(595) Agassiz

Everyone knows about the ancient guardians within the belt. They never leave and never let anyone close. It's assumed they were created thousands of years ago but very little is known about them. They have crippled whole fleets of ships and so the belt is simply avoided, much to the grumblings of space miners.

- TF-12987

TF-12987

Founding Date
2600
Alternative Name(s)
The Wheel
Type
Orbital, Station
Population
10,982,073
Location under
(595) Agassiz

Government

The Wheel is governed by a Terra Firma Overseer. For the last 600 years, Overseers have kept the peace. Each new Overseer is elected using the Terra Firma mandated system of leadership which decides the next leader based on loyalty, efficiency, and productivity.

Defences

The Wheel has a fully outfitted military. They have a standing army of around one million. The Military mostly functions as a security force on the station. Additionally there are a number of manned and unmanned turrets around the exterior of the station.

Industry & Trade

For the vast majority of the population they live their lives as anyone would within a regular city. There are stores and restaurants, community centres, office buildings, and all manner of other jobs you would find normally. In addition to these jobs there is near constant maintenance of the station being seen to by anyone with a decent shred of technical knowledge.

Outside of normal jobs, there are a significant amount of people labouring on farms and tending to forests and lakes.

Infrastructure

The Wheel was designed to be a self sustaining station and has everything living creatures need. It contains and artificial country side filled with forests, lakes, and farms. There are refineries with technologies that can break down materials to be used to create virtually anything. The Wheel is broken up into thirteen sections: twelve on the outside and one in the centre. All sections are

connected to each other by long spokes that house gravity elevators for quick travel between the sections and the centre. The centre of The Wheel is made up of two parts: the exterior travel circle, and the interior Overseer's office. The office itself is a sprawling complex keeping track of all the goings on within The Wheel.

Overall The Wheel has a circumference of approximately 360 km, each of the 7 sections being just under 55 km long and 15 km wide, 825 km squared. The entire station has a diameter of around 115 km.

The station initially had a propulsion method but the technology was destroyed during The Torrent.

Guilds and Factions

The Red Ghosts are run by Jazmine Joyce and are an underground smuggling ring on the station. The Overseer's office is aware of them and openly oppose them, but it's not uncommon to see the crimson jacket of a few Ghosts walking around in the open in some of the poorer sections of the station. The Red Ghosts push drugs, weapons, and information to anyone with the money to pay for it. They have more than a few politicians under their thumb and they aren't afraid to use force to get what they want.

The Brass Serpent is controlled by Ryfys Greer and opposes The Red Ghosts at every turn. A smuggling gang of equal standing, they are the hated enemy of The Red Ghosts. The two sides have been at each other's throats for as long as anyone can remember. Gang wars are common, but only once did the military actually have to fully get involved and it was a slaughter that lasted for ten years and killed nearly a hundred thousand civilians on top of the countless deaths on all three sides. Now the two gangs keep their conflict small enough to not draw too much attention.

The Overseer's Office controls the station's military and, therefore, controls the station. The current Overseer, Gerald Sutton, says their primary goal is to keep the station running and its people alive. This blanket statement often leaves them prioritizing the needs of the many over the few and more than once the Overseer's Office has diverted power and resources away from certain parts of the station without warning for up to a few months at a time. This has lead to a wide mistrust of anyone working for the Overseer and a general dislike of people in other sections of the station overall.

The Fair Folk, run by a flighty 15 year old named Tonya McKnight, are a more recent addition to the factions within The Wheel. In response to the ever growing presence of Overseer soldiers and diverted power and resources a group of civilians took it upon themselves to help those crushed beneath the boot of The Overseer. Whenever the people of The Wheel are in trouble The Fair Folk are there to help them up. They provide food, temporary power supply, and other resources to effected communities. While none of The Fair Folk have openly opposed The Overseer, a few have been arrested now and then for various crimes.

History

Station TF - 12987 was originally sent into Cale IV Upsilon as a Terra Firma orbital colony that would interact with the other worlds and stations in the sector. However only sixty five years after the station settled into an orbit around a star, within an asteroid belt, The Scream tore through space and killed the psionics on board; simultaneously destroying any chance of the ship falling under its own power ever again. Years passed and attempts to reach anyone outside of was met with failure. The scream had awoken terrible robotic guardians that had been lying dormant within the belt. They did not attack the station, but did destroy anything attempting to make it's way in or out of the belt as well as using powerful tech to block any signals in or out. The Wheel was, for all intents and purposes, alone.

Deciding to make the best of it the Overseers quickly spread the word that everyone would need to work together if they were going to survive. Nearly six hundred years later and The Wheel is thriving, though it has been corrupted and tainted by human greed. The population now tries to live day to day under the oppressive thumb of multiple factions vying for control while the Overseer's Office sits at the centre of The Wheel quietly watching and pulling the strings wherever it sees fit.