

There's something inside me
That pulls beneath the surface
Consuming, confusing
This lack of self-control I fear is never ending
Controlling
I can't seem to find myself again
My walls are closing in
I've felt this way before
So insecure
(Linkin Park: "CRAWLING")

Alexander Wichert & Sebastian "MaDSaM" Meusel present a tale of bone chilling horror and ice-cold terror in the vastness of space. On a desolate moon a station rumoured "haunted" and full of claustrophobic soldiers is doomed to fall into chaos, with the PCs right in the midst as the only hope of survival.

"The Haunting of Derelict Station" Or The Derelicts of Iblis:

(A FADING SUNS Adventure devised by Alexander Wichert
Written down and reworked by Sebastian "MaDSaM" Meusel)

Setting and Mood or "Where the Hell are we?":

The mystery takes place on a small moon orbiting Iblis, the furthestmost planet of the Byzantium system. The moon's name is "Derelict". Here, the Imperial Fleet maintains a small sentinel outpost to watch the incoming ships which flock through the system's jumpgate. Iblis is an icy, uninhabitable, rather small world not unlike Urth's Pluto. (For a further description of Iblis and Derelict see the FS Sourcebook: "Byzantium Secundus") Derelict is a tiny desolate rock with just enough mass to provide it a mostly rounded form and a rather low gravity. (The gravitation can easily be modified by the GM, to add more drama to the game, by forcing the PCs to manoeuvre through a low gravity, or by keeping the crew under the additional stress of high gravity.) The moon has no atmosphere and the station is kept under high priority airlock at any time.

No slug guns or energy weapons are allowed aboard the station and all characters will be forced to leave them behind, except for cybernetic weapons which will only be disarmed. The primary "personal weapons" aboard the station are knives, Clubs,

batons, and charge weapons, such as stunners. Nothing which could pierce the outer hull is allowed.

The station itself is cramped and claustrophobic, to say the least. There is respirational water dripping from every surface, for the ancient air-refreshing-units work at only minimum efficiency. Clothes, bedrolls and food will be damp in almost no time, once brought upon the station and not put into one of the drying/cooling areas. (This will add highly to the discomfort of the PCs, which you should play up to the fullest. Think of the more ugly parts of the "Nostromo" in "Alien" or the settler's station in "Aliens" AFTER the attack. "Moon 44" provides an ample view of how downtrodden a space station can be). Food is typical military rations and no alcoholic drinks are allowed, except for a bottle of highly illegal and valuable scotch in the officer's lounge.

This is the worst assignment the Imperial fleet has to offer and mostly discredits and convicted criminals come here to keep them from the eyes of the higher ups. Some of them did illegal deals with army equipment, others smuggled for the Scravers, others stole from their comrades some displayed violent streaks on duty and some are even prostitutes and murderers.

What all of them have in common is that they all got caught, and all were in the end too valuable for the Fleet to be put to death or thrown out. But all had to be punished in some way. All of them have one or two special abilities or traits, which make them unique and valuable for the Imperial Fleet. So the PCs find themselves surrounded by some of the worst cutthroats in service to the Empire, but at the same time by some of its best and most valuable men and women. Just be sure to make it an exotic and explosive mix.

A few months ago, rumors have spread about Derelict Station and Iblis. Something of great value is supposed to be hidden on the desolate planet. Something a daring pilot and a good crew could uncover and make a fortune. Some say that the station is haunted and voices can be heard in the night, crying out for help and trying to lure the unaware traveller or soldier to the surface of the cold world below. The Inquisition has quarantined Iblis and is not allowing any space travel nearer than the station. A contingent of Avestite and Brother Battle forces is also rumoured to keep constant watch over the space between the planet and the moon. Cabin fever is a very big problem aboard the station. Adding to the dark mix of mystery and desperation.

No few of its soldiers have succumbed to hysteria and terror. Sometimes even running amok and endangering the whole crew, it is said.

Story seeds or, 'How the Hell do I get my Players to go THERE?'

Good question.

But as good "Ghost-GMs" we'll provide some answers for you.

1. TOP SECRET MISSION:

The PCs have already had some contact with the Royal fleet or are currently in its service. So their superiors ordered them to investigate a recent accident and possible murder aboard the station. Under strict order of secrecy, for the higher ups don't want to blow up the rumors already flowing around and don't want the Avestites to quarantine the Station for possible "Occult Infection". The PCs will go in under cover and are to find out who murdered a fellow soldier. The victim was one private "Ally Jameson". Her tour of duty was almost over, but she was killed in one of the maintenance airlocks whilst preparing for a reparations walk on the moon's surface. She was a trained soldier, a very good technician and had had many walks outside before. No system failure could be detected in the machinery. And a soldier soon to be taken from that assignment would not go and kill herself a few days before her leave. The PCs superiors are aware of the improbability of such a thing. So they suspect sabotage or murder. The questions are WHO and WHY?

2. UNEASY QUESTIONS:

The PCs ship was damaged before they could jump from whatever system they came from. And the only landing port within safe distance is Derelict Station. Whether the ship was damaged during the jump or an asteroid struck is not important, just have them land on Derelict. Maybe some third party pursues them and they'll have to

explain the ship's obvious "Battle Bruises" to the station technicians and quartermaster. And that same third party will be out for their heads as soon as they leave the station and the protection of the Imperial Fleet. Anyway, they're stuck for at least a week aboard the station and will have to get comfortable with what they'll find. If the PCs are pursued by the church forces or even Avestites, then the captain will deny the church ship permission to land but he will let the PCs' ship land without questions at first. His orders are to keep church investigators from his station and to investigate in any distress signal received and, if possible, to provide help to any damaged ship coming into his vicinity. Over time, church officials and fleet superiors will cut a deal. One Avestite deacon is allowed upon the station to question the PCs but if they committed any wrong they are under law and jurisdiction of the Imperial fleet and as such the Emperor himself. You can play out a very nice questioning session with the PCs by donning the role of the Avestite and taking every player separately into another room and have the Deacon question him/her. If you're feeling particularly nasty, then pick out one of your players (one who deserves it) and have the Avestite give him /her a wink and a handshake. Let the others notice. He will have done this to none of them. Then sit back and watch paranoia creep into your players. The investigator's reason behind this is quite simple. He hopes that the suspects will fall to inner conflict and uncover their crime to his watchful eye themselves. He'll be waiting, listening and watching.

3. FREELANCE TREASURE HUNTING:

The PCs are smugglers, pirates, fortune hunters or just yeomen out for high profit. Among the rumors surrounding the station are some that something of immeasurable value lies down on the planet. Buried in the ice, just waiting to be uncovered. Some murmur about Secionmd Republic ruins or even Annunaki devices lost to the cold of space. Anyway, incredible wealth is waiting for those who can dodge the fleet and the Avestites and land on the planet's surface. But don't forget to bring your winter clothes.

In any case, the soldiers of Derelict Station will catch the PCs. Either the Fleet provides temporary shelter for ships being pursued by Avestite Forces or they catch the trespassers in the act. In space or on the planet's surface they will be eager to

get away for fear of the planet's true secrets and the Inquisition. The PCs will then be brought to the Station and held in custody until transporters arrives with new crewmembers. That transport is going to take them to a Byzantium Secundus prison. But that transport isn't going to arrive within the next week. An interesting side effect of this story seed is that the PCs are held in prison and must find their way out, whilst chaos and terror slowly take hold of the station. (This can be combined with the Avestite investigation. He could convince the captain to take the PCs into custody. And maybe they are the only ones to notice the strange things happening around them ...)

The Story or, "What the PCs will see."

Once the PCs arrive at the station they'll notice that none is very happy to have them around. Because they're not a relief crew, they'll only tighten up the already cramped space. The station is in working order, but nowhere as clean and orderly as for example Cumulus and a far cry of Diadem. As stated above, water is dripping from every sheer surface and covering flat surfaces within minutes. Everything is damp and slick. In less frequented areas there could well be some algae or moss growing undisturbed. Beads of sweat will form on each character's skin as soon as they enter the docking bay. It's not so much the warmth; which is just a bit too high, as the humidity of the air circulating the station for all eternity. The stench of sweat is everywhere, mixed with the unmistakable sharp odour of burning cables. Lights will be gloomy and sparse, for short outs appear with almost frightening regularity. There simply is no use in changing every single light bulb aboard every two or three days. The "quarters" the station can provide for the PCs are mere benches to lay their bedrolls on. If they are able to, the PCs may sleep in their ship. This will meet the NPCs approval, because the station needs every inch of free space to fight cabin fever.

The stationed soldiers all display a kind of "haunted" look and very pale skin, with deep grooves under their eyes and a continual frown etched into their features. Though all remain at peak fitness and efficiency. All except for the most mentally stable fight claustrophobia at all times. Any man or woman of the crew spoken to by

the PCs can give a remark about "claustrophobia being their worst enemy" hinting on the Situation aboard.

Once the PCs are un-comfortable aboard the station and make for their first night, they'll receive the first signs that something is not quite right. Strange visions and images are disturbing their dreams. (See below) Whispered voices can be heard, but barely understandable. If they are understood (make a high PSI-Test), then some will call out for the humans to leave the moon and the planet as fast as possible. Others will try to convince them to stay and come down to the planet's surface. The voices trying to convince the crew to leave occur only in the docking bay near a damaged shuttle, which is held there for later repairs. Here, one of the **hauntings** takes place. (see below). Characters with psychic abilities will notice all this all the sooner.

The dreams are blurry and occur amidst the character's own dreams. Breaking to the surface just before waking up. Make sure the players acknowledge the fact that these are dreams and that they're not sure to have received a vision or something. Mix in what images you think the character would likely dream of or better, have the players in turn describe their dreams and whisper one of the following phrases to them while they speak. **DON'T** repeat them! If a player does not understand what you said then his character can't remember anything strange in the morning. But give them a fair chance. As long as not stated otherwise, any PC or NPC alike can receive the dreams. The stationed crew is experiencing the "**first night's dream**", since their own arrival. It has been so for about 8 months now.

The Dreams include and continue as following:

First and second night aboard:

Absolute darkness surrounds you. You are terrified. You call out, but nobody can hear you. You don't want to be alone. You want others to come to you. Come down below the surface.

Third night aboard:

(same as above and)

Absolute Darkness surrounds you, but in the distance there are tiny sparks of light. Far, far away. Something calling out for you. The sparks slowly grow closer.

4th night aboard:

Darkness! The terror is still there, but now you are not alone anymore. Someone heard your call. You must help him find you! You are happy.

Describe the following to the player with the highest Psi score:

A gigantic, dark chasm is seen from space. It's cracked line a scar in the surface of the icy vastness. A feeling of dread emits from the very centre of that abyss. But at the same time something compels the onlooker to come down into its dark embrace. Almost like a cry for help.

5th night aboard:

Darkness! Beloved darkness! The sparks are now brighter and much closer. You do not like the light. But you must come to aid! Urgent!

Description for the highest Psi PC:

The sparks still grow bigger. It is a sun. Surrounded by planets.

6th night aboard:

Everything is dark. You are surrounded by absolute darkness, and gripped by feelings of dread and absolute terror. Far above a cracked line of light. The

light hurts! You must get past the light! The light scares you! But you must get up there! OUT! They heard you! You are happy!

Description as above: **(Rocks and ice begin to fall, slowly at first then more of them. The very ground begins to shake and the light begins to grow brighter and bigger.)**

7th night aboard:

(By now long distance scanners should pick up a huge, ominous blob in the darkness beyond the jumpgate, on a collision course):

A planet. A moon, tiny in the distance, (almost like a small marble) it's coming closer fast. You must help! URGENT! THE EGG! (The Planet is growing larger fast)

On the 8th night aboard, it will be too late to save anyone except for an emergency evacuation first thing in the morning! But if the players have not figured out what is in store for them and have not done something about it, they are at least not to die alone. (The scanners are now picking up a gigantic form just within reach of the jumpgate. Still not identifiable but closing in fast! Radio contact to other ships is blurry and scratchy. Some report a vast shadow on their scanners shortly before their transmissions stop completely. Maybe some terrified screams can be heard over the last seconds of static. If nobody has figured it out yet, have a NPC make a remark about void krakens and their aversion to sunlight. Maybe then the coin will fall ...)

You are HAPPY! Someone is HERE to help you out!

Perspective shift

THE EGG! Must help the HATCHLING! (Picture of the planet Iblis and its moon zooming in fast!)

There will be no 9th night!

(Look to **'What the Hell is going on here'** for more details if you haven't figured it out yet. ;o))))))

The actual story or, 'What the Hell is going on here?':

There is something down there! It's alive and it's hungry. It's monstrous and it's deadly. It's a void kraken baby! Calling out for its mommy to come and plug it from its icy cradle ... The dreams had by soldiers and visitors alike on the station are the psychic emanations of the baby, announcing its imminent hatching. Close to the planet's surface the emanations are so strong that even non-psychic humans can receive them. The human mind deciphers them subconsciously and translates them into haunting feelings of dread combined with the urge to come to aid and surreal dreams of the planet's surface. The Avestites know of it and so don't want anyone near the monster, but they haven't actually figured out how to kill it yet. And a giant flamewgun won't be around anywhere soon ...

There will be no 9th night! As soon as the adult void kraken arrives in planetary orbit, everyone aboard will go mad from its immeasurable psychic shriek. In the process of freeing the newborn, the beast will probably destroy the station or even the small moon itself, which is to it a mere nuisance. If a battle ensues, there will be no way to kill the ancient beast. Only the youngling is still weak enough to be destroyed. If this is done after the adult has freed it, the parent will fall into a mindless rage and destroy everything on its path back into the dark between the stars. The only device that will survive this ordeal is the jumpgate.

If the Youngling is killed before the parent arrives at the planet, it will simply cease to follow its course after the calling stopped and after a few tense minutes of "listening" and mournful calling will turn back into the icy Void. Not all hatchlings survive and sometimes the old ones come too late. Such is the order of things. (You can play out that "tragic" end of the story just fine, if you want to show your PCs that even monsters are after all "just human" ;o)))

And to add to the mix. There IS also an actual haunting taking place at the station. The ghosts of those that died earlier are aware of the impending doom too and want to warn their lost comrades. But they're incapable of communicating with "normal humans" and so are doomed to repeat their warnings in silent play and repetition of their dying mistakes. Also, some of the soldiers still follow their original illegal trades and professions. (See NPC descriptions for that.)

The Hauntings:

The spirits of two restless dead roam the station out to warn their fellow crewmembers of the impending doom. The first and oldest is a pilot whose ship was destroyed about six months ago when the Inquisition first tried to seize the planet and who was unlucky enough to have been on the planet's surface when the Avestites arrived in force. As it is their custom they burned suspected heretics first and asked questions later. His badly damaged ship was given back to the fleet with a formal note of apology and concern for the well being of the station crew's endangered souls.

He is still attached to his old shuttle and roams the docking bay at night and daytime. (Where's the difference in space?) He will appear as a slightly transparent "burned to the crisp" husk. A crooked grin etched into his face. No eyelids, no nose or lips and completely bald. An eyeball is molten out of its socket and the other appears blind. One of his ears is missing and the other is badly burned. His uniform hangs in burned tatters and he carries the smell of burning flesh and Kaa oil with him at all times. If the characters speak to him as a crewmember he will show them his beloved ship and explain to them that with a bit of effort and knowledge the "old lady could fly again."

His old ship shows signs of surface to air battle and an eventual crash. Its outer hull is pockmarked with burn residue from Kaa oil. And the ship is the only true solution to the station's dilemma.

Lieutenant **Roscoe Craver** was one of the first to hear and respond to the strange emanations from the planet's surface and when he investigated, he found more than he had bargained for. He knows what lies beneath the surface of the moon, but was killed before he could report his findings to his fellow soldiers. His ship has to be repaired, packed with explosives and sent into the chasm where the hatchling stirs. It

can be flown by autopilot or by whichever brave soul is heroic or desperate enough to give her/his life for the station. (A PC out for "Going Down In A Blaze of Glory", or an NPC of the GMs choosing).

Once the youngling is destroyed, the old one will simply turn around and head back into the Void. If the PCs mistreat **Roscoe** somehow, by trying to exorcise him, or showing too much fear of him, he will simply disappear and come back later.

The second haunting is the ghost of formerly mentioned Private **Ally Preston**. She was killed by a fellow crewmember and wants retribution and revenge. Hers is a sad story to tell. A few days before her final leave, she accidentally stumbled upon a cache of unlabeled weapons hidden in one of the deeper maintenance tunnels. Not wanting to get into any trouble she held it her secret, hoping to get off the station and then telling her superiors on Byzantium Secundus about it. She talked to none about her discovery, but someone killed her anyway by closing the inner hatch of the airlock behind her and initialising the opening sequence before she could get into her cumbersome vacuum suit.

Her spirit now roams the site of her last walk. The maintenance tunnel leading to the airlock where she died a horrible death. PCs may see her walk down the aisle towards the lock, seemingly just turning the corner before characters can reach her, not reacting to calls or anything else. Her sole intent is to show someone how she died and to make him or her understand that her death was no accident. She has no idea who killed her and for that matter how that someone found out that she knew of his illegal business. She wants the PCs to investigate and gain her revenge through them.

If seen from a distance she will seem like any other female crewmember, except for some bloodstains on her uniform but those could well have been a trick of the light. (Make a difficult perception test) Her hair is short, dark and matted to her head by sweat. She has a rather lithe body as befits a soldier. She was highly trained at the time of her death. She seems to slip just around the next bend if a PC pursues her, no matter how hard they will run, she'll always be ahead of him. Until they reach the airlock. Then suddenly the emergency lights will go on and a loud horn will sound hull breach alarm. If anyone looks into the airlock he'll see a frightening sight.

The woman they've been following is frantically trying to don a bulky space suit. Holding her breath and trying to cope with the decompression process by forcing air into her head like a diver on old Urth. Desperately fiddling with the zippers and seals of her suit. Her excellent shape enables her to stand the green and yellow phase of decompression, which each last about a minute. *(Make sure those will be the most agonizingly fast/long minutes of the PCs life.)* But then there is no more air to breathe left in the lock. The lock's inner hatch won't open to any amount of force. They are sealed against the cold void of space. No human will be able to open them. (And if it is opened there will be a mayor hull breach to cope with. Remind all too eager players of that fact.) The indicator lights will show that the opening of the outer hatch is imminent, switching from green, to yellow, to red light in an uncaring rhythm. Then the outer hatch will open with a soft moan and all air will be sucked out of the small compartment. The concentrated look of the woman becomes a terrified stare as she plunges for the inner door in one last desperate attempt to save her life. But to no avail. Her vacuum suit is not sealed. There is no more air to breathe and the cold and vacuum of the Void are grabbing her with all their frightening might. Her fingers will freeze to the exit hatch and anyone with enough guts to be still looking at the ghastly ordeal will see that a thin coating of ice begins to form on her bright blue eyes. Then she opens her mouth in one last silent scream and dies as the vacuum destroys her from within. Freezing her organs to lumps of ice and rupturing her lungs like a child's balloon. Blood will flow from her ears and nose, only to freeze instantly, forming horrible red patterns of ice flowers on her pale blue skin. In some places her arteries will burst and spill frozen blood into the low gravity. Slowly falling to the floor, like red snow. Then her body will be frozen stiff and just hang on to the hatch until it is sealed again and pressure reinitialised.

Then suddenly everything is back to normal. There is no alarm and no emergency lights. Just a deserted airlock and a maintenance tunnel. No sign of anyone not belonging to the PCs. It was all a dream. **Or was it?**

(Here you can have a rather nice relief scene with PCs trying to explain the things they just saw to crewmembers or even the captain, if someone called for help... ;o)) Either way, none will believe them. Though they'll get a few sidelong glances and remarks like: "Weak nobles / civilians , can't stand the pressure. Throw them out", etc. IF the PCs call for help and YOU want to be REALLY mean, make sure the actual

murderer of the Private is at the scene. He'll recognise the story of his victims' death and will take action against the PCs, adding fuel to the fire.)

If there's more than one PC present, determine now randomly which one is in for a little treat. For if he/she looks around, the dead woman will suddenly stand right in front of him/her. All bloody and torn. She will speak just two words: "Help me!" And point in the direction of the hidden stash of weapons. Then she will vanish. The PCs should now investigate her death and come to the conclusion that it really was murder. And hopefully investigate into it, when they find the time to.

(As a means of added suspense you can have the murderer go mental and on a killing spree around the station, just to add to the horror. Maybe give the team 2 weeks to react. Change all timelines given above as appropriate.) Her murderer will be revealed in the NPC section of this adventure.

Troubleshooting:

If some of the PCs are "lofty nobles" that simply "don't want to get engaged with such filth as those common soldiers" have the good captain call them to the officer's lounge for a friendly chat and a treat of his special reserve. There Gulcenkov will give them the ultimate "strip down", with a charming, unfazed smile and an stern look into their eyes. He will explain to the PCs that "on this station there are no things as "nobles" or "commoners". Everybody has to do his share of duty and maintenance on this outfit. We're all stuck here. And we're all trying to make this stay as comfortable as possible. But this won't be possible with someone like you waltzing around and pronouncing themselves king of the hill. You saw those men and women out there? They're good people and they're humans just like you and me. A few of them might be scumbags, but on this station everybody does what they have to do, to survive." ad infernitum ... He will continue in this fashion trying to convince the PCs of their need to stay "put" and do nothing to provoke "bad feelings in his soldiers".

The PCs should realise that it actually IS better to oblige and rather have a few days of low comfort, than to have a bunch of angry soldiers waiting behind the next bend to pummel the "loftiness" out of the nobles.

NPCs:

Captain Yannik Gulcenkov

The Station's captain of the hour. His tour of duty on this damn hellhole is that of any higher-ranking officer. 12 months. He hates it. He hates everything about this damned moon and its damned planet. If he only hadn't laid the general's daughter ...

Yannik Gulcenkov is a handsome man in his mid thirties. His hair is a deep black and his eyes are as blue as the seas of Gwynneth. He's in peak shape and a very good officer. He does not deserve to be on this station. The only reason for this assignment was that he had a liaison with the daughter of his general back at home and her daddy found out the hard way. They were going to tell him anyway, but only if Yannik's bid for repositioning to Byzantium Scundus had been acknowledged, so they both could have been away from her oppressive father. But the general found out and in an unusual display of irony sent him to the Byzantium system as he had wished, only not with his daughter and not to the right planet.

Now all Yannik wants is to get those remaining 4 months behind him and get back to Gwynneth and into the waiting arms of his bride to be. He's a fair captain to his soldiers and has earned their respect by not judging any of them for what stained their personal files. He knows he can depend on the loyalty of his crew since the Inquisition incident and they know he'll do anything to keep the church bastards off the station. He has developed a drinking habit in the last 8 months aboard the station and hides the aforementioned bottle of scotch for himself and "special occasions". He gets his "stuff" from Colonel Winter.

Ltd. James Jameson Winter the 3rd.

James Jameson Winter the 3rd was conducted to 6 months on Derelict for "providing soldiers which much needed relief from the stress of battling the forces of evil". At least that's how he sees it. *(Actually he was sent here for smuggling illegal goods of all kinds into army camps. (Ever seen "Sergeant Bilko" with Steve Martin?))* He's a rather good-looking fellow of British descent with a boy's charm and the look of some

Magic Lantern hero. (A bit like Lieutenant Tom Paris from Voyager ;o))) If he weren't a soldier he would make one hell of a Scraver. But he likes it better to reap his own rewards, instead of paying tithe to some shadowy organisation. He can get you anything, from anywhere, to anywhere. He has some good contacts in the Scravers guild but has so far remained low profile enough to not make them suspicious. Mostly he deals in alcohol, sweets, cigarettes and everything else that is forbidden to the normal soldier. It is rumoured that he once held a party for some friend of his, with Obun women to provide the "entertainment".... *(He held that party, yes, but there were just some cheap whores, but who is he to deny such a nice rumour?)*

Right now he's in a bit of trouble. It's pretty hard, even for someone of his reputation and contacts, to get the "good stuff" onto this lousy rock. He could ask the PCs for help in his business, for a (little) share in the profits, if he thinks one or more of them could be trusted.

GM Note: He is the one most likely to stumble across the hidden weapons (*whilst looking for some place to stave his own illegal goods*) and, as the good chap he is, the one best suited to fall first to the killer's hands, if the PCs have had ample time getting to know and like him. In case they don't come across the Haunting of **Ally Preston**.

Sergeant Norman "Ox" Oxford :

The Sergeant is a rather unassuming fellow. He's actually quite the opposite of the usual "standard issue" sarge. For example he does not mind being called "sarge" and some of the soldiers may even call him by his nickname. His uniform always a bit dishelved, short blonde hair, greying on the sides and a perpetual 5 o'clock stubble make him look more like an old drunkard, rather than what he really is. It is easy to judge him weak. But that would be only on the surface. Norman Oxford is an ace pilot and one of the few soldiers on a second term on Derelict. After he had done his first 6 months, he came to the conclusion that there was nothing that called him back to a "normal life". He lived for the void. He lived for flying into space and for the thrill of experiencing the rush of jumping to distant solar systems. (**GM Note:** If you want to, you can even make him a hidden Sathraist, but that would be too easy. Just let the players come to their own conclusions.) Sgt. Oxford with his 53 years is easily one of

the oldest crewmembers on the station. His wife died a few years back and they had no children. He is a veteran of the Emperor Wars and longs for those days of glorious space battles. His view of the past is rather romantic and not a bit askew but it's his own dream. He's the one best suited to fly the damaged shuttle into the chasm, to kill the baby kraken. Just make it look like he's been born to do just that.

(A "Destiny" Merit fulfilled ;o)))

Private Evan O'Connell:

He's the most likely suspect for the Murderer of **Ally Preston**. And actually a red herring. His well-muscled body, bald head and chiselled features speak of someone who gets what he wants. Usually by force. He's the station's bully boy, loudmouth and trouble magnet rolled into one "charming" persona. His tour on Derelict began after he had done something very unpleasant to a Lieutenant with a Broom, that he had been given to clean up the mess he had made starting a food fight in the dining hall. ("Well,... I wuss bored. And dhan dhis Prick says I've gotta clean da whole floor with this fu*ing broom of his. So a told `im where ta put that thing. He said I'd repeat dhat. I did'na repeat. I shoved him!!!") Have some fun with him and the PCs. Even though they should, if they actually suspect Evan, over time realise that he'd rather beat someone into submission to further his, rather short-sighted, goals then kill someone. And that **if** he would kill someone, he'd rather do it with his bare hands, not as elaborate as setting up a trap. And as for being clever enough to smuggle something onto and of the station ... well ...

He's quite a good pilot too and would be the second best choice to "drop the bomb". Maybe he shows his true good nature in the end... "Moon 44" again.)

Quartermaster Eric "Oil-Fingers" Folk:

And now here's the real bastard.

Who else than a quartermaster, who knows the station like the back of his hand could get some illegal stuff and sell it to someone on the outside. Eric is a large man, with the face of a child. He smiles continually and his brown eyes sparkle with hidden amusement. As befits a soldier his hair is cropped short and his uniform is always

clean. He's a bit obsessed with it and will continually rub and clean minor stains off the cloth. A rather pointless feat, but he manages quite well. He has developed his own cleaning oil, which he'll try to sell, for "friendship-price" to the PCs if someone's clothes might get spoiled. He's always helpful and will almost cow tow to any nobles on the team. He hopes they'll get him off that damned rock. If Scravers are in the PC group, he'll contact them and try to find out their reason for being on the station. He's expecting a Scraver contact of his, to get the stolen weapons off the station. If they don't respond to his well placed remarks, he'll try to be as unsuspecting as he can.

He'll go out of his way to avoid eventual church or Chainer characters. If he learns that the PCs are investigating the murder he'll try to frame Evan O'Connell for it, by placing "evidence" in his bunk.

In any case he'll be as helpful as he can and will do anything not all too obvious to get the PCs off the Station fast. Always claiming to work in their best interest. His killing of **Ally Preston** was a panic reaction. He'd witnessed her stumbling across his stash of guns from a nearby alcove and decided to get her out of the way as fast as possible.

Only after he'd killed her, he heard of her impending end of tour from the captain. That she hadn't even told Gulcenkov about her findings convinced him of the true nature of his doing. He deeply regrets the deed, but will do almost anything to avoid capture. Even going so far as to arranging another accident, if investigators are to close on his tail. (**GM Note:** Here's another opportunity for really heroic Game play! Eric's scared to death of the Avestites and the Church. And if he learns of the impending doom of the Station and all other options are naught, maybe will rather kill himself in one last bid to atone for his sin, by plunging to the planet's surface with the damaged shuttle, thus saving the entire crew, than letting the Church get its hands on him.)