



Act I  
Scene 3

# Delighted

Author: Kevin Liang

An hour later, you and Wentworth step into a tavern so dark that you have to increase your light-amplifier augment to its second-to-last setting. You catch your pilot's eye across the crowded, raucous room and take a seat beside her. Wentworth, of course, is used to dingy places like this not offering a seat suitable for his kind, and stands beside the table.

“Any luck?” you ask Tif.

She tilts her head slightly. “Yes and no. We'll be fine on food, and we have elix for Wentworth, but they're out of water. Not many humans around Tavir.”

You were expecting that news. “Keep an eye out. Otherwise we'll have to make another stop before Geiger.”

She nods. “Oh, and you should have a chat with the owner here before we leave. She's staring at you.”

You resist the temptation to glance over at the bar. “All right. We should head off anyway, our meeting point's pretty far from here.”

Wentworth leads the way, carving out a path toward the door. As you pass the bar, the hooded woman standing behind grabs your arm with a mechanical seven-fingered hand.

You relax. “Oh. Hi, Yvitta.”

Cat-like augmented yellow eyes peer at you from beneath the black hood. Yvitta smiles. “I know why you're here, Elite. Still chasing that dream?”

“Still chasing it. Feel like coming back to my crew?”

She shakes her head. “Took me four years to get this place. But I do have something for you.” She punches a command into her datascreen and transmits something to yours. You pull it out and take a look...



Act I  
Scene 3

# Delighted

Author: Kevin Liang



00	03	04	08	08	82				
02	01	03	04	07	81				
05	06	12	12	30	12				
12	13	15	11	23	25	41	43	45	
01	01	02	03	05	07	11	15	20	
02	03	03	02	02					
02	05	02							
03	03	02	03	05	10	12	22		
02	03	03	02	03	03				
04	06	05	10	14	15	23	26	25	
01	07	10	10	10	20				
01	01	02	04	09	15	03	09	09	19