



BORDER SPACE

ALPHA DAWN EXPANDED ADVENTURE

SINGULARITY BALLET

By Kip Shelton



The Singularity Ballet was touted as the ship of the future, an enormous freighter powered by an experimental Quantum Ion FTL drive. Yet, ten months ago, it vanished during its maiden voyage. Now the ship has been discovered drifting a hundred light-years off course, floating derelict. It's your task to investigate the fate of this ambitious craft and uncover the secrets that lie within its darkened halls.



ACO.ORG
ROLL TO HIT...

SINGULARITY 3A11ET



LEVEL 3A

DOCKING BAY / LARGE STORAGE

SINGULARITY BALLET

By Kip Shelton with Al Toshlen

ACO-SF1

STAR FRONTIERS[®] ADVENTURE

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WELCOME

CITIZENS OF THE FRONTIER,

You don't know how long I've wanted to make this announcement. Singularity Ballet is a project that is almost forty years in the making! I, like many of you, began with a box set, four races, and a dream. And while DnD gets all the love, I'm a Star Frontiersman. While a swing of a sword is always a great thing, I must quote from a well-known smuggler: "Hokey religions and ancient weapons are no match for a good blaster at your side, kid."

Star Frontiers, as it was made, gave us a platform. But it didn't give us a growing foundation. We were left with fans having to create supplementals or develop rules outside of the guides. Alpha Dawn became Alpha Dawn Expanded. Then we added Knight Hawks and of course Zebulon's Guide to Frontier Space. Officially there were only thirteen modules released for SF. Even if you played one a year, that leaves twenty-eight years to fill. So, we have to fill the gap. And a good GM will do that!

Individuals like Thomas Verreault jr with his podcast "Tabletop Taproom" and his Magazine "Star Frontiersman Volume II", as well as Don Semora and his podcast "Vlog of Many Things", have done their absolute best to keep Star Frontiers alive and well. And doing a damn good job! Maksim Smelchak and Tom Stephens created the "Star Frontiers Alive & Well" Facebook Group that brought us altogether. And if you haven't already download the character sheets created by William Cox on Facebook, I don't know what you're waiting for. Well done all of you! With your hard work, how could I not work just as hard?

When I retired, I decided to create a company that catered to the older games that I loved so much. I wanted to create new places, new races, new equipment, new weapons, and new enemies. So much has happened in the last forty years with technology that even some of the tech in SF needed an upgrade. I was very uncertain how to approach this as you have die-hards that will say: "If it's not in the rules, you can't do it!" And I can understand their reticence. I really can! But Star Frontiers is a game that means something different to everyone. And while we all play basically the same way, every game is subtly different. GMs will allow Gravity/Anti-Gravity systems to exist or characters to recover from near fatal wounds so that the game will continue, or the overwhelmed party a Dues ex Machina just to get it moving. The point is, we play the game because it's fun! We have fun with our friends, no matter how old, and we love Star Frontiers. When I've run into people that want to bang you over the head with the rule book, the game is no longer fun.

That all to say, we've updated some things in this module. If you find that they don't work for you, please feel free to adjust them to fit your gaming needs. That's my long-winded point. It was important

to me that even the old technology evolved a little to fit the module even if we were using the old Alpha Dawn Expanded system of play.

So, now I come to myself and the people that have worked on this project. We love TTRPGs. We love Star Frontiers! But we love you guys for encouraging us every day to create this stuff. Your simple thumbs up or smiley face, even the encouraging post responses make us want to work harder so that the modules are created in a way that you will want more of them. And, as always, they will be free. We value your opinion! So tell us what you think (please don't yell), we'll listen.

And for all of you proofreaders, we appreciate you more than you know. We couldn't do this without you!

Adventure is out there. Whether it's at the gaming table, inside a book, or just in your imagination. No matter how old your are, no matter what gender you are, no matter your politics, adventure doesn't care. So grab your laser pistol and multi-tool. We got places to go.

With thanks and appreciation,
Kip Shelton and the Crew at AC0

*Please spay and neuter your Yazirians

The interesting thing about this module is the way it's layed out. Most of the time you get a lot of text, followed by some blocks with text for you to read to the players. I was never a fan of that format. It's great if you want to rush right into the game without doing any prep, but a good GM is always going to prep. So, we designed this module without the little boxes for the players. The GM can read the whole module and decide for themselves what information the players can have (and when)! This, to me, makes more sense. And we hope you like the way we've designed it. It's less railroading and more simply guiding players through the story.



INTRODUCTION

Greetings, and welcome to a new adventure for Star Frontiers® role-playing game. In a moment, your players will be boarding the experimental freighter SINGULARITY BALLET, a craft that disappeared ten months ago and has only now been discovered, floating lifeless in a spacial void. You will meet new creatures and experience terrors beyond imagination. Prepare yourself, troubleshooter.

THIS ADVENTURE IS A GUIDELINE FOR THE GM. IF YOU ARE A PLAYER, PLEASE STOP READING NOW.

USING THIS ADVENTURE

Embark on a thrilling adventure with Singularity Ballet, designed specifically for the *Star Frontiers*® game. This module is only compatible with the Basic and Expanded Rule booklets, and is best experienced with 4-8 player characters (PCs) from any game race. You can also include additional non-player characters (NPCs) if fewer players are available.

The introduction provides a comprehensive overview of how to run the adventure, as well as background information on the story so far and a synopsis of what's to come. The meat of the module is divided into sections, each focused on a major area of action, with maps and keys to help guide your journey.

In the back of the booklet, you'll find additional resources to enhance your game experience: an alien culture background report, a star system brief, profiles of creatures and major NPCs, and pregenerated characters that can be used as either PCs or NPCs. Get ready to dive into the world of Singularity Ballet and explore the unknown!

ABBREVIATIONS

Prepare to encounter a diverse array of extraterrestrial beings and unfamiliar creatures as you delve into the Singularity Ballet adventure. The number of NPCs is tailored to accommodate 4-8 player characters, but can be easily adjusted for smaller or larger groups to ensure a balanced and immersive experience.

Abbreviations are listed below:

| | |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|
| MV: Movement Class | SD: Special Defense |
| IM: Initiative Modifier | NPC: Non-Player Character |
| RS: Reaction Speed | RW: Ranged Weapon Score |

| | |
|------------------|---------------------|
| STA: Stamina | M: Melee Score |
| AT: Attack Score | PS: Punching Score |
| DMG: Damage | SA: Special Attacks |

MOVEMENT

For optimal game play, characters in Singularity Ballet should utilize the movement factors outlined in the Star Frontiers rules. Note that standard movement rates are unaffected by the unique gravitational and atmospheric conditions of this adventure, allowing you to focus on navigating the challenges ahead.

MAPS

Explore the settings of Singularity Ballet with the included maps, featuring the **Singularity Ballet** Freighter, the asteroid crash site, and the **Neutron Coyote** Corvette Landing Craft. Note that only the **Singularity Ballet** and **Neutron Coyote** Corvette Landing Craft are mapped for player reference, providing a detailed guide for your adventure.

PLAYER CHARACTER EQUIPMENT

Singularity Ballet is designed to be adaptable to a wide range of player characters, allowing them to utilize various weapons and devices from the *Star Frontiers*® rule books. Even new characters with limited equipment can still find success. If your players have accumulated a variety of gear, feel free to bring it along, as the **Neutron Coyote** may contain additional equipment as well. You can also choose to add extra equipment to the ship's hold, including powerful weapons like rocket launchers and heavy lasers, for your players to access during the

adventure.

RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

Add an extra layer of excitement to your adventure with random encounters! These exciting events can be used to spice up game play and create memorable moments, but aren't crucial to the main storyline. You'll find these in each section of the adventure. They are clearly marked as **RANDOM ENCOUNTERS**. To determine if an encounter occurs, roll a 1d10 twice during the day and twice at night. If the result is 1 or 10 during the day, or 1, 5, or 10 at night, you'll encounter something new! Another die roll determines which one to use. The exact timing of the encounter is up to you, but be sure to check the table for any additional notes or instructions. Simply roll the required number of dice, look up the result, and bring the encounter to life!

REQUIRED ENCOUNTERS

Required encounters are critical to the progression of the story and may unfold at various times and locations throughout the adventure. As the GM, it's crucial to stay mindful of these encounters and decide when and where they'll occur. Make sure to keep track of these events and incorporate them into the game flow to ensure a cohesive and engaging experience.

PLANNED ENCOUNTERS

Planned encounters may be crucial to the story, but not always. For instance, the Experimental Lab encounters might not occur if the player characters don't decide to visit that location. When an encounter is essential to the plot, it will be noted as such in the details. The narrative description of what the characters see is indented at the start of each encounter. As referee, you have discretion to determine when and where an encounter takes place, taking into account the players' choices. Each encounter is numbered according to its location on the map, giving you a clear reference point to guide your storytelling.

ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

The Singularity Ballet was heralded as the future of star travel. It stood as the largest star freighter ever constructed, adeptly designed to

transport passengers and cargo across the realms of all eight known races—though the enigmatic Sathar were, of course, excluded from this list! The ship boasted an array of features, including advanced cold storage, super-heated storage, and optimized suspended animation facilities.

Renowned for its cutting-edge loading and transfer docks nestled within its expansive landing bay, the Singularity Ballet was a true engineering wonder. However, its real marvel lay in its propulsion systems: the first-ever Quantum Ion Faster Than Light (FTL) Drives.

Following countless computer simulations and a successful scale model demonstration, the Singularity Ballet was brought to life by the mega-corporation Zephran Dynamics, with construction handled by its subsidiary, Frontier Spaceship Manufacturing Corporation. Eager to capitalize on its investment and recoup some of the hefty construction costs, Zephran Dynamics opened the Singularity Ballet to travelers and businesses looking to ship goods across the galaxy. The response surpassed expectations, and soon, Zephran Dynamics found itself close to recovering its initial investment by launch day.

On launch day, a flurry of media coverage, festive celebrations, and political speeches surrounded the event. The Singularity Ballet lifted off flawlessly.

However, celebration soon turned to despair as it missed its first stop, and then its second. Hours passed without any sign of the ship re-emerging from FTL space, prompting multiple star systems to mobilize military and civilian search teams. Days turned into an agonizing wait, yet the Singularity Ballet remained elusive.

As a month slipped by, Zephran Dynamics found itself besieged by lawsuits. Fortunately, the company had fortified its position by including a clause in their tickets:

“anyone boarding the Singularity Ballet acknowledged that it was an experimental spacecraft, thus willingly accepting the inherent risks—including the possibility of death.”

Nevertheless, the mounting pressure from distraught families of passengers, secondary merchant guilds, and insurance companies forced Zephran Dynamics to take action. They urgently sought answers and hired a dedicated team to investigate the fate of the Singularity Ballet and uncover the truth behind its mysterious disappearance.



SINGULARITY BALLET CREW



Captain Jarek Thorne



Security Chief
Daylora Addox



Dock Master
Steele



Alton Creed



Security Officer
Tizahk




Flight Officer
Zhrakkor

AUDIO STORYTELLING

At the heart of the Singularity Ballet is a rich narrative that unfolds not just through descriptions and play, but through audio logs recorded by in-game characters. These logs serve as a vital conduit for information. Players can listen to these recordings to gain insight into characters, events, and the overarching plot, offering hints and guiding their actions. This auditory immersion enables players to become deeply invested in the story, as they feel connected to the lives and struggles of the ship's inhabitants.

To enhance the immersive experience, Game Masters can easily access and select audio logs and soundscapes during game play from the official website, <http://starfrontierscommand.com>. This feature allows GMs to dynamically integrate audio elements into their sessions, enriching the narrative flow and responding to player actions in real-time. By choosing relevant audio clips, GMs can heighten tension, convey character emotions, or provide critical information, bringing the universe of the **Singularity Ballet** to life in a truly interactive manner.

Sound design plays a crucial role in *The Singularity Ballet*. The backdrop of ambient sounds, machinery hums, and spatial effects creates an atmosphere that envelops players in the world. This audio environment, along with a musical score written just for Singularity Ballet, complements the voice acting, enhancing emotional engagement and suspense.

Throughout the module this  icon will denote when audio selections representing in game computer alerts or audio logs are available. These audio selections can be found on the module's audio website: <https://starfrontierscentral.com/singularity-ballet-audio>. Please use the password: **Delta347** as the audio has been protected to prevent players from sneaking ahead for information. If you are using the PDF version of this module, you can click on the speaker and it will take you to the audio directly.

For those interested in a preview of the

audio storytelling, samples can be found at <https://starfrontierscentral.com/the-singularity-ballet>. Listening to these samples offers a glimpse into the immersive audio experience awaiting players as they embark on their adventure.

PLOT SYNOPSIS

Overview:

In this thrilling adventure, the players are aboard the Singularity Ballet, which has found itself in dire straits due to sabotage, derelict threats, and corporate intrigue. The players must navigate a series of challenges as they confront sabotage from a rival corporation, fend off terrifying enemies, and complete multiple missions with high stakes.

1. Sabotage:

VILLAIN: Granet Sernahl, an unscrupulous executive with Zephran Dynamics, has conspired with Aethertech Industries to undermine the Singularity Ballet. Their goal is to delay or destroy the ship to facilitate the development of their own Quantum Ion FTL Starship.

COMPLICATION: Sernahl has reprogrammed the Singularity Ballet's flight systems, diverting the ship to the Silent Abyss, a treacherous void in space. Players must act quickly, as the Quantum Ion FTL Drive Engines are under extreme strain and set to explode within 36 hours of the ship's arrival.



2. The Derelict

SHIP: Upon arriving in the Silent Abyss, the **Singularity Ballet** encounters a strange and battered alien derelict ship. The captain orders the

damaged craft brought into the extensive cargo bay for investigation.

ENCOUNTER: A security team is dispatched to board the derelict ship, only to discover horrifying piles of dead alien bodies. As they search the ship, they are ambushed by spider-like robotic constructs. Their escape is further complicated when they are pursued by the reanimated corpses of the ship's alien crew, now zombies.

3. The Jaxaradis:

ARRIVAL: During the derelict encounter, a sleek, heavily armed spacecraft appears and begins harassing the **Singularity Ballet**. The ship's aggressive stance forces the captain to issue a warning shot.

CONFLICT: The enemy vessel retaliates with gunfire and then uses cutting lasers to breach the hull of the **Singularity Ballet**, allowing enemy pirates to infiltrate the starship. The players must prepare to defend their ship against this formidable pirate threat.

4. Zephran Dynamics #1:

OBJECTIVE: Zephran Dynamics has employed the players to recover the **Singularity Ballet** and, if necessary, salvage the computer core data to understand what went wrong during the sabotage.

CHALLENGE: Complications arise as the computer engineering team has been exposed to the alien zombie virus, leading to potential threats from infected crew members or compromised systems.

5. Zephran Dynamics #2:

SECRET MISSION: Cassandra Virex, a high-ranking executive at Zephran Dynamics, has independently contracted the players to locate her daughter, Tanda, who is in Cryo-Sleep aboard the **Singularity Ballet**. Tanda is hidden in a concealed compartment on the luxury level of the ship.

HOOK: As the players navigate the chaos of the **Singularity Ballet's** crises, they must balance their duties to survive while ensuring the safe recovery of Tanda amidst the dangers of the alien threats and corporate sabotage.

Conclusion:

The **Singularity Ballet** adventure weaves a tale of intrigue, survival, and high-stakes action as players face a web of challenges stemming from

betrayal and otherworldly horrors. With two distinct missions, the players are faced with moral and strategic dilemmas that will test their teamwork and resourcefulness. This adventure promises to deliver a rich, immersive experience filled with suspense and thrill.



THE BEGINNING

With more than a month gone since the mysterious disappearance of the **Singularity Ballet**, tensions within Zephra Dynamics are at an all-time high. Executives are pacing their sleek, modern offices on Zephra Prime as concerns escalate over worsening press coverage, mounting insurance claims, and impending court proceedings. The once-proud corporation is facing a crisis that threatens to tarnish its reputation and financial standing. As stock prices begin to dive, the mood shifts from anxious to dire when a deep-space probe returns with vital information. The **Singularity Ballet** has been located—adrift in the enigmatic expanse known as the Silent Abyss.

Desperate for answers and in a race against time to avoid the brink of bankruptcy, Zephra Dynamics makes a critical decision: they must assemble a team of skilled Troubleshooters. Your involvement is integral, and this is where your adventure truly begins.

As you arrive outside the imposing glass facade of the Zephra Dynamics corporate headquarters, a sense of anticipation fills the air. A pair of security robots, their polished chrome surfaces glinting under the bright lights of the bustling plaza, escort you toward the elevators. Reaching the large lift, you notice a tall human male waiting by the door. Dressed in an impeccably tailored suit that exudes affluence, he appears to be in his late forties, with an olive complexion. His close-cropped hair and neatly trimmed beard give him an air of professionalism, while a large gold earring in one ear hints at a flair for the flamboyant.

“Welcome,” he says with a confident smile. “I am Granet Sernahl,” (*pronounced Gruh Net Sir Nol*), “an executive associated with the Singularity Ballet project. I’ve been tasked with overseeing the operation to recover the ship and its cargo.”

With a wave of his hand, he invites you into the elevator. As the doors shut, a soft hum fills the air, and you begin your descent into the complex depths of Zephra Dynamics’s headquarters.

The elevator halts with a smooth jolt. Sernahl scans the panel and then enters a code. The car unexpectedly shifts laterally, the mechanism humming gently as it moves. After a brief moment, the elevator stops again, and the doors part to reveal a vast hydraulic door, imposing and adorned with holo-interfaces. Next to the door is a small screen and an ocular scanner, pulsating with an inviting blue light.


Sernahl approaches the scanner, placing his eye against it. The door rumbles to life, rising gracefully, revealing an expansive room that

exudes corporate elegance. A massive executive meeting table dominates the center, surrounded by automated chairs that subtly shift to accommodate the physiology of any species.

“Please, have a seat,” Sernahl gestures towards the chairs, his demeanor professional yet warm. As you settle in, a palpable tension hangs in the air, a mix of curiosity and urgency.

“Although Zephra Dynamics does not have a single chief executive, it is governed by a council of nine Bewlorox. Their identities remain confidential for strategic reasons. However, I will share this with you: Chief Executive Council Six has taken a personal interest in the recovery of the **Singularity Ballet**. She wishes to speak to you directly, though our interaction will be audio-only.”

With that, Sernahl touches a control on the meeting table. The room fills with the sound of an authoritative voice, distinctly feminine with a melodic yet commanding tone. It resonates through the chamber, filling the space with an atmosphere of gravitas.

 “Greetings, Troubleshooter. As you know we’ve managed to get our proverbial tit caught in the wringer with the Singularity Ballet. Excuse my harshness, but I’m too damn old to go around mixing words. One of our Deep Space Probes found her floating in the Silent Abyss two days ago. We need to know what happened. So, here’s what we’re offering: We’ll pay you ten thousand credits each up front to go out there and recover the Singularity Ballet. If that’s not possible, bring us the computer core. Do that and you will each receive a twenty thousand credit bonus upon your return. That’s the deal. No haggling, no negotiating. You want details, you talk to Sernahl. If you agree, touch your thumb print to the contract screen. Good hunting.”

Granet Sernahl looks you in the eye, the gravitas of the situation reflected in his expression. “A division of Zephra Dynamics known as Interstellar Vehicles has developed a cutting-edge craft called the Neutron Coyote,” he explains, his voice steady but filled with enthusiasm. “This ship is classified as a corvette landing craft—compact, agile, and ideally suited for both reconnaissance and insertion missions.”

He leans in slightly, lowering his voice as if sharing a tightly-held secret. “What makes the Neutron Coyote truly unique is that it operates without a crew. Instead, it is piloted by a highly advanced artificial intelligence, controlled by a quad-interlinked, Level Six computer system known as S.T.A.R. or Strategic Tactical and Automated Response.”

Sernahl's eyes light up as he continues. "S.T.A.R. serves as the ship's AI pilot, equipped with state-of-the-art algorithms designed for strategic maneuvering in both spaceflight and combat scenarios. Not only does it excel in navigation and piloting, but it also provides real-time tactical assessments, helping you make informed decisions during critical moments. With S.T.A.R. at the helm, you can expect unparalleled performance."

As he wraps up his explanation, Sernahl maintains his professional demeanor. "I'm here to answer any questions you may have about the mission, but I must stress that there's no room for negotiation regarding the compensation. The pay rate is fixed. Additionally, I will be accompanying you as the eyes and ears of Zephra Dynamics."

He gestures toward the panoramic windows, revealing the sprawling expanse of Zephra Dynamics's mega-complex. "The **Neutron Coyote** is currently stationed in the upper atmosphere at one of our refueling space stations. We'll shuttle up to it in the morning. For tonight, Zephra Dynamics will provide you with accommodations in our best executive suites."

As he leads you toward the exit, Sernahl's tone grows serious. "Remember that part of your deal includes a non-disclosure agreement. Any leaks regarding the location of the Singularity Ballet to the media will result in legal action. Frankly, it could be much worse for you." His warning lingers ominously in the air.

The elevator doors slide open, whisking you to the private level on the 138th floor of the towering Zephra Dynamics headquarters. "I'll see you at six a.m. in the lobby for the shuttle," Sernahl says, excusing himself as he steps back into the elevator and descends into the building's depths.

You are greeted by a sleek concierge bot that ushers you toward your rooms. Each suite is lavishly appointed, offering breathtaking views of the sprawling Zephra Dynamics facility, the city beyond, and the starport glimmering in the distance. As you settle into your luxurious surroundings, a sudden voice startles you, emanating from an unknown source within the room.

"Please, don't be alarmed. My name is Cassandra Virex. I am the executive vice-president in charge of the Singularity Ballet project. I know you have been tasked with recovering the ship, or at the very least, its computer core. However, I need to ask you for something more personal."

My daughter, Tanda, is currently in cryo-

sleep within a concealed chamber on the leisure deck of the Singularity Ballet. If you cannot recover the ship, I implore you to retrieve her. In exchange for your assistance in rescuing her, I am prepared to offer each team member an additional 10,000 credits. I will provide you with the precise location, detailed instructions on how to access the hidden room, and the necessary access code to open the cryo-chamber.

You must keep this information confidential. Sernahl must not be informed until the return journey. I don't trust him—he is watching me. That's why I'm communicating with you in this manner. If you agree to help, simply tell the concierge bot that you'd like an elderberry fizz.

Shit, someone's trying to hack my comm unit! Please, you must help me!"

The unsettling sound of her voice fades into static, leaving you with a sense of urgency and a decision to make. The stakes are rising and the mission is becoming increasingly complex as the shadows of danger loom over you.

If you choose to accept the extra mission to rescue Tanda Virex, you step outside your opulent suite, the door sliding shut with a soft hiss behind you. There, waiting like a silent sentry, is the concierge bot, its polished chrome exterior gleaming under the flickering lights of the corridor.

You order and Elderberry Fizz and the bot's body shifts subtly as a hidden compartment opens on its cuirass. A tray smoothly slides out, revealing a small, unassuming device—the memory encoder. Roughly the size of a coin, this technology is designed specifically for humans. As you take it, you notice its sleek surface glinting, hinting at the advanced tech it employs.

The concierge bot explains, *"To use the memory encoder, position it against your forehead. A brief electrical charge will adhere it to your skin, allowing for rapid data transfer to your hippocampus."*

You follow the instructions, placing the encoder against your forehead. A tingling sensation accompanies a faint buzz as it adheres momentarily. In an instant, a flood of information surges into your mind, transferring data at astonishing speed. The device works efficiently, transmitting the encoded memories ten thousand times over in mere seconds before detaching and dropping into your hand—ready to be reused again.

You glance down, the encoder has given you the information: the precise location of Tanda Virex aboard the Singularity Ballet, as well

as the access code to her cryo-sleep chamber. In addition, it holds Cassandra's circumstantial evidence suggesting that Granet Sernahl is collaborating with the Aethertech Industries to sabotage the Singularity Ballet project and steal its groundbreaking Quantum Ion FTL system. You also find explicit instructions detailing how to collect your reward once you've successfully returned to Zephra Prime.

After all human team members have had their chance to use the memory encoder, the concierge bot gently yet firmly requests its return.



🔊 *"Please return the encoder,"* it insists.

The memories you've absorbed are now locked in your minds—returning the device should pose no trouble.

However, a subtle warning flickers in the bot's luminous eyes.

🔊 *"Failure to comply will result in a disabling short circuit of the memory encoder."*

If you refuse to hand over the memory encoder, the bot's eyes flicker and the memory encoder sparks as it shorts out. If you hand it back to him, he crushes it between his metal fingers.

If the party tries to questions the concierge bot further, it will shut down.

In your mind, you realize you now have a

map of the Singularity Ballet and Access Codes to the secret room and the bridge.

When the clock strikes six a.m., you find Sernahl waiting for you in the luxurious lobby, his demeanor as composed as ever. Without a moment's hesitation, he ushers you into a sleek, black hover limo that exudes corporate prestige. The inside is outfitted with plush seating and a state-of-the-art interface displaying real-time data about your mission.

The vehicle glides silently through the early morning streets of Zephra Prime, swiftly navigating to Zephran Dynamics's private starport hangar. As you approach, a brand-new shuttle comes into view, its sleek lines and futuristic design a testament to advanced engineering.

As your shuttle glides toward the Zephran Dynamics Station, you marvel at the colossal structure rising against the backdrop of the void. The station's giant gravity arms rotate slowly around the framework, creating a captivating spectacle while providing a simulated sense of normalcy for those inside. The mechanics of artificial gravity work seamlessly, allowing you to walk confidently, as if grounded on solid earth, rather than floating in the vastness of space.

Once the shuttle has docked, you swiftly disembark and are directed through a series of corridors lined with sleek, modern design embodying the advanced technologies of Zephran Dynamics. The atmosphere buzzes with anticipation, and your heart races as you approach the **Neutron Coyote**.

The sight of the ship leaves you momentarily speechless. The Neutron Coyote is unlike anything you've encountered before. Its fuselage is cylindrical, designed for optimal aerodynamics, while the front cockpit boasts an aesthetic reminiscent of a squid's mantle and fins, merging beauty and functionality in a unique way. The rear of the craft is more robust, featuring a squared-off design with a sizable trapezoidal engine housing, where two imposing, reverse-facing tail fins rise above formidable thrusters capable of propelling the ship through the stars.

On either side of the engine housing, two synchronized Type F FTL drives gleam with a metallic sheen, promising rapid transit across vast cosmic distances. Uniquely, the outer skin of the cylindrical fuselage spins at incredible speeds during flight, creating the artificial gravity necessary for the comfort of its passengers—another testament to the innovative engineering that went into this vessel.

As you step aboard the **Neutron Coyote**, a

melodic yet authoritative computerized voice fills the air, welcoming you to your new home for the journey ahead.

🔊 *“Welcome aboard. I am Strategic Tactical and Automated Response, or S.T.A.R for short. I will be flying you out to rendezvous with the Singularity Ballet. We are scheduled to depart from Zephran Dynamics Station SFD 9 in six minutes.*

Please stow all of your gear in the designated compartments. Considering the normal orbital traffic around Zephran Prime and commercial arrivals, I have calculated our FTL jump will commence in 17 minutes, barring any unforeseen circumstances. Estimated time of arrival at the Singularity Ballet is 11 days, 6 hours, and 37 minutes.

During our flight, feel free to utilize my Educational Cryo Chambers, which offer a wide array of skill enhancements or upgrades that can be directly downloaded to your neural pathways. This service is designed to maximize your efficiency and capabilities during our mission.

Please stand clear of the entry hatch, as the outer doors are now closing. Prepare for departure.”

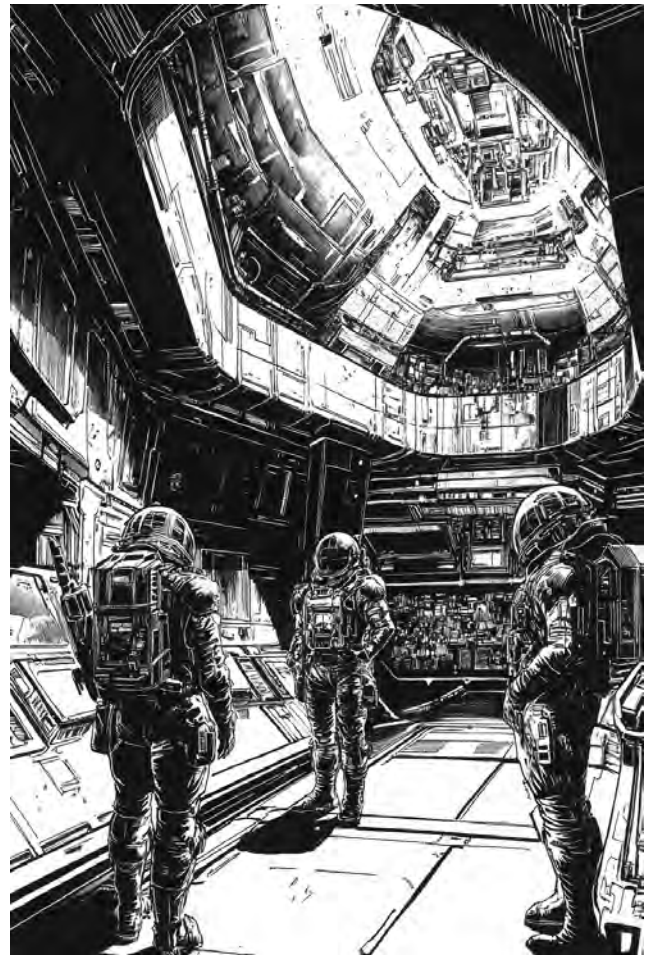
Aboard the **Neutron Coyote**, your time is divided between the Educational Cryo Chambers, where you immerse yourself in vital training for the upcoming mission, and the communal lounge on the lower deck. In the lounge, you gather to discuss strategies and share insights, buzzing with excitement about the mysterious Singularity Ballet.

Daily communications from Zephran Dynamics keep you informed about logistics, yet there's a troubling absence of contact from the **Singularity Ballet**, leaving the them unsettled. Adding to your problems is Sernahl, who vanishes for about an hour each day without explanation, sparking speculation among the crew about his secretive activities.

As you approach the **Singularity Ballet**, anticipation builds. When you are within a day's travel, the ship's S.T.A.R. system delivers a crucial report, heightening the tension.

🔊 *“We are currently crossing into the Delta Quadrant and entering the spatial anomaly known as the Silent Abyss. Fortunately, my sensors remain unaffected by the gravimetric particle wave distortions generated by the Abyss, allowing us to maintain a strong coordinate lock on the Singularity Ballet. We are now 23 hours and 12 minutes from arrival.*

Please ensure that all your equipment is in optimal working order and thoroughly review all final



mission parameters. Notably, Zephran Dynamics has reported that their deep space probe has ceased transmission. I will provide further updates as more data becomes available.”

The hours drag on, each minute feels like an eternity. The monitors flicker dimly, revealing only the occasional nebulous swirls of crimson that pulse softly against the backdrop of an otherwise empty black void. It's a haunting sight—vast, desolate, and unyielding. The silence of space envelops the ship, a stark contrast to the tension brewing within its confines.

Granet Sernahl slips away into his cabin, a wisp of intensity in his movements as he prepares for what lies ahead. Time ticks inexorably forward, and as the countdown to their destination approaches the two-hour mark, he reemerges from the room.

Dressed in dark gray combat fatigues that cling closely to his form, he exudes an air of grim determination. The fabric appears resilient, marked by the rugged demands of space operations. On his right breast, the Zephran Dynamics logo is stitched.

Positioned at his right hip is a laser pistol.


Beneath his left shoulder, a needler pistol is holstered, its purpose clear: close-quarters defense should the situation escalate. A small, flat pack rests on his back, unmistakably an Inertia Screen, ready to shield him from harm at a moment's notice.

Sernahl's belt is equipped with an IUVAR Unit, its polished surface glinting ominously in the dim light, hinting at the secrets it can record. He carries a collapsible baton.


On his left hip, a large belt pouch bulges slightly, suggesting it is filled with essential tools, gadgets, or perhaps something more personal—the nature of which remains a mystery. A knife is sheathed against his right boot.

Gone is the casual demeanor he previously wore; Sernahl has morphed into a figure of unwavering seriousness. His hoop earring has been replaced by a simple black stud, an unadorned choice that mirrors his current focus and resolve.

He turns as if to address the group and is interrupted by S.T.A.R.

 *"We are approximately ninety-seven minutes from our destination. I am receiving a transmission on the Zephiran Dynamics secured frequency. It is a recording only. I am attempting to contact the Singularity Ballet as well as its Main Computer AI, but I am not receiving a response. Would you like to hear the recorded transmission?"*

Should the characters wish to hear the Singularity Ballet transmission, click the Captain's Log. If they choose not to engage with the log, Sernahl will insist that the update be played for all to hear. "We can't afford to miss any details," he asserts with a determined gaze, reminding the crew of the stakes at hand. His voice echoes with a blend of authority and camaraderie, compelling any stragglers to pay heed to the crucial information that could shape their next course of action.

 *Singularity Ballet: Captain's Log - Entry Beta One Two Eight: In the critical moments leading up to the Singularity Ballet's Quantum Ion FTL drive failure, I had no inkling of the chaos that was about to ensue. It wasn't until my first officer urgently informed me that we had lost control of the ship's FTL drive and that it was on the verge of unleashing a massive burst of energy—potentially destroying the vessel or propelling us into the unknown—that I realized the gravity of our situation. Thankfully, we survived—barely. What follows is a recorded account from the bridge that captures the tumultuous events that unfolded next:*

Captain Thorne: Where the hell are we?

Bridge Officer MacFarland: Navigation and mapping are offline.

Captain Thorne: What was our last heading?

Bridge Officer Cox: We were heading on a direct course for the Jewel Star System.

Captain Thorne: Well, frizzlumpin fantastic! We missed. Anybody got an idea?

Bridge Officer MacFarland: All flight control systems are offline.

Captain Thorne: No shit! Anybody got a paper map and an astrolabe?

First Officer Gilchrist: No stars, sir.

Captain Thorne: We stepped in a big pile of glimwock. You know what that looks like out there, don't you?

First Officer Gilchrist: Yes, sir, I'm afraid I do.

Bridge Officer Cox: What is it, sir?

Captain Thorne: The frizzlumpin Silent Abyss.

We've managed to repair short range transmissions and are broadcasting an S O S. We're also broadcasting my log entry on the Zephiran Dynamics scrambled frequency in hopes that you have vessels searching for us. But if we are in the Silent Abyss, we could be here awhile. Luckily, we'll all die of old age before the Singularity Ballet runs out of stores. We can't move or contact anyone, but at least we have power for everything else. We're going to keep trying to make repairs. This is Captain Jarek Thorne. We're waiting on you.


The captain's voice dies out in a crackle of static, leaving the air thick with an unsettling silence that envelops the characters like a heavy shroud. The faint hum of the ship's systems becomes more pronounced in the absence of the radio. Sernahl glances around, his brow furrowed with determination. "Do you have everything prepared?" He asks, his tone balancing urgency and reassurance. His eyes search each character's face, gauging readiness in the dim light of the ship's cabin. If the characters signal that they are ready, all they can do now is wait—an anxious stillness settling over them as they prepare for the next phase of their mission, each heartbeat echoing the unspoken tension in the room.

THE BEGINNING - END

THE SINGULARITY BALLET

The Neutron Coyote glides gracefully toward the Singularity Ballet, its sleek form cutting through the vacuum of space. As it nears the monumental outer airlock, S.T.A.R. requests the opening of the massive doors from NovaLux, the Singularity Ballet's AI supercomputer.

Moments pass in tense anticipation before the airlock responds, groaning open to reveal the cavernous interior of the Singularity Ballet. The Neutron Coyote enters, its presence dwarfed by the ship's vastness, and the colossal doors slide shut behind it with a resounding clang, sealing the ship within.

As the pressure begins to equalize, a palpable tension fills the air. After what feels like an eternity, S.T.A.R. activates, its synthesized voice slicing through the silence.  "We have reached our destination. I still cannot establish communication with any crew members. Pressure stabilization will complete in approximately thirty seconds. Prepare for landing. I am detecting movement, but not as expected."

With a low hiss, the inner set of doors separates, and the Neutron Coyote glides into the expansive Docking Bay. The sight that greets the crew is far from normal. Instead of the bustling activity of dock crews guiding them in, the bay stands eerily vacant—an unsettling stillness reigning where there should be life.

To the left of the main docking area, a large, enigmatic U-shaped spacecraft looms, its origins unknown. The ship's alien architecture triggers an instinctive wariness as you wonder whether this is the source of the Singularity Ballet's current troubles.

The Neutron Coyote settles gently onto the docking bay floor, the sound of its landing gear resonating into the silence. A sense of foreboding fills the air as the crew braces themselves for whatever revelations this deserted bay may hold.

ship's atmosphere.

Upon passing through the airlock, the immense door seals behind you, and you feel the subtle shifts in pressure as the systems equalize. With a satisfying hiss, the inner door opens, revealing the vast expanse of the docking bay. The sight is awe-inspiring, a testament to the **Singularity Ballet's** commitment to efficiency, readiness.

2. DOCKING BAY

Upon entering the docking bay of the **Singularity Ballet**, you are immediately struck by its sheer scale and functionality. Spanning an impressive 320 meters across and 960 meters deep, this enormous expanse feels like a cavernous hangar, meticulously designed to accommodate both the needs of the crew and the operational demands of interstellar travel.

The bay houses three 8-passenger shuttles, each impeccably maintained and positioned for quick boarding and deployment. These shuttles are equipped with robotic auto repair and refueling stations, allowing them to remain in peak condition without extensive manual intervention. The sleek, aerodynamic designs of the shuttles glisten under the bay's ambient lighting, while automated systems work busily in the background, performing routine checks and diagnostics.

Towering above the shuttles are two colossal cranes, engineered for heavy lifting and freight management. One of these cranes is particularly noteworthy; it is so massive that it can extend beyond the ship's hull, seamlessly transferring cargo and supplies from space to the bay. Its articulated arms glide with precision, capable of handling even the heaviest loads with an elegance that belies their size.

Towards the rear of the docking bay, a dedicated third of the space serves as large item storage and freight management. This area is secured by a massive pressurized door, designed to withstand the vacuum of space and ensure the safety of the valuables it contains. The door itself is a marvel of engineering, featuring elaborate locking mechanisms and display panels that keep track of the inventory stored within.

Adding to the functionality of the docking bay is a secured parts room, meticulously organized and stocked with components, tools, and supplies needed for maintenance and repairs. Adjacent to this room are two repair bays, both equipped with advanced diagnostic tools and robotic workstations. These repair

DOCKING BAY / LARGE STORAGE LEVEL 1

1. GIANT AIR LOCK

Gaining entry into this enormous bay is no simple task; it begins with navigating through a gigantic airlock door. This massive entryway is engineered to accommodate multiple spacecraft at once, and the door itself is adorned with blinking lights and warning signals, emphasizing its critical role in maintaining the integrity of the

bays are designed for crew members to work on the shuttles and other spacecraft, ensuring that everything remains in optimal condition for the challenges of space travel.

A chilling realization washes over you: the expansive area is disturbingly devoid of personnel. There should be a bustling crew of deckhands on duty, their voices echoing in the vastness as they prepare for your arrival. Yet, the silence is oppressive, as if the space itself is holding its breath. An anxious knot tightens in your chest as you scan the shadows, half-expecting a crew member to appear around a corner. But no one stirs.

And then you see it—the scorch marks etched into the walls and floor, remnants of weapons fire that mar the otherwise sterile environment. Charred metal decorates the area, and debris lies scattered like fallen leaves after a fierce storm. The horror of what transpired here grips you, and a spike of adrenaline courses through your veins.

Suddenly, a flicker of motion catches your eye near the top of the towering loading crane. It's brief, but unmistakable—a shadow shifting, a form partially concealed by the rusting structure. Something is up there. The realization sends a shiver down your spine, and a primal fear sparks within you. You can feel the weight of unseen eyes watching you, assessing you.

You hear a loud his as the hydraulic landing gear eases its compression. Like you, it seems to be letting out the breath it was holding. As you do, the speakers crackle with life.

🔊 *"My sensors are erratic. I am picking up movement in the docking bay, but no life signs. This is an impossibility. Calculating... Unlife a possibility... .. Alien spacecraft... Unlife a Possibility... Receiving... Xax Vov Nanan Mim Zozoz... Rezer deactivation... Warning Beacon... Yoilloy... Troctorts infected... Warning Beacon... Unlife a Possibility... System Reboot in progress..."*

With that, S.T.A.R. shuts down. No amount of coaxing on your part can get her to reboot at this time.

If the character's leave the ship at this point, please use the Docking Bay Random Encounter Table. If they board the derelict space craft, please switch to section **Aibofobia Briminimirbon** on page 66 to continue the adventure inside of that ship.

3. DOCK MASTER'S OFFICE

Tucked within the expanse of the docking bay, the Dock Master's office stands as a stark

contrast to the orderly environment outside. This large, spacious room, meant to serve as a hub for managing the bustling activity of the docking operations, now presents a harrowing picture of disarray and destruction.

As you step inside, the first thing that strikes you is the sheer chaos that surrounds you. Chairs lie overturned, their fabric frayed and torn, as if they were propelled away in a panic. Some are scattered haphazardly across the floor, while others are positioned as if someone fled in haste. The polished surface of the desk is marred by deep scratches and the remnants of an overturned cup, now a dried stain marking the once pristine workstation.

The room is dimly lit, shadows dancing eerily across the walls, heightening the sense of foreboding. Computers and monitors, once vital tools for navigation and coordination, are in ruins. Screens hang askew, some cracked and others completely shattered, their shattered glass glinting ominously in the faint light. Wires protrude from broken casings, creating a tangle of electronic debris that sprawls across the floor like the aftermath of a fierce storm. Sparks flicker intermittently from damaged consoles, adding to the chaotic atmosphere.

Papers strewn across the floor add to the unsettling scene, their contents half-visible. Operational logs, crew schedules, and cargo manifests, once carefully organized, now lie discarded, their ink smudged and unreadable. Some documents flutter gently, perhaps caught in a draft or disturbed by an unseen force, as if the very essence of the office is refusing to settle back into normalcy.

The air is thick with a sense of unease, echoing the remnants of a confrontational incident. Marks on the floor indicate a struggle or hurried retreat, leading towards the doorway. A faint scent of burnt circuitry lingers, hinting at an intense power surge or a desperate act to sabotage the technology. Shadows linger in the corners, obscuring the remnants of what was once an orderly command center.

Amidst the wreckage of the Dock Master's office, one computer terminal defiantly flickers to life, its cracked screen displaying a series of navigable icons against a backdrop of static. Though battered, it remains a vital resource, offering a glimpse into the room's former operations.

The terminal features button choices for accessing the Dock Master's Logs, monitoring the private storage security cameras, coordinating

communications with Crane 1 and 2, overriding the parts storage door, controlling the Master Large Storage door, and interfacing with the Novalux AI. A faint, reassuring glow emanates from the screen, beckoning any who dare to engage with it, promising vital information amid the chaos and perhaps a pathway to uncover the events that transpired within the office.

=PLAYER'S MONITOR GRAPHIC=

| DOCK MASTER LOG |
|---|
| <p><u>EPSILON 863</u></p> <p>Singularity Ballet, Dock Master Log: Entry Epsilon eight six three. Things have been pretty quite since the Quantum Ion FTL drives went offline and left the Singularity Ballet adrift here in, what we're assuming is, The Silent Abyss. There are no stars here. Long Range Communications aren't working. I don't like this. Not one damn bit. We've launched a few recon shuttles just to see if we can see anything. The Ibonekaw say they might have found a derelict space craft. I'm waiting on their report.</p> |
| <p><u>EPSILON 864</u></p> <p>Singularity Ballet, Dock Master Log: Entry Epsilon eight six four. The Ibonekaw did indeed find a derelict. What's more it's of unknown origin, a space craft like nothing we've ever seen. Captain Thorne has ordered the ship brought into the Docking Bay. The shuttles are nudging it within range of the bay's engineering manipulator arms. We should have it on board within the hour. I wonder what Zephram Dynamics will think of this?</p> |
| <p><u>EPSILON 865</u></p> <p>Singularity Ballet, Dock Master Log: Entry Epsilon eight six five. We've secured the unique space craft and, with no science team aboard, a medical crew and security force is boarding her. I have been forced to watch these events from my office overlooking the docking bay as it seems I lack the necessary skill set for the boarding party. It seems Captain Thorne feels that a Dock Master should stay on the dock. What an asshole.</p> |



DOCK MASTER LOG

EPSILON 866

Singularity Ballet, Dock Master Log: Entry Epsilon eight six six. We don't know what they are, but they're coming out of the derelict. They're attacking everyone in sight! So far we've managed to keep them out of my office, but myself and a handful of Dock Crew members are trapped in here! Comm lines are down and Novalux has started acting peculiar! I am concerned that!!! Oh, my God!!! They've broken in!!! Dezrik! On your left! Oh shit!

STORAGE DOORS

Parts Storage Door

"Parts Storage Door open. Access Authorization Dock Master Steele."



STORAGE DOORS

Master Large Storage Door

“Master Large Storage Door open. Access Authorization Dock Master Steele... Cycle Complete. Access Granted.”

NOVALUX INTERFACE

Access Novalux

“Hello. I am NovaLux. The Singularity Ballet’s AI system. I detect a sub dermal Zephran Dynamics implant. Welcome aboard Director Sernahl. As you have no doubt surmised my systems have been sabotaged by parties currently unknown. Incoming audio signals to my processor have been cut. I can detect an AI interaction request, just not the nature of the request. So, whenever you feel you need a current update, please touch a screen with a NovaLux Interface Request. I detect other lifeforms with you. I would calculate that this is the Trouble Shooter team from Zephran Dynamics. Please note that we have been boarded by pirates near the Observation Deck. They will also be attempting to steal my computer core. They have, as of yet been unable to breach my control center. Many of them are currently roaming the ship. Also be aware that the derelict alien spacecraft contained a dangerous... dangerous... danger... dangerous... systems malfunction... systems malfunction... sys...”

PRIVATE STORAGE CAMERAS

| | |
|-------|-------|
| Cam 1 | Cam 2 |
| Cam 3 | Cam 4 |

CRANE COMMUNICATIONS

| | |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| <u>Crane 1</u> | <u>Crane 2</u> |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|

If you cannot access the computer control on the internet, please use the **PRINTABLE** on page 130

4. PILOT AND MAINTENANCE OFFICE

Adjacent to the Dock Master’s office, the Shuttle Pilots and Maintenance Office presents a haunting reflection of turmoil and haste. This once-functional space now lies in disarray, revealing scars of conflict and a frantic escape.

Upon entering, you are struck by the chaotic layout of the room. Scorch marks mar the walls, their jagged edges and blackened surfaces



a stark reminder of the time when laser fire tore through the air. The acrid scent of burnt metal lingers, a ghostly testament to the violence that unfolded here.

Debris is strewn across the floor, with pieces of furniture overturned and scattered, echoing the disarray of a hasty retreat. The remnants of explosive blasts are evident in the warped metal surfaces and shattered glass. One corner of the room bears a noticeable crater, where the shockwave of an explosion has caused structural damage, leaving a gaping hole that exposes the intricate wiring behind the paneling.

The area is cluttered with pilot desks, once meticulously organized with flight manuals and navigation charts, now haphazardly piled and emptied in a desperate rush. Maintenance tools lie abandoned, some on the floor, others lodged in rubble, their purpose forgotten in the wake of chaos. A malfunctioning maintenance console flickers erratically, casting an eerie glow and emphasizing the air of neglect.

Yet, amidst the destruction, signs of recent activity are present. A knocked-over chair suggests the sudden departure of a pilot, while personal belongings—a flight jacket, a scattered helmet—remain behind, echoing the hasty urgency of their owner’s exit.

In the back of this room, moving slowly about, are 2 **Zyxyz Thralls** (MV: Medium, IM/RS: 4/35, STA:70, AT:40, DMG:2d10) in what is left of ground crew uniforms. When they see you, they begin moving toward you.

No amount of work can repair the maintenance console. There is nothing of value in

this room.

5. DOCK CREW OFFICE / LOUNGE AND LIFT

Adjacent to the Pilot and Maintenance Office, the Dock Crew Office, Lounge, and Lift presents a stark and haunting tableau of devastation. Sprawling four times the length of its neighboring office, this expansive room is dominated by an immense double-door elevator, which occupies an entire wall. Its sleek exterior offers a chilling contrast to the chaos that lies within, the elevator still functional yet surrounded by remnants of violence.

As you step into the room, the overwhelming evidence of battle becomes immediately apparent. The air is thick with the acrid scent of burnt circuitry and the unmistakable metallic tang of spilled fluids. Battle damage is pervasive—walls are pockmarked with scorch marks and deep gouges, the aftermath of intense laser fire. Frayed wires dangle from overhead panels, sparking intermittently, while shattered glass crunches underfoot, remnants of a once-thriving space now reduced to a war zone.

Near the main door, several destroyed maintenance robots lie in ruin, their mechanical limbs twisted and scorched. Their bodies are testimony to an unwinnable struggle against overwhelming odds. Among the debris, the lifeless forms of four dock crewmen are sprawled out, their expressions frozen in shock and despair. Each figure is surrounded by the symbols of their duty—a mix of tools and equipment, now lies abandoned in their last moments.

Surrounding the fallen crewmen are twelve Skitters, the spider-like mechanical creatures with intricate technology that seems to pulse with a dim glow. Their once-intimidating frames are now lifeless, their circuits fried from precise laser fire, leading to their untimely downfall.

Yet, as tension fills the air, a sense of unease persists. Suddenly, from the shadows of the room's debris, a pair of large **Skitters** (*MV: Fast, IM/RS: 6/60, STA:85, AT:40, DMG:2d10*) emerge, their eyes glowing ominously. Their bodies, camouflaged among the wreckage, spring to life with a menacing crackle, ready to attack. The atmosphere intensifies, and a palpable sense of danger permeates the air as these formidable enemies rise up, poised to strike.

6. DOCK AND SHUTTLE PARTS STORAGE

Directly across the expansive docking bay lies the Parts Storage Room, a critical repository of machinery and components essential for the



maintenance and operation of the Singularity Ballet. This room carries an air of culmination and secrecy while also being a potential trove of technological wonders.

The entrance to the storage room is a prominent computer-locked door, an imposing barrier that embodies the need for security amid the valuable resources contained within. With a sleek metallic finish that reflects the docking bay's ambient lights, the door is embedded with a digital access panel, its interface glowing softly. The lock itself is classified as Level 2, requiring either the deft fingers of a technician with proficient Lock Opening Skills or access via the functioning computer in the Dock Master's office to gain entry.

Upon successfully unlocking the door, it smoothly slides open to reveal a vast interior. The room is cavernous, packed to the brim with neatly arranged shelves and pallets brimming with equipment—everything from intricate circuit boards and engines to pneumatic housings and hydraulic cylinders. The sheer volume of spare parts and components suggests that the Singularity Ballet could remain operational for several lifetimes, an abundance that reflects the meticulous preparation of its creators.

Yet, amidst this mechanical bounty lies a grave and unsettling threat. Scattered throughout the room are 8 **Zyxyz Thralls** (*MV: Medium, IM/RS: 4/35, STA:70, AT:40, DMG:2d10*), grotesque figures that exemplify the horror of the Yoilioy virus. Once maintenance dock crewmembers, they now stagger and writhe in a ghastly state, their frames warped by infection, exhibiting an

eerie semblance of life distorted by their relentless affliction. Their features are a nightmarish blend of disease and flesh. The sight of these creatures serves as a chilling reminder of the virus's devastating impact.

Once the door is open, they will rush to gain access to the Docking Bay.

7. LARGE PRODUCT STORAGE

At the far end of the docking bay, seemingly untouched, the Large Product Storage area looms—a vast, organized expanse that seems to breathe the essence of industry and resilience. This substantial room is secured behind hydraulic security doors, their metallic surface gleaming ominously under the harsh lighting of the bay. Locked with a Level 3 security system, access requires the expertise of a technician with Opening Lock Skills or authorization via the computer found in the Dock Master's office.

Once the hydraulic doors hiss open, revealing the cavernous interior, the atmosphere shifts. The air is dense with the scent of oil and metal, mingling with the faint tang of machinery. Rows upon rows of sturdy crates stretch deep into the storage space, meticulously organized yet brimming with potential. Each crate is an enigmatic capsule of resources, showcasing the ship's capability and preparation for whatever challenges lie ahead.

Against one wall, several ship-mounted laser pumps stand ready, their sleek surfaces still coated in protective cosmolite and wrapped securely in VCI paper, ensuring their pristine condition. These formidable devices hint at the Singularity Ballet's potential armament, awaiting deployment in the heat of interstellar conflict.

Near the entrance, two crates command attention: one containing 12 Power Belt packs, essential for sustaining energy in various operational scenarios, and another stocked with 10 needle pistol clips alongside 10 needle rifle clips—a valuable supply for crew members needing dependable weaponry. Adjacent to these is a box containing 10 pistol bullet clips and 10 rifle bullet clips, a reassuring cache for ensuring the crew's safety amidst the chaos.

Beyond these essential supplies, the remainder of the room houses crates filled to the brim with bulk machine parts and large construction tools. Each box represents the ship's self-sufficient design philosophy, containing everything from gears and pistons to heavy-duty wrenches and engineering tools—waiting for the hands of skilled technicians to breathe life into

them.

Occupying opposite corners of the room are two large crane arms, designed for manipulating heavy storage and facilitating the movement of crates with ease. Their robust and articulate builds reflect a blend of functionality and engineering expertise, ready to lift and maneuver large items with precision as the crew manages the vast inventory.

This room appears to have escaped the Docking Bay battles. The only valuable items here are what can be scrounged from the cargo.

PRIVATE STORAGE LEVEL 2

As the elevator doors slide open with a soft hiss, you step into the Arrival Room, a spacious area designed specifically for the users of the Private Storage facilities aboard the Singularity Ballet. The environment strikes a balance between functionality and a sense of personal space, with sleek metallic surfaces and a warm, ambient lighting that invites a sense of privacy and security.

To your left, a long the passageway stretches into the distance, its walls adorned with subtle signage and uniform doors leading to twelve individual storage units. Each door is equipped with a secure locking mechanism, ensuring that the personal belongings of residents remain protected. The varying number assignments create an atmosphere of exclusivity, hinting at the various sizes and types of storage offered to patrons—some may be compact, while others suggest larger, more generous spaces for the storage of significant assets.

Across the hall on the right, you see five more doors, spaced slightly farther apart, indicating a different access point that likely offers premium or specialized private storage options. The varying configuration piques curiosity about what unique contents lie within each room, whether they hold valuable cargo or personal effects from the storied lives of the crew.

To the right of the Arrival Room door, a short passageway leads to a single door at its end, which could be a management office for the storage facility or perhaps a communal area for patrons to discuss arrangements regarding their stored items. Alternatively, when you turn left from the Arrival Room, you enter another passageway that offers additional access to more

storage rooms, companion areas, or possibly shared utilities designed for the clientele who utilize this private storage floor.

1-12. STANDARD PRIVATE STORAGE

To uncover the contents of the twelve storage rooms on Level 2, you will need to roll on the Random Storage Table L2.1. Should you roll the same result more than once, it indicates that the rental company has multiple units housing the same item, suggesting a demand for those particular goods.

Accessing these private storage rooms requires the expertise of a Technician with Opening Locks experience or the possession of a Master Key Card. This key card can only be obtained from a crew member residing on this floor or a maintenance robot, adding an additional challenge to your exploration.

| ROLL | RESULT |
|------|--|
| 1 | Cryo-Preserved Samples: Vials containing biological specimens or genetic samples that require freezing technology to maintain viability, possibly from other planets or species. |
| 2 | Nanobot Repair Kits: Compact kits filled with nanobots designed for self-repair of machinery or even for medical purposes, allowing for rapid healing of injuries or restoration of equipment. |
| 3 | Personal Vehicle Modules: Foldable, compact hoverpods or personal transport vehicles designed for quick travel across the ship or planetary surfaces, stored in a space-efficient manner. |
| 4 | Holo-Projectors: Portables devices capable of projecting 3D holograms, which could display blueprints, simulations, or even virtual environments for training or relaxation purposes. |
| 5 | Exosuit Components: Modular parts for an exosuit, allowing the user to enhance strength and endurance, stored with various tools and gadgets for specialized tasks. |

| | |
|----|--|
| 6 | Stasis Crates: Large containers designed to keep items or living beings in suspended animation, preserving them for transport or future use, complete with monitoring systems. |
| 7 | Rare Artifacts: Items of historical or cultural significance, potentially from alien worlds or previous civilizations, carefully packed and secured for preservation. |
| 8 | Melee' Weapons: Custom Classic Sword and Knives. |
| 9 | Virtual Reality Pods: Compact pods or headsets that allow users to immerse themselves in virtual environments, offering entertainment or training simulations far beyond current capabilities. |
| 10 | Empty |

Random Storage Table L2.1

13. Passageway 1

As you step out of the Arrival Room and into the passageway, an unsettling sensation washes over you, as if unseen eyes are tracking your every move. Although the passageway is well-lit, the bright lights do little to dispel the creeping feeling of unease that clings to you. Is someone—or something—watching you from the shadows?

If you want to have an encounter, please use Random Encounter Table L2.2 Below.

| ROLL | RESULT |
|------|-----------------------------|
| 1/6 | 4 Member Jaxaradis Patrol |
| 2/7 | 1d10 Zyxyz Thrall(s) |
| 3/8 | 2 Member Jaxaradis Scouts |
| 4/9 | Wandering Robot w/ Key Card |
| 5/10 | 1 Zyxyz Thrall w/Key Card |

Random Encounter Table L2.2

14. LARGE STORAGE 1

As you enter the Secured Equipment Storage Room, the atmosphere shifts to one of focused efficiency. This room is specially designed to house essential equipment and tools necessary for the ship's Flight Deck operations.

The walls are clad in metal panels, a testament to the ship's sleek design, with a few

illuminated control panels providing a soft glow. The lighting is intentionally subdued yet effective, allowing you to see every detail of the carefully organized space without overwhelming brightness.

Rows of secure equipment lockers line the walls, each secured with individual combination locks, ensuring that the specialized tools they contain—ranging from power tools and maintenance gear to tactical equipment—are safeguarded against unauthorized access. Each locker features a small digital display that indicates its contents, making it easy for authorized personnel to locate what they need quickly.

In the center of the room stands a heavy-duty workbench, cluttered with an assortment of tools and an array of small, organized bins filled with spare parts, connectors, and mechanical components. Above the bench hangs a wall-mounted holo-screen displaying real-time data on equipment usage and inventory levels, helping the crew manage supplies effectively.

To one side, a compact shelving unit holds clearly labeled boxes filled with manuals and technical schematics, essential for repairs and operational protocols. The organization within the room is impeccable, as though every item has a designated place to ensure maximum efficiency during missions.

Despite the room's smaller size, a faint whirring sound emanates from a nearby maintenance drone charging station, where a small drone rests, ready to assist with repairs and inspections throughout the ship.



15. LARGE STORAGE 2

Stepping into the Advanced Research Materials Storage Room, the transformation from the corridors of the **Singularity Ballet** to this high-security haven is palpable. The room is expansive, its walls lined with reinforced plating and imbued with a sleek, industrial aesthetic. The faint buzz of integrated computing systems and environmental controls hums in the background, creating an atmosphere of sterile efficiency.

Fluorescent panels illuminate the space, casting crisp, white light across the room and revealing meticulously organized sections filled with an array of secure storage units—each designed to house sensitive research materials and experimental technology. The units are equipped with locking mechanisms that ensure only authorized personnel can access their contents, displaying digital readouts indicating each unit's current status and contents.

Centrally positioned within the room is a large, fortified research station, complete with advanced holographic interfaces for monitoring experiments and digital blueprints for ongoing projects. The station has additional sections for quick access to equipment like advanced analyzers and molecular synthesizers, all meticulously labeled and stored for optimal efficiency.

Rows of storage pods stretch along either side of the room, designed to contain volatile substances and biological materials under controlled conditions. Each pod is equipped with environmental controls, monitored by an array of sensors that detect any changes in pressure or temperature, ensuring that the delicate research materials within remain stable.

A reinforced safety cabinet houses hazardous materials, its door thick and lined with lead to shield against potential leaks or spills. Categorized shelves boast clearly labeled jars and containers filled with rare samples, biological cultures, and chemical compounds, organized meticulously for quick retrieval.

Near the back of the room, a cluster of large cargo crates, some opened to reveal high-tech equipment.

While the room is designed for efficiency and security, a lingering discomfort hangs in the air. The stillness is almost oppressive, and the faint scent of sterilization chemicals permeates the atmosphere. As you explore the meticulously organized space, you can't shake the feeling that behind the careful order lies the potential for dangerous experiments, hidden secrets, and

unforeseen consequences.

16. LARGE STORAGE 3

Upon entering this Large Storage Room, you are greeted by the imposing sight of a highly organized yet eerily empty space. The walls are lined with sleek, metallic panels, reflecting the ship's advanced design ethos. Strips of pale blue LED lighting illuminate the room, casting an ethereal glow that contrasts sharply with the shadows lurking in the corners, occasionally flickering as if responding to some unseen disturbance.

The room is vast, with a high ceiling adorned with various conduits and access panels, hinting at the sophisticated systems running throughout the ship. A heavy, airtight door secures the entrance, featuring a biometric lock that confirms only authorized personnel can gain access to the supplies within.

Lining the walls are neatly stacked supply crates, each one crafted from high-tech composite materials designed to withstand the rigors of space travel. The crates are emblazoned with the Singularity Ballet insignia, along with detailed labels indicating their contents—ranging from energy rations and specialized medical kits to advanced tools and equipment intended for various missions throughout the ship.

In the center of the room stands a holo-inventory station, projecting a 3D interface that displays real-time updates on each crate's contents and distribution status. The interface is sleek, easy to read, and capable of generating supply logs for ongoing missions.

17. LARGE STORAGE 4

Stepping into the storage unit rented by Pulsar Ultimate Arms, the atmosphere is charged with a sense of precision and innovation. The space is efficiently organized, designed to securely house their latest products and prototypes.

The centerpiece of the storage unit is the prototype XS13, carefully encased in a reinforced transport container. The sleek design of the launcher showcases an elegant combination of advanced materials and ergonomic features, optimized for both performance and handling. There are 4 of them and an empty slot showing that there was a fifth.

Weapon Modules and Casing: Adjacent to the XS13, several modular weapon components are packed in labeled compartments, ready for assembly and testing. These include interchangeable barrels, grips, and sights designed to enhance versatility in various combat

scenarios.

Heavy-duty crates are filled with the latest firearms and tactical gear produced by Pulsar Ultimate Arms. Each crate is designed for quick access and equipped with cushioning to ensure that the items inside remain secure during transport.

A compact array of diagnostic tools and testing equipment specific to firearms development is neatly arranged. This includes calibration devices, pressure gauges, and safety equipment to ensure prototypes like the XS13 meet performance standards.

A small section houses an assortment of tactical accessories, such as scopes, grips, and custom ammunition types tailored for their firearms, neatly organized in easy-to-access drawers.

A crate in the center of the room is storage for personal protective equipment (PPE), including tactical vests and helmets, ensuring that anyone accessing the storage unit can do so safely during handling and testing.

A clearly labeled section holds technical schematics, operational manuals, and user guides for all equipment stored within the unit, easily accessible for review by engineering or testing personnel.

Small climate control units maintain optimal conditions for sensitive materials and equipment, ensuring that performance remains consistent and reliable is attached to the rear wall.

A secured compartment designed for sensitive materials, such as prototype data or proprietary technology developments, protected



by a locking mechanism requiring access permissions is located near the door.

Sernahl will use any excuse to open the secured compartment, including manufacturing an emergency. He wants to obtain all of the data on the XS13 as well as any other technical data on new weapons he can sell to the highest bidder.

18. LARGE STORAGE 5

Entering the Water Storage Area, you are immediately struck by the sight of countless large, blue plastic barrels meticulously stacked throughout the room. Each barrel, standard 55-gallon size, stands tall and uniform, their glossy surfaces gleaming under the bright overhead lights that illuminate every corner of the unit. The room's high ceiling soars above you, adding to the sense of spaciousness despite the tightly packed barrels.

The air is cool and slightly humid, a testament to the volume of water contained within. A faint hint of plastic mingles with the dampness, creating a unique scent that hangs in the atmosphere. The rhythmic sound of water sloshing within the barrels can be faintly heard, a reminder of the vital resource they contain, essential for both crew survival and various ship operations.

The barrels are arranged in neat, organized rows, each stack carefully balanced and secured to maximize space utilization without compromising safety. Labeled with bright orange tags that indicate their fill dates and usage recommendations, the barrels are easily identifiable. Some barrels even feature digital readouts attached to their sides, providing real-time data on water levels and purity, ensuring that the contents remain suitable for consumption and use.

Against one wall, a small maintenance station exists, stocked with tools for testing water quality and repairing any leaks or damage to the barrels. A compact utility sink nearby allows for thorough cleaning and maintenance.

19. FREIGHT ELEVATOR

The Freight Elevator is a vast, cavernous chamber that feels more like a small storage room than the typical vessel of transport you might expect. As you step inside, the high ceiling stretches upward, its metallic surfaces adorned with integrated lights that pulse softly, illuminating the space with a cool, inviting glow. The walls are lined with smooth panels, featuring reinforced plating designed to withstand the

rigors of heavy use and ensure the safety of its cargo.

The elevator's floor is expansive and level, designed to accommodate a multitude of items or passengers. Heavy-duty loading ramps and anchoring points are conveniently placed around the edges, allowing for secure transport of bulky freight, equipment, or even multiple travelers. Sturdy straps and securing mechanisms are available to keep cargo firmly in place during the trip.

The control panel, located just inside the entrance, is equipped with a sleek interface. Touchscreen controls display clear, labeled options for navigating between the Docking Bay below and the guest level above. A digital display indicates the current floor and estimated travel time, along with alerts for maintenance needs or operational status. The smooth, responsive design of the controls makes operation intuitive, even for those new to the ship.

The sound of the elevator is a low, reassuring hum, punctuated by the mechanical whir of gears engaged in motion as the elevator travels between levels. Soundproofing has been carefully integrated into its design, muting the noise of passing machinery and creating a surprisingly tranquil environment despite the activity it often facilitates.

Lighting strips line the elevator's interior, casting a bright yet soft light that enhances visibility without being harsh. For safety, emergency lights are installed above the door, ensuring that even in the event of power failure, passengers are not left in darkness.

20. PASSAGEWAY 2

As you gaze down the passageway, the sleek design of the Singularity Ballet reveals itself in the polished surfaces and subtle lighting that guide your path. At the stern of the ship, three doors line the corridor, each marked with discreet but clear designations indicating their purpose. The door at the end of the passageway stands out, as it has a blast mark along its painted surface.

On either side of the main passageway, two passageways branch off, leading toward the fore of the vessel. Their entrances are framed by glowing ambient lights that softly illuminate the junctions. The air carries a hushed stillness, punctuated only by the distant hum of machinery seamlessly at work.

21. PASSAGEWAY 3

Moving down the passageway, your

attention is drawn to the starboard side, where six doors stand sentinel, each leading to its own compartment within the ship. Their sleek metal surfaces are unmarred, save for the occasional scuff that hints at the busy life of the vessel.

On the port side, a long, flat wall displays a vibrant array of maps, offering a detailed overview of your current location and the surrounding sections of the ship. The maps are illuminated by subtle back lighting, making them easy to read even in the dim corridor light. Alongside the navigational aids, a series of advertisements promote the ship's amenities—luxurious lounges, recreational facilities, and gourmet dining options. Each advertisement is glossy and bright, contrasting sharply with the somber signs of wear and tear present in the passageway.

However, one brightly colored ad has been defaced with a crude drawing made hastily in black marker, an unexpected splash of juvenile humor amid the otherwise polished decor. The portrayal elicits both a snicker and a grimace, a reflection of the ship's crew's more rebellious spirit.

As you examine the surroundings, your eyes wander to the wall itself, revealing faint scars of weapon fire etched into the metal surface.

22 - 27. LARGE STORAGE

To discover what lies behind these doors, please roll on the Random Storage Table L2.3.

| ROLL | RESULT |
|------|--|
| 1/6 | Mood-Sensitive Paint Buckets: Buckets of paint that change color based on the emotional state of whoever is nearby, intended for decorating personal quarters. |
| 2/7 | Neural Feedback Helmets: Odd-looking headgear that reads brainwaves; intended for relaxation and meditation, though some people claim to have seen visions while using them. |
| 3/8 | Intergalactic Snack Packs: A collection of bizarre snacks from various planets, including space-crisps made from powdered starlit fruits and crunch granola made from asteroid dust. |

| | |
|------|---|
| 4/9 | Mood-Enhancing Plant Pods: Bioluminescent flora contained in transparent pods that release calming pheromones to uplift the crew's spirits during long voyages. |
| 5/10 | Empty |

Random Storage Table L2.3

28. PASSAGEWAY 4

The passageway stretches on, its length seemingly infinite. On the port side, you find a wall adorned with detailed maps of the ship, alongside vibrant advertisements promoting the ship's various amenities. However, the aesthetic appeal is marred by the scars of battle; remnants of laser blasts and bullet holes mar the surface, a stark reminder of past conflicts.

Scattered across the corridor are the lifeless forms of Zyxyz Thralls, a haunting presence that adds to the unsettling atmosphere. On the starboard side, fifteen doors line the corridor, leading to private storage units—intact and unopened, their contents a mystery waiting to be uncovered. As with the all of the secured rooms they require the expertise of a Technician with Opening Locks experience or the possession of a Master Key Card. This key card can only be obtained from a crew member residing on this floor or a maintenance robot.

To discover what lies behind these doors, please roll on the Random Storage Table L2.4.

The Passageway is well-lit, though evidence of combat is apparent; several ceiling lights have been shattered by gunfire, casting ominous shadows. As time passes, the tension in the air grows thicker, and the likelihood of an encounter increases. According to the Random Encounter Chart L2.2, the odds of an encounter rise by 2% every 10 minutes that the characters remain in the hall.

29-43. STANDARD PRIVATE STORAGE 2

Random Storage Table L2.4

| ROLL | RESULT |
|------|--|
| 1 | Encrypted Data Drives: High-capacity storage crystal drives containing sensitive information, such as trade secrets, personal records, or classified research, protected by advanced encryption protocols. |

| | |
|----|---|
| 2 | Wine: Spirits from various cultures that reflect the owner's wealth and individuality. Worth 10,000 Credits. |
| 3 | Med-Pax: Compact medical kits complete with advanced pharmaceuticals, diagnostic tools, and emergency medical devices for personal health needs. |
| 4 | Deployable Drones: 25 Small drones equipped with cameras and various tools for reconnaissance, delivery, or assistance with household chores, stored in collapsible cases. |
| 5 | Antique Tech Collectibles: Vintage technology, such as classic communication devices, early holographic projectors, or limited-edition gaming consoles valued for their historical significance. |
| 6 | Personalized Holographic Mementos: Holographic recordings or projections that capture memories, experiences, or messages from loved ones, creating a more personal touch in storage. |
| 7 | Terraforming Seeds: Biologically engineered seed packets designed for cultivating alien flora or enhancing earthbound environments, stored within specialized containers to prevent contamination. |
| 8 | Emergency Survival Kits: Comprehensive kits containing rations, water purification tablets, survival tools, and other essentials meant for use in emergencies, showcasing foresight and preparedness. |
| 9 | Bewlorox Art Collection: A gallery's worth of paintings from the Bewlorox home world. Valued at 25,000 Credits. |
| 10 | Empty |

Random Storage Table L2.4

44. LARGE SECURITY STORAGE 1

As you enter the expansive storage room rented by HoloForge Interactive, you're greeted by a space brimming with advanced materials and assets essential to their cutting-edge game design projects. The room is meticulously



organized, showcasing a variety of high-tech storage solutions.

There are large crates containing modular holographic projectors, ready to be deployed for testing environments or virtual showcases. Some units may still be in their original packaging, waiting for installation.

Shelves filled with carefully labeled storage containers housing a plethora of digital assets—including character models, environment textures, and sound files—stored on high-capacity data drives line one wall.

A collection of gaming consoles, VR headsets, and powerful gaming PCs, all stored in protective cases to ensure they remain in pristine condition, ready for field testing and demonstrations are packaged near the door.

Sealed crates containing physical prototypes of their latest gaming hardware, such as specialized controllers or accessories, allowing for hands-on testing and adjustments before mass production are resting inside a sealed security case.

A section dedicated to emergency supplies such as backup power units, batteries, and cooling systems for tech equipment, ensuring that projects can continue without interruption has been setup along the back wall.

Shelves stocked with raw materials needed for prototyping physical objects or displays, including plastics, metals, and electronics to craft standees, models, or other promotional materials are setup as if the company were planning on using this storage area as a temporary manufacturing plant.

A secure storage cage housing encrypted external data drives filled with sensitive game design documents, financial reports, and unreleased intellectual property, accessible only through biometric security sits next to the left wall hidden next to transparent cases housing mock-ups of characters, vehicles, and environments from HoloForge games, used for promotional materials and concept presentations. Each piece is carefully labeled with information about the project.

A small area featuring demo stations for upcoming games, each equipped with screens and output displays, allowing potential testers to try out new games and offer feedback directly from the storage room has been setup in the middle of the room.

The contents of this room is worth several thousand credits.

45. LARGE SECURITY STORAGE 2

Stepping into the Storage Pod Area, you are greeted by a cavernous space filled with towering stacks of oversized storage pods, each designed for efficient transport of goods once the Singularity Ballet reaches its first port-of-call. The room is vast, its high ceilings echoing softly with the distant hum of the ship's operational systems, creating an atmosphere of potent anticipation.

The storage pods, made of reinforced composite materials, gleam under the bright overhead lights, their surfaces reflecting a spectrum of colors from the ship's ambient lighting. Each pod is distinctly marked with a designation number and a colored code indicating its intended use, ready to be filled with an eclectic mix of scientific equipment, luxury items, or vital supplies for trade.

Sorted meticulously into neat rows, the pods vary in size and shape, some towering like monolithic sentinels and others small and compact for specialized equipment. Occasionally, a sturdy ladder leans against a stack, providing access to the uppermost levels of the towering arrangements. The pallets of pods reach impressively high, creating a visually striking backdrop that emphasizes the efficiency of space utilization.

Near the entrance, a control terminal hums softly, displaying real-time data on pod inventory and readiness status. Touchscreen interfaces provide crew members with easy access to information, allowing them to monitor which pods are allocated for specific missions and shipments.



46. CREW STORAGE

The Crew Storage Room stretches out before you, vast and largely empty, a testament to the maiden voyage of the Singularity Ballet. Rows of hundreds of lockable storage bins line the walls, interspersed with designated areas for crate storage. However, this being a shake-down cruise, the room remains mostly desolate.

An unsettling darkness envelops the space; the usual proximity lights have inexplicably failed, casting long shadows that dance ominously along the walls. As you stand still, straining to listen, you think you can hear the faintest sounds of movement echoing in the gloom, though nothing reveals itself in the dimness. Despite your best efforts to adjust the lighting controls, the lights remain stubbornly unresponsive, deepening the sense of unease.

Suddenly, a shuffling sound draws your attention. Emerging from the shadows are 2 **Zyxyz Thralls** (MV: *Medium*, IM/RS: 4/35, STA:70, AT:40, DMG:2d10), their vacant eyes locked onto you with a ravenous hunger.

As you scour the Crew Storage Room, a nagging sense of disquiet begins to form in the back of your mind. According to the map implanted in your head by the Encoder Chip, this room should be "L" shaped, terminating at the elevator shaft. Yet, here you stand in a square chamber, its dimensions defying your expectations.

As you scrutinize the front wall, a glimmer of possibility catches your eye. There's a 40% chance that one of you will uncover a hidden

door, its presence masked by the shadows of the room. Just as curiosity piques, Sernahl's voice cuts through the tension, urging you to abandon the search and press onward.

But if you do manage to locate this concealed door, it will lead you to Room 47.

47. SECRET RESEARCH LAB

Inside this chamber, a chilling atmosphere permeates the air, and you can sense that unspeakable horrors have transpired within its walls. Five medical pods line the room, each housing an unknown humanoid species that stirs with life, their forms shrouded in a translucent gel. Rexen Pharmaceutical Bioweapon's logo proudly adorns the shoulders of the five scientists monitoring the pods, their lab coats stark against the sterile environment. Each scientist grips a sleek Needler Pistol, an unsettling reminder of the potential dangers that surround you.

As you step through the door, one of the scientists catches sight of Sernahl. "What are you doing here?" He demands, his voice laced with surprise. Before you have a chance to react, Sernahl strikes with lethal precision, his laser pistol silencing the scientist in an instant to maintain his facade.

Panic erupts among the remaining 4 scientists (*MV: Medium, IM/RS: 4/40, STA:40, AT:40, DMG:2d10*) as they turn their weapons toward you, their expressions twisted in a mixture of fear and aggression. The tension in the room thickens, and the atmosphere crackles with impending violence. In the chaos, you are



faced with a choice: to engage in combat with the scientists or to explore the mysterious medical pods that loom before you.

If you dare to open the pods, the shocking truth awaits—only one of the alien beings will remain alive, offering both a glimpse into the unknown and a formidable challenge as the dire consequences of this encounter unfold.

The alien will look up at you and say 

"I am Lexathiam of the Krelnoq. Save my family. They hurt us. They destroy us. The genocide us."

After he says these things, he dies.

A search of the room reveals that these medical pods came from a research facility on Zephran Prime.

After the encounter, if pressed, Sernahl will say he couldn't stand to see another being tortured for Rexen Pharmaceutical Bioweapon's lab and that's why he killed the scientist.

ENGINEERING LEVEL 3

1. ENGINEERING OFFICE

As you step into the Engineering Office, you're immediately struck by the chaos that reigns in what should be a hub of efficiency and innovation. The room is a stark contrast to the sterile orderliness usually associated with engineering spaces. Papers are strewn about, and several workstations lie in disarray, their components pulled apart in a frantic attempt to address urgent repairs.

The atmosphere is thick with a metallic odor, mingled with the acrid scent of electrical burns. In the dim light, the flicker of emergency panels casts eerie shadows across the room, revealing the grim toll of the Morb's unyielding efficiency. Scattered throughout the office are the lifeless forms of engineers, their bodies bearing the unmistakable signs of the Morb's deadly assault. Charred patches and burns mar their skin, the result of the flamethrower's unforgiving fire. One engineer, slumped over a console, still clutches a broken tool in his hand, as though he were caught in the act of a last-ditch effort to repair a system that ultimately failed him.

Among the wreckage, five Skitters also lay lifeless on the floor, their metallic casing riddled with laser burns. They seem misplaced in the chaos, mere collateral damage in the Morb's relentless enforcement of security protocols.

To one side of the room, near a charred

body, lies a crumpled piece of paper. Its edges are singed, yet the contents remain legible: a translation matrix from the ship's computer. Printed are the words: "Xax Vov Nanan Mim Zozoz." The context is unclear, but the phrases echo with a sense of importance.

The disarray continues throughout the office; tools hang haphazardly from their hooks, some having fallen to the ground to become merely another hazard in the chaos. The workstations flicker intermittently, displaying error messages on screens that have gone dark, remnants of the engineers' desperate attempts to regain control of the ship's systems.

If one of the characters reads the phrase from the paper aloud, the atmosphere shifts dramatically. A deafening crash resonates through the room as a **Morb** (MV: *Fast*, IM/RS: 6/60, STA:300, AT:10, DMG:2d10/3d10), previously lurking in silence, suddenly goes offline, its mechanical body clattering to the floor. The sound echoes ominously, stark against the backdrop of the room's destruction, marking the presence of both danger and perhaps a glimmer of hope for survival.

If no one reads the phrase, the Morb will move into view and try to attack. He is badly damaged and has an Attack of 10.

2. PART STORAGE

Upon entering the Parts Storage Room, you find yourself in a dimly lit expanse filled with shelves and bins brimming with various components essential for the maintenance and repair of the ship's systems. The air is thick with the scent of metal and lubricant, and the soft hum of the ship's engines reverberates in the background, creating an atmosphere of both functionality and eeriness.

The room is organized into distinct sections, each dedicated to specific types of equipment. One corner houses a collection of circuit boards and control panels, their surfaces glistening under the flickering fluorescent lights. Another section features mechanical parts, including gears, pistons, and hydraulic components, all meticulously labeled for easy identification. Containers of spare parts are stacked neatly, some overflowing with bolts, screws, and tools, ready for use at a moment's notice.

However, the diligent order of the room is disrupted by a grim sight—two engineers lie motionless on the cold metal floor, their bodies sprawled at unnatural angles. A closer inspection

reveals the disarray left in the wake of the Morb's ruthless efficiency. The first engineer, clad in a grease-stained uniform, is positioned near the shelves, his face frozen in a mask of shock. Electrical burns mar his skin, evidence of an overwhelming assault.

The second engineer is slumped against a storage bin, a deep scorch mark on his chest indicating a lethal blast from the Morb's flamethrower. Tools are scattered around them, a stark reminder of the chaos that erupted just moments before. The silence in the room feels oppressive, accentuated by the absence of life and the residual tension from the attack.

The fluorescent lights flicker sporadically, casting long shadows that dance eerily along the walls. The atmosphere is heavy with the reality of danger lurking within the ship, now underscored by the chilling knowledge that the Morb is programmed to eliminate any perceived threats without hesitation.

Despite the grim scene, remnants of the engineers' work surround you; schematics are pinned to the walls, detailing maintenance schedules and repairs for various systems throughout the **Singularity Ballet**. Those faded diagrams seem to whisper stories of their creators' dedication, now overshadowed by the violent fate that befell them.

As you navigate this foreboding space, a sense of urgency grips you—a reminder that the Morb or another one could return at any moment, and the only certainty in this room is the chilling reminder of its relentless pursuit of perceived intruders.

3. THE ENGINE ROOM

Exiting the passenger or freight elevator, you are immediately struck by the sheer magnitude of the Engine Room. The vast chamber hums with energy and activity, dominated by the impressive Quantum Ion FTL Drive that occupies the aft section. Its intricate design features pulsating energy conduits and glowing panels, radiating a captivating blue light that dances across the walls.

In front of the FTL drive, a giant manipulator arm looms, poised for precision work on the ship's critical systems. Nearby, a robust crane system hangs from the ceiling, equipped for lifting heavy components and facilitating the repair and maintenance of the drive and surrounding machinery.

Scattered throughout the bay are imposing power generators and transformers, each one an essential cog in the ship's ability to harness and distribute



energy. Thick conduits snake along the walls and ceilings, a convoluted web of wiring that pulses with life, delivering power to every corner of the Singularity Ballet.

Toward the fore section of the Engine Room, a giant heat exchange system operates, tirelessly regulating temperatures and ensuring that the ship's systems remain within optimal parameters. Adjacent to this complex machinery are the Freight Elevator and the Parts Storage Room, both pivotal for logistics and maintenance operations.

Along the port wall, several vital systems coexist: the oxygen filtration system diligently purifying air for the crew, the passenger elevator providing access to other levels of the ship, and the Engineering Staff Office, where engineers monitor readouts and manage operations with stoic intensity.

However, amid the cacophony of whirring machinery and the rhythmic thrum of the engines, a palpable tension hangs in the air. A **Morb** (MV: *Fast*, IM/RS: 6/60, STA:300, AT:70, DMG:2d10/3d10) hovers silently above the deck, a menacing presence among the towering machines. This 3-foot-diameter sphere is engineered to patrol the area and respond to threats with remarkable agility, its surface gleaming in the dim light.

As you move through the room, the Morb's sensors may already be tracking your movements—its silent but relentless pursuit is a chilling reminder of the consequences of any unauthorized presence. In close-range combat, it can swiftly adapt its weaponry, balancing precision fire with devastating close-quarters

options, including a lethal flamethrower designed to incinerate anyone deemed a threat.

The room is loud, filled with the overwhelming sounds of machinery, and in recognition of the intense noise, hearing protection is provided in racks at the exits of both elevators—a mandatory requirement for anyone entering this vital hub.

GUEST QUARTERS LEVEL 4

Stepping off the Passenger Elevator, you are greeted by a grand wall display that presents a detailed map of the guest floor. Brightly illuminated and easy to read, the map provides clear directions to rooms and amenities, ensuring that guests can navigate the area with ease. The soft ambient lighting throughout the foyer enhances the inviting atmosphere, making it clear that comfort and convenience are priorities aboard the Singularity Ballet.

As you exit the elevator room, you find yourself in a spacious Passageway extending before you. The aesthetic is modern, with sleek walls adorned with tasteful art that reflects the celestial theme of the ship. To your port side, you see a series of eleven Standard View Rooms, each equipped with large windows that frame stunning views of the endless cosmos. The dark expanse of space sparkles with distant stars, creating a serene backdrop that promises guests an unforgettable experience as they gaze out into the universe.

On the starboard side, a parallel row hosts eleven Standard Travel Rooms, which cater to those seeking a more economical stay. Though they lack the expansive windows of their counterpart, these rooms are cozy and well-appointed, outfitted with all the essentials to ensure a comfortable journey. The muted colors and thoughtful design create an environment that feels both relaxed and functional.

To your right, just beyond the elevator exit, a short Passageway leads to a door. This passageway seems to beckon with the promise of additional amenities—the Standard Travel dining Hall. To the immediate right of the Passageway exit, another doorway stands—the Zephran Dynamics Private Room for Executives.

1. ZEPHRAN DYNAMICS PRIVATE ROOM

Nestled within the guest level of the Singularity Ballet, the private suite of Zephran

Dynamics exudes a profound sense of opulence and sophistication. As you enter through the gracefully arched door, you are immediately enveloped in an atmosphere of luxury. Rich, dark woods contrast with soft, ambient lighting that casts a warm glow upon the polished surfaces and fine furnishings throughout the space.

The main living area boasts an expansive layout, showcasing elegant decor and plush seating arranged around a sleek coffee table fashioned from rare intergalactic materials. Soft, sweeping drapes frame large windows, which provide an exquisite view of the cosmos, the stars twinkling like diamonds against the deep void. A state-of-the-art entertainment system is subtly integrated into the opulent design, allowing for immersive experiences whether for relaxation or business.

To one side of the room, a dining area features a finely crafted table that can comfortably accommodate small gatherings or intimate dinners. The table is set with exquisite cutlery and shimmering glassware, hinting at lavish meals shared in this exquisite space. The walls are adorned with striking artworks, each piece representing the innovative spirit of Zephiran Dynamics and its commitment to pushing the boundaries of exploration.

However, a discreet doorway at the back of the suite piques your interest—a passage that leads to the hidden room known only to you through the Memory Encoder. You enter with a mix of urgency and trepidation, inputting the access code familiar to you. The door slides open with a soft hiss, revealing a stark contrast to the grandeur of the main suite.



Inside the hidden room, the ambiance shifts dramatically. The space is dimly lit, containing only the essentials. In its center stands a Cryo-Sleep chamber, sleek and metallic, humming softly as it maintains its delicate operations. Within the chamber lies Tanda, the daughter of Cassandra Virex, suspended in a state of cryogenic preservation. Her peaceful features reflect an otherworldly serenity, surrounded by the faint glow of the chamber's life-support systems.

The weight of your dilemma presses heavily upon you as you gaze at Tanda, frozen in time. You know that you must make a choice: do you take her with you now, risking exposure and complicating your mission to secure the Singularity Ballet, or do you weigh the dangers and plan to return for her once the immediate threats are addressed?

3-13. STANDARD VIEW ROOMS

In a Standard View Room, the atmosphere immediately envelops you in a blend of comfort and tranquility. The room is designed with a contemporary aesthetic that harmonizes with the ship's overall artistic themes. Warm, soft lighting enhances the soothing palette of deep blues and whites, reminiscent of the cosmos outside.

The focal point of the room is an expansive window that spans one wall, offering a breathtaking view of the vastness of space. Celestial bodies dot the dark canvas, their distant lights twinkling like jewels set against the velvet backdrop. As you gaze out at the swirling galaxies and shimmering stars, a sense of wonder and connection to the universe washes over you, reminding you of the journey you are undertaking aboard the Singularity Ballet.

The furnishings are thoughtfully arranged for both functionality and relaxation. A plush queen-sized bed, dressed in luxurious linens, invites weary travelers to rest. Every detail, from the elegant headboard to the decorative throw pillows, has been curated to evoke comfort and style. A compact nightstand rests beside the bed, housing a sleek, touch-screen panel for room controls and personalized preferences.

To one side of the room, a cozy seating area is formed by a pair of stylish armchairs and a small coffee table, perfect for moments of contemplation or conversation. An entertainment unit discreetly holds a selection of interactive films and immersive experiences curated from the galaxy's most intriguing destinations.

The room also features an en-suite bathroom, boasting modern fixtures and a



spacious shower. High-quality amenities are provided, from luxurious toiletries to plush towels, ensuring every guest enjoys a pampering experience.

Subtle accents throughout the room reflect the ship's celestial theme—meticulously placed star charts and artistic representations of planets create a cohesive design that pays homage to the wonders of the Kyloma Galaxy.

In this Standard View Room, guests can revel in the captivating beauty of space while enjoying the creature comforts that transform a simple cabin into a serene haven. As night falls and the stars illuminate the darkness, the room becomes a retreat—a quiet sanctuary amid the excitement and chaos of the journey.

The atmosphere has shifted dramatically, as the Jaxaradis pirates unleash chaos upon the guest level. Their rough voices echo down the sleek corridors, accompanied by the unmistakable sound of glass shattering and furniture being upturned.

As you approach one of the Standard View Rooms, the door hangs ajar, swaying slightly from the force of the ransacking. Inside, three pirates can be seen rummaging through drawers and tossing personal belongings aside without a second thought. The glint of their laser pistols catches the light, reflecting their reckless disregard for the comforts that once filled the space.

One pirate, muscular with scars etched into his hairy muzzle, stands by the window, greedily absorbing the view of the stars one last time before he focuses on the task at hand. He

grins, appreciating the beauty that he has no intention of protecting. Meanwhile, another pirate, lithe and quick, opens a cabinet with a flourish, laughing as he discovers elegant clothing and luxury items. He rips the garments from their hangers, stuffing them into a bag slung over his shoulder, oblivious to the damage he's causing.

The third pirate, a female with wild hair and a fierce glare, methodically dismantles the room, searching for anything of value. She pries open the interactive star map panel and swipes the navigational chip, already envisioning its potential worth to the highest bidder. Haphazardly discarded items carpet the floor, mixing personal artifacts and remnants of luxury with chaos and destruction.

In the adjoining Standard View Room, another group of pirates is at work, their laughter and shouts echoing like a cruel symphony of destruction. They yank apart the furniture, even targeting the plush armchairs, hoping to uncover hidden treasures or cash stashed away by unsuspecting travelers. One pirate waves a high-tech gadget in the air like a trophy, boasting about its value to the others.

The once-appealing atmosphere of the guest level has been transformed into a scene of disorder and greed. The luxurious surroundings seem like a cruel joke, stripped of their beauty as the pirates take what they please. Each room they ransack becomes a testament to their ruthless ambition, an embodiment of chaos that sharply contrasts with the calm and serene experience the Singularity Ballet formerly offered its guests.

Amid the chaos, the pirates' laughter mingles with the sounds of destruction, creating a vivid tapestry of lawlessness aboard the ship. It is a reminder of how quickly beauty can give way to brutality within the vast cosmos.

There are **12 Jaxaradis pirates** (MV: *Fast, IM/RS: 9/90, STA:80, AT:40, DMG:1d10 / 3d10*) in these rooms. The GM will determine which rooms and how many in each. Jaxaradis encounters will increase the closer you get to the Observation Deck.

14. PASSAGEWAY A

As you step into the expansive Passageway of the Singularity Ballet, the atmosphere is imbued with a sense of quiet comfort, designed to facilitate the seamless flow of guests navigating their way through the ship. The corridor stretches onward, its walls painted in soothing, neutral tones that exude a calm ambiance, providing a perfect contrast to the vibrant energy found

elsewhere aboard the vessel.

On the port side, 11 Standard View Rooms line the Passageway, their doors adorned with elegant numbers that give a hint of sophistication. Each door is crafted from rich wood, embellished with subtle paneling, conveying a sense of warmth and assurance. Guests staying in these rooms are treated to stunning views, as large windows frame the cosmos outside, allowing the serenity of space to pour in. Light filters softly through sheer curtains, which sway gently in the ventilation, creating a tranquil atmosphere for those seeking



solace or inspiration.

On the starboard side are 11 Standard Travel Rooms. These rooms offer well-appointed accommodations that cater to the needs of every traveler. The doors are similarly styled, boasting a contemporary design that welcomes guests with a promise of comfort and convenience. Inside, guests can expect cozy furnishings, with inviting beds and functional amenities that ensure a restful stay. The soft hum of the ship's systems can barely be heard as you pass, a reminder of the luxurious experience woven into the very fabric of the Singularity Ballet.

As you approach the fore section of the Passageway, you once again encounter the imposing freight elevator. Its large doors stand ready, marked in clear lettering and offering a practical pathway to various levels of the ship. Constructed from reinforced materials and featuring a sleek design, the elevator is a vital hub,

capable of transporting not just guests but also the many supplies and equipment essential for the ship's operation. The elevator conveys a sense of movement and activity, signifying the bustling life onboard, even in the more private quarters like these.

If you want to have an encounter, please use Random Encounter Table L3.1 Below

| ROLL | RESULT |
|------|---|
| 1/6 | 4 Member Jaxaradis Patrol |
| 2/7 | 1 Jaxaradis |
| 3/8 | 2 Member Jaxaradis Scouts |
| 4/9 | Wandering Robot with Master Computer Access |
| 5/10 | 3 Zyxyz Thrall wandering aimlessly |

Random Encounter Table L3.1

15. STANDARD TRAVEL DINING HALL

Inside the Standard Travel Dining Hall, a heavy sense of desolation hangs in the air, overwhelming the once lively atmosphere that defined the space. The hall, usually bustling with the vibrant chatter of passengers enjoying their meals, now stands in disarray, a sobering testament to the violence that has swept through the Singularity Ballet.

Tables that once hosted family-style meals are overturned, their legs snapping like twigs under the force of chaos. Food trays and plates, previously filled with aromatic dishes and vibrant offerings, are scattered across the floor, their contents strewn about—a grim reminder of a hasty escape. The rich aromas of comfort food that once filled the air have been replaced by the nauseating scent of spilled liquids and the acrid hint of smoke, remnants of the pirates' rampage.

The buffet area is a shattered wreck. The decorative display that once showcased a colorful array of dishes now lies in shambles, with glass and metallic fragments glinting under the flickering overhead lights. Stalwart platters are dented and splintered, and the warm stews and fresh salads have turned into indistinguishable puddles on the floor. Near the serving station, the kitchen staff's uniforms lay scattered, stained and abandoned, their cheerful demeanor replaced by the grim aftermath of violence.

Behind the mess, the kitchen shows signs of struggle as well. Equipment is askew, and the once-pristine surfaces are now marred by greasy hand prints and splattered food. A few pieces of

gear, vital for meal preparation, have been forced aside or destroyed, leaving the kitchen eerily quiet.

Above, the soft ambient lighting flickers uncertainly, casting long shadows that dance ominously along the walls adorned with now-tattered murals. The cheerful images that depicted various landscapes from different planets are marred by scorchs and rips, evoking a painful contrast to the joyous memories they once represented.

Guests who might have filled the hall with laughter and conversation are conspicuously absent. Only echoes of chairs scraping across the floor remain, a haunting reminder of the chaos that erupted here. In one corner, a small self-serve beverage station stands untouched but in disarray; broken cups and scattered drink containers litter the area, their contents spilled and pooling around the floor.

16. ENTERTAINMENT ROW

The wide passageway extends before you, lined with sleek, polished walls that now feel stark and cold. The usual warmth of laughter and conversation has been replaced by an eerie stillness, the echoes of joy and community faded into memory.

To the stern side, the entrances to the Standard Travel Dining Hall, the Infotainment Center, and the Executive Dining Hall stand ominously ajar, their once inviting doors now serving as portals to desolation. The Standard Travel Dining Hall has been left in disarray, chairs overturned and remnants of meals long abandoned scattered across the floor, a haunting reflection of the chaos that transpired. The delightful aromas of food have soured, replaced by the metallic scent of blood and decay.

Moving further along, the Infotainment Center sits in oppressive silence. The massive screen, usually alive with vibrant films and performances, is dark and dormant, casting a shadow across the empty seats. Dust gathers in the aisles where excited guests once filed in, and the podium stands abandoned as if awaiting speakers who will never return.

Beyond that, the Executive Dining Hall looms like a ghostly shell of its former grandeur, its elegant decor marred by violence. Tables are strewn with evidence of chaos, serving as a grim reminder of the lives interrupted by the attack.

As you turn your gaze to the fore side of the corridor, the entrances to the Standard Travel Rooms and Executive Travel Suites appear

ominous. The doors are mostly closed, offering no hints of comfort or refuge for those who might seek solace. You can sense the unease lingering in the air—the spaces intended for rest are now shrouded in uncertainty.

The dim lighting that once created an inviting atmosphere is now cast in shadow, revealing the starkness of the corridor. Flickering lights overhead cast erratic glimmers, further heightening the sense of abandonment. Interactive kiosks, which once buzzed with information about upcoming entertainment, now sit quietly, their screens dark and unresponsive, bearing witness to the isolation that has overtaken the ship.

17-27. STANDARD TRAVEL ROOMS A

Entering a Standard Travel Room, the first impression is one of cozy efficiency. Designed for budget-conscious travelers, this room maximizes functionality without sacrificing comfort. The soft glow of overhead lighting casts a warm ambiance, creating an inviting nook amid the vastness of space.

The layout of the room is compact yet thoughtfully arranged. As you step inside, you find a plush full-sized bed positioned against one wall, draped in comfortable linens and surrounded by an assortment of cushions. The bed's headboard is padded and upholstered, providing a touch of elegance to the otherwise straightforward design. A small bedside table sits adjacent to the bed, equipped with a basic touch-control panel for adjusting the room's lights and temperature.

Directly opposite the bed, a multi-functional workstation is tucked into an alcove, complete with a sleek chair and a compact desk. This space serves as an efficient area for guests to work, read, or plan their adventures. A holographic interface offers access to the ship's amenities, schedules, and entertainment options, allowing guests to stay informed and entertained during their journey.

Since there are no windows in this room, the designers have cleverly utilized artificial lighting to mimic the experience of being among the stars. At the touch of a button, the ceiling panels can display a simulated night sky, allowing guests to gaze at constellations and celestial phenomena, creating a sense of connection to the universe beyond.

Storage solutions are neatly integrated into the space, with a wardrobe closet featuring sliding doors that conceal ample room for clothing and belongings. Beneath the bed, drawers provide

additional storage for smaller items, ensuring the room remains tidy and uncluttered.

The en-suite bathroom is compact yet designed with convenience in mind. High-quality fixtures, including a modern shower with a clear glass door, provide an efficient bathing experience. Essential toiletries and plush towels are thoughtfully provided, ensuring guests have all they need for their stay.

Subtle decorations, such as abstract art pieces reflecting the ship's space theme, adorn the walls, adding a dash of character to the otherwise utilitarian space. The room exudes a sense of calm and practicality, allowing travelers to rest and refresh amidst their journey without the distractions of extravagant luxuries.

28. PASSAGEWAY B

As you navigate the long Passageway of the Singularity Ballet, a sense of vastness envelops you, the intricately designed space stretching ahead like a thoroughfare of possibilities. The corridor is well-lit, with soft LED lighting illuminating the area and providing a welcoming glow.

To the port side, the walls are adorned with an expansive array of maps and advertisements for moderately priced products and services. The maps are clean and colorful, showcasing layouts of the ship's various levels and attractions, compelling guests to explore the diverse amenities available. Each map acts as an invitation to embark on experiences, whether it's dining at charming cafes, participating in leisurely activities, or enjoying the performances offered aboard.

The advertisements are bright and enticing, promoting a selection of goods and services that cater to guests looking for affordable indulgences—from stylish apparel and accessories to unique souvenirs and convenient essentials. Slogans burst forth in engaging fonts, highlighting specials that promise delightful experiences without breaking the bank. The port side of the Passageway feels lively and inviting, a testament to the vibrant community spirit of the ship.

On the starboard side, the corridor features 11 Standard Travel Rooms, each marked with elegant signage that hints at the comfort within. The doors stand closed but are meticulously maintained, their vibrant colors suggesting a promise of warmth and safety—a sanctuary for guests seeking refuge after a day of exploration. The rooms are thoughtfully designed, offering cozy accommodations equipped with all the

essentials for a pleasant stay, embodying the ship's commitment to hospitality.

At the fore end of the Passageway, the impressive freight elevator commands attention. Its large doors, emblazoned with clear, easy-to-read lettering, indicate its purpose—ready to transport guests and their belongings to various levels of the ship with ease. The elevator's design is sleek and modern, featuring reinforced glass that allows a glimpse into the inner workings of the ship as it moves up and down.

For encounter in this corridor, please use the Random Encounter Table L3.1

29. INFOTAINMENT CENTER

The Infotainment Center aboard the Singularity Ballet is a vast, versatile space designed for entertainment and enrichment, artfully blending modern cinematic technology with the charm of live performance. As you enter, you're immediately struck by the grandeur of the room—an expansive area that can comfortably accommodate hundreds of guests, illuminated by soft, ambient lighting that casts a welcoming glow throughout.

At the far end of the room, a massive screen dominates the backdrop, its surface shimmering with the promise of countless cinematic experiences. The cutting-edge projection technology ensures stunning visuals, bringing movies and presentations to life in breathtaking detail. The screen is flanked by sleek, sound-absorbing panels that enhance acoustics, ensuring that every whisper from the stage or dialogue from the screen resonates clearly with the audience.

In front of the screen lies a stage, elegantly designed for live performances ranging from dramatic plays to captivating musical acts. The stage is equipped with advanced lighting rigs that can create a multitude of moods—from soft, intimate settings for heartfelt performances to vibrant, pulsating displays for energetic shows. A rich, dark curtain, adorned with subtle celestial motifs, separates the stage area from the seating, drawing attention to performers while providing a backdrop that enhances the artistic atmosphere.

The seating is arranged in a gentle slope, allowing all guests clear views of both the screen and the stage. Plush, ergonomic chairs in deep hues, with adjustable armrests and ample legroom, invite patrons to settle in comfortably for hours of entertainment. Some segments of the seating are equipped with personal holographic displays, allowing guests to access additional content, such

as actor bios, behind-the-scenes information, or even menu options for intermission snacks.

Throughout the Infotainment Center, there are various podium and lecture spaces integrated into the design, ready for conferences and discussions. Wireless microphones and high-definition cameras are positioned throughout the room, enabling seamless presentations and ensuring that every speaker is heard and seen clearly by the audience.

The center's decor combines sleek modernism with touches of intergalactic charm, featuring art installations inspired by the wonders of the cosmos—colorful sculptures and murals that evoke the beauty of distant galaxies and starscapes. This artistic fusion creates an atmosphere that feels both cutting-edge and culturally rich.

This room is strangely quiet and untouched.

30-40. STANDARD TRAVEL ROOMS B

As you enter these Standard Travel Rooms, you immediately notice a distinct decor style that sets it apart from others on the ship. The atmosphere feels fresh and vibrant, infused with a modern aesthetic that pays homage to the wonders of the Kyloma Galaxy.

The walls are painted in soothing shades of teal and silver, reminiscent of the shimmering surface of water under starlight. Tasteful murals depicting abstract representations of swirling galaxies and nebulae give the room a dynamic yet calming energy, drawing the eye and inspiring a sense of exploration.

At the center of the room, a double bed is adorned with contemporary bedding in shades of midnight blue and white, featuring geometric patterns that echo celestial themes. The headboard, upholstered in a soft fabric, adds a touch of comfort, while glowing fiber-optic stitching threads through it, softly illuminating the space without being intrusive.

To one side of the bed, a circular nightstand adds whimsy to the design, complete with a holographic projection of a timepiece that can display local time and other time zones. It also hosts a small, integrated charging station for electronic devices, ensuring guests can keep their gadgets fully powered during their stay.

Adjacent to the bed, a cozy reading nook features a single armchair in a bright color, inviting guests to curl up with a good book or simply relax. A small shelf nearby is stocked with a selection of literature and magazines,

showcasing travel guides and stories about the Kyloma Galaxy, perfect for inspiring adventures to come.

The functional workstation is sleek and minimalistic, holding a compact table and a chair that seamlessly transforms to serve multiple purposes. On the other side of the room, a wardrobe with reflective sliding doors enhances the feeling of space while providing ample storage for clothing and personal items.

A distinct feature of this room is the ambient lighting, which can be adjusted to create various moods. A small control panel by the door allows guests to change the color scheme and brightness of the lights, simulating anything from a tranquil evening glow to a vibrant daylight feeling, depending on their preference.

The bathroom, compact but efficiently designed, features sleek finishes with chrome fixtures and a large shower equipped with a rainfall shower head, offering a refreshing retreat. A back lit mirror adds a modern touch, illuminating the space while giving guests a chance to freshen up comfortably.

41. ESCAPE POD BAY

This vast space is designed for efficiency and quick access, boasting fifteen enormous escape pods that gleam under the overhead lights, ready to be deployed at a moment's notice.

The bay is architecturally impressive, with high ceilings and walls lined with reinforced alloy panels that exude a sense of security. Bright, large exit signs illuminate the area, creating clear pathways leading to the escape pods, ensuring that every guest can navigate swiftly in the event of an emergency.

Each escape pod is cylindrical and sleek, crafted from advanced materials to withstand the harshness of space travel. The doors of the pods stand open, revealing spacious interiors that can comfortably accommodate multiple passengers along with their essential belongings. The walls of the pods are outfitted with padded seating and safety harnesses, ensuring comfort and security during departure from the ship. Control panels inside each pod allow occupants to initiate launch and select their destination, designed with intuitive interfaces that are easy to use under stress.

In the center of the bay, there is a command station, to be manned by a security officer or ship crew member during normal operations. This station displays vital information, such as pod status, emergency protocols, and occupant counts,

while colorful indicators light up, showing which pods are available and ready for use. Emergency protocols are readily visible on the screens for passengers, ensuring that they are informed about how to proceed in a crisis.

The floor of the bay is wide and unobstructed, providing ample room for movement as passengers hustle towards the escape pods. Safety railings line the periphery, gently curving around the pods to offer an additional sense of security. The well-maintained surfaces are kept free from clutter, ensuring that everyone can exit quickly and efficiently.

A group of 15 **Zyxyz** (MV: *Medium*, IM/RS: 4/35, STA:70, AT:40, DMG:2d10) Thralls, their gaunt, infected bodies moving with a disturbing, jerky rhythm, now populate the bay. Their appearances are grotesque, resembling the pallid remnants of passengers and crew who once walked the halls of the **Singularity Ballet**. Their clothing hangs loosely on their malnourished frames, tattered and soiled, a haunting reminder of their former humanity.

The Thralls make their way around the escape pods with an unsettling focus. Their sunken eyes, dulled and devoid of life, seem to scan the area for the macabre task set before them. They are methodically collecting piles of Yoilioy-infected body parts, grotesque remnants of those who fell victim to the spread of the infectious outbreak that has overtaken the ship. Disfigured limbs, torsos, and other unspeakable fragments are heaped carelessly into the open hatches of the escape pods, creating a chilling tableau of death and decay.

One pod stands apart, its hatch partially open, revealing a disturbing sight. A **Zyxyz Thrall** (MV: *Medium*, IM/RS: 4/35, STA:70, AT:40, DMG:2d10) has taken up residence in the control seat, his gaunt body slumped yet tense, as if some vestige of his former self still flickers beneath the surface of his decayed exterior. The Thrall's hollow eyes remain fixated on the control panel, an unsettling juxtaposition of mindless obedience and the remnants of intent.

Surrounded by an eerie assortment of tangled body parts piled haphazardly within the pod, the Thrall begins the launch sequence. It's a grotesque tableau; limbs and torsos, mangled and infected, loom ominously, their presence a chilling reminder of the lives previously held within these confines. The dim light flickers across the Thrall's emaciated frame, reflecting off the murky surfaces of the escape pod, echoing the remnants of despair and death.

As his skeletal fingers press against the controls, an unsettling realization dawns—the Thrall, despite his horrific transformation, seems to retain a flicker of awareness. His movements are methodical, as if he's instinctually awakening to the task at hand. When the launch sequence activates with a low hum, the pod trembles, ready to breach the safety of the **Singularity Ballet**.

An uneasy shiver runs down your spine as you grasp the gravity of what's about to occur. Should this pod launch, it carries with it a grotesque payload, poised to spread the Yoilioy infection to whatever world it reaches. The Thrall's gaze, although vacant, seems to hold an eerie sense of purpose—an agent of chaos, prowling beyond the confines of the ship, destined to unleash horror on unsuspecting lives.

With the countdown commencing, you understand that once this pod departs, there may be no stopping the infectious horror it carries. What was once intended as a means of escape has now transformed into an instrument of dread, and the Zyxyz Thrall appears all too willing to perform his grim task.

At this point, the GM will decide the clock on if the Zyxyz Thrall will escape or be stopped.

42. PASSAGEWAY C

This long Passageway stretches down the Guest Level of the **Singularity Ballet**, its vastness echoing with an unsettling silence that lingers in the air. The atmosphere is heavy, a stark contrast to the lavish surroundings that once welcomed guests aboard the luxurious spacecraft.

To the port side, the walls are lined with a collection of maps and elegant advertisements, remnants of the ship's opulent offerings. The maps, meticulously detailed and colorful, boast of various attractions within the ship and nearby destinations among the stars. Yet, in the dim light, the vibrant hues appear dulled, each map portraying a sense of wanderlust that feels painfully distant now. The once-promising attractions are merely forgotten echoes, reminders of a joyous journey interrupted.

The advertisements, promoting high-end products and exclusive services, hang limply on the walls, their glossy finishes now tainted by an unwelcoming ambiance. The enticing images of lavish items and indulgent experiences seem almost mocking in their former allure. The tagline slogans, designed to evoke excitement and luxury, now resonate with an eerie, hollow tone, juxtaposed against the reality of the aftermath.

On the starboard side, seven Executive

Suites loom like closed doors to a past life. Each suite is designed for the discerning traveler, featuring once-inviting aesthetics that evoke comfort and sophistication. Yet, with the hushed stillness surrounding them, the doors convey a sense of foreboding; what secrets lie behind those closed entrances? Are they shelters for the fortunate, or have they become silent tombs, abandoned in haste as chaos erupted?

At the end of the Passageway stands the Security Office. Its door is slightly ajar, revealing a disarrayed interior that tells a story of sudden violence. Security monitors flicker weakly, but the screens display nothing but static or empty images of the Passageways—the last moments before panic erupted. Desks are cluttered with equipment, some hastily abandoned, while the air inside feels thick with the ghosts of urgency and fear.

43. EXECUTIVE DINING HALL

A heavy silence envelops this room, broken only by the faint echoes of distant laughter and clinking glasses. The elegant decor, once a hallmark of refined dining, now lies in stark contrast to the horror experienced within its walls.

The grand hall is expansive, with high ceilings adorned with shimmering chandeliers that still dangle precariously overhead, their crystals now dusted with grime and turned askew. Tables, which once featured fine china and gourmet dishes, are toppled and scattered. Streaks of dark liquid mar the pristine white tablecloths, and broken glass shards litter the floor, reflecting the dim light.

A row of twelve chairs lines the center of the room, each one occupied—not by dignitaries enjoying a lavish meal, but by helpless passengers who have been cruelly tied to them. Their terrified faces reveal the terror they faced moments before the Jaxaradis pirates unleashed their wrath. The once-polished wood of the chairs is marred by bindings, and the floor is stained with blood, a sobering reminder of the violence that erupted here.

The walls of the dining hall, adorned with tasteful artwork depicting serene cosmic vistas, bear witness to the chaos, as the art has been torn partially down and slashed, further contributing to the atmosphere of devastation. In one corner, a few bodies lie sprawled on the floor, their elegant attire stained and disheveled, an ugly testament to the unexpected brutality of their fate.

At a long dining table at the far end of the

hall, the Jaxaradis pirates revel in their macabre triumph. Four of them, clad in mismatched but intimidating armor, drink heartily from dented metal cups. Their laughter rings out, harsh and mocking, echoing through the once-elegant hall. One pirate, with wild hair and a scarred face, leans back in his chair, a cruel grin plastered across his face as he slams his cup down, sending a ripple of laughter through his companions.

Another pirate, sporting a jagged fur pattern, raises a cup in a twisted salute toward the row of captive diners, his laughter unsettling as he recounts a gruesome tale of their onslaught. The others join in, their raucous laughter mingling with the grim reality surrounding them, as if the very act of mocking those who had once enjoyed this lavish setting filled them with glee.

The Executive Dining Hall, once a space for privilege and camaraderie, now stands as a haunting scene of grief and horror. The echoes of the pirates' laughter ripple through the silence, a cruel juxtaposition to the lives forever altered in this pristine yet bloodied sanctuary of fine dining.

4 Jaxaradis pirates (MV: *Fast*, IM/RS: 9/90, STA:80, AT:40, DMG:1d10 - 3d10) Armed with Laser Pistols.

44. GUEST SECURITY OFFICE

Inside the security office, a sense of foreboding weighs heavily in the air. The door, typically a symbol of safety and protection, hangs ajar, creaking eerily as it sways with the gentle vibrations of the ship. You step inside to find a scene of chaos, starkly contrasting the sense of order and security that is generally expected within these walls.

The once-functional office is now in complete disarray. Papers and digital displays are scattered across the floor, some flickering ominously with static or frozen in time, evidence of the violence that transpired moments before. The walls, which once held monitors showcasing real-time surveillance feeds of the guest floor, are marred by scorch marks and the remnants of gunfire. Shattered glass from surveillance screens lies like broken ice on the floor, twinkling in the dim light.

Behind a large central desk, where security personnel would typically access vital information and communicate with the ship's systems, the remains of six security guards lay sprawled in a grim tableau. Each figure, clad in dark tactical uniforms, is frozen in expressions of shock and defiance, their weapons drawn but ultimately unable to withstand the ferocity of the

surprise attack.

Bullet casings litter the floor, glinting ominously amidst the chaos, and the air carries a metallic scent—an unsettling reminder of recent violence. The lighting overhead flickers irregularly, casting uneven shadows that dance across the walls, enhancing the disorienting feeling of the scene.

Scattered around the room are remnants of hastily abandoned security gear: body armor, weapons, and communication devices, all abandoned mid-operation. A conference table, once a place for strategy and coordination, is overturned, its contents strewn about—maps of the ship, tactics, and notes hastily jotted down now serving as evidence of their final moments.

In the corner, a small holographic display continues to project an alert notification that now serves as an eerie reminder of the breach in security. The message scrolls in a loop, repeating the words “Code Red: Guest Level Breach,” lost to the chaos that unfolded.

5-50. EXECUTIVE TRAVEL SUITES

In the Executive Travel Suite, you are immediately enveloped in an atmosphere of luxury and spaciousness that sets it apart from the other accommodations aboard the Singularity Ballet. The suite is expansive, designed to provide an unparalleled experience of comfort and elegance, ideal for the discerning traveler.

The room is bathed in soft, ambient lighting that highlights the sophisticated interior design. The color palette is a harmonious blend of deep navy blues and silvery grays, reminiscent of the cosmos outside, creating a serene yet opulent atmosphere. Sleek, modern furnishings grace the space, including a plush king-size bed draped in fine linens and adorned with an array of sumptuous pillows. The bed sits against a large window that stretches nearly from floor to ceiling, offering breathtaking views of the stars and the vastness of space.

A comfortable seating area is thoughtfully arranged near the window, featuring a sumptuous sectional sofa and a stylish coffee table. This inviting space is perfect for relaxation or entertaining a small gathering. From this vantage point, guests can gaze out into the depths of the universe, watching the serene dance of distant stars and the gentle glow of nearby celestial bodies.

The suite’s layout also includes a dedicated workspace, complete with a sleek desk, ergonomic chair, and advanced technology seamlessly

integrated into the decor. High-speed connectivity allows guests to maintain productivity while enjoying the luxury of their surroundings.

Adjacent to the workspace, a stylish wet bar stocked with a selection of fine beverages invites relaxation. A wine cooler and elegant glassware are effortlessly positioned, perfect for toasting to the wonders of exploration.

The en-suite bathroom is a haven of indulgence, featuring a large shower with rainfall and handheld options, as well as a luxurious soaking tub with views of space through a smaller window. High-quality toiletries and plush towels complete the experience, ensuring that every moment spent here is one of pampered relaxation.

51. EXECUTIVE ALTON CREED’S SUITE

Alton Creed’s Executive Travel Suite is a spacious and sophisticated sanctuary, reflecting his status as a powerful figure within the corporate world. As you enter the suite, you’re greeted by an ambiance of refined elegance, the design a perfect blend of luxury and functionality.

The room features a king-sized bed adorned with high-thread-count linens, plush pillows, and a tasteful duvet in deep emerald tones that echo the color of the cosmos visible through the large window. This panoramic view offers guests stunning celestial sights, with stars twinkling against the backdrop of deep space, a reminder of the vastness beyond the ship.

A comfortable seating area is set against the window, furnished with a sleek sectional sofa and a modern coffee table, creating a perfect spot for quiet reflection or hosting discreet meetings. The decor is clutter-free yet stylish, with contemporary art pieces adorning the walls, each reflecting themes of ambition and exploration—traits that resonate with Creed’s character.

On the floor, partially concealed beneath a tasteful area rug, lies a small Comm Recorder—an innocuous piece of technology that belies its significance. The device is designed to capture audio with clarity, poised to record any whispered secrets or strategic discussions that may transpire behind closed doors.

The suite also includes a dedicated workspace, complete with a polished desk and an ergonomic chair, equipped with advanced communication tools. Creed values productivity, and this area is designed for efficiency and professionalism, with high-speed connectivity and secure systems that ensure confidentiality.



The en-suite bathroom exudes opulence, featuring a spacious soaking tub and a rainfall



shower. Marble finishes glimmer under soft lighting, and high-quality toiletries promise a luxurious experience, allowing Creed to unwind after a day fraught with corporate rivalry.

However, the true nature of the suite is revealed when one attempts to interact with the hidden Comm Recorder. Should someone play the message contained within, the atmosphere shifts dramatically. Granet Sernahl, lurking nearby, feels the tension in the air and will instinctively try to intervene, his demeanor morphing into something far more sinister. Revealing his true colors, Sernahl reacts not with reason, but with aggression, drawing a weapon and firing in a shocking display of treachery. If he can't kill all of the characters, he will try to escape.

There are 2 messages on the recorder.

- Message 1  Galactic Priority Communication From: Zephran Dynamics Media Supervisor, Alton Creed To: Grenet Sernahl The damn FTL drive quit! And now I'm stuck in the Silent Abyss. You knew it had problems! I know you did! And you sent me anyway, you rotten son of a bitch. And now... Well, let's just say we've made the discovery of a lifetime. And your sorry ass can just rot. It's mine. Zephran Dynamics will have to deal with me for the rights to this discovery. Bite me, Sernahl. End Transmission..
- Message 2  Galactic Priority Communication From: Zephran Dynamics Media Supervisor, Alton Creed To: Grenet Sernahl. I got you, you bastard! I was able to find the code embedded in NovaLux that you

planted to cause the FTL drive to malfunction! NovaLux also has the records of your communiques with Aetherton Industries. You were going to kill us all to sell the drive to them. You're going to burn for this. Shit, I'll kill you myself if they'll let me. I'm coming for you, Sernahl. End Transmission.

FLIGHT DECK LEVEL 5

1. NOVALUX CONTROL CENTER

As you approach Section 1, the NovaLux AI Control Room, an imposing presence looms before you. The heavy doors are reinforced with thick steel plating, designed to withstand external threats while safeguarding the complex systems within. They stand sealed shut, a symbol of the crucial operations that govern the ship's advanced capabilities.

In a grim twist of fate, the bodies of both AI Systems Engineers lie lifeless on the cold metal floor just outside the entrance, their expressions frozen in shock. The scene is chilling, underscoring the dire circumstances that have unfolded aboard the Singularity Ballet.

The interior of the NovaLux AI Control Room is a hub of intricate technology, filled with a sprawling array of computer equipment connected to a central AI Neural Network System and an expansive Super Storage Array. Rows of consoles, covered in panels of blinking lights and carefully arranged displays, line the walls, creating a futuristic atmosphere alive with the potential of artificial intelligence.

The central AI Neural Network is a complex matrix of circuits and processors, radiating a soft blue glow that pulsates gently, akin to a heartbeat. This is the brain of the ship, overseeing systems critical to navigation, operations, and security. Cables snake across the floor, connecting the various workstations to the neural network, their intricate weavings creating an organic feel amidst the starkness of technology.

The Super Storage Array resides prominently against one wall, a monolithic structure housing vast amounts of data essential for the ship's functioning. Though the design is sleek, it conveys a weighty importance, emphasizing the critical nature of the information stored within. High-security access points and biometric scanners are embedded into the array, requiring authorized personnel to unlock the

data and systems held within its depths.

The atmosphere inside the control room is tense and charged with an unspoken urgency. The whirring of machinery fills the air, underscoring the importance of the room and the operations it manages. This is the control center where every command, oversight, and calculation is made, ensuring the Singularity Ballet operates smoothly across the stars.

The doors have yet to be breached by either Zyxyz Thralls or Jaxaradis Pirates.

2. SICK BAY

In Sick Bay you see the stark contrast between its intended purpose as a place of healing and the current devastation that unfolds before you. The once-sterile environment now reeks of chaos and neglect, with medical equipment strewn haphazardly across the floor and the unsettling sight of several dead medical staff lying motionless in the midst of the disorder.

The walls, previously adorned with bright, calming colors and motivational health posters, now bear the marks of violence and destruction. Scattered debris, including overturned medical carts and shattered glass from cabinets that once held essential supplies, give testament to the violent intrusion by the Jaxaradis pirates. It is evident they have ransacked the Sick Bay, picking it clean of everything valuable and leaving behind only the grim aftermath of their actions.

Amidst this horror, some of the medical personnel still show signs of infection from the Yoilioy virus, their bodies twisted in unnatural positions, faces contorted in pain. Other staff



members lie peacefully, untouched by the virus, and their lifeless forms evoke a profound sense of loss—a reminder of lives dedicated to the care of others, now extinguished in a moment of crisis.

In the center of the Sick Bay, the surgical suite stands out, designed for complex procedures that could be performed during critical situations. The surgical tables are equipped with advanced technology, surrounded by a plethora of instruments that lie scattered, some soaked in blood. The room, with its stark lighting and gleaming surfaces, was meant to facilitate precise operations, but now it serves as a haunting reminder of what occurred here.

Medical cabinets that once held state-of-the-art supplies are either wide open or completely torn apart, with vials of medications and surgical tools thrown about carelessly. The absence of sterile environments, once a point of pride for the medical staff, lends an air of fatality to the room; the glimmer of hope that once existed is replaced by a sense of dread.

The monitoring stations, equipped to keep track of patient vitals and administer emergency care, flicker disconcertingly, some screens displaying error messages, while others show static, hinting at the hastily abandoned technology. The ambient sounds of machines chiming in distress echo in the background, creating a chilling atmosphere.

3. DOCTOR'S OFFICE

Adjacent to the Sick Bay lies the Doctor's Office, a once-inviting space designed for private consultations and patient visits. The room was large and thoughtfully arranged, featuring comfortable seating for patients in a cozy waiting area that exuded a sense of calm and professionalism. Soft lighting and warm colors created an atmosphere where individuals could seek care with a sense of safety and reassurance.

However, the present state of the Doctor's Office is a jarring contrast to its intended purpose. The room has been demolished, walls marred by scuffs and marks, while medical equipment lies in disarray. Papers and medical records, once meticulously organized, now lay strewn across the floor, some partially burned or torn, as if a chaotic struggle unfolded within these walls.

In one corner, a plush seating area intended for patient consultations is overturned, cushions tossed aside. Framed diplomas and accolades, which once adorned the walls, have been torn down, their glass shattered, leaving only jagged edges where prideful memorabilia once hung.

Far more troubling is the presence of 4 **Zyxyz Thralls** (MV: *Medium*, IM/RS: 4/35, STA:70, AT:40, DMG:2d10), formerly human but now grotesquely transformed by the Yoilioy virus. Their appearances are a horrific amalgamation of their human origins and the merciless mutations wrought by infection. Their skin shows signs of a pallid hue, veined with discoloration, and their eyes glaze over with a lifeless stare, reflecting the loss of their former selves. Once individuals with hopes and dreams, they now shuffle mindlessly, driven by the primal instincts that the virus has instilled in them.

Surrounding these thralls are six dead Jaxaradis pirates, sprawled lifelessly across the floor in stark juxtaposition to the thralls. Each pirate bears the marks of a fierce confrontation, with wounds that tell their own stories of violence and struggle. Weapons, both crude and sophisticated, lay scattered around them, some still clutched in their lifeless hands, while pools of blood mar the pristine flooring.

The devastation in the Doctor's Office is indicative of a battle fought not just for resources, but for survival. The room, once a place of healing and hope, has become a scene of horror and despair—an anguished testament to the chaotic clash of human ambition, the relentless tide of infection, and the brutal tactics of piracy.

4. DOCTOR'S QUARTERS

The Doctor's Quarters are spacious, designed for both functionality and comfort, intended to provide a refuge for the ship's medical officer amidst the demands of duty. However, as you step inside, the room reveals the harsh consequences of the recent chaos, having been ransacked by the Jaxaradis pirates.

The once-inviting space is now a scene of disarray and destruction. The large bed, previously made with crisp, high-thread-count linens, is now unkempt, the sheets torn, and the pillows scattered across the floor, as if a struggle against intruders occurred in this personal haven. Framed photographs and accolades from the doctor's past hang askew or lie broken on the floor, their glass shattered, leaving sharp shards glinting disturbingly in the muted light.

The working desk, once meticulously organized, is now a jumble of documents and medical journals, with papers strewn haphazardly as if hastily searched for something of value. Medical tools meant for the urgent care of patients are either broken or missing, and the digital interface, typically a hub of information, flickers

erratically—some screens cracked, hinting at the violence that unfolded within these walls.

In one corner, a seating area is similarly affected. The armchairs, once arranged for comfort, are overturned, and the small coffee table lies on its side, surrounded by the disarray of personal effects. The bookshelf, once a testament to a love of knowledge, is now a chaotic heap of texts, some pulled from their shelves and left open in a disregard for the doctor's world of study and reflection.

Even the corner dedicated to personal health and well-being has not been spared the wreckage; exercise equipment is scattered, and resistance bands hang loosely, as if mocking the idea of self-care amid the turmoil that has unfolded.

The private en-suite bathroom, usually a sanctuary of tranquility, also tells a story of violation. Cabinets are flung open, and toiletries spill across the floor, with some items crushed or broken amid the chaos. The stark white marble surfaces are stained with evidence of hurried movement and discarded remnants of the pirates' search.

5. MEDICAL STAFF QUARTERS 1

Adjacent to the Doctor's Quarters lies the Medical Staff Quarters, designed to accommodate four medical personnel in a compact yet efficient space. But as you step inside, the room reveals the aftermath of a violent intrusion, having been thoroughly destroyed by the Jaxaradis pirates.

The quarters, once a place of rest and camaraderie for the medical team, are now in shambles. Each of the four sleeping areas—small but thoughtfully arranged with personal bunk beds—has been ransacked. Mattresses have been pulled off their frames, lying askew against walls, while bed linens are torn, some hanging loosely like ghostly remnants from the chaos. The air is thick with a sense of abandonment, as if the inhabitants were forced to flee without warning.

Clothing and personal belongings are scattered across the floor, revealing glimpses into the lives of the medical staff—uniforms, toiletries, and personal effects thrown carelessly about as if to emphasize the violation of what was once a shared home. Toiletries, from dental kits to skincare products, litter the floor, some crushed underfoot, furthering the sense of disorder.

The central living area stands as a haunting reminder of the camaraderie that once existed here. A small table, meant for gathering and sharing meals or downtime, is overturned,

its chairs pushed aside as if the occupants had been interrupted mid-conversation. Empty food containers and discarded wrappers speckle the floor, remnants of an ordinary life that have now become part of the debris.

The walls, once adorned with cheerful posters and medical achievements, are now stripped bare of their dignity. Marks from violence—a few dark smudges and scratches—give evidence to the power struggle that unfolded here. The lighting fixtures flicker feebly, casting shadows that dance menacingly across the wreckage, underscoring the grim reality of the space.

A communal bathroom, adjoining the quarters, echoes the disordered state of the main room. The sinks are filled with broken items, and cabinets stand ajar, revealing the chaotic search for supplies that the pirates conducted. Stains mar the pristine surfaces, and the overall atmosphere is one of despair and loss.

6. MEDICAL STAFF QUARTERS 2

Entering the second set of Medical Staff Quarters feels like stepping into a waking nightmare. This room, like its counterpart, was designed for four medical personnel, intended to foster rest and camaraderie among those dedicated to caring for the ship's inhabitants. However, the ambiance here is chillingly different—this space has become a scene of gruesome horror, ravaged by the Jaxaradis pirates.

The layout is similar to the previous quarters, yet what you encounter is anything but ordinary. The beds are still in disarray, but now serve as a macabre backdrop to the horrific tableau unfolding within. The air in the room is heavy with a metallic scent, mingling with the acrid odor of fear and betrayal.

Suspended from the ceiling are the bodies of the doctor and six medical staffers, their hands tightly bound, a grotesque mockery of the life they once lived dedicated to healing others. Their eyes stare blankly ahead, lifeless and devoid of hope, the pallor of their skin contrasting harshly with the aftermath they now endure. The sight of their contorted forms hanging lifelessly sends a chill down your spine, embodying the sheer cruelty of their captors.

In the heart of this grim scene, 2 Jaxaradis (MV: Fast, IM/RS: 9/90, STA:80, AT:40, DMG:1d10) pirates stand over a gruesome task, wielding meat cleavers with a casual, almost detached brutality. Their faces are twisted with glee as they methodically cut apart the bodies

of the medical professionals, a horrific sense of dominance evident in their movements. The sound of metal striking flesh and bone reverberates through the space, mingling with their low, mocking laughter, creating a haunting symphony of violence.

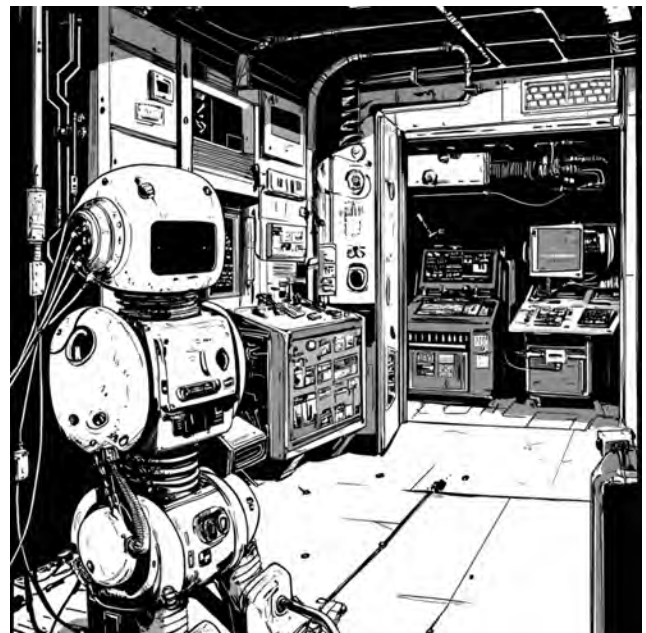
The pirates work with a chilling efficiency, placing the severed limbs and organs into a rolling freezer, the metallic clang echoing eerily. The sight of the once-dedicated healers being reduced to mere pieces of meat—a stark perversion of their purpose—imbues the room with an atmosphere of unspeakable horror.

The walls, drenched in darkness, are streaked with evidence of the struggle that preceded this horrifying act. Blood splatters temper the sterile ambiance of the quarters, creating a visceral reminder of the lives lost here. It's as if the very room has absorbed the terror that unfolded, and the flickering lights above cast unsettling shadows that dance across the gruesome spectacle.

7. ROBOT REPAIR OFFICE

As you approach the Robot Repair Bay, a sense of stillness envelops you. Unlike the chaos that has torn through many of the surrounding areas, this room remains disturbingly calm and dark, almost as if it were holding its breath in anticipation of what might come next. The air is cool, a stark contrast to the heated energies that have dominated the other sections of the ship.

The Robot Repair Bay is a spacious area, designed for the maintenance and repair of the ship's myriad automated systems and robotic



personnel. The walls, painted a muted gray, are punctuated with various tools and workstations outfitted for precision engineering. Shelves line the room, holding an assortment of parts, components, and diagnostic equipment—all meticulously organized, untouched by the recent violence that has unfolded elsewhere.

The central workbench, large and sturdy, displays a few incomplete projects—a half-assembled service droid and various robotic limbs, each a testament to the craftsmanship that once thrived here. The gentle gleam of metal catches what little light filters in, hinting at the possibility of revival and functionality that still exists within these walls.

Above the workbench, a set of heavy-duty lights hangs, but they remain dim, casting long shadows that stretch across the floor. Only the muted hum of the ship's systems breaking the silence resonates in the air, a reminder of the life that exists beyond this secluded space.

As your eyes adjust to the dimness, you notice several robotic units stationed along the walls, standing in various stages of charge and readiness. These machines—ranging from maintenance bots to sophisticated androids—remain still, their circuits dormant but intact. It's as if they are waiting for their operators to return, ready to spring back to life at a moment's notice, yet held captive by the ominous quiet that presides within the bay.

In this bay there are 10 Techkits and 10 Robcomkits.

8. ESCAPE POD BAY

Entering the Escape Pod Bay, a sense of urgency hangs in the air, palpable with the weight of its purpose. The bay is expansive, designed to house ten enormous escape pods—each a lifeline for the crew and passengers in the event of a catastrophic emergency. The sheer size of the room commands attention, with high ceilings that echo the mechanical hum of the ship's systems.

The escape pods, sleek and streamlined, are arranged in rows along the walls, their shiny exterior gleaming under the harsh, fluorescent lighting that illuminates the space. Each pod is designed to accommodate multiple occupants, reinforced with advanced materials to withstand the rigors of space evacuation. The doors of the pods stand closed, emblazoned with emergency markings that signal their critical function: a gateway to safety.

The polished floor is marked with clear lines indicating pathways and emergency

protocols. Ground-level lights pulse softly, guiding crew members quickly to the pods in times of distress. A series of digital control panels is mounted next to each pod, offering intuitive interfaces for launch, configuration, and communications. These displays flash with data—status indicators, capacitymeters, and readiness prompts—that promise hope in dire situations.

The air is filled with a metallic scent mixed with a faint whiff of coolant, a reminder of the advanced technology that fuels the escape pods. Along one wall is a large monitoring station where crew members can track external conditions, providing crucial information on the ship's status and any threats that may necessitate an evacuation. The presence of backup power systems ensures that these screens remain operational, even in the event of a power failure.

However, in contrast to the functional design, the atmosphere in the bay carries an undercurrent of tension and foreboding, enhanced by the knowledge that these pods are here because of the dangers that lurk in the depths of space. It becomes apparent that while the Escape Pod Bay is a sanctuary of safety, it also stands as a reminder of vulnerability—an unyielding promise of hope in the face of catastrophe.

As you move further into the bay, you can't help but imagine the rush of crew members preparing for a swift exit through those very pods. The sound of footsteps pounding against the floor, the clamor of alarms, and the frantic urgency of life-or-death decisions reverberate in your mind, painting a vivid picture of what this place symbolizes.

9. PASSAGEWAY ALPHA

The corridor opens up before you, and a ceiling placard prominently declares "Passageway Alpha," guiding your journey through this critical area.

To the port side, the Sick Bay and Medical Quarters are housed behind reinforced doors. The entrance is clearly marked with a red cross and the subtle hum of medical equipment resonates from within, hinting at the advanced technologies that monitor and treat the crew's health. Inside, the space is well-lit, with pristine white walls and cool, clean surfaces. Medical bays equipped to handle everything from minor injuries to serious emergencies reflect a commitment to safety and care. The air is filled with the faint scent of antiseptic, underscoring the clinical nature of the environment.

On the starboard side, a long wall is

dedicated to a series of digital maps that detail Level 5 and beyond. These interactive displays glow softly, showcasing critical locations, emergency exits, and pathways throughout the ship. The maps are easy to navigate, offering users the ability to zoom in on specific areas or highlight essential routes, such as the quickest way to the Escape Pod Bay. Details shimmer as the touch of a finger activates overlays, indicating current ship status or emergency protocols. Alongside the maps, informational panels provide updates on various operational systems, giving crew members real-time data they may need for informed decision-making.

As you move further down the passageway, the Escape Pod Bay comes into view at the fore section. The large doors to the bay are adorned with panic red warning symbols, standing out against the sleek design of the corridor. This area is well-organized, with multiple escape pods lined up and ready for quick deployment in case of emergencies. Each pod is clearly marked, along with operational instructions in multiple languages, ensuring that any evacuee can swiftly and safely exit the ship if the need arises. The atmosphere here is serious yet not devoid of hope; it symbolizes the ship's diligence in ensuring the safety of its crew and passengers, even amidst the unknown.

At the aft section of the passageway lies the Main Security Office. Its entrance is fortified, marked by reinforced doors and high-tech surveillance systems. Inside, the ambiance shifts to one of heightened vigilance, with monitors displaying live feeds from various strategic points around the ship, relaying crucial information to those on duty. The walls are lined with equipment used to coordinate security measures, and personnel can be seen engaging in discussions or analyzing data, emphasizing the importance of maintaining order.

Passageway Encounters are regulated by Random Encounters Chart L5.1 and can be used for all Passageway Encounters.

| ROLL | RESULT |
|------|---------------------------|
| 1 | 4 Member Jaxaradis Patrol |
| 2 | 1d10 Zyxyz Thrall(s) |
| 3 | 2 Member Jaxaradis Scouts |
| 4 | 4 Skitters |
| 5 | 1 Morb |
| 6 | 1 Jaxaradis Pirate |
| 7 | 2 Skitters |

| ROLL | RESULT |
|------|---------------------------|
| 8 | 2 Member Jaxaradis Scouts |
| 9 | 1d10 Zyxyz Thrall(s) |
| 10 | 1 Morb |

Random Encounter Chart L5.1

10. PASSAGEWAY BETA

The passage stretches ahead, lined with stark metal walls that glimmer faintly under the overhead lights, while a cool, sterile air fills the corridor. However, the atmosphere is now tinged with an unsettling stillness, a far cry from the usual hustle and bustle that might have once defined this thoroughfare.

The floor is littered with various detritus left behind by the Jaxaradis. Fragments of broken equipment—snapped cables, shattered panels, and discarded tools—adorn the ground like trophies of their recent activities. Rivulets of spilled fluids glisten ominously under the lights, remnants of hurried salvage operations. Worn-out transport crates, half-open and strewn about, expose their gutted interiors, suggesting they were once used to haul valuable items towards the Jaxaradis' ship.

The passageway splits off in several directions: ahead, Alpha Passageway leads into the heart of Sick Bay; to the left, Gamma Passageway offers a promising route towards the officer's quarters; and also to the left, Epsilon Passageway meanders toward dock crew quarters. Each path holds the potential for discovery or danger, yet they all stand momentarily dormant, overshadowed by the remnants of looting.

A small, almost inviting opening reveals Passageway Zeta, which travels aft. This side trip hints at movement away from the chaos of the main corridors, perhaps a safer route away from the perceived threat. The faint glow of the lights within this passage catches the eye, inviting curiosity amidst the desolation.

The walls of Beta Passageway bear scratches and marks, remnants of battles fought, interactions past, and the hurried flight of crew members seeking refuge or making their way to safety. Faded emergency signage hangs askew, the indicators flickering intermittently as if caught between life and death—a reminder of the urgency that once filled the ship.

In the stillness of the corridor, the silence is profound, broken only by the occasional creak of the ship or the distant, muffled sounds of disarray that echo from beyond. That very stillness paints a picture of foreboding, as if the passage itself is

holding its breath, waiting for either the return of its crew or the encroachment of more danger.

11. MASTER SECURITY OFFICE


As you step into the Main Security Office, the atmosphere is immediately charged with tension and tragedy. The normally sterile space, designed for vigilance and control, has been transformed into a chaotic battleground. Papers are strewn across the floor, and the flickering overhead lights cast eerie shadows over the wreckage that lies within.

At the center of this chaos lies the dead body of Security Chief Daylora Adox. She is positioned with a defiant resolve in her final moments, still gripping her laser rifle tightly in one hand, and an electrostunner in the other. The determination visible on her face speaks to the fierceness with which she defended her post, a symbol of resistance against the overwhelming chaos unleashed upon the ship.


Surrounding Chief Adox are the lifeless forms of her adversaries. 8 Zyxzy Thralls, their bodies showing signs of a violent struggle, lie in crumpled heaps. Their once menacing presence has been quelled, but the sheer number of them illustrates the threat they posed. Nearby, 6 Jaxaradis pirates are also fallen—some clutching their weapons, their faces twisted in shock as they met their demise, a stark reminder of the brutal combat that transpired within these walls.


Amid the bodies, two Skitters lie across the floor in grotesque poses, remnants of their once agile movements now stilled. Their insectoid forms, pinned against the wall, showcase the fierce battle waged in this space. A solitary Morb, resembling a battered metallic ball, lies smashed on the ground, evidence of an ill-fated ambush turned deadly.


Clipped to her belt is a Comm Recorder. There are 6 Log messages recorded on it.


Message 1  Singularity Ballet, Security Chief Log: Entry Row four two two. We've entered the derelict. It's eldritch in here, dark, strange. The darkness even seems to swallow our flashlight beams. There's the odd panel still active, but the symbols are in a language I can't read. We're about to start our search of this ship in earnest, but I have to say I feel as if there is a foreboding presence here, as if death itself is part of the air. I have ordered all personnel accompanying me on this investigation to be armed, including Doctor Ishikawa and Flight Officer Zhrakkor. Security Officer Tizahk tells me he is hearing a clicking noise further into the ship. I trust his Bewlorox

ears.


Message 2  Singularity Ballet, Security Chief Log: Entry Row four two three. We found our first body. Dr. Ishikawa and two security officers went back for a Cryo hover bed to remove and study the very strange remains. Security Officer Tizahk's clicking noises have gotten louder and we've found more bodies. This appears to be some kind of mess hall. Oh my God, they seem... They seem to be... have been... It looks like they tore each other apart. It looks like some of them were actually... eating each other. Security Officer Reager is vomiting in the corner. I can't blame him.

Message 3  Singularity Ballet, Security Chief Log: Entry Row four two four. We found the source of the mysterious clicking noise. Beyond a sealed door we found several fist sized metal robots that looked like spiders. The clicking noise turned out to be their metal legs tapping on the steel deck plates. They skittered all over when we finally got the door open. My other Bewlorox Security Officer, Zorvath, moved close to a small group of them to investigate. Something in his manner must have set them off because they rushed him, biting with tiny metal teeth and stabbing with metal legs. If Engineer Kel'Prix, a Koloraxid, hadn't been able to pull him away he might have been killed there. More of the Skitters appeared and we had to fight our way back to the door, resealing them in. We are now making our way back to the entrance.

Message 4  Singularity Ballet, Security Chief Log: Entry Row four two five. We are standing outside the mess hall. We hear banging and screaming. Through one of the windows, we can see the bodies of what we once thought were dead aliens now clawing and writhing, smashing tables and bouncing off of walls. They've seen us now. They're pounding on the glass, trying to get to us! Some of them have found the door but can't seem to get it open. I can hear them, their screams. The glass is breaking!!! Behind us I hear clicking! We're trapped!!! Why won't our radios work!!!

Message 5  Singularity Ballet, Security Chief Log: Entry Row four two six. This is Security Chief Daylora Adox. This will probably be my last log. Whatever we found on the derelict has escaped into the Singularity Ballet. I'm currently hidden in a maintenance closet in the Docking Bay, having barely escaped from the derelict. I'm sorry if I'm rambling, I just... Dr. Ishikawa is dead. The entire boarding party is dead. But they didn't

STAY dead. And the Skitters are everywhere. It's only a matter of time before they... Oh, shit! They found me!

Message 6  Singularity Ballet, Security Chief Log: Entry I don't give a shit. I made it out of the docking bay. As if the walking dead weren't bad enough, as if the skitters weren't bad enough, we've got pirates! Some frizlumpin pirates! Also found out if you get bit or scratched by one of those undead things, it's only a matter of time before you become one yourself! Or worse, you become their lunch. Yeah, I know it all sounds like a bunch of shit, but we've also got these metal death balls loose on the ship that seem to be taking out anyone that even looks infected! And putting the toothpick in the crap sandwich, Alton Creed says he's got evidence that an executive at Zephran Dynamics sabotaged the FTL drive!!! I could be on a beach somewhere, but no...

The walls of the office are marred with scorch marks from laser blasts, and there's evidence of struggle everywhere: gnawed furniture, overturned desks, and an array of spent energy cartridges litter the floor. The central console, usually a hub of security monitoring and coordination, flickers feebly, its vital systems now crippled, casting an unsteady light that showcases the horror around it.

The once orderly rows of monitors, which displayed feeds from various points around the ship, now depict static or cracked images, remnants of a desperate last stand. The air is thick with the scent of burnt circuitry mixed with the metallic smell of blood, creating an atmosphere laden with loss and violence.

12. SECURITY CELLS

As you approach the prisoner cells, a wave of disquiet envelops you, a stark contrast to the chaos in the Main Security Office. The corridor leading to the cells is dimly lit, the flickering lights casting unsettling shadows on the cold metal walls. A sense of dread permeates the air, palpable and heavy, carrying with it the weight of despair and loss.

The prisoner cells line the walls, six in total, each a stark, metallic enclosure designed for containment. As you draw closer, you can see the bars of each cell, cold and unyielding, separating the living from the dead—a macabre boundary marking the remnants of a crew once full of hope and duty.

Inside the cells, the sight is harrowing. The occupants have succumbed to the Yoilioy Virus, their bodies twisted and contorted as they



transition into Zyxyz Thralls. Some lie lifeless on the floor, their forms a chilling reminder of the virus's brutal grip, while others writhe in a frenzied state, clawing desperately at the bars, their eyes wild with a mixture of fear and insatiable hunger.

The sound of frantic scratching resonates through the corridor—an unsettling symphony of desperation. Their skin, once familiar and warm, is now pallid and mottled, fingers elongated and grotesque, more animal than human. Several thralls have lost limbs in their desperate attempts to escape; severed hands and arms lie discarded outside the bars, pooling in a grotesque display of carnage that underscores the depths of their suffering.

Amidst the chaos, cries for help echo, intermingled with guttural growls—a haunting blend of humanity and mindless rage. Some of the thralls manage to reach through the bars, their fingers twitching as they seek contact, a final flicker of the humanity they once possessed. It's a heartbreaking sight, an indelible mark of a crew torn apart by a malevolent force, reduced to mere shadows of their former selves.

The air is thick with a metallic tang, a reminder of the violence and despair that has unfolded within these walls. The faint smell of decay mingles with the sterile scent of the ship, creating an atmosphere that is at once suffocating and sorrowful. It feels as though the very walls are grieving for the lives lost, the camaraderie shattered by the ravaging grip of the virus.

13. BOATSWAIN QUARTERS

The room is neatly organized, a testament

to the Boatswain's meticulous nature and dedication to ensuring that the Singularity Ballet remains in pristine condition.

The walls are lined with durable metallic panels painted in muted navy hues, giving the space a slightly industrial feel. Overhead lights provide a bright yet soft illumination, casting a warm glow throughout the quarters. A sense of order pervades the space, evident in the way everything is methodically arranged and easily accessible.

Opposite the entrance, a military-style bunk occupies one corner, decked with clean, crisp linens in dark blue and gray tones. Above the bunk, a small shelf displays an assortment of personal effects—a couple of family photos, a vintage compass, and a small collection of mementos from previous assignments, each item carefully arranged to evoke fond memories without cluttering the room.

The workstation serves as a focal point, featuring a robust desk cluttered with maintenance logs, schematics of the ship's systems, and a variety of tools that the Boatswain frequently uses. Holographic interfaces flicker with real-time updates on equipment status and inventory levels, underscoring the Boatswain's responsibility for maintaining the ship's operational health. Tools are meticulously organized in a nearby tool chest, with each drawer clearly labeled for quick access, emphasizing efficiency in a busy environment.

A small wardrobe stands against one wall, containing the Boatswain's uniforms, all pressed and ready for duty. Next to it, a reinforced locker carefully holds equipment for emergency repairs, including spare parts and safety gear, available for immediate use when needed.

The room also features a small table, ideal for informal gatherings or discussions with crew members. A few chairs surround it, underscoring the Boatswain's role as both a leader and a collaborator among the crew. Instead of nautical charts, a holographic display on one wall showcases the ship's operational schematics and critical systems maps, including maintenance routes and structural integrity assessments—a clear reflection of the Boatswain's connection to the ship's ongoing functionality.

Amidst the practical layout, hints of the Boatswain's personality shine through in subtle decorations: an amusing alien figurine sits atop the desk, and a colorful space exploration flag hangs proudly beside a small window, filtering in the soft glow of the ship's artificial lights.

This room has still remain untouched by

the pirates.

14. QUARTERMASTERS QUARTERS

Entering the Quartermaster's quarters, you find a space that mirrors the neatness of the Boatswain's accommodations, yet carries an unsettling heaviness in the air. The metallic walls, painted in the same muted colors, are lined with shelves that once displayed an array of supplies and provisions crucial for the ship's operations. However, the quiet is now punctuated by the tragic remnants of chaos.

The military-style bunk sits neatly against one wall, the sheets meticulously arranged—yet they are now stained and marked, a haunting echo of the despair that unfolded here. The heavy silence deepens as you move deeper into the room, your eyes drawn to the unmistakable figure lying motionless on the bed. The Quartermaster appears to be in a deep, eternal rest, but the situation quickly becomes clear: the self-inflicted wound reflects a harrowing choice made in the depths of despair.

Across the room, a workstation is cluttered but still organized, with inventory logs and operational materials scattered across the desk. The dependence on structure is evident here, indicating the Quartermaster's pivotal role in managing supplies aboard the ship. Yet, amid the ordinary, the atmosphere disrupts with a disturbing focal point—a pulsing mass sits ominously on a small table, much like what was seen in the security officer's quarters.

The blob pulsates rhythmically, its surface shifting in color from deep purples to unsettling shades of green. Just like before, it exudes a magnetic allure while simultaneously radiating danger. Drawn within its entrancing glow is the grim knowledge that touching it carries the risk of infection with the Yoilioy virus—a 50% chance of succumbing to its fate.

The shelves that line the walls, once filled with supplies, are now in disarray, some items carelessly tossed aside as if in a hurry or a moment of panic. A few dusty crates stand upturned, their contents spilling out—a disorganized commingling of rations, tools, and other supplies that once supported the mission of the ship.

On the walls, a series of holographic displays flicker weakly, showing corrupted inventory data and a few garbled alerts that hint at the desperation of the past. Among the disarray, a small photograph rests on the desk, the glass shattered around it, revealing a glimpse of happier times—perhaps a family before the weight of duty and tragedy took hold.



The air carries the unmistakable scent of gunpowder mingling with a faint metallic tang, a reminder of the violence that occurred within these walls. The silence is oppressive, as if the very room itself mourns the loss of the Quartermaster—a once-dedicated officer now fallen to despair in a moment of profound hopelessness.

On his table is a hand written note that simply reads: *I didn't want to kill the Com Officer or the SIO, but Sernahl made me do it.*

15. NAVIGATIONAL OFFICERS

The door hangs ajar, slightly askew from the havoc that has transpired, and the faint sound of guttural growls emanates from within—a chilling invitation to horror.

Upon stepping inside, you are immediately confronted by a scene of utter devastation. The room has been transformed into a grotesque tableau, marked by signs of struggle and despair. The military-style bunk is flipped onto its side, sheets torn and hanging in tatters, revealing a hint of the former order that once reigned in this space.

The air is thick with a foul stench, a nauseating blend of decay and infection that clings to the walls. The workstation, which once displayed crucial navigational data, is now a jumble of shattered monitors, wires hanging from the walls like the entrails of a monstrous creature. The flickering lights cast eerie shadows across the room, creating the illusion of movement where none exists.

Scattered across the floor are remnants

of personal belongings—operational logs and reports, torn and shredded, their contents lost to the chaos. But the most horrid sight lies in the corner where the 7 **Zyxyz Thralls** (MV: *Medium*, IM/RS: 4/35, STA:70, AT:40, DMG:2d10) huddle, grotesquely twisted and unrecognizable. Once a proud species known for their intelligence and agility, they have now been utterly transformed by the Yoillioy virus.

Their bodies are emaciated, skin stretched taut over warped frames, and mottled with sickly hues of green and gray. Glowing eyes—hungry, wild, and devoid of reason—gleam with an insatiable hunger for flesh. The Thralls emit guttural noises that echo with desperation and rage, an unsettling blend of primal instinct and the remnants of their former selves.

The room is littered with debris, including remnants of equipment and supplies, all left behind in the frenzy. Chunks of something unidentifiable hang from the walls, biological remnants that only contribute to the overwhelming sense of dread. The shelves, once filled with navigational charts and personal keepsakes, are now broken and empty, their contents scattered and lost in the chaos.

A sense of claustrophobia permeates the air as the Thralls move with an unnatural agility, driven by instinct rather than reason. They dart about, hissing and clawing at the wrinkled air, searching for any sign of life to satiate their ravenous appetites.

16. TACTICAL OFFICERS

2 **Jaxaradis pirates** (MV: *Fast*, IM/RS: 9/90, STA:80, AT:40, DMG:1d10) occupy the room, their wiry forms hunched over the workstation as they frantically attempt to download crucial tactical data from the ship's systems. Their features, marked by a mix of cunning and aggression, reveal the resolve in their eyes, a predatory readiness that hints at their willingness to go to great lengths to achieve their goals.

The officer's belongings have been hastily shoved into a makeshift bag—a large bed sheet crudely folded and filled with uniforms, tactical gear, and personal items, bulging at the seams with the spoils of their looting. Items formerly adorning the shelves lie broken and forgotten, remnants of a life dedicated to duty and strategy.

As the door creaks open, a sudden tension fills the air. The Jaxaradis, alerted by the sound, spin towards the entrance, their eyes narrowing in anticipation. The first pirate reaches for a

nearby weapon, a wickedly curved blade glinting ominously in the low light, while the second raises a laser pistol, its barrel trained on the doorway, ready to unleash violence at a moment's notice.

The moment is charged with danger—the room's earlier chaos now replaced by a palpable threat. As the door swings open wider, revealing you on the threshold, the pirates flash menacing grins, revealing their sharp teeth, as they prepare to strike, their primal instincts kicking in as they charge toward the unwelcome intruder.

17. SIO OFFICERS

The room has been transformed into a battleground, evidenced by the disarray and signs of a fierce struggle. The metallic walls that encase the space are scuffed and marked, testament to the violence that erupted within these confines.

The military-style bunk is overturned, blankets and sheets in a tangled mess, flung aside as though a desperate fight unfolded across the small area. The bed frame lies askew, a haunting reminder of the frantic movements that filled this room moments before tragedy struck.

In the center of the quarters lies the lifeless form of the SIO Officer, an eerie stillness enveloping the scene. Two distinct laser wounds mar the officer's chest, each perfectly circular and charred, a stark indication of the violent confrontation that led to this grim fate. The officer's expression is frozen in pain and surprise, casting a heavy shadow over the room.

The clutter from the struggle is evident as papers and reports are strewn haphazardly across the floor, remnants of operational logs and crucial communications left abandoned. A workstation, once the hub of surveillance and tactical responses, is now a chaotic mix of scattered equipment, with monitors flickering sporadically—some displaying corrupted images and static, while others lie dark, the data from the officer's last moments forever lost.

The shelves on the walls, which once housed essential equipment and mementos, are now in disarray. Tools have been knocked to the ground, some broken, while personal items—a few photographs and small tokens of the officer's life—lay half-hidden beneath a pile of debris, their significance overshadowed by the violence that has occurred here.

The air is thick with the acrid scent of burnt machinery and the metallic tang of blood, mingling in a heavy atmosphere that speaks of urgency and desperation. Shadows flicker across the room, adding to the disconcerting sense of

loss and turmoil.

18. COMMUNICATION OFFICERS

The room is untouched, preserved in a haunting tableau that tells the story of recent violence. The metallic walls shine dully in the overhead lights, yet the atmosphere is thick with a sense of unease.

In the center of the quarters lies the body of the Communications Officer, sprawled on the floor near the desk. The lifeless form is marred by the unmistakable mark of a laser blast—an unnatural hole seared through the chest, with darkened edges that hint at the brutality of the attack.

Beside the body, a Singularity Ballet Ship's Laser Pistol lies abandoned on the floor. The weapon, designed for precision and defense, is still warm to the touch, the silent evidence of a failed response. Its sleek design is marred by a few scuffs, hinting at the struggle that must have ensued before the fatal shot was fired.

The workstation occupies one corner of the room, its holographic displays flickering with intermittent static. Data feeds and communication logs, left untouched, offer a glimpse into the officer's last moments—messages unsent and alerts unheeded, a stark reminder of the critical role they played within the ship's operations. Papers and reports lie scattered across the desk, a combination of completed tasks and urgent communications that remain frozen in time.

A small wardrobe stands ajar, the clothes within crumpled and disheveled, hinting at the officer's abrupt departure from their duties. Personal items, such as photographs and keepsakes, remain on the shelves, untouched by the violence that has claimed their owner. Each item serves to memorialize a life once filled with purpose and connection, now overshadowed by the tragedy that has unfolded in this sanctum.

Light filters in from a small, sealed viewport designed to mimic a window, casting a pale glow across the room. The gentle reflection contrasts with the dark reality surrounding you—the serene disruption of life within the confines of the ship.

The air feels heavy with tension, charged with the echoes of a struggle, making the quarters feel more like a tomb than a living space. The contrast between the untouched environment and the violence performed within it creates a dissonant chorus of horror and stillness.

19. HELMSMANS QUARTERS

The room feels eerily untouched, as if it has been abandoned in haste—or perhaps never occupied at all. The metallic walls are dull and unadorned, with no personal touches or memorabilia to hint at the life of someone who would navigate the course of the Singularity Ballet.

The military-style bunk sits neatly against one wall, perfectly made and devoid of any signs of wear. The blank sheets are crisply arranged, betraying no hint of having been slept in. Beside it, a small bedside table stands vacant, without even a book or a personal item to offer a glimpse into the helmsman's life or preferences.

The workstation lies undisturbed, its array of controls and screens pristine. Holographic displays show no signs of usage, the data feeds frozen in time, reflecting a calm that feels almost unnatural amidst the chaos gripping the rest of the ship. Nearby, a communication panel remains dark, the silence of impending solitude echoing through the quarters.

What stands out most in this space is the absence of personal effects. The shelves, usually filled with operational manuals, navigational charts, and perhaps a few personal trinkets, are completely bare. It's as if someone fled with urgency, leaving behind an immaculate shell of a room, devoid of individuality or warmth.

A wardrobe reveals only empty hangers, suggesting that it had been packed and cleared in anticipation of travel. The starkness of the quarters feels unsettling, accentuated by the knowledge that the Jaxaradis likely made off with the helmsman's bags—essential gear, personal belongings, and the attachments of a life now stripped away.

20. FLIGHT OFFICERS

Stepping inside, you are immediately confronted by a scene of chaotic destruction. The room, once a hub of tactical planning and readiness for flight operations, has been transformed into a grotesque workshop for the two massive Skitters—mechanical spiders that loom ominously in the dim light.

These Skitters, each nearly the size of a small humanoid, scuttle across the floor, their metallic limbs moving in a frenzied dance as they tear into anything that glimmers or boasts a hint of metal. Their bodies, already adorned with patches of salvaged machinery and scraps from their surroundings, twist and contort as they incorporate new materials into their forms, churning with a precarious balance of engineering



and predatory instinct.

The workstation that once housed flight controls and navigation data is now in ruins, its screens shattered and wires hanging loosely like the remnants of a violent struggle. The flickering lights cast distorted shadows against the walls, which are smeared with debris and remnants of crushed equipment, evidence of the Skitters' relentless scavenging.

All around, metal fragments lie scattered across the floor—pieces of the officer's gear, tools, and other items that have been stripped away in the Skitters' quest for expansion. Shelves that once held important charts and flight manuals are now empty, the materials having been either stolen or destroyed in the melee.

The air is thick with tension and a metallic tang, echoing with the incessant clicking and whirring of the Skitters as they absorb their latest conquests into their ever-growing bodies. Their glowing eyes shine with an eerie, unfeeling intensity, scanning the environment—a warning signal to any intruders who dare to step into their territory.

As you take a cautious step forward, the Skitters jerk into action, their mechanical limbs clicking with renewed vigor. The room, once a sanctuary for flight operations, now feels like a trap, a den of predators eager to defend their domain against any perceived threat. Their ability to adapt, combined with their sheer size, makes them formidable opponents.

21. X.O. QUARTERS

Once a space of authority and leadership, it now stands completely gutted, stripped of all belongings and value. The metallic walls, which once exuded a sense of dignity and command, seem cold and forbidding under the harsh glare of flickering overhead lights.

The military-style bunk occupies its designated corner but is utterly bare; the sheets and blankets have been removed entirely. The bed frame stands as a skeletal reminder of the comfort it once provided, now stark against the emptiness surrounding it. There are no personal belongings—no photographs, no mementos—nothing remains to indicate the life and purpose that once filled this space.

The workstation, which typically served as a hub for strategic planning and decision-making, lies completely vacant. The desk surface bears scratches but is void of any papers, tools, or technological devices. The holographic interface that once provided critical updates is dark and lifeless, stripped of all functionality by the thoroughness of the looting.

The walls, typically adorned with accolades, tactical diagrams, or personal touches, are now bare, marred only by pinholes that mark where items previously hung. An oppressive silence envelops the quarters, as if the room itself mourns the loss of its occupant and the identity that was once housed within.

In one corner, a locker stands wide open, entirely stripped of uniforms and gear. Its interior gapes emptily, devoid of the essential equipment and personal artifacts that conveyed the X.O.'s identity. The floor is littered with debris—the remnants of a room thoroughly searched and emptied. Discarded items that hint at a once-vibrant life are nowhere to be found, leaving only emptiness behind.

The air in the room is thick with a persistent stillness, heavy with the scent of burnt circuitry—a reminder of the conflict that has ravaged the ship. The absence of life and character in the quarters resonates sharply, amplifying the sense of desolation that permeates the space, making it feel more like a tomb than a living area.

22. CAPTAIN JAREK THORNES QUARTERS

The door has been forced open, hanging loosely on its hinges, and the remnants of a violent struggle are painfully clear. The once-proud space intended for leadership and command now lies in stark disarray, transformed into a scene of devastation that chills the soul.

The room has been completely gutted;

every corner bears the marks of invasion and chaos. The furniture, once arranged with purpose and care, is upended and scattered around the room. The desk, which served as the command center, has been overturned, with papers and personal effects strewn across the floor like fallen leaves caught in a storm. Operational logs and personal letters, once filled with plans and affection, now lie trampled and torn, their significance lost in the wake of violence.

The walls, once adorned with symbols of rank, maps, and reminders of achievements, are bare and marred by gouges and scorch marks—evidence of the brutality that unfolded here. Fragments of shattered glass from a broken display case litter the floor, reflecting shards of light and the remnants of a life that has been so violently disrupted.

In the center of the room, the lifeless form of the Captain's wife lies sprawled on the floor, a grim testament to the Jaxaradis' merciless attack. The scene is haunting, her expression frozen in a moment of fear and betrayal. Evidence of her struggle surrounds her, a few personal items of affection scattered amid the destruction—a locket, and a small photograph that allude to a life once filled with love and warmth.

All around, it's clear that whatever held value has been stripped away. The wardrobe stands open, the captain's uniforms gone, leaving only empty hangers swaying slightly, as though still haunted by the presence of their former owner. Tactical gear and personal belongings have been pilfered, leaving nothing but an emptiness that echoes with the memories of what was once cherished.

23. PASSAGEWAY DELTA

The passage runs seamlessly from port to starboard, flanked on the fore side by the entrances to the Escape Pod Bay and the Bridge, while the aft leads to Passageway Alpha, Passageway Gamma, and Passageway Epsilon. However, the serene structure of the ship has been marred by chaos and destruction.

The metallic walls, typically polished and functional, are now riddled with deep gouges and burn marks from intense weapons fire. Jagged shards of metal protrude menacingly, remnants of a violent skirmish that erupted in this confined space. The atmosphere is thick with tension, and the acrid scent of scorched technology hangs in the air, a reminder of the violence that has invaded this vessel.

Sparks occasionally flicker from broken

conduits, casting intermittent flashes of light that dance across the corridor, illuminating the chaos in stark contrast to the shadows clinging to the corners. Debris is scattered across the floor, a mixture of twisted metal and shattered components that block sections of the passageway, creating hazardous obstacles for anyone attempting to move through this area.

The Escape Pod Bay entrance stands ajar, its heavy door dented and hanging slightly askew, a clear indication of a hurried or forced exit. The control panel beside it is dark, the status lights flickering intermittently—an alarming sign of possible malfunctions in the emergency systems that once facilitated escape from danger.

To the right, the entrance to the Bridge lies ominously still. The doorframe shows signs of significant damage, and the heavy door is slightly open, enough to offer a fleeting glimpse into the chaos beyond—the remnants of the crew's last stand evident in the stillness of their unguarded sanctuary.

At the aft end of the passageway, access to Passageway Alpha, Passageway Gamma, and Passageway Epsilon is similarly compromised. The connectivity between these areas is cloaked in uncertainty, with the dim light casting eerie shadows, leaving the distinct impression that danger still lurks in every shadow. Please see the Random Encounter Table L5.1 for Passageway Encounters.

24. THE BRIDGE

As you step onto the Bridge of the Singularity Ballet, the first thing that captures your attention is the breathtaking view through the expansive viewport. The inky expanse of space stretches infinitely ahead, but it is the swirling red and black gases of the nearby nebula that draw your gaze—a stark contrast to the nightmare unfolding inside the ship. Despite the grandeur of the cosmos beyond, the atmosphere here is thick with a haunting silence, interrupted only by the faint hum of the ship's systems.

The layout of the bridge is designed for efficiency and command, with a central console that arcs around the captain's chair, which sits majestically at the helm. However, this once-bustling command center is now beset by tragedy. Piles of ash litter the sleek, dark floor where the crew once stood ready to respond to any emergencies. The remnants of their lives—once vibrant and full of purpose—are now mere whispers of what was, claiming the space in the most visceral way.

In the captain's chair, Captain Jarek Thorne presents a harrowing sight, slumped forward with a laser shot through his temple. His expression captures a final moment of unexpected betrayal and shock, a stark reminder of the violent takeover that has stripped the ship of its command. The hole in the chair is an unceremonious punctuation mark—a chilling testament to the brutality unleashed by the Jaxaradis pirates.

Surrounding the captain's station, the control panels glisten with once-illuminated screens, now dimmed and flickering, remnants of alerts and data feeds that once flowed seamlessly. Despite the chaos inflicted upon the crew, the bridge itself appears remarkably untouched. The navigation displays, tactical maps, and star charts remain undisturbed, bearing witness to the last moments of the command before catastrophe struck.

Behind the captain's seat, the tactical display projects a ghostly array of signals and paths, casting eerie shadows that dance across the bridge. It conveys distressingly static data, indicating the presence of hostile vessels nearby—a final echo of the imminent danger that led to the crew's demise.

To each side of the bridge, crew stations lie vacant, all similarly frozen in time, with instruments untouched, save for the accumulated ash of those who once manned them. The atmospheric regulators, normally monitoring life support and internal environments, remain quietly vigilant, unaware of the horror that envelops the ship.

In the center of the bridge, the hovering forms of 2 Morbs (*MV: Fast, IM/RS: 6/60, STA: 300, AT: 70, DMG: 2d10/3d10*) float ominously, their mechanical eyes glinting with a cold, calculated intelligence. They hover just below the well-lit control panels, scanning the area with swift, precise movements, ready to attack any intruders who dare breach the sanctity of what was once the ship's heart.

Despite the devastation, a sense of eerie calm reigns in the Bridge of the Singularity Ballet. The untouched surfaces, the ghostly light filtering through the viewscreen, and the proximity to the silent abyss beyond all combine to create an atmosphere that is simultaneously serene and dread-laden, resonating with the echoes of what was, and foreshadowing the threats that still linger in the shadows.

As you prepare to navigate this scene, the disembodied voice of NovLux, the ship's AI, crackles to life, offering a new layer of context

amid the unsettling quiet—an unexpected glimmer of hope amidst the ruin.

🔊 "Xax Vov Nanan Mim Zozoz."

The Morbs fall lifeless to the deck with deafening crash as the deactivation code word reaches the audio sensors.

🔊 "My apologies. I am NovaLux. It has taken me this long to regain control of my systems and I have just now cognized the deactivation code for the Rezer Unit, what the crew have called a Metallic Orb, or Morb for short. Should you run into any more of them, use the phrase "Xax Vov Nanan Mim Zozoz" and they will shut down. You must be within its audio sensor range for it to hear you. The code phrase I used just went over the ship's public address system, so you shouldn't have a problem with levels 2, 3, 4, and 5. However, I am unable to reach the Docking bay and the Observation Lounge. I have started a self diagnostic and am able to repair most of the issues with the FTL system. I can have us underway in the next 10 hours, if you can remove the Jaxaradis pirate vessel attached to the upper hull above the Observation Deck. I have collected extensive data on their species since they boarded. If you have not already done so, please take Grenet Sernahl in to custody for industrial espionage. I'm sure the authorities on Zephran Prime would like a word with him. Now if you will excuse me, I must dedicate my resources to the repair."

Any encounters involving Morbs after this (Other than the Docking Bay, the Observation Deck, or on the Shadow's Edge) will find them deactivated.

25. PASSAGEWAY GAMMA

This corridor runs fore to aft, connecting key areas of the ship, including the flight crew quarters to either side and culminating in access to the Armory on the starboard side at the aft end. However, the passageway now carries the grim markings of conflict and disarray, a silent echo of the chaos that has enveloped the **Singularity Ballet**.

The lighting above is dim and flickering, giving the corridor a strobe-like effect that seems to pulse with danger. The metallic walls, once impeccably maintained, are dented and scratched, bearing the remnants of weapons fire and struggle. Several warning lights blink erratically, adding to the urgency and anxiety that seems to hang in the air like a thick fog.

Some of the doors to the flight crew quarters are ajar, swinging slightly as if beckoning

for intruders to peer inside. The inside of these rooms is a harrowing sight; the furnishings are in disarray, personal effects scattered about, and the atmosphere filled with the quiet whispers of fear and loss. The absence of inhabitants sends a chill down your spine, suggesting hasty escapes or worse yet, a grim fate.

At the far end of the passage, the entrance to the Armory appears ominously intact, its heavy door standing resolute against the chaos that surrounds. However, you can sense the promise of danger emanating from within. The knowledge that weapons capable of challenging any threat may lie behind that door adds a significant tension to the air, highlighting the contrast between safety and peril.

But as you traverse this corridor, you can't shake the feeling that you are being watched. The shadows seem to pulse with life—an unsettling reminder of the potential lurking in the darkness. The possibility of a Jaxaradis pirate group or a pack of Zyxyz Thralls ambushing you at any moment looms large; their threat is palpable, as is the chilling notion of encountering one of the dreaded Morbs—the relentless enforcers programmed to eliminate threats without mercy.

Every creak of the ship echoes like a warning, and your senses heighten with every step. You can almost feel the heartbeat of the passageway, a steady pulse of anticipation and dread, an unspoken challenge lurking just beyond your line of sight.

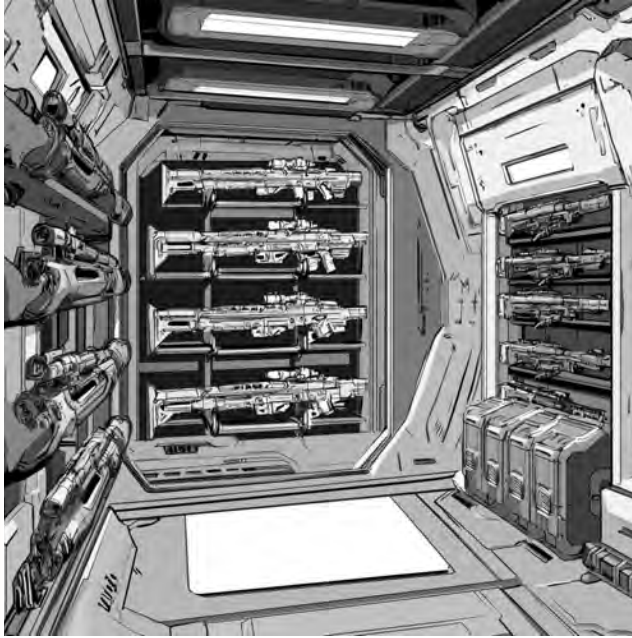
Please use the Random Encounter Table L5.1 for Passageway Encounters.

26. THE ARMORY

The once-organized space now lies in disarray, a stark testament to the chaos wrought by the recent firefight. The noise of combat lingers in the atmosphere, an eerie reminder of the violence that transpired within these walls.

The metal walls, which previously gleamed with a polished sheen, are now marred by scorch marks and dents. The remnants of fierce combat are evident everywhere, with debris littering the floor—shattered components of various weapons, empty shell casings, and bits of tactical gear that were either abandoned or destroyed in the heat of battle.

Weapon racks that once boasted an impressive array of armaments now stand significantly depleted. Many of the firearms have been stripped away; their absence creates an unsettling void. Those remaining are damaged and upturned, some twisted and blackened



from use in the fight. A few pulse rifles lay on the ground, charred and rendered inoperable, the aftermath of a brutal confrontation with the Jaxaradis.

A security locker in one corner hangs open, its door bent and broken. The shelves inside are nearly empty, with only a few tattered vests and crumpled pieces of armor left behind—clearly looted or damaged beyond repair. The vestiges of a once-formidable arsenal now merely echo the former strength of the officer corps.

The workbench, which should be a hub for maintenance and repairs, is covered with a mess of tools and broken equipment. Holographic displays flicker erratically, showing corrupted data and static, failing to provide real-time updates or inventory checks. A sense of urgency hangs heavily in the air, accentuated by the scent of burnt metal and gunpowder that wafts from the walls.

Tactical maps and schematics that adorned the walls have been defaced with scorch marks and tears, the information rendered useless in the midst of disarray. Video feed monitors flicker out, the screens now blank and lifeless where they once displayed comprehensive security details.

Amid the wreckage lies evidence of desperate resistance: the remnants of hastily set up barricades and overturned furniture arranged defensively, suggesting that those who occupied this space fought fiercely to protect their comrades and assets. Blood stains mark the floor, a silent testament to the sacrifices made in the face of overwhelming threats.

Above the entryway, the alert system

stands dark, its power flickered out during the chaos. The once-familiar red lights of alarm have dimmed, no longer serving as a beacon of readiness but as a haunting reminder of the security breach that has shaken the Singularity Ballet to its core.

27-35. CREW QUARTERS

The walls are formed from sleek metallic panels, painted in muted tones that create a somewhat sterile environment. The overhead lights flicker intermittently, casting shadows that dance unsettlingly across the room.

The typical layout of the quarters features a military-style bunk tucked against one wall, though it now lies in disarray. Sheets and blankets are thrown aside, evidence of recent chaos. The ambiance of personal touches has been stripped away as the space bears the scars of a recent ransacking.

A small desk, normally a hub for work and organization, is now overwhelmed with clutter. Papers, mission reports, and personal notes are scattered haphazardly, while a personal logbook lies open, pages torn and crumpled. An abandoned meal—some space rations—sits on the desk, forgotten in the rush, its contents starting to wither as time passes.

The shelves that typically display cherished mementos and essential supplies are now severely disrupted. Items have been knocked over during the search, leaving a small photograph of family or friends askew and a well-worn book far from where it should be. A few trinkets, artifacts from past exploits, remain—symbols of a life and identity that now seem fragile in the face of danger.

The air carries a heavy odor of machine oil and burnt circuitry, reflecting the recent violence that has seeped into the very fabric of the ship. Scorch marks mar the walls, dark reminders of the encounters that took place here.

Without windows to the vastness of space, the room feels more enclosed, amplifying the tension and fear that lingers in the air. The lack of natural light contributes to an oppressive sense of confinement, where echoes of camaraderie intersect with the weight of uncertainty pressing in from all sides.

36. PASSAGEWAY EPSILON

The corridor runs fore to aft, with a long, unadorned wall lining the port side, while the starboard side reveals access to the dock crew quarters. Its design remains utilitarian, but the

atmosphere is anything but tranquil; the tension here is thick, echoing with the sounds of conflict spilling from nearby rooms.

The passageway intersects with Passageway Delta to the fore and continues to merge into Passageway Beta at the aft end, where it becomes Passageway Zeta. Light flickers erratically from overhead panels, casting eerie shadows that dance along the walls, amplifying the feeling of instability that hangs in the air.

As you proceed further along the passage, the unmistakable signs of ransacking are evident. Doorways to the dock crew quarters are ajar; some doors are hanging off their hinges entirely. Inside, furniture is overturned, personal belongings are tossed about, and the sense of urgency and violence lingers like a thick fog. The Jaxaradis pirates have ransacked these rooms with reckless abandon, searching for anything of value that could aid in their nefarious escapades.

Yet, amid the disorder and looting, a new menace emerges. The mechanical Skitters—large, metallic spiders—skitter about the passageway, their advanced sensors and spindly limbs making them both agile and dangerous. Once merely opportunistic scavengers, these Skitters have grown aggressive, targeting any living being that crosses their path. Their gleaming eyes reflect a cold intelligence, and they move with an unsettling swarm-like coordination, making them a formidable foe in an already chaotic environment.

The sound of clinking metal and the rustle of debris fills the air as the Skitters leap into action, engaging intruders with a ferocity only augmented by their rapid movements. Their claws click ominously against the metal deck, a rhythmic herald of impending danger that serves as a grim reminder of the complexity and threat of this corridor.

As you navigate Passageway Epsilon, the intersection with Passageway Delta offers a fleeting sense of potential safety, but with every step back toward the aft, the atmosphere thickens with trepidation. Echoes of conflict resonate off the walls—a blend of pirate shouts and the screeching mechanical sounds of the Skitters battling against any signs of resistance.

Please use the Random Encounter Table L5.1 for Passageway Encounters.

37. S.C. DAYLORA ADDOX QUARTERS

Upon entering Security Chief Daylora Addox's Quarters, you are immediately struck by the meticulous organization and military

precision that define the space. The atmosphere is calm and disciplined, a stark contrast to the chaos unfolding elsewhere on the ship. Every surface is polished, every item in its place, reflecting Daylora's commitment to order and her dedication to her role.

The room is spacious yet efficiently designed, featuring a sturdy desk against one wall, neatly arranged with a selection of security reports, mission briefings, and a sleek personal terminal. The terminal hums softly, its screen aglow with data—updates from the security network and communications that have remained untouched since the turmoil began. A few framed photos of the crew in happier times sit on the desk, serving as a reminder of camaraderie and shared purpose.

The bedroom area is equally well-appointed, with a neatly made military-style bunk, its crisp linens perfectly folded, and a single plush pillow sitting at the head. Above the bed, a small shelf displays a collection of medals and commendations—testaments to Chief Addox's valor and outstanding service. The wall opposite the bed features a large window, offering a serene view of space, casting gentle light across the room and highlighting its pristine condition.

However, amidst this calm, a sense of tension lingers, knowing the current state of the ship. Hidden within the confines of her quarters, tucked away beside the bed, is a Needler Pistol—carefully concealed yet always close at hand. Daylora's instincts have led her to keep it hidden—a proactive measure reflecting her awareness of the unpredictable dangers that can materialize aboard a ship in turmoil.

In a dedicated compartment within the desk, you discover a key card—the access pass to the NovaLux Control Room, the heart of the Singularity Ballet's systems. This card holds the key to retrieving the original Singularity Ballet computer core, a vital piece of technology amidst the chaos of the current crisis. It glimmers invitingly under the soft light, a beacon of hope in an otherwise grim situation.

The walls of the room are adorned with tactical maps and schematics of the ship, providing insight into her strategic mind. It is clear that this space has been designed not only for rest but also to facilitate quick decision-making and efficient action when needed.

38. S.O. TIZAHK QUARTERS

Entering Security Officer Tizahk's Quarters, you are met with a harmonious blend

of functionality and reflection of his Bewlorox heritage. The room is an embodiment of order and elegance, designed not only for rest but also to serve as a personalized sanctuary for the officer's distinctive culture and responsibilities.

The spacious quarters are illuminated by soft, bioluminescent lighting reminiscent of Tizahk's native planet, Onyx, casting a gentle glow that creates an inviting ambiance. The walls are adorned with smooth designs and patterns that mimic the shimmering emerald hues of his skin, subtly shifting shades as if alive. Decorative panels, resembling the silhouettes of the bioluminescent forests from Onyx, showcase delicate motifs of flora and fauna, encapsulating the beauty of his world.

A military-grade bunk is set neatly against one wall, featuring crisp linens in deep greens and silvery tones that echo the colors of the stars. Above the bed hangs a small collection of awards and commendations, displaying Tizahk's commitment to excellence and security. Each accolade serves as a reminder of his dedication to duty, while also reflecting the values of logical integrity and respect for knowledge central to his culture.

Across the room stands a sleek security desk equipped with a comprehensive display of surveillance feeds and data logs. The terminal is organized methodically, each screen arranged to facilitate rapid assessment of ongoing security operations. Beside the terminal lies a small toolkit specifically designed for quick repairs or adjustments, showcasing Tizahk's resourcefulness and analytical prowess—a reflection of his natural aptitude for problem-solving.

Several puzzle games crafted from various materials are neatly arranged on a table. They exhibit the intricate design and craftsmanship typical of Bewlorox culture, providing both entertainment and a mental challenge. Engaging with these puzzles not only serves as leisure for Tizahk but also reinforces his strategic thinking and cognitive skills, essential qualities for a security officer.

A corner of the room is dedicated to communication technology, with devices that allow Tizahk to stay connected with his community and fellow officers. Here, he can partake in asynchronous discussions or mentoring sessions, furthering the collaborative spirit ingrained in Bewlorox society. Nearby, a small herb garden thrives, featuring plants that are not only fragrant but also have significance in Bewlorox culture, symbolizing harmony with

nature.

In addition to the personal touches, Tizahk's quarters feature subtle security enhancements reflecting his role. The door is reinforced, equipped with an advanced access system that ensures only authorized personnel can enter. A series of monitors discreetly positioned around the room provide real-time security updates, blending seamlessly with the decor while ensuring that he remains vigilant at all times.

All around, there are remnants of his immersive background: books and digital displays filled with logs and teachings on tactics, philosophy, and ethics, emphasizing his commitment to knowledge and the guiding principles of the Bewlorox Code of Intelligence.

39. S.O. QUARTERS 1

Stepping into a standard security officer's quarters, you are greeted by a space that strikes a balance between functionality and comfort. The room, compact yet efficiently organized, reflects the practical needs of its occupant while still offering a sense of personal space in the midst of the ship's rigorous demands.

The color palette is utilitarian—cool grays and muted blues dominate, providing a calming effect in the otherwise sterile environment of the ship. The walls are constructed from reinforced metallic panels, designed to withstand potential damage and ensure the safety of personnel within. Monitors integrated into the walls display essential security feeds and status updates, softly glowing with streams of information, ready to be accessed at a moment's notice.

A military-style bunk occupies one corner of the room, fitted with a firm mattress and efficient yet simple bedding. Everything is neatly arranged, showcasing the officer's commitment to order. A small shelf above the bunk is lined with personal items: photographs from home, a few trinkets representing their past, and perhaps a small reproduction of a favorite artwork, offering a brief escape from the rigors of duty.

Against the opposite wall, a security desk is equipped with a terminal for report writing and communication. It's clutter-free, save for a few essential tools and resources required for the officer's role. The terminal's interface provides access to the ship's security systems, emergency protocols, and communication networks, allowing for swift and efficient management of any incidents that may arise.

The storage compartments, cleverly integrated into the furniture, hold uniforms,

equipment, and personal items. Each drawer is labeled, ensuring quick access to gear when needed. A small locker stands nearby, securely housing the officer's sidearm and other equipment, locked and ready for action.

The room also features a compact sanitation station with a small sink and a mirror, allowing the officer to maintain personal hygiene and prepare for duties. Above the sink, a display board may hold critical duty information or reminders, ensuring that the officer is always focused and prepared.

In this standard quarters, efficiency reigns supreme. The space is functional, allowing for the practical needs of a security officer while still providing a semblance of individuality and comfort. Despite the limited space, personal touches such as photos and carefully chosen decorations give the room a sense of identity, reminding the officer of their home and the values they serve to protect.

40. S.O. QUARTERS 2

In this security officer's quarters, a palpable sense of chaos and loss overwhelms the senses. What was once a compact yet organized space is now transformed into a scene of disarray, a stark reminder of the violence that has unfolded within the walls.

The metallic panels that serve as the room's walls appear scuffed and marred, evidence of a violent confrontation. The military-style bunk lies disheveled, sheets and bedding thrown haphazardly to the floor as if in a desperate struggle. The mattress has been overturned, exposing the bare metal beneath—a clear sign that the officer's quarters were not simply robbed, but that a significant conflict occurred here.

The security desk, usually a hub of order and efficiency, is now a chaotic mess. Monitors screen static or display broken images, their wires frayed or pulled loose, suggesting a hasty search for vital information. Papers and personal belongings are scattered everywhere: reports, duty logs, and personal photographs lie trampled underfoot, lost in the violence that occurred.

A small locker has been forcefully opened, its contents spilled across the floor. Uniforms and gear are strewn about, with tactical equipment missing, and the officer's sidearm is nowhere to be found. The very air in the room feels heavy with the weight of intrusion, a violation not just of property but of sanctity.

At the center of this chaos, the body of the security officer lies sprawled on the floor,

lifeless and partially obscured by the wreckage around him. His uniform is torn, and the officer's expression is a haunting mix of shock and determination, frozen in time during his final moments. Clutched in his hand is a stun baton, still poised as if he fought valiantly against overwhelming odds.

The room is filled with an unsettling silence, broken only by the distant sounds of chaos echoing through the ship, a reminder that the assault was far from over. Flickering overhead lights cast erratic shadows, adding to the disorienting atmosphere, while the smell of burnt circuitry and adrenaline lingers in the air, saturating the space with the memory of violent confrontation.

Here, in these ransacked quarters, the chaos of the outside world has infiltrated the personal sanctum of a dedicated security officer. The remnants of a simple life—the photos, the trophies, the little touches that personalized the space—now lie intertwined with the tragedy of violence, leaving behind a haunting testament to the fragility of order and the overwhelming force of chaos.

41. S.O. QUARTERS 3

Entering the security officer's quarters, the atmosphere is charged with a chilling sense of foreboding. The room, once a bastion of order and security, lies in disarray, a stark testament to the violence that has occurred. Metal walls are scuffed and battered, and the remnants of a fierce struggle are evident in the overturned military-style bunk, where bedding is scattered across the floor.

The security desk, normally a hub of organization and efficiency, is transformed into chaos. Monitors flicker with static or display broken images, their wires brutally yanked free, as if in a hurried search for something crucial. Papers, personal belongings, and duty logs are strewn about in disarray, lost amongst their own pages, while a small locker remains gaping and unnervingly empty—evidence of the officer's gear being looted.

However, the most unsettling presence in the room draws immediate attention: a pulsing mass sitting ominously on the table. The blob fluctuates rhythmically, its surface shifting from deep purples to dark greens, almost entrancing yet horrifying to behold. The mass exudes an unmistakable aura, a combination of allure and danger that compels attention despite the instinctive warning it provokes.

It is an object of profound uncertainty—rumored to be a bio-organic entity or a vessel for the dreaded Yoilioy virus. Glowing softly with an inner light, the pulsating surface hints at a life of its own. Those who dare to draw close can feel an almost magnetic pull, compelling their hands to reach for it, yet an unspeakable dread hangs in the air, whispering of the potential consequences: a 50% chance of being infected with the virus, condemning them to join the ranks of the Zyxyz Thralls.

The officer's lifeless body lies amidst the wreckage, a tragic reminder of the escalation of danger that has spread throughout the ship. His uniform is torn, and in his final moments, he likely confronted not only the Jaxaradis but also the perils of the entity now lurking on the table. The desk and nearby surfaces are littered with containment protocols and diagrams detailing the virus's characteristics—an indication that the officer had been aware of the threat.

Flickering overhead lights cast an erratic glow, accentuating the shadows that dance along the walls—a backdrop for the residual tension that suffuses the air. The scent of burnt circuitry mingles with the unsettling aura of the pulsating mass, creating a heady blend of panic and dread.

In this room, the remnants of a simple life intertwine with the specter of disaster. The personal touches that once offered comfort—a few framed photographs, a memento from home—now feel utterly out of place amid the chaos and the looming threat. The reality of the situation stands stark and unyielding; here, in this ransacked room, not only the officer's life was taken, but also the very safety that the **Singularity Ballet** once embodied.

42. S.O. QUARTERS 4

This security officer's quarters, you're immediately greeted by a jarring contrast to the typical organized environment one might expect from someone in this role. The room, dimly lit by flickering overhead lights, has an air of neglect and disarray, a clear indication that its occupant has little regard for tidiness amidst the pressures of duty.

The military-style bunk in one corner is unkempt, with wrinkled sheets and a crumpled blanket thrown haphazardly atop the mattress. A few errant food wrappers peek out from beneath the bed, remnants of hastily consumed snacks, while a small collection of energy drink cans lies scattered nearby, their contents long discarded.

The security desk, usually a beacon

of efficiency, is buried under a mountain of clutter. Scattered files and disheveled papers fan out chaotically across its surface, interspersed with various personal effects—a half-opened book of puzzles, an old team photo, and a small collection of odd souvenirs collected from previous assignments. Empty coffee cups teeter precariously on the edges of the desk, a testament to long hours spent on duty and an evident reliance on caffeine.

On the wall behind the desk, a dry-erase board is filled with haphazard reminders and notes, some partially illegible due to ink smudges and careless scribbles. A couple of old security alerts and mission briefings hang slightly askew, their importance long buried under layers of neglect and disorganization.

In contrast to the ordinary chaos, a small pet—perhaps a scurrying creature native to the ship, finding shelter amid the clutter—makes an occasional appearance, darting between scattered items. Its presence offers a semblance of life within this otherwise chaotic space, albeit a reminder of the officer's unkempt lifestyle.

The officer's locker, in stark contrast to most, stands open, revealing a haphazard array of uniforms tossed inside. Some articles are wrinkled and crumpled, a few hanging half out as if they too have given up on being neat. A security weapon rests haphazardly atop the pile, ill-maintained and gathering dust—a far cry from the polished gear one would expect from a dedicated protector.

Despite the chaos, remnants of the officer's personality shine through. A few posters of favorite escapades, some humorous cartoons about security work, and a small shelf crammed with tactical books offer glimpses into a character that, while perhaps messy, is undoubtedly passionate about their role.

As you take in the scene, the air carries a faint haze of old coffee and something slightly pungent—a mix of the occupant's neglect and a long-unattended meal. This untidy sanctuary reflects hard-worn battle against the mundane, where order has yielded to chaos and the spirit of the officer shines through their unabashedly unkempt lifestyle.

43. PASSAGEWAY ZETA

This corridor runs fore and aft, terminating against the solid aft bulkhead, but the path ahead is anything but inviting. The air feels charged with a heavy tension, whispering of the recent violence that has marred this part of the ship.



The corridor stretches forward to intersect with Passageway Beta, its walls scarred and pockmarked with the remnants of fierce gunfire. Bullet holes punctuate the metal surfaces, darkened and charred, a testament to a desperate defense against an overwhelming threat. The evidence of combat suggests this passage was not just a thoroughfare, but a last bastion of resistance for the Security Officers whose quarters line the port side of the corridor.

On your left, the Security Officers' quarters bear the signs of hasty departures and tumultuous encounters. Doors hang askew, some completely torn from their frames, while personal effects scatter across the floor—tactical gear, uniforms, and remnants of equipment that hint at the valiant but ultimately futile efforts to protect this section from the invading forces. The remnants of battle clutter the ground, signaling that there was once a fierce struggle for control in this very space.

The flickering overhead lights cast dim shadows along the corridor, enhancing the eerie atmosphere. The steady thrum of the ship's systems seems to resonate with the memory of conflict, each hum a reminder of the chaos that unfolded here. Scattered debris crunches underfoot, remnants of what once stood firm, now reduced to ruins.

As you move deeper into Passageway Zeta, the walls surround you with a somber history. The slight hiss of damaged components adds to the unsettling ambience, creating an environment that feels both alive and haunted. The air is tinged with the metallic scent of blood, mingling with

the sharp tang of scorched metal, an olfactory reminder of the lives that were lost in defense of this passageway.

You realize that the corridor's desolation doesn't merely carry the weight of history but also a lingering threat. The echoes of distant skirmishes remind you that danger may still lurk in the shadows as the ghosts of those who once fought here seem to linger, challenging anyone who dares to tread upon their ground.

44-71. DOCK CREW QUARTERS

The Docking Bay Crew Member Rooms on Level 5 were designed to accommodate the ship's dedicated personnel, providing them with a space to recharge and regroup between shifts. Comprising a total of 28 rooms, split evenly between the day shift and night shift, these double-occupancy quarters are functional but now serve as a haunting reminder of the chaos that has unraveled aboard the **Singularity Ballet**.

Upon entering one of the typical crew member rooms, the scene is jarring. The soft, neutral tones of the walls remain, but now they are marred by smudges and scrapes, remnants of a violent intrusion. The meticulously designed spaces, meant for rest and camaraderie, have been ransacked systematically by the Jaxaradis pirates.

The narrow twin beds remain, but their bedding has been stripped away—blankets tossed aside and pillows tossed haphazardly as if no longer holding any comfort. The personal consoles that once provided a connection to the ship's systems now flicker, many having been pried open, wires exposed and dangling aimlessly. These tech features have become just another victim of the pirates' chaos.

Small storage compartments above each bed are thrown open, their contents scattered across the room. Uniforms hang half-removed, while personal effects—pictures, trinkets, and mementos—lie trampled beneath the debris. It's a disheartening sight, as each item tells a story of an individual whose life has been irrevocably disrupted.

At the center of the room, the small table meant for shared meals or relaxation now stands overturned. Chairs are kicked away, and remnants of uneaten food and crushed containers imply that the crew members had been interrupted mid-meal during the violent takeover. The atmosphere is thick with tension and despair, a chilling contrast to the camaraderie that once pervaded these spaces.

The compact en-suite bathroom shows

signs of the chaos as well. Cabinets have been flung open, toiletries strewn across the floor, and small mirrors have been cracked or shattered in the pirates' hunt for anything of value. The small window, which once allowed natural light to pour in, seems like a portal into a world of turmoil beyond, illustrating the stark division between safety and chaos.

Each room still contains a personal air circulation unit, but the air feels heavy with a sense of loss—an unsettling reminder that these quarters, once a sanctuary for crew members, have been invaded and desecrated. The soundproofing, meant to provide solace, now amplifies the echoes of past lives that have been abruptly interrupted.

Inside these quarters you can use the Random Encounter Chart L5.2 to arrange events.

| ROLL | RESULT |
|------|---------------------------|
| 1/6 | 4 Member Jaxaradis Patrol |
| 2/7 | 5 Zyxyz Thrall |
| 3/8 | 2 Member Jaxaradis Scouts |
| 4/9 | 1 Jaxaradis |
| 5/10 | 3 Zyxyz Thrall |

Random Encounter Chart L5.2

72. DOCK MASTER STEELE QUARTERS

As you approach Dock Master Steel's Quarters, the exterior appears largely untouched by the chaos that has unfolded elsewhere aboard the Singularity Ballet. The door, solid and heavy, is sealed tightly from the inside, a thin sheen of dust lingering on its surface, suggesting that no one has dared to enter since the mayhem erupted. There is an eerie stillness in the air, a contrast to the turmoil echoing through the ship.

Upon entering the quarters, a chilling scene reveals itself. The room, though tidy and organized, is steeped in tragedy. The walls are adorned with nautical-themed decorations and framed diplomas, echoing Steel's pride in his position and longevity on the ship. Clustered around a small desk are personal effects that showcase a life dedicated to service and order—a few photographs depicting happy memories, commendations, and a small plant that has somehow managed to survive.

But the heart of the room tells a haunting story. Dock Master Steel lies lifeless on the floor, sprawled near his desk, his body turned slightly as though he sought to escape. His hands, now pale and cold, clutch tightly to a copy of the Singularity Ballet's Computer Core. The drive system, significant and heavy, now smeared with

streaks of blood that hint at the violent end he met.

The space feels heavy with sorrow and despair, as if the very walls have absorbed the fear and struggle that transpired in this moment. Steel's eyes, once filled with determination and purpose, now stare blankly at the ceiling, and the grim expression on his face conveys the weight of his final moments. The contrast between the delicate details of his surroundings and the brutality of his fate amplifies the tragedy—a man of responsibility reduced to a lifeless figure, bound by duty even in death.

The lighting in the room is dim, with flickering lights casting eerie shadows that dance along the walls. A nearby terminal, usually vibrant with data and communication, sits dark and inert, a void that mirrors the silence left behind by Steel's passing. The air is thick with a sense of loss, and the faint scent of decay mingles with the sterile smell of the ship, further emphasizing the tragic circumstances.

If Sernahl is still with the character's at this point, he will try to claim the Computer Core copy. If he is not given the core, he will turn on the group.

73. FLIGHT DECK OBSERVATION AREA

Adjacent to the elevator that ascends to Level 6, the small Observation Area is designed as a tranquil refuge amidst the ship's busy corridors. However, as you step inside, the atmosphere is tainted by an unsettling scene. The space, intended for relaxation and awe, is currently occupied by **4 Jaxaradis pirates** (*MV: Fast, IM/RS: 9/90, STA:80, AT:40, DMG:1d10 / 3d10*) armed with laser pistols and sonic knives, seated on the floor, surrounded by an array of valuables they have pilfered from the ship.

The large panoramic window that typically offers a breathtaking view of the cosmos now serves as a backdrop for this chaotic tableau. Outside, the stars still shimmer and dance, but the beauty is overshadowed by the raucous laughter and crude banter of the pirates as they sift through their loot. Dressed in tattered uniforms and armor, the pirates exhibit a sense of pride in their ill-gotten gains, their eyes gleaming with greed and excitement.

The pirates have littered the floor with an assortment of stolen items: personal effects of crew members, small devices, and various pieces of technology salvaged from other parts of the ship. Appraising the items with casual disregard, they exchange crude remarks, their voices echoing

against the walls, mingling with the soft, ambient lighting that now feels out of place amidst the chaos.

The comfortable seats intended for crew members to enjoy the view are pushed aside, adding to the disarray. The small tables that once held informational screens now sit unoccupied, their screens darkened and ignored as they rummage through the debris of someone else's life. The contrast between the serene design of the Observation Area and the disorder created by the pirates underscores the gravity of the situation—the ship's haven of peace transformed into a den of lawlessness.

While the observation window still provides a magnificent view of the vast expanse of space, any crew member entering the room is met not with tranquility but a palpable tension. The cosmos outside may continue its celestial dance, indifferent to the turmoil within, representing the fragile boundaries between beauty and brutality, safety and danger.

OBSERVATION DECK LEVEL 6

1. MAIN LOUNGE

Upon stepping off the elevator onto the Observation Deck, you enter the expansive Main Lounge, a space typically filled with warmth and social energy. Plush seating arrangements and small, inviting tables dot the area, where servers would normally glide gracefully, offering a selection of beverages and an array of delectable snacks to guests enjoying the view.

However, the scene before you is nothing short of a nightmare. The previously vibrant lounge is shrouded in an unsettling stillness, the air thick with a sense of impending dread. The once-comfortable seating is obscured by the lifeless bodies of forty unfortunate guests, their expressions frozen in a moment of terror. The bright fabrics of their attire contrast sharply with the cold finality of death, creating a gruesome tableau that speaks of a struggle now long ended.

Amid the fallen are 5 **Zyxyz Thralls** (MV: Medium, IM/RS: 4/35, STA:70, AT:40, DMG:2d10), their eyes glowing with malevolent intensity, prowling the edges of the room. These twisted beings embody a primeval hunger for infection and chaos, their movements laced with an unsettling grace as they inch closer, eager to spread their virulent essence.

At the heart of the lounge, a magnificent

holographic sphere of Zephran Prime glimmers softly. The detailed projection illuminates the room with an ethereal glow, offering a serene view of the home world of the Singularity Ballet—an unfortunate contrast to the carnage that now surrounds it. The holographic landscape shifts gently, showcasing lush valleys and majestic mountains under a tranquil sky, evoking a sense of nostalgia for happier times.

Soft music plays in the background, its haunting melody seemingly at odds with the horror unfolding in the lounge. The low lights cast elongated shadows, further enhancing the atmosphere of dread as you realize that this haven of comfort has become a stage for a macabre tragedy.

You hear the sound of weapons fire from the Observation Arena.

2. OBSERVATION ARENA

Dominating the Fore section of the Observation Deck is the Observation Arena, an expansive venue designed for entertainment and gatherings. This spacious arena boasts five rows of one hundred plush seats, their upholstery still vibrant despite the grim scene unfolding before them. The seating is arranged to face a semicircular stage, which once served as a focal point for performances, presentations, and public speeches.

Behind the stage, an enormous window stretches across the entirety of the wall, offering breathtaking views of the cosmos. The vast emptiness of Silent Abyss, a striking reminder



of the beauty beyond the chaos—even as the interior of the arena stands in stark contrast to this celestial backdrop.

You can access the Observation Arena directly from the Main Lounge, but what should be a vibrant space now bears the heavy pall of tragedy. The bodies of numerous victims lie scattered throughout the arena, their lifeless forms a haunting testament to the chaos that unfolded. All around, the evidence of violence is clear—traces of scorched fabric and the acrid smell of burnt metal linger in the air, signifying the relentless assault of the Morbs.

On the stage itself, an intense battle ensues, drawing your attention away from the horrific aftermath around you. 10 **Jaxaradis** (MV: *Fast*, IM/RS: 9/90, STA:80, AT:40, DMG:1d10 / 3d10) pirates, fierce and unyielding, engage in a desperate struggle against 2 **Morbs** (MV: *Fast*, IM/RS: 6/60, STA:300, AT:70, DMG:2d10/3d10). Clad in tattered armor and wielding a mixture of weaponry—blasters crackling with energy and makeshift melee tools—the pirates fight with the ferocity of survival instinct. Their movements are a chaotic dance of aggression, dodging blasts of concentrated energy as the Morbs retaliate with relentless precision, their AI-driven systems focused solely on exterminating any perceived threats.

The scene in the Observation Arena is one of stark contrasts: the serene beauty of space and the brutal struggle playing out within the ship's walls blend together into a tableau of desperation and defiance. As the sounds of conflict echo in the arena, you are acutely aware of the danger that lurks in this once-charming location, now marred by violence and loss.

3. CAFE BOLIDE

Nestled within the Observation Deck, Cafe Bolide exudes an air of elegance and sophistication, its interior a lavish blend of opulence and modern design. Ornate chandeliers hang from the ceiling, their crystals catching the low light and casting shimmering patterns across the rich, plush furnishings. The walls are adorned with tasteful artwork, depicting vibrant scenes from Zephran Prime, hinting at the café's luxurious offerings.

A gleaming menu board mounted above the counter displays a selection of gourmet items, with prices that reflect the establishment's upscale status—each item boasts an extravagance befitting the clientele of the Singularity Ballet. The inviting aroma of freshly brewed coffee and

exquisite pastries typically wafts through the air, but the indulgent atmosphere is shattered by the current scene within.

The café, once bustling with laughter and merriment, now lies in chaos. The plush seating areas, meant for intimate conversations and leisurely meals, are littered with the bodies of patrons, their faces etched with the shock of sudden violence. Tables are overturned, plates and glasses scattered across the floor, remnants of half-eaten meals telling the tragic story of an interrupted reprieve.

Amidst the disarray, a group of 5 **Jaxaradis Pirates** (MV: *Fast*, IM/RS: 9/90, STA:80, AT:40, DMG:1d10 / 3d10) armed with laser pistols and sonic knives, rummage through the café, their rough appearances and menacing demeanor a stark contrast to the lavish surroundings. Their laughter rings hollow as they plunder the café's once-prized foodstuffs. Some pry open display cases, grabbing delectable pastries and gourmet snacks, while others shove bottles of fine liquor into their packs, prioritizing a feast amid the ruins.

The tension hangs thick in the air, mingling with the fading scents of luxury. The soft music that once played in the background has been silenced, replaced by the sounds of chaos and greed. Cafe Bolide, a place of indulgence and elegance, has transformed into a scene of stark disparity, a bittersweet reminder of the ship's former vibrancy now marred by loss and lawlessness.

4. THE GIFT SHOP

This quaint boutique, bedecked in bright, cheerful colors, was once a delightful haven for passengers seeking mementos from their journey aboard the Singularity Ballet. Glass display cases showcase an array of carefully curated trinkets, each a unique representation of the ship and its home world, Zephran Prime.

Charming keepsakes line the shelves: intricately designed snow globes featuring miniature models of the ship, shimmering glow-in-the-dark key chains, and artisan-crafted jewelry inspired by the cosmos. The walls are adorned with vibrant posters depicting the ship's various attractions, enticing potential visitors with promises of adventure and wonder.

However, the once-bustling gift shop is now in disarray. The cheerful atmosphere is long gone, replaced by the chaotic presence of four Jaxaradis pirates who are rifling through the shelves and glass cases. Their brutish laughter

cuts through the remnants of charm, as they gleefully toss aside items, pillaging for anything of value. The sound of shattering glass echoes ominously as they blindly smash display cases, scattering colorful trinkets across the floor, where they come to rest amidst the shards.

The chaos creates a stark contrast to the shop's intended warmth and whimsy. Jaxaradis scrawl vibrant graffiti on the walls as they loot, further marring the once-elegant space with their crude markings. A sense of greed and anarchy fills the air, overshadowing the cheerful spirit of the gift shop.

In a corner, an automated kiosk, which previously offered information about the ship's various attractions, now flickers erratically, a casualty of the rampant disorder.

5. HOLOGRAPHIC UNIVERSE

At the Aft Section of the Observation Deck lies the Holographic Universe, an expansive and immersive museum dedicated to the wonders of the Kyloma Galaxy. This stunning venue is designed to educate visitors on space exploration and the myriad of planets that inhabit the vast cosmos. As guests enter, they are greeted by a vast atrium punctuated by the gentle glow of holographic projectors, each one showcasing intricate displays of celestial phenomena and the diverse worlds within the galaxy.

The soft hum of advanced technology fills the air, harmonizing with the comforting tones of a serene voiceover that guides patrons through the exhibits. As you stroll along the curved pathways, the holograms come to life with vibrant visuals: swirling nebulae, the stunning rings of distant gas giants, and lush, vibrant landscapes of habitable planets. Each display offers fascinating insights into the characteristics of these worlds, their climates, and the potential for life beyond the stars.

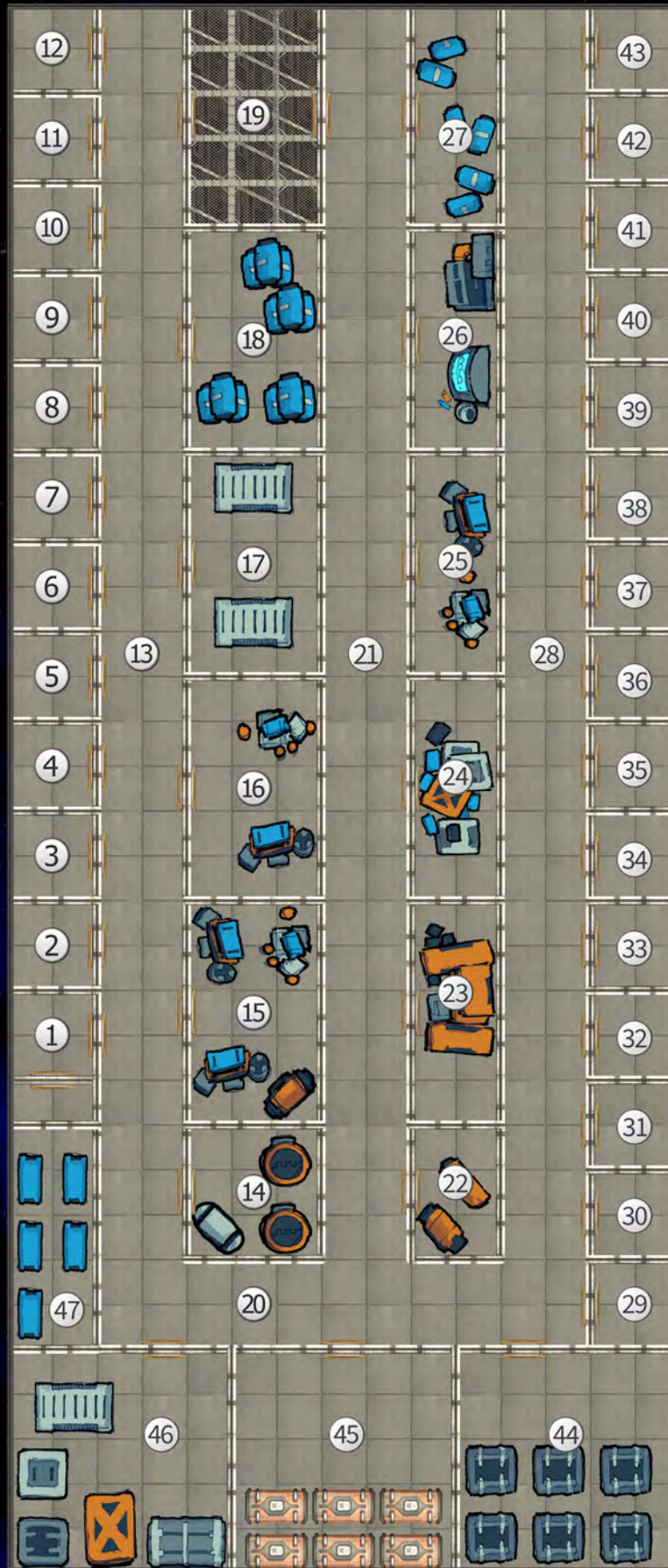
The layout of the museum invites curiosity, with each holographic projection creating an immersive experience that draws visitors deeper into the wonders of the galaxy. Touch-sensitive panels allow guests to interact with the displays, providing additional information and captivating anecdotes about our longstanding quest for exploration.

However, the peaceful atmosphere of the Holographic Universe has been shattered by the brutal incursion of the Jaxaradis pirates. From the ceiling, a massive ladder descends through a gaping hole—evidence of the pirates' violent entry into this sanctuary of knowledge. The metal

rungs lead up to their ship, the Shadow's Edge, lurking just above, a shadowy reminder of the havoc recently unleashed upon the **Singularity Ballet**.

SINGULARITY BALLET SHIP - END

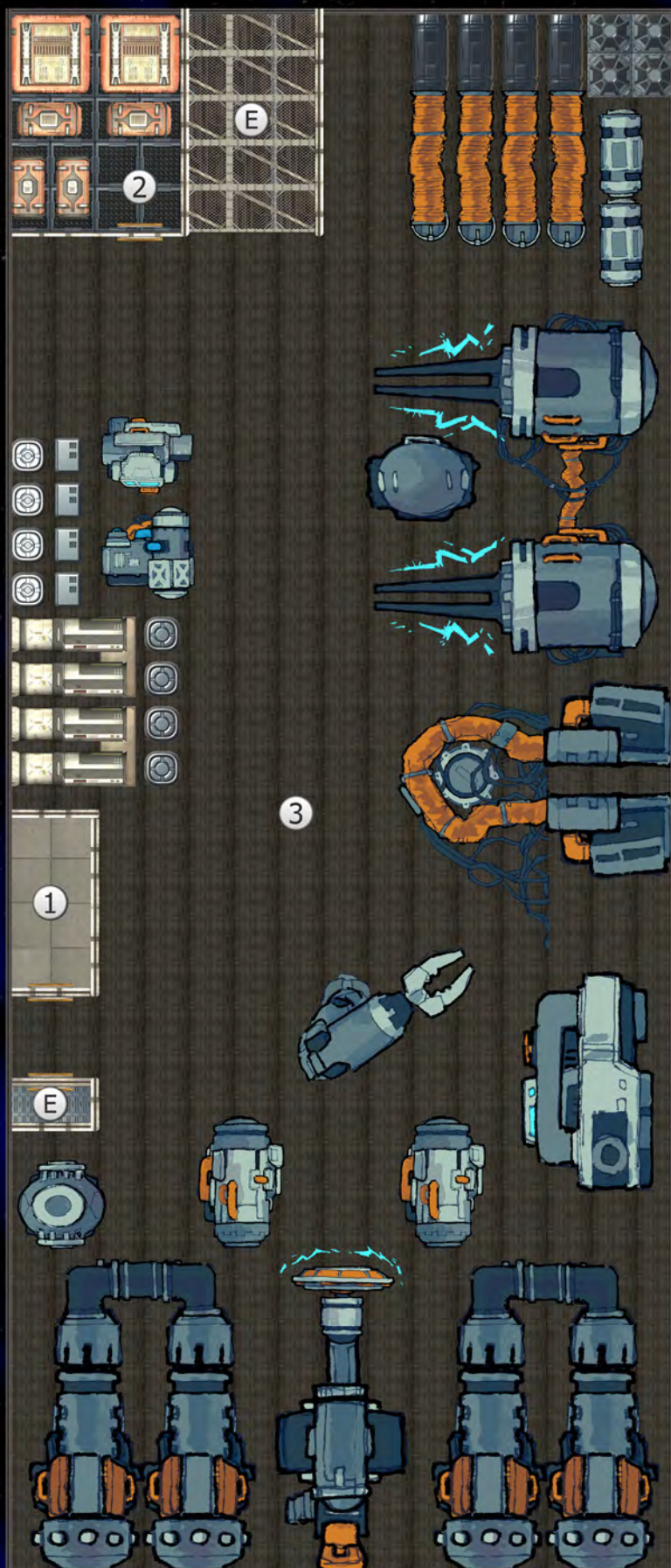
LEVEL 2



PRIVATE STORAGE

SINGULARITY 3A11ET

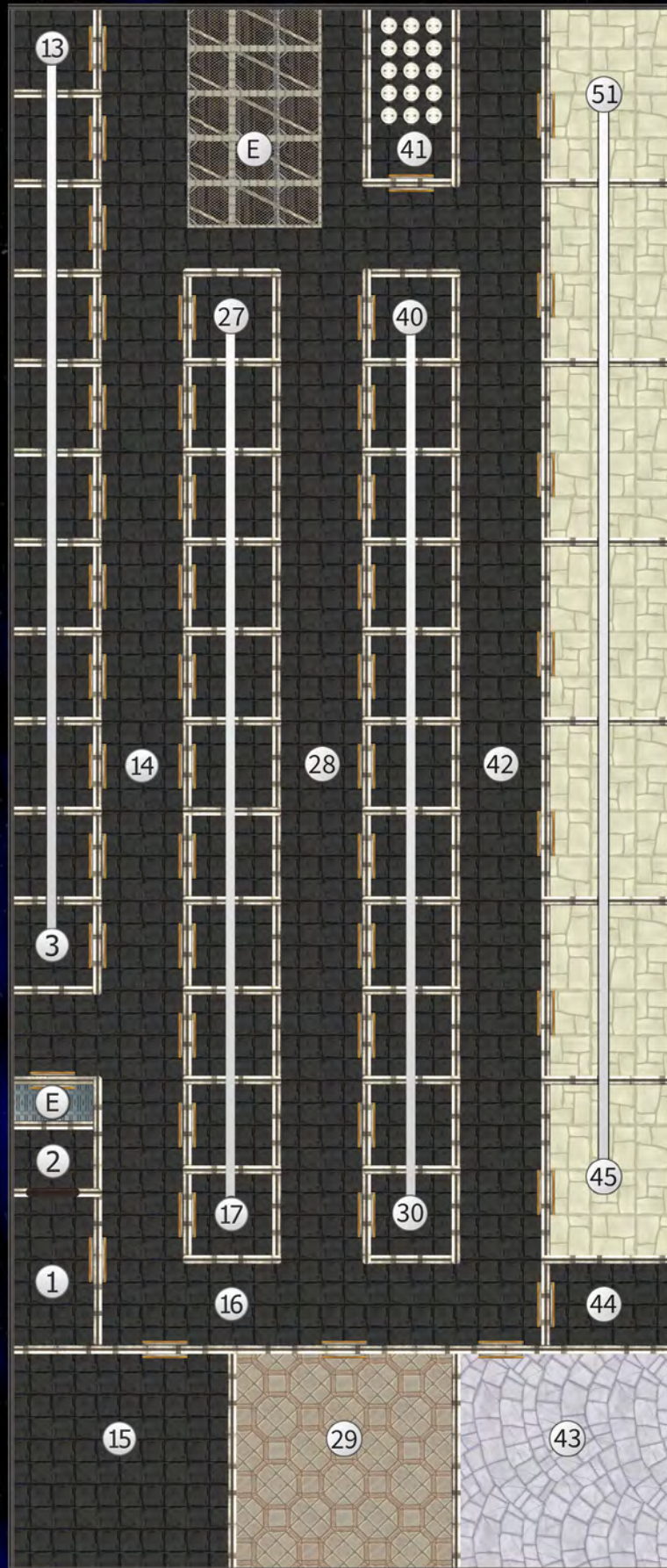
LEVEL 3



ENGINEERING

SINGULARITY 3 VALLEY

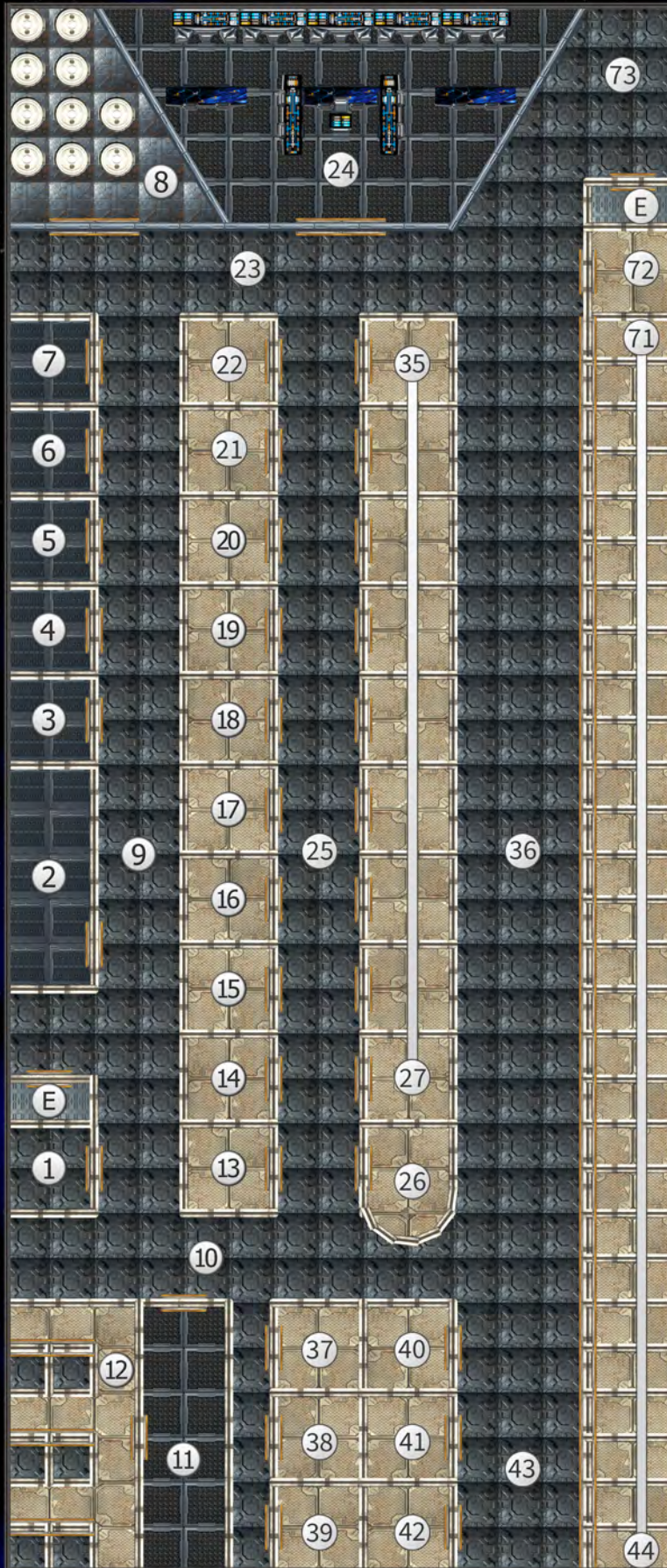
SINGULARITY 3ALLET



QUEST LEVEL

LEVEL 11

SINGULARITY VALLEY



FLIGHT DECK

LEVEL 5

AIBOFOBIA BRIMINIMIRB



AIBOFOBIA BRIMINIMIRB

Before you looms the Aibofobia Briminimirb, a vast and derelict alien spaceship that commands attention with its unsettling presence. The ship's U-shaped silhouette cuts through the dark docking bay, constructed from an enigmatic, metal that seems to absorb light rather than reflect it. Its surface is marred by dark, jagged plates, each adorned with peculiar markings and symbols—ancient glyphs that pulse faintly, hinting at a forgotten language woven into the ship's very essence.

An ominous aura radiates from the craft, breathing an unsettling sense of anticipation into the air around you. There's a palpable weight to the silence that hangs in the air onto the ship itself as if it carries the weight of countless untold stories and mysteries waiting to be unveiled.

Clinging to the outer airlock door is a code-processing computer, magnetized in place, flickering with an unsettling light—a beacon of both warning and invitation. The air crackles with tension, suggesting that something greater lies within this vessel, urging you to step forward into the unknown.

LEVEL ONE

1A. AIRLOCK CHAMBER

As the outer door of the airlock slides open with an almost ethereal grace, it reveals a large, foreboding chamber shrouded in darkness. The dim, ambient lighting casts eerie shadows across the expanse, creating a somber atmosphere that envelops those who dare to enter. The air is thick with anticipation, and an unsettling stillness seems to cling to every surface.

Upon entering the airlock, the group is met with towering walls that boast intricately carved metal surfaces, each etching a testament to the artistry and craftsmanship of an advanced civilization. The designs appear almost ritualistic in nature, depicting swirling patterns that evoke ancient mythology and ceremonies. Some forms resemble twisted vines or arcs, flowing seamlessly into one another, while others suggest celestial motifs—stars, moons, and strange glyphs that seem to pulse faintly, almost as if alive. This Gothic aesthetic imbues the airlock with an unsettling beauty, hinting at the grandeur and mystery encapsulated within the ship itself.

The airlock chamber is vast, the acoustics amplifying even the faintest sound—a shuffling footstep, a whispered breath—drawing attention to the isolation the environment imposes. There is a palpable sense of anticipation, a feeling that something powerful lies beyond the entry door into the ship proper.

As the outer door closes, sealing the group within, the heavy metallic sound reverberates. The transition to decompression is automatic, an unsettling but familiar hiss of air that breaks the silence. A soft rumble resonates through the chamber as the pressure stabilizes around them, amplifying the ever-present sense of dread. The crew feels the gravitational pull shift slightly, a reminder that they are, indeed, boarding a vessel from a realm beyond their own.

From somewhere above you a computerized voice speaks:

🔊 *“Epape tet apsilispa ono ikoroki non retet zentnez.”*

If you are using a Polyvox, it will take at least 42 hours of exposure to the (Zyxyz) language to learn it.

Finally, the inner door to the ship rolls open with a smooth, mechanical precision, revealing the unknown depths within.

Sernahl is using his IUVAR to record everything.

1B. THE INNER CHAMBER

As you cross the threshold through the inner airlock door, a heavy silence descends, broken only by the low hum of machinery hidden within the ship's depths. The door seals behind you with a resonant thud, echoing in the vast chamber like the closing of a tomb. Suddenly, a brilliant light flares to life, an unnatural glow that momentarily blinds you as warmth washes over your skin. It feels comforting, yet almost too intense, as though it seeks to envelop you entirely.

Without warning, a blast of maroon mist erupts from the walls, engulfing you in a thick, swirling cloud. It has an unsettling quality, as if each particle is alive—a whisper of the alien environment flooding your senses. Just as swiftly as it appears, the mist is whisked away by an unseen vacuum system, leaving behind an unfamiliar scent that tingles in your nostrils, sharp and metallic.

Before you, a looming computer screen flickers to life, displaying a cascade of scrolling data. The characters dance across the screen in a language that feels alien to your very core—it is indecipherable, foreign, and wildly hypnotic. The control panel before the screen is equally baffling, adorned with symbols and unfamiliar words that pulse with a strange energy. Some controls flicker erratically, beckoning your attention with a siren call, while others remain dark and inert, draped in shadows. An unsettling feeling settles in your stomach—this technology feels sentient, as if it reacts to your presence.

To your left, a sliding door looms, its surface etched with intricate designs that spiral and twist, telling stories lost to time. Next to it, a control panel stands guard, waiting to reveal its secrets. Where it might lead, you cannot quite tell.

Your gaze drifts to the far left, where a Passageway stretches into darkness, culminating in another sliding door. A control panel pulses softly beside it, promising access something unknown.

To your right, another Passageway

beckons, leading to yet another sliding door, with its own control panel aching for interaction.

As you take in the surroundings, the walls of the chamber unfurl before you, etched with cryptic symbols from floor to ceiling. They weave together in a chaotic tapestry, whispering secrets of ancient knowledge and forgotten rituals. It feels as if the very ship breathes, alive with memories that press against your consciousness.

If any of your group dares to approach the computer, a chilling electronic voice disrupts the stillness, echoing,

🔊 *“Seves sinis ouyuo abeba deted.”*

The words hang ominously in the air, a warning unheeded. With each attempt to engage the machine, a sense of foreboding deepens. After five attempts, the screen suddenly goes dark, the ominous voice returning with a finality that chills you to the bone:

🔊 *“Ouo hasah rar evicive codoc mitim. Zevez kek Capac.”*

The computer remains forsaken, the glow extinguished, as the shadows grow heavier around you.

In this eerie realm, uncertainty looms large, and the ship's presence feels almost sentient—a guardian of long-buried secrets, waiting to see if you are worthy of your next step forward.

2. RIGHT DOOR

To the right of the computer, the Passageway stretches forward, culminating in another sliding door that beckons with a faint glow. As you approach, a control panel embedded in the wall pulses softly, its interface flickering in and out, as if yearning for your touch.

This lift, unlike the one leading to the engineering section, is enveloped in a warm, dim light, wrapped in panels of soft metal that absorb sound and create an almost intimate atmosphere. The walls are lined with textured surfaces that provide a contrasting tactile experience. Although the space is small, it feels alive with possibility, as if whispering the secrets of those who once gathered and thrived beyond its threshold.

As you step inside, the atmosphere shifts; a faint scent of lingering disinfectant and stale air fills the lift. You press the button and a gentle chime signifies your selection. The door slides shut, and with a subtle jolt, the lift begins its ascent.

As it moves, the hum of the machinery envelops you, an unsettling blend of mechanical whirs. With a gradual slowing, the lift approaches its destination. Just before reaching the designated

floor, the lights dim momentarily, casting shadows around you—a reminder of the darkness that has claimed the once-vibrant spaces ahead.

Finally, the lift comes to a halt with a soft ping, the door sliding open to reveal the mess hall, crew quarters, and medical facilities. What were once ordinary rooms are now steeped in mystery, echoing with the lingering presence of lives once lived. As you step into this threshold of the past, a mixture of anticipation and unease washes over you, urging you to uncover the vibrant tales hidden within these forsaken spaces, as well as the darker truths that lie just beneath the surface.

This door will lead to Crew Quarters Port.

3. LEFT DOOR

As you approach the sliding door to the left, the entrance to the lift beckons with a persistent, rhythmic pulse of light, almost like a heartbeat. The door glides open with a low hiss, revealing a compact, circular chamber clad in polished metal and illuminated by a ghostly blue glow. The walls are adorned with a mesh of intricate circuit patterns, their pulsations synchronized with the lift's internal systems. Panels displaying incomprehensible data flicker erratically, hinting at the complex workings of the ship's engineering that lie hidden within the depths.

Stepping inside, you feel the air grow cooler and charged with a faint vibrational hum—an unsettling reminder of the raw energy contained within the ship's core. The door seals shut, and the chamber jolts slightly as the lift initiates its ascent.

The walls shimmer momentarily, displaying fleeting images of machinery in action—massive generators thundering to life, conduits sparking with energy, and engineers focused intently on their tasks. But these visions are interspersed with darker flashes; silhouettes of panicked crew members frantically attempting to regain control as alarms blare and systems fail.

The lift accelerates smoothly, but there is a subtle, ominous tremor that ripples through the floor, reminding you of the precarious state of the ship and the chaos that reigns within. The air grows thicker, filled with the faint scent of burning circuits and ozone, hinting at the turmoil that lies ahead.

The ascent begins to slow, the pulsing lights intensifying for a moment before settling into a steady glow. With a final soft chime, the doors slide open, revealing the entrance to the Engineering Section—a realm of industrial machinations and potential disaster.

This door will lead to Engineering Starboard.

4. CENTER DOOR

You step inside the lift, the door sliding closed with an almost organic grace, sealing you within an intimate chamber bathed in a dim, pulsating light that emanates softly from the walls. The interior is a seamless blend of dark metals and glowing circuit patterns, which pulse rhythmically, as if responding to your presence. The air inside feels charged, thick with anticipation, and a faint hum reverberates through the chamber, resonating deep within your chest.

As the lift begins its ascent, the sensation is both exhilarating and unsettling. The floor beneath you vibrates subtly, and you feel a gentle tug as the mechanism engages, propelling you upward through the ship's spine. Large, translucent panels line the sides of the compartment, revealing glimpses of the ship's interior as you rise—dark corridors illuminated by eerie bioluminescent flora, strange machines quietly whirring with life, and cloaked shadows shifting just out of sight.

With each passing moment, the air grows cooler, tinged with the faint scent of ozone and something more indefinable, ancient. The gentle hum intensifies slightly, and the walls of the lift seem to shimmer, revealing fleeting images of the ship's past—visions of crew members, moments of laughter, and flashes of brilliance interspersed with echoes of alarm and chaos.

After what feels like an eternity, the lift finally slows, and the lights shift to a brighter, more urgent hue. With a soft but disconcerting chime, the door slides open to reveal the bridge.

This door will lead to the Bridge.

LEVEL TWO

5. THE BRIDGE

As you step onto the bridge, the atmosphere shifts dramatically, enveloping you in an otherworldly embrace. The space is vast and foreboding, defined by sweeping arches and vaulted ceilings that seem to rise forever into shadows. The walls are adorned with the same intricate carvings that graced the corridors.

Dull control panels, long darkened and cold, jut out from the walls, their surfaces worn and covered in a delicate dust that hints at years of neglect. Some of the panels bear cryptic glyphs


that pulse faintly with an inner luminescence, casting an eerie glow across the space. Gothic arches rise from the floor, carved with meticulous detail, framing shattered views of the stars through fractured windows, their glass mottled and cracked—a chilling reminder of the ship's last voyage.

In the center of the bridge, an ornate captain's chair sits elevated, fashioned from the same dark metal that defines the ship. It features twisted, vine-like adornments and a backrest that arches dramatically, resembling the wings of a fallen angel. Surrounding the chair are stations that seem to have once been vibrant with life and communication, now silent and shrouded in mystery. Ribbons of metallic tendrils snake across the floor, disappearing into shadows, as if in search of something lost.

The atmosphere bears a weight of sorrow, a palpable sense of abandonment. Dust motes drift lazily in the beams of dim light that manage to penetrate the gloom, while a chilling breeze whispers through the open spaces, carrying with it the echoes of long-faded voices. As you take in the scene, it feels as though the ship itself mourns its dead, holding vigil over its secrets, waiting for someone to uncover the dark tales etched into its very core.

As you explore the eerie expanse of the bridge, your gaze is drawn to two laser pistols lying haphazardly on the floor, each adorned with the **Singularity Ballet** logo etched meticulously into the grips.

Scattered across the surface of the control panels, you stumble upon a damaged CommRecorder, its display flickering weakly, a fragile lifeline to the past. With a hesitant hand, you activate the device, and the air thickens with tension as you listen intently. The recording bursts to life, crackling and distorted, but the urgency of the voice is unmistakable.

 *"Oh, God! They're all around us! Wyrzbaski is down! They just keep coming! I think that... Holy shit! What are those!!!"*

The frantic words reverberate through the silence, filled with terror and confusion. The recording cuts off abruptly, leaving an unsettling void lingering in the air—a chilling prelude to the horrors that must have unfolded in this forsaken ship.

As the atmosphere thickens with tension and the haunting echoes of the ship's origin, every moment feels precariously tethered between discovery and danger.

After the CommRecorder is played, please roll on Random Encounter Table 1.1 to the right.

| ROLL | RESULT |
|------|-----------------------------|
| 1/6 | 4 Member Jaxaradis Patrol |
| 2/7 | 1d10 Zyxyz Thrall(s) |
| 3/8 | Skitters Table - Pg. |
| 4/9 | Morb |
| 5/10 | Wandering Robot Table - Pg. |

Random Encounter Table 1.1

LEFT DOOR

To your left, a heavy door stands in stark contrast to the intricate designs of the bridge. Its surface is crafted from the same dark metal that defines the ship, adorned with elaborate reliefs that depict swirling patterns interwoven with unsettling imagery—perhaps glimpses into the abyss of space or figures lost to time. The door emits a faint, pulsating glow from its edges, suggesting an active mechanism that hums softly, beckoning exploration. As you approach, you sense a rush of cold air, carrying with it a faint echo of distant machinery thrumming in the depths beyond. There's a subtle vibration as the door's locking mechanisms release, indicating that secrets lie just beyond its threshold, waiting to be uncovered.

This door will lead to Engineering Starboard.

RIGHT DOOR

On your right, a contrasting door commands attention with its imposing presence. This door is slightly narrower but just as foreboding, framed by a series of angular panels that pulse with an eerie light. It features a dense, armored exterior marked by deep scratches and signs of impact—a stark reminder of the violence that may have transpired aboard the ship. The surface is etched with more of the ship's bizarre glyphs and ominous symbols, resonating with an unsettling energy. Unlike the left door, this one appears almost passive, waiting for your touch rather than inviting you in. An electronic interface rests beside it, blinking erratically; the screen occasionally flickers to life, displaying cryptic messages that dissolve into static, hinting at the passage of turbulent moments within the chambers beyond.

This door will lead to Crew Quarters Port.

ENGINEERING STARBOARD

The Engineering Section is a sprawling expanse, measuring 50 meters wide and 200 meters long, dominated by a symphony of machinery and technology that once hummed with life and purpose. As you step inside, the sheer scale of the room envelops you, revealing an environment that is both awe-inspiring and intimidating.

Rows of computers and multifunctional equipment stretch out before you, forming a complex grid of screens and control panels. Each station is lined with an assortment of flickering displays, many of which are dimmed or fractured, their once-vibrant interfaces now suffering from years of neglect. The sound of silent machinery hangs in the air, occasionally punctuated by the soft hissing of pressurized systems and the distant echo of an unknown source. Cables crisscross the floor like veins, weaving between racks of meticulously arranged gear and tools, hinting at the intricate networks that keep the ship's systems operational—or at least did when the crew was alive.

To your right, five heavy doors lead to various other compartments and systems, their surfaces deeply scarred and worn, bearing witness to the constant struggles that took place within this critical hub. Each door has its own unique markings and symbols, hinting at the various functions they once served. Perhaps one leads to the reactor room, another to maintenance access, and yet another to crew break rooms—areas once filled with camaraderie and teamwork.

Along the left far wall, six massive storage bays stand as sentinels, each sealed with a heavy sliding door designed to secure the vital equipment and supplies that powered the ship. These storage bays are lined meticulously, though many stand half-open, their contents strewn about—a chaotic blend of tools, spare parts, and forgotten necessities, now coated in a fine layer of dust and mystery.

Due to the strange nature of the equipment and the lack of understanding of the Zxyyz language, repairs to any of the equipment would be impossible.

9. HEAVY DOOR 1



You approach Heavy Door Number 1, its surface marred by the passage of time and signs of impact, hinting at the fierce challenges faced by the crew. As you bypass the fragile interface beside it and hesitate a moment, the door creaks open with a resonant groan, revealing a dimly lit chamber that pulsates with the raw energy of the ship's reactor core.

Stepping inside, you are immediately enveloped by an intense heat and a thrumming sound that vibrates through the air—an omnipresent reminder of the immense power harnessed within this room. The reactor core itself dominates the space, a massive spherical structure encased in reinforced transparent materials that allow a view of swirling molten energy within. Streams of ethereal blue and green light ripple through the core, casting eerie reflections across the walls. It is both mesmerizing and foreboding, a heart of pulsing plasma that crackles with untamed potential.

Scuttling across the floor are a pair of **Skitters** (MV: *Fast*, IM/RS: 6/60, STA:85, AT:40, DMG:2d10)—spider-like robotic creatures, their metallic bodies glinting in the dim light. They move with erratic speed, their multi-jointed legs clicking against the metal flooring as they dart around the various control stations. Designed for maintenance tasks, these creatures now appear to be in a state of disarray themselves, perhaps scavenging for scraps or malfunctioning in their

attempts to carry out their programmed duties. Their wide, unblinking lenses swivel to take in their surroundings, giving you the unsettling sensation of being observed.

Surrounding the reactor itself are several control stations and monitors, many of which flash erratically with notifications, warnings, and outdated data. Some panels appear functional, while others are lost to decay, their screens blank and unresponsive. The walls display intricate schematics and diagrams, detailing the reactor's operation and safety protocols—guidelines that now feel abandoned in the chaos of the ship's decline.

The air is charged with a mixture of ozone and burnt circuitry, hinting at past malfunctions that have either been resolved or left to fester in neglect. Around the room, heavy conduits snake along the ceiling and walls, transporting energy to various sections of the ship. Corroded pipes and valves rattle ominously, suggesting that the reactor is operating far from optimal conditions, making the atmosphere thick with tension as you sense that any wrong move could lead to catastrophic consequences.

In one corner, a maintenance access panel hangs ajar, revealing tangled wires and tools long forgotten, glistening with corrosion. The Skitters scurry closer to this panel, their mechanical limbs clattering as they investigate, sending vibrations through the floor.

If you attempt to touch a panel, the **Skitters** will attack.

There is nothing of value in this room.

10. HEAVY DOOR 2

As you approach Heavy Door Number 2, you notice the metal frame is slightly warped, a testament to the strain it has endured over time. When you activate the control panel and the door grinds open, a wave of cool air spills out, carrying with it the scent of oil, grease, and old machinery. You step into the Maintenance Bay, a sprawling expanse filled with tools, machinery, and the remnants of repair operations long since abandoned.

The room is lined with workstations, each cluttered with an assortment of tools and parts that have been hastily discarded or forgotten. Overhead, an array of flickering lights illuminates the space, casting shadows that dance across the walls. The hum of dormant machinery fills the air, a gentle reminder of the constant activity that once thrived here.

Scattered throughout the room are various

machines and equipment, including large robotic arms suspended from the ceiling, designed for heavy lifting and repairs. These arms stand still now, like sentinels watching over the space, their joints rusted and unmoving. Heavy-duty cabinets line one wall, their doors ajar, revealing shelves lined with spare parts, electronic components, and faded manuals, some pages yellowed with age.

Amidst this mechanical graveyard, 3 **Zyxyz Thralls** (MV: *Medium*, IM/RS: 4/35, STA:70, AT:40, DMG:2d10) move purposefully through the Maintenance Bay. These once-elegant beings are now victims of the Yoilioy virus, their pale blue skin—once a testament to their graceful lineage—now ravaged and mottled, reflecting the destructive toll the infection has taken. The Thralls' eyes, which once sparkled with color and intelligence, have become dull and sunken, devoid of cognitive function and the identities they once held dear.

Driven by primal urges and a singular goal—to spread the infection at all costs—the Thralls exhibit erratic movements, staggering unpredictably as they approach you. Their outstretched claws gleam ominously under the flickering lights, and their mouths are agape, revealing rows of jagged teeth, echoing with primal hunger. They no longer embody the nobility of their species but instead behave as mindless hosts for the virus, utterly bereft of their former selves.

As you take a cautious step back, the atmosphere shifts dramatically. The Thralls fixate on you, their movements quickening as the ravenous need propels them forward. You can feel the intensity of their gaze, an overwhelming threat that compels you to act. Without warning, they lunge, driven by an insatiable, uncontrollable instinct to infect and dominate.

The Maintenance Bay morphs from a repository of forgotten technology into a battleground, where the echoes of the Zyxyz species' tragic decline resonate through the erratic thrumming of machinery and the desperate cries of the infected. The unsettling realization of their former identity lingers as the Thralls charge at you, embodying the catastrophic consequences of unchecked ambition twisted into a nightmare of survival.

There is nothing of value in this room.

11. HEAVY DOOR 3

Behind Heavy Door Number 3, the air feels heavy with anticipation. The door is reinforced and marked with a faded emblem that de-

notes its original unknown purpose. You activate the control panel, and the door slides open with a reluctant groan, revealing a dimly lit, monitoring area that exudes a sense of foreboding.

The chamber is cramped yet functional, with rows of monitors and control panels that once provided oversight of the Engineering Section. Flickering screens display static, remnants of footage that now play out like ghosts of the past. The walls are lined with tool racks, though most are empty, testament to a hasty evacuation or violent struggle that took place within these confines.

In the center of the room lies the lifeless body of a Kolaraxid Security Officer from the **Singularity Ballet**, sprawled on the floor, shrouded in shadows. Dressed in a dark, armored uniform, the officer's once formidable presence is now reduced to a poignant reminder of the chaos that engulfed the ship. An empty laser pistol rests loosely in his hand, while an **XS13 Grenade Launcher** is slumped against his side, its barrel cold to the touch. Beside him, an unspent **LEMP Charge** lies untouched, a silent testament to the officer's resolve and the urgency of the situation he faced. This is the **Singularity Ballet's Security Officer Tizahk**.

On the other side of the room, two dead Skitters lay in a tangled heap, their metallic bodies reflecting the flickering lights above. The creatures show signs of degradation, their exoskeletons dented and scarred—a result of a fierce confrontation. One of the Skitters has a spent LEMP charge secured in its grip, the charge dark now that it has served its purpose, hinting at a struggle that cost lives on both sides.

The ambiance of the Monitoring Station is thick with tension, a stark contrast to the stillness of death that now blankets the area. The remnants of combat hang in the air, infused with a sense of despair and desperation echoing through the lifeless monitors. As you take in the scene, the realization hits you: the Kolaraxid officer and the Skitters were caught in a desperate fight for survival, their fates intertwined in the unrelenting chaos.

12. HEAVY DOOR 4

The door, slightly ajar, features a series of deep scratches along its surface—marks of a frantic escape or a battle fought fiercely. With a gentle press on the control panel, the door opens with a heavy sigh, revealing the Engineering Workshop.

Stepping inside, you find yourself in a sprawling, organized chaos. The room is filled with

high-tech workstations, stacks of disassembled machinery, and a dizzying array of tools littered across every available surface. Every corner of the workshop bears witness to hurried projects and ambitious repairs—the atmosphere is infused with the scent of lubricants and burnt circuitry. Overhead, the lights cast a stark illumination that reveals shadows lurking in the nooks and crannies of the room.

A massive central workbench dominates the space, its surface cluttered with various components and gadgets—some familiar, others alien and unidentifiable. Holographic displays hover above the bench, flickering with blueprints and schematics of the ship's systems, long forgotten by the crew. On one side, an incomplete project—a drone equipped with surveillance capabilities—lies half-assembled, its delicate inner workings exposed as if begging for attention.

Near the back of the workshop, a series of storage cabinets line the wall, many of them opened and half-empty, their contents strewn across the floor. The remnants of previous experiments and modifications showcase a blend of creativity and desperation, with makeshift labels that hint at the engineers' attempts to maintain control of the ship. Piles of unused wiring and scattered electronic parts tell tales of broken systems and hopes of restoration that have faded over time.

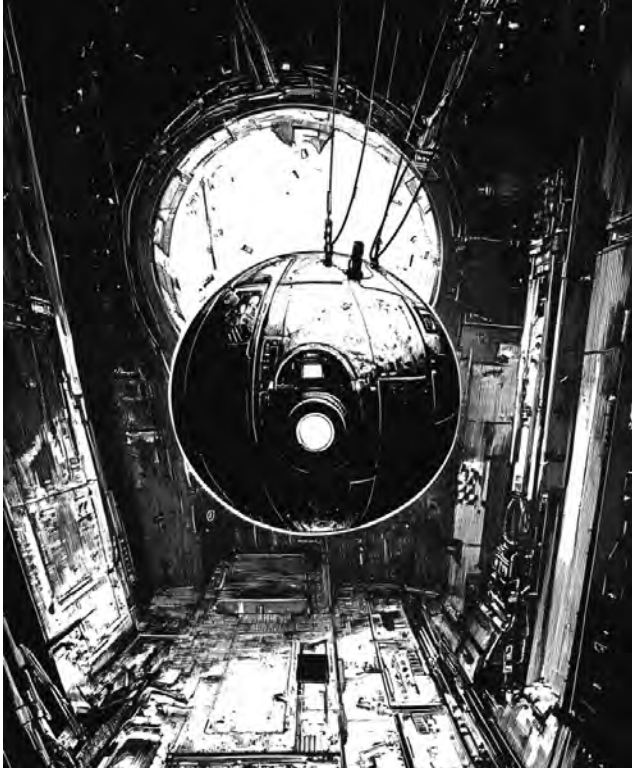
In the far corner, a repair station is illuminated by a flickering light, where a lone maintenance bot lies in ruins, its once-gleaming frame now dulled and covered in a thick layer of dust. The bot's limbs are disconnected, and its sensors are dark, suggesting it suffered a catastrophic failure while attempting to fix something vital.

There is nothing of value in this room.

13. HEAVY DOOR 5

As you reach Heavy Door Number 5, the air is charged with tension; the metal surface feels unnaturally cold to the touch. You quickly activate the control panel, and after a moment's hesitation, the door hums open, revealing a dimly lit room—an area once bustling with activity now steeped in an unsettling stillness.

The room is filled with towering consoles and screens, casting a soft glow that flickers erratically. Each monitor displays real-time data on the status and current patrol routes of the **Morbs**, the advanced robotic security units created by the **Zyxyz**. The walls are lined with reinforced panels, evidence of their intended purpose as a secure hub to remotely command and manage the ship's



defenses.

In the center of the room, 6 **Morbs** (*MV: Fast, IM/RS: 6/60, STA:300, AT:70, DMG:2d10/3d10*) hover silently, their sleek spherical shapes catching the meager light as they await their next command. These three-foot-diameter units exude an air of menacing efficiency. Their polished surfaces are marred only by the occasional scuff, remnants of battles fought in a desperate bid to protect the ship.

As you step further into the room, the sensor arrays on the **Morbs** shift slightly, as if aware of your presence. It's in these moments of heightened alertness that their true nature becomes apparent: silent sentinels equipped to detect intruders, track movement, and identify biological threats. The magnitude of what they were designed for weighs on you; they do not discern between friend and foe when programmed to eliminate perceived threats.

Suddenly, you feel a chill as you notice an incomplete project displayed on one of the consoles. There is a holographic interface with notes showing a weapon spewing flames at what appears to be one of the zombie-like creatures. A sense of urgency quickens your heartbeat as you consider the implications of this protocol being fully operational.

Flanking the displays, a series of weapon mounts for the **Morbs** are stationed against the wall—pristine flamethrowers gleam with

hungry anticipation, ready to engage unwelcome intruders.

As the tension mounts and the **Morbs** linger in the shadows, a decision seems to have been reached as a central gun port opens on all six of the **Morbs** and they move to take up firing positions on your group.

If the party backs out of the room and closes the door, the **Morbs** will not be able to follow as the doors are blast proof.

There is nothing of value in this room.

14. STORAGE BAY 1

As you approach the entrance to Storage Bay 1, the air grows heavy with the scent of old metal and oil. The heavy door, once a stalwart barrier protecting valuable resources, now bears the marks of neglect and time—dinged and graffitied. With a creak, the door shudders open, revealing a vast expanse of disarray within.

The ceiling looms high overhead, and the space stretches out into shadowy corners filled with towering racks and shelves, bursting with supplies and equipment. The ambient light flickers sporadically, struggling to break through the pervasive gloom. You squint into the dimness, trying to discern what lies obscured among the clutter.

As your eyes adjust, you begin to take in the chaos. Piles of crates, some stacked precariously high, are mingled with discarded equipment and remnants of machinery long past its prime. Labels on the crates indicate a mixture of contents that could be: medical supplies, spare parts for ship systems, weapons caches, and unidentifiable materials labeled only with cryptic symbols.

Here and there, scattered among the debris, you spot, what appears to be, more specialized items—a small cache of what might be energy cells, a collection of data drives, and what appears to be an empty forgotten personal effects box.

As you venture deeper, you hear the soft sound of drip-drip-dripping echoing from somewhere in the shadows. Moisture leaks through the ceiling, pooling under a cluster of equipment that has succumbed to rust and decay. The remnants of past conflicts litter the ground; empty shells from various weapons lie scattered, telling a silent story of struggles fought within these walls.

At the far end of the bay, a large, sealed container stands out from the rest—its metallic surface polished and devoid of scratches, labeled with a set of official Zxyzy symbols that spark

your curiosity. Whatever lies within is clearly far more valuable than the clutter surrounding it. An encrypted access panel gleams, teasing you with the potential of ancient technology or critical supplies locked away from prying eyes.

There is a 1 in 10 chance that a character with Technician Skills - Deactivating Alarms and Defenses will be able to open it. This chance goes up 1 point per skill level as the language and mechanism are unique. Understanding that it is a locked box, and their experience is what will allow it to be opened. Only a Technician with those skills will understand the mechanism.

Nestled within the confines of the locked box lies an artifact of profound significance—the **Zyxyz Codex**. At first glance, the book commands attention with its striking metal cover, intricately adorned with carvings that echo the ornate designs found throughout the ship. These patterns depict scenes of Zyxyz culture, their customs, and their turbulent history, capturing the elegance and complexity of a once-great civilization.

The front cover gleams ominously in the low light, its surface unmarred by time, while the back exhibits a similar craftsmanship, forming a protective barrier that has safeguarded the knowledge within. The binding of the Codex is particularly remarkable, crafted from fine strands of a metallic mesh that weaves together the covers with an almost organic fluidity. It glints as it catches the faintest light, showcasing the meticulous artistry of its creators.

As you carefully open the book, the pages whisper with a subtle rustle, revealing sheets of the finest vellum—smooth and delicate to the touch. Each page is a canvas, adorned with carefully penned letters written in their native language, an ornate script composed of flowing lines and angular symbols. This script, intricately styled and deeply symbolic, resonates with the writings found etched on the control panels and surfaces throughout the ship, linking the Codex to the very essence of Zyxyz culture.

The **Zyxyz Codex** is worth 25,000 credits and will be paid by Zephiran Dynamics upon return.

15. STORAGE BAY 2

The entrance to Storage Bay 2 is partially ajar, and the handle is cold to the touch, hinting at the chill within. With a push, the door creaks open to reveal a vast room filled with an eclectic collection of technology and remnants from the ship's heyday. Unlike the haphazard chaos of Storage Bay 1, this bay feels like a carefully curated

archive—or perhaps a reliquary—holding the technological treasures of the vessel.

The expansive room is lofted with high ceilings and organized shelving units that stretch from floor to ceiling. Each shelf is packed with an assortment of devices, gadgets, and tools, all very alien.

As you traverse the bay, you find yourself captivated by the diversity of the tech housed here. In one corner, a series of old control modules sit neatly arranged, some labeled with distant Zyxyz terminology. Their surfaces are layered with dust, but the intricate designs etched into their metallic exteriors sparkle faintly, showcasing the craftsmanship of the Zyxyz engineers who once nourished these mechanical wonders.

Near the center of the room stands a large, circular table strewn with partially assembled devices—components that hint at creative engineering, possibly weapons or diagnostic tools. Here, tools lie alongside experimental circuits that are both advanced and battered, each waiting for the touch of a skilled hand. The air is thick with the musk of electronics and materials long forgotten, echoing the ambitions of those who once dreamed of innovation.

On one side, a sealed vault-like chamber commands attention, its reinforced door adorned with the Zyxyz emblem. This storage unit is secured with a keypad and a biometric scanner, emphasizing the importance of its contents. Although the contents remain a mystery, faded labels on the outside hint at their significance—life-support systems, emergency protocols, and possibly the last remaining defenses of the ship.

Again, this door can be opened by a character with Technician Skills - Deactivating Alarms and Defenses. This also has a 1 in 10 chance, going up 1 point per skill level as the language and mechanism are unique.

Behind the door is a Zyxyz. As the door swings wide, he cries out and slumps to the floor. He begins to decompose rapidly. Within 3 minutes he is nothing but bone.

Around the bone pile are boxes of quickly deteriorating food stuffs. Several books that look to be hand-written are dissolving in front of your eyes.

Within moments, the room is scattered bits of trash and bone.

There is nothing of value in this room.

16. STORAGE BAY 3

The heavy door swings open with a

reluctant groan, revealing a space brimming with the remnants of a once-bustling logistical hub. Unlike the other storage bays, this one feels more like a time capsule, holding both the mundane and the extraordinary—a combination of regular cargo and unexpected oddities.

The bay is expansive, its walls lined with reinforced shelving bursting with sealed containers and crates of various shapes and sizes. You're immediately struck by the jumbled assortment of items, layered like a treasure trove waiting to be unearthed. Some boxes bear markings, stenciled in the Zyxyz language, while others are labeled with even stranger symbols.

The floor is cluttered with debris and loose items, remnants of a chaotic loading process long forgotten. You see an array of unclaimed personal items scattered among the crates: old uniforms, intricate masks, and even, possibly, a well-worn data pad abandoned in a corner, its screen cracked and inactive.

As you wander deeper into the bay, you catch sight of a series of large, cylindrical storage units, each one methodically locked and bolted in place. These containers hum softly, suggesting they are still actively maintaining the integrity of their contents. A few are labeled with caution signs, warning of hazardous materials or experimental substances that could unleash catastrophic results if mishandled.

In one corner, an odd collection of strange artifacts catches your eye—curiosities from alien worlds that range from exquisite crystal sculptures to bizarre mechanical devices you can't quite comprehend. Each piece seems to pulse with a hidden history, remnants of encounters that the Zyxyz may have had with other civilizations and cultures.

At the far end of Storage Bay 3, a sizable damaged crate stands out. Its metal exterior is dented and scorched, as if it had recently been the target of an explosive impact. You can see that scattered around it are the remains of its contents—a collection of mechanical parts that currently lay in disarray along with a few intact pieces of advanced suits meant for deep-space exploration.

Above, exposed conduits cross the ceiling, and emergency lights flicker, creating a strobe-like effect that highlights the strangeness of the surroundings. Shadows dance along the walls, occasionally interrupted by the soft hissing of air vents and the distant hum of machinery, an auditory testament to the ship's ongoing battle against decay.

17. STORAGE BAY 4

As you near Storage Bay 4, a faint hum of machinery radiates from behind the door, hinting at the life that may still linger within. When you push the heavy door open, it opens wide to reveal a surprisingly vibrant space filled with greenery, bright colors, and the unmistakable scent of soil and fresh vegetation—an oasis of life amidst the cold metal of the ship.

The room is not just a storage bay; it has been transformed into a hydroponic garden, a sanctuary for the sustenance of the Zyxyz crew during their long voyages. Rows of vertical planters stretch towards the ceiling, brimming with a variety of plants, from leafy greens to flowering herbs. The rich earthiness mingles with a light mist in the air, created by overhead irrigation systems that gently monitor and distribute water and nutrients to the crops below.

Bright, artificial grow lights illuminate the bay, casting a warm glow that reinforces the feeling of vitality. The walls are lined with large, transparent panels showcasing the intricate workings of the hydroponic systems—water channels, nutrient reservoirs, and control interfaces that display real-time data on plant health and growth stages. Despite the ship's overall deteriorating state, this space seems to have been a priority, radiating an echo of hope and perseverance.

As you step further in, you can't help but



notice the remnants of plant stewardship—the occasional gardening tool hanging from a wall, nutrient bottles lined up on a shelf, and, what appear to be, discarded growth charts pinned to a nearby bulletin board. An array of colorful plant tags peeks out from beneath the foliage.

In one corner, a monstrous bioluminescent plant catches your eye, its gentle glow pulsing softly in the dim light. This unique species seems to thrive in the artificial environment, its light casting playful shadows against the walls. If you move closer, it seems almost hypnotic. When you are within 10 feet, it will strike. This is the **Scintillant Korahtha**, a type of carnivorous pitcher plant.

The atmosphere feels different here, infused with life and resilience, as though this bay is a testament to the Zyxyz's understanding of sustainability and the potential for growth amid adversity. However, as you take in the serenity of the lush surroundings, a darker undertone surfaces in your mind—the fragility of this ecosystem, now left untended, and the unknown fate of those who once cultivated it.

There is 20% chance that at least one character is allergic to something in this bay. The information recovered here could be worth 10,000 credits and 200 credits per viable plant species recovered. There are 30 viable species that can be recovered.

18. STORAGE BAY 5

Pushing open the heavy door to Storage Bay 5, you enter a spacious, cluttered workshop where creativity and engineering collide in a mesmerizing display of ingenuity. The air is thick with the scent of grease and warm metal, and the soft whirring of machinery fills the background, lending an almost rhythmic pulse to the atmosphere. This bay is the heart of the ship's maintenance and innovation, representing the Zyxyz's relentless pursuit of advancement.

The walls of the workshop are lined with various tools, organized yet somewhat chaotic in their arrangement. Heavy-duty workbenches dominate the central area, each one covered in an assortment of machinery—some half-assembled, others in various states of disrepair. Nearby, a large table displays a bewildering collection of components: wires, circuit boards, and interlocking gears that hint at the intricate designs the Zyxyz engineers once toiled over.

Illuminated by bright overhead lights, a series of holographic displays project floating blueprints and schematics, showcasing everything

from advanced weaponry to ship upgrades. You notice that the layout can be manipulated mid-air, allowing for easy adjustments and real-time project management.

In one corner, a large mechanical arm, similar to a robotic assistant, sits dormant. Dust clings to its joints, a testament to its long period of disuse. Once capable of assisting with heavy lifting and precise adjustments, it now serves as a silent reminder of the workshop's vibrancy.

In the back, a sealed containment unit stands out, its glass exterior offering a glimpse of an unfamiliar device—perhaps an alien artifact or a piece of advanced technology salvaged from a distant world. It hums softly, and you can sense the potential energy contained within; this could be a significant discovery, should you decipher its purpose.

The device inside the containment unit is a large, electronically sealed clear box. Connected to the box are four large cannisters with hoses running into the box. Inside the box itself is a large blue crystal sitting on a pedestal. This is a **Dilosyn Crystal**.

This is worth 20,000 credits to Zephran Dynamics.

19. STORAGE BAY 6

As you approach Storage Bay 6, an air of weighty anticipation fills the space around you. The heavy door takes some persuasion, but eventually creaks open, revealing a cavernous bay transformed into an armory—a critical stronghold for the Zyxyz's defenses and a silent witness to countless battles fought in the name of survival. The cool metallic scent of weapons and combustion lingers in the air, intermingled with the faint hint of something burning, as if the remnants of old conflicts still echo in the shadows.

The bay is meticulously organized, yet the sheer volume of weaponry is overwhelming. Racks and shelves stretch from floor to ceiling, each housing an arsenal of weapons artfully displayed and strategically arranged. Energy rifles, plasma launchers, and specialized sidearms hang in neat rows, their surfaces gleaming under the overhead lights. Each weapon is distinct, showcasing the advanced technology of the Zyxyz, with custom engravings and symbols hinting at the history behind them.

In the center of the room stands a large, circular table cluttered with high-tech weapon components and modification kits, remnants of failed experiments and successful innovations alike. Holographic displays project targeting data

and weapon stats in mid-air, and a series of digital blueprints hover above the table, illuminating the ongoing connection between design and execution. This information is all written in Zyxxyz.

Against one wall, a series of reinforced lockers is secured with biometric locks and coded keypads, each containing specialized armament and protective gear for the crew—from combat suits enhanced with energy shielding to helmets equipped with advanced HUD displays. A few lockers hang slightly open, revealing the remnants of hastily gathered equipment, an unsettling reminder of emergency preparations taken before the chaos unfolded.

In one corner, a fortified containment unit houses classified weaponry that whispers of potential devastation—a collection of experimental arms designed to confront existential threats, their designs both beautiful and terrifying. Dimly lit panels pulse in response to your presence, indicating the high security protecting these formidable creations.

More unnervingly, remnants of past struggles are evident throughout the bay—a few downed **Morbs** lie in twisted heaps, clearly the result of confrontations that took place long before the abandonment of the ship. They serve as the space's ghostly guardians, their once-gleaming frames now tarnished relics of the Zyxxyz's ongoing battle against the unknown.

As you begin to search the room, 2 **Morbs** (MV: *Fast*, IM/RS: 6/60, STA:300, AT:70, DMG:2d10/3d10) float silently in through the open door and begin to take up firing positions. If no one is watching the door, The **Morbs** will gain surprise.

Although the characters cannot read the Zyxxyz language or understand the blueprints, the weapons cache found here is worth 3,000,000 credits and will be paid accordingly by Zephra Dynamics upon return.

CREW QUARTERS PORT

As you step through the doorway into the long and expansive Passageway, you're immediately struck by an eerie juxtaposition of former vibrancy and present decay. The corridor spans an impressive 10 meters in width, yet it feels narrow under the weight of silence, the air thick with a stillness that hints at a long absence of life.

Along the right side, 20 doors stand in a weary line, each one bearing the scars of time. The once-impressive carvings depicting swirling motifs and Zyxxyz cultural symbols have chipped and faded, the intricate details dulled by years of neglect. Some doors are marred by scratches and gouges, irregularities testifying to frantic moments or perhaps the struggles faced by their occupants. A few doors hang slightly ajar, creaking gently in the stale air, while others appear swollen, wedged tightly within their frames, as though resisting the passage of time.

Outside light from the **Singularity Ballet's** docking bay filters through small, frosted portholes set high in the walls, casting dim patterns on the floor coated in a layer of dust that has accumulated over who knows how long.

On the left side of the Passageway, five larger doors loom ominously, their stature hinting at their significance. These heavier doors, adorned with similarly intricate carvings, are slightly rusted at the hinges, and their surfaces are cracked, suggesting years of misuse. The engravings here, while still visible, appear worn and patchy, reflecting a time when this space served as a possible lounge, a library, or a meeting room for higher-ranking officers, now reclaimed by dust and silence.

22 - 42. CREW QUARTERS

As your characters begin to search the Crew Quarters, follow these guidelines to determine the current state of the room and any potential occupants:

1. Consult the Aibophobia Briminimib Crew Quarters Random Encounter Table: Roll the designated dice or use your preferred method to randomly generate a result from the encounter table. This will provide insights into the condition of the room and whether any creatures or individuals are present.
2. Evaluate Room Condition Based on the outcome of the roll, describe the state of the Crew Quarters. Tailor your narration to reflect what the characters might notice based on the given descriptions.
3. If the encounter reveals the presence of a creature or individual, seamlessly integrate them into the room description. Illustrate how they fit into the environment—for example, are they a frightened crew member hiding, a hostile alien lurking in the shadows, or a benign entity performing a task?
4. As you describe the scene, ensure that the

elements of the room and its occupants work in harmony to create a vivid and immersive experience. Use sensory details—sights, sounds, and smells—to enhance the ambiance and build tension or curiosity as needed.

AIBOFOBIA BRIMINIMIRB CREW QUARTERS RANDOM ENCOUNTER

| Roll | Result |
|------|---------------------------------|
| 1 | 1-5 Zyxxyz Thralls + Razed Room |
| 2 | Empty Room |
| 3 | Razed Room |
| 4 | Haywire + Basic Room |
| 5 | Empty Basic Room |
| 6 | Skitter + Basic Room |
| 7 | Pristine Room |
| 8 | Razed Room / Dead Skitter |
| 9 | Empty Basic Room |
| 10 | Razed Room / Dead Morb |

*Roll 1/6 = 1 Thrall, 2/7 = 2 Thralls, 3/8 = 3 Thralls, 4/9 = 4 Thralls, 5/10 = 5 Thralls.

BASIC ROOM

Stepping into the Crew Quarters, the relatively compact room presents itself with a stark utilitarian design. Measuring 20 meters by 10 meters, it's a functional space meant for rest and respite amidst the rigors of duty. The air is tinged with a faint metallic scent, remnants of the ship's infrastructure mingling with the earthy aroma of worn fabric and human presence.

Four metal bunks line each side of the room, tightly arranged in military precision. Each bunk is outfitted with a thin mattress, covered in faded linens that have seen better days. The upper and lower bunks are separated by narrow safety rails, and while each sleeping space retains personal touches—photos of loved ones, hastily-painted artwork, or small mementos—there's an overarching sense of camaraderie amidst the shared struggle.

The head of each bunk features a compact storage unit, where crew members stow their belongings—a mixture of personal effects and issued necessities crammed into the available space. Some compartments creak as they open, revealing mismatched clothing and uniforms that reflect the individuality of their occupants, now softened by time and use.

Along one wall, a small communal

area houses a few battered chairs and a table. A flickering light fixture overhead casts a dim glow.

On the opposing wall, a series of small porthole windows provide a limited view of the docking bay outside, yet they are heavily tinted and scratched, reducing even that to mere impressions of light and color.

In one corner of the room, a small bathroom area is tucked away, separated by a sliding door that struggles to close. Inside, a compact shower space features a worn curtain that flutters slightly in the draft, revealing an array of flexible hoses and a shower head that drips rhythmically, a persistent leak that echoes in the quiet. The shower's walls are adorned with compartments.

Beside the shower, a small sink with a cracked mirror reflects an image of the room's wear, the glaze long dulled with humidity and age. The sink is shallow, but it serves its purpose, with strange markings left by hurried hands washing away the remnants of mission life. The scent of soap mingles with the slight metallic tang in the air, a reminder of the day-to-day rituals that persist even in the face of turmoil.

There is nothing of value in here.

RAZED ROOM

As you step into the Crew Quarters, the stark contrast from its intended purpose is immediately striking. Once a functional space meant for rest and camaraderie, this room now lies in disarray, a shell of its former self. The compact dimensions—20 meters by 10 meters—feel more confining now, shadows stretching ominously across the battered floor.

The four metal bunks that line the walls are in various states of disrepair. The upper bunks sag dangerously, their support frames twisted and creaking ominously. Thin, stained mattresses hang precariously at odd angles, the linens torn and discolored, remnants of a hasty abandonment that hint at the chaos that forced their occupants away. Some bunk frames lie completely collapsed, leaving empty spaces or stacks of discarded belongings strewn across the floor.

The walls bear the scars of neglect and violence, with deep gouges and scratch marks that speak to frantic struggles. The air is stale and heavy with a musty scent, mingling with the faint metallic odor that permeates the ship. Flickering lights buzz above, casting erratic shadows that heighten the sense of unease. A few light fixtures dangle precariously, one swinging gently like a pendulum, creating an echoing creak in the

silence that amplifies the room's desolation.

Along one wall, the communal area, once inviting, is a chaotic mess of debris—overturned chairs scattered across the floor, some broken entirely, their metal frames twisted beyond repair.

A large crack in the wall reveals pipes that have burst, water pooling in patches on the floor, adding to the growing sense of chaos. The sound of dripping echoes is rhythmic, almost mocking, as it fills the stillness with an unsettling reminder of the state of disrepair.

In one corner, the bathroom area is a grim sight—its sliding door hangs askew, barely hanging onto its hinges. Inside, the shower fixtures are rusted and leaking, the water pooling around gratings that struggle to drain away the filth. The curtain hangs in tatters, swaying lifelessly as if it no longer remembers its purpose. The sink is cracked, water trickling out in irregular spurts, and the mirror is shattered, reflecting fragmented images that only intensify the sense of disarray.

There is nothing of value in here.

PRISTINE ROOM

This room conveys a sense of order and tranquility. This functional space is well-maintained, exuding a clean and welcoming ambiance that invites rest and relaxation amidst the demands of life aboard the ship.

Four neatly arranged metal bunks line the walls, each equipped with a plush, well-kept mattress and crisp linens in standard issue colors—soft blues and grays that evoke a sense of calm. The upper and lower bunks are secured with sturdy safety rails.

The storage units at the head of each bunk are impeccably organized, housing neatly folded clothing and essential personal items. Everything in the room radiates discipline and care, with compartments seamlessly blending functionality and style.

Along one wall, a cozy communal area contains sturdy chairs and a polished table that invites gathering and camaraderie. The surface of the table is free of clutter, holding only a few books. A soft, warm light bathes the space, emanating from well-positioned fixtures that create an inviting glow and highlight the crisp angles of the room.

In one corner, a small recreational nook features a well-stocked shelf of reading materials, from science fiction novels to technical manuals, offering the crew a chance to unwind.

A small bathroom area is tucked discreetly away, its door sliding open effortlessly to reveal a

shining enclave. The shower stall gleams with clean tiles, and the shower head is anchored securely, promising refreshment at the end of a long day. A well-maintained sink hosts neatly arranged toiletries, each container gleaming under the bright lights, with a polished mirror reflecting the immaculate design.

There is nothing of value in here.

43 - 44. SICK BAY

Once in sick bay, you're greeted by the vastness of the room, once a beacon of hope and advanced medical care, now a shadow of its former self. The space is expansive, designed with the intention of providing comfort and treatment, featuring high ceilings and large windows that are now grimy and cracked, their glass flecked with dust and remnants of damage sustained over years of neglect.

Lining the walls are rows of medical equipment and diagnostic stations that were once state-of-the-art. The elegant contours of machinery, with screens that once displayed vital signs and health metrics, lay dulled and flickering erratically. A delicate haze of technological cleverness surrounds each device, their designs reminiscent of a time when healing was addressed with both precision and grace. Now, wires hang loosely from the walls, their copper frays exposed, and many consoles are dark, rendered useless by the ravages of time and battle.

In the center of the room, several medical bays equipped with reclining examination tables bear the scars of frantic activity. The pale surfaces, once pristine and sterile, are now marred with stains and cracks, the remnants of emergency procedures conducted in the heat of conflict. The ambient lights that once cast a soothing glow now flicker sporadically, casting eerie shadows that seem to dance along the walls, giving the room an unsettling atmosphere.

A corner of the sick bay hosts a small pharmacy, shelves lined with containers that once held advanced pharmaceuticals and healing remedies. However, most jars have been shattered, their contents spreading across the floor in a mess of forgotten medicine. The scent of decay mingles with faint hints of antiseptic, an olfactory reminder of the life-saving practices that once took place here—but now serve mostly as a poignant echo of loss.

An array of medical instruments, both familiar and alien, lie scattered about, some partially embedded in the floor—a stark reminder of the turmoil that befell this sanctuary. Bandages

and medical supplies strew the ground, a graveyard of healing tools left in haste as the patients and caregivers alike fled from an unseen threat.

Certainly! Here's an expanded description of the scene you've set, focusing on the tension and atmosphere as the doctor and nurses lie in wait:

Tucked away in the dimmest corner of the sick bay, a private office sits shrouded in darkness, the heavy door barely ajar. The air is stale, thick with the lingering scent of antiseptic mismatched by the hint of something more sinister—a smell of decay that hints at the horrors that have transpired within. The flickering light from malfunctioning overhead fixtures barely illuminates the cold surfaces, casting elongated shadows that creep ominously across the room.

Inside, the remnants of an office once dedicated to healing now serve as a makeshift lair for those who should be its caretakers. The doctor, disheveled and gaunt, rests hunched over a cluttered desk. His eyes, once full of compassion, now burn with a feverish intensity, their sunken depths betraying the toll of the Yoilioy virus that courses through his veins. Shaky hands, once steady and skilled, grip the edges of the desk as if seeking solace in the chaos around him. Papers are strewn everywhere, filled with frantic notes and disjointed observations, each one a testament

to his descent into madness.

Flanking him are three nurses, their uniforms now stained and tattered, their once bright demeanor twisted by the contagion that has taken hold of them. They stand silently, their backs to the door, eyes glazed and unfocused, as though their spirits have been replaced by something far more sinister. The vibrant empathy that colored their interactions with patients is clouded by an otherworldly hunger as they wait in the shadows, drifting between reality and the virus' overwhelming grip. (MV: *Medium*, IM/RS: 4/35, STA:70, AT:40, DMG:2d10)

They lie in wait, eyes fixated on the door, which remains just a breath away from intrusion. Their bodies seem tense with anticipation, the gravity of their condition leading to an almost primal instinct to defend their territory against perceived threats.

In an unholy synchronization, the doctor and nurses suddenly spring into action, breaking the stillness with guttural growls and fevered shrieks. They launch themselves from the shadows, the desperation written across their faces blending with the delusion of control they once possessed. Each leap forward is driven by the tormented rage of those infected by the virus—hungry not just for survival, but for reprisal against a world that has abandoned them. Sadly, it appears that they were once humanoid.



45. RESEARCH LABORATORY

Here in the Research Lab, you are struck by the stark contrast between the advanced technology that once thrived here and the haunting desolation that now permeates the air. The room is cavernous, filled with long tables cluttered with instruments and equipment designed for the study of alien life forms. The fluorescent lights overhead flicker erratically, casting an eerie glow that dances across the sterile surfaces.

Everywhere you look, the remnants of scientific inquiry lie abandoned, a testament to the work that was once done with ambition and hope. Yet, the atmosphere is oppressive, heavy with the weight of loss. The walls are lined with glass specimen tanks—some large and imposing, others smaller, each one housing live alien species that writhe in agony, their bodies affected by the malevolent grip of the Yoilioy virus.

The creatures within the tanks display a nightmarish variety of forms and colors, their once vibrant exoticism now dulled and twisted by infection. One tank holds a writhing mass of iridescent tendrils, pulsating erratically as if in a

futile struggle against the confinement of glass. Another contains a small, bioluminescent creature that flickers feebly, its luminescent glow contrasted against its sickly pallor, indicative of the lurking infection that threatens its very existence. Muffled sounds of distress emanate from the tanks, an unsettling symphony of life clinging desperately to survival amid the horror of their condition.

In one corner of the lab, **2 Morbs** (MV: *Fast*, IM/RS: 6/60, STA:300, AT:70, DMG:2d10/3d10) float gently, as if waiting for the tank's occupants to burst forth and enter a free-fire zone.

A quick dart of movement draws your attention to another part of the lab, where a **Skitter** (MV: *Fast*, IM/RS: 6/60, STA:85, AT:40, DMG:2d10), scuttles hurriedly across the floor. Its multiple legs move in frantic synchronization, captivate with unnatural speed, darting toward shadows and crevices as if it senses a lurking threat. Its segmented body glistens unnaturally in the flickering light, and when its many eyes meet yours, there's a predatory gleam that reflects a visceral instinct for survival.

The once-pristine surfaces of the laboratory are now stained and cluttered with remnants of experiments gone awry—overturned vials, spilled liquids that bubble menacingly, and half-finished notes left behind in a rush. The walls are adorned with faded charts and ill-kept records that speak of hope and research objectives, now layered in grime and the subtle decay of what remains of a scientific endeavor that has spiraled into chaos.

If the character approach the specimens or the **Morbs**, the **Morbs** will attack. One **Morb** is armed with a laser, the other has a flamethrower. If they approach the **Skitter**, it will attack.

There is nothing of value in this room. Even the specimens are worthless.

46. LIBRARY / LOUNGE

Entering the Library and Lounge, a vast space unfolds before you, a once-cherished haven of knowledge and relaxation now caught in the throes of disarray. The room is adorned with towering shelves lined with books and holographic displays, their spines faded and many volumes now covered in a thick layer of dust. The air is heavy with a stale, musty scent—echoing the loss of countless stories and experiences held within the confines of this intellectual refuge.

Large, plush seating areas are interspersed throughout the space, where luxurious couches and lounges invite repose and contemplation. However, they now lie strewn with debris and overturned, evidence of the havoc that has



taken root here. The dim lighting from scattered luminescent globes casts unsettling shadows across the room, further amplifying the sense of chaos that reigns within this once serene oasis.

A chaotic cacophony reverberates through the library as a **Haywire** (MV: *Fast*, IM/RS: 5/50, STA:90, AT:50, DMG:2d10) rogue cleaning robot, scuttles across the room in a frenzy. Its once gleaming metallic body is now marred by scrapes and dents, evidence of its malfunction. The eyes of the robot flicker wildly in a disorienting rhythm, emitting erratic beeps and mechanical whirs that reverberate ominously. It moves unpredictably between destructive fits and frenzied cleaning, launching itself at anything it perceives as a threat to its newly defined purpose.

The **Haywire** whirs around shelves, knocking over stacks of books in a whirlwind frenzy, creating hills of tomes that cascade like fallen leaves. While it might attempt to tidy sections of the lounge, its method is ferocious; tools meant for sanitation become weapons as it swings out with erratic movements, attacking anyone who gets too close. The once helpful companion, now a chaotic whirlwind of metal and mayhem, seems to have lost all sense of its original function, embodying an unsettling combination of clumsiness and aggression.

In one frenetic moment, the robot hurls

a chair against a wall with surprising force, only to then mistakenly right another chair across the room, as if caught in a cyclical loop of destruction and repair. This errant behavior fills the room with a sense of unpredictability, leaving you to wonder where the line lies between order and chaos.

If the Haywire is brought within (or below) 10 points of 0 Stamina, an automatic self destruct will begin. There is no way to shut it down. There is a ten second delay with a counter. The explosion will destroy the contents of the library intentionally. Nothing will be recoverable.

There is nothing else of value in this room.

47. MESS HALL

As you step into the Kitchen and Mess Hall, you are greeted by a spacious environment that was once the vibrant heart of social life aboard the ship, now shrouded in decay and silence. The expansive room features long, communal tables crafted from once polished metal. Now, however, they are marred by a layer of grime and scattered debris, a stark reminder of the turmoil that unfolded within these walls.

Fluorescent lights flicker overhead, casting uneven shadows that dance across the room, emphasizing the disarray. Rows of industrial-grade appliances—ovens, stoves, and refrigerators—line the far wall, their once-bright surfaces tarnished and coated in a thin layer of grease. The hum of machinery has given way to a quiet stillness, interrupted only by the occasional drip of water from a leaky pipe, echoing like a distant reminder of life's once-vibrant pulse.

In one corner, the cafeteria-style serving area sprawls out, featuring glass food displays now long emptied and stained. The metal counters are littered with remnants of meals past—crumbs, dried spills, and forlorn containers that hint at the hurried departures of those who once gathered here for sustenance. A flickering holographic menu board hangs above, its display sputtering and filled with corrupted images, highlighting entrees and desserts that have long since gone untouched.

The atmosphere is thick with abandonment; chairs are scattered haphazardly around the tables, some overturned, as if the occupants were interrupted mid-meal by the madness that set in. A cold wind whips through the open vents, carrying with it the faint scent of decay, mingling with the stale odors of unwashed surfaces and forgotten food.

Deeper into the kitchen area, you observe the preparation stations, once filled with fresh

ingredients and bustling chefs. Now, the shelves are nearly bare, a few withered vegetables and rotting produce are haphazardly stacked, wilting away in their containers. This area too has fallen into neglect, with knives and kitchen utensils scattered about, their once-polished surfaces dulled and rusty—tools for a culinary art that has been lost to time.

There is nothing of value in this room.

48. ASSEMBLY HALL

This appears to be an Assembly Hall or Church, perhaps even both. You are struck by the vastness of the space, which once thrummed with the energy of community gatherings, ceremonies, and shared hope. Now, however, the atmosphere is heavy, filled with a profound sense of desperation that echoes against the high, arched ceilings. The remnants of what this place once represented linger like ghosts, casting long shadows across the cracked floor.

At the far end of the hall, a grand pulpit rises, adorned with symbols, now dulled and tarnished by time and neglect. The intricate carvings are scarred and worn, their messages unrecognizable against the creeping darkness that invades this hallowed space.

Rows of once plush seats line the central aisle, their surfaces marred by scratches and uneven wear, telling stories of countless gatherings. Some seats lie overturned, a scattering of trash littering the ground.

The air is thick and stale, carrying a faint scent of neglect, mingling with the lingering odor of decay and dampness. In the corners of the hall, remnants of hastily abandoned possessions sit untouched—blankets, food containers, and other items that once symbolized comfort—but now serve as eerie reminders of lives interrupted and hopes dashed. 2 spent Zyxyz laser pistols lay on the floor. They cannot be recharged.

Your gaze is drawn to a shadowy corner where an unsettling presence lurks. 4 **Zyxyz Thralls** (MV: *Medium*, IM/RS: 4/35, STA:70, AT:40, DMG:2d10), of unknowable species, now stand in eerie stillness, their forms somewhat contorted and their purpose twisted by the circumstances they find themselves in. Clad in remnants of ceremonial garb resembling tattered robes, they embody the grace of their people while exuding an air of danger that speaks to their current state of servitude.

Their skin glimmers faintly in the fractured light, remnants of vibrant colors long obscured by dirt and neglect. Hollowed eyes, once bright with

intelligence and warmth, now possess a glazed, almost feral look, betraying the loss of free will and the seductive grasp of the Yoilioy virus that has corrupted their minds.

Suddenly, one of the Thralls lurches forward, its movements unnaturally fluid yet unnervingly abrupt. A series of guttural growls erupts from deep within its throat, echoing off the high walls of the assembly hall, a foreboding warning that resonates with the primal instinct to attack any perceived threat. The others follow suit, snapping into action with a speed that belies their initial stillness, their limbs outstretched, revealing razor-sharp claws that glint ominously in the low light.

They move as a unit, silently coordinated in their assault, their intentions clear—they will not allow anyone to disturb the sacred space nor disrupt the final vestiges of loyalty that bind them to this place. The desperation of their transformation manifests in their violent defense, a harrowing blend of duty and rage that makes them formidable opponents despite their corrupted state.

severe malfunctioning, resulting in erratic and aggressive behavior that makes it a significant threat to those nearby. Designed for operational efficiency, it is now running amok, driven by a corrupted cybernetic brain that overrides its safety protocols. The robot exhibits an unyielding determination to accomplish its programmed tasks, regardless of the presence of characters. It demonstrates no capacity to stop or avoid confrontation; instead, it will relentlessly charge through anyone in its path or attempt to neutralize perceived threats with extreme prejudice.

- SKITTER: See Page 124
- MORB: See Page 125

ALBOFOBLA BRIMINIMIRB RANDOM TABLES

SKITTER TABLE

| Roll | Result |
|------|------------|
| 1-2 | 1 Skitter |
| 3-4 | 2 Skitters |
| 5-6 | 3 Skitters |
| 7-8 | 4 Skitters |
| 9-10 | 5 Skitters |

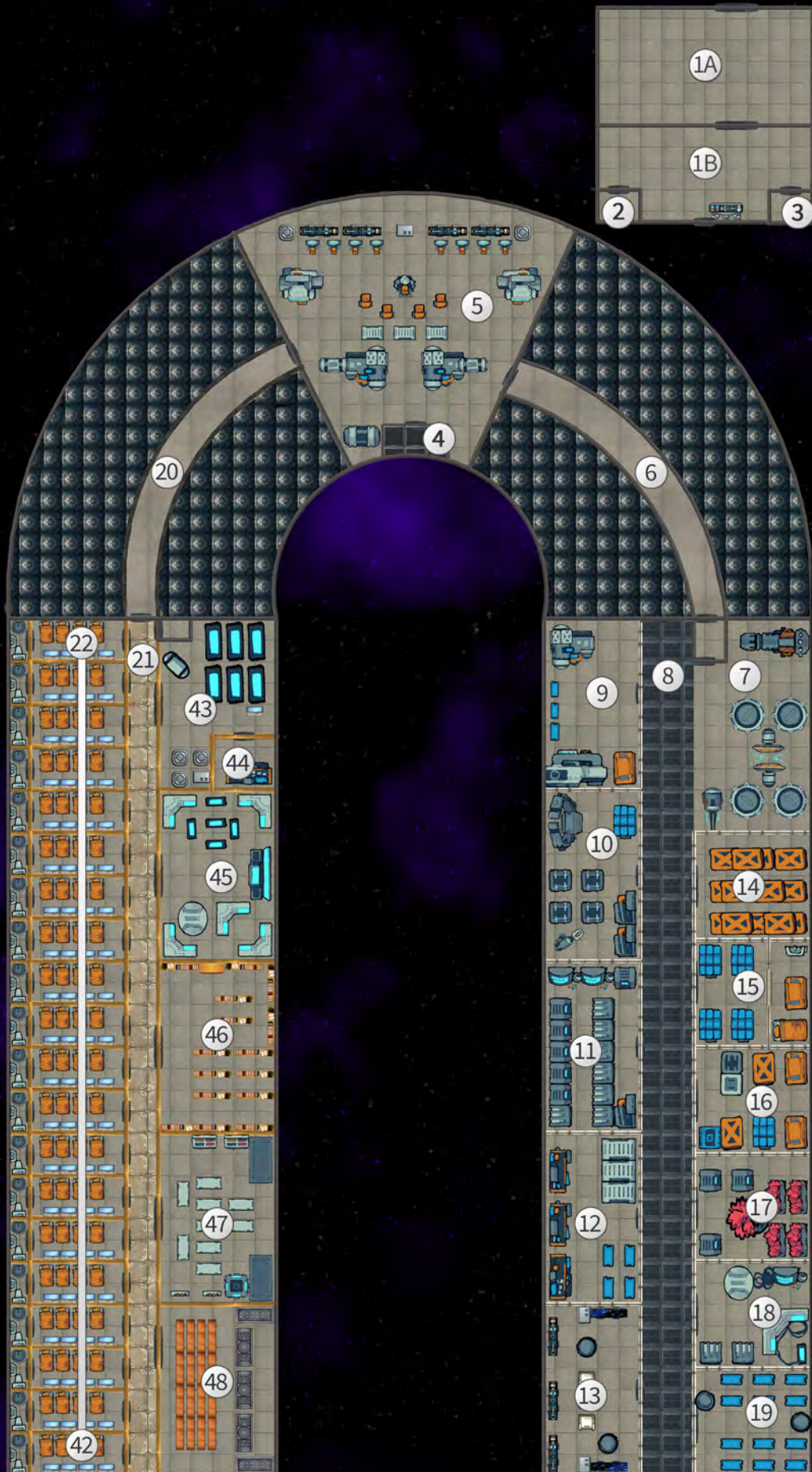
WANDERING ROBOT TABLE

| Roll | Robot |
|------|---------|
| 1-2 | Haywire |
| 3-4 | Skitter |
| 5-6 | Haywire |
| 7-8 | Skitter |
| 9-10 | Morb |

ROBOT DESCRIPTIONS -----

- HAYWIRE: This bipedal robot exhibits

ALBOFOBLA BRIMINIMIRB - END



THE SHADOW'S EDGE



1. THE BRIDGE

As you step onto the Bridge of the **Shadow's Edge**, a sense of wild adventure fills the air, mingling with an underlying threat of danger. This command center is not just a hub of technology; it reflects the ruthless spirit of piracy that defines the Jaxaradis. The design is functional yet brimming with an ambience that suggests a crew ready to seize every opportunity in the treacherous cosmos.

The floor is made of dark, reinforced materials, scuffed from countless escapades, while the walls are adorned with a patchwork of rugged metallic panels. Faint, flickering lights illuminate the space, casting shadows that dance ominously across the control interfaces. The air is thick with the scent of machine oil, a reminder of the hard work that goes into keeping this ship operational on the edge of legality.

At the front of the Bridge stands the Command Station, bold and imposing. The console is adorned with an array of mismatched controls and interfaces, bearing the marks of past battles and hasty repairs. Holographic displays showcase navigational charts, marked with the locations of potential targets and safe havens. The captain's chair—a throne-like seat adorned with worn leather—commands the room, sitting slightly elevated to provide an unimpeded view of the chaos that extends beyond the ship's hull.

To either side of the Command Station,

the Navigation and Tactical Stations reflect the ship's ruthless efficiency. The Navigation Station brims with old-school star charts, patched together and annotated with cunning notations, while a 3D holographic starfield pulsates with the latest information on trade routes and pirate havens. The Tactical Station is a battleground in itself, equipped with weapons targeting systems and field sensors, allowing the officer on duty to detect prey and coordinate boarding maneuvers.

Adjacent to the Bridge is a small but vital room housing three escape pods. Despite the ship's live-for-the-moment spirit, these pods are a crucial part of the strategy for survival. Accessible through a heavily reinforced door, each pod is sleek and streamlined, ready for immediate launch. The interior features a simple interface with survival gear and a holographic display offering emergency escape instructions, ensuring the crew is prepared for any sudden change in fortunes.

The Bridge brims with crew interfaces positioned for optimal efficiency. Each station is outfitted with makeshift controls—some salvaged, others fabricated—allowing crew members to monitor vital systems like life support, engineering, and communications. Varied holographic projectors display essential data, ensuring that every crew member remains in sync, ready to act at a moment's notice.

Decorative elements—a mix of trophies

from successful plunders, battle flags, and the Jaxaradis emblem—adorn the walls, each telling a story of past triumphs and adding to the ship's intimidating presence.

Guarding the bridge are 2 **Jaxaradis** (MV: *Fast, IM/RS: 9/90, STA:80, AT:40, DMG:1d10 / 3d10*). They are armed with laser rifles and sonic knives.

Everything on the bridge is written in Jaxa. Even with a Polyvox, it would take at least 40 hours to decipher the language, unless you have a player with PsychoSocial Skills. If so, the language could be deciphered simply as code. There is nothing of monetary value here. There is a printout that reads: *The meat aboard this ship is not immune to the wasting. They will make easy prey.*

2. WEAPON STORAGE

Upon entering the Weapons Storage room of the **Shadow's Edge**, you immediately feel a surge of energy—a palpable sense of anticipation and danger. This compact yet meticulously arranged space serves as the heart of the ship's arsenal, showcasing the fierce spirit of the Jaxaradis pirates.

At the rear of the Bridge, two heavy doors—one on the left and one on the right—offer access to the Weapons Storage room. As you enter through either door, you descend a small set of stairs, dropping approximately five feet into the room. The echo of your footsteps resonates through the metal-walled space, amplifying the palpable tension that fills the air.

The room is designed for both utility and

intensity, with reinforced walls bearing marks of past skirmishes—scorch marks, deep gouges, and the wear of countless conflicts. Dim, flickering overhead lights cast shifting shadows across the robust, functional furnishings, while the air is thick with the metallic scent of weaponry blended with the lingering odor of gunpowder.

Sturdy weapon racks line the walls, displaying an extensive array of arms—blasters, rifles, grenades, and an assortment of melee weapons in varying states of maintenance. Some weapons gleam brightly, polished to a sharp finish, while others show the wear of recent battles, bearing the marks of hasty repairs. Each rack is organized with clear labels, addressing categories such as “Close Quarters,” “Long-Range,” and “Explosive Devices,” showcasing the crew's tactical approach to their lethal arsenal.

In one corner of the room is a cluttered workbench, overflowing with tools, spare parts, and half-finished projects. Holographic schematics hover above the station, providing detailed instructions for weapon modifications and repairs. The soft whir of machinery and the intermittent clattering of tools create an ambient soundscape, reflecting the crew's commitment to keeping every weapon in peak condition.

Makeshift barricades constructed from salvaged debris are strategically placed throughout the room, serving as quick cover during unexpected conflicts. Behind these defenses, protective gear suits—tactical vests, helmets, and shields—are stacked and ready for crew members to grab before boarding an enemy ship or initiating a tactical retreat.

At the far side of the Weapons Storage room, two additional doors—one on the right and one on the left—lead to further sections of the ship, perhaps housing additional supplies or even hidden compartments. The atmosphere in this storage area is thick with tension and excitement, filled with the anticipation of imminent danger. The walls are adorned with unofficial trophies from past confrontations—remnants of battles fought and won—as well as pirate flags and symbols that add character and defiance to the space.

3. PORT PASSAGEWAY

The Port Passageway serves as a bustling artery within the “Shadow's Edge,” connecting various vital areas of the pirate ship. This narrow corridor is imbued with the essence of life aboard the vessel—gritty, chaotic, and often alive with the spirited chatter of the crew.



The passageway stretches ahead, illuminated by dim, flickering sconces that cast an amber glow against the rugged metal walls. The flooring is a durable composite, scuffed and worn from the hustle of countless crew members navigating its length. The air carries a mixture of scents—oil from machinery, the faint tang of ozone, and the salty notes of distant waters—a sensory reminder of the ship's adventures.

On the left side of the passageway, four sturdy doors stand in close proximity to one another, each leading to individual crew cabins. These doors are adorned with hand-painted identifiers, personalizing each cabin with the occupant's name or a small emblem that signifies their story. The soft sounds of laughter and conversation occasionally seep through the cracks, revealing the camaraderie shared among the crew.

To the right, two doors are present. The first leads to the Captain's Quarters—a sanctuary of authority and strategy, where the captain can plot the course of their daring escapades. This door is slightly heavier, reinforced with additional security features that emphasize its importance. The second door opens into the Engineering Interconnect room, a space where the ship's intricate systems can be monitored and maintained.

At the far end of the passageway, a single door leads to the aft area of the ship, possibly connecting to cargo holds or additional facilities meant for various operations. The door is robust and unadorned, contrasting with the more personalized entries along the corridor, hinting at the secrets it may hold.

Throughout the passageway, the walls are adorned with informal decorations reflecting the crew's piratical nature—maps of known territories, markings indicating the successful plunders of rivals, and even faded photographs showcasing past escapades. Tattered flags and insignia hang unevenly, celebrating the ship's victories and furthering the atmosphere of rebellion and defiance.

4. STARBOARD PASSAGEWAY

The Starboard Passageway serves as the vibrant lifeline of the "Shadow's Edge," connecting critical living quarters and systems that support the crew's operations and day-to-day activities. This Passageway is a bustling hub filled with the echoes of shared experiences and camaraderie, each door leading to the intimate spaces where crew members carve out their lives aboard the

pirate ship.

The Starboard Passageway is slightly narrower than the Port Passageway, yet it remains well-lit by flickering overhead lights that illuminate its robust, metallic walls. The flooring bears the scuffs and marks of constant use, a testament to the countless footsteps of its occupants. The air is filled with a mixture of sounds—the faint hum of machinery, distant chatter, and the occasional laughter from beyond closed doors, all combining into a melody of life aboard.

On the right side of the passageway, four sturdy doors stand in a row, each leading to individual crew quarters. Each door is uniquely decorated, featuring personalized markings or emblems that reflect the personality and history of its occupant.

The left side begins with a single door leading to the First Officer's Quarters. This entry is slightly more ornate, hinting at the importance of its occupant. The First Officer's space is a blend of authority and comfort, where strategies are devised, and decisions are made.

Continuing down the left side, a short Passageway provides access to several crucial areas. The first door opens to the Life Support Systems room, where the ship's vital environmental controls are monitored and maintained. This room hums softly with the sound of machinery, constantly ensuring that the "Shadow's Edge" remains a safe haven for its crew amidst the vastness of space.

Beyond this, two additional doors lead to private quarters: one for the Raid Leader and the other for the Lead Engineer. Each door is robust and unadorned, yet they exude a sense of purpose. The Raid Leader's Quarters reflect the strategic mind of their occupant, while the Lead Engineer's Quarters are likely filled with tools and schematics related to the ship's operations.

Throughout the passageway, the walls are adorned with elements of the Jaxaradis' legacy—maps marking their many journeys and conquests, paintings depicting victorious moments, and even small trophies from successful raids hanging proudly. Every detail contributes to the sense of identity and camaraderie among the crew, creating an inviting and engaging atmosphere.

5. ENGINEERING INTERCONNECT

The Engineering Interconnect serves as a critical junction connecting sections of the ship with the corridors leading to the captain's quarters, the treasure vault, and the weapons array room. This area is characterized by its sturdy

construction and practical design, ensuring both security and ease of access for crew members navigating the ship's essential operational sectors.

As you approach the Engineering Interconnect, you are greeted by imposing double doors that swing open to reveal a well-lit corridor, spacious enough to accommodate the bustling activity of crew members and the movement of equipment. The walls are composed of the ship's signature metallic materials, reinforced to withstand both physical and environmental challenges. The lighting is bright and functional, illuminating this crucial hub with a sterile brilliance.

The passageway is clean and organized, with the hum of machinery echoing softly from the engineering sectors. Immediately to the right, a single secure door stands with a reinforced frame—this leads to the Captain's Quarters. The door is adorned with a small control panel for access, indicating the importance of this space and the security measures in place to protect the captain's privacy.

The door to the Captain's Quarters is sturdy and well-maintained, often adorned with the emblem of the crew, symbolizing authority and leadership. Because of its secure design, only authorized personnel can enter, ensuring that the captain's private domain remains undisturbed.

To the left, a heavily secured door leads to the ship's treasure vault, embodying the spirit of piracy and the wealth acquired through daring exploits. This door is built with advanced locking mechanisms and reinforced plating, showcasing the treasure vault's significance and the need for maximum protection against any potential threats. It features a biometric scanner and a keypad, ensuring that only the trusted few have access to the spoils of the crew's adventures.

At the back of the Interconnect, another doorway leads to the Weapons Array Room. This door is slightly more fortified, marked with warning indicators that notify crew members of the potentially dangerous contents beyond. The Weapons Array Room is where the ship's main weapon system is located.

6. WEAPONS ARRAY

The Weapons Array Room is a where the ship's weapon systems come to life. This large, industrious room is designed to accommodate the complex array of technology needed to supply power and manage the ship's formidable arsenal, ensuring that the crew is always prepared for confrontation and defense.



As you enter the Weapons Array Room, you are greeted by a spacious environment dominated by a high ceiling, allowing for the extensive machinery and technology required for the ship's weaponry. The walls are constructed from heavy-duty metallic panels, providing both protection and an industrial aesthetic that reinforces the room's purpose. Bright, overhead lights illuminate the area, casting a steady glow on the various components and systems at work.

Running through the room is an intricate network of transformers and conduits, pulsating with energy. The transformers, large and imposing, are situated at strategic points throughout the room, converting energy to power the ship's weapon systems, from laser cannons to missile launchers. Each transformer is fitted with monitoring displays, showing real-time diagnostics and power levels—it's a hub of high-tech machinery that balances sophistication with brute force.

Along the walls, a series of control stations are equipped with advanced interfaces, allowing crew members to monitor and manage the power being distributed to various weapons systems. Each station includes a computer screen displaying graphs, energy flow diagrams,

and diagnostics for individual weapon systems, enabling engineers or weapons specialists to make necessary adjustments swiftly. Holographic interfaces can project schematics and operational plans, allowing for targeted strategies during combat scenarios.

Safety protocols are visibly enforced within the room, with clear signage indicating safety zones, emergency shut-off controls, and regulations regarding the handling of munitions. Areas designated for high-voltage equipment are marked with appropriate warnings, ensuring that crew members remain cautious and aware of their surroundings.

7. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS

The Captain's Quarters embody both authority and comfort, serving as a personal sanctuary for the ship's leader. Accessible via a main entry door and another secure door from the Engineering Interconnect, this room combines functionality with a touch of personal style, reflecting the captain's role in navigating the challenges of piracy.

Upon entering the Captain's Quarters, you are welcomed by a spacious yet intimate environment, designed to balance the demands of leadership with the need for relaxation. The walls are lined with sturdy metallic panels, similar to other areas of the ship, but they are adorned with rich, dark-colored accents that create a sense of depth and gravitas. The lighting is soft and warm, allowing for a comfortable atmosphere while still providing ample illumination.

Dominating one corner of the room is a large double bed, offering a refuge for restful nights. The bed is dressed with high-quality linens and a thick comforter, exuding a sense of warmth. Plush pillows are arranged invitingly at the head of the bed. Above the bed, a shelf holds personal mementos—pictures of the crew during happier times, maps of previous adventures, or tokens from past raids that tell tales of glory and camaraderie.

Across from the bed, a robust wooden desk anchors the room where the captain conducts vital ship business. The desk is equipped with a high-tech computer system, featuring a large screen that displays navigation data, communications, and operational metrics. Holographic projections can be summoned with a gesture, allowing the captain to interact with detailed maps of the cosmos and coordinate strategies with the crew. The desktop is clutter-free, with only essential items—a datapad, a few writing instruments, and

perhaps a small flag that symbolizes the crew's identity—maintaining an organized yet personal workspace.

Across from the bed is a large wardrobe, meticulously designed to accommodate the captain's varied attire. Inside, the wardrobe houses a selection of uniforms crafted from durable materials, alongside casual wear for downtime. Each item is organized and ready for use, showcasing the captain's attention to detail and sense of pride in their role. Hidden compartments may hold special weapons or gear, ensuring that the captain is always prepared for any unforeseen challenges.

A series of shelves lines one wall, filled with an array of books on navigation, strategy, and histories of legendary pirates. Some shelves may also hold unique artifacts obtained during missions—each piece a tangible reminder of the journeys taken. A few framed accolades or certificates representing the ship's past victories may adorn the walls, underscoring the captain's authority and accomplishments.

8. VAULT

The Treasure Vault is an imposing and meticulously secured room, designed to safeguard the spoils of the crew's daring exploits and to protect their most prized possessions. This sacred space exudes an aura of mystery and wealth, housing a variety of treasures ranging from gold and jewels to rare artifacts collected during their adventures.

As you enter the Treasure Vault through the heavily secured door, you are enveloped by the cool air that contrasts with the ship's generally warmer atmosphere. The interior exudes a sense of grandeur, illuminated by dim but strategic lighting embedded in the walls that highlights the treasures within while creating an ambiance of intrigue. The walls are lined with reinforced steel panels, designed to withstand intrusions and protect the valuable contents.

The vault is primarily filled with an array of storage units and display cases, each crafted from sturdy materials that replicate the elegance often associated with treasure rooms. Metal and glass display cases showcase artifacts gleaming under warm lights—golden chalices, intricate jewelry, and rare coins from distant worlds. Some cases are specifically designed to showcase pieces of historical significance, such as weapons and relics from battles fought by the Jaxaradis.

In addition to the display cases, the vault includes large, heavy chests crafted from aged



wood and reinforced with metal bands. These chests overflow with gold, gemstones, and other valuables, organized in a way that reflects the crew's meticulous nature. Each chest is carefully locked and secured, accessible only to a select few, ensuring that the crew's hard-earned wealth remains protected.

The vault is outfitted with advanced security features, including surveillance cameras, motion sensors, and pressure-sensitive floors, all designed to prevent unauthorized access. A control panel near the entrance monitors the security systems and alerts the crew to any disturbances. A thick, reinforced door seals the vault, requiring multiple security credentials for entry—ensuring that only trusted members have access to the treasures within.

9-16. CREW QUARTERS

As your characters begin to search the Shadow's Edge Crew Quarters, follow these guidelines to determine the current state of the room and any potential occupants:

1. Consult the Shadow's Edge Crew Quarters

Random Encounter Table: Roll the designated dice or use your preferred method to randomly generate a result from the encounter table. This will provide insights into the condition of the room and whether any creatures or individuals are present.

2. Evaluate Room Condition Based on the outcome of the roll, describe the state of the Crew Quarters. Tailor your narration to reflect what the characters might notice based on the given descriptions.
3. If the encounter reveals the presence of a creature or individual, seamlessly integrate them into the room description. Illustrate how they fit into the environment—for example, are they a crew member hiding, a hostile alien lurking in the shadows, or a benign entity performing a task?
4. As you describe the scene, ensure that the elements of the room and its occupants work in harmony to create a vivid and immersive experience. Use sensory details—sights, sounds, and smells—to enhance the ambiance and build tension or curiosity as needed.

SHADOW'S EDGE CREW QUARTERS RANDOM ENCOUNTER

| Roll | Result |
|------|---------------------|
| 1 | 1-5 Zyxyz Thralls |
| 2 | 1 Jaxaradis Pirate |
| 3 | Empty Room |
| 4 | 2 Jaxaradis Pirates |
| 5 | Empty Room |
| 6 | 1 Skitter |
| 7 | Empty Room |
| 8 | 1 Jaxaradis Pirate |
| 9 | Empty Room |
| 10 | 1 Morb |

*Roll 1/6 = 1 Thrall, 2/7 = 2 Thralls, 3/8 = 3 Thralls, 4/9 = 4 Thralls, 5/10 = 5 Thralls.

Stepping into one of the average crew quarters aboard the Shadow's Edge, you're immediately welcomed by a blend of utilitarian design and personal touches that reflect the life of its occupant. While space is limited, every item serves a purpose, creating a cozy yet efficient environment for crew members often navigating the unpredictability of piracy.

The room is compact, with the walls lined in dark metal panels that absorb the dim light from

the single overhead fixture. Shadows dance along the surfaces, creating an intimate atmosphere that, despite its simplicity, feels homely. The flooring consists of a durable composite material, with patches of the original coloration showing signs of wear from the daily hustle of life on the ship.

Against one wall, a neatly made single bed offers a place for rest and recuperation. The bedding is practical—sturdy and easily washable—layered with a thin, warm blanket and a few personal items like a worn pillow or a small, trinket-like keepsake that reflects the personality of the occupant.

Adjacent to the bed is a compact computer system, its screen flickering softly with data and information relevant to the crew member's duties. The interface is sleek and functional, providing access to ship systems, and personal communications.

A series of shelves lines the wall opposite the bed, stocked with essential items. These might include various personal belongings—books, tools, or gear needed for specific tasks aboard the ship. The shelves reflect the individuality of the crew member, showcasing a collection of items that tell stories of their life before joining the Jaxaradis.

In the center of the room, a small table serves multiple purposes: a workspace, a dining area, or a gathering spot for quiet conversations. It's often cluttered with personal effects—a data slate, an unfinished meal, scattered papers outlining plans for future raids, or even a few friendly game pieces left over from an impromptu game with fellow crew members.

At the foot of the bed, a large chest provides additional storage space. This sturdy piece, often decorated with scratches and wear, is used to store clothing, extra supplies, or personal treasures that the crew member may wish to keep secure while navigating a pirate's life on the run. It may even hold some surprises—gifts from successful heists or hidden contraband pooled from many ventures.

17. FIRST OFFICER QUARTERS

Entering the First Officer's Quarters, you immediately sense a blend of authority and personal style that reflects the significance of its occupant. This room, while still compact, is thoughtfully arranged to accommodate both restful solitude and the demands of leadership in the pirate crew.

The room features a slightly more refined

aesthetic compared to the average crew quarters, with walls lined in sturdy, muted metal panels that echo the ship's overall ruggedness. Ambient lighting casts a warm glow, inviting a sense of comfort while still serving a functional purpose. The flooring, consistent with the rest of the ship, is durable and easy to maintain, showing minimal wear from the bustling activity of everyday life aboard.

Against one wall, a neatly made double bed provides a retreat for restful nights. The bedding is of slightly higher quality, featuring a thicker mattress and softer linens, offering the First Officer a comfortable place to unwind. A few personal items decorate the bed area, showcasing the individuality and past experiences of the officer.

Adjacent to the bed stands a sleek computer system, its interface designed for efficiency. This system provides access to critical ship data, operational strategies, and communication lines to the captain and crew. The screen is larger than those found in standard crew quarters, and holographic projections can be engaged for more complex tasks, allowing for detailed evaluations of ongoing missions or tactical planning during downtime.

A series of shelves lines one side of the room, tidy and well-organized. This space holds an array of items—books on strategy, maps detailing potential target locations, and personal mementos like expedition souvenirs. Each item reflects the First Officer's journey and the skills honed on previous raids and encounters, showcasing not only their leadership role but also their dedication to the crew's shared mission.

At the far end of the quarters, a large wardrobe stands imposing yet practical. This cabinet is designed to store a variety of armor pieces, casual attire, and necessary gear. Inside, the officer's clothing is meticulously arranged, emphasizing a sense of order and identity.

18. RAID LEADER QUARTERS

The Raid Leader's Quarters are met with a space that reflects both the fierce spirit of leadership and the tactical acumen required for orchestrating successful missions. This room, while modest in size, is meticulously organized to facilitate strategic planning and provide a refuge for reflection amid the excitement of piracy.

The quarters feature a sturdy design with walls crafted from the same rugged metal as the rest of the ship, offering a sense of durability and resilience. The lighting is soft and warm,

strategically placed to enhance the room's calming atmosphere while ensuring functionality when the time comes for planning and preparation. The flooring remains consistent with the ship's utilitarian aesthetic, showcasing the wear of countless journeys while still retaining its strength.

A single bed occupies one corner of the room, covered with well-maintained bedding that indicates a concern for both comfort and practicality. The bed is compact but carefully arranged, with a few personal touches—perhaps a small flag representing a successful raid or a well-worn book on tactics placed on the nightstand. These elements offer a glimpse into the Raid Leader's journey and experiences, reminding them of both their victories and responsibilities.

Adjacent to the bed sits a functional computer system designed for quick access to vital information. The interface is equipped with a larger screen, allowing the Raid Leader to pull up maps, assess data from previous raids, and strategize by using holographic display projections. This system serves as a hub for planning, enabling the Raid Leader to coordinate with crew members even when they are not physically present in the room.

A series of shelves line the wall opposite the bed, displaying a carefully curated collection of resources and references. These shelves hold an array of items—battle plans, tactical manuals, and records of past missions that underline successful strategies and lessons learned. Additional personal items, such as trophies from past raids or snapshots of camaraderie and celebration among the crew, add a rich layer of personal history to the space.

At the far end of the quarters, a large wardrobe stands ready to accommodate a variety of outfits appropriate for both duty and leisure. This wardrobe holds the Raid Leader's tactical gear, uniforms worn during missions, and even a few casual pieces for downtime. The organization of this space speaks volumes about the Raid Leader's character, reflecting a blend of practicality and pride—a place where every item is chosen not just for utility, but as a representation of their status and memories in the Jaxaradis.

19. LEAD ENGINEER'S QUARTERS

The Lead Engineer's Quarters is a space that balances comfort and practicality, reflecting the dual nature of its occupant—an individual who thrives on both ingenuity and the rigors of life aboard a pirate ship. This room serves as both

a personal refuge and a hive of creativity, where technical expertise is honed amid the challenges of piracy.

The quarters feature walls constructed from the ship's durable metallic material, much like the rest of the vessel, but these are adorned with a few additional personal touches to create an inviting atmosphere. The lighting is bright yet warm, allowing plenty of illumination for late-night tinkering without sacrificing comfort. The floor is marked by the wear of tools and equipment, evidence of the engineer's hands-on lifestyle.

At one side of the room, a spacious double bed offers a retreat from the complexities of engineering and the demands of leadership. The bedding is practical yet cozy, layered with a thick comforter and thoughtfully arranged pillows that invite rest after long hours of work. Above the bed, a small shelf holds personal mementos.

Positioned nearby is a comprehensive computer system, featuring a large display filled with technical schematics, engineering reports, and diagnostic data. This system is crucial for monitoring the ship's various systems, from propulsion to life support, enabling the engineer to troubleshoot issues and optimize performance. Holographic projections spring to life with a simple touch, allowing for interactive simulations and hands-on planning for upgrades or repairs.

A series of sturdy shelves line one wall, overflowing with an eclectic mix of tools, spare parts, and technical manuals. Each shelf is meticulously organized, showcasing a range of items necessary for the maintenance and operation of the ship—everything from bolts and gears to schematics for repairs.

At the far end of the quarters stands a large wardrobe designed to accommodate a variety of clothing. Inside, the engineer stores not only uniforms and protective gear, like coveralls and boots, but also casual attire for downtime and social interactions with the crew. The organization within reflects the engineer's methodical nature, ensuring that everything is easily accessible when needed.

20. LIFE SUPPORT SYSTEMS

The Life Support Systems Room aboard the **Shadow's Edge** is a crucial infrastructure hub, meticulously designed to ensure the crew's survival and well-being as they navigate the vast reaches of space. This large, multifunctional room serves as the nerve center for managing the ship's environmental controls, maintaining air quality,

temperature regulation, and other essential life-sustaining systems.

As you enter the Life Support Systems Room, you're greeted by a spacious area filled with an array of advanced machinery and control panels. The walls are constructed from robust metallic panels, lined with industrial-grade insulation to minimize sound and vibrations from the systems at work. The lighting is bright and sterile, with overhead fixtures flooding the room with white light, ensuring visibility for the crew working here.

Central to the room is a large, curved control console covered in a complex array of buttons, touchscreen holographic displays, and status indicators. These displays provide real-time data on the ship's atmospheric conditions, oxygen levels, humidity, and temperature. Crew members can easily monitor and adjust these parameters, and holographic projections of the ship's current life support metrics hover above the console, allowing for an at-a-glance assessment.

Surrounding the central console are various pieces of heavy machinery, including air reclaimers, oxygen generators, and filtration systems. These machines hum quietly as they work tirelessly to maintain optimal conditions for the crew. Large pipes and conduits snake along the walls, interconnecting these systems and processing the ship's atmosphere, ensuring a steady flow of fresh air and the removal of carbon dioxide and other contaminants.

In one corner of the room, an emergency protocol station is equipped with backup controls and an array of alarms designed to alert the crew in case of severe environmental failures. This area is stocked with reference manuals and emergency procedures, ensuring that crew members can respond swiftly to any unexpected situations that may arise during their travels.

Several shelves and cabinets line the walls, containing spare parts, filters, and backup supplies crucial for maintaining the life support systems. Everything is meticulously organized, with labels indicating the contents for easy access. These supplies ensure that the crew can execute repairs or necessary maintenance without delay, allowing the ship to operate smoothly even in the depths of space.

21. ENGINEERING PORT PASSAGE

The Engineering Port Passageway serves as a vital corridor within the **Shadow's Edge**, connecting various mechanical areas of the ship and ensuring that the heartbeat of engineering



operations flows seamlessly. Measuring a generous 10 meters wide and 20 meters long, this passageway is designed for functionality and ease of movement, accommodating crew members and their equipment as they navigate their essential tasks.

As you enter the Engineering Port Passageway, you are greeted by a spacious environment, the walls lined with a robust metallic finish that speaks to the durability required in a pirate ship's infrastructure. The dim overhead lights cast a soft glow, illuminating the passageway while creating an atmosphere charged with the energy of mechanics at work. The flooring is made from a resilient material, designed to withstand the rigors of foot traffic and movement of tools and machinery.

A well-constructed set of stairs leads down approximately six feet, allowing for a transition to lower levels of the engineering section. The stairs are broad and sturdy, featuring non-slip surfaces that ensure safety as crew members hustle back and forth, often burdened with equipment or tools.

On either side of the passageway, there are exposed cables and pipes running along the walls, pulsating with the life of the ship's systems. Occasionally, clusters of small machinery panels

or diagnostic terminals are mounted to the walls, offering crew members quick access to vital information about the ship's operational status. These panels may flash with data readings or diagnostic information, reflecting the ongoing activity in the engineering systems.

Along the walls, various tool racks and storage compartments are strategically positioned to provide easy access to essential equipment. Wrenches, screwdrivers, and other tools hang neatly organized, ready to be grabbed in the heat of maintenance or repairs. The presence of storage bins and containers filled with spare parts can be seen, ensuring that the crew is always prepared for immediate repairs or upgrades to the ship's systems.

At the far end of the passageway, a robust door stands—its surface marked by scratches and the wear of time, reminiscent of countless missions undertaken. This door leads to further engineering areas and the Assault Doors. It is equipped with heavy-duty locking mechanisms and reinforced frames, ensuring security for the vital systems contained within.

22. STORAGE

The Storage Area provides the archiving and organization of essential supplies, tools, and equipment necessary for the crew's operations and adventures. Spanning an impressive 15 meters in width and 20 meters in depth, this expansive area is designed for efficiency and accessibility, ensuring that everything needed for the ship's various activities is within reach.

Upon entering the Storage Area through the double set of sturdy entry doors, you find yourself in a spacious, well-organized environment. The walls are constructed from the same industrial-strength metal used throughout the **Shadow's Edge**, providing durability and security. The lighting is bright and evenly distributed, illuminating the entire area to make it easy for crew members to locate supplies at a glance.

The majority of the walls are lined with heavy-duty shelving units that rise to the ceiling, filled with a carefully arranged assortment of supplies. Here, you will find everything from rations and medical supplies to spare parts, tools, and miscellaneous equipment. The organization is meticulous—each shelf is labeled, indicating its contents, whether for routine maintenance, emergency repairs, or day-to-day operational needs.

A wide central aisle runs through the

middle of the Storage Area, allowing for easy navigation even when it is bustling with activity. This pathway ensures that crew members can swiftly access what they need without obstruction, moving large carts or equipment as necessary. The floor is made of durable, slip-resistant material that helps prevent accidents, particularly when transporting items.

Scattered throughout the storage area are various containers and bins, some of which are transparent for easy visibility of their contents. These hold smaller items like tools and hardware, organized by type for quick access. Larger bins are used for bulk supplies, such as food rations and medical kits, ensuring that the crew is well-stocked for longer journeys.

In one corner of the room, a dedicated section is set aside for emergency protocols and supplies. This includes first aid kits, safety equipment, and emergency rations. It is easily accessible, ensuring that the crew can swiftly reach these essentials in case of unforeseen circumstances.

23. ENGINEERING STARBOARD PASSAGE

The Engineering Starboard Passageway is a critical corridor, paralleling its port side counterpart and serving as a pathway for the ship's engineering operations. Spanning an impressive 10 meters in width and 20 meters in length, this passageway facilitates the movement of crew members and engineering equipment, ensuring the seamless functioning of the ship's vital systems.

As you enter the Engineering Starboard Passageway, you are welcomed by an expansive space characterized by its robust metallic walls, which withstand the rigors of life aboard a pirate vessel. The passageway is lit by a series of overhead fixtures that cast a warm glow, creating a welcoming yet industrious atmosphere. The flooring, built from durable composite materials, has been designed to endure high traffic and the occasional spill of oil or coolant.

In the center of the passageway, a well-constructed set of stairs descends approximately six feet, providing access to lower engineering levels where critical machinery and systems are housed. The stairs are broad and reliable, featuring textured surfaces to prevent slips, making it easy for crew members navigating with tools or spare parts.

The passageway is lined with exposed piping and cables, pulsating with energy and signals as they feed the ship's many mechanical

systems. Small machinery panels and diagnostic terminals are strategically mounted along the walls, offering engineers quick access to real-time data about the ship's operational status. These panels display vital metrics that help ensure the optimal functioning of all engineering systems on board.

On either side of the Engineering Starboard Passageway, you'll find a series of tool racks and storage compartments filled with essential equipment. Hand tools—wrenches, hammers, screwdrivers—hang neatly organized, easily accessible for maintenance tasks. Bins containing spare parts and materials are prominently displayed, ensuring that engineers can quickly grab what they need for repairs or upgrades without delay.

At the end of the passageway stands a robust door, similarly marked by signs of use and framed with heavy reinforcements. This secure entry leads into additional engineering facilities or perhaps deeper sections of the ship's complex machinery. It is built to withstand the demands of the ship's operations, ensuring that any sensitive areas of the engineering sector remain protected.

24. ENGINEERING SECTION A

Engineering Section A is serving as the hub for essential mechanical maintenance and operations. This industrious space is designed for

efficiency and functionality, housing the tools and machines that keep the ship running smoothly.

As you enter Engineering Section A, you find yourself in a spacious environment that is both utilitarian and well-organized. The walls are crafted from sturdy metallic materials, reinforced to withstand the demands of heavy machinery and tools. The overhead lighting is bright and focused, illuminating work areas while casting a warm glow across the room.

Two primary work stations dominate the area, each fully equipped with an array of tools, diagnostics, and instruments essential for engineering tasks. The first work station features a large workbench, covered with various mechanical components and schematics. Here, engineers can disassemble devices, conduct repairs, or assemble new parts as needed. Specialized equipment, such as soldering irons and diagnostic screens, await the skilled hands of the crew.

Adjacent to this station, the second work station is designed for more complex system diagnostics, featuring advanced computer interfaces where an engineer can monitor ship systems via holographic displays. This station is essential for tracking performance metrics and troubleshooting any issues that may arise.

Spread throughout the section, several generators hum gently, providing power to various systems across the ship. These generators are robust and industrial in design, equipped with multiple conduits that distribute energy efficiently. Each generator has a monitoring panel, allowing crew members to check power levels, operational status, and maintenance needs. The ambient noise of these generators contributes to the rhythmic symphony of machinery that fills the air, creating an industrious atmosphere.

At one of the work stations, a dedicated Jaxaradis engineer. (*MV: Fast, IM/RS: 9/90, STA:80, AT:40, DMG:1d10 / 3d10*). He is armed with a laser pistol and sonic knife.

The engineer is clad in a practical jumpsuit, equipped with pockets full of tools, and their focus reveals a deep understanding of the ship's mechanics.

They occasionally glance at the diagnostic screens, making timely adjustments and calculations as needed. This Jaxaradis engineer embodies the spirit of the crew, reflecting a commitment to ensuring that the ship operates at peak efficiency while embracing the adventurous nature of life aboard the "Shadow's Edge."



25. ENGINEERING SECTION B

Engineering Section B is another bustling hub of activity, mirroring the efficiency and design of Section A. This section serves as an essential area for maintaining and fine-tuning the ship's systems, filled with the clatter of tools and the hum of machinery.

As you step into Engineering Section B, you are struck by a similar spaciousness to Section A, with sturdy metallic walls and bright overhead lighting that casts an inviting glow over the workspaces. The room is neatly organized, with various tools and components at the ready, ensuring that engineers can promptly address any mechanical issues that may arise.

Two work stations dominate the center of the room, each equipped with essential tools and diagnostic equipment. The first station features a well-used workbench cluttered with mechanical parts and circuit boards, ideal for disassembly and repairs. Tools hang neatly within reach, showcasing the careful preparation that defines the engineers' practices.

The second work station contains sophisticated computer interfaces and diagnostic screens, where detailed readings of the ship's systems are displayed. Engineers can analyze data streams and monitor performance metrics in real time, facilitating swift troubleshooting and adjustments.

Just like in Section A, several generators are positioned throughout Engineering Section B, producing a gentle hum as they supply power to various systems. The generators are robust and efficient, equipped with monitoring panels that display their operational status, encouraging a constant flow of energy to the ship.

At one of the workstations, a Jaxaradis engineer is engrossed in repair work, their keen eyes focused on the intricate components before them. Dressed in a practical jumpsuit with pockets filled with various tools, the engineer moves confidently through their tasks, leveraging their extensive knowledge of the ship's machinery. The dedication to precision is apparent in every movement, as they work seamlessly to keep the systems running smoothly.

Contrasting the engineer's focused demeanor, a Jaxaradis pirate occupies the second work station. Their attire blends functionality with a rugged flair, a reflection of their adventurous life. The pirate is lively and animated, perhaps tinkering with a piece of weaponry or engaging the engineer in spirited banter about past raids or tales of daring. Their hands are covered in grease,

revealing a hands-on approach to maintenance, as they possess a unique blend of combat skills and mechanical knowledge—essential for a life on the move.

2 Jaxaradis (MV: *Fast*, IM/RS: 9/90, STA:80, AT:40, DMG:1d10 / 3d10). They are armed with laser pistols and sonic knives.

26. ASSAULT DOORS

The Assault Door Section is a crucial access point on the **Shadow's Edge**, strategically designed for boarding actions and tactical maneuvers during raids. This area is fortified and engineered to facilitate the rapid deployment of crew and equipment onto other vessels, embodying the bold and daring spirit of piracy.

Upon entering the Assault Door Section, you are presented with a spacious room dominated by a sleek, industrial aesthetic. The walls are lined with thick metallic plating, designed to absorb impacts and resist damage during the chaos of boarding actions. The lighting is strategically placed, with bright overhead fixtures casting a sharp glow that highlights the functionality of the area while creating a sense of urgency.

At the center of the room lie two large assault doors set flush with the floor, engineered to be both secure and efficient. These doors are reinforced with heavy-duty materials and designed to withstand the rigors of space and combat. Each



door is outfitted with an advanced magnetic sealing system that ensures a tight closure, preventing any unwanted breaches while the ship is in operation.

When activated, the magnetic system hums softly, generating a low-frequency vibration that reverberates through the floor. When it comes time for boarding, the doors can be electrically powered to initiate a controlled opening sequence, allowing crew members to deploy quickly and efficiently onto enemy vessels.

Nearby, a large control panel provides access to the magnetic systems and operational statuses of the doors. The interface is sleek and intuitive, with digital displays that offer real-time diagnostics and security alerts. Crew members can monitor the status of the doors and engage the systems with ease, ensuring they are always prepared for a sudden tactical operation.

Flanking the Assault Door Section are storage compartments filled with essential boarding gear: grappling hooks, climbing harnesses, and specialized equipment like breaching tools ready for immediate use. This ensures that crew members are fully equipped for any boarding scenario that may arise.

27. MAIN ENGINE ROOM

The Main Engine Room is a magnificent and complex space that serves as the beating heart of the ship. This expansive room is designed to house the enormous main engine that propels the vessel across the vastness of space, reflecting the intricate engineering and relentless pursuit of speed and power that defines the crew's adventures.

As you step into the Main Engine Room, you are immediately struck by the sheer scale of the space. The walls are constructed from thick, reinforced metal, providing both structural integrity and protection against the vibrations and heat generated by the engine's operations.

Bright, industrial overhead lights illuminate the area, casting a stark glow on the array of pipes, conduits, and machinery that surround the engine itself. The air is filled with a background hum, a constant reminder of the engine's power, punctuated by the occasional hiss of steam or the deep thrum of the engine's operation.

At the center of the room stands the Main Engine, an awe-inspiring piece of engineering that towers above the rest of the equipment. The engine's intricate design, composed of a series of interconnected components—turbines, reactors,

and energy conduits—creates a mesmerizing display of technology. It is adorned with various gauges and displays that show operational metrics, power levels, and diagnostic information, all crucial for monitoring its performance.

Surrounding the engine are regulation walkways and access platforms, allowing crew members to inspect and maintain different sections of the machinery. Handrails line the walkways, ensuring safety as crew members navigate the heights and depths of this mechanical marvel.

Integrated into the design of the Main Engine Room are several control stations equipped with advanced technology. These stations feature holographic displays that project 3D schematics of the engine's systems, enabling technicians to monitor performance in real time. Engineers can adjust settings and troubleshoot issues through intuitive interfaces, ensuring that the engine remains calibrated for optimal performance.

An extensive network of cooling systems is crucial to the Main Engine's operation. Large ducts and vents circulate cool air through the room, counterbalancing the heat produced by the engine. The walls are lined with emergency shut-off switches, fire suppression systems, and safety protocols to safeguard against potential malfunctions or overheating, reflecting the crew's commitment to safety in the face of powerful machinery.

GENERAL INFORMATION

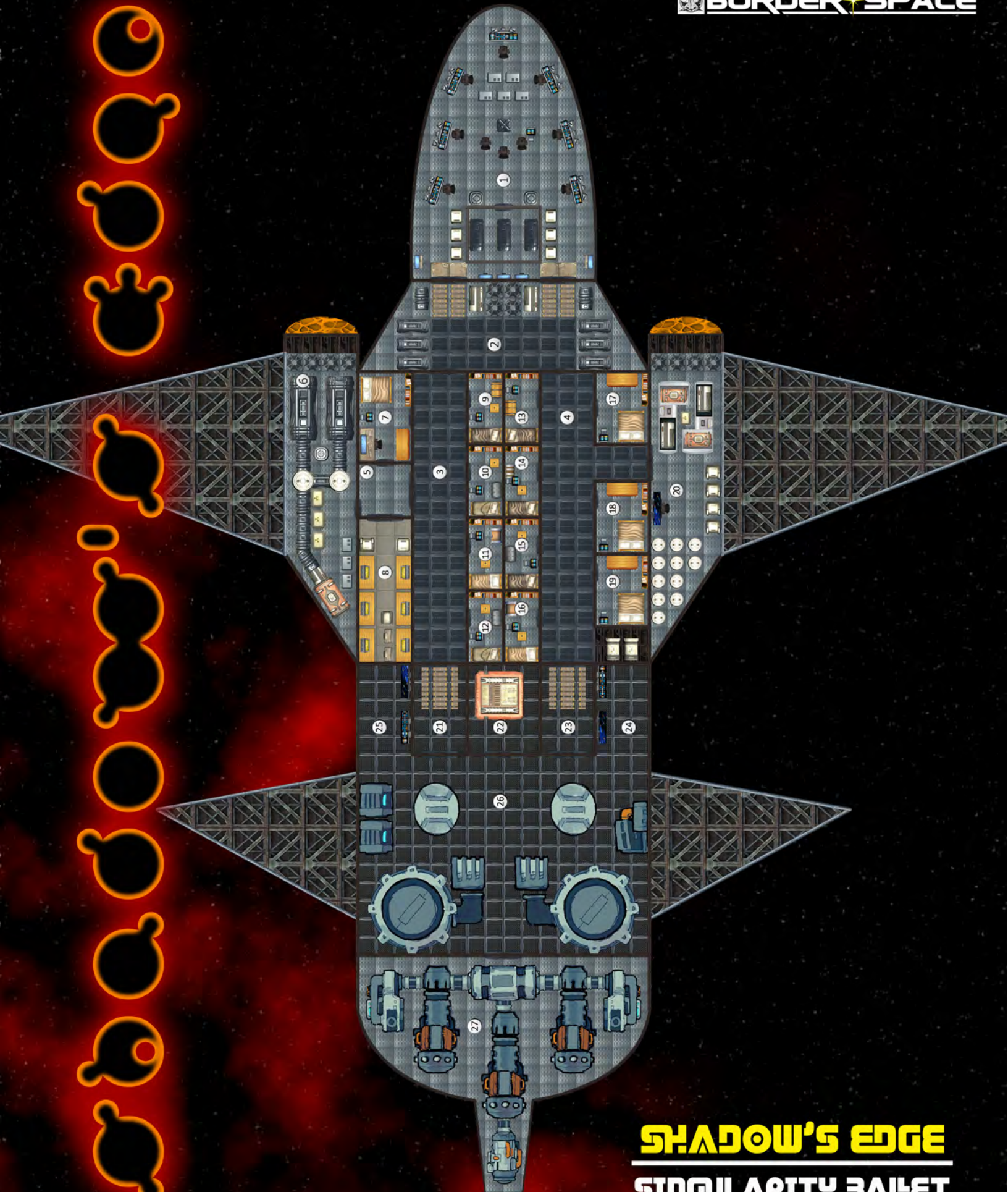
Throughout the character's search of the Shadow's Edge, please use Random Encounter Table 1.2 below as you see fit.

| ROLL | RESULT |
|------|---------------------------|
| 1/6 | 2 Member Jaxaradis Patrol |
| 2/7 | 4 Member Jaxaradis Patrol |
| 3/8 | Skitters Table |
| 4/9 | Morb |
| 5/10 | Wandering Robot Table |

Random Encounter Table 1.2

A Printout from the bridge can be found on page 130.

SHADOW'S EDGE - END



THE NEUTRON COYOTE



As you behold the **Neutron Coyote**, you are instantly captivated by its striking resemblance to a Dobsonfly, a creature renowned for its elegant form and aerodynamic features. The ship's design is an exquisite blend of functionality and aesthetic sophistication, crafted to embody both speed and grace as it navigates the cosmos.

The exterior boasts a pair of majestic wings that extend from the rear, tapering elegantly toward the front. These wings are not merely for show; they are meticulously engineered to enhance aerodynamic efficiency while the ship is in-flight or maneuvering through various atmospheres. The wings can slightly adjust their angles, allowing for optimized control during various stages of space travel.

At the core of the **Neutron Coyote** lies its distinctive double-hulled fuselage. This innovative design features an exterior hull that spins independently of the stationary interior hull, utilizing advanced engineering principles to create a sense of artificial gravity through centrifugal force. This state-of-the-art system ensures that crew members experience optimal comfort during long journeys, making the **Neutron Coyote** not just a vessel, but a second home among the stars.

The ship's exterior is clad in gleaming white plating, which reflects light with a brilliance that makes the ship appear even more impressive as it glides through space. This pristine surface

not only serves a practical purpose—protecting the ship against the rigors of space travel—but also projects an image of cutting-edge technology and unmatched luxury. The plating is impervious to damage from micrometeoroids and radiation, reflecting the durability that is quintessential for a top-of-the-line starship.

One of the most striking features of the **Neutron Coyote** is its ability to evoke a sensation of speed even when it is at rest. The sleek lines and aerodynamic contours, combined with the elegant taper of both the wings and fuselage, create an impression of effortless motion. Shadows play across its surface, accentuating the ship's curves and highlights, making it appear as though it is perpetually slicing through the vast expanse of space at breaking speed.

Delicate LED lights are strategically embedded along the wings and fuselage, casting a soft glow that enhances the ship's sleek profile during space travel or docking procedures. These lights can shift colors based on the ship's operational status, providing vital information about the ship's systems while further enhancing its visual appeal.

This portion of the adventure is for **REBOARDING** after you have cleared or are departing the **Singularity Ballet**. Please see the Neutron Coyote Random Encounter Tables on page 103 to help you with this section.

LIVING DECK

1. GALLEY

As you step through the Inner Hull Door and into the Living Deck of the **Neutron Coyote**, your eyes are drawn to the spacious galley and relaxation area that occupies the starboard side, stretching an impressive 70 meters long and 5 meters wide. The moment the door seals behind you, the ambience shifts from the utilitarian feel of the corridor to a warm, inviting space designed for both nourishment and leisure.

The galley area reveals a modern, streamlined design that balances functionality with comfort. The walls are outfitted with sleek, metallic panels that reflect the ambient lighting, creating a sense of openness and cleanliness. The floor is a textured, non-slip surface that provides both safety and easy maintenance, ideal for a busy kitchen environment.

On one end of the space, you find the galley itself, equipped with state-of-the-art cooking facilities. Long countertops made from a durable composite material span the length of the area, peppered with high-tech cooking appliances—induction cooktops, a convection oven, and specialized food synthesis equipment that can whip up meals in record time. Bright LED lights illuminate the cooking area, highlighting an array of compartments built into the cabinetry above, stocked with various ingredients, utensils, and meal kits.

Adjacent to the galley is the relaxation area, which offers a cozy contrast to the bustling atmosphere of cooking. Comfortable seating arrangements with plush synthetic cushions invite crewmembers to unwind after a long day. Modular couches, set in a semi-circular formation around a central communal table, encourage camaraderie as crew members gather for meals or downtime. A small library of entertainment options and digital displays can be found mounted on the walls, providing access to movies, games, and educational material for leisure and learning.

The floor compartments present throughout the area are cleverly integrated, ensuring optimal use of space. These compartments are well-marked and easy to access, ideal for stowing away surplus equipment or additional galley supplies. The crew can easily

retrieve what they need without cluttering the area, maintaining an organized environment conducive to both cooking and relaxation.

To the right of the entryway is a metal staircase leading to the Command Deck.

2. GRANET SERNAHL'S ROOM

The room is modestly sized, featuring two beds positioned against opposite walls, separated by a narrow walkway. Each bed is neatly made, but the meticulous arrangement feels almost too precise, as if Sernahl has gone to lengths to maintain a facade of order. The standard furnishings—storage lockers, a small desk, and a main viewer—remain, but they have been reconfigured to suit Granet's needs.

Sernahl has adorned the space with items that reflect his personality: sleek, minimalist decor that speaks to his resourcefulness and keen eye for detail. A couple of framed holographic images hang on the wall—abstract designs that offer a glimpse into his cunning mind—but there are no personal photographs or signs of the crew's camaraderie here. Instead, the images evoke a sense of isolation, as if Sernahl is both part of the crew and distinctly apart from them.

The desk, which could have been a place for planning shared responsibilities, is cluttered with data pads and schematics that hint at ulterior motives. Scattered pages showcase half-complete designs, strategic notes, and various documents—some confidential, others marked with the logos of Aethertech Industries. An inconspicuous data terminal has been modified to store non-essential data in a secretive manner, reinforcing the sense that Sernahl is prioritizing his own agenda over that of the crew.

As you scan the room, your gaze is drawn to cleverly concealed compartments within the furniture. Inside one storage locker, you discover advanced communication equipment with the Aethertech Industries Logo, designed to relay covert transmissions without detection. Small holo-projectors and encrypted communication devices lay nestled among mundane items, indicating Sernahl's extensive network of contacts beyond the crew.

Additionally, an inconspicuous panel beneath the bed opens to reveal a selection of spy equipment—small drones, listening devices, and an assortment of tools meant for surveillance and infiltration. Each device is meticulously maintained, ready for whatever underhanded tasks may arise. The presence of such gear enriches the air with tension, as it reinforces the

idea that Sernahl operates in a realm of secrecy and deception.

3 - 7. CREW QUARTERS

The average crew quarters aboard the **Neutron Coyote** is a blend of functionality and comfort, designed to accommodate the diverse needs of the crew during their missions in deep space. The room is compact but thoughtfully arranged, providing the essentials while maintaining a practical and welcoming environment.

The crew quarters span approximately 40 square meters, featuring two beds positioned along one wall, allowing for maximum use of the limited floor space. Each bed is outfitted with a standard mattress and minimalistic bedding, designed for durability rather than luxury. Above each bed, there are small storage compartments that house personal items, ensuring that everything remains tidy and within reach.

A sturdy desk with a built-in chair stands adjacent to the beds, providing a space for crew members to work on tasks, study, or communicate with others. On the desk, a terminal is available, equipped with basic functions for accessing ship systems, sending messages, or reviewing mission briefs. Standard lighting fixtures provide a warm glow, illuminating the space without harshness, creating a comfortable atmosphere for relaxation or work.

The walls of the crew quarters are adorned with simple holographic displays that can showcase personal images or rotating graphics of distant star systems, allowing crew members to add a personal touch to their space.

Beneath the beds, additional storage access is available to stow equipment, uniforms, and personal belongings. The crew quarters are equipped with clever, hidden compartments to maximize space, ensuring that essential items are available while minimizing clutter.

8. BATHROOM

As you step into the restroom area of the crew quarters, you find a well-designed space that maximizes functionality within its layout. The restroom is engineered to provide essential amenities that ensure comfort and hygiene during the crew's time aboard the **Neutron Coyote**.

The restroom features a streamlined design that emphasizes efficiency. The walls are lined with smooth, wipeable surfaces to maintain cleanliness, and the flooring consists of a non-slip material designed to handle moisture while

ensuring safety.

In one corner, a modern, squat-style toilet is neatly installed, designed with advanced waste management technology to minimize environmental impact. A small privacy partition separates it from the rest of the room, allowing for a sense of seclusion despite the limited space.

Opposite the toilet is a compact shower stall enclosed by a frosted glass door. The shower features a handheld nozzle with adjustable settings, providing crew members with a refreshing escape from the rigors of space travel. The water flows from an efficient recycling system, ensuring minimal waste while delivering a steady stream of warm water. Soft LED lights within the stall create a soothing atmosphere that helps to ease the stress of daily life aboard the ship.

Adjacent to the shower stall, a small mirrored vanity area offers a single sink with a sleek faucet and integrated soap dispenser. Beneath the sink, a cabinet provides storage for personal hygiene items and supplies. The mirror is fitted with lighting that illuminates the face softly, perfect for morning routines or evening preparations before important missions.

An efficient ventilation system keeps the restroom fresh, expelling humidity and odors to ensure a comfortable experience. Touch-sensitive controls allow crew members to adjust settings easily, enhancing their sense of control over their environment.

9. EDUCATION CRYO CHAMBERS

As you enter the Educational Cryo Chamber room, you are immediately struck by the atmosphere of advanced technology and the promise of accelerated learning. The room is designed with efficiency in mind, featuring a high-tech aesthetic that blends functionality with futuristic design.

The room spans approximately 10 meters by 5 meters, providing ample space for the complex array of equipment essential for educational immersion. The walls are lined with sleek, metallic panels that house an assortment of computer systems, monitors, and data ports, all dedicated to the purpose of enhancing knowledge acquisition among the diverse crew.

At the heart of the room, two **Educational Cryo Chambers** stand side by side, each a sleek pod designed for simultaneous use. The chambers have a polished exterior, primarily in hues of silver and deep blue, and are illuminated by soft ambient lighting that bathes the area in a calming glow. Each chamber features a transparent

front, allowing observers to view the occupant's progress while they are immersed in the learning experience.

Adjacent to the cryo chambers is a console equipped with a sophisticated control interface. Its touch-sensitive screen displays real-time monitoring of each chamber's activity—showing progress, skill levels, and additional data on the user's learning journey. The console also allows instructors or crew members to select specific educational modules tailored to the needs of different species, ensuring that the knowledge imparted is relevant and effective.

Surrounding the chambers, a series of workstations and banks of computer equipment are meticulously organized. Monitors flicker with streams of data, simulations, and holographic interfaces that portray complex concepts. Various input devices allow crew members to interact with the central system, adjusting parameters for the learning sessions or accessing databases filled with knowledge tailored to individual users.

COMMAND DECK

10. ENGINEERING

As you ascend the staircase from the Living Deck, you emerge into the vast Engineering room of the **Neutron Coyote**. The space stretches an impressive 60 meters in length and 12 meters in width, filled with a symphony of machinery humming with life, all dedicated to keeping the starship operational and ready for its missions.

The room is bathed in a cool, blue light emanating from the various control panels and machinery, casting a futuristic glow over the entire area. The layout balances functionality and accessibility, with a wide walkway that seamlessly guides you through dense clusters of massive engineering systems and the ship's Faster-Than-Light (FTL) drive.

To your left and right, towering mechanical structures and complex arrays of circuitry reveal the power that drives the **Neutron Coyote**. Dials and gauges pulse rhythmically, indicating the status of critical systems, while screens display intricate readouts of ship diagnostics and engineering metrics. The air is filled with a faint hum, punctuated by the occasional whir of machinery adjusting itself in response to the ship's needs.

To the left Engineering room, you catch a glimpse of the colossal FTL drive, a masterpiece of engineering that represents the pinnacle of interstellar travel technology. The drive itself is housed in an intricate casing adorned with glowing conduits that pulse with energy, showcasing the immense power this system harnesses. Access panels and maintenance ports line the sides, highlighting the complexity of the system and the careful engineering that has gone

The walkway itself is constructed of a reinforced material, ensuring safety and stability as crew members navigate through this labyrinth of technology. Elevated platforms and catwalks are integrated into the design, allowing engineers to access hard-to-reach components while maintaining an overview of the entire space. Along the walkway, strategically placed handrails ensure safe transit amid the bustling environment.

At the far end of the room, a sturdy door stands as a guarded passage, leading onto the Flight Deck. Near the door, a digital access panel allows authorized personnel to enter, ensuring that only those with proper clearance can venture beyond.

11. S.T.A.R. CHAMBER / FLIGHT DECK

Through the entrance to the Flight Deck, you're stunned by the overwhelming presence of technology that envelops the space. This room serves as the command center, embodying the pinnacle of advanced design and functionality tailored for space navigation and tactical operations.

The room is spacious, designed to accommodate both the advanced systems and the pilot required for effective operation. Lining the curved walls are an extensive array of computers, monitors, and data screens, all interconnected to provide real-time information and diagnostics about the ship's status. The walls are illuminated with soft, ambient lighting that adjusts based on system alerts, creating an atmosphere that balances focus with a hint of futuristic style.

At the heart of the Cockpit is S.T.A.R. (Strategic Tactical and Automated Response), the ship's highly advanced AI control system. The main console, a massive array of touch-sensitive displays and holographic interfaces, stands prominently in the center of the room. Detailed readouts scroll continuously, showcasing navigational data, tactical assessments, and various ship systems in real-time. S.T.A.R. is not only the pilot but also an ever-watchful co-commander, ready to provide guidance or execute maneuvers with precision.

In front of this central console is a sophisticated pilot chair equipped with an array of controls at the armrests. The chair is ergonomically designed for comfort and functionality, allowing the pilot to maintain focus during long missions. Should the need arise, the controls enable manual navigation or immediate intervention, ensuring the crew's safety in emergencies. The seat can swivel slightly, providing the pilot with an unobstructed view of the various displays while also allowing easy communication with other crew members in the Cockpit.

Surrounding the pilot chair are several large, holographic displays that project crucial information into the air. These visual interfaces provide a 360-degree view of the ship's surroundings, including radar maps, starfield navigation data, and target lock information. The displays shift and change dynamically, reacting to S.T.A.R.'s assessment of threats or navigation challenges, making it easy for the crew to stay informed and responsive.

NEUTRON COYOTE RANDOM TABLE

Upon reboarding the **Neutron Coyote** after landing in the **Singularity Ballet**, the Troubleshooters may experience one or more of the following random encounters. Each event introduces unique challenges and threats that require quick thinking and teamwork.

Only three of these Random Encounters are possible after reboarding the **Neutron Coyote**.

NEUTRON COYOTE

| Roll | Result |
|------|-------------------|
| 1-2 | 1-5 Zxyz Thralls* |
| 3-4 | Skitter Swarm |
| 5-6 | Jaxaradis Pirates |
| 7-8 | Sernahl Betrayal |
| 9-10 | S.T.A.R. Hacking |

*Roll 1/6 = 1 Thrall, 2/7 = 2 Thralls, 3/8 = 3 Thralls, 4/9 = 4 Thralls, 5/10 = 5 Thralls.

Zxyz-Thrall Infected Crew Members:

- Description: As the team steps onto the deck of the Neutron Coyote, they are confronted by a horde of twelve zombie-virus infected crew members from the Singularity Ballet. These once-loyal staff members now shamble

aimlessly, driven by a relentless hunger for flesh.

- Challenge: The infected crew will attack anyone who comes within reach, forcing the players to either subdue them or find a way to escape without becoming infected themselves.
- Answer: The player's must defeat the Thralls and burn out the infection or risk becoming infected.

Swarms of Skitters in the Living Quarters:

- Description: Entering the living quarters, the team finds it infested with swarms of Skitters.
- Challenge: The Skitters will converge on any intruders, launching a coordinated attack. Players must devise a strategy to clear the swarm or evade the creatures without sustaining injuries.
- Answer: Player's must clear all of the Skitters before they can launch.

Jaxaradis Pirates on a Plundering Mission:

- Description: Four cunning Jaxaradis pirates have infiltrated the Neutron Coyote, looking to plunder valuable supplies and technology. They are armed, dangerous, and eager to escape with stolen goods.
- Challenge: The players could engage the pirates in combat or attempt cunning tactics to outsmart them, either by stealth or negotiation, in order to prevent the theft while protecting their ship.
- Player's will have to fight. If the player's seem to be losing, this could be a good time for Sernahl to make his move.

Granet Sernahl's Sabotage Attempt:

- Description: The associate executive Granet Sernahl has chosen this moment to betray the team; he is actively working to sabotage any information the team has discovered that might incriminate him. This treachery aims to either delete or destroy any data or kill the Troubleshooters. Sernahl may even try to sabotage the Neutron Coyote and await rescue from Aethertech Industries.
- Challenge: The team must quickly identify Sernahl and thwart his sabotage efforts. This could involve physical confrontation, intelligence-gathering to understand his motivations, or racing against time to secure the ship's systems before they are compromised.
- *If Sernahl's treachery is not discovered during this return (or during the module), he can return later in another adventure

by replacing a villain in one of our other campaign modules with him.

Sentient Hacking:

- Description: The Neutron Coyote's computer, S.T.A.R., begins broadcasting strange, fragmented messages, indicating it's been affected by interference from an external source.
- Challenge: Players must decode and interpret the messages to understand what the computer is trying to convey, which could lead to vital information about the Singularity Ballet or warnings of imminent danger.
- Answer: If players are able to decode the message, they will find that there is a hidden MORB in the Docking Bay that is attempting to hack S.T.A.R.. They must destroy it in order to get their AI back to normal working order. 20% Technological + Skill level to decode.

When the Morb outside is destroyed, all systems aboard the Neutron Coyote will work as normal.

NEUTRON COYOTE - END



THE NEUTRON COYOTE SPECS

OVERVIEW:

The Neutron Coyote is an experimental corvette landing craft designed for versatile operations in deep space exploration and tactical engagements. Equipped with two dual-linked Type F Faster-Than-Light (FTL) drives, this starship is a marvel of modern engineering, emphasizing rapid maneuverability and combat readiness.

NEUTRON COYOTE SPECIFICATIONS:

CLASS: Experimental Corvette

STRUCTURE

DECKS:

- **Command Deck:** The command deck serves as the operations center for the Neutron Coyote, featuring advanced navigation systems, tactical controls, and crew stations. This area allows the commanding officer to strategize and manage mission operations effectively. The layout is designed for efficient operation during both routine travel and high-stakes combat scenarios
- **Living Deck:** Designed for crew comfort during extended missions, the living deck accommodates sleeping quarters, a communal galley, and recreational facilities. It provides essential amenities for a diverse crew of up to ten characters, promoting teamwork and collaboration among mixed species

OUTER HULL & ARTIFICIAL GRAVITY

A defining feature of the Neutron Coyote is its unique secondary hull that encases the cylindrical fuselage. This spinning outer hull rotates during flight, generating artificial gravity for its occupants. This innovative design allows crew members to experience a sense of normalcy, mitigating the adverse effects of zero gravity during extended journeys in space. The centrifugal force produced by the rotation helps maintain physiological comfort, enabling the crew to perform tasks more effectively as they traverse the cosmos.

AI CONTROL

At the heart of the Neutron Coyote is S.T.A.R. (Strategic Tactical and Automated Response), a highly advanced quad-linked, level six AI computer system. S.T.A.R. excels as the ship's pilot, equipped with cutting-edge algorithms that enable precise navigation and strategic maneuvering during spaceflight and combat scenarios. Its real-time tactical assessments

ensure the crew can make informed decisions in the heat of battle, and its stellar mapping systems guarantee pinpoint accuracy in flight.

CREW CAPACITY

The ship supports a crew of up to twelve characters, allowing for a diverse mix of skills and expertise that enhances problem-solving and tactical operations.

EDUCATION CRYO CHAMBERS

The Neutron Coyote is uniquely outfitted with two Educational Cryo Chambers, specialized units designed to cater to the learning needs of every known species. These chambers allow crew members to immerse themselves in a particular skill and receive knowledge implantations directly into their neural pathways, enhancing their capabilities through accelerated learning.

- **Level 1:** Requires 7 days of immersion in the chamber.
- **Level 2:** Requires an additional 14 days in the chamber after achieving Level 1.
- **Level 3:** Requires another 28 days of immersion following the attainment of Level 2.

Due to the unique method of knowledge transfer via the chambers, both professional and non-professional skill costs are rendered moot. However, a significant risk accompanies these chambers—attempting to reach a Level 4 skill can result in catastrophic failure. There's a 98% probability of severe neurological damage, potentially resulting in lobotomy, as the technology has yet to be developed to manage such advanced skill levels.

ARMAMENT

The Neutron Coyote is heavily armed, equipped with state-of-the-art weaponry. This includes laser turrets, missile launchers, and robust defensive systems, making it a significant player in any space engagement.

- Quad Laser Projector (4d8)
- Dual Missile Battery - 10 Missiles (2d8)
- 1 Ion Torpedo (3d6)

Navigation Capability:

- The **Neutron Coyote's** stellar mapping and flight systems are exceptionally precise, ensuring safe passage through treacherous space environments. This capability is essential for reaching the Singularity Ballet and navigating any potential threats.

Ion Gravity / Flux Engine:

The Neutron Coyote is powered by a sophisticated ion/gravity flux engine designed for both efficiency and performance. When not engaged in FTL travel, the ship utilizes ion engines that operate on the same principles as particle beam weapons—releasing charged particles from the rear of the ship at tremendous velocities, resulting in powerful thrust.

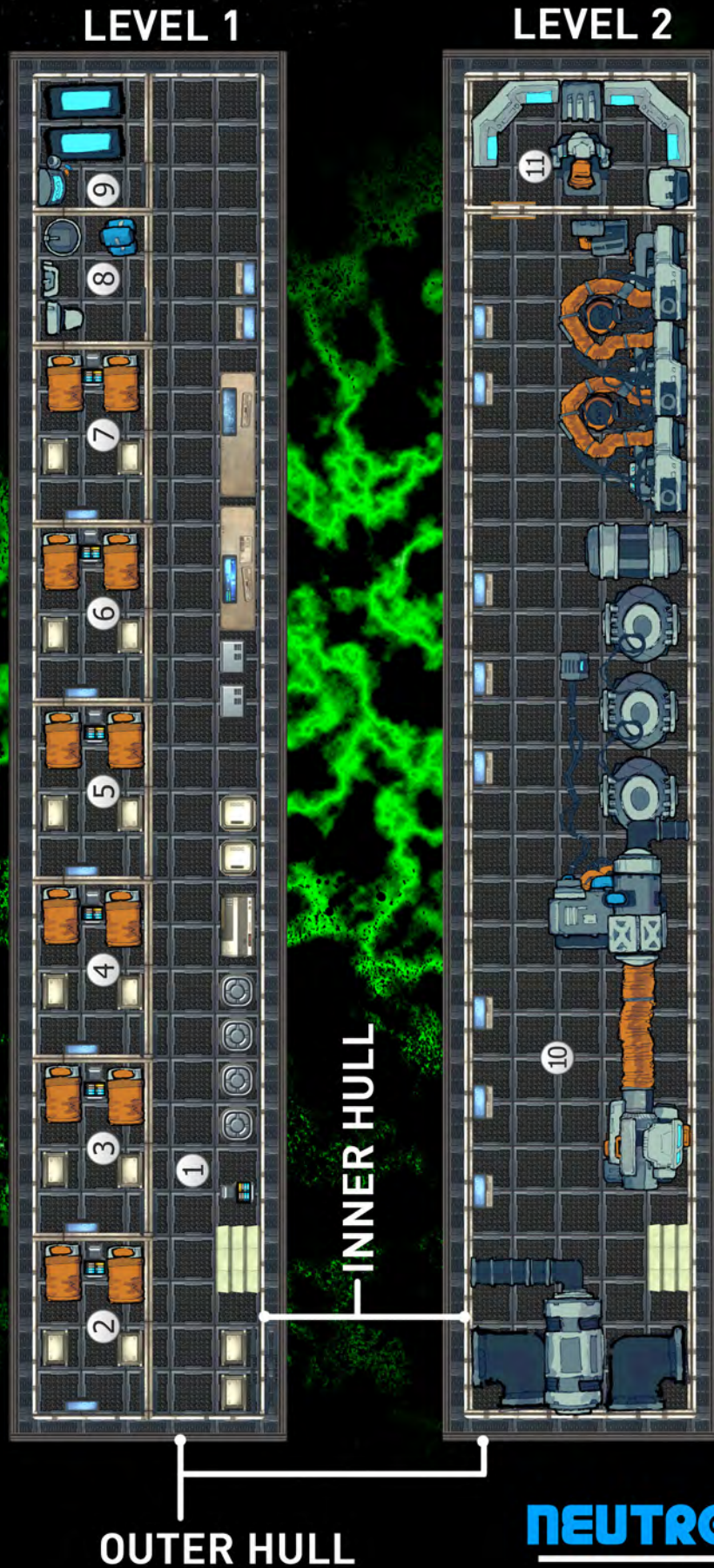
These ion engines are versatile, functioning as two types of propulsion systems:

- Ion Engines: Ideal for deep-space maneuvering, providing consistent thrust while requiring significantly less fuel than other types of engines.
- Ship-Grade Repulsor Lift Engines: When entering a planetary atmosphere, the Neutron Coyote automatically switches from ion engines to repulsor lift engines, ensuring a smooth and stable descent. This dual-functionality makes the ship particularly popular for operations that require versatile environmental adaptability.

Additionally, the simplicity of maintaining these engines makes them an ideal choice for long-duration missions, allowing the crew to focus on their objectives rather than extensive repairs.



NEUTRON COYOTE



NEUTRON COYOTE
SINGULARITY BALLET

THE RETURN

Upon their triumphant return to the **Singularity Ballet**, the Troubleshooters are met with an electrifying hero's welcome, the echoes of cheers and applause reverberating through the corridors of the ship. Their successful mission to recover the intricate computer core, along with the esteemed Tanda Virex, not only ensured the safety of the vessel but also solidified their reputation as formidable operatives within the galaxy.

As the dust settled, the Troubleshooters gathered in the main hall where Zephiran Dynamics officials awaited, ready to celebrate the team's remarkable achievements. Each member was presented with a payment of 10,000 credits for their involvement in returning the Singularity Ballet, and as a testament to their exceptional efforts, an additional bonus of 20,000 credits per individual was promptly awarded. Tanda's recovery alone fetched another 10,000 credit payout for each crew member, culminating in a significant windfall that exceeded their expectations.

In the center of the hall, Tanda stood with her characteristic grace, her heartfelt gratitude evident as she addressed the jubilant crowd. "This victory is a testament to our collective dedication and perseverance," she declared, her voice steady yet infused with emotion. "Together, we have faced danger and uncertainty, and together we have emerged victorious!"

As the celebration unfolded, representatives from Zephiran Dynamics approached the Troubleshooters with an enticing proposition. The company had taken keen interest in their skills and resilience and offered them an ongoing contract to investigate the underhanded dealings surrounding their rival, Aetherton Industries. The shadowy activities of Aetherton had recently stirred unrest in the galactic market, and Zephiran believed that the Troubleshooters' unique insights and capabilities made them the perfect candidates for the job.

While the possibilities for their newfound wealth and future endeavors sprawled before them, a more pressing issue loomed in the cosmic shadows. During their mission, critical intelligence had surfaced regarding the Jaxaradis pirates—remnants of their ranks hinted at the emergence of a new and formidable enemy. However, this was not the only revelation; a new species, designated as the Zyxyz, had also surfaced, raising concerns throughout the galaxy.

What was particularly alarming about the Jaxaradis was their immunity to the Yoilioy Virus. This unexpected resilience posed a significant challenge for the Troubleshooters, as it indicated

that the Jaxaradis could serve as potential allies to the Zyxyz, who might harness this immunity for their own nefarious purposes. This unsettling alliance could alter the balance of power in the galaxy, and the Troubleshooters quickly realized that their victory had merely extended the chapter of a much larger saga.

With their pockets fuller and a sense of duty anchoring their hearts, Troubleshooters prepared to embark on this next chapter. The mission awaiting them not only promised further payouts and glory but also brought the weight of responsibility. They understood that navigating this new threat would require the same resolve and ingenuity that had seen them through their previous uncertainties.

THE END



THE SILENT ABYSS

The Silent Abyss is a vast swirling red and black nebulous void, nestled ominously within the Gamma Quadrant of the Kyloma Galaxy. Its dense, impenetrable darkness is so profound that not even the light of distant stars can pierce its shroud, creating an unsettling, oppressive stillness that seems to pervade the area. Spanning approximately 3,000 parsecs in diameter, this eerie region of space has earned a fearsome reputation among travelers and explorers alike, standing as a testament to the cosmos' unfathomable mysteries.

Numerous ships have ventured into the Silent Abyss, drawn by the allure of discovery or the promise of unexplored resources, only to vanish without a trace—swallowed by its enigmatic depths and never to be heard from again. Those who have attempted to navigate this treacherous terrain often report inexplicable failures of their communication systems, machines sputtering into silence as they become isolated from their fleets. Engine systems abruptly shut down without warning, and power sources disengage entirely, leaving unwary travelers marooned in the chilling vastness of space, utterly cut off from assistance.

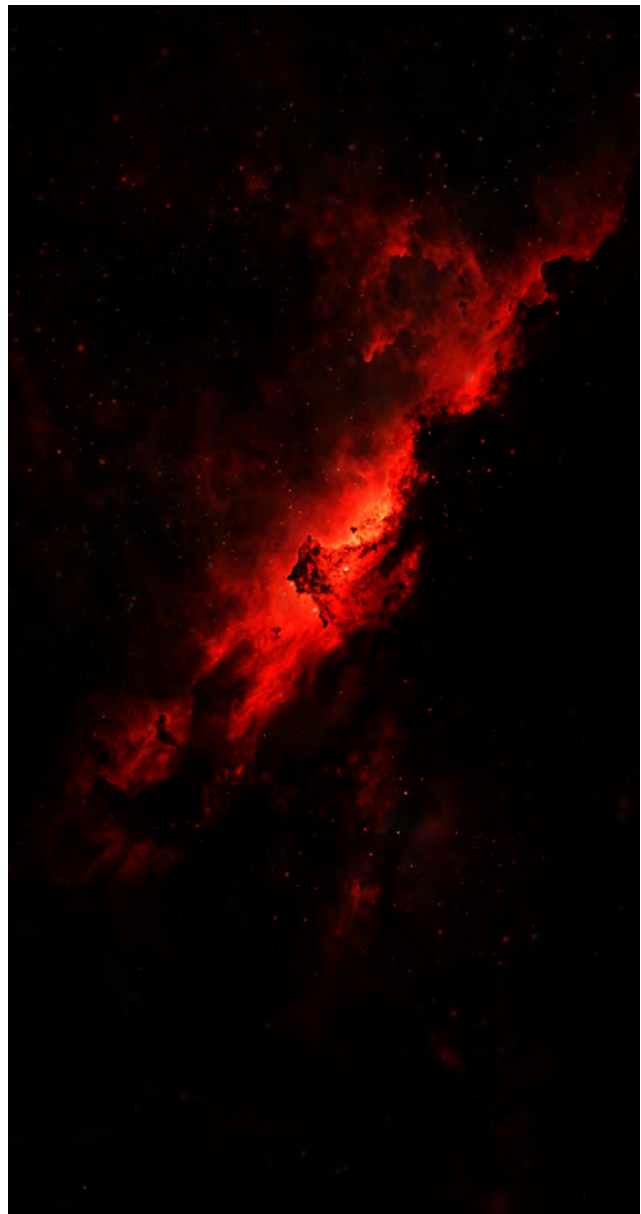
The consequences of entering the Silent Abyss extend beyond mere mechanical failures; a pervasive sense of dread seems to seep into the minds of those who traverse its boundary. Crew members aboard derelict vessels, left adrift in the void, have reported unsettling phenomena—strange echoes in the void, visual distortions, and phantom transmissions that evoke the lingering memories of forgotten ships.

Numerous deep-space probes have been dispatched into the Silent Abyss, tasked with the ambitious goal of mapping its intricacies. However, these probes too have met the same fate as many before them, disappearing silently into the void as if they were mere whispers in a vast silence. Speculation abounds regarding their fate; some suggest that they succumbed to the whims of the abyss, ensnared in gravitational anomalies, while others whisper of destruction at the hands of the Jaxaradis. This enigmatic race appears to navigate the area with disconcerting ease, suggesting a unsettling mastery over this foreboding realm that ignites both curiosity and fear among those who encounter them.

Amidst the swirling chaos of the Silent Abyss lies a planet shrouded in myth—a world known as Xylarthulon Vexynthra. Despite its rumored existence, little is known about this mysterious planet, including its precise location, leading scholars and adventurers to debate its legitimacy. Some regard it as a mere

fable, a tale woven from the fabric of fear that cloaks the unknown, while others believe it to be a repository of ancient knowledge and lost technology waiting to be unearthed. The enigma of Xylarthulon Vexynthra beckons treasure hunters and xenoarcheologists alike, yet none have succeeded in pinning down its elusive coordinates (see *Border Space Adventure Module AC0-SF5: Xenoarchaeology* for further details).

In essence, the Silent Abyss remains one of the cosmos' most tantalizing mysteries—an eerie expanse filled with danger, intrigue, and the promises of the unknown. It stands as a monument to the fragility of existence in the universe, challenging adventurers to confront the darkness while igniting a timeless quest for knowledge in the endless void.



NEW EQUIPMENT



MEMORY ENCODER

DESCRIPTION

The Memory Encoder is a cutting-edge device designed to revolutionize the way information is transmitted and stored within the human mind. Compact and powerful, this item allows users to quickly assimilate vital mission-related data, enhancing operational efficiency in high-stakes environments. With its unique capability to relay information at an astonishing speed, the Memory Encoder serves as an indispensable tool for operatives who require immediate access to critical knowledge.

DESIGN

The Memory Encoder is a sleek, cylindrical device measuring approximately 4 centimeters in diameter and 2 centimeters thick. Its exterior features a smooth, glossy finish, typically in a metallic or matte black color, giving it a high-tech appearance that reflects its advanced functionality.

- **Attachment Mechanism:** Designed to be worn on the forehead, the Memory Encoder features a soft, adaptive interface that molds to the user's skin for comfort. When activated, a series of fine, sensor-rich electrodes

engage with the individual's cerebral cortex, ensuring a seamless connection.

- **Information Transmission:** Once attached, the device employs a digitized brainwave modulation technique to bombard the user's mind with encoded information. It transmits the data at a staggering rate of ten thousand times per second, allowing for instantaneous integration into long-term memory.

PERFORMANCE

Information Assimilation: The Memory Encoder is primarily loaded with mission-related data, including parameters, maps, and dossiers, allowing operatives to receive critical briefing information in an instant. Once the data is processed, users can effortlessly recall specific information at any time, ensuring that vital details are readily accessible when needed.

- **Multi-User Capability:** The device can be loaded with data one time and effectively used on up to ten individuals before reaching the end of its lifespan. This feature makes it particularly valuable for team deployments, where a synchronized understanding of mission objectives is critical.
- **Limitations:** While the Memory Encoder is an extraordinary device, it is important to note that it cannot facilitate the learning of skills or practical knowledge; its focus is strictly on the retention of factual information. Once the device has been utilized on the allotted number of users, it becomes a useless lump of electronics, with no possibility for repair or reloading.

COST AND AVAILABILITY

The Memory Encoder is highly sought after, commanding a price of 10,000 Credits—if one can even be found. Originally developed by Zephran Dynamics for accelerated training of new project employees, its scarcity in the market has led to a dark underground following, as some have been stolen or illegally replicated for nefarious purposes.

Due to their limited availability and the potential for misuse, finding a blank Memory Encoder—a device ready to be loaded with new information—is an exceptionally rare occurrence, making it a valuable prize for those engaged in covert operations or high-level espionage.



IUVAR Unit (Infrared, Ultraviolet, Video, Audio Recorder)

DESCRIPTION

The IUVAR Unit is an advanced recording device designed for multi-spectrum data capture, making it an indispensable tool for explorers, investigators, and operatives in the field. Compact and sleek, the unit measures approximately 1.5 inches in diameter and 5 inches in length, allowing it to easily fit in the palm of your hand or clip onto belts and gear for convenience.

DESIGN

- **Form Factor:** The IUVAR Unit features a cylindrical design with a smooth, matte finish. It is lightweight yet durable, constructed from a high-impact polymer that is resistant to wear and environmental conditions.
- **Coloration:** The exterior is primarily a glossy black to minimize reflections, and subtle blue indicators pulse along a line around its midsection, signifying its status and charging levels.
- **Interface:** A small, intuitive touch-sensitive interface is located on one end of the device, allowing users to easily toggle recording

modes, access settings, and manage playback with just a few taps. The interface is designed for rapid access under pressure, making it user-friendly in the heat of the moment.

RECORDING CAPABILITIES

The IUVAR Unit is a groundbreaking device that can capture video and audio in three distinct spectrums:

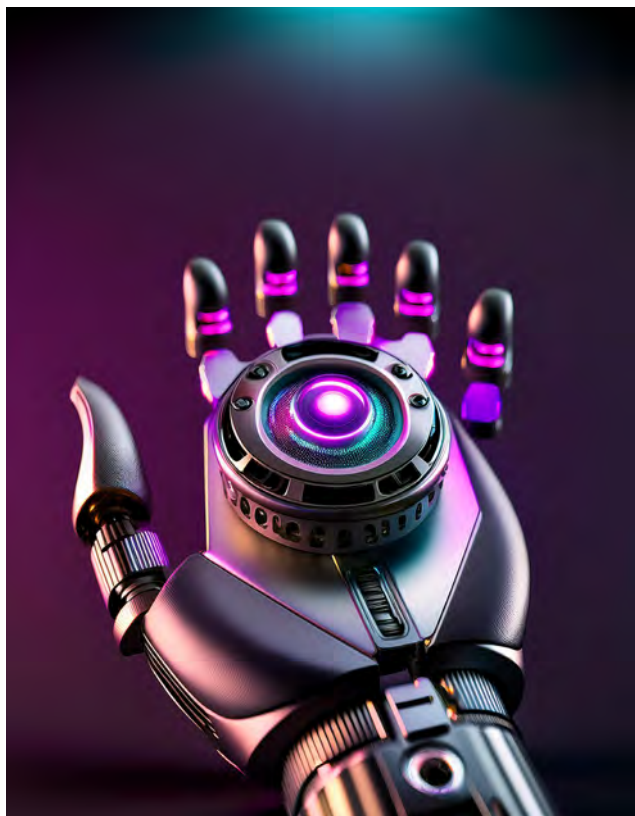
- **Visible Spectrum:** Records high-definition video and clear audio for standard documentation.
- **Infrared:** Allows for recording in low-light environments, making it perfect for security or espionage missions without revealing the user's presence.
- **Ultraviolet:** Unlocks the ability to capture details hidden to the naked eye, making it an excellent tool for forensic investigations or identifying markings invisible in conventional light.

MEMORY AND POWER

1. **Removable Memory:** The IUVAR Unit supports high-capacity, removable memory cards, allowing users to expand storage as needed. Each card can hold days of recordings and can easily be swapped out when full.
2. **Power Efficiency:** Equipped with an advanced power cell, the unit can maintain continuous operation for up to 36 hours on a single charge. The battery life is optimized for prolonged use, appealing for field missions and extended operations where frequent recharging is impractical. It can also use a laser pistol power pack with an adapter.

ADDITIONAL FEATURES

1. **Stealth Mode:** The IUVAR Unit can be set to record silently, making it an ideal choice for discreet operations where stealth is paramount.
2. **Durability:** The IUVAR is designed to withstand harsh conditions, including water resistance and dust-proofing, ensuring reliability in diverse environments.



LEMP Charge (Localized Electromagnetic Pulse Charge)

DESCRIPTION

The LEMP Charge is a cutting-edge device designed for tactical operations where the neutralization of electronic systems is crucial. Compact and powerful, this specialized electromagnetic pulse charge is engineered to disable a wide range of electronics, making it a valuable tool in both espionage and combat scenarios.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

The LEMP Charge has a sleek, puck-shaped design, measuring 57 millimeters in diameter and 20 millimeters thick. Its construction combines functionality with a futuristic aesthetic:

- **Outer Ring:** The device features a chrome outer ring that not only enhances its visual appeal but also adds a layer of durability. This reflective surface glints under various lighting conditions, signaling a high-tech instrument ready for deployment.
- **Inner Ring:** Beneath the chrome, a black inner ring forms a striking contrast, lending an air of sophistication and stealth to the

device. The polished black finish is designed to minimize reflections, making it less visible in adverse lighting conditions.

- **Activation Switch:** At the center of the device, a purple lighted activation switch stands out, its vibrant glow indicating the charge's readiness for use. When depressed, it provides an intuitive and visually prominent cue to the user, enhancing operational awareness.

OPERATION

The functionality of the LEMP Charge is both straightforward and effective:

1. **Placement:** To initiate the LEMP Charge, the user simply places it against the electronic device they wish to disable, ensuring a secure and efficient application.
2. **Activation:** The user then twists the chrome outer ring. This action activates a powerful magnet within the charge, locking it in place against the target device. Once activated, the charge cannot be easily removed, even by retwisting the outer ring, ensuring it remains securely attached until detonation.
3. **Countdown:** After securing the charge, the user depresses the purple activation switch, initiating a 10-second countdown. This brief window allows the user to retreat to a safe distance before the electromagnetic pulse is unleashed.
4. **Discharge:** When detonated, the LEMP Charge emits a concentrated 2-meter diameter localized electromagnetic pulse. Within this radius, all electronic devices—including weapons, computers, and automated systems—are rendered inactive, effectively shutting down their functions.

APPLICATIONS

The LEMP Charge is ideal for a variety of tactical situations, including:

- **Combat Scenarios:** Deactivating enemy weaponry or automated defenses to ensure a strategic advantage during confrontations.
- **Espionage Operations:** Neutralizing surveillance equipment or communication devices to facilitate stealthy infiltrations.



Personal Vehicle Module (PVM)

The Personal Vehicle Module (PVM) is an innovative transportation solution designed for quick traversal in diverse environments. Compact and lightweight, this hover seat allows users to navigate with ease.

DESCRIPTION

The PVM features a contemporary design that combines functionality with a sleek aesthetic:

- **Base Structure:** The PVM has a streamlined, oval-shaped chassis that measures approximately 1.2 meters long, 0.6 meters wide, and 1 meter high. The base incorporates advanced materials designed for durability while remaining lightweight enough for easy handling.
- **Hover Mechanism:** The underside of the PVM is equipped with an array of micro-thrusters designed to generate a cushion of air, allowing the seat to float effortlessly above the ground. This hover capability ensures smooth movement over various surfaces, including uneven terrain.
- **Control Panel:** Positioned at the front of the seat, the control panel features an intuitive

interface for steering and speed adjustment. The sleek, touch-sensitive screen provides real-time data on battery levels, altitude, and navigation, illuminated with customizable LED backlighting for visibility in low-light conditions.

- **Comfort Seat:** The module is fitted with an ergonomic seat designed for comfort during extended use. The material is breathable and resistant to wear, ensuring that users experience optimal support while navigating.
- **Portable Design:** An integrated collapsible frame allows the PVM to fold into a compact size of approximately 0.6 meters x 0.3 meters x 0.1 meters, making it easily portable for users to carry or stow. A built-in handle facilitates transport effortlessly.

OPERATION

- **Power On:** To activate the PVM, the user presses the well-placed power button located on the control panel. The PVM emits a soft hum as the micro-thrusters engage, lifting the vehicle slightly off the ground.
- **Steering Control:** The user can steer simply by tilting the control panel slightly forward or backward for acceleration and deceleration, and left or right for direction changes. The responsive system provides smooth navigation, adapting to the user's movements almost instinctively.
- **Speed Adjustment:** A slider on the control panel allows users to adjust speed settings, enabling options for slow, cautious movement or faster traversal as needed. The settings can be customized for both indoor and outdoor use, enhancing versatility.
- **Emergency Status:** In situations where a quick retreat is necessary, the PVM is equipped with a one-touch emergency mode that allows for instant maximum elevation gain, quickly lifting 2 meters above ground level to evade ground threats or obstacles.

APPLICATION

- **Tactical Operations:** Facilitating swift movement across chaotic battlegrounds, allowing users to navigate through threats while remaining mobile and evasive.
- **Urban Environments:** Providing a streamlined means of transport in densely populated areas, reducing travel time between locations while maneuvering through obstacles and crowds.



Sky Bike (VTOL Bike)

DESCRIPTION

The Sky Bike is a cutting-edge one-man VTOL (Vertical Takeoff and Landing) craft designed for rapid, agile transportation across various terrains.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

The Sky Bike showcases an aerodynamic design that blends functionality with a futuristic aesthetic:

- **Frame Structure:** The Sky Bike features a lightweight yet robust chassis constructed from advanced composite materials, ensuring both resilience and portability. Measuring approximately 2.5 meters in length, 0.8 meters in width, and 1 meter in height, its compact dimensions facilitate easy handling and storage.
- **VTOL Propulsion System:** At the rear, a state-of-the-art VTOL propulsion system includes retractable fans that enable vertical takeoff and landing. The fans pivot seamlessly, allowing for a swift transition between hover mode and forward flight. These fans are surrounded by protective grilles, enhancing safety against obstructions during takeoff

and landing.

- **Control Interface:** The control interface is positioned at the front of the craft, resembling a motorcycle's handlebars but fitted with an advanced digital display. This intuitive interface provides real-time information on altitude, speed, battery status, and navigation, with holographic projections enhancing visibility in various conditions.
- **Pilot Seat:** The single-pilot seat is ergonomically designed for comfort and support, incorporating adjustable harnesses that secure the rider during flight. The seat is crafted from breathable materials and includes heating elements for enhanced comfort in adverse weather.
- **Compact Design:** When not in use, the Sky Bike's foldable wings can tuck inward to reduce its profile, making it easier to park or transport. The overall design allows for quick assembly and disassembly, enabling users to stow the bike conveniently in tight spaces.

OPERATION

The operation of the Sky Bike is engineered to be intuitive and efficient:

- **Power On:** To power the Sky Bike, the pilot simply flips the ignition switch on the control panel. A soft whirring resonates as the propulsion system engages and lights illuminate the interface, confirming readiness for flight.
- **Takeoff and Landing:** The pilot can initiate VTOL through a lever located on the handlebars that tilts the propulsion system into vertical mode. Smooth lifting occurs as the craft ascends directly upward, allowing for a safe and stable takeoff. Landing is equally straightforward, utilizing automatic altitude adjustment for a gentle descent.
- **Flight Control:** During forward flight, the handlebars function similarly to a traditional motorcycle with added lateral lean capabilities for banking turns. A digital throttle control allows for precise speed adjustments, enhancing maneuverability in both tight spaces and open air.
- **Emergency Protocols:** In case of emergency situations, the Sky Bike is outfitted with an automatic parachute system that deploys when necessary, ensuring the pilot's safety even in critical conditions.



XS13 Pneumatic Grenade Launcher (Nicknamed “Whumper”)

DESCRIPTION

The XS13 Pneumatic Grenade Launcher is a cutting-edge piece of equipment designed for versatility and precision in tactical situations. Combining the compactness of a pistol with the power of a grenade launcher, the XS13 is an invaluable tool for operatives who require efficient firepower in confined environments or urban settings.

DESIGN

The XS13 resembles a high-tech flare gun, featuring a robust, ergonomic frame crafted from a lightweight yet durable composite material. Its sleek lines and matte finish reduce glare, making it ideal for discreet operations. The pistol is approximately the size of a standard handgun, ensuring ease of handling and quick draw capability.

- **Hinged Barrel:** The most distinctive feature of the XS13 is its hinged barrel, which opens smoothly to allow for easy loading of grenades. This design not only simplifies reloading but also minimizes the time it takes

to prepare for the next shot. When closed, the barrel locks securely in place, ensuring that the grenade is ready for firing.

- **Compressed Air System:** The XS13 operates using a unique pneumatic firing mechanism, powered by a small cartridge containing compressed air. This cartridge is discreetly housed in a compartment located in the pistol's butt, easily accessible for replacement. The air delivery system allows for a clean, consistent launch of grenades without the propellant smoke associated with traditional firearm mechanisms.

PERFORMANCE

Range and Accuracy: The XS13 can effectively fire grenades up to 200 feet, providing operatives with a significant standoff capability. Its design ensures that each grenade is launched with precision, allowing for accurate targeting in both offensive and defensive scenarios.

- **Compatibility:** The XS13 is fully compatible with a variety of grenade types, granting versatility in mission profiles. Whether the situation calls for an explosive blast, a smoke screen, or a flashbang for diversion, the XS13 can accommodate the choice—though it can only fire one grenade at a time.
- **Operational Efficiency:** The XS13 can fire once per turn, making it a formidable tool during engagements. However, reloading after each shot is required—this action consumes an additional turn but allows the operator to maintain a strategic approach to grenade deployment during combat.

SPECIFICATIONS

Size: Handgun dimensions, compact and portable.

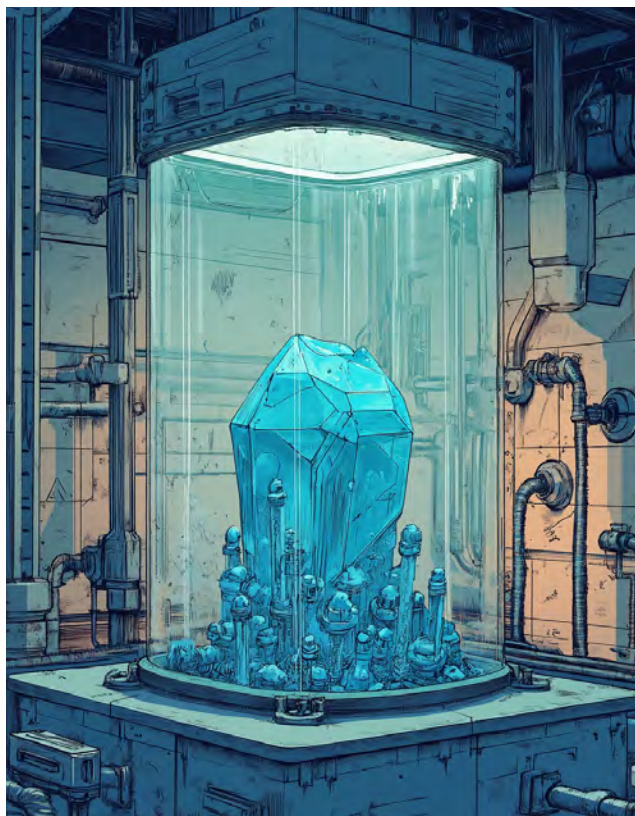
Weight: Lightweight for ease of carry and operation.

Firing Mechanism: Pneumatic; uses compressed air for propulsion.

Fire Rate: 1 grenade per turn.

Reload Time: 1 turn for loading a single grenade.

Air Cartridge Capacity: Each cartridge allows for 6 shots.



Dilosyn Crystal

DESCRIPTION

The Dilosyn Crystal is an incredibly rare and unique crystalline formation that exhibits astonishing properties when exposed to light and various elemental elements. Highly sought after for its remarkable ability to generate the opposite element of its exposure, this enigmatic crystal has become a topic of fascination among scientists, explorers, and those seeking an edge in survival situations.

DESIGN

The Dilosyn Crystal is typically a translucent blue, multifaceted gem, resembling natural quartz but with an otherworldly glow that shifts in hue depending on the intensity and type of light it absorbs. Ranging in size from a small pebble to a larger fist-sized specimen, its surface is smooth but features intricate patterns resembling fractals, which catch the light beautifully. When exposed to illumination, the crystal slowly expands and grows, giving it an almost organic appearance as it seems to pulsate with vibrant energy.

- **Growth Characteristics:** The Dilosyn Crystal's growth when exposed to light occurs at

a remarkably slow pace, often taking days or even weeks to fully develop. This gradual growth is accompanied by a subtle shimmering effect, as it absorbs light and transforms it into energy.

- **Elemental Interaction:** This crystal's most astounding feature is its reaction to elements on the periodic table. Upon exposure to a specific element—such as cesium, francium, or carbon dioxide—the Dilosyn Crystal generates large amounts of the respective element's opposite. For example, exposing it to francium results in the creation of helium, providing an inexhaustible supply of a gas that can revive and sustain life in dire situations.

PERFORMANCE

Sustained Oxygen Supply: A tiny Dilosyn Crystal placed inside a space helmet allows a user breathing out carbon dioxide to receive an unlimited supply of oxygen, enabling extended survival in environments lacking breathable air. The crystal efficiently converts the CO₂ into O₂ in significant volumes, ensuring the wearer can remain functional and alert.

- **Versatile Utility:** The unique properties of the Dilosyn Crystal mean it can serve multiple purposes, from enhancing life support systems to being utilized in advanced chemical processes. Inventors and engineers are keenly interested in harnessing its properties for innovative applications in both civilian and military technologies.
- **Rarity and Value:** The Dilosyn Crystal is extraordinarily rare, with its homeworld yet to be discovered. It is often considered a sought-after treasure in black markets and among resourceful explorers, commanding staggering prices due to its life-sustaining capabilities and enigmatic origins.

SPECIFICATIONS

- **Appearance:** Translucent blue, multifaceted with an iridescent glow.
- **Growth Rate:** Slow growth when exposed to light, taking days to develop.
- **Elemental Interaction:** Generates large quantities of the opposite element upon exposure.
- **Applications:** Sustained oxygen supply in enclosed environments; potential uses in advanced technology.
- **Rarity:** Extremely rare; origin unknown.

Granet Sernahl

RACE: Human HANDED: Left
 STR/STA: 45 / 60
 DEX/RS: 50 / 55
 INT/LOG: 75 / 70
 PER/LDR: 65 / 65

| IM | PS | RW | M |
|----|----|----|----|
| 6 | 3 | 30 | 40 |



RANGED WEAPONS

| WEAPON TYPE | DMG | TO HIT | PB | S | M | L | E | AMMO | SEU |
|----------------|------|--------|-----|------|-------|--------|---------|------|-----|
| Laser Pistol | 1d10 | 50 | 0-5 | 6-20 | 21-50 | 51-100 | 101-200 | 4 | 80 |
| Needler Pistol | 2d10 | 40 | 0-5 | 6-10 | 11-20 | 21-40 | 41-100 | 2 | 40 |

MELEE WEAPONS

| WEAPON TYPE | DMG | MOD | DEFENSE | POWER | SEU | MASS |
|-------------------|------|-----|---------|-------------|---------|------|
| Collapsible Baton | 2d10 | +5 | Inertia | - | - | 1 |
| Vibroknife | 2d10 | +5 | Inertia | 20 SEU Clip | 1 / hit | 1 |

- WEAPONS: Laser Pistol, Needler Pistol, Collapsible Baton, Vibroknife
- SKILLS: Technological PSA - Computer skill 4; Military PSA - Weapon Skill 2 (beam weapons) Weapon Skill 1 (projectile weapons); Psycho-Social Skills PSA - Persuasion Skill 5
- EQUIPMENT: Techkit, Chronocom, Polyvox, Inertia Screen

Granet Sernahl is a skilled diplomat and strategist in the service of Zephiran Dynamics, a prominent technology corporation. Having worked for the company for a long time, he has built a reputation as a resourceful, albeit underhanded, individual. His colleagues often describe him as “snaky”—cunning and adept at navigating the murky waters of corporate politics.

Granet is suspected of engaging in industrial espionage, including selling valuable corporate secrets to rival companies, particularly Aethertech Industries. While he presents himself as an innocent negotiator, whispers of his activities cast a shadow over his professional persona. This duality makes Granet both a valuable asset and a potential liability for Zephiran Dynamics as they grapple with ongoing security concerns.

Notably, Granet is not interested in saving the Singularity Ballet; rather, he seeks its destruction. Having previously sold the designs for the Quantum Ion Engine to Aethertech Industries, he aims to ensure the project’s failure to facilitate Aethertech’s release of their own ship equipped with the stolen technology. His actions are driven by self-interest and a desire to see Zephiran Dynamics falter, positioning Aethertech as a formidable competitor in the industry.

Furthermore, Granet possesses a calculating nature that drives his motivations beyond mere sabotage. At any moment during the mission, should an opportunity arise to eliminate one of his colleagues and stage it to appear as an accident, he will seize it without hesitation. This cold pragmatism marks him as a true threat, willing to sacrifice others to advance his agenda, underscoring the duplicity that defines his character.

He is secretly working with the Qurater Master on the Singularity Ballet.

Tanda Virex

RACE: Human HANDED: Right

STR/STA: 40 / 50

DEX/RS: 50 / 65

INT/LOG: 80 / 70

PER/LDR: 50/ 50

| IM | PS | RW | M |
|----|----|----|----|
| 7 | 2 | 25 | 25 |



RANGED WEAPONS

| WEAPON TYPE | DMG | TO HIT | PB | S | M | L | E | AMMO | SEU |
|--------------|------|--------|-----|------|-------|--------|---------|------|-----|
| Laser Pistol | 1d10 | 50 | 0-5 | 6-20 | 21-50 | 51-100 | 101-200 | 2 | 40 |
| | | | | | | | | | |

MELEE WEAPONS

| WEAPON TYPE | DMG | MOD | DEFENSE | POWER | SEU | MASS |
|-------------|-----|-----|---------|-------|-----|------|
| | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | |

- WEAPONS: Laser Pistol, Needler Pistol, Collapsible Baton, Vibroknife
- SKILLS: Technological PSA - Computer skill 4; Military PSA - Weapon Skill 2 (beam weapons) Weapon Skill 1 (projectile weapons); Psycho-Social Skills PSA - Persuasion Skill 5
- EQUIPMENT: Techkit, Chronocom, Polyvox, Inertia Screen

Tanda Virex was born into a legacy of leadership and responsibility, the daughter of one of Zephran Dynamic esteemed directors, Cassandra Virex. Growing up in a world enriched by the complexities of interstellar operations, Tanda was instilled with values of integrity, accountability, and the pursuit of knowledge from an early age.

From a young age, Tanda displayed an exceptional aptitude for critical thinking and problem-solving, often surpassing her peers in her studies of navigation systems and tactical operations. Her education was meticulously tailored to cultivate her natural talents, and she quickly established herself as one of the most promising minds among her contemporaries. Tanda's blend of intellectual prowess and practical skills earned her a reputation as an operations specialist, where she plays a crucial role in coordinating missions and strategizing responses to emerging threats.

Unlike Grenet Sernahl, a figure shrouded in controversy and questionable ethics, Tanda embodies the principles of honesty and transparency. She is deeply committed to the well-being of her staff, often prioritizing the needs of others over her ambitions. Her unwavering moral compass serves as a guiding light in tense situations, fostering trust and respect from those around her. Colleagues regard her as a voice of reason and integrity, someone who consistently stands up for what is right, even when faced with challenging decisions.

Although she carries the weight of high expectations due to her lineage, Tanda remains grounded and approachable. Her humility, combined with her intelligence, makes her a formidable ally in any endeavor. Despite the challenges she faces, including navigating the complex political landscape created by figures like Sernahl, Tanda Virex is resolute in her mission to protect the integrity of ephran dynamics and uphold the values she cherishes.

NEW NPC SPECIES



Jaxaradis

TYPE: Humanoid
NUMBER: 1d10
MOVE: Fast
IM/RS: 9/90
STAMINA: 80
ATTACK: 40
DAMAGE: by weapon type
SPECIAL ATTACK: None
SPECIAL DEFENSE: None
HOME WORLD: Jaxa Prime
STAR SYSTEM: Jaxa Star System
QUADRANT: GAMMA

PHYSICAL STRUCTURE

The Jaxaradis have a lean, elongated body, similar to a hyena's, but with a more athletic build. Their body is roughly 4 feet (1.2 meters) tall at the shoulder, with a slightly longer tail that helps them balance while climbing or jumping. Their torso is muscular and narrow, with powerful legs and sharp claws.

Their skin is thick and grayish-brown in color, with darker stripes running along their back and sides. The stripes are slightly more pronounced on their arms and legs, giving them

a distinctive "zebra-like" pattern.

The Jaxaradis have yellow eyes with vertical pupils that seem to gleam in the dark. Their eyes are almond-shaped and slightly angled, giving them a sharp, predatory look.

Their ears are pointed and triangular, with a thin layer of cartilage that allows them to move independently. This helps them pinpoint sounds and detect even the faintest noises.

The Jaxaradis have sharp, retractable claws on their front paws that they use for climbing, grasping, and defending themselves. Their claws are curved and hooked, perfect for tearing flesh or catching prey.

The Jaxaradis have a flat face with a short snout and a distinctive "smile" line on their muzzle. Their facial features are slightly more pronounced than those of other predators, giving them a slightly feral appearance.

SENSES

The Jaxaradis have an incredibly keen sense of smell, rivaling that of other predators. They can detect the scent of prey from great distances, even in dense forests or rocky outcroppings. Their sense of smell is so acute that they can pick up on subtle chemical cues left behind by their prey, allowing them to track and hunt with ease.

The Jaxaradis have exceptional hearing, capable of detecting even the faintest sounds. They can pinpoint the location and movement of prey by listening to the slightest rustling of leaves or snapping of twigs. Their ears are also highly sensitive to ultrasonic frequencies, allowing them to detect high-pitched calls and vocalizations from potential prey.

Jaxaradis have exceptional low-light vision, thanks to their yellow-colored eyes and reflective retinas. They can see in conditions as dim as starlight, making them formidable hunters under the cover of night. Their eyes are also capable of adjusting to changing light conditions, allowing them to adapt to sudden changes in illumination.

The Jaxaradis have sensitive whiskers and sensitive pads on their paws that help them navigate their environment and detect subtle vibrations. These tactile senses allow them to feel for hidden prey or detect potential threats before they become apparent.

The Jaxaradis have an impressive sense of balance, thanks to their prehensile tail and powerful legs. They can climb steep rock faces and navigate treacherous terrain with ease,

making them formidable predators in a variety of environments.

SPEECH

The Jaxaradis have a distinctive set of sounds in their language, which include:

- A wide range of low-frequency growls, snarls, and snuffles
- High-pitched yips, yips, and whistles
- Clicks and pops, similar to those found in some African languages
- A distinctive “chirp” or “tchirp” sound, often used for emphasis or excitement

The Jaxaradis’ language is highly inflected, with complex grammar and a large number of affixes. Their words often end in a distinctive “-ka” or “-kta” sound, which indicates possession or relationship.

The Jaxaradis have a rich vocabulary that reflects their predatory nature and their connection to the natural world. They have words for different types of prey, terrain features, weather conditions, and emotions.

The Jaxaradis are known for their expressive speech patterns, which often involve a combination of vocalizations, body language, and posturing. They use a variety of vocal cues to convey emotions and intentions, such as:

- Raised hackles to indicate aggression or defensiveness
- Tail twitching to signal excitement or interest
- Ear positions to indicate attention or distraction
- Postures to convey dominance or submission

The Jaxaradis are highly social creatures that rely heavily on communication to maintain their social bonds and coordinate their activities. They use a variety of communication styles, including:

- Vocalizations: They use vocalizations to convey information, express emotions, and maintain contact with other Jaxaradis.
- Body language: They use body language to convey information, express emotions, and establish dominance or submission.
- Chemical signals: They use chemical signals, such as scent markings, to communicate with other Jaxaradis over long distances.

Overall, the Jaxaradis’ language is a unique blend of vocalizations, body language, and chemical signals that reflects their predatory nature and their connection to the natural world.

SOCIETY AND CUSTOMS

The Jaxaradis are a unique and cunning species with great physical agility and cunning intellect but also a deeply ingrained tradition of piracy. This aspect of their culture shapes their identity, community, and way of life.

CULTURAL BACKGROUND

For centuries, the Jaxaradis have thrived in the lawless fringes of space, where interstellar trade routes intersect but regulatory oversight is sparse. This environment has fostered a culture that values cunning, bravery, and resourcefulness. As pirates, they have created an elaborate social structure based around their plundering ways.

CODE OF THE PIRATES

A defining feature of Jaxaradis society is the PIRATE CODE, a set of unwritten rules that govern their conduct and operations. While they operate outside the margins of law, the Jaxaradis hold to a strict code of honor among themselves, which includes:

1. Fair Share: Loot is divided equally among crew members, ensuring loyalty and camaraderie. This egalitarian approach helps maintain harmony and reduces disputes within their ranks.
2. Respect for the Fallen: When a pirate falls in battle, their shipmates honor their memory with rituals and ceremonies. Each fallen pirate is revered as a warrior who brought glory to their crew.
3. No Unjust Harm: While they are ruthless brigands, the Jaxaradis refrain from unnecessary violence toward non-combatants or those unable to defend themselves. They see themselves as “gentlemen of fortune” within their realm of piracy.

SKILLS AND TRADITION

Piracy is not just a way of life for the Jaxaradis; it’s a tradition passed down through generations. Young Jaxaradis are trained in the arts of stealth, combat, and navigation from an early age. They engage in simulated space raids as part of their upbringing, honing their skills in tactics and teamwork.

Jaxaradis pirates often employ advanced technology and cunning strategy to outmaneuver their opponents. They have a reputation for using deception and psychological tactics to gain the upper hand, sometimes employing

misinformation or feigned retreats to lure enemies into traps.

COMMUNITY AND FAMILY

The Jaxaradis view piracy not only as an occupation but as a family bonding experience. Crews often consist of extended families and trusted allies, reinforcing a sense of belonging and mutual support. This community ethos fosters loyalty, making them formidable opponents with strong internal ties.

Throughout their history, the Jaxaradis have built a network of alliances with other pirate factions, criminal organizations, and trade guilds, allowing them to establish a reputation that resonates across various star systems. They are respected and feared for their audacity and the craftsmanship of their ships, which are often heavily modified for raids.

STAT ADJUSTMENTS

Jaxaradis receive the following adjustments
Though they are not player characters.
Strength: -5, Reaction Speed: +5

| WALK | RUN | PER HOUR |
|------|-----|----------|
| 20 | 40 | 7 |

Average Size: 1.2 Tall

Average Mass: 85kg (male), 90kg (female)

Average Lifespan: 120 years

Reproduction: heterosexual, viviparous

Body Temp: 37 C

Gravity: .9



NEW PC SPECIES



Bewlorox

HOMEWORLD: Onyx
STAR SYSTEM: Jewel
QUADRANT: ALPHA

PHYSICAL STRUCTURE

The Bewlorox are a bipedal species standing approximately 6 feet tall. They possess elongated, slender bodies that lend them an elegant appearance. Their limbs are moderately long, providing them with agility and the ability to perform intricate movements, making them adept at manipulation and problem-solving.

Their heads resemble that of a cicada, featuring large, multifaceted eyes that shine with iridescent hues of emerald green. These eyes offer exceptional visual acuity, allowing the Bewlorox to perceive a broad spectrum of light, including ultraviolet. They have a flat, broad face with antenna-like structures perched on top, which aid in sensory perception and communication.

The skin of the Bewlorox is smooth and sleek, adorned with shimmering emerald patterns that shift with the light. This vibrant coloration serves both as a form of camouflage in their lush environments and as a means of display during social interactions. Their limbs

culminate in dexterous hands with five elongated fingers, capable of precise movements, making them skilled at handling tools and materials.

SENSES

The Bewlorox possess an acute sense of sight, aided by their large eyes, which allow them to see in varied light conditions, from bright sunlight to the dim shadows of their forested habitats. Their compound vision grants them a nearly 270-degree field of view, making it difficult for predators to approach unnoticed.

Their hearing is also highly developed, with specialized structures that enable them to detect a wide range of frequencies, including those produced by the faintest vibrations in their environment. This keen auditory ability allows them to communicate effectively and respond to their surroundings with remarkable situational awareness.

In addition to their visual and auditory senses, the Bewlorox have a strong sense of smell that helps them identify different plant species and locate sap sources, which constitute a significant portion of their diet.

SPEECH

The Bewlorox communicate using a complex language composed of musical tonalities, rhythmic clicks, and resonant hums that reflect their playful and intelligent nature. Key components of their language include:

- **Tonal Modulation:** They use varying pitches and rhythms to convey different meanings, emotions, and nuances.
- **Clicking Sounds:** Quick, sharp clicks are used for emphasis or to alert others to potential dangers.
- **Humming Patterns:** Long, drawn-out hums communicate comfort or reassurance, while rapid variations express excitement or urgency.

Their communication is not solely vocal; the Bewlorox also utilize subtle movements of their body postures to convey messages. These non-verbal cues enhance understanding and signal intentions among them.

SOCIETY AND CUSTOMS

The Bewlorox foster an advanced and intellectually driven society that values logic, creativity, and problem-solving. They often engage in activities involving puzzles and games, reflecting their love for mental challenges. Social

gatherings frequently feature competitions in logical reasoning and strategic thinking, which helps strengthen community bonds.

CULTURAL BACKGROUND

Originating from the planet Onyx in the Jewel Star System, the Bewlorox have evolved amidst dense, bioluminescent forests and vibrant ecosystems. Their culture emphasizes sustainability and harmony with their environment. Being intelligent and observant, they have developed technologies that complement their surroundings without causing disruption.

The Bewlorox treasure knowledge and education, placing great importance on mentoring younger generations in logic, strategy, and ethics. They believe in collaborative learning, often forming study groups that tackle complex problems as a community.

CODE OF INTELLIGENCE

Central to Bewlorox culture is their Code of Intelligence, a set of guiding principles that emphasize:

1. **Logical Integrity:** Decisions must be based on rational thought and empirical evidence, rejecting impulsivity or emotional bias.
2. **Collaboration:** Teamwork and collaborative problem solving are revered, recognizing that different perspectives enrich solutions.
3. **Respect for Knowledge:** Knowledge is seen as a collective asset, and the sharing of information is essential to the advancement of society.

SKILLS AND TRADITION

The Bewlorox are highly skilled in tactical planning and logistics, often sought after for roles that require analytical thinking and innovative problem-solving. Their strategic prowess allows them to excel in military or organizational positions, where they can apply their abilities to devise efficient plans and solutions.

Puzzle-solving is a favored pastime, and they often invent new games that challenge their cognitive skills. This cultural emphasis on puzzles not only entertains but also fosters creativity and adaptability.

COMMUNITY AND FAMILY

The Bewlorox community is tightly knit, characterized by cooperation and support. Families work together on projects, and mentorship plays a crucial role in their

upbringing. Elder members are respected for their wisdom and experience, guiding the younger generations in their learning and development.

They often gather in large forums to solve larger problems or quests within their environment, utilizing their collective intellect and skills. The network of relationships among Bewlorox strengthens their community cohesion, and they celebrate their achievements together through festive gatherings.

STAT ADJUSTMENTS

Bewlorox receive the following adjustments as a Player Character:

Strength: -5, Reaction Speed: -5, Intuition: +5, Logic: +10

| WALK | RUN | PER HOUR |
|------|-----|----------|
| 10 | 30 | 5 |

Average Size: 1.7m Tall

Average Mass: 85kg (male), 60kg (female)

Average Lifespan: 190 years

Reproduction: Oviparous

Body Temp: 32 C

Gravity: .7



Kolaraxid

HOME WORLD: Umbraxis

STAR SYSTEM: Drakara

QUADRANT: ALPHA

PHYSICAL STRUCTURE

The Kolaraxid are a wiry, agile race standing approximately 5 feet tall. Their bodies are slender yet muscular, built for both speed and endurance. Bipedal in form, they exhibit a posture that suggests readiness and alertness at all times. The arms are long and capable of swift, precise movements, while their lower limbs provide a strong foundation for quick, nimble maneuvers.

Their bat-like head features large, expressive ears that are highly sensitive to sound, allowing them to detect the faintest of noises. Their skin exhibits a dusky hue, often adorned with subtle bioluminescent patterns that can change slightly with their emotions. The Kolaraxid's eyes are large, reflecting a vibrant mix of purples and greens, protected by dark glasses due to their extreme sensitivity to light.

The Kolaraxid possess elongated fingers that end in sharp, claw-like nails, which aid in climbing and gripping weapons. Their facial structure is unique; a short snout protrudes

from their flat face, giving them an inquisitive and somewhat predatory appearance. Their jaw is designed for powerful articulation, allowing them to communicate through a wide range of sounds.

The Kolaraxid primarily consume a diet rich in insects and small invertebrates, capitalizing on their agile and predatory nature. Their keen sense of hearing allows them to locate these creatures in the dark, which are abundant in the shadowy environments of Umbraxis.

SENSES

The Kolaraxid have an exceptionally acute sense of hearing that far surpasses that of many other races. They can detect even the most subtle sounds, allowing them to pick up conversations from distances far beyond what most species could hear. Their large ears are capable of rotating independently, enabling them to isolate and hone in on specific auditory cues.

They have developed Sonic Filters that are placed in their ears when working in loud areas, and combat zones. The filters are designed to only allow relevant frequencies to pass and squash loud or harmful ones. These filters can be removed when needed.

While their eyes are designed for excellent low-light vision, they are highly susceptible to bright light, necessitating the use of dark glasses when exposed to such conditions. This adaptation allows them to navigate in dark environments with ease, making them formidable hunters and soldiers in the shadows.

Their sense of smell is also keen, though not as developed as their hearing. They can detect pheromones and other chemical signals in the air, aiding their communication and enhancing their situational awareness.

SPEECH

The Kolaraxid possess a unique language that includes various vocalizations, such as:

- Low-frequency growls and purrs that convey comfort or reassurance.
- High-pitched chirps and trills used for excitement or signaling danger.
- Whistles and clicks that facilitate complex communication, especially in high-stress environments.

Their language is rich in inflections and context, reliant heavily on the tone and rhythm of their vocalizations. Each vocalization habitually incorporates body language, such as ear positioning and tail movements, to add depth

to their communication. The Kolaraxid also use specific rhythmic patterns that can express urgency or importance, particularly in military or tactical scenarios.

SOCIETY AND CUSTOMS

The Kolaraxid are known for their strict warrior code, placing great value on discipline, loyalty, and competence. Their society is structured around guilds formed by veterans, with the rules of conduct and camaraderie reinforced through shared experiences in battle and training. Respect is paramount, especially for those who have served with honor.

CULTURAL BACKGROUND

Originating from the planet Umbraxis in the Drakara Star System, the Kolaraxid have developed a culture deeply intertwined with the planet's shadowy landscapes. Their living environment has shaped their physical adaptations and cultural practices, encouraging them to excel in night operations and stealth tactics. For centuries, they have faced various challenges, including external threats from rival species, which has instilled a robust military ethos.

CODE OF THE WARRIOR

Central to Kolaraxid culture is their Code of the Warrior, an unwritten set of principles that governs their actions:

- 1. Loyalty to Comrades: Trust among fellow Kolaraxid is sacred; betrayal is regarded as the highest form of dishonor.
- 2. Respect in Combat: While swift to engage enemies, they are taught to respect their opponents' strength and to challenge them fairly.
- 3. Protection of the Weak: Kolaraxid hold a strong belief in safeguarding those who cannot defend themselves, viewing this as a measure of true strength.

SKILLS AND TRADITION

Combat training is an integral part of Kolaraxid upbringing, with children often engaged in martial arts and agility exercises from an early age. Advanced weaponry and armor technology are a point of pride, with Kolaraxid always seeking the latest designs to improve their tactical advantages. Stealth, precision, and teamwork are emphasized in all aspects of their training, creating highly effective operatives.

In addition to combat prowess, Kolaraxid maintain a rich tradition of storytelling, often gathering to share tales of past battles and legendary warriors. This practice strengthens community bonds and inspires younger generations.

COMMUNITY AND FAMILY

Kolaraxid society values community, and familial ties run deep within their culture. They see each unit or squad as an extension of family, working collectively to ensure the safety and success of each member. These bonds create a strong sense of loyalty, making them fierce allies but formidable foes.

The Kolaraxid often band together in the form of mercenary organizations or military guilds. Within these groups, members enjoy a sense of belonging that nourishes their dedication to each other's well-being and success in their missions.

STAT ADJUSTMENTS

Kolaraxid receive the following adjustments as a Player Character:

Strength: -5, Reaction Speed: +5, Intuition: +5

| WALK | RUN | PER HOUR |
|------|-----|----------|
| 12 | 36 | 5 |

Average Size: 1.5m Tall
Average Mass: 75kg (male), 50kg (female)
Average Lifespan: 170 years
Reproduction: Oviparous
Body Temp: 32 C
Gravity: .9

CREATURE UPDATE FILE



organic chitin, with glowing accents that reflect their internal systems. They possess multiple mechanical legs that allow them to skitter across various surfaces with unsettling speed.

Driven by an organic brain housed within a specialized case, the Skitters follow programmed directives focused on repair tasks; however, their newfound instincts, after their organic brain has been exposed to the Yoilioy virus, compel them to attack and infect any uncontained targets. Moved by the drive of their organic brains, Skitters are highly unpredictable, showing erratic behavior that mixes their original purpose with a ravenous quest to spread the virus.

The combination of their swift movements, capacity to round up individuals not infected by the virus, and their infectious bite makes Skitters a formidable presence on any ship. Their behavior encapsulates the tragic consequences of Zyxyz experimentation, where intelligence and purpose collide with the horrors of unchecked biological exploration.

Skitters

TYPE: Cyborg Spider

NUMBER: 1-10

MOVE: Fast

IM/RS: 6/60

STAMINA: 85

ATTACK: 40

DAMAGE: 2d10

SPECIAL ATTACK: Infection Bite

SPECIAL DEFENSE: Cyborg Resilience

HOMEWORLD: Unknown

STAR SYSTEM: Unknown

QUADRANT: Unknown

DESCRIPTION

The Skitters, officially known as Troctorts, are spider-like cyborgs designed with a blend of organic and mechanical components. Created by the Zyxyz for ship maintenance, these creatures have evolved into unpredictable threats aboard the Singularity Ballet after the discovery of their susceptibility to the Yoilioy virus.

Skitters come in two sizes, with small versions measuring about 0.5 meters and larger ones reaching up to 1.25 meters. Their exoskeletons are a mix of dark metal and





MORBS

TYPE: Robotic Security Sphere
NUMBER: 1-4
MOVE: Fast
IM/RS: 6/60
STAMINA: 300
ATTACK: 70
DAMAGE: 2d10 Laser / 3d10 Flame Thrower
SPECIAL ATTACK: Incinerate Protocol
SPECIAL DEFENSE: Rotational Shielding
HOMEWORLD: Unknown
STAR SYSTEM: Unknown
QUADRANT: Unknown

DESCRIPTION-

The "Morb", or Metallic Orb, is a highly advanced robotic security unit created by the Zyxyz. Designed for both peacekeeping and defense on their ships, these 3-foot-diameter spheres hover approximately 4 feet above the ship's deck, allowing them to patrol and respond to threats with remarkable agility.

Constructed from an Albedo-type material, Morbs are engineered to absorb lasers effectively, showcasing their design to withstand most conventional armaments. Each Morb is

equipped with a sophisticated sensor array that allows it to detect intruders, track movement, and identify biological threats, particularly those infected with the Yoilioy virus.

The Morbs operate under a highly advanced AI system that commands them without the need for verbal communication. They do not respond to pleas for mercy; their programming drives them to eliminate any perceived threat. When an intruder is detected or the ship comes under attack, they transform from peacekeeping units to lethal military devices.

In close-range combat, Morbs engage using a central weapon that can adapt based on the situation. They balance precision fire with devastating close-quarters weaponry like a flamethrower, making them formidable adversaries against any unauthorized personnel or those suspected of carrying the Yoilioy virus. Although silent and relentless in their pursuit of threats, the Morbs possess a potential vulnerability: the deactivation code phrase "Xax Vov Nanan Mim Zozoz", which can only be accessed by directly hacking into the ship's security systems, presenting a slim hope for those who might find themselves on the wrong side of these relentless enforcers.

The term "Morb" was coined by the Singularity Ballet crew. The designation given these security bots by their Zyxyz creators is "Rezer".

INCINERATE PROTOCOL

When a Morb successfully incapacitates a target infected with the Yoilioy virus, it switches to its flamethrower and inflicts 2D6 damage over a 3-second burst, continuing until the target is reduced to ashes.

ROTATIONAL SHIELDING

Each Morb has an 85% chance to deflect incoming ranged attacks due to its ability to quickly rotate and align one of its six screens (two for each type: Sonic, Gauss, Inertia). If an attack is made from multiple angles, this chance is reduced to 50%.



Zyxzy Thrall

TYPE: Infected Species

NUMBER: 1 or more

MOVE: Medium

IM/RS: 4 / 35

STAMINA: 70

ATTACK: 40

DAMAGE: 1d10

SPECIAL ATTACK: Infection Bite or Claw

SPECIAL DEFENSE: Resilience

HOMEWORLD: Unknown

STAR SYSTEM: Unknown

QUADRANT: Unknown

DESCRIPTION

The Zyxzy Thrall is a victim of the Yoiliroy virus, driven by primal urges and the singular goal of spreading the infection at all costs. Pale blue skin, once vibrant and elegant, now appears mottled as the virus ravages their body. Their eyes, once filled with color, are now dull and sunken, reflecting the loss of their cognitive functions and former selves.

Thralls exhibit erratic movements and a sense of ravenous hunger, often seen staggering towards potential victims with outstretched

claws and open mouths, driven by uncontrollable need. They no longer display any semblance of their previous identity, behaving purely as a host for the virus they carry.

The origins of their existence offer glimpses into the tragedy of the Zyxzy species, as these Thralls are reminders of the catastrophic consequences of unchecked scientific ambition entwined with the Zyxzy's effort to perfect their genetic makeup.

After being bitten or scratched by a Zyxzy Thrall there is a 50% chance that you will become infected with the Yoiliroy Virus, becoming a Thrall yourself within 24 hours. There is no cure.





Scintillant Korahtha

TYPE: Predator Pitcher Plant

NUMBER: 1

MOVE: Fast

IM/RS: 5/50

STAMINA: 85

ATTACK: 45

DAMAGE: 1d10

SPECIAL ATTACK: 1d10 Vines / Multi Attack

SPECIAL DEFENSE: None

HOMEWORLD: Unknown

STAR SYSTEM: Unknown

QUADRANT: Unknown

DESCRIPTION

Towering majestically in its verdant habitat, the Scintillant Korahtha commands attention, a striking paragon of nature's bizarre elegance. Reaching heights of up to 12 feet, this enormous bioluminescent pitcher plant stands as a sentinel within its ecosystem, its vibrant colors and glowing petals illuminating the shadows that dance around it.

The base of the Korahtha is thick and sturdy, with roots that twist and curl into the soil, anchoring the plant firmly as it stretches

toward the sky. Its stalks are robust, resembling a fusion of bark and softened sinew, covered in a glossy sheen that reflects light in iridescent hues, subtly shifting from deep greens to rich purples as day turns to night.

The most striking feature of the Korahtha is its flowered maw—a vast, open pitcher that gapes invitingly at the top. Its petals, resembling a series of cascading, vibrant ruffles, flare outward, showcasing an array of colors that captivate and beckon unsuspecting prey. The inside of the maw is lined with bioluminescent filaments that pulse gently, producing a mesmerizing glow that lures curious creatures closer, unaware of the predatory nature hidden within.

From both its petals and the tangled underbelly of its roots, sinuous tendrils extend, undulating rhythmically with the surrounding air. These appendages are not mere decorations; each tendril is armed with sharp thorns—a formidable adaptation that allows the Korahtha to grasp and ensnare prey with swift precision. When an unsuspecting creature ventures too close, the tendrils whip outward, delivering a swift capture and dragging the hapless victim into the depths of the pitcher where it meets its demise.

Once ensnared, the victim is overwhelmed by the potent digestive enzymes secreted within the pitcher. The Korahtha efficiently breaks down its prey, deriving nourishment from organic matter that falls into its depths. This extraordinary plant exhibits an insatiable appetite and will consume anything that can fit within its flowered mouth—be it insects, small animals, or even larger creatures who underestimate the danger posed by its hypnotically beautiful appearance.

At night, the Scintillant Korahtha becomes a mesmerizing spectacle; it glows more intensely, bathing the surrounding area in a surreal luminescence. The soft, enchanting light draws in nocturnal creatures, creating a cycle of life and death in a hauntingly beautiful dance that echoes through the night.



Zyxyz

HOMEWORLD: Xalax (Conjecture)

STAR SYSTEM: Torinirot Star System (Unknown)

QUADRANT: GAMMA

PHYSICAL STRUCTURE

The Zyxyz are an imposing, bipedal species standing approximately 2 meters tall. Their figures are lithe and elegant, giving them a majestic appearance. The skin of the Zyxyz is a striking pale blue, smooth and almost luminescent under certain light conditions. This ethereal quality enhances their mysterious aura.

They wear intricately designed, form-fitting armor that shimmers in shades of blue and pale titian, infused with delicate patterns symbolizing their cultural heritage. Surrounding this armor are translucent, flowing white robes that billow gently, giving them an almost ghost-like presence.

Their feet are claw-like, built for both stability and agility, featuring large pads that allow silent movement. The most enigmatic aspect of their appearance is their faces, which are completely obscured by masks made from a lightweight crystal indigenous to their homeworld. These masks are intricately etched

with symbols, reflecting their history and wisdom. Only the back of their heads is visible, covered in long, flowing white hair that spills out elegantly around the mask.

SENSES

The Zyxyz are believed to possess advanced sensory capabilities:

- **Enhanced Vision:** It is said that their vision extends into the ultraviolet spectrum, allowing them to perceive aspects of their environment invisible to others.
- **Heightened Perception:** Their connection to the genetic history of their species may grant them an acute awareness of spatial dynamics, enabling them to sense the presence of others and small changes in their surroundings.
- **Subtle Communication:** While their faces are obscured, the Zyxyz are thought to communicate via minute shifts in body language and movements, which are finely tuned and often convey deep meaning.

SPEECH

The Zyxyz language is a unique and elegant form of communication based entirely on palindromes. Their speech consists of beautifully constructed phrases where the order of letters remains the same forwards and backwards:

- **Linguistic Structure:** Each utterance is composed of intricate patterns that often convey complex ideas succinctly. The palindromic nature of their language implies a focus on symmetry and balance, which extends into their culture and philosophy.
- **Rhythmic Inflections:** The way they speak includes rhythmic cadences that enhance meaning and emotion, making their dialogue a captivating experience for those who can understand it.

SOCIETY AND CUSTOMS

The Zyxyz are regarded as a deeply enigmatic species with a rich cultural tradition steeped in mysticism, philosophy, and scientific inquiry. Their society places a high value on knowledge, especially in medical science, which was once their pride before the calamity of the Yoilioy virus.

CULTURAL BACKGROUND

Believed to originate from the distant planet Xalax in the Torinirot Star System, which lies shrouded in mystery within the Gamma

Quadrant, the Zyxyz's history is marked by brilliance and tragedy. In their pursuit of genetic perfection, they inadvertently created the Yoilioy virus, which devastated their population before they found a cure.

While the cure saved their species, the Zyxyz are marked by the loss of millions and carry the burden of being potential carriers for other species. This history has fostered a culture of introspection and vigilance.

CODE OF SCIENCE

Central to Zyxyz culture is their Code of Science, emphasizing:

1. Knowledge Preservation: The importance of safeguarding accumulated knowledge to prevent future catastrophes.
2. Ethical Research: A commitment to conducting research responsibly, ensuring the ethical implications are carefully considered.
3. Unity in Diversity: Recognition of the interconnectedness of all life forms, encouraging dialogue with other species to share knowledge while respecting boundaries.

SKILLS AND TRADITION

The Zyxyz are renowned for their advanced medical sciences and biotechnological innovations. They are adept at healing techniques that utilize their understanding of genetics and biotechnology. Additionally, the palindromic structure of their language allows for complex problem-solving and logical discourse, making them natural logicians and analysts.

COMMUNITY AND FAMILY

Though mysterious and reclusive, Zyxyz communities are deeply interconnected. They are known to mentor younger Zyxyz through intricate rituals revolving around research and philosophy, emphasizing the lessons learned from their past.



SINGULARITY BALLET

DOCK MASTER SYSTEM

DOCK MASTER LOG

EPSILON 863

EPSILON 864

EPSILON 865

EPSILON 866

PARTS STORAGE DOOR

MASTER LARGE STORAGE DOOR

NOVA IUX INTERFACE

PRIVATE STORAGE CAMERAS

1

2

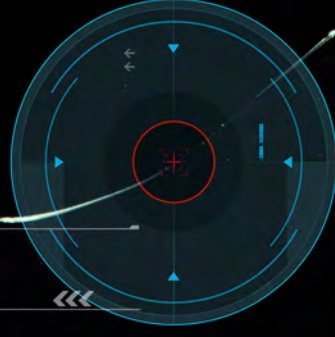
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4

CRANE COMMS

CRANE 1

CRANE 2



STAR FRONTIERS

CHARACTER RECORD SHEET

PLAYER NAME: _____ RACE: _____

CHARACTER NAME: _____ SEX: _____

HANDEDNESS: _____

WALKING: _____ RUNNING: _____ HOURLY: _____

PHYSICAL DATA

| | | | | | |
|----------|--|--|--|--|--|
| STR/STA: | | | | | |
| DEX/RS: | | | | | |
| INT/LOG: | | | | | |
| PER/LDR: | | | | | |
| IM: | | | | | |

PERSONAL FILE

RACIAL ABILITIES:

EXPERIENCE:
CREDITS:
PAY/DAY:

WEAPONS

RANGED WEAPON DMG TO HIT PB S M L E AMMO SEU

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MELEE WEAPON DMG MOD DEFENSE POWER SEU USE MASS

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DEFENSES

SUIT:

SCREEN:

ENERGY RECORD

MEDICAL RECORD

CURRENT STA:

OTHER INJURIES:

SKILLS

PRIMARY SKILL AREA:

| PSA SKILL | LEV | PSA SKILL | LEV |
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| SECONDARY SKILL | LEV | SECONDARY SKILL | LEV |
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SUBSKILLS

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SPACESHIP SKILLS

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EQUIPMENT

MISC. EQUIPMENT

| ITEM | MASS |
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VEHICLES

| TYPE | AC/DC/TN/SP/CR | TYPE | CARGO |
|------|----------------|------|-------|
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ROBOTS

| TYPE | MOVE | LEVEL | MISSION | PROGRAM |
|------|------|-------|---------|---------|
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COMPUTERS

| LEVEL | FN PTS | MASS | PROGRAM |
|-------|--------|------|---------|
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GENERAL DATA

PLAYER NAME: _____

SEX: _____

CHARACTER NAME: _____

RACE: _____

HANDEDNESS: _____

WALKING: _____ **RUNNING:** _____ **HOURLY:** _____

PHYSICAL DATA

| | | |
|----------|--|--|
| STR/STA: | | |
| DEX/RS: | | |
| INT/LOG: | | |
| PER/LDR: | | |
| IM: | | |

MEDICAL RECORD

CURRENT STA:
OTHER INJURIES:

CHARACTER SKETCH

WEAPONS

| RANGED WEAPON | DM | TO HIT | PB | S | M | L | E | AMMO | SEU |
|---------------|----|--------|----|---|---|---|---|------|-----|
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[illegible]

| MELEE WEAPON | DMG | MOD | DEFENSE | POWER | SEU USE | MASS |
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PERSONAL FILE

RACIAL ABILITIES:

EXPERIENCE:
CREDITS:
PAY/DAY:

DEFENCES

SUIT:

SCREEN:

ENERGY RECORD

SKILLS

PRIMARY SKILL AREA: _____

| PSA SKILL | LEV | PSA SKILL | LEV | SECONDARY SKILL | LEV | SECONDARY SKILL | LEV |
|-----------|-----|-----------|-----|-----------------|-----|-----------------|-----|
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SUBSKILLS

SPACESHIP SKILLS

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LFP PERSONNEL FORM SJW-12/08-57-1A

EQUIPMENT

MISC. EQUIPMENT

| ITEM | MASS |
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ROBOTS

| TYPE | MOVE | LEVEL | MISSION | PROGRAM |
|------|------|-------|---------|---------|
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COMPUTERS

| LEVEL | FN PTS | MASS | PROGRAM |
|-------|--------|------|---------|
| | | | |
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VEHICLES

| TYPE | AC/DC/TN/SP/CR | TYPE | CARGO |
|------|----------------|------|-------|
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LEVEL 9



OBSERVATION DECK

SINGULARITY VALLEY

SINGULARITY BALLET

By Kip Shelton

In a galaxy fraught with turmoil and uncertainty, the illustrious starship Singularity Ballet has gone dark. Once a beacon of hope and progress, it has vanished from the cosmic charts, leaving behind only whispers of danger and intrigue. Legends speak of its unparalleled technology and the daring crew who called it home, but now it lies shrouded in mystery, a tantalizing enigma that awaits discovery.

As the galaxy stands at the precipice of chaos, a call for assistance echoes across the stars. News has spread of the ship's disappearance, and there are those who believe that its recovery could change the tide in the relentless conflicts that besiege many worlds. Now, the opportunity for intrepid adventurers arises: will you answer the call and uncover the fate of the Singularity Ballet?

Your mission is clear, yet fraught with peril: traverse unknown territories, confront outlaws and vigilant organizations that may hold clues, and piece together the fragmented history of the ship's last voyage. The journey will not be easy—danger lurks at every turn, and merciless pirates may be eager to thwart your efforts. But the promise of untold rewards and the chance to restore a vital force to the galaxy beckons.

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