



Riley: test



Dee: pyon



mk b. (GM): The boarding craft smells like WD40, which is a good thing, because it means that someone just refilled the shield goop for it. You're standing there with 8 other recruits. The squad leader is younger than you thought, and his chiseled chin and bright blue eyes immediately mark him for a glory seeker. "We've synchronized vectors with our targets! Strap in for nonconsensual docking. I will execute a DYNAMIC ENTRY, and expect you people to cover me, got it? The objective is the bridge. You and you, what's your names?"



Riley: "SIR! FLEB SIR!"



mk b. (GM): (You're mooks for this one. Or you can give a first and last name and use the mook template without the penalty)



Dee is unsure of name, "Pyon!" the bunnygirl clone exclaims, pretty sure there was some sort of mixup, but this is more fun than a cocktail party.



mk b. (GM): "Great. Fleb and Pyon, grab a rifle and ready to cover me. Everyone else, swords at the ready, and give me a hand with the drill!" The breaching tool is actually being carried by the four robotic members of the squad; they're slow, but they won't get tired.



Riley: (how do specializations work again?)

Fleb grabs a rifle. "Yes sir!"



Dee grabs a rifle, looks at Fleb to see how you hold it, tries to mimic.

Fleb notices.

Fleb: "You not qual'd on this model? Safety's here, mag release here, pull the trigger, death comes out. Grab a spare magazine, we might need the rox."



mk b. (GM): Well, it's better than the standard sword and buckler, which you also have. The other troopers bunch up around the drill and hold on to the straps on the floor and walls as you accelerate towards the ship.

Fleb throws a spare magazine to D before we go

Fleb checks his gear one more time

Pyon: (Somewhere out there, there is a hardened mercenary in a bunnygirl outfit at a party and is equally confused about how to do his job)

"Th-thanks!"



mk b. (GM): (lol)

THUNK!

The boarding craft hits the ship exactly seven feet away from where it was supposed to hit, which normally would be pretty good, except you've crunched one of the maneuvering thrusters. You hear the alarm sounding in the target ship, which means it's fuckcloud enough to go through the hull!

Your boss points to his right and orders the drill to be deployed there. The robots start to obey. Your more meaty comrades look dubious: isn't that exactly where the thruster was?

"Come on! Hurry up! I want a clean operation!"



mk b. (GM): (Can you see the map? You start all the way to the left, a bit below the top corner)



Riley: (yeah I see it)

(this is going to be a VERY dynamic entry)

(also, this is already fun, SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU JUST KEEP IT SIMPLE AND SAY LETS DO A THING?)



mk b. (GM): The drill turns on! It sounds menacingly loud. One of the squad members starts pouring black goop on it, which will seal the hole once it's made.



Pyon starts to follow the robots, doesn't know enough about ships to question anything, but does know to follow orders.



mk b. (GM): The breaching hole will happen in about twenty seconds, do you do anything specific in the meantime? Your weapons are good to go. (Can you move your tokens?)

(Also, yes on letsdoathing)



Pyon: (ya)



Riley: Yeah, I make sure I'm ready to go, pointing to where the drill is going to breach and the commander's leading the charge...behind the biggest guy and/or robot in the squad because I feel like we're about to get coated in burning fuel



Pyon is trying to stay toward the back, and adjusts her suit.



mk b. (GM): "Okay, push, push, push.... STOP!" The squad leader wants to kick the drill in.

Which he does.

Right into the monopropellant tank.



Riley: yup, and that's why I'm back here.



Pyon: "Whaa!"



Riley: "HIT THE DECK!"



Riley ducks and throws the bunnygirl and any nearby troopers to the ground to avoid shrapnel!

Pyon hits the floor with surprising ease



mk b. (GM): That was ... very not loud, actually. In the sense that all either of you can hear is ringing. Good call staying in the back, because by the look of it everyone else is either dead or KO! Fleb, you valiantly cover Pyon with your body and your body with one of the bots, which someone can probably fix later. By the look of it the only intact member of your squad is another one of the bots, who's now been painted a rather stylish black from the soot, hydrazine, and who knows what else. Interestingly, your squad leader was thrown all the way in the back. Your shiny spacesuits make it hard to tell if anyone got any shrapnel in.

Fleb checks to see if he can help anybody!



mk b. (GM): The ship's airlock, having sensed a change in pressure during an emergency situation, automatically opens, giving you an easyish way in (if you squeeze a bit).

Fleb: (starting with the commander who is probably dead as fuck)



mk b. (GM): Fleb, a couple of the bots are twitching and can probably be repaired later. The one squadmate you manage to check is breathing. Fortunately, your spacesuits have extra zippers to close around missing limbs, and it was just a leg anyway. You worry as to why that's a design feature.

Fleb: Do we have a working radio after that?



Pyon: Why were we boarding? Aaaaaaah do we keep going or do we abort. Lets out confused squeaks because she really doesn't have any training for this.

Fleb: Well, we can't abort back into space because that's a big hole in our ship and space is well, space



mk b. (GM): You were boarding this ship for the glory of Stra-Kuhl! Specifically, they were suspected to be carrying slaves. Since all are thralls of Stra-Kuhl, nobody else is allowed to enslave sentient beings in his territory!



Pyon: Brain settles on completing task, since she's intact and she's not designed to be a quitter.



mk b. (GM): Also, your boarding can is.... oh, there went the lights.

Fleb: Out of power, I gather.

Does the commander have a personal radio?

Fleb is trying to figure out if he can contact any other boarding craft

Fleb: were we alone?



mk b. (GM): There was supposed ot be another boarding craft coming in on the other side.



Pyon: Squeezing is hard, but is squishy.

Fleb: They're not far then, let's link up with the other unit.

"Alright robot, you're on point."

Fleb points the robot into the opening.

Fleb: (DGIF: Droids Go In First)



mk b. (GM): Pyon, you squeeze through! The robot follows you. It bumps into the unevenly shaped hole a couple of times.

"OUCH"

Then it goes through.

Fleb follows the robot



mk b. (GM): It's slow, but it's one of those lets-replace-the-nondominant-arm-with-a-rifle models, which means it's carrying enough ammo that it won't ever have to reload. You guys get six round magazines, some of which have seven rounds stuffed into them because they were made a bit haphazardly.

The cago bay is.... Surprisingly empty?



Pyon: Is it lit or do I need to use a flashlight

?



mk b. (GM): There's a fairly neat looking quad bike in it, and there are stairs to the other levels. There's DEFINITELY smoke, and it smells. The white lights are on, which is unusual because you'd expect red emergency lights to be on.

Fleb: "Careful, check your corners and let the robot go first!"



Pyon: "G-got it!"

Fleb: Any sign of the other boarding team?



Pyon proceeds to hide behind the robot



mk b. (GM): (There, fixed alignment)

Nope! No sign of fecking anybody so far yet actually, which is suspicious. There's a very obvious trapdoor behind the stairwell going up.

Fleb: Cargo door probably, we're at the bottom of the ship.



mk b. (GM): <https://i.pinimg.com/236x/c3/8d/43/c38d4376a50bd84591845e3383fedcba--pirate-movies-the-ice.jpg>(<https://i.pinimg.com/236x/c3/8d/43/c38d4376a50bd84591845e3383fedcba--pirate-movies-the-ice.jpg>) The robot is bulky, and can in fact be used as cover; frankly it's mostly what they are good for, since you got the cheap ones.

You hear "Hut hut hut hut hut!" coming from the stairs.

Fleb: "Firing positions!"

Do we know which stairwell they're coming from?
or is the answer "all of them"



mk b. (GM): (The two things sticking out are supposed to be arms, eh)



Pyon understands the robot being cheap. Is also a cheap clone stock, but can follow orders! What's a firing position? Kneel, point death at bad things?

Fleb takes cover behind something facing where the bad guys are coming from.



mk b. (GM): Looks like they're coming from the easy-to-walk-down stairs rather than the half stair half ladder in the middle.

Fleb: Cool, then we can take cover behind that and the bike



mk b. (GM): Pyon, you're behind a partition wall that should be easyish to shoot from.

Fleb waves his squad into position and points the the stairs.



mk b. (GM): Fleb, the staircase makes good cover, but not if someone descends from it.

Fleb: Yeah no

That's kinda why I was asking where the first bunch of guys is coming from :P



mk b. (GM): The quad bike is the sort of thing you'd love to have around on a countryside world, and looks sturdy.



Pyon: Aaaa badguys

Fleb: "Ready? FIRE!"



Pyon: "SIR, YOU ARE BEING RUDE, PLEASE DESIST OR YOU WILL BE ESCORTED FROM THE PREMISES!" She yells as she lets out a spray of fire from her weapon.



mk b. (GM): The responders come down from the stairs! They're wearing... Imperian light armor? This was supposed to be a bunch of slavers! They walk down the stairs at a quick parade pace, in perfect order, which gives you guys the first shot.

Fleb: ...are we attacking the wrong ship?

whatever, imperials = bad, shoot em



Pyon: (Our intel was probably flubbed or wrong)



mk b. (GM): No; you saw the ship through the boarding can's tiny portholes. It's the ship you've been trading fire with. Your intel is commonly used as a random number generator for shipboard card games.



Pyon: rolling 3d6k2+2

(2 + 2 + 3)+2

= 7

aaaaaaaaaaaaapewpewpewaaaaaaaaaaaaa

Fleb: (ok we were trading fire with the wrong ship, great intel)



mk b. (GM): Which derp are you shootan at?

itsakitten!



Pyon: The closest one

Fleb: is this a surprise round?



mk b. (GM): (Sort of)



Pyon: I don't think she has the presence of mind to actually aim and is kind of just spreadfiring



mk b. (GM): rolling 1d3

(2)

= 2

Fleb: (well, we either get to attack, then choose dice and pick timing, or not - I'm asking so I know if I can use 4 dice here or not)

(kinda important whether or not I get shot in the face with 0 defense or not!)



mk b. (GM): (Yep! And yes, surprise round)

Fleb: Then 4 dice!

rolling 5d6k4+1 skull farming!

(4 + 1 + 4 + 2 + 5)+1

= 16



mk b. (GM): kitten: First name of derp, please? (Or first and last name, but that makes you a bit stronger than fleb and pyon)

Fleb: (hi kite!)



kittendoll: (Sami Yan)



mk b. (GM) takes a 10 second daww break because kittens kittening



mk b. (GM): (dun hafta join in, but can if want!)

Fleb, who are you shooting at?

rolling 2d6-2 1

(3 + 6)-2

= 7

rolling 2d6-2 2

(6 + 5)-2

= 9

rolling 2d6-2 3

(1 + 1)-2

= 0

Fleb: Uhhh...let's go with "the guy who rolled a 0"

:P

Fleb takes a couple chips off the 4th wall for a souvenir

Fleb: otherwise idunno, looks like they're gonna assault so lead guy?

also pyon shot somebody too



mk b. (GM): Pyon, you hit your guy square in the forehead! Which, unfortunately is one of the few spots where imperian light armor is worth more than the equivalent weight in papier mache. The mini rocket bounces off, which makes the third guy flinch and stand up. Which is enough for Fleb's shot to

very neatly get him in the chest! Dead or not, he's down.

Fleb: "Aim center of mass, their helmets are the only good armor!"

"Remember your training!"



mk b. (GM): The robot has been instructed to cover you from the catwalk ladder, and does so. He shoots upwards, at nothing in particular, by way of suppression fire.



Pyon: "Aim?! Training?!"

Fleb remembers it very clearly since it was last week



mk b. (GM): (You all have 6 timing, so, roll me some initiative, 1d6)

Fleb: rolling 1d6+6

(2)+6

= 8



Pyon: 6

So 12 if it's +6

Fleb: (iirc that's how it works?)



mk b. (GM): (yep)

rolling 2d6/2

(4 + 1)/2

= 2.5

The two remaining derps finally get into firing position, meaning you get to go again first. Might want to take cover first though....

Fleb definitely takes that cover!

Fleb: (pyon is first?)



mk b. (GM): (yep)

(then derps, then fleb.)

(is this potential fun?)



Pyon: "Sir, the girls are for looking, not touching!" Taking cover while firing.

rolling 3d6k2+2

(6 + 1 + 6)+2

= 14

(Yes, this is fun. :P{

Fleb: (yeah, working well so far!)

(stop being so damn scared)



mk b. (GM): Pyon, your second shot goes in a lot better than the first!

rolling 2d6-2

(6 + 3)-2

= 7



Pyon seems more nervous about messing up the job than her own safety, by how she huddles behind the stair ramp.



mk b. (GM): "Dammit, he was three days to retirement!" Given that you've hit him in the shoulder, he's probably going to make it, but whatever. The remaining Imperian takes aim at Fleb!

(Fleb, pick defense?)

Fleb: I'll roll 2, these guys are useless and I'm in cover.

rolling 2d6 defense? Not sure if I have a modifier.

(5 + 6)

= 11



mk b. (GM): Fleb, you watch the gyrojet bullet hit the stair railing. Its exhaust would smell a bit if it wasn't for the fact that you can still smell the explosion from earlier. You get to return fire!

Fleb does so, using the stair railing to stabilize his gun!

Fleb: rolling 2d6+1 bang!

(2 + 5)+1

= 8

oh wait I have specialization in rifle

rolling 1d6

(2)

= 2

...mook dice.



mk b. (GM): (lol)

(fuck, door0

Fleb: (derf oki)



mk b. (GM): rolling 2d6-2

(4 + 5)-2

= 7

Fleb: (everything ok?)



mk b. (GM): (anthony wanted powerbrick)

Fleb: (ah)

(okies)



mk b. (GM): The good news is that you hit the guy! The bad news is that it doesn't do a whole lot. "It'll take more than that!"

The robot can be told to fire at this guy, or to continue suppressing the staircase.

Fleb: "GET HIM ROBOT!"



mk b. (GM): rolling 2d6-1

(5 + 4)-1

= 8

rolling 2d6-2

(6 + 5)-2

= 9

And it doesn't!

Fleb: dammit robot



mk b. (GM): (Pyon, your go!)

(Conservation of ninjitsu)



Pyon is starting to get used to this? She tries aiming, staying up maybe a bit longer than she should.



Pyon: rolling 4d6k3+2

(5 + 4 + 2 + 5)+2

= 16



mk b. (GM): (Yarp!)

rolling 2d6-2 The one guy left can't really take cover behind much since he's a dumbass and he's in the middle of the room....

(5 + 6)-2

= 9

And down he goes.

Which way are you going? The quad bike is tempting, but it's JUST narrow enough to be ridden up the stairs, so it won't be trivial to do.

There's a very obvious trap door behind you.

Fleb is somewhat sure the trap door goes to space and is very securely locked, but do I remember that from the outside of the ship?

Fleb: Or is the hull thicker than that here



mk b. (GM): No, you didn't get to see that side of the ship very clearly. A lot of ships of this size use fake detail (greebling) to obscure the real design elements; doubly so for suspected slave transports, although so far this looks very empty.

Fleb: fair point. Well, if it was full of marines they'd have shot us already.



mk b. (GM): (There, in-universe justification for greebles.)

Fleb: Better check it for the slaves.

Also, we should check the guys we shot.

Sure would be nice if someone gave us some grenades



Pyon: I'm trying to figure out this map. The stairs I'm on are taking me toward the [Mach 5]?

Fleb: (looks that way yes)



mk b. (GM): (Yep)

Fleb: (and yes that's the mach 5 and I have no idea why)

(but if we can boost it, bonus points)



mk b. (GM): They didn't have any grenades, but you pick up some extra ammo. Everyone's using the same "roughly .50 caliber" mini rockets in this sector, mostly because they are cheap and fly straight although penetration stinks due to low velocity.

Fleb: Eyy, may as well grab their ammo and hand it out to the squad, and by squad I mean the one other derp here



mk b. (GM): Pyon, you climb up to what looks like is a bolted-on addition to the cargo bay ceiling! There's a really fancy landspeeder hanging from a simple gantry.

It's -really- fancy. By the look of it it's just got bought from a dealership, some of the chrome details are still in bubble wrap!

Fleb: \$_\$



mk b. (GM): It's probably worth half as much as the ship. Is this the ship's real cargo?

You hear very loud steps towards the front section of the ship.



Pyon: Ooh, pretty. Maybe, but I have a suspicion it's not. It's distraction tits for any investigators.



mk b. (GM): Fleb, you got ammo! You also confirmed that the older guy has basically taken a fall; he's clutching his shoulder and moaning loudly, which means he's not in THAT much pain.



Pyon: "Awawawawa, more *honored guests* this way."



mk b. (GM): Pyon, you can't tell if this thing has a GGG or not, but some of the fancy hovercars do.

Fleb: I point my gun at his chest. "You stayin down? We're here for the slaves, not you guys."

Fleb does take his gun, getting the robot to stow it cos the robot's got a free hand



mk b. (GM): The older humanoid nods.

Fleb: "Where they keepin em anyway?"



mk b. (GM): The robot is having some problems negotiating the narrow staircase.
In that it keeps switching between "walk up stairs" and "climb a ladder".

Fleb: ...

Dammit robot



Pyon: (back in a moment)

Fleb: (eepl kies)



mk b. (GM): "What slaves? We're carrying a race car and racing crew!"

Fleb: "...the HELL? You guys were flagged as slavers, YOU WERE SHOOTING AT US!"

"If you're not carrying slaves, get everybody to stand down, there's another boarding team, maybe we can stop this!"

"wait...aren't we at war?"



mk b. (GM): "I'm just security, talk to the fecking captain!" The guy howls as you shake him a bit.

Fleb: "Well call the fecking captain?"

"I'm not on your radio frequency!"



mk b. (GM): "The bridge is locked down, idiot."

Fleb double checks, are we currently at war or not quite war with the spiral empire right now?



mk b. (GM): You quickly ask the robot, which tells you no, but its data is about two weeks old, which when it comes to Stra-Kuhl is an eternity. This boarding action was in fact against slavers according to your corvette's ship log.

Also, these guys look like Imperians, but this is a civilian ship. A somewhat poorly armed one at that.

Fleb: "Alright then. Come with us and we'll see if we can stop this shooting?"

"Our radios got blown up."



mk b. (GM): You grab the guy. With intent to hurt him (bad arm) or not (good arm)?

rolling 1d2

(1)

= 1

The robot still can't navigate the narrow staircase.

Fleb: not really interested in hurting him

Fleb was going to tell the robot to come back down, if it made it up or not.

Fleb: "Squad regroup, we'll take the other stairs then. Dammit robot, get down here."



mk b. (GM): It's mostly going "OUCH" at the lowest step.

Fleb: (yeah okay)



mk b. (GM): (boarding robots are very good at being mobile cover that can shoot back. see robosapien for everything else)

Fleb: (LOL)



mk b. (GM): You get the guy's walkie talkie. "Eleven, report! How many boarders are there!"

Fleb debates between an officer impression and just asking what the fuck is going on

Fleb goes for a bit of both

Fleb takes the walkie talkie. "IN THE NAME OF THE DARK LORD WE ORDER YOU TO SURRENDER. Also, your guys said you're not actually slavers? If you're not slavers you can just surrender and nobody else has to get shot."

Fleb wonders where the fuck the other boarding team is



mk b. (GM): (lol)

Good question! Looks like they haven't even breached.

"Surrender? We blew up half of you guys coming in. How about you surrender and we let you leave in the shuttle."

Fleb: Great, so we might have lost the other boarding shuttle...

Fleb cuts the walkie talkie. "What kind of fanatics ARE these guys?" he asks the downed guard.

Fleb debates a shuttle, a big titted bunny girl, and a free quad bike vs a promotion for taking the ship with 3 guys



Pyon: (back now)

"Umm, h-how many of them are here, pyo?"

Fleb realizes various people would probably blow him out of space before that goes anywhere, so we should probably just kill these assholes if they're gonna be that way.

Fleb: "Heck if I know."



mk b. (GM): (yay dee back!)

Guard: "We were contracted out to escort VIPs!"



Pyon: "Oh. Oh-okay. That makes finishing this a little harder. Can we just... umm, aerate the bridge and call in a pickup?"

Fleb: "I'm still not a fan of shooting more people if they're actually just a merchant crew."



mk b. (GM): Not with the weapons you have, but you can probably order the robot to bring up the drill, if it's still intact, which it probably is.

Fleb: ...that's a pretty good idea.

that drill has a lot of good ideas.



mk b. (GM): For now, where will you go?



Pyon: "Then we... disable everything else and lock them in?"

Fleb: Well if we're not getting any more information, I guess we need to find main engineering.

They at least gave us a layout of the fucking ship I hope



mk b. (GM): That's easiest done from the GGG hub room. On this particular ship, it's very far aft.

Yes, you have a complete layout. (Can't you see it?)

Fleb: (yeah, just making sure I can see it IC)



mk b. (GM): It's a standard civilian transport model; the blueprints are on file. Your map is likely to be only a tiny bit wrong.

Fleb: Great.

Fleb heads to the stairs, then

Fleb: robot on point, we'll take those stairs?

Do we keep the hostage or toss him in the infirmary and be the good guys here...eh we already have a meatshield. I'll lock him in the infirmary.
Keeping his radio



Pyon: Yeah, lock him in the recovery room with some first aid, then let's disable the ship and contain the crew?

Fleb: Yeah, that's kinda what I'm thinkin, if we CAN take the ship, that's a lotta guys.

BTW

I said we checked the trapdoor, right? Did we find what was in there?

was anything in there?

or was it fake



Pyon: Just use the ship's defenses against them. Break the locks so that they can't open and play annoying music until they mentally break and WANT to be captured.

Fleb: haha

(sry for slow)

(I guess stuff going on?)



mk b. (GM): (noworries)

Fleb: (youok?)



mk b. (GM): (yep! kinda fading faster than thought)

Fleb: (okies)

(sry)

(eep @ short bursts of awake)



mk b. (GM): You quickly check the trap door! It contains a bunch of wiring, some of which is clearly under power because some jackass used the wrong bolts for something and it's glowing red.

<http://i.imgur.com/gOzKvNk.png>(<http://i.imgur.com/gOzKvNk.png>)

Fleb: ...I don't know what this is but I have a space suit. I short a mag of gyro rockets across it, pointing them into the mechanism.

short circuit and ammo cookoff in one!

"Back up"



Pyon: "Okie!" Backs up almost excessively

Fleb ALSO BACKING UP because fireworks.



mk b. (GM): FOOM FOOM FOOM FOOM FOOM FOOM! Whatever the heck it is that you did FINALLY got the lights to turn off; the reddish emergency lights mostly come on as they should.

Fleb: Alright, we did some damage



mk b. (GM): rolling 1d2

(2)

= 2

Fleb: Let's get up the stairs towards engineering and set up another ambush!



mk b. (GM): You all feel the subtle change in the artificial gravity which tells you that the ship's GGG is in heading-hold mode.

Fleb: "Go go go!"

Fleb points up to the engineering stairs "Double time it robot!"



Pyon follows!



mk b. (GM): Are you going up to level 2?

Fleb hauls ass!

Fleb: Yes



Pyon helps the robot!

Fleb: We're either going to ambush the next recovery team or run right into them.

Fleb has a hand on his sword



mk b. (GM): SORD

You run right into it! Specifically, Pyon does.



Pyon: "Wah!"



mk b. (GM): This bit of ship has a bunch of doors set up to act as secondary airlocks between the cargo area and the passenger area, which means that guns won't do you much good.

Fleb: I don't know what the fuck these guys are carrying but there's no way a racing team needs THIS many soldiers aboard



Pyon: Srsly. "R-robo! Apply punching!"

Fleb: (you good to do another combat Kay?)



Pyon draws sword and buckler while leaving rifle hanging on strap.



mk b. (GM): (Yep!)

Fleb: (kies!)

Fleb does the same, ready swords!



mk b. (GM): Unfortunately, the robot doesn't respond quickly enough. Fortunately, it's blocking the way, so they have to squeeze past it one at a time!

The robot starts punching the door, preventing it from sliding open all the way.

rolling 1d6+6 Initiative for derps

(5)+6

= 11

(Ooh)

Fleb: rolling 1d6+6 initiative for us

(6)+6

= 12

BAM!



Pyon: Yey



mk b. (GM): (Pyon?)

Fleb: (so which door did the stupid robot disable?)



Pyon: 7



mk b. (GM): The door that the robot is in front of.



Pyon: Derp

Fleb: oh, between me and the robot

...AWESOME.

dammit robot



mk b. (GM): Fleb, you took the short stairs, so you get to act before everyone else.

Fleb: do I even see any hostiles?

or is it just closed doors, punched doors, and dammit robot?



mk b. (GM): So far it's closed doors, you har pouncing, and MAYBE you can shoot past the robot?

(Non-AI droids in this settings are DUMB guys. Use as mobile sentry guns or, like in this case, as obstacles. Think alloy SHIV)

Fleb: (yeah)

ok so the robot's got those hostiles blocked in

and these doors are on manual right now right?



mk b. (GM): Yep. Ship's in low power mode.

Fleb: Awesome. Time to bolt for engineering. Double move.



mk b. (GM): (If you ned an idea what stuff looks like: spengies)

Fleb turns on walkie talkie. "They're trying to breach the bridge stairs!"

Fleb: (how fast am I?)



mk b. (GM): (12)

(for doubl move)

Fleb: oki



mk b. (GM): rolling 1d2

(2)

= 2

"Roger that!"

Fleb: ok, I get into engineering then? I assume I can open a door as part of my move?
and that it costs N squares where N is less than five?



mk b. (GM): ya

Yeah. The engineering consoles look like things that you don't know how to operate, but you can make some educated guesses. In the meantime, one of the guards gets out and takes a swing at Pyon with.... a baseball bat? Oh, those were the crew quarters. These guys are out of armor. Fortunately they aren't out of underwear.

rolling 2d6-2 Guard taking a swing at Pyon

(3 + 2)-2

= 3



Pyon: "Awawawawa!"

rolling 2d6+2

(5 + 5)+2

= 12

Wait, how do i know how to use this shield



mk b. (GM): (The robot also carries a lot of manuals, and will read them to you. If your tech isn't miniaturized enough for PDAs, put a desktop pc on legs)
Pyon, overall not very well. (But enough to parry with it). It's a standard issue boarding buckler, with Stra-Kuhl's insignia on it.
Fleb, what are you trying to do with the engineering console? Fortunately, the controls are labeled.



Pyon: "S-sir, our girls are for clean entertainment only! We are not rated for explicit acts at this venue!"



mk b. (GM): rolling 1d2

(2)

= 2

Pyon, the guard IS in fact trying to check you out, a bit. Except there's a robot in the way. Since these guys are True Imperians, at least they have the courtesy of being a bit embarrassed.

Fleb will see if he can get the emergency door locks to work from here!



mk b. (GM): Pyon, you easily deflect the blow! Time to hit back.

Then you can tell the robot to keep being in the way, or go help Fleb.

Fleb: Robot can also probably punch bad guys



mk b. (GM): Yes

(Okay, I have a plot for the rest of this caper.)



Pyon: rolling 2d6+2

(1 + 1)+2

= 4

I try aiming the robot by turning it, rather than striking with sword.

Fleb: (lol?)



mk b. (GM): rolling 3d6-2 That.... Really should not work.

(1 + 6 + 2)-2

= 7

rolling 2d6-2

(1 + 1)-2

= 0

(Mooks vs mooks ladies and gentlemen)

The robot keeps punching the door, but Pyon swivels it enough that it punches the guard's arm. Which is a really good way to break both the bat and the arm! Looks like this guy is out of the fight.



Pyon: "S-sorry!"



mk b. (GM): (lawl)

Fleb: (lol krunch)



mk b. (GM): (loldice)

Flerp, you spent a bit of time reading the various toggle switches that surround the monochrome terminal that controls the engine. One of them is some sort of airlock override that lets you open all the doors, return all the doors to normal operation, or lock all the doors. It's supposed to be used in case of noxious gases.

Fleb: Awesome. Let's buy those two some time to fight who they're fighting by locking all the doors!



mk b. (GM): All the doors are locked with a not-at-all-ominous pneumatic hiss!

Pyon, the second guard attacks you, or tries to, since the robot is still in front of you punching the place where his comrade was.

rolling 1d6-2 Shee'd obviously rather be elsewhere.

(3)-2

= 1

(Defend, and then can counterattack)



Pyon: rolling 2d6+2

(6 + 3)+2

= 11

rolling 3d6k2+2

(4 + 4 + 5)+2

= 11

And then sword counter!



mk b. (GM): rolling 3d6-2

(2 + 6 + 2)-2

= 8

And down she goes. She's smart enough to clutch her wound and stay down. "Okay okay, I give!"

She points to the medical kit box in the corner, which probably contains a tub of medical slime mold and little else. "Little help?" She can't get up to get it herself; you can help or not.

Fleb, your turn!



Pyon: "Oh! Oh. Sorry. I didn't mean to. Well I did, but..."



mk b. (GM): (Use an action to help, or not, yer call)



Pyon will help!



Pyon will make sure she's disarmed, at least.

Fleb: Alright! What else can I do in here to cause some chaos?



Pyon is worried that she was given knowledge of swordplay, considering what she was supposedly designed for.

Fleb looks to start trouble!



mk b. (GM): When you push the tub closer, she opens it and starts putting the goo on her wound. Once activated by body heat or thermal bandages, It hurts enough to make people pass out, but she'll probably be on her feet in a few days.days. Pyon, she wasn't carrying a weapon, just another baseball bat; your sword's better.



Pyon: Okay! So I've disabled two more. Umm, where is Fleb.



mk b. (GM): Fleb, from there you can.... Well, you can wait for the robot to tell you what stuff does, since it has the manual for this. For now, you can manipulate the doors again, turn the engines on and off, launch the shuttle (which is empty), and turn the oxygen on and off; if you turn that off it'll take a while for the air to cycle out.

Fleb is at the engineering console.

Pyon, the guards on the other side are trying to open the doors.

Fleb: Bridge crew scrambling for helmets sounds like a good time. I'm going to start venting O2.



Pyon: Can I get to where Fleb is, along with robot? "Robot! Stop punch!"



mk b. (GM): Pyon: Yes, but you've got to break one door.

The other doods have got to break at least two. The robot stops with the punching!

Fleb, while you DO have a helmet, you don't have much of an air tank. But, you do have one. You turn off the oxygen.

Note that the expensive racecar does not have a roof, much less any insulated environment inside.

Fleb: Oh, how much oxygen do we have?



mk b. (GM): Good question. Roll me engineering improv.

Fleb: rolling 2d6 good question indeed.

(6 + 2)

= 8



mk b. (GM): (You have a 2 in all stats, improv is -2, so, straight die)

(lol six)

Fleb: (okies)



mk b. (GM): You watch the needle start to move and figure that it'll go down more or less at a constant rate. In five minutes there will be too little air to put up a fight. In twenty minutes your own air tank will run out. Fortunately, spaceship oxygen systems are designed to fill faster than they drain.

Pyon?

Fleb: Alright, then let's use it as I first planned, to get them scrambling for helmets and buy us a bit more time.



mk b. (GM): Okay! Pyon, you can force the door or have the robot do it and look around the berths some moar.



Pyon: "Robot, open this door!" I pount to the door, "...Please."

I will look around for stuff and secure the prisoners!

Fleb cuts the engines and waits for relief from his squad!

Fleb: Or maybe from the other boarding party, or pretty much anyone else from his ship, cmon you fucks I've disabled the ship



mk b. (GM): Fleb, are you cutting the GGG off entirely (this ship is small, so you will all be floating around) or just putting it in heading hold mode?

Fleb: Point, you said it's already in heading hold mode, and I need gravity to do what I do.

I'm going to get this door open and wait for the robot.



mk b. (GM): rolling 1d2

(2)

= 2

rolling 1d2

(2)

= 2

You guys catch up before the other guards manage to open either door.



Pyon: "Okay. I've disabled two guards. What next?"

Fleb: "Well done! I'm venting the atmosphere. We'll get them running for helm..ets...AW SHIT the slaves!"



mk b. (GM): With the robot there, you can use the engineering terminal! It won't let you fly the ship, but it will tell you what rooms have people in it, by monitoring attempts to turn the power or air back on.

Fleb turns the atmo back on.



mk b. (GM): (Thank you lol)

Fleb gets the monitoring

Fleb: (hey I'm not supposed to be good at my job that's the commander's job)



mk b. (GM): There are people in the other crew berths (2)

There are people in the bridge (1)

There are people in the port ahead crew quarters (2)



Pyon: "Can you vent it in the places only the crew is in?"



mk b. (GM): There are people in the restroom (4 on level 3)

You don't know how many people each, but this is a transport ship; that it had seven guards at all is weird. What's also weird is that the engineer wasn't at his or her post, which would normally be here - then again, they did have some warning.

Oh, looks like there are people trying to get to the shuttle!

(Blips added)

Fleb: "looks like they're trying to jump ship!"



Pyon: "Wait, VIP... Kidnappers?"

Fleb: "...get to the shuttle!"



Pyon: "Y-yes!"

Fleb: can I stop it from launching from here, lock the docking clamps?



Pyon: "Robot, come with me!"



mk b. (GM): No. What you can do however is leave the robot here so that it can control the doors for you, if you can't use it elsewhere. Wiring a walkie talkie into the console to do the same thing without dropping the robot is something neither of you know how to do (although you can try)

(I marked the doors that are openable without problems, or you can use the robot to punch them open)

(or punch them yourselves)

Fleb: ...right, if I open all the doors they'll get the shuttle right away

And...she's leaving with the robot. Welp, charge then!

If we can't take the shuttle and get the VIP we'll just have to seize the ship.

Fleb is going to listen for when they're getting to the shuttle bay, then open all the door!

Fleb: Then I'm going to run for it to catch up to them!



mk b. (GM): So you're going towards (5)?

Fleb: does 5 go to the shuttle? Or is it 3?



mk b. (GM): If you're going to (3) you an just go down the stairs and back up, eh.

Fleb: yeah

yeahwheresdf?

where do they need to go?

Fleb is, as said, staying in engine room until opening all doors roughly when they get to where they need to be.



Pyon: If you want robot, keep it, I hadn't quite left

(Sorry, started on burgers after last message)



mk b. (GM): Nothing is urgent right now; take a sec to plan route (Or let's call it and slp but I wanna finish this some time lol)

Fleb: (eepkies sry)



mk b. (GM): (I'm good!)

Fleb: (calling it and sleeping / cooking might be best, I think you and d are both getting slightly distracted)

(I do want to finish this)



Pyon: (Yeah, same)

Fleb: (I won't be around much tomorrow night, I do have to go to that job interview)

(not a fan of the whole idea honestly, I'm like 90% sure the whole idea of these guys will make me want to vomit and regret wasting all the travel time)



Pyon: Route looks good, we're leaving the robot for opening doors?

Fleb: (but that 10% it could be good job iuno)

Uh, yeah we could do that.



mk b. (GM): (up to yall!)

Fleb: Idunno, I don't trust leaving the robot alone with guys coming :P

It's not very good at running



mk b. (GM): It will defend itself; it's just not going to be very good at it. It's pretty decent at running, what it's not good at is turning or stopping..//



Pyon: Robot doesn't need to run, robot just need smash

Fleb: LOL fair

yeah ok, let's let the robot control the doors then. Do we have a way to communicate with the robot? >_>

we have no radios lol



mk b. (GM): Yes, walkie talkies.

Fleb: oh we do

awesome



mk b. (GM): You have helmets. How have you talked to each other this far :P Just, they're on a different frequency than the guards'.

Fleb: I presumed at the start that we were just talking through open grills or something that we could close for air when you said something about not being able to radio the other boarding team :P



mk b. (GM): They have their own channel. The only people with cross channel radios are the squad leaders.

(That's how it works in EVE right?)



Pyon: Ah ha

Fleb: (yeah)

(that makes sense, that's why I wanted to get the commander's radio)



mk b. (GM): So, going to the common area and leaving the robbit at engineering to control doors and/or turn off gravity?



Pyon: Yeah

Fleb: Yeah going for the shuttle.



mk b. (GM): rolling 1d2

(2)

= 2

(Wow yer lucky with the other derps breaking down the door)

You hear someone fiddling with the door on the other side of the corridor.

Frm here you can get to the bridge directly, and also to the other crew quarters that are occupied.... which oddly nobody's trying to get out of.



Pyon: If it opens and shuts suddenly, it might squish them. >_>

If they're not leaving, probably okay to wait to secure them.

Fleb: (that might be the slaves)

Yeah it seems like we'll have the ship secured shortly.

Let's engage the guys going for the shuttle before they can escape.

"Robot, open shuttle corridor doors!"



mk b. (GM): The ship shudders a bit; the pilot is trying to restart the GGG.

The doors open!

"Ha, got it!"

Fleb: "Ha, got YOU!"

"Hands up!"



mk b. (GM): Who goes in first

Fleb: looks like bunny is more eager



Pyon: "Sir, desist your lewd acts and assume position to be escorted out of the club!"

Fleb is very confused.

Fleb: LOL JEB



Pyon is also confused.



Pyon has been confused this entire time.



Pyon cannot legally drink, but wants to.



mk b. (GM): By the tools strapped on the suit, and the grease stains, looks like you've found the ship's engineer. "I wasn't humping the docking port, I was trying to open it! I swear!"

Pyon, you aren't too sure.

Fleb: So the engineer is deciding to abandon ship by himself? Great disciplined crew.



mk b. (GM): Well, at least he's wearing pants.



Pyon: "...Yes. Let's go with that. Keep your hands up where I can see them!"



mk b. (GM): So at worst he was dry humping the docking port. He raises his hands. "I just run the ship, I got nothing to do with any of this!"



Pyon: "Umm, so what do we do with him, pyo?"

As an aside to Fleb.

Fleb: "Yeah, well we're going to need that escape shuttle in a bit. You're welcome to join."



mk b. (GM): rolling 1d2

(2)

= 2

Fleb thinks more prisoners more better

mk b. (GM): How will you prevent him from just taking off? There's wire to tie him up with, but he's probably going to wriggle out. You could also go for a head conk.

There's noise on the small bridge, but nobody's trying to get out from the crew quarters.

Fleb: Ugh. We won't be long. We'll just tie him up AND get the robot to seal the corridor again.

Fleb hogties the engineer

mk b. (GM): rolling 1d2

(1)

= 1

That gets done! Were to next?

Fleb: Get back through the common area and get ready to take the bridge!



mk b. (GM): There's a few noises coming from the crew area but nothing intelligible. From the bridge, someone is basically fapping a big knife switch trying to restart the GGG, except your robot is doing the opposite in engineering.

Who goes in first, and where?

Fleb: "Robot, open the bridge door"

I'll take point unless she's jumping in front again



mk b. (GM): Pyon?



Pyon: I'll let Fleb take point

Fleb: Going in then!

Sword and buckler out



mk b. (GM): At the bridge you find the captain, who's swearing up a storm, and another random in Imperian uniform. Notably the captain isn't wearing any insignia; she's probably the owner of this ship, under contract. "Fiends! You will not take us alive!" "Speak for yourself, eh!"

Fleb: "What the hell is going on here?"



mk b. (GM): "We will protect the Macho Cinco racing crew from you evildoers!"



Pyon can sort of tell which ones are women... They have really small boobs, but they do sort of have them. Keeps quiet for Fleb to speak.

mk b. (GM): "Have at you!"

rolling 1d6+6 Initiative for the guard

(4)+6

= 10

Fleb: rolling 1d6+6 initiative

(4)+6

= 10

"I still have no idea what's going on, we got called in on you guys hauling slaves!"



mk b. (GM): (Alertness, both of you?)

"The Dark Lord lies! The Dark Lord always lies!"

(also, initiative)

Fleb: rolling 2d6+1 alertness

(4 + 5)+1

= 10



mk b. (GM): (We're nearly done)

Fleb: (rolled a 10 init)



Pyon: rolling 2d6+2

(5 + 1)+2

= 8

(Wait, alertness or awareness or are they the same)



mk b. (GM): (Same)

(thanks for catching it, i missed it editing)



Pyon: rolling 1d6+6 Initiative, derp.

(4)+6

= 10



mk b. (GM): (lolrolls)

rolling 1d6

(6)

= 6

Looks like you were busy with the door, so the guard gets the drop on Fleb. Pyon, alertness?

rolling 2d6-2 Have at you indeed! Time to cross swords.

(1 + 3)-2

= 2

(loldice)

(Fleb, defend, counterattack, then is pyons turn)



Pyon: (I rolled 8 for alertness)

Fleb: rolling 2d6k1+1 What a shitty strike, I'm going to take advantage!

(4 + 4)+1

= 5

when I'm using specializations, do I get the advantage die on one, or both rolls in a turn?



mk b. (GM): Pyon, you notice that when Fleb mentioned slave, the captain just kinda ducked and hid behind the console.



Pyon: (It's on one side for that turn, iirc)



mk b. (GM): (ya)

Fleb: (kies)



mk b. (GM): *slaves

Fleb: (makes sense)



mk b. (GM): Fleb, you easily parry with the buckler.

Fleb: who goes next?

we all rolled a 10 lol



mk b. (GM): (Fleb, counterattack, then is pyons turn)

Fleb: (kies)

rolling 3d6+1 counterattack!

(2 + 3 + 6)+1

= 12



mk b. (GM): And.... down the guard goes.

Fleb parries high, and goes for a two handed buckler bash to the head!



mk b. (GM): Whatever this guy is dreaming about it's probably better than his current situation

Fleb: Probably.



mk b. (GM): "Feck. I surrender!"

That was the ship's captain.

Fleb: "FINALLY SOME COMMON SENSE!"



Pyon: "Yay!"

Fleb: "One of the guards started telling me this story about a racing team, and our intel said you were hauling slaves."

"What the HELL is going on?"



mk b. (GM): "You can have the car, just release the bolts on the catwalk and slide it out the back. But if you try to take my ship I swear to Crom that I'll blow it up!"

Fleb: "...we're not here to steal a car"

"We're here to arrest slavers."



mk b. (GM): "Yeah you got the wrong guys then! Get your stupid ground car and get out of my home!"



(To Pyon): She's sweating.

Fleb: "We'll have to search the ship to make sure you're telling the truth. Radio our ship, stand down, we'll search your stuff and get out of here. Deal?"

"If you were never hauling slaves in the first place WHY DID YOU SHOOT AT US?!"

"Why didn't you just let us come aboard, inspect the ship, and not have to hack through your security?"



Pyon: Fleb said things I was planning. I'mma check that room with the life signs!

Fleb thinks we need to clone these fanatics lol



mk b. (GM): "Listen, grunt, you guys started it. I was perfectly happy dropping the car and racing crew at Stross for the land claim race. Then all of a sudden some bucket head comes on the vid and starts screaming at me incoherently!"

Pyon, you open the door to find a bunch of people in racing outfits. They are manacled to the walls and have duct tape on their mouths.

Fleb: ...

Le gasp!

Fleb: well then.



Pyon will remove the duct tape from mouth. Gently. Which is honestly really quickly to minimize pain, but yeah.

Fleb: we have a place to put our prisoners.



Pyon: "Sorry."

Fleb: I'm guessing this asshole is a pirate then.



Pyon: I apologize in advance before pulling it off.



mk b. (GM): "THANK YOU! That was the scariest rescue ever!"

"Why how often has this happened to you?"

"Twice, why?"



mk b. (GM): "We're going to have to talk at the next shop meeting!"



Pyon: They were kidnapping a race team to prevent a land claim from going through.
Is my guess.

Fleb: Seems likely.



mk b. (GM): The captain notices that you've opened the crew quarters. ".... Ah, feck."

Fleb looks over to the crew quarters.

Fleb: "Trooper, report!"



Pyon: "I think I have an idea of what's going on, pyon. But I'm not paid to think! Tee hee."

Fleb gets his composure back

Fleb: "Try again!"



Pyon: "Umm, I found race crew bonded up and I don't think it was willing."

Fleb: "That explains the intel we got."

"Alright, that's it. You're under arrest. Robot, come to the bridge and radio our ship. Trooper, go get that engineer and get him locked up where those race crew were. Keep an eye on EVERYONE until we get men aboard and sort this mess out."



mk b. (GM): One of the racing crew confirms, and adds that she doesn't have plans for after the race, though.



Pyon does as told!



mk b. (GM): Do y'all unlock the racing crew to help you with rounding people up?

Fleb notes there were more people on level 3.

Fleb: Yeah, we can release them.



Pyon: I'd think so, yeah, unless told not to.

Fleb: We have a robot and a bunch of guns.

I don't think they feel like kicking people SAYING WE ARE RESCUING THEM off the ship by force :P



Pyon: We should also get our crew and patch up those that we can.

Fleb: Yeah, when we radio for help we'll call for a medic



mk b. (GM): The rounding-up happens quickly! You'll need the pilot to land this thing, but what you can do in the meantime is stay put in a holding pattern and turn the SOS beacon on. Where do you all meet up after rounding up the guards and patching up the wounded?

rolling 1d6-4

(5)-4

= 1

Fleb: I guess near the main bridge, area 3?



mk b. (GM): Looks like there was only one enemy casualty. Excellent job! The Imperians are guaranteed to file a honest report, so that'll look good on you.

Fleb: Yeah once I realized these guys weren't pirates, or thought they weren't pirates, I started going easy.
Their act probably saved a few lives.



mk b. (GM): You receive confirmation that a shuttle is inbound with a medic, a relief pilot, and a couple of engineers.
And then you hear a slow clap.



Pyon: "Pyo?"

Fleb turns toward the sound?



mk b. (GM): Your squad leader, Zack Parmesan, climbs down the stairs from level three.

Fleb: ...wait what?



Pyon: Le gasp!



mk b. (GM): "Excellent job, troopers! Thanks to my leadership, this boarding action went down almost by the book. Sure, we lost a few men, but it was a sacrifice I was willing to make. Macho Cinco team, I assume that i can count on you to race under Stra-Kuhl's colors next week?"

Fleb: "Wait, the guys we picked up hiding in the head were the other boarding team?"
"I thought they were more captives!"



mk b. (GM): (No, the other boarding team got thrown off course. This is your squad leader, who got back up and THEN hid in the head while you did all the work)



Pyon: That was by the book? What sort of book ... Nevermind. Hopefully I can get this mess cleared up and go to my actual assignment.

Fleb: (oh)

(sorry redact mine then)

"You survived sir? Well, color yourself lucky."

(great, I have an idiot for a CO)



mk b. (GM): He flashes a smile and presents a contract. "Shut up, trooper, the grown ups are talking."

Fleb: ...(so we basically unkidnapped them so we could extort them)



mk b. (GM): https://theinfosphere.org/images/d/d8/Zapp_promo.png(https://theinfosphere.org/images/d/d8/Zapp_promo.png)

Fleb: (yeah)



Pyon: (Already who I was picturing)

Welp. Bunny brain off so I don't figure out a way to drop him out of an airlock, because that's too much effort right now.



mk b. (GM): "After how we've been treated? I'll race for the Scourgelord himself rather than these bozos. Sure, sign us up. But, uh, who are you?"

"Zack Parmesan! I'm the leader of this rescue operation! And, of course, I get ten percent of your indenture to the Phoenicians when Stra-Kuhl formally frees you."



Pyon: (is totally going to toss him out of an airlock when she has the chance)



mk b. (GM): He pulls out ANOTHER piece of paper and motions for Fleb to take it. "Actually, befoe the relief team arrives, please sign the mission report so that these fine folks can be on their way to BRUTAL SUBJUGATION by our DARK LORD, for about four days after which they'll be able to leave with 90% of their emoluments."

He's obviously talking to the racing team rather than you.

The mission report looks like it was written by someone who was sitting on the toilet/

(The airlocks are on level one; you'd have to go that way to board the relief craft anyway)

Fleb: (lol)

(so tempting to space him)

(and blame it on either the defective clone trooper or the robot)



Pyon: (I was going to have robot apply hugs and "accidentally" toss him out)



mk b. (GM): "Yeah yeah whatever." The racing team quickly sign their contract.

"Robot, guard the prisoners until the relief team arrives! Troopers, follow me. Take the captain along."



Pyon: You could probably alter the mission report.



mk b. (GM): The robot, unsurprisingly, obeys this guy.

Fleb follows along.



Pyon: He probably won't read it.

Fleb: (probably not)

(honestly our command will probably read the Imperian report lol)

(the pirates are more likely to give an honest report)



mk b. (GM): You do in fact still have the report. A cursory reading indicates that it's about as made up as a Zoltan history book.

Fleb will make a point of swapping it for a real one.



mk b. (GM): The relief craft indicates that they'll dock with the ship at the main airlock (4); you muster down to the cargo hold. The captain says that, seriously, any attempts to take the ship from her, and she'll blow it up.



Pyon: Well, grabbing the captain as told. "Have you ever considered a job as a pillow? Much less chance of getting punched by angry bunnies."



mk b. (GM): Fleb, you got a real (if terribly boring) mission log from the robot. It's printed.

Fleb swaps in the robot's mission log, but leaves the first page of the idiot's mission report.



mk b. (GM): "No, I haven't, why?"

"SILENCE! And now, madam, we may have a few minutes for interrogation. Troopers, hold her. She is a slaver and in this region of space all are thrall to Stra-Kuhl!"

Fleb: "Sir, you may want to check for a self destruct."

Fleb holds the pirate captain.



Pyon: Is he standing on the trap door?



mk b. (GM): Yes.



Pyon: Wait, that's just a control panel.

Fleb: The one that goes to certain electrocution?



mk b. (GM): Yes.



Pyon: ...Yes.

Fleb: time for a tee-hee whoopsie? :P



Pyon: Is the button in "accidental" pushing range? >_>;

Fleb: why WOULD that open inward?



mk b. (GM): Because it's a trap door, it's what they do.

Fleb: LOL.



mk b. (GM): Pyon: You guys opened this earlier, so you know how to open it quickly.
(Payoff!)

Fleb: (amazing payoff)



Pyon: "Oh no, the prisoner is struggling and causing me to open the control panel, oops"



mk b. (GM): Who are you accidentally dropping on the high voltage wires?



Pyon: Parmesan.



mk b. (GM): *click*
woop



Pyon: "Oh no. Captain. Why. What a cruel twist of fate."



mk b. (GM): Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

Welp, maybe he'll get better. At some point. Maybe. Yeah let's go with that.

The captain jumps back.

Fleb: and nothing of value was lost



mk b. (GM): "Voice command. Turn off self destruct."

She has to repeat that a few times, because voice controls are really really crappy, but it does.



Pyon: "It is far too dangerous to attempt to perform extraction for medical attention. How sad."

Fleb: "Robot, go to engineering and confirm self destruct is disabled."



Pyon has been speaking in monotone, if not obvious.



mk b. (GM): You hear the robot stomp around upstairs.

(yeah)

Fleb notes he's in command at the moment and has to keep the act up.

Fleb: "As my previous commanding officer stated, however, slavery and kidnapping are theft of the vassals of the Lord Stra-Khul, and you will answer to a judge!"



mk b. (GM): "Look, I'm not stupid. You win this one. Can I give a counter proposal?"

Fleb: "Does it end in you not being under arrest?"



mk b. (GM): "Lock me in the head, same as fearless leader over there, and get your car and crew. If I make it out before your guys lock down the ship, good for me. If I don't, fair cop."

Fleb: "We get what out of this?"



mk b. (GM): ".... Feck, I got no leverage. Almost. I guess I don't rat you out for fragging your boss."

"Please? I know what the penalty for slavery for people like me is in Stra-Kuhl's territory."



Pyon: "But that was entirely an accident."

Fleb: "How about this. I don't see any slave labour, and kidnapping is a lot less of a charge around here."



mk b. (GM): The captain sighs. "Arright. I guess I can do the whole pillow thing for another year like your friend said. But I better get a receipt for the damn ship."

Fleb: "Beats what happens otherwise."



mk b. (GM): "And the legs."

The relief craft is docking. They also missed by a bit, but they are slightly less dumb, so they've backed off and are trying again.

Fleb: At least they're not blowing themselves up.

"I'll see what happens."

"Why the hell'd you pull this anyway?"



Pyon: "Receipt should be easy, yeah?"

Fleb: "Were you trying to extort them to race for you?"



Pyon reviews the report for mention of slavers and will correct if needed, thanks to deal.



mk b. (GM): "What would I do with a land claim? No, I was just doing transport. Feck if I know why the Phoenicians take indenture contracts so seriously. And feck if I know how they got Imperian guards for this. Same as me I guess, they called in favors that would go to waste otherwise."



Pyon: Actually, do I have time to write a report?



Pyon didn't know she could write. Neat.



mk b. (GM): Yes, by the sound of it. Docking will take a while: the docking port in the back isn't standard and the idea is to not break the expensive racecar that's right behind it.

(Yay, a oneshot got finished!)

Fleb: "Bad call to try to smuggle them into our space. Bad, bad call."

(yay!)

Fleb looks at the bunny. "So what are you, anyway? Some kind of misprogrammed pleasure drone? We really ought to get to know each other better."



Pyon: Then yeah. A report close enough to what actually happened, tweaked just a little to avoid mentioning slavers and instead just normal kidnapping plot for mostly unknown reasons.

Fleb will make sure to keep mention of the Phoenicians on the books, can't side with an enemy at war

Fleb does point out the dont-commit-treason bit

Fleb is ok with doctoring a mission report in not-treason ways



Pyon: "Umm, I'm not a drone. I'm a clone. I was supposed to be for the Parmecian Black Jack Palace, but I think there was a mix up..."

"Custom bunny girls are popular, and since we're legally underage they can get out of requiring providing or license fees for actual pleasure drones."

Fleb: "...but doesn't that fall into underage sex workers?"



Pyon: "We don't provide those services."

Fleb scratches his head at how that's MORE legal

Fleb: "Ohhhh. You do the boring part."



Pyon: "Looking is fine, but touching is not." She nods firmly, crossing her arms.

Fleb: "Yeah, you'll make a better marine anyway."



Pyon: "...maybe. I'm not sure where all my genome comes from, to be honest."



mk b. (GM): "Look me up when I get out of the pillow case, will ya? You fit right in with Stra-Kuhl, so I suspect you'll have gotten somewhere by then. If I get this boat back I'll need a crew."

She looks at both of you. "Actually, feel free to look me up before I get out of the pillow case, if that's your thing."

Fleb: "Three words for you to stop being such an idiot. Letter. Of. Marque. Work for us and stop getting arrested."

"...you're into that huh? I'll call ya."

Fleb laughs.



Pyon: "I think some people are into being arrested, too."

Fleb: "..."

"Okay, I need a DRINK now."



mk b. (GM): "It's a big galaxy. Someone's into everything. The booze is under the navigation console."



Pyon: (Yay one shot got finished~)



mk b. (GM): (Yep)



Pyon: (This was fun)



mk b. (GM): (Yay! Comments?)

rolling 1d6

(4)

= 4



Pyon: (You do really well with curveballs)



mk b. (GM): You just make it to the booze and back downstairs by the time the relief craft finally manages to dock .

Fleb: (fun setting, fun game)



mk b. (GM): And that's how Fleb got promoted to squad leader, Pyon was formally offered a job with the Dark Legions, and the Macho Cinco team changed flag at the last minute and proceeded to lose to Commander Hawk in a quantum finish.



Pyon: wait speed racer lost?

Fleb: yeah to captain falcon apparently



Pyon: ...Point. But they still changed the result by observing it.

Fleb: lol



mk b. (GM): Since the outcome of the race may have been changed by measuring it, the lawyers are going to argue about it until the planets end up involved in another border skirmish anyway.

^_^

Fleb: and more work for the Dark Legion's marines!



mk b. (GM): (Hope this was fun, sorry for keeping peeps up, this was with ZERO prep)

Fleb: (that was very good)

(I'm glad you woke yourself back up a bit, I still think voicecomms > pure text for pacing)



Pyon: (Can be, but a lot easier for me to keep track, to be honest)



mk b. (GM): (same)

(Comments, complaints, notes, questions?)

Fleb: (yeah I think text+voice best solution rather than the way we're doing in cos now)

mmm...good in general, iron out specializations and put math on it

other than that notsure, amgood, goin z.z

ninis?



Pyon: Nini~

Fleb: am glad I'm working from home in the morning I guess ^_^

z.z

extra z.z



mk b. (GM): nininis!

thankies

kitten: hope made for decent read



Pyon: Pyon!



mk b. (GM): (Anyderp else?)



Riley: I am trying to convince artea
kip is around



someguy s.: herp



Riley: o/



mk b. (GM): Okays. Kip, pick a name for your derp~



someguy s.: hmmm
'Mao Yasaka'



Pyon: A cat!



Riley: I don't THINK we haz a artea

Fleb: (if he shows up he shows up)



mk b. (GM): (yeah)

Fleb: Private Fleb Snorg reporting for duty!



someguy s.: seems you folks had a head start



mk b. (GM): Fleb and Pyon, it's been a few weeks since you've dealt with the assault on the Phoenix! The good news is that you're not going to get in trouble for spacing your squad leader, probably because under the Scourge Lord promotion by assassination was very much a thing, or probably because he was an asshole and nobody missed him. You were supposed to get a promotion, but that's still in the pipeline, still. Well, in Pyon's case, you've apparently been promoted from kiss-o-gram to actual stormtrooper, which... technically counts?

After all that mess, you've been put back on the interdiction cruiser Indubitable, mostly standing in a line in your shiny slightly yellowed armor (They used to be gleaming white, butt, well, plastic ages) and looking official, when you're not swabbing the decks and so on. Which turns out to be a fairly important job, since it's the most reliable way to detect leaks.

Rooming on this particular ship is by fours; you share it with Mao, who's technically in the engineering program but has to first pass basic training in order to rate, and Kiara from accounting, who isn't here right now, which would actually be nice, because remember the part where this ship is old and occasionally gets a leak? You've all just woken up at what would be 3AM ship's time, and there's a REALLY nasty hiss coming from the porthole!



someguy s.: Well, that doesn't sound good



Pyon: D:

Fleb gets out of his bunk with a start, hearing the hissing noise and taking a moment to focus, realizing what it is. "Atmo leak!"

Fleb tries to remember standard protocol for quick patching these.



Pyon flails briefly before trying to find the Flex Seal



mk b. (GM): (Image search on roll20 has become retarded, so: <https://www.elitereaders.net/wp-content/uploads/2018/07/cruise-ship-disappointing-photos-15.jpg>(<https://www.elitereaders.net/wp-content/uploads/2018/07/cruise-ship-disappointing-photos-15.jpg>))



someguy s.: "Got to find it first!"

Mao takes a moment to stand up....and scratch his head vigorously?



mk b. (GM): Fleb, in case of non-catastrophic leak, the rules say to report the situation, contain the leak, and reposition behind the next available blast door, all at the same time or sequentially.



someguy s.: There's a faint cloud of dust from his last work shift that comes out in a puff



mk b. (GM): Pyon, there isn't any. There's a tiny alcove style sink+toilet combo in a corner, with a shower curtain for privacy, and assorted bits of toiletries. The night lights are on, so everything is dimly visible with a reddish tint. Except there's a LOT of light coming from the porthole (top far left in the picture).



someguy s.: Mao starts looking for a whaft to the air current

Fleb listens for the sound of moving air, since it was loud enough to wake us up, following the sound makes some sense!



mk b. (GM): Mao, you don't feel any; the leak is small. It's just making a tea-kettle whistle.



Pyon: Okay, so find the leak first, mark it, then panic and run around screaming for a bit.



someguy s.: 'Drat'

It's a small one, but right now it's too crowded with 3 people trying to crawl over each other to find it. I try to get out of the way into the hallway and out of Pyon's way.

Mao: (Yep)



someguy s.: And maybe start looking around for anyone walking around

Mao: (Test)

(ok that works)



Pyon has already started executing plan "run out of the hallway to get proper supplies with the possibility of screaming"



mk b. (GM): Pyon, you're in the hallway! As you all fumble around each other, you realize that it probably sounds like the sort of thing that squadmates put a "Do not disturb" sign in a spare berthing room for. These light cruisers tend to be slightly undermanned, so there's room for it, and the officers don't care as long as it doesn't make anyone late for their shift. Which.... is a problem, actually, because nobody's reacted yet! Mao, you're with Pyon. Fleb, you're still in the room. The teakettle noise is getting slightly lower pitched.

Fleb: I keep trying to follow the noise. You said it was coming from a porthole, can I find it?



mk b. (GM): The porthole is square, at the back of the berthing room, the noise is definitely coming from there, and HOLY CRAP WHY ARE YOU SO CLOSE TO THE SUN



Pyon: OH.

"AAAAAAA"

Fleb: WHY ARE WE SO CLOSE TO THE SUN?!



Pyon: How hot is it in here? >_>

Fleb: I stop and think about that for a moment.



Pyon continues panicking into the cockpit.

Fleb: (it would be the bridge, this is a larger ship)



mk b. (GM): Pyon, not that hot actually; the cruiser has pretty good thermal mass. You're on a light cruiser, so it does have a bridge deck, although it's not that much bigger than a cargo ship's cockpit.

Mao: "Ok, new priority...Seal the room and head for the....oh" I look in the direction of the fleeing Pyon



mk b. (GM): The really bright light coming from the porthole is sunlight! That's the good news. The bad news is that there's enough of it that the sealant stuff (silicone, probably) is starting to bubble over!

Fleb: "We're overheating our seals! Yeah, we need to get to the bridge!"

Actually we need to sound a general alarm, if these seals are failing.



mk b. (GM): Pyon, the loud Aaaaaaaaaa is starting to wake people up, from the various noises people are making. The hallways is lined with doors that go to crew quarters identical to yours, minus the various bits of crap that crews accumulate. Now there's also a screaming bunny in a pijama in it.

Fleb: I assume we have alarm boxes for this?

Mao: I turn to follow Pyon....but I do take a moment during the run to look for a suit...something that might handle decompression would be nice right about now



mk b. (GM): Fleb, you do! They're at the far end of the hallway. Do they work?

Fleb: Or would that have to be reported up to the bridge.

Fleb checks if an alarm box or communicator works!

Mao: if I can grab it out of the bunk room before we lose the window that would be nice



Pyon: Are any other alarms going off, or is it just me?



mk b. (GM): Mao, you're the only one in the underlayer of your regulation stormtrooper armor. It's marginally more airtight than the ship is at the moment.

Fleb: (THAT WOULD BE VERY IMPORTANT)



mk b. (GM): Pyon, it's just you!

Fleb, it doesn't. However you're inside a somewhat cramped ship that's mostly made out of steel.

People are starting to poke out of their own rooms, clearly confused. Come to think of it, where are the night shift folks?



Pyon continues to the bridge, no one else is around and that's worse, so I should check if the captain is compromised and how. "AAAAAAA"

Fleb: ...where IS the night shift?

Causing a panic before we get helm and damage control dealing with this would be bad. Alright. Time to start waking people up, since the screaming bunny is headed for the bridge.

Mao: No Night shift, no bridge alert for SUN.....is there a way to remotely check escape pods/ small craft....because if they're gone we've been had

Fleb starts banging on bulkheads and doors in an SOS pattern.

Fleb: If that's not an alarm I don't know what is



mk b. (GM): Pyon, you get to the door that goes to the bridge! It's closed. Although it doesn't quite feel like it, the automatic shutdown must have tripped when it caught a loss of pressure.... without sounding the alarm, because that's busted. Typical!



Pyon stops screaming long enough to try to override.



mk b. (GM): Fleb, that gets people out! You quickly end up with fifteen of your fellow stormtroopers in various degrees of awakesness getting up.

Pyon, the override box has a target on it. You're not sure why Dark Lord Stra-Kuhl has standardized to override by shooting, but there you have it.

Mao, there is! There's a service terminal at the other end of the hallway.

Fleb: "Where the hell is night shift? We're leaking atmosphere, organize into damage control teams!" I point to two guys. "You two get down to engineering and get some heat rated sealant!"



Pyon pulls her pistol out of her cleavage and tries to shoot it.



mk b. (GM): (Let's see if you hit it. You're a stormtrooper in a starship's hallway, after all)

Mao: I head for the terminal, and check the craft stuff first, then the ship location after that

Fleb: I look back to see what Mao is doing.

Fleb then double times it to the bridge.

Fleb: In case the bunny needs help



mk b. (GM): Mao, the ship's system says that the ship is about a fifth of the mass it's supposed to be, and that most subsystems are unresponsive. The good thing is that there are escape pods.

Fleb, you're near Pyon trying to open the door that goes to the bridge.

Fleb: ...a fifth of the...what the shit



Pyon: rolling 2d6+2

$$(3 + 4) + 2$$

= 9

Mao:

"FFFFFFFFFFFFFFUUUCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK
K"



mk b. (GM): Mao, do you want to do something very quickly before Pyon force opens the door?



Pyon: Oh.

Mao: "STOP, HALT, CEASE"



Pyon: I should have checked if the bridge was still attached, huh?

Fleb: ...does that door go to space now

Mao: "We're Breached To HELL and Back"

Fleb: "What happened?"



Pyon: "Huh?" Stops when Mao actually says to



mk b. (GM): rolling 1d100

(96)

= **96**



Pyon: Finger still on the trigger, but that "Listen to commands" instinct is still there.



mk b. (GM): (lol dice. of course)



Pyon: wut

Mao: "Short Version, we've been hacked to bits...this chunk is maybe a bit less then a quarter of what's left, if the computer isn't lying to me"



mk b. (GM): Pyon, the good news is that you hit the target!



Pyon: DX

Fleb: "Hacked to...bits?!"



mk b. (GM): The bad news is that you've shot something with a gyrojet point-blank; it does nothing except apply gentle pressure. That's why you guys carry swords.

Fleb: "The ship has come apart??"

Mao: "No Alarm because shit is Fucked SIDEWAYS"



mk b. (GM): The interesting news is that I may have gotten the good and bad parts backwards.

Fleb: "HIT THE DECK!"

Fleb hits the deck



mk b. (GM): Fleb, so does everyone else!

Mao: "Wut?"

"SHIT"

Fleb: (ricochet?!)

Mao: THUNK to deck



mk b. (GM): There's a VERY ominous hiss from the blast door, but it doesn't open.

Pyon froze in place.

Mao: "HOLSTER THAT WEAPON"



Pyon: "Oh." is squeaked out and she nervously returns it to its hiding place.



mk b. (GM): Pyon, you are not going to space today! Well, you are in space, but you're not going to space without a spacesuit. Well, you're without a spacesuit right now, but... You get the idea.

Fleb: "Alright, so who's the senior officer here?"

"And do we have ANY propulsion control in this seciton?"

Mao: I look to my ...nominal...superiors

"Not it"



Pyon: "Ummm. Isn't that us...?"

Fleb: "...jesus christ am I in charge again"

Mao: "Who?"

Fleb does not consider squad leader an equivalent rank to fucking captain



mk b. (GM): A quick headcount reveals that it's technically Fleb, since when everyone has the same rank and rating, seniority in Stra-Kuhl's armies is determined by kill count.

Fleb: "Mao, short answer: can we get out of here or do we abandon ship?"

"better question, CAN we abandon ship?"



mk b. (GM): What little sealant exists in the broom closet has been found, spread on a metal tile, and applied to the whistling porthole, so you're good.... for now.

Mao: "Well" I Slap the fastest salute in the universe, which would have knocked me to the deck if I wasn't already down there



Pyon: "Can we use an escape pod to push what's left of the ship to safety, THEN think of a plan?"

Mao: "Congrats on the promotion....can we get off this disintegrating Lunch Box of a ship now?"



mk b. (GM): That might be a good idea, yes.

Mao: "We could eject for one side, and use the thrust of ejection to give it a tap...."

but that's not enough, even for all the mass we lost"

Fleb: "So we have no drive except the ones on the escape pods?"



mk b. (GM): The OTHER blast door is open, and it's working, so there's that. Lifeboats have a basic GGG, so you should be able to get out safely, if there are any still accessible.

Mao: "um.....get everyone sealed up, and actively vent the left over atmo as a thruster?"



mk b. (GM): And there's still power, so at least you have one atomic furnace still with you, or at least some batteries.

(Can you see the map?)

Fleb: ...can we jury rig a larger GGG?

(yes)



Pyon: (Yas)

Mao: (yar)

"You don't jury rig a GGG!"



mk b. (GM): (Well, you can. The problem is that you have no idea which way it will go. So you generally don't)

Mao: (simple construction, but FINE DETAIL)



Pyon: "Whatever we do, we should hurry."

Fleb: "Then I think it's settled, we have to abandon ship. Do we have a lifeboat count?"

Mao: "Lifeboat first, maybe rig a link to the remaining computers from in there"

"I like my lungs unexploded"

Fleb: "Can we even get a distress signal out?"

Mao: I finally get off the deck and back to the computer...but I give the hissing room another look

"That'd be a default in the Lifeboat"

Fleb is up and checks escape hatches.

Mao: "we can do that without a ship"

Fleb: "Right."



mk b. (GM): The hissing room has stopped hissing; someone's found some sealant and applied it. It's still bubbling, though, so it will only last for a while.

Mao: I start going in that direction



Pyon gets the remainder of troopers organized and calmed.

Mao: I make shoving motions towards lifeboat, and only stop self from screaming because I can't waste the O2 right now



mk b. (GM): A good thing is that everyone was too frickin sleepy to panic. You have air, and it's not too hot in here, so there's no immediate discomfort. There are nine other derps in here, all humanoid, mostly human.



Pyon: How many does a lifeboat carry normally?

Fleb: (we'll get lifeboat count in a sec, Mao's on it)



Pyon: If we don't have enough to carry everyone, we'll have to do a tug. Are there space suits available?
Yeah, but just in case.



mk b. (GM): Unfortunately none of them have more than two weeks in space, because you picked up a batch of New Guys (tm) lately. A standard lifeboat carries fifteen person-day of supplies, and if you remember correctly there are two habitable planets in this system.

Mao: FUNGs



Pyon: Okay, that's good, then we just need one.

Mao: FUcking New Guys

Fleb: Preferably more than one

If we're going down planetside more than one day of supplies would be nice.



mk b. (GM): Mao, the remaining computers are too dumb to tell you if you have any lifeboats in this section of the ship. They seem to think the ship's in drydock for maintenance. This is good, because you automatically have root access.

Fleb: I'm not going to order abandon ship until I KNOW what lifeboats we have left. I'm physically checking, while Mao checks the computers.



mk b. (GM): Fleb, the other derps tell you that they used all the sealant, and it looks... decent? Ish?
The ship has at least one GGG tooth in place, by the way, since you guys aren't floating around.

Fleb: "Great! Engineering should know what's going on in a minute."

Mao: (yeah..if we didn't that little gyrojet would have rocketed you down the hallway)



mk b. (GM): Mao, you can't raise the engineering section at all. Whether it's because your bit of ship has been yanked off, or because it's just a matter of wiring, who knows. Interestingly nobody's knocking on the other end of the blast door.

Mao: "No Joy on comms down there"



Pyon: About how long do we have? I'll snag some of my effects if there's enough time, and direct the derps to do so, too.

Fleb: As I jog down the hallway, what lifeboat hatches am I finding? Anything/nothing?



mk b. (GM): (The ? part on the drawing is, you know there's rooms there, but they aren't normally accessible from the crew quarters)



Pyon: Because I know at least have of them have smuggled snacks on board. >_>

Fleb: (we're not abandoning ship until we know we have a plan)

Mao: (I'm assuming we don't have a proper datapad/ tablet thingies for a remote link on the go here)

Fleb: Also do we know that the ? is not DEEP SPACE given we're hacked apart?

I guess that's for mao to figure out



mk b. (GM): Fleb, the OTHER blast door is closed, but who knows what's there. In that direction is the maintenance closet, and the main engineering walkway. You think you're above the hangar, which would be good if it wasn't for the fact that yesterday it was empty.

Fleb: I put my hand to the door, is it sun-hot or space-cold?



mk b. (GM): Mao, you don't. You have these: <http://oldcomputers.net/pics/trs80-100.jpg>(<http://oldcomputers.net/pics/trs80-100.jpg>)

Stra-Kuhl's version doubles as a buckler.

Mao: (...we're saved....so long as the the Wizkids show up)



mk b. (GM): Unfortunately, you don't actually have one on you; you check them out at engineering when you ned them. The terminal here has the standard green-and-amber CRT with the foldout keyboard.

Fleb, the door is room temperature. It has the regular open/close buttons, and the shooty thing you shoot to force it to change state.

Fleb: I'm going to try to open it.

Mao: I'm stuck here using this until we get in the pods....I'm not a fan of this idea.

But in for a penny.

Fleb: Pls no space me.



mk b. (GM): Pyon, you're very out of uniform. Nobody seems to mind.

Fleb: I'm still running around in my boxers, so space is gonna be extra cold.



mk b. (GM): The other derps are starting to put on the nominally-airtight bits of their armor, at least.

Mao: Search for last comm logs?



mk b. (GM): Fleb, you try to open the door normally! It opens! You don't all die horribly!

Mao: see if we sent out anything before we got carved up?



Pyon: If they ever HAD mimirogue uniforms, I'd be surprised, honestly.

Mao: after that it's a look for camera/sensor logs for what did it?



mk b. (GM): Pyon, they do, they're just really uncomfortable, which is why you get cut some slack if you're not wearing it.

Fleb: Awesome, I didn't just space us. Where am I now?



Pyon gets dressed properly, grabs her stuff, and seals the room to slow further leakage.

Fleb: I should know the ship well enough at this point to have a clue where I am?



Pyon: ...I should grab the uniforms for the other two
other two*



mk b. (GM): Mao, the comm log seems to be filled with the usual stuff for an interdiction ship. The only problem is that you do see that the "big" GGG (the one used to create a braking bubble) has been using up a lot more power than usual. In each case an engineer just absentmindedly gave the "authorize power increase" command.



Pyon: So that THEN seal it.

Mao: I'm too busy to dress, and explosive decompression doesn't much care about pants

Fleb: (...so we just blew ourselves up basically?)



Pyon: (...ARGH.)

Fleb: I'm mostly looking for lifeboat hatches at this point, which I SHOULD remember from escape drills, at least halfway ok, if we had those.



mk b. (GM): (Sorry for tinytext)

Fleb: It sounds like this ship was run by a complete RETARD so if I find out an escape drill is something you bore through the hull with to get out in your spacesuit, I'm not surprised.

Mao: "Logs show....I think the main GGG ripped us apart....the engineers just overriding a power increase....something burned out in there"

Fleb: I head for the lifeboats and take a count.



mk b. (GM): (Note that the main GGG is installed a bit sideways on this ship: this is normal for interdictors, if you had two systems with the same axes, they would mess with each other)

Fleb: My job here is as follows: count heads, check lifeboats, if lifeboats, we have a plan - we abandon ship.

If not enough lifeboats we try to get a ggg sync and tug the ship.



mk b. (GM): Fleb, you head for this part of the ship's engineering section! The first bit of good news is that the air tanks are in good shape and you even have some water, although it's the stuff that's used in the sinks and heads so who knows if it's that drinkable. The other good news is that you do have a lifeboat. The bad news is that it's the new kind, smaller, faster, and less detectable for running away from a battle.

Mao: if the burn out didn't finish the main GGG, the uncontrolled deceleration did....honestly it's surprising we're not all relativistic red paste on the walls by now"



mk b. (GM): Pyon, you get everyone organized to put on the spacesuit layer of their uniforms. You're asked if it's a good idea to put on armor, too, are you being attacked? Some of the other derps are arguing whether this is a drill or not (which in fairness happens a lot in this particular army).

Fleb: So we only have the one lifeboat?



mk b. (GM): Fleb, the one lifeboat available looks like a proper small passenger craft rather than a container with an engine strapped to it, which would be nice, except that it's SMALL. One old lifeboat was supposed to be replaced by two new ones, they even changed the docking collar properly. But you never got the second one....

Bottom line, there's twelve of you, and only enough room on the lifeboat for eight.

Fleb: Wonderful

I'm guessing it only has SUPPLIES for 8 people as well?

"proper small passenger craft" means we can make room pretty fast by unbolting or smashing shit.



mk b. (GM): There's no food, a bit of water, and some air. It's rated for fifteen person-days. The problem is that it's physically tiny!

Mao: "look...that patch job on the window isn't gonna hold forever...when it or another window blows, we'll loose atmo interally, and get thrust in an uncontrolled leak....likely spin us in a tumble"

Fleb: Alright. Fuck.



Pyon: No to the armor, but carry it with you.

Fleb: I head back to Mao.

"Mao, give me good news please."



Pyon: So we'll have to tug, then?



mk b. (GM): Yes, you can probably make room by getting rid of seats and so on.

Mao: "if we're not doing so already"

Fleb: I speak quietly to not alarm everyone yet. "Because we've got an 8 man lifeboat and no food. We either need a habitable planet or a plan to tug this section of the ship."



mk b. (GM): Pyon, you get the raw recruits to put on some pants and some helmets. Some are carrying their chestplates. The general look is "Idiots with huge heads".

Mao: I try to remember if the sun was constant in the window, but brain is still foggy from sleep...I check what systems I can for the GGG and navigation



mk b. (GM): Mao, given the shadows on the windows, the sun is in fact constant: you're either in a stable orbit or one that will decay long after you're all out of air.

Mao: and I start breathing a bit heavier

Fleb: Well, that's good, we have until the seals run out, the air leaks out, and our internals run out.

So we have time to make a plan.

Mao: "Good news, we're relatively stable....bad news is that it's not likely to last"

Fleb: "Okay, so we have time to make a plan."



mk b. (GM): There's enough air and water for a while. There is no food, unless anyone sneaked in any snacks, but one thing that is consistently good in this navy is the food: creature comforts are limited, so that's essential for morale. On this particular ship the cook is the third highest paid member of the crew.

"Uhm, sir, sorry, but, is this a drill? Are you allowed to tell us?" one of the derps asks.

Fleb: So we've got no food in this section of the ship at all?



mk b. (GM): You have plenty of air, some water if you don't mind it being somewhat heavily chlorinated (think community pool water), and if anyone hid any snacks under their bed, that's all you get.

Fleb: "Alright then. Mao. Habitable planet. Yay/nay."

"ALL HANDS! PREPARE TO ABANDON SHIP!"



Pyon: "This is not a drill. Telling you would really only cause panic, but trust us that everything is under control."

Fleb: "I need a bunch of you lunkheads to get down to the lifeboat and start ripping out seats and crap, we've got one lifeboat and too many men!"

Mao: "We could eat the stupid one" I mumble about the questioning trooper as I check the logs for logs and sensors for the planets in system



(To Mao): The last bits of data you get from the computer, which is responsive but just doesn't know much, is that you are still in the same star system so there are two liveable planets, and that the furnace is offline; your batteries should last three or four days

Fleb: "Make room for everyone, and leave stuff to hang on to!"



mk b. (GM): Fleb, how many people do you put on that job?



Pyon: "If you smuggled snacks on board, bring them with you. There is special amnesty for this instance, if you share!"

Fleb: There's room in the lifeboat for eight, so there's probably only room in the lifeboat for about four to six to work comfortably. They'll need runners for tools. I send ten people, so that the first eight don't abandon ship without us.

Oh, there's nine

I send all nine of them.



mk b. (GM): Fleb, Pyon, you're kinda sending mixed messages there. This causes at least one of the derps to say "Oh yes, it's the good drill sargeant bad drill sargeant routine, this is totally a test!"

Fleb: I look at Pyon.

Mao: "If we can keep this chunk of a ship from burning up or popping a leak we're good for air and power for a few days....should have 2 planets in system that are habitable....looks like we didn't leave system

Fleb: "This is totally us abandoning ship."

"NOW MOVE IT!"



Pyon: "Yes, yes it is."

Mao: Well...this section anyway"



mk b. (GM): There's a mini stampede of people going to the lifeboat

Mao: Um...I realize I'm the last man standing...and without a suit on atm

Fleb: "Great. Get maps, get us a best possible landing site for a survival situation."

Mao: I run after them



mk b. (GM): Mao, right now yes.

Fleb: I'm still in my boxers, I start suiting up now

Pyon heads toward the life boat!

Mao: I'll get maps once I'm sure I'm not going to explode



mk b. (GM): Okay, you're all in spacesuits. The helmet is a bit bulky, but.... well.

Fleb: Looks like we're running for the lifeboat first, hopefully we have enough computer access, let's get that thing rigged for a 12 man flight.



mk b. (GM): Any of you wearing any of the actual armor?



Pyon: If it's not too clunky, yes. >_>;

Fleb: Yes, I'm going to armor up. Survival situation, could be hostile fauna out there, we should bring at least a couple hardsuits with us.

Mao: I'm lucky to have boxers under space suit and a TRS80 in hand
so no for me

Fleb: We don't need to stuff 12 hardsuits into our fucking microliner



mk b. (GM): Pyon: For you in particular, it's very clunky.

Fleb: but we should probably bring a few



Pyon: Bweh. I'll bring it anyway.

Mao: I switch to the hand computer and try to find an interface to the ship a bit closer to the pods



Pyon: At least that way I might look almost scary.

Fleb: Alright.

Let's go help the guys get tools and rig that escape pod



mk b. (GM): Fleb: That seems to get it across that you're the person in charge, so there's that. Notably, if you hear any thoughts of the first six people who get to the lifeboat, the only one you have, and they're a bit ahead of you, they're framed as jokes. Looks like they're coming from one trooper in particular, a short girl with big eyebrows.

The lifeboat is still small! Hand tools exist in the broom closet, because it makes life easier for everyone, and in short order your guys remove the seats - you can probably use the seatbelts to hang on to.

It's still tiny, though: you can do a pileup test, or see if there's anything else nonessential.

Mao: if I get computer access back over here in engineering I settle in again

Fleb: Great. We've got seatbelts, if we can make any more room, we do so. We have enough time to run back and forth to organize our supplies. I tell everyone to grab any food they've got stashed, we double check the water tanks, and make sure Mao has our course plotted in case we lose nav.



Pyon: Someone is getting a spanking for bad jokes. >:C



mk b. (GM): Pyon, you and scary have never been close neighbor. But you and Fleb did clear out a ship by yourselves, and that sort of story gets around and gets exaggerated, so you can probably keep the new derps in line if you need to.



Pyon: Even if "short" for a human is still a head taller than me.

Mao: I aim for any basic data on the planets, no time for the fine details, and download them



mk b. (GM): To a man/woman, the new derps tell you in a crisp voice that of course they didn't squirrel away any food, no sir, that's grounds for a lashing! (Nobody wants rats or roaches on a spaceship)

Mao: Next, a quick check of the hanger logs, even if there isn't a ship over there, there might be cargo or a container we can use, either as ejectable mass, or as a improvized excape pod for the rest of us if we don't fit

Fleb: "Do you see an officer here?"



mk b. (GM): Fleb, a couple of derps point at you. Others shake their heads.

Fleb: "Okay, now go get some food for us because we're going on a trip."

"I prefer NOT dying."

"And ration protocols are in effect until we can sort out foraging at our landing site!"

Mao: "I still say we eat the stupid ones first" I shout over a shoulder while I work



Pyon pulls out a bag of kale chips from cleavage-pocket.

Fleb: "Mao, we're not eating anyone. We're bringing these guys home, they didn't sign up to get spaced."

"...or eaten by you."



Pyon: "This is why you can't trust cats. They want to eat everyone smaller than them."

Fleb: "It's a good thing I can bench two of him."

Mao: "I haven't had breakfast yet...also we're in less then a quarter of the ship we started with...sue me I'm cranky"



mk b. (GM): Mao, this is the Fompa system. Fompa IV is a terran planet, a bit cold since it's fairly far out, under Stra-Kuhl's stalwart rule. Fompa II is a hot gas giant, but has a habitable moon - the side of it that's away from the planet gets scorched by the sun on a semi-daily basis, the side that is facing the planet just gets reflected light and is in fact comfortable. There's some big blue cat-monkey things living there. Stra-Kuhl had targeted the moon for

stripmining, encountered some resistance from the native, then did the sane thing and napalmed them a bit out of principle before setting up a base on the "uncomfortable" side of the planet where mining operations are ongoing.



Pyon: (nothing you can say at this point will stop me from picturing Mao as cat.)



mk b. (GM): (lol)

Fleb: Okay so we have a mining base we can try to land at, or a civilized cold planet?

(so you're asking us if we want Avatar or Frostpunk here?)



mk b. (GM): (Prettypmuch lol)

Mao: since we're primitive tech, can I print out the navigation to the mining base?

or just sent it to the life boat

"Got a Resource Outpost in system that should be friendly, even if the weather isn't"

"alternative is nicer weather with a chance of FUNG eating Apes"



Pyon: The tropicalish planet would have more food, wouldn't it?



Pyon would prefer to not have to deal with cold.



mk b. (GM): Mao, there's both: the computers are all connected. There's a standard issue dot matrix printer available in the engineering closet, usually it's used to print schedule sheets. There's some ASCII porn on the wall.

Pyon, yes.

The lifeboat does have a radio location beac.... the lifeboat had a radio location beacon, but one of the new guys just sat on the antenna, so now it'll have to be at least NEAR a planet to get picked up.

Mao: I send the data and tear off the printout, roll it up and hand it to Flerb.....I do take a moment to grab the ascii art....we'll need kindling after all.....right?



mk b. (GM): Not a bad idea, actually.

You can do a pileup test, see if there's anything else that you can get rid of, or look around the ripped-out cruiser section a bit more.

Mao: I stuff that in my suit...while lacking the cleavage pockets of some, it now looks like I swallowed a bird or something



mk b. (GM): Three of the new guys ask permission to go to the head and ask if they should flush.

Fleb: "Yes, who cares, go"

"It's going into the sun either way"

Mao: "NO"



Pyon: There's not like, a crate of supplies sitting around, is there? >_>

Mao: "NO FLUSH"

Fleb: Ok, so the "cold planet", are we talking ice planet cold, or are we talking northern canada in summer cold

Mao: "System could have a leak, and anyway it'd just pollute what grey water we have left."

Fleb: "Right."

Mao: "Fuck if I know...."



mk b. (GM): Pyon, no. Even if there was you wouldn't have room for it.

Fleb, eventually two derps fess up to having sweets hidden under their bed.

Fleb, we're talking snow and pine trees and very fuzzy rabbits.

Mao: I get back to checking the computer for info on the hanger bay contents

And what ever control I can get on what's left of the GGG

Fleb: Great, so boreal wilderness or jungle if we don't manage to land near a settlement. Death or death. I love it.

(OOC: preferences on scenario here? I'm interested either way)



mk b. (GM): Mao, the hangar bay says that it contains a fully kitted out Tarawa-class fleet carrier. Since you know that to be from a computer game, you figure that someone's been putting non-work stuff on the hard drives, or there was some data corruption.

(OOC: Y'all tell me!)

Mao: "I vote for the resource base...rescue is better if they see us "



mk b. (GM): Also, the Tarawa isn't a fleet carrier.



Pyon: (WARM)

(WARM GOOD. COLD BAD.)

Mao: (Cold livable, warm full of killer thingies)



Pyon: (Cold also full of killer thingies.)

Mao: (I HATE winter in canada, but I know how to live in it)

Fleb: (the resource base is the warm and full of killer thingies)



(To Mao): You can probably make a hole into the hangar bay, but it would depressurize whichever bit of corridor you make it from.

Fleb: (the cold planet is the civilized planet)



(To Mao): If you look carefully, there are 3 corridor sections so you can use one as an airlock which allows for multiple trips

Fleb: (ok so we got one vote for Avatar and one vote for Frostpunk?)

Mao: "I can't get shit out of the hanger bay data....there might be something we can use in there but we'd likely spring a new leak getting in"

Fleb: (or Transarctica or whatever the fuck we're getting)



Pyon: (Yes, but we might have time to come up with a good explanation that doesn't get us executed should we go to the non-civilized planet)



(To Mao): Just because you can't get stuff inside the lifeboat it doesn't mean you can't tape it to the outside

Fleb: (the mining base is also ours)

(From Mao): (how likely is that to handle re-entry?)



mk b. (GM): Pyon, most space navies are pretty understanding of "We had to abandon ship because the ship abandoned us". This system is under Strahl's malevolent protection.



(To Mao): Spengies rules, so not too badly



Pyon: Fine. Cold place is fine. You will just have a grumpy bunn the entire time.

Fleb: "I think we're best off making for the planet. It's civilized and should have regular traffic."

Mao: "Ok....Everybody Sealed up?"

Fleb: "I don't like jungles, war zones, OR angry natives, so let's skip that."



mk b. (GM): "Everyone sealed up sir!"

Mao: "Good...and don't call me sir"



Pyon takes up co-pilot seat.

Mao: "Permission to lock down the hallway outside the hanger here?"



mk b. (GM): Getting to Fompa IV should take... probably a day? It'll be problematic to pee inside the lifeboat and you can't get any privacy, but there's a hose kit for that, so it's survivable.

Pyon, the only seat left is the pilot's.

Mao: "There's likely some salvageable stuff we can tow with the pod, if we can't bring the whole wreck"



Pyon: A systems check should be run to make sure it doesn't just asplode. >_>

Then I'm pilot.

Mao: (last bit was to Fleb)



Pyon: I've had enough "accidental" groping in normal conditions. >:C



mk b. (GM): Pyon, the lifeboat seems to be in good shape, other than someone sat on the antenna (who was it?!?) and there's still some packing foam attached to it from when it was brought in.

Mao: We're Currently in engineering, so I should be able to find something to cut my way into the hanger from here

Fleb: "Mao, are we ready to set out?"



mk b. (GM): Mao, the inner walls are aluminum: a reciprocating saw should do it. The problem is, who knows if the hangar itself is sealed.

Mao: "I want to take a crack at getting into the hanger before we leave, but it'll depressure one of the hallways to do it"



mk b. (GM): If you get into the hangar there's a chance of basically having to leave a few minutes after unless you improvise an airlock.

Fleb: Well, if we don't get into the hangar we're going to leave NOW, so I figure it's safe to try it.

Mao: Hence why I asked if everyone was sealed up suit wise

Fleb: "Alright. I need a three main detail to help Mao with the salvage operation. Internals on, the hangar's probably depressurized. Everybody get your internals on."

"Mao, you can depressurize crew quarters if you have to, seal this section."



mk b. (GM): Fleb, if you were looking for volunteers, you don't... Actually huh, the short girl volunteered.

Fleb: "Just in case it fucks up, I still want everybody suited until that seal's checked."



Pyon: I'd rather her not be picked.

Fleb: "Great. You're with him." I randomly pick two FUNGs

Mao: I wave the gal over to me

Fleb: Yeah, no, officers don't go on the salvage detail that might get them spaced

and while we're not REALLY officers we're acting officers

Mao: "we'll seal the crew quarters section and carve in from that side"



Pyon checks for further tampering of the escape pod.

(From Fleb): how am I doing at playing navy lol?

Mao: "we've still got at least one decent door between them"

"annoying ot get stuff out and around, but by that time we'd be shoving off...."

"um..."



(To Fleb): Terrible, but it's Stra-Kuhl's navy, so by all means ham it up :p :p :p

Mao: "While I do that, can you see about using the radio in the pod to contact any friendlies ?"

"The mining outpost should have it's ears on at least"



mk b. (GM): It's always facing away from the gas giant, so if it's angled right, very much yes.

(Is that accurate wrt who's going in the angar and who isn't?)

Who's messing with the radio?

Mao: Me, the short girl so far, and maybe another



mk b. (GM): The derps who were going to the restroom come back. They note that the rooms are starting to get hot.

Mao: Heading hear to lock down what I can....it's not a proper airlock, but we'll have to either use stuff from the hanger to make one for the way out, or it won't matter and we'll bust it down and run

more then likely the second option, if time is an issue

We've had to grab what tools were left in engineering for that job on the way

"Gonna lock down this hatch for now...."

I shout that...um...do these suits have radios?"



mk b. (GM): Mao, you'll lose some air at every opening, but at least it won't all rush out.

Yes, all suits have short range radios. Officers can change troopers' channels, but none of you rate that, so they're all on channel 3. Channel 4 has a default selection of motivating martial music that, for some reason, is still on.

(Remember the switch on nintendo RF adapters?)

Mao: "Comm check"



mk b. (GM): "Five by five" "Four by five, bit of static"

Mao: "Good enough"

"Sealing hatch.....moving to breach hanger"



Pyon tries to remember where the short girl came from while doing a double check of systems and structure.

Mao: (breaching middle of the hall here



mk b. (GM): Fleb, Pyon, what do you do in the meantime? You can do a pileup test, or see if you can remove more stuff.... The other derps seem to agree that going to Fompa IV is the best idea, so there's no arguing there.



Pyon: Actually, are all of these doods new recruits?

Mao: (FUNG's)



mk b. (GM): Pyon, yes, at least that's what they said at the time. There was a crew rotation recently, so that'd be most of the enlisted crew; you and Fleb stayed on because you were going to get a nicer assignment as soon as the paperwork came in.

The short girl worked as a rocket fuel technician, then enlisted because she wanted to work on a ship rather than in a refinery. Or so she said.

Fleb: We're gonna remove more stuff then, try to make a lil more room.



mk b. (GM): Mao, you're ready to breach.

Mao: Gonna poke a hole first

VRRRRRRRMM



mk b. (GM): Fleb, stuff left to remove....

Pilot's seat: Will make it harder to steer if there's any need to.

Hose kit: Will make it a lot harder to pee. You expect to be in there a whole day.



mk b. (GM): Air conditioner: Will make it stupidhot inside the lifeboat, but since you're going to Fompa IV, no issue otherwise since the ship has a RTG heater that can't be turned off anyway.

None.



Pyon: I wanna keep the pilot seat.



mk b. (GM): Mao, you never thought you'd make a hole in your own ship, but there we are.

WHAMP! The hole bursts open and you're thrown into the airless hangar! At about two kilometers per hour, which isn't too bad. There's a gaping hole forward of you.... looks like this corner of the ship got thrown clear off!

Mao: "Damn"

"Hanger is breached....and mostly missing"



mk b. (GM): The remaining GGG tooth generates enough artificial gravity that you can let yourself float down or do a superhero landing if you want. The two derps that are with you are waiting for your orders.

Mao: "Watch that first step....secuire yourselves, gravity is funky over here"

"Now...lets see what we've got to work with"



mk b. (GM): Mao, they come with you.

Inside the hangar are a little electric forklift, the usual bins of random parts, a surprisingly well kept collection of small tools on a wall rack (including a few portable terminals)

Pyon, that leaves the other stuff, what to do with it?

There's about sixty percent of a boarding craft, strapped down to the floor - you don't remember if it was being repaired or used as a teaching aid. The thrusters, GGG hub, and GGG teeth are all in place, but several hull panels are missing. Looks like they were doing breaching drills, since some of the panels are replaced with plywood sheets showing where to make holes in.



Pyon: Let's keep the hose because "should only be in here for a day" is probably not going to happen.

Mao: "Ok....tools and anything loose goes in the bins, bins go on the fort lift, strap it all down....we can lash the lift to the pod once we leave.....ooooooh"



mk b. (GM): Pyon, that leaves the aircon.



Pyon: Make sure the people in here right now are secure and organized to maximize space. Do we have to get rid of anything else?



mk b. (GM): Pyon, Fleb, you call for a pileup test. You got twelve people: you haven't gotten rid of anything other than the seats yet. You have enough room for nine and a half.

Mao: "Mao Reporting....we've got parts and a cargo lifter here....and half a Boarding Craft....if we've got time we could seal it up....but right now it looks functional but exposed"

"Might be able to use it to shift this tub"

"Investigating further"

Fleb: "Well that's great news because we're going to have to keep unbolting panels in here."

Mao: I point the one derp to keep piling and strapping down parts, and take the girl to look over half the boarding craft while I look at the other half



mk b. (GM): The landing craft can probably be gotten working in an hour or so. The annoying thing is that your armor's air supply is limited: there's a proper engineering suit available, but just the one. That one can tie into the landing craft's air tank, so there's that. It can be worn over yours.

Fleb: The other thing we do is, now that Mao's opened up the hangar and we've sealed our section off, I make sure everyone is saving their armor's air supply and still using what atmo we have left in here.



mk b. (GM): "I found some pistols, there's two and one more that looks like it's busted, should I get them?"

Fleb, there's a few hisses as people take the helmets off. Everyone looks a bit worried, but it could be worse.

Fleb: "Equipment check, everybody got sidearms?"

Fleb checks his, we KNOW PYON HAS HERS...



mk b. (GM): Mao, the girl follows you and tells you that the maneuvering thrusters on the landing craft have some fuel in them, about a third of a tank. That's more than enough for one planetary landing if you're not planning to take off again.

Mao: I turn back to the securing crewman, and start picking out parts that need to be left to patch the boarding craft

Fleb: So you guys could get that landing craft sealed and solve our space problem.

Mao: Ok....leave that for now and we're on over time on this bucket of bolts....leave the seals and hull plates alone and just work on systems, and watch your O2, when it gets to 1/3d, head for the airlock...I'll get the engineering suit and finish up once I can hook it to the boarding craft systems

(to my 2 man crew)

(we can get it functional...getting it sealed for a 1 day trip is pushing it)



mk b. (GM): Fleb, the other derps have firearms. What they don't have is ammo: most of that is kept in the "powder keg", as it should be. A common problem is that people often leave one round in the weapon, since it's generally safeish to do so, which in this case is good for you.



Pyon: This isn't tall enough to two-story it, is it? Like rig up double-decker seating at least on the side

Fleb: (you could always ask me to send manpower)

(we have more bodies, if more bodies will help, or those bodies air tanks)

(hell, we have air tanks up here)



mk b. (GM): Pyon, as it is, you'll have to fit people in there so that at least a few will be lying down on each other

Fleb: ...oh, but that would require depressurizing this section.

Right, we don't have an airlock

Mao: "How about you send out 2 once my 2 go in to top off their own tanks?"

"Take a bit longer, but we spread the work over the crew without"



mk b. (GM): You kinda do have an airlock - the vertical corridor is it. You will lose air every time you use it, but not much to worry about unless you plan to make, like, twenty trips.

Fleb: Ah, okay



mk b. (GM): (Think about building a stupid basic airlock in spengies)

Fleb: "Alright. If you need more manpower, it's yours. Pistols we don't need. Ammunition we do."
(yeah fair)

Mao: "You lot can work on an airlock if you're not too busy picking your noses if you like...I've got a boat to fix"
(remember, we're on the clock for Roasting first, because we'll lose pressure from the SUN we're still heading towards)



mk b. (GM): Pyon, what do you do with the air conditioner? It'll be sweaty without it, but that's a bit more room.

Fleb: (right)

Mao: (I'd rather get the boarding craft moving first, and fix THAT part)

Fleb: (yeah, getting the boarding craft working will solve most of these problems)



mk b. (GM): Now that you pay attention to it, it's noticeably hotter. Not uncomfortably so, but it -is-. You can cool down by venting some air, of course, since the air from the pressurized tanks will cool down as it exits them.

Mao: I get to work on the boarding crafts systems so I have something to hook the engineering suit to once I'm lower on air myself



mk b. (GM): Mao, the two derps in the meantime are.... well, the tall one is collecting ammo and small tools, the short one has started putting on the engineering suit. There's only one of those.



Pyon: They're working on getting us more room, right?

Mao: plan is 2 derps help me until their air is low, then head out, while I finish up in the engineer suit, get the boarding craft moving, then we can nudge things to a more friendly direction....then we can take the time to bail out properly



Pyon: The AC is USEFUL, because it would also be where the air filters are in case we're in space longer than intended.



mk b. (GM): Pyon, there's as much room as you can make without ripping off stuff that's actually got some use. Namely the pilots seat, the air cooler, and the toilet.

Mao: after that it's pick your landing site and we'll haul what scrap we can along

Fleb: Sounds good.

"We're done up here. I can send as many men down as you need."



mk b. (GM): Mao, by the time you've organized the rotation - good idea - you notice that the short girl is putting on the engineering suit herself.



Pyon: Then there's nothing else I'm comfortable stripping out.

Fleb: Yay stripping.

Mao: "Excuse me?"



mk b. (GM): That means there's room for about nine and a half people out of twelve.

"Yes?"

Mao: "I had dibs on finishing this trainwreck"



Pyon: I have a feeling it may be only 11 we need to fit.

Mao: "Take a hike back to the escape pod section"



mk b. (GM): "I need to refuel this thing and, no offence, it was my previous job before I enlisted, so I can do it better than you."



(To Mao): The tanks on the landing craft are about 35% full, which is enough for a landing if you don't plan to take off again



mk b. (GM): Fleb, everyone's radios are on the same channel, so you can make the call on this one.



Pyon: Which will give us the most room to take out?

Mao: "It's got gas enough to nudge us to not incinerating as it stands now, we can gas it up later"

"Assuming you're not trying to bail on all of us?"

Fleb: "Whoa. Cut that talk right now. We need welders, not fuel techs right now. Trooper, stand down."



mk b. (GM): Pyon, the pilot's seat. It will make it really hard to steer the craft if any steering is needed, but you can preprogram it at the start and then only hit the enter key when it's time to go. If you have to do any maneuvering, it means you're near a ship, so they can probably just grab you and the point is moot.

rolling 1d100

(82)

= 82

Yeeeah.... she's not standing down.



Pyon: And that's the least essential, so we'll get rid of that.

Fleb: "Both craft have enough fuel to make it to the base."

I'll be honest at this point I'd leave a pilot's seat in.

We have a second craft.



mk b. (GM): Pyon, you and the other derps start chopping up the pilot's seat. By the time you're done, there will be room for about ten and a half people, maybe eleven.

Fleb: Or not.



Pyon: Perfect.

Mao: "Miss, We fix it, we maneuver this wreck and THEN we deal with the gas problem"



mk b. (GM): (Well, you can put stuff in the landing craft, and MAYBE one person, but no passengers since making it airtight safely would take a lot of work)

Mao: "Now...I'd Really like to take a swing at you, but I'm not going to risk damaging that suit"



Pyon: Can I hear them on comms?



mk b. (GM): Yes, everyone can hear everyone.



Pyon: I ask the derps with me if they saw who sat on the antenna

Not using the comms for that

Mao: "However, I'm going to ask you very nicely not to do anything stupid"



mk b. (GM): Pyon, now that people think about it, it was probably her actually! Or maybe they're just saying that coz they don't want to get yelled at.

Fleb: Oh for fuck's sake.



mk b. (GM): "Fine, fine, whatever. Let me help you put it on then, the faster we leave the better off we are." In fairness, she's started taking it off.

Fleb: I give the responses of the rest of the crew my best assessment

Mao: "Thank you"

Fleb: Because I'm about to have to save my engineer's life if they're telling the truth



mk b. (GM): "... Look, I have space agoraphobia, okay? I feel safer with a bulkier suit that's all."

Mao: "Well you're going to have 24 hours in some very tight confines in your near future....you have that to look forward to"

Fleb: (GM, I don't know if we have any kind of insight stat or anything, but...what we got here)
(are these FUNGs telling the truth?)



mk b. (GM): Fleb, some STILL think that it's a drill, so you're getting a mix of what's true and what they think you want to hear. Some figured out that this is life or death and are just trying to be as efficient as possible because it's their asses on the line. It's about fifty fifty.

Mao: I get in the suit, with her help....at this point I'm trusting her, because she's got far to many tools around to fuck me over for me to keep an eye on...so either this works or I'm dead anyway



mk b. (GM): (Yeah we have to charsheet these derps at this point)

Mao: (evidently I'm an engineer)



mk b. (GM): Mao, the girl is surprisingly competent at helping you put the suit on.

Fleb: "You good down there?"

Mao: "Thank you, and sorry for stealing the fancy duds"



mk b. (GM): The other derp is loading the landing craft with, well, first off ammo boxes, then various small bits of tools and so on. Sadly there was no food in the hangar.

You're all ready to go! The question is, who stays in the boarding craft since there's room for 11 (barely) in the lifeboat and only one suit that can connect to an air tank.

"No problem. Uh, yes sir, we're good, everything is fine here.... how are you?"

Mao: "Mao Here, situation is nominal, sending my 2 derps back to join you, so watch your airflow...I'm gonna keep working.....um....and someone figure out what manuver we have to pull off to fix out current drift while I'm at it?"

Fleb: "Alright. Hey rocket scientist, that's you."

"Unless anybody else has done a navigation rating?"

Mao: I'm currently stuck with the jb by dint of already wearing the suit, and being past the airlock, if I have to go in and switch with folks we'd lose time and air.....

Fleb: "Mao, we dont' NEED to pull this thing out of orbit."



mk b. (GM): Mao, you've got two small boats floating out of a big boats: you got plenty of fuel; they're so close that you can just point and go without having to plot ellipticals.

Mao: "not out of orbit, just out of roasting"

Fleb: "We have enough room to get everyone out"



Pyon: I haven't left the boarding ship, just in case to keep these derps from leaving without us.



mk b. (GM): Pyon, it's pretty tight in there. If you have any creative ideas on how to make a bit more room....

Fleb: "It's crew quarters and an empty hangar of a destroyed ship. It's SCRAP METAL. Just go!"



mk b. (GM): Pyon, that was a very good idea.

Fleb: I am also still with the crew.



Pyon: Well, we don't have the medical supplies to chop off any limbs. Probably.

Fleb: And after that incident in the hangar, I already have commissaring people on my mind
so nobody get yourselves commissarred, k?



mk b. (GM): Fleb, you send the derps up to rotate with two more. The girl has started the refueling procedure on the lander anyway, though. The other derp is very happy to be out of vac for a bit longer, so there's that.

Mao: Ok...guess we're not salvaging the hulk for a while....Im just strapping the scraps from earlier to the boarding craft and joining up with the life boat for the escape then



Pyon: "None of you have detachable limbs, do you?"

Fleb: Well, Mao can handle the start/stop on the fueler.



mk b. (GM): Pyon, one of the new derps has mechanical legs, so technically, you do, since you have a philips screwdriver.

Mao, one crew rotation later, you get some stuff (tools, rifles, ammo, and an extra RTG for heat) in the open-topped lander. The shrot girl is still refueling the thing even though she was told not to, and... shouldn't she be out of air by now?



Pyon: There we go. That'll give us a bit extra room if there's any sort of overhead compartment.

Mao: I told her to get. how is she still
"ok....what the hell ?"



mk b. (GM): Mao, refueling is something that doesn't require a lot of movement, just hold the hose in place, sort of thing. She's in fact standing very still.

Fleb: ...

Mao: I told her to go
I'm dragging her for the air lock right now



mk b. (GM): Yes, and she didn't. She set things up so that she could stand perfectly still and finish the refuel anyway just by moving one finger. Which is all she's moving.

Mao: "Possible issue here, get someone to the hatch, I'm passing you a crewmember

"Damnit girl"

Fleb: "Right." I dispatch is-this-a-drill-kid



mk b. (GM): Fleb, do you also go yourself?

Mao: "I TOLD you to go Girl"



mk b. (GM): Pyon, looks like it'll be a squeeze but you can all fit. Who's driving?

Fleb: No, we're trying to keep the panic under control.



mk b. (GM): Mao, you get no answer.



Pyon: I'm driving, since I don't trust anyone else.

Mao: "What the fuck is the damned point of getting stuck in charge of someone if they don't listen"

I'm ranting a bit as a I drag her in low G no air to the vent



mk b. (GM): Her finger is still twitching on the trigger for the pressure valve. In fairness she's doing a perfect job: a robot would do it worse, if anything. Are you touching her?

Mao: I'm pulling her off and dragging her to the hallway door

Fleb: I've got one guy ready at the hatch.



mk b. (GM): Mao, you gotta jump up to the hole you made! The gravity is low, so that's easy.

Mao: I'd keep swearing but I don't want to waste the O2



mk b. (GM): Pyon, the controls have been zip tied to the bulkhead. You'll have to drive with your head tilted 90 degrees, but it's doable.

Mao: I do point to the other derps to keep working



mk b. (GM): Once you get up there, the girl seemingly reanimates. "Hmm. Now that's an ethical conundrum you've put me in. A nameless minion of the Dark Lord rescued me from what he thought was serious danger."

Mao: and to WATCH THEIR AIR



Pyon: Yep, that's a plant.

Mao: "You're crew, You don't die for being stupid"



mk b. (GM): The girl stretches. A lot. Like, she's probably some sort of yoga champion or something.

Fleb: The man I sent over there should be with em by now, right?



mk b. (GM): Fleb, yep!

Fleb: Or is he on the other side of the hatch

Mao: while interesting, it's irrelevant, I'm cramming her in that doorway, She can live and be smug about what ever on Fleb's watch

Fleb: (sry notsuer which side theyre on)



mk b. (GM): "I am a Photon Knight, and we only die when we choose to. But now I can't finish the job, you performed a jan-you-ine chivalrous act on little old me, damn it. Fine, you get to live. Take the lander, go, tell your master that I let you live. He'll understand."



Pyon: Wut.

Mao: "Oh...."



Pyon: "Wut."

Mao: "well shit....."

I shake my head

"Problem for later, when we're not going all die"

"You can wax poetically about when we've dirt side"

Fleb: ...fucking hell



mk b. (GM): With cutscene power to the max, the short girl skewers the derp that Fleb sent out with a screwdriver, which then.... starts glowing?

Mao: "And Yes, I meant that Boss"

"Oh for the...."



mk b. (GM): Someone says that fuckfuckfuck this isn't a drill after all.

Fleb: "What the hell is going on out there?"

Mao: "You REALLY Don't Want to Know"



mk b. (GM): Mao, you're blocking the way, and the engineering suit is bulky. She won't kill you, but she probably doesn't have to. And she obviously was able to enter a trance earlier so she has some air in her armor.

Fleb: "I really do."



mk b. (GM): (You've all heard the exchange; everyone's on the same channel)

Fleb: "MOVE MOVE MOVE! Get this thing out of here!"



mk b. (GM): Pyon, at any time if you're in the lifeboat, you can hit the enter key and GTFO.

Mao: (they haven't figured it out yet)

Fleb: (well we're figuring it out now - we're LEAVING)



Pyon: "Okay, we're getting out of here. You two, get on the life raft, we're leaving NOW."

Mao: "Crap Baskets"



mk b. (GM): Fleb, you're run past by a stream of rookies getting into the life raft! Pyon, of course someone bumps into your boobs. You were wearing your chestplates, so there's that.

Fleb: "Mao, status of [name of derp]"

(is he just straight dead?)

Mao: I shove her back using the suits bulk, trying to get to the other crew man to shove HIM through the damned doors



mk b. (GM): That was Ed. Ed's dead, baby. Ed's dead. Stabbing wound in no atmosphere will kill you pretty fast.

Mao: "Clear the way"

Fleb: Oh right they were in vacuum.



Pyon: I am still at the pilot's station, waiting for either the other two derps, or to shut off this knight from getting on board and killing us all. Whichever situation arises first.

Mao: They can have the body then, soon as it's clear I'm heading for the damned boarding ship



mk b. (GM): Mao, the Photon Knight is now Advancing Ominously towards you. "I won't kill you, but only if you get out of the way."

Fleb: As soon as Mao tells me he's dead, I'm jumping on the lifeboat, and out.

"BLAST OFF!"



mk b. (GM): Pyon, you're clear. Go?



Pyon: Mao's plan is the boarding ship?

Mao: "Well One of us isn't going to be too happy with the results of this"



Pyon: Then activate GTFO



mk b. (GM): Being as this IS Stra-Kuhl's navy, the lifeboat has two blasters on it.

Pyon, it's pretty hard to actually AIM though.

Fleb: That's extremely convenient, do we still have weapons controls?



mk b. (GM): Fleb, you've saved most of your squad!

Fleb: "Mao can you still hear me?"

Mao: if I can't get past her, option B....with the rest of the crew out, I open the door behind me all the way and let the air blow us both out

Fleb: "Mao, are you clear?"

Mao: "WORKING ON IT"



mk b. (GM): You have one of these: <https://stopxwhispering.files.wordpress.com/2012/07/c64-joystick.jpg>(<https://stopxwhispering.files.wordpress.com/2012/07/c64-joystick.jpg>)

Fleb: "We're clear, take the lander and go!"

"No MORE heroics!"



mk b. (GM): Mao, it's all on you now!

Pyon, Fleb, you can maneuver into the hangar since there's a big honking hole.

Mao: if the air got her distracted I'm heading for the boarding craft

Fleb: (didn't she say she was letting him go anyway?)



mk b. (GM): Mao, the problem is that she's between you and the hole you made. She's still Advancing Ominously, moving very slowly probably to conserve air. The screwdriver in her hand is glowing yellow.

(Yep she did. Before you guys took the other boat)

Mao: hence the 'blow remaining air at her' plan...which doesn't seem to have worked

Fleb: (ah, gotcha)



mk b. (GM): (Wait, did I miss a post?)



Pyon: Is maneuvering through the hangar going to accomplish anything?

Fleb: (I think you did, sry for spam)

Mao: I stated I opened the airlock after they blasted off



mk b. (GM): Oh

Mao: since the ship doesn't need air since they left I was hoping to blow her over with that

Fleb: (I think the plan now is Mao spaces himself, he hopefully has enough air in the engi suit to EVA ride with us, and we hope there's an orbital dock or we literally cram his face in here for a landing)

(wait, we're only ten aboard right now, we do have room for him)



mk b. (GM): Both of you get hit by a pressure wave, you from behind, her from the front! The difference of course is that you expected it and grabbed onto something.

She (and the dead guy) get thrown all the way back!

Fleb: (I think everyone misread a post, that he was upposed to get on THIS ship lol)

Mao: I was planning ot get the drop ship and salvage, but right now, AWAY from pointy objects is good

(nah...I was still aiming for the boarding ship)



mk b. (GM): Mao, now the Knight is no longer between you and the hole you made.

Mao: (but well....backed into a corner....and you know how I respond to that)

Fleb: Hey if you can strand her on the ship slowly descending into the sun, we can probably make it quickly descending into the sun.



Pyon: Is there a grapple on this thing? If he wants to get into the boarding ship and we grab onto it then leave...

Mao: She's blown out, I'm hitting the boarding craft



Pyon: But my current top priority is to get as many of our derps out alive.



mk b. (GM): Pyon, Fleb, there aren't.



Pyon: Okie.

Fleb: Getting out is good.

Mao: "Ok....crazy lady ...occupied....I'm hitting the boarding craft and gonna meet up with you"



mk b. (GM): But there's two guns on it.



Pyon: Mao had a plan and a way to get out. If Mao gives the clear, blast the remainder of the ship to ensure that that person isn't escaping.

Mao: (I'm a recruit....was not expecting this)

Fleb: "Move move move!"



mk b. (GM): Mao, you get to the hole you made earlier. The landing craft is still there, and fully fueled to boot. You just need to unclamp it, which is two switches, and you can go. The lander DOES have a grapple, since it's a boarding craft, so you can latch onto the lifeboat.

Fleb: "Pilot, can we de-orbit that hulk?"



Pyon: "Yep. Mao, let me know when you're clear.

Fleb: (not over comms if we can talk face to face, since the knight is still on comms)

(snuggle up to it and burn retrograde a little and leave, tbh)



mk b. (GM): Fleb, yeah, you guys are all piled up into the lifeboat so you can decide what you broadcast. But what you broadcast gets to both

Mao: I start unhooking it as fast as possible.....safety from boom is slightly less of an issue atm

Fleb: Not broadcasting the part about pushing the photon knight into the sun.

Let's make her think we're gone.

Mao: After that, I'm not slowing down to toss any more salvage on this tub...time to GO



mk b. (GM): Fleb, Pyon, are you going into or near the hangar, or just staying out of the way?

Fleb: No shit.



mk b. (GM): Mao, you get the first clamp off easily....

Fleb: We're plotting a course to give the hulk a retrograde nudge, afaik.

Mao: "she's low on air, and armed with a screw driver in a quarter of a failing ship"

"leave her be"



mk b. (GM): That means getting in front of the hangar anyway and then poking at whatever is safe to poke.



Pyon: Yeah. That.

Fleb: Gotcha.

Mao: "it's not worth it"

Fleb: (Mao thankfully cannot currently hear me)

Mao: :We are Outta Here

she can keep the fork lift



mk b. (GM): Mao, just as you say that, the Photon Knight executes a perfect superhero landing in front of the hangar. She swung around and pushed herself downwards! Or used ki. Or probably both. Her movements are stiff and rigid, as if she was wearing a bulky suit rather than you.

Fleb: We WILL however try to save Mao if he radios in.

Especially since we're going to have to position right in front of the hangar anyway.

Mao:ki or not....I've got right of mass on my side

kick the tires light the fires



Pyon: "I'm so glad I put those hours into that flight sim, now..."

Mao: "Take off"



mk b. (GM): Fleb, Pyon, you're right outside the hangar. The Knight is at the edge of it.

Mao, you get into the lander and boost off!

CLUNK CLUNK



Pyon: As soon as Mao is free, or I have a shot I know won't hit him, I'm firing.



mk b. (GM): And that's the Knight hanging onto the side on one of the two panels. They're thin.

Pyon, Mao's lander is clear of the gantry.

Mao: "Empty NIGHT what a woman"



mk b. (GM): Mao, you're clear!



Pyon: PEWPEWPEWPEWPEW

Fleb: Please don't shoot Mao down.



mk b. (GM): The Knight crouches and.... is she getting ready to try to jump at you?

rolling 1d100

(80)

= 80

Fleb: What ARE you shooting at .-.;



Pyon: I'll later claim it was in revenge. The knight, of course.

rolling 2d6+2 Firearms?

(4 + 5)+2

= 11

Mao: (and...with?)



mk b. (GM): Pyon, you can shoot at the knight, the fuel tanks inside the hangar, the forklift, or the superstructure to give it a push.



Pyon: There are two blasters on this thing. :V

Mao: (are there guns on escape pods?)

Fleb: (yes)

Mao: (oh)

Fleb: (this was mentioned a few times)



mk b. (GM): (Stra-Kuhl's escape pods? Yeah.)



Pyon: The superstructure primarily.

Fleb: Isn't this derpfus grappled onto Mao's ship



mk b. (GM): No; she was trying to jump onto it.

Mao: (I was busy fixing things...thought the things just side arms you stowed aboard)

Fleb: Oh.

She didn't make the jump?

Mao: "I'm clear...also WHY ARE YOU SHOOTING ?"

Fleb: Sorry, do continue :P

Mao: I look back at the very unsecured fuel line I left back there



mk b. (GM): Pyon, are you aiming carefully, or spray n pray?

Mao: "notgoodnotgoodnotgoodnotgood"



Pyon: Which accomplishes my goal better? XD

Fleb: Not shooting Mao. :P



Pyon: Yeah, so aiming carefully.

Mao: (we work this hard to get off the ship just to get exploded....)



Pyon: It's why I didn't toss four dice at it.

Fleb: (seriously, please don't shoot him down)

(caution dice are a good idea here yes)



mk b. (GM): The Photon Knight does a perfect jump-off, aiming for the lifeboat by turning just a little at the last moment! That would have worked with perfect and lethal grace... if it wasn't for the fact that the ship got pushed backwards by, well, high explosive bullets going off in a concave area: the explosion gives both of your ships a jolt, and the much lighter Knight is thrown off course by about three feet. The last thing she does in this world is barely scratch the surface of the lifeboat with that glowy screwdriver: you can tell when she finally dies when you no longer see the glow.

Fleb: "...I was about to yell at you for that undisciplined fire, but yknow what? Let's just say I gave the order, huh?"



Pyon tries not to celebrate.



mk b. (GM): You've heard of Photon Knights and other mighty ki experts be able to just pull themselves in onto a ship after being blown off, but there's only so much psychokinesis can do against good old newtonian mechanics - that's obviously silly and just a rumor.

Fleb: "Nice shot!"

Mao: "UNSECURED FUEL ON CRAFT"



mk b. (GM) is still a bit annoyed at episode 8, yeah. >_>

Mao: I follow up that warning by hitting the engines again, in the general direction of NOT HERE

Fleb: "Copy that, clear to safe distance."



Pyon punches in to GTFO.

Fleb: "Take us out of here and headed for [Planet]"
(and on our next episode, god damn ice planets)



mk b. (GM): So, you're going to make for Fompa IV, a cold terrestrial planet, right?

Fleb: Yeah we're headed for Fompa IV



Pyon: Yep



mk b. (GM): Mao, now that you're not dying any time soon, securing the leftover bits of fuel hose or getting rid of them is trivial.
You're both in tiny tiny ships, so it's getting toasty, but... eh, now you can MOVE.

Fleb: Getting the hell away from the sun would be nice.

Mao: (so....you're packed in like sardines over there while I'm running around without a sealed hull in a heavy vac suit for the ride back.....



mk b. (GM): You might be sorry to hear that Lyra of the Bloom will not fall into the sun, merely stay in an orbit that is very close to it. And she didn't have an air tank.

(Yep)

Mao: at least you guys have a hose



mk b. (GM): (You managed to save everyone except the guy that was going to die in a cutscene anyway!)



Pyon: We also have AC!

I didn't toss that! XD

Fleb: (aw, I don't get to use the goku quote)

Mao: (muffin button?0



Pyon: Muffin Button.

Fleb: (mr sun)



Pyon: (Oh)

Fleb: Muffin button we can use later

Mao: (also, I was gonna suggest just leaving her up there)

(I mean, she was kinda nice with the whole ship fixing...and not shaking me...and there was o2 and water for her)



mk b. (GM): Engineering suits generally have a self-cleaning diaper on them. They also carry a a built-in drill, welder, grinder, and memory card with a LOT of schematics, usually, but this one doesn't because it's the cheap version.

Mao: (could have come back...if she didn't get blown to solar orbital debris)



mk b. (GM): (Okay, that's it! Watcha think?)



Pyon: (Pyon is not going to let her enemies live. :V)

Fleb: (that was fun)



Pyon: That was fun!

Mao:I did not expect to do Junkyard Wars Space Edition



Pyon had fun!

Fleb: (I don't like letting enemies live either)



Pyon: (It's actually a character trait for Pyon. >_>;)



mk b. (GM): (lol)

Fleb: (you didn't expect to play space engineers tonight? We talked about playing space engineers tonight instead - so we did!)



mk b. (GM): (might want to space these guys)

(i mean, STAT these guys. STAT)

Fleb: (lol)

(yeah probably)



Pyon: (I have Pyon stats. XD I know now what to make her stress explosion)

Fleb: (kies)



mk b. (GM): (OOC hint: if you are facing a photon knight, don't bother with regular combat)



Pyon: (Unless it's Zeruael.)

Mao: I didn't....venting the rest of the ship in her face was about the only thing I had short of just turning around and walking out the way they blasted off



mk b. (GM): (think episode 2-3 anakin for what they can do.... except they're also about as strategically dumb)



Pyon: (But Ze is a mix of Akagi, Samus Aran, and Cirno)

Fleb: (fling me a template for a sheet)
(and gotcha)

Mao: which would have left her with the only thing that could hunt us down
...and a fork lift



Pyon: (Err, not Akagi. Warspite.)

Fleb: Nah. We were gonna dump the ship into the sun



mk b. (GM): (You guys are REALLY good at murderizing would-be-recurring-minibosses)

Fleb: (yes we are!)

Mao: I was being Nice...ish
I did not expect them to come around shooting at me



mk b. (GM): Anychirp, anything I did wrong?

Mao: I was kinda busy
not that I can think of



Pyon: Not that I can think of, either.

Mao: it was a bit hectic, but just because we had so much going on we got talking at cross purposes...no idea how you filter that as fast as you do
I always have to take time to parce things out



mk b. (GM): I had a good week and my brain is working well. And I did miss one thing
Any OOC questions?
And boo for not letting me riff on Avatar. :p
(Namelessderps are in case anyone else wants to join)

Mao: sorry for any spot light stealing I did....really didn't expect to be quite that front and center

Fleb: yay good week!

Mao: and yar
yay good week



mk b. (GM): kip you need to do a bit of that every once in a while ^-^



Riley: yeah

You're in this game too
you have as much right to big scenes as the rest of us.

Mao: me being front and center leads to EXPLOSIONS
and then death



Riley: as long as the explosions lead to spacing the boss, it's great
also given that we're playing more PKs again, I'm keeping a tally of this one
(SPACED BOSS COUNT: 1)

Mao: not when the boss is standing practically on my head next time?
I was trying to be NICE



someguy s.: Seriously



mk b. (GM): might want to not be in the future :P PKs are this setting's version of inquisition paladins in mystara



Riley: Yeah fuck those guys.



someguy s.: well....mao's working on the fact that she was crew that wasn't breathing when he started being nice



mk b. (GM): yeah



someguy s.: honestly was willing to settle for 'we can kill each other later, once we're dirt side"



Riley: More like she can kill us all
We are NOT kitted out to fight a fucking PK



Pyon: Yeah. XD



mk b. (GM): That's awesome roleplaying for a shipboard emergency situation Kip

someguy s.: considering I have no stats at all...correct



oh?

I was mostly just thinking on my feet



Riley: We were prepared to let her go, re shipboard emergency, she started trying to kill us first.



mk b. (GM): ya, which means you're genuinely a good guy, as far as i am concerned :)



Riley: EVERYTHING goes out the window when she tries to kill us. :P



someguy s.: I don't think there will be windows left



mk b. (GM): I was going with PKs are basically prequel jedis. They're not corrupt they're just assholes



someguy s.: OOC question



mk b. (GM): shoot



someguy s.: did she screw with the GGG with the intention of being left on the arse end with us?

or was that a happy accident

because either it was just sloppy engineers and the ship was doomed without her being around

or she did it expecting to likely die with all of us as the ship went boom



mk b. (GM): Who was the fuel engineer who authorized the power increase every time?



Riley: ...

she was.



someguy s.:fuck

I missed that



mk b. (GM): (Also note that again, IT security in this setting barely exists, because that lets people pull a HACKERMAN)



Riley: hahaha



someguy s.: to be fair...I was very busy



Riley: Jan is more the character for that, Fleb is BASICALLY Nick from Schlock Mercenary



mk b. (GM): Interdictor ships have two sets of GGGs that basically work against each other when the ship is in interdiction mode.

When it's just traveling they just use one of them.



someguy s.: since this got sprung on me...um....

I just stole the name from one of the secondary characters from Gundam Build Fighters

[https://vignette.wikia.nocookie.net/gundam/images/c/c1/Mao_Yasaka.png/revision/latest?](https://vignette.wikia.nocookie.net/gundam/images/c/c1/Mao_Yasaka.png/revision/latest?cb=20130810115259)

[cb=20130810115259\(https://vignette.wikia.nocookie.net/gundam/images/c/c1/Mao_Yasaka.png/revision/latest?cb=20130810115259\)](https://vignette.wikia.nocookie.net/gundam/images/c/c1/Mao_Yasaka.png/revision/latest?cb=20130810115259)



mk b. (GM): well imagine having a ferry boat of the sort that doesn't turn around when crossing a lake, but has two propellers on each end and is symmetrical



Pyon *had figured out she was up to no good when she gave the joke about leaving with only the minimum in the life boat.*



mk b. (GM): if you turn on both, you will stay where you are / move slowly if one has a bit more juice, but make a lot of waves and bubbles same idea



Pyon: She was basically going to try killing us all there. >_>



mk b. (GM): yep



Pyon: And that's why I stayed on it the entire time. XD



someguy s.: I just grabbed her for the engineering crew because she seemed like she knew her way around tools



mk b. (GM): which she did

again, prequels anakin: somehow naturally talented at fucking everything :p

as to why blow up a cruiser: strategically, this means that this system now no longer has an interdicator ship preventing surprise approahes.

(Or has one less anyway)



Pyon: Yep. And now we can report that.



someguy s.: so....aside from missing the fact that my pick for a helpful hand was gonna kill us all.....did I make any silly flubs in "how to get off the wreck?"



mk b. (GM): nope

i WAS gonna use the spengies ship you made for representing this section of the cruiser tbh, but i couldn't export a cross section without pausing the game so i just doodled



someguy s.: heh...that ship DOES have a full schematic on the LCD's



Pyon: <http://emlia.org/pmwiki/pmwiki.php?n=PhotonKnights.Pyon>(<http://emlia.org/pmwiki/pmwiki.php?n=PhotonKnights.Pyon>)



someguy s.: I do love that script



Pyon: I already had her sheet done, but I did it in Clasew instead of VDP.



mk b. (GM): is it hard to move

anyderp, ooc questions? if not imma go hunt a sandwich

hope this was decent!



Pyon: Isn't hard to convert it over. It's just the core stats



mk b. (GM): as for Ze taking down a photon knight.... I guess it'd be a fair fight if they are both in space.

At that point it's a case of "Can Christopher Blair in a Rapier kill Luke Skywalker in a X-Wing"



Riley: Go hunt sandwich :)

and lol



mk b. (GM): also, YES I AM STILL ANGRY ABOUT LEIA IN EPISODE 8



someguy s.: most of those movies peeve me off



mk b. (GM): then you're a neanderthal, a symbol of toxic masculinity, and probably also racist because why not.

>_>



someguy s.: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bzPuK1vib_c(https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bzPuK1vib_c)

masculinity and space knights?



mk b. (GM): well you saw all the people who got annoyed at ep8 especially

they got yeled at for not wanting StrongWomen(tm) in their space opera

uh..... RIPLEY IS A STRONG WOMAN IN SPACE. THAT WAS A MARY SUE PARADE.

also, i had that one on semirepeat for my "i am running left beyond" youtube playlist, most of the rest of which is two steps from hell admittedly



someguy s.: recently started poking around TTS emperor stuff, so it's back in my head



mk b. (GM): if the LB derps had gone with the "help Ithuriel" instead of "help Kat" option at the very end, i had a little scene planened

king david going "who are you guys" and ithuriel going "we are the sudden transport division" before being interrupted by some other dood going "WE ARE THE MOTHER FUCKING SPACE MARINES NOW"



someguy s.: heh

the recent OL story line was very much a LBQ feel



mk b. (GM): well, being a bunch of gene modded derps in heavy armor and riding down a drop pod through the literal wrath of god qualifies you, i think

i think people are reading the archive, i sometimes get a reddit poke about it

OL thing is hueg and intimidating O_O; how many werds is it

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6qTghUgMOeY>(<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6qTghUgMOeY>)

foooooo



someguy s.: good game, and good here

gonna sign off...manybe work on mao's sheet tomorrow



Riley: goodnifhgt fuzzles.



Dee: <http://emlia.org/pmwiki/pub/web/PhotonKnights.Pyon.html>(<http://emlia.org/pmwiki/pub/web/PhotonKnights.Pyon.html>)



Pyon will get redone card art when she becomes a 3 star.



mk b. (GM): Recap tiem pls!



Pyon: Let's see. We managed to survive our ship exploding! Because of sabotage. The saboteur tried to finish things with the rest of us, but we outsmarted(?) her! And saved everyone (else)! And now we're off to a cold planet because that's where a base is and probably better than the warm place.

Fleb: We figured a civilized boreal planet was probably a better choice than a jungle hellhole.

Mao: We've maanged one escape pod with everyone crammed in like sardines, and one cobbled together open to space drop pod that Mao's riding in, in a slightly fancier suit



mk b. (GM): You're currently riding on a hastily put together composite spacecraft with 8 other redshirts (in fairness, the Dark Lord's armor is a fairly sensible white with color accent, and helmets that only restrict vision a little bit; however, the thermal undershirts were in fact red. You're in a bit of a back water, so they've been washed a bit too many times between refurbish, so they look more like pink-SALMON! I MEAN SALMON!)

First off, is your distress beacon on or off?



Pyon: Wasn't it on?

Fleb: I believe I ordered it turned on. If not, we should turn it on now that we are clear of the enemy.

Fleb also somehow got declared in charge again.



Pyon is busy trying to drive while someones keep poking her in the boobs.



mk b. (GM): It was, but are you keeping it on? On one hand, this IS a friendly star system. On the other, the capship monitoring it has been torn asunder by a Photon Knight. Happily, there is (grainy) video of (some of) the incident, should you ever face a review board.



Pyon: It'd be a good idea to keep it on, especially for trying to get a spot to land.



someguy s.: I get to enjoy riding the jalopy we salvaged rather than the pod. More elbow room, but also totally exposed

Fleb: ...we're a ship full of marines. Pirates scooping us would be GREAT.

the contents of this ship are literally 100% marine

Mao: you're stacked like firewood in that pod...open the doors and zap zap zap

cooked marine



mk b. (GM): Pyon, you manage to keep the ship on course for Fompa IV, which according to the terminal was a lightly populated planet at the outer edge of the habitable zone. Mao, the good news is that you're in a Mk4 engineering suit, so it has a little brush on the inside of the helmet that you can use to scratch your nose. The bad news is that other bits are still unscratchable.

(That actually happens in Starcrash)

Fleb doesn't have ROOM to scratch his nose, so Mao is up one



mk b. (GM): Yep.

Fleb: We should probably turn off the distress beacon.

Any friendly capital support IS lost. We need to land on the planet.

Mao: I'm somewhat busy making sure I can keep up with you in this duct taped rig

Fleb: We can reactivate it once we're in orbit.



mk b. (GM): There's no orbital traffic that you can see, although that's not too uncommon... oh, wait, that's not true; a standard issue packet rocket is going up to the small planetary station, presumably with biomass to take up and rare metals to bring back down. What's mildly odd is that other than the modem chirping of the automated rocket, you aren't hearing any of the usual chatter.



Pyon: "Pyokay."



Pyon manages to avoid saying out loud that this doesn't quite look the same as the video game version. It's probably okay.

Fleb: (so we've reached orbit?)



mk b. (GM): (Yes)



Pyon: Is the radio working?

Fleb: "Reactivate our distress beacon and try to get radio contact with the base."



mk b. (GM): Yep, although someone sat on the antenna, so it only works short range.



Pyon: "Gotcha gacha."

Beep boop beep.

Fleb: (we have radio contact with Mao right?)



mk b. (GM): (yes)

Mao: Via suit radio, since I'm attempting to stay in spitting distance

Fleb: "Mao, we're going to stabilize here. What's the condition of that engineering suit? Can you fix the antenna?"



mk b. (GM): The station responds! It sounds like they left an old guy up there.

"Helloooo, this is Lenny."

Mao: "...seems to work"

"That'll be \$207 space bucks please"



mk b. (GM): (Well, it works in RX. Who knows about TX)

"I heard that!" one of the other derps says. She's was assistant quartermaster for the cruiser, so that may actually get accredited to you if you get home safe.



Pyon: "Hedlo! This is Pyon. Depending on if my paperwork is done yet, I'm either [original rank] or [actual rank]. We've had a problem and kind of need to land. Do we have clearance?"

(I forgot her rank. XD)



mk b. (GM): (Able Spaceman. That's the equivalent of PFC)



Pyon: Able Spacebunn.

Fleb clears his throat and sticks his face past pyon boobs to get to the microphone. "This is squad leader Fleb Snorg of the [ship we just lost]. We have had to abandon ship. We require landing clearance and resupply."

Fleb: "Excuse my navigator. She's just green."

Fleb gives the bun a reassuring headpat.



mk b. (GM): (The Dark Lord's military has Incapable Spaceman for PVT. This is after successful lobbying to replace Expendable with Incapable for active duty crew, since spaceships don't have that many people onboard unless they're troop transports)

Mao: (you can reach head past boobs?)



Pyon: (They are squishy)



mk b. (GM): "Uhhh, s.. sorry, I can barely hear you there"

Fleb: "EMERGENCY LANDING" I say slowly and clearly as possible

Fleb tells pyon to make sure our distress beacon is on.



mk b. (GM): "Oh good! Yes yes yes."

Mao: "Oh this is just swell"



Pyon double checks that it is.



mk b. (GM): The packet rocket undocks and goes back to where it came from; by the look of it, it's automated. Looking down at the night side of the planet, you notice that while there are some lights, "lightly inhabited" seems to mean "there's maybe a dozen thousand people on the planet total".

Pyon, your beacon is on! The trip here took about half a day, and you didn't get groped much, even. Although apparently there's a bit of polite fucking going on at the other end of the ship.

Mao: I mark the lights position, just in case we need to crash land near it

Fleb is mostly impressed at the contortionist act that was needed.



Pyon: Well that's just unprofessional. And explains the smell.



mk b. (GM): Mao, good call. Since you have an engineering suit, you can try to interface with the station through the radio, although that may or may not work.



Pyon has managed to learn to suppress the imprinted urges to eject such behavior out of the casino. It helps that this definitely isn't a casino.



mk b. (GM): The station reacts to the beacon by lighting up, should you need a visual reference to land.

Mao: Getting Dara access on the ship served me well enough, remote access to the station will at least get some updated info

I'll give it a crack

*Data



mk b. (GM): (Roll me something related?)

Dararin dara dara~

Pyon, Fleb, anything else for Lenny?



Pyon: Uhhh

Mao: rolling 2d6 2 MP

$$\begin{array}{|c|} \hline (4 + 3) \\ \hline \\ \hline = 7 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

Fleb: not at the moment that I can think of.



mk b. (GM): Mao, annoyingly, you lose connection after the handshake. What the station says about itself in the handshake, however, notes that it's supposed to have a crew of 3, and crew rotation is overdue by about a month.



Pyon: Asking 'how do i land this' would not inspire confidence, so I shall keep quiet. I at least was really good at landing in sims!

Mao: Hmm



mk b. (GM): Pyon, in order to crash into a mountain you'd have to find one, this planet is pretty flat! Are you going to try to land towards one of the points of lights, or away from them? And if so, big one or small one?



Pyon: Close to a bigger one.



mk b. (GM): Fleb, does that work for you?



Pyon: We have a lot of people here and bigger light spots are more likely to have more room. We're also not really equipped for cold weather.

Mao: direct radio link to the life boat "Just a heads up, but the station seems under manned if he's the only one up there....after that whole boom thing with the Knight....I'm a touch paranoid"



Pyon: So minimizing time spent in the freezing cold while in our underwear is a good idea.

Fleb: We should probably head for what passes for a city, yes. That said..."what's the purpose and state of the station?"



mk b. (GM): "Ah yes, yes... uh.. someone did, did say last week, you know, someone did call last week about the same.. thing... was that you?"

Mao: I'll skip 'landing' for just leaving the junker in a parking distance from the station, since it's already open to space anyway I'll stay out here for the moment

Fleb: Are we preparing to dock with the space station, or make a planetary landing?

That seems to be a lot of options.



mk b. (GM): Pyon is getting ready to land. Docking with the station is feasible; your GGG works, theirs does, so it's really a matter of lining up and pushing the up arrow.



Pyon: (...I didn't register there being a station)

Mao: I'm slightly worried at the idea of doing orbital insertion with out an enclosed ship....



Pyon: (That would be the better thing to connect to)

Fleb: "Mao, do you want to investigate this station first? How many people can they take?"



Pyon will make for docking with the station!

Mao: "Crew's rated for three, it's not exactly huge"

" I mean, as long as they have a shoe horn to get you out of that pod, it'll be worth it for ya"

Fleb: "Alright. Let's dock with the station first. We can shuttle people down to the planet."



mk b. (GM): Pyon, it's pretty easy: the station has a bunch of lights indicating where to go, and you can take up the berth that was just vacated by the packet rocket. If you want to just go in, it's super easy. If you want to try to be circumspect about it, though, you'll have to pretend to fly casual, and roll me something.

"Ah yes, yes... uh.. someone did, did say last week, you know, someone did call last week about the same.. thing... was that you?"

(repasted from earlier, you didn't get the same message twice)

Fleb: "No, we did not contact this station last week."

Mao: "Could be some asshole had budget cuts and just left someone up there to go space case...."

(still isolated to the lifeboat)



Pyon: I shall fly casual-like. Not sure if another rocket is incoming anyway.

8 (Piloting +0, Mental Reaction +3)



mk b. (GM): "Sorry uh which company did you say you were calling from again?"

Fleb: "The Dark Legion's Navy"

"We are docking and coming aboard to resupply and assess the situation."



mk b. (GM): Pyon, you dock with the station without any incidents! It's old, and very visibly patched up, but otherwise looks intact.

Mao: I'll take a moment to circile around the station in my rig...they have a window to look in anywhere near the 'bridge'



mk b. (GM): The lfieboat doesn't have a docking port, but you can cram it into the small hangar, IF you detach Mao's ship from it.



Pyon: "Phew. Okay, now to get out of this in an orderly fashion..."

(Aren't we on the lifeboat?)



mk b. (GM): (Yep. You drove it into a little enclosed hangar.)

Mao: you're on the boat, I'm not



mk b. (GM): Mao, looking around it's visible that the station has seen better days: the emergency solar panels are deployed, the radiators are damaged and have been repaired in a very haphazard fashion, and the whole thing is ancient anyway. Looks like general neglect rather than any thing malicious though.

Mao: oh...we were tethered

ok



mk b. (GM): "

Well, you know, here's, here's the thing, cause the last time that uh someone called up uhhhh and spoke to me uhh on the phone, I got in quite a bit of trouble from the -- the people here because I went for something that I shouldn't have, uh, I probably shouldn't be telling you that. But, uhm... yes, I-- I think, my eldest, Rachel, she, she uh, she wouldn't speak to me for a week. Now, you know, th- that happens, you know, but uh th-, that really hurt, and sometimes in family you know these things are, are quite important, you know, they're more important than uh, any, you know, job or phone call or what-- whatever it is."

Fleb, Pyon, you can debark if you like. Mao, you're outside the station; your suit is fully charged so you can stay out there until the diaper's full if need be.

Fleb: "Squad, debark. Stretch your legs, let's find out what's going on here and get some supplies. We can ferry down with the pod once we're fueled and get something to eat."



Pyon: "Single file, orderly fashion. Be careful, we're still in space, afterall."



mk b. (GM): The air in the station smells of toe fungus, but it's breathable, and most importantly, it's a lot colder than it was inside the cramped lifeboat. Your derps carefully debark and put on what bits of armor you guys had strapped outside the lifeboat.

Mao: While somewhat tempted to hack off parts of the station to make this rig more worthy of being my space hot rod, I hold off that for now, by the looks of things most spare parts aboard are likely to be used or just as crappy as the rest of the place.



Pyon: "And you idiots, you know who you are, clean up your mess BEFORE you exit."

Mao: I'll stay out here for right now, keep an eye on the lifeboat and the rest of space while the marines take care of marine-ing



mk b. (GM): "Yes ma'am!" "Sorry!"

Fleb: "I'll keep it off the record, but...come on. Show some discipline and be glad there's no captain to answer to right now."



Pyon: Any detached prosthetics are returned to their owners, as well.



mk b. (GM): Mao, there's another packet rocket coming up from the planet; it will be here in about half an hour to an hour, if you're any judge of it. It's the cheapie kerosene models, so it makes a really visible exhaust plume.

"

Well, i-i-it's funny that you should call, because my third eldest, Larissa, uh she was talking about this uh just last week, and.. y'know, she's, eh, she is very smart, I'll give her that, because she was the first in the family to go to university, and she passed with distinctions... you know, we're all quite proud of her, yes, yes. So um, yes, she was saying that I should uh look, you know, get into this, look into this sort of thing. So, um, what more can you tell me about it?"



Pyon: So I did make a good decision there.



mk b. (GM): Lenny's still talking on the radio, apparently.



Pyon: "Should we... answer him?"

Fleb: "Clear comms, we're on our way up. You can explain everything when we get there."



mk b. (GM): It's true that no combat ready unit ever passed inspection, but there's eleven of you and overall five suits of armor, so you all look pretty mismatched. Pyon, at least nobody took your custom chest plate. Mao, you can talk to the station by wire now if you want.

"Ahhh yeah, since, since you've, you've put it that way, I mean, you've been quite uh, friendly and straightforward with me here.... uhm hello? hello, are you there? uh, yes, s-sorry, it's, it's - I have a bit of a, a bit of a problem with this phone, and my, my hearing is-- is not so good. Uh, yes, sorry, what were you saying again?"

Mao: If the next rocket is automated, might shift the lifeboat out of it's way a bit, in case it's too dumb to deal with another ship in the way

Fleb: "We're here. Coming aboard."

Mao: I'm gonna keep an eye out from the hanger areaif any other supprises come from space, my option is, lacking weapons, to crash the jalopy into it and use suit thrusters to get back to the station

but that's a worst case



mk b. (GM): "

Well, ye-- , that, that that does sound.. good, I mean, you have been very patient with an old man here. It-- it's something that I've been told that I should be looking at, uh, uhm, my third eldest, Lariss-- Larissa, she uh -- I think I mentioned Larissa before? Ye-- yes, she, um, she says uh that I, that I should be, going for... something like this [Ducks start quacking softly] you know, what.. what is most appropriate for, for uhhh, the time and I guess... whatnot. Sorry could you just hang on for one second here? Hang on."

Fleb: "Was that a duck?"



mk b. (GM): Yes, there are now duck noises on the radio.

Fleb looks at his radiobunny.

Mao: "...'

Fleb: Are we safely debarked?



mk b. (GM): Yep! Got a few guns, too.

Fleb: "Mao, you can tend the pod. If you need to clear the hangar, clear it. Do you need hands?"



(To Mao): Technically not, but up to you if you want to borrow some of the other redshirts.



Pyon: "Uhhh. I think he's been up here by himself too long."

"We should go check him out physically, though. It could also be an AI with issues."

Mao: "Leave me the hot and heavy duo, they can air out here while you get things"



mk b. (GM): The airlock is in good shape, and you can see that there's atmosphere past it because it's a bit dusty.

Mao: "And if they get touchy feelie they can mop the deck"



mk b. (GM): "Aw, man!" "Shush."

Mao: "For ever"

Fleb: "Alright. You two are on standby."

"Airlock checks out."

Fleb double checks the airlock

Fleb: we don't have SUITS so it's kind of a thing to double check



mk b. (GM): Mao, of course the hangar has a mop and wipes in it. You put your derps to work. Fleb, the airlock is in fact fine, although it won't be in about six months, the way the rubber's going.



(To Pyon): Why are you hearing the ducks only on the radio?

Fleb: That's not good, but we'll be away in six months from now.



mk b. (GM): Breach the station, such as it is?

Fleb: Yeah.



(From Pyon): That's why I was thinking AI.



mk b. (GM): HISS! The pressure equalizes quickly (it shouldn't have had to in the first place, but, nobody's trimmed the valves in a while).
You are immediately greeted with two proper restrooms!



Pyon makes sure to have a mask on, regardless.

Fleb: Oh thank the dark lord



mk b. (GM): The station itself is the size of a small apartment, and is really cramped. It's obvious that its purpose is to act as a waypoint, uranium going downstairs, and concentrated biomass coming upstairs.

Fleb arranges lines for everyone who needs to use the latrines

Fleb goes first so he can go talk to the station keeper



Pyon will examine the station for signs of life.



mk b. (GM): Specifically, some of the biomass has gone a bit stale. You quickly set up two lines, with absolutely no complaints from anyone after people had to use the emergency hose.

Mao: (ah the wonders abusing your rank...BATHROOM PRIVIAGES)



mk b. (GM): (lol fair)

Pyon, you quickly find the cupola! Mao didn't, simply because one window was cracked, so it had automatically closed the blast shield. Inside, you find "Lenny." It's a remarkably not-disturbing sight.

Mao: I keep an eye on things hanger side, and do try to secure a few more rattling piece on the junker while I'm here...and look around to refuel / top off the lifeboat and it

just in case

Fleb gets clear of the latrines and regroups with Pyon. Takes any hands that don't need to go.



mk b. (GM): What you find is a tape recorder, held in front of a microphone, with a simple little collection of motors and servos that turns the "play" and "stop" buttons on. It looks like it was put together very haphazardly, but it's surprisingly solid. Mao, good call on refueling: the station does have some emergency fuel, just for this sort of thing, all you have to do is move the pellets into the hopper. Fleb, you join Pyon in the cupola with the girl with the mechanical leg, and another dude, since the cupola can't hold any more.



Pyon: "Huh. Much less than I was expecting, but probably a good thing."

Fleb: "There's nowhere else on this station, is there?"



mk b. (GM): There's a storeroom, and crew quarters, but that's it.



Pyon checks the recorder without touching it. "This is still suspicious, though."

Fleb: Do we have personal radios working right now or did we leave them behind since not everyone took full combat suits?



mk b. (GM): Oddly enough, the tape-recorder-and-motors contraption isn't connected to the station in any way, even for power.... oh, that's kind of bad: the shielding on the RTG operating it is really badly damaged. By the look of it, some bits of the shielding have been used to build the motor holders, even! You're not going to get insta-cancer, but nobody would want to be in here for more than a few minutes.

Those are part of the undersuit. The range stinks, but they work.

Fleb: ...THAT is not good. Move out!

"Mao, we've got a rad leak"

"We're out of here"

"Unless you can get your ass in here and re-shield the RTG"



mk b. (GM): (Good guess Pyon!)

"

[Ducks get louder] Get! [smack ducks with rolled-up newspaper]

[pick up phone] ...Ye-- S.. Sorry about that, uhm, s..sorry, what were you saying there again?"

The tape is then rewind.

Fleb: ...

Mao: How rad resistant is the engineering suit?



mk b. (GM): (Look up "This Is Lenny" on youtube)

Fleb gets clear of the radioactive room



mk b. (GM): You can't walk into a nuclear furnace, but you can sit next to a nuclear battery and not care.



Pyon also gets out!

Fleb: How radioactive is the rest of the station?

Mao: "Good you two stayed out here, if those folks stay in there much longer, having kids won't be a problem any more!"



Pyon: So this is just a pit stop rather than a rest stop, but we should at least get enough to get down to the surface and not die. Can people fit in the cargo thing with Mao, now?

Mao: I'd likely have to kitbash from station parts to seal the thing up, it'd take time

I could also, with my suit, try and lock down the leaks and salvage what we can from the station



mk b. (GM): Yes. Fleb, the station does have a working geiger counter or two. Looking up the readouts that are at the nearest terminal shows that the station is within safe limits, although the rad count is a bit higher than usual. The other derps report that the station is otherwise empty and I FOUND

CANDY! no I found it HEY GUYS SHARE! Huh, old man underwear. Eewwww! This stuff isn't regulation. Who cares? it's dry and it's my size.

Fleb: "Any real supplies?"

Mao: nice they the crew has life goals

Fleb: "Any survivors?"

"The station keeper was a recording. He may have taken an escape pod."

Is there a working computer that might tell me where the escape pods are?



Pyon: Is the only radio in the cupola?



mk b. (GM): Yep! One escape pod is intact, one is marked "maintenance required" and, and the other one is gone.



Pyon: Might be a good idea to contact ground and see what's going on.



mk b. (GM): Pyon... good question! Actually, the station beacon is fine, but the long range radio is offline. Interestingly, the ship's log say that there's a repair request for it, but it has been moved to the lowest possible priority. A technician's note says that since the packet rockets are working fine, they'll deal with it when there's time to.



Pyon: "This is... not good. Can we go to the tropical hell hole instead?"



mk b. (GM): Fleb, there are no survivors. In the sense that, well, it looks like there wasn't a fight or anything: Lenny, if he was even a real person, left in an orderly fashion. He even left a bunch of dirty mags for the next crew.



Pyon checks what's wrong with the radio, snagging any of the crew to help if it's out of her expertise.



mk b. (GM): One of the derps opines that maybe this was someone's attempt at automating the station and getting paid while not doing any work.

Mao: Hmm...I order the pair with me to grab the supplies from the 'in repair' pod and stuff them in the good one, the crew can split and use 2 pods for land fall,

The remaing damaged pod, once emptied, looks like a good supply of spare parts for the first one, with left over bolted to the flying scrap collection I've got going

Fleb: Alright, so we've cleared crew quarters and it's abandoned? Cool. We have no ability to contact ground from here?

Mao: "Hey...there should be a rocket due shortly...we could stuck a note on it

It's automated

It'll return



mk b. (GM): Mao, good call! Your engineering suit doesn't have the plethora of schematics that would let you build a factory from a pile of scrap and some time, but this stuff is all pretty modular.

Mao: Getting the first pod back up to spec with seats and other gear, and getting both topped up with supplies is the priority, the salvage is a bonus



mk b. (GM): The long range radio is toast, but the short range does reach to the ground, yes: it's normally used to guide the packet rockets in.

Mao: oh, that works too
beats post it notes



Pyon: "Sir, should I try to contact ground? Short range is working, but it's used for the rockets."



mk b. (GM): Mao, that's a good idea if there's a bound-for-space packet coming... sadly it doesn't look like there will be for another week or so.

Fleb: "If there's no inbound rocket, change frequency and contact ground. I don't want to get hit by a rocket so keep it short."

Mao: drat



mk b. (GM): Before long, you smell something cooking. Someone found canned eggs and some spices.

Fleb: "Squad, if you found supplies, you're supposed to inform your squad leader, but carry on."
"Just make sure I get some"

Mao: if we're taking this long, I do pause to visit the little engineers room briefly...I'm not living a week in this suit with a full diaper, if things come down to it



(To Mao): You can put a note in/on the biomass canisters that are being exported, and it'll eventually get out, but it may no longer be relevant



mk b. (GM): Mao, the restrooms on the station are, if anything, better set up than the head in the ship you were stationed at. So there's that!

Pyon, you hear someone replying. You can tell it's not a recording because it thinks YOU are a recording and streams a veritable torrents of profanities at you.

(From Mao): I'll scribble down the ship down'ed survivors stopped for aid here message on the canister, with intent to make planet fall for rescue. Just in case we all die horribly



(To Mao): Entirely sensible!



Pyon: "Please keep profanity to a minimum so as not to disturb the other guests. ... I did it again. Anyway! This isn't a recording. We have an emergency and would like to request ground clearance."



mk b. (GM): "This is Central Officer Joe Hendricksson! What emergency? We have an emergency! Are you our relief?"
"Who all is up there?!?"

Fleb, you are presented with a surprisingly passable omelet! Apparently it's a sabiroid omelet. The eggs were canned, and came from Fompa II, so - maybe- Fompa IV is too cold for giant burrowing spiders.

Mao: (we can only hope)

Fleb: "We have a squad of marines from [ship name] that have had to abandon ship."

"We need to resupply and contact the navy"



Pyon: "What's the situation down there?"

Mao: makes fixy fixy noises between the life pods and the scrap pile



mk b. (GM): "Land at these coordinates, we can send a hovercraft out! You're going to have to board it immediately! Don't PACKET ROCKET INBOUND, REQUEST RADIO GUIDANCE. PACKET ROCKET INBOUND, REQUEST RADIO GUIDANCE. "

rolling 1d100

(83)

= 83

Fleb: "Turn the guidance system back on!"



Pyon does so!



mk b. (GM): You did get the coordinates. Mao, thanks to your efforts and a bit of shouting, you have gotten both escape pods in serviceable condition, so the landing won't be super cramped.



Pyon: "Hmm. Something is going on down there. I don't like it."

Mao: (suddenly happy I moved the life pod out of the way)

"we've got 2 serviceable pods now, first is patched up, second is good to go, supplies from a third split between them.....and the junker got some more parts

Fleb: "We're still the Dark Legion, and if enemies of the Dark Lord have taken over planetside, they're polite enough to give us a vehicle."

Mao: "Down there is still the end game, unless you want to sit on a leaky reactor and eat canned eggs until the navy comes by"

Fleb: "Let's get the squad split to the pods and make for the surface."



mk b. (GM): Two of your derps say that if that's all the same to everyone, they kinda do.



Pyon: "I don't think it's... Gweh. All right." I will actually wait until the rocket's gone to get a repeat of that message. :V

Fleb whispers. "Spaceman, what's on your mind? You seem to think this is some kind of trap."



Pyon: "Not quite a trap, but something is fishy. They're too eager, and some things just aren't sitting well."

"The long range radio. It's repair should be high priority, but was set to the lowest. Manually."

Fleb: "I think that was because of the deserter on the station."

"A higher priority repair would send a crew up"



mk b. (GM): Mao, good call, because the packet rocket is pretty stupid. It docks in the space you freed, and a simple conveyor system starts unloading the green goop. Is anyone paying attention to it?

Fleb: We're currently paying attention to getting our squad in order for departure.



Pyon: "Maybe... I will stay suspicious, but I'll follow your lead."

Fleb: "Suspicion is welcome"



mk b. (GM): (Alertness check in that case!)



Pyon: "We should make sure to have flamethrowers, is what my intuition is telling me."

Fleb: "Everyone is coming planetside. It is our duty to ensure that we regroup as soon as possible."

"Sitting on this station is not going to get us in contact with the navy, nor to any kind of rallying point, or a real ship."



mk b. (GM): Escape pods aren't designed for precision landngs, but you'll all probably end up in the same square mile.



Pyon: 11 Awareness

Fleb: "Worst case, we commandeer a transport and make for a proper naval base once we're planetside."

Mao: rolling 2d6+1 alertness

(1 + 6)+1

= 8



Pyon: I'm definitely listening out if anything is on that rocket.



mk b. (GM): (Think the pod from star wars)



Pyon: ...Why is it unloading biomass up here

Fleb: (I assumed biomass was the export to be picked up by unmanned transports...anyone the expert here?)



Pyon checks out what exactly the biomass is for in the records.



mk b. (GM): One of the two guys who said they'd rather stay up here say that yes, this station is set up to export concentrated biomass, and import a bit of radiant fuel. It's cheaper than setting up hydroponics... or someone got a good deal somewhere. The biomass is used to "refuel" ship food processors, which are never 100% efficient.

The good thing is that while ship's rations tasted like shit, you now know that they were a few more biological steps removed from shit than you thought.

(Fleb, alertness pls!)



Pyon: Ah ha. Well, it's a good idea to see if this has a way to scan the biomass for anything unusual.

Fleb: rolling 2d6 alertness

(1 + 2)

= 3

derp



mk b. (GM): Some of the canisters are clearly smelling moldy, probably because the last unload operation failed. None are particularly radioactive. They don't look like they are about to turn into a plague carrier. However, you do find a phone spider while looking at the containers.

Mao: SPIDERS

AAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

Fleb: the fuck is a phone spider



mk b. (GM): By that I mean that it's a small mechanical spider that was hiding itself in the wire conduit for the phone circuit.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zLaQnrJSp9g>(<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zLaQnrJSp9g>)

Fleb: literally a phone spider

okay



mk b. (GM): (Think antbot with legs, size wise)

It's carrying a magnetic tape of the same size as Lenny's.

Fleb: "...so that's how he's changing tapes?"



Pyon: Oh ho? Do we have something to play it, or would I have to retrieve the other one?

"Doubt it. It had a rewind function. This is something else."



Pyon tries to get the tape from the spider.

Fleb: "Check it out then."



mk b. (GM): The spider attacks your hand! However, it's - again - very simply built, and probably wouldn't be able to do much other than crawl, in planetary gravity: here, with GGG pseudogravity, it can move okay, ish. It bats ineffectively at your fingers with its little leg. The tape can probably fit in the station's stereo.



Pyon: Then I'll play it on that, AFTER examining it to make sure it's not like, a minibomb.



mk b. (GM): It's a reel of tape. It might contain some sort of hypnotic message, maybe.



Pyon: I'm not THAT paranoid.



(To Mao): One thing that's weird is that the spider itself was built in a very haphazard way. For example, the wires are all exposed and soldered end to end, with no labels. Literally dead-bug construction.



Pyon: I'll have someone with me with ear muffs on, just in case, though, when I listen to it. >_>

Fleb: Everyone meanwhile gets assigned to one of the two pods. I give Mao command of the pod I'm not in.

(From Mao): interesting, built in a hurry, or built with little skill.

Fleb: We're getting prepared to leave while she and anyone assisting her wraps up this investigation.

We can take supplies down since we have some more room now



Pyon: Actually, will just use the smaller recorder, instead of the station's radio.



mk b. (GM): You and one of the girls remove the tape full of elevator music that someone had INTENTIONALLY put in the stereo, clearly showing derangement, and listen to the recording. It's some valley-girl type calling herself Cindy going through a similar nonsense script.

Mao: I tether the junker behind the second pod, it might make it to re-entry, but I'd rather have hull around me when I make planet fall



Pyon: Ah ha.



mk b. (GM): Fleb, you're ready to leave! The station contains canned food for three people for a month, so yes, you'll have a week of supplies to live on, if necessary.

Mao, that makes a lot of sense, and will help your little flotilla land roughly in the same place. You're all ready to leave. Some idiots tried to taste the biomass directly and had to go barf.



Pyon: Well, that's good at least. If the rocket's gone and I can use the radio again, I'll inquire about instructions on the ground.

Fleb: "So they're changing crews by changing tapes."



Pyon: "Yeah. I'm glad to be wrong on that."

Fleb: yeah the rocket's docked I think

"Alright. Let's double check our landing instructions and get underway."

Mao: I keep the barfing idiot in mind for the next shitty job I can think of, but otherwas make ready to leave



mk b. (GM): The coordinates point to just a bit away from one of the small lights.

Mao: "Left a note with the rocket, just saying we were here, in case things go pear shaped"



mk b. (GM): Pyon, do you let the spider change the tape, or change it yourself, or neither?

The packet rocket has unloaded. However, it's not undocking yet.



Pyon: Neither. The sooner the ruse is discovered by someone with a capacity to correct it, the better.



mk b. (GM): Does that man you're also turning off Lenny's tape?

Mao: "The station's still being fueled by the remote rockets, so if we just remove the audio repeater, the hack job's done"

"Leave our own tape maybe as a warning?"



Pyon: Can I make a recording over the Cindy tape that "This is a recording." etc etc etc.

?



mk b. (GM): Yes, easil. The tape recorder is of the type used by journalists so it has its own microphone.

Fleb, two of the guys volunteer to stay up here. Apparently, while on the way, one proposed to the other.

Mao: Do jam it closed so more spiders can't change it

Fleb: "...what in the name of...YOU LITERALLY JUST ENLISTED!"



Pyon: Yeah. Will do that.

Fleb facepalms so hard he might space himself from the impulse.

Fleb is UTTERLY BAFFLED for a moment here.

Fleb: (seriously WHAT)



Pyon: Right. So, just need to reaffirm our landing instructions and then we're good to go.



mk b. (GM): (Recruits getting married semi-randomly early in their military career is a thing, although this was a bit too fast)

Fleb: (seriously)

"I'm sorry, I can't approve you a damn discharge, and we don't need station keepers in this squad. We'll sort all of that out once WE GET BACK FUCKING HOME"

"UNTIL THEN I EXPECT YOU TO ALL ACT LIKE FUCKING MARINES. DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?" Fleb is now at full sergeant volume



Pyon: PYON HAS PLAYED DEAD SPACE. PYON KNOWS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU RUSH WITHOUT LISTENING TO INSTRUCTIONS.



mk b. (GM): Pyon, calling the ground again while the rocket is still there is a lot noisier, it's probably in the way of the transmitter, but after another string of insults (which is different than the previous) you are told the coordinates again (in different order, longitude first and latitude second).

Fleb, you get two very hurried thumb-sideways salutes as the two gear up.



Pyon: "We were given instructions to not do something, but that part was missed. Could you repeat that section?"



mk b. (GM): "Don't stop and run directly to the hovercraft!"

Fleb: ..."may I ask WHY?"



mk b. (GM): "Frostbites!"

Fleb: "Frostbite? What the hell is ambient down there? I thought it was habitable?"



Pyon: I'm sure we loote... appropriated any warm clothing aboard already.
Acquisitioned.



mk b. (GM): Yep. Unfortunately most of them were in the shape of old-man undies.

"Eight below during the day! It's night!"

Fleb: "Got it."



Pyon: Right, well, my paranoia has calmed down a bit, but still keeping eyes and ears open. Let's get down planetside.

Mao: "Beats near 0 K"

Fleb: Most of us don't have armor or coldsuits
so we're going to have to run for it
at least everybody's got boots.

Mao: I grin and close my face plate

Fleb: Who all DID end up able to pack armor? Me, pyon, and I think one or two of the marines?



mk b. (GM): You got some food, water won't be a problem, and the station's message has been reset. Oddly, the paket rocket STILL has not left.

Mao: Ok...so half the derps are loaded with Fleb in the first pod, half the derps are loaded in the Second pod....

um...

rocket



mk b. (GM): You can leave anyway by giving it a gentle nudge, or figure out why not.



Pyon looks into why not.

Mao: if they changed the tape they should be going on what with what they were doing...if they have remote access...rocket can equal bomb....
if it's not leaving on time

Fleb wonders if it's waiting for the phone spider to get back



Pyon: Also, we should now get off here as soon as possible.



mk b. (GM): There's another little contraption holding it there, basically a solenoid valve pushing the "delay launch" button every few seconds. The solenoid has been lubricated by what looks like slightly rancid bacon grease. There is in fact a little alcove for the phone spider there; the whole thing was built out of haphazardly cut wood and iron.

(One day, I will use Joerg Sprave as a miniboss.)



Pyon removes the delay launch pushing robot.

Fleb: "We could just put the guy's phone spider back"

Mao: Welp, far as I'm concerned we've salvaged what we can. With the tether can I remote the junker to follow, or are we just dragging it for re-entry...ok entry since we've never left this place, but you get the idea

Fleb lets her push the rocket off.



mk b. (GM): Mao, you're reasonably certain that you can get either the junked landing craft or the lifeboat to take off again, since you got fuel from the station. Both is iffy.



Pyon: "Whoever did this had way too much time on their hands. Recommend giving the next idi... crew some actual stimuli outside of pornography. Like Solarium of Starcraft.

And yes, putting spider back.

Mao: drat, gonna lose my salvage,
oh well



Pyon: Wait, I removed the delay pushing bot



mk b. (GM): Not really, your landing craft is now considerably more enclosed. Hence why it can come back up.



Pyon: He can have the spider.
Okay, now we leave.

Mao: yar

Fleb: Yeah Mao can have the spider
Let's go.

Mao: I grab tools and anything worth salvage, including the spider into the second pod and get ready for lift off.

Fleb: We are boarding in two groups and heading for the coordinates. Delayed descents, we don't want any midair collisions.



Pyon: It's now comfier! Huzzah!



(To Mao): Very strange design. It works for what it has to do, but you can't find a CPU in it. It's all analog circuits, trimmed JUST right to move in the right sequence and do a bit of obstacle avoidance. The joints are hand soldered, but it must have been done by really tiny hands. You've never seen any Fwee work for the Dark Lord.



mk b. (GM): Can I have a landing order in that case?

The safest, barring stupidity, would be to let the pods go down first since they're set up for a fast reentry and so it's less likely that theyll catch up to the lifeboat by accident.

(From Mao): oh great....we're fwee-ked

Fleb: Then we do that.

Lifeboat follows the pods down.

(From Mao): I'll tell The other's once we're ground side, since warning them that tiny gremlin people are around when in tight confines is a bad idea

Fleb: If you get visual on the hovercraft make radio contact and tell them how many landing craft are coming.

Everyone load up and move out!



Pyon: Yish!

Mao: Lets git!



mk b. (GM): You begin reentry! The plasma sheath around your little ships is pretty spectacular, but not unfamiliar. What you see as you get closer is that there's a line of point-source lights close to your landing points, maybe a railroad or a power line. The hovercraft, or whatever, that's waiting for you, is visible by means of a very bright blue and red pulsing light. You get the feeling that you should slow down and pull over. The capsule's parachutes go off at the determined altitude! How many derps do you have in the lifeboat?

By the look of it, there's a big hovercraft from which people are unloading smaller vehicles, likely snowmobiles

Fleb: I think we put half the derps in the lifeboat, pyon at the helm, since we have to make a powered landing?



mk b. (GM): So it's Pyon, Fleb, and four doods.

rolling 4d4

(3 + 4 + 2 + 3)

= 12

Fleb: are those vomit dice



mk b. (GM): (Most of which aren't complete idiots, I see)

Fleb: (who the fuck trained these marines)

Mao: those came with me



Pyon: (I don't think anyone did)



mk b. (GM): (Nobody, yet)

"SHIT! YOU DIDN'T TELL ME YOU WERE COMING WITH MULTIPLE SHIPS! SET UP THE SENTRY GUNS!" "WE ONLY HAVE TWO!" CLUNK "WE ONLY HAVE ONE!" "SET IT UP THEN!"

You're doing what passes for a powered landing, so you can get close to the hovercraft, or farther out.

Fleb: Let's try to get close to the hovercraft.



Pyon: Closer, because cold, yes.

"Do you want to tell them to stand down about the extra craft?"

Fleb: (I'm starting to think the S after frostbite meant something and if our luck holds out the s is for spiders)



Pyon: "You have better words."

Fleb: "No, we're coming in for a landing"



mk b. (GM): Mao, are you sticking with the lifeboat?

Or landing your thing further out?

Fleb: I thought Mao was on the pod so we had at least one competent derp



Pyon: "Okay. Then they're setting guns up for something else. Okay."



mk b. (GM): (I thought he was coming down with the half-repaired landing craft)

Mao: (I had assumed so but you stated earlier I didn't have enough to get both those working and the landing craft, so I then went with the second pod)
(unless I was miss informed)

(the original idea was 2 pods one junker)

Fleb: (one of the "pods" you're talking about being the lifeboat kip?)

(or did we have two escape pods? I thought you stripped one to fix one)



Pyon: (There were two on the station, one damaged. Damaged one we looted to fix up the lifeboat.)



mk b. (GM): (since mao spent time on it, total was two pods, one lifeboat, one half-rebuilt landing craft)

(sorry for the confus)

Fleb: (oh, DERP)

Mao: I assumed only one pod, must have miss read that)

Fleb: (okay, so we left one pod on the station)



mk b. (GM): (one pod was working to start with)

Pyon, Mao, pilot roll please!

Fleb: actually can we follow the hovercraft in atmo with the lifeboat?



Pyon: (Should I use mental reaction or something else for it?)

Mao: rolling 2d6

(4 + 4)

= 8



mk b. (GM): (you can if you like)



Pyon: rolling 2d6+0+3

(4 + 6)+0+3

= 13

(The 0 is because I'm trained, I just don't have an actual bonus to it.)



mk b. (GM): Mao, you have to lock in your landing close or far from the hovercraft. Pyon, you can try to follow it for a bit, or even land on top of it since it has a little pad with a crane.

Mao: going for close



Pyon: If we can land directly on top, hey, will do. :V

Fleb: Contact ground and make sure they know what you're doing



mk b. (GM): (Is big hovercraft, think the english channel ones)



Pyon: "Am I clear to land on the craft?"



mk b. (GM): "YES! Maybe less people will fecking die then! Hury the feck up!"



Pyon: I do that!



mk b. (GM): A few people have disembarked from the hovercraft to set up a standard issue Mk1 heavy caliber tripod mounted sentry gun that has been painted primary red in color. It starts going off, but you don't see against what. A small aerosani has been disembarked and is going for the pods that have landed. "GET IN THE SLED! GET IN THE SLED! DONT STOP, DONT LOOK AROUND, RUN!"

Mao?

Mao, you're also yelled at to hurry up and get in the hovercraft.



Pyon: (Oh no. Kip has to make a run.)

Fleb: "We're under fire??"

Mao: Hmm...Run....



mk b. (GM): Pyon, Fleb, you land on top of the thing! It's a big thing, but the lifeboard is definitely bigger on the outside than on the inside. You hear two loud clangs as a big burly dark-green guy locks it in place with cargo straps.

Fleb hastily puts on his armour, grabs a rifle, and heads for the airlock.

Fleb: "Pyon, I'm on door guns!"

Mao: This suit thrusters work in atmo?



Pyon: "Gotcha gacha!"



mk b. (GM): Mao, yes, but that eats up the whole tank in like ten seconds.

Fleb: I'm going to use the airlock to keep from freezing anyone to death, hang on, and try to provide some covering fire
WTB a machine gun, but whatever I have will do

Mao: Then I'll cover the derps from the rear, with a 'GTFO' mindset using the thrusters if something comes up



mk b. (GM): Fleb, you don't see anything to shoot against! However, the people from the hovercraft are shooting into the snow. The sentry is firing short bursts, apparently at nothing.

Mao: "Move Move Move"



Pyon will take care of securing the craft and making sure things are okay and not going to cause safety hazards.



Pyon: (brb, haveta get cori from work)

Fleb keeps his eyes open.

Mao: "Grab the gear and go!"



mk b. (GM): The gyrojet projectiles make holes in the snow, and trace lights in the gloom, but you don't know what's being shot at.
(okies!)

Fleb: (ETA? I'm good with resuming for a bit so we can at least finish planetfall when you get back)



mk b. (GM): "GRAB NOTHING! RUN!" "Wait, he's an engineer!" "Oh great! COVER THE GUY IN THE SUIT, FECK EVERYOE ELSE!"



Pyon: (hopefully like 10 minutes, maybe 20 if she's held up in closing)



mk b. (GM): (we can pause when Pyon is done securing the lifeboat)

Mao: (ok)

Fleb: (ok)



mk b. (GM): Mao, Fleb, the problem is that you don't see ANYTHING to shoot at! By how people are running, the snow is soft and about knee-deep.

rolling 2d10

(3 + 4)

= 7

Fleb: "JUST FUCKING MOVE!" I call out to the squad over the radio.

Mao: revising plan from GTFO to Mario Stomp with suit jump and THEN GTFO if I see anything between us as the hover craft



mk b. (GM): "AAAAaaaaaaaaaaaaah!" One of your derps stumbles, after having gotten out of the pod. He doesn't get up. A moment later, someone from the hovercraft quickly and precisely shoots him in the head.

Fleb: "WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT?"



mk b. (GM): Mao, you can run through the snow pretty okay. You hear something like a dremel tool behind you.

"MERCY THAT'S WHAT IT WAS!"

Mao: ok....Thrusters HOOOOOOOOOO!



mk b. (GM): https://p1.liveauctioneers.com/930/18669/6321634_1_x.jpg?version=0&width=512&format=pjpg&auto=webp&quality=50(https://p1.liveauctioneers.com/930/18669/6321634_1_x.jpg?version=0&width=512&format=pjpg&auto=webp&quality=50)

Mao: Yup

Fleb: (OH FOR FUCKS SAKE)



mk b. (GM): Mao, you boost off towards the hovercraft! For a moment, you have a clear vision of the thing that was coming after you as it jumps out of the snow, overshoots you, and falls back under.

Mao: I am not regretting Rocket Powered fleeing now



mk b. (GM): Fleb, now that you know what to look for - there are small movements under the snow.

rolling 2d10

(8 + 4)

= 12

One of the derps makes it safely on the aerosani!

Fleb: I try to aim more precisely and take out ones moving towards my squad!

Probably not very easy to aim given that I'm hovering.

Also mostly trying to hang onto the airlock

Wait, does our armor have magboots



mk b. (GM): Yeah, you want to make it as easy as possible to aim. Standard trooper armor does in fact have mag boots in case the GGG pseudogravity completely craps out.

Fleb: Woo. Magboots on then. Makes it much easier to aim.

Pyon's flying steady for the landing anyway

Mao: Thunk landing on the hovercraft

*?



mk b. (GM): Mao, it sure feels like people are shooting at you! However, they're in fact shooting around you.

Mao: "FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU-"



mk b. (GM): Fleb, attack roll, your defense is against falling (It's not a big drop, but you'll be useless for a bit as you get back up)

Fleb: rolling 2d6+2 firing!

(2 + 1)+2

= 5



mk b. (GM): Mao, someone grabs you. "PRAISE THE DARK LORD! HE SENT US A SPACE ENGINEER!" That gets a bit more cheers than it should.

Fleb, you don't think you hit anything... by the look of it, these things don't really care about being suppressed, either

rolling 2d10

(3 + 5)

= 8

Mao: "Yes Yes, Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammo, get those people onboard!"



mk b. (GM): "Aaaaaaaaah!" One of the derps had a leg sliced clean off! You see other traces in the snow more clearly now, as the buzzsaw drones converge on the downed trooper.

Mao: I get my feet under me from the landing and look back over the snows to figure out how many we have left out there



mk b. (GM): (Mercy kill, try to pick them off, or focus on other derps?)

Fleb: Focus on the other derps. These things are ruthless.

This is insane.

"WHO THE FUCK DESIGNATED THIS HABITABLE?"



mk b. (GM): "IT WAS!"

You almost expected a very gruesome scene, but instead, the downed trooper is sucked in under the snow.

Mao: Comlink to the crew from the suit helm "It's Fwee isn't it?"



mk b. (GM): Mao, someone hands you a weapon.

Mao: "That spider thing was hand made, very small hands"



mk b. (GM): Fleb, shoot again?

Fleb: rolling 2d6+2 still firing!

(5 + 6)+2

= 13

(from the guy who wrote the fwee; very out of character tactics, maybe a mad scientist of theirs but very atypical)

(fwee terrorist would be more likely to show up in a giant robot lol)

Mao: I Thank the fellow for the handy timing, and settle in to take aim....I'm not much of a good shot, but I can at least manage suppressing fire?



mk b. (GM): You manage to hit one of the things just as it jumps out of the snow to go for someone's head! The person stumbles, but does not fall, and eventually makes it on the small sled that is trying to run around and rescue those who landed further out.

Mao: rolling 2d6 fuck things in that general direction?

$$(4 + 4) = 8$$



mk b. (GM): (Fwee probably wouldn't really CARE for a planet like this. In fact, strategic value damn near zero, who might at all?)

(From Mao): was assuming it was fwee driving the saw balls ...hmmm



mk b. (GM): Above the hovercraft, some rather big guy with dark green skin has gotten out a sling and is throwing flaming balls of something into the snow. That's a mixed blessing: some of the buzzsaws converge towards them, but he's generally firing short, so some end up between the escapees and the hovercraft.

Mao, you narrowly miss a trace in the snow!

rolling 2d10

$$(2 + 3) = 5$$

Another of your derps just sort of falls. She manages to raise a hand before falling in again. That's three rescued, three down, two to go.

"SENTRY DOWN!" The sentry is, in fact, twitching madly and has stopped firing. "Fuck that was the last one!"

Fleb: I am going to commissar whoever is in command of this op the minute I get off this lifeboat.



mk b. (GM): Fleb, Mao, there's two derps left. One is close to the big hovercraft, one to the sled.

Mao: hmm



mk b. (GM): (Actually can we wait for Dee?)

Mao: rocket powered dash forward grab dash back?

Fleb: Best I can do is provide covering fire and yes we can wait for dee



mk b. (GM): (OOC: Is this too scary all of a sudden?)

Mao: nah

Fleb: (no, but it's definitely scary)

Mao: (very energetic)

Fleb: (IC fleb is pissed because this guy's shitty intel prevented him from saving his squad by doing a powered landing with everyone)
(is summarily executing him for getting a bunch of navy redshirts killed NOT in character lol?)

Mao: (great, you're channeling cain)



mk b. (GM): (IDK if it's in character, but it's definitely allowed by this particular armed force)

Mao: (sorry, Ciphaz Cain, HERO OF THE IMPERIUM)



mk b. (GM): (any theories so far?)

Fleb: (well we've got half an idea why everything is fucked now)

Mao: (After the examination of the spider, I figured it was Fwee based mecha)

Fleb: (and I'm thinking what we need to do is get a SERIOUS evacuation going, and nuke this ice ball from orbit)

Mao: (no! Bad Riley, No Exterminatus for you)
(you've got to earn a few more ranks before you do that)
(=I=)



mk b. (GM): (Interestingly, Stra-Kuhl is less likely to declare exterminatus than either Emperor. This is just because he has fewer planets under his rule, so he cares a bit more about each one.)

Mao: (I guess the Imperial I just looks like a bad emote)

Fleb: (we can repopulate it after we bomb the fucking screamers into oblivion)

Mao: (I was thinking this is a bit like Tremors, winter edition)
(unseen attackers below the surface)
(graboids)

Fleb: (oh yeah sorry Tremors graboids, not screamers)



mk b. (GM): (eh, tbh bit of column A bit of column B. These are definitely autonomous mobile swords from Second Variety)



Pyon: (am back now)

Mao: (wb)

Fleb: (yays!)



mk b. (GM): (yays!)

Pyon, Fleb, Mao, there are two last derps on the ground! One is close to the big hovercraft, where you are, and one is close to the small Aerosani that went to try to pick people up.

Looks like the things are attacking one of the pods: you can hear a cacophony of angle grinders and the pod itself is shuddering.

Pyon, you touch the thing down! It's cold, but the air smells clean and there's no wind.

Fleb: Well if they're hitting the pod they're hopefully not hitting anyone we care about. That's still bad news.



Pyon: We need someone that's a good shot? >_>;

Mao: I'm debating making a thrusters dash to try and grab one of the folks



Pyon: I just caught up on the backlog

Mao: Do I have enough gas in the tank to grab one?



Pyon: If I'm out of the lifeboat, hearing what went on, I'm going to join the shooting of the tiny buzz saws.



mk b. (GM): Mao, you do... but you can only make half the return trip, if you're carrying someone.

Pyon, Fleb, are you splitting your efforts or trying to cover any one of the two derps?



Pyon: How many saws are there?

Fleb: If we're landed, get EVERYBODY out here and open fire!



mk b. (GM): Someone from the hovercraft quickly dashes out and grabs the damaged sentry gun.

Fleb: "DOORS OPEN, ARM UP, FIRE ON THE FURROWS IN THE SNOW!"



mk b. (GM): Pyon, they're under the snow!

Mao: I hand off the gun to Pyon, and Make a dash for the further one Shouting "cover me" over my shoulder



mk b. (GM): Could be ten, could be a hundred.



Pyon: Ah ha. Well, then.

Fleb: (oh ffs)

"SQUAD! COVERING FIRE!"



Pyon: I'll fire at any that start looking too close to our derps.

Fleb: I direct covering fire over Mao

He's going to make a lot of noise and likely make himself a priority target

Mao: Fwooosh



Pyon: I'll follow Fleb's order on that, makes sense.



mk b. (GM): Fleb, you never thought you'd get to order a platoon of redcoats to provide covering fire for a reckless hero, , but if you ever did, that's your day. The covering fire is very inaccurate, but sufficient in volume that some of the buzzsaws are distracted by the bullet trails.

rolling 2d10+2

( + )+2

= **19**

rolling 2d10+2

( + )+2

= **9**



Pyon: rolling 2d6+2+3 is a good shot! Honest!

( + )+2+3

= **11**



mk b. (GM): Mao, roll me agility or piloting?

Fleb, are you firing yourself?

Mao: rolling 2d6+2 2 BR

( + )+2

= **9**

mk b. (GM): Pyon, you grazed one! It's not enough to hurt it, but it was enough to make it change direction away from the aerosani.



Fleb: Yeah I'm firing

rolling 2d6+2 firing!

(3 + 5)+2

= 10



mk b. (GM): Mao, your jump is successful! You got the girl who was making a run for the hovercraft. Boost back in?

Fleb, that's a hit!

Mao: For what ever gas I've got left yes



mk b. (GM): "BLOW UP THE OTHER POD!" "NO TIME!"

rolling 1d2

(1)

= 1

Mao: "HANG ON TIGHT"

(at least I'll crash in soft snow, in full armor)



mk b. (GM): Mao, the good news is that you land on your feet! The bad news is that you land a little short, it's a short run to safety.

Fleb: It's a Dark Legion pod isn't it? No way I could snipe the self destruct from here could I? :P



mk b. (GM): No, but you can push a button and achieve the same effect.

Fleb: Oh, awesome. I fucking blow it then.

Wait

I can do that from here?



mk b. (GM): rolling 1d2

(1)

= 1

Fleb: Cos I'm not walking out there :P



mk b. (GM): Well, ordinarily, yes. But all you get is a click. Looks like sniping it is.

Fleb: "Dammit! Can't blow it. Going to try for a shot."

Fleb drops prone and lines up for it



mk b. (GM): (Yes, all your stuff have self destructs. Yes, all of them work on a coin toss. Sorry, you're working for a melodramatic villain.)

Fleb: "Keep covering them! I've got the shot!"



mk b. (GM): Pyon, are you covering Mao or the derp further out? Fleb, shoot! Mao, are you running or doing a fighting retreat?

Fleb: rolling 4d6+2 focused on the sniper shot

(3 + 5 + 5 + 3)+2

= 18



Pyon: Good question. 3 Odd, Mao, Even Further dood.

Fleb: "C'mon baby..."



mk b. (GM): BOOM!

Fleb: "YES!"

Mao: boom?

Eeep!

Fleb: (we just blew all the ones cannibalizing the escape pod to hell)



mk b. (GM): The pod that had half your food in it blows up! The people on the hovercraft don't look malnourished, so maybe it's not a big deal. The small craft keeps burning. Most of the buzzsaws change direction, and converge upon it, then back off when they get too close, resulting in them circling around it, enough so that they mess up the snow sheet. Now you can see the things clearly: they're about the size of a foot and built roughly in the same shape, but not quite, and of mismatched metal plates. Some of them are covered in tree bark.

A few buzzsaws throw themselves at the pod and slam themselves to pieces on the bulkhead.

Mao, are you running or making a fighting retreat?

Pyon, who are you trying to cover?

Fleb: (run dood!)



Pyon: Mao.



mk b. (GM): The aerosani swings past the other pod. "Anything important in there? HURRY UP!"
(Shoot!)

Mao: Running, once the rockets are out



Pyon: rolling 2d6+2+3 BANG

(2 + 2)+2+3

= 9

Mao: carrying the woman, since I gave the gun to Pyon when I jetted off
FLEEEEE

Fleb: (we only came down with one pod, and left one on the station, taking the other 6 guys in the lifeboat, which SHOULD HAVE BEEN EVERYONE DAMMIT)



mk b. (GM): (Sorry)

Mao, your improvised lander is now under attack by the buzzsaws. A gyrojet flies past you as you run and clanks on a buzzsaw, pushing it off collision course with your leg.

Fleb: (miw)



mk b. (GM): Last dood out in the open!

rolling 2d10+2

(8 + 8)+2

= 18

Mao: I'd profane but I need the air for RUNNING



mk b. (GM): Mao, you're in the clear! Your suit doesn't let off much heat and you're carrying the girl, who is clinging on for dear life, so she's harder to detect. You make it to the hovercraft's front ramp, just before the aerosani comes in.

Mao: "Out of Gas" I put her down as gentle as I can, but it's still a bit of a thump



mk b. (GM): There's a deeper noise, like a diesel engine, distinct from the electric buzzsaws. "REAPER! Let's get out of here!" The last guy is almost on board.

Mao: "Anyone else out there?"



mk b. (GM): One derp. The aerosani is inside.



Pyon: Toss a rope to him?

Fleb: "He's almost on board!"



mk b. (GM): Good idea! The hovercraft fills its air cushion again and starts wobbling in place. Pyon, you find a rope, hopefully the buzzsaws can't climb it. (Doesn't look like they have fine manipulators, so there's that)

Fleb helps Pyon. "Throw him the rope, we'll pull!"



mk b. (GM): Fleb, it's one of the derps that wanted to stay on the station.



Pyon: "Let's go to the civilized planet, it'll be safer than the jungle planet." I don't think they would climb it. I'll toss him the rope!



mk b. (GM): rolling 1d10

(9)

= 9

Nothing stupid happen, and the guy is summarily hoisted on board!

Mao: Huzzah!

Fleb: Well...that happened, and I lost three more good men.



mk b. (GM): The hovercraft turns around, and you see the remainder of the various scrap you landed being pulled under the snow by.... something.

Fleb: OKay no I lost three more mostly useless men
but I'm still not happy.



mk b. (GM): (I was honestly expecting y'all to save two)

(Now I have to think up three more npc's lol)

Fleb is currently feeling a mix of anger and inadequacy from that, mostly the former since it was almost entirely bad intel



mk b. (GM): The hovercraft turns on the propellers, and speeds off. Oddly, it's powered by a diesel generator, haphazardly installed where the nuclear battery would normally be.

Fleb: "Get down where it's warm, trooper. I'm sorry you had to see that."



mk b. (GM): It's loud as all fuck.

"THank you!! Praise the Dark Lord!"

Fleb: I pat the guy we just hoisted up on the back.

"Mao, that was some crazy heroics again. You've got a habit that's going to get you killed, you know."

"Still, good job."



Pyon: Some people are getting chewed out by an angry bunny and a Fleb.

Mao: I wave the woman I grabbed in the direction of warm...the suit I've got on is good enough for me for now

Fleb: I've got my armor on and am magged to the top of the hovercraft.



mk b. (GM): You're all led downstairs. The hovercraft was a cargo vehicle, but it's been set up as a mobile forward post of sorts, with berths and a galley, by means of corrugated-sheet dividing walls.

Pyon, wo are you yelling at?

Mao: I shrug in my suit



Pyon: I don't know yet.

Fleb: "GET ME YOUR FUCKING RADIO MAN OR WHOEVER GAVE US THAT LANDING INTEL. NOW."

Mao: "You give me a damsel in distress and a rocket pack...."

Fleb: "you can't call a female marine a damsel in distress, idiot"

"But I guess you get a pass this time"



mk b. (GM): Fleb, Central Officer Hendriksoon points a thick thumb at himself. "That's me. Shut up. We almsot burned out our generator trying to talk to you." Then he turns towards Mao and salutes!

Mao, Fleb, the trooper that Mao rescued says she can get saved like that any day, then excuses herself because she's going to curl up and pass out.

Fleb: I look puzzled for a moment, and debate shooting him.



mk b. (GM): The hovercraft's crew is almost seven people, plus the two who are driving.

Mao: I, with a confused look, salute back



mk b. (GM): "Sparks, morse back to base! The Dark Lord has sent us a space engineer! We're saved!"



Pyon: "You said frostbite. Not 'killer robots'"

"THERE IS SOMETHING OF A DIFFERENCE."



mk b. (GM): "I said frost-bites! Oh feck, the data packet never made it to the relay station did it."

Mao: I raise an eye at the cries of 'space engineer'

Fleb: "As acting commander I have every right to summarily execute you right now but I'm saving that for a court martial because clearly we need every gun arm we can get."

"How THE HELL did this happen?"



mk b. (GM): You kinda do, being as one of Hendriksson's men is missing one.



Pyon: "It didn't, also that is a dumb name and incredibly confusing."



mk b. (GM): "Long version when we're safe. Short version: These things showed up a year ago, people went off into the snow and didn't come back. Then there were more of them. They started getting aggressive, we couldn't leave the bases. There were only so many ships available to leave the planet. We were stupid, we fought over them."

"It's not stupid, they bite and come out of the frost and - oh." one of the locals says.

Fleb: "Yes, it's stupid."



mk b. (GM): "You know, she has a point."



Pyon: "Yes, and people who come to help you are going to think you mean something else!"



mk b. (GM): Hendriksson looks at Fleb. "Wait, YOU're in charge?"

Fleb: "Stupid enough to have let me drop a pod when I could have tethered everyone for a powered landing or low altitude dropped us"

"Yes. Hate to say it but I'm the highest ranking member of this outfit."



mk b. (GM): "Bad idea, anything bigger than the packet rocket gets shot down."

Mao: "I'm just a mechanic in a fancy suit..."

 **Pyon:** "He's the smart one that doesn't have a hero complex or has to still fight off clone programming." **mk b. (GM):** "We turned on the air defenses when we were fighting for the ships and... we can't turn the damn things off."**Fleb:** "He's my squad's engineer. We salvaged the suit when our ship came apart. Photon Knight attack."**Mao:** "Spaced the crazy dame"**Fleb:** "One less thing to worry about" **mk b. (GM):** ".... Okay, now I know you folks are full of shit. You know what, whatever, I'll take all the help I can get."
"Yo Boss, we're running low on gas!"**Mao:** "I mean...she's either in the sun by now, or wishing she was" **mk b. (GM):** "Make for the trunk line." **Pyon:** "Because it's so much harder to believe than tiny killer robots that live in the snow."**Fleb:** "You think we looted all the matching machine fitted undies? Sorry mate, we're the real marines"**Mao:** "Please tell me I don't have to get out and push..." ***Pyon proceeds to try and obtain hot drink, preferably of the cocoa variety.*** **mk b. (GM):** The hovercraft makes a lazy turn, and turns off one of its propellers. You proceed tilted at an angle, which makes for a bit of motion sickness.
Pyon, the pantry only has canned food, but there's enough to make tea. The cocoa has been marked "for emergencies", whatever that means.**Fleb:** "So what's our actual situation?" **mk b. (GM):** One of the locals is trying to make tea using a very poorly made prosthetic. ***Pyon takes over making tea.*** **Pyon:** Making drinks is one thing I'm really good at. **mk b. (GM):** "The bases are safe, we have geothermal power. We're completely out of uranium. Go out to cut wood or salvage, the frostbites tear you apart. We got nobody left who knows how to turn off the air defenses without shutting down everything and if we do that we die of exposure in two days. We're fucking stuck!"

"And we have no idea who or what is doing this!"

Mao: (we pausing soonish, i thought we had a stop on just the landing?)

Fleb: (yes)



mk b. (GM): (up to yall!)

Fleb: (well it's 11 here and I do have work tomorrow)



Pyon: (Yeah, good stopping point)

Mao: (figured on that)



mk b. (GM): The hovercraft uncertainly makes its way towards what turns out to be a power line, deploys a poorly built hook to it, and turns on the other motor once tethered, then speeds off towards what looks like a bunker built into a low hill.



Pyon: "Then we figure out who's doing this and we shove their head-analogue or analogues up their own anus-analogue or analogues."



mk b. (GM): (Watchathink?)



Pyon: (Fun!)

Mao: (dramatic landing)

Fleb: (very dramatic)

Mao: (and yes, you give me a rocket pack and people to save....that's gonna happen)

Fleb: "Then we get you guys offworld and level bomb the shit out of whatever these things are until they aren't anymore"

Mao: "Bit dramatic"



mk b. (GM): Looks like you'll be somewhere safe by morning. Every time the hook meets a pylon, there's a power drop and a big spark when it reconnects, which makes the ride somewhat train-lilke.

Mao, you've clearly gained an admirer.

(Okay, we're done! Please give criticism, opinion, and whodunnit theories!)

Fleb: (didn't expect a horror game, but it's good, very well done scene, I have no idea who's behind this yet)



Pyon: (This seems less horror and more action-movie, to me.)

(I WAS expecting horror movie. Like the Thing.)

Fleb: (fair enough yeah)

(more action thriller like predator than straight up heroic action)

(good stuff tho)

 **Pyon:** (Pyon is kind of paranoid because she was designed to spot people doing shady shit in a casino. :P)

 **mk b. (GM):** (might work well here. Note that Second Variety is a "who's a human and who's a killer robot" story, I shan't be doing that, telling you OOC)

Fleb: (lol)

 **Pyon:** (Good idea when one of your players is amputation-happy.)

 **mk b. (GM):** (Likely to be a bit of that since flying bloodthirsty table saws)
(note that "who's humanoid and who's one of the murderous bastards who did this" is still an option)

 **someguy s.:** (was fun...this is feeling even more SE to me atm, in a good way)

 **mk b. (GM):** (I was gonna parody SE a bit, yeah)

Fleb: (obviously)

 **mk b. (GM):** (Interesting to me that Mao said immediately that he just borrowed the suit and isn't in fact the gadgeteer genius who would save the day easily here)

(Anyderp, hope this was fun!)

(Getting a bit more serious on this one)

Fleb: (wasfun)

 **mk b. (GM):** (Theories on whodunnit?)

Fleb: (still none same as 4 minutes ago)

 **someguy s.:** (Just not knowing the ingame difference between 'mook in a suit' and a fabled SE, who can turn rocks into death stars)

 **Pyon:** (not enough info to even start drawing a conclusion)

 **someguy s.:** (Mao is an mechanic, but doesn't exactly have a shiny document saying he's a certified dark lord approved engineer)

 **mk b. (GM):** (yep! Anyderp, if we're done thankies for playing and hope this is fun/interesting!)

Fleb: (yus)

 **someguy s.:** (I'm going ot regret not having rocket fuel anymore...but hey...saved a life)

Fleb: (yeah hopefully you find fuel)

(sry for not being on pacific time)



mk b. (GM): (yeah. Eh, they may have some. Butt, I would ration it. On that note, OOC, do you want to do a survival thing whee you're really low on resources, or more actiony?)

Fleb: (I'm open to whatever your vision is)



someguy s.: I'm good on either, but will point out game is fun, turning it into a full survival sim might not be as entertaining if we do go down that route and start getting fiddly with things)

Fleb: (true)



mk b. (GM): (Okays! Dee?)

Fleb: (logging off, d do let kay know what you wanna do with this)