

The year is 2100. You're very clear about that, although you're a bit hazy about a lot of other stuff. You've just woken up – very suddenly – and you aren't sure where you are.

But looking at what's in front of your face, you do seem to be, well...

Wrapped in Cellophane.

This may be a bad way to start the day.

A story of bad decisions and fractured identities, set in the world of **Transhuman Space**. Some mature themes and disturbing imagery – or maybe just some confusion.

Running **When**: _____

Running **Where**: _____

Being Run **By**: _____



Five Places – please sign up below (characters will be assigned on arrival):

1.: _____

2.: _____

3.: _____

4.: _____

5.: _____

Reserve 1: _____

Reserve 2: _____