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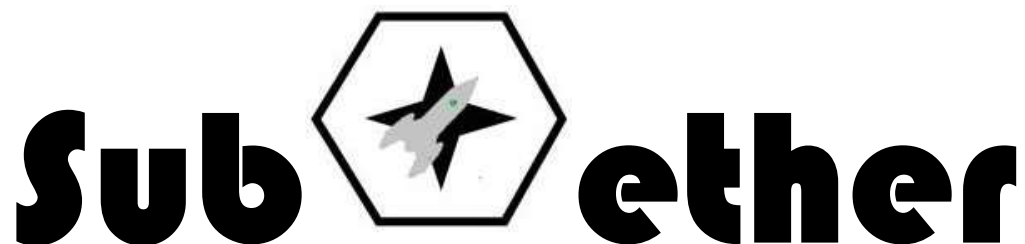
The Spice Pirates

3

Dreaming Gynoid Studio

COMPATIBLE WITH
**DCC
RPG**

Sub-ether Zero Three



03 / Zero Three

Transmissions from the space punk
underground

M.T. It would have been fun hon. Maybe we'll see each other again in the Splinters.



This product is compatible with the Dungeon Crawl Classics Role Playing Game.

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Sub-ether 03

Dreaming Gynoid studio

Writing, Editing, Layout
Art & contributors

Gwendolyn Harper
Maciej Zagorski, The Forge Studios,
Some art by J.M. Woiak and Heather Shinn of the STINKYGOBLIN
Louis Glanzman
Mac'l
Some art sourced from public domain
Some graphical elements – Gwendolyn Harper



**This double length LP Zine is part of
the Collapsing Universe**

Special Shout out to the Sirens of Spacetime: Vael, Cherry, and Sheraska, so far the only few to have survived, and escaped, these slave pits¹.

Special thanks

As usual, go out to the usual suspects Chris Dunlap, Osiris White, and Jodi Breeden, especially her, who probably suffered the most in the playtesting of this material.

And then they summoned Tamarah...

Super-duper additional thanks and appreciation going out to my patrons on Patreon, with special shout outs due to Beckett Warren, Tore' Nielsen, and PilaMode! Special thanks to Duarte Marques for endless support and inspiration! (Also, for letting me borrow the Red Room.) Thanks, ya'll! I appreciate your endless patience and support! Ya'll rock so hard.

Next issue – Grab your shell armor and your beam rifle trooper, it's time to JOIN THE IMPERIAL LEGIONS. Next issue get your Military SF on as we try very sincerely to absolutely *break* the DCC combat system.

¹ House Thetyel is offering bounty ranging from 10 to 50,000 Mtc for information leading to the identification and apprehension of these miscreants. SEEKING GUILD QUALIFIED ORGANICS HUNTERS

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Special note from the Editorbot

Thanks for your patience Imperial Subject. this transmission is about a year old. But there were reasons...

Super Special thanks to everyone on the Empress' List for helping make 2021 a Sideral to Remember

The Empress List – Imperial Patrons James Velez, Beckett Warren, Pilamod, Daniel, Tore Nielsen, Joshua Blackletter, and Duerte Pereira, Mamading Ceesay, Corey Brin, Charlie Vick, and Victor Garrison.

We couldn't have done this without you!
– Dreaming Gynoid

Wisdom from the Noosphere – Shadow Empires

Thank you so much for waiting patiently for this, the third entry in the Sub-ether series. As it has been nearly a year since the last, I feel no shame in this being a nearly double length issue (but at the same price!). The issue amounts to a micro campaign set in one of the most chaotic places in the Imperial Core.

By now I think it is reasonable to assume that Galaxy Black is in as many of your hands as can be. Inevitably the question comes...what's next?

Galaxy Black was from the outset intended as a one and done. BUT so much material was developed in its genesis that we have enough for about three more Sub-ether issues of comparable length, each exploring some ideas in more detail than would have been feasible before that book's release. Nonetheless each issue will continue to have a theme and often a sub-theme so that you can get the most bang for your book-buck with each ish.

Beyond that?

Unless someone beats me to it, it only seems natural to follow up with the rest of the Space Alphabet which would compile the seven entries from here, expanded maybe a bit, and of course rounded out. Obviously if I wind up doing more Sub-ether issues beyond seven there will be correspondingly more of those. I've got all but about four of them worked out though so in theory not much is keeping me from doing it sooner. Would love it if others in the community wanted to finish it out to make the work a bit less idiosyncratic. Shoot me an email at dreaminggynoid@gmail.com or reach out to me on twitter (@dreaminggynoid) if ye are interested.

As this goes live I am putting the final touches on the Space Girl's Guide to the Imperium; sort of a Galaxy Black companion. A bit of Douglas Adams , a lot of Abby Hoffman, and a whole lot of snark but between the lines you'd have an imperial atlas. Plus, I'm sure more adventure hooks than you'd ever need to start farming your own PCs.

But dear editor, you said something about shadow empires? Indeed, I did. The galaxy was not called the *Great Serpent Wheel* without reason by the Ancients. The shadow cast by the First Ones, the Nagah and their many successor species is long and stretches still across the known worlds of the galaxy. The very fundamentals of magic as they seem to work in this galaxy would appear to have been their work².

Within these long shadows, many things can hide.

Not the least of which are the surviving Saurids of the White Sun caste. Before they were quite thoroughly exterminated by the Third Empire, they had infiltrated some 34 Imperial Houses, and several levels of the imperial bureaucracy. This was treason of the highest order.

But not all are dead.

² Indeed, some have suggested an emulation or apparent tie to the Many Angled Ones given this 'primal creator behavior set'

Many are the stories, the serpent headed ones, that they drink blood, that they shapeshift, that they can impersonate anyone. That they know one another in any guise and work secretly to raise their fell gods that were old before imperial precursors discovered spaceflight.

All of these are true.

The White Sun, once, some 7 or more thousand years ago, sought to usurp control over the then-Empire, but also made several attempts in that time on certain of the Saurid worlds, and those neighbors that the empire had then not absorbed. They sought the creation of a complete hegemony by their kind over all other forms of life.

No, they were not slain. Many of their clans went into hiding for a civilization's age, scattered on a hundred backwater planets, waiting. On many of these worlds, they came to rule as they always had, from the shadows, a secret network of hidden empires spanning their world.

From the days of ancient Atlantis, the serpent folk have sought to extend their control over the mammals and their allies, those who would be their successors.

In the next issue

Even with the double length issue, there was still too much material! So next issue you will find the vessel of the White Sun pirates and a world in the splinters (you may have heard of it.....) on the far end of their "trading" route await you.

Take the battle to the White Sun and hunt them to their other ports of call. Join us in Sub-ether 04, featuring *Conquistadors of the Third World* and *Starships of the Beyonds* – *Wisdom's Flesh*.

Also, in *this* issue

A special Saurid section, featuring Thozmatot; The Saurid Mother - proto goddess and race memory of matriarchal psychic era of precursor species; a swollen goddess figure perched atop a throne of eggs, head swollen with tremendous psychic ability. The bitter one is our Patron of the Imperium for this release.

On the Scanner.....

Out now by the Dreaming Gynoid

Patrons of the Fairy Chaos

Judges guide to the Collapsing Universe

The Space Alphabet – V is for the Visitors

*"So you are relaxed or on your back or in someone's lap, but you are somewhere they told you was safe so you can talk about what happened. It's okay. It's going to be okay.
So, you tell us, what happened?"*

Use as Venture seeds, character backstory, or an "Add to" at character creation.

Your Visitation

1. Eyes. the eyes, those **EYES** I can't get them out of my head
2. Small, slim bodied gray skinned featureless humanoids in bodysuits, no wait, those are just the tools. Who are the ALIENS?
3. Joints shouldn't BEND THAT WAY like a bug LIKE A BUG
4. Hoses and pipes and too many eyes and it's a suit it's a suit so many hands
5. A commandingFemale? Voice. Guiding. Telling you what to do and think and feel. The details fade. She is old though. OLD.
6. Just like me, but a little taller, a lot healthier, and idealized. With long hair. Always with long hair.
7. Dripping slime...and enormous segmented slugs everywhere. OH GOD
8. Glittering white-wrapped alien angels; they radiate cold benevolence but assure you they are on the side of Light. Your clothes are bereft of all colour thereafter.
9. Blue...very female. Or maybe 'womanly' would be more appropriate considering. Regardless, you are as livestock to them. You have a purpose and that is all. You are treated as an animal. You wish so much they would not. They do not speak but seem to communicate another way.
10. Enormous swollen heads, tiny sunken eyes, and many pseudopods, wriggling in green alien soil. The foul vapour they extrude smelling of marsh stank. DON'T LET THEM TOUCH YOU
11. It took your body, leaving you here like this. Somewhere in the world right now it runs around wearing your face and among your people. Do something about that.
12. Cutting. Pain. Only voices and metal. The Doctors assure you all is well. You always wake when they cut into your eyes.

How much do you remember?

1. Almost nothing. This is bullshit. There has to be a rational explanation
2. If (God) wanted you to know, you would not have forgotten. IT is in their hands now.
3. Bits and pieces. Images mostly. Terrifying.
4. You see them in EVERYTHING. You are fearful and maybe becoming paranoid. You remember more than you want. PROTECT THE CHILDREN!
5. What aliens? Those were guys in rubber suits. THAT guy was smoking FFS. What's REALLY going on, man?
6. Comrade, I have just had one Hell of a Red Glass flashback.
7. *tentatively reaching out to the speaker* I will tell you what happened, but you will not believe me
8. They beamed images directly into your mind. Birds of fire and many disasters. You are special. *They wouldn't lie.*
9. They will return. They have always been here.
10. We are livestock.

How did you get away from them?

1. Somehow you managed to overcome their control, you stood up and simple physical aggression was enough to startle them away. Or so you tell everyone. You might be full of shit.
2. You. Don't. Know.
3. Get away? I'm still here man. How do you think I got here?
4. No one gets away from them. They can track you. Somehow you are tagged like cattle.
5. You are escaping right now. This way, quickly. Keep your head down. Tell no one you were here. Be hidden. They seek you. Watch the skies.
6. You were taken by people of your kind as part of some kind of deal with the aliens; other people, some of them young children, were offered forth in exchange for you. You *Are haunted by why.* Then the men made you sleep, and you wound up wherever you wound up. Constantly look over your shoulder for any signs of the Men in Black Coats. *They are not men; they are not men. Their flesh runs like wax and they bleed smoke and wire.*
7. There was a big fight at the alien base, and I fled into the room with all those vats of dead babies and human body parts.
8. You were aboard their craft when a violent flash of light and the reek of ozone knocked you out of the sky; you are the only survivor of the crash (that you know of) - also the authorities local to whatever backwater you landed in are DEFINITELY seeking you out as "an alien in human (or whatever) form"



What did the Visitors do to you?

1. A long and involved physical examination that was frequently humiliating and gross. Following was a bizarre picture game exchange that made very little sense to you but fired many religious and sexual images into your brain directly. You sometimes still get warm thoughts thinking about the thoughts they gave you. *You probably are not the same alignment you used to be.*
2. The pink laser is slowly tunneling its way through the perception filters to show you the world as it really is. The Solid State Conspiracy will FALL! Destroy the Beast whenever you encounter it or its servitors. FREE THE MINDS *Begin with invoke patron (VALIS) in your spell selection and take a level of patron taint.*
3. You are a crystal-magic kill-borg. At unexpected intervals you will receive a signal telling you to **KILL EM ALL** for some inscrutable alien purpose. At that time one arm becomes a jagged black crystal-laser (+6 to hit, 3d6 plus penalization), one eye becomes a **photoscopic x-ray laser** (fires beams of negative energy that drain 1d4 hp and 1d6 ability points permanently) while your chest becomes your **Heart Gun** – a ruby quartz and gold blossom that opens up doing 10d6 on everything in a 75' cone. You cannot control the firing on this primary weapon at all. Attempting to remove eyes, arms, or simucrystal heart matrix will result in weapon activation. User otherwise immune to own weapons. *Do not have sex.*
4. They put things inside you. You still don't know what they are all for. 1d6
 - a. 1d4 weapons
 - b. 1d3 biomechanical infections that mimic spells from the DCC rulebook
 - c. There is another...you inside. You avoid mirrors and reflective surfaces make you uncomfortable. You have been hypno-tranced into not thinking about them but sometimes you black out and the other one does things. For them. Sometimes many weeks go by.
 - d. For a time, you carried one of their unholy hybrid things. Shortly before deciding to do something about it you had an episode of missing time and it was gone. You have unusual scars.
 - e. You have, unbeknownst to you, a set of "trained muscle memories" that allow operation of their spacecraft, technology, and language under certain prescribed circumstances. The Judge will inform you when you encounter such as you will recognize it immediately.
 - f. Sleep. You sometimes sleep for as long as 60 or 70 hours at a time and are always tired. You can't think straight. Your dreams involve lots of repetitive numbers. It's like they are using your head for drive storage.

Who are the Visitors

1. Humanoid species recruited by the Galactic Federation to, well, spy.
2. Grey aliens; may be smaller creatures in humanoid encounter suits however
3. Hideous serpentine upright reptiles that assume your own face
4. Rubbery misshapen mutant dwarfs from deep below the earth
5. A peculiar form of madness whistling in from another dimension or realm of spacetime
6. Elohim, messengers of the gods
7. The State Military, covering their activities with screen memories
8. Faerie

Venture Seed zero – the Starport

Venture Seeds – ‘take a risk, maybe get something’ mini adventure seeds
For use with the Planetoid in Sub-ether 2’s funnel or any old place in the Imperium. This article as-written could be placed on any Imperial world.

Why Seed Zero – Because if you can’t squeeze out a pick-up game by dropping zeros off at The Starport I can’t help you.

Starports

Often the most visible sign (and sometimes the *only* sign) of the Imperium on a given world, Starports are sovereign Imperial territory, regardless of circumstance. In the Imperium, the Starport and all ancillary, related, and supporting facilities are Imperial facilities and so only imperial law applies. Depending on the Starport this could be an area that barely qualifies less than a km in size (marked landing strip, maybe a beacon) or a Starport city 60 miles across with landing facilities distributed centrally or such.

Thematically, the Starport is the area where the normal and mundane world of the zero level character ends; for a great many, just crossing the territorial boundary into the Starport is a very Joseph Campbell crossing the threshold of adventure sort of moment. As it should be. Starports are always chaotic, wild, and lawless places from the standpoints of the worlds around or underneath them.

Remember that not all worlds, even imperial worlds, even have a “down port.” Those which do are invariably just the groundside installations of the High Port. That one will need to be able to travel and traffic back and forth on official ship’s business is not unintentional, indeed, the sheer number of service fees associated with legal starship operations is enough to discourage some would be space travelers.

Down Starports take up an area greatly dispositional to those things around it. A relatively small but modern one would be 18 km across (about 30 miles) They always disrupt the world around them, save on worlds where the port is located well away from established habitations. (which is fairly typical. Only the most crowded ecumenopolis would put a Starport on a world surface.) There is always a wide swath, to some degree zoned as expendable, in a rough ring around the down port.

On any given day, any number of flights, both listed, unlisted, and off the books entirely take off, land and coordinate with both ground and aero control. To continue our example from above, a modern or modernish medium sized down port on a run of the mill garden world might be 18 km across but with a 30 (or 50) km exclusionary zone around the port, dictated by the location on world surface, environmental and tech circumstances, and the way this affects the ‘landing shadow’ of incoming ships and vessels

The Wreck Shadow

Locals will have lots of names, most of them indigenous to the port area, for the Exclusionary Zone. Commonly. Regardless of the intent of imperial or local government the EZ invariably settles into a rough ghetto of very cheap labor, most of which came from elsewhere and is now stuck here...though an equal number of locals often get trapped in the same cycle. In such places radiation and other detectors are commonly mounted in public places and many more exist hidden, kit bashed by the residents. When a ship does crash in this zone, sometimes the locals get to its hold first.

In all cases, the minimum size of a down port is dictated by the world's gravity and mass and diameter.



(no name) – called if anything, ‘the place’ by those who go there, this is a bare spot of ferrocrete, - what’s left of someone’s subbasement, deep in the heart of the local spaceport’s wreck shadow – as there is the constant drone and blast of ships lifting and streaking in for landing, both overhead, the music is impossibly loud, and the distilled beverages are criminal. No one is looking though, and no one asks questions. Every now and then a bit of engine or some radioactive debris will rain down on the party of course.

Spacetown

The area around the Starport, has many names depending on what world one occupies, but invariably it is called Startown, Imptown, or Porttown.

What you can find there

Warehouses

Long term storage

Transport services

Taverns

Hotels & Hostels

Brothels

CQE

Medical facilities

Ansible Mail Services

Entertainment

Brothels

And Gods, Gods, Gods

and always many and various trading factors, always seeking rarities and curiosities for their patrons. Also, crime. But you knew that. Regardless of the relative tranquility (or lack thereof) of a given world or habitat, space town vicinity will have its share of interesting problems and general mayhem most of the time.

CQE Customs & Quarantine Enforcement. If someone brings a cold that kills 50 million it's their fault. Absolutely zealous in their job. While most of their job is down at the High port they still take their surface job very seriously. No fun at all. Likely to smile, accept your bribe, and then search your ship anyway. You'll get a receipt.

The K bar – a rough place. Weapons aren't allowed but knives found on pat down seem not ever to be confiscated. Saurids always drink for free for some reason.

AbnorMaladies - a doc in the box chain specializing in weird space diseases; does a bang up job (pun quite intended) in treating precisely the sort of social diseases you would find at a Starport crawling with lonely aliens.

Expect long queues behind Squigs, new barnacle Moms, Spacers without local money, and one or two "utterly normal" people from whatever rock this is who decided to "take a walk on the wild side." Was just one clinic but franchises have begun to spread like, well, VD, throughout the inner core. Most blame the infection on Maleth Noir.

So, you are stuck at the Starport tables

Ships docked at the High Port -

Celedon Underway
the Ixchtl Villanova
Viridian Dawn

Oxiton Felazurvel
Empress Maeve
Heavy Goblin

Rumors

1. The signal angels have a plan. They're angels, how could they be expected to kowtow to mortal interests. It is said they are looking for something.
2. Ganymede mind worms - long ago uplifted, though popular conspiracy theories state they have always been thus and merely manipulating 60,000 years of Jovian settlers.
3. The Office of Information Control is regularly purged for heretics in the service of Lord Televisor even now. Often they are too busy recovering from these purges to oversee much of anything.
4. A sleeper ship full of Red Redemptionists from the early Second Empire just got hauled into the High Port by a free trader; weren't they dangerous or something?
5. Anarchist Prophets from the desert scrub of Naxxit, seeking passage to an (interdicted) world called Naxxim Nascilliate.
6. Don't dismiss this as some anti-mutant meme; Lord Televisor created the mutants. You know because he created the Mule.
7. (Whispers) "**Progress persists.**" Somewhere in the distance, you hear SecFor alarms scrambling a full deployment....
8. Hump the First Empire okay? Those Teragen trash really were the ultimate colonizers. Do you realize that something like 82% of the imperial population looks like them or some other form of their life? In the oceans or in atmo. They get EVERYWHERE. So insidious.
9. NEVER go FULL SQUIG! "I don't understand. This is foreign. I...what. I don't..I don't even....I don't know who I am anymore. *vomits foreign enzymes all over you* "I can't see...I can't....I can't say "C"! " *expurgates foreign "emulsive matter" all over your feet*
10. If you ever hear the sound of temple bells in the foothills of old Mars you will never be seen again. It will be as though you had been forgotten by the universe.
11. There are...things in the Sub-ether. They watch. They see what you do and how you treat the dead. When you die, you will see them at last.

The *Street of the Gods* is in every port. As many faiths, beliefs, cults, and ideas that can pack itself into the designated area do just exactly that at every port.

Starport Street of the Gods Master Table (add as desired)

10% Each such will additionally support 1d3 proscribed cults

0. The Sonic Temples of the Children of the Starchild- benevolent guiding Over being. Idea God
1. First Church of Gr*d the Pancreator
2. Izhole (roll d3 1 *Izhole* 2 *Izpub* 3 actual *Iztemple* – will have 1d4x100 staff and 1d3x1000 believers at any time in its dedicated dodecandrian garden maze surrounding the structure)
3. The Avenging Sisters of Tamarah the Red (monster mother and patron of vengeance seekers)
4. The Five Sided house of the Holy Harbingers of the Power Cosmik
5. A data point and dedicated mediation node to Frater Asimov (the Lawgiver; ancient Created Idea god)
6. The Holy Receptors of Prognosticon (machine cult)
7. A tiny rundown shrine to the Saurid Mother
8. A secret gathering chamber for those invoking Great Cthulhu
9. The Great Eye
10. The Tendrils from the Mist
11. The Cold One
12. The Mayfly Reincarnation Sunshine
13. The Six All Seeing Eyes of the Fleshcube
14. A glaze-eyed supplicant with open wounds scourges their back whispering *Give unto Paingod an offering of Pain so that the universe might grow* Maybe Paingod overlooks you this time
15. Proscribed Cult (see below) masquerading as one of the above.

Proscribed cults sub table

- Carnage (lord of ignorance)
- The Demon that Shall Come (demon godling)
- Ooomshorlneith – the hungry swimmer, the consumer in darkness (trapped primordial thing)
- Ivis Reusyl (lord of ignorance)
- K'Quoolnarithloo (demon)
- The Mule (lesser lord of ignorance)
- Ven Aries – the slaughter demon, defiler of the dozen-slain (fallen god)

“You know hero, the real reason there is a 90 meter holo with your mammalian assets floating over every city center on the planet is not because you saved the planet. It’s to keep you from noticing how quickly you could be running this joint – along with many and subtle encouragements to be happy and also please to soon LEAVE.

Are you a noble or some kind of imperial citizen?

Oh. Well, try coming back in a year and see if anyone remembers you. The official stories certainly won’t.”

Random spaceport person -

People you might find harrassable or harassing you in the Starport

1. Random imperial humanoid - run of the mill streetwalker with belter's lung; really wants to get off the planet is and is not terribly picky about how.
2. Captain Lu Albino - reticulant spacer and once grav-wrassler of some repute. His beard sags sadly in full g.
3. Dhikan Gwenet Bonesplitter - Friggian female, raised by the Death Guild on Maleth Noir. White hair left eye eyepatch, would-be space pirate.
4. Judar - A young white haired maenadic male, walking alone. In Maenad society one is expected to lean-in to their moods; however, the depths of despair that he regularly experiences has caused him to question the contempt those around him have for imperial medicine. If it truly means an end to this depression then he has come to question the absolute enmity of imperial medicine and contemplates abandoning Maenadic society if it will mean he can lead a happy life.
5. Bayrahm Veil - criminal
6. Momma Rikhani - insectivroid care-trafficker (see below)

Random Ailments you might pick up at the spaceport

1. Belter's Lung - constant exposure to low level particulates that are invasive but not actively hostile; constant low production cough, snot, impaired respiratory ability, low endurance. -1d6 hit to Sta until cured.
2. Spore itch - a common mycorrhizoid spore 3% chance of mutualist or symbiotic relationship with any vegetal life encountered/HD possessed.
3. Cloud
4. Bit Rot is an electrochemical disease spread among information sharing networks and mechanically created, in particular Mechbodies and the memories of certain Synth makes. Sufferers experience dramatically heightened information decay, as their memories and files literally seem to evaporate when exposed.

Momma Rikhani (1) **Init** +1; **Atk** bite +2 melee (1d4+1) or by weapon; **AC** 14; **HD** 4d6; **hp** 13; **MV** 30'; **Act** 1d20; **SP** Hide, Rapid metabolism, 3 spells: Invoke Patron (The Scarpering Mother), the Caul of Night, Patron Bond (the Scarpering Mother); **SV Fort**+2, **Ref** +2, **Will** +2; **AL** N.

Rapid metabolism (+ 1 to Fort saves)

Hide in swamp or jungle terrain at +4 -1 to any rolls involving visual acuity unless otherwise stated. As a corollary each receives a +1 to any perceptual tests involving scent, pheromones, insects, or scent markers.

The brown and russet robed, ant headed insectivroid matron is a card carrying disciple of the Scarpering Mother (see Sub-ether 1) and is out a-scavenging for the small gang of orphans and vent rats she has gathered about herself since arriving on rock some 500 hours ago (about three weeks). She may be (easily under the right circumstances) be motivated to aid the PCs but they will not be permitted to, under any circumstances, harm or intimidate anyone in her charge. At all.

Barnacle Warts (aka Sexually Transmitted changelings, Weed People, Pod people, Mid rim Cuckoos, and many far more disparaging names)

Life cycle -. After a certain amount of intercourse or intimacy is achieved between one of this race and anything else (compatible, which is most organic things) the body will begin producing a hormone which activates certain 'inert DNA.' At some point thereafter, the Pod's intimate will discover a small wart-like growth, perhaps half a mm across somewhere on their skin or external fibers...somewhere more or less central and probably load bearing (there have been exceptions).

The origin of their "pod people" nickname arises from their method of reproduction. So this tiny wart, if not stopped within 60 days, will begin to ... grow. The parasite will slowly absorb nutrients, water, and minerals while micro-roots insinuate the body's tissues. The pod will grow into an external womb thereafter, assuming that form in 3d30 days and swelling to full gestation 45 days thereafter.

At any point thereafter the now swollen and fully visible pod will be noticeably gestating what could be an identical copy of the alien parent...as if that being matured as a member of the host organism's species. Within d30 days the Pod will begin to swell and unless naturally occurring events breach the pod's integrity it will require removal. (It is thought that maintaining its integrity and never removing it will eventually lead to the pod detaching and dying, but this is a thing most 'parents' prefer not to do to their (however unwittingly created) children

System: it gives you an STD which grows into an invasive parasitic womb, which then grows a clone of your partner/rapist as if they were a member of your species; the children of these couplings have a quite varied appearance. Assuming the child is allowed to grow to maturity (which takes only ten years) regardless of appearance each is functionally a member of their 'father' species. The results of these pairings/invasions are, at best, tolerated in imperial space. No true home or culture of their own, these space nomads are believed to be of extragalactic origin.



Class and Control in the Empress Imperium

An Imperial Social Class Cheat sheet

Imperial Nobility

Can do anything. While this is facetiously true for most of them, the ones considered Great Houses have members, many members, for whom this is literally true. Individual members own/run multi-stellar imperial corporations, have their own private habitats with laws they themselves drew up, etc. etc.

There is a strong service ethic amongst all of the noble families, though in the present age it is probably true that it flows in the culture of the great houses only weakly.

Imperial Citizens

Can travel freely throughout the empire (can leave their world)

Can own property.

Can own firearms.

Can own slaves.

Can draw up contracts and so therefore can run businesses.

Have (some) rights under Imperial law with (some) avenues to appeal if those rights are (unlawfully) oppressed. There are many legal means of oppressing them.

Those rights include reproduction, governmental representation,

Are perhaps 1/13th of the overall imperial population, and that includes the nobility.

Imperial Subjects

Can obey the law and enjoy some manner of protection.

Are planet, asteroid, or habitat bound for most or all of their lives.

Comprise most of the Imperial population.

Examples: Shadows, Indentures, Proles, Slaves

indentures

Many are born or decanted in imperial space with indentures; most commonly these are negotiable (or re-negotiable) and are commonest among those producing life for material or profit purposes. In Imperial Space the indentured are rather like certain slaves – invisible when they want to be but fully allowed to be here (whatever place You aren't supposed to be, here) but generally unremarkable. There is no social stigma to being indentured or having been so.

“Get back in line meatbag-citizen, your protein ducats are coming.”

- Population control droid IR VX1197

Great Families – the High Nobility of the Imperium

Those are the families well represented inside Saxus.

Thetyel “the blue house”

Home – Irzibete, Planet of Black Sorcery

A blood soaked world where the darkest of sorceries from prior eons are collected and kept under the watchful but distant eyes of the Empire itself. Thousands of off-worlders go missing every year. World has a long history of outbreaks of vampirism. Location of the Black Ledger.

Emblem - the feathered dragon, poised to strike

Activities The House of Imperial Sorcery

Also subverting the power of House Sei-gen, spying on the Spice commission, lots of personal agendas.

Allegations of sorcery & pacts with demons, chaos, and all manner of fell things.

Often mistaken for a bioconservative family, nothing could be farther from the truth.

They insist on ‘natural’ reproduction within their ranks and so this hampers their prospects somewhat. Theirs is a family of Great Sorcery. Members of this house, past and present, live as Oneiromancers on Vyauau Niamh or Sage-wizards at the Imperial Science Academy.

It is thought that the family descends from those whom first deciphered Quetzal - glyphs in the late Golden Age. Their knowledge of such things as the Quetzal - civilization, it's magics, and where all of the ruins in the galaxy are located are held here second only to the empire's own data repositories (which may only consist of data gained from the family and other matters as that data syncs with classified matters). Multiple members of the family may well be on staff maintaining the black ledger on Irzibete

Only in the Empress' era has the house managed to attain Great House status.

Throughout the Third empire its existence has ranged from lesser to least house status.

By way of House Thet'chel, a lesser house they share blood with House Tekchitel. The core family are Liot Felidae originally of Rylot-Llioth where they once enjoyed Great House status during the loyal age of the Second Empire.

-Thetyel may have a ‘slight problem’ with vampirism amongst its older members.

They maintain a secret underground lab (but vast) on Canopus Rex near the south polar volcano region; maintained by themselves and house Tekchitel where they research HIGHLY secretly the history, lore, and nature of the world and it's riches. They keep this research private from even the other Great Houses

House patrons – Cillithix, Tamarah,

House gods – Leviathan, Great Cthulhu,

most notable members of this house have a patron of their own as well, some few maintain more than one.

Strongholds – Irzibete, Vyauau Niamh, Canopus Rex, Saxus, Goth,

Notable Members the Lady Bathory k'Thetyel (House leader)

Gens Many successful lines; Liot Felidae, Imperial Humanoids, many exceptions

For many more details see The Thetyel Compound, on pp XX

Tyrkinar

Home - Teranaya, the Solar Federation

Emblem – the Voxis Tyrannar (see below) ³

Activities - Military, Defense industries, Starship manufacture, military experience.

The Great House of Tyrkinar is a very conservative, bioconservative house with strong, almost indelible ties, to the military and it's defense industries

Staunchly anti-methane breather. Off the record comments suggest a willingness to partly or wholly genocide the internal Control Zones within the Empire. (Indeed, along the Trail, the trailing edge of the imperial core, the House has tremendous influence on locals' perceptions of their currently non-hostile neighbors)

The Tyrkin Coreworld Imperial Company was ratified in early 11,017 and even now seeks to subsidize coreward exploration, trade, and commerce. This is bringing them into conflict with the Imperial Coreward Development Company and into increasing competition with individual members of House Rahn, their old rivals.

Strongholds: the old imperial core

Notable Members: *Domina Ormani Tyrkinar* (head of the Tyrkinar Coreward Imperial Company, House Leader), *Lord Klystron Tyrkinar*, *Lady Sanya Tyrkinar*), *Tepasi Tyrkinar* (teenager),

Gens Imperial humanoid, *Homo Novus*. As they are a blood line of Homo Novus, it does appear often that there are only 20 of them (ten of each sex) but of course this is untrue. Elaborate tattoos, ritual scars, and items of clothing and hair selection are important especially when dealing with those outside of the family. Nonetheless there are very few of them left; a fact that the house takes great pains to keep secret as an overwhelming number of the House's primary officers (60+%) are not of the blood at all.

The sword of Imperial Power – **Voxis Tyrannar**

Alignment: Lawful (ruthless)

A creation of one of the Angels of Man, it is thought Scorprii, this two handed sword is wrought of a single slab of immense material etched with mystic sigils and crys-circuit tracery. It appears as an immense black blade, throbbing from within with purple light through these whorls upon the surface. When the blade is drawn it glows with an eerie inner radiance, rather like blacklight. Colours other than red or green or shades thereof are dulled in its sheen/glow. It may also seem esp. to mechanically created to constantly hum. The weapon chooses its champion carefully and if it does not chose you for champion it will only bring your doom

Special Purpose *Unite All under a Single Despotic rule* According to legend this is the blade that forged the Third Empire...and its appearance only foretells an age of great complexity and strife.

Known Powers & bestowed abilities

- ☒ It is a +3 weapon
- ☒ It grants the Defending quality to its designated wielder.
- ☒ The guiding intelligence is a spiritually active AI created by Scorprii to serve as the weapon's performance software; it is the weapon. The weapon is it's body. It is quite thoroughly evil and happy to pursue its goals by the bloodiest, most ruthless measure necessary or possible. It will expect it's champion to live up to these 'ideals.'

³ While a symbol of their house, Novas cannot wield this weapon. In the times the blade has been in house possession, it has had designated wielders but not proper members of the house bloodline.

Great Families of the Spice Commission

Aresh

Home: Mars, the Solar Federation

More precisely, they are the only *remaining*Mars based house – their once long rivals, the Ketha Túrjan (once greatest of the Martian geneshaper houses), now long since shattered into warring city states across the decaying face of Mars - i.e., the parts not controlled by Aresh, though they do pay a decennial tax to Aresh.

Emblem ♂

Activities *Aresh Conglomerate* the massive imperial backbone business trust controlled and owned by House Aresh. *Conglom Biotics* - in reaction to the trend of pursuing machine body style immortality in the Core, Aresh Conglom has created a series of biorobotic alternatives (Aresh Bioroids or Biots), up to and including custom chimera crafting.

Aresh is of course functionally The Imperial House and also the Martian House and is very old school. It is dominated by Aesin interests, or perhaps vice versa. The “first” house; first house to declare (without prior negotiation to boot) for the Empress when she sacked the Imperial Capital, slew the former Emperor and declared herself Empress by right of fleet control and by declaration of a return to the Glory days of the Empire. The First house probably does date to the First Empire; in the main they are however the descendants of Martian Shaper houses of the Second Imperium. Official family mythology suggests they originated as a Martian business concern that arose in the Golden Age and then moving into scientific research and space/starship construction in the early post-contact era; within a thousand years it became a premier scientific concern, responsible for a series of biological survey missions over several centuries, recovering choice life forms from throughout charted space and beyond and bringing them back for study on Mars. Also recovering alien learning and technology and making first contact, as well as a xenoarchaeology subdivision, eventually becoming enormously wealthy on the Gene Trade and Gene Splicing markets of the League of Worlds; by the time of the fall of the League, the now increasingly family owned company practically owned Mars, though having been responsible for the creation of the finest collection of private, elite genegeneers, xenogeneologists and the like in a series of arcology sealed pressure domes in the southern hemisphere on one otherwise lightly inhabited and concerned part of the planet (somewhere between creation of silicon valley and) thus seeding the modern gene-shapers which they came to dominate by the Second Empire period, from which the family can definitely be traced.

Family tendencies are infamous and well known. They are ultra-loyalists to the Imperial Throne but were ready and waiting for an opportunity to bring the Empire back to proper working order. They are a very conservative family in some respect they value reason above all things and while funding it in vast quantities of course, themselves see little serious value in fantasy and escapism. Adherence to detail and accuracy of intent are key. Generally infamous for their pessimism with regard to projected future endeavors.

Gens Imperial Humanoids, Aesin

Bok

Home the Denisovian moon

Emblem – the eyes of the ancestors

Activities Gravity drives, they *are* the Imperial Gravity Control Commission, which maintains its Sub-ether monopoly quite well; a great many in Imperial service.

Also, several elders, all quite barking mad. *“Only vistas huh?”*

They are firmly committed to the imperial status quo. Much of their outward facing presentation involves upholding ancient traditions, cementing them in the minds of some, rightly or wrongly as the ‘second empire house’ – not usually in a complimentary sense.

Ancestor Worship, or demon and elemental worship dressed up as such.

access to ancient vaults and time capsules (they have an entire corporation dedicated to time capsule, information, and tech recovery from Ancient ruins, esp. First and Second Empire ruins)

Infiltration surgeries (many other families actually contain members of house Bok)

Experimental infestations of organic organisms by cybernetic parasites (torture for fun)

Fucking with their lessers like the immortal masters of the stars, life, and death that they are.

Maintenance of house superstitions.

Bloated, wealthy, decadent, and thoroughly corrupt house. The rot in the imperial core one might say. This house has been Void Touched.

Strongholds: Through dimly related sub-species, they maintain control over the crystal trade via massive influence over both Dulcinea system and its rival. Saxus.

Notable members *First Trader Denesov Aines Myxender Bok of Old Mars*, house founder c. 36,000 Gregorian; *Lord Scientist Gog Bok* (scientist developer)

His Presence High Lord Esward Bok, the Unimpassioned. The High Lord Most- Impassive (House leader),

Lord Aldelphus Reige Bok (maintenance of house records and Keeper of Secrets)

Gens *Bok Sonne Gries* (grotesque semi humanoid saffron skinned once-hexapods, semi arachnids) Some members of house Bok are partial to total conversion cyborgs, though some effort is made by other members of the family to keep them out of the public eye. Secretly some house members are preparing to en masse assume a form of exotic “and superior” Vec-life of their own weaving (Bokkusvechnatz) .

In truth, this was a trade oriented house of the old Martian Second Empire, one that survived the civil war by betraying the other houses to the mechanics faction when they took mars. Bok was driven off mars much later during The Liberation, but they only prospered in space by then. House Bok are survivors.

Their superstitions are well known but among the most significant – they will not set foot on planets. Moons yes, space stations and starships yes. But they will not touch down on a planetary body in its own orbit around a star, even an artificial one. Some go so far as to become uncomfortable in the atmosphere or gravity well of such.

Certain clades of House Bok have been known to experience **carcinization**.

Secret Rule – the Eyes of the Gene Pool; a disturbing genetic construct made of every dead member of the family deep in the home caverns of their house moon. ‘ancestor worship’ indeed.....this **house patron** controls the house, functionally.

Tekchitel

Home: Siren system

Emblem 12-spoke Elemental Wheel

Activities – Trade, banking, colonization underwriters, technological R&D funding, Influence over the Spice Commission.

Cultural imperialism. Neo-traditionalist house, especially in the Empress era.

Will pay thoroughly vast sums for information about the Federation.

Influence: The Spice Commission & the entire Neo-traditionalist movement, most Fins, many aquatics; many Maenad captains. *12-Leviathan Tsunami* (inner core banking clan), House Tekchitel is old, crafty, devious, and supremely gifted at the Game. They have their fin-gers in most of the Great Families and beyond. Their influence is Vast.

Siren Cultural Influence stretches across many branches of neo fins and neo whales Possibly the Neo-traditionalist movement incarnate.

Strongholds Canopus system, Siren system (they practically are the Siren house) House Tekchitel dominates the Commission inside Saxus; Houses Aresh, Bok, and Dhriel also sit astride the Commission. All act without contradiction to their authority within Saxus.

Notable Members *Myra Marnimoinen* (House leader), *StratCom5* exists on the consortium as an advisory member.

Gens – Multiple Tekchitel boasts five proud bloodlines and over 100 associated families. Imperial Humanoid (Sirens), Chimera (Neo-fins/Sirens), Chimera (Neo-whales/Siren)

Secret Rule – the ‘Consortium’ is the body that secretly gives House Tekchitel and indeed most of the Siren system it’s marching orders, an elder body of Aquatics, Neo-fins, uplifted intelligences, and the like. Ruthless in protecting “their” (meaning all Fins, all aquatics, and all things Siren) interests.

Siren Neo-Traditionalism

A recurrent culture meme in the deep core, especially in the native aquatic worlds and – most especially = throughout the Siren system. It has its roots in a reconstructed belief system – itself a very strong culture movement in the nascent aquatics at the end of the Golden Age.

It still casts long shadows over the whole of the Siren system and (especially) the ‘Galactics’ those fins who have long since taken to the stars in great spacer vessels. Such ships are among the most distant known from imperial space to still be operational. Indeed, it is thought that the first spacers were Neo-fins and other aquatics (presumably including the common ancestry to the maenads and the Ketraxians) and that the other tribes followed their initial ‘exodus pathways’ away from the dying civilization.

12-Leviathan Tsunami

A fin exclusive banking clan with over 66,000 strong and wealthy members. A notoriously finnick and knowingly influential group of inner core investors. They happily exchange transactions (at only the most modest of fees) for all allied members of the Neo-traditionalist movement. Even middle ‘management’ of this clan is openly racist to non-Fins (generally this does not extend to Whales and other Neo-Fin varieties,

but some extremists do exist), and the clan is politically opposed to the activities of non-aquatics on general principle. They do not take illegal action or break the law in this matter, ever, and so are allowed to continue existing. That they can afford the best software hacks to circumvent info tracking even in the denser parts of the inner core is not at all beside the point though they will tell you otherwise.

It is thought they had some influence over the small group that is believed to have approached the GalFed as ‘fellow aquatics.’

Presumably the telepaths can tell what the Fins are all about. Presumably.



Dhiel – “house of the carbon sun”

Home – Coeur Dhielphus

Activities World/geoengineering; also work in large scale megastructure and strange matter engineering; descend from early breakthroughs in what would nowadays be considered basic terraforming.

Earns vast wealth by their seat on the Spice Commission alongside houses Bok and Aresh. Power creation; one of the Empire’s Gravity Drive fabricators Microstar synthesis.

Influence: Have an **earth cult** they manage on the side on primitive worlds of their own design. The elder Borgs of House Dhiel maintain many proxies in the lesser machine houses.

Notable Members: Lord “Drae” Adreyus of Delphus, elder of house Dhiel.

Great Auntie – an ancient Baba Yaga-like figure within the family mythology. An ambulatory shriveled embryo-like mummy surrounded by red semi-gaseous solution swirling around it,

inside a great egg. This egg is attached to an external chassis-frame a ring surrounds the egg, attached to four mechanical, spider-like legs and so walks thusly. The chassis responds to the occupant’s brain waves. The being within the egg is quite ancient, having been at least with the family for many thousands of years.

Gens Imperial Humanoid (Dhielphic) - the humanoids of Coeur Dhielphus though many of the elder ranks of the family are near to total conversion cyborgs.

Ketha - Houses of the Nobility Format Sheet

House

Leader:

Home:

Emblem

Activities

Notable Members

Traditions

House Gods

House Patrons

Taboos

Rituals

Life & death rituals

Marking time rituals

Folklore

Mysteries

Living Arrangements

Communal

Nuclear

Community

Urban

Village

Country

Sibling customs

No concept

Dominant Clades

Holdings

(Corporate)

(Worlds)

The Way of All flesh – zeros of the Bazaar

WELCOME! To the Bazaar of Flesh – *Abductees, Hitchhikers, Hostages, Servants, Slaves, and others cast into the stars by the fortune and cruelty of others*
New Characters; roll 1d8, 1d4, and 1d8 each.

This character creation sequence supplements the usual sequence in Galaxy Black. As in Sub-ether 01 and 02, view these as custom zeros specifically appropriate for this issue's adventure and campaign setting.

Characters created using Sub-ether 01, 02, 03 or Colony Black the annual would work just fine as well. It's a big galaxy, go ahead and bring in your alt DCC characters, your MCC party that went through that Machine Portal, your Crawljammer PCs after tumbling through a metacosmic vortex. This sky is no longer the limit.

Where did you get them?

A few new zero level Origins

1. Abducted and altered
2. Datalife from Info-world
3. Indentures
4. Nobility
5. OG Terran
6. Petty Nobility
7. Shadow
8. Slave

Abducted and altered - They took you. Dragged you from your home and hauled you across space for their own purposes; along the way they...changed you. Rebuilt you. You may recall none of this or you may recall the procedure(s) in excruciating, traumatic detail. Either way, you have been Changed.

Kit: You have little, whatever they left you with really. Plus, whatever ticking time bombs exist within you.

Details: Several rolls on the Visitation table await you (see Space Alphabet this ish pp 4-6).

Datalife from Infoworld - You originate in a wholly artificial and “unreal” (non-physical) environment; a simulated data environment, persistent world, or other datalife hosting platform. The nature of such a realm is quite limitless; for our purposes here the most important attributes are how similar the world is to the outside ‘real world’ in gross attributes.

Details: see *Bottle universes & Sim worlds* on pp 130

Kit: you are so unused to the Outside that regardless of frame, you step your initial HD a stage down at chargen. Yes you might have d2 or d3 for HD.

Indentured worker – you are an indentured imperial subject with 5d10 (minus your luck score) months remaining on your present contract; either you are contracted to work in the lower plateau region, or you are here today on an errand for your employer. Your Profession result will inform what it is you are contracted to do or whom you are contracted to. **either you**

1. Were sent down here today to acquire 1d5 slaves from the market for your boss. You have been chipped with an additional 1d5x400 miliTrans that your boss will be able to track.
2. Are part of a secret underground dedicated to freeing slaves and destroying the institution. You are ostensibly on an errand for your employer but are looking to (roll 1d3)
 - a. Plant the small explosive device you have on your person
 - b. Create a distraction when such an explosion occurs
 - c. Buy as many slaves as possible and free them (chipped with an additional 2k starting money to achieve this lofty goal)
3. Are here to visit a relative, friend, or rival who has been enslaved. Maybe you have a care package you want to slip them, or just want to spit in someone's face.

Nobility – You are a member of a known and established imperial family and associated geneline; or you are a member of one of the families beholden to or an actual member of one of the Houses of the Empire. Either way, you are an accredited/ a biometrics confirmed member of a known and established imperial family, though identifiable as adopted, oath sworn, or a member of the noble germline. Despite being from one of the “clades that matter, you are young and perhaps not particularly well thought of as you have very little command of family money or influence.

OG Terran - Maybe you are time displaced, or from a parallel universe, or maybe you were just an unscheduled birth at the Imperial Science Academy. Either way you hail from the home of the Teragen contagion.

By default, your Being is Organic Humanoid (Myricor type). You speak two extinct or unknown Prehistoric Terran languages.

Kit: You have little else but what you had on your person, and so nothing of value.

Detail: You are lost and alone amid all these strange beings and alien languages

Petty Nobility - you are here for the slave auction of course. Status! Secretly you fear if your status consciousness will attract the imperial thought police. Perhaps if you weren't such an ardent coward you might have struck out for a border planet or beyond; save also that ambition is not your bag. STATUS is your bag. Don't be late.

Shadow - There are always those who must scavenge and hustle for themselves; you are no different.

A wealthy retired spacer seeks a crew to run a shipment of boost spice out system. The slave market is a good place for the wealthy to mix with the unwashed. Hence your meeting your contact here.

Slave - As though you have a choice. (d4 Prospective gladiator, Retainer-House servant, Retainer-Personal servant, Retainer-Herald/messenger)

What do you Have?

A few (4) new Zero level Being results.

1. Noble Germline
2. (Organic Humanoid) Ketraxian
3. Saurid Hitchhiker
4. Slave Clade

Noble Germline - You are a member of a known and established imperial family and associated gene line; you are a member of one of the families beholden to or an actual member of one of the Houses of the Empire. You have no genetic or systemic defects save where otherwise stated and are in robust health. Somewhere in a secure vault, the rich loam of your genetic material awaits mixture by the finest geneticists of the shaper houses, as does (likely) sufficient genetic material to grow replacements of you if your family tires of your shenanigans. (They probably have ways to make brain tapes of you when you visit you know.)

If Galaxy Black is available to you, you may select any of the Great Houses, or from the Petty and Least houses list – this includes the Martian Shaper houses as well as the Navigator houses. If you are of navigator stock roll once on the Navigator stock table. Consult base genome commonalities for your house. D16

1-3 Shaper house

4-8 Least House

9-13 Petty House

14- 16 Great house

Roll a d14; on 1-4 you belong to a Navigator house.

(Organic Humanoid) Ketraxian – One of the dominant ethnoclades of the present era, the humanoids of the Ketraxis star group (5 stars and approx. 43 permanently settled worlds, moons, and permanent habitats) are represented on nearly every Imperial world. The Ketraxis were an extremely wealthy group of worlds at the dawn of the Empress Imperium, and the course of that Empire has only made it more so. Found on a million worlds in administrative, leadership, and other high level capacities.

Appearance – orange to yellow skinned biped with hair of red-pink (sometimes white or vanilla) hue, eyes reminiscent of a cat or a serpent; eyes of purple, blue, azure, or indigo persuasion. Hair has noted silken quality.

Near baseline – Ketraxians are high density pheromone emitters with an excellent sense of smell. Very high UV tolerance (Ketraxians could go about on Teranaya in theory save for the cold) Most (73%) and all from the actual Ketraxis, possess 20' ultravision, which increases to 60' at first level.

Saurid hitchhiker - Beyond Imperial space in the remaining free Saurid states, space travel is freely available. The general interpretation of the Way allows any Saurid to functionally board a vessel leaving home and travel to another destination. There are many culture laws about this of course but at some point before or after crossing into imperial space you boarded the *wrong ship*.

Many of these Saurids of the present generation are young and impressionable and quite surprised when they cross into imperial space.

Kit: Prayer beads or shell-rings from home, some or all of the Waha Sajani tattooed or branded onto your flesh somewhere visible.

Slave Clade

You are sadly of a kind that is regularly trafficked within imperial borders. While it is not legal within the Imperium to enslave even a significant fraction of a single population⁴, there are nonetheless enough of your kind “in the system” to call the accuracy of this data into question. Roll 1d6 to determine specific clade

1. Bielcatha
2. Halagian
3. Kellen
4. Niar
5. Silthyx
6. Zixxanar

Kit – worn clothes for the task set by their owner, marked as slave, little else

Slave Clades - “Type of slave” sub table

Bielcatha - are they part demon? Some kind of Sub-ether siren-beast? These humanoids hail from all over but all bear the marks indicating that their ancestors, one or more, somewhen was a slave in bondage to hell....and hell recognizes the validity of that ‘claim’ in you. These marks may be long lost high planar glyphs or actual devil traits as befits those the most ancient of Teragen called the “devil eaten.”

Gens: Organic Humanoid

Appearance: Skin ranges from blue (sometimes a blueish purple) to pale white, sometimes red or black. Hair often of a metallic or fiery quality or nature. Sharp features.

Halagians – descendants of a single Friggian mutant long adapted to the hot, desiccated Galilee class moon that now bears his name (**Halagh**). An infamous figure, Halagh was a slave in the late Second Empire with a dermatological condition, he and his descendants alone were able to easily survive (and thrive) within the intense heat and conditions of this world. From this narrow bottleneck, all possesses brown, yellow, or black eyes.

Gens: Organic Humanoid (Friggian)

Appearance: His descendants thusly are hairless; though the reality is that they are born (though threaded; they are their own clade at this point) resembling middle clade Friggians but the environmental conditions and tens of thousands of years of selection mean the outer skin and it’s hair has peeled away by age six. Every so often a throwback is born without the Halan mutation (or rather, without it activated) they are miserable and are often sent off world or modified to prevent their early deaths in childhood on this inhospitable world, known for its hellscape images of cracked & dried mudflats; A moon orbiting a gas giant in a system with an expanding orange giant.

⁴ While the Empress’ reforms eliminated chattel slavery, that was 820 years ago. Today the institution has crept back while – on paper – having no real (official) existence. The Wheel is an Iron.

Kellen - believed dumb, though many have taken vows of silence. “Pouty Kellens” - they seem to be from a common culture of technological rejection, “simplicity” or some similar sort of anti tech backwater, likely they are all adolescents on some kind of walkabout (true) - though likely their elders are aware that sending their young out in some manner amounts to sex slavery; common spacers do not know their homeworld or even what region of space they hail from, perhaps it is a vast hollowed out generation ship of some kind or some other, less identifiable habitat?

Gens: Organic Humanoid

Appearance: Silver skinned, straight metallic hair

Niar - the ten legged crystal “women;” Commonly telepaths, many are innately empathic (d16 innate ability). Primarily known for their delicacy, a trait that does not work in their favor.

Gens: Mineral Life (living crystal)

Appearance: A tree-like analog of semi living crystal, their torso and upper limbs greatly resembling the torso / chest of a breasted humanoid's upper torso and arms. Their frighteningly mammalian analog heart and circulatory system, fully visible in the slowly shifting crystal shapes of their bodies, oddly emphasize this resemblance.

AC 8 HD 1d2 SA: slain immediately with any critical hit (shattered)

Silthyx - the long snouted semi-insectivoid “pale ladies”

Their mouth manipulators are their primary forms of manipulation, essentially four hands growing out of their otherwise terrifying bug mouth inside the snout. The females sculpt and make art in their native environment, swampy mud pits on a moon with tremendous tidal forces from/in conjunction with a similarly massed moon/world body. Mouth inflicts 1d8+str / round on anything in it if desired. Similarly, their mouth apparatus allows them to make all manner of sounds and so they are (unknown to many) capable of speaking most imperial languages.

Gens Alien near Humanoid analog

Appearance semi humanoids with four eyes, a pair each on each side of their head, they have long, bendy snout/ soft beaks instead of visible nose or mouth, and their smooth white pale bodies make them look essentially like fetishware enthusiasts. Sees fully in the UV

AC 12 HD 1d4

(Zixx) Zixxanar – golden skinned innate telepaths descended from Teragen mutants; They were hunted throughout the Second Empire; a related species that is believed to have been that which they descended immediately from was likely wiped out during one of the Second Empire's worst Mutant Purges.

Gens Organic Humanoids

Appearance Two - four tentacular phalanges in place of teeth or a mouth proper. They do not speak verbally. (Some can form crude words, esp. with tech aid but most do not see the point)

o level Add 2 to INT and STA immediately, possess Telepathy at d16 starting, which works at a d20 with members of their own species.

What are they good for?

- a few new zero level Professions 1d10

1. **Anachronisms**
2. **Apprentice**
3. **Bladerunner**
4. **(Ether Orthodox) Sin Eater**
5. **Guild Apprentice or Journeyman Tradesbeing**
6. **Guild Tradesbeing (Skilled & Highly trained)**
7. **Licensed learning based Professional**
8. **Moonbound**
9. **Navigator foci point**
10. **Undercover member of the Spice Commission**
11. **Zero Sensie Starlet**

Anachronism - take any core race from DCC, MCC or the charged section of Sub-ether 0,0 and import it from the far reaches of time and space, likely a time in the most ancient prehistory of days before spaceflight.

Regardless of whatever bizarre circumstances brought you to this time and place (and they ARE bizarre) you have only recently arrived and know just enough to learn more. While the classical examples tend to be Teragen humans from the last few centuries before spaceflight, yours need not be. Your Yellow sun Saurid can be from lost Lemuria, your insectivroid actually from Old Mars.

This is -also- your blank check to use any zero from any DCC supplement anywhere. Was there a cursed scroll? Did you hitch a lift? Were you taken by strange aliens? Training and Equipage originate from their source material or have been lost.

Apprentice - You are a rarity a *successful* petitioner to the Imperial Electric Congress, or some other recognized body of magical study.

Training a single paltry spell that you can cast once a day (1d14) but shouldn't.

Kit: obvious mark of order (visible head or visual implant for the IEC), 1d12 markings, sigils, glyphs, and wards on your clothes, person, or body, small weapon for self-defense. List of tasks for your betters. Unwritten list of shopping items for mentor.

Bladerunner⁵ - The moral flip side of an organ legger; these smuggler surgeons provide free (or sometimes only "available") medical care, or sometimes more often merely the medical equipment and technology...and not always for free. Regardless of your relative medical experience, you are familiar with getting around and getting about with things that you aren't supposed to have and getting away with it. Your services are in demand equally in habitats without medical care at all (or without affordable care) as well as worlds where the price for that care is too high or objectionable, either way your

⁵ The name comes from the novel the *Bladerunners* by Alan Nourse; it's where Ridley got the title, though Alan stole it from William S. Burroughs. Justice is theft my son.

services are needed and, somehow, compensated for. Medical care is for those who can afford it on Saxus, so the unwashed masses have blade runners.

Training Actual doctor, Cybernetic interfaces, Meatball surgery, Pharmacological, any medical specialty.

Kit 1d5 doses of Speedheal-2, airhypo, clothing with many false pockets, fake transit papers,

Ether Orthodox Sin Eater – likely raised in the Imperial church, you serve it and your neighborhood by seeing the needs of the deceased and the bereaved, you are a valuable service to your community and symbol of your church, carry both with pride.

Training devout layperson, incense juve, petitioner to mission, petitioner to priesthood, zealous cultie

Kit – ritual knife, melee weapon of self-defense, holy symbol, church tattoos, vial of sacred oil or holy water, street clothes, ritual garb, 1d4 minor, mundane obligations you MUST meet before you die, or you will have failed a soul

Guild Apprentice or Journeyman Tradesbeing Professions 1d4

1. Atmo Farmer (1. Water Vapor 2. Oxygen 3. Hydrocarbons)
2. Bio-Maintenance Engineer (Recycling & Reclamation)
3. Prospector (1. Ore 2. Salvage 3. Radioactives 4. Antimatter 5 G-well miner
exo-atmo)
4. High/Low Pressure worker

Kit: apprenticeship medallion or other identifier, one set clothes for the scut work you're used to

Guild Tradesbeing - Skilled & Highly Trained Professions

Training d5 Arts and artifacts appraiser, biomedical Scientist, interface vessel pilot, Nano and Pico scale Chemical Designer, Software Programmer

Kit Tool harness & tools relevant to your profession; guild bond tattoo or brand somewhere visible to members of your trade.

Licensed learning based Professional You have a partial or whole academic background. Moreover, on Saxus, you have the accreditation to back it up.

Degree 1d5: Complex Systems Analyst, Linguist, Robopsychiatrist, Student, Xenoarcheologist,

Kit: Credentials, opportunities for easy but boring employment, 1 set of clothes or other garment appropriate to the practice of your profession or degree. +1 additional language, or more than one additional if Int<15

Moonbound – your fate to this point has been trapped within one of Saxus' small moons Roll or choose

1-4 Until today you were a slave or working an indenture within Saxus Sexus a 10 km wide hollowed out asteroid habitat; the "brothel moon." You are broken or indifferent to the abuses you have suffered. However, you functionally speak all languages having long ago been exposed to nearly every strain of translator microbe in the Imperium.

5-6 *The warden needed the space and you stopped earning long ago, so you, a former inmate on the prison asteroid of Saxus Devisus were sold into lifelong slavery and arrived at the market this morning. Right now, even the harsh light of the artificial sun looks good to you.*

Navigator foci point - You are a junior member of one of the Navigator families. You have not yet been accepted for formal inception. Nevertheless, you are family, and you are expected to pull your weight – especially at your age. An intersection of forces will occur today at the marketplace, and they want someone in the flesh to observe and if need be investigate. That is literally all they’ve told you. Maybe you’re supposed to just spontaneously figure out the sight and go from there?

Kit: family that you are constantly doing things for, augmented biomarkers, imperial citizenship (nobility), access to family accounts until you get cut off.

Undercover operative of the Spice Commission - You are in deep dreggu friend. You are so embedded that you can’t recall where you are from or even what your real name is. You only remember in a vague way that you are an undercover member of the Spice Commission on a long form assignment to investigate corruption as it pertains to the slave markets of Saxus II. You can probably manage to have your mind read though not probed extensively but an encephalocardiogram will almost certainly reveal your suppressed personality. So long as you can avoid a detailed or invasive medical scan you should be okay right? **Don’t let anyone find out who you are.**

Training d4 chem analysis, blackmailed into Narc’ing, deep cover specialist, gifted liar

Kit Almost any face you can describe, it’s not the one you started with.

Note: work with the Judge on this one; you are in a VERY precarious position.

Zero Sensie Starlet- There are those among Saxus’ poor who seek to turn things like their lack of privacy to their own advantage. You are one of these people; you are among the impoverished masses of Saxus; however, your SocMetrics indicate that you have neuro-ether proclivities “toward leading an interesting life” – in exchange for basic welfare and possibly more, you are chipped, and a feed exists to observe and – for some – experience your exploits. Possibly out of need, greed, or to get out of other trouble you get into trouble of various kinds in the hopes that your subscribers (bored nobles for the most part) get off on them. Sometimes they will throw things in your path, sometimes they will sponsor stars they particularly like. It is a very complicated life⁶.

Training if you had occupational training, you wouldn’t have needed to do this.

Choose 1d3 (at least) proclivities that you possess (or can stand to pretend to possess) that help “get you into trouble.” Also see page

Kit nicer clothes than you could possibly ever afford, any single illegal weapon, skinplant credit chip allowing a waiver of purchases up to 500 miliTrans a day.

However, you can probably *charge* almost anything as long as it keeps your “ratings up.” The life of an Ultrareality star is short, bitter, shiny & frequently explosive so get to it.

.

⁶ Would you voluntarily star in a version of the Truman show where they bet on you?

"The constant late afternoon sun, orange tending to red, and a constant heat shimmer in every direction but straight down at your own feet. Surely this world-shell will be gobbled up, and swallowed whole into hell some final day.

The moment you stop and look around you are reminded by all of the things that this is a wholly artificial and manufactured habitat. That it is old. And that it is breaking down.

At least it's bound for a different underworld than Maleth was. Noir was certain for a far more chthonic afterlife than this heated shell frame. I wonder do all of the worlds have a hell, afterlife, or judgement that they are inexorably sliding into? What then would I find if I came home? What fell plane of judgement awaits those who didn't make it out?

I wonder."

-Ezhora, day 23 of lockdown



Worlds of the Imperium – Saxus (Canopus II-32)

Welcome to the **Canopan Excision**. Home to Canopus Rex and Saxus, the 32nd moon of the immense orange and scarlet gas giant **Canopus II**

Saxus the hollow moon is one of the great nexuses where the many and varied unwashed masses of the Imperium mix freely.

Known somewhat disparagingly as the Flesh Moon, it is a vital center for the slave trade as well as the home of the Imperial Spice Commission.

The interior is lit by an Ares commissioned type IIe Artificial Sun, a remnant from a time where the moon was a vast commissioned estate of a powerful Second Empire official. It's estimated fuel and service life extends for another 6,000 years. Presently, Imperial Planning inside Luna plans to scuttle the Saxus lunar settlement at that time in a phased 900 year process. And so aside from those who remain for tradition or in the service of house or industry, everyone else here hustles, just a cut above the flesh markets they work around, trapped here just trying to survive like everyone else. There is no functional upward mobility here for any but the very few, so the rate of criminalization is high.

The sun regularly fluoresces into the infrared due its age; those with thermographic or infravision will find that outdoors during the perpetual 'day' it seems to have that kind of perpetual solar glare that the ancients knew in mythical Lost Angeles.

What about the other planet? The one everyone's heard of? **Canopus Rex** – *the black desert*, the world of ash and thousands of dragon bones. Immense, twin polar volcanoes maintain a consistently hellish environment. The site of a believed mass extinction of various species (classed as Dracoforms by the ISA) some 40.000 years ago.

A Voyager's guide to Interior Saxus - *I hope you are ready to hustle outworlder*

1. Be careful; but eat the food

Especially in the imperial core the following is fairly common infecting up to 43% of the population

Microbiome (gut bacteria) Unity microbes

Unity microbes incline you to spicy food, lactose intolerance, 'enhanced chemical addition,' and function as native translator microbes for core imperial life, including all "mongrel" humanoids native to the core (for whom 97% of which are carriers of this gut bacteria in whom it seems to have developed in the first place)

2. Metrics are everywhere

Your lack of on-file or scannable bio/psi metrics marks you as an outsider every time you walk through a door, down the street, or linger near a Public Ear or Eye. The Saxus Information Control Commission (SICC) runs the world surveillance net but is chronically understaffed and liquidates it's lower ranking assets with annoying regularity. Many feeds are un-observed or not recording at all.

Each time you outsiders do walk through a door though a profile slowly accumulates. The SICC can follow the trail like breadcrumbs and the characters will (initially) never know.

3. Bodies are everywhere

Something about this place creates an air of cheapness and opportunity everywhere, locals will freely if opportunistically prostitute themselves if it suits them when the mood strikes. No one thinks much of the slavery practice. Bodies are. Life is cheap. Money is. Flesh

Canopus System

The system seems to have been the site of some incredible destructive violence and power some 40,000 years ago.

Canopus I – **Canopus Rex** – *the black desert*, the world of ash and hundreds of thousands of dragon bones. Immense, twin polar volcanoes maintain a consistently hellish environment. The site of a believed mass extinction of various species (classed as Dracoforms by the ISA) some 40,000 years ago.

Canopus Rex (Canopus I/prime)

Local Day- 21,661 seconds (6 hours, 1 minute, 1 second)

Orbital period – 116 standard days

Note – Canopus Rex's hellish environment is somewhat due to the proximity to Canopus itself. The world is in a decaying, though predictable/stable, orbit, slowly falling into its parent star.

Despite environmental conditions, much of the world, most especially in the southern hemisphere are covered in vast fields of bones. Canopus Rex is believed to be the site of a mass extinction event for life forms coded: Genus Draco by the Imperial Science Academy.

The Air reeks of a charnel house, and the ashfall at times is so thick that respirators must be worn even indoors. Survival on the world's surface without a dedicated Environment suit is not possible for most organic forms. Twin polar caldera maintain a constant environment where the winds carry tonnes of ash for thousands of kilometers.

The black desert is a death world; the intact remains of thousands of extinct megafauna, mountains of shifting ash and rains of volcanic glass make traversing the surface a nightmare. Then, factor in the Ash-storms that can roll in at speeds up to 400 km/minute, bringing static lightning, rains of hot ash and the chance to be buried alive with each stormfront. The whole place smells like a pit of burning bodies. Most that are not superstitious find themselves speaking of hell and the inferno after even a short, supervised visit.

Access to the world is completely controlled by the Spice Control Commission. On planet, the noble houses of the Commission **are** the Imperium and **are** the law.

A little known and quite controlled fact -the boosterspice of Canopus is derived directly from the remains of the Dracoforms above. Each 'skeleton' weighs tons and when properly processed can l(and does) become millions of Imperial Transactions.

Canopus II – the gas giant

An immense dull orange world shot through with scarlet and hints of pink clouds underneath.

While access to Canopus I is HIGHLY restricted (the Spice Commission has access to Naval elements to ensure this⁷), this Jovian system is the nexus of out-system traffic.

The outermost moon, Saxus, is artificial. It was largely constructed out of the Canopus belt, the remains of a believed shattered world that occupied most of the third orbital track in-system when the Second Empire first claimed this system. (See below)

The third orbital track of Canopus *was once occupied by the Old Canopus Belt*. When the explorers of the early Second Empire came to the Canopus system, scientists theorized that the belt was the remains of a world that had been shattered in some tremendous catastrophe several thousand years before.

Today the belt no longer exists; 98% of it was consumed during the Second Empire to construct Saxus itself.

“A sumptuous orange and scarlet ardor, a hungry beauty, hidden.”

– a poet's description of Canopus II

⁷ Indeed, an Imperial Homeguard Patrol and Coordination Starbase exists on the far side of the system, in the same orbital track as Saxus II but on the opposite side of Canopus itself.

Other locations in the Flesh moon (d6)

1	Lethe and Kazhar ltd Imperial Body Banks maintain a full service facility underneath the moon's southern polar region. It is a sprawling micro-city of a complex, and a garrison of imperial soldiers are regularly stationed to ensure order and protect the many bodies that are held for imperial officials and investors. A steady traffic of nobles, dead-sleeves, and neural parasites always.
2	Outer Moon Lunar Traffic Control -The star port occupies the surface and well beneath the north polar region; of note is a vast elevator system (the 'inner beanstalk') that allows rapid transit to specific economic regions within the moon.
3	Del and Balkazar Droid Factors - A vast (64 acre) apparent junk pile that is actually a vast semi-automated 'droid factory.' An ancient installation (the oldest foundational tech is Second Empire peak) Unlisted machine-life comes and goes from this place all the time. It is also likely a center of illicit commerce. Beware the randomly activated production sequences and the rivers of molten steels, alloys, and plastics. The 'estate' is located on the world's exterior, in the equatorial region.
4	The white kilospire - an old Navigator beacon from the early Ansible era; this is now used (unofficially but frequently) as a stop over and meeting point for those engaged in the Canopan Spice trade. Especially those who also deal in illicit matters. A small ship dock exists for interface craft or (small read: Grav assisted) ships. Good place for a neutral meeting ground....or an ambush. The lift to the world surface has not worked in 452 years; there is a secret transmat relay to the suites in the upper spire near a faded memorial 55 km south of the spire. Outer moon, equatorial region (opposite side from 3. Above)
5	Quiggoth Caverns – A vast and labyrinthine stretch of tunnels inhabited by a large species of rock slug, descended from those used to tunnel out the rock in the first place. Nobles come down here in parties to bag the biggest slug As do members of the criminal element; a two ton rock slug is a great way to hide a body.
6	The Imperial Boosterspice Exchange – The (only) legal market for the trade of boosterspice as a commodity or as product. Without a seal of mercantile authorization, you can't do it legally – and all of those seals are fabricated here. High volume, high security (an off duty century of any imperial legion is likely serving here for extra pay or to get out of punitive duty) Like the wall street brokerage floor with an immense evolved Navigator on one side and a cybernetic installation on the other to monitor rates of exchange and predict/anticipate/direct trends. The two individuals are believed to be networked and are among the most trusted beings in imperial service. Acting directly or on behalf of others, or any number of Exchange Factors, almost any walk of imperial subject can be found within the exchange's idyllic golden arcology. Also, of note, consumption of or indeed possession of any variety of boosterspice anywhere on the Exchange grounds will get you bounced (on a good day) or vaporized (otherwise). No riff raff.

Etheric Correspondences

Saxus' twin poles of Flesh and Wealth guarantee the constant few 'soft spots' in the near Sub-ether that link to the Hells.

Satellites of significance

Saxus itself has a small, captured asteroid (Two of them actually)

- *Saxus Sexus* is a 10 km wide hollowed out asteroid habitat: the "brothel moon"
- *Saxus Devisus* Is a prison asteroid, secure and draconian. The Warden is a lackey of the Spice Commission and so frequently this rock becomes the unofficial hosting site of anyone the Commission needs interrogated or probed off the books.

The Spice Control Commission

Early in the history of the Third Empire as part of the Breaking of the Navigator Families, administration of the world was forcibly taken from the Navigator families and placed under the administration of (now extinct) house Chel. That house proved unable to handle the responsibility and when it was given to another family, they violently resisted the imperial decree. Eventually it was given to a consortium of families to run and administer...the beginnings of the Spice Commission.

The Spice Control Commission was designed to control and minimize any completion. In particular their efforts go after both the rogue/illegal spice trade and bad synth spice. They are keen to bust smuggler heads

House Tekchitel, Ares, Bok, and Dhiel also sit astride the Commission

Great Families

The families with the largest holdings in Saxus are

- | | |
|----------|--------------|
| 1. Aresh | 5. Sei-jan |
| 2. Bok | 6. Tyrkinar |
| 3. Dhiel | 7. Tekchitel |
| 4. Rahn | 8. Thetyel |

Saxus Adventure Seeds

1. Slave abduction/rescue (extraction) – rescue them before they reach the block
2. Kazhar's 11 – (heist) can you steal (or steal back) AAA rated quality bodies from the Kazharian body banks?
3. Spice cops - agents of the spice commission go undercover a lot to bust up competition esp. rogue illegal spice trade and bad synth spice. They are keen to bust smuggler heads; *Wait, how did they wind up in the slave auction?*
4. An art appraiser has come to the Lower Plateau because of the low rents, she is looking to 'slumlord' - buy up a property for a "ghetto gallery opening," and turn the whole property in another 10 progressions. She is trolling "the local vagrant population" (wherever the PCs hang) seeking 'intimidating area professionals' (her words) to keep things 'tidy.' For the next twelve weeks; in the meantime, she pays for any *reasonable* equipment request/purchase, but the real payoff is at the end of the gig – in the meantime they are eating better than most of them ever have and are living on site. The worst part of the job is putting up with your boss.

The people - The locals are brash, quick, and full of bluster or bluff as the need arises. The entropy here manifests also in the will of the people, who give into urges and quarrelling over cheap lives and cheaper goods. No one contests the hollowness of existence here. All that can be cheapened here, is.

The innocent and the proud are (equally) hidden away and shunned.

The people display a marked coreworlder tendency, even among the poor, to feel that they are at the center of things. There is an odd smug pride people have for being from inside Saxus.

The Saxus poor -

The indigent do not last long in Saxus. They tend to become members of the involuntary labour pool or get sent to the Reccieworks.

The ghetto of anonymity

To be among the teeming billions that live inside Saxus is to be among the many faces of the crowd at all times even at home. Distinguishing yourself is especially difficult even at the local level and nearly impossible beyond that. It is a different kind of stratification than on (or under) Noir. There are (properly) no secrets here, everything (in theory) exists out in the open. Privacy does not exist – information here has value but it is the value of sifted, processed information. Raw data here is useless but ever present, metrics exist for almost everything -viewable at all times with a touch or a wink.

Internal dimensions of proper bodies

Saxus' interior is a little over 3,300 km across from inner side to opposite inner side, measured surface to surface. .

Saxus artificial sun is 330 km across, though an area radiating some 130km outward is impassible to traffic that does not wish to experience intense heat, radiation, plasma, magnetic surges, sunspots, prominences, and the like.

Inside Saxus

The darkening orange 'ever-present sky' seems to call things to it. Buildings and structures are built up or out, but not both. The overall skyline (mean skyline) would be an endless flat los Angeles with downtown corridors of slab and more artful shapes stabbing upward to reach the artificial sun, casting long brown shadows below.

While getting around to any distance literally requires computer access, in a general sense the locals divide the interior world into two rough hemispheres, each named for long lingering aspects of Martian Imperial culture: Darieus & Deme'.

This 'hemisphere' (the 'southern' half) is Deme', the opposite, containing the Spaceport is Darius. Sometimes these are coded green and blue respectively.

“It is perpetually 430 in the afternoon on a Thursday in May “



The Spice Commission - Full one quarter or more of the inner surface of Saxus is given over to the administration of the Spice Commission. Largely the opposite hemisphere of that depicted.

The Commission compound, the size of a nation state, is in the northern hemisphere, opposite the Starport and temple.

Faintly resembles a 3-stage mandala from a distance

*Gram-socochuum*⁸ – the great bazaar; located around the equatorial ring of inner Saxus. Possesses over 99 million stalls, boutiques, shoppes, specialty stores, and six arcology malls located at equal distant points. Maglev and air shuttle keep the place going 26/364.

Should the PCs want to do any heavier shopping, a surface bullet runs from the Lower Plateau to the nearer Ring every 2 hours, each way, constantly. IF the train will let them on. (The indigent find that the scan grid seldom lets them board this or the slower maglev. The minimum credit requirement is 500 militrans.)

The heart of it is the **equatorial mall way** – a footpath that winds between the most expensive stores and showrooms and wraps around the world interior. Rental hover-rounds, lift drones, and air taxis can speed consumers along when they get tired of the long walk. All along The Walk, the adveilance is so pervasive that in the most well-known parts of the Walk, the display holos and trid images are pulled from the passing socmetrics data of passerby, so it's a great place to see and be seen...and an awful place if you don't want last night's sex Olympics on broadcast for up to 34,000 shoppers around you to see and hear at any given time.

Social credit is bought and sold simply on the merits of who sees what, when whom walks down the Walk. PCs be advised.

Once you are popular in Saxus this means you have a never-ending cloud of spy bots all over your haunts, your person, your gear, and your friends. You are practically inviting certain kinds of blackmail, such as it exists in a place like Saxus.

⁸ 'shuum – Aesin (old high Martian) for Market, or Exchanging Place

Maybe we should all have burned.
Not seven hundred years and the Empress' reforms have already backslid.
Worlds the Imperium just made first contact with at the end of Her reign
now are mostly known for their clades that turn up in the chattel slave
markets in Saxus.
Yes, the same chattel slavery that She abolished during the Reconquista.
Under force of arms. Times change. Entropy holds sway.
*I'm no anti-imperial wag you Coreworld trash! I do **truly** believe She was*
the instrument of divine justice. But....
Church says she's up in heaven ruling the Celestial Imperium – I don't know
if I believe there is such a thing, But I do know this:
***She ain't here anymore.** And here, is where we all stuck.*

No justice here, only oily shadows.

Sally's Guide to Roughing it In the Empire

Saxus II-32

Okay some things you'll need to know here

Getting around

At long distances everyone uses this weird and archaic coordinate system though any of you space travelers will adapt quickly, it is not too different than the old gal.LAC coordinates system.

Your terminal is located at 23°08'13" Ring 83°23'33"W Ray ⁹ I know because the streamer on the side of the read-out told me. Lots of information to be found in the open here. You should get used to that.

Me? Oh I have it blocked but that's mostly because I'm near the Starport. *The Starport here is the baseline for the Ray system, Prime Ray.* The clocks here are set by the priests of the (very small¹⁰) temple to the Lord of History, and everywhere in Saxus it is the same time.

Saxus runs on a 26 hour 'day' as that was once the median for worlds in the imperium. Not sure that's still the case but whatever. There isn't a local year as there isn't seasons, so no one keeps track; everyone uses imperial standard dating. That's _Third_ Imperial dating. Tradition dies hard here.

>>>>You really are asking about real dregg-biters aren't you? Unless you are looking to lead a slave revolt and fail badly, spectacularly badly, or do some business with the spice commission, you'll find slavery and slavery and slavery here. Sorry, I get bent out of shape 'bout excesses like this system. There's a whole "flesh moon" which is functionally a giant space brothel and you bet your bottom i-tran that every last sentient in there is billed by the minute for the air they breathe, the noise they make and so on. The whole place is a hollowed out hollow of hollowed out people. 95% of the place is in or under indefinite indenture or worse.

**They are way overdue for one of those slave riots.
I can help. If you're stuck there & reading this, ^find me**

⁹ For those of you new to living **inside** the sphere: Much like latitude and longitude of old this is a way of depicting where things are inside the sphere. Ring in this case represents the North-South axis (latitude) while Ray indicates the East West. (longitude)

¹⁰ Why? Oh, it's small because the Temple to Exterre here is large enough to take up part of the Starport with greenery and be able to get away with the havoc that causes traffic. Priests. Here they are the massive juves on the Block and they are not going to let you forget it.

So, you're going to commit a crime inside Saxus

So first of all, understand that you are in the real Imperial core and not some chogg hole like Noir. Privacy is something outworlders speak of and sounds to locals like more of an inconvenience than anything else.

Inside Saxus, practically everything scans your biometrics all the time, public eyes and ears and microfeeds of all varieties are freely available and ubiquitous. If a body has the right Personal Access Code¹¹, they can run their own little surveillance gig on the person no matter who they are. (In theory. Obviously trying this on *Mx. Rich Bitch of the Great House of Betterthanhou* is not likely to work out well for you.)

Inside Saxus, the primary ally to the criminally inclined space voyager amidst all of this surveillance is twofold: apathy and a lack of oversight. No one (save in high security areas) is “riding” those live security feeds. If a crime is committed it is logged; most often crimes are caught by automatic systems and Logics, executing programs which summon the appropriate authorities.

Entering a databooth is fine, running up a bill is fine, but auto systems will keep you locked in that booth until you can pay, or someone comes to collect you.

Thus, the criminal dedicated to this environment knows to, and how to, *evade* those automated systems, how to not trip the particular combination of elements that get you tracked as an ‘ongoing legal issue.’ They will impersonate rather than try to hide.

And for the most part they do not like leaving a trail of bodies around.

And if you're going to use a gun.....

Pressure and Intent hardware Many higher end weapons, blasters for example, are set not with triggers but with what appear to be simple buttons for weapon activation. P&I hardware is extremely basic psi circuitry, but it combines the physical act of depressing the button with reading the electrochemical markers for intent to commit violence.

In the core this makes the prosecution of murder cases quite simple. Each weapon's P&I fitting keeps a code log for whose biometrics have handled and used the weapon. The technology was developed by the military to prevent misfires of weapons and there it remains, still serving that function while also keeping accurate records as to who fires which weapon

The ECV of such an item hovers between 22-26 depending on complexity and type of the weapon. The DC for someone to hotwire or replace that system with a more conventional trigger system (or equivalent) ranges from 20 – 26 again depending on weapon and complexity.

Civil Investigators (detectives for the State) would more resemble IT professionals than police officers to someone from Earth AD2021 or thereabouts. They are trained in the methods of using Evidence Gathering Technologies and the ‘proper procedures to follow’ to prosecute (here meaning pursue or investigate) such an investigation. Documentation of each step is critical and necessary.

¹¹ For perspective, imagine if the state issued everyone Instagram pages, & those pages were all ubiquitous surveillance feeds featuring your personal data on display. Finding someone's PAC is about as hard as finding a single random person's Facebook c. 2021, doable but a pain without automated systems. Very Black Mirror.

A few other things

Spice Holding Certificates (Squid Dollars)

Because this is in the Canopus system there is (illegal out-system) a system of dedicated promissory notes all backed up by someone's holding of Canopus Boosterspace. All such certificates come from one of six dedicated Makers on or over Canopus Rex itself, and handheld scanners can easily identify real from false, owing to a unique molecular signature.

Inside Saxus, to the poor, the disenfranchised, the desperate and the brazenly criminal however, they are life.

Called by these people "Squid Dollars" owing to the glyph of Leviathan¹² on each note

'Unindexed' regions (like the Lower Plateau region) exist all across Saxus' interior, especially where the internal workings of the city/artificial planetoid are exposed for whatever reason. Aside from certain established structures everything is very ramshackle and wholly un-zoned. So long as the peace is kept nothing is disturbed and the flow of life moves on interrupted. Flesh and money.....

BECOME A SIMSTAR, COMMIT CRIMES, GET AWAY WITH MURDER

Sometimes if you are extremely poor inside Saxus, you will be visited by a SocMetrix Census Index Officer – often intimidating, creepy, or simply accompanied by a pair of interchangeable vatbois with beam weapons. To see if there is anything the **state population control affairs agency** can do for them.

Poor as they are, if they live a sufficiently "interesting life" they may be chosen for a particular kind of welfare. Sometimes they are offered it, sometimes they are told...but sometimes they are just chipped and then the money rolls in and they have to figure it out.

If you are among the super poor and lead a "sufficiently interesting life" – hint it helps if you are flexible, pansexual, and get into a lot of violent sexy trouble – you may find yourself the focus of an entertainment feed for the ultrarich, who will bet on and in some cases, poll on the outcome of things in your life thereafter.

Possibly forever.

However, some have turned this to their advantage, using it as alibi when committing a crime, or ensuring that any observed criminal law breaking happens with finesse, panache, and in as entertaining a manner possible.

For if you can get the audience's sway there lil' sensie star, then you can get away with just about anything.

¹² Virtually all money lenders, money changers, loan officers, notary officers, and bank officers in system are among the faithful of Leviathan. *In hell we trust, all others come bearing spice.*

Nobles, People who Matter, and other members of the State Aristocracy worth robbing

- A concise, non-exhaustive list as compiled by Sally00

Bandhu Thelmicah, junior sun-in-law to the undersecretary of the Spice Commission and SPACE does he have it coming. He has this habit of using people and things in the worst ways and then just buying off the consequences, with extreme prejudice. He's untouchable and so I want to jack him badly.

Has been known to "subcontract" to their friends and acquaintances, including sending Shiryan Aurem and their cronies after "known issues." (see below)

Almirace the Lady Diva, *Courtesan Excelsus Select to Oris, Knight of Lord Saxus* Which legally is her full name and title. She's a high muckity in the Imperial Church...or would be if she wasn't hanging all over the only notable member of the Space Lord's household. Has immaculate pull (take that how you like) at the Exterresh Temple as she is nominally one of its heads. As you might expect from someone who is regularly called *the Lady Diva*, she doesn't do a lot of work.

That thing around her neck is worth fifty or sixty transactions in some markets.

Ten Flower Wavedriver Lord of Tekchitel

Squeak!pongfrippongpong(whistle)popSqueak!bubblepongfripSqueak!(nowhistle)pongpong a-Tekchitel

This noble Fin is certainly among the most ruthless individuals the PCs will ever meet.

HE is functionally untouchable inside Saxus; regardless only the House elders and the Consortium have any control or sway over him and could ever reprimand him in any real way. Unfortunately, he's hiring (see pp XX)

In terms of money and (theoretical) influence, he could be construed the ideal patron, in any other sense, he's an extraordinarily dangerous individual especially to those who do not pass his exacting and xenophobic standards for who matters. (almost certainly, you do not) He is sadistic, cruel, and in almost all ways evil

Appears as a sleek, metallic black noble Neo-fin; their namesake exists across their dorsal upper body, seeming to bloom around their face and eyes. The flowers are yellow, pink, purple, black (dark indigo), and green

Shiryan Aurem (least house Ooomtharl)

Swaggering arrogant Ketraxian post-juve. Leader of a group of similarly inclined (mean, violent, better than you) Ketraxian colonials who call themselves "The Young Aristocrats"

If encountered, the Judge is encouraged to describe a cultishly dressed group of 2-5 drugged up aristocrats. Racist, upper class twits by way of A Clockwork Orange.

"Her Most Glorious" Brite Pluton - High potentate of Inner Saxus

The local public face and enforcer of the Space Lord of Canopus, spends most of her time as de facto "space lord" of inner Saxus. Massive slave holdings. Endless corruption. Influential (Faithful) in Leviathanic circles.

Fixers. Grifters. Protection and Soft Money

If you're going to omit a crime in Saxus, it may help to know some reputable local professionals. Hourly rates. No questions asked.

Iktar, the Cleaners

What is believed to be a single individual is actually five Insectivroids. These Death-eaters perform a quite valuable service in Saxus, they dispose of things. If it is organic waste and consumable you can probably contract the Iktar to come fix your mess.

1 transaction per messy death cleaned up/will haggle with indigent and needy clients

T'Korkul

Saurid dermatologist – specializes in solar damage, UV exposures and the like.

Sometimes this includes laser burns, particle beam damage and the like. She does not ask how it happened nor report anything. If you cannot pay, you will owe her one or more tasks depending on how indigent and skilled you are.

Charges a scalar rate depending on ability to pay; inscrutable actual motives unknown; has lots of tough bad-asses on tap who owe her favors if you get stupid

'Ravinilacci'

Old Vec lady 350 subjective, 2,895 actual years old

Once the divine caregiver for her crew of spacers, a century ago their craft limped into Canopus where it had to be abandoned. The crew decamped to Saxus below as one at first ... but it's been a century. Now the last of them left, this visibly old Vec woman hand makes tailored vac suits, a craft she has practiced since she was a girl.

But there is very little demand for that here in Saxus.

However

Certain elements recognize that she can 'tailor a Vec suit' to make bang-up custom E suits as well. The smugglers who traverse the cracks and emergent caverns in Saxus' shell often make use of the old one's services – for which she is well compensated. Many of the criminal element within Saxus, especially those from compromised or isolated backgrounds, have come to think of her as a maternal figure and will be .. *quite annoyed* if something happens to the oldster.

Charges a transaction per suit made from scratch or if she does not like you; highly negotiable when given existing materials, likes challenges and hard luck cases.

RP notes:

once you were the divine maiden and you channeled your Goddess and directed your Vessel tribe wherever they would go and all loved you. When you came here you hit full G for the first time in your life – and your shapely curves became unsheddable bulk (She was most of 330 pounds on arrival, though 25 of that is from Bonelacing and other moddibles.)

Appearance

Your origins are not as obvious as most would think. Only the shiny black eyes, once wider but now frequently squinting, are a real give away.

Bonelacing

reinforces the bones and musculo-skeletal tissues of the host body; +2 to all gravity saves; adds an additional gravity (not stackable with bonegrafting)

Contacts, Criminals, and Other People Who Might Betray you for a Transaction¹³

Especially useful seeds for on-the-spot Hirelings and Retainers

Selwin Gathway – depending on who you are, you know one of two very different people.

1. (Imperial subject - shadow) There are always those who must scavenge and hustle for themselves; you are no different. A wealthy retired spacer seeks a crew to run a shipment of boost spice out system.
2. (Imperial Citizen) 155 year old civil servant of the local polity; spent 35.2 Sidereals in the Imperial Colonial Legion however, though that was about a hundred years ago. Sometimes hires out doing needed jobs to scope out potential hires.

Lemon Meringue – 2 HD maenad warrior. Big girl. Keeps her head hair dyed white-blond and worn in spikes; Has been known to get her hair “perfect” and then burn the tips to get those “stiff peaks” (no one understands). Has a STR of 17 and likes to use her Power Axe. Carries a small portable hand flamer (-1 to hit, range of 2m, 2d6 damage) at all times.

Lemon Meringue (1) Init +2; Atk power axe +4 melee (1d5) or hand flamer +1 ranged (2d6, 6'); AC 13; HD 2d8; hp 9; MV 30; Act 1d20; SP ; SV Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +2; AL Neutral

Hirelings and Retainers

Diascorades – trade-craft name for a blade runner, Margareth Giskegaard, a disciple of Pharmacopeia. Knows up to three first level spells or equivalents. Will not mercenary.

Indentured 1d5

1. Maenadae aboard a Maenad corsair when it was captured; others were likely executed but you now have a (d8) year indenture. (see Sub-ether 02)
2. Arcturian organ-legger captured trying to steal from the Body Banks and so working off a 1d20 year indenture to the state, converted by sale of contract into a prospect for the chopping block.
Friendlier than you would think. A real people person.
3. Indentured Bot with restraining bolt (see Sub-ether 01)
4. Ketraxian Pheromone dancer - exotic orange and pink humanoid from the Ketraxis; acts bored with the entire experience
5. Suppleonne series 109s This silver-skinned and green haired beauty is a machine woven production gynoid; a custom sex-bot that has outlived their creator and yet retains an indentured status. Wants a change of occupation very far away from here and is quite morally flexible about how that can happen.

¹³ I am not clinically paranoid, merely professionally so. -S00

-Sacred Spaces within Saxus-

Bastions of the Imperial church (Ether Orthodox)

The Star Labyrinth of the Sacred Queen exists near the Starport, it is detailed further on page (XX) honoring Exterre.

Rumor suggests some experiment involving some kind of Virtual Labyrinth being worked out in the inner sanctuaries of the Temple. But would that even work?

The **Trade Temple of Nikas Liet** exists 1200km to the W/NW just north along the inner equatorial band; the faithful come to try to join the congregation and the lay members of the church come to study economics, trade, negotiation, currency, money theory, and other sacred concepts.

Those who come to the temple indigent and (esp.) in trouble with the law may find it relatively easy to join the faithful; most Nikasaline temples maintain an evolving list of “recurrent troubleseekers” that by turns hides and attempts to steer those troublemakers it finds onto the right path. More often than not this finds otherwise career criminals engaged in Holy Work. The Solar Trader aids those who aid another....

The Sacred Sphere aka the **Banking Dome of Leviathan** exists on the opposite side of the sphere, near both the north and money poles. A mathematically ‘perfect sphere’ to please the Lord of Hell, suspended in an artificial lake, home to a devout school of aquatics. Access to the dome by outsiders is only possible by appointment and clearance of credit; access is at the top along the beamrider station or by aerogyro or personal air vehicle. No one comes to this temple to learn; such folk as they are directed elsewhere. High influence faithful of the church, “Her Most Glorious” **Brite Pluton**, maintains her official offices as representative and enforcer for the Space Lord of Canopus along the shores of this lake and can throw an Imperial Legion at anything that displeases her in minutes.

And will if you let her.

Multi congregational societies

Sin Eaters (see pp 28) – a cult within the church, largely though not exclusively comprised of the faithful pledged to Exterre or Leviathan (or both). On some worlds they serve an important role in connecting the church with the huddled masses, especially on high population core worlds. Often assigned to cities, neighborhoods or specific ethnic regions, these volunteers are blessed by the church and held to account when acting in their name.

A sun and moon cake - prepared small hexagonal biscuit; Used by sin -eaters to take on the sins and sometimes responsibilities of the deceased.

They largely predate the Church by many thousands of years, the practice emerging out of many similar practices arising on the various post-atomic devastation worlds surviving in the core from the Second Empire. Many such individuals served a similar purpose on a variety of such worlds, sometimes certifying that cattle, animals, and sometimes people, were ‘fit’ or carving and presiding over those who were not.

Inside Saxus this practice is carried to an extreme, being the primary point of contact the church has with the poor masses trapped within its urban confines, as the Church proper’s emphasis (here more than elsewhere) is on the centers of power, transport, and transfer of wealth and status. In such a corrupt environment, few priests or anointed of the church have the temerity to maintain

The Cult of the Star Queen – Exterre Ashtereth ¹⁴

“If you go to war bring conquest and victory.”

Sphere	Queen of Heaven; the Galaxy Mother
Animal	The Serpent and the Lion (Generic) cat / Lion (Specific) Atolion
Clerics	Teragen extraction, femme dominated, no gender restrictions
Raiment	
Head	conical or serpentine helm, hair bound up
Body	kilt/ bronze mail
Colours	lime / sapphire sapphire (blue & gold) – frequently sapphire set against a sun disk Blue and Scarlet (the dominant sub-cult in Saxus) new moon / the dark of night; under the stars
Holy Nights	
Sacrifice or Propitiation	
Frequency	monthly (a sacred month is 33 standard days)
Form	Propitiation, Enemies
Place of Worship	temple / the battlefield. “All battlefields are my temple.”
Secret Sign	Two fists pressed against each other, underneath the left breast or an approximation thereof.
Holy Books	Conducements to Proper Warfare
So Many Names.....	
Exterre Asthtoreth, aka Istharr Inannam, many other names besides Other names Istar, Ist-har, Eshtar, Esthere, Eshtar, Eshtere, Eshtera, Istharr, Ashtereth, Inanna, Ishtar, Ashtart, Naditu, Basavi, classically Inanna Ishtar, Astarte, Aphrodite Asherah, and thousands of others thru time	
Holy Stones	– Sapphire, Gold
Holy Direction	– south, the season of Fire
Holy Numbers	- 16
Chosen colours	– Azure, lapis, blues, purples, golds, browns

“Once you have achieved victory, it must be total. This is not the time to recruit beneficial enemies or make deals with those you have fought against. Once you have the field, just-ends must be meted out onto the opposing forces with all due swiftness. Hesitation breeds resistance to your victory. Do not allow it.”

Conducements to Proper Warfare, 7:33 – 7:37

You have to be able to leave Tammuz at the gate
Let his sister advocate for him

¹⁴ This material references and enhances the material on Exterre in **Galaxy Black Book V** pp 8-14

“Shame meted out on those who have treason’d against you must be total and overwhelming. An order of magnitude such that for seven subsequent generations of their spawn, their name shall bring shame and lost opportunities. You must boil the name in such contempt as to ensure their own blood shall renounce the day they existed.”

Conducements to Proper Warfare, 9:48- 9:50

The Labyrinth-Oracles of Exterre - At certain of Her primary temples, the Exterrene temple is at least somewhat contained by a Sacred Labyrinth; within the Sacred Oracles dwell, ready to provide prophecy, counsel, and insight.

High rites –

the Celestial Wedding is among the oldest priestly rites in known history, having its roots in the Babylonian *Hieros Gamos* .

Calling on the Queen’s Raiment – anointing oneself or one’s congregation with quasi real armor invoked in the Goddess’ name; a time for enactment of blessings, wardings and creation of sanctuaries.

Exterre’s Sacred Descent – a seven day re-enactment of Deity’s descent, sacrifice, and resurrection and subsequent liberation from the underworld.

Exterresh sub cults

The Legion Chaplains Perhaps 63% of Chaplains in Legion service serve in Exterre’s or the Divine Empress’ name. Certain of the Legions are more given to religious trappings than others of course.

The **Sin Eater** sub-cult identifies itself by their garments of blue and scarlet, a trait they share with the Leviathanic members of this strange Church organization.

Cult of Eshtarra the World Mother, Patron of the Empress and Mother patron of Humanity)

Very pro-Solar to say the least; still based out of the Temple on Ishtar; the cult also has a side cult that also venerates the Empress as Ishtar’s Champion.

Styled as the Old Mother Goddess of the Imperial Pantheon, both metaphorically as the “Last Goddess of Earth” her cult previously thrived on a world around Fomalhaut at some point prior to the Golden Age.



The Star Labyrinth of the Sacred Queen

The temple and it's garden maze, inside Saxus II

- For use with the Spice Pirates adventure or independently

Hopefully unnecessary Cautionary Note: Much like certain aspects of its mother cult, this article may well be too much for many tables. More than most, the cult of the star queen calls on the deepest and yes darkest roots of the sword and sorcery tradition, reaching into the ancient world mythologies, who often did not present themselves in ways acceptable to modern audiences.

As with anything in any Dreaming Gynoid publication, if you don't like it, don't use it! I promise I will not sic the dream police on you.

At the very end of the street of the Gods at Saxus II's Starport there rises a lush hill and grass landed hillside, unnatural in its nature, at the apex of which is one of the largest Sacred Labyrinth Gardens of the Celestial Mother in all of known space.

At the very largest temples, this labyrinth is an enormous and spectacular edifice. On **Polis** it is a classically tiled actual stone labyrinth. Here, in Saxus II, it takes the form of a hedge maze HOWEVER it is by no means in any way less ostentatious. Like on Polis, **Ishtar Solus**, and perhaps a handful of other major temples, the labyrinth is not one but seven, each nested within and wrapped up along with the others, representing the seven wisdoms, the seven steps into the underworld, and the seven steps in the dance that kills gods...all stock in trade for the Queen of Heaven.

This labyrinth is over 1180 acres, about 4.8sq.km

The third innermost maze for example would take 40 minutes or so to travel through, knowing the way, at a gently uphill distance of about two miles walking. The next labyrinth outward from that wraps around the first, containing it, and to walk it straight through knowing the way is still a journey of five miles walked.

Ring of Temple Great Labyrinth	Miles it takes to walk it	Time to walk
1		
2	1	
3	3	40 minutes
4	5	2 hours
5	9	
6	14	
7	20	

It's big! And remember this is inside Saxus so...it's always high noon above. Also, these hedges are festooned with little 'chambers' and dead ends and privacy areas for the purpose of the activity for which the labyrinth exists. The faithful after a cleansing and anointing pay fabulous sums in alms for the right to walk the labyrinth and – maybe – consult with their Goddess on any matter directly .

Mind you by “consult” and “directly” we mean engage in the act of sacred prostitution with the priest or priestess on behalf of deity and get an oracle out of it maybe.”

As one does when one is a noble worth billions of transactions and you are feeling a bit anxious today. As the value of the Imperial Transaction is (according to folklore) set by the price of admittance to the Sacred Labyrinth, you can expect that few of the great unwashed masses get into those gardens.

Game use: One of the easiest ways for Agents and Clerics of the Star Queen to work off their disapproval is to spend time as one of Her Vessels in one of the temple’s Sacred Gardens.

Exterresh Disapproval tables

1. What were you thinking? A reminder to keep Goddess’ needs in mind before your own. Spend d5 days at the nearest full service Exterrene temple as a temple vessel where you let the spirit of Exterre flow into you.
2. If her servant has not maintained what She expects of them, a blossom of 3-5 yellow sores filled with pus erupts across your bust or bare bottom. Each will be replaced by 1-3 others when dealt with.
3. *Necrotic Breath* – even a casual whiff stinks of the grave
4. Face, Breasts, Ass or other moneymaker erupts in foul smelling acne;
5. As above but the outbreak is far worse and ultimately persistent until alms are made
6. You have **The Stank**.
7. *Loved only by Fuckboys* for 5d12+PERS+CL months. If you roll 60 roll again and add the rolls together.
8. You have **THE LEG**, lower animals, including irritating micro-canids will persistently hump your leg and ankles whenever possible.
9. *Dry spell* - simply no one will be interested – at all - for up to 3d6-PERS+CL months, under any circumstances, up to and including magical compulsion.
10. You have a stalker. They are harmless and you will be judged by Deity for how you handle this, but you must deal with them to get out from under.
11. Produce a work in your Deity’s name and persist in its distribution
12. Now you’ve really done it. Time to learn some lessons. For the next three months life will grow consistently harder until the priestess re-enacts, by ritual, their God’s descent into the underworld and subsequent return. If the priest fails to complete this rite in the time allotted, they may find themselves in the Underworld for real....

***I am Her Daughter,
Sacred and profane; Mighty and delightful
I am free. Your chains will not hold me.
None shall have power over me
A traditional Exterresh dispelling of evil.***

The Old Insectivroid Fortune Teller An ancient Insectivroid matriarch offers to give those fleeing the authorities a glimpse of the way forward. If need be, use stats for Momma Rikhani (Starport article, this issue, p. 11). The Oldster offers up to 12 draws (only one per Zero) from the Beggar Mother's tarot deck. Each of these effects are persistent until the end of Lockdown (if being run as a funnel) or the end of the adventure (otherwise) unless otherwise noted. The Judge is urged **not** to disclose game effects until after all have chosen to draw or decline.

So

The Zero
The Open Portal
The carbon Sun
The Exile
Trump of Contagion
The Omnipossible

Progress of Rockets
Progress of Spirals
Fortitude of Stars
Disaster of Rockets
The Oppenheimer
The Hurricane of Swords

0. The Zero

a hollow green vessel labeled with the glyphs for infinity and chaos

Meaning: Card zero. All and nothing. Infinite possibilities, unrealized.

+1 to any single dice roll this session; replenishes any luck spent this session

80. The Open Portal (Liminal; traversing point)

+1 to open doors, locks, files, or other barriers to access

88. The Carbon Sun (Liminal; tipping point)

"The heaviest weight before collapse" A plaque signifying imminent doom, most often depicting a large swollen sun turning black; the moment before Judgement.

+1 to spell damage and corruption checks

97. The Exile (the will to survive)

+1 to all saving throws to resist disease, death, or poisoning

27 the Trump of Contagion

+1 on all magical healing, and spell damage rolls.

10. Luck - The Omni-possible¹⁵ (Wheel of Fortune)

+1 to all of your saving throws

(31) Three - "Progress of Rockets"

+1 to all damage rolls

(44) Three - "Progress of Spirals"

+1 to all healing and turn undead checks

(58) Four - "Fortitude of Stars"

+1 to all spell checks

(33) Five ("Disaster of Rockets") Renewal by fire. Plaque depicts destruction of primitive spacecraft, also most often depicted as a firebrand, burning sword, or phoenix.

+1 to luck, -1 to STA

(95) The Oppenheimer (Divine Warfare)

+ spell craft & turn unholy checks

(67) Eye of Swords - "the hurricane of swords"

+1 to all attack rolls

¹⁵ The first ten are the "Sub-ether suite" or the 'turns of the dead' depending on tradition.

Imperial Culture Artefact: the beggar-mother's Tarot

A variant upon a hexagonal “standardized Giger-Waits” directed meditational Imperial Tarot deck is provided to the lay of the church. It is primarily a systemized set of 22 images (derived in part from the Tarot).

Many traditions build upon the number of cards; most are accompanied by four Houses, Suites, or Suits of Imperial Elements. These elements are archetypal and have changed many times over the course of time and fate. Over the millennia suits of missiles, shields, swords, etc. etc. have come and gone, the standards remain – Rockets, Spirals, Stars, and Swords (once and sometimes still called by other names)

-**Rockets** (Signal or Wands)

-**Spirals** (Helix, Biome, Cups)

-**Stars** (sometimes Shields, Force Fields, or Pentacles)

-**Swords** (Sometimes just Weapons, other times beams or missiles)

In the deck's modern incarnation, they take the form of 22, 79, or 99 ceramic Plaques.

The six sided, hexagonal plaques of the imperial tarot – rockets, swords, stars, and spirals

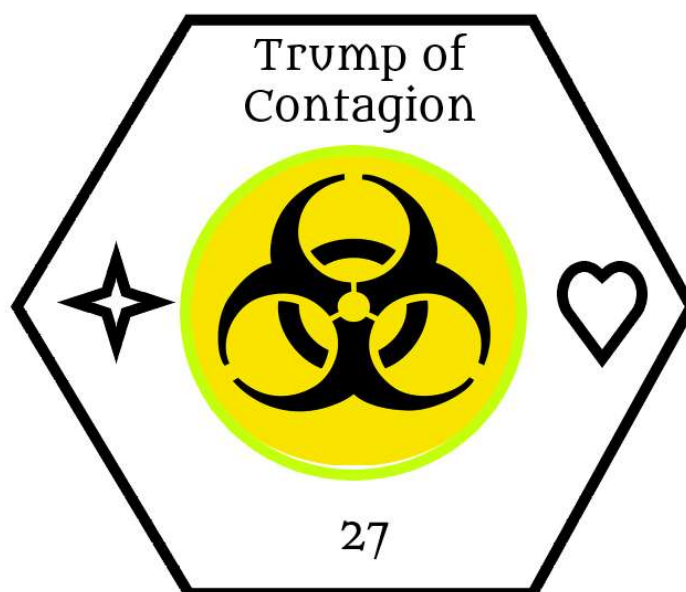
The four sided star is the symbol of the ansible

The rocket is many things but added to the star and you have the symbol of the empire

The spiral – spirals are the key to life, and the transitional ladder from the micro to the macrocosmic

Each is 2=8 plus Priest (Queen), Fool (King), Knight, Page, Ace, and Eye.

So, Three of Spirals or Ace of Rockets, Fool of Stars, 5 of Swords, etc.



Suit associations

Rocket Leaders, builders, Makers, the material; ambition, “the Was”

Spiral – arcane magic and things primordial “Fundamental”

Stars – faintly divine associations, cosmic scales of time and space. “God-level”

Swords – fighters and those who live by the ... sword. “the Yet”

By extension

Major arcana – archetypes, divination, the Noosphere, sacrifice; illusions “All”

Rocket, Spiral, Stars, and Swords 13 plaques or cards ea.

2=8 plus Priest, Fool, Knight, Page, Ace, and Eye 13 cards

Rocket, 2=8 plus Priest, Fool, Knight, Page, Ace, and Eye – 13

Spiral 2=8 plus Priest, Fool, Knight, Page, Ace, and Eye - 26

Stars 2=8 plus Priest, Fool, Knight, Page, Ace, and Eye - 39

Swords 2=8 plus Priest, Fool, Knight, Page, Ace, and Eye - 52

Within each suit

5 represents Conflict, speaking to consequences. Toll, and sacrifice

7 represents new conflict that comes with Victory

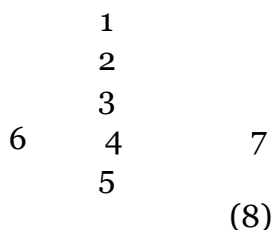
8 is commonly failure or defeat

In some traditions there are twenty more cards

This is the Apocalyptic or “Revelatory” Suit of 20 cards. They deal with endings, reincarnation, karma, destiny and high level macro scale concepts and ideas.

Spreads and Basic Configurations

Most (73%) imperial subjects would recognize, at least, a Basic Nevsky or “Hanged Man” Configuration



IN this system the 8th card is wholly optional and a matter of individual tradition. The most traditional omit all but the first six cards.

Bottle universes, Sim worlds, Virtual Instances, Perfect Dreams, and other Electronic Labyrinths

If there is a world that can be imagined by imperial subjects, that enough other imperial subjects seem to want or connect with, sooner or later it will be simulated, if not brought into other, more literal existence. So advanced is imperial computing technology that whole slabs of pure “computronium” (available in 10 over all grades of purity, storage, and energy capacity) are mass produced and stack in almost any configuration when placed into contact with one another.

Much of imperial datalife is native to this sort of environment. And many more have become so as it has become possible to do so.

Artificial & Synthetic Life – informational networks

In an age of ubiquitous networked technology and, moreover, ubiquitous networked SMART technologies, most artificial life forms (and many others) exist simultaneously in a network, radio or other usually short wave/local frequency, treating those in their local area network as neighbors, for they are. Much like the telepathic networks between groups of psions, these represent rapid ‘word of mouth’ communication, excellent for gossip, rumors, and the like. (compare to the telepathic network of the Navigators for ex.)

Jove Brains – there are few of these in the Empire, but their number is slowly growing. These are moon, or planetary sized AI Brains, traditionally around the size of Jove in the Solar Federation Physical energy limitations and universal constants prevent them from being larger without experiencing a threshold of difference. Larger machine brains must find ways around light speed lag; these solutions produce a wholly different, higher class of intellectual organism. Aquillaehive in the deep core, is the oldest such in Imperial space.

‘The Real Empire - Far below the surface of many of the core worlds, or in near orbit around many of the older more stable stars, are stretched out vast blocks of pure computronium. Within these energy ravenous blocks of data and computing power, countless trillions of electronic citizens of the Empire exist within worlds of pure data, in the countless billion bottle universes that exist within such blocks of substrate. Indeed, in some large part, the drive to expand, the drive toward colonialism exists to feed the vast energy needs of this most stable of imperial populations. It is also in large part why while there is a constant demand for admittance into such custom universes, there is very little demand for exit from them. Even tourism. The shock of material existence, within an on-running non-persistent universe that has no single base code and vast randomness, no matter how meticulously prepared for, is always a shock. Many retreat back into their electronic worlds soon after. Even those who are second or even third class citizens find themselves longing for planned persistent continuities not subject to such randomization.

Datalife from Infoworld - You originate in a wholly artificial and “unreal” (non-physical) environment; a simulated data environment, persistent world, or other datalife hosting platform. The nature of such a realm is quite limitless; for our purposes here the most important attributes are how similar the world is to the outside ‘real world’ in gross attributes.

Kit: you are so unused to the Outside that regardless of frame, you step your initial HD a stage down at chargen. Yes you might have d2 or d3 for HD.

Roll % dice to determine degree of contact with the “real world” and then determine what kind of Virtual environment they were raised in (which could be anything though the greater the interaction with the external universe, the higher the sense of ‘normalcy’ likely shall be.

What kind of Virtual Environment? D3

1. Those which **Replicate** the real world
2. Those which **Diverge** from the real world
3. And environments wholly **exotic** to the real world

Replicate info worlds

Many Replication info worlds are planned off of ancient cultures, nation-states, and the like, while others are functionally planned colonies like anywhere else in the expanding Empire, they just exist in a server somewhere.

Divergent infoworlds

Divergent infoworlds are those what in some way superficially resemble the collective reality outside them but with a difference. Worlds based on works of ‘realistic’ fiction or with physics derived from old physical theories.

Exotic infoworlds

Exotic infoworlds are simply those that do not have emulation of the actual reality as any of their concerns. Worlds based off of ancient video games, abstract or other ‘artsapes’ woven into a cohesive work, or attempts at creating a cult’s concept of ‘heaven’ are readily accessible examples, though far far stranger runtimes exist.

For those strange individuals who manage to get “lost” in the incohesive realms, there is this little table.

Random Server Contents

1. Fictional world
2. Recreationist based
3. Culture based (Martian Second Empire culture; Darrius and Deme, Gordian is a sim of the ancient settlement era of the Phrygian star system)
4. cult based
5. fringe based (the Pudding! Iz, Pah bud cult, etc.)

What is the **Purpose** of the Virtual Environment ? (Roll 1d4)

1. Outer Universe Interactive based Sims
2. Persistent Universe Interactive Sims
3. Persistent Closed Universe Virtual Instances
4. Planned Persistent Settled Universal Instances

Outer Universe Interactive based Sims (liminal Inforworlds)

Vacation “realm”

Therapy realm

Training sims

Imprisonment Sims

Persistent Universe Interactive Sims (true Infoworld)

Any number of created persistent “fictional worlds.”

Any number of experimental realities created at the university, military, or scholastic-science level.

A variety of persistent afterlives

Persistent Closed Universe Virtual Instances (true Infoworld)

Retreaters

Cultural recreationists

Temporal recreationists

Simulated Anachronism

Asynchronous instances (running a far different time frame /rate than the outside world)

Planned Persistent Settled Universal Instances (true Infoworld)

A wide variety of planned persistent settled universes. Whole industries exist to create and then maintain such things. Most of which wind up essentially walled communities, one way or another.

Populations tend to become

1. All Created
2. All Datalife
3. All post-organics
4. (rarely) Mixed - and only by deliberate measure it seems

Note that Sims tend to be more porous with greater transient populations and more direct interaction with the Real. Instances tend toward the more stable, the longer term, and the closed.

Direct, material contact with one of these realms is not possible save short of divine intervention or decent results on **Planar Step** (DCC RPG pp 225), provided the caster achieves results that allow transit between planes of existence. Note that the apparent “physical” laws of such a place are fully binding for those who penetrate one of the database worlds in this way.

The Elephant in the Room – the IBCC

“The Spice Commission”

The Imperial Boosterspace Control Commission is a product of Third Imperial history, as certain of the nobility sought to break the (to that point) ironclad hold the Navigator families had on the early Empire.

As part of that process, administration of the world of Canopus Rex itself was taken over from the Navigator families by a consortium of noble imperial families, and so the Spice commission was born.

House Tekchitel dominates the Commission inside Saxus; Houses Aresh, Bok, and Dhriel also sit astride the Commission. All act without contradiction to their authority within Saxus.

Performing it's duties

The enforcement arm of the IBCC is huge. No one outside the Commission really has any idea how large it is.

The Spice Control Commission was designed to control and minimize any competition. In particular their efforts go after both the rogue/illegal spice trade and bad synth spice. They are keen to bust smuggler heads

By law,

All system vessels registered to Canopus are subject to “cooperative search and inspection” by the Spice Commission. So yes, they really can just board anyone ever. Starships are a different kettle of fish, and in any case would represent a substantial amount of their operational ability to take a single ship.

Dennesecc Pu – public face of the Spice Commission here in Saxus.

Behold the Eschaton – Peak Spice

Like the Navigator houses before them, the Spice Commission has utterly despoiled Canopus Prime. Well over ten thousand years of active harvest and processing have, even in its most efficient, run their course. Based in part on a report, internal to the highest levels of the Spice Commission, issued some 20 years ago, the IBCC is preparing for the eventuality of the reality (or the perception of the reality) of a coming (or nigh) spice shortage.

In short, the houses that run the IBCC see that the spice **will** cease flowing soon and are looking to monetize the end of their cash cow.

Even now, deep inside Saxus, the IBCC leaders conspire, some considering a bold strategy to leverage the remaining assets out of the navigator houses by way of offering to, in essence, sell the planet back to them. Lit. the Navi houses would take over the Commission. Of course, they would be getting a raw deal¹⁶.

¹⁶ Proponents of this notion within the IBCC halls are frequently, if predictably, quoted as saying “Didja see THAT coming?” Despite this, the notion of essentially the houses ‘cashing out’ of the IBCC sounds appealing to many

Dragonbrains - Boosterspice!

Boosterspices are extracted from the bones of the great Wyrms, mined, extracted, and purified from the massed draconic graveyard in Canopus, a once lush garden world long since a world-wide dust storm of basalt and obsidian ash.

Psychic Enhancement Drugs

Or **Psi drugs** are an enhanced chemical aid to metaphysical activity, here meaning psychic powers, divine or sorcerous magic.

The most common psi drugs are Psi boosters, which increase the power and potency of used abilities for a short time. Psi Boosters are derived from processed Canopan and synthetic boosterspices.

BOOSTERSPICE (Canopan Wurm Spice)

Boosterspice - a general name for a class of substances known to boost and in some cases “accelerate” brain function in organics. Once a series of naturally occurring substances, what is commonly called Booster Spice is mostly synthetic at this point. 1 in 12 chance of purchasing from member of the Spice Control Commission (SCC) rather than a criminal.

All¹⁷ natural boosterspice in the universe is derived from one world. The innermost world of the Canopus system, Canopus I – Canopus Rex, world of the black desert. The remains of the great *Draco* genus found on Capella Rex, are the origin of the Wurm Spice, mined from the corpses of the great draconic graveyard on that barren and hostile world.

Canopan Wurm spice - controlled substance entirely distributed by a consortium of representatives from the Spice Commission. Anagathic, toxin, and capable of boosting reflexes, sensory input/output, and vastly augmenting Farsight. Mutagenic and used by some Navigator houses to control their ‘directed evolution’ experiments

Booster Spice – five levels of purity*

Psi Booster (A)

The most basic, adds 1 to all psi craft checks for 1d4 hours per dose.

Post use

Booster B

Adds 2 to all psi checks for 1d6 hours per dose. Adds 1 to spell checks for the same duration. Chance of

Post use

Booster C – adds three to psi craft checks, 2 to spell checks, chance of

Post use – complicated. Spellcasters who use this must save v. will (dc 18) or suffer a minor corruption immediately. Psions are -1d2 each to Agil, Int, and Pers for the next 1d4+1 hours after which they will sleep for 1d6 hours before being able to function psychically again.

¹⁷ Maybe. Such proclamations oft font from the mouths of hubris

Note that boosters B and C have a pronounced and often psychotic effect on non-Psis. Boosters of any kind are known to have a mind expanding, hallucinatory effect on untapped and untrained psychics of great potential. Sometimes this leads to a much stronger psychic but other times it leads to broken people, never able to reach their full potential.

-Compound Boosters-

Level four and five boosters are classed as *Compound Boosters* and by definition are, regardless of sourced material, synthetic in nature. Notoriously unstable in some batches.

Booster four maxi booster

Adds four to psi craft checks for (20-Sta) hours.

Post use -1d3 pers, roll Strain on last ability, will save (DC 16) or sleep for d24 hours

Booster five mega maxi booster

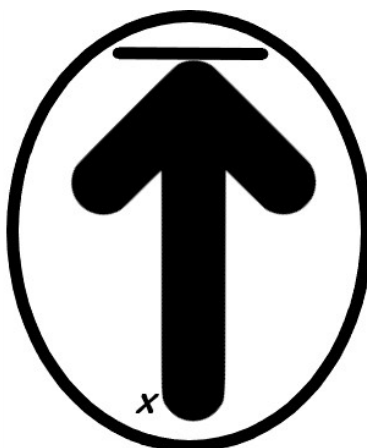
Adds 2d5 to psi craft checks for (30-Sta) hours; functionally adds 1 to Int for duration as well.

Post use -1d4 PERS, -1d2 INT, -1d4 AGIL, -1 STA, roll Strain on last ability, check for Warp on last ability, will save (DC 24) or sleep/dream for CL + 1d30 hours

* Plus, a sixth level that is trick spice and not actually booster spice at all.

- It erodes the brain's ability to motivate.
- Believed by many to be part of a weapon used or to be used against the Navigator Families in the Second Empire. In fact, it's the product of the early Spice Control Commission, but yes targeting the Navigator Families.

Hush Spice - *rare* While it is not generally known, all Hush Spice is the product of House Tekchitel; while others of the Great Houses suspect their (deep) involvement in the production and sale, they do not suspect how deep. Possibly induces somnolence, and can suppress or delay onset of psychic powers. Also, a potent narcotic, which when abused leads to sleeping for 36+ hours at a time and having intense and savage dreams.



Elevation glyph 1

Other Boosterspice Varieties

In competition with the Capellan boosterspice are many newer, largely untested, attempts to produce a synthetic spice but in a more 'organic way' than has been done previously; it is expected that elements within the Spice Control Commission are already moving to shut them down Hard.

Spican boosterspice / Spican Synth Spice produced in the great low orbit factories of Spica's outer ("factory") gas giant. Rather the baseline for synthetic boosterspice. The "inferior" blend only in recent sidereals has speculation been permitted that it might not ultimately derive from the same source as the boosterspice of Capella Rex?

Spice Zero / Black Spice - the first spice to be used in imperial space, the irony is that it isn't actually spice at all. Almost none is left but what tiny particles have been gathered and put into stasis by imperial scientists suggest the particles are at least 60,000 (but less than 70) years old, the material is mutagenic and metaphysically active. That it can and has been used as a form of boosterspice is somewhat beside the point.

It is not known if it is reactive to plasm/slime but that seems Very likely. And dangerous.

HOWEVER, genetic archeologists have theorized that what they call "Spice Zero" aka black spice is what ultimately created the bonding sites in organic humanoids for actual boosterspice, which was probably not discovered¹⁸ until sometime shortly before the Second Empire's founding.

Enough of a mass of this to get any use out of will have the following effects.

1. If you are psychic, have some Taint.
2. If you are living, have some Hell taint.
3. Your offspring may be hell touched
4. You might get a boost to your psi powers.
5. They are probably tainted now.
6. To some, you will functionally be Unholy. That's...not good for you.

*"Dracophage....." It spat, perhaps
resentfully.*

¹⁸ T'was discovered in 21st century AD but forgotten subsequently; also, not understood. And it was not yet in a state usable by Teragen life forms. Not as it is now. Was used in primitive magical augmentation and of course....didn't work out that way. (In any case it was not utilized or recognized for what it was at the time or history might well have been very very different.

Beyond Boosterspice

Alternate illicit substances for criminal mayhem

When you are tired of all the complications around Farseer drugs

Commoner low level drugs (imperial)

Library Powder A powdery green substance best aerosolized for inhalation of Insectivroids and life forms with similar respiratory structures.

Proboscis tubers – the external root these tuber-bulbs put out is hard and resinous and, like bamboo, can easily grow right through someone. Only safely consumed when very dead. Usually smoking. Inhaling raw is exhilarating (3x effectiveness) but very dangerous. Via spores it may begin growing in your head.

Snorkelweed - originating in kelp beds in shallow, oxygen-rich seas

Spin – garden variety neuro-stimulant, also used in micro doses as anti-nausea/anti-convulsant

Tingleroot – smoked or chewed, low level entheogen that provides a gentle semi constant tingling sensation while consumed.

Harder to find, potent substances

Zukkor-999 – rare and obscure but potent (Imperial weapons grade) hallucinatory agent. Almost any form of imperial life, including most mechanicals and synthetics, are affected by the chemical vapours this sludge (75%) or powder (25%) emit when “activated.” Fortitude save (DC 23!) to avoid it’s effects. Those afflicted will perceive a thick gray green haze over everything, with random items, people, and sounds emitting from this toxic cloud at all intervals. Attempts to concentrate and things requiring such occur two steps lower on the dice chain in most cases. Can be used to aid in active interrogation, factoring the results of such a step higher on the dice chain though possibly with some lasting psychological effects on the interrogated.

Electric Dreams – drugs for computers

Blue Lamp, also called Moon powder or Moon dust, or Lamp dust

A mysterious blue powder; the original material was found on a moon at the imperial fringe, now maker codes exist for four strains of increasing refinement.

The substance is innately but very lightly, capable of a kind of energy drain. On contact with an energetic surface, it absorbs a certain amount of that energy and then breaks down.

In practice this leads to robot parties where they blast a tube of this tuff in the center of the room and everyone rolls around on the pile; the sensation to Created touch sensors is a tingling, sometimes a cooling sensation. Repeated exposure lead to (short term) bouts of tingling numbness and euphoria.

Clock, sometimes called Revs. “Like supercharging your processors.”

Special Saurid section

Waha Sajan - the way of the Saurid

- The 13 spoke wheel of Proper Saurid Life -

BURN

Migrate

Claim territory

Make peace with those who follow the Way

Make war with those who break the Way

BE (Lie)

Spawn

Raise your spawn in your correct Way

Lead your spawn into war and other travails until they can do better than you

SURVIVE (SWIM or such)

Exemplar leadership. Those who do, and so demonstrate the capability of a thing lead that thing until opposed, replaced, or improved upon.

A mere leader sets goals. An Exemplar achieves them.

Repeatedly.

Breathe

Exalted Exemplars may provide instruction and interpretation in the Way¹⁹

BECOME SHADOW (Die, or CEASE)

Make your mark on the universe

Make your mark on the Saurid people

Make your mark on the Gods

¹⁹ This is both the last tenet added and the one that has driven the majority of Saurid history since. But virtually all of these virtues have been enshrined in Saurid culture since the golden age

‘*Haydor Sardin.*’ She thought. The Saurid trader had picked an obvious, “settled” (imperial) name, presuming to make inroads in the core beyond the Satrapies. He regarded her coldly and inhaled deeply from the many armed, very...complicated hookah-pipe from which the trader smoked.

She watched, captivated. Of course, she was, this was the point.

<My ancestors inherited me this lucky trait, I have five tiny air sacs in my upper throat, each of which I can puff and fill up with air...or any other gas or particulate.>

As the Saurid released one of those sacs’ worth of exotic pink smoke the translator chip gave the trader an odd feminine inflection and immediately she wondered if she had misgendered the Trader.

<You umperials amuse me, always so quick to take offense, yet so anxious to not appear rude. You should unwind. Let your tail muscles down.> A deep baritone laugh followed that required no translation chip

Galactic Stereotypes – the Saurid Merchant

A particularly once racist hallmark of the late Second Imperium propaganda machines, from a time when it seemed one or both of the claimed Imperium states would be at war with the then recent declared Regent of All Saurid Peoples.

Usually an orange sun caste Saurid, generally with a short neck brill often folded to one side, and wearing an extremely lavish imperium style huzzy coat of some extinct arctic megafauna, something with bushy bristly white fur and small peacock like black spots. Quite likely smoking a hookah or similar gas/water pipe (in the modern era, the family hookah is a feature of a successful Saurid nuclear family home; juveniles are allowed to do so as early as they can safely accommodate the act of smoking, it is considered a ‘constitutional’ to keep their ‘circulation limber’)

In a handful of centuries this stereotype will have recycled and rebirthed itself in more modern guise as the symbol of an emergent imperial “middle class” almost entirely made of orange caste Saurids inhabiting worlds bordering “old imperial” worlds along the old core border

A very brief history of imperial – Saurid relations

To sum up. War.

Somewhat more detail – the clades of the empire, this and those past in the old core area of space – have been at war, hot and cold, off and on for thousands of years. The Saurids first entered this area of space in prehistory and as their empire fell, became later members, in part, of the First Empire. Until the Empress imperium, the whole of known history has been a cyclic battle between ultimately the humanoid life of the empire and the successors of those Saurids who first entered the Orion spur tens of thousands of years ago. Off and on, off and on, ad infinitum. A general warming of relations was occurring at the height of the Third Empire’s time, though the unraveling of that Empire and the Shriveling allowed those Saurids to expand vastly into previously occupied territory until the coming of the Empress.

Hidden Saurid Matriarch –

“Sshh, please, do not tell them you found me. I wish to maintain my.....anonymity for a time more. Yes, very well we shall talk. And tea. That is my price.

Do not make Auntie hunt you down now, Smart Monkey. Make Auntie cross and she takes your head, decorates her trophy room in her cave

*Yes, I have a cave what of it? What do **you** dwell in?*

Where it will fester and rot and become a home for feasting hungry insects and each night as my cavern fills with the stank of putrefaction and decay I will remember fondly, the look on your face, the realization at the end, that you crossed me.

I will smile. Then, when I can no longer stand the stink or the tiny crawling things start getting into trophies of value, I will burn it and throw it out.

Then I will forget you.

What?

Yes, I called you Smart. Monkey. Do those outsized earlobes work? How do you not all accidentally cut them off as juveniles?

No matter.

Yes. SMART MONKEY. I will keep saying it until your eyes bulge out of their beady little sockets. You think you imperial scum have won the sun's favour; think you've won the day. No.

And yes.

You see, the cleverest thing I think my cousins have ever done was to let you think they had been beaten. And then joining you.

I promise you Smart Monkey. Our time will come. In millennia

No, maybe centuries now.

Soon, a Saurid patriot will sit upon your ridiculous imperial throne, and found a dynasty, and bring the noble families to heel.

Did you like the tea?

Oh ... good.

Does your kind handle neurovenom? Oh good. How about the transparent ring fish of Meroticus' ninth moon? Oh, wait I can tell. Your lips are already turning blue!

I do apologize for the lingering symptoms of asphyxia, but I do want you to keep your promise not to tell the others you found me.

Good luck in the next life when you may yet be hatched Saurid.”

Hidden Saurid Matriarch (1) **Init** +2; **Atk** fists +5 melee (1d6) ea. or bite +6 (1d7 + str bonus + poison, DC 14 Fort save or endure a paralytic sleep for 10d6 rounds); **AC** 16; **HD** 5d12; **hp** 56; **MV** 40'; **Act** 2d20; **SP** possibly magic or psionics, immune to most poisons; **SV Fort** +5, **Ref** +3, **Will** +6; **AL** N.

Saurid Matriarch – as a strange blue scaled large framed but fragile and old Saurid she has certain hidden advantages; as they age their body seems to take on traits of an older precursor form even for them, many fin-like outgrowths providing a sort of blue-green membrane when in use underwater; they flex when tense or angry; similarly, their eyes are inky black pools of pure darkness with no discernable iris or pupil in the jet black sclera.

Semi-aquatic Can hold her breath and use a vestigial gill to swim underwater allowing for up to 10d6 rounds of vigorous action before needing a fresh source of air. Movement speed doubled in Water or Low G

Saurid weapons systems

With the absorption of many Saurid worlds and polities into the Imperium in the last centuries, the traditional enemy of many Saurid worlds, the Empire, has for now vanished, freeing many of the countless thousands of Saurid mercenaries to travel ever farther and wider seeking fortune and mayhem.

Saurian Fork – a somewhat trident shaped weapon ('tis triple tipped but they are arranged in a triangle from a central point; it's an ancient weapon from a period where they had to fish for a living)

Ideal for river and shallow lake/sea hunting; 1d6+ strength bonus crits on a 20 which always impales small fish-like creatures

Saurian missile pack - An almost trademark specialty of particularly insane or suicidal yellow sun Saurids; this is a "missile backpack" functionally a person mounted rocket launcher with multiple pods. In their conflicts with the Third empire a yellow sun Saurid polity deployed a force of rapid strike "missile scouts" to offset the early imperial power armor. Deployed in numbers and those numbers trained in and selected for its use, these rapidly moving infantry units of 40 individuals could unleash hell on a target once found..and did. Combined into large units the 'swarm' tactics these scouts had were enormously effective.

Today just bringing one to a firefight indicates a tenuous grip on sanity or morality.

weapon fires 6-12 short range micro-missile rockets each bearing fitted warheads

Rockets can be fired in pairs, triples, or numbering six, nine, or twelve.

Rockets may target multiple targets.

Multi-target (up to three) attack at +3

Partial rocket attack +6 (single or paired targets adjacent or near one another, volley of up to 6)

Full rocket, single target +10, crits at +4, looks impressive (any macros movie)

Unspecified "standard load out" rocket

Special load

Area Blast Frag – designed to bring down force fields blasts essentially Silicoid-steel barbs or caltrops across a 10m blast sphere.

HEAP High Explosive Armor Piercing – for use on those Legions when their shields are down....+4 v. AC 18 or higher;

Shearing bomb – single warhead detonates creating a horizontal 2d blast of force in a wide area

Biotech - Somatic Adaptability Why is the Saurid 'respiratory adaptability' not more commercially available? This. Early in-roads into imperial markets were made by a variety of new money Orange-sun genetic design houses in the centuries after the Empress' Reconquista, offering this trait to imperial organics.

However, 1 in 100 with the trait seemed to develop weird skin lesions and sores, eventually undergoing a 'bio-viral transfiguration' into a Saurid analog of the prior character. PCs should be allowed a save; however, those who die soon after the procedure might rise as a Saurid shortly after their "death." This can only happen once.

Saurid Superstitions

1. dating from the earliest era of the precursor race's speciation, the "double shadowed," or those exposed to two different types of sunlight in development (as is sometimes the case in multi star systems) Once, such eggs would have been crushed but that has not been the case for millennia
2. **Haemovores of the White Sun** It is said that White Sun caste Saurids are shapeshifters who drink blood. But that can't be true right? (Judges they are described in the DCC rulebook under Serpent men)
3. Rumor constantly suggests **Blue Sun caste**, or "*Mother Race*" Saurids may exist in tiny, isolated numbers amongst the Orange Sun population, hiding.

Red Sun Flame Fighting

Ancient Red Sun Saurid tradition of single combat. Two challengers face off at dusk, neither backing down nor moving until dawn. AT that time, they both begin to dig the fight pit. IT will take all day and they will have worked up QUITE the oily residue. At second dusk, the challenger lights himself on fire and leaps into the pit (though more than occasionally they leap OVER the pit and attack their foe directly) . Both sides fight (...on fire) until one of them is dead. A particular flame is used so that the oil mostly burns off harmlessly, but tradition uses no such nicety; both will take 1d4 a round each round for three rounds regardless; assuming they are both exerting themselves (combat is like that) then both will likely continue burning for 1d2 for every round thereafter.

Unique Saurid Conditions

Dampscale - A condition Saurids are susceptible to when they are immersed in water for too long. More than a few minutes partially or fully immersed is all that is required. *Must be treated once it's set in.* After 3-12 days of untreatedness, the scales, and indeed the outer skin will begin to slough off in the affected area. As this is not molting, the under-skin is not ready, there is often tearing and blood. Frequently leading to more Dampscale.

- 1d2 damage per day as the Saurid's skin keeps peeling off.

To the Saurids, dry is good, arid is better. Wet is bad, humid is worse. Their traditional conception of hell is a fetid swamp.

Saurian Hell

In the common Saurid depiction of Hell it is an infinite swamp. A swamp lit only by moonlight the swamp water itself is so black so you cannot see into it. The wind is cold, and it is always damp. The only food there is/ are the bones of dead Saurids and anyone who eats it is stuck forever there as one of the bone biters. In the Saurian Hell, many things will try to *trick you into eating them*

Venture Seeds Think of the Children!

Venture seeds are fundamentally short, sometimes one page scenario outlines or initial situations to get going quickly. "Take some risks, maybe get something."

Group size: Full group (5-10 PCs)

Requirements: Starship

Thematic or Useful: Saurids, Psychics, and maybe Thozmatot

Hook – "Beyond the imperial border on a small moon terraformed a thousand years ago, the clone of a Saurid scientist attempts to complete the work of a closed Imperial secret project. Her work calls to the Player Characters - ***come to us. Save us.*** But what is really going on?"

Getting There

Psion or Saurid characters will be contacted in dreams or through visions from especially potent results of certain abilities. Eventually in dreams.

Research will eventually lead to the recovery of an image from the vision - two dots around a central point....around a central (red) point. The six other bright stars "in shot" will be enough for one to identify approx. where this world is.

On arrival things get interesting

The forest moon of Linhseed is a small 1000 km wide captured asteroid body, pro'lly moved into the world's orbit for some purpose long long ago. The terraforming was of the old fashioned variety; particular varieties of certain Teragen tree and shrub varieties were released wild after being modified to thrive in the 'lunar' soil.

The atmosphere is still thin and provides only minimal protection from stellar radiation; those on surface during the day will need Polarizing lenses, goggles, or the like or suffer a possibility of vision damage every hour (Fort DC 16 1/hour or suffer 1d3 perm hp loss) Red or Orange sun Saurids likely can make do without these accoutrements but they will be greatly discomforted nonetheless (but not less efficient or effective).

On world a variety of biological constructs exist, failures and the like released to discourage visitors. As all higher life was imported or grown in a vat here, use anything from the thing from the bestiary that you wish should the need arise



The Lab is shielded from casual detection from space by a layer of vegetal concealment. IT is located in the far northern hemisphere where it is presently experiencing pleasant autumn-like conditions.

Oak, and ash trees abound. Semi concealed beneath the (shaped/grown) tree roots of three Ilimex Macrotrees (the only non-Teragen flora on world) is the upper floor of the lab. There are five levels and the basement where the fusion power plant is located.

They will not respond to hails or any kind of communication; it is as if they are not expected.

Doctor Kleiburr (Cly-BURR)

She has been in some capacity attempting in her way to help her people fulfill their destiny for the body of eight centuries. Two hundred years ago she turned to sorcery and called upon Thozmathot. That led her to the files of Project Super-Psion (below) and then the second moon of *Flax* a small yellow-grey inner system gas giant around red dwarf **Linaceae**, a thousand lights into the Rimward Beyond.

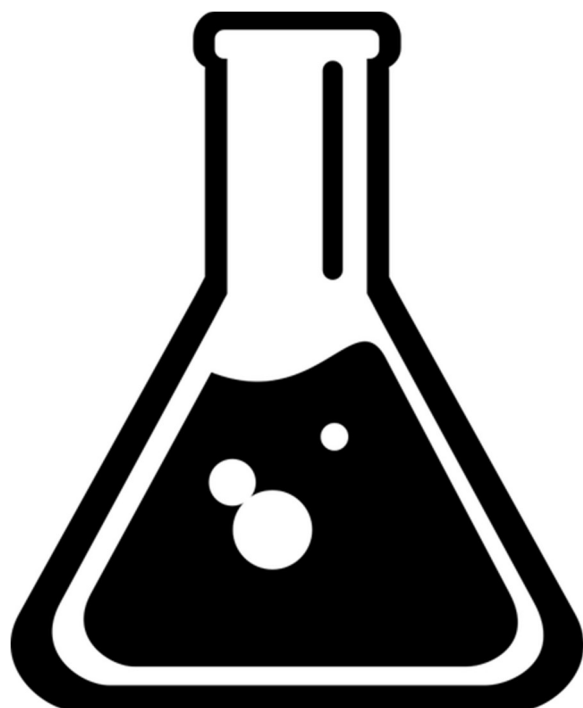
Project Super Psion is pretty self-explanatory, it was the last in a long line of attempts at creating a super powerful psychic; this was discontinued over 2000 years ago, one more disastrous attempt after so many. The emphasis in the imperial studies was psychokinetics, Doctor Kleiburr is more interested in developing their telepathy.

The **sanctum laboratorium** contains a helical mounted rack of birthing and gestational matrices; nine of them are occupied by large pink transparent spheres, each puffed up and swollen with a large semi-Saurid appearing fetus inside. Each of

them have, to varying degrees, swollen heads and eyes, and semi to vestigial bodily development, even for a fetus.

When the party arrives, seven of the nine will be awake, sentient, and reading their minds.

The good doctor will be accompanied by her “assistant” the assistant is a younger clone, recently decanted, though with her own experience matrix.



When the party arrives

Until and unless such a time as the party approaches the hidden compound, they likely will wonder if the complex is even still inhabited. Those who had the dreams will feel a vague sense of rightness in their being here but will have no hard facts to fit this belief.

On approach, the doctor will initiate contact acting though she had just detected them and is choosing to initiate friendly comms. She **MUST** know why they are here; after so many centuries she is paranoid about anyone learning of her purposes, motives, or final goals. Event to the point of often keeping her aid in the dark. (Her aid will be more friendly but is equally committed to the secrecy of the work by all who would interfere.)

It will rapidly become apparent that neither the doctor nor her assistant are in any way responsible for their being here. However, if anyone in the party serves or can invoke Thozmatot then that patron may intimate to the good doctor that the party are here at her behest. The doctor will still desire to know what is going on but will be persuadable in terms of acknowledging what is happening here.

Groups with one or more disciples to Thozmatot OTOH may be given very specific instructions, and they may not involve the Doctor. Optionally they may be sent to this world by their patron, either to aid the scientist, replace her, or to stop the project entirely, if the children are somehow abominations and not what She wants.

Regardless, eventually the party will gain entry to the laboratory's outer habitation and an awkward social encounter will follow unless the PCs initiate violence.

The Doctor will be greatly reluctant to discuss her work even if Thozmatot makes clear that the whole party are allies. Likely she will initially refuse any offers of aid or such out of turn. Her "assistant" may be more amenable. The party will likely have to appeal to the younger doctor's reason and empathy in order to get the elder doctor to let them even know what's what.

And if that fails, or if they fail to make inroads with either of the Saurids, then the children will initiate contact. First with one or more of them (those who had the dreams) and possibly then to the party leader...

One way or another, the party will learn (wholly or in part) of the doctor's plans and who they involve. What the party does next determines the flow of events.

Outcome

If they just flee - If the Doctor or her heir exists, they will not let anyone leave the moon with knowledge of them and their work unless those people are clearly in their own service. Even then there will likely be hostage taking at first, though not phrased in those terms of course (No, the young squishy caster with you will be asked to stay and help; they will not just ask for a hostage)

It is also possible, esp. if there are psions and or Saurids among them that they may *decide to help the doctor*. The doctor will need convincing (the younger clone is the path forward here as, spun up from the doctor's most recent backup, she has access to all of the doctor's lore BUT has her own experiences. She is neither psion nor an active magician) as the long years and dedication crossed with centuries of hiding and of course secrecy have taken their toll. The elder doctor is reflexively paranoid and may easily dispatch the characters if they are not VERY careful. Unless she called them first of course. Then she will be merely ruthless

If the doctor dies - it depends on the intent and how the doctor's "assistant" (quite capable of continuing herself of course) have gotten on with the PCs; circumstances where the PCs get on with the aid and the aide takes over work similarly to patronage (below)
Alternately the children could adopt her.

If they free the children - oh boy

The children will want to continue existing of course but mostly they will in the short term, want to continue developing. Most of them are not ready to be "birthed" yet. If both doctor and her aide are gone, one or more of the PCs will need to stay to

supervise this process. Alternately the little ones probably can psychokinetically jumpstart the clone growth / decanting process so they conceivably might have yet another young doctor at their disposal in 2-6 weeks.

Any circumstance where one or more members of the group bond with or adopt or decide to protect the children however immediately suggest its own mini campaign where they or their keeper or just the needs of the moment, send the PCs off to system X, Y, or Z to score a needed component, specialist, material, or whatnot. Ultimately however the challenge for those adopting this path will have to eventually contend with the notion of raising what amounts to nine game breaking super psychics who have an undisclosed power level but it should be implied to be...more than should be.

In a continuing game, it could be argued that the best case here is that the children collectively become a patron or sort of recurring NPC that shows up all dues ex when the PCs would otherwise die. Alternately they could become a new patron for one or more of the characters. Or even, potentially, their ship's god or navigator. IT's complicated.

Of course, they could also accidentally crack the moon in half while the PCs are there necessitating their immediate departure. Speaking of which....

Of course, there is **one other option**. When they are in the chamber, especially when they are first brought into the chamber, inflicting so much as a single point of damage on any of the birthing matrices will breach the pod and quite possibly kill the fetus within (depending on what the attacker's intent was). A large group could conceivably kill them all in one round of surprise.

And that might be the safest course of action. Only the scientist and her assistant will then need to be dealt with.

Anyone having attacked any of the children, however, should any of them survive, will be immediately targeted by the awesome psychic power of those remaining.—

Additional information

Soon the group will be feeling the burden of hauling a family of WMDs around. (And of course, the Imperium will be getting involved at that point, one way or another.) A twist here could be that the foeti are all retrograde Saurid matriarchs, and they are essentially genengineered sorcerers rather than psychics; give each a level five spell from the DCC core and proceed as above. Such things would almost certainly have GREAT religious significance to traditional Saurids and of course, would advance Thozmatot's schemes greatly.....and would likely get the characters, their ship, and their livelihoods dipped in great heaping wallops of dreggu.

Doctor Kleiburr (Cly-BURR)**Sorceress, former scientist****Origin** Abandonware**Being (Gens)** Saurid **(Clade)** Orange sun**Profession** Professional, learning based (scientist)**Currently:** Sorceress, former scientist**Gravity** Heavy**Class** Wizard**Base AC** 12**HD** 1d8 +2d4**HP** 17**BAB** +1 **Crit table** 1d6/I

Bite attack +1 to hit, 1d6 damage

Saves**Fort** 2**Ref** 1**Will** 1**Weapon proficiencies** Laspistol, Needler, Staff,

Languages Yusauid, Yui-lao, Lingishtar, Sign Glyph, Interworld, various Saurid dialects

Alignment: Neutral (goal focused/obsessed)**Spells:** up to five level one spells,

Patron Bond Thozmatot,

Invoke Thozmatot

Caul of Night (Void)

Environment Shield

Stepping Disc

Gear

Orange sun Saurid female, dates from a period where the Empire was not an ally.

Has largely turned her back on known and known alien (read: Imperial) science by this point.

Yellow scaleweave, headfeathers, purple eyes, stripes and tail feathers at tip of tail

And her clone assistant

Krava ('youngling or assistant')
Rogue Field Scientist

Strength	14	+1
Agility	9	
Stamina	17	+2
Intelligence	15	+1
Personality	13	+1
Luck	9	9 Current luck

Origin Backup persona (clone)
Being (Gens) Saurid **(Clade)** Orange sun caste
Profession Professional, learning based (scientist)
Gravity Normal

XP	11	
Base AC	12	
HD	1d8 + 1d6	
HP	11	
BAB	0	Crit d12/III (19-20)
Bite attack +0 to hit, 1d6 damage		

Saves

Fort	3
Ref	0
Will	2

Armor proficiencies environmental suits, vacuum suits,

Weapon proficiencies All melee, sonics, non-lethal melee weapons,

Languages Yusaurid, Lingishtar, Interworld,

Alignment: modest inclination to Law

Degrees derived from host

Publications none of her own

Jury Rig Dice d3

Electronic Warfare Valve 1

Hubris Effects 0 none yet

Specific Position bio-intern; the good doctor's assistant

Gear

Yellow scale weave, three small head feathers, purple eyes, very pale stripes and feather-buds at tip of tail; in all ways a younger version of Doctor Kleiburr
 Stats given should they be taken on as a PC

Patrons of the known galaxies

Golden Thozmatot, the Goddess Denied

Swimming of the seas of memory arisen, cast to the impossibilities of future beaches.

Thozmatot, in a rage, is Trapped in a prison only She can perceive, the self-ascended 'destiny' meme of the old Saurid peoples; 'she is wrapped in rotting finery, still in some way, held in thrall by the hope that this might one day be undone. But unable to do undo it herself. Powerless. The mother, betrayed. By her children – All that she worked for, embodied, and set into motion is gone – gone into the Never, for it was prevented. Stillborn. Frozen. Abruptly halted. When the time came, her children choose differently. All of her works, forgotten before they could become fruitful, ignored and disregarded before possibility. What should have been became what never was.

The golden 'pearl' that she recovered in mythic times from the depths of The Oldest Ocean, swollen with possibility and love for her descendants, those who would follow from her Great Act in a moment shattered and filled with her blood. Now the blood pearl on her forehead seeps, constantly dripping with resentment, bitterness, anger, and a mother's deep regret.]

Betrayed from within as much from without. Her womb, her eggs, not to be trusted. At times Thozmatot will attempt to give aid to those of her children who are suffering but she is too used to it being turned away, ignored, or misinterpreted that it is a seldom thing.

Regardless of what she once was (or could have been), now the Saurid Mother is slowly – perhaps unaware – changing, becoming a demon perhaps.

Background Once merely the personified incarnation of the race memory of their precursors, she came to be depicted by those few who take up her mantle as Golden Thozmatot

Thozmatot The Saurid Mother – both proto goddess and race memory of a matriarchal psychic era (both to come and of precursor species); a swollen Saurid goddess figure perched atop a throne of eggs, head swollen with tremendous psychic ability, prodigious tail wrapped around her horde protectively.

Thozmatot was to have been *Sauriad Tozmathot*, the sacred mother of a great new race of Saurids, a race of potent psychics, who were to have swept the Galaxy with Her Light.

That is not what happened.

Instead, at the appointed time and foretold hour, her people turned away. At the last moment, somehow disaster struck, and apotheosis was denied; in that moment the future burned, and with it, her people – turning from her or turned away – gave up their future.

Now her people are stupid and listen to aliens and fight among themselves. This pains her but they are her children, regardless of how willful or ignorant. But with a mother's persistence, she remains. The proto-Goddess aids her people when she can, which is seldom. She is out of hope, but she understands persistence.

Maybe one day her children will again hear her words

Feeding her Young the Wriggling worms of wrath

Once in the most ancient of days, the thing that would become Thozmatot was not even sentient, more a confluence of emergent qualities. An emerging race memory, as well as telepathy, emerged in the female population of the proto-Saurids. In time the thing that became Thozmatot arose simply from those telepaths accessing their racial inherited memories. She was the means by which such information was recalled. So, a strange sort of sentience arose, one copied but added to with each successive generation, linked telepathically into a kind of unconscious gestalt of all of these emerging telepathic racial memories.

Over a thousand or more years this awakened race composite began to subtly alter and distort the facts, memories, and perceptions of its children, manipulating them toward a greater degree of evolution. Contact with, and both metaphysical and genetic pollution by the First Empire altered and arrested this process. And then Empire's fall ended it, cutting it forever short.

Spellburn for the Saurid Mother

1 The Saurid mother imparts a tiny fraction of her sorrow over the lot her people have drawn. Despair at what could have been (Personality, Luck). Such regret! For what can never be.

2 The Shatter'd Hour - The echoes of the Denial resonate still and now you shall experience and embody them. You feel endless tiny hands cracking and breaking your bones into the tiniest of shards and fragments, your fire is taken from you and put into the earth. With great sorrow and greater anger, you realize your rebellious children have brought about their own destruction and tainted those to come. Double spell burn results to fuel a spell with your rage up to -1d3 STA, --1d6 STR, - 1d2 INT, and 1d6 PERS

3 The burn of the Void is harsh upon the mother, forgotten by her children as she is; she passes this inner oblivion of 'essential invisibility' to the invoker, who suffers -1d4 to PERS, STA, AGIL, and INT, half of which may be used to spell burn, the remainder of which is sucked into the void, lost forever. 3% chance that each point of attribute loss is permanent barring sorcerous regeneration or divine restoration. 4 Mother is disappointed in you. -1d4 pers, all of which may be consumed as spellburn immediately so long as you act in a manner she would approve of.

Patron Magics - Memory Wrath and Regret

- (1) The Cold Coils of Memory (Memory)
- (2) The Bitter Vessel of All that Could have Been (Regret)
- (3) Bursting Pearl of Bloody Thoughts (Wrath)

Invocation of Thozmatot the Still-Mother

Level 1

Range: self

Duration: Variable

Casting time: 1 round

Save: Spell check DC

General – Once Thozmatot was merely a great and swollen Noosphere manifestation; the living soul, an emerging race memory of a new, telepathic, species. Despite the Betrayal, all of this is still within her. With this you reach deep into her, seeking to drink deep of what came before. Both Personal and racial/cultural insights are possible.

Manifestation – by calling upon the Still-mother the caster manifests, temporarily or more permanently, aspects of the Still-mother, most notably her crystalline Third Eye.

Corruption Roll 1d8 1-4 minor 5-7 major 8 greater

Misfire N/A

Spell Check Results

1	Lost, failure, and worse! Roll 1d6 modified by luck; 3- Corruption + Patron Taint, 4-5 Corruption, 6+ Patron Taint
2-11	Toe Claws Clutching Charcoal Failure. Depending on the results of the Patron bond, the caster may or may not be able to cast it again.
12-13	1d2 Droplets of Blood Trapped in Amber Drip painfully from a point in the caster's anatomy corresponding to their third or "seeing" eye, one at a time. This, the distilled essence of an abandoned mother's pain, may be used to create 1d6 points of Stamina or Personality based spellburn, which must be used immediately to aid the caster's survival or advancement or to advance the destiny of the Saurid people (this is a patron decided and derived identifier, not a PC one)
14-17	Mother's friend the Hidden Mind Knife Egg Mother sees her wayward children and chides them for being stupid and fighting among each other. Saurid psychics, mothers, maternals, all are chided, unable to act in any capacity against the caster or their allies for the duration (the next 1d3 rounds). The invoker manifests a Blu- in-azure Eye Jewel which confers Bonuses to fire and psychokinetic damage, adding one per damage die / CL.
18-19	Pink Irised Tentacle Jewel Egg Mother Remembers those who have been a friend and a foe to her children. In myth, the Still-Mother once journeyed to all of the princes and princesses of the Elemental realms, seeking to secure protection for her children from the direst of elements. If Saurid, an invoked aura suffuses the faithful servant and allows the channeler to endure environments of extreme cold, heat, foreign atmospheres, and even vacuum. If non-Saurid, the invoker is bestowed with some of her children's heartiness; the character may wade through and inhale high concentrations of Hydrogen, Helium, and carbon dioxide with no effect for 1d10+CL rounds
20- 23	Swirling indigo Body Phalanges The invoker is so endowed as to act as a power battery for Saurid psions. Up to 10+CL points of PERS, STA, AGIL, or INT Brainburn may be "loaned" to compatible psychic characters at no expenditure to the spell caster themselves.
24-27	Swelling itching brain pods The mother shares her moment to moment existence, a quicksilver infusion of pure tormented mind. Attempts to read the caster's mind must first overcome this spell check DC. Failure to do so inflicts 1d6+CL brain boiling damage on the would be peeping tom.

28-29 Opening her wings of burning hydrogen

The invoker can take flight, sprouting a pair of flaming gaseous wings that provide both lift and motive force when uncontrolled. They may move through the air or other gaseous or empty three + dimensional medium at 30''+CL/ round, leaving a blazing cloud of rapidly consuming hydrogen in their wake. This ignites flammables it comes into contact with, and anyone bathed in the immediate hydrogen trail of the caster takes 1d4+CL damage as the hydrogen in and around them ignites

30-31 The green phoenix comet of total doom and judgement

Largely as above; the once Supine Queen, now less of a graceful alien flying kind of death and more a raging fireball of imminent annihilation. They move through the air (as above) at 60''+CL per round, each round leaving a 40+(action die) foot burning tail in their wake

32+ Witness my radiant magnificence

the light of the *Sauriad Tozmathot* shines however dimly, from her Throne of Still-Eggs. A twisted kind of defense of those who love her enough to invoke her. A blazing light seems to spill out from within or above the caster, nearly blinding all within 60+CL feet. For the next 2d6+CL rounds, those who attempt to attack, harass, mentally contact, influence or worse control the caster (and up to 1d4+CL others) will be the subject of a divine curse, geasae, or binding (most likely the Curse of Knives – below) but almost any curse in DCC could result at the Judge's option. The caster themselves will find themselves at +4 to curse, geas, charm, influence, control, or bind any who stand against them at this time.

The Curse of Knives

The subject is destined to know only betrayal, abandonment, and woe. None will befriend them without consequence, and no one will linger for long.

The afflicted gains +1 to use knives, daggers, and the like in combat or for ritual purposes. The knife or knives become a focus of their spellcasting, variously writing, craving, or cutting the effect into existence.

Mechanics – at first level and each gained level thereafter the afflicted gains the use of a single spell of that or lower level, which they perform at their full action die.

Each time the afflicted is betrayed, they regain 10 hp, each time they are abandoned by their friends or colleagues they regain 20 hp;

Each time they survive a haunting or traumatic experience they gain an experience point

Patron Taints for the Still-Mother

Patron Taint 1 – Skein of the Mother

The Invoker erupts in a skin condition, their skin taking on a golden cast. Within 1d5+CL days, they will begin to a small concealable tail.

ON a second and subsequent occurrence of this result, the caster mutates, growing considerably more like the Egg Mother. The second result leaves the character's body covered in a taught mesh of new scales within d7+4 days. These scales move with the character and do not restrict their movement, replacing scars and other minor physical deformities with uniform scales of tight weave and exotic colour (Colour – d5 1-2 Golden 3 4 5 Platinum Also add 1 to your AC due to the scale weave.) An existing tail will grow and swell, eventually taking up at least 5% of the character's mass, and a new will grow in to replace one that has been lost. On a third or any subsequent occurrence of this result, a tiny pair of small moon-horns may erupt out of the forehead. Their tail swells to as much as 25% of their overall body mass and their head swells up 150% of prior size; by now they definitely have a pair of (now curved due to swollen head) crescent shaped moon-horns.

Patron Taint 2 – Still-Mother's Pain.

It is said that at the Denial, when her children turned away from her en masse, she was heavy with many eggs....all of whom subsequently failed to thrive. By the time they were laid, they were dead. Several dozen eggs slowly form up like tiny little pebbles inside you, regardless of the plumbing involved. CL+d12 days later they will slowly begin to move out of the character's body, a process that might take up to d30 hours.

On a second recipience of this results, know that the pain Thozmatot felt when her many children immediately still birthed echoes across time and space to you. So great is her grief and misery, even now, that it fills you, claiming your ability (present or future) to sire or carry children²⁰.

Having thus proven your worth, on a third or subsequent recipience of this tainted result, the Golden Still-mother sends you on a quest to advance her schemes in the material universe. Finding a promising young Saurid psychic, recovering an ancient artefact of the people, or finding a lost world are only a few of the more obvious possibilities.

Patron Taint 3 – Bottomless Hunger of the Never

One of the Mother's oldest remaining memories, oldest lessons, was that when all else fails, you eat your way through. The enemy? Your own spawn? No matter. So long as you remain, renewal remains possible. Your jaws grow to tremendous capability, as much as 175% of prior size and they gain a bite attack capable of inflicting 1d3+STR BONUS (if the character possesses a bite attack that bite attack becomes more deadly, damage dice moving up two steps on the dice chain) Furthermore, almost anything not obviously life threatening (plutonium, antimatter, etc.) that is consumed in this fashion

Patron Taint 4 – Chains of Potential

Amidst newly cracked skin or scaled, a blue 'scaled jewel' will sprout out of the invoker's forehead in the next 1d4+1 days.

However, any paying attention will note the crystal is deeply flawed and cracked from far within. The would-be Saurid mother was to have represented her children's tremendous

²⁰ If the invoker is with child, then Thozmatot greatly appreciates your most honored sacrifice. The child is stillborn but inexplicably your body will not naturally rid itself of it.

realized psychic talent. AS it remains unrealized, so does hers. On receiving this result, any psychic disciplines (even those from zero level) become inaccessible to the character. Psionics will not function for them. When a psychic character attempts to use psi powers on the invoker, even beneficial psi effects function at -1 per die on any result obtained. However, the sorcerer now saves v. all hostile psychic effects at +(CL).

Patron Taint 5 – Time and Memory

AS time since the Betrayal grows, The Still-Mother finds Herself increasingly covered in eyes of many kinds, all serpentine and reptilian but almost all of them oily and blind. She is in many ways still trapped in the event moment of Her betrayal; it is indeed much of her nature. With this result you too tend to become trapped in cycles of failure and loss. Any time you fumble, experience a misfire, corruption, or (yes) patron taint, you find yourself in a repetitive event bubble that (most often) only includes yourself – for 1d10+CL days you repeat the same day of your failure inexorably (gaining no experience points for doing so) until returning to the phenomenal world at the end of that time. AT that time 1d3 of these eyes begin to manifest upon your body, each blessing also conferring a +1 to all spell check results to invoke Thozmatot; As you are the recipient of that rarity the joy of the Still-Mother for taking upon you some of her burden, this bonus is cumulative with subsequent incidences of this result.

Patron Taint 6 –Memory and Time

You gain 1d4 voices that speak mysteriously of your past, the past of your parents, their parents and so on. They do not stop. Seemingly haunted, each time you gain a level another 1d4 of these voices join the chorus.

These are the Voices of your Ancestors, now free and roaming in the cells of your body thanks to the sympathetic magic of the Still-Mother's taint. IF you have access to **Galaxy Black**

Volume 1 Characters and Classes you gain the trait **Genetic Memory**

If the disciple does not already know the spell the Cold Coils of Memory, it slowly manifests within them over a course of days. Any casting of that invocation does so for the memory bearer at +4.

The Cold Coils of Memory

Level 1

Range: varies

Duration: 2d6+CL rounds or as indicated

Casting time: 1 round

Save: Spell check DC

General – Once Thozmatot was merely a great and swollen Noosphere manifestation; the living soul, an emerging race memory of a new, telepathic, species. Despite the Betrayal, all of this is still within her. With this you reach deep into her, seeking to drink deep of what came before. Both Personal and racial/cultural insights are possible. **Manifestation:** The caster reaches for a momentary meditative state, emulating perhaps the great psions of old.

Spell check results

1 Lost, Failure, and Patron faint!

2-11 Lost, Failure

12-13 Age of the Waha Sajan - You remember only the Ways of the People

By focusing on the here and now you make it easier for yourself to move among common Saurids; this is most useful to non-Saurids, the Splintered, and the Anachronistic moving through Saurid societies but can be an aid to those moving through the Satrapies and the Imperial Volume as well. Dealing with (or evading) laws, culture restrictions and shibboleths become a non-issue as you blend as much as possible with those around you.

14-17 Like bubbles from cosmic foam

You recall a low time in your soul's descent when you were not even born Saurid; this allows the character to "instantly" gain one minor useful trait – they may find they had a psychic ancestor who spoke the language of gnolls (or was one) for example. This is highly individualistic, and the invoker is encouraged to make a list of such precedents; they should later be allowed to invoke those particular with greater ease and regularity. Only one such advantage can be gained per casting, however. This advantage may persist and linger afterward for an unspecified amount of time. Consult your Judge

18-19 She Remembers what you did

You call upon and are to an extent guided by 1d3 semi-animate "spirits" of the caster's ancestry; these could be actual ancestor spirits or matrilineal race memory given psychic power for a time²¹. If the caster is Saurid, they may manifest as the living record of the character's life experiences. Almost anything the character has themselves experienced no matter how small a detail may be "recalled" in this way. Additionally, the known recollections of your immediate family, alive, or dead, may be consulted in this fashion.

20-23 You remember Mother's Golden Ways to her Future Children (Toz²² Mat'oct Denh Wan akh²³)

An insurmountable racial pride swells in your breast for all of the Golden Mother's children. If you are of the people (e.g., a Saurid) congratulations, you become so infused with unstoppable enthusiasm for your own and your people's future that you benefit from a +3 to all saving throws for the next 26 hours.

²¹ Really, difference?

²² Translated as gold / sacred but more accurately lustrous, here taking on connotations of numinosity.

²³ Translated - the Den Mother's Future Children, or more literally the *Ancient Mother's spawn who do not yet exist*

If you are not of the people, for the next day, you receive a spell check bonus of +2 to all attempts to invoke Thozmatot and +1 on the die to all rolled results that aid Saurids or advance the schemes of the Golden Mother.

24-27 A cut so deep - You remember what was to have been

Saurids are at +10 to influence, mind control, or dominate other life forms be it via magic, social influence or any other means of interaction. This can be applied to relevant skill checks, spell check results, and the like. Additionally, you have a pool of 1d4+CL points which may be used immediately for spell burn purposes, drawn from the dying memories of their ancestors

28-29 Hatching the treasonous Eggs, Shards that Cut so deep - You remember the Betrayal

A cold certainty blossoms through you even as you feel your suicidal children try to murder you from within. Their wish to die is so strong they will take you with them if you do not do what is necessary.

A cold trance comes over the invoker, adding 6 to their AC, and 2d4 additional hit points (2d6 if the invoker is presently injured); at this time, they may state a single intended action that they will intend to fulfill beyond the normal capacity of body or soul. Feats of self-surgery for example have been performed under these circumstances.

Having stated their terrible goal, nothing will stop them, the AC and hp bonuses persistent until they have achieved their goal or are dead. Being reduced to 0 hp in pursuit of this goal is in fact insufficient to stop them. Damage equal to their STA core must be inflicted further, whittling away the raw substance of their bodies, to stop them from fulfilling their task.

If they are at or below zero hp at the completion of their task they die, unless they can succeed at a Fortitude save at the spell check result. If the loss of extra hp brings them to or below zero at the end of spell's duration, they die.

30-31 Memory of the Sauridomorphicon - Memories of the Fanciful

a place/time/revel in ancient Saurid mythology, set to rest at the 'place of five rivers converging.' *A silver radio-fronded oasis surrounded by amber grains of sand, the shadows of the five suns slowly sweeping across the rivers named for them.* So complete is the recollection of this place/time/event²⁴ that you may manifest people, artefacts, and relics from this legendary time, at the Judge's option.

Sample Game Example The Saurian Blade -

a ghost image of the legendary Saurian Blade manifests out of the Noosphere in the caster's hands; for d4+CL rounds, the Saurian Blade snaps into quasi-real existence in the devotee's hand(s). More myth than reality, this weapon's alleged existence speaks to a mythical time where the Saurid precursors lived on a single hot world under five suns, and fought one another for dominance with a variety of exotic and baffling weaponry. The so-called Saurian Blade is one such

A single piece of glass or crystal, of uncertain hue (it seems to be a form of clear semi crystalline matter that takes the light of what is shone upon it) with a pair of holes or vents along one side, at the bottom where only something as large and clumsy as Saurid hands would ever comfortably fit.

Two handed crystal blade +3 (1d8) sized for (red) Saurid hands and enormous builds (for whom it inflicts 1d10) damage. The transparent blade catches the rays of any sunlight present in the invoker's presence, empowering the blade additionally.

Red sun's light confers (an additional) 120' of infravision to the bearer

²⁴ If taken literally it would seem to imply that the Saurid people or at least their souls (or the souls of their originators) recall dwelling in some prior place before incarnating physically in the Collapsing Universe. This mythical time if taken literally suggests an origin plane or universe that this magic in some way yet calls upon.

Yellow sun's light adds four to the manifester's strength score while the blade is manifest
Orange sun's light makes the bearer a beacon of hope (DCC RPG p368)

Blue sun's light adds two to the bearer's will saves

A white Sun's pale light gives a light touch of un-death to the blade, conferring the like named quality to the manifested blade. (DCC p 371)

When Manifested under the light of all five suns however, the blade manifester regenerates 1 hp/CL per round and receives all of the above benefits simultaneously.

32+ Diving into the Black Singularity

The caster, at great danger to themselves, attempts to draw a specific recalled life out of the sum total of the Saurid race memory, the Black Singularity of Memory.

You manifest a single potent individual from somewhere in the byzantine mass of Saurid race memory. As this could be countless millions of individuals we will speak of three "almost-archetypes" Saurids that existed at the time of the Betrayal; likely, countless more exist at the Judge's option

SeyLeyslar The General (Neutral) is very matter of fact. They confer an additional +2 to hit, 4 to the manifester's AC and an additional 3d6 hp, plus proficiency with nearly any weapon. Content to ride shotgun and advise like some kind of Saurid Sun-Tsu. Smarter than you and will let you know it.

Oxnix The Despot (Lawful) seeks to dominate all Saurids, and is absolutely ruthless in doing so. Take 2d6 more hp and add 4 to your PERS score. Has twisted ideas about purity and will seek to target hybrids, the uplifted, and any Saurids that have obviously experienced genetic prosthesis. Add 3 to your Will saves and 2 to save v. poison and toxins.

1 in 4 will seek to remain at the end of the duration, doing so periodically for 1d5+CL weeks thereafter on a failed Will save (DC is the spell check result).

Urkilmeda the Priest (Chaotic) the poisoner of eggs has a toxic touch (attacks at +4, touch leaves contact poison that is caustic and causes organic material to break down, disorganizing 1d6 damage) and can assume the face of any being and approximate appearance of any it has touched or extensively studied. Urkilmeda also speaks the language of the ancient serpent folk.

Channeling these ancestors can be stopped at any time that the caster choses (see Oxnix however) until that time they linger for 2d6+CL days and they do learn from their experiences so the smart caster will learn to work cooperatively with them.

The Bitter Vessel of All that Could have Been

Level 2

Range: immediate area (60' radius)

Duration: instant or as indicated

Casting time: 1 round

Save: Spell check DC or as indicated

General – the deep well of failure and betrayal weighs down the Golden Mother, dragging her into the Abyss. This ancient spell -rune allows the invoker to tap into her great regrets and unleash her pain-law.

Manifestation: The caster channels the Golden Mother, functionally speaking in tongues, chanting guttural inhuman syllables from some pean or battle song **that once was or could be.**

Spell check Results

1 Lost, Failure, and Patron faint!

2-11 Lost, Failure and Taste the pain!

The spell remains but at the expense of 1d4 PERS claimed as spellburn, for which you derive no benefit. The Golden Still-Mother appreciates your sacrifice petitioner.

12-13 Failure but spell remains

14-15 Empty Vessel

WE could be an army, an armada, if only you would see my shining light

The Golden Mother is aggrieved the most at the wretched invisibility-unconcern of her Children, those whom she feels should be most inclined to listen first. But they are products now of their age and time and she has had no Words

They are blinded and also blinding.

If only she could make them see

Strikes all Saurids not dedicated to Thozmatot with blindness lingering for 2d6+CL days on a failed Fortitude save. Lawful Saurids save at -2 on the die. Those who renounce their struggle may find their sight restored at the caster's choosing or by Thozmatot's Will (Judge's option)

16-19 Perfect Vessel

Why don't you understand my children? You were first, you came first, you are first, you are the best. We ought rule them

The greatest pain is perhaps reserved for those of her Children who assimilate, who become Imps and forget all that came before them.

They diminish themselves in her bloodied eye.

Unleashes the **Golden radiance** – this is a persistent glow/aura effect; has a terror effect on Saurid psychics and, especially, empaths; for those afflicted on a failed will save, all actions will be taken at one step reduced on the dice chain and all instincts that they possess will be screaming for them to run. Zero level Saurids, and unintelligent animal forms will simply flee at top speed as though direly menaced. Non-Saurids, trained animals, and other intelligent life forms will instead find that in the light of the golden glow they are much more receptive to Saurid thoughts and ideas. All Saurids effectively gain a PERS of 18 and gain a +3 bonus on any attempt to influence or control those so affected.

20-21 Broken Vessel

The only path left for The Golden Mother is to cause Her Children Pain
She does not wish to punish only to be seen and heard but no other course is offered her.

And so, her Wayward Children Will Suffer Well.

Unleashes the Rain of Mother's Wrath mother's wrath – a pure attack against Sauridkind; to Saurids, Saurid allies, or those with Saurid traits the affected area becomes agitated and toxic, acid and pitch raining down upon them even as they wade through swirling frozen fogs of dry ice and methane crystals. All those affected who are caught within suffer 3d12 hp damage, and 1d8 ability damage. Further, within the affected area, common and even exceptional (but mundane) Saurid tech, works, creations, and the like spoil, are fragged or destroyed.

Thereafter all of those affected must save v. the spell check result or contract Dampscale.

22-25 New Vessel

We should dwell in the holy places the desert, the frozen, and the made dens of space

*For Planets and their Savage Gravities only bring marsh and swamp. She who controls the quality of the air controls the quality and variety of life. She is the **Denh's Wanakh**, the den mother, who controls all that is alive and dead within her domain.*

Go to the stars and take only the arid worlds from them.

Bonuses in desert, artificial, and elevated (high altitude & mountainous) environments, +4 saves v. gravitational effects; grants low gravitational proficiency if necessary

26-29 Crumbling Vessel

All Bodies Wither.

May your bones snap, your jaws break, and your skin tear, precious children beware.

Confers a +5 Bonus to hit v. all Sauridkind AND their traditional enemies (Homo Sapiens, the Martian Empire and it's inheritors. Furthermore, this bonus extends toward critical hit results v. non-psyhic Saurids

30-31 We could be mighty, We Could Rule

You can compel Saurids and those sympathetic to Thozmatot's cause and needs to act in Her Behalf; At the least, no Saurid can ignore your words, and all must hear what you have to say. The caster functionally possesses a PERS of 19 with regard to Saurids and their kin. This effect lingers for 2d6+CL hours but can be devastating with proper RP. Additionally, each week or progression you may gather 1d4+CL zero levels to you committed to your task; they will remain, unless treated poorly, a minimum of (CL) weeks in at least sympathetic service to the cause or petitioner themselves.

32-33-Treasonous Spawn Drowning

Caster inflicts a persistent injury on their next hit, which strikes at +13 on the attack roll, inflicting double damage, and a critical hit – specifically the first persistent injury allowable by that table. The injury will ache and bleed, seeping for another 1d3 hp damage the first day and thereafter healing at half speed (and magical healing is itself at -1 on the die per die result).

In addition, each year there is a cumulative $1d6+1\%$ chance that the wound will claim the character and they will be physically sucked through the injury like some kind of flesh-singularity and broken down into their essential essence, which feeds the shattered egg mother.

34+- **Cracking the Black Singularity**

The caster seeks to penetrate the Black Singularity of Memory, unleashing a black wall of angry, potent, painful shattered memory engrams on all present.

This creates an explosive area effect (60' radius, centered on caster) psychic catastrophe that inflicts itself on all present, friend and foe alike. All non-Saurids immediately suffer $3d6$ hp damage and $1d6$ ability score damage (inflicted on PERS, AGIL, INT, and STA in that order) and are disoriented swimming in alien memories for $2d6+CL$ rounds, during which time their concentration is so shattered and quicksilver they are one step lower on the dice chain to do anything

Saurids caught in this area take $6d6$ psychic damage and $1d12$ ability damage inflicted directly on their PERS score

Bursting Pearl of Bloody Thoughts

Level 3

Range: varies

Duration: instant or as indicated

Casting time: 1d2 rounds

Save: Spell check DC

General The Bright Mother's Third Eye, bloody, blind, and bleeding, unleashing violence and pain upon all around it. This spell calls upon this tremendous font of torment and rage, unleashing the Mother's violence through her own cracked third pearl eye.

You become the Golden Mother's Weapon, a walking Still-Canon, to silence those who have offended. Sort of psi blast, dedicated to set enemies, that at higher thresholds lights them on fire etc.

Manifestation: 1. The caster carves a symbolic third eye in their forehead (or equivalent) through which the light of golden Thozmatot shines 2. The caster's third eye physically (or metaphysically) opens through which the sights of Thozmatot may issue forth. 3. The caster manifests a resplendent orb or crystal at the time of casting, becoming a focusing element for the Still-Mother.

Spell Check Results

1 Lost, Failure, and Patron taint!

2-11 Failure, the spell is lost.

12-15 A Failure but spell is not yet lost

16-17 1d3 Lascivious brain jewels

drip (once per round) from the center of the invoker's forehead; they must be utilized immediately, or they will vaporize; Secondary and tertiary jewels thus created follow on subsequent rounds and so the caster should never be able to have two in their possession at any one time. However, while an effect from the initial jewel is ongoing, secondary and tertiary jewels thus derived may also be "held," not dropping (manifesting) until the duration for the first jewel expires.

In any case, each may be utilized to -

Slow time; in essence granting the caster 1d3 extra rounds which may not be spent interacting with anyone else. OR

Breathe water, vacuum, or other hostile medium / non-medium for 1d4+CL rounds each; in this case the additional jewels may be given away to others or held for subsequent use by the caster

Forestall their own death for 1d3+CL rounds.

18-21 Broadcasting Fire Mind

A cone shaped ray of visible psychic destruction inflicting 1d6+ CL damage on those struck. The 15 foot long cone is 5' wide at the burst point expanding out to 15' across at its furthest point.

22-23 Mind of burning Diamond radiance

A cone shaped ray of visible fiery atmospheric agitation and psychic destruction inflicting 2d6 damage on those struck. The 15 foot long cone is 5' wide at the burst point expanding out to 15' across at its furthest point.

24-26 Diamond-hard fire mind

A cone shaped ray of visible fiery atmospheric agitation and psychic destruction inflicting 3d6 damage on those struck. The 30 foot long cone is 5' wide at the burst point expanding out to 25' across at its furthest point.

27-31 Cracked Diamond blood laser

A SINGLE brilliant beam of blood red laser light inflicts 4d5+CL laser damage on a single target who must be specified. The specified target is struck (no roll to hit is required).

32-33 Golden pearl, splintering spectrum blast

With a cry, a sudden and intense blast of pain explodes through the invoker's head, producing 1d7 blasts of energy, emotion, fire, and light that inflict 5d6+CL damage to any randomly chosen but specified targets. (or 4d6+CL on a successful REF save)

34-35 Exploding Golden Death Eye

Up to 6 (1d3+CL, max. 6) brilliant beams of blood red laser light erupt painfully, each inflicting 6d6²⁵ damage laser damage on a single target who must be specified. The specified target is struck (no roll to hit is required). Standard defenses v. lasers apply.
6d6

36+ The Unfettered Blast from Mother's Fetid Furious Bitter Mind

In an instant, all of the Golden Mother's pain, resentment, and inner turmoil bubble up and trigger an alchemical reaction within you.

So potent and unfettered is the Golden Mother's Anger, The invoker must themselves survive a DC (26) Fortitude check in the casting of this spell; only then knowing that they have survived the erupting transformative humors that are being birthed within. The target (or the caster if they fail the save) explodes in a great blast of blood, meat, and bone, these humors reacting most explosively. No saving throw. No roll to hit. The target is like unto a ripe melon within which someone detonated an M-80

*My children are sleeping, arms folded because of your lies
Prying Eyes!
Prying Mind
It is time for me to kill your kind
Stare,
STARE into this steaming opalescent mind
and BURN
Drown in my fire mind,
feed this jewel scaled queen supine.*

²⁵ Or 12d6 on enemies of the Saurid people (Patron defined, not PC defined!)

Maleth Noir - The Zeros of Clone Bank Epsilon –

get your fresh zeros right now, decanted at two, seven, fourteen, and nineteen.

instantiation section is notoriously on the fritz. Lots of folk instantiated as 0 levels even if they weren't

Roll the who where you before table

1. Space Pirate Cobra
2. Domino Flammarion – Agent of the Third Empire
3. Space Sniper Scarlet

Space Pirate Cobra - "I thought you were dead."

over time you will come to remember your former life as the notorious space pirate known only as "COBRA"

Strength	15	+1
Agility	12	
Stamina	13	+1
Intelligence	6	-1
Personality	17	+2
Luck	13	

Origin Imperial Sleeper Agent

Being (Gens) Created (Clade) Synth (organicform)

Profession Imperial Scum

Gravity (Normal?)

XP		Level
Base AC		
HD 1d4 +		
HP		
BAB 0		
Saves		
FORT +	REF +	WILL +

a ref to both Snake Plisten and of course the anime space adventure Cobra. However, here, Space Pirate Cobra is a real person only sort-of. "Cobra" is a cyber-body (not a mere identity a full body) used by imperial intelligence to go on recon beyond the frontier in this sector. The Space Pirate's reputation gives them access to things they would not normally have easy access to. As it is a multi-mission frame, Cobra has quickly gained a rep for being a master of all trades

They who rolled on the table basically have a Total Recall situation - they were undercover and then instantiated, but this is what kept.

Domino Flammarion – Agent of the *Third* Empire

Origin Cryonic time Traveler

You went to sleep in Metropolis and woke up in MegaCity-1.

Being(Gens) organic humanoid **(Clade)** “Old Solar” (Mongrel)

Profession investigator **(Training)** Imperial Security

Gravity²⁶

Strength	8	
Agility	10	
Stamina	16	+2
Intelligence	12	
Personality	12	
Luck	11	

Base AC

HD 1d4 +

HP

BAB 0

Saves

Armor proficiencies

Weapon proficiencies

Mechanized / Uplift Attributes

Shaper Traits

XP

Gear

You were undercover and they found you out, so you rented out a Sidereal’s stay in one of these cheap cryobanks, leaving your last report for Control before you did so.

You woke up 2,020 Sidereals later. Your Empire is gone. Psions and witches and Augmentations are Everywhere. The empire you knew peaked, shriveled and was conquered by a Vigorous Barbarian, and their dynasty now rules a theocratic regime in Her name.

You want nothing to do with this current era or regime, but your brain printing is still quite active; you are obligated to aid imperial interests and imperial citizens where they are carrying out lives in accordance with imperial virtues and imperial law.

If you could figure out any of those things this brave new world would be so much easier to navigate.

You are OG Golden age and likely have attitudes to match.

²⁶ Not used here but in Sub-ether 2 add the gravity rules and then add them here

“Space Sniper Scarlet”

Legionnaire Colonel 513th mixed legion Bsn 513/2113GN4

Legion sniper, assassin, Hand of the Empress

Strength	13	+1
Agility	18	+3
Stamina	14	+1
Intelligence	17	+2
Personality	14	+1
Luck	10	(starting) 16

Origin Abandonware

Being (Gens) Organic Humanoid (Clade) Mongrel (from

Profession Imperial serf

Gravity (Normal?)

Class gunfighter?

XP 53 Level 2

Base AC

HD 1d4 +

HP

BAB 0

Saves

FORT +1 REF +3 WILL +1

Accuracy Dice

5'7" humanoid, fiery red hair, freckles and dimples

signatures - slutty red lipstick (sometimes to match the hair), a nose that has been repeatedly broken so is this upturned scrunchy but somewhat cute thing that gives her character, a scattering of dark brown freckles, red custom eyes (may have originally been yellow or amber if she's a clone of the empress' seedstock

features - Mediterranean-north African (in part)

Alice Barbarella Toklas (Full name Aliciaht (Al-leeesh EEE At) Barbarella Tokasanimilla (toe-KASS san ma REE aah)

Origin
Being(Gens) (Clade)
Profession investigator (Training)
Gravity²⁷

Strength 14
Agility 13
Stamina 9
Intelligence 16
Personality 11
Luck 14

Base AC

HD

HP

BAB

Saves

Armor proficiencies

Weapon proficiencies sticky net, sticky rope, paralysis pistol,

Mechanized / Uplift Attributes

Shaper Traits

XP

Gear Variety of clothes, outfits, and quaint local costumes; tea shades

Seldom any equipment of value for long

But sometimes Sticky rope or Sticky net

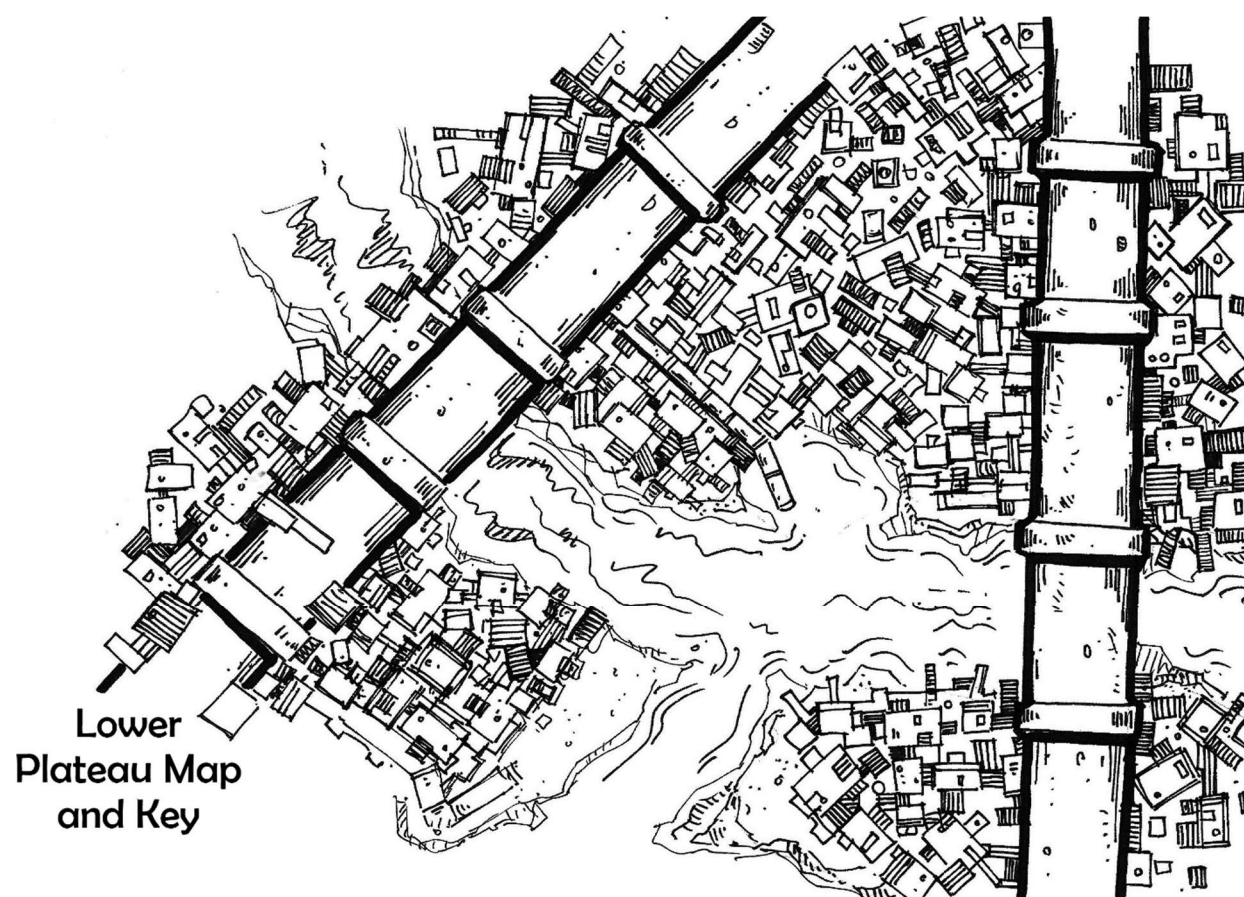
Tingler or Paralysis Pistol

Contacts (1)

Coreworlder; Sophisticate, agent of the imperium, bumbling innocent. Pure of heart. Fond of brownies.

²⁷ Not used here but in Sub-ether 2 add the gravity rules and then add them here

Lower Plateau Map & Key



You don't really think you're getting out of this *alive* do you?

Galaxy Black zero-level Character Sheet

Origin
 Being (Gens) (Clade)
 Profession (Training)
 Gravity Homeworld
 Move:

Strength
 Agility
 Stamina
 Intelligence
 Personality
 Luck

Base AC
 HD
 HP
 BAB
 Saves
 Armor proficiencies
 Weapon proficiencies
 Mechanized / Uplift Attributes

Shaper Traits

XP
 Gear

Contacts & Connections

ALL HAIL THE LORDS OF SPACE

*"We're going to the Ketraxis to kill a Spin dealer
named Savage Quirxil, savvy?"*

Far future
Low Life
In
Deep Space

Sub-ether zero Three

Transmissions from the space punk underground

DCC logo goes here