



Act III  
Scene 2

# Double Duty

Author: Sean Gardiner

**D**ou wind up the light-barrel to incapacitate mode and lower the sensitivity of your retinal augments. Blinding light fills the small cargo hold, but your vision is spared.

“Ahhhh!” A cry echoes out from behind another crate.

Like lightning, you strike, grabbing the intruder by their collar and hoisting them against the wall.

Then you relax. It’s just a kid.

The ‘kid’ delivers a surprisingly powerful blow to your face with a closed fist, and sends a foot into your gut. Stunned, you let go, and back off groaning.

“Turn that off!” The girl covers her face with one red-gloved hand and fumbles blindly for your extended light-barrel with the other.

You already have a suspicion about who she is. “You boarded us at Orrimer. You’re the thief from Tavir.”

“I’m not a thief!” she hisses, then surprises you again, cleanly snatching the barrel from your hand. She immediately finds the controls and turns the setting down.

“You’re after the Machine.”

“So are you,” she retorts. “I know who you are. They call you ‘Elite.’ You’ve been searching for it for years. But I’ve learned more in one month of looking than you have in a decade.”

“If you know who I am, you might know who I travel with. He won’t be happy to find out what you’ve done to his engine.”

She visibly gulps. “Here. I want to join you. Look at this.” She fumbles with her discarded cloak and pulls out a hardsheet, then hands it to you...



Act III  
Scene 2

# Double Duty

Author: Sean Gardiner



soil sating  
drank dab  
sail sale  
sounding socks  
cation cub  
few ferries  
ATAR-divining aide  
airy aight  
horrid hop  
suffer saws  
sane sine-detector  
gravel garner  
barge bods  
uncrease ure  
pad pooled  
siled sipper  
bear bubs  
argent actus  
mump mews  
undisputably unactive