OBSERVER

Millennium Episode 3: The Future

In the vastness of space our star hangs, a candle against the night. For ten years sporadic reports of strange goings-on have rippled through the Weave, then vanished, only to be dug up by the obsessives and the pranksters. These strange things are about to interrupt the research mission of the Eclipse and the supply mission of the Hermes, and it's possible neither will survive.

In the year 3000 the orbit of Sol, our sun, is cluttered with detritus and energy sinks. Among the space-junk is a jewel of human achievement, the Eclipse. The Eclipse is a research vessel with almost 500,000 square feet of combined lab and hab (habitation) space. Every kind of science is expanded here, with - as one might expect a focus on solar composition. With its proximity to the sun there is a very narrow window for resupply, which is conducted approximately once each year as the lunar launch base lines up with the *Eclipse's* orbit. The most recent resupply is conducted by the Hermes, which has just docked. Resupply starts with connecting fuel and liquid lines and replenishing stores, a process that will take 36-48 hours.

Hours after the Hermes docks, a shadow passes across the very surface of the sun, visible almost as a corona of dark around the edges of the *Eclipse's* massive sun shields: a figure that must be there by the shadow alone, but impossible to observe.

Soon after the sighting the lights begin to flicker... static drowns out radio broadcasts... and things begin to move around the station. Some of the plants in the hydroponic begin to move and writhe. The hab zone seems to rearrange its layout in a way that is simply impossible. Specters made of darkness, or of flaring solar light are spotted in the hallways, then vanish around corners.

Moments later alarms blare as the station's integrity is violated - a breach in the hull. Airlocks automatically seal, guarding the remaining oxygen.

The path to escape is to gather as many survivors as possible, and rush for the hangar.

Herman Miller The head of engineering. Able to offer advice on moving things around and problems with the ship. Trapped behind rubble in the mechanics' shop.

Vasily Armos The corporate head of the psi study program. Excited to get data off the vessel. Frozen in a tube in the med bay.

From the habitation zone the PCs must move through the botany lab, where something has thrown the hydroponic shelves about like a giant. Tiny fungal fruiting bodies - mushrooms - rush the PCs (2 campestri swarms, 2 myconids, and a myconid sovereign).

Beyond the botany lab is the mechanics' shop, where four bots (clockwork horrors) are malfunctioning and ready to attack.

The way is blocked by airlocks; the hangar was depressurized. The nearest vac-suits are in the med bay, N above. The PCs will also need to move though the psi lab and reach the mainframe to deactivate the door locks before escape.

The med bay hosts a stem-cell-cancer-creature (**ooze** a stem-cell-cancer-cancer-creature (**ooze** a stem-cell-cancer-cancer-creature (**ooze** a stem-cell-cancer-cance short rest.

The psi lab is where the final thing waits: the observer. The Observer is a flickering silhouette of human size, gray and fuzzy around the edges (stats as **death slaad**). It seems to wait for a time, then begins to destroy things - like vac suits - until attacked.

CENE Unlocking the airlocks requires a hackpad check (DC 10), then it's a rush to the hangar as the station falls apart around the PCs.

Smart PCs will also get diagnostic data from the computer terminal, or read it from the Observer itself.

The Hermes is a repair and resupply vessel, equipped with a big tug engine and plenty of fuel and water and all that, but only with berths to support a dozen people. Six are occupied by crewmembers waiting to disengage until survivors are found. Six more can come on board.

The Eclipse's crew is in danger. Some of the crew are detailed below.

Dr. Zure The ship psychologist. Intent on getting as many survivors out as possible. Hiding in a closet in the med bay.