

SAVE YOURSELF FROM
HELL



VENGER AS'NAS SATANIS

Signe '18



Save Yourself from Hell

This is a one-shot *Alpha Blue* scenario for PCs who like to blaze through encounters. For those who prefer to take their time immersing themselves in this wacky scifi universe, it might take two or even three sessions before reaching the cataclysmic end.

This adventure attempts to blend sleazy space opera with horror while maintaining a sense of humor. Accentuate those parts that the players respond to. If they like something, give them more. If they seem bored, quickly shoo away whatever's currently on stage and bring out the next act.

Save Yourself From Hell is for any level of experience - weaker adventurers will have to be more cautious and clever, that's all. It also helps to be lucky.

Additionally, there's a rule update that goes for every RPG utilizing the VSd6 system - *Alpha Blue*, *Crimson Dragon Slayer*, and *The Outer Presence*. It's called "pulling a stunt."

PULLING A STUNT

Each player-character can successfully pull off a profession related and genre appropriate stunt once per session without having to roll. This special ability rejuvenates when either a player's dice pool results in triple-sixes or he performs an action that is both over-the-top awesome and totally in-character.

Pulling off a stunt requires the player to fully describe what his character is attempting. The Space Dungeon Master may ask the player to justify himself before the stunt pulled is approved.

Stunt points cannot be accumulated. The first must be spent before a second can be earned. Stunt points may be cashed-in at any time.

The players and Space Dungeon Master should use their best judgement for this rule to work as it was intended. Whatever is suggested can't be too powerful nor too unbelievable.

For example, if a bounty hunter wanted to pull a Jabberwocky out of his pocket or vorpal the head off a zith lord with a flick of his laser sword, I'd be inclined to say, "Nope." But if he was desperately fiddling with the hyper-drive while praying to the space gods in hopes of getting the fuck out of dodge, I'd let them go plaid without a second thought.

Not only does it give the players a chance to be death-defyingly superhuman, it also frees Space Dungeon Masters up to be just as devious and underhanded as they wish.

EMOTIONAL TRAUMA

This adventure is about re-opening old wounds, so they can either truly heal or rip the protagonists wide open. The following random table includes results of past emotional trauma. Each player should roll once for his character.

Unlike other *Alpha Blue* adventures, the PCs don't automatically get to "steal the spotlight." However, when players vocalize their character's internal struggle with the pain they're going through, PCs get to double their dice pool. Each verbalization of emotional trauma must be different in some way; it should relate to their personal incident, but be approached with a new perspective, aspect, or revelation.

By the end of the scenario, PCs may get closure, putting their inner pain behind them, closing the book on that chapter of their life. When the player initiates closure, he triples his dice pool. From then on, the spotlight cannot be stolen until things return to normal in subsequent scenarios.

When doubling or tripling dice pools because of exploring emotional trauma, if a PC should get a "failure" result - nothing above a "2" - the trauma becomes too much for him, too real. In such cases, the PC goes berserk for 3d6 standard minutes. Roll on the Beyond Our Universe random table to determine the nature of his mental breakdown.

Roll	Result
1	You killed an innocent man outside a seedy bar in the rain. He looked like the guy you were chasing... but he wasn't.
2	You betrayed a loved one because what was offered was something you've always dreamed of.
3	You made the wrong call and several passengers were killed when their ship crashed into that unmanned space station.
4	You abused the trust of your partner and he ended up taking the fall for you.
5	You were flying under the influence and crashed into another ship, injuring a few crew members. That's why you're currently grounded and on suspension without pay.
6	An inhabited planet became irradiated because you underestimated the blast radius during a routine mining operation.
7	You were peeling a space pear with a small vibroblade and heard some dark new wave song playing on the beach. You went crazy and stabbed a dude seven times before someone pulled you off. He bled to death soon after. The strange thing is that you have absolutely no idea why you freaked out and killed the guy.
8	You were the squadron leader on a mission to take out a terrorist cell aligned with the Interstellar Caliphate. Intel was solid; there shouldn't have been a problem. Unfortunately, your attack squadron annihilated a wedding party instead of actual terrorists.

THE OPENING OF MICAYLA

The PCs are at some kind of space spa, perhaps on Alpha Blue or maybe a leisure center on one of the many pleasure planets in this galaxy.

The adventurers are having something done, like a manicure, pedicure, space bikini wax, etc. Suddenly, they hear a female voice coming from a nearby room.

"Can I get a towel please? I can't hold it in much longer. I feel like I'm going to burst."

Those investigating see a naked woman lying on a silver cushioned table. She's resting on her side. The woman looks tanned, well-proportioned, and has a beautiful face. There's a machine next to her and a big plastic tube going from the machine to the woman's lower back area. The tube is pumping blue liquid out of the machine and into the woman. Upon closer inspection, it looks like the tube is in her ass, and she's being filled with the blue liquid.

"See those towels over there? Quick, throw me one! And you - turn that stupid machine off."

If someone immediately throws her a towel, she presses it up against her butt in order to diminish the blue juice blast that's about to gush out of her asshole. If a towel is not thrown in a hurry, there's a 3 in 6 chance of getting blasted in the face with her gushing blue ass-juice.

If someone immediately turns off the machine, the process grinds to a halt. If no one turns off the machine right away, the ass-end of the tube flies out of her butt and sprays everyone in the room.

Those whose skin comes into contact with the blue juice are subject to three effects...

- ⬡ Instant hair loss - all hair and fur dissolve on contact.
- ⬡ Until they bathe, those doused will smell strongly of disinfectant.
- ⬡ Forgetfulness of numbers - recalling what numbers symbolize is totally gone for 1d4 standard days.

The woman's name is Micayla. She's at the spa to relax, only discovering this morning that her lover has been cheating on her with one-hundred and eleven bovine monkey-lizards.

Micayla works in data entry, but has aspirations of becoming a celebrity's personal assistant. She knows her way around a computer, too. Micayla likes anal sex, leather, and guys that treat her like garbage.



THE PCS GET INVOLVED

Shortly thereafter, the PCs get a communication - there's trouble in Hell's Cluster. This mission could come from one of three possible sources...

- ⬡ Universal Exploits randomly assigned the PCs to be sub-contractors for this job.
- ⬡ The Federation needs a reliable yet expendable crew to check on the status of the X-III.
- ⬡ One or more of the PCs knows someone aboard either the X-III or the lunar base, and they are compelled to investigate.

Regardless of how or why the space adventurers get involved, it will take approximately 3 standard hours to reach Hell's Cluster and then another hour to reach the Eye of Asmodeus.

Once the PCs are underway, they are fully briefed on what's going on.

LOST CONTACT WITH THE X-III

The X-III starship is an abyssal-class deep space exploration vessel that has successfully completed numerous missions on the outer edges of the known universe.

The X-III entered Hell's Cluster, a treacherous region just beyond the Asmodeus sector of Galaxy 5, in order to answer a distress signal coming from a lunar base on the 7th moon.

The lunar base is the last outpost in Hell's Cluster before reaching the Eye of Asmodeus - a massive black hole with a voracious appetite, every standard year growing larger with its gravitational pull increasing exponentially.

Answering the distress call, X-III attempted to orbit the 7th moon... only to discover that the moon was drifting towards the Eye of Asmodeus. Within a standard day, the moon will be drawn into the black hole, pulverized by unimaginable forces.

The X-III docked onto the lunar base, rescuing all personnel. The rescue operation went smooth, a complete success, then suddenly communication died and could not be restored.

Presently, the X-III sits on the periphery of the Eye of Asmodeus - without responding or moving. The

starship remains operational, but no one in the Federation knows what's going on.

One last bit of information is available... long range Federation scanners have picked up dimensional instability in Hell's Cluster and readings are off the chart in proximity to the black hole.

THE SHIP'S CAT

Somehow, the PCs will be saddled with a cat named Sir Matey. He's just as intelligent and communicative as any humanoid - thanks to his glowing collar that allows him to speak. The cat's collar is scratchy at times. Sir Matey frequently takes it off when napping (which is about 27% of his waking hours).

While traveling with a talking cat may sound like a chore at the outset, Sir Matey will likely prove a definite asset by journey's end.

Sir Matey has seen his fair share of action on the high seas of space. The cat was born a pirate and he became a notorious smuggler before the Federation blew apart his ship and left him for dead. But Sir Matey isn't seeking revenge; he merely wants a fresh start in life. Though, he wouldn't mind going tinkles on a Federation leg or two.

Besides someone scratching his tummy, he likes virgins, shadow boxing, and piña coladas with extra rum. It takes a little while for Sir Matey to warm up to new people, but he makes fast friends with most spacers, owing to his fierce loyalty, sense of humor, and total disregard for regulations.

The following are suggestions for why he's along for the ride. Randomly roll if you'd prefer the fates to decide...

Roll	Result
1	It's his ship.
2	Sir Matey is the best navigator, pilot, engineer, (or whatever role is necessary) in the system.
3	Sir Matey saved the life of a PC and now that character is indebted to him.
4	The cat's a first-rate pirate and knows his way around Hell's Cluster. "Aarrgh, you'll never find your way into that sweaty armpit of a star system without old Sir Matey by your side, landlubber!"

'Sir Matey has seen his fair share of action on the high seas of space'

GETTING UNDERWAY

Before preparations can be made (like fueling up), the PCs are set upon by a bounty hunter named Tengmarr Kouth. He's being paid handsomely to liquidate everyone taking an active part in the mission.

Tengmarr Kouth is humanoid, but with four arms (one of which is cybernetic), black horns atop his pale head, three blue-within-blue eyes, and his skin is continually peeling away - molting. He smells like some kind of foreign spice that's not particularly pleasant, but memorable. The bounty hunter isn't so tough, though he has a few tricks up his sleeve. The real challenge is his gang of underlings.

Years ago, Tengmarr Kouth visited the planet Q'xaanzee on pimping business. While there, he encountered a tribe of blue crystalline natives specializing in stealth and subterfuge. Using only a mirror, the bounty hunter convinced the Q'xaanzeeans that he had taken possession of their souls. Each crystalline native must work for Tengmarr Kouth until he dies - only then will he release their stolen soul.

If given half a chance, Tengmarr will try to blow the PCs' ship apart by placing a thermal detonator in the blue crystal reactor. Those aboard during the explosion must roll a 1d6 saving throw for a chance to survive.

If the PCs' ship is destroyed, finding another will be a challenge all its own.

Tengmarr Kouth

Health: 40 **Armor:** 3 **Attack Dice Pool:** 3

Special: If all else fails, the bounty hunter will play space possum. Tengmarr can halt his heartbeat and breathing (up to a standard hour) so that it appears as though he's dead.

Q'xaanzee Natives

Number Appearing: 2d6 **Health:** 20 **Armor:** 0
Attack Dice Pool: 2

Special: Owing to their blue crystalline structure, they are resistant to conventional laser and energy weapons. Q'xaanzeeans like to sneak up on their prey, so their first attack will likely be some kind of surprise stab in the back or slashing at an opponent's leg with their crystal-tipped spears.

THE TRUCKSTOP

The PC's ship needs to refuel before jumping into light-speed. The nearest fueling station is only a couple of parsecs away. It's also a sort of truck stop that boasts a greasy spoon diner called Sal's Spectacular. If the PCs haven't eaten in several standard hours, they'll be hungry.

Sal's used to be shiny chrome with booths and barstools sporting sparkling red upholstery, but that was long ago... before the dark times... before the Federation both expanded and consolidated its power.

Blonde space waitress bimbos in tight pink and white uniforms wait on tables and serve comfort food to seated patrons. Frequently, waitresses yell orders back into the kitchen so that the cook, Barth, can get working on customers' meals. Barth, Sal's half-brother, is a disheveled slob wearing a dirty apron.

The waitresses like to bend over with their mini-skirts in order to boost tips. There's a 2 in 6 chance that a particular waitress isn't wearing any underwear. Additionally, there's a 23% chance the PCs lucked into a "special" waitress who will take at least one of the PCs in the back and suck their dick.

TRUCKSTOP SHENANIGANS

Here are some things that may or may not be going on while the PCs are refueling and chowing down at the truckstop.

UNWANTED PASSENGERS

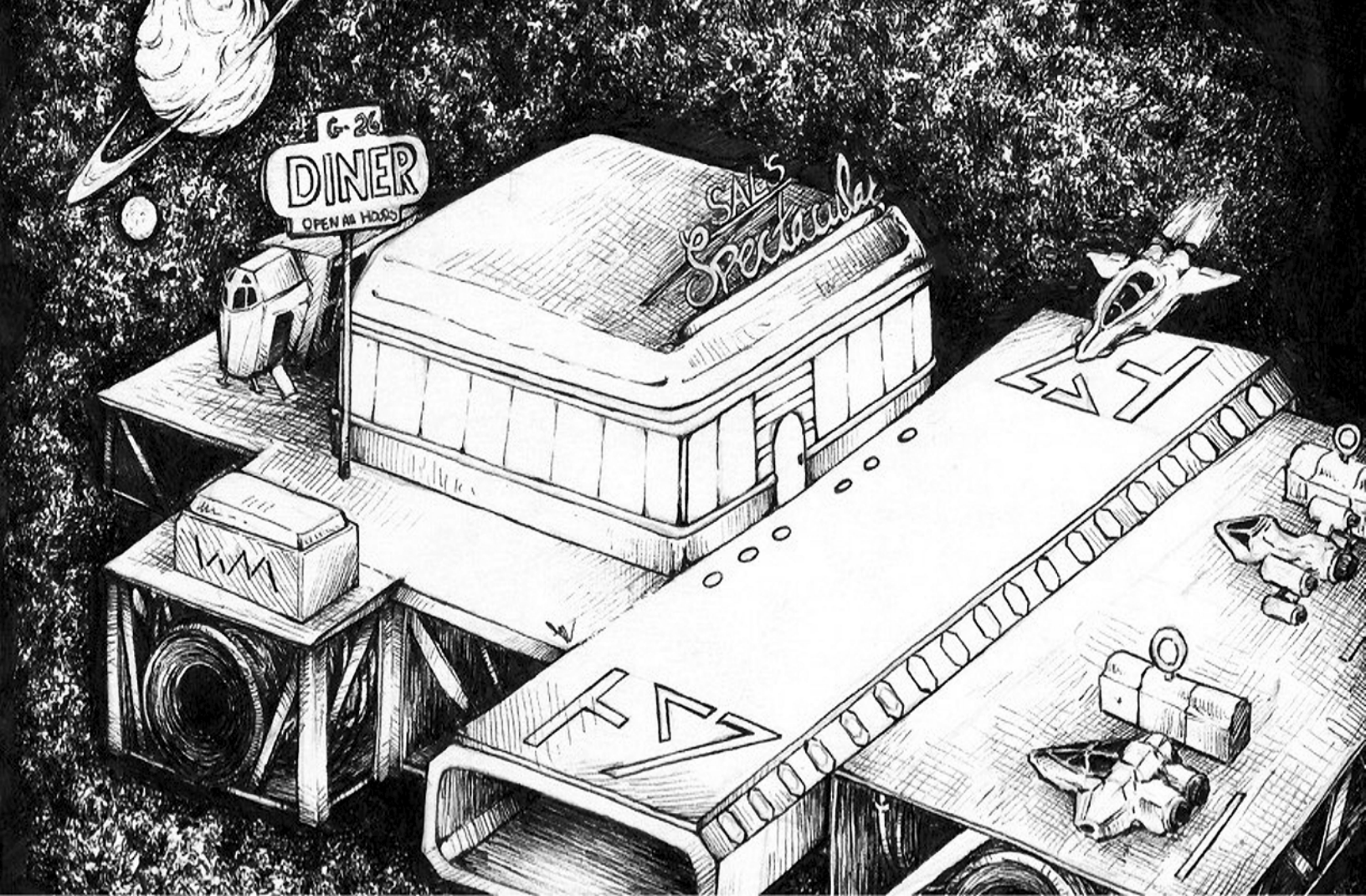
While fueling up, a couple of aliens are going from ship to ship asking for passage to Hell's Cluster. They're offering 1,000 credits for the pair (all inclusive). Their species is the urup'xekla.

The aliens are tall, feathered, one-eyed, barrel-shaped lifeforms with tentacle appendages. Their coloring ranges from brown-gray to black. Their Cyclops eye is large and yellow, always leering intensely as the urup'xekla attempt to speak an approximation of the standard language. This is difficult for them to do and includes various crotch grabs, face slaps, and raspberry blowing.

If the PCs refuse, but are pleasant about it, the aliens - Gweez and Gwaaz - offer a set of thirteen yellow and black orbs that look like marbles, but are said to amplify telepathic abilities.

If the PCs are rude about refusing the aliens passage, Gweez and Gwaaz show them diplomatic papers with the Federation seal. These papers officially authorize the aliens to commandeer the PC's ship. And that's what they do. PCs who resist will get a Federation communication telling them their ship now belongs to the aliens. If the PCs persist in their refusal, a Federation patrol ship will come by, either putting a boot on the PC's ship until they relinquish control or firing warning shots if they've already taken off from the truckstop.

Roll	Result
1	A pair of serpentine female humanoid twins (they both hatched from the same egg) with orange, brown, tan coloring and creepy gray-white eyes that just stare unblinking. They have chosen this truckstop as their "corner" for turning tricks. The snake-women prostitutes charge 500 credits per standard hour. They specialize in "scale play" and are especially adept with the sexual position "cold slither." Their names are S'sabine and Symatha.
2	Alien bursting out of chest in Sal's diner. Looks like a slimy green little thing – irradiated kaled mutant, perhaps. Customer is dead and alien on the loose, looking for victims to latch onto and impregnate their mouth.
3	Human girl named Cora who's run away from home due to a combination of hard-ass parental units and the wild recklessness of youth. She's only 17 and a virgin. Cora wants to see the galaxy and is willing to do whatever she needs in order to hitch a ride - but she won't have sex with anyone gross, too hairy, or super mean.
4	The governor (Vel Glynd) of some lesser planet is meeting a zith anti-knight named Enzor at the truckstop, most likely at Sal's Spectacular Diner. The two of them are meeting about an upcoming political race. The governor wants to win re-election at any cost and the zith will do whatever is asked of him... for 10,000 MeowMeowBeenz.



Once aboard, the aliens will be pleasant enough. However, they occasionally display odd behavior, such as sitting upon inflated whoopee cushions before take-off. And during the in-flight meal, Gweez dabs a few drops of Purple Prizm behind his ears while Gwaaz adds his Purple Prizm to his personal lotion and then lathers up his feathered hands. If Purple Prizm is not provided, they bring their own supply.

Additionally, the urup'xekla have special "sushi implements" that they carry with them... just in case.

THE STOWAWAY

At some point while the PCs are at the truck stop, a being made up of colorful light makes its way aboard. Because the being is no more substantive than a flash of color, it's easy for him to sneak onto the PCs' ship.

However, keen-eyed spacers looking for trouble who also have some kind of alien, mutant, telepathic, zedi, or mechanical intuition should get 1d6 in order to suss out the intruder.

This lifeform's species is known as k'zan and he is named Zhou Vrupah. The k'zan is carrying a piece of technology stolen from the Interstellar Caliphate. The space Muslims were trying to blow up a Federation installation on Galzarian Prime, but Zhou Vrupah got a hold of it before detonation.

The bomb is something called an omega device and it's destructive enough to annihilate an entire star system. The omega device contains an electromagnetic field of both matter and antimatter in a state of super-position. Flipping a switch sets the device in motion. It takes 3 standard minutes for the polarity to fully reverse, at which time the matter and antimatter collide. The resulting explosion is so tremendous that shockwaves can be felt throughout the galaxy.

Zhou Vrupah is trying to get himself and the omega device to the other side of the galaxy where it can be dismantled with a fair amount of safety. There's not much going on past Hell's Cluster, so if the omega device accidentally detonates, minimal collateral damage will occur.



The k'zan noticed the electronic flight manifest for the PCs' ship and decided this was the best chance he had of getting across the border. Obviously, smuggling a weapon of mass destruction has its drawbacks. Not only will Federation agents be interested in confiscating the omega device, but terrorists aligned with the Interstellar Caliphate will want their bomb back.

A simple internal scan of the PCs' ship (routine scans regularly occur 2 or 3 times each standard day) will pick up strange readings - a non-corporeal lifeform carrying a piece of strange technology. If Zhou Vrupah is discovered, he will tell his story and hope the PCs allow him to tag along with them to Hell's Cluster. At that point, he'll find alternative passage that can take him even further out, so he won't inconvenience the PCs any more than he already has.

KUNG-FU MARAUDERS IN HELL'S CLUSTER

One part treasure-hunters, one part salvage team, one part nefarious martial arts school, and one part murder-hobos in space... the Black Dragon Fighting Society prey upon the weak, the rich, and those without honor. That means the PCs should be ripe for the picking.

Currently, the Black Dragon Fighting Society has a small fleet of ships. Periodically, they send out patrols targeting smaller to medium-sized starships making their way through Hell's Cluster.

As the PCs are about to enter Hell's Cluster, a patrol of 3 ships is making the rounds, picking up the PCs on their long-range scanners.

The ships belonging to the Black Dragon Fighting Society will attempt to sneak-attack the PCs. They will jam the PCs' ship in order to negate their scanning capability. The Black Dragon Fighting Society always uses raspberry - the most diabolical and insulting jam there is.

A huge jar of raspberry jam will launch from the enemy ship, only missing on a "1" result of a 1d6. If successful, the jar will break and raspberry jam will cover their ship's external sensors.

Afterwards, the PCs' ship cannot make evasive maneuvers and the Black Dragon Fighting Society ships attack first. Visual contact is still possible, though raspberry jam is probably dribbling down the view-screen. Mmm, tasty! Nevertheless, three ships can clearly be seen, and each bear the insignia of the Black Dragon Fighting Society.

Either use the ship-to-ship combat found in *Girls Gone Rogue* or do the following: each enemy ship gets to roll 1d6. The PCs' ship is destroyed if an enemy ship rolls a "6" result. The PCs' ship is larger and more powerful, so it destroys the Black Dragon ships on either a "5" or "6" result. Every ship rolls each round.

If the PCs win, they can loot the destroyed ships or simply leave the area. There's a 2 in 6 chance that another Black Dragon ship comes to investigate if the PCs stopped to do some salvage work before continuing on to the Eye of Asmodeus.

If the PCs lose, they can either try to evacuate via escape pod or the Black Dragon Fighting Society will board their ship and take them prisoner. Escape pods are notoriously difficult for weapon systems to target. So, they'll be safe for now - until they're picked up by another ship of unsavory spacers. Convincing these strangers of the importance of the PCs' mission will not be easy.

If they're taken prisoner, they'll eventually have to escape, either sneaking or fighting their way out of a Cobra-Kai class attack ship.

BREAK IN THE ACTION

After dealing with the Black Dragon Fighting Society and before arriving at Hell's Cluster, there's a quiet moment on the ship (one assumes).

Gweez and Gwaaz want to watch some kind of televised show (live) on the ship's vidscreen. Apparently, it's a cross between a reality show about couples seeking true love and the remaining inhabitants of a doomed planet trying to survive a space zombie apocalypse.

While watching the program, the urup'xekla take out clear plastic bags containing bloody raw meat and prepare a sushi roll for themselves with sticky white rice, seaweed wrapping, wasabi, ginger, and eel sauce. If possible, they try to secure an available

outlet for their portable deep-fryer so they can tempura the meat.

Gweez and Gwaaz eat their sushi while watching the show, lasting one standard hour. If anyone wants to try their meal, the aliens oblige them. But it tastes like humanoid flesh.

ESCAPE POD

Upon arriving at Hell's Cluster, the PCs intercept an escape pod coming from the X-III.

Aboard the life pod is a beautiful redheaded woman named Tana Drus. She's evidently a telepath and wears the long black leather gloves of her trade. Tana Drus is an introvert, but opens up when she gets to know people. She's also focused on her career, only allowing brief distractions from her rewarding work as a Federation licensed telepath.

Assuming the PCs take the escape pod on board, Tana Drus emerges a bit panicky and virtually naked (except for her long black gloves). She had to flee from the X-III because the black hole had brought out the demonic energies trapped within everyone. First, there was infighting amongst the crew and passengers. Then, a mutiny where several officers were shoved out an airlock. Finally, rituals of human sacrifice were performed, purifying those who let their true demonic nature live freely.

She can verify that those aboard the X-III aren't concerned with piloting the ship, only preparing themselves to be received by the space demons assumed to be on the other side of the black hole.

Even though Tana Drus left before she was taken over by darkness, there's still a 2 in 6 chance that when faced with a decision, she will choose evil over good. Additionally, the demonic fragments of herself that have come to the surface make her incredibly horny - without any feelings of guilt, morality, or perceived social stigma.

She likes weapons, horns, and reptiles. Reason why someone might not want to mate for life with her: she's got really bad allergies, she's a bleeder, and frequently gets the colors purple and yellow confused (terrible Q'uay-Q'uar player).

Tana will either go for the virtuous type and try to corrupt him or the villainous type and forge an infernal alliance to eventually take over Hell's Cluster. While she's not really into women, Tana's lust could persuade her to try something new.

THE X-III

The ship is stationary, just outside the black hole's gravitational pull. However, it won't be long before the X-III is sucked into the Eye of Asmodeus.

Communication is useless, at least by conventional means - no one is manning the bridge. However, Tana Drus would be able to use her telepathic abilities. The PCs could use their ship's matter transporter to "beam" aboard. Another option would be docking the ships together.

Meanwhile, the moon is being destroyed by the black hole's event horizon. And the two aliens are up to something...

GWEEZ AND GWAAZ ARE CULTISTS

Gweez and Gwaaz are part of some cult that worships the space demon - Th'zul Waan. The aliens steal a member of the crew (probably a PC), take him into a shadowy storage area of the ship, and attempt to ritually sacrifice him to their dark master. They intend to make a delicious sushi roll out of him and feast upon his raw flesh wrapped in seaweed wrap, stuck with white rice, and smeared with exotic flavors of the space Orient.

Th'zul Waan is an infernal lord whose sphere of influence includes the darkness within, sushi, and plucking your own eyes out and showing them to people. In exchange for worship and regular (standard) monthly sacrifices, Th'zul Waan welcomes cultists into his dimension where they can torture, rape, and kill to their hearts' content.



If the urup'xekla succeed in summoning the space demon, a man-sized portal will open up on the PCs' ship. That portal will lead directly to X-III. The portal works both ways and stays open until banished by Th'zul Waan. Those who worship him can banish the portal with a word, but others must bargain with him, negotiating a deal based on souls... or MeowMeowBeenz.

If the portal is created and continues to exist when the X-III is destroyed, there's a 2 in 6 chance the explosive backdraft fills up the PCs' ship, killing everyone on board.

THE ANOMALY

Several standard minutes later, the flight deck's navigation officer picks up an anomaly on the scanner. The black hole is behaving oddly. The gravitational pull is lessening and the actual hole is getting smaller - almost as if the Eye of Asmodeus was closing up and returning to normal space.

Just as the black hole disappears, the PCs' ship picks up dimensional stress fractures where the black hole had been.

Moments later, some kind of tear in the fabric of the universe appears. And it gets bigger and bigger until space itself is ripped wide open, revealing empty whiteness in the void beyond.

Slimy, green, suckered tentacles slowly extend outward from the blackless gulf. The tentacles reach for the X-III. Grasping the starship gently and pulling it into the tear in space.

Any attempt to communicate with what's on the other side is met with an alien resonance within every individual brain within 50 parsecs: *Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn!*

As the X-III is brought nearer to the tear, more of the tentacles and what they're attached to can be seen. It's a gargantuan entity that resembles some sort of squid or octopus, though it's vaguely humanoid and winged like a dragon.

OPTIONS

- ⬡ If the PCs are still on their own ship, they can try to get the Hell out of there.
- ⬡ If the PCs are on the X-III, they will be subject to the darkness which is growing stronger.
- ⬡ If the PCs attempt to fight Dread Cthulhu, they will die horribly.
- ⬡ If the PCs try to repair the dimensional rift, it's possible they could mend things a bit while temporarily banishing Cthulhu.
- ⬡ If the self-destruct on the X-III is engaged, that might be enough to close the gateway... but which side will Cthulhu be on when the gate closes?

HELLRAISER IN SPACE

Boarding the X-III will bring about headaches, nausea, and unwanted thoughts - specifically, thoughts about harming others and oneself in vile and disgusting ways. Alien forces can be felt in one's mind and tremendous pressure will be exerted upon all lifeforms aboard the ship, droids included.

Those already on X-III are happy to wait until Cthulhu pulls them into that other universe. It's clear that everyone who's still alive has been contaminated by evil forces. However, newcomers will be more or less immune for the first hour they're aboard (only a 1 in 6 chance of becoming a salivating psycho serial killer).

Flying the ship is impossible because the maniacs who've taken over the asylum smashed the controls. The bridge looks like a bomb went off, then it was looted, and then an orgy of sex and violence became the cherry on top. Gore and jizz are strewn everywhere!

Self-destruct can still be initiated, however. The mechanism for destroying the X-III is near the engine. PCs will have to travel to the back of the ship in order to reach engineering. Once there, operating the self-destruct panel is relatively simple. Once engaged, the ship will explode in 30 standard seconds.



LORDS OF ZENOBITE

The cruelty, carnage, lust, horror, and degradation aboard the ship has inadvertently summoned the zenobites - aristocrats of Hell, nobles of darkness, masters of chaos, and purveyors of both pain and pleasure.

There are three zenobites, two male and one female, roaming the dimly-lit crimson corridors of X-III. Their names are Azross, Keemdyll, and Sakraz. The zenobites stand tall, pale and clad in tight black leather, blood dripping from wounds both recent and old. They are ancient and all-powerful in their home dimension. Here, however, it's another story - the Lords of Zenobite must use brute force, deceit, and the art of persuasion to get things done.

Their goal is to get the weak-willed maggots killing each other while convincing the remaining suitable candidates to pledge their souls to the zenobites. Souls are pledged via verbal agreement. Use the following random table to determine how the zenobites interact with the PCs.

APPROACH

Roll	Result
1	Brute force: physical violence, like smashing their skull into the steel floor grating.
2	Deceit: making it appear as though the zenobites are avenging angels punishing the wicked and rewarding the virtuous.
3	Art of persuasion: telling them how much power, money, sex, etc. they'll get for trading their soul.
4	Bribe: offering them MeowMeowBeenz.

They are extremely prideful with enormous yet fragile egos. Aside from blasting the crap out of them, the zenobites can be defeated with severe mocking. If there's one thing that nobility fear, it's ridicule. Openly disparaging the Lords of Zenobite will see them wither and flee from this dimension.

Zenobite

Health: 60 **Armor:** 0 **Attack Dice Pool:** 4d6

Special: Zenobites who are injured regenerate 1d6 (exploding) Health every round. The way zenobites look, sound, and carry extremely sharp archaic weapons makes some opponents run in terror (1 in 6 chance). When a zenobite is "killed," it's merely banished to the zenobite dimension.

STAYING ON THE X-III

If the PCs remain on the ship over an hour, there's a 2 in 6 chance per individual that they'll absorb enough of the darkness inhabiting that lightless universe to alter their DNA. Whoever falls into that camp becomes an unrepentant servant of chaos. Consult the following random table to determine exactly what atrocities are perpetrated. Roll once every standard half-hour.

BEYOND OUR UNIVERSE

Roll	Result
1	Self-mutilation.
2	Mutilating another.
3	Gouging out own eyes.
4	Killing someone else.
5	Killing self.
6	Giving sermon about the glories of Hell.
7	Torturing someone.
8	Sexual violations.

Those infected with darkness won't want to leave the ship. Instead, they'll want to stay and make merry as the gore starts rising to their ankles. Knocking them out and carrying them to the few remaining escape pods is one solution. The players may get creative coming up with alternative solutions.

PCs and other crewmembers who are left in that other universe may eventually come back at some point. If they return to our "normal" universe, expect them to have survived Hell itself. They will have awesome mental abilities such as telekinesis, mind control, and the ability to cause nightmarish hallucinations in others.

Demon Possessed Spacers

Health: 25 **Armor:** 2 **Attack Dice Pool:** 2d6

Special: In any area of the X-III, there will usually be 1d6-1 individuals corrupted by the darkness from that other universe. 2 in 6 of them have psychic abilities.

SHOOTING CTHULHU WITH LASERS

Cthulhu is impossibly huge, so batting at starships with his webbed claws is no problem - same with crushing things in his tentacles. Even more impressive, Cthulhu can spray enemy vessels with green slime. The slimy green liquid dissolves metal, forcefields, and pretty much any substance known to man. If indirectly exposed to the green slime, there's a 4 in 6 chance of developing a mutation.

Cthulhu may grow slightly annoyed if bombarded with starship weaponry, but he cannot be destroyed. Perhaps some dark templar, space demonologist, or telepath collective energized with Purple Prizm may be able to temporarily banish Cthulhu back to the universe of darkness.

Using the omega device is probably the best chance anyone has of removing the threat. Detonating the omega device will blow apart that entire star system, effectively sealing the rift between universes and sending Dread Cthulhu back from whence he came.

NOT DEAD BUT DREAMING

After the threat has been eliminated, the adventurers collect their reward, get their Federation pardon, or reunite with their friends and/or loved ones. All is good.

On their way home, the ship will be in hyperspace so the crew can rest. But what are the PCs doing when the ship is on autopilot? Maybe they're gambling, checking those astronavigation charts, or having a good time in the hot tub. Doubtless, Sir Matey will be wanting his din-dins and a virgin brought to his quarters.

During this period of relaxation, a guttural utterance resonates within the PCs' minds...

You fools, I have not been defeated, only delayed. I shall soon find another opening into your universe, and when I am truly free - you will know the full extent of my will!

**'Aside from blasting the
crap out of them,
the zenobites can be defeated
with severe mocking'**



MORE NAMES AND PERSONALITIES

As with most Kort'thalis Publishing scenarios, you'll have to improvise here and there. That's half the fun! But that also means you may be caught off guard from time to time.

Below are names for when some alien, droid, or spacer needs to be called something other than, "that magenta and chartreuse looking fellow." Additionally, I've provided some direction regarding NPC behavior.

If you're starting with this scenario, feel free to use this random table to generate the names of player-characters.

Roll	Male	Female
1	Morgus	Vyra
2	Rogan	Zeeona
3	Lazar	Sesta
4	Stotz	Arrys
5	Gambryll	Prylla
6	Krelper	Hethys
7	Lycett	Teeva
8	Giroc	Kryssla
9	Lybri	Soolynn
10	Steiner	Dayna
11	Galloway	Alta
12	Kystin	Veena

PERSONALITY

Roll	Result
1	Dick: Brash, arrogant, cocky, hard, daring, selfish, impatient, standoffish, skeptical, inquisitive, self-determined, loves freedom, enjoys punishing those who deserve it.
2	Pussy: Indecisive, timid, soft, welcoming, accommodating, helpful, sly, quick to believe, patient, understanding, and talkative.
3	Asshole: Destructive, uncaring, loves chaos, likes inflicting pain, tears others down to make himself look better, doesn't take things seriously, hates freedom.
4	Just Plain Weird: This dude is crazy – none of his antics make any sense. He's putting plastic turtles in the freezer, stuffing burritos down his pants, and entering astronavigation coordinates that came to him in a dream... about time and space being yellow and purple, respectively.

'He's putting plastic turtles in the freezer...'

CREDITS

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