

PART 1 - Light of Terra

Ark of the Forsaken.

Wherever you are, it feels wrong. The air tastes bitter almost, too thin, too coppery, each breathe leaves you struggling just a little harder to draw in the bloody tasting atmosphere. The lights are dim, flickering uneasily, and barely enough to reveal your location is both artifical and incredibly ancient, the metal walls and floors caked with dust and brittle with rust. Every footstep stirs up clouds of choking, silvery metallic sand, the sound of your booted foot echoing out loud enough to leave you glancing around nervously, the sound distorting unnaturally as it fades into the distance. Even standing feels wrong somehow, the pressure of gravity pulling down on you subtly off somehow.

You wait, trying to think about something, anything to distract you, but the utter, dead stillness leaves your thoughts coming back to one fact - your abilities are gone. Even The Warehouse is denied to you. Somehow, you are now no longer more than human.

Your ears pop, and for a second you see ... no.... better to not use her name. A little ritual you don't even remember picking up. Using her name is bad luck.

Call her The Lady.

She's there, almost. A few brief flickers, like trying to make out the image on an old, broken down TV. She should be laying out a tempting selection of new tricks and treasures for your perusal, instead she's hammering at something and screaming at you.

... For you?

Something pulses and she's gone.

All alone, just like that.

You aren't sure how long you hesitate, but you need to do something. You pick a destination and set off. Finally making a decision to do something, anything at all helps you feel a little better about things. A little more sure of yourself. You barely notice as you step through what

feels like a giant soap bubble.

You do notice when you start to die though.

When you realise you just stepped into the void and left the ships atmosphere behind...

(You now have zero CP.)

You must take ONE companion from the following list at the CP cost listed.

This will leave you with negative CP.

You may not take a second companion.

That sense of pressure is back, and you can dimly perceive her screaming again. You aren't sure if it's at you this time, but then again, you are too busy trying to remember if you breathe out or hold your breathe to keep your lungs exploding in vaccum. Something hits you, and it hits you hard. Hard enough to send you sailing back through what you now realise it a force field holding the atmosphere within the ships ruined hulk. You come rolling to a stop, face to face with something with far, far more teeth than any creature should have. A single Hormagaunt regards you, the man sized mass of chitinous armour and monomolecular claws. Swift, deadly and ravenous, the thing has one instinct. Hunt. It leans in, its jaws part and rows of razor sharp fangs are suddenly on display. Then, it licks you. Like a puppy.

Apparently this one has two sets of instincts now. It licks you again and suddenly it all clicks together, this was what the boss lady was just yelling at...

Toby the Hormagaunt. He's a Tyranid. Don't ask.
400 CP

Positives:

- Incredible tracking skills.
- Extremely deadly melee combatant.
- Needs roughly an hours sleep every thirty six.
- Will evolve to be more deadly given time.
- Can eat essentially anything organic.
- Regenerates incredibly quickly, especially when well fed.

- Chitin is already virtually immune to small arms fire.
- Can fuse with a symbiote Fleshborer Rifle, sacrificing melee abilities for ranged ones. It takes roughly half an hour and the rifle and its ammo take a lot of food.
- You can fuse with the Fleshborer Rifle if you feel like it, but having a living colony of beetles and a living nest that also fires them fixed to your shoulder will mean it takes you around a day to starve to death unless you eat almost constantly.

Negatives:

- Works best in a horde of millions.
- Lays thousands of eggs at a time, giving you fresh troops. Good luck feeding them, because they will go feral if you fail. Toby will hide these eggs as well.
- Will panic when it loses line of sight to you and stop whatever it was doing to run back to you, screaming the entire way.
- Requires insane amounts of food to fuel his metabolism, even more if he's been injured. Somewhere in the region of enough food to feed twenty people, if you need a solid number.

Equipment:

Being a Tyranid, Toby doesn't exactly have anything you can borrow. He does however, shed fairly frequently as he grows larger, and the cast off shells can very easily be turned into an exceptionally good suit of armour. It won't be air tight, but considering the chitin evolved to withstand the most vicious attacks the galaxy can throw at it, surviving the crude cold forged swords and rebar spears of the ship's current occupants won't be an issue.

You can also easily convert one of the mantis like scything talons attached to a cast off shell into a bladed weapon of your choice. While not a true monomolecular edge, the blade won't dull in your lifetime, and carving unarmed or badly equipped mutants up won't get much easier.

Something hits.... no... nudges... something nudges you. It's hard to focus right now, what with the vacuum exposure, but somehow you manage to force yourself to cling onto the thing. At least you won't die alone out here, even if you can't focus on your new friend. You do feel it start to move though, and hope starts to build as you decide it is dragging you back the way you just came! After what feels like centuries of agony you feel the tingle of the atmospheric shield enveloping you. Struggling for that glorious, life sustaining air you hear "Gue'la, relax a moment. Allow me to assist you." Something is pressed against your neck with a hiss, your system floods with stims and finally you can focus enough to get a good look at your rescuer, a Tau dressed in the redish yellow armour of a Pathfinder, flanked by a pair of hovering drones.

Shas'ui Ko'el, Tau Pathfinder.

400 CP

Positives:

- Extremely tolerant.
- Trained in survival and scouting techniques as well as being equipped with advanced survival gear intended for extended field use.
- Has two markerlight drones that can be used for remote scouting.
- Excellent ranged combatant.
- Has been given emergency first contact training allowing him to at least start trying to communicate with new species.

Negatives:

- Won't be happy about any first contact situation that doesn't involve a serious attempt at diplomacy.
- Physically very weak. Even the biggest Fire Warriors are no match for an average human in a fist fight.
- Virtually zero melee training.
- Focus on long ranged combat a weakness inside the ruins of the ship you are on.

Equipment:

Well equipped and more than willing to share, Shas'ui K'el can provide you with access to the gear that belonged to the fallen members of his squad. While not intended for a human, the Recon armour can easily be refitted for you. While it lacks some of the heavier segments of standard Fire Warrior armour, it does offer enhanced mobility and the nanocular-thread fatigues beneath are interwoven with sound-absorbing fibers to aid in avoiding detection.

He can also provide you with a Pulse Carbine, a cut down version of the infamous Pulse Rifle, though this model sacrifices the sheer range and stopping power of the Rifle itself in favour of rapid fire and ease of use.

Kicking and thrashing doesn't seem to be doing much, but it is all you've got. The entire 'struggling futilely against fate' thing just stops suddenly though, after a half seconds worth of... moving, without actually going anywhere, somehow. Choking down that stale but still oh so very, very delicious air you manage to look up, just in time to catch a very stylish boot to the face, and then there's that odd sense of moving/not moving again and you find yourself trying once again to breathe in space. And then back to the ship. And then space once again, then the ship once more. Coughing up what you can only hope isn't blood you tense up in anticipation of being dumped back into hard vacuum one last time when someone presses what you think is the hilt of a knife into your hand and announces "Well, I'm bored now. Torture me."

Shauphezh Xi'Cokemeq, Dark Eldar Reaver

300 CP

Positives:

- Probably the greatest melee combatant you'll meet. There's a very good chance she's been killing people since before humans have had the ability to make fire.
- There isn't a sculptor living or dead who wouldn't commit the most terrible crimes you can imagine for the chance to have her model for them. Artists have committed suicide in shame at failing to capture her beauty.
- Can teach you how to feed on torment and suffering, healing and satiating yourself by harming others instead of resting or eating.
- 'Borrowed' parts of an Eldar Warp Spider aspect warriors armour, allowing her to essentially teleport about by making short range warp jumps. For a Dark Eldar this is beyond suicidal, but the threat of having her soul torn apart by demons is exciting.

Negatives:

- She Who Thirsts, the Chaos God Slaanesh is consuming her soul. The only way to avoid it is to torture people to death in spectacular fashion and harvest their suffering.
- Will always go too far. Everything is boring, so she'll push just that little bit further for kicks. This never ends well.
- Lack of stimulation is going to be an issue. When she gets bored, and she WILL get bored, she's going to blame you for it, and you are going to pay.
- She's had tens of thousands of years to become an amazingly hard to hit fighter, but the second someone does make contact she's going to go down hard and fast.

Equipment:

While at some point you probably will find yourself (most likely against your will) donning the Tangled strips of barbed wire and crudely tanned leather that Shauphezh favours, it won't provide you any more defence than it does her.

She will however, be quite happy to provide you with an absolutely brutal weapon of your own, an Agoniser. A long, nightmarishly barbed whip, Agonisers are designed to attach themselves to the victim's nervous system, take control of it and inflict immense pain which can disable or kill the victim. The size of the creature doesn't matter and often the larger the creature, the greater the potential for pain-infliction. Agonisers have the ability to harm vehicles as well, potentially disabling the crew or disrupting the vehicle's systems as well as disabling robots. Given that this is a whip, it will be quite hard to use, and in the beginning you will most likely hit yourself as much as the enemy, probably why she was so willing to give this to you. Persevere and you will become a truly formidable fighter, on top of any other melee skills you obtain.

The Dark Eldar Reaver has a seemingly endless supply of combat drugs as well, though she does tend to use them in a much more recreational manner. While they are effective, try not to overindulge, since in a best case scenario your heart will just explode.

Before you can even start to panic there's a green flash and suddenly you find yourself back on the ship, curled up in agony and clutching your chest, the air thick with the stink of ozone. You manage to grunt something in the direction of the shape you can't quite focus on and then you pass out. You aren't sure how long you are out, but when you regain consciousness you realise that A. your chest doesn't hurt, most likely because B. those are your lungs over there on the floor. Floating over you the three meter long metallic beetle shaped thing looks vaguely smug, even with a face that consists entirely of a dozen glowing green lenses.

Necron Tomb Spyder

600 CP

Positives:

- It's a floating armoured nightmare shaped like a cross between a spider and a crab.
- Can't be destroyed permanently, onboard repair systems will get it back online again eventually.
- Incredibly durable. Imagine a man with a rock trying to disable a battleship and you have the right idea what combat against this thing will be like here.
- Melee capable and insanely strong, has two massive manipulator claws that can be replaced with Gauss Flayers for long ranged anti-armour fun.
- It just replaced your lungs with something much more efficient. No more being hit with poison gas, no more being out of breath, no more breathing full stop.
- As well as being a mechanical death machine it's also the best mechanic you could hope to meet, and is capable of recycling damaged materials by consuming them and fabricating new parts and equipment in an internal matter editor.
- Can play 'Instruments of Destruction' by the band NRG at earsplitting volume on command. You will most likely never have an explanation for this.

Negatives:

- Doesn't seem to be able to spawn swarms of builder scarabs. Apparently that subsystem needs a lot more time to repair than everything else.
- It will replace the parts of you that are damaged. It's probably a waste of time to note that being trapped, but by bit in an unliving, unfeeling metal skeleton isn't good for long term sanity, right?
- Good luck on your own, if you happen to be separated or split up somehow, you will be quite vulnerable.

Equipment:

Being that the insectoid machine thing was last brought online somewhere in the region of half a million years ago, it won't be able to provide anything you can use.

As you go spinning off into the void you think you catch sight of a face, and a human face at that. Shame about the timing, because she seemed sort of pretty, in a tomboyish way. Something slams into your

side and you realise that things are pretty bad already, because it's the way your blood floats off in little perfect spheres that holds your attention, not the fact someone has just harpooned you in the side with what looks like a grappling hook and is reeling you in like a fish!

In short order you find yourself gasping and trying not to bleed to death as a skinny, blonde woman in an imperial guard uniform tries to find the right page for this in the Imperial Infantrymans Uplifting Primer, fails, swears and starts injecting you with things almost at random.

You wake up wishing you hadn't with a cigarette balanced between your teeth, a massive craving for Morphine, a hell of a lot of questions and a massive craving for Morphine.

Hooligan Tuesday

200 CP

Positives:

- Imperial Guard Veteran who has seen combat against most of the major factions.
- Actually kind of attractive in a slightly scruffy bad ass soldier girl kind of way.
- Doesn't want any Morphine.

Negatives:

- Morphine would be nice now.
- Really nice.
- There isn't any more Morphine.
- Tuesday really isn't big on initiative. Initiative is Heresy.
- Compared to the regular gear of basically every other soldier in the galaxy, Imperial Guard armour and Lasguns are very, very poor quality.

Equipment:

As the last surviving member of her squad, Hooligan has access to a surprising amount of equipment, and is willing to allow you access to whatever you require. The most obvious thing is a suit of Carapace Armour. The Cadian-pattern "Kasrkin" carapace suit is the standard body armour of the Cadian Shock Troopers' elite Kasrkin infantry, completely protecting the wearer's body and featuring a suite of advanced technologies. The helmet is equipped with a rebreather, photo-visior, encrypted micro-bead and clip attachment on the side for a light source or vid-recorder, while the suit itself incorporates an integral auspex unit accessed via wrist display and attachments for a grav-chute. Power for these systems is provided for by a small power pack, equivalent in size and cost to a lasgun power pack, which allows for a week of continuous use before requiring replacement.

There are also several Hellguns, these high-energy weapons are more potent and destructive than common Lasguns, drawing on external energy sources for a more penetrative shot, but also more complex, requiring reinforced barrels, thermal-cooling cells and gyro-stabilized power packs. A substantial backpack power source allows the weapon to be fired in both semi-automatic and rapid-fire modes. While the backpack power source is not quite as powerful as the Hotshot Laser Power Pack used in Long-Las sniper rifles it does produce an intense shot which, while still comparable to one from a normal lasgun, has far superior penetrative power.

Oh, and in case you were wondering? the powerpacks the armour and hellgun use? those can be charged up from almost anything, including bodyheat. Keep a few spares under your sleeping mat and cycle them out and you wont need to worry about running out of power any time soon. You also get access to a massive crate full of CRR's. Civilian Relief Rations are made from recycled food waste or any other organic materials and are used for civilian relief in areas of intense fighting. Also known as Emperor's Mercy bars, each can just barely keep a person alive for a day. The less said about their taste the better. There's also an almost complete medikit as well, though it does seem to lack any sort of painkillers.

There's a flash and an incredible sense of pressure as something simply hauls you from one location to another without bothering to move you through the intervening space. You slam into a wall, bounce hard and come to rest with an enormous hobnailed boot inches from your face and blocking your view of everything else.

Probably the deepest, most guttural voice you've ever heard announces **"Ere, let me 'elp yer up Ooomie."** The Ork does just that, even giving you a few friendly blows to the head to help bring you back to your senses. Once everything has stopped reeling and you manage to take a look around you realise this must be some sort of garage or engineering bay. The Ork returns from wherever he wandered off to and yes you realise, he does in fact have a motorised unicycle for a leg. He thrusts a hige, chipped mug of something steaming hot into your hands and asks **"Ere, y'know anyfing 'bout brewin' up propah Fungus Beer? been simply ages since I've 'ad a pint."**

'Ardat Jones.

500 CP

Positives:

- He's an Ork.
- And a Mekboy.
- With a Gyrostabilised Unicycle for a leg.
- His Shokk Attak Gun allows him to warp Snotlings, tiny feral orkoids into opponents. Having a snotling that has just been driven stark screaming insane after a split seconds unshielded exposure to the warp suddenly appearing inside your armour or even inside your body is pretty much going to ensure you loose the fight.
- Knows how to make Fightin' Juice, a super potent stimulant/combat drug/ healing potion.
- Can cobble together anything from just about anything. He's a Mekboy, he just can.
- Loose a limb or something? don't worry, he can rebuild you better, stronger and Orkier.

Negatives:

- The Ork language is a very physical one. You are going to get hit a lot, and it is going to

cause damage.

- You will never, ever get used to the smell. On the bad days you can see the stink lines. Bathing just ain't Orky.
- Squigs and Snotlings will get everywhere. Watch your gear and extremities twenty four seven or they will get eaten and or stolen.

Equipment:

Delighted to finally be back in action, 'Ardat has gone above and beyond in ensuring your two person WAAGH is well equipped. You just wish he hadn't.

Your new 'Eavy Armour is made from sections of bulkheads and scavenged pieces of hullmetal, battered into shape so that it fits you like a glove. (Well, sort of. Having it riveted directly onto your body wasn't something you were keen on.) The armour has a ramshackle, improvised appearance, but offers far more protection than its humble origins can suggest. It is cumbersome to wear, especially when the fact the shield fixed to one arm is taken into account, the Mekboy simply tearing an reinforced door free and welding it in place. You won't be able to dodge anything, but on the plus side, you can tank almost anything.

The weapon might at first glance seem impractical, especially considering with your new shield you only have one hand free to wield the massive two handed hammer, but as usual, Orky know-wots has found a way. The Tankhammer is an Ork close combat weapon for use against enemy armor. Essentially a rokkit on a pole, it is used by old-fashioned Orks, who don't trust such unreliable devices as rokkit thrusters. The Tankhammer is swung directly into the vulnerable parts of enemy vehicles at close range, although it can be used against infantry with devastating effects. It is most commonly wielded by Ork Tankbustas.

Yes, you will be hitting things with a rocket on a stick.

You've barely had time to start dying a horrible death when something snaps around your ankle, coils tight enough to dig into the skin and pulls you back towards the ship hard enough to leave you wondering if your leg was just dislocated. You quickly come to a sudden, painful stop at the feet of someone dressed in an oil stained red robe with several obviously mechanical tendrils emerging from its back. Several lenses under the figure's hood swivel down to study you for a moment and a clicking burst of static comes from what you assume is the entity's head.

You can't even think how to respond to that, if it even was something you were supposed to respond to!

You stare.

He.. or she... or it... stares. You still aren't sure.

What happens next has you almost jumping out of your skin in shock as your phone suddenly begins to ring, the sound of it almost painfully loud in the enclosed space. With a shaking hand you raise it to your ear and hear "BY THE OMNISSIAH! SUCH A MARVEL OF BLESSED TECHNOLOGY I HAVE NEVER SEEN!"

Engineer Brutus.

500 CP

Positives:

- Engineer of the Adeptus Mechanicus, the man essentially worships ancient technology and can repair almost any human built equipment.
- Heavily upgraded with a great deal of cybernetic enhancements, Brutus is extremely tough and surprisingly useful in a fight.
- Can repair most damage he takes.
- Has a huge two handed combitool in the shape of a battle axe.
- Has half a dozen Mechadendrites built into his back, prehensile tentacle limbs fitted with a variety of useful tools.
- Can chat with most machine spirits and advanced computer systems and at least convince them not to murder you for being a wretched greasy sack of mostly water.

Negatives:

- Doesn't really have a face, it was replaced with cybernetics. As a result he can only speak in Binary or communicate over your mobile phone.
- Failure to properly follow the rituals of the Omnissiah is heresy. He insists on lengthy and as far as you can tell pointless rituals to keep your gear happy and appeased.
- Not exactly quick or sneaky, his cybernetics aren't built for speed or stealth.
- Will obsessively play any games you have on your phone for hours at a time.

Equipment:

Not a fan of combat at all, Brutus is happy to loan you his weapon, a hand crafted Sternguard Pattern Boltgun. The Sternguard Bolter is a variant of the standard Boltgun including an enhanced scope, shoulder-sling strap, and a specialized magazine that allows the wielder to carry different types of ammunition and switch between them freely. The specialized magazine allows a variety of ammo types, at the expense of capacity of standard ammo and an increased cost to reload.

While his heavily modified form means you can't borrow his armour, it will take him a matter of hours to convert the Ignatus Pattern power armour once worn by one of his now slain Skitarii bodyguards. Like every other power armour variant, Ignatus too is made of thick ceramite armour plates and incorporated electro-muscles so the user can even use the power armour in the first place. The optional helmet protects the wearer from toxic gasses and allows the wearer to breathe underwater and even

survive in vacuum as long as suit has power. The helmet has photo-visors so the user can see in the dark and an automatically closing visor renders blind-grenades useless against the wearer. It is also possible to use a backpack for the suit which acts as external power-source. With this power-backpack the wearer can use his armour for five continuous days in battle conditions.

You stop. Just like that you stop, and find yourself standing on nothing, surrounded by nothing. You can't even begin to work out how or why, and something brushes your mind, a fleeting contact with something else that brings with it an overpowering sense of smugness and a sense of 'why does a sudden awareness of your Mon'keigh ignorance surprise you?'

If you weren't floating you would have fallen to your knees when you realise they are stood there, directly in front of you.

An Eldar, glorious, perfect in all ways, eternal, unchanging and more beautiful than you could ever have thought possible.

You've been doing this long enough to spot psychic manipulation with your eyes closed, and off the top of your head you can think of roughly fifteen different ways to circumvent it and see who you are really dealing with here.

Before you can even start to concentrate the contact between minds vanishes with one last flash of smug amusement and...

...oh

He.. she... really does look that good.

Carwyn the Warlock.

500 CP.

Positives:

- Incredibly powerful psychically and skilled in a variety of fields from combat to healing to protection.
- Extremely agile, deadly in melee combat and at range.
- Incredibly easy on the eyes.
- Seriously. If you could actually work out what gender Carwyn is, there's a fifty percent chance you'd be questioning your orientation.
- Can cast runes to determine how the future will be and how different courses of action

play out with a surprising degree of accuracy.

- You'd be surprised how useful the different types of meditation he or she can teach you will be. Carwyn can just drop understanding of them into your mind as well, so you can master them instantly.

Negatives:

- Easily the most arrogant, conceited person you will ever meet.
- I hope you don't enjoy having your own thoughts or opinions, because Carwyn will change the ones that they aren't happy with. Sometimes you'll notice it happening, sometimes you won't.
- Is it a he? a she? you genuinely can't tell.
- Physically not very tough. If someone can get through their psychic defences, they aren't going to last long.

Equipment:

It's almost as if Carwyn knew the two of you would end up working together, because the Warlock has already obtained a suit of Mesh armour for you, sized so perfectly it is almost eerily comfortable to wear. Mesh armour is commonly worn by Eldar Guardians and is formed of tens of thousands of individual pieces of thermoplas interwoven to produce a dense material resembling reptile scales or chainmail. It becomes momentarily rigid when hit, spreading force across a larger area, thereby reducing the damage. The thermoplas also disperses heat rapidly, giving reasonable protection against energy weapons. The material is psychically sensitive, automatically reacting to the wearer's movements and thoughts to maintain a glove-tight fit as they move and fight. Guardian mesh armour also contains additional features, including an independent air supply and heat-sensing lenses.

There is also a Shuriken Catapult waiting for you. The Shuriken Catapult is the standard type of Eldar weapon, firing razor-sharp monomolecular discs capable of slicing through flesh and penetrating a considerable thickness of plastelium armour. Humans sometimes refer to these weapons as star slingers or just slingers or sling guns, while its Eldar name is tuelan.

You aren't quite sure what happens next, or how. It all moves so quickly. In the corner of your eye you spot something, a flash of bright crimson on wings of fire, and then after a few frantic seconds of movement you find yourself back on the ship and cradled in the arms of a virtual titan, an eight foot tall figure clad in bright red ceramite and adamantium power armour bearing the symbols of the Blood Ravens chapter. Utterly silent save for the faint whine of a rapidly cooling jump pack attached to his back he lowers you to the pitted metal floor, looks you over once and gives you a nod of approval so small and so quick you aren't entirely sure you imagined it.

Turning quicker and with more grace than you would have expected an almost nine foot tall man to possess he takes hold of a massive two handed Thunder Hammer he must have

discarded when he moved to rescue you and strides deeper into the carcass of the ruined ship.

Doesn't seem big on talking, this one.

Force Commander Vanyl Isse.

600 CP.

Positives:

- A literal superhuman, as a space marine he can endure things that would reduce any other person to a handful of meat and chips of bone.
- Centuries of intense training and combat with the most deadly creatures in the galaxy have left Vanyl the most capable combatant you will meet on the ship.
- Mastercrafted Mk. IV power armour and Thunder Hammer represent some of the most impressive technology the Imperium has.

Negatives:

- Doesn't seem to ever speak. You won't hear a single word from him.
- He regards free time as suspicious, at best. He'll pray to the Emperor if he isn't working or exercising, but that's it.
- Commit heresy or blasphemy against the God Emperor and the rest of your life will be incredibly short and incredibly violent.

Equipment:

While you don't possess the implants or the Black Carapace needed to utilise Adeptus Astartes Power Armour, you can make use of the scout armour taken from one of Vanyl's fallen brethren. Scout Armour is worn by Space Marine Scouts before they have been given a suit of power armour. It is made of overlapping plates of carapace armour which can easily stop a bullet, while the fatigues are made of ballistic nylon which gives further protection without reducing the Scout's movement. It is much quieter and less cumbersome than power armour which makes Scouts ideal for infiltration and sniper duties where silence is paramount.

Much to your delight, the weapons you are granted by the silent behemoth is incredible, to say the least. The Exitus Rifle is an advanced Imperial Sniper Rifle and the signature weapon of the Vindicare Assassin. An example of the finest of Imperial weaponsmithing, it is handcrafted by Magos Artisans of the Adeptus Mechanicus. Each Exitus Rifle and corresponding Exitus Pistol is customized to the specifications of the individual assassin and is capable of firing over tremendous distances thanks to an advanced telescopic sight. Utilizing specialized ammunition constructed from heavy-gravity alloys, the Exitus Rifle is capable of penetrating nearly all forms of known armor and can even pierce armored vehicles.

Together with your new companion, you begin to move into the ship, away from the ragged, decaying outer hull and the flickering, barely there atmospheric shielding that almost cost you your life. As you walk through the titanic vaults and rusted majesty of the ship it becomes apparent that it isn't lost just yet. Occasional whirrs of distant machinery echo through the halls, the roar of servomotors as they struggle against the detritus of ages, massive meter thick bulkheads gliding shut or opening with the roar of tortured metal.

Just as quickly it becomes apparent that none of this is random. A path is being provided for you, though if you are being led as a guest or driven as prey to your destination remains to be seen. Hours pass and your surroundings begin to change, from rough, massive and industrial to more comfortable, better appointed to outright luxury, metal walls replaced with exquisitely carved wooden panelling and the remains of silken tapestries. Finally though, finally you reach the command deck, and the throne of the ships captain.

And the Captain himself.

Lord-Captain Draken Grigobretz, the legendary master of The Light of Terra, sits before you in his command throne, tethered for all time by the life sustaining devices that have preserved his body, if not his mind for countless ages. Even as you look upon his shrunken features, his eyes open and his head lifts towards you. "Ah, fellow travellers of the void," the Lord-Captain whispers through dessicated lips. "You came... to ... you came to set me free..."

As damaged as he is by time and isolation the captain is still a veritable font of information, and he is eager to share all he can, partly because it may lead to the fulfilment of his longest held wish, that his ship once again sails the deeps of space but mostly for the sheer pleasure of actual human interaction, something denied to him for longer than you have been alive.

His trophy racks are open to you as well, countless mastercrafted weapons free for the taking, though after so long few will be of use in combat. You also have access to Grigobretz private Chirurgeon, a pre-heresy autodoc capable of granting a number of very useful

implants.

The Deadlight.

Within The Captains trophy hall you discover something. An artifact of a race dead before humanities ancestors crawled from the sea, though disturbingly, not a race who you need not fear. A small, free floating black sphere pulses here, the thing illuminated by a string of glowing green hyroglyphs of some long forgotten language. Looking upon the artifact, you know what this is.

Seemingly activating on its own, this is the thing that stilled the warp storm that held The Light of Terra prisoner for uncounted centuries.

This is the barrier holding back your powers. This tiny, fragile device is all that seperates you from the gifts you have been given.

If you wish, you may destroy the artifact for +1000 CP and receive all your skills and abilities.

SKILLS

Melee Training

150 CP

Not just a master of ship to ship combat, the Captain has mastered dozens of weapons in his life, and such is his skill that a few hours a day in training will see you becoming a master of armed combat, and passable in all but the most exotic melee weapons.

Can be purchased a second time to allow for specialisation in a chosen close combat weapon, granting a dramatic increase in skill.

Marksmanship

150 CP

Under Grigobretz expert tutelage you gain a small fraction of his skill with ranged weaponry, and the small fraction is enough to turn you into an incredible marksman, easily the equivalent of a trained sniper.

Can be purchased a second time to allow for specialisation in a chosen ranged combat weapon, granting a dramatic increase in skill.

Warp Tamer

150 CP

Like the legendary Sebastien Thor himself your very presence exudes such holiness that the warp becomes calm and placid in your passing, like a savage beast soothed by celestial music.

Should you ever find yourself at the helm of the Light of Terra or indeed, any ship that travels the warp you will find your passage incredibly swift and easy, the currents of the warp that can twist ships through time and space banished by your presence.

Wards and Abjurements

200 CP

Grigobretz has spent decades working to ferret out the machinations of the daemon and the witch, and will happily spend hour upon hour regaling you with tales of his adventures, including detailed explanations of the rites he developed, learned or was taught. You know the correct words, signs and autohypnotic mental states that allow even a non-psyker to exercise their mental energies against creatures of the warp.

Wall Run

200 CP

With catlike grace, you are able to run briefly along a sheer vertical surface, opening up new avenues for attack and escape.

Gun Kata

150 CP

Whether through training, hypno-indoctrination, or sheer talent, you are able to wield a firearm as though it were an extension of your own hand. This gives you an edge when using such weapons in close quarters.

Free Runner

150 CP

You have learned to navigate your environment efficiently and at speed, allowing you to close distance or escape pursuers by moving quickly through broken terrain.

Emperor's Benediction

150 CP

You are trained to grant a psyker the Emperor's Benediction. While it may seem odd to require special training to simply execute a psyker, the fact is after days of study you will react instinctively to the tell tale signs that signal the imminent arrival of a warp spawned horror, executing the heretic before the Daemon can manifest in reality. This may one day be all that stands between you and a Greater Daemon.

Air of Authority**200 CP**

Even now the Captain exudes an air of command, an aura that you can't help but mimic, subconsciously or not. You will find yourself rapidly becoming a figure of authority, one people turn to for leadership.

Armour of Contempt**300 CP**

Hatred can be a powerful tool, and against the spawn of the warp it can be a shield also. Your loathing for the minions of Chaos is as a shield, rendering your soul almost inviolate to all but the most terrible of entities.

Litany of hate**400 CP**

Your hatred for the warp is legend, and with a short sermon, speech or even an outright rant you can greatly fortify those who follow you against the machinations of warp spawned evil for a few hours at least.

Wall of Steel**200 CP**

With a melee weapon in your hand you are as a fortress, unassailable by almost anyone. Beware though, this does not grant skill in offence.

Unshakable Faith**300 CP**

You have come to something, a faith or an ideal you hold above all else. Be it veneration of The Emperor, The Greater Good or simply the idea of a galaxy wide fight your confidence soars and you seem to choose actions that bring unforeseen benefit your cause more often than you would otherwise expect.

Quick Draw**150 CP**

You may be taken by surprise but you will never be taken unprepared, your reflexes almost superhuman and allowing you to always draw and fire, ensuring you will always get the first shot.

Rapid Reload**150 CP**

Subconsciously you are always keeping track of the number of rounds you have left and reload without even noticing it, never taking your eyes from your target. Though heavier weapons benefit more from this, being able to fire almost continuously with lighter weapons till you exhaust every last clip and pack wont hurt.

Double Team**150 CP**

Working with your companion so closely and for so long the pair of you come to fight in perfect unison, each taking advantage of the others strength and covering their weaknesses, the pair of you the equivalent of another fifty people in a small skirmish.

Bulging Biceps**200 CP**

Thanks to a determined exercise regime and the hardships of the life you find yourself living your physical strength has increased dramatically to the point you can hold your own against the legendary Catachan Jungle Fighters of the Imperial Guard.

Eagle Eye**200 CP**

Through careful training your perception has increased. You find yourself more aware of the little signs that indicate trouble to come or things of interest, signs you might otherwise have passed by.

Ogryn's Endurance**200 CP**

Like the hulking demihuman Ogryn's your endurance is incredible, easily above and beyond what any regular human can claim to possess. Staying on your feet and active for three days straight wont even cause you to complain.

Masques Grace**200 CP**

Your trials here seem to have had a positive effect on you, to say the least. Worry and uncertainty boil away in a crucible of trauma and struggle and so your confidence in yourself is an almost visible thing now, and your laid back and utterly unflappable demeanour means people can't help but like you.

Harlequins Dance**200 CP**

Perhaps it is the low gravity environment, perhaps it is down to good old fashioned effort and training, but whatever it is your agility has increased dramatically. If this were a planet you'd be able to walk into a job as a world class dancer or acrobat.

Luck of the Damned**200 CP**

Pure random chance? or something else? Your luck is legendary. People wont even consider playing games with you, but they will go to bizarre lengths to rub dice and cards against you just in case a little of that fortune will rub off.

Cybernetics

Total recall

150 CP

Flesh is fallible and unlike the perfection of the Omnissiah is prone to mistakes and errors. While they cannot all be prevented, at least some of your weaknesses can be exercised. The back of your skull and part of your brainstem are quickly and easily replaced with an ancient archeotech storage device allowing perfect memory and recollection. Never again will you forget.

The Flesh is Weak - implant armour

300 CP

Not a procedure undertaken by the higher ups in the Cult of the Omnissiah, this was designed for champions and bodyguards, weak organic bones removed, replaced with much more durable artificial ones, and armour plating bolted to those leaving the recipient of this a hulking half machine half human monstrosity. Strength and durability increases dramatically, as does healing, as implants flood your body with regenerative base cells simply to keep you from going into organ failure and tissue rejection. You may also mount a ranged weapon of your choice to whichever bodypart you wish, the gun part of you and controlled by your thoughts. Obviously this must be a gun you possess.

mechadendrite

200 CP Per Mechadendrite.

An artificial limb, of a sort. With this a prehensile mechanical extremity is added to the location of your choice. Usually taking the form of a cable like tentacle they can either end in an omnitool, a manipulator or you can have one of your weapons fixed in place.

logis implant

200 CP

A few of the more useless parts of your brain are quickly and quietly excised, and in their place a Cogitator is embedded. While you find the rules behind social interactions extremely complex and difficult to understand now you become supernumerate thanks to the processing power of the onboard computer, able to calculate almost any mathematical problem in the blink of an eye.

ferric lure

100 CP

One of the few implants not visible and obvious, the ferric lure is essentially a powerful

directional magnet, usually concealed in the palm of your hand. While it can support your own weight or manipulate the equivalent in magnetic materials it does not have an infinite power supply, being capable of two minutes use per day before needing recharging.

Binary Chatter

100 CP

A tiny single microprocessor capable of performing one task and one task only is inserted into your frontal lobe, the upgrade allowing you to communicate in Binary, the mystery language of the Adeptus Mechanicus and to talk directly to any machine spirits you encounter.

feedback screech

150 CP

A large part of your throat and vocal cords are removed in preparation for this, and in their place a large and powerful sound synthesiser is implanted. While your speech wont suffer, you will sound flat, toneless and mechanical. Why bother with this then? simple. The implant can be triggered at will, up to four times a day and allows you to essentially scream out a directed sonic blast that will leave your targets deafened and disorientated, bleeding from the eyes and ears and unable to stand.

independent targeting

200 CP

Wired into your optic nerves this targeting matrix can aid you in combat, locating and assessing threats, though its most impressive function only takes place if you relinquish control over an arm or mecadendrite, the implant capable of firing independently and allowing you to engage two completely different targets at once.

iron jaw

250 CP

Not quite as impressive as its Orky namesake, this procedure allows you to reinforce your skeleton with ceramite sheathing, all but eliminating any chance of a broken limb. As a bonus your ribs will be covered with a solid plate of armour, encasing your vital organs in an incredibly dense yet light shell.

Weaponry

Hax-Orthlack Armsman-10 Pattern Service Pistol

50 CP

This bulky and intimidating high-capacity stub pistol is a copy of the traditional Scipio pattern Naval pistol. It is a common sidearm for enforcers, household troops and mercenaries throughout the Calixis Sector and has been mass-produced for centuries under contract to arm the Magistratum cadres of Scintilla and many other worlds. The gun has been described as the bastard child of a shotgun that fucked a second bigger shotgun and drank while pregnant.

Cadian XVI Ka-Bar

50 CP

Something between a giant knife and an axe, these massive blades are popular weapons on the deathworld of Cadia, and are reknown for never rusting or dulling in a users lifetime.

Accatran MG variant heavy laspistol

50 CP

The laspistol is a smaller, more compact, pistol-version of the lasgun. They are the default firearms of Imperial officers who do not have access to more expensive equipment, such as plasma pistols or bolt pistols. A laspistol does not have anywhere near the range of the lasgun, as the power of the las-bolt dissipates into the atmosphere after only a short distance. However, within its limited range, it has the same devastating result as a lasgun, producing an explosion upon contact with a target. The laspistol lacks the lasgun's selective fire options, having only the ability to fire single shots.

Mole Launcher

150 CP

The Mole Launcher is a specialized missile launcher utilized by Imperial Guard Engineers, in particular the Death Korps of Krieg. Known more formally as a breaching torpedo, the weapon fires burrowing warhead capable of digging through obstacles and detonating on the other side.

The explosive charge is contained within a shoulder-mounted launch tube, which can lock in place facing the ground or the side of a tunnel. When fired the torpedo is launched into the earth, where a powerful drill and small powerfield generator allow it to slice through rock very quickly. The projectile also contains a guidance system linked to a separate control panel, allowing a team member to guide the the torpedo to its target.

The Mole Launcher's primary purpose is for blasting into enemy tunnels, causing a sudden and catastrophic collapse. It can also be used against surface targets, burrowing up to the surface and exploding underneath a bunker or vehicle where it's armouring is weakest, though in the cramped confines of the Light of Terra such a weapon will allow you to isolate enemy strongholds and fortifications with ease.

Mk. Xf Hell's Teeth pattern Chainsword

150 CP

A Chainsword is a common form of chain weapon, essentially a sword with motorized teeth that run along the blade like those of a chainsaw. Most versions make use of monomolecular-edged or otherwise razor sharp teeth. The weapon makes an angry buzzing

sound as the teeth spin around, intensifying into a high pitched scream as they grind into armour.

The Snazzgun

200 CP

A Snazzgun is a catch-all term for a high-calibre, full-auto weapon constructed by a Mekboy when they are given a large sum of teef by a Warboss looking for the best weapon around. Taken as a trophy from a long since dead and turned to dust Ork Flash Git, this massive weapon is shoulder mounted, loud, rapid-firing, and will assuredly deal bloody death. The only problem here is, you can never be quite sure just what manner of death it will be spewing - unpredictable and deadly on the battlefield, the thing has at least three magazines you can see, and it is just as likely to unleash a bolt of plasma or a hail of rockets as it is a hail of bullets.

Power Klaw

200 CP

It is similar in characteristics to an Imperial Power Fist, being an armoured, powered gauntlet, strapped to an Ork's arm with a piston-driven pincer comprising two to three snapping blades. These are sheathed in energy the same way a Power Fist is, and so can effortlessly rip through any armour, tearing any enemy into bloody paste. It is particularly effective against vehicles. These weapons are amongst the biggest and choppiest an Ork can possess and often serve as symbol of status as well as a weapon. As such, many of them are owned by Warbosses or by particularly brutish Nobs, in which hands Power Klaws become even more effective, due to their skill and strength.

Fire Axe

150 CP

Taken from the corpse of a slain Eldar Aspect Warrior of unknown type, the Fire Axe is an Eldar power weapon of ancient construction and incredible potency. Research indicates it was forged in fire during the Fall of the Eldar and the heat of its creation has never left it. Entrapped runes writhe in the smoldering flames that dance on its surface, and when it strikes it strikes with the fury of the sun, immolating opponents from the inside out.

The Death Spinner

150 CP

The Death Spinner is an Eldar Monofilament gun and the ritual weapon of the Warp Spider Aspect Warriors. Often just referred to as a 'Spinner', it uses the same basic technology as weapons such as the Harlequin's Kiss and the Shadow Weaver, projecting a long thread of single-molecule chain, or monofilament wire. The weapon uses a magnetic containment field to spool the wire together and discharge it as rapidly expanding mist-like mass called a "spinner cloud". Targets within the cloud are sliced apart as the wires' own tension causes it to writhe and lash, slicing through not only exposed flesh but also seeking out gaps in their armour, where it uncoils within and liquefies their innards. Even Chaos Space Marines wearing Power Armour can thus be reduced to tiny pieces when enmeshed within these clouds of razor-wire.

Hellglaive

200 CP

Elegant and yet deeply sinister, the Hellglaive was taken by Grigobretz after he slew its former owner, a Dark Eldar Hellion, in single combat. The weapon resembles a long, slender two headed spear, a wickedly sharp monomolecular blade at each end, each head containing a built in splinter rifle that fires truly vicious ammunition indeed, splitting off shards of a Neurotoxin that has been solidified into a crystal up into thousands of tiny splinters and then launching them at incredible speeds towards an enemy.

Hexrifle

150 CP

The weapons appearance alone allows you to understand the thing is vile and sinister indeed, even before you discover what it can do! Taken from a Haemonculi The Captain personally slew nine times the Hexrifle fires crystal cylinders that contain a tiny amount of the Glass Plague virus. The virus spreads incredibly fast on contact with flesh, turning the victim into a glass statue.

MK II Mars Pattern Plasma Gun

200 CP

The weapon fires a highly energised ball of hydrogen-based plasma. This plasma ball or "bolt" is accelerated through a magnetic accelerator, which upon impact with the target detonates with the power of a small sun. Generally Imperial models are prone to overheating and can cause severe injury or death to the user should they experience such a meltdown, though this pre-heresy model is of truly exquisite manufacture and as such you will never fear the weapon suffering a catastrophic meltdown. Imperial Guardsmen consider it a dubious honour to be chosen as a squad's plasma gunner for this exact reason. Aesthetically they appear to be stubby and rather clunky, with a ribbed back and flared cooling vents along the front. Hydrogen flasks stick out of the butt and bottom of the weapon. On newer, less advanced models these flasks generally contain enough fuel for at least 10 shots before needing to be replaced. Replacing these flasks is time-consuming and difficult in the best of situations. Built with lost and considerably more advanced technology, this gun can fire a hundred times per Hydrogen Flask.

Melta Gun

200 CP

Melta Weapons are heat-based weapons which work by sub-atomic agitation of the air. Targets on the receiving end are heated to the point of being vaporised. The effect on flesh is fearsome to say the least, while vehicles can be reduced to molten slag. Most melta weapons use highly pressurized pyrum-petrol gases with a two part injection system which forces the gases into a molecular state, which will vaporise just about anything. Unfortunately, due to the high power consumption and range dissipation, the weapon is only effective over very short distances, but anything caught in the blast is likely to be destroyed.

Although short-ranged and slow to fire, they are prized for their power against armoured

vehicles. They are also considered a good alternative to plasma weapons, which are unreliable and capable of killing their user. Besides the roar of the explosive vaporising of the target's moisture, melta weapons themselves make little noise when firing. Given their fairly quiet and very effective nature, infiltrating parties make use of melta weapons to destroy enemy vehicles before they get a chance to fight on the battlefield.

Heavy Flamer

100 CP

Flamers unleash a liquid incendiary chemical, usually promethium, that bursts into flame as it leaves the weapon. They are valued for their ability to destroy many enemies at once, regardless of any protective cover. Both flamers and the more compact hand flamers are considered assault weapons due to their relatively short range. Imperial and Chaos Space Marine flamers fire a mix of highly volatile liquid chemicals which are ignited by a pilot light at the weapon's muzzle. The flaming chemical sticks to its target and continues burning of its own accord - those who are not killed instantly die horribly as the super-hot chemical continues to burn.

Flamers are an invaluable tactical choice in conditions where spotting the enemy is difficult due to dense terrain (such as jungles), during urban fights and bunker assaults. Flamers are particularly effective in breaking the cycle of Ork infestation by destroying the spores exuded by the corpses.

Power Fist

150 CP

A power fist (aka power glove) is a large metal gauntlet surrounded by an energy field that disrupts solid matter. It is large and slow in combat, and so the bearer must be willing to take damage before they can strike back. The benefits of the power fist are that it increases the user's strength, much like Power Armour due to the extra power put in by the cybernetics which allow it to move.

The Tribes

Having prepared yourself for the whatever the Lord-Captain has in mind you return to him.

Slowly he begins to talk, hesitatingly at first though his speech improves as language, something unused and long forgotten returns to him. He has managed to watch over the crew of his ship as they degenerated over the centuries, becoming the near feral tribes they are today. Despite this though, you will need the help of at least one group, for he wishes to do the impossible. With your help he wishes to make the Light of Terra fly once more. Through pure, random chance the Warp has finally relinquished its hold on the once mighty

Dreadnought, and released her into realspace less than a light month from an ancient automated pre-heresy repair yard! Should you manage to ally with one or more of the tribes and repair enough of the ship to once again make powered flight, she can be rebuilt!

You must choose one of the following tribes as an ally. You may take more, but for each tribe who considers you an enemy you receive +200 CP.

Kin of Iron

Tales tell of mysterious metal men that once tended to the workings of the Steel Caves that are the world. They had minds of wire and hearts of iron and knew the world like none before or since, and the Iron Kin try to keep what is left of their memory alive, along with what few teachings they left behind, draping their bodies with scrap metal and painting their faces with iron dust. Many of the other tribes come to them for their wisdom on the workings of the ship.

Wargars

Descended from the gun crews, the Wargars dwell mostly in the great ammo stores, making huts from the great Macro Cannon shell casings and burning flash powder to fill their chambers with the smell of war. Agressive and dangerous the Wargars live to fight with the other tribes for no reason other than to spill blood and prove their strength.

Void Walkers

Living in the cold and broken chambers along the Light of Terras hull, the Void Walkers have made an existence living on the razors edge between the steel caves of the world and the great nothing beyond. A nomadic tribe the Walkers travel the cold edges constantly seeking air and heat as much as water and food. Scarred by vaccum burns and decompression the Walkers are as hardy a group as can be found on The Light, with a unique knowledge of the void. Dwelling almost exclusively in the cold edges the Void Walkers survive on their knowledge of this dangerous and unpredictable land.

Pale Sons

Every society has its outcasts and its dregs. On The Light, these outcasts are known as the Pale Sons, the forgotten tribe existing in the cracks between the territories of the other tribes or deep in the lower decks and the dreaded shadow holds. Many of the Pale Sons are mutants, often the reason they were outcast in the first place, and live close to toxic or radioactive regions of the ship where only their unique physiology allows them to survive. Though the true number of The Pale Sons is unknown, many of the other tribes fear there are thousands of them, and that they will one day rise up from the dark depths and destroy all those who dwell aboard The Light.

Aquil Lejens

Perhaps the most ordered and militaristic tribe dwelling aboard The Light, the Aquil Lejens are not as warlike as the aptly name Wargars. Priding themselves on their teamwork and comeraderie, this tribe maintains a strict society, everyone divided into five man teams, with a

hereditary Sarjant overseeing them, and under the command of the tribes ruler, the Comsar. Fighting shoulder to shoulder in disciplined ranks the Aquil are easily able to hold their own against the much larger tribes.

Redeemers

The smallest of the tribes, and easily the most feared, the Redeemers follow their own strict creed and preach that all aboard the ship aside from their own small, inbred clan are heretics, blasphemers against the Golden Lord and as such, must be purged before the Redeemers can be freed and join their master in paradise. While such a small group would normally have been wiped out, inbreeding has seen the clan slowly become a mass of hulking, Ogryn like brutes who still maintain the ability to manufacture fuel for the terrifying weapons they wield, Eviscerators, mighty two handed chainsaws with underslung flamethrowers.

COMPLICATIONS

Life aboard The Light of Terra is not simple, to say the least. The ship is damaged by millenia of entropy clawing at her once glorious form and your survival is not guaranteed by any means. Still, should you desire a greater challenge, well... be careful what you wish for, hm?

Damaged Systems

+ 200 CP for each of the following you choose.

The power core of the Light of Terra, called now by those who know of its existence The Blazing God is fading, growing dimmer and dimmer after uncounted centuries. The ancient cogitator core that controls it will try to mitigate this by isolating and deactivating different subsystems.

Power

The mighty engines that open and close the great bulkheads between sections will simply fall silent one day, never to stir again. Vast swathes of the ship will be lost to you, and wars between tribes will be inevitable as resources, already thin become stretched to breaking.

Atmospherics

The air scrubbers will be deactivated, level by level. At first no one will even know, as the distant, unoccupied cargo holds, long open to space are no longer being pointlessly supplied with air. In time however, foul, terrible things that have bred in the darkness in the ships sump will be driven up to the few warm, lighted pockets of life that exist and their hunger will be terrible.

Lights

One day the lights will simply flicker and die, leaving you trapped forever in perfect, pitch darkness. Huddle close to the fires, for an insubstantial thing of warp and shadow, held prisoner

for long centuries by a row of lights as a curiosity is now free and no weapon can harm it, for it has no form other than the absence of light.

Xenos Horrificus

A great many creatures were taken as the ship travelled from world to world, and over the centuries the hardiest and longest lived have escaped and survived in the bowels of the Light, survived and as a twisted, fungal ecosystem of giant mushrooms evolved even thrived. Now any expedition below the crew decks into the ships core will be fraught with danger every step of the way as you must battle bizzare lifeforms that exist nowhere else but the ship.

The End?

You barely dare hope.

Holding your breathe you slide in the cogitator core.

A single light changes from red to green.

Finally.

Finally you are done.

An instant before The Light of Terra activates its ancient warp drive and dives for the warp, it appears as if engulfed by a glowing halo. Her mighty, pitted flanks are illuminated, as they must have been in the time of The Emperor himself, portholes aglow and running lights burning brightly against the black void. You cannot help but be overcome with the notion that, if only for a moment The Light of Terra is restored to the glory she enjoyed so long ago.

The ship shudders, and you sense her sliding smoothly back into realspace, countless millions of miles distant from her resting place a moment ago. Long disused speakers hum into life at the metal command of The Captain, though he does not speak over them. instead he allows a message from outside to play, the voice of a cogitator as it welcomes The Light of Terra in for maintenance and repair.