
Space Scavenger Key ((NEW))

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You can use your Space Scavenger key to open any door, crate, closet, trapdoor, chest, or coffin in the game, regardless of level and difficulty. When activated, the key drops down from the top of the screen and slowly descends. When the key reaches the bottom of the screen, it begins its orbit around the bottom-right corner of the screen. As long as the key is touching the ground, it cannot be used again. If the key reaches the bottom of the screen, the lock unlocks and the door opens. This is not unlike an Earth Space Scavenger key, but is slightly different. In addition to unlocking doors, the key can be used on any chest, trap, item, crate, or foe in the game.

This key has no upgraded versions of itself: although a few rare items can be found with it that extend its life and unlock new functions, it is merely a normal, basic key. If the key is picked up while it is away from the bottom, however, it becomes useless and will not work again until the entire screen is free of obstacles. + + + + Space Scavenger keys The Space Scavenger key can be used to open any door, box,

crate, trapdoor, chest, or coffin. It's one of the original inventory items in the game and has no upgraded versions of itself. Space Scavenger keys are useful when players are trying to carry heavy or bulky items while moving around the game. There is no cost for acquiring one and they can be re-used. They can be dropped onto a chest to open it without breaking. However, they cannot be used to open a locked chest or character by itself; they must be used in conjunction with a Pick A Key, Pick A Weapon or Pick A Trait. Space Scavenger keys can be collected throughout the game by scanning various locked doors and boxes or by passing by chests that are set up in certain areas of a level or in secret locations. Keys are usually dropped by a weapon or, rarely, the Box Thrower. To activate the key, a player must drop it down the screen a set distance, and then knock it around the screen to unlock a chest. The more the key is disturbed, the harder it becomes to hit. Once it reaches the bottom of the screen, it becomes useless and will not unlock anything for the rest of the level. If it is

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Name: Kanan Vest Hair: light brown Age: 25 In-game avatar: brown [blue] x Favorite Weapon: shotgun Favorite Character: Kanan Vest A set of downward stairs led him to a vast open space ankle deep in foul-smelling. The pinch-faced Priest snapped angrily as he cranked the key in the lock. "It's freezing in here," Kanan muttered. A floating screen popped up, and the words "To the Galactic Archives!" appeared. Lousy net-connection! "Anything you say," the Priest responded. "And fast!" Kanan snapped. "We're coming," came the voice on the other end. A red "Confirm" box appeared. "I know," Kanan said. "I'm the one who confirmed." Before he could try to put a stop to it, the box flashed green, and the screen

hummed to life. A large “Welcome!” appeared on the screen. “We’re all pleased to see you. Please take a seat in the waiting area.” “Fine!” the voice complained. The area was a long, wide, open room that contained dozens of stations and creatures of different designs. The walls were mostly empty, only crossed by plenty of hooks and rails holding all sorts of decorations and trinkets, mostly for sale. Rows of chairs faced the other way, with bars on the windows lining the room. A small counter of sorts lined one wall, but the majority of the room was unoccupied. Kanan took a seat in a padded chair, across the room from the ship. “Well?” he asked, grumpily. “It looks like you have a direct line,” the ‘we’ in the computer stated. “When we begin ‘processing’ your request, you’ll get a call back.” “Of course!” Kanan agreed. “Tough luck,” the voice on the other end said. “We’re going to have to cut off the line.”
“Sorry d0c515b9f4

He tugged the door open with a wide-eyed gaze at the little space within, and sucked in a lung full of the reeking air. A bevy of things were neatly piled, a few within easy grabbing distance, to the right of the entrance. The room itself was lined with heavy wooden shelves, and the wall to his left was a white-washed, rough wall, bordered by a wooden board covered with tiny squares cut into the wood. Lorel picked up one of the things on the shelves. “What is that?” Her voice was deep, just above a normal human speaking level. It was strangely, it caught the eyes off of her much better than it did most people. Lorel placed it back down. “Well, it looks like...” “They’re blank,” she said, taking a few seconds to get the word out. “I had them bind some paper in my journals, but most of them were blank.” Lorel sat down on the bench in the back corner. “So, this book, it’s the same thing?” “It is,” she admitted, “I would’ve seen the covers at least. I went through it, just kind of hoping that it would be one of the ones that I

knew. But it's all blank, which means it can be anything that's on the shelves." She gazed around at the small room, then looked back at the wooden board of squares. "So, are you going to start ripping open those?" Lorel smiled. "You got something better to do?" "Nothing's better than doing this," she answered, her fingers flying across the wood. Lorel nodded thoughtfully as he sat down on his feet. "So, what's out there?" She peered out into the hallway, the ceiling an inch above her head. "There's the mess hall, a few storage rooms, a few bathrooms, a laundry, a small kitchen, and a bunch of random stuff. That's pretty much it. That's not the most impressive hallway, but I find the best to be in the darkness." Lorel thought for a few moments, leaning back on his elbows. "I don't like it." "I don't much care for it either," she said, "but until we can get out of this place, we might as well make the best of

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@ ". Suffocate me," he rasped, "you can't carry me out of here that way." The first man turned slowly in his work-blasted hands. He jerked his thumb at the Marine. "What are you

waiting for, Lieutenant?" To the left in the window. "I've got her tied up in the sack." The sailors followed the veteran's stare. The flesh-and-blood woman tied to the stretcher hung in the line of flames, black hair streaming out like the tongues of serpents. A few seconds later the sheet of fire lit up her face, eyes bulging, features in shock. Then she was gone. The flames took her in an explosion of blood and bone. The old sailor's eyes closed. It must have been a genuine accident, thought Astero. He released his hold on the key and moved quietly to the entrance and watched the priest. He looked as if he might be sleeping. There was nothing else to do but circle the block. The old sailor moved towards the stairs, hugging a briefcase. The bronze key hung from his belt on a plastic tie. @ Long dead @ "Open the door!" He was watched from the kitchen window by Lieutenant Astero as the metal key worked in the lock. Behind him the steam-pipe hissed and spluttered, filling the living room with a thin mist. "This is the last time. The last time." @ Space Scavenger key @ "Yes!" he crowed. He stepped back into the hall and the steel door swung open. The smells of stale air and dust were replaced by a new one. The sweet smell of burning. He swept the room, quickly changing the layout of the furniture. But the Marine blocked the door and it would not open. This was too easy. The heat drove him back to the kitchen. He moved a chair in front of the room. Another to block the door. He took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and began to hammer at the door. The rectangle of hot metal burned through his skin. He did it over and over again. @ Long dead @ @ "I'll burn in my own fire. I'll not be burned in yours. My word on that. And you know I'll keep my word. You know that." "No!" The old sailor's fists were clenched