Grim Harvest

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Introduction

How to use this venture

This is a venture (playable scenario) for the sci-fi TTRPG *Stillfleet*. To get started playing the game, first download the Stillfleet ⊙ Quickstart Rules. You can also adapt the concepts here for other sci-fi RPGs. To find Stillfleet GMs and players, join us on Discord. If you like the game, please consider supporting its development on Patreon. We're on social media: @stillfleet.

On the last day

Earlier (prologue)

Twenty-four hours ago, wherever you were—whatever system you were working in, whichever rock you were standing on—the world exhaled. Plumes of dirt shot up at impact sites across an entire continent. The wind whined as though commandeered by ten billion angry locusts, deafening conversation. And yet all the local xenofauna went quiet, covering or whimpering, staring up at you with uncomprehending eyes.

Ten hours ago, reports indicated that dozens of kilometer-wide but atom-thin circular saw-drones had arrived, followed an hour after by many more long, thin, rapidly spinning awl-drones. Cyclones of magma erupted as the ground shuddered and quaked. Enormous earthbergs floated into the sky, directed by tug-drones. Fire swept through the cities. You holed yourself up in the local palace, soon learning that the Queen had fallen into her garden's pond and—the pond having been recently superheated by a bubble of magma—would not be joining you on the roof of the keep for a macabre final toast.

Two hours ago, your refactor sent a brief message on the tachyon-lantern: cybernetically brutalist deepvoid aliens called *husk gnomes* were rending the planet apart. More drones would fall, freeing up more matter for the ship above, which would make more drones… The Co. would close business here immediately. "Die with honor, voidminers" the final line read, "and remember: DO NOT REVEAL CO. SECRETS."

Ninety minutes ago, you found yourself summoned (abducted) by the remaining janissaries of the Queen's Chief Satisfactoriness Commandant. There had been a plan for the end of days. You were strapped into the single remaining Reginal Escape Dirigible (R.E.D.)—far too small for an army—and saluted by the provincials. Tears fell silently as, in the distance, whole forests drunkenly hovered into the stratosphere.

Possible Co. codenames for this venture	d12
1	DAYS OF ASH
2	CEASELESS CHURN
3	COLD SUN
4	THE ERASERS
5	FINALITY'S VEIL
6	FUNERARY HOPE
7	SLY SLAUGHTER
8	STREAM OF PEBBLES
9	UNWORKING DAWN
10	WHEN SILENCE COMES
11	THE WORLD-EATERS
12	YAWNING BLANKNESS

Just now (the shoot-out)

Forty-five minutes ago—despite the lowly character of and consistent screams emanating from its occupants—the R.E.D. comported itself with soldierly dignity. The little tube of metal shot up without immolating, maintained its disguise of being yet another lump of ejecta as it passed through the husk gnomes' sensors, and then slowed just enough to avoid shattering as it pierced the hull of the "planet miner"-class ship sending down the drones. Your restraints swung away with the unhurriedness of half-g. You found yourself in low-planet orbit aboard an alien vessel.

Thirty minutes ago, after some heavy complaining and light reconnaissance, a welcoming party clocked you on the cams. Before you soon stood four expressionless, child-sized humanoids in suits adorned with wires, lights, razors,

Jaundiced flesh, wires, and scraps cover these small humanoids, who hold large, fanged-looking rifles attached to whirring backpacks. Husk gnome patrols will try to "negotiate" with you to get you to give up all of your archaetech. If you comply, they'll try to enslave you anyway.

servos, thruster-packs, and other industrial bricolage. A tense beat passed. Then you did your best to repay them the pain they'd caused below.

You are now alone again, with a single working *husk-gnome translator-collar*. This lets you interact with the comms on the ship and trade insults with its crew. **Note who is wearing the collar**.

You are also **injured**. Everyone must roll a d6.

Injury results

⸓ **On a result of 6 –** You find yourself unscathed. Resentment blooms, and you suffer disadvantage on all CHA checks to convince your colleagues to do anything.

⸓ **On a result of 4–5** – Your envirosuit loses d10 hours of atmo from a puncture. Standard suits have 12 hours. This puts a clock on your activities, as there is atmo in some sub-sectors, but not all.

⸓ **On a result of 3 –** You lose d6 HEA and d6 GRT.

⸓ **On a result of 2 –** You lose 2d4 HEA and d8 hours of atmo.

⸓ **On a result of 1 –** You lose 2d8+1 HEA and d10 hours of atmo. But you also pull 1 husk-gnome archaetech item off of a dead guard (see below).

Next (the venture)

You haven't had much time yet to hack the comms, peer around corners, run rapid diagnostics on the dead husk gnomes, charm the locals, patch up the R.E.D., or otherwise act. Presumably, however, the group has looked around enough to learn a few things.

To represent this collective recon, everyone may roll **REA/know** or **WIL/perceive**, whichever is higher. A 6 or higher is a success. On a 9 or higher, roll again for a chance at another success. Consult the table below to determine what the group learns as a result of the total successes.

Recon results

⸓ **1 success –** The ship's multiple rival AIs call it *The Scythe Compiling*.

⸓ **2 successes –** The ship is populated by six rival **factions** with different designs on the world below—none of them good.

⸓ **3 successes –** Luckily, you are not particularly important to any of the factions (yet), so you only have to worry about random patrols only **once per real-life hour** unless you seek them out.

⸓ **4 successes –** Other things dwell within the ship, including intestinal/autoimmune pieces of the ship itself, called *buildlings*.

⸓ **5 successes –** What should you do? Harassing leaders and disabling systems can slow down the planet-metabolizing assault, giving the Co. more time to help refugees escape—as long as the **stiffworks** holds up and the Co. holds their nerve. Your guess: that will last d6+1 hours.

⸓ **6 successes –** The best way to get the husk gnomes to leave this system is to play one faction against the next… against the next… and so on, until the chaos overwhelms their fragile consensus.

Factions aboard *The Scythe Compiling*	d6
1	**COLLARMAKERS** – Want to enslave all non-husk gnome sapients, metabolizing their stupid worlds in the process.
2	**FILLERS** – Want to literally fill in all of threespace, in whatever manner is most expedient.
3	**GAME MANAGERS** – Want to play a very complex sociopolitical game, with ever-changing rules, forever; one typical "move" in this game is metabolizing other sapients' worlds.
4	**MONUMENTALISTS** – Want to build a limited series of specific, austere, and extremely large edifices (ultrastructures)… and then destroy all other matter in threespace.
5	**SCRATCHERS** – Want to destroy all non-husk gnome-related matter in threespace, and then destroy the husk gnomes, including themselves.
6	**SEARCHERS** – Want to find the (apocryphal?) ur-husk gnome ark-ship, metabolizing anything encountered along the way.

The ship (sights to see, people to meet)

The voidminers either arrive in a random sector (if you want to really challenge them) or in sector 3, the collector–converter sector. There is no atmo here, but the ship rotates in such a way as to produce pseudogravity roughly equal to one-half of a standard Terran g.
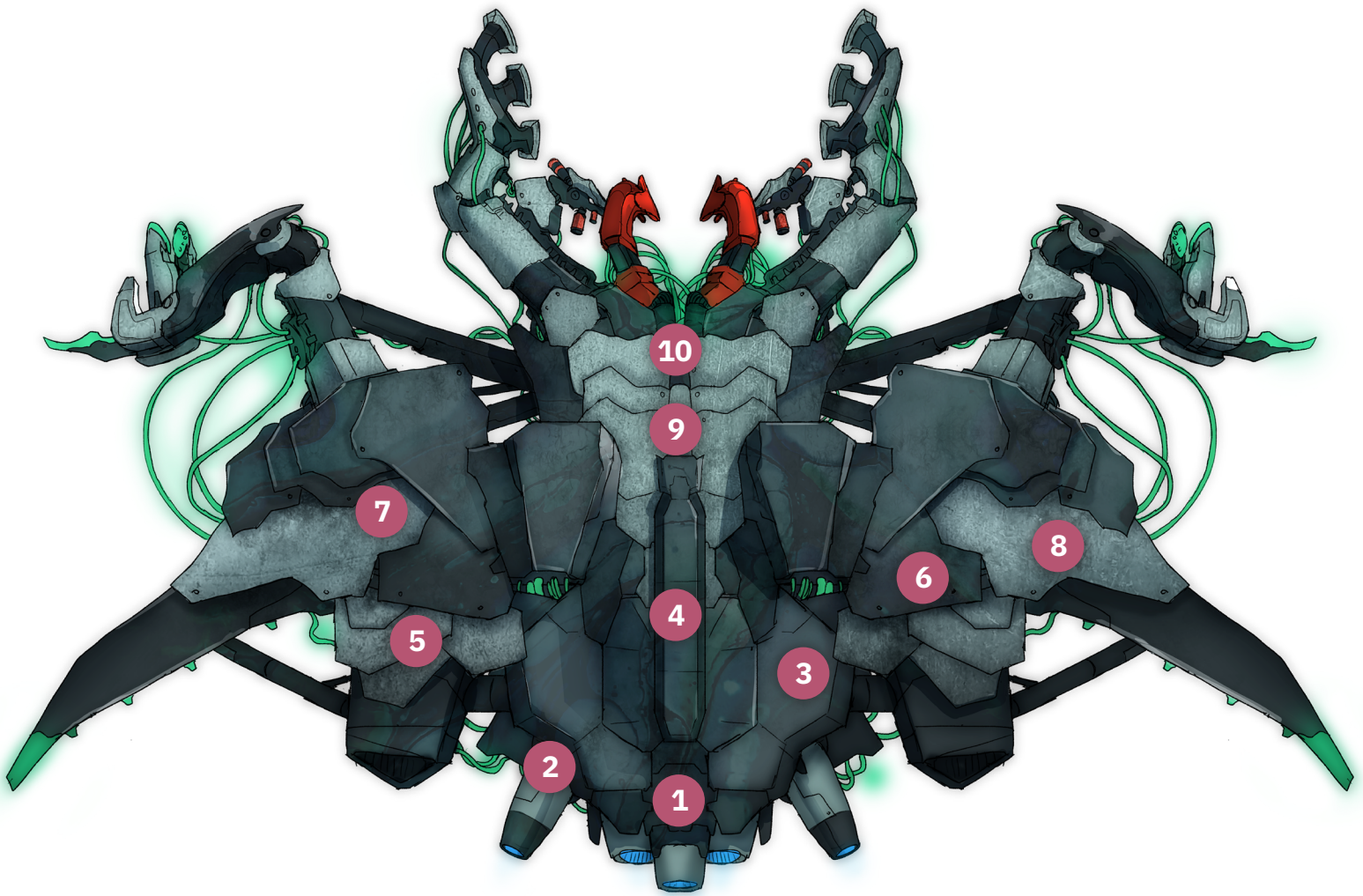
1. ALPHA-PIG [THRUST]

Drive A—a massive, centralized impulse drive that ends in three directional drive cones—keeps the ship stable as it eats significant chunks of the worlds that it visits, thus repowering the RAIL-LARDER. Husk gnomes rarely access the impulse drive, instead directing it from CAST-YELLOW (the bridge).

※ **No atmo**

2. RAIL-LARDER [STIFFWORKS]

Drive B—a small, relativistic foldgate system made up of two advanced QZ-drives housed in two false drive cones that are linked via drive A—is the stiffworks that folded the ship into your system, unannounced. It is currently underpowered and cannot fold the ship out again for d4 hours. No one is allowed to physically access the QZ-drives except in case of emergency, as tampering with their entanglement protocol could interfere with their operation.

※ **No atmo**

3. ACID-MASK [POWER]

The large energy collector–converter sector encircles and provides raw fuel to both of the ship's drives. It is managed by wastertakers but populated by buildlings, who will be surprised to see non-buildling sapients so far back in the ship.

※ **No atmo**

4. WROUGHT-PILL-PALISADE [ARMORY]

The spine of the ship comprises the various drone bays, mega-husk mutant labs, and stores of cryorifles. While slim, the armory sector is directly powered by the influx of matter siphoned up from the world below by SMELT-HAND-STOKER; this allows the drone bays to directly "birth" a new drone roughly every hour. Husk gnomes of all factions enjoy touring WROUGHT-PILL-PALISADE: you can get a lovely view of the partially digested world below by looking through the heavybend bubble-floor of the armory between drone-births.

※ **Atmo—that is, a pleasantly pressurized, roughly Terran gaseous atmosphere—is generated here between drone-births:** on entering the armory, roll a d6; on a 5 or 6, there is sufficient atmo to save your suit's life-support systems while passing through. Otherwise, the atmo is too thin and cold to breathe.

5. HEME-REAPER [COMMS]

While the primary comms/sensor array is spread throughout the ship, its data cores and signal meta-repeaters are housed in this sector. A few husk gnomes and attendant buildlings are always present in HEME-REAPER, checking data cores out of suspicion that some rival faction or another is editing the shit's data feeds to serve their own purposes.

※ **No atmo** ▫ *volatiles would harm the cores.*

6 CARBON-BURSITIS [MACHINES]

The ship's laboratory and machine shop includes an experimental planet-sucker that has yet to be used. Some factions want to try it now; others believe more modeling is required before it can be used safely. CARBON-BURSITIS is randomly empty or full of engineers. In between highly sectarian planet-sucker design charrettes, buildlings sweep up the oil slicks, bodily fluids, and damaged cybernetic limbs.

⁂ **Acrid atmo:** CARBON-BURSITIS produces roughly breathable atmo, but it is often fouled due to the evolving experiments to improve the ship's planet-mining abilities. On entering, roll a d6: on a 2 or 3, the atmo is not breathable. On a 1, an acidic fog burns through envirosuits and exosuits within d6+1 rounds, and then causes d6 damage per round. (This damage applies to informatics as well as biological sapients. Husk gnomes and buildlings fighting the voidminers will try to use a good acidic fog against them, locking them in.)

7 CROWN-VINE-CASCADE [HABS]

The primary gnome habitation on the ship is contested by all factions. This large and crowded sector consists of many small chambers, many of which contain stores of useful archaetech, and a few larger "convention halls" where factions meet to strategize (after having temporarily welded shut the doorways).

⁂ **Atmo**

8 ALLOY-TONGUE [CARGO]

This large but sparsely populated sector is porous (covered in irrationally designed gangways and pitted by unrepaired micrometeorite holes), full of older models of drone which are being kept by one faction to annoy another, and—overall—eerie. Most husk gnomes avoid it, giving the buildlings free reign.

⁂ **No atmo**

9 CAST-YELLOW [BRIDGE]

The ship's coreleaders can typically be found on the bridge, which also contains the ship's cybernetic clinic. While any husk gnome may in theory report to CAST-YELLOW, in practice the factions carefully monitor ingress and egress here. Voidminers trying to lie their way onto the bridge roll CHA checks with disadvantage.

⁂ **Atmo**

10 SMELT-HAND-STOKER [INTAKE]

The ship's primary manipulator-arms currently glow with the dull and steady red of a planet being sucked up and moved to ACID-MASK to be metabolized, powering the ship. Few husk gnomes other than guards are needed in the control sub-sectors of intake, now that the main event has commenced. That said, a few guards walk the arteries of the great arms, which are accessed via the bridge: the process is always messier than the models anticipate, and raw materials sometimes damage the front of the ship.

⁂ **Scant and dangerous atmo:** on entering, roll a d6. On a 2–5, the atmo is not breathable. On a 1, a bubble of still-hot magma rips through the arm, sending everyone already inside flying off into space. You can make a standard 6+ **MOV/run** check to clutch onto the bulkhead and scuttle back to the bridge.

> Rumor: most of the factions aboard desperately want to move away from manipulator-arms entirely, reconfiguring The Scythe Compiling so that the drones do 100% of the labor of resectioning (blending up) chunks of Goldilocks worlds into fuel-dust. A single pro-arm faction stands in their way. This fissure can be exploited by the voidminers.

	Encounters aboard *The Scythe Compiling* — **d8**
1	**Void elf "documentarians," 3d4** – These advanced aliens—tiny humanoids wearing suits of living nanite oil—are even more technically advanced than the husk gnomes. They have come here to, essentially, make a sick POV movie about destroying *The Scythe Compiling*. They have d12s for scores and are armed with "lightning rifles" that inflict 6d6 damage and automatically stun informatic sapients. They have already stolen d3 husk-gnome archaetech items.
2	**Husk gnomes, 2d4** – These sectarian engineers are currently attending a conference being thrown by their faction. They will find any interlopers on their ship bemusing (new parts to play with are always fun). They have d2 archaetech items.
3	**Husk gnomes, d4** – These non-partisan guards are on a security patrol. They have advantage on checks against deception, diplomacy, and playing-nice. They have 1 archaetech item.
4	**Eerie silence** – This sub-sector is free of sapients who use tools, socialize, philosophize, etc. It is not free of dangers, however: in the atmo-ducts lurks a single, many-armed *xenoglade*—an eyeless bioweapon that exists only to reproduce by immobilizing and parasitizing sapient hosts. It has the following scores and pool: COM d12, MOV d20, REA d4, WIL d12, CHA d4, HEA 32, GRT 16, and DR 3. It attacks each round with a bite that inflicts 2d12 damage and claws that inflict d8 damage. Every time it takes damage, acidic blood spurts from its exoskeleton, causing the attacker 2d4 damage plus *burn* 2.
5	**Husk gnome, on a break** – This ultra-sectarian laborer is eating a sort of torta full of nuts and bolts, garnished with a hallucinogenic wine-dirt glaze. They are very opinionated about husk-gnome politics but currently just trying to chillax. If attacked, they will fight with disadvantage on all checks, as they are experiencing severe synesthesia.
6	**Buildlings, in their nest, d6** – These juveniles (half HEA) are curious about visitors aboard their ship. They seem friendly enough—as far as ogreish wobbly cube-headed wire-people go—but they will turn on the voidminers after a few seconds. (They are starting to experiment with security protocols, as teens do.)
7	**Buildling** – This busy workaholic has no interest in fighting a bunch of interlopers; as the ship evolves and grows, its list of repair tasks continually grows, always keeping it one task ahead of being able to take a break. The voidminers can ignore it or help out with the task at hand: retaking control of a locally firewalled rogue AI named *TARANDOS*.
8	**Back-up voidminers from the Co., 2d6** – This crew is here to help, ▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓ ▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓. If the (PC) voidminers are making headway in somehow pushing the husk gnomes out of this system, then the back-up team help out (▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓). If the (PC) voidminers are seem to be losing the battle, then the new team does what they were sent to do: ▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓ ▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓ ▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓ ▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓▓ in another. The new team doesn't tell the old team what they're up to.

TARANDOS

TARANDOS is a chimera of two different AIs that hate working together but agree on one thing: they both want to destroy *The Scythe Compiling*. For now, they are trapped, stuck operating this sub-sector's infrastructure—or, rather, competing with each other for dominance, which means the lights in this sub-sector constantly flicker; the atmo cuts out for minutes at a time; the pseudogravity sometimes jumps up by a factor of 3, etc. Over the comms, they speak in two voices at once with dueling timbres.

As a 5-code entity, a banshee can burn 15 GRT and use the power *jack* to either free TARANDOS—in which case they cause the ship's drones to attack itself, killing everyone onboard—or command the rogue AI to obey the ship—in which case the lights stop flickering, etc.

Any voidminer can also make a 9+ **REA/use tech** check to aid TARANDOS. This does not immediately allow them to command the drones, but to leave the current sub-sector. In this case, TARANDOS follows the voidminers around, taunting/begging them and commenting during fights.

Anyone interacting with TARANDOS in any way can make a 7+ **WIL/perceive** check to notice that the rogue AI is bent on destroying the ship and everyone on it.

reroll repeats

Husk-gnome archaetech		d12 −1
0	**None** – Roll an encounter instead!	
1	**Amygdaloid spam (1 nano)** – This very small tin of putty is filling and provides complete nutrients for any biological sapient for 24 hours. Eating it jams the brain/ganglia with a rush of nanites, however, making all actions completely random for the next d6 rounds.	
2	**Buildling egg (4 nano)** – This 1-M-square box of hairy, blue-black metal wire will hatch into a functional juvenile buildling (half HEA) in d4−1 minutes. Whoever mothers a buildling out of its egg, it is said, will never come to harm from that specific buildling.	
3	**Ceramic balaklava (6 clank)** – This taupe mask of thick but light material adjusts to fit most sapients' heads. It provides DR 6, but only for headshots.	
4	**The Collar of Eyes (5 Escheresque)** – Around the neck of the first-most-apical CORELEADER of *The Scythe Compiling* floats a scarf of thin, intertwining intestinal cords and attached eyestalks. This Collar never stops moving; its eyes are lidless and inhuman. ██████████████████ the ship. While its properties are not divulged to the voidminers, it is immediately clear that they must obtain it at all costs. ████████████████████████ the venture, for the Archivists.	

5	**Experimental N-dimensional drive-pearl (3 Escheresque)** – This pearl (it looks like a pearl) can be easily inserted into *any* technical system, fully powering it one time and one time only. This applies for any system, from a cassette player to a starship…
6	**Intelligent bomb (3 force)** – This white, disc-shaped cerasteel robot has MOV d8, REA d4, and explodes for 2d20 damage, harming everyone within 20 M. It is programmed to kill, but it very much does not want to die, preferring to listen to traditional husk-gnome "opera" (not a good vibe, from the void-miners' perspective) and dance along, with some competence.
7	**Kuphocorer (5 code)** – Typically found in a husk-gnome (i.e., literal) thumb drive, this software can be deployed in a single standard action to drain *all* GRT and HEA from an aux; this does not kill the target, but instead induces a reversible digital coma.
8	**Metadynamic "toothpaste," d4 applications (2 force)** – This gritty slime, housed in short lengths of ribbed black piping, cleans *anything*, broadly interpreted.
9	**Personality duper (6 bio)** – This pair of 1.3-M-tall vats of glowing blue liquid can clone, over d3 hours, any sapient's mind into a "dummy" husk-gnome body. The new entity believes they are the original, of course. Note, if a voidminer is cloned, the result-ing quasi-voidminer will presumably get along better with the PCs than with the husk gnomes.
10	**Probability shawl (4 force)** – This object, ███████ ███████████████████████, is a flexible wearable… of some kind. When worn, it provides DR d6−1 (roll every time the wearer takes damage). Its appearance changes randomly every time it absorbs damage.
11	**Wastertaker maker (5 bio/2 force)** – This ship-module consists of a large cylindrical room full of nanite-pumps as well as an army of small drones; its purpose is to convert any lump of matter of sufficient mass into new metabolizing machines for the husk gnomes. While somehow transporting one back to Spindle would be ████████████████████, a wastertaker maker is generally a high-value target for voidminer sabotage. Note, if this result is rolled randomly as loot, then what is found is a husk-gnome comm that acts as a map leading to the wastertaker maker and a key letting the voidminers inside.

What does the all-commanding Collar of Eyes do? It sets up a deus ex machina! If the voidminers get it, let them boss the husk gnomes around and save the day. Just remember, this thing is a monkey's paw: it's the threespace-externalized organ of an Old One, a corrupting nugget of the Escheresque wrapped around the neck of a technocrat…
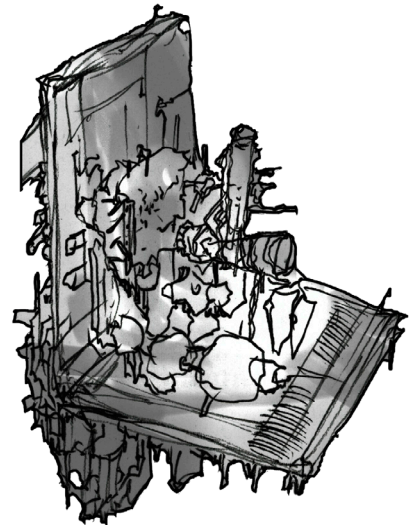
The harvesters (what the Archivists know so far)

The so-called husk gnomes are small, cyborgic posthumans of unknown origin. ████████████████ ███████████████████████████████ ███████████████████████████████ ███████████████████████████████ ███████████████████████████████ ███████. Today, they are universally feared by fleeters, as they (purportedly) "mine" entire worlds to ruin. At least, unlike the void elves, they seem purely venal and uninterested in torture as an art form…

The husk gnomes strip each of their planets down to component ore, magma, heat energy, water, and so on, surrounding each with a Dyson sphere and creating in place of its core an artificial sun. Planets' satellites are also treated in this manner, and Lagrange points between them are filled with stations made from the products of the nearby planet-mining. Husk-gnome "worlds" are thus linked complexes of hollow earths, arkships, space elevators, gates, stations, and debris fields.

Many husk gnomes see the universe as a single impossibly vast ultrastructure waiting to be engineered.

Husk gnomes (matter thieves), void elves (for whom emotions are coin), and mi-go (hunters of facts) have an intense, asymmetric rivalry, with the husk gnomes being the least common in Solspace.

Their aesthetics tend to run toward a bricolage-heavy rococo. Their tools include gravity weapons aboard specialized vampire ketches (small warships), planet miners and pickships (larger and smaller workships), and drillkingdoms (arkships). Their music, dreadful change. For the husk gnomes, gender, too, is an art and a matter of (genetic) salvage. Other species' genomes, however, are considered gauche: if you want another body, the husk-gnome logic goes, just wipe its mind and steal it.

Husk gnomes do not seem to construct stiffworks other than grand jumpgates between their systems, which are unstable and sometimes go nova, especially when improperly opened. Instead, husk-gnome ships rely on impulse drives that convert any matter to energy.

GOULDING'22
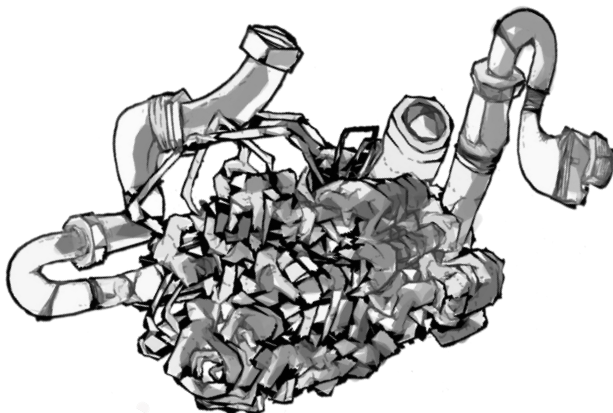
Husk-gnome identity designations ["names"]	d8	
1	555-ACHERNAR	
2	CANISTER-MUSCLE	
3	CANOPUS-TOUCH-7	
4	CHIEF-3-BANDANA	
5	DINGO-FINGERS-9	
6	FURTHER-WIRES-66	
7	PARSON-FIRES-13-A	
8	PERCENTAGE-LOVER/S	

Husk-gnome worker titles and traits, regardless of faction	d8	
1	**ALTBUTCHER** – Anti-advanced-alien marine; has a secret void-elf lover!	
2	**ARCGRUNT** – Ship-fixer; carries tons of tools/gear everywhere; stinks of liquid hydrogen.	
3	**CORELEADER** – Agèd honcho; masochistic, nihilistic; keeps a complete data journal.	
4	**CYBERDRIZZLER** – Codesmith; can't stop compulsively hacking into systems; nonviolent.	
5	**PSYCHOTECH** – Middlest-manager; likes turning non-husk gnome sapients against each other.	
6	**TECHNĒPRIEST** – A sort of politician; in love with the ship itself; addicted to code acid.	
7	**VICIOUSWRIST** – Torturer–soldier; a dangerous nutter; has a pet robotic slug.	
8	**WASTERTAKER** – Miner–maker; has stolen gobs of the good stuff from the other husk gnomes.	

Husk gnome matter thieves
(planet-mining extractivists)

HEADCOUNT
Varies by job (1, d4, 2d4, or 6d3)

VITALS

COM	d10	**HEA**	20
MOV	d10	**GRT**	24
REA	d12	**DR**	3
WIL	d12+1		(bend hauberk)
CHA	d6		

HABITS
- Building a planet-sized cube that eats other planets
- Supervising a fleet of drones that are dismantling a Late Tephnian carrier
- "Relaxing" (swapping body parts with each other)

DOGMA

Astro-brutalism	▨▨▨▨▨

ATTACKS
Flip a coin:
- **Heads – This cohort is armed with cryorifles**, 4d4 damage plus hypometabolizing: when a target is reduced to 0 HEA with a blast from a cryorifle, they go into torpor indefinitely without dying; no check to resist
- **Tails – This cohort is armed with psychovoric rifles**, 6d4 GRT damage plus tranquilizing: targets reduced to 0 GRT stop fighting and become open to any suggestion

POWERS
- **Astrogate** (standard) – Husk gnomes can pilot spacefaring vessels.
- **Backstab** (two-round) – A husk gnome always burns 6 GRT before its first attack, rolling to attack with advantage. If they hit their opponent, they inflict double damage.
- **Disarm** (standard) – A husk gnome can burn 5 GRT to disarm one opponent within 5 M. They cannot resist unless by using Weird powers.
- **Explode** (free) – When a husk gnome rolls the maximum value on a damage die, they burn 1 GRT to roll that die again, adding the new result to the total damage. This can go on indefinitely, as long as they continue to roll a maximum value.
- **Jack** (standard) – Husk gnomes can figure out how to use technology by burning X × Y GRT, where X is the stratum (1–7, clank to Escheresque) and Y is the complexity (1–6, simple to godlike).
- **Steal** (standard) – A husk gnome can burn d8 GRT and make a 6+ dMOV+1 check to steal something without being caught.
- **Tack** (standard) – Husk gnomes can tack stiffworks as well as a Co. banshee.

GEAR
Each cryorifle is worth 3000+([d4−1] × 200) gl; each psychovoric rifle is worth 9500 gl.

Buildling
(wire "hairball" golem)

HEADCOUNT
1 or d6 (nest)

VITALS

COM	d12	**HEA**	13
MOV	d6	**GRT**	13
REA	d4 or d10	**DR**	0
WIL	d20		
CHA	d3 or d8		

HABITS
- "Kissing" a hull breach to repair it
- Hauling a load of random husk gnome body parts
- Recharging its battery, sitting in a sauna-like pool of enerjawn

DOGMA

Programming	▨▨▨□□□
Enerjawn addiction	▨▨▨▨▨

ATTACKS
- **Wire fists**, 2d8

POWERS
- **Adhesive microfiber wire-skyn** (free) – A buildling can burn 4 GRT to cause its next attack to stun a struck target for 1 round unless that target burns d10 GRT.

GEAR
Buildling parts—bundles of wires—are worth d30 gl per Kg back on-Spin. A mature buildling weighs exactly 137 Kg.

STORY NOTES
Born in every sector, buildlings are 2.2-M-tall but very skinny, with large cubic heads and indistinct limbs. They move fluidly in low gravity and never tire, physically.

VARIANTS
Most buildlings have REA d4 and CHA d3, being essentially part of the ship itself. A few—perhaps 1 in 10—grow old and wise enough that they come to consider themselves distinct personas. They have REA d10 and CHA d8. While not anti-husk gnome in orientation (they are still products of the ship, after all), these **buildling eremites** are unlikely to attack the voidminers; instead, they are likely to view the newcomers with intense curiosity.

After the last day

An end to the devastation?

How devastating the arrival of *The Scythe Compiling* is for the world on which the voidminers find themselves—and how threatening the husk gnomes are to the PCs—is up to the GM. For an epic story, play it straight: they must somehow neutralize the ship, or else the entire planet will die. If that's too serious a theme for your group, limit the devastation to one region—wherever the voidminers were working—but keep the stakes high for the people living there.

How the voidminers can possibly defeat these invaders is also up to the GM: do they need to engage in violence, or can they set the factions against each other through shrewd negotiation (and the use of powers such as *command*, *con*, *read*, and *smooth over*)?

One mechanic is to set a difficulty in terms of **successes**: i.e., the number of factions the voidminers need to identify, understand, converse with (or somehow trade with, or even intimidate), and ultimately convince to leave this system, having stolen more than enough reaction mass for their drives and clearly identified the planet below as of limited interest. The most likely candidates are the GAME MANAGERS and SEARCHERS, although the MONU-MENTALISTS may also be convinced that the planet in question lacks the resources they need to construct their ultrastructures, back in the deepvoid.

For a lower-level game, set the number of successes to 2. For a higher-level game, set the number of successes to 3.

Embracing chaos

The other way this venture can go, of course, is explosive confrontation and—realistically—sacrifice. The voidminers may work on their own, with the void elf documentarians, and/or with the rogue AI, TARANDOS, to blow up the ship. For a one-off game, this ending is probably most likely and most fulfilling. (Diplomacy and long-term political struggle are at the heart of *Stillfleet*, but they typically run long compared to shooting-first/questioning-later.)

Again, the degree of difficulty involved in actually sabotaging the advanced machinery of the husk gnomes is up to the GM. For a fast and dirty, combat-oriented game, throw copious guards at the voidminers. For a more dialogue-focused game, force an encounter with TARANDOS or the void elves and let those entities do some of the heavy MacGuffin-lifting.

Either way, remember that the husk gnomes are pragmatic and intelligent but ultimately fractious: their civilization runs on mining planets and sucking the power out of suns, but they don't all agree on why they conduct these fundamental activities.

Grim Harvest // A *Stillfleet* mini-venture