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Spike Drives and The Mictlan

Spike Drives are used to allow ships to achieve “faster than light” travel. Instead of true FTL, the drive punctures a hole in space and time to a place most people call The Mictlan which is, in essence, another dimension that connects to ours at various points. Travelling through The Mictlan can make incredibly far away planets, months, weeks, or even days away, as opposed to hundreds or even thousands of lightyears. Planets near enough to each other through The Mictlan form a Sector and travelling outside of the Sector (especially after the Scream) is incredibly difficult, or even impossible due to interference.

Interference can usually be navigated around but it often makes travelling to certain locations, even within the Sector, impossible. Interference functions as physical tubes, spheres or even walls. Some sections can be accessed with proper navigation around or through the interference, others are completely impossible to access. Interference is not stationary and is constantly in flux, without constant courses being charted, pilots may find an old route that was once clear of interference now incredibly dangerous to navigate, or completely cut off. Luckily, especially within well travelled routes, this change is rarely rapid enough to cause more than slight delays while pilots update charts and find cleaner routes.

121st Hellcrawler Troop

Hellcrawlers in Unit:

Alex "Tripps" - Human - Deceased
Alina "Deadshot" Human - Deceased
Arbiter Kel "Babyman" Pictual Kikri - Deceased
Armen "Smallfry" Crezitch - Chrol - Deceased
Arthur "The Reaper" Brocs - Chrol - Deceased
Ilya "R.B.F." Kostich - Human - Deceased

History

After several successful missions the 121st Hellcrawler unit was being observed for Arbiter Status. They were sent on a covert mission on Perippe to deal with a potential psionic incursion. Whatever happened within the targeted facility remains classified, but the 121st Hellcrawler Troop was designated Terminated shortly after, and their files were archived. Two items of interest were retrieved from the operation and attributed to the efforts of the Troop; a vial containing an unknown liquid substance and several fungal like minerals mined at the site.

Founding
April 23, 3202
Dissolution
June 12, 3222

Hellcrawler

Manpower

A troop of Hellcrawlers can have between four and thirty bodies based on the mission threat. The troop generally consists mostly of Light Hellcrawler units, and one or two Heavy Unit Arbiters to oversee the mission. It is rare that a mission is entirely made up of Arbiters.

Equipment

Hellcrawlers wear Combat Field Uniforms or Icarus Harnesses into battle. A normal field kit for the Hellcrawlers consists of a backup Atmofilter, Binoculars, Thermal Flares and several Type A powercells. Individual kits may vary based on the Hellcrawler's specialty.

Arbiters wear powered Assault Suits into battle. In addition to the regular kit, Arbiters will also carry several Type B powercells, and several applications of the Squeal Truth Serum.

Weaponry

Hellcrawllers carry standard issue Laser Rifles and Pistols as well as a suit ripper.

Arbiters are outfitted with Mag Weaponry, usually a Rifle and Pistol. Some will occasionally carry Void Carbines or Plasma Projectors. All are sufficiently trained in Heavy Weapons.

Vehicles

Hellcrawlers travel in Patrol Boat Class Starships usually equipped with level 3 jump drives, Drop Pods, Boarding Tubes, and Emissions Dampers. Additionally the ships will also carry an Atmoflyer for direct insertion of small groups and several ATV explorers for travel over difficult terrain.

Hellcrawler Hammers

Manpower

The overall manpower of the Hammers makes up about a quarter of the entire Agency of Psionic Enforcment. However, usually Hammers are deployed with a squad of Hellcrawlers in groups of two to four depending on the severity of the situation.

Equipment

Hellcrawler Hammers utilize both Shock and Specialist Mechs. The bulk of their forces is made of up mech Suits but they do keep several Light and Heavy mechs on layaway. Each Hellcrawler mech comes standard with a Grav Chute for high altitude drops, and a breaching tool to assist in operations. Some specialist mechs may also come equipped with Drop Sheathing and Antigrav Nodes for stealth and flight deep in enemy environments.

When dropping into unknown, or dangerous environments, Hammer Pilots will wear armoured Vacc Suits within their mechs to mitigate harm in the event of exposure.

Reykholt

In the vast expanse of space, nestled amidst the labyrinthine paths of an asteroid field, stands Reykholt - a bustling truck stop and restaurant that serves as a haven for interstellar travellers and space faring freighters alike. Constructed within the massive hollowed-out interior of a colossal asteroid, Reykholt offers a mesmerizing view of shimmering stars through transparent alloy windows, creating an otherworldly ambience.

The place hums with life as crews from all corners of the galaxy convene, seeking respite, nourishment, and camaraderie. Upon entering Reykholt, patrons are greeted by an eclectic mix of people from various planets and backgrounds. The truck stop's architecture combines sleek modernity with a rustic touch, with holographic signs guiding visitors to different sections of the facility. The restaurant area features an enticing array of holographic menus displaying intergalactic delicacies, from sizzling space steaks to exotic vegetarian delights. Here, travellers swap tales of their cosmic adventures over steaming cups of synthetic coffee or the rarest blends of herbal space teas, fostering a sense of community amidst the vastness of space.

The beating heart of Reykholt lies in its expansive trucker's bay, a massive docking area where ships and vessels of all shapes and sizes converge. Truckers deftly pilot their colossal rigs with precision, while mechanics clad in greasy overalls and holding trusty spanners maintain and repair the space faring behemoths. Fuelling stations with glowing neon lights offer a wide variety of space-grade fuel and energy cells, catering to the diverse needs of the travellers. At the heart of it all stands the cosmic bar, a hub of merriment and camaraderie where musicians play energetic tunes on futuristic instruments, inspiring spontaneous dance-offs and joyous celebrations that reverberate through the asteroid walls, forging unforgettable memories for those who venture to this celestial sanctuary.

(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.

(595) Agassiz

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.