

NEW DEHLIKYO

a sourcebook for

OTHELLO

EXAULT/SIN

by

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"Man's Utopian dreams get circumvented through
compromise and disappointment into a tolerable reality."

-Stewart Stafford



NEW DEHLIKYO

The largest city on **OTHELLO VII**, New Dehlikyo spans far above the station's surface and deep into its depths. Its massive spacescrapers are like jagged teeth reaching into the vacuum, their residents protected by thick layers of Tungsteel and Crystic paned windows. Deep below the city lies miles and miles of tunnels containing more residences, offices, labs, and service stations.

Life in New Dehlikyo is pleasant. Crime rates are low, poverty is almost non-existent, and there is no such thing as overcrowding. At least that's what the operators of **OTHELLO VII** would like you to believe. In reality, New Dehlikyo is just like any other major city throughout history.

There is a vast gap between the city's most affluent and most impoverished citizens. The city's underground is overcrowded and crime-riddled. To live above the station's surface requires connections and an ID level that those without a few million credits can't even begin to afford. Those with a stable income can barely afford to live on the outer surface, scarcely able to see the universe beyond the rich's towering spires.

New Dehlikyo's deepest levels hold horrible secrets. Beneath the poorest living quarters. Beneath the service areas. Beneath the air filters, sewage recycling plants, and all the inner workings of **OTHELLO VII**. Almost as far down as one can go are a series of labs and Operator offices unknown to most.

In those labs, The Operators perform tests on people who show exceptional **EXAULT**. In those labs, **SIN** was born. Down in those horrible depths, unspeakable things have been locked up and sealed as best as possible from the rest of **OTHELLO VII**.

Unfortunately, **SIN** isn't something you can lock up and throw away the key.

SIN spreads. **SIN** is unforgiving. **SIN** cannot be contained.

New Dehlikyo is ground zero for a pandemic that will eventually sweep through **OTHELLO VII** consuming everything it can.

The two women walked through the rank corridors, cloths covering their nose and mouth. Behind them, a man in a rubber, white coat and surgical respirator followed just a few steps behind. Suddenly, the younger woman stopped, bending down to take the face of an emaciated homeless woman in her hand.

"This one, mother. Her eyes are the most beautiful emerald color I have ever seen."

The pitiful urchin tried to back away but hadn't the strength. With a nod from the older of the two women, the doctor went to work as his two female companions swiftly exited the underside of New Dehlikyo via a lift.

As the doctor finished, the poor homeless woman wept blood from empty sockets, her brilliant green eyes watching her from a jar as the doctor walked away.

Genetic Harvesting

Humanity has survived away from its home planet through rigorous genetic modifications that make life more comfortable in the cold vacuum of space. Of course, now that we have acclimated to space stations and worlds far from our original home, the gene pool has begun to thin once again.

Our genetics's weakness has led to genetic harvesting, a program that collects genetic materials from all registered individuals and sorts, files, and stores this information for future use. Of course, only the rich can afford genetic modification, and most of their genes are already up to snuff anyway. The upper class uses genetic material mostly for cosmetics.

Reprogramming a person's genes takes time. Time that most of the rich and famous don't have the patience to wait. This impatience has led to black-market genetic harvesting—the act of taking prominent features from live hosts to replace their own through unique surgery and grafts. The costs of such a procedure are astronomical, the ethics appalling, and the legality ignored.