The lost laboratory

(Cool picture)

A word from the author

Well, hello there! This was supposed to be a short adventure made to try out a concept, but turned out to become a far larger project. As my love for numbers and statistics took the upper hand while writing my GM-notes, I thought that I could as well make it into a full scale adventure. Many hours later it is complete, with pre-made characters, a fake Galactic Prospector-shop for equipment and so forth. The adventure is mainly made to stand on its own feet, but can be tweaked into about any similar sci-fi setting by translating skill rolls and stats. I hope you’ll have fun playing and GM:ing!

A word to the GM

Are you a player reading this? Get out! This is the GM-only section!

Are you the GM?

Good

The Lost Laboratory is written as a sci-fi horror adventure

If you want to make the adventure a bit harder for the players, you can limit the credit value of things, the number of items or limit the oxygen supply so that the explorers only can go down into the lab once. Increasing the number of hostile creatures can also be used, but be careful not to overdo it (unless you want to tune down the horror and tune up ammunition usage.

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A brief introduction

A mercenary group owes a debt of 100 000 credits to a Hydrogen Baron named Yahvi Macaara, known for being filthy in all manners: Including, of course, his riches. The debt means both the mercenaries’ ship and the clothes off their backs or spending the rest of their days slaving away on a Hydrogen plant if they do not cough up the money in 10 days. Going through their archives, they find some old coordinates scribbled down on a piece of leather. They once got it from a man who was drenching his sorrows at a bar, claiming that immense treasure were stocked at the point, but that he lost both friends and ship there. As a last, desperate measure the mercenary sets out into unknown space in order to find the laboratory said to be hidden on a faraway asteroid.

Usual loot prices

**Price group 1 – 10 credits per unit**

Scrap, basic tech

**Price group 2 – 20 credits per unit**

Pure metals, usable gases and substances

**Price group 3 – 50 credits per unit**

Rare metals and proper working tech

**Price group 4 – 100 credits per unit**

Energy sources (like uranium and palladium)

Laboratory floors

Floor 1: Observatory

Floor E: Entrance

Floor B1: Administration

Floor B2: Living Quarters

Floor B3: Bio-dome

Floor B4: Chemical labs

Floor B5: Lab 6 through 8

Restricted areas (needs a key)

Floor B6: Reactor

Floor B7: Armory

Floor B8: Lab 9 & 10

Floor B9: Subject dorms

Floor E: Entrance

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **SCANNING EQUIPMENT** | | |
| **Measure** | | **Level** | **Analysis** | |
| Oxygen | | 0% | Hazardous | |
| Radiation | | Gamma | Hazardous | |
| Temperature | | 0 K | Hazardous | |
| Heat signatures | | None | No life present | |

The Entrance consists of a big hall with metal benches bolted to the floor. Three fake marble colons stand tall from floor to roof, while three lies destroyed on the floor. There is a wide clerk booth and a corridor leading up to three elevator doors further inward.

By the end of the room there are three elevators. They are big, but one is out of power and one is missing.

The elevator

Big enough for five people in armor, or maybe 50 without. It seems to operate entirely without a cord of any sort. An electronic display shows Floor 1 through B5, as well as information about each floor. A big keyhole with the label “Override” is found beneath. The floors read as follows:

Floor 1: Observatory

Floor E: Entrance

Floor B1: Administration

Floor B2: Living Quarters

Floor B3: Bio-dome

Floor B4: Lab 1 through 5

Floor B5: Lab 6 through 8

Floor 1: Observatory

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **SCANNING EQUIPMENT** | | |
| **Measure** | | **Level** | **Analysis** | |
| Oxygen | | 0% | Hazardous | |
| Radiation | | Gamma | Hazardous | |
| Temperature | | 0 K (-272 C) | Hazardous | |
| Heat signatures | | None | No life present | |

The strengthened glass roof of the observatory is cracked open, exposing the room to vacuum. A couple of memory pads, pens and chairs float around in the weight-less room. A giant telescope lies snapped in two with its lenses missing. The room is obviously looted, but not wiped clean.

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Loot** | **Size** | **Value** | **Quantity** |
| Memory pad (dead) | 1 | 10 | 4 |
| Scrap metal | 1 | 10 | 20 |

Floor B1: Administration

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **SCANNING EQUIPMENT** | | |
| **Measure** | | **Level** | **Analysis** | |
| Oxygen | | 10% | Hazardous | |
| Radiation | | Beta | Dangerous | |
| Temperature | | 250 K (-22 C) | Dangerous | |
| Heat signatures | | Several minor | Electrical hardware | |

The door opens to a big room filled with cubicles. There are paper sheets, pens, pencils and memory pads scattered all over it and a computer or two lies knocked over on the floor as well.

Some computers are still there, along with stocks of empty paper and a storage room for electronic goods. Much looks looted already. There’s a room labeled “Chief Administrator” to which the door has been knocked down, a table is flipped over inside and where the computer is missing. A little poking around confirms that this is a laboratory and there are several reports on shipments of different kinds of bio-mass, medical drugs and lab equipment. The last report is dated 47 years ago. The oxygen level is higher than the Entrance’s, but too low to actually breathe.

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Loot** | **Size** | **Value** | **Quantity** |
| Memory pad (working) | 1 | 50 | 4 |
| Memory pad (dead) | 1 | 10 | 8 |
| Scrap electronics | 1 | 10 | 5 |
| Paper stack | 1 | 1 | 20 |
| Computer | 2 | 100 | 4 |

Floor B2: Living Quarters

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **SCANNING EQUIPMENT** | | |
| **Measure** | | **Level** | **Analysis** | |
| Oxygen | | 15 % | Dangerous | |
| Radiation | | Alfa | Unhealthy | |
| Temperature | | 265 K (-7 C) | Manageable | |
| Heat signatures | | None | No life present | |

A big gathering room, still lit by faint light from the ancient strip-lights, appears before you. It’s very quiet, except for the occasional sparking sound from some broken-off cord. A thin layer of frost partly covers the floors and walls.

The living quarters are huge, housing room for 600 people. There are a few rooms with bunk beds dedicated to engineers, double and single rooms for administration and lab assistants and a bit larger rooms for scientists. There’s also a diner, a cafeteria, a relaxation room and a number of toilet sets. The oxygen level is almost breathable.

Engineer quarters

The engineer rooms are close to the elevators and hold not much more than a few left behind personal items like toothbrushes, pocketknives and flashlights. A photo of a woman holding a 5 year old girl in her arms lies left behind on the floor in one of the rooms.

Administrator/lab assistant quarters

The administrator/lab assistant rooms have more items of interest. It is clear they had it better than the engineers. There are paintings hanging on the walls and the beds are of higher quality, while none of them are made. There are electrical components and clothes in the drawers and some stashed away credit cards.

In one room there’s a skeleton in a lab coat with a gun in his hand, a hole in his skull and a memory pad next to it. While time has destroyed and corrupted a lot of data, pieces of the diary is still there, as well as a mail he was writing, but was unable to send (an error message has appeared on-screen). The mail reads as follows:

“Dear Maria

I don’t know how to put this in words, and I tremble as I write this, but…

We won’t be able to see each other again. Our sponsor has pulled back on our funding and the engineers have left with all the ships. There’s only a matter of time before our mail service fails as well, which is why I have to be short. The code to my bank account is 21348. There should be enough money there for you to survive for a while. My last thoughts are with you.

I love you

Max”

The diary first tells of a rather boring life, with endless failing cell-experiments involving trying to create a mass that will be able to store oxygen. The later tells of some kind of accident that set the whole station in turmoil. No entry that defines it is left, but the last entries tell of some “enemy”. The last entry reads:

“I can’t take it anymore. The others plan to hole up in the lower floors, but I know it’s futile. I simply can’t go on living in constant terror. I will end it today. I’m sorry, Maria. You deserved someone braver and stronger than me. But I can’t see any light. I can’t see any way out. Goo dbye c r u e l worsld”

Scientist quarters

The scientist rooms are grander than the others, and all are single rooms. Many have computers in them and almost all has memory pads. The walls are decorated with paintings and photographs, the beds are wide and comfortable and the drawers filled with nice clothes. Many rooms are locked and those who aren’t are in severe disrepair. Half of the memory pads are out of power and all are hugely corrupted. One can, however salvage a bulk of research notes from them, including experimentation on oxygen-binding mass, radiation-shielding and muscle growth. Although the research isn’t complete, it is a steady base for future research on these areas. Each bunch of notes is worth 100 credits, and can be stored on one single memory pad or similar device.

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Loot** | **Size** | **Value** | **Quantity** |
| Credit card | - | 100 | 10 |
| Memory pad (working) | 1 | 50 | 20 |
| Research notes | - | 100 | 5 |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |

Floor B3: Bio-dome

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **SCANNING EQUIPMENT** | | |
| **Measure** | | **Level** | **Analysis** | |
| Oxygen | | 50% | Unhealthy | |
| Radiation | | Alfa | Unhealthy | |
| Temperature | | 295 K (23 C) | Manageable | |
| Heat signatures | | Several minor | Plant life | |

The bio-dome is overgrown, to say the least. The corridors are green with different kinds of grass, moss and vines. The growing domes themselves are like a jungle, filled with different fruit trees, many of them pressing against the solar sensors at the roof. The air seems breathable and radiation non-existing. You almost expect to hear a bird singing from somewhere inside.

There’s no problem being here without protective gear, but the high concentration of oxygen makes for a minor headache after a while.

There are rooms labeled “tools” that contains different kinds gardening equipment and rooms labeled “nutrients” which for the most part is stuffed with plants. One nutrient room is closed, and therefore mostly untouched. Inside there are several units worth of plant nutrient and acid.

Checking trough the bottom layers of the plant floor, one finds it dotted with different sized bones. There are several near-complete human sets and many unidentifiable bones as well.

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Loot** | **Size** | **Value** | **Quantity** |
| Plant nutrient | 1 | 20 | 10 |
| Acid | 1 | 20 | 5 |
| Scrap metal | 1 | 10 | 10 |

Floor B4: Chemical development labs

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **SCANNING EQUIPMENT** | | |
| **Measure** | | **Level** | **Analysis** | |
| Oxygen | | 22 % | Manageable | |
| Radiation | | Alfa | Unhealthy | |
| Temperature | | 280 K (8 C) | Manageable | |
| Heat signatures | | None | No life present | |

The corridor leading out from the elevator is covered with cut-marks and bullet holes. There are old brown stains on the walls and floor and many laboratory doors have been knocked down by some unknown force.

Lab 1-1 and 1-2:

The floor is covered in crushed glass and laboratory equipment. Some human bones can be found (no whole skeletons), as well as a large number of bullet casings. A few powerless memory pads are lying around. When given power, one can find research data on a gene-altering drug that shields the wearer from space-radiation. Each pieces of data grants a possible 1000 credit if sold.

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Loot** | **Size** | **Value** | **Quantity** |
| Memory pad (working) | 1 | 50 | 6 |
| Research notes | - | 1000 | 6 |
| Scrap metal | 1 | 10 | 20 |
| Scrap electronics | 1 | 10 | 12 |

Lab 1-3:

While there isn’t as much bullet casings or holes inside as the other rooms, most of the equipment is destroyed here as well. A working memory pad lying on a desk holds information on a kind of cell that supposedly can bind oxygen for future use, but that has to be field tested. The information can be worth 3000 if sold unknowingly, a successful Ecology roll makes it worth 6000 and a Ecology above 60 in combination with a successful roll grants it 10 000. The working lab equipment is worth 20/unit.

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Loot** | **Size** | **Value** | **Quantity** |
| Lab equipment | 1 | 20 | 15 |

Floor B5: Chemical test labs

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **SCANNING EQUIPMENT** | | |
| **Measure** | | **Level** | **Analysis** | |
| Oxygen | | 22 % | Manageable | |
| Radiation | | Beta | Dangerous | |
| Temperature | | 285 K | Manageable | |
| Heat signatures | | None | No life present | |

The corridor is full of cutting marks, but no bullet holes. Brown stains cover walls, floor and roof. The way it is splattered suggests it was once blood. If you haven’t already, you realize that there might’ve been truth to the words of the old fool who gave you the coordinates.

Closer examination shows that someone probably has dragged several bloodied bodies through the corridor.

Lab 2-1:

The lab is filled with six giant glass vats, filled with some kind of solutions. Displays show data about what’s inside. A successful Ecology or Medicine roll determines that they are filled with some kind of muscle-growing nutrient and a kind of illegal drug that speeds up growth. The nutrient is worth 20 credits/unit and the drug 50/unit. There are some lockets containing liquid containers. Each container can hold 1 unit of liquid. A single human collarbone can be found near one of the vats.

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Loot** | **Size** | **Value** | **Quantity** |
| Muscle growth-nutrient | 1 | 20 | - |
| Growth-drug | 1 | 50 | - |
| Containers | 1 | - | 50 |

Lab 2-2:

The lab is covered in pieces of glass, as numeral closed experiment containers have been shattered. A few memory pads tell the story of development and laboratory testing of a muscular nutrient that when injected causes unhindered muscle growth, multiplying the strength of a subject. The purpose of the nutrition is clearly stated as “military interest”. The tests have been run successfully in controlled environment on mice and muscle fibers, but needs field testing. This data could be worth 10 000 credits, if sold to the right buyer.

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Loot** | **Size** | **Value** | **Quantity** |
| Lab equipment | 1 | 20 | 10 |

Lab 2-3:

The lab is closed and reeking with radiation. One needs acid, a laser cutter or something similar to get in. The inside is full of liquid radiation waste. There are remnants after vats and experiment containers in the gunk, but they are barely noticeable. In a locked titanium cabinet with radiation signs outside, there are 6 containers, each containing 1 unit of Uranium. No devices are left that tell the story of what happened inside.

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Loot** | **Size** | **Value** | **Quantity** |
| Lab equipment | 1 | 20 | 15 |
| Uranium | 1 | 100 | 6 |

Chief Scientist’s office:

There is a door at the end of the corridor labeled “Jeremia Eldersworth, Chief Scientist”. The door is tightly locked, but can be knocked down with enough force or firepower. Inside is a nice office with a mahogany desk and computer frames imitating windows on the walls, although they now only show static. There’s a bookshelf in the back of the room, along with several diploma. Behind the desk sits a skeleton without a head (it’s on the floor behind it) clad in a labcoat with an empty whiskey glass, an opened but empty whiskey bottle and an empty carton of very strong sedatives. Also on the desk is a working computer.

The desk contains a credit card, some photos, pencils, and formal papers.

The skeletons clothes hold an elevator key.

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Loot** | **Size** | **Value** | **Quantity** |
| Credit card | - | 20 000 | 1 |
| Old books | 1 | 50 | 10 |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |

The computer holds four important folders:

Intern communications

Experiment data (Requires Technology roll to open)

Diary (Requires Technology roll to open)

Message service (Requires Technology roll to open)

Intern communications:

“Smith (18:27): Come to your senses!

Jeremia (18:27): I am

Smith (18:28): No. You’re walking down the same path as the engineers

Jeremia (18:28): Yes, they were right. We should’ve left.

Smith (18:28): You

Smith (18:28): Never mind

Smith (18:29): You need to come out here.

Smith (18:29): We’ve sent out a distress beacon

Smith (18:29): People will come to save us

Smith (18:30): But you can’t survive in there!

Smith (18:31): Sir?

Smith (18:31): Sir, were trying our best out here, but we gotta leave soon!

Jeremia (18:32): I never intended to

Smith (18:32): What?

Jeremia (18:32): I never wanted ment to srvive

Jeremia (18:32): \*survive

Smith (18:32): What

Smith (18:33): Excuse me

Smith (18:34): What do you mean?

Jeremia (18:34): Fuking idiot

Jeremia (18:34): Doi need to spell it uot for you?

Jeremia (18:35): I just finshed the trnqdd

Jeremia (18:35): tracnjdk

Jeremia (18:35): fuk it

Jeremia (18:35): slep pills

Smith (18:36): Are you trying to kill yourself?

Smith (18:37): Sir?

Smith (18:38): Sir, are you still there?

Jeremia (18:38): Ys

Jeremia (18:38): im dead soon

Smith (18:38): Sir!

Jeremia (18:38): free son

Jeremia (18:38): soon

Smith (18:39): you’re mad!

Jeremia (18:39): gbye

Smith (18:39): Sir!

Smith (18:39): open the door!

Smith (18:39): now!

Smith (18:39): we’re dying!

Smith (18:39): we gotta go to safety!

Smith (18:40): come with us!

Smith (18:40): please!

Smith (18:43): fine

Smith (18:43): 5 of us wasted their lives for you

Smith (18:43): if you just had come they wouldn’t

Smith (18:43): it’s all your fault

Smith (18:44): FUCK YOU ASSHOLE!

Smith has logged off”

Experiment data

Project Wraith (Requires Technology roll to open)

Muscle nutrient (Requires Technology roll to open)

Radiation and vacuum resistance (Requires Technology roll to open)

Oxygen binding mass (Requires Technology roll to open)

Project Wraith

The folder describes the project as a secret mission to create a powerful biological weapon, specifically a physically enhanced creature capable of surviving in space. The funding comes from a government sponsor. This information, as well as the lower floors of the facility shall remain unknown for all personnel working at the upper floors. This can be used as serious blackmail, but only with proof.

Muscle nutrient

Includes report logs of the completion of a muscle nutrient, ending with “muscle nutrient applied to specimen with favorable result”.

Radiation and vacuum resistance

Includes report logs of completion of a radiation and vacuum resistance experiments. These end with “applied to specimen. Shows promise, longevity needs work.”

Oxygen binding mass

Includes report logs on the completion of oxygen binding mass. It ends with the words “applied to specimen: results favorable.”

Diary

The diary is completely deleted, but about half of it can be brought back with a successful Technology-roll.

The inconsistent collection of words tells the story of a promising young man getting a great job opportunity of overseeing Project Wraith. His diary is at first jolly and excited, but as the years go by, he tire of his work and only keep his position because he doesn’t want to let go of his fat paycheck. About five years before the laboratories stopped operating, 52 years ago, he stopped writing diaries, or so it seems at least.

Message service

Last message:

Maria (04:07) Somebody, please help!

The message service, as far as it is saved, resembles a chat room where people from all over have added comments. Maybe 30 people are involved in the conversation. A lot of people mention “Base at level 8” and “Threat from level 9”. Some say they are secure, some that they desperately need help. When the chaos is settled, Maria’s comments fill several hours asking for assistance and help, getting more and more panicked before adding the last comment and then becoming quiet.

The key in the Chief Scientists pocket unlocks the hidden levels of the elevator. Turning the key will light up these four new locations on the elevator display:

Floor B6: Reactor

Floor B7: Armory

Floor B8: Lab 9 and 10

Floor B9: Subject Dorms

Floor B6: Reactor

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **SCANNING EQUIPMENT** | | |
| **Measure** | | **Level** | **Analysis** | |
| Oxygen | | 21 % | Manageable | |
| Radiation | | Beta/Gamma | Dangerous/Hazardous | |
| Temperature | | 289 K (27 C) | Manageable | |
| Heat signatures | | Static and large | Power source | |

The elevator doors open up to the murmuring sound of electricity coursing through cables and generators. The corridor outside is lit up, metal colored and completely covered in marks done by claws.

There are only three doors in the corridor, labeled “maintenance”, “protective equipment” and “reactor core”.

Maintenance is filled with a diversity of cleaning equipment, disinfection solution and anti-radiation medication.

Protective equipment holds anti-radiation suits, both mechanized and non-mechanized. Both renders the user immune to radiation, but cannot be worn together with the combat suit. The mechanized suit has the same attribute bonuses as the combat ones, but lack shield and only has 50 energy. They are equipped with maintenance equipment (Toolkit and Sensor module). There are four still operational suits, which cannot be stored in storage space – they must be either carried or driven to the ship, taking up space in the elevator. The modules can be taken out and stored in 10 units per module. Each module is worth 1500 credits. The non-mechanized suits are worth 50 each and take up 1 unit.

**NOTE: Multiple trips will draw the attention of the inhabitants of floor B6, which will climb the shaft and attack anyone still left on the level.**

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Loot** | **Size** | **Value** | **Quantity** |
| Maintenance equipment | 1 | 20 | 10 |
| Medicinal supplies | 1 | 20 | 10 |
| Maintenance suit | Huge | 5000 | 4 |
| Suit module | 10 | 1000 | 8 |
| Hazard suit | 1 | 50 | 12 |

Reactor Core

The reactor core is closed off by thick blast doors. At least 200 points of damage or a Toolkit is needed in order to cut through.

The reactor room is huge and brightly lit, with three reactors active, all with automated feeding of uranium. The room is filled with skeletal corpses in different poses. The radiation is sky high, unprotected skin starts to feel it right away. A detector can also detect several warmth signatures on the level below. There are memory pads that have had their circuits fried and several century-old man sized guns scattered throughout the room. In total, there is 31 corpses, 50 memory pads, 20 assault rifles, 30 pistols and 10 clips of ammunition. The uranium storage still holds a vast supply of the radioactive material, enough to fill 5 fully upgraded suits. Blowing up one of the reactors will result in an explosion big enough to scatter the entire asteroid.

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Loot** | **Size** | **Value** | **Quantity** |
| Assault rifle | 2 | 50 (500 to collectors) | 20 |
| Pistol | 1 | 20 (200 to collectors) | 30 |
| Clip | 0.1 | 10 (100 to collectors) | 10 |
| Uranium | 1 | 100 | - |
| Memory pad (dead) | 1 | 10 | 50 |

Floor B7: Armory

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **SCANNING EQUIPMENT** | | |
| **Measure** | | **Level** | **Analysis** | |
| Oxygen | | 20 % | Manageable | |
| Radiation | | Alfa | Unhealthy | |
| Temperature | | 282 K (10 C) | Manageable | |
| Heat signatures | | 7 medium sized, moving | Life forms | |

The door opens towards complete darkness. A wire hanging from destroyed lamps now and then spark with electricity, revealing a destroyed corridor, covered in marks of claws, bullets and possibly laser. There is splatter on the walls and… Was it just you, or did something move? No, must’ve been your nerves. Must’ve been your nerves…

Corridor

The corridor is huge; it is possible for three suits to walk shoulder-to-shoulder through it. It has an exit forward and two on each side. Not far from the elevator lies a torn-open old model of combat suit, manufactured at least 70 years ago. Successful roll determines that it is a military manufactured model. The heat signatures can be counted as 7 from here. The sound of claws against metal can be heard from within.

Weapons and ammunition

The first two rooms are loaded with guns and ammunition, the right one for humans, the left one for suits. The human one has 20 assault rifles left, but looks like it has room for at least 100. The room for suits has two broken suits lying torn open inside. There are suit-sized assault rifles of old design and old pistols as well, 5 of each. There are 5 clips for rifles lying around, the weapons are loaded.

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Loot** | **Size** | **Value** | **Quantity** |
| Assault rifle (human) | 2 | 50 (500 to collectors) | 20 |
| Assault rifle (suit) | 10 | 100 (1000 to collectors) | 5 |
| Pistol (suit) | 5 | 50 (500 to collectors) | 5 |
| Clip (human) | 0.1 | 10 (100 to collectors) | 20 |
| Clip (suit) | 1 | 50 | 15 |

Suit and armor

The next pair of rooms holds mechanized and non-mechanized suits of armor. There are 5 mechanized suits that is too old and broken down to be activated, but are equipped with auto-feeding modules and 10 human-sized body armor. They must be carried to be moved the noise will alert the inhabitants of the level. Another elevator trip will alert more inhabitants of the complex. The rooms are also covered in old blood stains and signs of combat.

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Loot** | **Size** | **Value** | **Quantity** |
| Combat suit | Huge | 1000 | 5 |
| Suit module | 10 | 1500 | 5 |
| Combat armor (human) | 1 | 50 (500 to collectors) | 10 |

Barracks

The last door, or the absence of it, gapes to what used to be the barracks. Distinct sounds of movement can be heard from within, as well as occasional hissing. Looking inside with a flashlight, one can see a form lurking in the shadows before a loud shriek is heard and several creatures lounge toward the explorers.

The creatures are the escaped experiments of the facility, creatures put together to become an unstoppable biological weapon deployable by the Empire. They resemble a mixture of a big cat animal and lizard, with a head resembling deep-sea fish with huge jaws and every square inch of the body covered in thick hide. This is without doubt proof of the experiments going on here, but without the actual experiment data it can be hard to milk much money out of the government.

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Experimental creature | |
| Hit points | 50 |
| Close combat | 35 |
| Athletics | 45 |
| Dodge | 20 |
| Damage (teeth) | 1d10 |
| Damage (claws) | 1d10x2 |

With the creatures dead, one can tell that them, or something worse, must’ve slaughtered the entirety of the barracks staff; there’s nothing that is not turned to shreds in here.

Floor B8: Specimen testing facilities

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **SCANNING EQUIPMENT** | | |
| **Measure** | | **Level** | **Analysis** | |
| Oxygen | | 18 % | Unhealthy | |
| Radiation | | None | Manageable | |
| Temperature | | 289 K (17 C) | Manageable | |
| Heat signatures | | Multiple moving | Life forms | |

As the elevator doors open, sounds of crawling life meets the ear. The walls are covered in green bio-mass and the floor bears mark of uncountable clawed feet. There is a thick, titanium door broken into pieces and a booth with broken glass windows here, along with several warning signs labeled “hazardous area” and “hazard suit required”.

Multiple heat signatures can be spotted further inwards.

Hazard suit storage and sterilization

This was a sterilization chamber. Was. The hazard suits are ripped to shreds, human bones are found everywhere and almost all equipment is completely destroyed. Vile chatter and the clatter of claws against metal are prominent here. The remains of a sterilization chamber lead out to a corridor.

Corridor

Two experiment creatures are ripping a third one apart but halt as soon as the explorers step inside. With loud screeches, they attack. The corridor is shaped like a T, with arrows at the end showing the way to lab 3-1 (left) and lab 3-2 (right).

Lab 3-1 – Controlled area testing

The laboratory is divided into six parts, three test chambers and three observation rooms. The rooms are labeled: “Endurance testing”, “Vacuum simulation” and “Combat testing”

Endurance testing

The observation room is trashed, with windows open to the giant test chamber. The chamber is filled with broken off restraining equipment and 10 experimental creatures are roaming around with one larger similar creature. If alerted to sound or light, they will swarm the source.

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Experimental creature | |
| Hit points | 50 |
| Close combat | 35 |
| Athletics | 45 |
| Dodge | 20 |
| Damage (teeth) | 1d10 |
| Damage (claws) | 1d10x2 |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Large creature | |
| Hit points | 75 |
| Close combat | 50 |
| Athletics | 20 |
| Dodge | 20 |
| Damage (teeth) | 1d10x2 |
| Damage (claws) | 1d10x3 |

Information

In the files of the computers in the observation room, there are records of endurance testing of the creatures, under the name “Project Wraith”.

**No hacking** – The Endurance testing has yielded successful results. Use of iron, steel and titanium is mentioned

**Hacking 50** – Almost 382 subjects have undergone the endurance testing, consisting of compressing devices, restraining creatures and applying different sorts of damage. The oldest existing file is 101 years old.

**Successful hacking** – 97 subjects have survived through all the endurance testing. Out of these, subject #375 and forward show incredible promise, able to break all but the fiercest restraining with ease and proving remarkable vitality. In notes, the scientists recommend that research on mental control of the creatures should commence immediately in order to contain them, as they were soon able to break any kind of physical containment.

Vacuum simulation

The observation room is still intact, but show signs of combat. There are pieces of an old combat suit lying around and a few computer screens have been destroyed. A flayed hazard suit can be found as well. The experiment room is spherical and filled with cold, dead experiments, almost 12 of them, all small. The vacuum on/off is still functional.

Information

**No hacking** – The room has been used for imitating vacuum and space radiation in order to test both creature resistance to these and ability to store oxygen.

**Hacking 50** – 50 out of 200 tested subjects have survived all stages of testing. The last activation had no authorization and was not documented.

**Hacking success** – The subjects have been exposed both to near-space radiation within confinement and has been field tested in real vacuum. Apparently the creatures have been designed with a special layer of fat that shields them from radiation and holds off the pressure of space. However, these layers need to store oxygen to make it work, the same oxygen they also breathe if there is none in the air around them. At the moment the creature can apparently survive 72 hours without an exterior source of oxygen.

Combat testing

There are blast door closed shut to this area. The door brazes an amazing 500 hit points. Behind is an almost unscathed observation room with a much scathed combat room. The observation room holds two clawed, but still functional combat suits with skeletons inside, as well as several skeletons scattered around both the room and testing area. A towering corpse of a creature resembling the smaller experiments lies down at the middle of the room with no warmth temperature coming out of it. A gigantic stellar ship cannon is mounted in the room and pointed towards its skull. There is a number of memory pads scattered around the area as well, along with the computers.

Computer information

**No hacking** – The message “GET OUT OF HERE” is shining on the screen and no buttons seem to work.

**Hacking 50** – All information seems to be deleted

**Hacking success** – Restoring the save files show a long list of different experiments with the creatures involved. About 500 subjects have been tested, resulting in the death of all but five. These account talk about the experiments as “strong and durable as a tank”. The creatures have apparently been able to rip open then-top of the line combat suits, resisting heavy fire, both from human and suit-sized weaponry. Seems like ship-caliber weapons are the only ones that can hold any hopes of damaging them. The last experiment holds no information but that a stellar class cannon was used and that it was unauthorized.

Memory pad information

**No hacking** – Multiple horrifying stories about how the experiments broke loose at the lower levels and how they rampaged through the whole station. The engineers apparently revolted and fled the base in cargo ships, leaving scientists and limited military personnel to fend for themselves. A team tried to get the chief of operations out, but he refused. The majority of the survivors holed up in this chamber, hoping someone would come to rescue them. But no one did. After two weeks, moral dropped severely. The food ran out, people committed suicide and blamed each other. Fifteen days into isolation, there was a shootout only 12 people survived, including the ones in suits. At the beginning of the fourth week, they had all turned to cannibalism.

**Hacking 50** – One of the memory pads have the diary entry:

This is horrible. No food. No water. Monsters outside the doors. Monsters inside the doors. Human eating human. Humans killing humans. I can’t stand it. I will delete it ALL. No one should have to stand it. RUN! Because I fucking can’t. might as well kill myself, like the others.

**Hacking success** – 20 bank accounts containing about 20 000 credits in total (1000 each).

The creature

The creature is as tall as a combat suit, but longer. It has a developed head armor that covers the rest of its body from frontal firepower. In other ways, it resembles the other creatures.

If all information is gathered, there’s enough information to put the Imperium into serious blackmail, probably able to milk money from them for the rest of one’s life. It is risky business, but if it succeeds, the blackmailer will be filthy rich and influential for the rest of their life.

Lab 3-2: Construction and breeding

The floor is covered with glass, scrapped metal and blood. A left-behind claw-wielding foot lies on the floor. The great room is filled with the immense sound of a giant beating heart. The room is big and filled with debris of different kinds. In the middle stands what looks like a pillar made out of metal, glass and… flesh? Long, muscular tentacles sprout from the giant heap of meat which also emits the sound which fills the room. In circles around it, dangerously close to the tentacles, there are different control panels, where most seems to be working.

The creature was stuck in the creation chamber in the middle of application of muscle nutrient and left behind when chaos erupted in the lab. As a result, it kept on growing; latching onto everything around it, ultimately becoming the giant horror it is today. It doesn’t require food; it gets all the energy it needs from the nutrient. Other experimental creatures avoid it, but appreciate to feast on the spoils of its murder, if something comes too close. If someone moves within 5 length units of distance to any part of it, it may be able to notice them (see stats). If noticing anything, it will flail its 20 tentacles around, blindly trying to hit anyone and anything inside or in the vicinity of the room. It is both blind and deaf, but has an excellent sense of feeling.

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Unfinished test subject | |
| Hit points (body) | 500 |
| Hit points (tentacle) | 30 |
| Number of tentacles | 20 |
| Close combat | 50 |
| Damage (tentacles) | 1d10x5 |

Computer information

Requires two consecutive hacking successes in order to access

Folders (additional hacking success needed to open):

Experiment data

Wraith classifications

System manual

Experiment data

Over the course of the 57 year history of the laboratory, a total of 789 experimental creatures were created, out of which 698 where fit for further research, the remaining 91 where put down and recycled into bio-mass. During the first 5 years (when 25 subjects were tested), most creatures are labeled as failures either from beginning or field testing. A breakthrough then lead to producing three different kinds of creatures instead of one: One focused on radiation shielding, one combat focused and one endurance focused. This style of production continued for about 20 years (300 subjects) until most results yielded favorably. The easiest genes to intermarry were endurance and combat, which was achieved over a period of 10 years. The vacuum and radiation shielding didn’t yield good results until 7 years later, when the idea of a triple-layered hide came into mind. By having radiation-shielding outer skin, an oxygen layer underneath and a thick layer of lead-induced fat below, the creatures could withstand both vacuum pressure and space radiation. These “oxygen skins” where more efficiently refilled by having them also as the creatures’ premiere oxygen storage. The last 10 years where mostly devoted to make these skins work for a longer period of time, as well as developing a heavier combat-based creature nicknamed “Nightmare”.

**Value:**

This experiment data, along with the files from the chief scientist’s computer and one specimen of the creatures, dead or alive, will be enough to pull serious blackmail on Imperial higher-ups.

Wraith Classifications

A description of the requirements and construction of the unit follows all classifications. This, along with samples of genes and required equipment will yearn millions of credits from the right buyer – someone who is interested in biologic weapons strong enough to combat the empire’s own forces.

Poltergeist

“Light” infantry unit with power and protection only slightly inferior to a human in combat suit. Recommended use as tactical strike force.

Ghoul

“Heavy” infantry unit with size equal to that of a human in combat suit, although it is much more powerful. Recommended use as spear head of charges against superior numbers and enemy clad in combat suits.

Nightmare

Extremely heavy infantry, with thick enough armor to withstand artillery fire and most biological weapons. Strong enough to shred metal plating of all known mechanized forces. Recommended use against heavy artillery. Stellar-class weaponry is required to properly combat unit.

System manual

A complete manuscript on the different parts and functions of the machine. Although outdated, this alone, this can easily be worth 25 000 credits.

**Floor B9: Specimen Dorms**

Already in the elevator, you can hear the sounds. Screeching, clawing and howling echo through the elevator chasm and pierces your ears. Your lonely chariot takes you downwards at a steady pace, not shaking, not stopping… Not even the light flickers. It almost feels out of place. During what feels like an eternity the sounds get louder and louder as you descend until, with a gentle bump and a puff of pressurized air, the elevator hits rock bottom. This is the final floor.

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **SCANNING EQUIPMENT** | | |
| **Measure** | | **Level** | **Analysis** | |
| Oxygen | | 15 % | Dangerous | |
| Radiation | | None | Manageable | |
| Temperature | | 290 K (18 C) | Manageable | |
| Heat signatures | | Multiple moving | Multiple life forms | |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Experimental creature | |
| Hit points | 50 |
| Close combat | 35 |
| Athletics | 45 |
| Dodge | 20 |
| Damage (teeth) | 1d10 |
| Damage (claws) | 1d10x2 |

The elevator doors have barely opened before a mass of teeth and eyes face its direction. 17 experiment creatures stall for just a moment before swarming the elevator.

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Large creature | |
| Hit points | 75 |
| Close combat | 50 |
| Athletics | 20 |
| Dodge | 20 |
| Damage (teeth) | 1d10x2 |
| Damage (claws) | 1d10x3 |

There is barely time for the gun smoke to dissolve before a second wave is inbound, this consisting of the larger creatures. Five monsters charge dead ahead for the tiny squad of explorers.

When the last creature finally drops to the ground, the floor is filled with an eerie silence. Looking around, the explorers can see a multitude of tanks, filling up the room that they now realize is huge. Hundreds of glass vats, some broken, some empty and some filled with green solution and… more creatures. One can count to almost fifty creatures of varying sizes. A great, open door stands at the end of the corridor. A little poking around in the room yields a memory pad of full information and status of all creatures in the vats, their age and their treatments. This is easily worth 50 000 to the right buyer, maybe even more.

After a while, the explorers hear a loud snorting and a huge silhouette approaches the gate. It is a creature similar to the one found in the combat testing area… But this one is alive.

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Subject 275+ (Nightmare) | |
| Hit points | 200 |
| Shield | 300 |
| Close combat | 50 |
| Athletics | 50 |
| Damage (teeth) | 1d10x5 |
| Damage (claws) | 1d10x3 |

If the explorers choose to investigate the room on the other side, they find ten giant vats; four empty, one smashed and five… occupied. Occupied by the same kind of creature that attacked them. The room is filled with half-eaten corpses of experiment creatures. Notes on a nearby computer calls them “Nightmare-class Wraith”.

Payout

If the explorers manage to escape the lab alive they have three options, depending on what money they have accumulated: Sell the loot and pay Yahvi, bring the loot to Yahvi as payment or flee.

Sell the loot

The explorers have a few days to sell their loot before their payment is due. A few appropriate rolls should be made in order to see how much money they actually rake in. It is too little time to milk any money out of authorities, but experiment data can be sold for full prize.

Paying Yahvi

Yahvi suggests that he and the mercenary company will meet on one of his mining outposts on a specifically rough ice planet called Minor VII. The outpost is rather small, but harbors five huge anti-stellar cannons. The meeting takes place in the docking bay, where Yahvi welcomes the explorers with a smug smile, an eager handshake and the same robe he whore the last time they saw him. The docking bay, that is encapsulated, is filled with the barons many guards in combat suits. Depending on the amount of credits he is presented with, he will make different offers.

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Amount | Offer |
| 0 – 9999 | Well then, I’ll give you a choice, a second chance to repay me, since you had the courtesy to come see me. Either you give me everything you own, and I’ll call it even… Or you’ll go join you new co-workers right away, (Yahvi makes a gesture towards the mines). Either you buy off your debt, or you’ll work it off. |
| 10 000 – 19 999 | So… Who’ll keep their stuff? I want the rest. Or you could always work it off here… |
| 20 000 – 29 999 | Two suits. Two sets of equipment. The rest is needed to pay your debt. Then again, if you want to work it off… (Yahvi meaningly looks out a nearby window. |
| 30 000 – 39 999 | Three suits and three sets of equipment. That’s what you’re allowed to **keep**. You better say your farewells to your ship… and the rest of your equipment. |
| 40 000 – 49 999 | Four suits… Is what you are allowed to keep. And I am being generous. On the other hand, I have a few open jobs… How do you feel about mining? |
| 50 000 – 59 999 | Your suits or your ship. Your pick. But if you want to work it off, I won’t stop ya… Nod at the direction of the mines |
| 60 000 – 69 999 | Throw in four of your suits and you’ll have a deal. That or 10 years working here… What do you say? |
| 70 000 – 79 999 | I’d say three suits make up for what’s left. Oh, and the weapons and equipment attached to it, of course. Impressive work otherwise, didn’t think you had such resources. |
| 80 000 – 89 999 | Mighty impressive for a bunch of mercenaries, eh? Tell you what, you are a bit short, but I think one of your suits is worth about what is left. I might have some work in store for ya in the future… Granted you pay your debts in time (laughs). |
| 90 000 – 99 999 | Aight, I won’t ask where the money comes from, but I guess it wasn’t very legal, eh? Though it is not quite enough to repay your debt… How about this; I have a job I need doing. Not here, elsewhere. You do it, and we call it quits, right? |
| 100 000 | Would you look at that! I didn’t think you’d even show up, and here you are with all the credits I asked for. Looks like you now your way around money after all. Well, I won’t bother ya anymore, unless you want me too. I can’t promise anything, though… I happen to have a keen eye for moneymakers (laughs) |

Paying with loot

Yahvi is a tough and clever businessman. If the mercenaries pay him with loot, he will always value it one category lower than its worth, speaking about market value, costs of transport and so forth. It’ll take some serious bartering in order to get the right prize, and there’s a risk he’ll snap and say his price is final… Or that he won’t accept the loot as payment

*Example: Giving Yahvi loot equivalent to 85 000 credits (falls under the 80 000 – 89 999-category) means he’ll value it as if it was in the 70 000 – 79 999-category.*

Giving Yahvi means for blackmail

The baron will scour through the evidence and then ask the mercenaries wait for a moment. He then calls his accountant from his ship and shows him the evidence. They both start whispering hastily accompanied with a lot of gestures. If the means are enough for blackmail, Yahvi will return, say that the evidence is enough as payment and quickly wishes the mercenaries safe voyage before almost dashing back into his ship.

If the means aren’t enough, Yahvi will simply say that they aren’t, but that he likes the way the mercenaries think, offering them some more time in order to go back and secure more evidence, saying he’ll write off their entire debt if they do.

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Loot** | **Size** | **Value** | **Quantity** |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **SCANNING EQUIPMENT** | | |
| **Measure** | | **Level** | **Analysis** | |
| Oxygen | |  |  | |
| Radiation | |  |  | |
| Temperature | |  |  | |
| Heat signatures | |  |  | |