



### SHORAITEKU INTERSTELLAR

Products developed in-house at Shoraiteku Interstellar are available at a discounted rate of up to 1.5% for qualifying employees. Any loss or damage to equipment prior to full payment will be recouped from employee salaries.



### KAISER-SCHMID

Dealing in weaponry and other offensive hardware, Kaiser-Schmid has been an armaments partner with Shoraiteku Interstellar for decades. The reliability of their goods is matched only by their lethality.



### EVOTEK

With a broad range of products in the aid and support categories, Evotek offers invaluable assistance to those Shoraiteku Interstellar employees authorized to receive medical attention.



### ASKLEPIOS

Asklepios provides more highly-specialized medical equipment to complement the broader range offered by Evotek; recommended for higher-priority employees or more dangerous drop zones.



### EXHANCE

For employees in need of an additional pick-me-up, Shoraiteku has partnered with the extreme performance brand EXHANCE, which offers a range of injectors to compliment corporate training. Each purchase of an EXHANCE product will enter the buyer into a prize draw to win the perception of a week's break, courtesy of Synthscape Holidays.



### HOT SOULZ

Due to an administrative error, the children's shoe manufacturer Hot Soulz was awarded a two-year footwear contract with Shoraiteku Interstellar. While the contract continues to be honoured, it is not recommended that employees purchase these items for use in the field.



## V1-PER Assault Rifle



+ Fires plasma rounds  
+ Automatic

- Low accuracy

We understand the demands of today's interplanetary corporations. Sometimes, even with the best will in the world, diplomacy just doesn't work out. Merger gone south? Buyer with cold feet? Ex-CEO not quite as retired as you'd like? Whatever the reason, make sure your enforcement teams are armed with the best.

The Kaiser-Schmid V1-PER Assault Rifle boasts an industry-defining rate of fire, more than earning its reputation for quickly delivering a hail of bullets into - or at least toward - your enemies. After all, when there are multiple targets, inaccuracy is just an opportunity to hit someone new.

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## K4 Riot Shotgun



+ Fires spread of  
impact Plasma  
rounds

- Slow reload

The world today is a complicated place. Technology, for all its benefits, can be a confusing and fatal hurdle in the heat of battle. For those who are looking for something with a little more simplicity, we present the Kaiser-Schmid K4 Riot Shotgun.

Taking our cues from simpler times, the K4 is designed to solve your disputes up close and personal, with as much force behind each shot as possible. Was there a face in front of you when you pulled the trigger? Not any more there isn't. With the K4's patented Plasma Spread, you'll be picking bits of teeth out of your hair for weeks.

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## Vulture Sniper Rifle

- + Fires high damage plasma rounds
- + Slow motion while aiming
- Low ammo capacity
- Slow fire rate
- Slow reload

As purveyors of top-of-the-line weaponry for all occasions, it is important to us not to show an unfair bias towards any one style of combat. While the traditional view of heroism in battle is one of close-quarter frenzy and high-risk havoc, we would like to challenge that perspective. After all, who's to say; perhaps the truly heroic act is in coldly pulling the trigger of a sniper rifle and watching as – several hundred feet away – a pink cloud appears in place of your target's head.

With the new Kaiser-Schmid Vulture Sniper Rifle, such predatory behaviour can be yours to enjoy, all from a safe and heroic distance. What's more, with its slow, deliberate fire rate, the Vulture provides the user with an unparalleled amount of time to reflect on their actions between each devastatingly lethal shot.

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## RA-3 Flare Gun

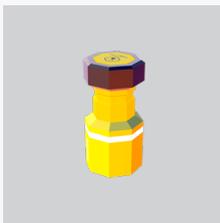
- + Fires explosive rounds
- + Final shot fires blue flare
- + Chance to ignite enemies

- Low ammo capacity
- Slow fire rate

As part of your fully-featured Shoraiteku Interstellar Emergency Package, installed as standard on all operational Shoraiteku vessels, the Flare Gun is an important piece of survival equipment. In the unlikely event of an unscheduled or emergency landing, proudly aim the Flare Gun into the air and fire with confidence. Under optimum conditions your flare is visible by others in a three mile radius from the detonation point, inspiring comradery and a willingness to assist.

Your confidence in your rescue is rivalled only by your gratefulness to Shoraiteku for their foresight in providing such important equipment to their employees, regardless of rank or value to the company.

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## Reactive Shield

- + Apply shield that blocks 3 instances of damage

Subject to the terms contained within the Shoraiteku Interstellar Employment Policy, you are recognised as being a fallible being with the ability to make mistakes. To aid in the amelioration of this trait, the production and distribution of the Reactive Shield has been instigated for employees deemed to be operating within hazardous or high-risk environments.

On activation the shield will fully negate three (3) instances of damage to the user, before being depleted. Any further instances of damage beyond this will be considered negligence on the part of the employee, and form grounds for a performance review pending the employee's survival.

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## TESLA FOOTCUPS

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You feel a shock surge through your body, a dagger of pain that shoots up from each foot. Where once you had flesh and bone, your feet are now blood-spattered metal, crackling with electricity. Their constant excited state fills you with the need to move, to run. As you do, you leave trails of arcing lightning behind you. You can never feel at ease again.



## PYRO BOLTFEET

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The soft acquiescence of flesh meeting the hard ground was not something you'd ever noted before, but with your first step you notice it missing. Your feet have been crudely removed and replaced with metal apparatus, grafted directly onto your shin bones. Each step is stiff and unyielding, but as you begin to pick up speed your new appendages burst into life, emitting belches of flame in your wake.



## INFERNAL TOUCH

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You feel an unbearable burning sensation emanating from within your arm, as though your very bones had turned to red-hot cinder. Blood vessels along the length of your arm bubble and pop, the meat surrounding them beginning to cook. Even as you struggle to stay conscious, however, you can feel a sense of power throbbing underneath the pain. You punch the ground – hard – to focus your mind, with it releasing with it a wave of fire that scorches yourself and your surroundings. The pain never dulls or abates.



## REFLECTIVE BULWARK

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An indescribable feeling descends down the length of your arm, as though the very bones are thickening beneath your skin. As you watch, the flesh becomes taught, ash-white with the tension, before finally rending to make way for the slick dark material that emerges from beneath. You give your new arm an experimental flex as the last chunks of flesh sluice away from the bone, finding it strong and hard beyond belief. Hard enough, it appears, to even deflect bullets.







## SPORELING HEAD

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Your vision flickers and fades, an uncontrollable panic rising within you as you begin to feel something move inside your head. The movement becomes a nauseating pressure as you feel something – some things – wetly probe the back of your eyeball. They push out, bumping against the glass of your helmet before forcing their way through to the open air. As they do, your vision bursts back, only for you to find yourself looking through the numerous bobbing viewpoints of your new protrusions.



## ETHEREAL SHELL

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Your back becomes heavy, as rocky geometry fuses to your spine and forms a kind of rudimentary shell. You struggle to pry the hardened formation away from your back, before stumbling and losing your balance. As you hit the floor, the feeling of pain mixes with a strange sensation of stepping outside of yourself. When you open your eyes, you find yourself several feet away from the spot you fell, with no idea how you got there.



## TRITORAPTOR ARM

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Your left forearm is strangely numb and discoloured. Prodding it, you are reminded of slabs of raw meat more than living tissue. You watch in horror as the flesh begins to separate at the elbow, sluicing off to reveal something contained inside. Finally, your old forearm falls away completely, leaving you with a small, claw-like appendage that juts strangely from inflamed and bloody flesh.



## WARDEN SHELL

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A hardened deposit of calcium forms down your spine, spreading out across the back of your ribs. As it hardens, the rough and pitted surface chafes underneath your skin, causing abrasions and ultimately shredding the flesh on your back. Exposed to the air, the wind whistles through your new shell's many holes and crevices. Then, you feel something – several things – scuttle down your spine. You've become a nest.

## Diary Series #1

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I don't know why I'm writing this. I just I felt like I had to write \*something\*.

This is stupid.

I don't know how long I've been here in the collective sense, but speaking for the 'me' that's currently breathing, I've been around for a couple of days now, and it's a mess out here. I've seen my dead body so many times it's no longer shocking. I'm at the point where I have no emotional reaction to \*my own corpse\*. It's unreal.

So, yeah. I had to write something down for myself. I needed to make a mark here, as an individual, as something more than just another corpse waiting to happen. There's a person inside this body. I'm here, I exist. What's more, everyone that came before me was a person too, and I don't want to forget that. I am not a commodity.

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## Diary Series #2

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It's actually pretty difficult to assert my individuality in a place where my corpses are everywhere you look. It's a constant reminder that while I might have memories of my life outside this planet, \*I\* never experienced them. I was born on this rock, and I'm pretty sure I'll die here too.

Still, I do have those memories. At this point that's pretty much all I have. I can still take a breather, close my eyes, and listen to Dad's hauler running through the night – the chunky, mechanical sounds of the engine – back when I was too little to stay home on my own.

It helps.

So maybe that's what these entries are. Fragments of a life I never lived, the memories that are keeping me going.

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## Diary Series #4

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It's not like you can really anticipate this kind of situation, but all things considered, I'm actually pretty well-equipped to survive this.

I mean, yes, obviously the potentially infinite amount of clones definitely helps. Obviously. But still, your average Sec Runner wouldn't have any real ground combat training. 99% of the time the job is a remote observe-and-report kind of deal, then every so often you might get caught up in some ship-to-ship combat. We basically don't ever touch the ground.

So any real chance I have of getting out of here is thanks to my parents paying most of my way through academy, and then my chosen career of stealing anything I could get my hands on. You don't steal from the corporations running your local sector if you aren't able to fight your way out of a situation. Or you don't for long, anyway.

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## Diary Series #5

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It's the weirdest thing, finding scraps of text that were written by me, but that I \*did not write\*. Reading them is... it's a kind of torture. I can pick out where I'm trying too hard – where I'm making a joke, because if I wasn't I'd be having a panic attack. In some of this stuff I can tell I'm barely hanging in there.

I'm not \*bad\* under pressure, as such, but this kind of reaction was definitely part of why I never made it through academy. Ignoring the more concrete, legally actionable reasons, I mean. It was pretty obvious from the beginning that there wasn't much room for 'weakness' there, and when I arrived I was just a bundle of hormones and nerves wrapped in skin.

At least it was a paid school, though. I know a few people that went through Shoraiteku's own academy, and they were basically indentured servants until they graduated and the Corp decided they'd worked off their 'student debt'. Most sponsored schools are crammed full of kids that've aged out of governmental care. I don't think they're even offered a choice between that or the streets.

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