

BRINK

AN APOCALYPSE WORLD SETTING SUPPLEMENT



BRINK

COLD. VAST. DARK. DEGENERATE.

The Brink station was the promise of all that could be new, clean and fresh for people who were used to the crumbling, the filthy and the over-crowded. All those people came through the Gate on that promise and in spite of all the fears and worries, the Gate delivered.

For a while, at least. That was decades ago. That's the past and this is the post.

BRINK is a sci- post-apocalyptic setting designed to be used in conjunction with D. Vincent Baker's wonderful RPG *Apocalypse World*. A derelict, marooned space station on the wrong side of a collapsed wormhole, cut off from Earth and forced to desperate measures for survival.

The mysterious 'Neers keep a tight grip on the power owing through the station from within the Core, while Control, secure behind strong bulkheads at the apex of the station, try to maintain a vestige of civilization through brutal means. e various gangs and tribes between now ght for reactor time, food and even air.

“High grade aluminum canisters, just as advertised.”

Flint was impressed with the goods as he looked over the metal tubes, shining a flashlight down one. That musing compliment was evident even through the tinny buzz of the shortwave radio inside his helmet, transmitting to his trade partner.

Swan nodded inside his own vac-suit and the pretty smile he used to dazzle stretched his pale lips into a crooked grin. “You know my rep but that's appreciated all the same. Where are the magnets?”

Flint jerked a thumb towards the maintenance shaft access and gave a grunt. “Down there. They're powered off so no worries there but the 'bots are active on this ring, so...”

Swan's stomach dropped and he stepped forward, the click of his metal-shod boots lost in the vacuum. “Are you fucking serious? You call this a square deal?” His anger rose up inside him but Flint's concern was directed behind Swan to the giant mutant unlimbering a bloodstained cut-off saw, something used on those who broke a deal.

Swan raised a hand, his fingers crooked in a sign to dissuade Torch from doing anything rash. “No, no. He'll make it up to us.”



THE STATION

The station has many rings around the central core. Each ring runs independently and can be locked off from the rest. They come in sets of three - 100m wide, 300m wide, 100m wide. In the years since the Gate closed, some rings have lost power, some have lost life support, and some have lost bearings and stopped spinning.

The simplest way to go from ring to ring is to go to the core, move vertically, and enter the ring you want. Between ring triads, reactors gather sunlight and illuminate the top and bottom of each ring. The central ring of a triad does not receive light and gets used for industry and other purposes that do not require light.

At the bottom of the station is an area whose primary function is to rotate opposite the rings and keep the station from precessing. At the top of the ring, there's a large command and control area, also counterrotating.

There are 16 ring clusters (making a total of 48 individual rings) and the station as a whole is about 8km tall. Rings are about 1500m in radius and spin at 0.77rpm, giving each ring 1g of gravity. Just like home.

Within a lit ring, the edge areas are often given over to green space, and those areas are usually more open. The station orbits the moon of a gas giant. The moon was captured somewhat after the system formed. At any given time, one can usually see half of the planet from a station window.

NOTABLE RINGS

RING #	PWR	ATMO	GRAV	NOTABLE PEOPLE / PLACES
8	Y	Y	Y	Dr. Satin - Cryotube farm
10	Y	Y	Y	Fusty's in Sector B
11	Y	Y	Y	THE Den
12	Y	Y	Y	Fletch, the medic.
13	Y	Y	Y	Non-working heat exchangers, very hot.
14	Y	N	Y	Rattle and the Red Stripes - The Shell
15	N	Y	Y	Waxing Gibbous
16	Y	Y	Y	Largely converted to dirt farming.
17	Y	Y	Y	Henri's Place
20	N	N	Y	Flycatchers
23	Y	Y	Y	Swan's Market
29	Y	Y	Y	Baron Chavis. Zero-G hydroponics farm, supplies most of the station's grain



NOTABLE PLACES

RING 2, QUADRANT 4 - PIGGOT'S DOCKS

A collection of shuttle and EVA cra docks, ostensibly for heavy transports. Ore from the various Deep Core vessels was historically offloaded here and that is still true today, though the 'Neers take much more interest (and control) over this industrial ring now. The ring was purposely stopped from spinning so the docks have no gravity.

Personalities

- Chronos, pilot. A reckless rep with a propensity for chasing ladies more than jobs, Chronos pilots a heavily armed and armored EVA pod and often brags about how the Flycatchers ain't got shit on him.
- Wheelie, mechanic. Handy with a wrench but is probably huffing and sniffing the industrial solvents a bit too much than can be healthy. Seems to have a bad run with the 'Neers in the past and is well wary nowadays.

RING 10, SECTOR B - FUSTY'S

Small eatery that serves Caff-ee, the best pitch black stimulant tar you can choke down. Smoky, dark and private, it's a popular spot for clandestine meetings but the local constable/headbreaker Cooze tends to keep a close eye on the place.

Personalities

- Absinthe, merc. A redheaded ice queen in tactical armor, she lives on 10 and hangs around Fusty's. Doesn't work for Cooze but it seems like there's a headhunting thing going on there.
- Cooze, gang boss. Tough, take no shit ganger built like a bulkhead. Cooze has a bad relationship with her main lieutenant, Mite.

RING 15 - WAXING GIBBOUS

A club/bar with loud music, strobe lights, lasers, and sweaty people. Everything is chrome or clear Lexan and there are mild hallucinogenics in the air. The swill they serve tastes better when you're high or maybe you just don't care enough once you've taken a few huffs within the place

Personalities

- Cipher, wacknut. A sadomasochistic Ziggy Stardust and all around psycho, Cipher drinks himself into oblivion while lamenting the Fars and crafting conspiracy theories about them. Seems to know stuff he couldn't.





NOTABLE PLACES CONTD

RING 23 - SWAN'S MARKET

Swan's market is a general store for useful merch and gear. The proximity to Ring 20 and the Flycatchers allows it brisk business in ammunition and other combat gear. There's a full service garage to fix shuttles and other EVA craft as well as find folks with useful skills to pay the bills.

Personalities

- Swan, operator. A dreadlocked androgynous albino, he's gotta be from Ring 8 but he'll never admit it. He's a man of his word and actually means it. A square deal comes with a blown kiss.
- Torch, dreadnought. Torch is some mutant 'Neer as far as anyone can tell. Physically massive and masked, he(?) usually carries some bladed industrial tool and acts as the weird muscle behind Swan's persuasive words.

RING 30 - LEFTY'S BAR

Lefty's Bar has tiny little LEDs on each table, barely perceptible overhead lighting, and live music. They don't waste any power on trivia. A tiny little bit of power goes to the LEDs, and the rest goes right to sound. Unless you like really loud music in small spaces, it's an appalling dump.

Personalities

- Henri, broker. A fixer who represents a number of techs and mechanics, brokering life support maintenance and supplies. He'll vouch for his people, negotiate their rates and lubricate the process of getting broken shit fixed.
- Puff, tech. One of Henri's employees. Closed off but easy going and bizarrely helpful, he keeps to himself when not doing jobs. He's got to be hiding something. Puff is looking to put down new roots if he can find a ring that suits his tastes.

OFF STATION

The space around the station is largely empty save for the moon, S/3125 J, that serves as an anchor. The gas giant's gravity well tends to snag roving asteroids moving through the outer system and these are captured and mined by a shrinking number of vessels collectively called 'Deepcore'. There are currently 6 Deepcore vessels, a number that is ten times less than what it needs to be to provide raw materials for the size of the station and the number of inhabitants. Deepcore crews are fiercely independent and wary of outsiders and most of the vessels have been customized and even booby trapped to stymie any boarding actions or mutiny.



NOTABLE GROUPS

The tribes and gangs that inhabit the station are constantly vying for resources. No one group has total autonomy over the entire station but there are three groups that stand above the others.

The Farsight Brotherhood are the enduring hope of humanity. They know that redemption is out there, beyond the Gate and they can be the saviors of the station if they can figure out how to open it once more. That's been their marketing line for decades now and nobody is really buying it anymore. The fact that they perform weird experiments that tend to make people disappear doesn't help their recruiting efforts and they treat the Gate more like a religious relic instead of a scientific endeavour.

Personalities

- Dr. Oculus, Supremacist. Strange oval glasses obscure his sight, ironically, and odd inflections dot his speech.

"Look into my eyes."

The Farsight Brotherhood are the heavy hand of 'security'. They presume to have total authority over the station, in theory, but the reality is much different. The closer you get to Control, the more 'normal' things get with a higher presence of armed, armored and uniformed Control goons keeping an eye on things. They expect their authority to be unquestioned and any commands followed immediately and unfailingly. This extends especially to bribes and 'gifts' in exchange for... well, anything (or nothing, if applicable). Do as they say or suffer the consequences of being exiled.

Personalities

- Captain Savage, Chief in Command. The big dog with the big stick, he purports to see all.

"You're wasting my time and my air. Spit it out."

The 'Neers are creepy. They control the Core which means they control the only safe means of travel and they certainly control the actual power that runs the systems of the station. That wouldn't be so bad if they weren't a cult of hundreds of hooded figures that seem to speak directly into your brain, don't reveal their flesh to outsiders, and have weird-ass tech that no one else can understand. The 'Neers know that they'll have to answer if the Gate actually is opened and oppose the Fars whenever they can get away with it.

Technology

- Vomit rockets. Some sort of radiation weapon/emitter that makes you sick to your stomach and it only gets worse the closer you get to it. Bad shit.

- Lockdown. As they control the spine of the station, the 'Neers can lock down the central monorails that traverse it. They will also lock down the bulkheads and airlocks that connect rings to the spine, effectively cutting off that ring unless one travels via EVA. Hitting a spinning ring (or getting hit by one) is much like getting hit by a highspeed freight train (with equivalent *harm*) so this is exceedingly dangerous for even the pros.

-Deprivation. You want power, they have it. Deal





MINOR TRIBES AND GANGS

Of course, there are many other small groups spread throughout the station, usually with a ring (maybe two, at most) under their sway. These tribes tend to keep to their own if their ring is powered and has breathable air in most sections, but the ones that have been pushed into unpowered rings consigned to vacuum tend to be more aggressive.

Each gang leader or tribal chieftain could be considered a Chopper or even Hardholder in their own right with the extent of their power taken in context. Regardless of whether an entire ring is under the sole control of a single entity, there is always a want and scarcity of something. Maybe even a lot of 'somethings'. It is the apocalypse, after all.

RING 8

Eighters are bad fuckin' news. They mark the ring where Control stops being in control because no one tells these beautiful fucks what to do or how. Beautiful? Undeniably. Too beautiful, in that perfect, artificial way that can only be achieved by time spent under a knife. They keep the cryo farm with its hundreds of thousands of still-frozen settlers so pristine and beautiful that the seductive siren's call to join them reaches everyone on the station. It's a real shame they're cannibals but if you want protein, they're the only ones selling it.

Personalities

- Dr. Satin, Dean of Surgery. Pale and beautiful like all *Eighters*, a silver fox with dead eyes and a smile as sharp as his scalpels.

"Politeness costs nothing."

- Dr. Julianne, Head of Cryostasis. Mother of Dr. Satin. Harsh angles and perfect symmetry tempered with gray hair and age lines that look designed and not earned. *"Don't play with your food, darling, that's so gauche."*

RING 11

"The Den has whatever you need! Bullets? By the bucket! Guns? More than you can carry! Bombs? Who doesn't like bombs! Come on down with all your jingle and get the tools of the trade to get what you need!"

The Den is the chief manufactory of everything martial on the station. Guns and ammo are their bread and butter and business is good. They don't deal in credit so don't expect to buy anything with a wink and a promise if you're smart. While the individual dealers tend to specialize, the foremen and line workers tend to keep to themselves and will pay out bullets for the necessities to live. Anyone with the idea of taking the Den over for themselves better come loaded for bear and best not miss. They tend to watch out for their own.

Personalities

- Chainsaw. Heavy weapons dealer in Bay E, tends to have nuclear options on sale but prices are astronomical.

"Take this up to 47 and don't ask questions, then you can see the special stock."

- Crank. Foreman, head honcho of manufacturing. Gruff and no nonsense, he's got quotas to fill or it's your ass.

"Y'know, the last guy that said something like that to me was last seen in the bottom of a crucible."





MINOR TRIBES AND GANGS CONTD

RING 14

The Shell is a zero-G maelstrom of mercantilism. The former industrial ring has been hollowed out and the cavernous result grew into a mish-mash of cables and tow-lines holding renovated cargo pods that now serve as market stalls. One can find almost anything at the Shell that'd count as an oddment or jangle but gear that is hi-tech, luxe or serious weaponry is ultra-rare. Small-time gangs run protection rackets in various 'quadrants' of the zero-G maze and it's hard to tell where the borders are beyond how many people are giving one another the evil eye.

Personalities

- Rattle, Gang Boss of the Red Stripes. Rattle and his gang make their turf known and make it easy to recall by their adopted name. Crimson everywhere, just don't ask where they get the paint. "*Naw, see, you'd be way safer with us. We know how to protect people just like you.*"

RING 20

The Flycatchers have been marooned on Ring 20 for as long as anyone can remember. That shithole ring has no power, no gravity, no atmo and no hope. You'd think that anyone stupid or crazy enough to live there would come to their senses and leave but not these assholes. They ravaged 19 and 21 and cannibalized them for anything they could find. The 'Neers sealed them off from the Core ages ago but that didn't kill them off. They've set up all kinds of towering spires and tow-hooks along the ring to launch assaults on other rings, especially 17, 18, 22 and 23. Shuttle pilots tend to stay on their 'half' of the station rather than risk getting harpooned by some Flycatcher with aspirations.

Personalities

- Who the fuck knows, Flycatchers act not talk. The power structure inside Ring 20 is unknown to outsiders.

RING 29

The Barony is where any large scale food operation that's too creeped out by the Eighters goes to get produce. The zero-G agriculture domes have power and atmo but most of the ring is left cold and dark. Worse, the radiation shielding tends to have issues with the electromagnets that help shield the crops and the food is on the wrong side of the Flycatchers. You gotta earn it if you wanna eat.

Personalities

- Baron Chavis, Baron (duh). The Baron oversees the farming operations and likes to keep himself in luxe decor. He's not a total asshole but he knows what his ring is worth. "*These tomatoes will make your teeth tingle but I think that improves any meal.*"



THE PSYCHIC MAELSTROM

Every good apocalypse is psychically batshit bonkers, right? The station is no different. MCs should, of course, feel free to have their players explore the psychic maelstrom as they normally would. However, if you would like them to peruse the maelstrom like authentic Brinkers, here are a couple suggestions.

CALLING THE RED

Opening your brain in this manner, 'calling the red,' shows the truth of the matter in high contrast black and red as if everything was painted in blood. Reality becomes two-toned and stark, showing the honesty of things in a usually terrifying manner. Friends who aren't really friends bear hideous malformed faces, screams and roars echo down corridors. Scary as hell but you'll get the gist real quick.

DOORS AND MIRRORS

An endless gallery of doors and mirrors in an infinite array of styles, designs and sizes. Opening a door or looking in a mirror will reveal the truth to the explorer that braves the endless maze here. Getting lost is always a risk that one should mind but so is getting pulled through doors (or worse, mirrors) by the shades and reflections one can find here.

'NEER SENSES

Are you a weird fucked-up mutant? Cool! Use your strange, techno-mystical senses to open your flesh-wired brain-thing to the source code of the universe! You'll be able to suss out the details in the meta-meta-data but try your best not to get lost in the details. It's the sort of stack overflow that tends to make you bleed inside your skull.

THE MIND WELL

Tranquil, peaceful, lit from above. The mind well is full of stars and about an ankle's worth of warm water, with dim blue light shining from above. The constellations will show you the true way of things but it's the space between the stars, that unfathomable darkness, that holds all the secrets and terrible, terrible things. They mostly stay to themselves in the inky black. Mostly.



CUSTOM MOVES

When you *go naked into the void* (i.e. encounter hard vacuum without the benefit of an intact vac-suit or breathing apparatus), you are taking 2-harm (ap) per tick you spend depressurized. Further, anything you attempt is *acting under fire*. This situation can be helped by:

- breathing gear, which reduces the harm to 1-harm (ap) per tick.
- a damaged vac-suit, which removes the act under fire condition.

When you *rummage through your oddments* to find something useful to your present situation, roll+sharp.

On a 10+ you have just the thing, or near enough that it'll work more or less like you need it to in a pinch.

On a 7-9 you can make it work if you have to, but it's crap. Using it this way will be *acting under fire*.

On a miss, you try to make it work and something goes horribly wrong in the process, exposing you to danger.

When you try to *read a 'Neer*, roll+weird instead of +sharp.



BRINK

SECRETS AND SCHEMES

STOP

**THE FOLLOWING IS MEANT FOR THE
MASTER OF CEREMONIES. FUCK OFF
UNLESS YOU WANT SPOILERS.**

19

SECRETS AND SCHEMES

Everyone has their secrets, the station isn't any different. Here are some ideas for threats and fronts based upon the wants and desires of various people and factions

— THREAT# 1

IS CALLED: FARSIGHT BROTHERHOOD

KIND: WARLORD

IMPULSE: PROPHET

DESCRIPTION & CAST: SCIENTISTS THAT BELIEVE THEY CAN REOPEN THE GATE THROUGH SCIENCE. PERVERTED WITH MYSTICISM. PUPPETS OF DARKER THINGS WITHIN THE GATE / PSYCHIC MAELSTROM.

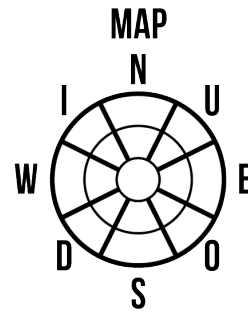
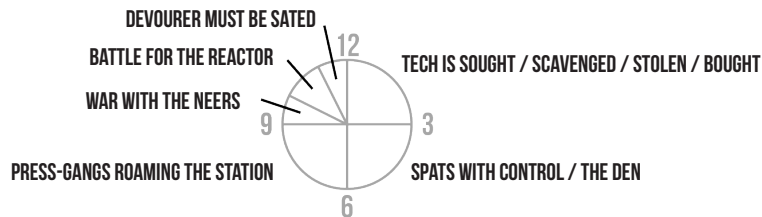
DR. OCULUS - LEADER, SEE PG. 5

STAKES: HOW WILL OCULUS CHANGE WHEN HE DISCOVERS WHAT'S IN THE GATE? DOES HE CARE?

WILL THE BROTHERHOOD FRACTURE WHEN/IF THAT INFORMATION LEAKS OUT?

HOW FAR WILL DEVOTEES GO TO INSURE THE GATE IS OPENED REGARDLESS?

COUNTDOWN:



— THREAT# 2

IS CALLED: THE FLYCATCHERS

KIND: AFFLICTION

IMPULSE: HUNT CONSUME ENSLAVE

DESCRIPTION & CAST: INTELLIGENT BUT BRUTAL. THEY WILL ALWAYS GO FOR THE THROAT AND OFFER NO MERCY. THEIR RING IS SHIT, THEY KNOW IT, AND THEY'RE ANGRY. ULTRA VIOLENT FLASH MOBS.

BREAKER BOYS - SCOUTS, TEND TO BE BETWEEN 8 AND 16 YEARS OLD. THE SHARK IN THE WATER YOU CAN'T SEE

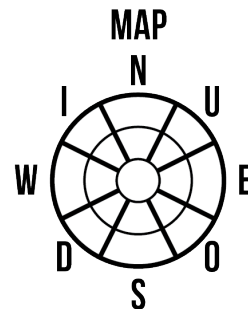
STAKES: HOW WILL OCULUS CHANGE WHEN HE DISCOVERS WHAT'S IN THE GATE? DOES HE CARE?

WILL THE BROTHERHOOD FRACTURE WHEN/IF THAT INFORMATION LEAKS OUT?

HOW FAR WILL DEVOTEES GO TO INSURE THE GATE IS OPENED REGARDLESS?

CUSTOM MOVE / COUNTDOWN:

IF A POPULATION WOULD SUFFER D-HARM (ANY), ITS PROBABLY THE FLYCATCHERS FAULT.



SECRETS AND SCHEMES CONTD

— THREAT# 3

IS CALLED: THE 'NEERS

KIND: GROTESQUE (MUTANT)

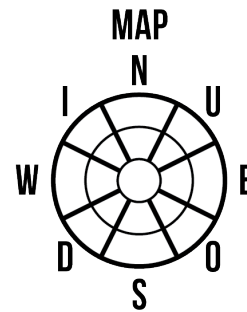
IMPULSE: CRAVES RESTITUTION, RECOMPENSE. POWER OVER ALL

DESCRIPTION & CAST: WEIRD MUTANTS THAT ESCHEW THE FLESH FOR TECH. THEY WERE HUMAN ONCE BUT NO LONGER. THEY CONTROL THE REACTOR ON THE STATION AND METE OUT WATTAGE AS THEY SEE FIT. 'NEERS RARELY TRAVEL SOLO, ALWAYS MASK THEIR FACES, SPEAK TELEPATHICALLY, AND USE STRANGE ALIEN TECH AGAINST THEIR ENEMIES. FUCKING WEIRD.

STAKES: DIAMETRICALLY OPPOSED TO THE FARs BUT NOT AS UNITED AS EVERYONE THINKS. 'NEERS LIVE IN CLANS WITHIN THE CORE. SCHISMS CAN HAPPEN. WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

CUSTOM MOVE:

'NEERS IGNORE HARD VACUUM. THIS EXTENDS TO ANY PC WHO WAS BORN INTO A CLAN, REGARDLESS OF THEIR CURRENT POLITICAL AFFILIATION



— THREAT# 4

IS CALLED: ARK 17

KIND: LANDSCAPE

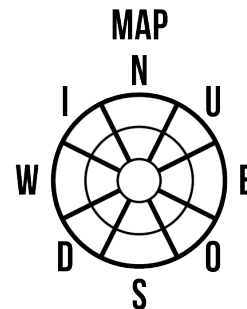
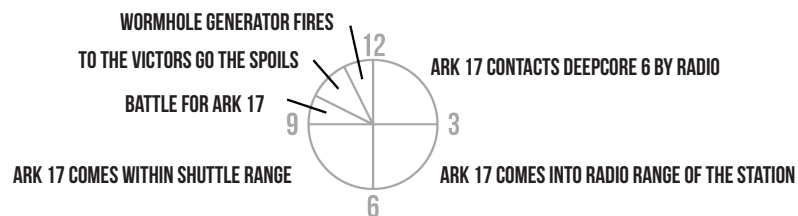
IMPULSE: SYBARITES (CONSUME RESOURCES)

DESCRIPTION & CAST: A COLONY SHIP OF 171,332 SOULS, MOST IN CYRO, WITH A SKELETON CREW. THEY HAVE BEEN IN THE BLACK FOR OVER 80 YEARS.

CAPTAIN JAMES - STALWART 3RD GENERATION CAPTAIN. EARNEST AND OPTIMISTIC.

STAKES: THEIR REACTOR WILL FAIL WITHIN A MONTH AND THEY'VE COME TO THE STATION TO REPAIR AND REFIT. EVERYONE ON STATION WILL LOSE THEIR FUCKING MINDS WHEN THEY REALIZE A SHIP FULL OF MEAT, JINGLE AND SHINIES IS HEADING RIGHT FOR THEM.

COUNTDOWN:



SECRETS AND SCHEMES CONTD

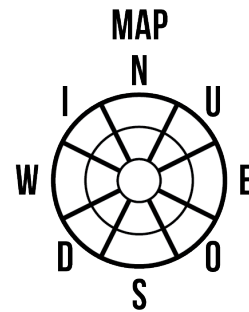
— THREAT# 5

IS CALLED: THE 'NEERS

KIND: GROTESQUE (MUTANT)

IMPULSE:

DESCRIPTION & CAST:



STAKES:

CUSTOM MOVE:

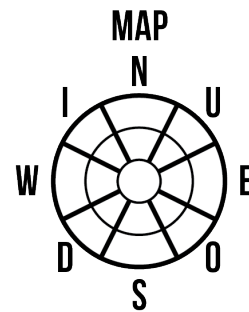
— THREAT#

IS CALLED:

KIND:

IMPULSE:

DESCRIPTION & CAST:



STAKES:

COUNTDOWN:

