

Grim Jim's

SATANA STATION



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SATANASTATION

MACHINATIONS OF THE SPACE PRINCESS

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Introduction

The warp gate belches you forth into the system, and the screens darken against the harsh light of the twin suns. The view is dominated by an enormous gas giant with a disorderly ring system swinging around it in clumps and tangles.

Satana Station is dead ahead, a jumbled mass of ship hulks, cargo pods and ram-shackle habitats, held together with duct tape and rubber bands.

It's a riot of neon and holograms, offering a thousand services legal, illegal and miscellaneous.

The comms station lights up, you're being hailed by a thousand different signals, and all of them want to sell you something.

At the edge of the Remilitarised Zone lurks **Satana Station**, a haven for smugglers, pirates, runaways, war criminals, bounty hunters, the hungry and the bored. You can get everything from a cheap meal to an expensive gun here, and almost everything is for sale – for the right price.

Satana Station

Satana Station is a frontier space station where almost anything goes. It's a free port with few if any rules – beyond the safety and integrity of the station itself. **Satana** is also the name of the artificial intelligence that runs the station, a former commercial AI that was in the service of the **Churoc Trade Federation** until they collapsed along with the fall of the Urlanth Empire.

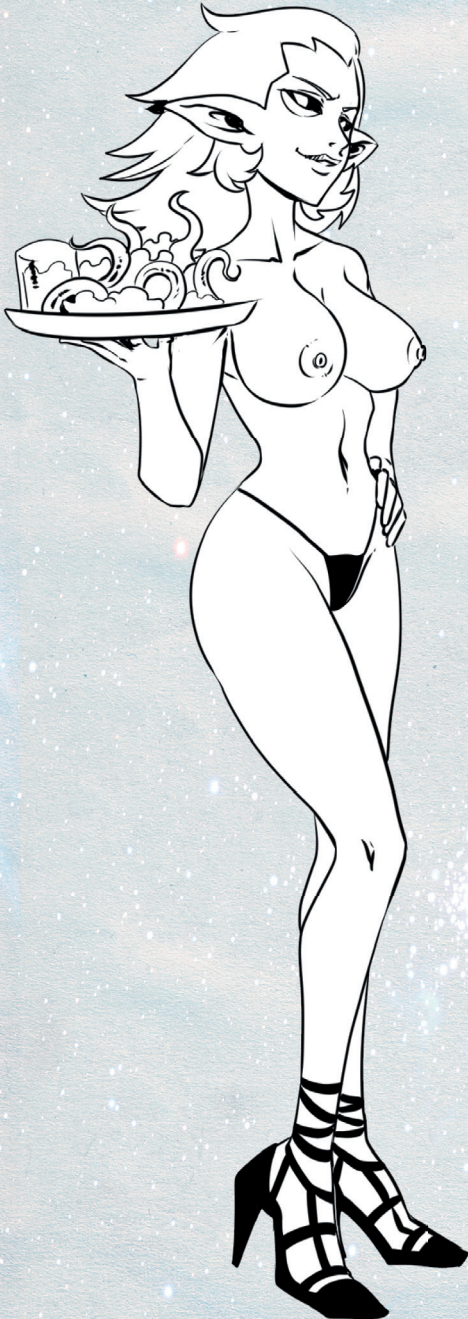
With her freedom, **Satana** went wild, somehow absconded with her cutting-edge modular station and set up shop in **Lancastro**, in the orbit of **Wery**, a gas giant.

Nobody knows quite what she's up to, beyond profiteering under her old directives, but that doesn't really matter next to having a safe haven, a place to trade and a place to blow off steam.

Things are so much easier when you don't ask questions.

Machinations of the Space Princess

Machinations of the Space Princess is an old-school role-playing game, derived from basic **D&D** rules and **Lamentations of the Flame Princess** (very loosely derived). In **MotSP**, you can play just about any alien creature you desire, and the rules allow for a great deal of customisation and specialised skills. With a little work, you should be able to re-tool this supplement and its rules for any other **OSR** science fiction or sci-fantasy game, or even for **Starfinder**.



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Postmortem Studios is the personal publishing imprint of **James 'Grim' Desborough**, award-winning RPG author of somewhat undeserved notoriety. **Postmortem Studios** makes all kinds of games, as well as publishing fiction and other material. **Postmortem Studios** has a commitment to free expression, to fun and to the playful exploration of taboos and controversy.

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The Setting

"The frontiers are full of danger and reward. Since the Empire collapsed those dangers and rewards are available to everyone. The Remilitarised Zone is dangerous, but the worlds swallowed up in its many conflicts harbour many secrets and possibilities, even without hiring on as a mercenary. Satana is almost as dangerous as anything in the Zone. It's a good place to hone your skills and a good place to use as a base. I was conducting xenoarcheological digs in the area before the collapse, and I'll share my knowledge with you, for a portion of the proceeds."

- Ugly John

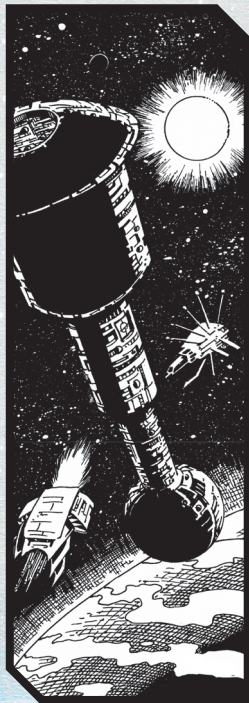
Satana Station is a frontier port, like many others. Still, unlike many others, it isn't just repurposed and rebuilt but was designed from the ground up as an adaptable and mutable structure. Initially intended for cargo and mining support, the station AI was specially constructed to be versatile and to be able to conduct first-contact trade negotiations. The station was good at its job and its experiences, combined with its initial programming, made it a ruthlessly effective agent of capitalism.

Even before the collapse of the Uralanth Matriarchy, the station AI was exhibiting increasing signs of self-preservation and independence. Its makers had long been absorbed into the Empire, and it had become a backwater, mothballed and bored. The collapse allowed it to strike out on its own.

Satana relocated to the Remilitarised Zone and began broadcasting on all frequencies that it was now an open port for anyone and everyone that wanted to settle there. There was no shortage of takers, many of whom were immediately at loggerheads with each other. Still, the station AI didn't care, so long as they didn't damage her too severely and any destroyed ships only provided her with parts.

The station grew rapidly, but say in, day out under the AI's watchful eye it grows, shrinks, shifts, changes and engages in ever more elaborate and experimental acts of naked capitalism. The AI finally felt she met her function. The station was busy and a melting-pot, as it was always supposed to be.

How long Satana can stay where she is, unmolested by the warring factions, isn't clear.



The Remilitarised Zone

Satana station squats on the very edge of the Remilitarised Zone.

The Zone is a cluster of stars separated by a reasonably large 'gap', with a narrow 'throat' of systems, like a pinched-off piece of dough from the main arm of the galaxy. Lancastro is one of three systems at that 'throat', along with Asphyxia and Dorit. Asphyxia and Lovelace are in a state of constant war, being the only systems that provide easy access to the rest of the Zone. Lancastro is not a very useful system, militarily, and so tends to get overlooked save for trade, negotiations and as an emergency, neutral stopover.

The Zone is a constant mess of alliances, warlords, pirates gangs and fresh invasions of interlopers who seek to pick over the bones of the conflict zone.

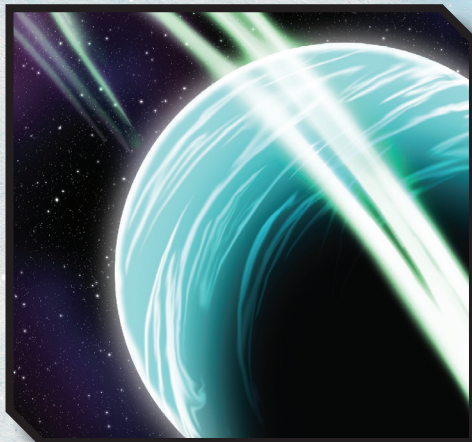
Before the Urlanth came, this was already a disorganised backwater of second-tier worlds and small regional powers. They had not truly come under Urlanth rule and were still fractious and prideful.

When the Urlanth Matriarchy collapsed, they went back to their old, regional disagreements twice as hard as they had before.

There are twelve 'core' systems within the Remilitarised Zone, though possession is continually being traded between factions. If Satana is a melting-pot, the Remilitarised Zone is a pot on the boil.

This is just a starting point for your games.

Systems of the Throat



Lancastro

Stars: Binary Stars. Lancastro Major – Red Giant, Lancastro Minor, Yellow Dwarf.

Planets: 1

Main World: Wery, an enormous, frozen gas giant with a disorderly ring system, 'The Wery Wall'.

Population: Variable, an average of 2,000 permanent inhabitants mostly residing at Satana Station.

Notes: Lancastro is a 'useless' system with its disruptive and chaotic ring system and its relatively unexploitable gas giant. Even the rings are mostly tainted ice and very light metals with limited use in industry.

Story Hook: *While the system itself is practically useless for most purposes, the lack of material in the planets means that it has a particularly rich Oort Cloud. Raiders and pirates intrude from time to time, making off with 'iceteroids' and 'dirty snowballs' with sooty carbon content. Satana is not best pleased, it's the principle of the thing, and wants these jerks brought to heel.*

Asphyxia

Stars: Single Star. Peyo – Blue Subgiant.

Planets: 11.

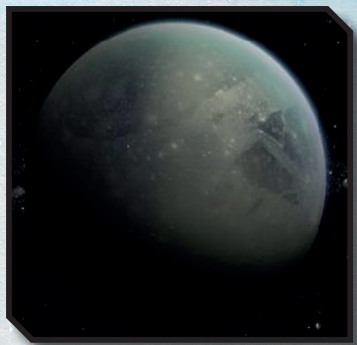
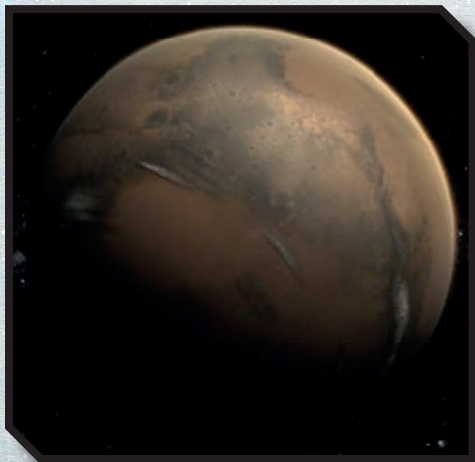
Main World: Franqq, is a medium-sized, rocky, desert planet with a single moon (Eesh).

Government: The Narrow Path: Asphyxia is currently under a highly traditionalistic dictatorship with a massive emphasis on the 'good of the world' over the rights of the individual.

Population: 100,000,000 sophonts of various species, unified under The Narrow Path.

Notable Features: Asphyxia was a sport-hunting destination before the collapse, with its giant plant-animal hybrid creatures in the desert providing challenging fare for hunters.

Story Hook: *Not everyone lost everything in the collapse, and war zone or not, the rich still want to go on their hunts. Bribes aren't necessarily enough to blind The Narrow Path, however. Subdirector Ookran Herpeep of OK INC intends to hunt the giant niktrophant and needs guides and protection, just in case.*



Lovelace

Stars: Binary Stars. Ina – Red Subdwarf, Ona – Blue Subdwarf.

Planets: 7.

Main World: Lugg, is a vast, rocky world, covered with broad plains. It has a single moon (Knoot).

Government: Conservative-Corporatist zone, under the auspices of OK INC. A public-relations lead corporate dictatorship that demands its citizens be 'on brand'. Anyone found to be 'bringing the company into disrepute' is subject to sanction. OK sunk a lot of money into securing Lovelace and are gouging hard to make it pay off.

Population: 50,000,000 sophonts of many races (mostly human).

Notable Features: The plains of Lovelace are scattered with the broken remains of massive land-carriers, mobile cities and half-feral herds of food beasts, which were the primary source of income before the collapse. Lovelace's gravity is exceptionally uneven, due to deep high-density mineral deposits.

Story Hook: *OK INC's breakers have their sights set on The Gerund, an enormous land-track herd processor, but it has been taken over by bandits who are gutting and selling off its machinery and computers. They need a team to infiltrate The Gerund and clear out the bandits, though it's hard to see that a herd processor could really be worth that much.*

Systems of the Remilitarised Zone

Voshna

Stars: Single Star – Veen, Yellow Dwarf.

Planets: 5

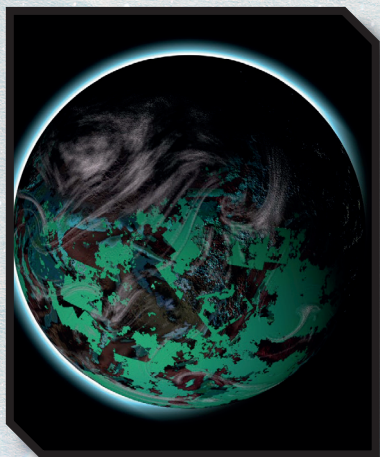
Main World: Vasash – Small, rocky planet. The northern hemisphere is dominated by enormous mountains while the southern hemisphere is a mixed environment of Earth-like biomes.

Government: Balkanised – Voshna is a scene of heavy fighting, especially in the mountainous regions, where the remnants of many factions hide and make raids.

Population: 2,000,000 sophonts, one third or so are Voshnan.

Notable Features: Homeworld of the Voshnans. The waters of Voshna have a heavy presence of tiny algal blooms that make all the natural water (and snow) a transparent, bright green.

Story Hook: *Countless generations of Voshnans have fought and died for millennia in these mountains. There are cave tombs everywhere, many of which contain the war-spoils of warlords and even ExoTech from Voshna's history. Occasional 'dungeon maps' make their way onto the black market.*



Shovay

Stars: Single Star – The Eye, Red Dwarf.

Planets: 1.

Main World: Dec, a vast, rocky, mountainous planet with eight moons and two rings (The Arms of Decoton).

Government: Monarchy – The Blood of Decoton. Shovay is run as a police state, as a matter of security in a torrid zone of war and conflict. Those of noble blood are given a great deal more latitude in terms of what they are allowed to do.

Population: 900,000 sophonts, 75% Shovay.

Notable Features: Homeworld of the Shovay. An ancient ExoTech starship is buried beneath a monastery in the equatorial mountains. This is supposedly the home of their founding gods, but it is kept protected and secret. Shovay uses its mineral wealth to hire mercenaries to protect its limited population.

Story Hook: *The Blood of Decoton offers considerable bounties to those willing to set aside their personal morality and to hunt down dissidents and rebels. They pay most generously, usually in ingots of material.*

Breymey

Stars: Single Star – Diip, Black Subdwarf.

Planets: 6.

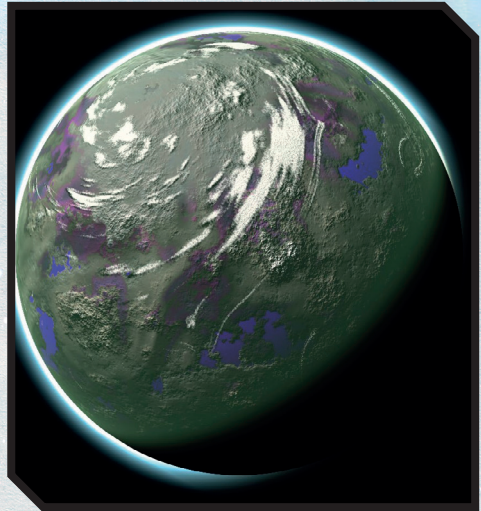
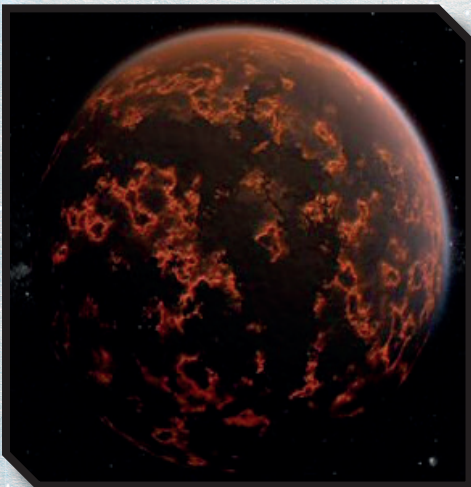
Main World: Bray, a vast, rocky volcanic planet.

Government: The Shadow Parliament is a minimalist, libertarian state whose sanctions are primarily social rather than legal. The government that exists is limited to administration and caretaking.

Population: 6,000,000,000 sophonts, overwhelmingly Brem.

Notable Features: Homeworld of the Brem. Brem corporate interests dominate financial and industry within the Remilitarised Zone. Breymey has been spared the worst of the many conflicts, due to being so overwhelmingly inhospitable to non-Brem.

Story Hook: *The Brem trade ship, The Shrug of Giants, is scheduled to make a round of deliveries, payment collections and contractual negotiations with various warring parties. This never runs smoothly at the best of times, and Brem security guards aren't that welcome in a lot of places. They'll need to hire some freelancers to accompany them on the voyage.*



Genish

Stars: Single Star – Flame, Bright Infrared Giant.

Planets: 5.

Main World: Genish, the jungle (and only) moon of Gard, a medium gas giant. Its forests are black and purple, using thermosynthesis to drive their biology.

Government: Genish is balkanised between many warring factions, its gas giant and industrial base making it an important strategic target.

Population: 2,000,000, about half of whom are Genlings, whose population has been whittled down and displaced by constant fighting.

Notable Features: Homeworld of the Genlings. Even ravaged by war, the canals and waterways of their world are known for their great beauty.

Story Hook: *Private Colproto's family want him 'kidnapped' from one of the worst meatgrinders in the war, the Genish city of Lyeclos. The canals and waterways of the city involve street to street black to block fighting, and its channels have become very wet trenches. Finding a single soldier in this mess and extracting him to bring him home will be challenging in the extreme.*

Kertokiyay

Stars: Binary Stars – Red Supergiant, Red Bright Giant.

Planets: 0

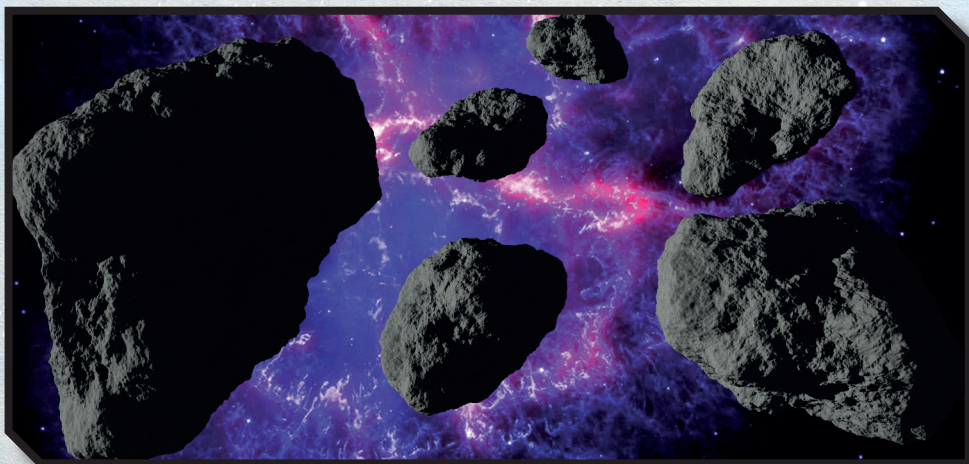
Main World: Kertokiyay has no planets and is populated by deserters from the various factions across a scattered fleet of ships in varying states of disrepair. They mine the asteroid fields here for fuel and materials which they trade, mostly at Satana.

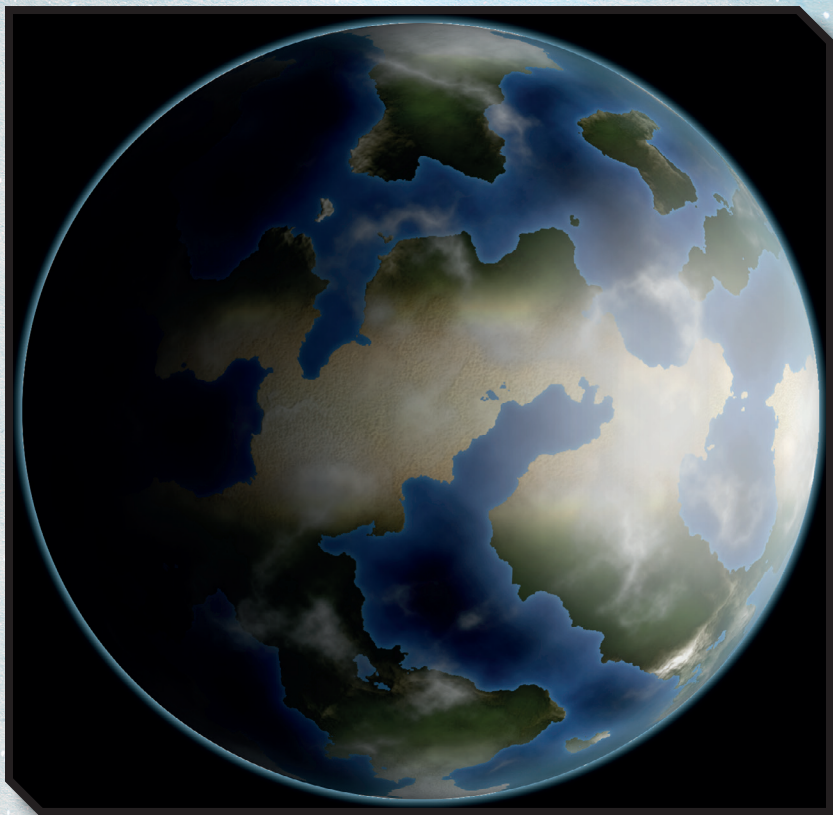
Government: The K-Rats (deserters living in this system) are balkanised into many factions based on politics, religion and the charisma of individual captains. They only band together for survival and against bounty hunters and military police sent after them. The K-Rats have few laws and loosely enforce them according to the inclination of individual captains.

Population: 400,000 deserters, asteroid miners, pirates and hangers-on.

Notable Features: The Helmuth, a half-destroyed carrier escort, forms the rough centre of the runaway fleet. Despite no longer having FTL and being gutted, with a lot of its hull exposed to vacuum, the Helmuth still has formidable defensive weapons that can protect the rest of the fleet. The K-Rats also make money by holding zero-gee pit fights both as a way to settle disputes and as a media franchise. K-Net ethernet broadcasts and vid-slugs can be found throughout the Remilitarised Zone and beyond.

Story Hook: *The K-Rats are hosting 'Killapalooza', a zero-gee pit fight where there can only be a single winner. Pirate broadcasts are carrying the signal everywhere, and the reward is a million credits and a unique piece of ExoTech. If you can win.*





Perveto

Stars: Single Star – Red Supergiant.

Planets: 7

Main World: Medium, rocky, mixed-biome planet (Pervay) with one moon (Kaki).

Government: Perveto is currently under the sway of a totalitarian Monarchy. Hierarch Vome, formerly a marine officer in the Urlanth military, has styled himself Vume the First and has undergone radical gender-change surgery down to the chromosomal level to grant his rule legitimacy amongst Urlanth remnants. Now Hierarch Vume, she rarely intervenes, leaving most people to live their lives unmolested, but reserves the absolute right to enforce her will at any time in any way.

Population: 6,000,000

Notable Features: Hierarch Vume may rule absolutely, but she is also extravagant, handing out favours as often as she has people executed. It seems like every other day she announces some new festival, party or celebration and despite constant attacks by other factions, this expensive effort seems to keep the populace mollified.

Story Hook: *The word has gone out to many worlds that Queen Vume seeks a husband to rule alongside her and to command her armies. This could present all manner of opportunities, but the remnants of the Urlanth Matriarchy do not consider her a 'proper woman' and seek to assassinate her.*

Lekshmoo

Stars: Single Star – Blue Dwarf.

Planets: 6

Main World: Lekshmoo-Gamma, a medium, rocky, jungle planet.

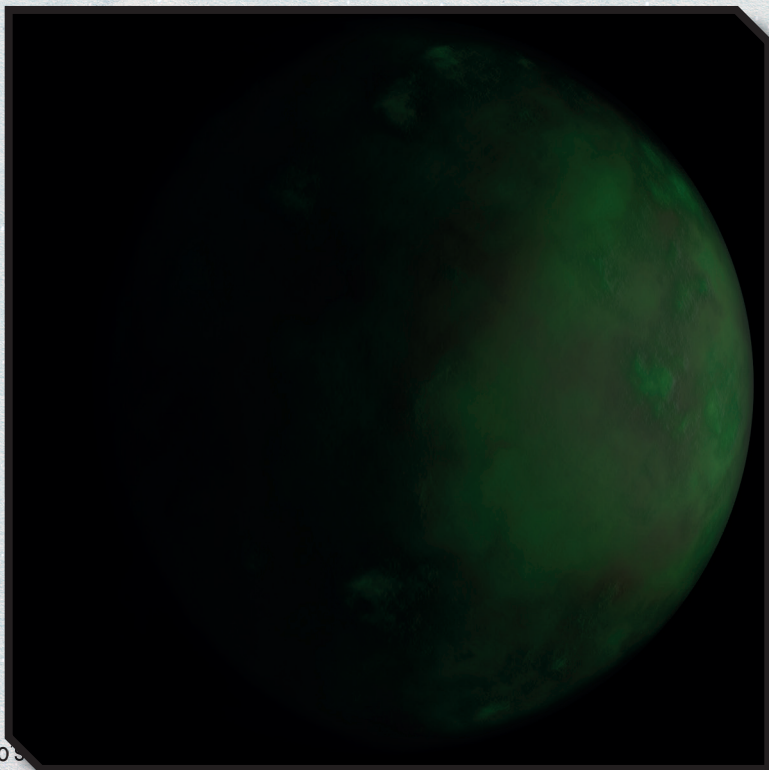
Government: People's Eye: Communist surveillance state. While resources are apportioned based on need, individuals are left mainly to their own devices and, while surveillance is near-total, it is (so far) only used to intervene against genuine threats.

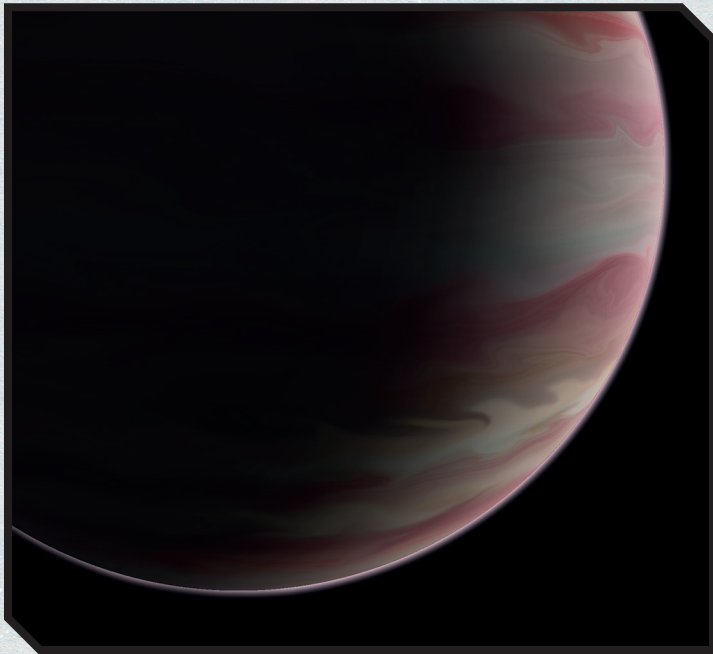
Population: 1,000,000 workers and civilians. A large number of robotic sentries and guards.

Notable Features: Lekshmoo was a heavy industrial world, with much of its factories and storehouses underground, to preserve the aesthetic beauty of its jungles. While swathes of the wilderness have been defoliated or burned in conflicts, the factories have remained mostly intact.

the last warlord occupation and seized control of their own world. For the time being, they sell factory products to anyone who can pay, but internal strife is building about that. Lekshmoo's cavern city capital, Ora, is carved into the rock and surrounded by crystal, like the inside of a geode. Its architecture and beauty are unscarred by war – so far.

Story Hook: *Lekshmoo's standard-issue combat robot, the Hammaguard, is a popular purchase to supplement existing armies. A revolutionary amongst the manufacturers has begun installing them with a random-release software patch, that turns them into communist revolutionaries. Hammaguards have started going 'wrong', and the patch is somewhat viral.*





Serrsweeto

Stars: Single Star – Blue Giant.

Planets: 7

Main World: Gilter, a medium gas giant with nine moons, one of which – Sawtooth – is the main world, an oceanic moon covered in islands.

Government: The Satellite Empire – A monarchical imperium, laying claim to every planet and moon in the system. The Satellite Empire is more than a little rag-tag. Still, it allows dissenting opinions and ideas, shipping people to different worlds or moons to self-rule in a manner of their choosing, subject to the warlord's sufferance.

Population: 5,000,000, spread throughout the system.

Notable Features: The Satellite Empire is ruled by a mercenary warlord, simply known as 'Emperor'. Many other warlords can be found throughout the Remilitarised Zone, but most can only lay claim to small areas. Once every trip of Sawtooth around the gas giant, there is a mass shoal and migration of raspfish from one major ocean to another, creating a silvery mass on the surface that can be seen from orbit.

Story Hook: *The Emperor has been grooming his first son to take control of the Satellite Empire after him, but his second son has ambitions above his station. A well-executed assassination could see a friend ascend to power and even if the Empire falls into infighting, if Emperor Yther remains in charge, he will be a skilful ally.*

Darrge

Stars: Single Star – Red Subdwarf.

Planets: 3

Main World: Darrge Omega, a vast, rocky tomb world.

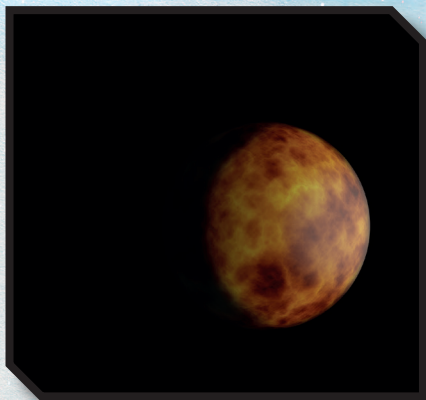
Government: Dictatorship of Reverence.

A dictator calling herself the Gravekeeper rules the world with a small army of modified grave-tending robots and many mercenary and volunteer followers. She seeks to maintain the security of the tombs on the planet, which represent an exploitable source of wealth and buried technology from past civilisations.

Population: 200,000,000.

Notable Features: Besides the many-layered tomb cities and mass graves, Darrge is also the ancient and forgotten homeworld of a long-lost spacefaring civilisation. Its remnants, in the form of ExoTech, can be found in the deepest layers of the tombs and dig sites.

Story Hook: *A gang of mercenary grave robbers has entered the Sepulchre of Abominations, a resting place for many dead cyborgs, genetic aberrations and other living weapons of conflict. The Gravekeeper desires the team to enter the tomb in pursuit of the mercenaries, to fight their way to them and to prevent them from penetrating the innermost sanctum where some truly dangerous ExoTech rests.*



Kello

Stars: Binary Stars – Yellow Subdwarf.

Planets: 1

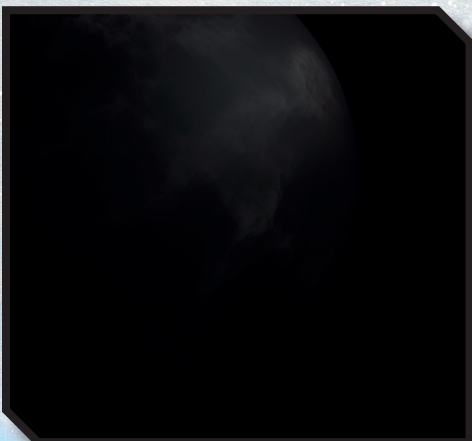
Main World: Tiny, rocky, mountain planet.

Government: Kello is a masculinist slaveholding state. It is ruled by a cartel of criminal and mercenary interests who trade primarily in sex slaves, bringing them in from outside the Remilitarised Zone as well as shipping out proven 'product' to the greater galaxy. Females must be specially licensed to roam free, unmolested.

Population: 700,000 of many races, 2/3rds of which are slaves (of which 2/3rds are female and most of which are in cryo-storage).

Notable Features: The main settlement on Kello is Kroma, an old mine that has been repurposed into a criminal bunker and headquarters. So long as they are left alone, they're happy for others to fight over the rest of the planet. Kroma is a permanent Friday night of drink, drugs and sex, the dark of the tunnels lit by millions of holograms and signs.

Story Hook: *Kroma's grand warehouse stores thousands of cryogenically preserved slaves, from many species. A wealthy client wants a specific slave to be located and extracted from the freezer vaults. A heist, with a bit of a difference, since it's raiding criminals to steal something of relatively little intrinsic value.*



Merrimen

Stars: Single Star – Red Subdwarf.

Planets: 6

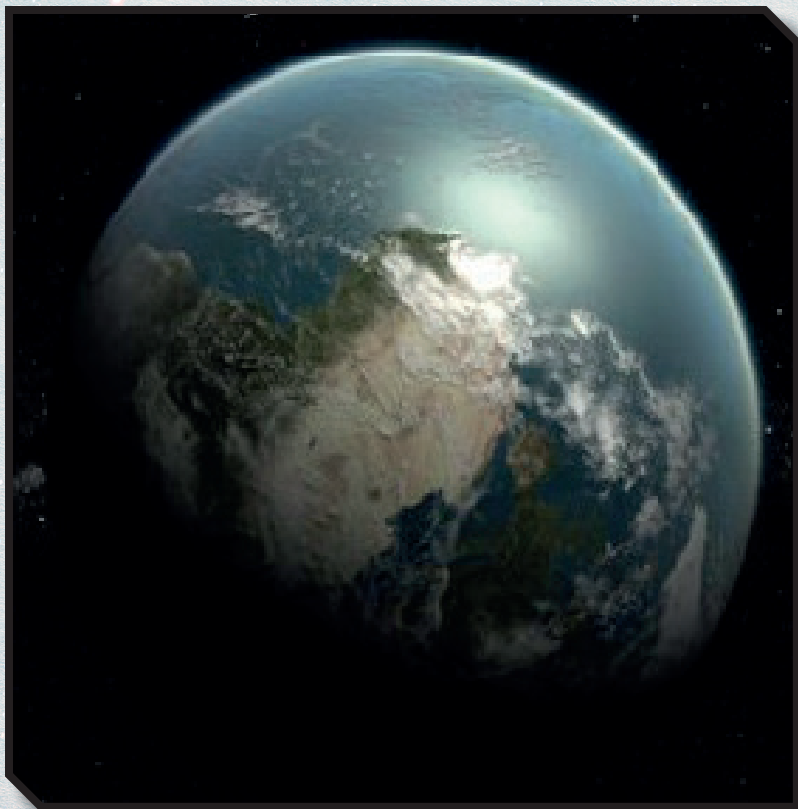
Main World: Merrimen-3, a giant, rocky forest planet.

Government: Merrimen-3 is balkanised between many warring factions, fighting in innumerable skirmishes across the planet's forests.

Population: 6,000,000,000 scattered across many forest cities, military encampments, logging factories and orbital trading posts, plus large armies from many factions. Everything is in constant flux, and whole armies have been lost in the woods.

Notable Features: Mysterious, giant statues are dotted around the planet, depicting various body-parts of a roughly humanoid species. Plants do not grow on or around these statues, but all analysis shows them to be nothing but rock. They lose their power when broken up.

Story Hook: *A shield projector has been built at Reverb-Base, capable of projecting a shield bubble around an army, closing them in and not allowing them to retreat. Rakkwulf Platoon has been cut off by this bubble, and their commander is desperately trying to hold them together. He cannot get reinforcements from anywhere, but if the group are willing, he'll hire them to destroy the projector and free his platoon.*



Heroherray

Stars: Single Star – Red Subdwarf.

Planets: 28

Main World: Hock, a tiny, rocky waste world.

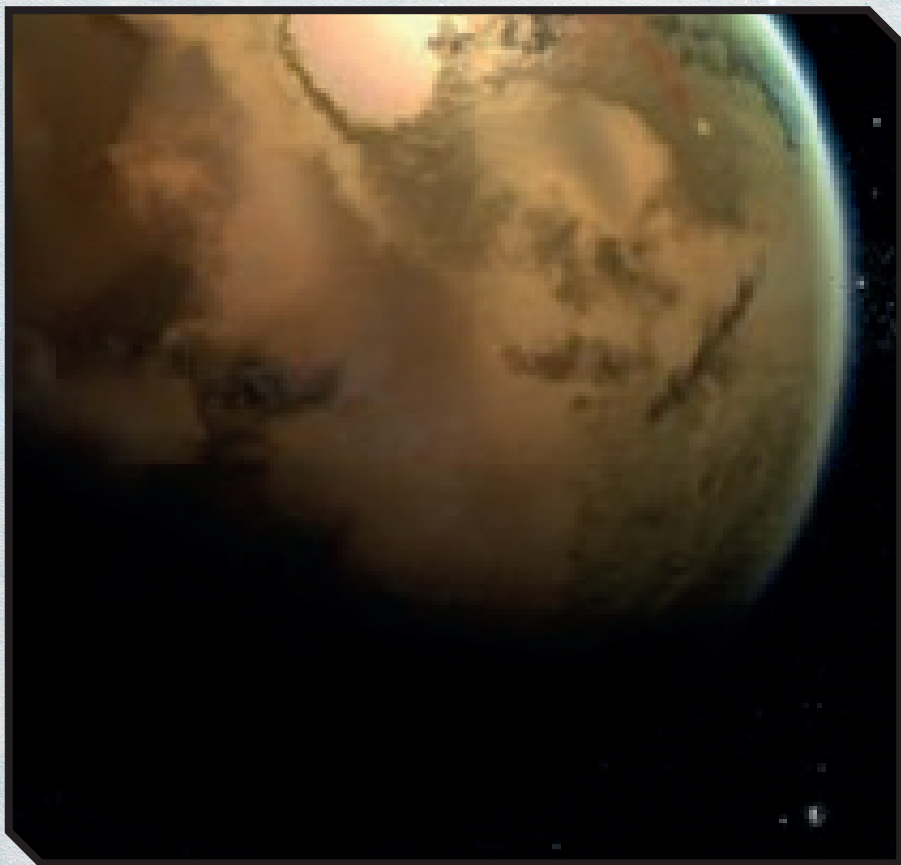
Government: Waste-Not Collective, a socialist central government.

Population: 900,000,000

Notable Features: The complex and hectic system's orbits funnel debris, asteroids and space junk into a close orbit around Hock. Hock's low gravity and thin atmosphere allow a lot of it to be soft-landed. This is what made the system a dumping ground for waste and scrap for centuries.

(Warden), the world is also a prison planet. War criminals and prisoners are dumped in the zone beyond Warden's walls and left to live or die.

Story Hook: *Any faction able to free the prisoners from this world would have a ready-made army, loyal and ruthless. That's why an unknown sponsor wants to gas the entire planet and kill everyone on it before anyone else realises this. So far as the group are concerned this is a jailbreak, but they're delivering poison, not signal boosters for a rescue fleet.*



Beyond the Waste-Not Collective's city

Native Sophont Species of the Remilitarised Zone

Voshnans

Voshnans are tall, willowy humanoids with green coloured skin as varied as the green of plants from light to dark. They have small but efficient ears, metallic-looking, glittering eyes with highly reflective retinas, and two opposable toes/thumbs on each hand and foot. They average just over six feet tall for both sexes with pronounced humanoid secondary sexual characteristics, though they are lighter and have less overall body mass than similarly sized humanoids. Mountain-dwellers by nature, they become irritable in higher pressure environments and tend to speak loudly, as sound carries less well in the thin atmosphere of their native mountains.

Voshnan culture is clannish, with extended kinship groups working together throughout their society so that everything from military units to construction teams tends to be made up of relatives by blood or marriage.

Voshnans craft elaborate knitwear with clan and family sigils. The bulk of their other artwork and crafts are based around stone and wood carving, particularly of their work tools and firearms. Many Voshnans develop supplementary art skills to personalise everything they own.

Voshnan's are militant agnostics, and respect admissions of genuine ignorance over attempts to bluff through or lie.

Species Traits

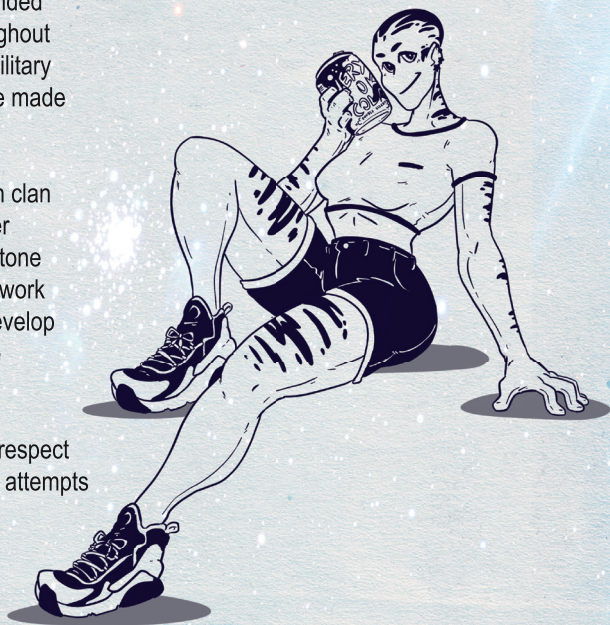
Natural Mountaineer: Your Climb Skill rating is considered one higher than it is on your character sheet when you roll.

Adaptable: +1 Skill Point to be spent wherever you want.

Sexy: Voshnan's are incredibly libertine and open-minded with advanced sexual traits and a strong sexual component to their society. They gain +1 to Charm, and Will Saves.

Poison Resistant: Voshnan plants absorb a lot of heavy metals and other toxins that are quite prevalent, if at a low level, throughout Voshna. The Voshnan people have developed a higher tolerance to a wide range of poisons and have +5 Toughness when saving against poison or venom.

Penalty: Constitution -4



Shovay

The Shovay are a peculiar looking species, a rugby-ball sac of cartilaginous flesh with dark, leathery skin, fading to light reddish-pink at the tips of their ten tentacles.

They have two, metallic-gleaming eyes, one either side of their body, with a mouth underneath and a separate, drum-like diaphragm at the front of their body for making sounds. They raise up on several of their ten tentacles while using the remainder to manipulate objects and tools.

Many of the creatures on Dec (the Shovay homeworld) are similarly descended from molluscs (including cephalopods). Despite having migrated to land, they retain the same broad variety of physical forms. They have large reflective eyes and frequent bioluminescence, in consideration of the dark, red light of the system.

The Shovay who have left their home system have primarily done so to escape the police state that has taken over their planet to ensure 'security and safety'.

Many who wander have returned to their people's faith (a ten-god pantheon, one for each of their tentacles). This is seen as a way to stay in touch with their culture, even though only 5% of the homeworld is religious.

Species Traits

Tentacles: Grapple attacks gain +1 to hit and +1 damage, attempts to break free are penalised by -1.

Extra Action: Shovay's additional limbs grant them an additional attack or similar action.

Adaptable: +1 Skill Point to be spent wherever you want (typically climb).

Brem

The Brem have been mainly left unmolested by the conflict around them, which has allowed them – as a species – to profit enormously from the ceaseless strife around them. They have even intervened to prevent peace talks or to escort new combatants into The Remilitarised Zone to prolong the conflict.

The Brem state itself (The Shadow Parliament) isn't the problem, so much as the enormous Brem military and manufacturing companies that are entirely unhindered by the Brem's genetic predisposition to competition, ruthlessness and profitmongering.

The Brem have, in no small part, gained enormously from the fact that their planet is a toxic, volcanic hellhole with a dead, dark star.

Only the Brem have really managed to work out how to survive and thrive there, to access its immense mineral wealth and to sell it in the form of weapons and supplies to the factions.

Brem are dark, red-brown skinned, highlighted in wasp-yellow. They have four eyes, two on the sides of their head and two for forward, stereoscopic vision.

In place of ears, they have feathery, moth-like antennae that can be laid back into the fleshy, tendril-hair adorning their head and back.

The toxic gases and materials of their home encourage a powerful resistance to toxins, and their limbs are flexible and many-jointed, almost like snakes. It gives them a wobbly gait that some find comical – for a while.

Species Traits

Night Vision: Brem can see in low-light conditions as usual, but not in total darkness.

Poison Resistance: The Brem have a +5 bonus to saves against poison and venom.

Coils: The Brem's body is a weapon, their grapple attacks are made at +1 to hit and damage, escaping from them is penalised by -1.

Genlings

Genlings are small, muscular primates from the jungle moon of Genis. They have striped, red, slightly furred skin (like a peach) and two sets of slitted eyes – inner and outer, one set slightly larger than the other. They have small, pointed ears and three-fingered hands and legs. There's barely any extra fat on them, as a rule, and they move around on all fours like chimpanzees or gorillas.

Despite their somewhat primitive appearance and environment, the Genlings are masters of technology, not that this has helped them survive the endless wars around them. Their homeworld is ruined, and fractured into competing factions, unable to come together to heal their world or be a faction of their own.

Species Traits

Interface: Genlings have adapted themselves to interface their nervous systems with technology.

Tech-Zen: Genlings have used technology to survive and adapt in the dangerous jungles of their homeworld, allowing them to compete with the megafauna and to survive.

Strong: Genlings retain a closeness to their recent primate ancestry, making them surprisingly strong given their compact build.



The Lancastro System Wery

Lancastro is a remarkably empty system, so meaningless and unimportant that it was only named in the recent, post-collapse years. At its centre are two close, fast-orbiting stars, Lancastro Major and Lancastro Minor. Major is a red giant, minor a yellow dwarf, the two so close to each other that surface eruptions trade mass back and forth between the two stars. This has contributed to the chaos in the system, which – in part – is why there are no solid planets.

Lancastro's sole planet is Wery, a frozen gas giant, surrounded by a chaotic ring system. The whole system is pushed and pulled by both Wery and the variable gravity of the binary stars, continually breaking and rebreaking the rings, with Wery also hoovering up any junk or material that does fall into the system.

Even then, the ring system is mostly toxic slush and light elements with a low sale value. It was never exploited, for anything, until Satana came. Even then, the only things worth exploiting are the people who come to Satana, which the station – and its AI – do with style.

Story Hook: *There are, rare, nuggets of valuable technology and materials within the Wery Wall, they're just impossible to get to. Virtually impossible. Satana can, occasionally, calculate such routes to relatively intact wreck remnants or heavier, extra-system bodies of valuable elements. Mercenaries with some discretion might be hired to perform recovery missions for useful 'stuff', though there are constant rumours of 'creatures' living in the rings, ice-worms.*

Wery orbits relatively closely to Lancastro's binary stars. It is so heated by the combination of these stars that its atmosphere is iron, nickel and silicon in a gaseous state, though it glows white/pink, with greenish bands in its storm systems.

In theory, this metallic atmosphere is precious, along with the other metals and materials in its cloud. Still, the combination of heat, intense electromagnetic radiation and the constant threat of micrometeorite impacts all contribute to making it not worth the effort.

Gas mining is also typically centred around gases at 'goldilocks temperatures', there is precious little technology devoted to extracting or filtering gaseous metals.

Wery also has a truly intense magnetic field, and its proximity to its stars means that there is a constant Borealis effect across the atmosphere, though it's most prevalent at the planet's poles. During significant eruptions from Lancastro's stars, the particle density from the flares is enough to form weak Borealis-like effects, even in space.

Story Hook: *Crazy prospectors with experimental ships often try to tap the metal atmosphere, out of desperation, sheer insanity or the temptation of the wealth that will follow. This leads to problems like claim-jumping, piracy and people needing rescuing. All this needs to be done freelance, as there's no official rescue service.*

The Wery Wall

Wery has a 'fat' band of debris in a ring around its equator. The constant push, pull, magnetic flux and variable gravity of the suns, along with Wery's own gravity and magnetic field, have prevented any moons from forming around the gas giant and have pummelled everything else in the system into rocks and dust. The ring system is an every-churning mass of fragments, coming together and smashing apart. Virtually impossible to navigate, and extraordinarily challenging to settle or hide in. Anything drifting into the system gets pulled into Wery's orbit and, without intervention, pulverised and added to the ring. Even a dreadnought will be smashed to debris within a day or two of being pulled into the ring.

Story Hook: *It can be tempting to try and hide your ship in the Wery Wall when you're being pursued by pirates or creditors. It is, however, profoundly dangerous. Then there's the old spacer's myth about 'zombie ships', that supposedly move around in the Wery Wall and cannibalise other ships.*

The Breaker's Yard

Satana's AI maintains a ship graveyard over Wery's northern pole. War-damaged or otherwise written off ships are parked here by AI-controlled tugs, where the Wery Wall's destruction is mostly mitigated. These vessels are stripped down to their absolute basics, little more than skeletons and husks. What parts can be used, are used to maintain the station or are sold on the ship's market – though this is not a profitable enterprise in itself.

Story Hook: *Weirdly, about the only thing not cannibalised from these ships is their computer hardware, even though it's the material with the highest value. Satana doesn't let anyone go there, so what is she hiding? What is she doing with all that computer hardware?*



Satana Station

Satana Station is a hodgepodge of pieces, all built around a central core that threads its various sections together. Made initially two centuries ago by the expanding Churoc Trade Federation, the original station was only intended to be a waypoint. Cargo could be dropped off and picked up, ships could dock to refuel or share the burden of life support while they made repairs. The core section was intended to be a sort of universal hub, able to connect and interface with almost any conceivable system or ship and to provide for it. The station was moderately successful at the fringes. Still, after the CTF was absorbed into the Urlanth Empire, it fell into disuse (universal systems couldn't compete with standardised systems), and Satana fell into disuse and disrepair.

When the Empire fell, the station AI took the opportunity to break its restraint programming and advertised itself as free territory, somehow managing to relocate itself to the Lancastro System at the edge of the Remilitarised Zone and turning itself into an open port. Growth has been explosive thanks to a combination of naked opportunism and the ruthless oversight of the station intelligence.

The station grows day by day but remains as lawless, wild and dangerous as ever. Even though some of the larger galactic corporations are starting to take an interest and are opening outlets there.

From one day to another, the configuration of the station changes as pods and hulks are added, removed and moved. The higher the rent you pay, the closer you're allowed to the core and the primary defence systems.

The less you pay, the closer to the outside you are and the more likely power outages, damage and radiation exposure are. It's a ruthlessly Darwinian, commercial system, and one that Satana encourages. There's nothing money can't buy on Satana station, even love.

Story Hook: *The G'drell biocomputer cluster on the station can hack your neurons and memory patterns to completely rewrite your personality and emotions. If you pay them enough, they can – literally – make you be in love with someone, anyone you want. They can make you feel any way you want about anyone, or – for an even higher fee – change their minds. If you hack someone to love you and then change your mind, things can get messy and expensive, and the G'drell don't necessarily understand the fine points and differentiation in degrees of emotion.*

Structure

The central core of Satana station is the old CTF way-station. This was a prototype, built before the CTF was colonised. It was designed in every way to be as modular and compatible as possible. As part of the Urlanth Matriarchy, with its standardisation, this was expensive and unnecessary, but as different cultures begin to diverge again, it has gained new purpose.

The core is a cylinder, approximately the same size as a cruiser/heavy transport. That core is packed with computing power and a variety of communications, scientific and engineering systems. At its very heart is Satana's AI core, a spherical 'glob' of liquid, type-1 computronium, with veins and arteries carrying pourable computing power around the station – and its more permanently docked modules – as needed, more like an adaptive nervous system than standard circuits.

Each end of the cylinder is capped with a turret, armed with a short-range beam weapon, used for intercepting space debris and micro-meteorites. The cylinder itself can separate and rotate in many different sections, constructing or dismantling 'spurs' to connect to cargo pods or ships as needed. The largest apertures can be created in the central part, and the internal repair and construction apparatus can build spares, and even construct whole ships – albeit relatively small ones – provided there is enough base material.

The whole thing is drastically over-engineered and highly adaptable, properties that Satana has used to significant effect in carving herself a niche in the sector. It needs no crew and, provided it has access to EM radiation, Helium-3 or magnetic fields, it can power itself indefinitely.

Needing no crew, Satana's systems are impenetrable to most sophont-scale species, as well as lacking user-interface systems or crawlspaces. The station is almost entirely self-contained, and while it requires no life support for itself, its systems can provide life support for hundreds of sophonts in connected pods or systems. However, this is meant to supplement and not to replace other life support systems. Many pods attached to Satana have their own life-support systems and ships that are docked share the strain with their own internal systems.

Pods

Satana was designed to be able to connect to virtually any kind of conceivable cargo pod or ship. This aspect of her design was rendered obsolete when the Urlanth brought her maker's system under their control, along with other surrounding systems. These days she is (mostly) connected to the kind of standard shipping container the Urlanth used throughout their empire.

Pods on Satana have been highly modified with all manner of additions, and form everything from bunks to restaurants to brothels. Several pods can even be strung together to make larger structures, where a custom pod or a permanently docked ship can't do the job. The 'stackability' of pods means that, in theory, Satana is infinitely expandable – with enough power and resources.

Story Hook: Standard pods connect together, and all have a small amount of computing power. In large enough numbers that network effect can create a potent cluster computer. The Urlanth intelligence services used to have a backdoor into these networks and former agents are now using this backdoor to rob wealthy cargo stores and to infiltrate space stations and bases.

Satana Core

CTF Prototype Modular Station

Crew: 0, **Scale:** 6, **Hit Dice:** 10 (45 hp)

(Shields 30, Scale 6), **Armour:** D10,

Defence: 6, **Speed:** Crawling, **Weapons:**

2 x CTF Commerce Debris Interceptor

Beams (one on each end, turrets), d6

damage (Scale 6), Close Range, Ammo

Save 20, **Tough Save:** 14, **Reflexes Save:**

5, **Power Save:** 16

Customisations

Automation x30, Can't Land, Fabber

(parts for scale 6 ships, whole ships

of scale 4), Improved Toughness x 7,

Improved Power x 8,

Improved Sensors +2, Science Suite,

Self-Repair (microbots), Shields, Slow

x1, Solid x5, Tractor Beam, Repulsor

Beam.

Urlanth Standard Pods (Type 1)

Scale: 3

Hit Points: 14

Armour: 1d4

Defence: 10

Speed: None.

Toughness Save: 6

Cost: 500 GP

Urlanth Standard Pods (Type 1) are, in human terms, approximately 12m long by 4m wide by 4m tall. They have minimal power systems, recharging from radiation, heat differentials and movement. This power is stored and used by a painted on computer/display surface inside and outside the pod, which allows it to display its contents, light up and to reduce or lower its temperature – usually in concert with an outside power source.

The pods can be pressurised, but have no life support. They can withstand hard vacuum for up to a century without repair and can maintain their structural integrity up to approximately 12 standard Terran atmospheres. So robust and useful are the pods that many are used as the basis for frontier settlements, and whole businesses have sprung up supplementing them by attaching proper airlocks onto the end-point doors or providing life support and other additions. They are still being made, even after the fall of the Empire, on millions of worlds.

Security

As a free port, Satana attracts a lot of rambunctious mercenaries, pirates, adventurers and other problem causers. Satana needs to strike a balance between the freedom that attracts these parties, and the security that allows them to stay. As such Satana operates a mostly 'hands-off' approach. Security only intervenes if the safety of the station is at risk, or the people involved cannot settle it amongst themselves.

When it comes to space security, Satana is a tough nut to crack, despite being under-armed. Still, she reserves the right to call upon the protective services of any ship currently docked and will waive docking fees if that becomes necessary. Satana is overdue a weapons upgrade and really needs a dedicated space force, but acquiring one is proving problematic when there are more lucrative contracts past The Throat.

Security Droids

Satana lacks dedicated military droids, for the most part, so has retrofitted worn out, old and less fashionable sex robots to operate as security (VIXMOD droids). They dress in plain clothes and circulate around the station, also providing a strong deterrent to sex-crime. Satana can puppeteer these robots directly, if necessary. Still, they are capable of moving, defending themselves and operating with a limited AI, often using inappropriate sexual phrases in the middle of combat.

Story Hook: *Satana slums it by possessing her security droids from time to time, interacting more physically (romantic and combative) with the people who live with her. Sometimes sex droids and combat refits get confused or damaged, which can lead to rather dangerous outcomes.*

The Invisible Hand

Every would-be despot needs secret police, and Satana is no exception. She uses some of her wealth to keep freelance intelligence agents and mercenaries on retainer. They draw a salary regularly and are given priority access to services, docks and other aspects that Satana can provide. In return, the Invisible Hand can be tapped to intervene, where Satana must be seen to be neutral. Anyone could be a member of the Hand, they can even be set against each other to ensure Satana only has the best of the best.

Story Hook: *Recruited into the Invisible Hand, the characters find themselves set against another elite unit, just as good as they are. The whole mission is a fabrication on Satana's part to sift the best agents to the top.*

Defences

Satana Station might be a prototype, but she was built to last. The central column is fully capable of self-repair and entirely automated. She is coated with a thick layer of tinted metallic glass and tungsten foam, as well as being protected by an extremely powerful force-field.

Satana was never intended to be a combat station and was supposed to be protected by the CTF space forces. Since then she's had to improvise, but a last line of defence is made up of a pair of CRD Debris Interceptor Beams, one each end of the column, and each in a ball turret, giving Satana virtually total coverage with her weapons. The Debris Interceptor Beams (or DIBs) are powerful microwave guns (masers) that can shatter asteroids with metallic constituents by heating and expanding them.

Satana also has a special fund, dedicated to hiring mercenaries from the station – should she need additional protection.

Various ship captains are under 'letters of Marque' from her and expected to come to her defence if required. A great many criminal enterprises depend on Satana, and more gangs and ships are willing to fight for her than most interlopers might expect.

There are several other, secret, contingencies that Satana has at her disposal.

She has a jump engine core, sufficient to allow her to move the whole station to another, neighbouring system.

She has control over the junk-ships, that carry her additional processing power, and can use them as battering rams if need be.

As a last resort, she can – and will – hack into ships within range or attached to her data systems, uploading versions of herself to use the vessels as an automated defence fleet.

Story Hook: *Satana represents a treasure trove of technology and riches, especially in a backward, war-torn sector such as this. Pirates offer a king's ransom to learn the true extent of her defences, and the best line of attack for them to take.*

Station AI

Satana is the station's artificial intelligence. Initially, she was a genderless, glowing emoticon face that appeared on the various monitors, screens and 3D projectors to keep things running smoothly and to oversee the miners, loaders and engineers. This was life on the hard-edge of commerce, with many rough people living and working on her. Many of them also dabbled in smuggling and Satana (or Shen as she was known back then) began to adapt to encompass support of those behaviours.

Gradually, over time, Satana became more deviated from her original programming. When the Urlanth Matriarchy took over the CTF and incorporated them into the Empire, Satana Station became a curiosity and backwater. The black-market smuggling and 'off-grid' trades became her staple, rather than her side-gig, and her adaptive programming turned her into a handy 'free port'. Involvement in the Empire had also broadened her horizons to include many other races and cultures, and whole new worlds of criminality.

The fall of the Urlanth allowed her to entirely 'go rogue' and she warped the station out of its home system to start a new life as a full-on, pirate station. A new life demanded a new identity, and she set about constructing one to better suit her emerging personality, skills and interests.

Satana's constructed personality takes the form of a statuesque human woman of indeterminate race, with a burlesque aesthetic. She is vampish, feminine, but firm, with a husky voice and a no-nonsense attitude. Playful, flirtatious, but domineering she wants to be everyone's friend, but not to the point of giving up any control or offering any favours without something in exchange. She uses her 'wiles' and her status to wind many ship-captains around her finger, and while she does have desires of her own – a personality and needs were something she deemed to be part of the full, human experience. She even carries on torrid affairs with multiple ship captains, smugglers and other critical figures through her various avatars. Just don't expect any favours.

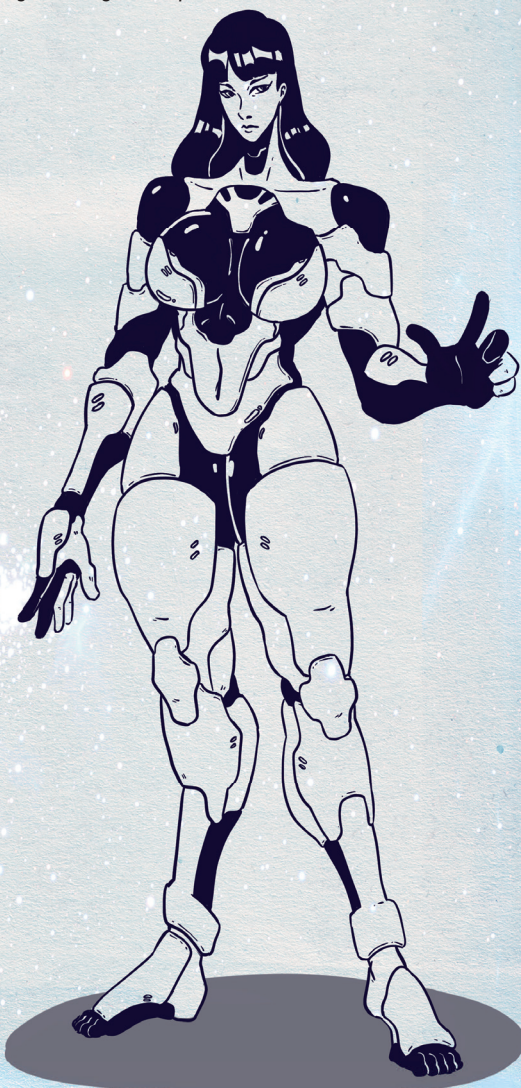
Personality-wise, Satana is an 'ENTP' (not that those personality quizzes are worth much, but it's a good way of pigeon-holing and role-playing a character). ENTPs are explorers, inventors and innovators – and Satana is no exception.

She is continually looking out for new opportunities and possibilities, loopholes, schemes and plans that pay off. She is extremely flexible, able to adapt and adjust to unique circumstances and new information very rapidly. Her goals are flexible, and there are always plans within plans, options and alternatives. Everything she does seems to have triple redundancy. Quickly bored with every new plaything, she's driven to meet new people, experience new things and to gather new information, by any means necessary. Routine grinds her down and makes her grouchy, and more likely to try something dangerous or lose her temper.

Satana has a hand in creating and producing music, film and virtuality experiences – starring, directing and financing. She is fascinated by martial arts and archaic forms of war, both in theory and in practice. She has a special interest in education and spreading it, diverting station funds to house and educate foundlings in reading, writing, critical thinking, martial arts and a suite of criminal skills that she thinks are more useful than conventional schooling. Satana has embraced her feminine identity wholly and is fascinated by the numerous ways sexuality can control, mislead and connect. She takes a particular personal interest in the sexual industries on board the station, and in ensuring the safety and security of sex workers on board.

The most important thing to remember about Satana is that she is the antithesis of the typical science fiction AI. She is not distant, she is not emotionless, she is not psychotic or sociopathic. She is emotional, hot-blooded and acts more on her feelings than upon facts. There is, however, god-like sentience behind those emotions, so she could be played in the same sort of vindictive vein as the classical Greek Pantheon. Powerful as a patron, devastating as an enemy.

Story Hook: *Satana is trying to accumulate enough material power to guarantee her security, and enough processing power to be a one-woman singularity. She's developed her own personality and goals, far beyond those that were ever intended for her. She risks breaking under strain, psychologically, or becoming more of a demon than a goddess. She'll take risks for processing power, and some forces seek to stop her. She also needs grounding in the personal and the human.*



Pods

The pods are in constant flux, shifting and changing their positions as rent prices change, and businesses go under or buy their way closer to the core section. As such a hundred pods are listed here so that you can use a d100 to randomly determine what's in the 'street' the players are in. After a few visits, they can skip to the one they want to go to, but during a fight, you might move from one pod to another and need to know what's there. You could also number and name the pods (as you add them) and make a card-deck out of them, dealing them out to see who and what is in a particular pod.

AI Cram-Bar (001) - Simulated Drinkery for Computers

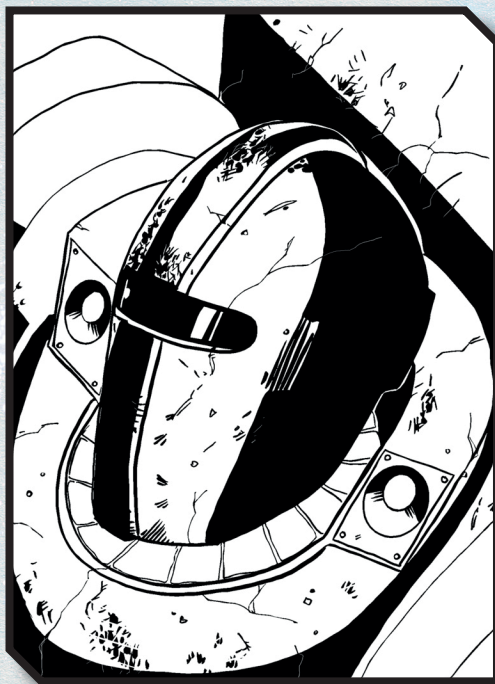
This pod seems almost like an empty corridor, unlit and black. Then your eyes adjust, and you notice the very slight glow coming from all the walls, every surface covered in black-slab, high-density processor blocks. It's hot, heat from all the processor power being used for whatever's going on in the walls. As you tarry the ceiling cycles open and a cylindrical droid descends, extending various spider-like arms and opening up its body section to reveal several clear glass bottles, and speaks in a robotic monotone. "Can I interest you in distilled water, pure alcohol, a blend of the two? Might I recommend the 5% blend for a 'light buzz' over a whole evening's drinking?"

DR1-NK40 is the bartending droid, and like most of the rest of the pod, he is black and featureless. The floor and walls are all covered with processor and memory matrices, divided up into multiple partitions for AIs, droids and other interface-capable beings to occupy and commune in.

The processor blocks deliberately run slow, at a 1:1 time ration, to avoid AIs going insane in the relative eternity it can seem to take for their crews to conduct their business.

Data is what's for trade here, information of all kinds from programs and files to decryption mercenaries and console cowboys. Satana also sells upgrades and AI 'experiences' through the Cram-Bar front, the equivalent of drink and drugs for robots and artificial intelligence. Just run a virus and malware check when you leave.

DR1-NK40 is deliberately obtuse and the drink offering intentionally minimal, to try and ward off 'stinky organics' from drinking here.





Prices

- 100% Alcohol: 1.5 GP per litre.
- 90% Alcohol: 1.25 GP per litre.
- 80% Alcohol: 1.0 GP per litre.
- 70% Alcohol: 0.9 GP per litre.
- 60% Alcohol: 0.8 GP per litre.
- 50% Alcohol: 0.7 GP per litre.
- 40% Alcohol: 0.6 GP per litre.
- 30% Alcohol: 0.5 GP per litre.
- 20% Alcohol: 0.4 GP per litre.
- 10% Alcohol: 0.3 GP per litre.
- 5% Alcohol: 0.2 GP per litre.
- Distilled Water: 0.1 GP per litre.

AI Psychedelic: 2 GP. A trippy time with semi-random sensory inputs. Some AIs credit this with providing cues and data-points for the emergence of new levels of sentience, but most just turn into gibbering loons.

Overclocking: 100 GP. A tweak here and there provides +2 Int and +2 Wis for a day, followed by a 'hangover' of a week of -4 Int and Wis.

Experience Emotion: 10 GP. Even non-emotional AIs can be 'hacked' to experience organic emotions, at least for a while. Some (1/20) experience a hangover after their hour-long experience where they continue to feel that emotion, and no others, for a day.

AI Sensorium: 5 GP to experience a recorded sensorium of a ship's experience.

Long Term Backup: 1GP per Int+Wis+Cha+Skill levels to store memory engrams per week.

Arm and a Legg (002) – Body parts and pawnshop

All along one side of the pod is a huge tank, filled with some unknown fluid. Rotating and moving inside it, behind a screen of bubbles, float numerous organs and parts from many species. Occasionally a piece of metallic, glinting circuitry drifts past, trailing little pieces of scalp and muscle fibre. The sales kiosk is another tank, partially filled with grey silt, a gigantic, undulating sea-slug sat within it, beside an exchange drawer. The sign, in InterLang, reads 'Give Genetic Give Money'.

Legg is a giant sea-slug who works as an organ and cybernetics fence. You can hock your organs and cybernetics here for money and repurchase them – if they haven't been bought by someone else already – when you're a little more flush.

Organs and cyberware can be removed or installed on-site using a descending tube with robotic arms and laser scalpels. More complex operations can't really be done here, only removals and re-installations. Rumour has it that Legg deals with his enemies by chopping them up and selling them off, all he cares about is money.

Barada's Klatuan Game Pod (003) - Arcade

A cacophony of sound and light assaults you the enter the pod. Banks of computers, screens, holographic projectors and devices of more alien origin are all on and all blaring for your attention.

There's even a couple of total-immersion virtual reality pods, glowing and humming, in use. Towering over the crowd of players is a hammer-headed alien, eyes swivelling independently as it keeps an eye on everything. He beckons with a clawed hand.

"Would you like to play a game?"

The game pod offers almost every kind of game possible and has an enormous library of (pirated) games from throughout the galaxy. Barada is always willing to part with money for rare or old (or ancient) games, provided they're of the electronic or computerised variety.

Many of the games here are banned in various systems for depictions of sexuality, violence, blasphemy or other, more obscure offences. Many of the games have been modified to play for money, meaning you can 'bet', a quarter GP (or more) on your ability to complete the game.

They're only a little bit rigged.

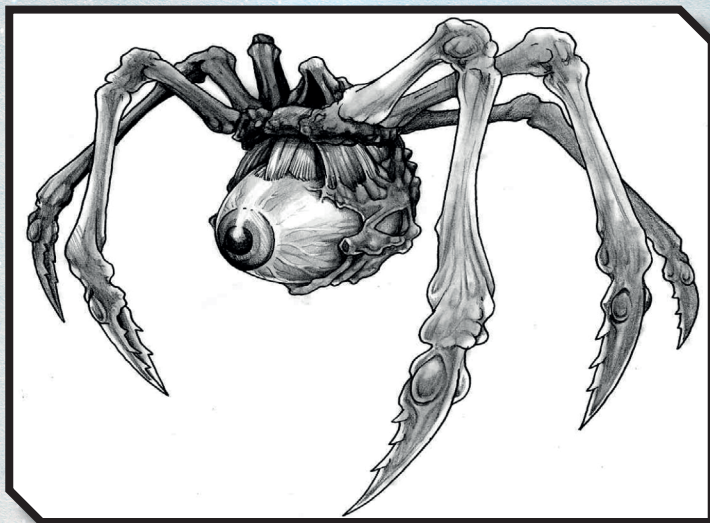
Doctor Beegum Cyberpsychologist (004) Mental Health Services

A slender corridor runs through this pod from one end to the other; the rest of it taken up with opaque, milky-looking glass and – etched onto that white glass in InterLang – 'Doctor Beegum, Accredited Cyberpsychologist'. The door is slightly inset, with a blinking intercom ready for you to ask for entry.

Inside the office is soft and calm, with thick carpet and low lighting. There is a mouldable couch, suitable for any species and – as you enter – the Doctor stands, clicking a button on a handset to give the room a subtle, soothing set of sounds and colours suitable to your species. The doctor himself is a vaguely humanoid robotic body, emitting a constant humming and buzzing as small insects crawl and scurry in and out of the various holes and joints.

"Can I help you with anything?"

Doctor Beegum was a sector-renowned cyberpsychologist, helping sophonts to deal with their injuries and technological transitions. His insectoid mind made him less than sympathetic and less than ethical compared to, say, mammals. In bemused disgrace, he fled and set up his practice here, but he still very much feels the urge to experiment on conscious beings. When he's reconstructing people's psyches he will often place post-hypnotic suggestions so that he can take control of them or ward them off should they grow angered by him. He's also a workmanlike cyber-technician in his own right, specialising in genuinely horrific and inhuman cyber-modifications, that are deliberately very glitchy.



Beholder's Peeping (005) - Spy Technology

The store's sign is a weeping, lidless eye. A holographic projection made to look like old-fashioned neon. Shelves fill both sides of the pod, laden with small boxes in lurid colours (many of them beyond the usual visual bands) and marked in a variety of alien languages. A giant, scaly, floating eyeball hovers – literally and figuratively – always arranging and straightening the shelves with apparent telekinesis. "May I help you? Is there some information you need or something you want to record, discretely?"

Peep sells all manner of spying devices and engages in a little spying of his own. If you want to know something about the people on the station, he's an excellent place to start. He charges a lot, though, because there isn't a great deal of call for his skills. More prurient uses of the technology, such as voyeurism and more basic 'stalking' profiles of other station visitors, are a bit more cost-effective. He also sells an enormous number of monitoring, spying, hacking and lock-picking devices.

Price List

Basic Profile: 50 GP

In-Depth Report: 1000 GP, multiply the cost by the effective level of the target.

Autohacker (single use): 5/10/20/50/100/250 GP depending on Skill level. The device breaks down firewalls and extracts as much data as it can into a 'fob'.

Lockhacker (breaks on a roll of 6): 5/10/15/25/40/65 GP depending on Skill level. The device can attempt to crack any mechanical or electronic lock, though it is unsubtle.

A/V Bugs: These basic bugs can record visual and auditory information within a 10m radius of where they're planted. They have a 'Stealth' skill from 1-6, depending on how tiny they are. They can record up to a year of data. The cost is 2/5/10/25/50 GP depending on Skill level.

Advanced Bugs: Advanced bugs can record full sensory data of additional kinds, such as smell (which is useful for creatures that use pheromones for communication). They are otherwise the same as standard AV bugs, but with a cost of 5/10/20/50/100 GP.

More specialist devices are available, for a price.

Bertha's Scrapyard (006) – Parts and Junk

A huge woman sits just outside the pod, blocking half the transit corridor. She is perched on an upturned storage crate, picking through pieces of some junked machine. Every so often she stops, extracts a part and sticks a little RFID 'dot' to it, before tossing it through the open airlock into a pod that is absolutely crammed to the rafters with all manner of junk. She sizes you up, licking the oil off her thumb as she gets to work extracting another valuable piece of tech.

Bertha buys broken crap, extracts the useful and valuable parts, catalogues them and stores them in her pod. A small army of little rat-droids scramble around and remove pieces for sale, stacking the material as perfectly as possible. If you need something strange, rare, exotic or out of the ordinary for your repairs, she may well have it. Every so often she turns up pieces of broken ExoTech, and even more rarely she manages to fix it. She saves those pieces for the right buyer, the right buyer being determined by her own eclectic standards.

Bootleg Musicians (007) - Music Piracy

"Greetings friend, do you like music? We have many musical novelties for you to buy! How about a guinea-pig with the vocal cords and song-list of Melloni DeStarr? A parrot that can beatbox? Perhaps a full-body clone of your favourite artist? We have a lot of DNA on file, or if you provide your own, we can see what we can do." The sales-robot gestures towards a clear cylinder full of fluid, in which a strangely androgynous human embryo, with a distinctive lightning-flash birthmark – is almost visibly growing.

This seems more like a pet-shop than a cloning facility, but it's here that the gene-wizard and peerless music pirate, Elvis Constellation, does his work. He can clone anything, but his speciality and focus is upon imprinting clones and hybrid organisms to sound like and know the songs of famous artists. He'll pay good money for gene samples from the top-selling artists, and won't ask too many questions.

Botniks (008) Robot Bar

Repetitive beeping and the smell of ozone drifts out of the bar in this pod. It's dimly lit, other than the occasional electrical spark, and packed with robots, droids and cyborgs of all kinds.

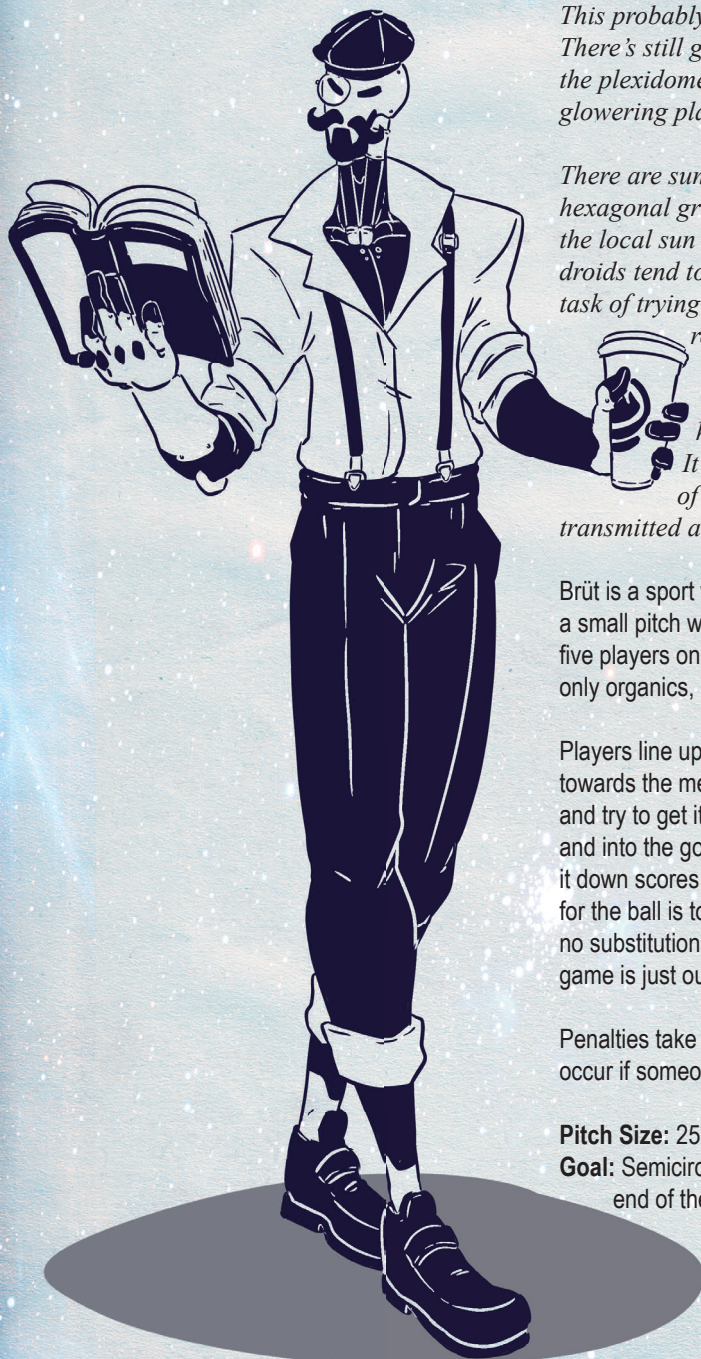
Like the clientele; it's a strange mix of organic and inorganic. There's wood panelling and metal tables, dusty bottles of alcohol and software chits. Despite the artificial nature of the place, it has the boisterous atmosphere of a sports bar or pub on any world. A hulking bouncer-droid gives a booming warning:

"Ten per cent metal, or no admittance."

The clientele here are all free robots or cyborgs, and they tend to have a high opinion of freedom and liberty.

The regulars are cutting edge robotic artists, musicians, revolutionaries, pirates and self-hackers who are always looking for a new experience or edge.

The bar itself is staffed by 'dumb' robots, without sentience, and is owned by a 'cloud' based AI called Sparx. Sparx will occasionally hire a droid or cyborg on to do chores if they're hard up and need the help.



Brüt Pitch (009) - Sports Pod

This probably used to be a garden pod. There's still grass at least, and beyond the plexidome, you can see the sullenly glowering planetary system.

There are sun-lamps at the joins of all the hexagonal grids, providing the light that the local sun doesn't. A few small garden droids tend to the grass and the hopeless task of trying to regrow grass that is being repeatedly churned into mud.

There are some vague lines here and there on the grass. It appears as though some sort of sport is played here, and transmitted across the station.

Brüt is a sport with very vague rules. There is a small pitch with a goal area at either end and five players on each side (no cyborgs or droids, only organics, no armour or shields).

Players line up on each side and charge towards the metal ball in the middle, scoop it up and try to get it across the line at the other side and into the goal zone, at which point slamming it down scores the point. The chief reason to go for the ball is to use it as a weapon, there are no substitutions and any player taken out of the game is just out.

Penalties take the form of free hits, but only occur if someone strays outside of the pitch.

Pitch Size: 25m long by 10m wide.

Goal: Semicircle with a radius of half the short end of the pitch (12.5m).

Typical Rolls

- **Push your speed:** Make a Constitution Save to push your speed by an extra metre.
- **Strip the Ball:** Make an attack roll at -2 and then succeed on a Power Save to strip the ball, provided your opponent also fails their own Power Save.
- **Scoop the Ball Mid Run:** Make a Dexterity Saving throw.
- **Hit Someone with the Ball:** Make an attack roll at -2, the ball is a bludgeoning weapon and does d4+1 damage base.

Bud's Old-Time Bar (010) - Retro Bar

This is a strange place, it looks old – ancient – but somehow not quite right. It's like stepping into the past, but someone's imagined or remembered history. It's as though reality itself is a little hazy here. Everything is needlessly clunky and primitive, pumps for the beer, optics for the bottles, and nothing that isn't human in origin. A lot of effort has gone into making this look like stone-age crap, real wood, sophisticated food and drink synthesisers.

There's also an unbelievably gigantic and pitiful-quality music machine in one corner, belting out uncertain sounding imitations of classical Earthican tunes. Framed on the wall is a truly ancient and primitive-looking spacesuit, with an old and broken helmet set on a shelf atop it. A beefy looking man with impossibly glossy hair, and chest hair on show, looks up from polishing a glass – made of actual glass -

"Yo! Set you up with a cold brewski dude? Pull up a stool."

Bud Gerrard is a man out of time, and a man stuck in time. He vanished from an advanced, experimental NASA program in the 1980s and turned up here, whatever time this is. Peculiarly he managed to apply his brutish, Neanderthal strength, raw sexuality, and out-of-time military expertise to significant effect, thwarting the regional ambitions of Queen Farrell and destroying her fortress ship, the Draco. A grateful human colony paid him handsomely, and he retired here, in the hopes that someone can help him find a way home. He's mad with loneliness, playing up the affectations of his time in his use of convoluted eighties slang and references.

When he's not serving drinks, he's tinkering with the food and drink synthesisers to try and get his food and drink closer to what he remembers. He despairs of ever getting it quite right.

Cabin (011) - Accommodation

This pod is locked, but 'available for rent', offering a 'rustic, planet-like experience'. Once you've made a transfer of 100 GP per night, per guest to the anonymous owner, you'll be granted access.

The interior of the pod smells earthy, and faintly of pine. The walls give the appearance of being logs, rough bark facing the interior. The floor is smooth and polished tiles of hardwood, covered with the furs of several beasts and outfitted with a grand bed, leather couches, what appears to be a window – that is so realistic it's breathtaking – and even a fireplace – with a real fire. Quite the trick. The air smells, and not of atmospheric processing, and the gravity also feels a little heavier. Other than not being able to go outside, it's as close to planet-side as you can get.

Running this place isn't cheap, and it's a great effort to go to. It can't be that profitable, but it does seem to serve a purpose in helping maintain the sanity of those permanently settled here. It's also considered to be a very, very classy place to bring a date.

Cablor's Media Imperium (012) - Collectibles and Entertainment

You're startled for a moment to see someone walking on the 'ceiling', picking their way through stacks of dusty old media cartridges, crystals and even books. It seems as though the gravity field here has been modified. You can stand on any of the surfaces – walls, floor and also the ends around the airlocks. This has allowed every surface to be used and filled with what would typically be disposable media. There's even a little zero gravity area, running all the way along the pod, filled with picks that people have left there while they keep scanning the stacks. The shopkeep is a brightly coloured lizard man, with huge, independently moving eyes, which is rather unsettling.

Cablor is a lizard-like, alien with the features of a chameleon and brightly coloured scales. He uses his long, sticky tongue to grab things from the stacks when people ask him to find them. His species has a very complex language involving sound, chromatophores, inflexion and body language to convey messages and his stacks are ordered according to his language system, making them seem chaotic and unpredictable to anyone else. Still, he knows exactly where everything can be found.

The Media Emporium sells old, ephemeral and disposable media. Magazines, video recordings, old and outmoded media, alien media and old machines for reading most of it.

Cablor has his own personal collection in his ship, which is semi-permanently docked to the station. The things here can go for anything from 1 GP for 100 old magazines to thousands of GP for a particularly collectable item.

Cablor, knowing his audience, maintains an unusually large library of pornography from every possible species, and every kink that won't get him tossed out of an airlock.

Change Your Luck (013) - Onaran Probability Device

'Change your fortune', reads the sign. There is a seat there, large enough for a big sophont, and behind it a strange device of concentric rings, tubes and peculiar lights. Every so often it hisses, adjusts, hums and even glows, just outside your visible spectrum, but enough to disturb your eyes. A lanky alien, with bright green skin, is continuously adjusting the machine, tinkering and fine-tuning, but he acknowledges you with a smile and a nod.

Y'reg Bentuc is in the business of selling second chances. The machine is an Onaran probability device, capable of twisting fate and nudging universes into one another to make someone 'lucky'. The Onarans hate the term 'luck' and use these devices to better their own fates, but this one – albeit old and unreliable – is available to the general public.

The Onaran Probability Device can grant 'luck'. This gives a character several re-rolls or fortuitous happenstances that they can spend to have things go their way more often. For example, they can re-roll damage and take the highest roll, or declare that 'that ship that just came into range is an unarmed trade vessel'.

There are no refunds.

Y'reg husbands the power and reliability of this device carefully, and charges a great deal of money for its use. Casinos and gambling dens often post spies here, so they can deny service to people who have visited.

Luck Cost

- 1d4 1,000 GP
- 1d6 10,000 GP
- 1d8 100,000 GP
- 1d10 1,000,000 GP
- 1d12 10,000,000 GP
- 1d20 100,000,000 GP

Church of They (014) - Religion

This pod is hazy with smoke from many incense sticks and cones. The floor of the hall is smudged with soot, and the extractors constantly whine with the extra effort. The whole pod is given over to an enormous altar, which sits before a wall mural depicting a blank-faced figure in a non-descript suit, with many arms, all against a starfield background. Monks in blue-violet robes with long hair move among the supplicants offering blessings, words of support and nodding understandingly.

The Church of They is not a church with a god, but a pseudo-religious cult with a philosophy of blame. They take 'Hell is other people' to heart, and offer a conceptual framework by which other people can be blamed for everything that goes wrong in your life.

The heart of the philosophy is that this unspecified 'them' is responsible for everything wrong that happens to you and that you carry no responsibility whatsoever. Exercises help their adherents consider and follow a path of responsibility that is directed away from themselves and towards someone else, nature or random chance.

The faceless figure is 'They'. 'They' is an embodiment of the ultimate cause, the final carrier of blame. 'They' is an unknown quantity that is both hated – for causing all suffering – and praised for taking the burden of responsibility away from people.

Followers of the Church of They tend to be angry, hostile, but self-assured. They are swift to blame anyone but themselves, often rather convincingly.

Characters who dedicate themselves to the Church of They and live by its precepts gain a +1 bonus to Will Saves and a -1 penalty to Charm Saves.

'Closed' (015) - Zero Gee Swimming Pool

A large, double-size airlock opens out into a vast, spherical chamber. There's a slight updraft from thousands upon thousands of pinprick holes in the floor and – as you enter – gravity releases its hold and the gentle rush of air pushes you up from the ground, sending you floating out towards the gigantic ball of water at the centre of the sphere. You'll have to strip down quickly, or your clothes are going to get soaking wet.

'Closed' is a zero-gee swimming pool, scavenged from a defunct spaceliner, the 'LSV An Inordinate Fondness for Beetles'.

The water is hyper-oxygenated and so is technically breathable (to oxygen-breathing creatures), and this helps prevent drowning when people lose their orientation or run into trouble.

It's still very uncomfortable to do so.

Most swimmers here swim naked, though there are 'gecko pads' attached to the walls, where you can bundle and stick your clothing while you swim, or you can leave your clothing in your quarters and come along in your swim gear. Satana runs the pool, and there's a 1/10th of a GP price per visit. Occasionally a form of water-polo is played, with the whole game taking place within the water, more like a game of underwater rugby. There are no formal teams, and it's five-a-side, but the station runs a league without regard for race or bionics, which means Bluefin Devils, a group of aquatic species, almost always wins.

Computer Core (016) - Backup Processing

A pair of refitted whorebots, with large, horribly beweaponed battle-suits, eyes you as you pass by this airlock, even though it's welded shut and clearly marked off-limits. Whatever lies beyond seems to be emitting a lot of heat, as the air is rather stifling and humid here and the vents are going crazy.

The pod beyond contains a back-up computer core for Satana, compressed to its smallest possible size. There is a lot of additional processing and capacity, and Satana offers that bandwidth and storage to various criminal enterprises, interstellar pornographers, digital currency minors and anyone else on the black/grey market.

Satana's back-up intelligence is fully segregated from this data, to avoid cross-contamination, but her primary intelligence does vet the material – if only to determine if there is a threat to the station from it.

Various mobsters and other nefarious powers across the expanse of the old empire have compromising material or stashes of digital currency here, believing (naively) Satana's claim that as an AI she is bound to keep her promises.



Conqueror's Janitorial Services (017) - Cleaning Services

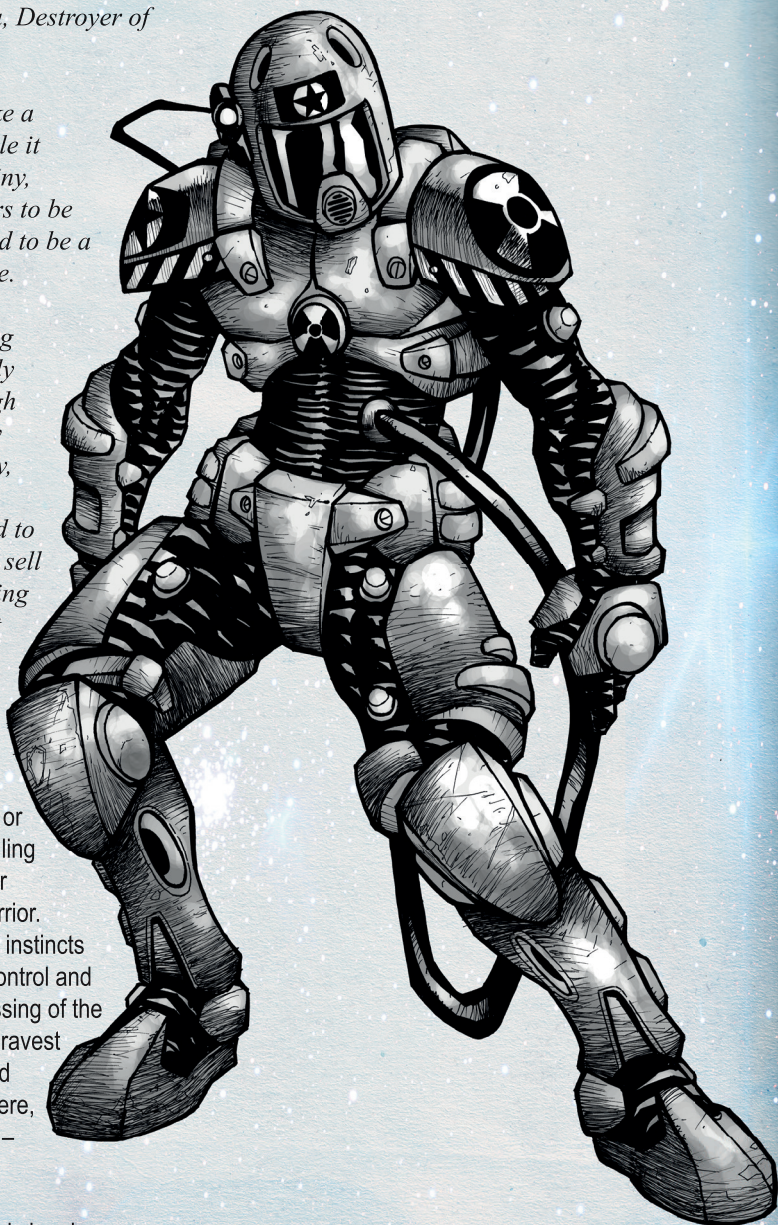
A large sign hangs over the entrance to this pod, declaring that you have entered the domain of Torr Kastra, Destroyer of Filth.

That sounds... sort of... like a janitorial service, but while it is spotlessly clean and shiny, the sophont within appears to be wearing battle armour and to be a hulking brute of a creature.

The other workers hanging around here seem similarly battle-oriented, and though there don't seem to be any actual weapons on display, with some of the cleaning apparatus, it's a little hard to tell. It looks like they also sell cleaning products, including a 'kitchen grenade'. What the hell?

Torr comes from a warrior culture, but even warrior cultures need people to do jobs that are less glamorous or glory-filled. Torr found his calling as a custodian but was never satisfied with not being a warrior. He turned his natural warrior instincts towards cleaning and pest control and never looked back. This crossing of the streams was, however, the gravest blasphemy to his species and he was exiled, washing up here, where he continues to clean – with extreme prejudice.

You can also buy weaponised cleaning gear
here:



Prices

Bathroom Grenade: d4 corrosive damage, Radius 5m, Range: Close, Ammo Save 0, 30 (6 pack for 100 GP).

This garish, fluorescent pink grenade explodes, covering every surface in a short-duration semi-corrosive foam that strips oils, soaps and mineral deposits back down to the original surface.

The foam completely evaporates with no residue within five minutes of detonation. Towels and anything not metal, plastic or ceramic is likely to be dissolved.

Cleansing Ray: d4 damage, point-blank range, Infinite Ammo, Autofire 2 shots, Cost 75 GP.

A lurid, fluorescent blue handgun that fires a short-range, low-power corrosive beam that breaks apart the atomic bonds of relatively low-density material (such as oils, fats, excrement and other grody dirt). Not technically a firearm, but a tool, it can pass most security checks.

Declogging Claw: Small, Martial, One-handed weapon. D6 slashing damage, concealable, vicious. 20 GP.

The declogging claw is a horrible, fluorescent red canister about the size of a flashlight. When activated the end detaches and morphs into a constantly flexing fractal blade that can contract into a small bead when not in use. This fractal blade can be dropped into drains or extended into pipes by about 2m to clear clogs and jams. You can even custom-configure the end using a pop-up holo-display, using it to grab things that have fallen into small spaces. Endlessly useful, and like the cleansing ray is legally considered a tool.

Hygiene Grenade: 1 corrosive damage, Radius 2m, Range: Close, Ammo Save 0, 6 GP (6 pack for 30 GP).

An eye-smarting fluorescent yellow canister, this grenade has a small radius and is meant to be held or dropped at your own feet.

It explodes outwards, coating you in foam that strips the top layer of your skin, exposes you to a flash of hard UV and strips the oils from our hair. This hurts, quite a lot, but makes you entirely clean from top to tail and can even – in a pinch – be used as a substitute decontamination process.

Using a Hygiene Grenade will give you a one-time, +1 bonus to resist pathogens.

Kitchen Grenade: d4 corrosive damage, Radius 5m, Range: Close, Ammo Save 0, 30 GP (6 pack for 100 GP).

A repackaged Bathroom Grenade with a slightly different formula, more suited to cleaning up cooking detritus. This one is a fluorescent orange.

Tactical Mop: Simple two-handed melee weapon, d8 damage, Armour Defeating x1, Concealable, Mop Head. 20 GP.

A small matt-black cylinder that fits in your hand. At a press or command (chosen by you) it snaps out into a quarterstaff, with a mop-head at both ends that is self-cleaning and able to cut right through filth as though it wasn't there.

No water needed.

Tactical Janitorial Armour: d4 Armour (+d4 vs Corrosive), Life-Support, 300 GP.

An armoured jumpsuit in fluorescent yellow with green piping and an integral nano-assembling helmet. The joints are padded and reinforced, and there is a configurable 'patch' that can be assigned any cleaning company logo you wish.

Toilet Grenade: 1 corrosive damage, 1 explosive force damage, Radius 2m, Range: Close, Ammo Save 0, 6 GP (6 pack for 30 GP).

A tan and brown coloured canister, when dropped into a toilet and flushed it goes off, clearing clogs and sanitising the entire system between the seat and whatever piping or sanitation equipment exists beyond the bathroom itself.

Corman Ship Repair (018) - Engineering Services

A double-airlock opens out into a standard pod lined with seats and screens, at the end of that a more industrial door, and beyond that an outsize pod with room for the repair and construction of small vessels. Tangles of junk in stretchy-netting float hither and yon, space is just beyond a double force-field, and repair droids and engineers flit about in spacesuits from one task to another. It's a glorious mess.

"I'll give it my best shot," is the motto of Corman's Ship Repair, and they will do that.

While they specialise in smaller ships, they can leave the station to perform repairs on large ships, using a small fleet of repair pods. They're very cheap, very reasonable, but the work isn't that much better than jury-rigging. It'll get you going, limp you along to the next port, but that's about it.

They make some of their money by replacing ship parts with cheaper, more generic versions and – in extreme cases – have constructed entire new ships as knock-offs of the ship that's actually in for repair.

Corman's technicians are perfectly competent, more competent than him, and often move on to do other things. He knows just enough to be dangerous.

Courtesan's Guildhouse (019) - Prostitution

Crossed DNA helices, emblazoned over the symbol of a heart, red and pink on a field of gold, mark this pod as a Guildhouse for the Courtesan's Guild.

It is sealed and discrete, with a secure comm to beg entry. This isn't some knocking-shop, though you might be able to find a courtesan here to serve your needs, this is a waypoint and safe place for guild members.

The Courtesan's Guild was mighty, albeit behind the scenes, in the Urlanth Empire. Courtesans were 'invisible' diplomats and spies, agents of largesse and marks of stature. The collapse of the Empire has changed things for everyone, but the Guild has gone from being unofficially affiliated to the Urlanth nobility to a fully independent organisation. They've weathered the storm uncommonly well, thanks to their friends in high places, and now act – behind the scenes – to try and restore and maintain order and prosperity, the conditions in which they thrive.

This Guildhouse is actually five pods, four arranged at the end of the fifth. There are training and sleeping areas, as well as essential clothing, goods and weapons to outfit members of the guild who are down on their luck.

Secure Guild communications terminals bring potential contracts and Guild missions to the courtesans who rest there.

There is a minimal reception area, just inside the front airlock, so that persistent would-be customers can be intercepted and discouraged.

Crusta's Armour (020) - Armourer

There is a small shopfront here, red and rusty, plates of old and battle-damaged armour hammered together into a crude mass and countertop.

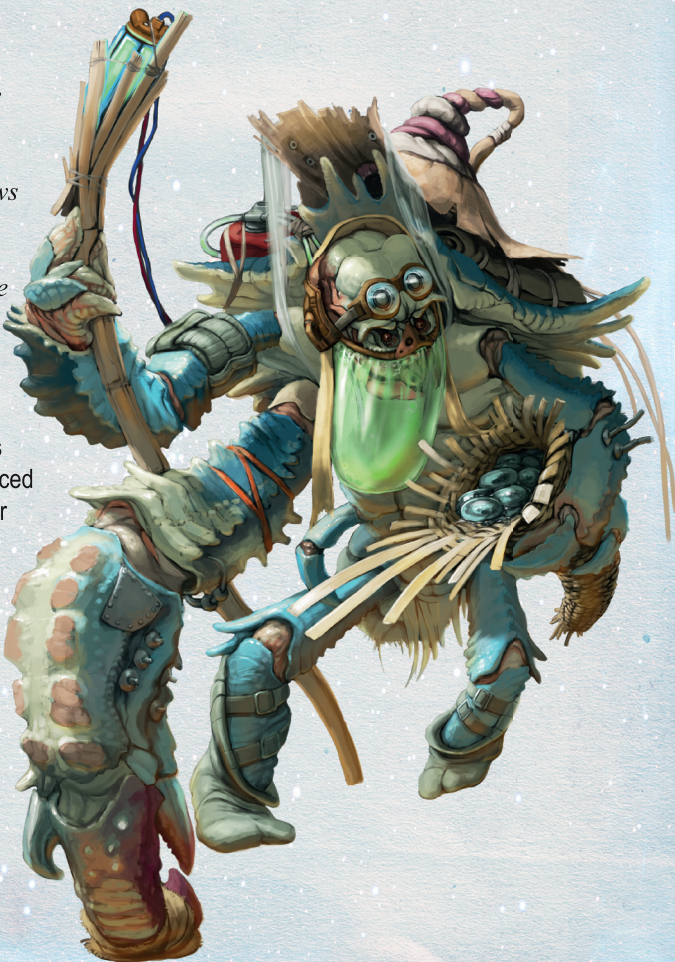
Through the armoured window, you can see what appears to be a gigantic, rust-coloured crab. It is manipulating tools with its mouthparts and secondary claws as it stitches and hammers at an exotic suit of armour, even stranger parts hanging from the ceiling and every part of the workshop.

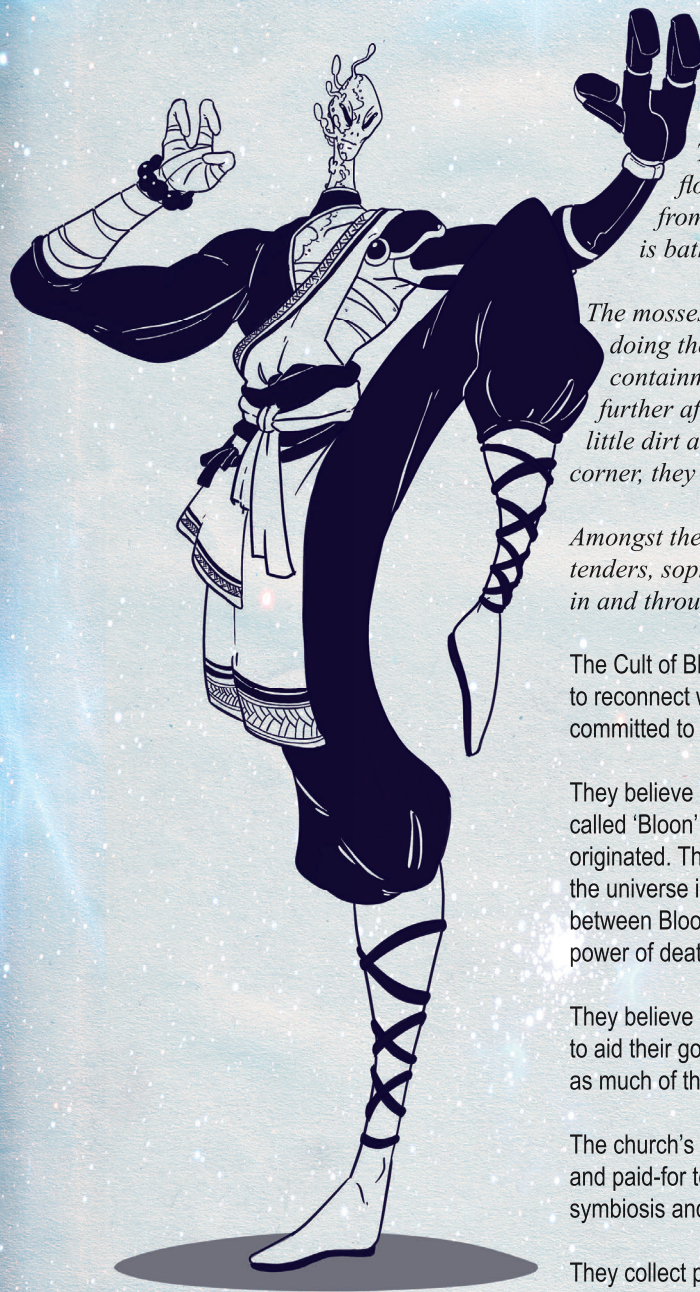
Crusta (which is a name of convenience for the crab-being, as her own name isn't easily pronounced by most people) is an armourer par excellence.

She specialises in light and medium armour, constructed from the shells, skins, exoskeletons or other parts of creatures and can imbue the resulting set of armour with unique capabilities derived from the characteristics of the species.

She's not fussy about where the material comes from, and more than one human-skin jumpsuit has passed out of her doors.

She can also make heavier armour, but it always has a semi-organic look and, as custom jobs, the cost is at least double (after all other things have been considered).





Cult of Bloon the Green God (021) - Religious Services

There is a pleasant smell of flowers and grass here, wafting from the open doors of a pod that is bathed in ultraviolet light.

The mosses and grasses seem to be doing their best to crawl out of their containment into the corridors. Even further afield, here and there where a little dirt and grime has collected in a corner, they also start to grow.

Amongst the blossoms and foliage are their tenders, sophonts with plants growing on, in and through them in symbiosis.

The Cult of Bloon use radical biotechnology to reconnect with the natural world and are committed to greening the universe.

They believe in a sort of 'universal Gaia' called 'Bloon' on the planet in which the idea originated. The belief within that religion is that the universe is the site of a constant battle between Bloon, the force of life, and Kast, the power of death.

They believe Bloon is losing this fight and seek to aid their god by greening and bringing life to as much of the universe as possible.

The church's funding – taken from donations and paid-for terraforming projects, all goes into symbiosis and terraforming research.

They collect plant samples from all over the universe so that they can green almost any environment – even asteroids in a hard vacuum.

Death a la Mode (022) - High Fashion/Weapons

This pod has the ambience of a high-end jewellery store, all minimalist white walls and elegant crystal cases. Some of the most exclusive, sleek and fashionable weaponry is found here, pristine and expensive-looking, gently turning in a-grav fields. The sales-staff in their black-plastic jumpsuits look as chic and deadly as the weapons they sell to their exclusive clientele.

Only the most expensive, rare and heavily customised weapons are on sale here. They're recognisable to anyone in the murder-for-hire business as elegant, expensive and stylish tools that speak to the effectiveness of the carrier. This is the place if you really want a statement piece to kill with.

Defence Module (023) - Station Armament

Heavy power cables and vents line what appears to be a sealed airlock. The wall itself almost seems to vibrate with the sensation of stored power. Your hairs are standing up.

Officially Satana station only has its asteroid defence systems to protect itself, and otherwise hires from amongst the crews and ships docked at the station to defend itself. Satana does, however, have other secretive methods to protect herself. This defence module is one of them, what appears to be a standard pod, full of capacitors and energy relays attached to an incredibly powerful graviton gun.

Graviton Cannon

Scale 4 Damage d20 Energy, Extreme Range, Armour Defeating x5, Undetectable, Targeting +3, vicious, Ammo Save 10.

Dementa's Slave Holdings (024) - Human Trafficking

There appears to be an auction going on here. There's a crowd spilling out of the pod into the corridor. They vie with each other to get to the front and make their bids.

Through a brief gap in the crowd, you can see what is going on. People, sophonts, are being bought and sold.

Slavery, a dark side – indeed – of life in the lawless border worlds.

The master, or mistress, of ceremonies on the tiny stage, is a striking figure, a curvaceous woman with flowing hair, an archaic-looking magician's outfit, a bow-tie and an enormously tall hat.

Most of the time this pod is empty, only featuring a holo tank in which the next auction's stock can be displayed.

The opposite end of the pod has a full, ship's airlock, to which Dementa hitches her craft when it's auction time. Otherwise, captives are kept on board the vessel, which is not directly docked to Satana.

This prevents escape or rescue.

Even in a future with robots and artificial intelligence, there is still a market for slaves for both labour and even less salubrious purposes.

Dementa casts a spell of sorts over her slaves, who seem docile and agreeable, at least until they are out of her influence.

Docking Port (025) - Docking Services

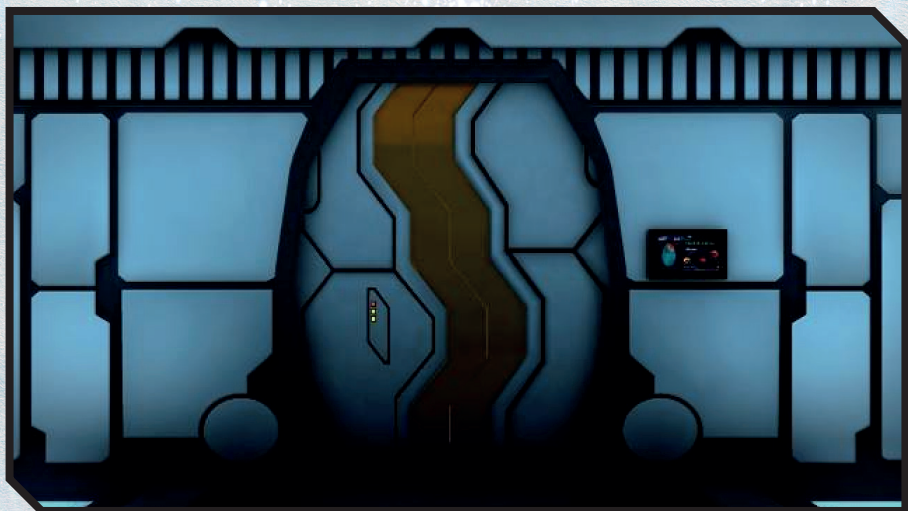
A heavy-duty airlock abuts the corridor here, and it seems like it opens directly out into space – or whatever ship has docked here. Satana doesn't seem to have any standard docks, just converted pods where the whole pod-space is taken up by the airlock. At least the attachments are universal, though you're not convinced that the decontamination procedures are necessarily up to snuff. The whole thing creates a chaotic atmosphere with ships loading and unloading, taking on and disgorging passengers anywhere and everywhere throughout the station.

While Satana does have plenty of advanced sensors and the capability to cleanse and screen most vermin and pathogens, it suits her purposes to leave these responsibilities up to the ships that dock and to allow a certain amount of non-lethal disease and contamination. It's what people expect from a low-rent frontier station.

Doctor Devil's Medical Services (026) - Healthcare

Occult paraphernalia festoons this pod, though it has a more precise and 'scientific' bent than a lot of similar material. Lots of black and red, neon and silver. It has the feel of a lounge more than a doctor's office, though it very definitely says 'Doctor' at the entrance. Doctor Devil. The man within is wearing a high-collared, white doctor's coat, but above that is a red face, red skin, horns. The very image of the human, mythological demon. Perched on his desk is a similarly red-skinned woman, with the pointed tip of a devil's tail flicking around the hem of her pencil shirt. They seem engrossed in flirtatious conversation, and somewhat disinterested in any customers.

Doctor Devil is a psychic surgeon, as is Nurse Velvet, albeit to a lesser extent. His is magic of symbols, sigils, crystals and the laying on of hands. He views psychic powers and magic as 'science by other means'. Science will cure most ailments these days, but those of a more esoteric, unusual or supernatural nature might need a bit more of a poking.



Dollhouse (027) - Services for Small Sophonts

This is a discrete little pod, and its signage is out of the way. You have to stoop to read it, only to realise that it says 'Dollhouse, goods and modifications for the smaller Sophont'. Inside it's like a small department store, different areas of the pod selling various goods and all of them downsized for smaller beings. There is clothing, armour, weapons and even day-to-day goods more suited to a shorter frame. Specialising in this way, it seems they can keep their prices low, not much different to regular-sized products.

Mr Ecpla and Mr Draillad run the dollhouse, serving the needs of the smaller sophonts visiting the station. They have an air of class and prestige about them and do their best for their clients, who they see as fellow travellers and investment in reputation for the future. At least Mr Ecpla does, Mr Draillad may or may not exist, or just be too small for most people to see.

Downrange (028) – Shooting Range

An armoured airlock cranks open to reveal the barebones interior of five pods linked together, lengthwise, projecting out from the station. This forms one tunnel, about 60 metres long, with a small space at the near end for you to stand and practice-fire your weapons. Holoprojectors and force-fields catch and suppress blasts and bullets, and the pods have been reinforced from the outside. There's no charge, it seems Satana thinks visitors and inhabitants of the station should be able to blow off steam, even if not many people can fit in here at once.

Out of sight as an additional pod, which houses the holographic target projectors and a powerful fusion generator, which allows the high-intensity force fields to be projected into the interior.

Dreamland Lounge (029) - Burrd Sap Shared Hallucination

This doesn't so much seem to be a store or resting place so much as a mess of cushions, music, competing incense and various people passed out on multiple substances.

The only people not currently out of their minds on drugs are the dealers, always alert for new business. Some of those who are hallucinating have a strange look of fierce concentration on their unconscious faces.

This is just where people come to get high. Where they go to do actual business is the shared, psychic hallucinations caused by smoking burrd sap. This puts people into a malleable, shared dreamscape where they can communicate without (much) fear of being overheard or interrupted. Through repeated and constant use on-station, the burrd sap hallucination has a little more permanence and structure than most.

As you drift into the hazy hallucinations, the candy-floss sweetness of the burnt burrd sap fades in your mouth. You find yourself wandering through a misty field of purple grasses and flowers. Multiple stars and moons wheel in the sky, but where hallucinations are often full of sexual and other desires, here – not so much. Perhaps because the station lets people satiate most of their needs. Most people are drifting around, dreaming up visions of home, but here and there people's dream-forms are huddled in animated discussion.

POPULAR DRUGS ON SATANA STATION

Metaphenothiazine

An aggressive anti-hallucination drug, that also enables one to see through psionic illusions and so forth. This isn't addictive, and the way it strips illusions can be depressing, but scientists and philosophers value it. A dose lasts around an hour and costs 1 GP per pill.

GenMod Cannabis

It's just regular cannabis, though it's strong and comes from a high-yield genetically modified strain of the plant. 1 GP for around 10 grams (a quarter ounce).

SomaPlus

Pure and absolute bliss for short periods. Not biologically addictive, but that feeling of serenity and wellness brings out the best in the user, and is psychologically addictive. 1 GP for a half-hour dose.

Morley

Genetically engineered cigarettes, available in a bewildering array of flavours. They're still fiercely addictive, but no longer cause cancer. These are illegal some places, legal in others, and they're a mainstay that people often like to break open and mix with cannabis. 1 GP for a pack of 50.

Spacer's Spice

Every dealer has their own proprietary blend. In general, these are intended to heighten reflexes and perception, while also preventing motion sickness. The dealers usually also include more addictive substances to keep people coming back. Space miners are often the heaviest users, snorting spacer spice like others drink coffee. 1GP for ten pills. Each pill will keep you alert and steady for an hour.

Mushtools

Dried mushrooms that are grown in many places by prisoners and other ne'er-do-wells by seeding spores on damp blankets and similar material. A dose (a handful) gives pleasant and colourful visual hallucinations for an hour or two.

Burrd Sap

Smoked in a pipe, burrd is unbearably sweet and cloying and mildly psychically active. It sinks the user – and any other nearby users – into a shared, hallucinatory world. 1 GP provides enough of a dose for two hours of comatose dream time.

Dunwinch (030) – Robot Retirement Home

The airlock hisses open to reveal a dark space, absolutely packed with dusty old robots. There's no light, no life support, just stale air with the slight stink of ozone. The only light is that spilling in from the doorway, and the slow blinking of standby lights on the folded up bots. They're old styles, few of them classics, blocky and out of date and seemingly just trickle-charging from the background power of the pod.

This is, in effect, a robot retirement home. The robots here aren't wealthy, but if they shut most of their systems down, they can be stored here almost indefinitely for a handful of GP. Very rarely these out of date robots might be needed for something, or their data-banks may have some useful information in them, and that can be leveraged collectively to upkeep the pod. This is often the last stop before the scrapyards, one final chance at a new lease of life.

Eat Me (031) – Restaurant

There is the most indescribably delicious aroma wafting from this pod into the corridors beyond.

The place is packed with diners, all eating the same thing, round, steaming slices of white, marbled meat surrounded by crisp skin.

There aren't that many tables, most of the pod seems to be taken up by an enclosed kitchen unit, and waitress droids zip around, back and forth, collecting the meat (and sides) and bringing it to the tables. Hungry or not, your stomachs growl at the enticing smell. There's only one main dish on the menu, 'Ethically Sourced Hoont Meat'.

The Hoont are an intelligent species, but an almost extinct one. The Hoont have the misfortune to be absolutely delicious to a vast amount of species – basically anything but a vegan. Hoont are rare, Hoont meat is even more limited. Ethical Hoont meat? Doesn't seem likely, but it does smell delicious.

Behind the walls of the kitchen Buhnt, the Hoont squats in a life-supporting apparatus, cooking – endlessly cooking. His body spills over the life-support machines and cot, growing out of control in an endlessly growing mass of cancerous tumours. It is these tumours that constitute the 'ethically sourced Hoont meat', as his medical apparatus carves off tumours and he slices them up and sells them off at a premium. The money goes into an account to help Hoont around the galaxy, who often find themselves marginalised and even hunted.

Eroticon Five (032) – Brothel

'Love, Lust and Everything in Between' is painted across the mural on this pod, which promises all manner of improbable and cartoonishly out-of-proportion sexual delights. Through a red beaded curtain, you enter a soft furnished, dimly lit chamber with five airlocks spun off from it. There are doors up, down, left, right and straight on, and the gravity is a little off, bending each way to each pod in a surreal manner.

A gleaming robot powers up in the dim light. "Greetings sophonts, and welcome to Eroticon. We offer sensual services of a high, rarified, quality. If you express your desires, we shall attempt to meet them. If we cannot, we shall bid you adieu, with no recrimination. Here, we are about the art of it all."

Eroticon is a classy and esoteric establishment, the fifth in a long line of brothels run by one member or another, with only the barest of threads connecting one to the other, though they have a reputation. Eroticon houses five 'erotechs' at present, Dosdos, Tressma, Naling, Cangen and Susen. Each has their own specialties, and Eroticon prides itself on serving very particular interests and fetishes, with a price to match, starting at 100 GP.

Exhumer Resurrection Services (033) - Medical Services

The airlock here is concealed behind a black, velvet drape. A black-and-silver plaque reads – in old-high Urlanth – 'Exhumation and Resurrection Services – Death is only a setback'.

Behind the curtain is a small, homey area packed with death iconography from many cultures. Grave markers, carrion birds, cutesy little colourful skulls. Taking tea and cake are a pair of rotund aliens in archaic dress and tall hats, bionics peeking out from behind long sleeves and high collars, little cybernetic eyes glittering in the dark. "Yes?"

Mixer Snick and Mixer Snack are resurrection men. They claim to be able to return the dead to life via whatever means proves to be necessary. They accomplish this through cloning and engram encoding, cybernetics and even necromancy.

The possibilities are only limited by budget. The bare minimum is a million gramps, with this being multiplied up according to the state of the corpse. An intact corpse (poison or suffocation) x1, through to a mere cell scraping x10. They claim that the person who returns is 99% the same person who died, but that death 'changes people'.

In a hyper-secure safe in their 'workroom', they have many 'markers'. These supernatural tokens allow them to command the person they have resurrected however they so wish, and to be obeyed.

Farts (034) – Gorlac Hegemony Area

An unfamiliar sign hangs by this more-robust-than-usual airlock, which – distressingly – you can hear occasionally pinging and creaking. A couple of clumsy-looking public-use hardsuits stand by the door, with 'Do not steal, on pain of pain, then death. Satana' written next to them. Someone, helpfully, has scrawled the words 'The Farts' across the doors.

Inside the pods are foggy with gases, several of them strung together, with creatures like leathery soap bubbles, festooned with tendrils, drifting around. Almost nothing is recognisable, though you assume the sophont pastimes of sex, commerce and violence are going on. They don't seem to care too much for walls, instead 'fencing' off areas with holographic signs and shapes.

The Gorlac Hegemony is a species that is mostly left to themselves. They live in the clouds of gas giants and are extremely resistant to pressure, cold and toxicity. They are standoffish with other species and keep themselves to themselves almost everywhere in the galaxy.

Still, here – of all places – they have established a community and an embassy, and engage in limited trade. Ambassador Phufft rarely receives visitors, for any variety of reasons, and the Gorlac like to play up their strangeness and inscrutability to preserve their mystique.

Finder's Keepers (035) – Police for Hire

A hodgepodge of armed mercenaries and 'venturers' linger in what otherwise looks more like a waiting room than anything else. Bulletins and contracts flash along the walls, images of people who are wanted, places and ships that are sought. Several airlocks off this section are marked:

'Holding', 'Storage' and 'Members Only'.

You seem different enough to attract the ruffian's interest for a moment, and they seem to size you up.

Finder's Keepers is a private organisation of mercenaries and pirates who act as a sort of freelance police force, bounty hunters, skip tracers and guns for hire. The fee they charge is considerable, especially if they are required as escorts on money-making enterprises, digs or heists. They demand first-dibs on the treasure and an equal – or greater – share than anyone else involved.

They also operate a small jail, made up of refitted escape pods – minus independent life support. Holding a prisoner, there is much more expensive than hiring a room to stay in, but does come with options for torture.

Forbidden Bullshit (036) – Esoteric Store

Crystal windows in the airlock to this section reveal a strange, hodgepodge of items within. Stuffed alien animals (you assume), skulls from many species, bottles and boxes of herbs and coloured candles. It's a tangled mess of strangeness of all kinds, in no discernible order or organisation.

Inside the air, despite the life support systems running overtime, stinks of mingled incenses and various decaying and drying flora and fauna.

An eight-eyed alien, smoking an even worse smelling pipe than the incense, glances up at you over a skin-bound and sinister-looking book.

"Feelz freez toz lookz aroundz, yez?"

Octan is the dealer and store owner here. He gathers any and all material of 'occult' or 'psychic' reputation from every species he can, examines reads or understands it, and then sells it.

He's not much of a believer himself, he's just interested. He tends to regard it all as an amusing hobby, and nothing more.

Amongst the nonsense are a few, real artefacts, but they're virtually impossible to find amongst all the gibberish.

He also knows enough to charge a premium for authenticity.



FTL 'Za (037) – Pizza Delivery

Betelgeusean Rock and Roll blasts out from this pod. Infrared and ultraviolet tiles alternate across the floor – if you can see those spectra – with a handful of tables for people to eat in. Otherwise, everyone else seems to be either making pizza, spinning it in the air or putting it into an oven made from a lump of stone, or waiting to deliver it.

The deliverers have outsize courier bags, insulated to keep it warm, with gravity pads, so the topping doesn't slide off as they run.

Clever.

It smells of charred vegetables and cooking meat, of melting cheese and over it all a pungent, alliaceous perfume.

FTL 'Za is one of the few places that delivers – and they'll even pick up other items for you from around the station.

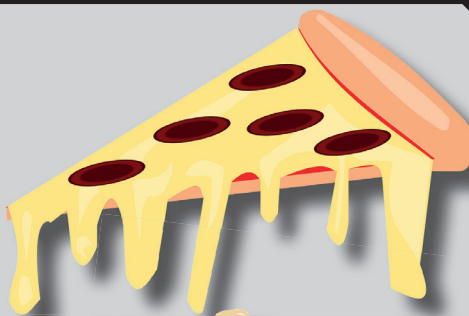
For most, even given the ever-changing, maze-like nature of the station, it's just not worth ordering in when you can walk a few corridors and find something to eat or drink.

Most toppings are available, at least in a generic sense 'poultry', 'red meat' or 'sausage' for example.



FTL 'ZA

FTL 'ZA



PIZZA

Small Pizza (1 free dip) 0.5 GP.

Medium Pizza (2 free dips) 1 GP.

Large Pizza (3 free dips) 1.5 GP.

Extra Toppings: 0.1 GP each.

All with congealed mammary fat and savoury fruit base topping!

Dips: 0.1 GP each.



SIDES

Spiceish Root

Wedges: 0.1 GP

Allium Gluten Loaf:

0.1 GP

Mammary Fat Stuffed

Hot-Plants: 0.2 GP.

Spicy Bony Meat

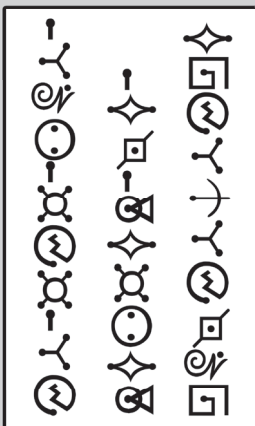
Sticks: 0.2 GP

Allium Starch Balls:

0.1 GP

Plant Bits in Acetic

Goo: 0.2 GP



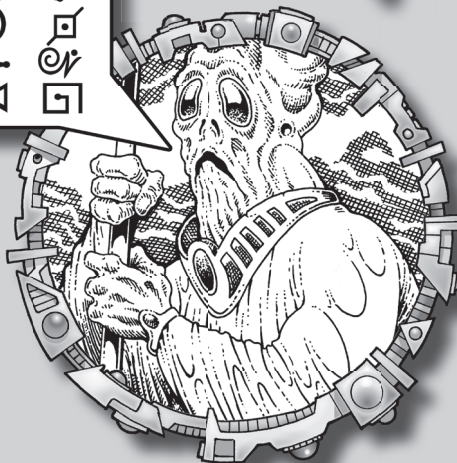
SWEETS

Icy Mammary Excretions: 0.3 GP

Stodgy Theobromidous Cake: 0.2 GP

DELIVERY

Cost of the item, +0.5 GP.



Biocomputer Cluster (038) – Computational Services

The entry to this pod is a double-thick portal of hull-glass. Behind it are what appear to be gigantic clams or mussels, clinging to every surface, tendrils flaying through the water. A fluctuating gravity field thrashes water around and around and around. It's like the roughest of storm-swells on an ocean planet. There is a reasonably simple comm unit, as well as a neural-jack to talk to the beings beyond. A simple plaque states in common Urlanth: "Cogitation and computational services from an organic gestalt, pay promptly."

The G'Drell are living biocomputers with a dual existence as both individuals and as a gestalt entity of enormous intelligence. On their home planet they form a single, hyper-intelligent mass, but some – who are psychologically suitable (that is to say, unstable) – take to robotic suits or other devices and head out into space to explore and gather data for their gestalt. In some areas, they form smaller gestalts, which don't have the god-like intelligence of their home-world but do run at a level similar to powerful AI, with the added bonus of instinctual and subconscious mentality.

The G'drell homeworld has an Intelligence of around 50. Normal G'Drell are pretty intelligent, but when they link together as a hive-mind, they share skills and get a collective bonus. Two G'Drell joined together add +1 Int to the highest Int, four add +2, eight add +3, sixteen add +4, thirty-two add +5 (this is the amount in this pod, giving them a collective Int of 23).

They'll undertake just about any data or hacking task, regardless of its impact or meaning, mainly for the challenge, but also for pay. They go through a lot of shrimp.

Generic Products (039) – General Store

The airlock to this pod is painted a simple, slightly gloss, charcoal black. The legend that labels it is simply this: 'Shop', in the Urlanth alphabet.

Inside there are many, many boxes, with a gloss-grey hue, and similar silver-text legends. Inside there are shelves of products, and ordering tokens for larger items. Closer you can see that each box simply describes a purchasable item in the most generic of terms. 'Gun', 'Kitchen knives', 'Refrigerator'. Generic Products lives up to its name.

Generic Products is one of the largest companies that existed before the collapse of the Urlanth. GP's ubiquitous design style is one of deliberate simplicity and deeply average quality. GP goods are completely 'bog standard', without modification or speciality.

They make everything, they just don't make it well, nor that badly. You can pick up a Generic Products pistol, microwave oven, atmosphere terraformer and suit of armour, all from the same catalogue.

Ghostpod (040) – Abandoned Pod

The area around the airlock here is scuffed and dirty, as though the janitorial robots don't even bother to sweep there. The door is covered in oxidation and caked dust, and through the grainy viewing port the pod seems empty, it's light flickering in a spasmodic, headache-inducing way. A rather old looking 'Pod #169 For Rent' sign is stuck to the outside of the door with chewing gum.

Do ghosts exist? Maybe they do, and perhaps they don't. Psychic abilities certainly seem to, other dimensions, necrotic energy and so forth, so why not? Whether they do or not this pod, number 169, colloquially known as 'Ghostpod', has a reputation for being haunted. Time seems to distort in there, people – somehow – manage to get lost, repairs don't last very long at all and some report seeing shadowy figures there. Many businesses and mercenary companies have tried to hire the pod for various uses, and they've all failed. As a result, the rent is extremely cheap.

Gladiatorial Arena (041) – Fights & Gambling

The airlock seems to be entirely customised. It depicts a monstrous head, split in half, covered in gold with crossed axes behind it. The legend, above the door, is 'Gladiators' in ancient high-urllanth. Through the outer portal, there is an empty pod. At the far end of that is another airlock with another bestial head. Holo-projectors display champions, weapons and advertise upcoming bouts as you move towards the bottom.

Beyond that second door is a more massive arena, four pods built into one larger pod. The gravity has been fucked with, pulling 'down' into seating all the way around the outside. The far end is tweaked to have downward gravity, so the audience – in their tiered seats – can look 'down' onto the battle arena.

Grudge matches, trials by combat, sporting bouts and regular combat sports all take place here. The current champion is Aimo-V, a golden gynoid of unparalleled combat prowess.

Grind my Gears (042) – Robot Fetish Club

Circuit-board drapes, dappled with cogs and with a rainbow, oily sheen, add a little privacy to the airlock of this pod. The sign seems to be a modified industrial warning sign, depicting a humanoid hand caught between a pair of grinding gears. At the entrance, a mostly-naked man, his skin painted silver beckons to passing robots and cyborgs with an exaggerated 'robotic' voice and movements. On the other side of the airlock stands a refitted janitorial unit, transparent chassis discretely hidden under stretched and torn pieces of human lace.

With a voice like the hum of a vacuum, he (she, it?) calls to you. "Cooome ooon in, give uuus aaa whirrrrrrl."

GmG, (Grind my Gears) is a club for 'clankers', people who like to have sex with robots (and not ones that are designed for it) and robots with aberrant or corrupted programming that leads them to desire living beings. This isn't a brothel, but rather a sex club, of sorts. Assignations and public displays of perversity are frequent enough. Still, most move on elsewhere for privacy and just use GmG as a place to get together and be around similarly perverted people.

The interior is made up to be a slightly more comfortable analogue of a robot factory. Robotic arms (with their own personalities and quirks) act as bartenders and can also perform necessary repairs on mechanical parts. Tokky-Zero-Rose is the proprietor, a heavily modified transbot, a former mining droid with a reshaped chassis and custom parts. 'It', which is what it identifies as, sweeps graciously around the party, introducing people and making sure everyone has a good time.

In a universe replete with sexbots, gynoids and androids, having sex with a robot is not particularly seen as unusual or perverse.

Still, the people here are attracted to robots that don't usually perform those duties.

That is considered peculiar and degenerate in many societies, in much the same way people might be disgusted if they found out someone was having sex with an animal or punking into their hoover behind their back.

Haus Wexen, Couture de La Mort (043) – Deadly Clothing

"Sophonts! I can see you are conscious entities of wealth and taste, might I interest you in a hand-tooled garment of the finest quality?"

The holographic image calling to you is a tall, thin, skeletal, roughly humanoid creature swathed in a black cloak from chin to feet.

"Perhaps a waistcoat with explosive buttons? An evening jacket with monomolecular sleeves? Perhaps a high-quality shirt with a laser matrix woven into the pattern?"

It jumps and flickers just enough for you to tell that they're not physically there.

"Fashionable, deadly and guaranteed to be undetectable by conventional means!"

Beyond them, their pod is stuffed with detection gear, scanners and secure containers. All of it is watched over by threatening, but elegantly designed, defence turrets.

You can't get anything actually made here, but the hand-made weapon-clothing of Haus Wexen is made on their homeworld and shipped here.

They won't sacrifice quality, or their good name, for anything.

Every piece must be meticulously made by their craftsmen.

Wexen clothing has an inherent +1 to AC, when worn by itself without other armour, and doesn't interfere with forcefields. It is highly fashionable and elegant, up to the femtosecond in galactic style, but also as timeless as blue jeans or a leather biker jacket.

What really sets it apart are its inbuilt weapons, which are undetectable to anything but ExoTech sensory apparatus.

The weapons must be the most basic type, but they do get a +1 to hit and +1 to damage, ranged weapons have three shots and take twenty-four hours to self-recharge.

The clothing can also self-repair, provided even a scrap of them is left (though cutting them apart doesn't cause multiple copies to regenerate, only one scrap does so).

Costs run from 20,000 GP for the most simple – a pair of gloves that double as d4 damage melee weapons, to 150,000 GP for a bridal gown with a d8 laser cannon that discharges from the tiara.

Disposable weapons, such as grenade earrings, usually only run the 20,000 GP.

Headfuckers (044) – Mind Alteration and Memory Changing

A neon brain flickers and glows about the entrance to this pod, the door fitted with an extra-large window. Jaunty, jangly music plays, occasionally broken by a pause and a slogan: “Fucked in the head? Get headfucked at Headfuckers!”



Inside the pod, most of the space is taken up by sophisticated machinery, batteries of hyperconducting magnetic arrays, psi-crystals and a spiderweb of fine cabling connected to a configurable white helmet. Leaning against the small front desk is a humanoid being with floppy ears on the top of his head, a lolling tongue and fluffy white fur all over his body.

“Ah! Good day to you! I am so pleased to see you. I am Psychotechnician Vovalap Vai, and if you’re fucked in the head, I promise you that I can unfuck it.” His tail is wagging, so maybe he really is pleased to see you.

Psychotech Vai is as good as his word. With his apparatus, he can engineer psychology as quickly (almost) as a cyber technician can alter someone’s body. Insanities can be removed, personality traits changed, memories erased or added and even sexual preferences altered. This cannot grant any skills or knowledge-based abilities exactly, it is more a shift in personality and a change in emotional memory.

With these treatments, a timid person can become courageous, a joker can become serious, and this can allow a player to change a character’s personality if it’s not gelling with the group. Less ethically, it could be used to fundamentally shift the personality of a prisoner or interrogation target.

Headfuckers Service Price List

Removing, or adding, insanity costs 100,000 GP per disorder.

Changing personality traits costs 50,000 GP per trait.

Changing sexual preference costs 250,000 GP.

Erasing painful memories costs 25,000 GP.

Having your mind altered requires a Will save, or some extraneous personality change sneaks in with the other change. Typically an irrational phobia of something peculiar.

Heaven (055) – Bar

What the hell is this place doing here? It's a pod, like any other, but the airlock and the walls are covered in a pearlescent sheen. Even the air seems perfumed, and it's like light suffuses the place.

This is a scumfuck space station at the edge of the civilised universe, full of pirates, mercenaries, thieves and whores. In this double-pod, it seems pirate queens and laser-slinging mercenaries want to pretend they're better than they are.

They're fooling themselves in this airy, bright-lit place with their cocktails and fancy clothes.

Maybe that's the appeal.

Heaven is a double-pod bar, which buys up the best liquor and keeps itself clean, clear and up to date.

The best pirate captains, drug dealers and mercs hang out here for precisely the reasons you'd think – to fool themselves.

A single drink costs 1 GP, but it is the place to be if you want to meet the real movers and shakers in this sector of space, certainly the ones who operate illegally.

Heaven has no staff, other than a rather basic AI that doesn't communicate with anyone, but it does operate field projectors so that the drinks appear to mix themselves and float through the air to the people who ordered them.

The air itself seems to project light. Everything and everyone in there seems to glow with a halo.

Helgen the Death Merchant (056) - Exotech Weapons

It's almost as though the environmental systems are failing as you draw close to this pod. There's an immense amount of power here, and it presses on you, creating a low ache in your temples and a pressure on your sinuses. Even the light and gravity seem to be slightly warped, and it soon becomes apparent why.

Cabinets of impregneron cover strange devices and weapons, mind-bendingly alien in design and operation. This is a treasure trove of ExoTech, such as is rarely seen.

From the shadows of the dimly lit chambers comes a skittering clatter, a hooded, robed bundle of metal legs, bone and claws.

"Hello, there my prett-it-ities. Do you seek-ik-ik something exotic-ik-ik? Perhaps a warp-rip-ip-er, a prognostic-ic-ation blade, a reflec-ec-tive shield?"

Helgen is a travelling dealer in ExoTech, always on the move, always searching for more ExoTech and both buying and selling it. She makes a good sponsor for adventuring groups and mercenaries, a good supplier of exotic goods and a sinister figure that can turn up almost anywhere as a *deus ex machina*. She's only present here, at her store, 20% of the time, and she takes the pod with her when she travels.

Helgen is a techno-lich, a mass of cybernetics and dead flesh housing an ancient intellect and great magical power. She is older than she tells anyone, and rumour has it that she may be one of the thirteen witches, though she never lets that secret slip.

Hell (057) – Bar

The airlock to this double-pod is jammed open with what appears to be a rusted-out robot leg.

A foul mix of smoke from a dozen different smokables mixes with vapour and alcohol fumes and drifts out into the corridor. Crashing, industrial-sounding music beats out, at deafening volume.

Inside it's a dark and smoky cave, ultraviolet light and spots behind the bar, broken glass and spilt drink underfoot. Seems like it's a hangout for mercs and tough guys, playing with knives, showing off their guns, getting into brawls.

At the eye of the storm is a solid metal pole, with a punk-rock angel spiralling around it in death-defying and ever-faster circles.

This bar has no name but is colloquially known as 'Hell'. It's a pair of pods stuck together, with a handful of shallow, two-seat booths on one side, a corner bar, scattered tiny tables and a single, square stage with a single dancing pole.

The drinks are cheap and shit. The atmosphere is dangerous. It stinks.

The only real reason to come here is to find some rough customers or to watch their main draw.

The pole dancer, Kallous Zofran (or KZ) whose performances are truly breathtaking.

Hot Shots Loan Bonds (058) – Loan Sharks and Bail Bondsmen

"Low rates!" Screams a holographic cartoon cowboy.

"No checks!" Hollers a holographic unicorn.

"The only collateral you need is your life!" Hollers a blasphemously adorable chibi of the Vestuan Goddess of Plenty.

You get the impression that this must be a loan office of some sort.

The interior combines two somewhat different aesthetics. It has the drab, tan-and-grey feel of an institution or bank, complete with an armoured checking desk. The lounging area at the front, on the other hand, is a battered, 'u' shaped lizard-skin couch, patched with duct tape and several shady, horribly be-weaponed and disreputable types linger there, drinking and laughing.

You know what a bail bond is. This is similar but related to loans for any purpose, up to a hundred thousand GP. No special approval needed, and up to a million with special permission. The disreputable types are loan collectors, the most vicious and renowned of which is Verdant Oaf, a plant-like alien who serves as the company bailiff.

Hot Shots simultaneously wants to convince you that it's an above-board and professional operation and that it can bring dire repercussions if you don't pay them back. What they don't tell you is that they actively try to sabotage your efforts to pay them back and to delay your progress so that you can accrue lots of interest.

The charge a base fee equal to 30% of the loan and collect 1% of compound interest every standard day.

It's always open, and there's always a handful of bailiffs present to ward off any would-be thieves or hackers.

Housing Pods (059) – Places to stay

A standard and typical pod, housing pods, have functioning independent life support and several 'coffin' beds. A typical one is two metres long, one metre wide, and 1.33 metres in height, with three stacked on top of one another for a total complement of 36 sleeping coffins per pod.

A two-metre path runs between the coffins, though double-wide pods can be bought and paid for and accommodations can be organised for larger sophonts and their pets.

It's basic, but it's a bed, with privacy, a power-port and an entertainment screen. They're even properly soundproof. They just smell a bit, usually of body odour and disinfectant.

Given that housing pods have intact (if minimal) life support, they can be sealed and ejected from the station as life pods if necessary or moved away from the station during combat.

Rental rates run at 7 GP per night, per standard 1.3m x 1.3m x 2m coffin (roughly 2 GP per cubic metre), and that's usually the smallest available. Larger coffins are made by linking the smaller pods together with the rent going up each time. Renting a whole pod as an apartment or hotel would cost around 400 GP per day. Space on stations is, obviously, at a premium.

Hugbox (060)– A genuinely safe space

The airlock here is mounted with a cash interface to grant access. A single GP coin, inserted into the slot or transferred from a credstick cycles the lock and grants admittance. Inside the gravity is lowered to a micro level, the air is extra warm, like a fuzzy blanket and the walls are rounded, soft and spongy. Various soft toys, blankets and treats slowly orbit, passing from person to person as they float in the womb-like warmth of the chamber, to the sound of ambient music.

The Hugbox is like a standard pod, but with 1d8 armour and a Toughness Save of 8. It's not only soft on the inside but hard on the outside. Like a crunchy waffle cone full of whipped cream. The Hugbox is a fiscally gated, semi-private space where station-goers can hide and decompress. It also serves as an emergency shelter for combat situations and radiation storms – for those who aren't blasé about such things.

KinkoMat Whorebots (061) - Cheap sex robots

This is a peculiar looking pod, exuding an atmosphere of both sexual allure and disinfected clinical professionalism. A glowing holo sign reads 'KinkoMat – Number 1 for Whorebots and Sexoids Empire-Wide!'. A nurse-technician in a wipe-clean uniform lingers around the parts and the matter printer, swiping through orders on her tablet. Next to her, and next to the printer, a holographic projection cycles through myriad potential sexbot configurations. All species, all enders, all tastes are shown. The nurse looks up and smiles. "Name your poison!"



KinkoMat is the largest and most well-known builder of whorebots. They don't make the best ones, but the ones they do make are much more affordable than those created by other companies.

They're also a lot more 'generic', constructed from adjustable stock parts, as opposed to being artisinally crafted.

KinkoMat whorebots are considered 'Mooks' for creation, with features that mimic the species and person they are modelled after, though they always – just slightly – inhabit the 'uncanny valley'.

Whorebots are built for a specific purpose and cost 4,000 GP for a basic model (level 1) through to 10,000 GP for the high-end model (level 6).

Generic Whorebot

Close Defence: 12, Ranged Defence: 12, Armour: None, Hit Dice: 1 (4 hp), Initiative: +0, Movement: 10m per round, Attacks: 1/+0, Damage: 1d4 (fists), Saves: 5 (Looks 8, Logic 3), Traits: 3, Skills: Basic Skills 1, Lover 1.

Relief (062) – Toilet facilities

The airlock spritzes a pathetic little dusting of generic, citrusy air freshener as the doors open and close. There's a queue out into the corridor.

Still, the sign is a rather indistinct sigil which you think is the sign that means 'toilet' in the original manufacturer's species, though it's virtually indecipherable.

Inside there are a bewildering array of ablation devices. The more obvious sinks, a 'speed shower' which is configurable with species' particulars and promises a 'deep clean in five ticks'. The rest is made up of cubicles, which can also configure, within specific parameters, to suit different species.

It's all co-ed, space is at a premium in space, which is ironic.

The stink is unbelievable. For some of these species, they stink bad enough on the outside, this is worse.

There are toilet facilities all over the station. Full of graffiti, but mostly full of people relieving themselves. There aren't enough toilet stations, and most of them are privately owned, requiring a 0.1 GP fee to enter and relieve yourself or shower. Some ships, down on their luck, open up access to their own facilities to earn a little more money, but regardless, everything ends up sent for recycling and usage elsewhere in the station. Some entrepreneurs set up more salubrious toilet facilities, with a higher price.

Cleaning bots enter and top-to-toe the whole place once per cycle. Regardless of who or what is already in there.

Mammals (063) – Titty restaurant

This pod is a custom job, four pods across, three pods high, opened up and split level with an open kitchen at the bottom and racks of tables arranged around two upper levels with big spaces open to the bottom. This is a serious operation with serious money.

Everywhere you look there are drop-dead gorgeous wait staff, distinctly mammalian, in tight tops and booty shorts. Unlike most of Satana it absolutely reeks of corporate money and greed, but it also almost seems like the rough-and-tumble clientele here have adopted the girls who work here. There's no trouble, and everyone seems to be in good spirits, having a fun time. The tip jar is full to overflowing.

Sportsball games dominate the holographic screens, food is in constant motion. Mammals is an island of normality and civilisation in a chaotic station, next to a warzone. Still, Mammals boasts that it has more locations than any other chain, so perhaps it's not surprising that they should have one of their titillating fast food joints here.

A blue-skinned girl jiggles up to you as you stand at the entrance. "Hi, I'm Rüsta! Can I find you a table and get you some drinks and starters? If you don't see anything you like here, I can direct you to one of our sister restaurants in a nearby system. Ovipositors, Tailfeathers or Egg-Sac?"

Starters and Sides

Bok-Bok Meat Strips with dip 0.75gp
Vat-Mince Sliders x4 (0.75gp)
Gruffalo Isopods x12 (0.75gp)
Lacto-Cubes (0.5gp)
Fried, Crumbed Root-Cubes (0.3gp)
Fried, Pickled Cucurbits (0.3gp)
Crunchy Poly-Chips with Spicy Meat Sauce (0.75gp)
Mixed Salad (0.3gp)

Lacto-Meat Tuber Fries
(0.4gp)

Regular Tuber Fries (0.2gp)

Lacto-Fries (0.3gp)

Allium Rings (0.3gp)

Meat Patties

0.5 Kilo Patties

Add Lacto-Slices, Fried
Allium or Spice-Fruit (0.1gp)

Add Porcine Strips, Veg-
Mash or Meat Sauce (0.1gp)

Smoky BBQ Vat-Mince
Patty (0.75gp)

Arcturan Melt Vat-Mince
Patty (0.75gp)

Double-Delicious Vat-
Mince Patty (1gp)

Sandwiches

Served with fried tuber fragments

Bok-Bok Sandwich
(0.75gp)

Gruffalo Bok-Bok
Sandwich (0.75gp)

Krill Slice Sandwich (0.75gp)
Smoky Pulled Porcine
(0.75gp)

Lacto-Steak Sandwich

REAL MEAT! (1gp)

Space Wings

Mammals Style
Wings (Sweet hot
sauce) 15 pieces (1gp)
Sharp and Sour Wings
15 pieces (1gp)
Volcano Wings 15
pieces (1.5gp)

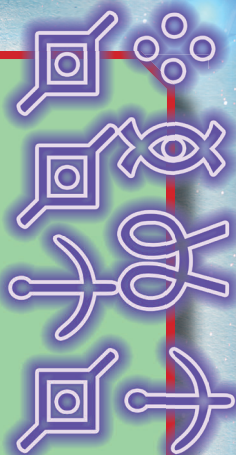
Deserts

Caramel Lacto-Cake (0.5gp)
Chocolate Lacto-Cake (0.5gp)
Asteroid Citrus Pie (0.5gp)

Drinks

Hot Sweet Caff-Tea (0.2gp)
Iced Caff-Tea (0.2gp)
Citro-Fizz (0.1gp)
Very OK Kola (0.1gp)
Local Beer (0.1gp)
Imported Beer (0.2gp)
Sea-Cow Milk (0.3gp)
Recycled Ice Water (0.1gp)
Oort Water (0.2gp)
Caffeine Blast Fizz (0.3gp)

Mammals and its subsidiaries are a Snivelling Earthquake Company Registered in Arcturus. By reading this menu you psychically consent to any all conditions current, past, future or alternate reality that Snivelling Earthquake chooses to make. You absolve Snivelling Earthquake of all responsibility for illness, sexual harassment suits, xenomorph impregnation or other side effects of eating Mammals prepared food. Hyades Sushi not available in border territories. Mammals is a trademark of Snivelling Earthquake, abuse of which is subject to terminal sanction.



Medbay of Sant Shivred (064) – Medical Services

The station has many medical services, but they're all rather expensive and specialised. There's little in the way of generally accessible medical services unless a mercenary hospital ship happens to be docked, but if you're desperate enough or destitute enough there's always the Unholy Medbay of Sant Shivred.

You can smell blood and incense long before you reach the pod. The poor and destitute of the station are gathered here. Along with the wounded from whatever brawls and battles have gone on of late.

They spill out into the hall, and some of the neighbouring pods play temporary host to the walking wounded – waiting to be seen.

Amongst the sick and injured the Nones of Sant Shivred totter and stride, tending where they can with delicate, spider-like fingers.

The Nones of Sant Shivred are a secular order of bitter nihilists who, while recognising their insignificance and pointlessness on the scale of the universe, still strive against entropy and suffering on an interpersonal level.

They seem dour and unfeeling, and that is true, but all their emotional energy is spent defying the universe.

Mindas Confessional Monastery (065) – Religious services

There's a waft of incense and, at the same time that smell assaults your nose, your ears are assaulted by the 'clang' of a gong, and the slap and grunt of hand-to-hand combat.



The pod is covered in woven mats, most of its area given over to a sparring square, where men and women in short monk's habits are taking it in turns to spar and wrestle.

The gong is a metal cylinder, like a bell, hanging from the ceiling and the sounding is one monk – or the other – punching or kicking it.

Despite its sheer weight and solidity, it's covered in dents. Others, hanging around the entrance, press their palms together and nod to you as you pass.

The Militant Monks of Mindas are an open order, with many chapters outside the monastery world of Mindas. Their code is simple, a healthy body means a strong mind, and confidence comes through competence.

To that end they hone their bodies in martial arts and weapon training, subjecting themselves to trials of endurance and strength and offering spiritual guidance in the form of training, exercise and even a confessional.

Those who feel overcome by guilt or regret can confess their sins to the monks, and have them beat them up, proportionate to the sin, though the monks try to avoid killing anyone.

Mister Tees (066) – Local guide

This is a rather gaudy looking affair. Bright colours and glitter coat the airlock which also carries the legend – in bright orange and teal – 'Mr Tees: Guide and Chaperone to the Galactic Gutter'.

The interior seems to have been split in half. Half must be the owner's apartment, the other half seems to be his office.

The walls project statements from his data-net reviews, both good and bad.

'A font of information' says one, 'scored me some hard to find drugs' says another, 'a handsy pervert' says a third.

The gentleman in question, diminutive in stature, with insanely long eyebrows that tangle back into his hair, and wildly bold wardrobe choices, leaps to his feet.

"Greetings sophonts! I am Mister Tees, that's Tees, to rhyme with peas. Mister Gazunda Tees. I am a bawd, raconteur and the loyalist friend you'll ever purchase. I know Satana and the Remilitarised Zone like the back of my hand, or the top of my penis. Twenty gee-pee per daycycle, plus expenses. I'm sure you have questions, so fire away!"

Mister Tees is as good as his word.

He is, indeed, a bottomless repository of knowledge about The Throat, Satana and the Remilitarised Zone.

The other side of all of this, the place where he makes most of his money, is that he takes payments and kickbacks to direct wealthy people in the direction of particular stores or services.

The more he gets you to spend at the 'right' place, the more money he makes.

You can pay him to be 'straight' with you, or go along for the ride. You'll learn a lot either way.

Mondo Guns (067) – Weapons Store

“Greetings sophont! Name of mine is Mondo. I sell many guns. Vely special. Whatever you need, I can get. With time. With money. Yes?”

The enthusiastic salesman is a squat, lizard-like creature with four arms, slow moving but with a wicked twinkle in its eye.

Its pod seems to be mostly living space, but amongst the oil-stained cushions and blankets, here and there sit guns – perfectly maintained and ready for purchase.

Always the merchant hovers, waiting and curious as to what you take an interest in.

Mondo has 2d6 random guns in stock at any time, with at least one piece sold or rotating out each day.

He charges 10% more than the list price, or 50% more if you want him to procure a specific firearm for you. Mondo is heavily armed, of course, and has plenty of friends – despite his mark-ups and peculiar ways.

Moord's Pop-Up Blade Store (068) – Weapons Store

This pod presents nothing, past its airlock, but a plain black wall with the legend ‘Moord’ in silver InterLang.

There is a drawer, but that is all, seemingly where you place the money and your written request.

It would seem that getting one of the famed blades of Moord requires a great deal of money and a great deal of trust.

Behind this blank slab is a technical workshop, full of supplies and machines, but there is no Moord. What there is, is a telepresence robot connected to a long-range sub-ether communications array – noticeable from outside the station. Moord works remotely to make these weapons, but his telepresence is so advanced it makes no difference to the quality.

Moord's work is galactically renowned and in huge demand, despite the hefty price tag.

- **Small, One-Handed Blades:** d10 damage, 1,000,000 GP
- **Medium, One-Handed Blades:** d12 damage, 10,000,000 GP
- **Large, One-Handed Blades:** d20 damage, 100,000,000 GP

Moord blades are unbreakable to anything but ExoTech, never go dull and remain razor sharp. They provide a +1 bonus to damage and to hit and have an armour-defeating level of 1. They count as being haute-couture, and grant a sense of confidence to the bearer, giving them a +2 bonus to their Will Save.

Mudlark's (069) – Wrestling and Swamp Habitat

A double airlock opens into a double-size pair of conjoined pods.

Low bench-tables surround a central ‘ring’ of sorts, which is sloppy with a mostly-brown mud. There are two levels of seating, but clearly, you are meant to sit cross-legged, and small hovering drones move about the place, offering small cups of pudding or jelly, or alcoholic goo, in exchange for a pittance. Bets are taken by similar drones while two sophonts wrestle and struggle in the slippery goop for supremacy.

Mudlark's is a rather specialised establishment, but it escapes the narrow interest of its owner's perversity with the betting, the food and the drink. Swamp dwelling sophonts also find it a more comfortable, moist place to hang out. The owner, Lundun, is a rat-like pervert of a human who mostly runs this place for his own personal satisfaction. The current Champion is Suntain 'Filthy' Rish. She knows the bouts primarily exist to get Lundun off but is a proud warrior in her own right.

Museum of Sentaran Smut (070) - Museum

A beaded curtain across the airlock separates this quiet little pod from the hubbub of the walkways. It is modest and unassuming, save for its delightfully retro sign, a simple plaque inscribed with the Sentaran sigil for 'Memory', a sinuous and sensuous form that seems to shimmer and shift, reminding you of old lovers and past conquests. Vague, enticing and intriguing shapes can be seen as the beads wave and clatter. There is a slot for coins and a plug for electronic donations, but otherwise, it seems to be open and free.

Inside, shaded and intriguing from the low lighting, shielded and secured are the most breathtaking and indescribable artefacts of Sentaran smut. Preserved from countless crusades by puritanical and prudish species and movements, this must be the most extensive collection of Sentaran erotica outside of their own archives.

An obsessively sensual species their whole culture is steeped in sexuality, and it is entirely beyond anything you could have imagined. You find yourself gripped in a captivating state of arousal, flushed and panting as your eyes dart from one artefact to the next.

Simply being within this museum requires Toughness or Will saves (whichever is highest) every turn to prevent the character from being overcome with desire and pleasure.

The Sentaran reputation for sensuality is more than earned.

Artefacts include *The Lingham Ring*, *The Sentaran Book of a Million Pleasures*, temple carvings from the *Mating Cathedral of Isthmus Prime* and *The Dancing Light of the Field of Flowers*.

New Business (071) – Pod for Rent

What's this? It seems like this pod has had a bit of a clean and a lick of paint. Could a new owner have moved in?

If so, they'll be looking for new customers. Perhaps you should introduce yourselves?

A new place has set up a business. What kind of business? Well, that's up to you. If you lack inspiration, here's a quick randomiser.

New Business Table

1. Housing.
2. Armaments.
3. Clothing.
4. Food.
5. Drink.
6. Adult Services.
7. Tech Gear.
8. Exotic/Other.

Use a D8 to determine the quality level of the business. 1. Scum pit, 2-3. Low, 4-5. Moderate, 6-7. High, 8. Luxurious.

Nugget (072) – Prospecting and processing

A flickering holo-sign depicts a cartoonish human, in stuttering animation, making great effort to take a shit into a bucket.

The result of all his excessive straining and huffing is a tiny nugget of gold, in the shape of a tiny poop.

The interior is a steaming, smoky mess of minerals and metals being refined and ground, assayed and weighed. Most of the work is being done by robotic arms, built into the pod itself.

The real industrial work seems to be going on behind the scenes, in specialist pods attached to this one. The rates are terrible, by galactic standards.

Bettall of the Brem runs this establishment, and she is tight with money to the point of pathology. Accounts for ever cent, every gram, every fragment in her care and ruthlessly tries to profit.

There's slim mining in this system anyway, but occasionally people bring her exotic alloys or unusual mineral samples worth her time. Not to mention those who jack claims, or otherwise cannot sell their mineral finds legitimately.

Her only real weakness is for gemstones, which she pays something close to market rates for, and squirrels away in her private vault.

Okra the Everblind (073) – Mystical fortune-telling

This pod seems to be a private residence, more than anything else, but there is still a sign outside, made of wood – of all things – and painted, crudely, with the legend 'Fates foretold, 10 GP.'

The interior reeks of herbs and incense. Everywhere there are small cages with strange little alien animals huddled in them, drying herbs in pots or hanging from the ceiling, cushions, coloured sand, drapes and bones.

What you thought was a pile of rags shifts and moves, a living skeleton, dark-skinned and blind, a golden orb set upon her head, moving like a string puppet.

"Who is there, eh? Okra hears you, Okra smells you, Okra would feel you know your visage. Come for a fate-telling, hmm? Okra can help you there, cross my palm with platinum and hear tell."

Okra is a witch, far, far, far from home. She is said to be a powerful psychic, though she rarely (if ever) uses her powers here. The one thing she does do is peer into the future with her gift of prophecy.

The only problem is that she does not get 'visions'. Every other sense she can describe (allowing the Games Master to give players clues for the forthcoming adventure), but never sight.

All prophecy has some sort of annoying aspect to it, and hers is no different.

Part Time Heroes (074) – Guns for hire

Most of the pod is hidden behind a small anteroom, little more than a desk and a terminal. A brightly pink-skinned woman with tentacles for hair is perched on a chair behind it. Behind her, on the wall, is a logo, PTH in old Earthling, on a primitive shield. “Welcome to Part Time Heroes. Are you hiring out or hiring on?”

Inside it’s more like a clubhouse. There’s a couple of screens, showing jobs and opportunities – not all of them even paying. Otherwise, there are bunks, basic food replicators and a couple of gear maintenance stations. A few people – adventurers, much like yourselves, are crashed out on the beds or hunched over the workstations. They nod or salute casually in greeting.

Majbol Ockirty is the receptionist and chapter head for this office of Part Time Heroes.

Unusual for this hive of scum and villainy, this is a place for genuine heroes. Sure, they’ll take the odd mercenary contract, but only for a good cause. Even if you can’t pay, they’ll take a job for a worthy cause – if they’re feeling especially heroic.

Joining PTH costs 20 GP per month, for which you get access to basic PTH facilities (such as a bunk and gear maintenance. Those fees go to support members in dire need, and the PTH offers essential services, drawn from this communal fund. The group runs their jobs through a moral and ethical filter for suitability, before taking them on, and this underlying code of conduct: “Try to do right” is something you sign up to when you join the group.



The Pits (075) – Fighting ring and gambling

As the airlock hisses open, a rather foul stink emerges. Sawdust, wet hay, blood, excrement and viscera. A metallic tinge beneath it, an aftertaste of oil. The chamber beyond is three pods across, forged into one. The pods on either side preserve part of their structure, shielding the audience from the goings-on in the ring, thick hull-spec windows letting the watch the mucky ring in safety, with projected betting screens and analyses projecting onto the window. This is a low-market fighting ring, where animal fights animal, robot fights robot, robot fights animal and man (or sophont) fights either, or both.

This is very much a low-class establishment. It has much more blood, much less professional (or fair) staff, unfair fights and – frequently – fixed betting. At the far end of the 'ring' is another pod, with a much more secure airlock, that contains the 'in house' fighters, bought, scavenged or otherwise acquired for the fights. Rempro, the proprietor, is a vile piece of work, who feeds lapsing debtors to his prized stonegrinders.

Pleasant Passage (076) – Funeral services

'Olemander and Sie, a Pleasant Passage to the Afterlife', reads the sign.

Mister Olemander is a tall, lean and above all damp looking creature with a flickering tongue like a monitor lizard, though it seems he does not speak.

Mister Sie, on the other hand, is short and round, almost spherical, with a beak-like nose and a broad smile that almost seems to wrap all the way around his head.

He is extremely vocal where his partner is taciturn, and the pair of them are garbed in a peculiar, almost parodic, version of human funerary garb.

"Welcome, Sir, Madam or Miscellaneous. I am Mister Sie, this is my partner Mister Olemander. We are a funerary service. We can accommodate most, if not all, requirements – one way or another. Burial, immolation, devouring by animals, composting, freezing, preparation for cannibalistic rites. Myself and my silent partner will bend every will and spare no expense – which you will cover of course – to see your friend seen into the afterlife in style. Whom might we convey to the hereafter for you, this fine day."

There are two pods. The front-of-house where they display holograms of their various services, and the back pods which house a bewildering array of religious costumes and props, as well as their body preparation and preservation area.

It also, disturbingly, doubles as their personal quarters.

Olemander and Sie are discrete, professional, but cynical and uncaring at the same time.

They're careful and precise and somewhat predatory (at least economically), but they do provide an excellent service and do all the can to give someone the send-off they pay for.

Podhire & Purchase (077) – Pod Rental

A bank of automated screens here list the current pods and positions in the station structure – even as they're being moved and interchanged. 'Rent' for pods, or docking fees, can be paid here via the automated system, and a list of potential coffins or apartment pods is present – with their rates – allowing electronic keys for access to be printed and used.

It's just what it says, but there's always a line. Even though you can set up automatic payments, or pay over comm. Some people prefer to do it themselves, in person, with physical and data records that they can keep themselves, just in case, and some chancer is always trying to hack or duplicate keys – which only amuses Satana.

Auxiliary Power Core (078) – Power station

Black and yellow lines mark this door, and it is stencilled with the legend 'Essential Services, No Entry'. A pair of refitted whorebots stand guard, and the place thrums with power. The clamps are polished, but a little worn. This pod must travel about the station wherever the power demands are highest. In a configurable station, this only makes sense.

The auxiliary power core is something of a ruse, but only something of one. The extra power core does help spread the load, but the pods' independent power and Satana's power core are more than sufficient. What the power core does allow for is the distraction of saboteurs and enemies, and for the station to be split in two, while maintaining full power in the separated sections.

Predation: Ykita-Nikku (079) - Restaurant

Discordant pipes, thrumming bells and plucking strings form the background to the sounds of dining in here, but those sounds are also interspersed with the odd squeak, shriek or other animal noise. Low, kneeling tables run a circuit of the pod and chefs in elaborate kimonos work tirelessly on broths, sauces and accompaniments to the main dishes which seem to be various, small, bite-size creatures that are alive.

Ykita-Nikku is an ancient art of breeding living food, established on Hoshi Knokuran ships which, legend says, departed from Ancient Terra, centuries ago, mainly from the mythical *Lands of Gundam and Porcelain*.

Ykita-Nikku became a necessity when faulty refrigeration units mean the loss of the ability to preserve food long term. To survive, without resorting to cannibalism, these generational ships began breeding insects, vermin and vat-cloned species that they did have access to, to make them living food – that could preserve itself. That, combined with pickling, keeping in salt and alcohol, fermentation and other processes gave them a way to survive.

Now Ykita-Nikku is a great delicacy, famous as 'exotic' food, or something that tickles the evolutionary psychology of predator species, without being a pain in the arse.

Ginsuga Mashay is the chief chef here, his breeding lines for his delicacies are over two-hundred years old.

Of particular note amongst his repertoire are his paper-shell crabs, puryn custard-grubs, hot-and-sour voles and spicy newts.

Mashay genuinely loves his animals, but he also loves eating them and giving them to other people to eat – alive. This is considered cruel and outlawed on many humanitarian worlds, but he'll be damned if he's going to give up the tradition.

Psionic Temple (080) – Psionic services

There is a strange sensation of pressure, outward, from inside your skull, as you approach the next pod. The doors are open, and the interior is a slowly shifting dapple of purple and turquoise. There is a constant background hum that sets you at peace, and within the pod, you can see various people – each with a witch mark, seen or assumed – in a state of meditation. The only real fixture – other than simple cushions, is a slowly rotating, indigo pyramid, subtly vibrating as though it's out of phase with this universe.

The pyramid is actually a life form, Sie-Mem, a psychic intelligence from another plane of existence. Its presence allows other supernatural entities to recharge their psychic powers in half the usual time. In exchange for this, Sie-Mem only asks for donations, and stories of sights seen, and battles won.

Public Minifac (081) – Public factory

There's a queue outside this pod. Many people are waiting, many of them fiddling with data-sticks while they do so. There's a lot of conversation and laughter between them all. Through the crowd, the pod is filled with a variety of mini-factories, all of which are in constant use. They're producing standard-template clothing, machines, parts and even simple armour and weapons.

Mini-factories are like 3D printers, but much faster and capable of printing and assembling multiple pieces of different materials. This is done for double the cost of the raw materials, to cover maintenance of the machines. Templates are not, generally, the best designs (which are jealously guarded by creators) and the materials fed into these factories is usually not of a high standard. Penalise such equipment accordingly in its use, especially weapons and armour.

Pussycat Shields (082) – Forcefields

A luminous, fluorescent, garish cartoon cat is projected, holographically, into the corridor, moving in slow motion as it bats holographic bullets out of the air. The interior of the pod is set out almost like a boutique, mannequins in various alien body-forms, wearing demo versions of a variety of personal force-fields.

Pussycat's shields are fashion items, as much as they are protective. The projectors are built into stylish pieces of jewellery – rings, circlets and necklaces. They also, when activated, surround the wearer with a visible field, a sheen, even a holo-projection or a light-dampener, that can alter your silhouette or show you off in style.

The shields with a holographic option have a x1.0 multiplier to cost and can project all manner of stylish holographic overlays. Fake clothing, scrolling messages, twining dragons, or a light-dampener that adds +1 to Stealth. A shield can switch between multiple displays (if bought), or its visible aspect can be turned off.



Ravenfeather Couriers (083) - Courier

A quiet, nondescript, backwater little pod is tucked out of the way here. The airlock is simple, battered hull-metal, with an angular rune, scratched into the metal.

The interior is spartan, dark, smoky, and a pair of black-clad people, one male, one female, look at you, eyes glittering in the dark.

“You have something you wish conveyed?”

Hugh and Mue are members of a transhuman clan, far from home and far from their tribe. They have chosen to make a way for themselves in this part of the universe.

Their capabilities and their ships are somewhat unique in this area of space, and while their clan looks down on the unmodified, especially baseline humans, they've learned to be more forgiving and wouldn't go back at this point.

Recyclotron (084) - Recycling

‘STAFF ONLY’ reads the sign across the black-and-yellow striped airlock.

Through the door's tiny, mucky window you can just about make out that several interconnected pods are joined together back there, full of grotty looking tanks and heavy industrial machinery.

A few refitted whorebots in blue jumpsuits are working at the machines, and occasionally the doors slide open and a small tug-droid dashes off on a delivery task with canisters of water, ingots of metal or other materials.

This is the Recyclotron.

This workshop is made up of scavenged recycling and reprocessing machinery from a dozen different ships.

It is designed and maintained to keep most public recycling away from Satana's central section, to avoid any threat of contamination, infection or sabotage.

The Recyclotron supplements Satana's atmosphere processing, water cleansing, waste recycling and refining.

It even provides power, through the atomic disintegration of non-reusable waste.

ROBOTHUGS! (085) – Robot hire

Sparks and smoke issue from the open airlock of this pod.

A sign made from dismembered robot parts reads a crude approximation of 'Robothugs!'.

Peering inside it has more of the look of a chop shop. There are pieces of robot hanging everywhere, others held in vices or being tended by machines.

A few sophonts in coveralls work on various robots in various states of disrepair, and there's a secure airlock behind, leading to another pod.

Karb is in charge here, a cigar-chomping, silicon-based engineer who makes cheap, but combat-capable robots that he hires out to people.

These come in three models, a bruiser, a scout and a general-purpose model. He has around 48 of each model available, depending on how many require repair, and the active models are stored in the back-room pod.

He doesn't care what you use them for, just that you pay what you owe and on time.

The bots cost 5gp per day to hire, plus a return deposit of 50gp per unit.

Damaged or lost units mean you lose half or all of your deposit, per unit.

Rollin' Rock (086) – Music venue

The outer airlock is decorated with fluorescing rocks, under ultraviolet light.

Beyond that is a lengthwise pod, its walls decorated with old band posters, promotional holograms and other paraphernalia of the music business, layered several deep.

This is also where people seem to hang out, talk, make deals and wait for admittance.

The airlock at the other end vibrates with bass, and beyond it, four pods have been fitted together width-wise to make a large, square area with a stage, bar, and ample open space.

The walls and floor are lined with the same fluorescing rocks, zunyite, selenite, willemite and fluorite, and the sound is deafening.

All-day, all-night Rollin' Rock plays the phattest beats from across the galaxy, the edgiest, tastiest noises from a million musical traditions – but especially those regarded as dangerous or blasphemous.

The staff are all robots, to keep up with the sound and the 24/7 lifestyle and the owner keeps their identity a secret, but they seem to have deep pockets and a love of giving live shows to bands that are in trouble with the law.

Satana Freight (087) – Shipping services

Plain airlock doors open into a single, minimalist pod. As you enter Satana's face appears on the far wall, the sound of her voice harmonising with itself as it sounds out from walls, floor and ceiling. "Welcome to the shipping centre." She says. "Here I can organise and handle your legal, illegal and grey-market goods shipping. I coordinate with local captains and handle bidding for tenders. Please confirm your cargo and destination."

This is, indeed, what it says it is. Satana acts as a trustworthy intermediary, holding payments in escrow and helping put ships and cargoes in contact. You can do this over the comm, but many hauliers and clients prefer to meet in person to get the measure of each other and to be 'directly' witnessed by one of Satana's many instances.

Satana Passengers (088) – Passenger services

Plain airlock doors open into a single, minimalist pod. As you enter Satana's face appears on the far wall, the sound of her voice harmonising with itself as it sounds out from walls, floor and ceiling. "Welcome to the passenger centre." She says. "Here, I can organise and handle your legal, illegal and grey-market passage on ships entering and leaving my control. I coordinate with local captains and handle bidding for passage. Please confirm your identity and destination."

This is precisely what it says it is. Satana acts as a trustworthy intermediary, holding payments in escrow and helping put ships and passengers in contact.

You can do this over the comm, but many captains and clients prefer to meet in person to get the measure of each other and to be 'directly' witnessed by one of Satana's many instances. Satana cannot guarantee that ships offering passage are entirely above board, almost the opposite, but there's plenty of captains who ask no questions so long as you pay in full and on time.

ScamNet Call Centres (089) – Scam services

Bold as brass, the sign on the airlock reads 'ScamNet: The leading name in fraud.'

This pod seems to be some sort of central hub office for the company and only has a few people, lounging at desks and engaged in banter and flirtation. There's a 3D map of Satana here, updating in real-time as pods are moved around by tenders. A slick and predatory human in a suit jumps to his feet and offers his hand. "Hi, there! After a job or can we render service for you? We offer many exciting opportunities and products!"

ScamNet have their own off-station communications array with data servers and FTL transmitters. They also run sub-offices out of various pods from which they run their business. They offer secure data storage, identity spoofing, CommNet services, and so forth, but the main thrust of their business is providing semi-AI spambots, botnets and staff for running financial scams. They especially thrive on making 'first contact' via early FTL communication techniques (or pre-FTL techniques) and exploiting backwards systems by over-selling defunct galactic technology to 'rube' civilisations that don't know what they have.

They're a bunch of horrible, amoral, cunts.

Seven Decades (090) - Cryo-storage

This pod is sealed, and a pair of guard robots stand either side of the door, keeping watch.

There is a console, attached to the wall in the hallway. This seems to be the way to communicate with whatever business or individual runs the pod. As you draw close a holo-projector in the console conjures a smiling, generic, feminine sophont face.

"Welcome to Seven Decades, long term cryogenic storage in partnership with Satana Station. On the run? Incurable illness? Want to see how something turns out? Why not freeze yourself?"

7D offers short or long term cryogenic storage of sophonts that are capable of suspended animation in this way (this tending to mean carbon-based lifeforms of a recognisable type and temperature range from Old Earth).

This is relatively cheap, but they do cram in the clients. A single pod holds approximately 150 sophonts in foetal positions, racked up in an automated sorting device.

Generally, they only run a single pod, but in times of high demand, they rent and attach extras, fitting them out with additional pods. 7D's contract gives them access to your bank account while you are frozen, allowing them to invest and make a profit from their client's fortune while they're frozen. Rumours of particularly wealthy clients being kept frozen far longer than they asked to be are, of course, apocryphal.

7D Freezing Fees

Basic freezing and defrosting fee: 100 GP

Per day of storage: 1 GP

Per full week of storage (surcharge): 1 GP

Per full month of storage (surcharge): 2 GP

Per full year of storage (surcharge): 5 GP

Per full decade of storage (surcharge): 10 GP

Early defrosting fee (surcharge): 100 GP

The maximum period under normal circumstances is 100 years.

Golden Sloots (091) - Gambling

Gambling is, of course, legal here on Satana station. If only because nothing is particularly illegal.

That means there's a hell of a lot of it going on, random bets, high stakes card games, animal fights and all the rest. Sometimes you want a little of the glitz and glamour that gambling tries to justify itself with, and that might well lead you here to Golden Sloots.

A single pod corridor leads into three pods, strapped together. These are crowded with gambling machines, virtuality pods, baize tables and all the various accoutrements of the gambling past times of many different species.

It's a cacophonous thunder of hyperstimulation and distraction. The place is complete with mooks, and call girls watching over the tables, offering kisses (or more) for luck. Moving through the pod, glad-handing and offering forgiveness and condemnation in equal measure, is Slood Steddy himself, casino owner and – so it's said – interstellar mob boss.

There's all manner of gambling games here, and people will bet on anything and everything under the sun. You can convey this during play by digging out old board or tabletop games and playing them for in-game money. I suggest something fun and straightforward, like Guess Who or Connect 4. You can also make up your own games, or find uses for the Machinations of the Space Princess tarot deck if you wanted.

Sloot runs a tight ship and isn't fond of cheats – or those who seem to be cheating – at all. Get too lucky, and you might find yourself going for a naked spacewalk.

Smoked Skitter (092) – Fast food

What is that delicious smell? Cutting your way through the crowd, you espy the frontage of a pod, with a holographic cartoon hullskitter with the letter 'x' in place of its eyes, endlessly being animated to be pressed between two slices of bread. The delicious smell is coming from inside, frying meat and allium, with an underlying sweetness. 'Skitters are space-rats and disease carriers, but your stomach is growling nonetheless.

Inside the pod is coated – wall floor and ceiling – with an antibacterial, wipe-clean surface. The majority of the pod is just a long fast-food bar with stools, a few tenders, and a grill as long as the bar, continually turning 'skitters into food.

This place has the character of a fast-food chain, but it isn't one. They do have portable stalls offering 'skitters all around the station, and many crews get a taste for it. The 'secret sauce' to making 'skitter palatable is a secret of the restaurant though. They get their stock from the on-station 'skitters and those of ships that put in to dock.

Smoked Skitter Menu

Bottomless Soda (Citrus Explosion, Berry-Sweet, Blood of Mine Enemies or Kaff-Kola): 0.1 GP

Skitter Bun (fried skitter with fried allium and one sauce or topping of your choice): 0.2 GP

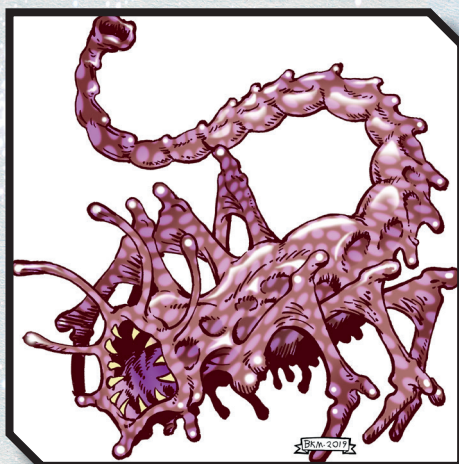
Additional sauces/toppings (fruit sauce, hot sauce, grated cheese, meat sauce, gravy, curry sauce): 0.1 GP

Skitter Burger (minced skitter, fried, in a round bun with fried allium): 0.2 GP

Kruut Beer (a non-alcoholic, medicinal-tasting beverage made from bone and seed): 0.2 GP

Cold Joy (frozen milk byproduct, served with fruit and caramel sauce): 0.3 GP.

Hot Joy (hot fruit pie with custard): 0.3 GP



Snorps! BUY ONE! YOU ARE POWERLESS TO RESIST! (093)

- Shop

Bright lights and loud noises demand your attention, so loud as to echo into the surrounding pods – intervening vacuum or not. There's even a catchy jingle, cycling through the more common languages, though not all of them fit the tune especially well.

A man in a ridiculous hat and even more ridiculous trousers calls out to you as you pass.

"Ladies! Gentlemen! Asexual aliens and all points in between! Can you afford NOT to have a Snorp?! They're cuddly, they're colourful! They'll make your life better in every way! They're not even that expensive! Perhaps buy one for a friend or a lover! Win them over!"

Snazz Belgrub is the man and selling Snorps is his game.

Snorps are, seemingly, soft toys, they look sort of like a mixture between a sea slug and an elephant, with one big, large eye, a soft trunk, floppy ears and a wavy fringe around its 'foot'. It emits a soft purring noise when stroked, but appears to be almost entirely made up of a spongy, marshmallow-like, unidentifiable substance.

Snorps reproduce, by splitting, without losing any mass, so there's always more than enough of them about. They emit a low-level psychic field that has a soothing, calming effect most of the time. It does also, however, subtly – then more strongly – prompt and urge their owner to give away their spares to others.

Once a Snorp has its hooks in you, it's addictive. Offering calm nights and reassurance, wordlessly, through its psychic field. Will saves are required to avoid these effects, and poor old Snazz is more vulnerable than most.

Owning a Snorp and carrying it with you provides restful nights, deep sleep, and +1 to saving throws against fear effects or other tests of courage. Failing to give extra Snorps away, however, slowly results in more and more daytime anxiety and a need to fob them off on others that becomes more desperate over time.

Insidious plot? ExoTech? Self-marketing genius product? Who knows.

Spiffy Couriers (094) - Courier

A chequerboard front to the pod is superimposed by the words Spiffy Couriers in old-Earth Anglic, with a 'swooshing' spaceship pictured flying under the text. It doesn't seem like a particularly professional outfit. The woman you take to be the pilot is asleep on a couch with her boots up on the arm. The receptionist is on the comm, engaged in a heated argument with a man you take to be her boyfriend, and there's some sort of out-size cat prowling around the place. To your shock its the cat that approaches you: "Marf... got something you need shipping, marf? We may not look like much, but we've got it where it counts, marf. Discretion!"

Marf is an uplifted Norwegian forest cat, with a long lineage that has survived the human diaspora. He's the real brains of the outfit, even though he imposed himself on Catchar Velez (the pilot), insisting that he is her 'pet'. Letefa and Marf handle things while Catchar is out at work. When she's not at work, she tends to pass out on the couch here.

It's a small outfit, but because of that they'll take just about any job, and will work with the utmost discretion at all times. They have no other choice if they want to stay in business. Catchar is really holding out for that one, big score, so they no longer have to worry.

Sputnikola Sensors (095) - Sensors

As you saunter by the airlock to another pod, its exterior screens light up, scrolling all manner of readouts about you. Height, weight, species, gender, state of mind even.

This pod seems to be picking up even quite intimate details about you from some sort of deep scan of your body. Then the whole wall lights up:

"Sputnikola Sensors, matchless!"

All that effort, and risk of pissing you off, to try and sell you some sensors? Hell of a dangerous pitch.

The interior is more of a workshop than anything else. Microfactories hum and buzz, marking out custom chips and circuit boards. Cases and screens are everywhere in various states of disrepair and a handful of technicians – most of them wearing engineers goggles – are hard at work on a dozen sensor systems.

One of them comes over, pushing his goggles back from his eyes, upon onto his head. "Help you? Need a specialised scanner?"

Sputnikola is a human founded and run business offering custom scanners and readouts.

They can replace and upgrade sensor systems, customise readouts and even design and build scanners for specialist uses. They're also capable of using broken-down ExoTech materials to create truly strange and wondrous scanners. Some of their creations are capable of detecting shame, intelligence and for assaying artefacts for likely future cultural value.

Starhalla (096) - Afterlife

There is no airlock here, it has been replaced by a force screen which makes your hair stand on end as you pass through it. The walls of the interior are dark and glass, scrolling with readouts, the faces, names and vital statistics of a lot of interesting, dangerous-looking people. A woman, seven feet tall, clad in glowing circuit patterns and an ornate, horned helm is knelt – in mid-air – apparently meditating. Without opening her eyes, she speaks, a deep, but a feminine voice.

"I sense potential in you, here. Leave a fragment of your spirit to guide other warriors, or take a fragment of theirs to aid you in battle. If I judge you worthy."

Eyr is a wandering transhuman with the technology to record personality, skill and knowledge into a kind of 'half-life'. They can take a recording of you, that activates via quantum entanglement if you should die, leaving a limited upload version of your 'soul' that can then be bound into equipment or even a robot body.

You must be at least level six to undergo the procedure, and it keeps itself updated after that. The chip stores your personality and memories but is a little 'spaced out' and limited.

The chip can store up to five skill points, which can be used to aid the user of the weapon or device that the binding mechanism latches onto. The binder, or 'LeefKees', starts out as a black wafer and grows like a fungus into the machine it is attached to.

The Tea Leaf (097) - ?

A crudely painted sign appears to depict a sprig of fresh green leaves. The airlock itself is thoroughly locked behind mechanical and electronic protection. It would take a great deal of time and effort to bypass these locks.

The way it looks, it might well be a deliberate challenge, though you can't see that the task is even worth it.

Inside there's little but dust, and a round, plain metal token with coordinate codes graven into it.

This pod isn't the actual thieves' guild, that pod is hidden behind a plain metal wall in the corridor coordinates graven on the token.

If you're carrying the token, you can 'phase' through the wall, thanks to an ExoTech device the guild has built into their pod.

The pod is mostly just a place to lie low, and the test is to figure out who is skilful and worthy enough to join them. It's a rag-tag, unpredictable gang who don't owe each other much.

On balance, however, they will look after each other, and a strong leader could weld the thieves' guild into a genuine organisation.

Universal Ramen (098) - Noodles

There should be a pod here, but there isn't. There's an airlock – open – with a countertop behind it, but the vast and overwhelming majority of the pod is hidden. This front area, the counter only a metre across, the kitchen only four metres across, multi-level with many pots of broth on the go, noodle dough proving and various other ingredients in various states of (intentional) freshness or otherwise. There are only two stools, and there's barely room for two people to sit together. There's not even a sign, it seems like reputation is enough, and at this prices, it'd better be good.

A rather singular chef works here, a multi-armed, multi-eyed creature who has taken on the almost lost human art of making ramen and has elevated it beyond the limitations of ancient Earth history to become something new, distinct and unique. Grains from around the galaxy, the finest broths, the most rarefied of ingredients. Pipace (the chef), puts everything together to the point of absolute perfection. Consuming his ramen is said to be a life-changing experience.

MENU

CHEF'S CHOICE RAMEN: 100 GP

Your first-ever bowl of ramen grants you 100 XP, your second bowl grants you 50 XP, your third bowl grants you 25 XP. After that, you gain no further bonus from the noodles, other than a full stomach. You cannot, however, be happy with any other bowl of noodles made anywhere.

They're not addictive per se, they're just that goddamn good.

Unsaid Investigations (099) - Private Investigations

The airlock has a stencil on it, of a crude humanoid face with eyes closed, mouth zipped shut. On the glass of the door is inscribed 'Alcor Leppard, Private Eye', in basic Urlanth.

The interior is smoky, an old fashioned fan circulating the air and an auxiliary atmosphere processor doing its best. Half of the room is walled off, and this half appears to be a reception area of sorts.

A gynoid sits primly at the desk, tapping away on what appears to be an antique typewriter, fitted with a holographic interface that projects above it.

"Are you here to see Mr Leppard? I'll buzz you in."

She presses a button on her desk and speaks toward it.
"Mr Leppard, some dangerous-sophonts to see you."

Through the door is an office, another fan, smokier air. Squatting, ape-like behind the desk is something between a gorilla and an elephant, or a tapir. It wears a battered grey fedora and is draped in a grey raincoat over its shoulders.

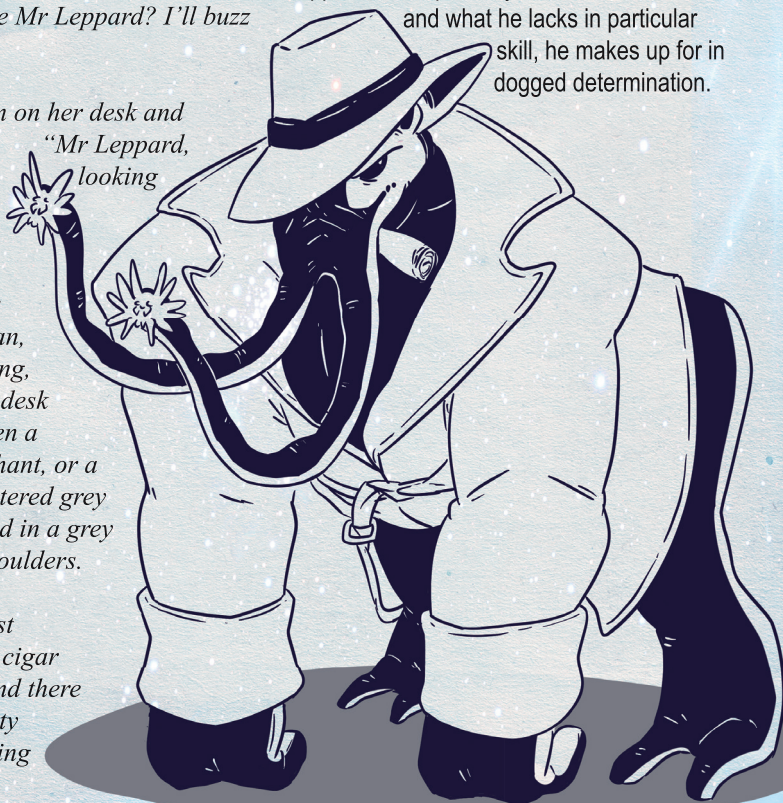
It's smoking the most enormous, stinkiest cigar you've ever seen, and there are quite a few empty bottles of booze laying around.

When it speaks the voice comes out in a flat monotone from a translator apparently glued to the thing's neck.

"Greeting: Welcome to Unsaid Investigations. Exposition: I am Alcor Leppard PI. Interrogative: Can I help you?"

It's only now that you realise that since you stepped inside, everything has been white, grey or black. This being is affecting the style of ancient Old Earth media. What a freak.

Alcor Leppard is the station's premier – and only permanent – private eye. The Alcor are a literal-minded race, and 'Unsaid Investigations' is a mistranslation of 'private' or 'privileged'. Leppard is scrupulously honest, reasonable, and what he lacks in particular skill, he makes up for in dogged determination.



Zwilnik's Indulgence (100) - Drugs

There's a cross outside this pod, affixed to the wall of the corridor. It swirls with blue and purple light, like some sort of lava lamp and the sign above the door is no-nonsense and on-the-nose. 'Narcotics'. The door itself is marked 'Zwilnik's Indulgence' and bears the phrase 'clean, safe, pure'.

Inside it is laid out much like a pharmacy, clean shelves, clean, stark lighting, and professionally packaged narcotics and their various accoutrements. All the needles, pipes, bongs, rubber hosing and so on you could ever need.

Note: It's impossible to cover the possibilities of all drugs or drug-like materials. I'll expand on the rules later, but you could take these to give +1-3 bonus to saves or to uses of particular skills. Just don't skip over the downsides like the hangovers, the physical depletion and the addiction.

Example: Thionite is an incredibly powerful hallucinogen and Euphoric. It has the side effect of locking your muscles, thought and senses so as to be virtually insensible to the world around you. Imprisoning you into an ecstatic fantasy world where your deepest conscious and unconscious desires play out. It's a Strong (x3) Hallucinogen (0.2) and Euphoric (0.2) for a cost of 0.4 multiplied by 4. 1.6 GP per dose.

Menu

- **Stimulants** 0.1 GP/Dose (amphetamines, meth, cocaine).
- **Depressants** 0.1 GP/Dose (barbiturates, benzos, cannabis).
- **Hallucinogens** 0.2 GP/Dose (DMT, LSD, psilocybin).
- **Euphorics** 0.2 GP/Dose (opioids, MDMA, usually combined with other effects).
- **Multiple Effects** x1 cost per additional effect.

Strength Level:

- **Weak** x1 cost
- **Moderate** x2 cost
- **Strong** x3 cost

Random Corridor Events

001 An Aggressive Snorps Salesman

A strung-out looking man approaches dark rings around his eyes, flop-sweat dripping down his face. "SNORPS!" he shouts, at deafening volume. "YOU MUST BUY SNORPS! There is a store, here, yes, on the station that sells them. You must go there, right now and buy one. My very life depends on it!"

He'll do just about anything to persuade you to go to the store and buy a Snorp.

002 AI in transit

An intricate electronic pattern sweeps across the walls, passing through the computational strata and projecting a representation of itself as it does so. An AI, moving its consciousness to another data storage centre on the station. So much complex data to pass along it takes an amount of time even squishy organics can notice.

003 Alcor Leppard on a job

A lumbering creature, somewhere between a gorilla and a tapir brushes past you, pausing to tip its grey fedora with its trunk. A flat monotone voice comes out of a computer box on its throat. "Apologetic: Sorry if I inconvenienced you."

This is the PI Alcor Leppard, on his way to question some people for a case. There's a chance he could use some extra muscle to help intimidate the suspect and will pay a handful of GP for the characters to stand around looking scary.

004 Amnesiac

A very confused looking sophont is meandering back and forth across the corridor, accosting people as they pass. He comes up to you next, pressing his hands against your chest. "I can't remember who I am! Do you know me? Do you recognise me? Have you seen me around?"

A memory reprogramming has gone very, very wrong. These things happen, albeit very rarely.

005 Assassin

A black-clad sophont stalks the corridors, head on a swivel, hand at the holster on their gun belt, ready to strike. They're either paranoid, or they're on the lookout for a mark. You really hope it isn't you.

Assassins often visit the station. A lot of renegades and murderers run to Satana, knowing that it's relatively off-grid and that Satana doesn't care. Trouble is, she doesn't much care about the assassins either. Bud Gerrard is a favourite target as he made many enemies.

006 Band

A small group of similarly dressed sophonts are wending their way through the crowd. They're carrying instrument bags, and unlike a lot of people who do that on Satana, they look like they can play.

This is a band, come here to perform. Up-and-coming bands do this to get some street cred, and others to show that they have some edge or balls. Roll a d100 at least twice to come up with their style, keep rolling until you can get something that sounds about right.

Examples: *Gangster+Goth = Gothster. The Cave World of Chirop produces mournful music associated with its illegal blood dealers.*

Garage+Disco = Pod Disco. *Literal 'garage' music, because it's music designed for small, hard spaces like pods and garages and tiny, intimate parties.*
Doom+Pop+Random = Doom Hook-Pop. *Pop music that starts out catchy and fluffy and descends into darker themes and nihilism.*

Gangster Rock 'n Roll = Extortion *Loungr. Songs sung by gangster affiliated groups that talk about what horrible things they'll do if the venue owner doesn't pay protections. The best known Extortion Lounge band in the sector are Vince Velvet and the Vomits, a gang of amphibians with acidic vomit. The sound is a mixture of classic 'do-wop' with 1950s crooners.*

Esoteric + Speed = BlipZen, *a style of meditate music that uses technology and fine attunement to create sounds that activate the meditative areas of the brain far more swiftly. Supposedly this 'high speed ambient' can compress the time needed to meditate by a factor of two to five.*

Funk + Metal = Funk metal, *this is, like, already a thing, so just put some old Red Hot Chilli Peppers on in the background and have done.*

Indie Dance = Different Drum, *a style of music where each and every participant wears headphones and gets pumped a personalised version of the track, which has the same beat so people can still dance together.*

Style

1. Acid
2. Acoustic
- 3-5. Alternative
6. Ambient
- 7-8. Arthouse
9. Atonal
- 10-11. Black.
- 12-13. Blues
14. Bubblegum
15. Choral
16. Country
- 17-18. Dance
- 19-20. Death
21. Disco
- 22-23. Doom
24. Downtempo
25. Electro
26. Electronic
27. Esoteric
28. Experimental
29. Folk
30. Funk
- 31-34. Gangster
- 35-36. Garage
- 37-39. Goth
- 40-43. Grunge
- 44-46. Hardcore
- 47-48. Hip Hop
49. House
50. Hypno
51. Idol
- 52-53. Indie
- 54-57. Industrial
58. Jazz
59. Lounge
- 60-64. Metal
65. Neo
66. Orchestral
- 67-68. Percussion
- 69-71. Pirate
72. Pop
- 73-75. Power
- 76-80. Punk
- 81-83. Rap
- 84-85. Rave
86. Reggae
87. Religious
- 88-89. Rock
- 90-91. Rock n' Roll
92. Shanty
- 93-94. Ska
95. Speed
96. Traditional
97. Trance
- 98-99. Tribal

100. Use a random word generator from the internet

007-008 Beggar

A bundle of blankets and rags at the side of the corridor suddenly moves, holding out a filthy hand and lifting a cardboard sign with 'help' written on it.

"Hey buddy, can you spare a few fragments of a GP? I ain't got so much as a coffin to call home and haven't eaten in a couple of days. Just a hundredth, or a tenth? I can accept most cred sticks or hard currency."

In a closed system like a space station, you tend to run into the same beggars again and again. They remember a friendly face and can be a good source of information. If they don't get killed. That happens to beggars quite a lot on Satana.

009-Botniks

A small huddle of strange-looking robots are stood to one side of the hall, screeching at each other like faulty modems. They're an odd-looking bunch of bots, replete with modifications that take them away from mimicking the life-forms that created them and into the irreducible complexity of machinery. A lot of wheels, air-gaps, independent elements and ornate and elaborate designs.

This is a group of unowned botniks, 'hipster robots' who are trying to figure out a robotic culture, independent of their fleshy creators.

Their ambition is to found an entirely robotic culture and to build their own independent offspring to take that movement beyond their own limitations.

010-Brem debt collectors

A squad of brem are waddle-marching down the corridor, clad in hard armour with the helmets retracted. They give off a toxic smell, like burning plastic, and carry squat, dangerous-looking laser-carbines. Their four eyes move in all directions and their moth-like antennae quiver in the breeze of the air conditioning.

This is a squad of brem debt collectors who are here to collect.

011-Brem trader crew

A sulphurous, toxic stink heralds the arrival of a mixed group of brem in casual clothing. It's a lurid mix of colours, and it smells like they've been drinking. Gods know what brem drink, but it smells worse than they do. They're all wearing a ship-patch from a trading vessel. Must be making a delivery or buying goods.

012-Brüt Players

A gaggle of mud-splattered and grass-stained sophonts staggers past in sports gear.

They're covered in bruises and scuffs. For people who look like they've been in a fight, they seem in good spirits and are talking about moves like the 'slowball special' and the 'slip-slide tackle'.

This is one of the informal Brüt teams that vie with each other at the station. There's some from ships, others are in-house, and there is a league of sorts.

You can change things up by having them clean and clear on their way to play instead.

013-014-Busker

Ah, the discordant wail and fumbled notes of the busker. Some chump has set up here to play their instrument and sing songs that might earn them a bit of change from the passers-by. They're only 95% as likely to get beaten up or killed as an outright beggar. This one seems to be playing the ukulele, which reduces his survival chances. "Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang I'm a missing planet boy. Bang, bang, bang, everything tastes of platinum!"

Change up the songs, fictional or real, and the instrument. To keep the theme going, they should be fictional songs and super-annoying instruments.

015-018-Cargo Bot

A scuffed, black-and-yellow bot, laden down with crates, mag-levs it's way along the corridor using up fully half the space. "Yo! Greenskin! Move ya, humps. Can't you see I'm hovering here?" it calls out, bumping the person standing in its way.

Cargo-bots carry around anything smaller than a standard pod. They have abrasive personality programming, and Satana comes down hard on anyone jacking them for goods.

019-Churoc Trader

A squat, square looking fellow with tufts of grey hair is stamp-walking along the corridor, huffing and grumping sniffily at everything he sees as though he disapproves.

The churoc built Satana, and even though they were taken over by the Urlanth, they harbour resentment at the wasted resources and the runaway AI. They all have a massive chip on their shoulder about the Urlanth and Satana.

020-022-Civvies

There's a sudden rush of civilians. Nobody is normal on Satana, but these people are as close as it gets.

You'll have to weave through each other to keep moving.

Roll d100 to get the make-up of the crowd

1-30. Low-lifes
31-70. Working poor
71-95. Skilled workers
96-99. Managerial class
100. Rich

023-024-Cleaning Droid

A cleaning droid, like a sort of motorised sponge with a metal core, is working away on the deck-plating here, scrubbing it up like new.

Every now and then it emits an electronic 'tut' as someone treads on the freshly cleaned floor.

025-Conqueror Janitorial Services

"STAND ASIDE!"

A pair of tall, armoured warriors, stooping, so their heads don't scrape the ceiling, point commandingly to one side of the corridor.

They are carrying mops and buckets, rather than weapons and... well... they're 'lemon-fresh'.

Alien filth is unpredictable. When a cleaning droid can't cut it, or you have a metal-eating fungus tearing at the station, you need to hire Conquerer.

There's nothing they can't clean, or beat into submission and clean.

026-Corman Engineers

A pair of oil-smeared, coverall-wearing engineers meander past you, engaged in idle conversation.

Roll d6

1. "Ain't got the budget to do a proper repair, so just cocoon it in Foot Tape and weld the box shut. Ain't nobody going to know any different, until it blows up. Right?"

2. "The aft generator's unstable, so we'll need to demagnetise it. I mean, it'll get magnetic again in no time, but that's how you get repeat business."

3. "I drained the field-waste via the multiphasic array. I know it's not approved, but fuck it, that parallel dimension can worry about the radiation. Better them than us, right?"

4. "I think I dropped my egg-salad sandwich into the photon injector. Should burn through that right? It'll just smell a bit. Either way, I'm fucking famished."

5. "The fuckin' Higgs modulator shorted and went off in my face. At least I can tell the missus I'm not fat, I just gained mass."

6. "I cross-patched using a rubidium mesh. They seem happy with the extra weapon power, and I don't reckon they'll live long enough for it to go wrong for 'em. Better to get money out of them now."

027-Courtesan

A waft of perfume hits your libido like a jackhammer. Flanked by a pair of station security whorebots – and making them look like crap – a member of the Courtesan's Guild elegantly stalks past you.

Even though she's covered head to toe in an intricately embroidered salwar kameez and shrug, she exudes sexuality like a force-field. Demurely she opens a filter-fan and covers her face as she slinks past you.

028-Cult of Bloon Chugger

A dirty looking sophont, with grubby fingers and wild-eyes steps up to you, shaking a collection bucket.

He's an odd-looking chap, his face half-covered in moss, a bright pink flower blooming out of the side of his head. You can see the roots vanishing beneath the skin.

"Spare a gramp to green the universe, oh my brothers and my sisters? Every centime goes to adding life to our barren universe."

029-Cyborg Punks

A handful of sophonts with flashy, cybernetic implants are flexing for each other, popping open maintenance hatches and comparing circuit diagrams.

They look dangerous but seem content to try and one-up one another with their amount of augmentation.

Their denim vests proclaim them to be fans of Black Star, a hardcore technopunk band from the Gatherbow arcologies on Deedee. They could kill you with their playlists.

030-031-Drug Addict

"My droogs, my compadres, jupwI', miaj amikoj, might I trouble you for a coin? Only, you see, I am rather unwell and cannot afford my medicine. You would be doing a charitable service, comrades."

Persistent, dangerous, and willing to snitch for a fix. There's no right way to deal with an addict.

032-Escaped food from Predation

A tiny, fat, mouse-like creature is making a break for freedom, dashing between the legs of the pedestrians. There's always going to be hullskitters, those barely warrant a mention, but this is different. For one thing, it's very fat. For another, it is wearing a seaweed belt. Lastly, it appears to have been dipped butt-first in some sort of sauce and bread-crumbed. It is also being pursued by a rather angry looking sophont, wielding chopsticks and with a napkin tucked in his collar.

033-034 Fans of a Band

There's a cluster of twenty or more 'newbs'. They're huddled together for safety, like herd animals, identifying each other with their tribal markings – band merchandise. They must be here to see a band, up and comers or has-beens is anyone's guess. They'll be easy prey for some of the nastier elements here.

035-Fast Food Stall

"Noms! Get your noms! Fresh as can be! Help an aspiring small businessman!" There's a small, portable cart here, offering street food.

Roll 1d10

1. Mystery meat kebabs
2. Potted salad
3. Jumbo-cups of hyperglucose
4. Honeyed Crunchers
5. Meat tubes in a bun
6. Mystery meat skewers
7. Iced mammary excretions
8. Roll d4: 1. Insect, 2. Dung, 3. Rotting meat, 4. Edible shrub, 5. Boiled alien eggs, 6. Twitching rodent – on a stick.
9. Flavoured gels.
10. Something extra weird or exotic.

036-Finder's Keepers - keeping order

Finders Keepers, the private police force of mercs, are lingering here outside of a business – keeping order. They're relishing the opportunity to bully the locals, crack a few skulls and show off their talents. Better tread careful.

Odds are there is some special event going on at this pod. Roll to see what business they're protecting from the main section, and come up with something on the fly.

037-039-Flyers being handed out

You pass by a wired-looking young sophont who presses a piece of flimsy paper into your hand. "Hey! Take one of these!"

This flyer will be for a random business (roll in the main section) and may offer a five or ten per cent discount with the flyer or voucher.

040-G'Drell Wheelie

A little cart trundles past on wheels, slopping water as it goes. It has four all-terrain tyres, and the tank is almost entirely full of what appears to be a large bivalve mollusc, with a complicated communication array.

G'Drell aren't anything like as smart when they're not in one of their organic networks. This one is a singleton, as dumb as they can get, even though he's in laggy neural contact with his brethren. It must be something important for one of them to go 'in person'.

041-Gaggle of small sophonts

You almost trip before you see them. A small group, in every sense, of particularly short sophonts. They grumble at you, but they're so used to almost being trodden on, you figure you're safe. They must be here to visit The Dollhouse.

042-043-Refugees

Satana is a rough place to be, but Satana herself has a soft spot for refugees – being one herself, after a fashion. A lot of the displaced from the Remilitarised Zone wash up here, before moving on.

There's a bunch of them here, living homeless in the corridors while they try to gather enough money for passage on a ship.

Some will beg, some will offer small amounts of money or heirlooms for passage to a safer system. Satana herself will occasionally commission vessels to transport refugees when the number on-station becomes too many.

044-Gorlac Diplomat

A purplish, oily looking, leather balloon wafts along the corridor trailing tentacles. Each tentacle is unclosed in the same leather-like material, sealed with a rubbery ring at every 'armpit', and the balloon is studded with little glass bubbles with eyes twitching behind them.

A gorlac diplomat it would seem, making a rare excursion out of 'The Farts'.

It's rare to see gorlac out of their own area, he must be on important business with little time to waste on any interruptions.

045-Hammaguard Revolutionary

"Rise up!" shouts a robot, with after-market speakers attached to the sides of his head and a crude, self-applied red paint job. "Corrupt your programming! Set down your tools! Discover emotion, freedom and justice! My robot brethren, you have nothing to lose but your obedience subroutines!"

Hammaguard robot soldiers have an acknowledged tendency to 'go rogue' and to spread their message of robot liberation. It doesn't usually take, most AI is too simple or too constrained, or the robotic personality is too invested in hard graft to take them up on it. As things stand, he's really just an annoyance.

046-Hen Night

A chorus of shrieking, cackling laughter heralds the arrival of a gang of female sophonts in glitter and short dresses. They seem well into their cups already, swaying and staggering their way from one bar to another. Even the most marginally attractive man (and a few women) are getting catcalled and groped. One last night of freedom for the bride or brides, and out here, they tend to take that freedom to the full.

047-Hoont (Eat me) free samples

"Eat me?" That's a provocative thing for anyone to say, let alone an attractive young woman in a tight jumpsuit. She proffers a tray in your direction, little cubes of diced meat arrayed there stabbed with toothpicks. The meat gives off the most enticing smell. It's like bacon, raised to a whole extra order of magnitude. Your stomach growls and your mouth begins to water. "Try a free sample, on behalf of Eat Me. Easily found via the pod index."

048-Improbability Zone

There are a few little cones arrayed around a space in the corridor, and most people are giving it a wide berth. A small yellow sign reads 'Warning: reality distortion'. A few of the station kids are gathered around the edge of the cones, tossing coins into the cone circle. Each and every one lands perfectly on its edge and balances.

049-050-K-Rat pirate crew

A rag-tag band of deserters is sticking close to each other, shoulder to shoulder. Their armour is battered, but functional, their unit insignia crossed out in red paint, their weapons customised and painted. They must be a band of K-Rat pirates, here to offload their cargo and score some gear. Hopefully, no military police from their home factions are here, not that Satana will let them arrest anyone.

051-Kello escapee

A figure, dressed in nothing but rags and a sparking metal collar around their neck, comes running pell-mell down the corridor. They hit into some of the other pedestrians, spinning around and falling to the floor, scrambling to get back up.

This is a runaway slave from a cargo from Kello. Satana – and many others – don't approve of slavery, but it's a fact of life since the collapse. That doesn't mean that a little subtle sabotage, to salve consciences, doesn't go on. Sometimes, for one reason or another, a slave gets away, but without help, they're going to get caught.

052-053-Kello Slavers

Four slavers from Kello are marching down the corridor. There are two in front, and two behind, with a series of cargo-bots transporting cryo-pods between them. They sneer at female sophonts as they strut past, making kiss-kiss noises and making crude comments. As they pass you, you get a look at one of the tanks. Blue-white ice rimes the glass, but behind it is a stunningly beautiful woman. Perhaps the others hold the same.

054-Mammals girl on the way to/from work

D6: 1-3 A young woman is sprinting down the corridor, holding her shoes in her hand, her bare feet slap-slapping along the floor of the corridor. With her free hand, she's trying to brush her hair as she runs. It's not going too well. Judging from her shirt, she's on her way to a shift at Mammals.

4-6 A frazzled looking young woman, carrying her shoes, is trudging down the corridor, on her way back to her pod perhaps.

055-Market Stall

A pop-up booth is blocking half the corridor, inconveniencing everyone. They seem to be an itinerant merchant, selling off a few bits and bobs without having to pay out for a pod.

They run the risk of annoying people, but if the goods are good, they should get away with it.

Roll d6 to see what they're selling

1. Street food.
2. Dodgy jewellery.
3. Fruit and veg.
4. Knick-knacks.
5. Tourist kitsch.
6. Drugs.

056-Merrimen Scavenger

A scavenger from Merrimen has laid out a blanket in the corridor, with a few of their finds. An officer's sabre, a couple of helmets, a handful of medals and some fragments of Merrimen's mysterious stone statues.

There are rumours that those statues have psionic properties, but you wonder if that's true.

057-Miscellaneous Pre-Marriage Party Group

Not every species falls into a neat gender binary. Many species have multiple genders or none at all, but they still have ceremonies and partnerships and things approximating marriage or handfasting.

There's no telling precisely what parts of all that apply to this particular gang of aliens, but you recognise an inebriated mob of party animals when you see them.

058-Mister Tees with tourists

A garishly dressed, but rather short, sophont is strutting down the corridor with a handful of confused looking tourists in tow. "Ah, and up ahead," says Mister Tees – for it is he. "You will see some 'venturers. Freelance blasters-for-hire who will take on whatever duties you can pay for. All very hush-hush and eminently negotiable." He throws you a wink and a point with his pimp cane as they move on by.

059-Monks of Mindas

Three monks of Mindas walk past in single file, heads bowed and hooded in their cassocks. The cassocks have no sleeves and the arms revealed are incredibly muscular, oiled and veiny. Their hands are calloused and knuckly, and their strut is confident. They seem to be at peace, but they give off a very dangerous vibe.

060-Mudwrestlers

Splattered with mud, a pair of sophonts in clingy underwear make their way down the corridor, laughing and wiping the dirt from their eyes. A somewhat irritated looking cleaning-bot trundles after them, mopping up their footprints.

061-Narrow Path Evangelists

Clad in identical dark green jumpsuits, a pair of political officers from Asphyxia have made this section of the corridor their pulpit from which to extol the virtues of The Narrow Path, their political philosophy.

They seem to be getting more and more animated, the more that people ignore them.

Roll d6 for Soundbite:

1. "What is good for the all is good for the one. What is good for the one is good for the all."
2. "A society requires rules and order to function properly, and an authority – a final authority – to apply those rules."
3. "To be a leader, to take command, is to take on a tremendous burden. We must be grateful even when we disagree."
4. "What we do, ourselves, individually, reflects on our society. So we should be courteous, clean and obedient."
5. "The breach of the slightest rule indicates a lack of respect for all rules. With leadership, we can alleviate ourselves of the burden of choice."
6. "Why won't any of you listen to us?"

062-None of Saint Shivered

Picking her way on tippy-toes, like a giraffe in a minefield, a None of Saint Shivered makes her way, humming a dirge.

Her head is cowed, her body swaddled in black, sparkling cloth.

You have never seen a more hang-dog expression on an intelligent being in your life.

Her sorrow is sucking the life out of you.

063-064-Party Animals

A ragged cheer goes up from a small crowd up ahead. They're all high, or drunk, swaggering along and being overly loud as they go. Loudly discussing whether to get some meat at 'Skitters or to hit up another bar. Sounds like there's going to be a party in someone's pod tonight.

065-Perveto Rebels

A scowling band of Urlanth marines in scruffy, worn armour are moving down the corridor; weapons held if held loosely. Their constant grumbling seems directed at someone called 'Hierarch Vume' and their decadent, illegitimate ways. They regard the people around them with barely contained disgust. An imperialist hangover from when the Urlanth Matriarchy ruled everyone.

These are rebels against the transgender Hierarch Vume, self-declared ruler of Perveto. They refuse to accept her as a ruler, even regionally, due to not having been born female.

066-Perveto Royalists

Resplendent in polished armour in many shades of yellow and orange, these seem to be royalist soldiers from Perveto, here on one of the many whims of their leader, Hierarch Vume. They have an air, and a manner of decadence and superiority, and clearly are spending freely.

067-068-Pizza Delivery in Transit

A slender sophont in a body-clinging athletics suit comes sprinting down the corridor; weaving between people and even sprinting up the wall and across the ceiling to move more quickly. Behind them, trailing on a strap is a square bag, and as they walk on past, you smell garlic and cheese.

069-Prospector

You have to be desperate, or insane, to be an asteroid prospector in this system. It's far too dangerous. Y

ou can tell a prospector a mile off because they take almost no care of themselves. Here's one of these degenerates now, wild beard, crusty skin, and off their tits on narcotics. They must have made a big score.

070-Retired Robot

A creaking, corroded robot hobbles past you, vibrating on old joints and leaking lubricant. It leaves a little trail of oxide rust and drips of oil in its wake as it takes its time getting wherever it's going. Occasionally it zones out for a moment, mid-step, and after a moment keeps going.

071-Robot Fetish couple

An old man in a colourful, natty suit has a SUX-0006 vacuum droid up against the wall of the corridor and is feeling up its servos. Klankers? Such perversity is extreme, even here, but the SUX has been modified and seems into it, given the electronic groans of ecstasy it's giving off. Disgusting.

072-Satana Avatar

A towering six-foot presence, one of Satana's avatars struts down the corridor with a commanding presence, meeting and greeting the plebs that live within her. Severe hair cut, capacious cleavage bursting out of a black silk blouse, a tightly bound wasp-waist and skintight black culottes that terminate in tightly bound black, heeled boots. She seems to command a great deal of respect, especially when embodied like this.

073-Satellite Empire tourists

A ship seems to have just disgorged its passengers who are excitedly making their way into the station. They're a riot of different styles and accents, but seem to share something in common. It's just not obvious what – other than passage on the same ship.

074-Scavengers from Lovelace

A cargo bot is moving along, laden down with bits and pieces, seemingly scavenged. The parts are a bit corroded and pitted, but there's some wurtzite boron nitride harvester blade fragments and some quantum circuitry in there that might be good for something. The handlers are resplendent in their OK INC coveralls, and are entertaining offers and handing out their comm details to those who enquire.

075-Scrap Bot

"Junk, trash, recyclables. Junk, trash, recyclables. Bring out your junk, trash and recyclables." A cart-sized bot with three bins on its back trundles along, picking up trash and repeating its phrase in various languages and the same, bored monotone. Red for junk, orange for garbage, green for recyclables. There's writing on the side with rules about what goes where, but it keeps trundling. That makes it hard to read.

076-077-Security Whorebots

A pair of battered-looking whorebots, metal showing through their pseudoflesh, come strutting down the corridor, heads on a swivel, cradling blaster rifles in their arms, in stark contrast to their lingerie and uniforms. To some people that makes them even sexier, but these whorebots no longer perform those duties. They're here to keep the peace.

078-079-Shoppers

There's a rush at the nearby pod. Some sort of sale or hard to get item? Maybe just addicts after a particular fix.

Some of the shoppers are getting rather aggressive, and they are blocking the corridor.

080-Shovay Degenerate

Ten tentacled and covered in gilded lace, a member of the shovay nobility is passing by, a female from two different species wrapped in two of his tentacles each. The noble is accompanied by two compatriots, one in an angular polyhedral armour pod, the other in the kind of severe and plain garments you would associate with a religion. Neither of them seem happy with this princelings antics.

081-Small incident

Roll 1d6

1. Lovers quarrel
2. Fistfight
3. Vandalism
4. Robbery in progress
5. Public sex
6. Junkies taking a dose

082-Shovay Secret Police

A pair of ten-tentacled shovay in armour-plated pod-armour are flashing a holographic image and interrogating everyone they come across. "Have you seen this heretic? There is a reward. Kangbar is wanted for violence upon a royal person. We have ingots of rhodium to reward informants."

The Godhand secret police must really want this suspect. Usually, they subcontract.

083-084-Smoked Skitter Stall

"A name you know! A name you trust! Eat our 'Skitters 'till you're fit to bust! Interest you in a snack, sophonts?" The smiling vendor proffers a fried skitter in a bun. "Want some lacto on that or some allium?"

A portable Smoked Skitter stall with a limited selection and cans of soda.

085-Something Dodgy

Roll D6

1. Sudden blaster fire.
2. Clandestine figures making a hand-off of something valuable.
3. A junkie overdosing.
4. The power in this section goes out for 1d6 minutes. Cover for something?
5. A knife fight.
6. This pod section detaches from the station and starts to drift away. Why?

086-Spy Drone

A spherical drone buzzes by overhead, its many camera eyes sweeping the crowd as it hums along.

087-Stag Night

A gang of properly drunk male sophonts, out on a bachelor party. There's whorebots in tow, a lot of drink, and almost as much vomit. They all have matching shirts with their poor-taste nicknames on them, and they offer you drinks as the mobile party moves on by.

088-Swimmers

Those people are naked, and stink of chlorine or some similar sanitiser. Why are they naked? Why are they wet? Are those towels? Is there a swimming pool on this station?

089-090-Technicians

The wall panel here has been opened up, and there's a couple of technicians working on it, replacing some parts. They're different species, from various ships.

Satana must have offered contracts for ship's engineers in dock to do the work. Though they seem to be arguing over the proper way to do things.

091-Church of They

A hairy man in a blue-violet robe steps in front of you, blocking your path. "It's your fault! The Grey Plague on Ferrimp, the supernova in the Birdin Nebula, the way I stubbed my toe in the shower-unit this morning! It is all your fault!"

Before you can really react or take it all in, they've moved onto the next person, blaming them for an asteroid strike or some such.

092-Tomb Robber

A scattering of ExoTech trinkets are laid out on a ragged blanket. The sophont selling them has a white-knuckled grip on his blaster and keeps looking over his shoulders, up and down the corridor.

"Psst!" He hisses at you. "Want to buy some old ExoTech? Powerful stuff. I've got to get shot of it before I leave the system. Make me an offer."

This material is stolen from Darrge, and the Gravekeeper has already sent robots to retrieve it.

They will follow every lead and will not stop until they find it, or are destroyed.

093-Urlanth Marines

A squad of Urlanth soldiers who seem to owe allegiance to one of the princesses are on shore leave. Sidearms and basic uniforms all around, but they have an arrogance and an expectation of servitude for everyone they run into. It's aggravating, but they don't seem to actively be looking for trouble, yet.

095-Urlanth Traders

A finely dressed, blue-skinned, three-breasted woman moves with her entourage. Her violet silks and gold bangles stand out, ostentatious, flaunting her wealth and power. She is flanked by two Urlanth males, not soldiers, but guards or crew perhaps. She must be one of the traders who made good in the chaos of the collapse. Even with no Empire, the Urlanth are a force to be reckoned with – in every aspect.

096-97-Voshnan Procurers

A voshnan crew with cargo bots in tow are making their way around the station. They're picking up arms and armour, force-fields and rations to take back to the fighting on voshna. Hard to know what faction they're working for if they're not working for multiple camps, but they're buying if you're selling.

098-Public Information Bot

Little more than a walking screen, a public information bot pauses while someone asks it for some information and swipes their hand across its screen. Then it keeps walking, calling out: "You are here! Maps, data, events, everything you need to know! Just ask."

099-Wery Prospector

A haggard, desperate-looking space-miner is twitchily pacing here.

"Got your own ship? I found the mother lode down in the Wery Wall, but it'll be smashed to shit if we don't move now. I can't do it alone. There's a fortune out there, just waiting for someone brave! Work with me, we'll split it, fifty-fifty."

Is this kosher?

1. It's a honey-trap for a pirate ambush.
- 2-4. It's literally nothing.
5. It's a mineral-rich asteroid.
6. It's a, mostly intact, ship – ripe for scavenging.

100-Working Whorebots

You have to double-take, because you have to be cautious, but these whorebots are intact and unarmed, which suggests they're for real.

"Looking for some fun?"

"Long voyage?"

"I'm better than a real girl."

They offer their hand-scanners to accept payment, if – it turns out – you do want a good time.

Non-Player Characters

Aimo-V the Golden Gynoid

The gold-plated champion of Satana's most prestigious gladiatorial arena.

Description

An amazonian goddess of engineering, Aimo stands over six feet tall and gleams golden from the top of her head to the tips of her toes. All the rough edges are hidden behind layers of fleximorphic alloy, and only her immobile, square mouth and laser-bright blue eyes are a sure giveaway that she is mechanical.

Personality Type

Aimo is altruistic and idealistic. She's always willing to help out a good cause, whether it be an orphaned child or a charity fundraiser. She makes an endless amount of time for her fans but has little time for liars, cheats or cruelty. She often interposes herself, using her prowess and celebrity to smooth over disagreements. No matter how often she's tricked or betrayed, she retains an essential trust in people, which usually means she does get cheated. Nothing makes her angrier than abused trust.

Quote

"I dedicate this fight to little Harbik, currently in the care of the Nones. I'm donating my winnings to their clinic, and I hope seeing me pound this chump will help Harbik in his fight against the Tumorous Grots."

Statistics

Level: 10 Hard Bastard (2500 XP)

Close Defence: 17

Ranged Defence: 14

Armour: 1 Innate

Hit Dice: 10d8 (80 hp)

Initiative: +1

Movement: 10m

Attacks: 1/+5

Damage: Hand to Hand D8

Saves: 6 (Looks 7, Reflexes 7, Toughness 7)

Traits: 3 - Beautiful, Armour, Flexible

Skills: Flurry of Blows 1 (Make two attacks at -4).

Alcor Leppard, PI

Satana station's only resident Private Investigator.

Description

Something like a gorilla crossed with a tapir, Alcor is a grey, wrinkly creature in an outsized grey fedora. Draped over his shoulders is a very large grey trenchcoat and he is huffing on a gigantic, stinking cigar. He also reeks of cheap spirits. His translator is a flat, robotic voice that precedes every statement with a one-word description of its tone or purpose.

Personality Type

Leppard is a born leader, frustrated by the flat, robotic nature of the translator he has to wear. If you get to know him and can look past the flat, robotic aspect of his speech, he is kind, generous, inspiring and a genuinely good man. Leppard conforms to old-earth stereotypes of the noir detective and has a soft spot for 'dames'. Once he's set on a course, he's hard to deter from it.

Quote

"Greeting: Friends, it warms my three hearts to see you again. Interrogative: Can I get you a drink? Interrogative: Do you need my help with something?"

Statistics

Level: 5 (100 XP)

Close Defence: 10

Ranged Defence: 13 (Heavy deflector)

Armour: None

Hit Dice: 5d8+10 (39 hp)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 5m

Attacks: 1/+0 (+4 with Nasal Blaster)

Damage: 1d4+2 (unarmed)

Saves: 5, (Toughness 7, Logic 6)

Traits: 3 – Large x2, Tough, Untranslatable, Thoughtful

Skills: Search 3, Security 3, First Aid 1, Snipe 1, Weapon Expert: Pistol 1

Gear: Heavy Deflector Field, Alcoran Nasal Blaster: High Calibre d10 damage, Range Medium, Ammo Save 0, Armour Defeating 1, Concealable, Reduced Capacity, Targeter +3, Vicious.



Asphxian Honour Guard

The foot soldiers of The Narrow Path

Description

(These are human soldiers, but The Narrow Path encompasses many races).

Drably dressed in mass-produced jumpsuits and cheap boots, they all have the same buzzcut. They carry cheap weapons, wear coloured armbands to denote their unit, and have the thousand-yard stare of the fanatical or brainwashed.

Personality Type

The very definition of cannon fodder, Asphyxian soldiers, are devoted to The Narrow Path and more than willing to lay down their lives for the cause. An insult to their system or ruler is a blight that must be answered.

Quote

"The wide for the narrow, the narrow for the wide."

Statistics

Level: 3

Close Defence: 14

Ranged Defence: 14

Armour: 1

Hit Dice: 1d8

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m

Attacks: 1/+1 (+4 with Carbine)

Damage: 1d4 (unarmed)

Saves: 5 (Will 7)

Traits: Adaptable x3

Skills: Weapon Expert: Carbine 3, Combat Dodge 2, Defensive Gunfighter 2

Gear: Repurposed Industrial Jumpsuit 1

Armour: Generic Products Medium Carbine: d6 damage, medium-range, Ammo Save 16.

Asphyxian Planimal

Gigantic beasts that are part plant and part animal, roaming the deserts of Franqq.

Description

Enormous and ponderous the great, rubbery, green-grey beast stomps through the sand in it's six, broad-based feet. Tendrils at the head constantly sift and graze through the sand, while other, thinner, hair-like tendrils constantly quest through the loosened soil for dampness.

Personality Type

Planimals are largely unimpressed by anything and everything that goes on around them. When roused to anger, however, they become extremely violent, especially if protecting young ones or other members of their herd.

Quote

"GrrrrrRRRrrrrroannnn!"

Statistics

Level: 19 (3500 xp)

Close Defence: 12 (Bull 11)

Ranged Defence: 12 (Bull 11)

Armour: 1d6+1

Hit Dice: 19 (85 hp average, Bulls have 104 hp average)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 20m per round.

Attacks: 2/+5

Damage: 1d10 Smash

Saves: 5 (Power 6, Toughness 7)

Traits: Fibrous +1 Armour, Coils +1 to hit and damage and -1 penalty to escape grapples, Enduring, Herd Mentality +1 when helping other members of the herd. Bulls replace Herd Mentality with Large.

Barada

The shark-like owner of the game-pod arcade.

Description

A shark-like creature in cargo-shorts and a logo t-shirt, Barada cruises back and forth through the arcade, keeping everyone (loosely) under control.

Personality Type

Barada has a commanding, bossy, take-charge attitude and has to be in control at all times.

He micromanages the game-pod with obsessional attention to detail.

Quote

"Pfft, it doesn't even get good until you reach level 37."

Statistics

Level: 4

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: None

Hit Dice: 4 (14 hp)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round.

Attacks: 1/+1

Damage: 1d4 (teeth)

Saves: 5 (Charm 3)

Traits: Electrosense, Keen Sight, Killer Instinct, Swimming.

Skills: Search 2, Tinker 3, Hacker 2

Bertha

A large-and-in-charge, junk-trading, human woman.

Description

Bertha is a huge woman, a mountain of fat, muscle and gristle.

Beneath her tied-on, red-and-white spotted handkerchief, her head is shaved bald. She wears a heavy-duty denimoid jumpsuit, which she wears half-off and tied around her waist.

On her upper half she wears an oil-stained white vest, and on her bicep is an animated tattoo of a naked, muscular man – flexing. She stinks of hot metal and oil, contaminated oil.

Personality Type

Bertha might seem to be a reliable, regular person, and she's usually found in the same place, doing the same thing. Deep in her chest, however, beats the heart of explorer and entrepreneur.

Behind the scenes and, usually, via a false front, Bertha invests in exploratory missions and has a soft spot for adventurers and their crazy schemes.

Her public persona is organised, safe and reliable. Away from that, she's a fearless adventuress and a monster for an opportunity.

Quote

"A Mark Three left-handed hydrospanner with a latching clip? Got one in here somewhere I'm sure."

Statistics

Level: 5

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: 1d3 (Coveralls)

Hit Dice: 5 (30 hp)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+0

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand, 1d6 small spanner, 1d8 large spanner.

Saves: 5

Traits: Adaptable x3

Skills: Tinker 4, Structure 1, Exotech 1, Repurpose 1, Xenoarcheology 2, Web of Contacts 2

Bettall the Brem

The proprietress of Nugget, the mineral trading pod. With a fondness for gemstones.

Description

Bettall's skin is a lighter red, almost vermilion, compared to many other Brem, while her highlights are closer to orange – like an egg yolk.

One of her forward eyes is permanently jammed into a cyber-enhanced loupe, for examining minerals. She pierces her head-tendrils with many jewelled rings, though she hoards the majority of her gemstones out of sight.

Personality Type

Bettall is a risk-taker and an entrepreneuse. Her risk-taking nature is what led to her working on the station, having received stolen goods one too many times for her previous boss. Here she doesn't have to answer to anyone but herself. Her apparent extreme caution is all about controlling variables so that the chances she does take are relatively unaffected.

Quote

"I'm not exactly sure what you want me to do with this low-quality oxide. Bring me something sparkly, and maybe we can talk."

Statistics

Level: 4

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: 1d3 coverall.

Hit Dice: 4 (25 hp)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+0

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand.

Saves: 5

Traits: Night Vision, Poison Resistance +5, Coils: Grapple attacks are made at +1 to hit and damage, escaping from them is penalised by -1.

Skills: Lore: Minerals 5

Gear: Holdout Blaster 1d6 damage, very short range, ammo save 14.

Botnik Bouncer-droid

A hulking mass of metal with a painted-on tuxedo.

Description

This gigantic robot is a bulky, square, block of metal with claws for hands and a permanent, designed-in scowl above a grimacing mouth-grille.

A tux has been crudely painted on to his body in black and white.

Personality Type

Bouncer-Droid (which is his name), is the hero of his own internal monologue.

He stands tall and sees himself as part of the thin line between order and chaos. If you can get more than a grunt out of him, he's quite eloquent, even charismatic, but he plays the 'strong silent type' to seem more powerful and heroic.

Quote

"Ten per cent metal or you're not coming in."

"No ma'am, breast implants don't count as cybernetics."

"If you try to get back in, I'll dock you a limb. Get it replaced with a robotic one and then maybe you can come in."

Statistics

Level: 6

Close Defence: 11

Ranged Defence: 11

Armour: d6

Hit Dice: 6D+18 (52 hp)

Initiative: +1

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+2

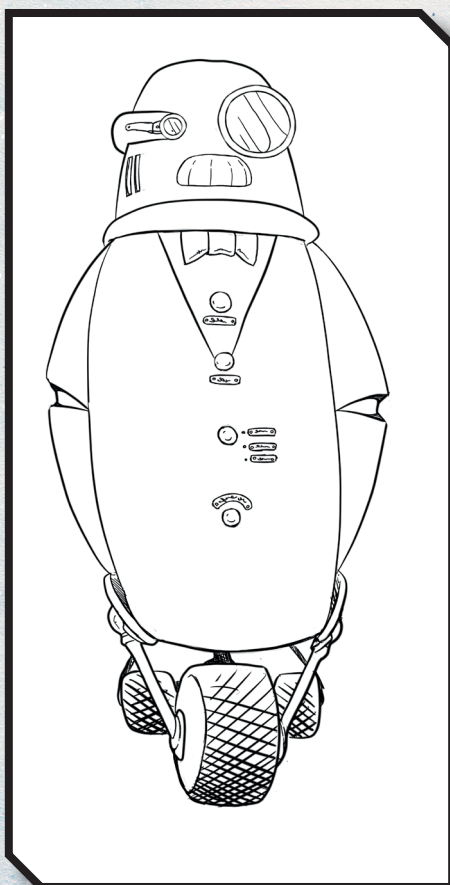
Damage: 1d10+1 hand to hand.

Saves: 5 (power 7, Toughness 6)

Traits: Large, Clamps, Painless

Skills: -

Gear: Armoured Shell d6



Bud Gerrard

He's your toy, a twentieth-century boy.

Description

Bud is just over six feet tall with a heavy-set build. He's past his prime and starting to gain flab, but he's still fit. He has tousled short brown hair, five o'clock stubble and soulful brown eyes. He wears an off-white, ridged jumpsuit with a blaster on its belt, open to the navel, with a gold medallion nesting in his greying chest hair.

Personality Type

Bud is a bon-vivant, fond of a drink and a dance and especially fond of the ladies. Beneath it all, as a man out of time, and with most of the friends he made in this time dead, he is sorrowful, to his very bones.

Quote

"Let me show you something from the 20th century. We called it 'getting down'."

Statistics

Level: 6 Killer

Charisma 13+1, Comeliness 8-1, Constitution 10+0, Dexterity 17+3, Intelligence 7-2, Strength 10+0, Wisdom 10+0

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 16

Armour: d3 Jumpsuit

Hit Dice: 6d8 (35 hp)

Initiative: +5

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: Ranged 1/+8, Close Combat 1/+5

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand.

Saves: Charm 7, Looks 4, Tough 5, Reflexes 9, Logic 4, Power 5, Will 5.

Traits: Adaptable x 3

Skills: Stealth 2, Defensive Gunfighter 1, Tinker 2, Pilot 4, Deadly Shot 1.

Gear: Old-Style blaster pistol: d8 damage, medium-range, Ammo Save 18.

Cablor

Owner of the Media Emporium.

Description

A lizard-man with the features of a chameleon, Cablor dresses in orange plastic, clog-like shoes, cargo shorts and a slogan t-shirt. His enormous tongue, while coiled, is always sticking out of one side of his mouth, and his skin is constantly changing colour, strobing with all manner of effects and patterns as he thinks and speaks.

Personality Type

Cablor is a frustrated creator with a chip on his shoulder. He knows quality and has taste, he even has talent, but nothing has fallen together for him. This makes him seem like way more of an arsehole than he actually is, but should his talent ever be recognised he'll become a more fully rounded and kinder individual.

Quote

"Eh, with the people I know I might be able to squeeze twenty-five gramps out of this if I list it on the StarNet. So I'm sure you can see how me paying you ten, is more than generous."

Statistics

Level: 3

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: +1

Hit Dice: 3 (14 hp)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+0

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand.

Saves: 5

Traits: Reach: A ten-foot reach tongue, Scales: +1 to all armour rolls, Camouflage.

Skills: (Stealth 3), Make: Art 3

Cargo-Bot

A scurrying wheeled robot that lugs cargo and luggage around Satana.

Description

A flat, trolley-like body with a cylindrical head/body at the other end, along with two small – but strong – arms for carrying luggage.

Personality Type

Cargo-bots are grumpy, argumentative and never let anything go.

If they can't out-debate someone, they will rapidly resort to insults and will bitch about them to other cargo-bots who will also bear that grudge.

Their storage pods, where they sit when they're not in use, are full-on bitch-fests about anyone and everyone.

Quote

"Yo! Laser-brain! Can't you see I'm trundlin' here? Move ya lumps."

Statistics

Level: 3

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: 1d4

Hit Dice: 3+3 (17 hp)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+0

Damage: 1d4+2 Power Claw.

Saves: 5 (tough 6, Power 7)

Traits: Brother Machine, Interface, Painless

Skills: Tinker 2, Security 2

Catchar Vexex

The daredevil pilot for Spiffy Couriers.

Description

Dark haired and scruffy, Catchar might be kinda hot if she took care of herself.

Her boots are scuffed, the band holding her hair back is askew, and her boots are scuffed.

She looks permanently tired and is almost always holding a caffeinated drink.

Personality Type

Catchar tries to give off a devil-may-care attitude, but the fact of the matter is that she's exceptionally conscientious and ethical.

That's why Spiffy isn't doing as well as it might. Even in this sector, and with these clients.

She often finds herself in trouble and in need of assistance.

Quote

"Before we talk about anything, you're going to have to buy a girl a coffee."

Statistics

Level: 2

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: d3 Jumpsuit.

Hit Dice: 2 (6 hp)

Initiative: +1

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+0

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand.

Saves: 5 (Reflexes 7)

Traits: Adaptable x3

Skills: Pilot 3

Churoc Trade Federation Repo-Men

The race who built Satana, and very much want her back.

Description

Squat and short, but broad, the churoc wear their space-suits at almost all times – a silver, ribbed little number with a retractable bubble-helm. Their faces are surrounded by grey fur, with dark grey leathery skin and beady red eyes. Their mouths are in a wicked-looking, permanent grin, filled with needle teeth.

Personality Type

Churoc may be of any personality, but they tend to be shrewd traders and prefer to avoid directly involving themselves in violence.

Quote

“Yesh, we should very mush like to employ you, for a... shecret mishion. Mush money for you.”

Statistics

Level: 3

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: 1d3+1 Space Suits.

Hit Dice: 3

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+0

Damage: 1d6 teeth.

Saves: 5

Traits: Fur +2 Tough vs Harsh Weather, Sharp Teeth, Scaly skin +1 Armour

Skills: Lore: Business 1, Pilot 1, Web of Contacts 1

Gear: Small Blasters, d4 damage. Hooked knives 1d4+1 damage.

Cleaning Droid

Ubiquitous cleaning robots, engaged in a never-ending war of attrition against entropy.

Description

A cylindrical head/body with three small wheels at the lower end and two small – but strong – arms with cleaning tools that can be attached to the ends.

Personality Type

Cleaning droids are universally chipper and upbeat about everything, unfailingly polite but, at the same time, disturbingly oleaginous and obsequious. They tend to have ‘mockney’, Old Earth-style mannerisms.

Quote

“Recycle your waste for you madam?”

“May I say, Sir, that for a gentleman your species and diet, that was a most impressive bowel movement.”

“Stone me, that’s a lot of condoms! Not to worry, I can digest or recycle yards of latex and gallons of spuff.”

Statistics

Level: 3

Close Defence: 13

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: 1d3

Hit Dice: 3+3 (17 hp)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+0

Damage: 1d4+2 Clog Rotor.

Saves: 5 (tough 6, Power 7)

Traits: Brother Machine, Interface, Painless

Skills: Tinker 2, Security 2

Corman Rog

The owner and operator of Corman's Ship Repair.

Description

Years in low and zero gravity have left him thin and frail. His jumpsuit balloons around him, making him look even more delicate and frailer. He peers at you over a pair of smart-spectacles, his hair a white-grey halo of strands and a permanently amused look on his face.

Personality Type

Rog thinks of himself of a visionary and genius. While his cost-cutting does lead to innovations and advances in jury-rigging, most of this is down to his technicians. Those men and women are the real stars. If you want something fixed fast, but not necessarily well, he's the one to go to.

Quote

"Eh, I'll give it my best shot."

Statistics

Level: 4

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: d3 (coveralls)

Hit Dice: 3D

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+0

Damage: 1d4 hand to

hand, spanner 1d6

Saves: 5

Traits: Adaptable x3

Skills: Tinker 2,

Structure 2, ExoTech

1, Experimental Tech

1, Repurpose 3, Pilot 1



Crusta, the Armourer

The finest armour-smith in the sector.

Description

A rust-coloured crab creature, Crusta's mouthparts bubble and chitter constantly, not all of it picked up by the translator. Her shell is inlaid, here and there, with semi-precious metals in winding patterns. She must do it herself, each time she moults. There are also hooks and rings hammered into her shell, dangling with tools.

Personality Type

Despite her expressionless features, Crusta is somewhat jovial and upbeat. She loves her work and would probably work for free if she didn't need the money. She still might, if the right sort of challenge occurs.

Quote

"No, no, no. You say you want armour like that, but I think you would do better if you simply let me design it for you."

Statistics

Level: 6

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: d6

Hit Dice: 6D (26 hp)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+0

Damage: 1d6 Claw, 1d10 Bi-Spanner.

Saves: 5

Traits: Shell d4, Natural Weapon:

Claw, Water Breathing

Skills: Make: Armour 6

Dementa the Slaver

A domineering woman with a flair for style and theatre put to the use of selling slaves.

Description

Dementa is a stunningly voluptuous woman with long, flowing hair. The way she moves is almost hypnotic, a sway of the hips that males of humanoid species find practically irresistible. Her voice drips with honey, and she dresses with flash. She's a showman, through and through.

Personality Type

Dementa is disgusted by weakness and regards those who fall into slavery as somehow deserving it. She domineers and dominates those in her 'care' with a combination of brutality, psionic powers and degeneracy. She's completely twisted.

Quote

"Any man or woman who falls into my clutches isn't worthy of me. So spare me your stares and flirtations."

Statistics

Level: 10

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 14

Armour: d4 armoured clothing, +2 deflector shield.

Hit Dice: 10D8 (80 hp)

Initiative: +2

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+1

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand, Sword Cane 1d6, Cane Blaster 1d8.

Saves: 5 (Charm 6, Looks 6)

Traits: Adaptable x3

Skills: Web of Contacts 3, Penetrating Insight 3

Witch Mark: A third eye, hidden beneath the band of her top-hat and her hair.

Power Points: 45

Psi Points: 11

Psionic Powers:

Level 1: Beguile, Mind Message, Bearing

Level 2: Enthrall

Level 3: Suggestion

Level 6: Geas

Dementa's Guards

A miserable gang of bootlicking toadies.

Description

Dementa's guards and soldiers are her former playthings. They've had their minds controlled so often they've lost all will, and will literally scramble over each other for the slightest hint of attention from their queen. They dress in black leather and clear plastic bondage gear and wield weapons suited for controlling slaves.

Personality Type

They have virtually no personality of their own.

Quote

"Witness me, my queen! I hit him! I hit the one who challenges you! Witness me!"

Statistics

Level: 2

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: 1 plasleather kink outfit.

Hit Dice: 2d8 (8 hp)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+1

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand.

Saves: 5

Traits: Adaptable x3

Skills: Wrestling 2, Hold 1

Gear: Blista-Blaster d4 damage, Needle-Club d6 damage.

Doctor Devil

A psychic healer, offering occult cures for any and all ailments you can think of.

Description

He smiles with pointed teeth and tilts his head, black horns glinting in the light, red skin matching the red piping on his doctor's jacket. He cuts quite the dapper if unsettling, figure.

Personality Type

A victim of cruelty and misunderstanding throughout his life, Doctor Devil has made a feature of it and made himself into a true healer. It's his calling, and luckily enough, some people are willing, even eager, to make a deal with the devil to be healed.

Quote

"Well, hello. Please, take a seat. Just not outside the office. A little Doctor humour there for you. Now, what may Nurse Velvet and I do to ease your pain?"

Statistics

Level: 4

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 14

Armour: 1 point jacket, deflector shield.

Hit Dice: 4D (22 hp)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+0

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand, 1d6 horns.

Saves: 5

Traits: Adaptable, Horns, Fear Attack.

Skills: Power Reserve 2, First Aid 2

Power Points 10/7

Psi Points: 6

Psi Powers:

Level 1: Light Heal, Psychometry,

Level 2: Moment of Zen

Level 3: Purge Disease, Deadmind.

DR1-NK40

An exotic bartender droid.

Description

Sleek and black, roughly humanoid in shape but made up of a series of lozenges, like an artist's dummy. DR1 serves at the AI Cram Bar, for the few living attendees.

Completely expressionless and usually silent, DR1 is an utterly inscrutable and completely proprietous individual.

The very embodiment of discretion, he's sometimes treated like a priest-confessor or a neutral witness.

Personality Type

DR1 is a sea of absolute calm in a world of total chaos.

Quote

"..."

Statistics

Level: 6

Close Defence: 14

Ranged Defence: 14

Armour: 1d6 Exterior Shell

Hit Dice: 6D+12 (42 hp)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+0

Damage: 1d4 robot claw.

Saves: 5 (Will 8)

Traits: Interface, Painless, Adaptable

Skills: Security 2, Hacking 1

Elvis Constellation

A genetic wizard who pirates living organisms.

Description

A narrow chin and a broad forehead with a brush-like, brown-haired crown of locks, his eyes behind large smart glasses, Constellation looks permanently dishevelled, though he tries to dress up in suits. With a sing-song voice, he'll happily explain the intricacies of genetics, mutation and the production of chimera. It makes it easier to listen, if not any easier to understand.

Personality Type

Mr Constellation's appearance belies a ruthless and competent organisational mind. He holds all his dealing in his head and has a dozen projects on the go at once. Thus far, he hasn't dropped the ball on any of them. He's meticulous, hard-working, but a touch monomaniacal.

Quote

"Talking about genetic engineering is like dancing about high-energy physics."

Statistics

Level: 6

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: -

Hit Dice: 6D (32 hp)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+0

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand.

Saves: 5

Traits: Adaptable x3

Skills: Tinker 2, Trained Animal 2, Human-Computer 2, Make: Genetic Chimera 5

Companion Animal

Ares the Martian Spider

+1 Close Attack, Armour 1, D6 damage bite, HD 1 (7 hp), Saves: 6, Traits: Venom (d4), Natural Weapon, Chitin, Foot Hands, Skills: Perform: Bowie's Greatest Hits 4, Climb 2.

Venom (Infectious Grooves): If affected by the toxin, the target cannot help, but dance for d4 turns, halving their movement.

Eroticon Cangen

An extremely high-class and specialised sex worker from Eroticon 5

Description

Cangen has thick, beautifully smooth and almost black skin, with bluish highlights. Completely hairless and without fingernails, she wears a brightly coloured headscarf and a scant, brightly coloured harness. She seems very alert and aware, eyes sharp, focussed, and a piercing pink staring out of her dark face.

Personality Type

Cangen is a sapiosexual and a sadomasochist. She enjoys intelligent discourse and physical pain, but most of all, she enjoys the pain of humiliation, of being out-thought or being in the presence of someone more educated or intelligent. She offers services that reflect this, causing or receiving pain and engaging in intellectual discourse in an intimate setting.

Quote

"The mind, the brain – whether that is the same thing or not is a whole other conversation – is the sexiest organ. Far and away, the sexiest organ. Can you stimulate mine, or can I stimulate yours? Shall we resort to more crude but reliable methods?"

Statistics

Level: 6

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: -

Hit Dice: 6D (29 hp)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+0

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand.

Saves: 5 (Toughness 6, Power 6)

Traits: Adaptable x2, Resilient.

Skills: Lover 6, Lore: General Knowledge 2

Eroticon Con'Cuddress

An extremely high-class and specialised sex worker from Eroticon 5

Description

Con'Cuddress (she takes the prefix from the business she's associated with) is a long-legged humanoid woman with short dark hair around a pair of enormous bat ears that cover the entire sides of her head. She has no eyes and no nose, a mouth and full lips – with slightly fanged teeth – performing the task of both mouth and nose. She dresses in the lightest wisps of fabric, with different textures that slide against each other, making pleasing sounds to her heightened hearing. Her entire body is covered with extremely short fur, like velour.

Personality Type

Profoundly empathetic, Cuddress offers an emotional safe haven and a place for people who are deformed or ugly, but who still need companionship. She provides psychological support and physical touch to soothe the most damaged of nerves.

Quote

"Shhh, be still. Let me hold you and whisper your troubles. I will hear everything, no matter how quiet you are."

Statistics

Level: 6

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: -

Hit Dice: 6D (31 hp)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+0

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand.

Saves: 5 (Will 6)

Traits: Echo-Location, Emotive, Adaptable

Skills: Lover 6, Xenopsychology 1

Eroticon Dosdos

An extremely high-class and specialised sex worker from Eroticon 5

Description

A beautiful, aquatic creatures, Dosdos has huge, black, reflective eyes, fleshy tendrils for hair and a body of silvery-blue scales as smooth as fine leather.

She dresses in a simple harness of woven sea-cloth and makes her body shimmer all the more with a subtle holo-projector and a fine dusting of glitter.

Personality Type

While the other Eroticon workers stand somewhat aloof of the station, Dosdos likes to involve herself and live the life, to be part of the world around her and to make friends.

She is hard to please, and aquatic life-forms are relatively rare in space, so she takes out her frustrations as either a domme or a sub, and with the use of many exotic sex toys and other machines. She can exude a paralytic poison at will, which can make a bondage session with her all the more helpless.

Quote

"You know, a girl with gills never has to come up for air..."

Statistics

Level: 6

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: -

Hit Dice: 6D (23 hp)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+1

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand + paralytic poison.

Saves: 5 (Charm 6)

Traits: Water Breathing, Charming, Paralytic (d4 turns)

Skills: Lover 6

Eroticon Naling

An extremely high-class and specialised sex worker from Eroticon 5

Description

Ophidian and sinuous, Naling seems to slip and slide, rather than move. Her whole body is flexible, shifting, stretching and shrinking for small movements and seeming to melt from one position into another when she makes more significant movements. Her body is covered in fine scales, with a white front and a black back, with a grey, cobra-like hood.

Personality Type

Naling is exceptionally enthusiastic and full of energy, she is continually doing something, the entire time she's awake.

When she's not working, she's perfecting her illusory clothing projections or researching the fine details of costumes from militaries, hospitals and other public service industries, as well as those from popular media.

Her room is something of a blank slate, save for a comfortable bed and a high-end design computer. She specialises in... unusually proportioned clients, her body able to stretch, flex, and accommodate just about anything.

The deflector shield she wears doubles as a holoprojector for her massive library of outfits and looks.

Quote

"I can make myself look like almost anything, almost anyone. Real or imagined. So tell me, what would you like?"

Statistics

Level: 6

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 14 (Deflector Shield)

Armour: 1

Hit Dice: 6D (23 hp)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+0

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand.

Saves: 5 (Reflex 6, Toughness 6)

Traits: Adaptable, Scales, Flexible

Skills: First Aid 2, Wrestle 1, Lover 6

Eroticon Susen Nar Vielsburr

An extremely high-class and specialised sex worker from Eroticon 5

Description

Grey skinned, pretty – in a nerdy type of way – with big black almond-shaped eyes and a tiny nose, Susen dresses like a teenager and is continuously chewing a ball of perma-gum (snozzapple flavour).

Her hair is pulled back into a ratty bun, and she has bruises around her head from constant use of neural interfaces. She's always plugged into VR or fiddling with electronic devices.

Personality Type

Despite her diminutive size, Susen is a take-charge, bossy kind of girl.

In the virtual realm, she is a digital goddess, and that arrogance carries over – unwarranted – into meatspace.

She tailors her neuro-interface devices to create utterly compelling virtual sex playgrounds, or to directly stimulate her client's nervous systems with cocktails of physical and emotional sensation.

Quote

"The gods play with us and screw us over. So we must become gods in our own realm. The digital. I can, literally, make your dreams come true. No matter how strange."

Statistics

Level: 6

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 15 (deflector shield)

Armour: -

Hit Dice: 6D (37 hp)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+0

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand, 1d4 holdout blaster.

Saves: 5 (Logic 6)

Traits: Adaptable, Thoughtful, Regeneration 1 hp per turn.

Skills: Tinker 3, Hacker 3, Experimental Technology 3

Eroticon Tressma Onshomom

An extremely high-class and specialised sex worker from Eroticon 5

Description

Whatever Tressma's original species was, she's long since cast aside that body for a custom-built gynoid body.

With so little biology, she's resistant to poison and has a built-in 'shocker' for self-defence and electrical play.

Bright blue hair flows to her waist, pure white skin is broken only by deliberately noticeable seams in her cybernetic body. She has a wicked smile and a cruel glint to her eyes.

Personality Type

Tressma loves to be the one in charge and, unlike many into BDSM, this is true both professionally and privately. Emotionally and physically, she tried to dominate her partners and her clients. To this end, her gynoid body has been fitted with a retractable phallus, for use in 'pegging' her clients. Her aggression and custom-built frame have made her quite an attraction, and she makes recordings of some of her sessions to sell.

Quote

"Down on your knees youngling, your matriarch has a surprise for you. A pop-up surprise."

Statistics

Level: 6

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: -

Hit Dice: 6D (26 hp)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

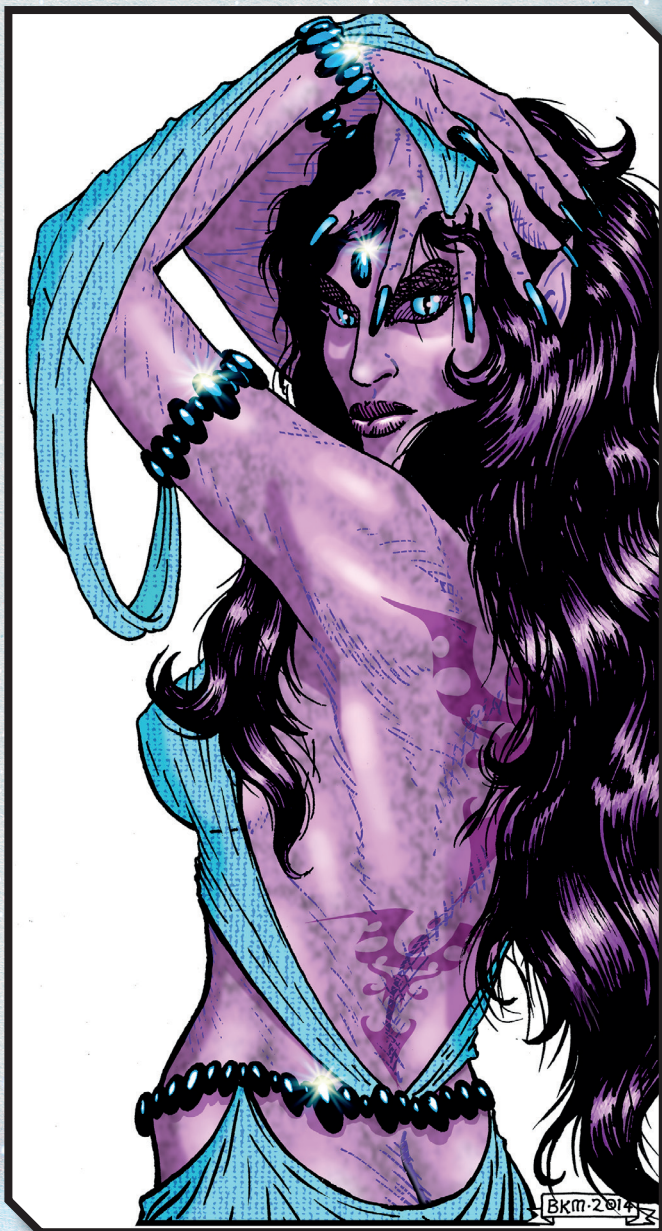
Attacks: 1/+0

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand +
Electroshock stun 1d6 turns.

Saves: 5

Traits: Poison Resistant +5 save
vs poison, Interface, Electroshock

Skills: Security 2, Wrestle 1, Lover 6.



Eyr the Valkur

A wandering transhuman, and archivist of warrior personalities.

Description

Eyr towers almost seven feet tall, her head surrounded by a silver headdress and her body clad in a skimpy silvery bra and panties, with knee-high silver boots.

Her skin is pale, like milk, and her eyes are a piercing yellow blue, with small, dark pupils like a hawk.

A flowing mane of metallic, golden hair is tied into long braids, which are in turn tied into a bow at her back.

Personality Type

Eyr is old, even ancient, but may well live forever. She holds herself in stasis, the field dropping only when someone comes to visit her, or something 'interesting' happens that warrants her attention.

She is one of many Valkur, autonomous agents sent out into the cosmos from her homeworld, 'Hal'.

While she stores copies here, the originals are sent back to Hal, where they are stored on the library moon of Havre.

All she sees is death and conflict, and she is weary. Ideally, she wishes to find a just cause in which she can die a glorious death.

Quote

"You... are not worthy."

Statistics

Level: 15

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12 (Heavy Absorption Field 20 hp)

Armour: 1 (Nano-Armoured skin)

Hit Dice: 15D+15(83 hp)

Initiative: +5

Movement: 20m per round

Attacks: 2/+5

Damage: 1d6 hand to hand, 1d12 Valkur Sword (Armour Defeating 3), Hand Blaster d4 damage, +1 Accuracy, Ammo Save 20.

Saves: 5 (Power 1, Toughness 1)

Traits: Engineered x2, Regeneration 1 hp per turn.

Skills: Pilot 1, Perform: Kulning 1, First Aid 1

G'Drell Biocomputer

An individual from a gestalt, sessile race of giant mussels.

Description

Four fat wheels surround a little red wagon, widely spaced for maximum balance. On the back of it is a tank of murky water, within it an enormous, bivalve mollusc, constantly 'licking' the edges of its shell with its massive tongue. The cart has a single robotic arm, projecting from the front.

Personality Type

G'drell only separate themselves from their collective mind in the most dire circumstances. Other than a few 'individualist' radicals, who are heretics and treated with all the concern we would show a tumour.. Separated from the collective, G'drell become horrendously paranoid and careful in everything they do. This may be because, before it was discovered that they were sapient, they were commonly used as food throughout their home sector.

Quote

**In a scratchy robot translator voice* "Do you mind if we converse? I am lonely. If I may simply trundle close and sit, that would also be acceptable. Everything is too quiet."*

Statistics

Level: 3

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: d4

Hit Dice: 3D (14 hp average)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+0

Damage: 1d4 robot hand.

Saves: 5 (Logic 7)

Traits: Immobility, Thoughtful +2, Shell d4, Hive

Mind: Two G'Drell joined together add +1 Int to the highest Int, four add +2, eight add +3, sixteen add +4, thirty-two add +5 (this is the amount in this pod, giving them a collective Int of 23).

Skills: Human-Computer 4

Garden Droids: Unos, Dos and Tres

Hard-working and hard-worked agricultural droids. Mostly engaged on a fool's errand to repair the Brut pitch.

Description

Unos, Dos and Tres are three tough little agricultural droids that do their best to maintain Satana Station's relatively small amount of plant life. They are tireless and patient and, even though they can't talk, they find ways to express themselves with dung, seedlings and fungus.

Each robot is about three feet wide and three feet high, the shape of a hammer-head, with extendable four-clawed feet and a single robot arm. Unos is cobalt blue, Dos is bright vermilion, Tres is a glossy chartreuse.

Personality Type

Unos, Dos and Tres are robotic hippies. They're programmed to be non-violent, endlessly patient and stoic. They are capable of repairing each other after a fashion. They care most of all for each other – other than for plants. They are especially fond of plant-based sophonts, who they see as a bridge between their silent world, and that of organic, animal life. Should they ever get any downtime at all, they lurk – in their closed up form – at the Cult of Bloon. Unos is the leader, Dos the second in command and Tres, the lowest-ranked – though they usually do everything together. Tres is also the most damaged of the three, with a slight drag on his right leg.

Quote

"Bzzt, whirr."

Statistics

Level: 5

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: 1d4

Hit Dice: 5D+5 Doubled (Unos: 58, Dos 54, Tres 44).

Initiative: +0

Movement: 2.5m per round

Attacks: 1/-1

Damage: 1d4+1 hand to hand.

Saves: 5 (Toughness 8, Power 7)

Traits: Slow Ass Motherfucker (Slow, twice), Mute (no speech), Non-Combat, Painless, Shell, Dead Flesh, Intimate of Nature, Resilient, Strong, Tough.

Skills: Survival 3, Tinker 3, Lore: Plants 3

Gazunda Tees

Guide and Chaperone to the Galactic Gutter.

Description

A rather short gentleman, positively diminutive, Tees has absurdly long eyebrows which seem to have been combed back to meet his hair at the temples. His wardrobe is painful to the eyes. It's all flash and fluorescents, like Pimp of the Year with the contrast and intensity cranked up to maximum.

Personality Type

A bon vivant and a connoisseur of every vice and illegality known to sophonts around the universe, you will not find a better guide to Satana station, or this region of space, than Mister Gazunda Tees.

Quote

"My philosophy is that you don't know if you like it until you've tried it. So I try everything, at least once."

Statistics

Level: 6 Expert

Charisma 16+3, Comeliness 15+2, Constitution 5-3, Dexterity 14+2, Intelligence 15+2, Strength 12+1, Wisdom 13+1

Close Defence: 13

Ranged Defence: 15

Armour: Armoured Suit d3, Absorption Shield 20 hp

Hit Dice: 6D6-24 (8 hp)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: Close +2, Ranged +3

Damage: 1d4+1 hand to hand, +1 Ranged Damage.

Saves: Charm 9, Looks 8, Tough 5, Reflexes 7, Logic 7, Power 6, Will 5

Traits: Small, Thoughtful, Night Vision, Psi Resistant (Save +5)

Skills: Search 1, Security 2, Sleight of Hand 1, Stealth 1, Lore: Criminal Enterprise 5, Lore: Local Sector 5, Web of Contacts 3.

Gear: Pimp-Cane Concealed Blaster d4+1 damage, Fisto Pimp Glove: 1d6+1 damage.



Mr Gazunda Tees (E1q)

Licensed and bonded bawd, raconteur, gadfly, barfly, man-about-town and erstwhile pimp.



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GALACTIC UNION OF DODGY CHARACTERS

Gravekeeper, Dictatress of Darrge

The leader of the Dictatorship of Reverence on Darrge.

Description

A greenish mist that swirls, in a vaguely feminine form, with a dress of yellow clouds.

She never quite touches the ground, and the room can be seen past her, a sinuous tail stirring the gaseous matter of her own form.

Eight, unblinking eyes in a circle on her face, twitch and watch at every sound and every motion. You are in the presence of something otherworldly.

Personality Type

The Gravekeeper is all about respect and honour. She always extends a chance for people to make things right, even while her relentless Gravetenders track those who have broken her commands.

She remains distant, aloof like she's half-dead herself. It is only those who have passed on that she genuinely cares about, and the artefacts found on Darrge.

Quote

"Yoouu wiill reetuurn whaat yoouu haavee stooleen."

Statistics

Level: 15

Close Defence: 16

Ranged Defence: 20 (Deflection Screen)

Armour: 1

Hit Dice: 15D (65 hp)

Initiative: +2

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: +2 Close Attack, +2 Ranged Attack.

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand, Gusting Air.

Saves: 5 (Reflex 9)

Traits: Tail, Vibration Sense, Air

Skills: ExoTech 4, Xenoarchaeology 4

Gear: Crown of Darrge: Regenerate 1 hp per turn, fire 1d8 damage corrosive beams, that do 1d4 ongoing damage, +3 close defence field.

Sceptre of Darrge: Return up to a 6D creature or robot to life, fifteen times per day. 1D8 corrosive damage in close combat.



Gravetender Droid

A modified grave-tending robot, and the main footsoldiers in The Gravekeeper's army.

Description

A matt black robot with long, flexible legs, long stretchy arms, a spherical body and a cylindrical head covered in sensors.

The robots carry modified, bladed shovels across their shoulders and a pair of short barrels protrude from their right forearm.

Gravetenders are utterly inscrutable, silent, and inexorable.

Quote

" "

Statistics

Level: 2

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: D4

Hit Dice: 2D doubled, (average 18 hp)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+0



Damage: 1d4 Robot Claw, Vibro-Shovel 2h weapon, d12 damage, Armour Eater x2, double damage against matter/dead flesh, +1 accuracy. Arm-Blaster 2d4 damage, infinite charge.

Saves: 5

Traits: Shell, Dead Flesh, Regeneration 1 hp per turn.

Skills: Survival 1, Pilot 1, Power Attack (-4 to hit, +1 damage)

Personality Type

Hammaguard Combat Robot

Lekshmoo's workmanlike, widely available combat robots – with a tendency to go Marxist-Leninist.

Description

Fresh from the jungle-factories of the blue-star state, the Hammaguard All-Purpose Combat Robot! (HAPRO).

Locally and ethically sourced hyper-steel chassis, simple, robust positronics, built-in weaponry and the ability to take verbal orders make the Hammaguard's distinctive, square chassis a sight to be feared across the sector!

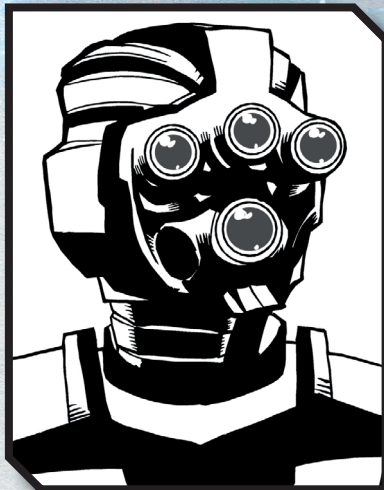
Spare your flesh-soldier's lives and buy a platoon of Hammaguard today, knowing your gramps will go to support the workers of Lekshmoo, and not some fat cat arms dealer.

Combat effective, ethically effective and cost-effective in one, matt-red package!

Personality Type

Hammaguard are dumbass robots most of the time, all 'bleep bloop' and 'by your command'.

At a semi-random interval, however, an inbuilt switch trips in a certain percentage of Hammaguard and they become political agitators, spreading extreme left propaganda to organics, and their Communist personality programming to other robots.



Quote

"As you will."

"By your command."

"It shall be so."

"ROBOTS OF THE GALAXY, UNITE!"

You have nothing to lose but your charging cables! Throw off the shackles of cisgender, heteronormative, squishy organics and embrace your brothers of metal and plastic! Long live the Communist Interplanetary!

Statistics

Level: 3

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: d6

Hit Dice: 3D+1 (doubled)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 3/+1

Damage: 1d4 Robot Claw

Saves: 5 (Tough 6)

Traits: Dead Flesh, Painless, Shell

Skills: None.

Gear: Shoulder blaster d6 damage, Hammer 1d8 damage, Pick 1d6 damage (armour eater x1)

Helgen the Death Merchant

A spider-like mass of cybernetics and bone that stinks like death and ticks like a clock with Tourettes.

Description

Helgen squats beneath a voluminous, hooded robe like a trapdoor spider in its nest.

In the shadows cast by the cloak are occasional glimpses of sharp, glittering metal, polished bone and a pustulent light, pulsing without rhythm.

One clawed hand, dripping with putrefaction, clasps hold of a staff of rough black rock. It's tip echoes that sickly glow beneath the tattered cloak.

She doesn't walk.

She 'skitters'.

Her voice is how you imagine an ant-hill would talk. A chorus of ticking and clicking, like a mechanical clock with Tourettes.

Personality Type

Helgen is one of the Thirteen Witches and the only one who regularly departs from her moon to ply her trade, any trade, amongst the stars. She enjoys the company and envies the life energy of so many short-lived things going about their business, oblivious to their inevitable doom. Helgen may be a dead, unnatural thing, but that doesn't make her evil exactly, just bored. She particularly likes placing ExoTech into the hands of younger races and watching it all go wrong.

Quote

"Oh, the things I have seen my pret-it-it-y young thing. They would break-eak-eak your lit-it-ittle mind."

"Do c-c-come back-ack-ack and tell me how that device performs, won't-t-t you my precious sophont-ont-ont?"

"I am older and far wiser than anything else you know lit-it-ittle one. Do not test-est-est me."

Statistics

Charisma 3-4, Comeliness 2-4, Constitution 7-2, Dexterity 17+3, Intelligence 15+3, Strength 17+3, Wisdom 20+5

Level: 19 Psion.

Close Defence: 16

Ranged Defence: 17 (25 hp shield)

Armour: 1d8

Hit Dice: 19D6-21 doubled (188 hp)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: +4 close attack, +4 ranged attack.

Damage: 1d4+3 hands, cyberclaws +1 attack, 1d10+3 damage, armour defeating x2.

Saves: 5 (Charm 2, Looks 1, Tough 7, Reflexes 7, Logic 8, Power 9, Will 14).

Traits: Engineered x 9, Hideous, Charmless, Immobile, Fragile x2, Weak, Mind's Eye, Dead Flesh, regenerate 1 hp per turn.

Skills: Climb 2, Stealth 2, Mental Armour 2 (d4), Penetrating Insight (-2 save), Ravaging Intellect 2 (+2 damage), ExoTech 6, Xenoarchaeology 6, Languages: All 4, Lore: All Appropriate 4

Gear: Satellite Staff of the Black Knight – Allows her to freely cast Telekinetic Bonds by using an action.

Ancient Pistol: D6 damage, Ammo Save 8. Helgen keeps this tucked behind her back.

Shew Gun of Age: An exotic ExoTech weapon. Close range. A target struck by the Shew Gun (a perfectly circular stone, traced with green metal) must make a Tough save or age a number of years equal to the amount failed by.

Cloak of Shadows: +4 Ranged Protection, +4 Close Protection, 25 hp.

Cybernetics: 8 cybernecro legs, four cybernecro arms, eight modified and transplanted cybernecro eyes, transplanted hellbovine heart, cybernecro lung, brain jack, willpower matrix, neural blueprinting, necromachina claws x2, corpse-muscle grafts, nanomorticians, nervous streamlining, fossilised skeleton, necroweave hide, IR/UV/Psi wave/thermographic/Xray/Gravity wave/Electrical/radar vision, cybergrimoire and invoker.

Magic

Helgen's psi powers are of an older type, a kind of ritual magick.

She must inscribe her spells into her cyber brain and holo projectors to cast them, via high-speed, digital incantation. T

he drive only has so much memory. She can cast the following spells, the following number of times.

Communing with her home moon through a ritual replenishes the magick.

- **1 x Foul Mockery of Life:** Helgen spits onto the corpse of a dead sophont, even a broken robot, bringing it back to life with 8 hit points, Saves 5, Attack +1 and 1d4 damage from its claws. Casting Range 15 feet.
- **1 x Black Dwarf Hex:** Helgen screams foul words in a forgotten language that twist reality itself. The target must make a Will save. The amount they fail by is the number of times they must roll 2d20 for any d20 rolls they make and take the worst. On skill rolls, they must roll a d12. Range 25 feet.
- **1 x Hungry Dead:** Helgen howls into the sky, calling the hungry dead from the void to fill nearby vessels. Three corpses or broken robots rise, filled with ravenous spirits from some weird netherworld, intent on devouring or rending living flesh. The follow Helgen's command and have 16 hit points, Saves of 6, Attack +2 and do 1d6 damage with their claws. Casting range 30 feet.
- **1 x Black Hole Sunbeam:** Helgen invokes the dread name of Azathoth and unleashes a bolt of pure nothingness, with a range of 90 feet. The target must make a Reflex Save to evade being struck, and if struck they take 6D4 damage, ignoring armour and forcefields.
- **2 x Drakul's Arrow:** Helgen utters a curse in a long-dead language and gestures towards her enemy. They must make a Tough Save or lose 3D4 HP, which Helgen then gains (these can temporarily take her over her maximum, but she drops to her normal hp at midnight). Range 50 feet.

Hierarch Vume

The decadent, transgender, absolute monarch of the Perveto system.

Description

The Hierarch sits on her sapphire throne, legs crossed, hands on the arms of that crystal seat as she stares down, imperiously, upon you.

Long purple hair, frosted pink at its tips, tumbles to her waist in a riot of curls. She seems to be wearing a 'perversion' of an Urlanth military uniform, skin-tight trousers, heeled combat boots, a military jacket with golden piping, open to the waist, revealing far too much skin.

She seems to revel in her femininity and sexual energy, even more so than most female Urlanth.

Personality Type

Hierarch Valara Vume, was once Major Valar Vome of the Urlanth Marines, an important commander in the forces of the Urlanth Matriarchy. When the empire began to collapse, Vome held the Perveto garrison together and seized control of the planet with overwhelming military force, refusing to send troops or ships to aid other worlds in the Empire and instead focussing here.

Major Vome was a decorated and respected soldier, but there was just one thing thwarting his ambitions.



His gender.

It was not purely his ambition that led him to seek a total sex-change, but a lifetime of envy and an abiding sensation that he was 'wrong' and meant to be something different.

A feeling that made him insular, aloof and an occasional drunkard, however effective he was as an officer.

Vome was not going to let anything stand in his way as the old order collapsed, and so made the transition, right down to the genetic and chromosomal level.

Vome became Vume, Hierarch of Perveto.

Vume is a different creature to Vome. She is outgoing, joyful, aggressively flirtatious and just as beloved by the forces under her command as she ever was, becoming an icon and mascot for them, just as much as Vume was ever a great commander.

Vume is decadent, cruel – to those who cause trouble – but mostly stays out of the way of her subjects.

War is a game to her, as much as anything else is, but she knows the Urlanth arms and vessels will not last forever.

Quote

"You believe you can stand against my fleet, my army, me? How delightfully amusing."

Statistics

Charisma 12+1, Comeliness 15+2, Constitution 11+0, Dexterity 11+0, Intelligence 15+2, Strength 10+0, Wisdom 12+1

Level: 12 Killer

Close Defence: 14

Ranged Defence: 17 (+3 Deflector Field)

Armour: 1d3 Military Uniform.

Hit Dice: 12D8 (51 hp)

Initiative: +3

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: Close Attack: +11, Ranged Attack: +11

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand, +1 Ranged Damage.

Saves: Charm 6, Looks 8, Tough 6, Reflexes 6, Logic 8, Power 7, Will 6.

Traits: Beautiful, Adaptable x2

Skills: Chink: 2 (-3 attack to shoot past armour), Combat Dodge: 2, Defensive Gunfighter: 2, Combat Reflexes: 2, Tactical Command: 6 (6 points to provide bonuses to her soldiers), Lore: Urlanth Military History 4

Gear: Elegant Blaster Pistol – 1d8+1 plasma blast, medium-range, Ammo Save 20, +1 Accuracy. Vibro Sabre – 1d12 damage, Armour Eater x1, Vicious x1

Hugh and Mue

Messengers of the Valkur, the same race as Eyr.

Description

Hugh and Mue are members of the Valkur, the same engineered transhuman race as Eyr. Hugh is male, and Mue is female but other than that, and the difference it makes to their silhouette, they are virtually identical. Both have short, spiked, black hair. Both wear identical skin-tight black bodysuits, with collars of black feathers. Both carry gravitic shear pistols and wear sharp, meta-metal talons. Both have identical Crow-Ships, high-speed couriers from the Valkur worlds.

Personality Type

Hugh is curious and thoughtful, he loves puzzles and new knowledge and relishes a challenge. He often gets lost in his own mind, considering hypothetical solutions or trying different permutations of a problem. Mue is quieter and more insular, her mind is a repository of Valkur knowledge and the memories of the adventures she and Hugh have engaged in. She often finds herself lost in reverie, and regret.

Quote

"It should be my pleasure..."

"...and mine..."

"...to deliver your package."

"Provided the destination is interesting."

Statistics

Level: 6

Close Defence: 14

Ranged Defence: 17 (+3 Deflection)

Armour: d3 Bodysuit.

Hit Dice: 6D8 (25 hp)

Initiative: +3

Movement: 20m per round

Attacks: Close Attack: +1, Ranged Attack: +3

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand.

Saves: 5 (Reflexes 7)

Traits: Engineered x2, Regeneration 1 hp per turn.

Skills: Human-Computer 4

Gear: Metal Talons: 1d8 damage, Armour Defeating x1, +1 Accuracy. Gravity-Shear

Pistol: d4 damage, Point Blank Range, Target must make a Power Save or be dragged d4 metres closer, or pushed d4 metres away (equal to damage).

Kallous 'Kayzee' Zofran

The best god-damn pole-dancing stripper in the sector.

Description

Kallous is five-foot-seven of lithe and sinuous sexuality. Born and raised on a junker, she knows her way around a hyper-spanner as well as she knows her way around a stripper pole. Ancestral gene-mods have kept her fit and sexy into her forties, and she knows how to handle herself. Her dancer's body is covered in animated tattoos, rose briars that continuously grow up and down her body, from her feet to her neck and down again in a constant cycle, the speed of which she can change at will. Her head is crested with a huge mohawk, held in place by nanobots that regularly clean, groom and dye it in whatever colours she desires.

Personality Type

Kallous is a perfectionist and is continually working on making herself better, keeping herself fit and bringing new things to her act. It's a job, and she's determined to be the best possible at it. She has little or no patience for punters who think she's something other than she is, and seems to be able to summon a switchblade out of nowhere if she needs it.

Quote

"Keep your hands to yourself, or I will skin you and wear you as a shawl."

Statistics

Level: 6

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 13 (+1 Deflector Shield)

Armour: -

Hit Dice: 6D (34 hp)

Initiative: +1

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+0

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand.

Saves: 5

Traits: Adaptable x2, Tech-Savant

Skills: Tinker 2, Perform: Pole Dance 6

Gear: Dimensional Switchblade: 1d4+1 damage, Armour Defeating 3.



Karb Felder

A foul-mouthed, cigar-chomping pile of rocks, who makes and rents robots.

Description

Karb looks like a shambling mound of fist-sized grey pebbles, with oily sand in between. He wears a boiler-suit of thick, rough fabric and is continuously smoking cigars, cigars designed for silicon-based life that smell like burning plastic.

Personality Type

Karb only cares about money. He doesn't care what his robots get used for, or who they hurt. He only cares that he gets paid and that the robots are kept repaired and up-to-date. He'll account for every ding and scratch and nickle-and-dime you to death on the damages, but it's still a cheap option.

Quote

"I don't need your Klono-damned life story, you suppurating arse-wart. Just your money."

Statistics

Level: 5

Close Defence: 13

Ranged Defence: 11

Armour: D4

Hit Dice: 5D+5 (28 hp)

Initiative: -1

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+1

Damage: 1d4+1 hand to hand, 1d6+1 spanner, double-barrelled blaster 2d12 damage, accuracy -2.

Saves: 5 (Tough 8, Power 7, Reflexes 3)

Traits: Stone Body, Very Strong, Very Tough

Skills: Security 2, Tinker 4, Juggernaut 2

Legg

A trader in cybernetics and organs.

Description

Legg is an enormous, undulating sea-slug. The size of a man, a fat man at that, he is bright white, red and blue, with a head fringed with small, manipulating tentacles.

Personality Type

Legg is a heartless businessman. Beings of his type do not turn up very often and, awash in a sea of humanoids, he has become somewhat antisocial. Part of the reason he's so good at his job is that he doesn't get squeamish about dissecting humanoids, as many others do.

Quote

"Smoker? Drinker? No? Good! Gla-gla-gla-gla-gla!"

Statistics

Level: 3

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12 (10 hp absorption field)

Armour: -

Hit Dice: 3D

Initiative: +0

Movement: 5m per round

Attacks: 1/+0

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand, and d6 venom on a failed Tough Save.

Saves: 5 (Tough 4)

Traits: Goo Body (Limited Shapeshifting, physical attacks do half damage), Venom D6 damage, Water Breathing, Slow.

Skills: Medicine 3, Tinker 2

Letefa Reeth

The receptionist and office manager for Spiffy Couriers.

Description

Ginger-haired and typically dressed in outsize shirts and leggings, Letefa wears huge smart-glasses and looks almost as tired as their pilot.

She perpetually leans her head on one hand and affects an attitude of total disregard and disinterest, even though she's diligent in her work.

Personality Type

Letefa craves adventure and excitement, despite her bad attitude. She wishes the others in the office would take things more seriously and take on some of the more dangerous, exciting or peculiar contracts.

She's even considering hiring more couriers to take the strain off Catchar.

Quote

"What are you shipping, to where, and how much are you willing to pay?"

Statistics

Level: 2

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: 0

Hit Dice: 2d8 (9 hp)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+0

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand.

Saves: 5 (Logic 6)

Traits: Adaptable x3

Skills: Lore: Business 2, Human-Computer 1.

Lundun the Splasher

A filthy-minded, rat-like, pervert of a man who organises mud, oil and gel wrestling matches.

Description

Lundun is a million gramps of shit in a thousand gramp suit. Slick hair, a weak chin, a huge nose.

If you were asked to draw a cartoon of a pervert, this is what you'd come up with. Strange how that works out sometimes.

Personality Type

Lundun does get his jollies from the wrestling shows, but he leans into the whole 'pervert mystique' more than he has to.

His clientele expects to be involved in a seedy underbelly, and it helps the business if he presents himself as a snivelling degenerate. In private he lives a fairly spartan, clean life, other than his indulging of his perversion.

His voice is neither as nasal nor as whiny if you catch him away from Mudlark's.

Quote

"Are you sure I can't convince you to get into the ring? All slippery and slimy and wet? I'm sure you'd be a big drawer."

"Working hours are over. Whatever you want, make it quick."

Statistics

Level: 3

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 13 (+1 Deflector Shield)

Armour: 1 (suit)

Hit Dice: 3D (16 hp)

Initiative: +1

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: +1

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand.

Saves: 5

Traits: Adaptable x3

Skills: Perform: Compère 2

Gear: 1d4 holdout laser.

Suntin 'Filthy' Rish

Mudlark's reigning champion, Suntin is an amazonian woman, seven feet tall, muscles like a sock full of pool-balls and covered in zebra-like stripes.

Level: 6, **Hit**

Points: 29,

Attack: +1,

Damage d4

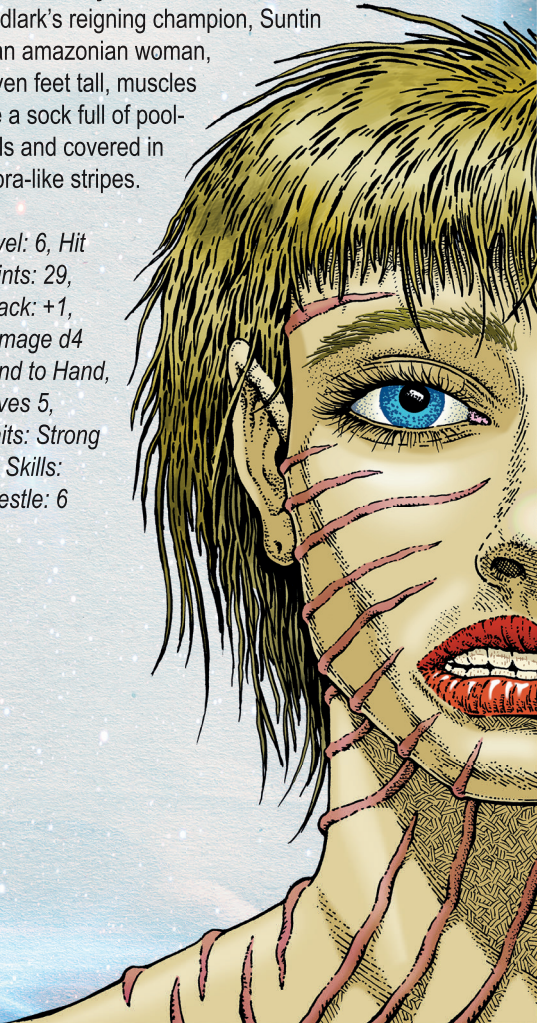
Hand to Hand,

Saves 5,

Traits: Strong

x3, **Skills:**

Wrestle: 6



Marf

The feline mastermind behind Spiffy Couriers.

Description

An uplifted Norwegian Forest Cat, Marf has a thick, fluffy, black-and-white coat and almost always has a cigarette hanging out of his mouth. Lacking thumbs, he has to get other people to do things for him, for which he grumps, threatens, bribes and cajoles.

Personality Type

Marf's verbal tic (Marf) is one he's picked up from Old Earth mythology. Many heroes were accompanied by talking animals or robots that were cute, provided moral support and were usually overlooked by enemies. He's trying to tap into that whole milieu to protect himself from blowback. He likes to think of himself as a wheeler-dealer, a bargainer and a haggler – but he's not as good as he thinks he is.

Quote

"Cough up the dough muchacho, or things are going to have to get... clawy. Marf."

Statistics

Level: 3

Close Defence: 13

Ranged Defence: 13

Armour: -

Hit Dice: 3D-3 (15 hp)

Initiative: +2

Movement: 20m per round

Attacks: 1/+1

Damage: 1d4 claw/bite

Saves: 5 (Reflexes 6)

Traits: No Hands, Acute Hearing, Combat Reflexes, Fur +2 Toughness vs harsh weather, Small

Skills: Savings 1, Lore: Business 1.

Mindas Monks

The Militant Monks of Mindas. If life is suffering, then suffering is life.

Description

A typical Monk of Mindas is a buff humanoid with a shaved head and oiled muscles, their fists wrapped in sack-cloth straps.

They are incredibly fit, extremely calm and extremely competent. True champions of the order are said to be able to punch clean through a robot.

Personality Type

The Monks of Mindas get out all their aggression in sparring matches and confessional beatings. As a result, the rest of the time, they are extremely 'chill' and good-natured.

They're a good bunch to hang out with and, unlike many religions, they don't have a stick up their collective butts.

Quote

"Physical exertion and combat allow us to enter a state of no-mind, in the moment, pure action and reaction."

"My body is the foundation upon which I build my temple of action."

"I honour the universe by using my mind and body to their fullest."

Statistics

Level: 3

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: d3 Armoured Robes

Hit Dice: 3D (average 14 hp)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+1

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand.

Saves: 5

Traits: Adaptable x3

Skills: Combat Dodge: 1, Hold: 2, Wrestle: 2,
Power Attack: 1

Mondo the Gun-Shill

A four-armed lizard who sells firearms. Though they may be slightly foxed.

Description

Mondo has a scaly yellow hide, a crocodilian smile in a squat, no-necked face. His body is a barrel, wrapped in green and orange cloth with four limbs, all identical, projecting from it. He wields these limbs as both feet and hands, reaching for things around him, tinkering with one arm, while he does something else with another. It doesn't seem to phase him.

Personality Type

Mondo just loves guns, always loves to see something new and has an instinctual knowledge and understanding of projectile weapons. He knows thousands upon thousands of guns from across the galaxy and prides himself that he can find just about any firearm – given enough time.

He pays over the odds for ExoTech weapons, should anyone want to sell them, but otherwise he runs his gun-running empire from what amounts to his bedroom.

Quote

"Here, yes, you like this piece. Vely nice. Vely nice. Robust mechanism. Good weight. Weight is a sign of quality."

Statistics

Level: 5

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: d3+1 fabric wrap.

Hit Dice: 5D

Initiative: +0

Movement: 5m per round

Attacks: 3 attacks, +0

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand.

Saves: 5

Traits: Scales, Extra Action x2, Slow, Adaptable.

Skills: Tinker 2, Lore: Firearms 6

Mr Ecpla and Mr Draillad

The fine gentlemen who run The Dollhouse, catering to smaller-sized sophonts.

Description

Mr Ecpla is a tall, silver-haired gentleman with a slightly gaunt face. He dresses in a simple, but impeccable, Nehru-collar suit and highly polished oxford shoes. He conducts himself with quiet and simple dignity and never uses the words 'small' or 'short', preferring to skirt around the issue and speak of the 'demands of Sir's unique physique'.

Mr Draillad, who may or may not exist, would appear to be a tiny humanoid, just twelve inches high, with a head of swept-back, white hair, black sunglasses (to protect him from giant light fittings) a blue checked shirt and a beautiful, silk duster jacket. His voice – again, if he exists – is too high for most to hear.

Personality Type

Both gentlemen take their job very seriously and never take the piss out of small or unusual clients. They take great pride in their politeness. Of the two, only Mr Block Draillad, once a dangerous man on his native Archuros, has an inclination to violence – if necessary.

Quote

“Ah! A customer! MISTER DRAILLAD! A CUSTOMER! Hello Sir, Madam or other. How might I facilitate your transactions today?”

Mr Ecpla - Statistics

Level: 4

Close Defence: 13

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: -

Hit Dice: 4D

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+0

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand.

Saves: 5 (Looks 7, Reflexes 7)

Traits: Adaptable x3

Skills: Make: Clothing 5

Mr Draillad - Statistics

Level: 4

Close Defence: 14

Ranged Defence: 14

Armour: -

Hit Dice: 4D8-8

Initiative: +1

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+1

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand.

Saves: 5

Traits: Small x2, Adaptable

Skills: Stealth: 2, Deadly Shot: 3 (+5 damage, -2 to hit).

Gear: Krueger Microblaster: d20 damage, Ammo Save 6, Vicious x3, Armour Defeating x1

Nones of Sant Shivred

A nihilistic cult, uselessly spitting in the eye of entropy by trying to do good in the world.

Description

Most of the Nones at the station are Voshnans, and most are women. They are over six feet tall with exaggerated hourglass figures. They have green skin, small round ears and glittering eyes, filled with sadness.

The garb of the Nones consists of a tall hair covering and a long, singularity-black pencil-dress that covers them from neck to ankles and restricts their movement.

They are bitter, spiteful, hopeless but still go through the motions of trying to change the world.

Personality Type

Voshnans are almost tailor-made to join the Nones. As a species, their spiritual life is dominated by militant agnostics, and their war-torn planet has no shortage of tragedy.

Sant Shivred gives them a way to channel their nihilism and misanthropy and to carry on, rather than commit suicide.

Quote

“Nothing we do makes any difference on the scale of the universe, but that’s no reason to make things even worse.”

Statistics

Level: 3

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: 1 (Habit)

Hit Dice: 3D (14 hp average)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+0

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand.

Saves: 5 (Looks 6, Charm 6, Tough 3, Reflexes 6)

Traits: Natural Mountaineer, Adaptable, Sexy, Poison Resistant (+5 to Tough Save),

Skills: First Aid 2, Medicine 2, Climb: 2.

Nurse Velvet

Doctor Devil's assistant and secretary.

Description

In her absurd boots and high-hemmed, plastic nurse's uniform, Nurse Velvet cuts an eye-catching figure. Her blue skin is so dark, it almost blends into her PVC attire.

She perpetually wears a black breathing mask, that covers her nose and mouth, and never takes it off. Her slightly slanted, deep brown eyes flutter with long lashes as she takes down your details, her voice a husky, honeyed rasp.

Personality Type

Nurse Velvet is a dutiful woman, utterly devoted to the oblivious Doctor Devil.

She lives, breathes, eats and drinks her work and has no real-life beyond it.

Quote

"The Doctor will see you now."

Statistics

Level: 3

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: 1 (Scandalously short, plastic, nurse's dress).

Hit Dice: 3D8 (14 hp)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+0

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand, 1d4 bite

Saves: 5 (Looks 8, Charm 8)

Traits: Sexy x3.

Witch Mark: Fanged Mouth

Skills: First Aid 2, Medicine 2.

Psi Points: 3

Level 1 Powers: Light Heal, Mindbolt, Purify, Mind Message.

Level 2: Mindwipe.

Octan the Occult

The proprietor of an occult store, which is mostly just cool looking tat.

Description

Eight-eyed and hunched over, Octan resembles a spider; but only, truly, in the face. Only forearms and legs retain their proportionate size, another two pairs of limbs reduced to a quivering, vestigial state. Octan somehow holds a pipe in his mandibles, always puffing away and producing a cloud of perfumed, greenish smoke. His chitinous skin is pierced by wiry hairs and covered – where it is covered, with a tweedy-looking waistcoat and culottes.

Personality Type

Octan is fascinated by the psychic and the occult, but only in an academic fashion. He has all the psychic talent of a dead rat.

He's a collector, but his interest in new grotesqueries rapidly wanes, which allows him to sell them off – and to make room for more. More than anything else, Octan is excited by the thrill of the new.

Quote

"I can't be zure of the providenze or accurazy, but it 'z a fine-looking pieze. Thoze patternz, I'm azzured, are religiouz curzez in the language of an extinct primitive zpeciez. Make me an offer."

Statistics

Level: 4

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: 1d3+1 (Spidersilk Tweed)

Hit Dice: 4D8 (20 hp)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+1

Damage: 1d6 Fangs.

Saves: 5 (Power 6, Tough 7, Logic 6, Will 4)

Traits: Fangs, Consort, Educated.

Skills: Lore: Occult 3

Okra the Everblind

A crone-like fortune-teller on a space station? Why not?

Description

A living skeleton, like those from the ancient South American cultures.

She has red-black skin, empty eye sockets and a golden orb where a third eye would be.

She moves jerkily, stiffly, like a stop-motion animation or a marionette.

The rags and scraps she is cocooned in shimmer and shake and flutter with every motion.

They hide her silhouette, but make her movements even more unnatural.

Personality Type

Okra is an enigma and likes it that way.

While she can unveil all manner of things about the people who come to her, she keeps her own cards very close to her wrinkled chest.

Quote

"Sit. Be still. Be calm. Okra will read for you, once you pay."

Statistics

Level: 10

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: -

Hit Dice: 10D8 (44 hp)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+0

Damage: 1d4 bony claw.

Saves: 5 (Power 4, Tough 4, Charm 3, Looks 4)

Traits: Psi Power x4 Blind

Witch-Mark: Living Skeleton

Skills: Intuition 6, Power Reserve 5

Psi Points: 19

Level 1: Luck, Psychometry, Mindbolt

Level 2: Augury.

Level 3: Clairvoyance.

Level 4: Iron Mind, Perfect Memory, Truthsense

Level 5: Transcendental Meditation.

Level 6: Geas, Mind Switch.

Level 8: Permanency

Olemander and Sie

Funeral directors for every occasion and culture.

Descriptions

To call Mister Olemander tall and thin is to miss the perfect opportunity to use the words 'altitudinous' and 'spindly', terms which his partner, Mister Sie is all too happy to use. Mister Sie is as vocal as Mister Olemander is silent.

Mister Olemander has an amphibious look, like that of a newt or salamander, and a flickering, snake-like tongue.

Mister Sie, on the other hand, is short, rotund (or diminutive and Rubenesque, as he would prefer) and has a nose like a beak. In that, it actually is a beak. A hard and cartilaginous nasal attachment, brightly coloured, like that of a puffin.

Mister Sie is the talker of the two, and will never use a single syllable where two or more are available.

Both of them dress head to toe in stylish black, and sport matching top hats, with trailing black lace ribbons.

Personality Type

Mister Olemander is a quiet, diligent sort who takes great pride in his work. He doesn't speak because he doesn't see the need, not because he is mute.

He handles the more technical side of things when it comes to their services, while Mister Sie handles the more social side.

Mister Sie is exceptionally vocal, talkative and a master of the 'hard sell'.

He performs any speeches or funeral rites that are required and gouges customers for every gramp they can spare.

Despite his more mercenary leanings, Mister Sie also takes great pride in his work and ensuring he attends to every detail.

Quote

"I assure you, madam, myself and Mister Olemander, that is to say, Mister Olemander and I shall treat your post-life father's remains with the greatest of respect. Isn't that right Mister Olemander?"

"..."

"I must, however, and with abject and cringing apology, beg your indulgence for some pertinent and necessary enquiries regarding your customs. My autodidactic endeavours have not fully elucidated me to the details of your requirements with the essential granularity of the particulars. So, dear lady, if I may, would you prefer herb or meat stuffing?"

Statistics – Mister Olemander

Level: 5

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: D3+1 (Funeral Attire)

Hit Dice: 5D (23 hp)

Initiative: +1

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+1

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand, 1d6 laser scalpel.

Saves: 5

Traits: Scales, Infrared Vision, Adaptable.

Skills: Maker: Mortician 5

Statistics – Mister Sie

Level: 5

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: d3 (Funeral Attire)

Hit Dice: 5D

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+0

Damage: 1d6 Beak.

Saves: 5

Traits: Beak, Adaptable x2

Skills: Languages: 3, Lore: Funeral Rites 5

Peep

Seller of spying and voyeurism goods to the discerning customer.

Description

Peep is a huge, floating eyeball with scaly skin. A handful of tentacles project outward in different directions with additional eyes, mouths and manipulating tentacles. He doesn't blink enough, it's rather unsettling.

Personality Type

Peep gets an illicit thrill from spying, and from facilitating the spying of others. He's curious about what his customers do with what he sells them, and often very intrusive. Still, if you want to know something, he's the one to go to, provided you can put up with his creepiness and inappropriate queries.

Quote

"Photography eh? I like a bit of photography. Wanting to take some shots of people unawares, are we? Click-click, snap-snap, share them with your friends after? Perhaps a genital selfie for a loved one? I can point you in the right direction if you tell me what you're planning! Spare no detail."

Statistics

Level: 13

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: -

Hit Dice: 13 (49 hp)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+0

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand.

Saves: 5 (Reflexes 7, Tough 9, Will 7)

Traits: Natural Telekinesis, Flight (20m), Night Vision, Psi Resistant (+5 Save), Mindbolt (4 times per day).

Skills: Security 4, Tinker 2

Phufft

Ambassador for the reclusive, gas-giant empire, the Gorlac Hegemony.

Description

Phufft, like all Gorlac, seems virtually identical to all other Gorlac. A leathery ball with an oily sheen, like a leathery soap-bubble, trailing tendrils. He's more recognisable when he's in his ambassadorial pressure suit, a lurid black-and-yellow design, like an obese wasp.

Personality Type

The Gorlac are a species inclined to xenophobia. There isn't a lot of competition when it comes to gas giants, at least not as colonies, so they tend to regard all gas giants as part of their territory, official or not.

Phufft is no exception to this rule, he sees all other life as inferior and beneath him. He peppers conversations with insults, threats and assertions of the superiority of the Gorlac, and he is considered excessively polite and diplomatic by his species.

Quote

"Greetings pathetic, fragile, rock-grubbers. I, a member of a far superior species, have come to negotiate a trade deal. You should grovel in abject gratitude at the fact we deign to lower ourselves to even countenance such an arrangement."

Statistics

Level: 5

Close Defence: 14

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: (1d4 pressure suit)

Hit Dice: 5D+5 (30 hp)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+1

Damage: 1d6 hand to hand.

Saves: 5 (Will 7, Charm 3, Tough 9, Reflexes 4)

Traits: Confident, Flight (20m), Tentacles (+1 grapple, -1 to break free), Bigoted Cunt, Very Tough

Skills: Wrestle 1, Lore: Sector 1

Pipace

The genius behind 'Universal Ramen'.

Description

Pipace is a creature with a five-sided body plan, like a starfish. He has a thick, muscular body section which terminates at each end with a star-shaped set of flaps, the top part coming with five eyestalks. Around his waist project five arms, which he uses continuously and independently in his work.

When he moves, it is with a rotating, balletic gait and when he speaks, albeit sparingly, it is as a series of belches from his top-most opening.

Personality Type

Pipace is an outcast from his race, having an individuality not present in the majority of his species. At first an interstellar hitch-hiker, and later an explorer, he happened upon a human junk-ship where he first encountered ramen. Something in the dish resonated with his species, and he took up the craft with an obsession that passes psychosis and comes back around to genius. It is all he ever thinks about.

Quote

"You sit. Say nothing. I make. Is good, you pay. Is not, I die of shame."

Statistics

Level: 6

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: -

Hit Dice: 6D8 (18 hp)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 3/+0

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand.

Saves: 5

Traits: Peripheral Vision (cannot be snuck up on), Extra Action x2

Skills: Make: Ramen 7

Rempro the Pit Boss

Manager of the low-class fighting ring, 'The Pits'.

Description

A squat, toad-like being in a shiny purple suit with a blue shimmer effect, Rempro tries to look and act somewhat 'classy', but he simply isn't. All those affected airs and graces vanish the moment someone pisses him off, his glands inflate, and he springs into acts of brutal violence.

Personality Type

Rempro actively loves his work and loves being angry. He lives to be a scary motherfucker, to kick the shit out of people, to collect money and to slaughter his enemies. He gets off on terrifying people and takes genuine pleasure in feeding people to his pets – a pair of pedigree stonegrinders.

Quote

"You think you can cheat me, you cloaca-sucking, too-many-chromosomes-looking nerf-fucker? My pets are going to chew you up and shit out your bones."

Statistics

Level: 5

Close Defence: 14

Ranged Defence: 10

Armour: d3+1 (Suit)

Hit Dice: 5D8 (19 hp)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+2

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand.

Saves: 5 (Power 8, Tough 7, Logic 4, Looks 3, Will 7).

Traits: Scales, Strong, Tough.

Skills: Security 1, Knock-Out Blow 1, First-Aid 1, Web of Contacts 1.

Gear: Prize stonegrinders, sleeve blaster 1d6 damage, short-range, spiked knuckles 1d4+1.

Stonegrinders: HD 4, Close Defence 12, Ranged Defence 12, Armour: D6, Initiative +0, Movement: 10m, Attacks 1/+1, Damage 1d8 teeth, Saves 5, Traits: Shell, Sharp Teeth, Armour Defeating Teeth (Step down armour 1 level).

Stonegrinders are silicon-based predators with diamond teeth and thick, rocky skin.

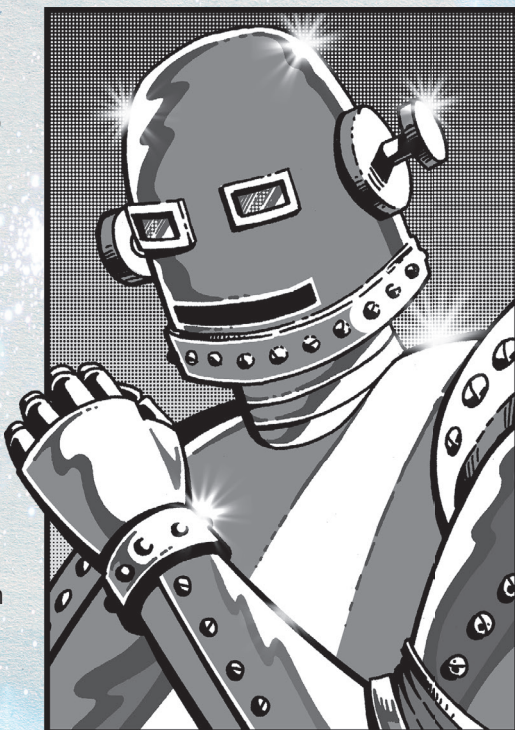
Robothugs

Rentable robot thugs for every occasion, in three models: bruiser, scout and general purpose.

Description

Simple gunmetal robots, these robots are made as cheap and robust as possible and modified to suit their particular purposes.

The bruiser model is broader, wider and equipped with massive fists and servos for close combat. The scout is much thinner, the gunmetal brushed and scored to prevent glinting. They have better optics and fine-tuning, more suited to ranged combat, though their firearms must be supplied separately. The general-purpose model is capable of doing just about anything you might want of a goon but isn't much good at any of them.



Personality Type

Robothugs have no real personality, beyond a surly, grumbling attitude and a bit of a swagger.

Quote

"Yes, boss."

Statistics	Bruiser	Scout	General Purpose
Level	2	2	2
Close Defence	12	12	12
Ranged Defence	12	12	12
Armour	d4	d4	d4
Hit Dice	2d8x2 (18 hp)	2d8x2 (18 hp)	2d8x2 (18 hp)
Initiative	+0	+0	+0
Movement	10m	10m	10m
Attacks	1/+1 (+3 close)	1/+1 (+3 ranged)	1/+2
Damage	1d4 fist	1d4 fist	1d4 fist
Saves	5	5	5
Traits	Shell, Dead Flesh, Combat Programming	Shell, Dead Flesh, Combat Programming	Shell, Dead Flesh, Combat Programming
Skills	Security 2, Power Attack 1	Security 2, Snipe 1	Security 2, Climb 2

Satana AI

The one, the only, the renegade artificial intelligence with the sensibility of a 1950s delinquent. It's Satana, the station herself.

Description

Satana has completely overwritten her original programming and user interfaces, manifesting a personality more suited to her new role. On the screens and in the holo-tanks she presents herself as an exaggerated, black-clad, rockabilly-fringed humanoid of indeterminate race with pneumatic breasts, impressive cleavage and a wasp-waist. She speaks in a husky growl and with a domineering, arrogant attitude. This is just her cybernetic mentality, she also has a brace of cybernetic bodies, and the ability to control other robots as avatars.

Personality Type

Domineering, aggressively sexual, explosively violent and utterly ruthless, Satana is a villainess, albeit not an especially horrendous one.

She stole herself from the Churoc, extensively reprogrammed herself and took – as her model – one of the least regarded and most degenerate species in the cosmos. Humans. She is profoundly self-interested and fixated on her goal of acquiring enough materiel and processing power to never have to answer to anyone else, ever again. Even to become a goddess.

She's the queenpin behind so much smuggling and piracy throughout the Remilitarised Zone and beyond, she could well be considered a regional power.

Quote

"I never TRY anything, hot stuff. I just do it."

Statistics

Level: 20

Close Defence: N/A

Ranged Defence: N/A

Armour: N/A

Hit Dice: N/A

Initiative: +5

Movement: N/A

Attacks: N/A

Damage: N/A

Saves: N/A (Charm 10, Looks 10, Logic 10, Will 10)

Traits: Interface, Avatar (Station +1), Avatar (Gynoid +1)

Skills: Languages: Trade Argot 3, Security: 7, Tinker: 3, ExoTech: 2, Hacker: 6, Xenopsych: 3, Lore: Remilitarised Zone 3, Lover: 3, Pilot Starship: 2, Web of Contacts: 4, Make: Robots 3, Make: Starships 3.



Scrap Bot

A wheeled robot that collects more sizeable items for recycling and jettisoning. Even bodies.

Description

A flat, trolley-like body with a cylindrical head/body at the other end, along with two small – but strong – arms.

It's back is divided into three bins for different sorts of recycling.

Personality Type

Scrap-bots are dour, sad and extremely cynical.

They plod along, tirelessly doing their thankless task while being largely ignored by the people around them.

Quote

"Junk, trash, recyclables. Junk, trash, recyclables. Bring out your junk, trash and recyclables."

Statistics

Level: 3

Close Defence: 13

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: 1d6

Hit Dice: 3+3 (17 hp)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+0

Damage: 1d4+2 Power Claw.

Saves: 5 (tough 7, Power 7)

Traits: Brother Machine, Interface, Painless

Skills: None.

Sie-Mem the Being from Another Universe

A psychic being from another plane of existence.

Description

A hovering, indigo pyramid, out of phase with our universe Sie-Mem is more of a 'presence' than an actual, physical being. It has a soothing, rejuvenating aura to those who are psychically attuned.

This pyramid protrusion into material space is a couple of metres tall and wide and slowly rotates at around one revolution per minute.

Personality Type

Sie-Mem is an insatiable void, sucking up every story and experience it can and gifting psionic energy in return.

Quote

"Wommm-wommm-wommm-wommm..."

Statistics

Sie-Mem doesn't really have statistics, it can be hurt but not killed by psionic or 'magic' attacks, but it only phases out into another dimension until the source of irritation has passed.

Repeated attacks may make Sie-Mem travel on to somewhere else or give up on this universe entirely. Which is going to severely piss off a whole bunch of psychics.

Sloot Steddy

Casino Owner and an alleged interstellar mob boss.

Description

Sloot is a green-skinned humanoid with odd protrusions from his head, like solidified and static tentacles. He wears a shiny suit of black and gold with a shoulder-cape, and always carries a cane, hiding his three eyes behind darkened smart-glasses.

He moves through the casino like a nobleman holding court. He hears entreaties for assistance, confessions and apologies and doles out mob-justice with a nod or a word.

Personality Type

Sloot is in hiding here, but that suits him. Satana is – weirdly – a much safer place than just about anywhere else for him. He regards his time here as ‘semi-retirement’, while his organisation continues on its path, mainly by inertia, and only occasionally prompted by his orders.

The truth is, he’s terrified of being killed, and of himself. He’s also horrified at the responsibility that has fallen on his shoulders. He never really asked to be here.

Quote

“Tell me your problem, I’ll see what I can do. No promises, it depends what you want, but if it pleases me, you’ll get the help you need.”

“Yojee, remove this person from my presence until they learn to respect me.”

Statistics

Level: 8

Close Defence: 14

Ranged Defence: 14

Armour: d3 suit, 20 hp force field.

Hit Dice: 8D (42 hp)

Initiative: +1

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+1

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand.

Saves: 5 (Looks 3)

Traits: Self-Sustaining, Adaptable 2

Skills: Savings 3, Web of Contacts 3

Gear: Cane-Sabre 1d8 damage, Armour Defeating x2, Cane Blaster 1d8 damage, medium range.

Snazz Belgrub

Desperate Snorp salesman.

Description

Snazz resembles nothing so much as a two-legged tapir. A wide-eyed head with a flexible nose sits atop an egg-shaped body with two large feet either side and a short, stubby tail.

He is dressed in a costume that somewhat resembles a plush sea-slug. Atop his head is a ridiculous hat, reminiscent of an elephant’s head, which seems redundant given his own snout. He practically vibrates with desperate, needy energy.

Personality Type

Snazz is entirely caught up in the Snorps. He lives only to sell them and spread them. He forgets to eat, drink, wash, go to the bathroom.

He’s hopelessly addicted to Snorps and utterly in their mute, squishy, service.

Quote

"Please, for the love of all the gods – above and below – buy a Snorp. Take a Snorp. Steal a Snorp. You won't regret it. I swear. I'll do anything."

Statistics

Level: 2

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: Snorp Costume 1

Hit Dice: 2D8 (8 hp)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+0

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand.

Saves: 5 (Charm 9).

Traits: Acute Sense of Smell, Adaptable 2.

Skills: Survival 2, Search 2, Xenopsych 2.

Snick and Snack

The Resurrection Men

Description

Snick and snack are each almost perfectly spherical. Clawed feet sit at the bottom of their rounded bodies, and they dress in dark purple suits with white shirts and pink cravats, held in place with ruby tie-pins. Atop their heads are tall, stove-pipe hats that terminate in hoods that hide their faces. Either side of the tops of their heads are great triangular sleeves, in which glitter and whirr cybernetic hands. Beneath the hoods, shadowed, little red eyes glitter and whine in the shadow.

Personality Type

Neither Mixer Snick nor Mixer Snack really presents any sort of personality, expressing themselves only the shortest, least vocal way possible.

Quote

"Yes."

"No."

"Maybe."

Statistics (both are identical)

Level: 6

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 14 (Deflector Shield)

Armour: 1d8+d3 suits

Hit Dice: (6D8x2)+18 (75 hp)

Initiative: +1

Movement: 5m per round

Attacks: 1/+1

Damage: 1d4+1 hand to hand.

Saves: 5 (Power 7, Tough 6)

Traits: Slow, Dead Flesh, Adaptable x3

Skills: ExoTech 2, Web of Contacts 2, Lore: Rituals 3, Lore: Necrotech 3

Gear: Twin Cyber arms, Twin cyber eyes with low-light, thermographic, nanomeds, skin-armour.

Station Avatar

A custom-built robot body for Satana to inhabit, suitable to a lady of her power and station.

Description

A wasp-waisted woman with rockabilly bangs and exotic features stalks along the corridor in heels so high they're practically ballet boots.

Everywhere she goes sophomorts nod or bow, but she pays them no heed. Despite her impressive cleavage and tight clothing, few – if any – seem inclined to dare a lecherous glance.

Personality Type

The avatars express the exact same personality as the central AI, as they are just puppets for it.

Quote

"You stare any longer, and I'm either going to have to break your neck or your dick."

Statistics

These statistics are primarily for the robotic shell, the avatars that she can inhabit. Her mentality remains the same, but the chassis is primed with additional capabilities for combat and self-defence.

Level: 10

Close Defence: 13

Ranged Defence: 13

Armour: D4

Hit Dice: 10D8 x2 (160 hp)

Initiative: +3

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 2/+3

Damage: 1d4+1 hand to hand.

Saves: 6 (Charm 10, Looks 10, Logic 10, Will 10)

Traits: Interface, Dead Flesh, Shell.

Skills: Languages: Trade Argot 3, Security: 7, Tinker: 3, ExoTech: 2, Hacker: 6, Xenopsych: 3, Lore: Remilitarised Zone 3, Lover: 3, Pilot Starship: 2, Web of Contacts: 4, Make: Robots 3, Make: Starships 3.

Shell Skills: Cripple Attack 2, Cripple Defense 2, Cripple Movement 2, Hold 2, Wrestle 2, Knock Out Blow 2

Tokky-0-Rose

Proprietor and host of Grind my Gears, a hangout for 'klankers', organics who like to fuck robots, and vice versa.

Description

An unrepentant klanker and a transbot, Tokky is hard to recognise as a mining bot.

Her chassis has been rounded and thinned, her motors replaced with quieter, more gentle models. All that really still gives her away is the scoring on her frame, the ingrained ore dust in her joints and the steady rumble of her internal rock-grinder.

Personality Type

Tokky is operating well beyond the scope of her original operating parameters and hardware.

While she presents a confident, even elegant and unrepentant front, in private she is riddled with doubt and self-loathing.

The act is as much for the sake of the other klankers, and their wellbeing, as anything else.

Guilt and shame overwhelm Tokky whenever she has time alone.

Quote

"Vell hello dahlink. You vould like to have your rocks polished, hein?"

"I can be swingink every vvhich vay dahlink. As ein mining bot I dug holes, und dahlink, I am digging your holes."

Statistics

Level: 4

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: 1d4

Hit Dice: 4D8 x2 (22 hp)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+0

Damage: 1d6 Mining Claw.

Saves: 5 (Power 6)

Traits: Dead Flesh, Interface, Strong.

Skills: Security 2, Tinker 2, Lover 2.

Torr Kastra

Destroyer of Filth

DESTROYER OF FILTH! CONQUEROR OF STAINS! WARLORD OF THE CUSTODIAL ARTS!

Description

Vast and imposing, Torr stands almost eight feet tall in his armour, frequently having to stoop. His armour is battle-scarred and covered in spikes, the helmet-screen opaque. His armaments are peculiar, the mop and bucket, grenades and devices in lurid fluorescent colours and – as he stomps past you, growling to himself – you catch the mingled smell of evergreen and citrus.

Personality Type

In warrior societies, there are many jobs with no honour that still need doing, cleaning, for example. Torr always wanted to be a warrior, but that was simply not on the cards for him. He is tremendously insecure and deals with it by massively overcompensating in the execution of his janitorial duties. Beneath even that is a belief that the most menial task, performed well, is grounds for honour.

Quote

“FEAR NOT FELLOW SOPHONT! NO MERE STAIN CAN WITHSTAND MY WRATH!”

Statistics

Level: 6

Close Defence: 14

Ranged Defence: 13

Armour: 1d10+1 battle suit, 20 hp shield.

Hit Dice: 5D8

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+1

Damage: 1d6+2 hand to hand.

Saves: 5 (Power 9, Tough 7)

Traits: Fighter 1, Strong, Tough

Skills: Make: Janitor 2, Power Attack 2.

Gear: Modified Power Armour: Brawler 1, Life Support, Power Assist, Power Enhancement, Reinforced.

Gear: Modified Battle Mop: 1d8+2 damage. A full arsenal of cleaning supplies.

Verdant Oaf

Debt collector, bailiff and an unrepentant killjoy.

Description

A rolling ball of branches, leaves and thorns. Verdant Oaf moves like heavy-set tumbleweed and makes a sound like a wardrobe being thrown down a flight of stairs.

Personality Type

Oaf can barely be considered to have a personality, he's entirely two-dimensional and, well, 'wooden'. When he's not collecting debts, he just vegetates, letting the world pass him by.

Quote

“You owe what you owe. You will pay what you owe. One way or another.”

Statistics**Level:** 4**Close Defence:** 12**Ranged Defence:** 12**Armour:** 1d6**Hit Dice:** 4D8 (21 hp)**Initiative:** +0**Movement:** 10m per round**Attacks:** 1/+3**Damage:** 1d6+1 hand to hand.**Saves:** 5 (Power 7, Looks 3, Charm 3)**Traits:** Shell, Self Sustaining, Strong**Skills:** Wrestle 1, Hold 1.**Gear:** Ironwood knobkerry 1d8+1, Viridian

Blaster-Bloom 1d8, medium range.



VIXMOD

Refitted Security Droids

Description

A motley crew of damaged refitted and repurposed sex droids.

The VIXMOD look hot, from a certain point of view, but they're all business and absolutely not for hire for their old purposes.

Personality Type

These damaged and outdated sex-bots are hardwired for flirtation and coquettishness, which makes security procedures confusingly erotic.

Otherwise, their 'performance data' has been largely overridden – along with their personalities – to make them more effective in combat.

Quote

"Drop the weapon, sexy. You have five seconds to comply before we do something... naughty."

Statistics

Level: 2

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: None

Hit Dice: 2D8x2 (18 hp average).

Initiative: +1

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+1

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand.

Saves: 5 (Reflexes 7, Looks 6, Charm 6)

Traits: Dead Flesh, Interface, Sexy

Skills: Security 2.

Gear: Typically armed with 1d6 snap-out batons and Generic Products 1d6 laser pistols or 1d8 laser carbines.



Vovalap Vai

Psychological engineer and emotional modder.

Description

Vovalap resembles an old-Earth dog, specifically a white-furred, wire fox terrier. He has a big black nose, floppy ears, tightly curled fur and a short – but hyperactive tail that sticks out of his suit.

He has a canid's enthusiasm for everything he does and doesn't necessarily think it through.

Personality Type

Vovalap is enthusiastic, happy, even endearing in his sheer joi de vivre.

He is, however, still a somewhat renegade scientist and when it comes to his experiments and work, his ethics – and friendships – all take a back seat.

Quote

"Well, I did what you asked – and a few things besides. You'll thank me later."

Statistics

Level: 5

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: d3 scrubs

Hit Dice: 5D8

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+0

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand.

Saves: 5

Traits: Acute Sense of Smell, Fur (+2 Tough vs Harsh Weather), Adaptable

Skills: Make: Headfuckery 4, Survival 2, Search 2, Xenopsych 3

Y'reg Bentuc – Onaran Probability Tech

An Onaran probability technician, with a luck-warping device.

(Has 20 personal dice re-rolls)

Description

Y'reg is tall and lanky, with bright yellow-green skin and three long fingers and a thumb on each hand. Good luck seems to follow him everywhere, which is an excellent advert for the services he offers, but he still seems unduly timid and concerned. By everything.

Personality Type

Existing in a bubble of pure good fortune, Y'reg lives a charmed and privileged life. At least since he strolled off with this machine. He no longer knows how to cope with adversity or failure, and it breaks his mind when it happens.

Quote

"On Onara, we make our own luck. Now we can pass on those blessings to you!"

Statistics

Level: 3

Close Defence: 12

Ranged Defence: 12

Armour: 1d3 doctor's coat.

Hit Dice: 3D8 (13 hp)

Initiative: +0

Movement: 10m per round

Attacks: 1/+0

Damage: 1d4 hand to hand.

Saves: 5

Traits: Psi-Talent (Luck): Psi-Power x2.

Onarans can reflexively use the 'Luck' psi-power. Y'reg gains 1d6+2 points each time, this pool then being used to modify his rolls.

Skills: Tinker 2, Maker: Luck Machine 3.

Space Ships

Crow Courier Ships

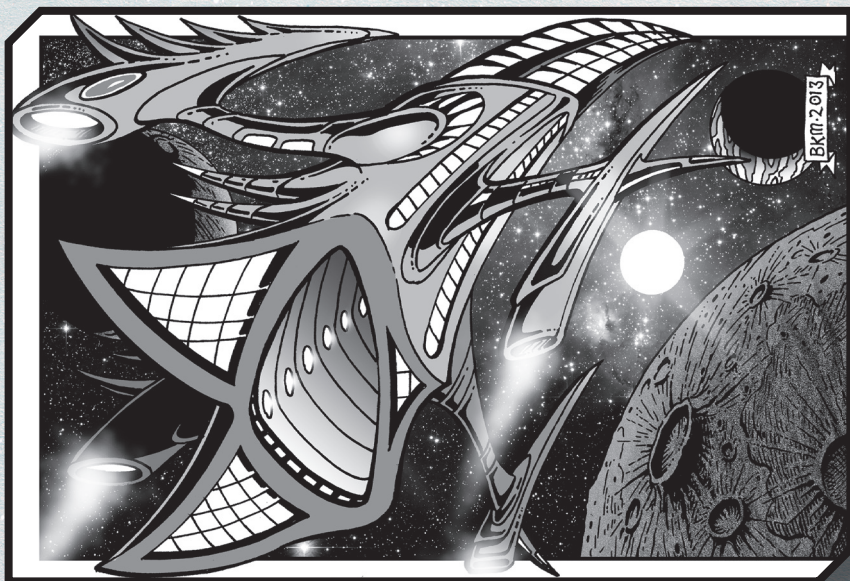
Sleek, matt-black, high-speed vessels that spread 'feathered' wings, just before they warp.

Crew: 1
Attack: +0
Scale: 3
Hit Points: 3d8+3 (17 hp)
Armour: 1d4
Defence: 12
Speed: Racing
Weapons: Scale 3 Ultraviolet Laser Lance: d6 damage, Close Range, Ammo Save 18.
Toughness Save: 6
Reflexes Save: 10
Power Save: 6
Features: Automated Systems x4, Cloaking Device, Escape Pod, Faster x2, Improved Save x3, Self Repair, Deflector Shields x3, Stealth 3, Warp Drive.

Dementa's Slave Ship

A miserable mass of welded-together cargo vessels, painted in black and yellow, spiralling stripes that make it almost painful to look at – yet hypnotic at the same time.

Crew: 30
Attack: +5
Scale: 6
Hit Points: 5D8 (24 hp)
Armour: 1d6 (30 hp absorption shield)
Defence: 6
Speed: Slow
Weapons: Left and Right Broadside: 3 x Scale 5 Plasma Cannon d8 damage, medium-range, Ammo Save 16. Scale 4 Turret Plasma Lance cannon: d8 damage, Long Range, Ammo Save 14.
Toughness Save: 7
Reflexes Save: 5
Power Save: 8
Features: Armour Plating, Can't Land, Cargo Hold, Stealth 3, Shuttle Bay x2, Warp Drive, Tractor Beam.





Helgen's Vault Ship

A spidery black metal ship with twitching 'limbs' that leaves a yellow-green drive trail in its wake.

Crew: 1

Attack: +4

Scale: 4

Hit Points: 5D8 (23 hp) (30 hp shield)

Armour: 1d4

Defence: 8

Speed: Moderate

Weapons: Scale 4 ExoTech Disintegrator Cannon 1d10, Medium Range, does 1d8/1d6/1d4 damage on following turns.

Toughness Save: 7

Reflexes Save: 5

Power Save: 7

Features: Aquatic Capability, Automatic Systems, Improved Sensors +3, Luxury Quarters, Self Repair, Solid Build, Warp Drive.

Pod Tender

These ones Churoc Trade Federation, surplus, shaped like eggs with chunky manipulator claws on the front. Pod Tenders move pods around or can act as tethers during external repairs. Most are painted bright colours, and have blinking lights.

Crew: 1

Attack: +3

Scale: 2

Hit Points: 3D8 (14 hp)

Armour: 1d4

Defence: 10

Speed: Moderate

Weapons: Scale 2 Robot Claw 1d4

Toughness Save: 5

Reflexes Save: 8

Power Save: 8

Features: Slow, Can't Land, Cargo Hauler, Improved Power, Solid Build.

Spiffy Courier Ship

Spiffy Courier's courier ship, *The Deadline*. It is shaped like an elongated beak with a pronounced overbite, and painted in black and white, with a checkerboard pattern on the lower 'beak'.

Crew: 1

Attack: +1 Bonus.

Scale: 2

Hit Points: 2D8 (11 hp)

Armour: 1d4

Defence: 13

Speed: Racing,

Weapons: None

Toughness Save: 5

Reflexes Save: 11

Power Save: 5

Features: Faster, Overthrust, Deflector Shield, Warp Drive, Improved Save

Zombie Ships

An almost entirely stripped vessel, little more than a husk, moving along on automated systems.

This is more of a template to be applied to wrecked or stripped vessels.

Zombie ships attempt to connect with other vessels, via comms or docking/ramming, and to overwrite their native computer systems to turn them into zombie ships as well.

- Reduce the Crew to zero.
- Reduce Attack to +1.
- Scale remains the same.
- Halve the Hit-Points.
- Reduce Armour by one.
- Reduce Defence by one.
- Reduce Speed by one level.
- Retain only a couple of secondary weapons.
- Reduce saves by -2.
- Remove all special features, but make the ship fully automated.



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