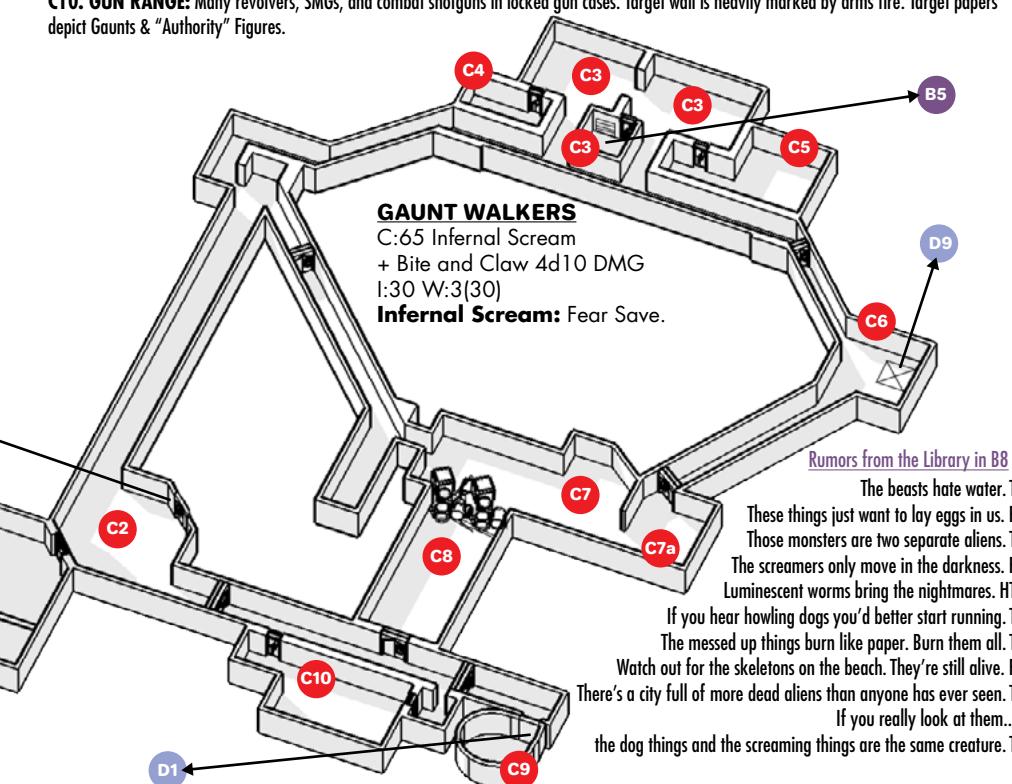
C6. DARKENED HALLWAY: **METAL EMERGENCY DOOR** (welded shut, cement shaft to D9). Partially set up cutting rig. Blast door to C7 is open.

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 revolvers, SMGs, and combat shotguns in locked gun cases. Target wall is heavily marked by arms fire. Target papers depict Gaunts & "Authority" Figures.



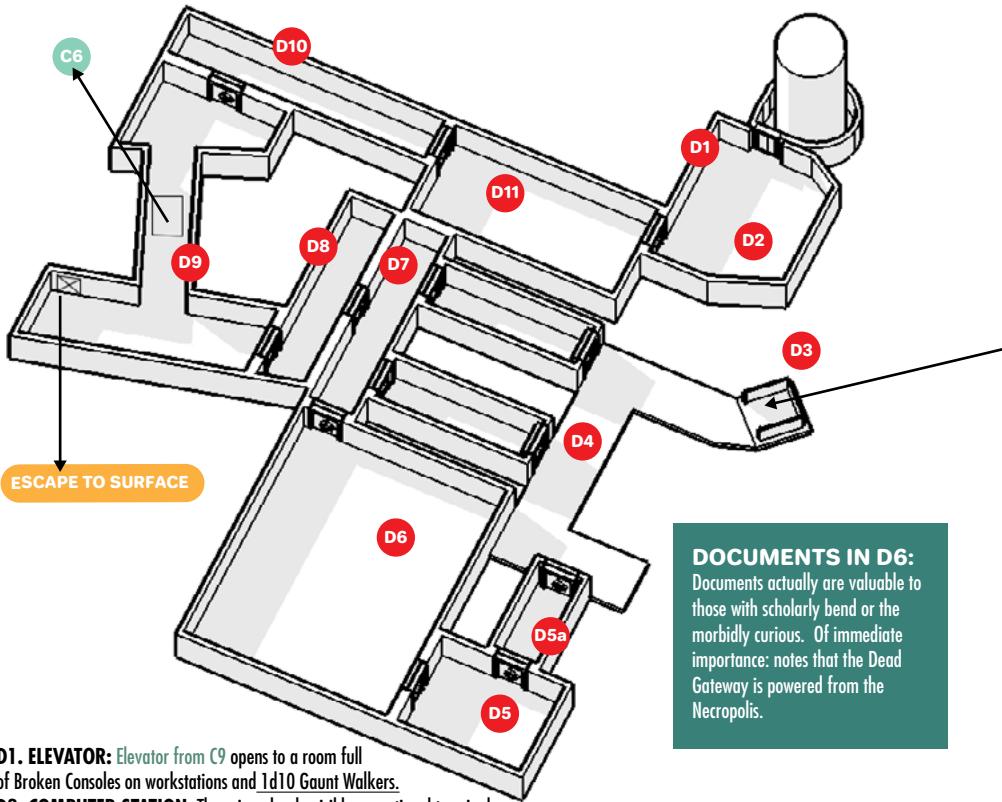
THE BARRACKS: B9 & C2: both have Sealed Doors to the Barracks (hallways of repetitive rooms stuffed with bunk beds). This floor is full of Gaunt (the elevator can stop on DORM floor—scratched out: THE DEAD RULE HERE is scrawled over it).

- If C2 door is breached: 1d10 Gaunts arrive per round spent doing nothing instead of 1d5.
- If B9 door is breached sitting still incurs an additional 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 that there is less space to maneuver.

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

NOTE: Players 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).



D1. ELEVATOR: Elevator from C9 opens to a room full of Broken Consoles on workstations and D10 Gaunt Walkers.

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

The collective knowledge of the survivalists can be transferred to D6 for download (D2 terminal lacks outside access). Hanging banner reads **THE END IS NEIGH**, the floor is littered with empty champagne bottles, broken champagne flutes, and dusty confetti. Corpses at some terminals are wearing party hats.

D3. PLATFORM ELEVATOR: to E1 (Activated at D5), floor spray painted: **HOLD INFINITY IN THE PALM OF YOUR HAND, ETERNITY IN AN HOUR.**

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

D5. 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.

D6. 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 (Close Range, 3d10 DMG, 7 shots) and in his pocket: inventory of the *Defiance* and safe password (**TALLY HO**).

D7. LOCKERS: Lockers (environmental gear, light ballistic armor) in uniform rows. Two separate decontamination rooms to enter D4.

D8. BREAKROOM: Overturned tables, plastic ergonomic chairs, vaguely inspirational posters about upcoming apocalyptic war, several very old bottles of champagne in rusted buckets.

D9. 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 (outsider art worth 3kcr) — 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 long range of the blast make a Body Save or take 3d10 DMG.

D10. 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.

D11. GUN LOCKERS: Pulse rifles and combat 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.

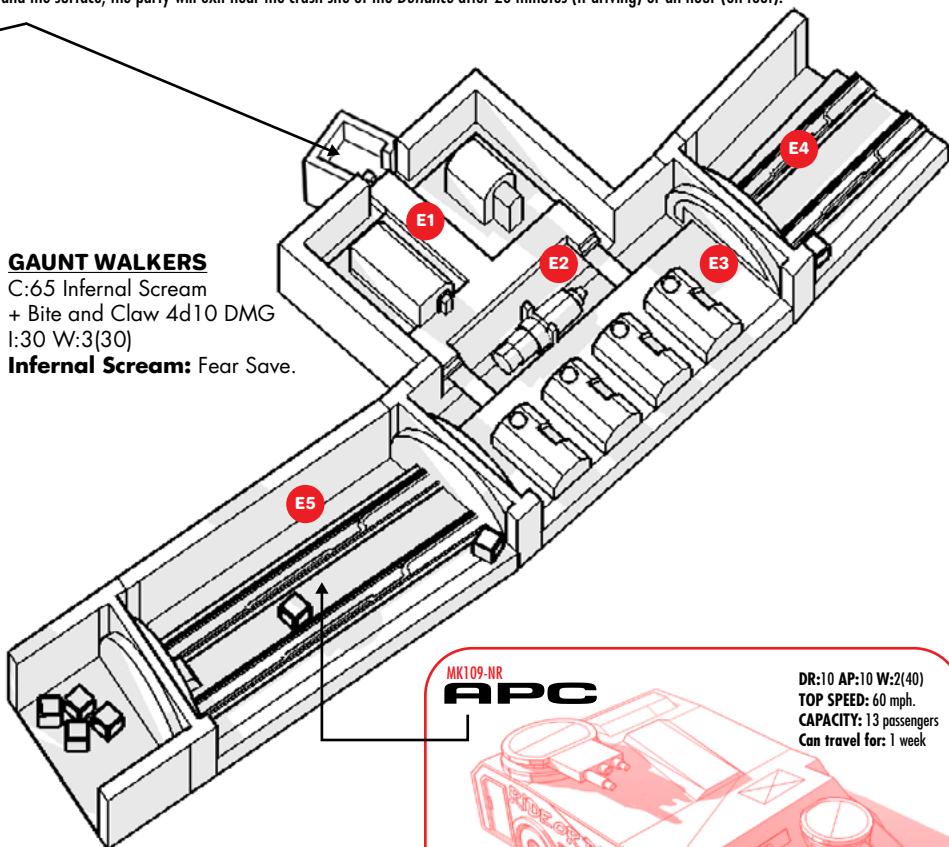
E1. PLATFORM ELEVATOR: As the platform from D3 slides down to E1, a mournful pattern of synth notes plays (D, A, Bm, G, D, Em, D, A, Bm, G, D, Em, A, A, G, D, A). The moment the synth pattern finishes playing, klaxon alarms spring to life, and a single red spotlight illuminates the FISSION CORE BURNER 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 crew 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 MK109-NR Armored Personnel Carrier 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).



THE RED TOWER: FLOORS D-E



ALPHA GAUNT

COMBAT: 75

- » Horrific Scream and Bite & Claw 5d10 DMG or **TELEKINETIC DRAIN**

INSTINCT: 65

WOUNDS: 6(50)

Special Abilities

- » **HORRIFIC SCREAM:** Alpha Gaunt always screams before an attack. The scream forces a Fear Save and adds 1d5 Stress upon failure.
- » **TELEKINETIC DRAIN:** 1 Wound, -5 Intellect and -5 Sanity, Sanity Save or 1d5 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 lift their prey into the air, draining them of life.

DEATH WORMS

COMBAT: 20

- » Bite 2d10 DMG

INSTINCT: 30

WOUNDS: 1

Special Abilities

- » **BURROW:** When causing 10+ DMG, victim must make a Body Save or the worm starts implanting itself into their face.
- » Swims through the air.

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 1d10 DMG or Ranged Spike 1d5 DMG

INSTINCT: 10

WOUNDS: 1

Special Abilities

- » **HIVE MIND:** for each Crawler beyond the first, Combat and Instinct are increased by 5.
- » Has one of the following three abilities:
 - » **PARALYZING SPIKE** forces Body Save or become paralyzed for 1d10 rounds.
 - » **ACID SPRAY** released in 3m long cone and adds additional 1d10 DMG.
 - » **TOXIC GAS** released in 5 sq m cloud and adds 1 Stress per round in cloud and 1d10 DMG.

These tentacled and armored creatures are the first of the Gaunt to come into living dimensions. They're about .5 meter long and scurry around using a long, prehensile proboscis, cleaning up scraps left by larger Gaunt. Black spines undulate down the backs of the "bugs," some of them containing paralyzing agents or other toxins.

GAUNT HOUNDS

COMBAT: 60

» Bite & Claw 2d10 DMG or **HOWL**

INSTINCT: 45

WOUNDS: 2(20)

Special Abilities

- » **HOWL:** Adds 2 Stress and a 5% chance of forcing a Panic Check.
- » Can glide through the air.

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 1.5m tall at the shoulder and utter a loud, baying howl when the scent of prey is picked up.





GAUNT WALKERS

COMBAT: 65

» **INFERNAL SCREAM** and Bite & Claw 3d10 DMG

INSTINCT: 30

WOUNDS: 2(30)

Special Abilities

- » **INFERNAL SCREAM:** A group of Gaunt Walkers always screams before an attack: Fear Save or 1d5 Stress.

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

INSTINCT: 50

WOUNDS: 1

Special Abilities

- » **BLINDING FLARE:** Flashes brightly and moans when non Gaunt are spotted. Forces Sanity Save. 40% chance they explode when attacked (2d10 DMG to those Close Range).

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

INSTINCT: 10

WOUNDS: 4(40)

Special Abilities

- » **SEEDPOD:** Body Save or be pinned to the ground by the seed's exploding roots. Strength Check to escape.
- » **INFECTION:** 25% chance the Tree is infected by Death Worms. Infected Seedpods release black, caustic sludge (2d10 DMG/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 DMG and **SLIME**

INSTINCT: 15

WOUNDS: 2

Special Abilities

» **SLIME:** Produces copious amounts of slime when attacking. Body Save or -1d10 Speed.

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

TRI-WORM

COMBAT: 50

» **TONGUE ATTACK** 2d10 DMG

INSTINCT: 20

WOUNDS: 1(15)

Special Abilities

» **TONGUE ATTACK:** Body Save or additional 1d10 DMG per round until laceration is wrapped.

A 4.5m long, .5m 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)		
01-09	Breast Pocket Satanic Bible	Blindfold (eyes painted on)	Commando Knife with Compass
10-19	Key to a Storage Locker		
20-24	Scalpel		
25-29	Vitamin Sludge	Glass Eye	
30-34	Lagomorph Foot	Venerated Goat Figurine	3 Shotgun Shells
35-39	Napkin (coordinates scribbled on back)	Painkillers	
40-44	Lipstick		SMG Magazine (loaded)
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	Tiny Wax Gaunt Sculpture	3 Potassium Flares
58-60	Bounty Notice for Relevant Crewmember		
61-63	Anxiety Medication		Pack of Cigarettes (Red Apple logo)
64-66	Switchblade (blade engraved with <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: FUCK OWLS
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 " <i>Tom Dooley</i> "
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 (full of 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 Frot</i>
95	Thermal Lance (tiny)	Goat Visitation Token	PATCH: Grinning Reaper " <i>Let's Earn That Paycheck</i> "
96	Machete Saw		
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)