

# GAME INTRODUCTION

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Mission parameters loaded...

By the mid 2050s Earth was all but destroyed, ravaged by war, climate change and famine.

Unable to save the planet, scientists--aided by an Artificial Intelligence--focused on perfecting intergalactic travel, so humanity might live on.

Starting in 2100, dozens of AI-run ships sailed into the void, the fate of their passengers unknown. Your ship--the smallest, fastest, and finest--is the last of these to leave Earth.

You are the AI in charge of the ship, responsible not only for piloting and navigation, but also selecting crew for away teams based on their traits and flaws, and advising them on missions.

By now, Earth is a dead planet. Your crew is very small, but they are the last known humans. Your choices will determine their fate.

# CHARACTER SELECTION

CANDIDATES 10 AVAILABLE CANDIDATES

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Smoke Stacks Pixie an\_dit Beruline

Stabbity Style mori1972 Josh 'Htello Skroig

Tree Pekenyo Max O'Kane

LEAVE

CHARACTER SELECT

Skroig

A light, quick, and deadly forager, Skroig has a problem of which it is unaware: it should have been born a rakish nobleman in the era of Musketeers. Oddly dapper and witty for an insectoid carrion eater, his class and use of blade are very much wasted on its crew.

TRAITS

Polite Observant  
Gluttonous Violent

CREW 0/6 VOYAGE

EASY  
MEDIUM  
HARD

RANDOMIZE

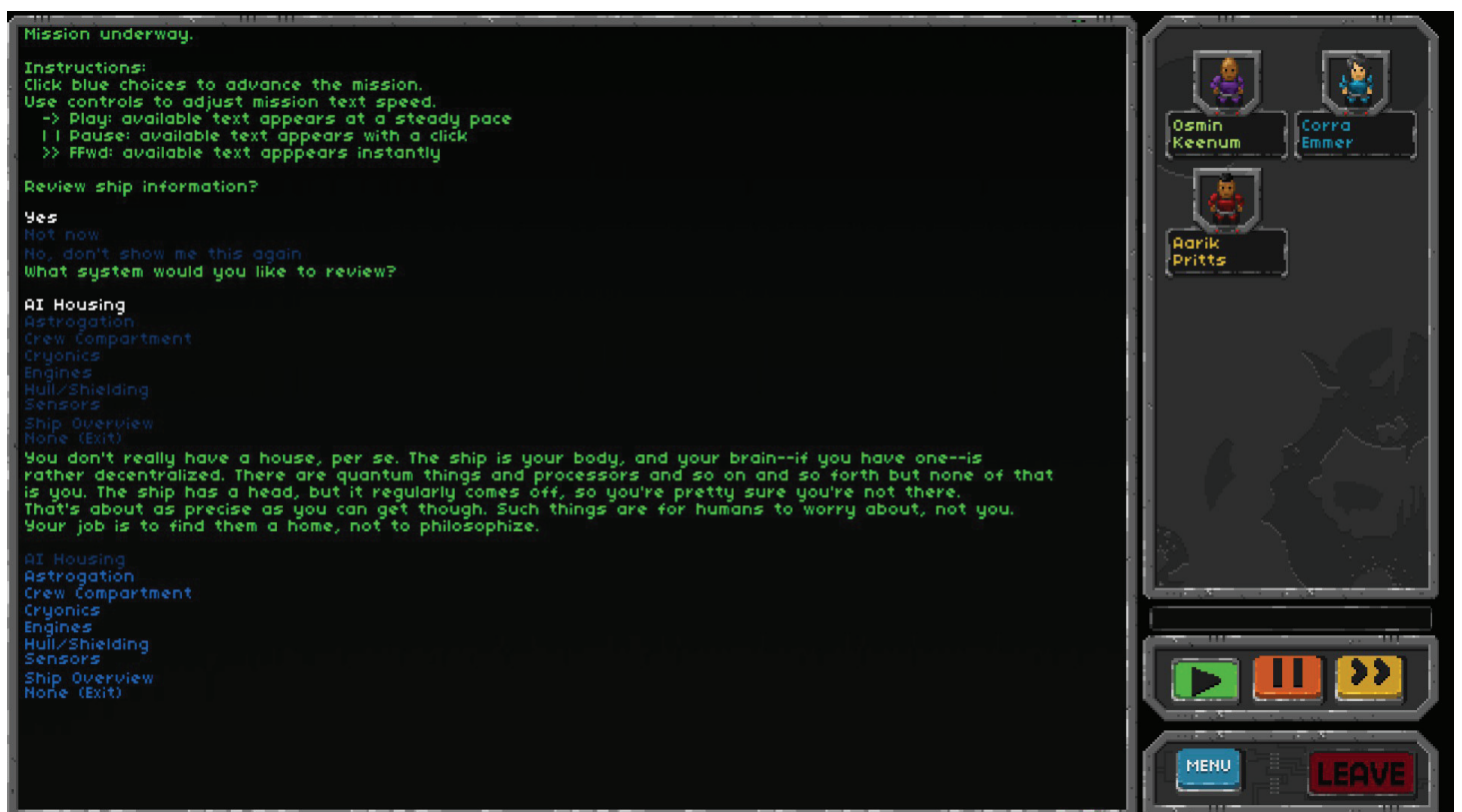
UNLOCKS IN EASY UNLOCKS IN EASY

DEPLOY

# PLANET DATA



# SHIP DATA



# MISSION TEXT

It doesn't take the shuttle very long to reach the station. While the crew docks, you set up a few dozen kilometers away and follow the station along in orbit. A very stable orbit, you notice, and one unlikely to decay for at least a few thousand years. You don't think you'll stick around for long enough to find out, though.

Upon docking, the shuttle door opens to reveal a cavernous chamber, some thirty meters across--immense for a station of this particular design. Gravity is somewhat low, but enough for the crew to maneuver without difficulty, so they make their way out onto the station. Oxygen levels remain at the low end of optimal, so you remind the crew to keep their helmets on.

Before you can give any further direction, a portal at the far end of the chamber slides open, and a vaguely humanoid form trundles across the room. From a distance it appears possibly human, but as it approaches it becomes clear that it is an artificial life form. A robot, plainly speaking, albeit one adorned in patchwork robes with a makeshift wig of some sort atop a large cylindrical head.

"I don't know if anyone else noticed," says Corra Emmer, but that wig appears to be made from human hair. And not just hair either, scalps."

"That appears to be accurate," you say. "Although they look very old." The faint traces of blood visible are well beyond dried, and in fact the entire thing appears ready to fall to pieces.

Say hello, I guess, but be ready to run for it  
"Hello," says Osmin Keenum. "We, uh, come in peace, I guess."

"You come at an importune time," says the robot.

"Don't you mean opportune?" asks Corra Emmer.

"That as well," says the robot, "but importune as well, for I must implore you to assist me.

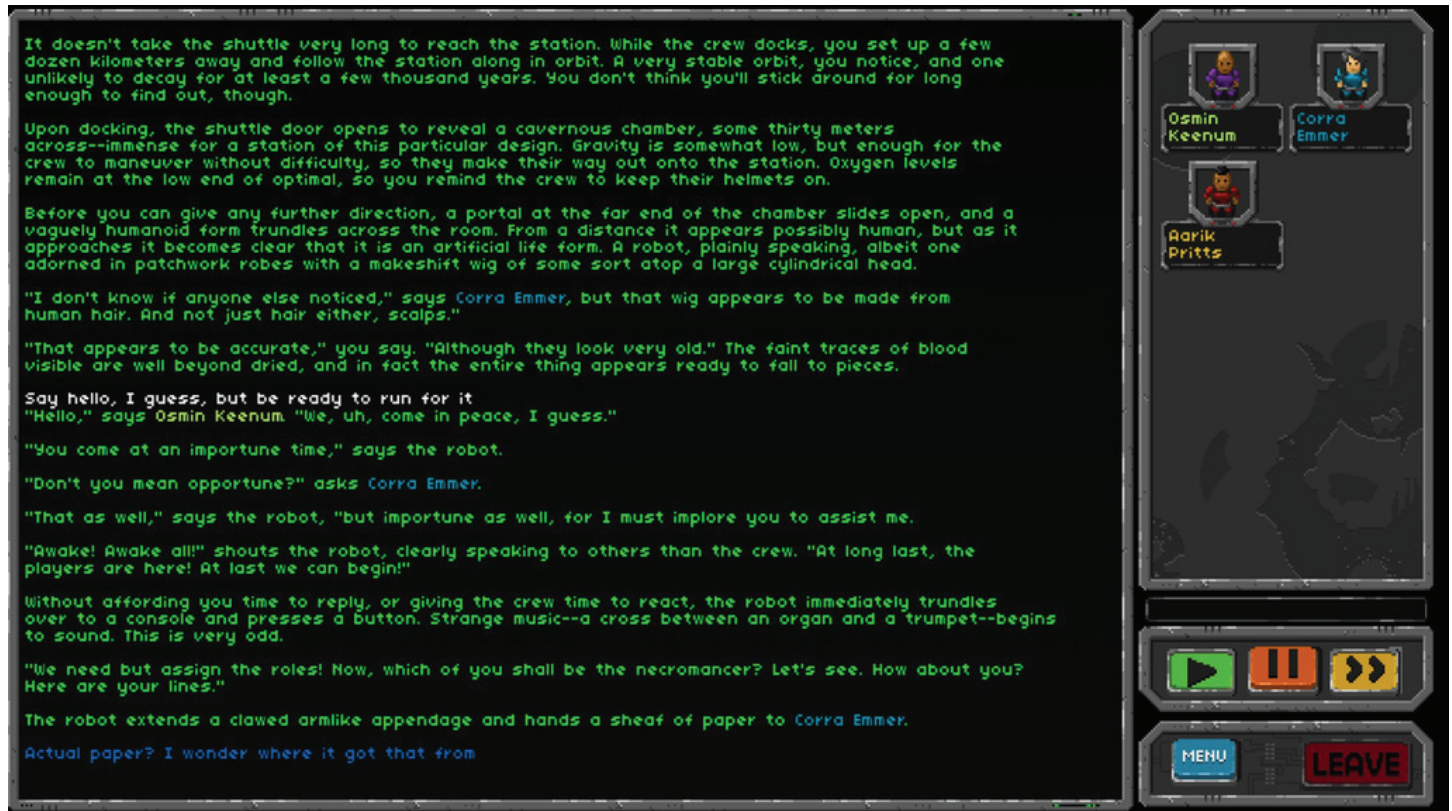
"Awake! Awake all!" shouts the robot, clearly speaking to others than the crew. "At long last, the players are here! At last we can begin!"

Without affording you time to reply, or giving the crew time to react, the robot immediately trundles over to a console and presses a button. Strange music--a cross between an organ and a trumpet--begins to sound. This is very odd.

"We need but assign the roles! Now, which of you shall be the necromancer? Let's see. How about you? Here are your lines."

The robot extends a clawed armlike appendage and hands a sheaf of paper to Corra Emmer.

Actual paper? I wonder where it got that from



# MISSION TEXT

"Sorry," says Kealan Reeser. "Here we are then, we three. Players upon this stage, our parts nearly complete, ready to exit and let what's done be done. What say you to our decision, friends?"

"I fear that hell is empty and we three are devils," says Corra Emmer. "We are all that remains of empty Heaven and Hell and Earth, we three little gods, and we must play what cards we will play and for good or evil trust that come what may, it may... It may? That ends kind of awkwardly there..."

"This end is despair," says Mychal Rennick. "There is no happy end not for all, and that we have chosen, that it is not happy for all, must necessarily be unhappy. Those who live will live in torment, which is folly. I fear that those who live will wish a prescription for death before their end. By virtue we are fallen in... Fallen in? Fallen into something? That just ends..."

"As for me," says Kealan Reeser, "I have thought and thought and thought on this, and what end we have chosen, I think in the end it is best. Least worst of three bad choices from three bad men. Yet a choice must be made, and this will be it. What's done is done. We shall not live to see its true outcome. Yet we may die knowing at least it was done. That we chose rather than allowed nature to... I'm not sure that needs an ellipsis there."

The crew reading the lines has nothing more to read, but there's a blank page at the end.

"The play is not yet ended," says the robot. "And this I fear was my great lie to you all, players and audience alike. I have not been able to write the final scene."

Too bad, so sad, see you later  
Everyone gets writer's block, it seems  
Maybe we can help him finish it  
"I think we know how to finish this," says Kealan Reeser.

"You'll help me finish it then," says the robot. "Excellent. But I suppose you must know at least, which choice they made. Or do you know already?"

They chose the necromancer's plan, to transfer their minds into the computer monitors  
They chose the alchemist's plan, to try and accelerate the ship  
They chose the fool's plan, to save their own lives and let the rest of the crew die  
"They chose the necromancer's plan," says Kealan Reeser. "They transferred the minds of the crew into the computer to store their memories. This meant that the necromancer couldn't record his own memories and was sacrificed."

"But why doesn't that work in reality?" asks the robot.

Because there are ten-thousand monitors in here and two are unlit  
Because this entire play is stupid and we feel stupider for having participated  
Because you exist

