



Planet Geiger looms across the Freighter’s piloting screens like a falling star. With slightly more mass, the colossal turquoise gas giant may have been just that.

Geiger Station orbits the luminous orb, a floating black speck against its majesty.

One screen is replaced by a pulsing message.

“Communication incoming,” confirms Tif. She accepts the connection with a press of a button.

“Captain Elite.” Surprisingly - or unsurprisingly, if you know the speaker - the image that appears onscreen is simply a static picture of a creepy red mannequin. Faegan shifts uncomfortably in the seat beside you. “You’re two Geiger-days early,” continues the voice accompanying the mannequin.

As planned. “I assume that won’t be a problem.”

“Assumption incorrect. I am processing a delicate specimen and will not be finished for two hours and twenty minutes. Your docking procedure will disturb my work.”

“We’ll wait.”

“Very well.” A pause. “Here’s something to keep you occupied. A taste of things to come.”

An unusual image takes the mannequin’s place on the screen...

Act IV Scene 1

Sketchy

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