How to Die in Krakun Space
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Krakun Empirical Ship

Huk – Krakun - Lieutenant Civil Engineer Corps Officer in the Krakun Federation military. As the main protagonist, he is in a constant state of existential breakdown. As a pup, he witnessed a group of weak specimen slaves recycled. He made a connection with those young lives, as his life was also young. He subdues the memory for most of his life, living life like any normal Krakun and voluntarily joining the military after hi studies are complete. His father is a military krakun and his mother manages a recycling facility on Krakuntec III. With a lower tolerance violent nature than most krakun, he chooses a role in the armed forces that will likely never see combat.

Seraw – Krakun – Lieutenant Commander Unrestricted Line Officer in the Krakun Federation military. Seraw grows up alongside Huk but has a different childhood. Seraw's father served alongside Huk's father, so the natural choice is to serve in his father's footsteps. Seraw is the executive officer of the same ship the Huk is on. They went through the officer academy together and are very excited to be assigned to the same mission, though their fathers certainly rigged the billeting. Seraw is ambitious and ferocious. His goal is to do his AND Huk's father proud and he will do whatever it takes to continue bringing honor to the families.

Busilak – Krakun – Commander Unrestricted Line Officer in the Krakun Federation military. Busilak is the Commanding Officer of the ship Seraw and Huk are traveling on. He is a true Krakun captain. His goal is to carry out the mission in such a manner that would never bring discredit upon himself or the Krakun Federation. He is by the book. Busilak has ambitions to rank up in the military and he is on the cusp of promotion.

Slaves

The ship has twenty-four slaves. Not all will be named or mentioned, but they are a mix of Ringel and Geroo. The important crew members are:

Karsi – Geroo - Mother – Karsi is the oldest slave on board. She is technically there to head the cleaning crew, but each creature in service to the krakun crew turns to her for guidance. She is the unofficial leader.

Soreth - Ringel – Assistant Cook – LOVES his job. Soreth is satisfied with his lot in life and is perfectly happy cooking. He especially enjoys tasting, though is careful to make sure his transgressions never make a noticeable deficit in the larders. He is big for a ringel, but is twice as flirty as the typical ringel.

Deko - Geroo - Assistant Maintenance Officer – Deko is in his early thirties and senior to the other members of the maintenance crew. He is hopeful for his final thirty years, desperately

seeking an emotional connection with some other geroo or ringel on board. Deko has never much known how to say the right things at the right times, and is mainly just known for working hard and having a bland personality.

Rako - Ringel – Cook – Literally hates his job. He does it because it was defaulted to him. He knows recipes by heart, as that it is essential to his survival. He is younger than most on board, but is Busilak's favorite slave.

Oqoa'ho: - Maintenance Officer – Oqoa'ho is fifty years old and staring down his last decade before recycling. He is silently on edge about his fate, often worried about time and seeking ways to perform tasks more efficiently. He is grizzled and less than friendly, but does have some softer aspects when cornered.

Kendu - Hekiru- Good luck charm as a present for the last semester of the academy for Huk. He spends his time listening to Huk as the krakun speaks his thoughts. After a few years, he has a good grasp on the krakun language. He is the voice in the krakun's ear each night he goes to sleep, existing alongside him for several decades before saying a word. He operates like a secret conscious, speaking to Huk when he is nearly asleep or just waking up.

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“Huk! What in the dead gods is taking you so long?! Get your lazy ass down here,” His mother’s voice rang up from the ground level of the two-story home.

Huk rolled over, tossing his sheets violently as he squeezed his eyes shut. The krakun adolescent had been up late last night. He spent hours role-playing in a virtual environment the night before, making substantial progress with a female krakun character in his favorite fantasy area. As he lamented the shrill annoyance, he played the scene over again in his mind. The lover’s embrace between the characters made his blood pump, and she had let him play with her ears. He smoothed talked at her, using what he imagined to be flirtatious and substantial wit. It was only a matter of time before he bedded the female character of his desires. He wondered what the krakun on the other side of the screen looked like. He was certain she was beautiful.

“Huk, if I have to come up there, I am going to toss your computer into the recycler!” The voice screeched up at him again, a clear warning.

Huk opened his eyes. With a grumpy snort, he kicked the blankets off his roost. The krakun sighed, moving his legs over his bedside and rolling down to all fours. Fully grown, his rudimentary studies ended. Expectations for him to make something out of himself weighed heavy on his mind. It seemed to weigh even heavier on his parents, who grew more impatient every day.

He lifted a heavy hind leg and stomped on the floor a few times, “I’ll be right down!”

“Jeeze,” he mumbled to himself.

He knew his mother meant well. It was a bad idea to stagnate in a krakun society. He had only been out of school for a few years. Surely, he could not be expected to know exactly what he was supposed to do. He had thousands of years left of life. He could be anything, right? It seemed silly to try and figure it out now. He was only eight hundred and fifty years old.

It had been easy for his mother. She moved right into one of the largest recycling facilities on Krakuntec III. Her familial connection made her a shoo-in. His father represented a different fate. He was an up-and-coming rear admiral in the Krakun Empirical Navy. He was expected to follow in the footsteps of one of his parents. They were well positioned, and he should be too. But his mother was young. He would spend centuries working as a supervisor at her facility. He could only hope another position at a different facility might open up.

His father was a rear-admiral in the Krakun Empirical Navy. The K.E.N. consisted mainly of officers. Any krakun that joined as enlisted was basically doomed to a life of servitude. Once a krakun accepted that position, they could only ever hope to lead anup troops or slave crews under the command of other krakun. Huk had no interest in serving in the colonial expansion of the krakun empire. The young krakun satisfied himself as a writer, creating worlds. He loved imagining a universe and populating with endless possibilities.

Huk pushed his door open and made his way downstairs. The young krakun kept his eyes rolled to the top of his eye sockets as he marched downstairs. He only glanced down long enough to see his mother at the base of the stairs. Her gaze was level; expression annoyed. He narrowed his eyes at her but did not speak. She glared back, tilting her muzzle toward the breakfast table. He marched passed her and sat down on his haunches, giving a defiant sigh.

“Surely, this is not what you want,” she said, shifting a plate of breakfast cakes larger than his claws, down in front of him. “Don’t you want to be somebody, Huk? It won’t wait for you, son. You need to start making moves or the other krakun will.”

The breakfast cakes smelled good, and he drank in the wafting scent. As drool pooled in his mouth, he huffed a little, “I already *am* somebody. I don’t need validation. Other krakun might want to go out and make a billion gold, but I would rather enjoy myself a little before subjecting myself to a job I’m gonna hate.”

As Huk seized and chomped into a breakfast cake, his mother continued, “That’s all well and good, son, but our resources are limited here. It was fine for you to sit in your room and do nothing all day while you were still in your studies, but you’re grown now. You have to start acting like it.”

Huk suppressed the urge to give her a nasty look, focussing on his breakfast, “I will. Just not yet.”

His mother replied, “When?”

“Next week,” another voice chimed in.

Huk’s father was standing in the doorway, taking up every spare inch of the aperture that led to the living room. Huk flicked his eyes up at the other krakun. Huk grew to loathe that male above any other in his life. He couldn’t hide the emotion in his eyes when he met the older krakun’s gaze. His father smiled at him with a wicked glint in his eye.

“Why next week?” Huk asked slowly, in a cautious tone.

“Despite your poor academic achievements, I managed to pull some strings with Commander Mol. By next week your worthless hide will be at the Naval Academy. My only regret is that some more qualified krakun who might have made a much better officer won’t be in your seat instead,” he leaned against the wall, satisfied with himself.

Huk stopped chewing and narrowed his eyes. He rose up from the table, a bit of breakfast cake falling from his maw, “I am not NOT joining the Navy.”

Huk’s mother took a few steps back when Huk’s father took a few steps forward, “You’re not going to hang around with your tail in your snout, bringing dishonor to my name. You will serve the empire, and you will do it in such a way that I can look down from my position and possibly imagine what it would feel like to be proud of you!”

Huk's claws landed heavy as he stepped towards his father, standing at his full height, "You can't make me!"

The older male growled low, and raised his head to match his son's height, "Wanna bet?"5

Huk stood tall during his graduation ceremony at the Naval Academy.