

STARMAP FOR GALAXY

27B-6 "Callico Skies"

Compiled by Graypawm

A musical publication for use with interstellar travel and commerce

INTRODUCTION

Welcome to your journey into space.

This is an imagination activity to accompany the Mix Callico Skies.

WHAT YOU'LL NEED TO PLAY:

This text

A Deck of Cards

One hour and 15 Min

*The Mix "Callico Skies" by Graypaw
available on 8Tracks.com*

As you listen to the music, take queues from the text that helps get you into the groove. Imagine yourself as a drifter free to roam space in your starcruiser. It's a classic, and built with style as much as utility in mind.

Where you're going is up to you, but where you end up is going to be told by the cards, and your reactions to the stars as you go.

LAUNCH

Tracks 1-4:

"Badwater" by Speck Mountain

"Danemora Blues" by The Pack A.D.

"She Brings the Rain" by Can

"Hurricane" by MS MR

Lean back in the chair, and push your hat back on your head. Galaxies like this were made for autopilot. All these runs start slow, anyway. The stars are always familiar, reminiscent, sifted like memories.

Wait for the lowlights on the dashboard to cool, and your eyes to adjust from the photon-flash of the Gate that just chucked you five-hundred lifetimes away from the last speck of dust floating in the void. Right now it's just you and the bliss of open emptiness. Beautiful quiet, gentle stars.

Think back to those eyes you last looked into, and feel the weight of those words you left behind. Tears are their own weight, really. But what else can a drifter like you do? You can't stick around forever, that shoulda been obvious.

The stars are familiar. As well-run as any road, and just as lonesome. Just as welcoming.

As you listen to the **LAUNCH** tracks, flip to the back of this text. You'll find there your "Starlog" or just "Log" for short. This is one part journal, one part record of the journey in case you don't make it along to tell the story.

For now come up with three things: Your **Handle** - that's the name you go by while drifting through space, your **Rigtag** - that's the name of your starcruiser, and lastly a few lines about the person you just left behind. Goodbyes don't always go well for you, but don't feel bad about it. Just say how you really feel, and be painfully honest.

STEADING

Tracks 5:

"Hold Your Head Up" by *Argent*

Shake it off, Drifter. Can't spend all your yawning on what was said and undone.

Dashboard reads a lit beacon is all you're hearing. No stations out here, just tin-cans and radio hams shouting out the simplest of instructions and the least of useful worries. Punch the numbers, check the trajectories. Carry those ones.

Oh, and look at this. We got a new black hole to jump. And a Yellow Hazard warning for Reaver sightings. Well, don't this backwater run just keep looking up?

Nothing but cold space between you and the next hot-cooked meal. Better crank the heater just a bit. And check the rounds left in your Thorium revolver.

Where are you going? What's the name of the destination and who you want to see there? As you listen to this track, write these things down in your Log. Remember, your first step on this trip is to rest and re-fuel at the outpost world Callico.

BONEYARD

Tracks 6-7:

"I Can't Hear You" by *The Dead Weather*

"In Like The Rose" by *Black Rebel Motorcycle Club*

Sumbitch. Already getting clutter on the Reads. Yellow caliber indeed. Looks like whoever tore through here last was diced up and scattered to the stars. Nothin left now but dust and cinders, better close flaps on the intake, and check the filters at next dock.

Goodness. What could have sunk a ship like this?

Imagine the bone fragment remains of a ship shredded and left to drift by Reavers. No signals here, no signs of the crew. Just dead quiet and ugly remnants of a violent act that ended in silence and shards of debris.

As you see it in your mind, flip two cards. The suit will tell you what you suddenly realize about the ship. Keep one card for you last checkpoint.

Flip Two Cards and keep one...

Spades: Some kind of bulk freighter you see still drifting in a slow spin off portside visual. It's mostly done, but there a pieces large enough to give you the creeps.

Clubs: A government rig, likely built for long-term service with minimal docking. Now it's just a bunch of spilled salt amongs the black.

Hearts: Some kind of pleasure craft from the free Traders guild. Lots of chrome and glitter clogging your sensors now. Thanks, friend.

Diamonds: Another Drifter rig, no doubt. Your brother or sister on this Starmap, now walking on alone.

How does this make you feel? What do you note in your log about it?

CLASSIC

Tracks 8:

"Level" by *The Raconteurs*

Man, oh, man. This route just keeps getting better! You skipped out on that Reaver slaughterhouse with no scratches, but there ain't no rest for the wicked. Now your Dash is lit up in a rainbow of bad news.

You got about two minutes, Drifter. That trajectory was a wash. The Black Hole is a mellon-sized spot on your visuals even now, and Event Horizon is not going to be forgiving.

Good thing you bought the good fuel. Good thing this rig is built to wrestle the stars.

Prepare to break out of the pull of a Black Hole.

FULL THROTTLE

Tracks 9-11:

"Lucky Dutch" by Radio Moscow

"Inside the Atom" by Man Or Astro-Man?

"Big Sky" by The Reverend Horton Heat

Drop the clutch. Full afterburner.

Try not to focus on that thin crack slow crawling over your visuals.

This Rig'll hold. It'll hold. It'll hold. It'll Hold...

As you listen to these three songs, imagine the effects of the Black Hole on your senses and Rig as you fight against it's draw to break free.

Keep drawing cards until you have a Straight Flush of 5 cards. That's when you break free. From that straight take the highest card and keep it for your last checkpoint. Shuffle the rest back into the deck. If you don't get a straight flush before you use up the whole deck, take the 10 of Spades or Clubs out of the deck and keep that card instead.

As you flip over each new card imagine these effects from the Black Hole. The higher the card, the more intense and severe the effects.

Spades: The world drifts into solid darkness. You are aware of it, but only in some strange, fourth-dimensional depth.

Clubs: Your Rig shudders, shakes, and roars. Sensors flare like novas, and the Dash is screaming at you. Or with you.

Hearts: You see your route, almost as if the Stars intended it. You feel your heart leap with joy as your Rig pushes closer to free.

Diamonds: The world drifts into rampant, super-saturated colors. You almost feel the Black Hole screaming in rage as you tear free of it's grasp.

What was the damage to your Rig? How do you feel, after out wrestling a Black Hole?

RECEPTION

Tracks 12:

"Van Lear Rose" by Loretta Lynn

Breath.

Just Breath.

Back on course. And better yet, there's only one light on the Dash. No more warnings, no more critical engine failures. Just one reminder: Radio's back online. And a signal is coming through. Sounds like Loretta's telling stories to the airwaves again.

Take a moment to relax, and listen to this song on the radio.

NOVA

Tracks 13:

"In The Light" by Led Zeppelin

Portside visuals show mostly flickering starlight now. Starboard is partially obscured by a nebula, like an puddle of engine oil on the otherwise perfectly speckled black canvas.

Your eyes happen to be trained on nothing, but aimed at just the right patch of black when you see the nova. Some star, calling it quits, trading in their day job with a pin-prick flash that happend some long, long time ago.

Maybe good for them.

Flip to your Log and write a few more details about where you're going and why. Then flip over one card and keep it for your final checkpoint.

CROSSROADS

Tracks 14-15:

"Lady Pilot" by Neko Case

"Everything Has An End, Even Sadness"

by Kaki King

Fuel's low. Systems are all junked out from that Black Hole. Better pull over for a bit, since this next standalone station is probably going to be the last before you reach Callico.

As you listen to these three songs, imagine a drifting beacon in the black - un-manned and operated by the most minimal of A.I. No grav-sim, a smallish waiting area. Practically nothing but a vending machine.

There are notes scrawled all over the stations fuel pump and bathroom stall. Flip three cards. One will tell you about the overall feel and what it has to offer. One will tell you about the messages you see. Keep the third for your final checkpoint.

The higher the card the more memorable the Notes...

Spades: Filthy, dirty, illiterate limerics.

Clubs: Records of who has been here, mostly Handles like your own.

Hearts: Poetry. Not that bad, really.

Diamonds: A strange story about a Drifter that went deep into space looking for a heart to put in their Rig, bring it to life, and marry it.

What do the messages say? Record them in your Log if you find them memorable.

The higher the card the more overwhelming the Detail

Spades: Grimy, dirty, smelly.

Clubs: Greasy, sterile, smells like cleaning chemicals.

Hearts: Well used, but well maintained, homey.

Diamonds: Brand new. Possibly you're the first to ever stop here. It smells like coconut.

Who maintains this waypoint? How big is it? What snacks are being sold here? How do you feel, now that you're stretching your legs a bit?

DESTINATION

Tracks 16:

"If This Is Goodbye" by Mark Knopfler and Emmylou Harris

Callico is a small world, backwater and all that. But the resources are good, and the people are friendly enough. There's work, if you choose it. And play, when you need it.

The stations doesn't say much about the damages to your Rig as you dock. And the charges for resting a cruiser here are decent.

Still, can't stick for long if you're going to get where you're going. Step off for a while, stretch your legs, feel a bit of gravity on your shoulders, and then get back on your way.

Back to the stars.

FINAL CHECKPOINT

You've made it to the end of the album. Will you make it to your Destination? Take the highest card from the hand you've been holding.

Spades: There's more road to travel between you and your Destination. If your card is a Face card you'll make it, on the last few points of fuel. A numbered card or an Ace, means you end up getting towed in by a rather expensive hauler that finds you adrift along the way.

Clubs: Callico was a fine pitstop, but nothing more. You're gone after a single sunrise. If your card is a Face card you find some luck there, but nothing worth noting. A numbered card or an Ace, means you end up getting kicked out for dubious reasons.

Hearts: Turns out you had a home after all. If your card is a Face Card, Callico is where you meet your true love, and settle down on a nice green world. A numbered card or an Ace means you never drift to far from here after this, always coming home again.

Diamonds: Callico has a lot to offer, even a passer by like you. If your card is a Face card you strike it rich! A numbered card or an Ace means you rebuild and modify your Rig in very custom, very slick ways before leaving.

Thanks for listening!

STARLOG

HANDLE:

RIGTAG: