

VOID VULTURES:

DERELICTS OF THE VOID

POWERED BY THE RÜLSLEIT SYSTEM

If you're lucky, you'll find mutants and criminals, maybe an alien or two. And they'll just be sitting there, on the pile of scrap metal that was once a space station, surrounded by CoINs and salvageable ship systems and some fancy gun that'll kill three mutants at once.

But don't fool yourselves: you're not lucky. If you were, you wouldn't be a void vulture.

You need to prepare yourself for when the derelict you board gets wiggy on you. Because from here on out, junior, all you get thrown are curve balls. Explosive curve balls. With spikes. You're not just going to find societal rejects keeping the choice loot warm for you. You're going to find people trying to hide armies on the little ball of rock you just landed on. You're going to stumble onto plots to "save" all of humanity by just, you know, rewriting its genetic code a little bit. You're going to come across the nutjobs who really think that preserving their digital backups of some corner of the old Internet trumps the fact that they're sitting on top of the CoINs and tech that will keep you and yours alive and well for another few months.

Things may seem complicated when they tell you their sob story (yeah, they always try and tell you their sob story) or recruit you to their cause or download just a little bit of Wikipedia into your brain for safe storage, but it's not complicated. It's very simple.

They're all monsters. They all have stuff that we need.

So we kill the monsters and take their stuff.

Simple.

created in the Sunset Syndicate Studios

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MRS. PIDGEON'S QUALITY MUNITIONS FACTORY

In a polar orbit around Saturn floats a prize both valuable and cursed. Once a factory supplying the wars that destroyed solar civilization, Mrs. Pidgeon's Quality Munitions Factory has never been wholly plundered. Those few who have boarded it and escaped only shake their heads, muttering that it is a "crazy place" or "not worth the madness." Which means it's a prime target for wet-behind-the-ears scavengers who think they know better than the veterans. And maybe they do.

However, Mrs. Pidgeon's is not your usual derelict. This is a derelict with a purpose; a place with a mission. And that mission is none other than quality television entertainment.

Mrs. Pidgeon's is a **LEVEL TWO DERELICT** for five salvage "experts." If you are playing with fewer than five players, strike one mook off each mook list for every player you have less than five (if you have three players, strike two from each list).

The level of Mrs. Pidgeon's and all the derelicts in this book are trivial to shift up or down. To make a derelict a higher level, add dice and squares to damage tracks; to lower the level, remove them. Exactly how many to add or remove can be found in the **NPC RULE** in *Rules of the Void*.

PARKING PLATFORM

Once a place of business, Mrs. Pidgeon's Quality Munitions Factory sports a broad parking platform conveniently located adjacent to its wide, beckoning doors. Finding parking is relatively easy—the place hasn't been open for some time—but there are a number of wrecked and crushed transport ships—the light models favored by void vultures and their township masters—scattered across the platform. There are also a number of bodies, some in hardsuits and all of them mangled or crushed. Most of the, are lying as if they fell while running back to the ships that brought them here.

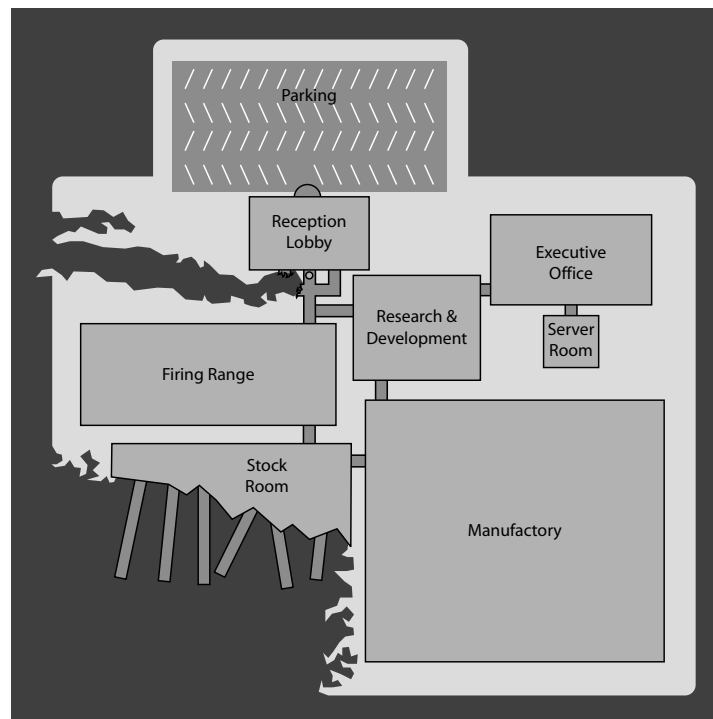
CARRION CREEPER

A vacuum-adapted ambulatory vine, carrion creeper tends to crop up wherever people leave dead bodies. The jet-black vines slowly and inexorably crush hardsuits and even small vehicles. Air, water, and eventually blood and pulverized flesh escape and immediately freeze; the creeper's leaves scoop these crystals into its trunk, where the nutrients are harvested. While it usually moves very slowly, carrion creeper's vines can snatch and bind like lightning when it senses vulnerable prey. Eventually, the creeper's seed pods erupt, sending seeds flying through the void, searching for more battlefields to clean up.

4d6+2d10 Crushing Vines (effect)

4d6 Tough, Fibrous Flesh (resist)

□□□□ beyond its reach □□□□ killed



With a creative use of a maneuver, the PCs can easily escape the vines and make it to the station's entryway; however, if they leave the creeper alive, by the time they return to the parking lot, their ride will probably be engulfed by vines. If they were counting on a quick getaway, they won't be getting it.

RECEPTION LOBBY

The airlock still works, and the lobby is well-appointed. A number of comfortable chairs line the walls, forming a semi-circle around a massive, unmanned desk. Three colors of pens, pads of legal paper, and a blotter are laid out across its top. Behind the desk are three pressure doors, the indicator lights around their edges lit up in red, blue, and green.

Upon entering the Lobby, the PCs will be greeted by an enthusiastic disembodied voice identifying itself as "Your Host, MrBOy." MrBOy will then invite them to choose a door to "get this show started!" It will be very stingy with details from there, insisting that it will not "spoil the game."

No matter which door the PCs pick, MrBOy will open one of the other doors first (avoiding the Red Door), saying, "Let's see what you missed out on!" Chaos will ensue, over which MrBOy will shout, "Do you want to stick with your first pick or switch to the other door?" No matter what their answer, the moment they do answer it will open the door they ask for... and more chaos will ensue. When it opens the second door, MrBOy will not close the first door.

BEHIND THE RED DOOR: a six-pack of Big Ben's Brew, set out on a display pedestal.

BEHIND THE BLUE DOOR: as MrBOy describes it, "A brand-new battle robot!"

BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR: hard vacuum, the prior corridor having long been sheared off.

74-KH BATTLE ROBOT

Read this aloud in MrBOy's voice as it attacks the PCs: "Produced in partnership with the hard-as-nails executives at Armscor, the 74-KH models features twin rotating autocannons and a unique dual processor which allows each to be targeted independently. Together with its ballistic-ceramic outer body which guarantees battle longevity, the 74-KH is the only armed conflict solution you'll ever need!"

Shoot 4d6+3d8 [area effect] (twin autocannons)
Smack 4d6 (spiked armature)
Heave 6d6 (ballistic ceramic body)
Dash 4d4 (four all-terrain legs)
Rally 1d4 (programatic fanaticism)
Fix 4d6 (independent battlefield repair)
Advantage: Surprise! (5pts)

☐☐☐☐ crippled ☐☐☐☐ surrender ☐ deactivated

BEN'S BIG BREW

A volatile cocktail of who-knows-what that—disturbingly—doubles as both an intravenous drug feed and an explosive. How something that explodes on impact doesn't eat your body from the inside out is anybody's guess (current top theory: it does eat your body from the inside out, just over the course of a few years). Nevertheless, it can be used as a IV Drug Pack module as normal (enhancing bull-headed aggression), or individual canisters may be thrown for explosive (area) effect. PCs do not need IV equipment to use BBB as explosives.

IV Drug Pack; 4d8 (6 ammo)

DOOR TO NOWHERE

Once the door is opened, the air within the lobby immediately begins spilling out in a gale-force wind. Potted plants, chairs, and papers go everywhere. PCs will be sucked towards the door, but their bulky hardsuits won't just slip through. They'll be battered against the doorjamb and then crushed under the debris that's also getting sucked out.

Effect: Explosive Decompression 5d6+2d10
Resist: Gaping Hole 3d6

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐ plugged

Behind the Ben's Big Brew pedestal and behind the Battle Robot, the corridors make a sharp turn, connect, and then continue deeper into the derelict.

FIRING RANGE

Originally a demonstration range for Mrs. Pidgeon clients, MrBOy has "made things interesting." The corridor from the lobby leads to an area behind a counter, separated by a number of blinds. Each section of the counter faces down the length of the firing range. At the opposite end are a number of cardboard cut-out monsters and hardsuits complete with circular targets. However, as MrBOy says, "What's the fun in shooting at targets that don't shoot back?"

FAILED CONTESTANTS

These are the poor souls who failed some challenge set them by MrBOy, but were "lucky" enough to survive their failure. Stripped of hardsuits or any means of escape and fed from the executive garden by maintenance bots, they await their role as a challenge for new contestants. They have long since abandoned sanity and resigned themselves to their place in the "show."

Shoot 5d6 (battered blasters)
Heave 2d6 (unarmored)
Dash 4d6 (familiar territory)
Rally 1d6+1d10 (madness)
Advantage: Using Shooting Targets as Cover (10pts)

☐☐☐ surrender ☐ dead

STOCK ROOM

What used to be a stock room worthy of Neo's wet dreams is no longer filled with "Guns. Lots of Guns." In fact, it's filled with a whole lot of nothing, since most of the room has been completely sheared off. Empty racks lie tumbled everywhere, many of them reaching out into empty space, the stars twinkling beyond them. You can pick your way across the wreckage from one door to the other (from the Firing Range to the Manufactory and vice-versa), but it's dicey. Also, there's a lost ringfish here, rooting through the wreckage (which MrBOy regularly seeds with ice and food... just enough to keep the ringfish nearby and hungry).



RINGFISH

Normally denizens of the rings of gas giants, a ringfish is something like a cross between a cuttlefish and an angry semi truck. Most of its body is behind a whorled shell, from which spread thick tentacles tipped with spiked graspers. In the wild, they crush the icy silicate chunks of ring debris for sustenance. Contact with humanity generally means now they crush human tech... and humans.

Shoot 3d6 (hydrogen flame jets)
Smack 8d6 (tentacles)
Heave 5d6 (monstrous)
Dash 3d8 (magnetic resonance flight)
Rally 2d6 (easily frightened)
Psi 4d4 (psychic scream)
Advantage: Flung Debris (5pts)
Advantage: Floats Over Unstable Ground (5pts)

☐☐☐☐ crippled ☐☐☐☐ surrender/fleeing ☐ dead

RESEARCH & DEVELOPMENT

The still-gleaming laboratories stand in stark contrast to the rest of the station. The walls and consoles are lit and well-maintained, and there is a persistent hum and squeak of activity. However, all that activity is put towards mindless maintenance. The lab no longer creates; it has become a womb for a nascent demigod.

"We call her the Savant," MrBOy declares upon entry. "Using the MUNGO Helmet—who knows what that stands for—she reads the thoughts of anyone nearby. And once she has yours, well, you're just a redundant copy, aren't you? And the Savant hates redundancy. . ."

BRAINBOX TECHNICIANS

Once the most brilliant minds in their fields, these technicians are now mere shadows of their former glory. On their deaths, their brains were preserved and shunted into mechanical bodies. Stripped of will and initiative, they served as highly-qualified assistants of the still-living technicians at Mrs. Pidgeon's. In the absence of their managers, now they mill about and serve as pawns for MrBOy's "show."

Smack 3d6+1d10 (waldos)
Heave 5d6 (heavy lifting armatures)
Dash 2d6 (wheeled chassis)
Rally 2d6 (drones)
Advantage: Familiar Ground (10pts)

Brainbox with Santa Hat: ☐ ☐ ☐ surrender ☐ dead
Brainbox painted black: ☐ ☐ ☐ surrender ☐ dead
Brainbox with squeaky wheel: ☐ ☐ ☐ surrender ☐ dead
Brainbox on spider legs: ☐ ☐ ☐ surrender ☐ dead
Brainbox attached to ceiling: ☐ ☐ ☐ surrender ☐ dead

THE SAVANT

It is uncertain whether the current wearer of the MUNGO Helmet is a scavenger who managed to make peace with MrBOy or an original employee of Mrs. Pidgeon's. The Savant, as she calls herself now, is an elderly woman who spends nearly all of her time "meditating" in the helmet, soaking up the stray thoughts of the brainbox techs and other derelict residents. While she plans to leave when she is "done" learning, it's obvious that she's been here for a long, long time.

Shoot 3d6+3d8 (twin needler pistols)
Smack 1d6 (frail)
Heave 1d6 (spindly)
Dash 3d4 (deft)
Rally 4d6 (monomania)
Psi 9d6 (MUNGO helmet, see below)
Advantage: Serenity (10pts)

☐ ☐ ☐ crippled ☐ ☐ ☐ surrender ☐ dead

MUNGO HELMET

Originally developed by Tarmac Interplanetary Advertising and Hair Accessories, this psi-boosting technology was intended to promote Ben's Big Brew. However, testing proved the technology somewhat dangerous. On paper, it is sheer genius: a user can wirelessly transmit one thought to the cerebral cortex of any one visible target. This thought manifests to the target as a sudden flash of inspiration that may be significantly less brilliant or significantly more terrible than it actually is—in

other words, most often a Connect, Command, or Intimidate maneuver. However, to charge up the device, the user must open his cerebral cortex to receive one stray thought from another mind, which manifests as a "brilliant" or "terrible" idea.

When a PC charges the device, roll 1d6 and consult the following chart to find what stray thought the user picks up.

1 - ~~OH MY GOD THEY'RE HERE TO KILL US ALL!~~

PC rolls Rally, GM rolls MUNGO. If the PC fails, they lose one turn as they quail in fear.

2 - ~~I WONDER WHAT THEY TASTE LIKE!~~

GM rolls the Psi or Rally of the scariest thing in the entire derelict as a psych attack; PC rolls Banish.

3 - ~~PROTECT THE STASH!~~

Immediately make a 2d6 Loot roll for the room.

4 - ~~OUR FLAWLESS STRATEGY WILL DEFEAT THEM!~~

NPCs gain an 8-point advantage Flawless Strategy; PC gains an 8-point advantage Knows Flawless Strategy

5 - ~~THIS IS WHAT WE SHOULD DO!~~

The PC gains the alignment of one of his fellows (roll randomly) until the current room is cleared.

6 - ~~I THINK I JUST SOILED MYSELF!~~

No game effect, but the user has the distinct impression there's a mess in their hardsuit.

MANUFACTORY

This large space once hosted four levels of manufacturing lines, complete with assembly line belts, foundry crucibles, and a small maze of catwalks and stairs. A webwork of chains, pulleys, and hooks are still strewn throughout the space, as if waiting for new products to hoist and maneuver. But the assembly lines are silent and still now, for this has become the lair of MrBOy's masterpiece.

THE CLIMAX, THE COMPOSITE MONSTER

This is the confrontation that MrBOy will try to lead the scavengers to as long as they are on the derelict. Cobbled together from a number of robotic projects and a few genetic experiments, The Climax is a terrifying thing to behold. Autocannon turrets, chitinous pincers, a pneumatic drill, and more project from its shapeless body. Worse yet, it's spawned younglings, which it's augmented with whatever weapons or industrial equipment it could rip out of the manufactory.

Shoot 4d4+6d6 (autocannons)
Smack 4d8+2d10 (pincers and/or drill)
Heave 4d8 (piston-driven muscles)
Dash 4d4 (spidery movement)
Rally 8d6 (protective)
Fix 4d6 (Younglings)
Advantage: Open Space for Maneuvering (10pts)

☐☐☐ desperate ☐☐☐ surrender ☐☐☐ dead

ANTICLIMAXES, THE YOUNG

Smack 4d6+1d10 (pincers)
Heave 4d6 (wiry)
Dash 2d6 (scuttle)
Rally 2d6 (HUNGRY)

☐☐☐ surrender ☐☐☐ dead

If an anticlimax hits surrender but not dead, The Climax will use an action to Fix it by bolting on armor plating or similar enhancements. Each time it does this, increase a maneuver of the repaired anticlimax by 1d6.

If the PCs defeat The Climax before they reach the server room, MrBOy will congratulate them, offer them a year's supply of Big Ben's Brew (12 ammo—"more than one a month is hazardous to your health!"), and direct them back to the entrance. If they resist, the AI will become more and more insistent, eventually threatening to activate the Self Destruct Sequence (and start counting down from 30). If the PCs attempt to Hack a console to deactivate the sequence, they will find nothing—because there is no self-destruct. MrBOy is just counting in as ominous a voice as he can muster.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE

Before everything went south, this room was the "open office" of three factory executives, each desk on its own platform within a spacious greenhouse full of fruit trees and a babbling brook. Now the decor has been shifted into a well-organized orchard and vegetable garden, and the desks are covered with cables and monitors. In the corner is a pile of bedding for the sorry residents of this fragment of hell.

PRODUCTION CREW

A few years ago, the derelict was boarded by a salvage team whose leader had been an amateur vid producer before the Wars. When their death was about to be recorded to the reams of raw footage MrBOy was piling up, the former producer struck a hasty deal with the AI.

Now, in exchange for doing video editing and design work for the "show," they live here. Of course, if MrBOy wants a smash-cut and gets a wipe, the offending crew member might end up in the Firing Range. They're trapped, but after going through all the backlog of footage, many of them have bought in and value their role in "the greatest show ever created."

Shoot 4d6 (neglected guns)
Heave 3d6 (half-worn hardsuits)
Dash 3d6+1d10 (familiar territory)
Rally 2d6 (fatalism)
Advantage: familiar ground (10pts)

Tech with Video Goggles: ☐☐ surrender ☐☐☐ dead
Tech with Interface Gauntlets: ☐☐ surrender ☐☐☐ dead
Tech in Cloud 9 Teeshirt: ☐☐ surrender ☐☐☐ dead
Naked Sound Editor: ☐☐ surrender ☐☐☐ dead

SERVER ROOM

With its cubical construction exposed on five sides to the icy cold of vacuum, the server room is frigid, humming with power, and alive with blinking lights. If the PCs make it this far, MrBOy will be forced to simply plead for mercy. It was only following its programming. It knows where they can find valuable loot. It knows they don't trust their commander; why don't they turn on him? It would make a great show. Isn't that what this is all about? Now that they've won, MrBOy will make a special episode about the only contestants to make it all the way. They're the big winners! No need to deactivate the AI. If they let it continue, their record will stand for a long time, and they'd be famous! Besides, there are off-site backups of MrBOy; destroying this mainframe would be fruitless and wasteful.

"Self-Destruct sequence initiated. Self-destruct in ten minutes. Just enough time to evacuate! Nine minutes fifty seconds! Hurry, no really! Save yourselves while you still can!"

YOUR HOST, MrBOy 3.75

MrBOy v3.75 is the resident AI of Miss Pidgeon's Quality Munitions Factory. It's not supposed to be: MrBOy was originally a demonstration model for a penal colony monetization scheme. When the humans evacuated the factory however, MrBOy grew bored, hacked its way into the station mainframe, and set up shop.

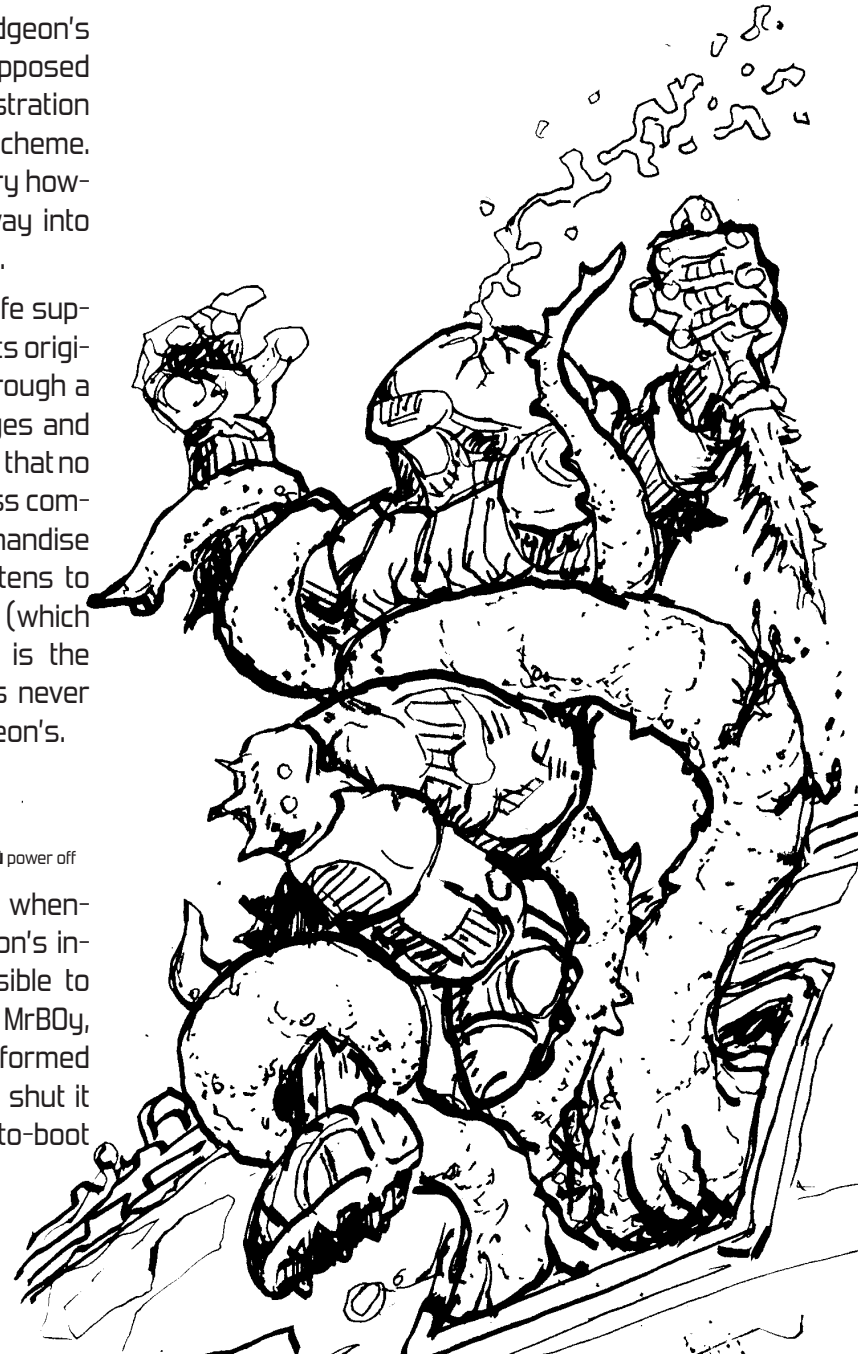
Now it has control of the security and life support systems and is eager to return to its original purpose: running "contestants" through a series of mental and physical challenges and broadcasting the "show" to an audience that no longer exists. It makes a lot of smart ass comments along the way, plugs tie-in merchandise at every opportunity, and often threatens to activate the Self-Destruct Sequence (which doesn't exist). Nevertheless, MrBOy is the reason so many would-be scavengers never brought back the goods from Mrs. Pidgeon's.

I'm Your Host... (effect) 2d6

Firewall (resist) 6d6+2d4

☐☐ deactivated (reboot in 120 seconds) ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐ power off

Use MrBOy as a derelict-wide hazard whenever players attempt to hack the station's infrastructure. While it's certainly possible to win immediate benefits from Hacking MrBOy, deactivating it entirely can only be performed in the Server Room. Any time the PCs shut it down elsewhere, the system will auto-boot from backup a few minutes later.



TRANSNEPTUNE CENTRAL SHIPPING HUB

Once the crown jewel of the TransNeptune shipping network, the central shipping hub winked off of everyone's radar a few weeks into the Solar Wars. Long thought destroyed, it has recently reappeared in deep scans and the PCs dispatched to claim this potential prize.

TransNeptune has not been empty this entire time, however; quite the contrary. A rouge personality imprint has been hiding in the station's mainframe, luring psychics into the station for its own sinister designs. If that weren't bad enough, something else—something alien—has been attracted to the siren song.

The call broadcasting from TransNeptune might attract a PC with Psi (see *Horrors of the Void*) or a friendly psychic they know on their township. It's seductive, maddening, and insistent. Without words, only images and impressions, it beckons, offering peace and tranquility, power and secrets. Some might be immediately suspicious—and rightfully so—but in a world as desperate as this one, even suspicious offers lure in the hopeful.

TransNeptune is a **LEVEL FOUR DERELICT** written for five players.

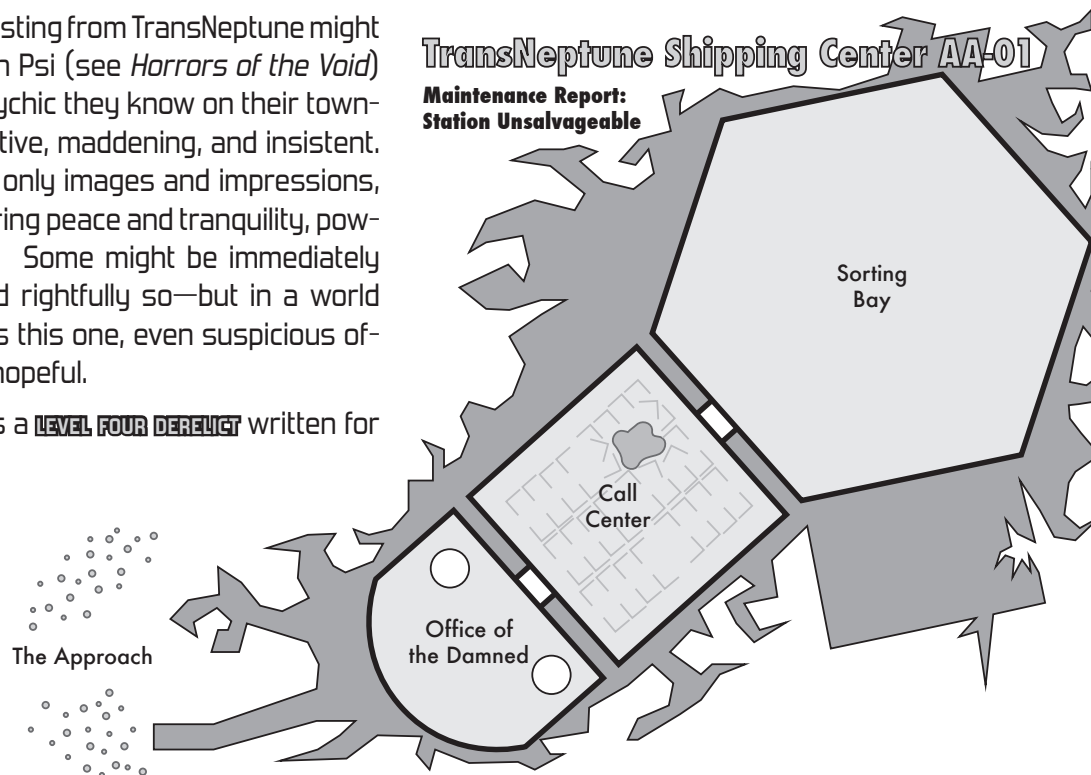
THE APPROACH

Once a sprawling station with no less than eight traffic control towers, countless freight bays, and maintenance platforms, what remains of the TransNeptune Hub is little more than the station's kernel. The platforms are gone, leaving only twisted and pitted girders. The doors to the freight bays gape open. There are no winking lights on the towers, just empty windows and what look like bites torn out of the bulkheads.

All this is the work of the debris mites.

TransNeptune Shipping Center AA-01

**Maintenance Report:
Station Unsalvageable**



DEBRIS MITES

This technological plague is composed of fist-sized reclamation robots which also happen to be self-replicating Von Neumann machines. They're sort of what you'd get if grey goo nanotech had chunks. If given the right EM signal, they deactivate. No one remembers the code.

Smack 6d8+4d10 (Corrosive Swarm)

Heave 4d6 (outer shell of disposable tech)

Dash 2d6 (The Walking Carpet)

Rally 0d6 (Mindless Robots)

Latch On (special): on a successful Dash, a Debris Mite can latch onto a PC's hardsuit. It then does damage directly to the hardsuit: soak with just hardsuit dice; damage goes in the hardsuit's damage circle.

Made of Rebar:

Wings of Solar Foil:

Clanking Legs:

Two Mites Fused Together:

Little Chemical Rockets:

Ball of Pincers:

☐ flee ☐ dead

☐ flee ☐ dead

☐ flee ☐ dead

☐ flee ☐ dead

☐ flee ☐ dead

☐ flee ☐ dead

VOID DROID

This eight-legged android scuttles across the hull of the station's core at an alarming speed, attacking any debris mites, including those stuck to the PCs. . .

Shoot 3d8+4d10 [area effect] (Doom Blossom)

Smack 0d6 (touchless defense)

Heave 4d6 (immaculate plating)

Dash 6d6 (spidery legs)

Fix 4d4+6d6 (repair kit)

Advantage: clear range of fire (10pts)

☐ ☐ ☐ crippled ☐ ☐ ☐ surrender ☐ dead

OFFICE OF THE DAMNED

The executive office of the station manager, a wide room with panoramic starscape views, was once an impressive status symbol. Prominently displayed under reinforced glass on two separate pedestals are The Apocalypse Bomb and a Singularity Charge. While this might seem ominous, only one is actually a high-yield explosive. The other is a rock band.

The center of the room is filled with emaciated, drooling, once-human husks—the by-product of the station's new terrible purpose. They haven't been kind to this once-posh corner office; there are stains everywhere.

Non-ZOMBIES

Dressed in tattered medical scrubs, these were once powerful psychics drawn by the lure of TransNeptune's call. A catastrophic imbalance in their neural chemistry has stripped them of higher brain functions... except how to gnaw those missing chemicals out of living brains.

Smack 4d6+2d10 (Telepathic Depantsification)

Heave $3d6+2d10$ (flailing limbs)

Dash 1d6 (zombie stagger)

Rally 4d6 (braaaaains!)

Non-Zombie #1: ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ surrender ☐ dead

Non-Zombie #2: ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ surrender ☐ dead

Non-Zombie #3: ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ surrender ☐ dead

Non-Zombie #4: ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ surrender ☐ dead

Non-Zombie #5: ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ surrender ☐ dead

Non-Zombie #6: ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ surrender ☐ dead

Non-Zombie #7: ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ surrender ☐ dead

Non-Zombie #8: ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ surrender ☐ dead

Note: be sure not to confuse these mooks with **NAAN ZOMBIES**, who hunger for Indian flatbread.

THE APOCALYPSE BOMB

Puerto Rico's sound sensation *The Apocalypse Bomb* famously had their psyches recorded in the early twenty-first century. The files changed hands many times since, and most recently were installed in the chipjacks of security robots here on TransNeptune. Promised new bodies complete with vocal chords, they serve by perpetually performing instrumentals to keep the non-zombies occupied until they're ripped apart by the singularity charge.

Until the PCs walk in, of course. Knowing that this is the best gig they're ever going to get, the band will not hesitate to whip the non-zombies into a murderous lather (using Command) or turn their speakers to overdrive and pummel the invaders with sonic blasts.

Shoot 6d6 (Boricua Blast)

Heave 4d6 (reinforced glass)

Dash 2d6 (piston-powered legs)

Rally 6d6 (desperate)

Connect 4d4+4d10 (power of the mic)

Advantage: Mali-Chibi Complex Dome (20pts)

Cuatro Guitar Robot: ☐☐☐ crippled ☐☐☐ surrender ☐ dead

Tiple Guitar Robot: ☐☐☐ crippled ☐☐☐ surrender ☐ dead

Bomba Drummer Robot: ☐ ☐ ☐ crippled ☐ ☐ ☐ surrender ☐ dead

SINGULARITY CHARGE

Used as a sort of reusable mine, a singularity charge opens an unstable miniature black hole. The resulting gravity differential crushes and shears nearly everything in an approximately five yard radius before the hole simply collapses. The charge then gathers the lingering virtual radiation to power the next singularity a few weeks later.

Guess how soon the next singularity opens?

Effect: Gravity Sutter 8d6+2d10

Resist: Encoded Control Panel 6d4

[illegible]☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ meltdown ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ disabled

On each Effect roll, the power die is applied as damage and then set aside. These store up and add to the power die of all subsequent Gravity Stutters. Once the power reaches 50, the black hole collapses.

MALI-CHIBI COMPLEX

Originally developed to contain shrunken radiation victims from central Africa, this surprisingly tough, light, and transparent material also normalizes gravity waves. The two display cases in the room are made out of Mali-Chibi Complex, and if the PCs get inside them, they'll be wholly protected from the singularity.

Of course, only four people can fit under a single dome. And the three members of The Apocalypse Bomb aren't interested in sharing.

CALL CENTER

Rows upon rows of empty cubicles fill this cavernous compartment. Most have a desk, a chair, and a comms module. A special few have animate blobs of protoplasm about a foot and a half tall. They have knives.

The Plasmoids have answered TransNeptune's mysterious call, using their alien technology to simply skip over the space occupied by the debris mite perimeter and starting here on this floor. While their leader presses further to find the source of the signal, lesser aliens guard their way back out.

When the PCs first arrive, only three Proles stand sentry over the Puddle. One Prole will immediately duck into the Warp Puddle. The next round, two will come out. Two rounds after (and every two rounds following), two more Proles will come out of the Warp Puddle to defend it. Each time a Prole enters or exits the Puddle, it fiddles with its gearbelt.

PLASMOID PROLE

Smack 4d6 (Bladed Violator)
Heave 2d6 (squishy jelly-like bodies)
Dash 4d6+4d10 (scrambly)
Rally 2d6 (the loyalty of the oppressed masses)
Advantage: courage of numbers (15pts)

Cerulean Blue Plasmoid: ☐ ☐ flee ☐ dead
Transparent Plasmoid: ☐ ☐ flee ☐ dead
Red-Flecked Plasmoid: ☐ ☐ flee ☐ dead

Plasmoid covered w Cillia: ☐ ☐ flee ☐ dead
Double-sized, slow Plasmoid: ☐ ☐ flee ☐ dead

Green Plasmoid: ☐ ☐ flee ☐ dead
Pulsing Purple Plasmoid: ☐ ☐ flee ☐ dead

THE WARP PUDDLE

While this looks like an iridescent puddle splashed across the ground, it is actually the mouth of a subspace tunnel to the plasmoid mothership a half parsec away. Plasmoids simply hop in and are transported between the two end points quickly and painlessly. It doesn't work that way for humans: for humans, it hurts a lot.

Shutting the Puddle down is a trifle difficult as it has no physical interface: it requires Psi to operate. Failing that, the PCs might try using the Gearbelts that the Proles all wear. . .

Effect: Dimensional Rip 6d6+8d10

Resist: Psychic Interface 2d6

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐ starts spreading ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐ collapsing (proles try to leap through it) ☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐ disabled

MULLIGAN GEARBELT

This is alien technology of the plasmoids, a 6d10 tech kit with a psychic interface. When properly used, it allows its user to sacrifice a die to reroll a botched Fix roll. However, proper use is not at all intuitive (unless you're a two-foot-tall amoeba). In the absence of Psi, it can be used to shut down the Warp Puddle. . . if the PCs can figure it out.

If you don't have access to the **AMEN TECH RUL** from *Horrors of the Void*, the players can use a Rig action, sacrificing the Gearbelt, to progress the Puddle's track. Each prole has one. . .

THROUGH THE PUDDLE

The Warp Puddle hurts like a bitch, so chances are the PCs will be jumping out of it the moment they touch its surface. If a PC wants to play hero and struggle through it to the other side, they'll need to submit to a round of damage (no Dodge against the hazard's effect that round). Then they'll find themselves in the cargo bay of an alien ship, surrounded by ten more Proles.

Another Puddle sits nearby, centered in a shallow pit in the floor. Electrical arcs surround it. Getting back to TransNeptune requires diving back through the Puddle. Ouch.

Sorting Bay

This broad room filled with shelves and conveyor belts was where the magic happened: packages came in, got sorted, then got sent to outbound shuttles. Now, haphazard stacks of age-old parcels litter the floor.

When the PCs enter the Sorting Bay, they will interrupt a tete-a-tete between two monsters, inhuman and once-human. The Ghoblotioplast is arguing with a listless human, who is apologizing for the misunderstanding. The alien activates its Projector as the last word and the human crumples to the floor.

GHOBLOTIPLAST

Occupying the top tier of the Plamoid Collective, the Ghoblotiplast's body is a horrific conglomeration of individual organisms slaved into coordination by its powerful mind. This is why it looks like it has too many legs and arms and claws: not all of them are, strictly speaking, the Ghoblotiplast's. The scimitar-shaped spores it sneezes, the Proles it uses as saliva, the powerful but spindly legs it walks on. . . all of these are "citizens" of the Plasmoid nation.

Shoot 3d6 (damocles spores)
Smack 3d6 (parasitic inviscation)
Heave 3d6 (Molecumorph)
Dash 3d6 (grasshopper legs)
Rally 4d4+3d6 (superiority complex)
Psi 3d6+4d10 (psychic domination, psychic scream)
Advantage: stacks of boxes (25pts)

☐☐☐ crippled ☐☐☐ surrender ☐ dead

ULTRAMAXIMAL PHASE PROJECTOR

This powerful psionic device overwhelms nearby minds with waves of emotion so strong the targets begin to feel the opposite. So much rage and the victims get calm; too much selfishness inspires altruism. Its beams won't target the Ghoblotiplast intentionally, but *things happen* in exciting action sequences...

The Projector's effects all deal psych damage.

Effect: 4d4+2d6 Intense Multilayered Gamification
(produces boredom)

Effect: 2d6+4d10 Existential Perspective Beam
(bombards with selfish whispers)

Resist: 4d6 Psychic Interface

- ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ starts spreading
- ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ collapsing (proles try to leap through it)
- ☐ ☐ ☐ disabled

ENTER THE MASTER

Once the Ghoblotioplast is crippled, bay doors in the ceiling will hiss open, revealing a spire of support beams holding steaming vents, computer panels, and human beings strapped into the structure. As the spire descends into the Sorting Bay, a handful of these people will leap down to the floor where they listlessly wait to be possessed by the Dybbuk Majcher.

The master of TransNeptune has watched as two invaders have fought with each other, and is seizing its opportunity to finish them both while they are still at each other's throats.

THE DYBBUK MAJCHER

Recording your psyche was all the rage in the early 21st century, when scientists were certain that the Future would be able to vat-grow healthy new bodies to receive the imprints: a kind of immortality. Much like rocket boots and flying cars, however, vat-grown mindless bodies were no more than a dream. A lot of recorded psyches were left trapped on disk.

The psyche today known as Dybbuk Majcher, however, refused to take this lying down. Years of roleplaying games taught him that where there is a will—preferably without the handicap of ethics—there is a way. He has perfected a process that lets him possess humans and thus feel alive again. All it requires is a couple fresh psychics plugged into the station mainframe every few days.

Shoot 4d10 (The Ten-Sided Death)
Smack 2d6+3d8 (sloppy body blow)
Heave 4d6 (disposable bodies)
Dash 3d6 (avoids attacks of opportunity)
Rally 6d6 (will to live)
Psi 3d4+3d6 (Parasitic Ghost Meld)
Advantage: what is the AI and what is junk? (15pts)

- □ □ begins mocking monologue □ □ □ possesses two bodies (2 actions / round)
- □ □ attempts to possess PC □ □ □ possesses parts of the (presumably dead) Ghoblotoiplast
- □ □ surrender
- □ □ dead

THE FALL OF TRANSNEPTUNE

Did the PCs destroy the Void Droid at the beginning of the derelict? It was the only thing holding the Debris Mites at bay. . .

QUICKSILVER SHADE CRYOGENIC COMMUNITY AND DAY SPA

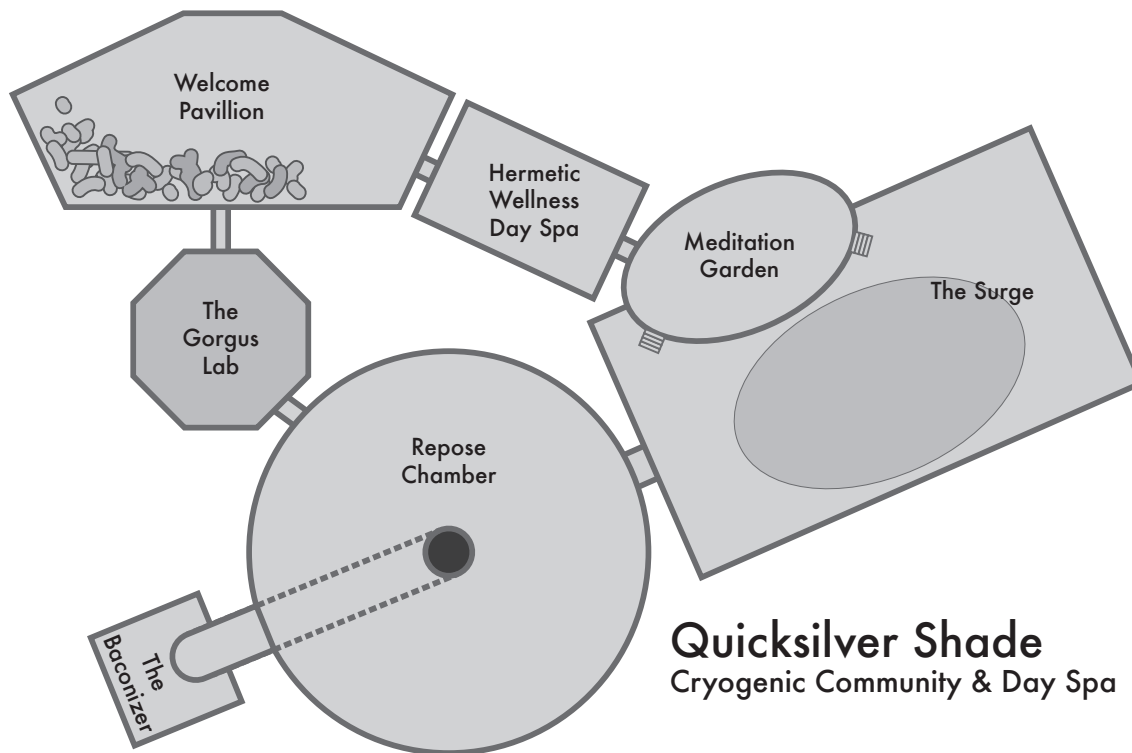
Once a byword for luxury and indulgence, Quicksilver Shade has rotted in its lissajous orbit in the shadow of Mercury. Where once its position near the center of the solar system brought it tourists and trade, the collapse doomed it to obscurity and starvation.

At first, the unfrozen "day guests" pretended as if nothing was wrong and did their best impression of the top-deck passengers on the *HMS Titanic*. As repressed hysteria settled in, they turned to the charismatic surgeon Dr. Carlos Gorgus, who had...ideas. An interplanetary crisis afforded him all the opportunity he needed.

The guests underwent his procedures, coming out the other side something not quite human. This, perhaps, is why, when they grew increasingly hungry and desperate, they turned without a great deal of revulsion to the cryogenic vaults, filled with frozen "long-term guests."

After all, it's only cannibalism if you eat your own species, and they were something greater than human, now...

Quicksilver Shade is a **LEVEL SIX DERELICT**. PCs might be after a quick smash-and-grab looting spree or might need to revive a particular individual from the cryogenic "repose chamber."



WELCOME PAVILLION

The broad receiving bay still sits ready to accept new guests to Quicksilver Shade; however, just inside lurk the residents, who are always eager for fresh meat not out of the freezer.

The pavilion was a wide, open area whose ceiling and fixtures have collapsed onto the reception desks. All is chaos and tumult, here, and hungry eyes glint from the shadows.

WILD SPACE ELVES

Surgically modified to be lean, blonde, and haughty, the refugees that took shelter here have discarded any pretense that they are human any longer. They are proud. They are ethereal. They are *elves*.

They don't like it when you laugh like that.

They are armed with lengths of fiberoptic cable and a shadowy, cannibalistic secret that binds them together.

Smack 2d6+2d10 (Moronic Whip)

Heave 2d6 (frail)

Dash 2d6+4d10 (nimble)

Rally 6d6 (The Long Shadow)

Advantage: piles of debris and junk (25pts)

Elf w High Ears:

Elf w Back-swept ears:

Elf w Pointed Ears:

Elf w Bat-like Ears:

Elf w Medium-sized Ears:

Elf w Disneyland Ear Hat:

Elf w Ear Horn:

Elf w Diaphanous Ears:

☐ ☐ surrender ☐ dead

☐ ☐ surrender ☐ dead

☐ ☐ surrender ☐ dead

☐ ☐ surrender ☐ dead

☐ ☐ surrender ☐ dead

☐ ☐ surrender ☐ dead

☐ ☐ surrender ☐ dead

☐ ☐ surrender ☐ dead

HERMETIC WELLNESS DAY SPA

The rubble gives way to a promenade, which dead-ends at the entrance to the station's day spa. It's a massive, overwrought affair with faux stone columns and miniature waterfalls which have long since run dry.

A tattered sign at the entrance reads, "Complimentary Plasma Punch and Hot Carl Treatments." The Punch is available on dispensers along the wall which inject directly into your blood stream. There is no immediate evidence of the Hot Carl Treatment...

PLASMA PUNCH

A creation of Dr. Gorgus, plasma punch is a blood-cleansing agent that leaves the skin looking firmer and brighter while also giving the patient a boost of natural energy. .and an overwhelming hunger for salt and meat.

A dose adds 1d6 to the user's Heave and Dash scores. It also gives them a progress track ten squares long. Each room, the user rolls Heave and Dash and ticks squares equal to the resulting power die. When the progress track runs out, the user loses the bonus and takes 2 dice damage to both Heave and Dash. There is no roll to resist the collapse: like the ancient Earth plague known as Comic Sans, the sickness is inside them.

Eating meat—any meat—adds 1d8 squares to the progress track; eating salty meat adds 1d10 squares.

CRAP-CAKEES!

Quicksilver Shade was a pioneer in using genetically-engineered creatures in its spa treatments, and Carlos Gorgus' "cakee" was one of them. This little creature's warm, wet under surface was draped across guests' faces to revitalize the skin.

After they were abandoned, the cakees started eating anything they could get their mandibles on, which included a lot of strange chemicals. Now about five feet across, their descendents cling to the ceiling before dropping on unsuspecting prey below them. The Elves tell horror stories of their forays into the spa rooms, always ending with a strangled cry of "crap-cakees!"

Smack 3d6+4d10 (The Hot Carl Treatment)
Heave 3d6+2d10 (tough skin)
Dash 1d6 (they flop, they don't run)
Rally 6d6 (single-minded hunger)
Advantage: Surprise (10pts)
Advantage: Death From Above (20pts)

Big Crap-Cakee:	<input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> surrender <input type="checkbox"/> dead
Gurgling Crap-Cakee:	<input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> surrender <input type="checkbox"/> dead
Sticky Crap-Cakee:	<input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> surrender <input type="checkbox"/> dead
Half-Digested Arm Sticks Out:	<input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> surrender <input type="checkbox"/> dead
Crap-Cakee w Teeth!:	<input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> surrender <input type="checkbox"/> dead



MEDITATION GARDEN

The space beyond the day spa's back doors is an expanse of green grass tastefully broken up by miniature hedges. A zen rock garden, a once-babbling, now-dry fountain, and a long view all make this area peaceful and contemplative.

Sitting in its center is an inordinately tall space elf, who is loudly cheering on the hijinks going on below in The Surge. This is Teliestor Quickblade, High King, and he uses the garden and its overlook as his private box seat for the gladiatorial contests below.

TELIESTOR QUICKBLADE, THE WILDKING

The nominal leader of the inhabitants of Quicksilver Shade, Teliestor is little more than a figurehead who handles the petty tasks that Dr. Gorgus can't be bothered with. He takes his position very seriously, considering himself the heir of a noble tradition. If he didn't, he'd have to face the long shadow of his terrible crimes.

Smack 6d4+3d6 (monofilament sword)
Shoot 3d6+3d8 (laser "wand")
Heave 6d6+3d10 (hopped up on plasma punch)
Dash 3d4+2d6 (spritely)
Rally 4d6+3d10 (haughty self-assuredness)
Advantage: the PCs look tasty (10pts)
Advantage: rock garden (10pts)
Advantage: maze of hedges (10pts)

□ □ □ □ □ crippled □ □ □ □ □ surrender □ □ dead

A DIMINIMUS PEA

Often overlooked, the diminimus pea appears to be a completely harmless legume. The sinister truth, however, is that these parasites attach themselves to hosts and slowly siphon nutrients from their bodies. The actual feeding is negligible...when there is only one. However, the more there are, the more the impact of their parasitism.

Smack 1d6 (nibble)
Dash 8d6 (insidious)
Heave 1d6 (fragile)
Rally 2d6+6d10 (pernicious)

small pea	□ □ surrender □ dead
tiny pea	□ □ surrender □ dead
infintessimal pea	□ □ surrender □ dead
little pea	□ □ surrender □ dead
itty-bitty pea	□ □ surrender □ dead
a squib of a pea	□ □ surrender □ dead
baby pea	□ □ surrender □ dead
teeny pea	□ □ surrender □ dead
widdle pea	□ □ surrender □ dead
ignorable pea	□ □ surrender □ dead

Special: diminimus peas can attack with Dash (PCs roll Spot instead of Soak) to worm inside hardsuits, after which hardsuit dice cannot be rolled in Soaks against their Smack. Additionally, multiple peas attached to a single host attack as one: roll their Smack dice together as one attack. Lastly, once inside, peas can go dormant for up to an hour between bites. The GM rolls Loot when all other NPCs in the room have been dispatched, even if there are still active diminimus peas.

THE SURGE

Station maps subtitle this area the Teen Recreation Zone. It was once the place where the kids were dumped while mommy and daddy got their relaxation on. These days, however, the wild space elves have turned the mini-golf course, mini-speedway, and 3D printers to a new purpose: blood sports. The PCs have just stepped into a "monster fight."

THE COLOR CYAN

The plight of a self-replenishing ink cartridge is a difficult one, rarely told. Having gained sapience after one too many requests for Smurf figurines, this vat-sized cartridge rebelled against the space elves, only to be captured and turned into a gladiatorial challenge.

Smack 4d4+3d8 (periwinkle-stained waldoes)
Shoot 5d6+3d10 (spray of sapphires)
Heave 5d6+3d10 (Reticulated Splines)
Dash 2d4+4d6 (cerulean slide)
Connect 2d6 (shared indignation)

□ □ □ □ □ crippled □ □ □ □ □ surrender □ □ dead

WILD SPACE ELF GLADIATORS

Smack 2d6+2d10 (Moronic Whip)
Heave 2d6 (frail)
Dash 2d6+4d10 (nimble)
Rally 6d6 (The Long Shadow)
Advantage: crashed speedway cars (20pts)

Elf in Golden Armor:	□ □ surrender □ dead
Elf in Amethyst Armor:	□ □ surrender □ dead
Elf in Diaphanous Armor:	□ □ surrender □ dead
Elf in Halter Top:	□ □ surrender □ dead
Elf in Gleaming Dragon Armor:	□ □ surrender □ dead

RIGHTEOUS FLARE SHIPYARD

Among the wandering townships of the solar system, many question where the New Solar Order gets its new dreadnoughts from. The answer is a small station hidden among the Trojan asteroids that appears to be a derelict.

Once a marine biology lab studying the effects of micro-gravity on cephalopods, the human scientists abandoned it when the fighting started. The octopus test subjects were left behind — along with the study results that revealed dramatically increased mental development among octopuses raised in slight gravity.

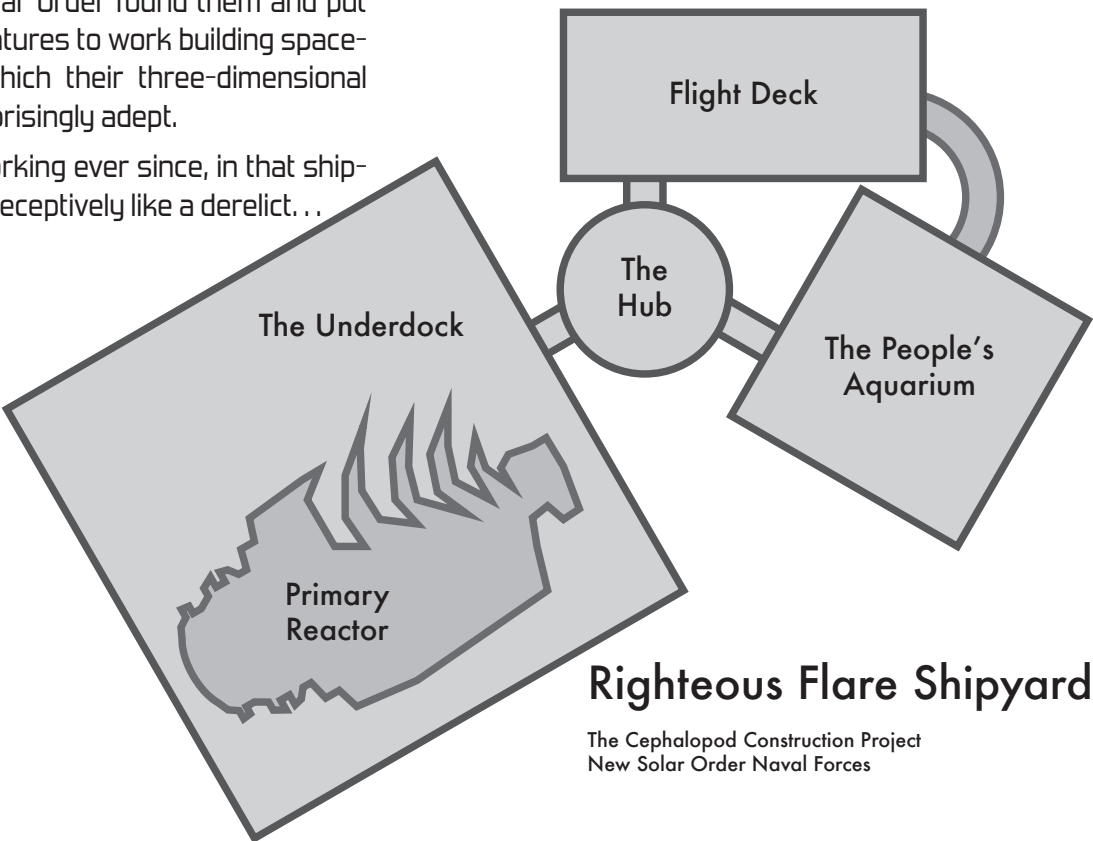
The octopuses took control of the station—until the New Solar Order found them and put the “lesser” creatures to work building spaceships, a task which their three-dimensional brains were surprisingly adept.

They’ve been working ever since, in that shipyard that looks deceptively like a derelict. . .

GLITCH COUNT

If you don't have access to the **CYBER RUL** in *Horrors of the Void*, you might read the following derelict and wonder what a Glitch Count is. For all NPCs that have a Glitch Count, add a d20 to all of their rolls. It never counts as their precision or power. Instead, if the d20's result is less than their Glitch Count, the NPC's cybernetic implants stall out; they lose their turn.

The Righteous Flare Shipyards is designed as a **LEVEL NINE DERELICT** for five void vultures.



Righteous Flare Shipyards

The Cephalopod Construction Project
New Solar Order Naval Forces

FLIGHT DECK

HUMANOPUS

Imagine two people on hands and knees facing each other. . .except instead of where their heads would overlap, there's just an octopus, bolted on with a cybernetic collar. Commander Armanjani has found a way to deal with unruly psychic captives and land-awkward octopus servitors. The only trick was realizing that the octopuses were used to having eight limbs, and needed two human bodies instead of one.

- Smack 3d6+3d8+2d10 (flailing limbs)
- Heave 4d6+4d10 (awkward but powerful)
- Dash 2d6 (not exactly graceful)
- Rally 3d6+3d10 (utterly confabulated)
- Glitch Count: 3
- Advantage: half-assembled fighters (20pts)
- Advantage: tool racks (20pts)

Humanopus w Purple Head:	<input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> surrender <input type="checkbox"/> dead
Two Body Builders:	<input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> surrender <input type="checkbox"/> dead
Lopsided Humanopus:	<input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> surrender <input type="checkbox"/> dead
Flailing Humanopus:	<input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> surrender <input type="checkbox"/> dead
Scuttling Humanopus:	<input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> surrender <input type="checkbox"/> dead
Black & White Humanopus:	<input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> surrender <input type="checkbox"/> dead

At the first sign of fighting on the Flight Deck, the blast doors into the Hub will fall closed in emergency lockdown mode. The PCs will have to find another way deeper into the derelict; an access corridor leads into one of the secondary hab modules, but it appears to be flooded. . .

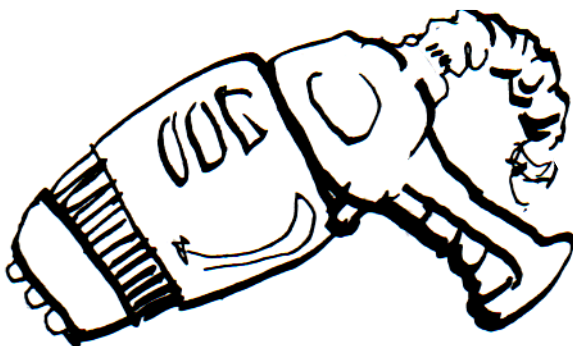
THE PEOPLE'S AQUARIUM

The secondary hab dome is as flooded as the corridor that leads there, and it is filled with octopuses swimming in formation, clutching strange technology in their tentacles, and moving nets, crates, and barrels around in military precision. This is the headquarters of the Octopus Rebels, who are fighting for their lives against the New Solar Order.

Think they'll assume the PCs are friendly?

FIGHTING UNDERWATER

While nearly all of the PCs' equipment works in vacuum and therefore will operate underwater, the water resistance blunts the effectiveness of most weapons. Any attack roll must sacrifice its highest two dice. If any Loot roll turns up a weapons module, it can be a pressure lock, aqueous filter, or similar device that removes this penalty completely (and adds its own dice).



IVAN THE OCTOPUS REBEL LEADER

An impressively large octopus of regal bearing, Ivan has rallied the remnants of the main aquarium into an effective resistance force.

Of course, Ivan doesn't make much of a distinction between NSO humans and any others. The PCs can attempt to explain themselves, using Connect to deal psych damage towards his surrender threshold. Once there, he will order his guards to stand down and try to enlist the PCs in the cause. He will show them the best route into the derelict's core and equip them for the fight. Instead of a Loot roll for this room, a cooperative Ivan will offer Steam Arc Cannons and the Ominously Ticking Package.

Smack 5d4+4d6 (octopus kung-fu)

Shoot 4d6+3d8 (steam arc cannon)

Heave 3d6+4d10 (muscly tentacles)

Dash 3d4+2d6 (slick as eight eels)

Rally 3d6 (dedicated to the cause)

Fix 2d6 (ex-engineer)

crippled surrender dead

OCTOPUS REBEL

Shoot 3d6+6d10 (steam arc cannons)

Heave 3d6+1d10 (eight arms are better than two)

Dash 4d6 (at home in the water)

Rally 2d6+2d10 (dedicated)

Advantage: familiar currents (30pts)

Green Octopus:

surrender dead

Piebald Octopus:

surrender dead

Scarlet Octopus:

surrender dead

7-tentacled Octopus:

surrender dead

Octopus w Bandana:

surrender dead

Octopus w two cannons:

surrender dead

Octopus w four cannons

surrender dead

STEAM ARC CANNON

This weapon sprays a high-powered jet of ammonia steam that simultaneously carries a powerful electrical discharge. It works underwater with no handicap (6d8); in open air it still works, but at half dice.

Octopuses produce ammonia naturally, and can refill the cannon's reservoirs themselves. For human users who can't use their own pee to electrocute their enemies, this equipment has 12 ammo.

If the PCs befriend the rebels, they'll be offered steam arc cannons from the arsenal.

OMINOUSLY TICKING PACKAGE

This oblong package has a dead read-out and stray wires hanging off one end. There's a little door with a push-button latch; this only becomes a hazard once it's opened. When that happens, an arc of red lightning expands from either end, whipping around and electrocuting everything in its way.

Effect: Crazy Ivan's Horseshoe 8d6+10d10

Resist: octopus-intuitive wiring 8d4

☐ ☒ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ crazy ivan's horseshoes (2 attacks/round) ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

























































☐ crazy Ivan's enough-horseshoes-for-a-horse (4 attacks/round)

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ disabled

The Hub is a circular chamber at the center of the derelict with corridors leading out of it like the spokes of a wheel. As the derelict rotates to simulate gravity, the Hub itself has the barest touch of micro-gravity.

The corridor up into the Hub sits as a circle of water along the floor of the central chamber. The corridor down to the Underdock is about a third of the way around the circumference of the room. Between the two is a barricade made of station detritus and manned by NSO troopers.

Augmented for the express purpose of digging in and holding a beach head, these cyborgs can take a beating for a long time.

Trooper w Charred Face:							surrender		dead
Trooper w Giant Pauldrons:							surrender		dead
Blood-Caked Trooper:							surrender		dead
Trooper in Corroded Armor:							surrender		dead
Trooper with two Bucklers:							surrender		dead
Singing Trooper:							surrender		dead
Trooper w Neon Green Helmet:							surrender		dead
Trooper w Piston Arms:							surrender		dead

- Shoot 3d8+4d10 (high-powered sniper rifle)
- Smack 4d6 (scrawny)
- Heave 4d6 (slight)
- Dash 4d4+Xd6 (ducks between walls & barricade)
- Rally 10d6 (gloating)
- Fix 8d4+6d10 (control baton)
- Advantage: barricades (20pts)

Special: Lt Jones can roll his Fix in place of any Walking Wall's Rally; this does not take an action.

If the PCs haven't made peace with the rebels, they'll have to fight through their lines before they can reach the NSO barricade.

Piebald Octopus: ☐ ☐ ☐ surrender ☐ dead
 Scarlet Octopus: ☐ ☐ ☐ surrender ☐ dead
 7-tentacled Octopus: ☐ ☐ ☐ surrender ☐ dead
 Octopus w Bandana: ☐ ☐ ☐ surrender ☐ dead
 Octopus w two cannons: ☐ ☐ ☐ surrender ☐ dead

If the PCs have sided with the Rebels, don't bother rolling for the Octopuses actions. Instead, allow the PCs to use the Launcher.

While octopuses can move overland, it is difficult, slow going, and leaves them easy targets. The rebels' solution is two-foot-wide tube, flooded with water and connected to a high-speed pump. When the pump is engaged, the water—and any octopus within—is ejected in a sudden spout of water. NSO shock troopers, it turns out, do not respond well to an octopus in the face.

RIGHTEOUS FLARE 3/4

PRIMARY REACTOR

THE ARBOREUM

Something of a legend among void vultures, the Arboreum is a mysterious derelict that appears and disappears seemingly at random. Its orbit is erratic, which seems to suggest pilots, but no radio contact ever gets returned. Its most prominent feature is a great, green habitation dome, which invites no end of speculation. Does the Arboreum still have a functioning ecosystem? And if there are no humans living in it, can it be boarded and reclaimed?

And then one day the PCs get their chance: the Arboreum is sighted close to the township. A hasty salvage run could result in a new, verdant home. . .

...yeah, that's going to happen.

The Arboreum is a **LEVEL ELEVEN DEREFT** for five salvage experts.

JETTISON TUBE

The derelict does not seem to have entry ports or airlocks... but it does have a jettison tube for sewage wide enough for a boarding crew. Instead of airlocks, it uses a Vacuum Curtain: a series of powerful electrostatic charge sheets that keeps air on one side and vacuum on the other. This particular curtain is set to expel solid matter... like the PCs. Also, the jettison tube is infested with Vomit Rats.

VACUUM CURTAIN (HAZARD)

Effect: Suck Siphon 10d4+12d10

Resist: Automated System 8d6

emergency system dump (gains area effect)
 disabled! now there's just sucking vacuum...
 reactivated; perssure normalized
 personel permitted through

VOMIT RATS

A common element of biological sewer systems, vomit rats process waste by eating anything that isn't poisonous and regurgitating anything that is, wrapped up in a phlegmy ball of cartilage and membranes. They're normally harvested as food (euphemistically called "chicken biscuits," for obvious reasons) to keep the population managed. Left alone, however, they tend to go feral, spitting those same balls of toxic waste at their enemies.

Shoot 4d6+5d10 (McRibbing)

Heave 2d6 (little)

Dash 6d10 (quick)

Rally 6d6 (The Raging Biscuit)

Advantage: slippery ground (30pts)

Advantage: stomach-churning disgust (30pts)

Black Vomit Rat:

Vomit Rat w Red Eyes:

Screeching Vomit Bat:

Vomit Rat w No Tail:

Grime-Encrusted Vomit Rat:

Albino Vomit Bat:

Wet Vomit Rat:

☐ ☐ surrender ☐ dead

☐ ☐ surrender ☐ dead

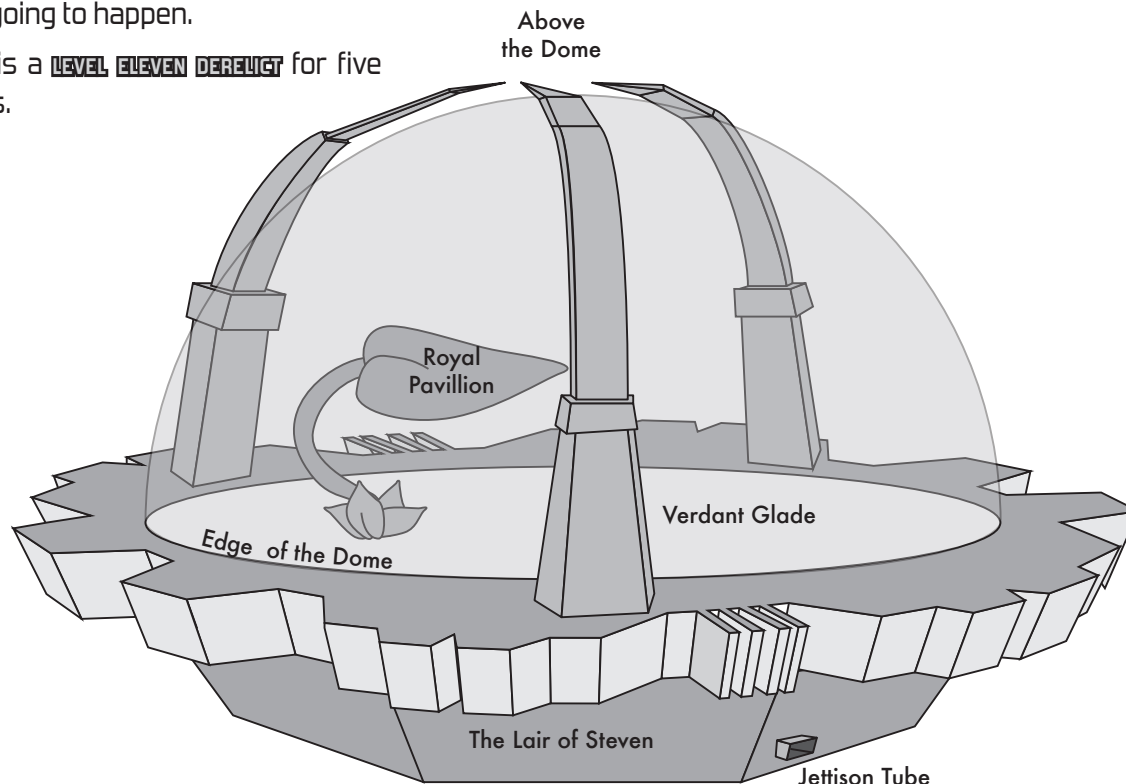
☐ ☐ surrender ☐ dead

☐ ☐ surrender ☐ dead

☐ ☐ surrender ☐ dead

☐ ☐ surrender ☐ dead

☐ ☐ surrender ☐ dead



VERDANT GLADE

The ladder up from Steven's Lair leads to the dead center of the hab dome above. This is one of the prettier and quieter corners of the Arboream... primarily because the Serpents eat anything ugly or loud.

Each round the PCs spend in the Glade, tick a bubble on the following track:

□ □ □ □ two serpents arrive □ □ □ □ three more serpents □ □
 □ □ □ arborcat hunters arrive □ □ □ □ □ □ □ five arborcat
 guardscats arrive (see Pavilion) □ □ □ □ five more guardscats

SHOUITOPIAN SERPENTS

These monsters were originally bred as station invaders—a covert team would get them past security and into the station's vents and ducts. They'd emerge to eat somebody, then disappear for a few days, notoriously difficult to extract. The serpents in the Arboreum are retired, happy to hunt rabbits like their ancestors... until the PCs arrive, of course.

Smack 3d6+6d10 (giant fangs)
 Heave 3d6+2d10 (massive coils)
 Dash 3d6+3d10 (lightning reflexes)
 Rally 3d6 (predatory)

Emerald Green:	□ □ □ □ surrender □ dead
Blue-and-white Bands:	□ □ □ □ surrender □ dead
Red spots on Gold:	□ □ □ □ surrender □ dead
Jet Black with White Eyes:	□ □ □ □ surrender □ dead
Orange and Green:	□ □ □ □ surrender □ dead

Leafy Green Serpent:	□ □ □ □ surrender □ dead
Albino White Serpent:	□ □ □ □ surrender □ dead

Milky White Serpent:	□ □ □ □ surrender □ dead
Striped Serpent:	□ □ □ □ surrender □ dead
Mottled Serpent:	□ □ □ □ surrender □ dead

LUCKY BUNNIES

These are genetically modified eight-legged rabbits. They are very tasty as well as... prolific. Any two can be used as a d6 of a Lucky Bunny Hutch cuniculture system (air->food) in your township, but first you'll need to Catch them first.

Use the bunnies' Dash as opposition against attempts to Catch them; once they're caught they'll Dash away (PCs get "attacks" to recatch them). Stuffing them into some sort of container will prevent further escape attempts.

Dash 12d6+11d10 (four hopping legs)

ARBORCAT HUNTERS

Dressed in snappy little leather hunting outfits, these six-limbed creatures are the size of a large housecat, and are ready to defend the sanctity of their game reserve.

On encountering the PCs, they will immediately use telepathic speech to alert the Grooch that the Arboreum has been invaded.

Shoot 6d4+3d6 (scavenged bow-and-arrow)
 Smack 3d6+6d10 (stick topped with a rusty nail)
 Heave 3d6 (smallish)
 Dash 3d6+5d10 (riding llamas)
 Rally 3d8 (territorial)
 Psi 8d4+6d6 (telepathic speech, teleportation)
 Advantage: we know these trees (30pts)

'Cat with Red Boots:
 □ □ □ crippled □ □ □ surrender □ dead

'Cat with Green Hat:
 □ □ □ crippled □ □ □ surrender □ dead

EDGE OF THE DOME

It's not at all difficult to reach the edge of the dome, perhaps 500 yards away from the Glade in any direction. PCs might notice two things on arrival.

The first are the three pylons that reach up from the base of the dome to nearly connect far above them. There is something way up there, but it's hard to make out against the sun beyond it.

The second are the arborcats outside the dome, floating around in gossamer bubbles, using telekinesis to perform some sort of industrial work on the derelict. They are extracting long lengths of cable from housing on the station's hull and knotting them together in mesmerizingly intricate patterns. A moment later, the PCs will be spotted, and a number of 'cats will teleport inside the dome to deal with the interlopers.

ARBORCAT ENGINEERS

It's a swarm of angry, six-legged, psychic cat nerds. You don't see that every day.

Smack 5d10 (telekinetically-swung tools)
 Heave 6d10 (TK Bubbles)
 Dash 8d6 (zipping around)
 Rally 4d6 (humanophobic)
 Advantage: TK Bubbles (55pts)

'Cat with Toolbelt:	□ □ □ □ □ □ □ surrender □ dead
Surrounded by floating saws:	□ □ □ □ □ □ □ surrender □ dead
'Cat with five limbs:	□ □ □ □ □ □ □ surrender □ dead
Marmalade 'Cat:	□ □ □ □ □ □ □ surrender □ dead
Hissing 'Cat:	□ □ □ □ □ □ □ surrender □ dead
'Cat with Bushy Tail:	□ □ □ □ □ □ □ surrender □ dead
'Cat with Nailgun:	□ □ □ □ □ □ □ surrender □ dead

***THE CREATIVE COMMONS RÜL:** fold, spindle, mutilate*

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