



**E**xactly two hours and twenty minutes later, the Freighter sits motionless in the docking yard of Geiger Station.

“Suits on,” you remind your crew.

Faegan frowns. “Why? It isn’t pressurised?”

“Yes. But too much pressure.” Wentworth has become quite fond of lecturing Faegan about some of the more unusual dangers in space – especially the dangers that only bother humans.

Fortunately, one of the Freighter’s three spare suits is a good fit for the girl. Soon, the four of you are stepping out of the airlock.

The docking bay is dark, illuminated only by the glow of the planet spilling through the stoneglass windows, and empty aside from your ship. Or so it appears at first...

“There’s someone standing in front of the door,” murmurs Tif.

As you draw closer to the exit on the far side of the yard, your crew realises what you already knew - the figure is another mannequin. A glossy yellow humanoid, completely devoid of facial and bodily features.

“Who lives here?” whispers Faegan.

“That doesn’t concern you,” says the mannequin. An old speaker, wired somewhere inside it. The croaky voice echoes strangely through the dense air and into your suits. Tif swears loudly.

“We brought what you wanted,” you say, trying your best to appear unfazed.

“Good,” says the sightless dummy. “You may come in. If you can figure out the door lock.”

It doesn’t look like any lock you’ve ever encountered...



Act IV  
Scene 2

# On the Subject of Memory

Author: Kevin Liang



A	B	C
0 2 1	0 1 2	0 1 2

C	B	C
0 2 1	2 0 1	2 1 0

A	A	A
0 2 1	0 1 2	1 2 0

A	C	A
2 1 0	1 0 2	2 0 1

B	B	A
0 1 2	1 0 2	1 2 1

C	B	A
2 1 0	1 0 2	2 1 0

B	A	C
1 0 2	2 0 1	0 1 2

A	A	C
2 0 1	0 1 2	0 2 1

B	C	B
0 2 1	2 0 1	2 1 0

A	C	C
0 2 1	2 1 0	2 1 0



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B 1 0 2	A 2 0 1	A 0 2 1
A 1 2 0	A 2 0 1	B 1 2 0
A 1 2 0	C 1 2 0	C 0 1 2
C 0 1 2	A 1 2 0	A 2 0 1

[ ] 0 2 1	A 1 0 2	C 2 0 1
B 1 0 2	[ ] 0 1 2	C 0 2 1
[ ] 2 1 0	A 0 2 1	A 1 0 2