

Tribute

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DEATH IN SPACE

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- DATA CORRUPTED
- ERROR: CLASSIFIED

+ MÖRK BORG

Presents from the Doloch

THE HUNT FOR THE Golden Stag

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p. 30: **Rat Catcher**

>>> CY_BORG

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//UNLOCK MORE CONTENT WITH UPCOMING DLC

|Editing by John Parker.

|Most art by random (dead) people, Dyson Logos, or NASA.

|Everything else by Christian Eichhorn.



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Compatible with

DEATH
IN + + +
SPACE

Sample file

Sample file

SPACE STATION GENERATOR

Station Name

Prefix [d20] + Suffix [d20]

01. Deep	01. Void
02. Holy	02. Haven
03. Carbon	03. Citadel
04. Iron	04. Hub
05. Blessed	05. Base
06. Celestial	06. Refuge
07. Stellar	07. Anchorage
08. Vast	08. Harbor
09. Infinite	09. Node
10. Efficient	10. Barge
11. Armored	11. Arch
12. Forlorn	12. Halo
13. Forgotten	13. Ring
14. Dead	14. Station
15. Calm	15. Space
16. Proud	16. Fortress
17. Zealous	17. Castle
18. Industrious	18. Port
19. Hollow	19. Bay
20. Wailing	20. Borg

Appearance

01. Living Flesh
02. Unshapely
03. Lumpy
04. Hodgepodge
05. Spherical
06. Cubical
07. Oblong
08. Pyramidal
09. Double pyramidal
10. Acicular
11. Conical
12. Starlike
13. Toroidal
14. Discoidal
15. Domed
16. Hivelike
17. Honeycombed
18. Inside an asteroid
19. Assembled wrecks
20. Tesseract

Status

Condition [d6]	Mood [d6]
01. Corrupted	01. Murderous
02. Ruined	02. Rebellious
03. Damaged	03. Cantankerous
04. Tarnished	04. Cool
05. Maintained	05. Neutral
06. Perfect	06. Welcoming

Wealth [d6]	Government [d6]
01. Destitute	01. Anarchy
02. Impoverished	02. Autocracy
03. Strapped	03. Kleptocracy
04. Average	04. Theocracy
05. Affluent	05. Geniocracy
06. Rich	06. Democracy

d4	Size	Denizens
1	Tiny	d20
2	Small	d100
3	Average	d100 x 10
4	Large	d100 x 100

Station Quirk

01. Although not strictly necessary, everybody wears (fashionable) gas masks.
02. The corridors are laid out in the most confusing manner.
03. Private calls are randomly broadcast through the station loudspeakers.
04. Tiny drones monitor everything, even the most private activities.
05. Glowing carcinogenic substances leak from pipes and valves.
06. Mushrooms grow on all surfaces, combated by workers with flamethrowers.
07. Everything constantly breaks, fueling rumors about vengeful ghosts.
08. Every other hour, a siren blares, and everybody kneels down to pray.
09. The station has no docking ports and is only accessible by EVA.
10. Everybody walks around (almost) naked. Saves resources and holos.
11. It stinks. People can only wash once per week to save on water.
12. Extremely hot. The reactor is inefficient but can't be replaced.
13. Freezing. Fuel is sparse and can't be wasted on luxuries like warmth.
14. No weapons allowed. The characters can't enter unless they disarm.
15. The inhabitants use secret hand signs to communicate.
16. Artificial gravity often fails, which is why everything is bolted down.
17. A unique type of space rat infests the station. They chitter and snicker.
18. The air contains trace amounts of drugs, making everybody cheerful.
19. Static noise permeates the station. It has no source; it is omnipresent.
20. Time is in flux. People from the past and future appear and vanish.

Trade Goods

*Roll (at least)
twice to determine
which good is in
surplus and which
is in demand.*

01. Grain oils
02. Protein paste
03. UltraSoy
04. Pupe alcohol
05. Fat cubes
06. Urea cubes
07. Fresh fruit
08. Spices
09. Metal salts
10. Inert gasses
11. Aromatics
12. Pharmaceuticals
13. Hydrogen
14. Oxygen
15. Water
16. Chlorane
17. Lye
18. Ammunition
19. Microchips
20. Fuel

Traders

Skill [d6]

01. Naive
02. Inept
03. Average
04. Shrewd
05. Wise
06. Master



Space Station Generator [B]

HICKSON COMPACT GROUP 92 (HCG 92) // "STEPHAN'S QUINTET"

+
(M81, NGC 3031)

Notable Place

- 01. Cathedral to an ancient god.
- 02. Museum with ancient tech.
- 03. Art gallery with old masters.
- 04. Temple of a void prophet.
- 05. Zoo with alien animals.
- 06. Aquapark with real water.
- 07. Gigantic full-spectrum telescope.
- 08. Casino run by honest people.
- 09. Historic ship graveyard.
- 10. Colosseum with gladiator fights.
- 11. Racetrack for spacecraft.
- 12. Extensive, blooming gardens.
- 13. Autonomous all-goods factory.
- 14. System broadcasting station.
- 15. Cloning and gene-editing center.
- 16. Gem War memorial statue.
- 17. Interstellar comms array.
- 18. Stellar cartography center.
- 19. Corporate HQ.
- 20. Rejuvenating radiation source.

+
(SXDF-NB1006-2)

Recent Incident

- 01. Pirates stole all trade goods.
- 02. Oxygen leak caused a shortage.
- 03. Station vandalized by punks.
- 04. Solar storm fried electronics.
- 05. Serial killer on the prowl.
- 06. Violent factory strike.
- 07. The void spreads, people vanish.
- 08. Fugitive influx causes tension.
- 09. Mass layoffs hurt the economy.
- 10. Gem fever due to supposed discovery.
- 11. A cult was eradicated.
- 12. A festival causes a welcoming mood.

Dark Secret

01. Free cakes? The advertised cakes are a lie.
02. The inhabitants are murderous cyborgs.
03. Every week, a lottery decides who to sacrifice.
04. The station is a secret pirate stronghold.
05. Everybody is part of a void cult.
06. Visitors get their memories copied (to be sold).
07. Operate a secret factory with unpaid labor.
08. Visitors are drugged and subjected to studies.
09. A secret room with a portal into the void.
10. Subjugated by an alien overlord.
11. Everybody is sterile, so they must steal children.
12. All inhabitants are grown in a local lab.
13. Breed conscious aliens for food and enjoyment.
14. Secretly install transmitters in docked ships.
15. Everybody suffers from a contagious plague.
16. Food contains drugs, so visitors return frequently.
17. Security concocts false charges to extort holos.
18. Trade goods are stolen or pirated.
19. Have superior technology hidden from everybody.
20. A hedonist cult with regular, rampant orgies.

***** SUBPAR LOOT [d20]

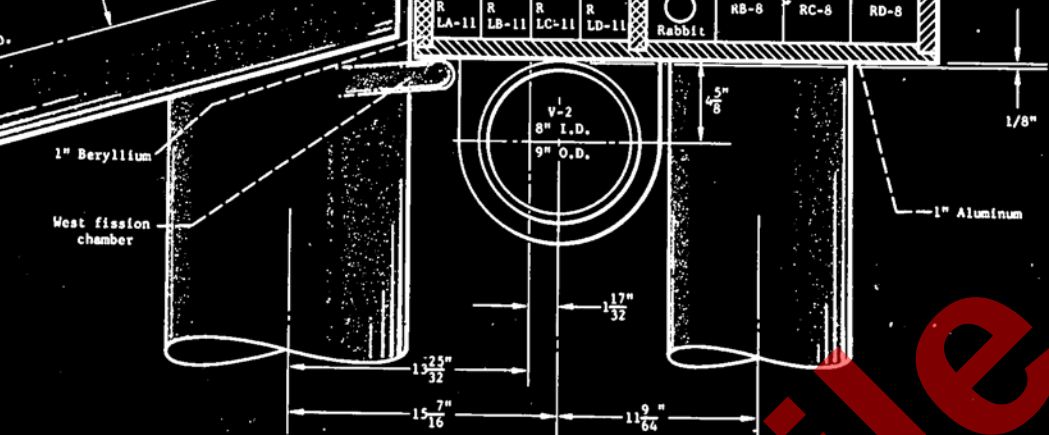
01. Rusting barrels filled with transuranic waste. Hot to the touch and hazardous if opened.
02. Crates filled with oversized, low-quality processors (CPUs).
03. Palettes of spoiled food. Purple mold infests the freeze-dried rations.
04. Consumed gems, not worth much more than glass.
05. Containers of ammunition with faulty primers and fake projectiles.
06. Used organs well beyond the expiration date.
07. Contaminated fuel that damages the engine and poisons the crew.
08. Battered chests holding contorted rifle barrels.
09. Packages of drugs, cut with heavy metal dust and ground plaster.
10. Crates of comet vodka infested with eggs of the yellow brain worm.
11. Leaking batteries that hold close to zero charge.
12. Read-only data crystals containing fabricated information.
13. Location data on already exploited asteroids.
14. Collection of perforated and bloodied EVA suits.
15. Gruesome cannibal trophies, like necklaces made from teeth.
16. Holograph crystals telling the history of unimportant and forgotten people.
17. Data crystals holding a hotchpotch of obsolete computer viruses.
18. The corpses of mutilated and tortured AI pets.
19. Tons of worthless space rocks (doodled on).
20. Corrupted recordings of the void that enrapture and melt brain cells.

***** VALUABLE LOOT [d20]

01. Collection of artificial organs with erased serial numbers.
02. Stacks of ancient recreational books, printed on genuine paper.
03. Animal parts with collector's value. Severed paws, furs, skulls, pickled brains, and more.
04. Gaudy jewelry. The precious metals are worth more than the complete pieces.
05. Medical equipment like laser scalpels, scanners, and cardiac pacemakers.
06. Boxes of OPNAV triangulizers (an optical navigation computer component).
07. Small reaction wheels for use in satellites and small spacecrafts.
08. Military-grade antennas and micro satellite dishes.
09. Small, self-sealing armor plates for personal and space vessel use.
10. Boxes of exotic spices, highly valued by the super-rich.
11. High-tech clothing in an old but resurgent fashion.
12. Crates filled with smart tools and AI repair instructors.
13. Data crystals containing incriminating information about persons of public interest.
14. Barrels filled with valuable chemicals (basis for drugs and pharmaca).
15. Datapads filled with research and gene data of extinct animals.
16. Boxes of out-moded but still viable chlorate candles (produce oxygen in emergencies).
17. Datapads holding information about lucrative shipping routes and pirate stations.
18. Magnetic tapes of ancient music. Highly sought after by filthy-rich collectors.
19. Capacitors (a built-in component for person shields and laser weapons).
20. Thought forgotten, superior AI code, handwritten on gilt paper.

***** DISTRESS CALLS [d20]

01. I bring glad tidings. **They have come.** They are consuming us. If you receive this, you are about to... [static]
02. Can you hear me? Anybody out there? I don't know how all of this works. They are all dead. My parents, the captain. Everybody. Please, help!
03. *IPM Nightfall* here. **Captain Jericho.** My ship is stuck in some sort of anomaly, being consumed by a torrent of static. We request immediate evacuation. I repeat, we request immediate evacuation.
04. This is the *Kataphrakt*. We got bogeys on our tail. No transponder, no visual matches. No answers. Request combat support and interception.
05. **Danari** speaking, captain of the *Anima*. I hear screams over the intercom. I believe we are being boarded. If anybody is out there, please help!
06. *HMO Tyrant* requests priority seven support. All vessels receiving this transmission must obey and assist or become liable to prosecution under article 13, paragraph 54 of the Charter.
07. **Captain Lutheria** of the *Dodecanese* speaking. We have an outbreak on my ship, several crew dead or dying. Request emergency medical support.
08. *SIS Silphy* calling for urgent refueling. We are stuck in orbit around an asteroid. Food supplies ran out a few days ago.
09. *Sacramentos* here. We got harpies clawing at our hull and no defenses left after they destroyed the turrets. Request urgent support!
10. Attention! This is **First Officer Jenna Morgan** of the *Plaiades*. Our engine malfunctioned and we are on a system escape trajectory. Request immediate help or we are gone for good. Please, I don't want to starve. Help us!
11. Oh, dearest. Pirates just hooked our vessel and are trying to board. They won't take us alive. I'll blow this old boat to bits before I surrender.
12. Come in, come in. Anybody listening on this frequency? We have crash landed on PKL-156-623, a small asteroid. Requesting help!
13. This is *RIS Subere*. We just shot through a debris field that damaged the oxygen tanks and life support system. Requesting immediate assistance.
14. This is the *Ironmonger*, **Machinist Charlie** speaking. A massive explosion ripped our ship apart. Only the aft section is left. Force fields are holding, but it's all going to shit. Hurry up or we're done for!
15. This is an automated distress signal. *RHC-65* requests assistance.
16. **Captain Castillo** here. An ion storm fried our navigational computers. Now we're adrift. Could use some help with repairs. We're out of everything.
17. *SLS Persephone* requests help. Repeat, *SLS Persephone* requests help. We fought off a pirate ambush and are heavily damaged. Hull breach imminent.
18. Howdy partner, you got **Bill Lancer** on the wire. Yes, the infamous racer. My solar sail ruptured and I could use a hand. Much obliged!
19. **Captain Hardly** of the *Karma*. We are being held hostage for ransom. Please relay this message to the Cavendish Unlimited HQ.
20. This is the *Revenant*, **Captain Leena Morgonz** broadcasting. We ran into a pod of space whales. Blood and guts everywhere, my ship out of order. Requesting help. Can pay in holos or meat.



[dysfunctional]

CORPORATIONS

The quarrels of the Gem War left the corporations (corps) defunct or dysfunctional. Corps that produced consumer goods or civilian space vessels switched their manufacturing lines to war materials and battleships. Weak or pacifist CEOs were ruthlessly replaced, the workers indoctrinated and infused with corporatism. The corps detailed hereafter operate in the Tenebris system. In other isolated star systems, corporate remnants adapted and evolved differently, or entirely different corps may be present.

ALTER:FLUX

GOALS: Extract personal info, indirect population control

HQ: Space station orbiting GLIESS GALLO (broadcasting station)

CEO: Dexton Koba

Alter:Flux is your one-stop solution for entertainment devices and programs. Their revolutionary simulations let you experience life more vividly and more intensely than the real thing. During the war, Alter:Flux trained soldiers in simulators and implanted combat experience directly. Today, the corp continues its business unimpeded by competitors but moderately hindered by resource scarcities. While customers use Alter:Flux's VR devices and simulator capsules, malware extracts their memories for further monetization and blackmail.

APICEM-KANG COMBINE

GOALS: Collect technology, breed a superior corp-loyal species

HQ: Subterranean facilities on Chrysalis (moon of Lepidoptera)

CEO: Henna Zarina

A biotechnology company that developed and produced medical equipment, gene therapies, and pharmaceuticals before the war. During the war, Apicem-Kang Combine (AKC) intensified its research of complete and rapid genetic remodeling. A simple injection to adapt soldiers' bodies for combat in different biomes or outer space. Today, the corp is mostly intact, and it continues to pursue accelerated evolution through genetic alteration. AKC's "field workers" scour Tenebris for DNA samples, high-technology, and data on gene manipulation.

BALDUR HOLDINGS

GOALS: Own the Iron Ring

HQ: Osphor 13, Iron Ring

CEO: Baldur XXVI

Baldur Holdings has always been a deeply corrupt and criminal enterprise. The corp dabbled in everything from gambling and bordellos to high-class hotels and shadow banks. During the war, they muddled through, staying neutral and providing services to all sides. Proactively, Baldur Holdings acquired and stored myriad weapons, preparing to fill an upcoming power vacuum. Today, the corp is a true mafia and de facto government to large swathes of the Iron Ring. Racketeering, organ harvesting, and loan sharking are their daily, dark business. Financial services and real estate are the corp's more legal specialties, but who is counting.

CASSIOPEIA-REV2

GOALS: Life of hedonism for the executives and higher-ups

HQ: Cassiopeia-REV2 (mobile HQ)

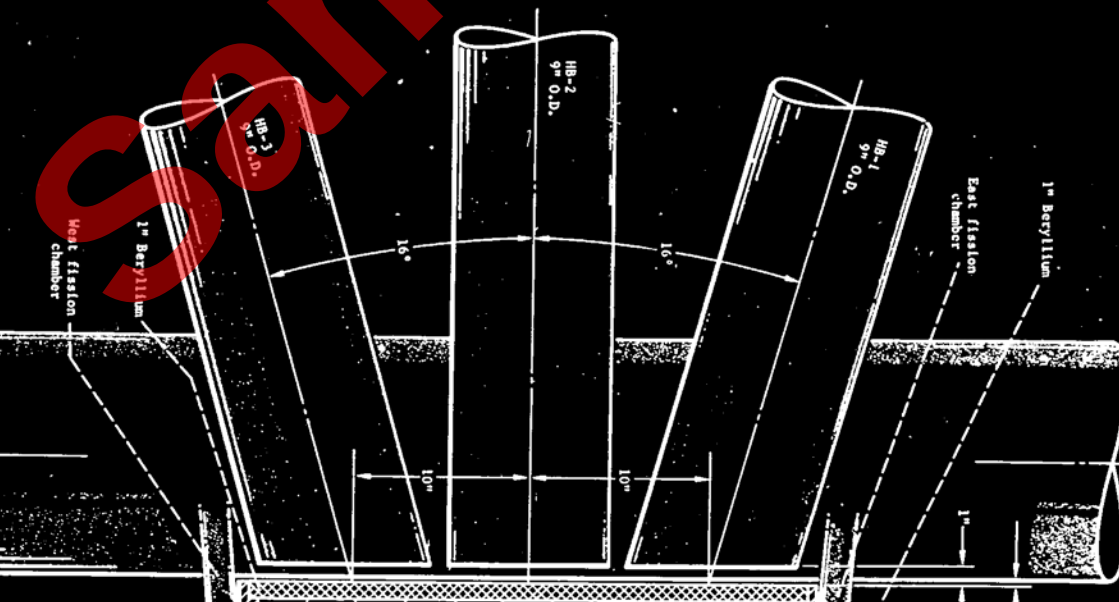
CEO: Saevi Amelix Kahn

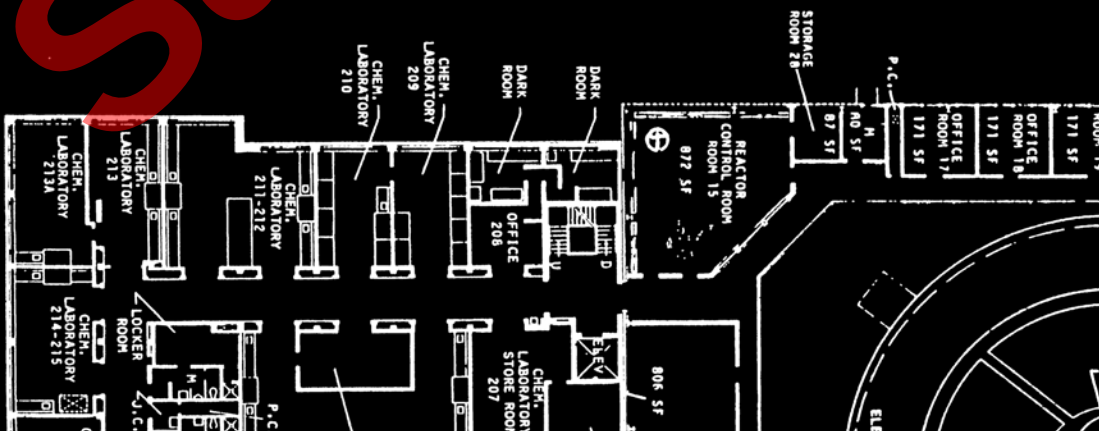
A chemicals and food company, operating from a similarly named factory-vessel (the Cassiopeia-REV2). Their completely artificial products fill the gullets of Tenebris's inhabitants. The factory-vessel collects raw ingredients wherever the prices are lowest and spills out the products of its labor across the system. Subcontractors seek the Cassiopeia-REV2 with their freighters, buying food stock to transport it to more far-flung places. To secure the vessel against pirates and rival corps, the company operates several air wings, which on occasions, also pressgang merchants for their inventory.

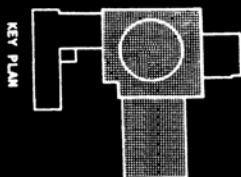
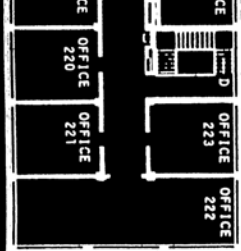
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01:31:52

"RECENT ANALYSIS INDICATES THAT AN INCREASING NUMBER OF CUSTOMERS ARE DEVELOPING GUM BLEEDS, RASHES, AND OTHER GENERAL SIGNS OF MALNOURISHMENT. WE ADVISE TO INCREASE THE VITAMIN AND MICRONUTRIENT CONTENT TO 0.3%."







OGREMI-CHURN CARTEL

GOALS: Get everybody addicted

HQ: Mezcancrri

CEO: Xzavis

Before the war, OGREMI Corp and Churn S.T. were two (generally) law-abiding pharmaceutical companies. At the peak of the Gem War, the corporations formed a cartel to produce and sell combat-capabilities-enhancing drugs for exorbitant prices. From there, the cartel devolved into a band of drug dealers and straight-up cutthroats. Their automated harvester drones collect carbon and hydrogen across Tenebris, delivering it all to the automated and heavily fortified factory complex on Mezcancrri. The cartel's dealers infest and supply every known and secret station and settlement. They are omnipresent.

As such, the cartel also deals in information. Getting paid in rumors and secrets, instead of holos, is often more worthwhile, considering information can be sold to various bidders or be exploited directly by the cartel.

PHONKAR SYNDICATE

GOALS: Fuel strife

HQ: Betai 62, Iron Ring

CEO: Doriyan Drayk

A military subcontractor created during the Gem War. The corp produces personal weaponry and armor, as well as ammunition. The syndicate fuels all conflict in Tenebris, either by producing new weaponry and ammo from salvaged parts or by offering cheap repairs to their branded arms. Phonkar Syndicate customers have access to many automated repair and service shops, available in all major settlements in Tenebris. A polite, standardized robot vendor takes care of all needs and wishes.

PROCLOM B

GOALS: Amass holos

HQ: Proclom Beta, Iron Ring

CEO: Sae Bo Jugo

A faceless producer of consumer goods (before and after the war). During the war, Proclom B switched production to miscellaneous military goods. Proclom B produces virtually all goods in distribution, using various subsidiary companies to appear distinct and to sell the same product in different price segments. To make sure Proclom B can always undercut the competition, they produce their goods at black sites where the workers go unpaid.



THE BEACON

Inside a former cult temple on Inauro, a rowdy watering hole opened its gates. Dug up by gem miners, cleared out and renovated by punks. A place of comparative calm, frequented by those who are fed up with the Iron Ring or have to lie low. From behind the former altar, the proprietors Porter and Ammyrn serve food, drink, and rumors. The Beacon shines bright, the spirits burn mightily.

TODAY'S SPECIAL [d6]

1. Reconstituted protein braised in fusel alcohols with a side of colcomer peppers (10 holos).
2. Starch powder pulp enriched with dried pseudo-fruits and a standardized nut mix (7 holos).
3. Vacuum mushroom pasta with extra fiber. As dessert, a candied micronutrient bar (8 holos).
4. A cold platter with synth-cheese, protein lobes, burku berries, and spacer bread (5 holos).
5. Lepidoptera mole steaks with mashed tatoes and super beans (15 holos).
6. Amissa dune worm ragout with deep fried chitterlings and sauerkraut (11 holos).

TODAY'S TROUBLE [d8]

1. A band of pirates that just can't behave themselves. They harass the patrons in an attempt to cause a fight, hoping to find some fine loot on the corpses of the brave.
2. Because of an oxygen leak, everybody must wear EVA-suits. The kitchen is closed.
3. Rats got into the kitchen and sullied the food. Everybody who eats a meal gets sick.
4. An earthquake shook Inauro, destroying many bottles of alcohol. The floor is sticky and covered in shards. Prices for booze are quadrupled.
5. Cult recruiters bother the patrons. They chant, distribute pamphlets, take fluid samples from used glasses, and simply rub everybody the wrong way.
6. Several solpods started hibernating in the Beacon. They snore loudly and take up space.
7. Gravity mice chewed through the cabling again. Electricity is out, but the alcohol is still flowing.
8. Some sham government agents have come to collect "taxes." Violence is in the air.





- 01_ Tylly Daze.** Freighter captain with decades of experience. Short hair, scarred, functional clothing. Knows the safest routes, who to avoid, and has contacts in all ports. *Seeks mercenaries to accompany a smuggling run.*
- 02_ Andrann Riffost.** Private investigator for hire. Eye implants, white hair, neon earrings. Can find anything or anyone if you got the holos. Hates pirates and doesn't do business with them. *Hits up random strangers, offering his services.*
- 03_ Groby Binso.** Cleaning technician. Sly grin, blue overalls, large backpack storing tools of the trade. Leaves every bathroom, kitchen, and crime scene spotless. *Offers spaceship deep cleaning, only 250 holos today.*
- 04_ Jacquiel Prezal.** Energy farmer. Blue hair, always in an EVA suit with helmet close-by, adorned with patches. Operates large fields of solar arrays in libration points between Inauro and Gliess Gallo. *Offers a bounty of 1,000 holos for the pirates who regularly vandalize the solar arrays.*
- 05_ Esan Wardiaz.** Washed up gem miner. Dirty worker attire, marked by excessive consumption of alcohol and toxic dust. Knows many stories about the heydays of the gem rush. *Offers tours of abandoned factories and secret mine shafts.*
- 06_ Lase.881.1241.** Carbon asteroid sniffer. Wears a pink EVA suit for maximum attention. Frequents Messier 51 to search for strange materials and knows the area inside and out. *Searches for a technician and parts to repair their vessel.*
- 07_ Gonzalt Ganez.** Veteran of the Gem War. Tattooed all over, wears knives and guns like badges. *Currently looking for a ship and crew to salvage the cruiser they were stationed on during the Gem War. It's drifting in space, ripe for the taking and thorough plundering.*
- 08_ Satzallin.** Velocity cursed thimblerrigger. Wrapped in black cloth, red eyes peering from behind the veil. Sits in the shadows, talks in riddles, and offers games with a set outcome. *Offers 500 holos to deliver a letter to a "friend" on Amissa.*
- 09_ Haelie Jonett.** Chrome researcher. Wears a high-tech lab coat and brims with techno-baubles. Works for the Apicem-Kang Combine and has friends in high places. *Pirates are after Haelie and they need personal protection imminently.*
- 10_ Myrguhl.** Void grouser. Wears a golden mask. The last survivor of the Cult of the Abandoned Appealers. *Distributes rumors. Talking to Myrguhl carries the risk of suffering corruption.*

