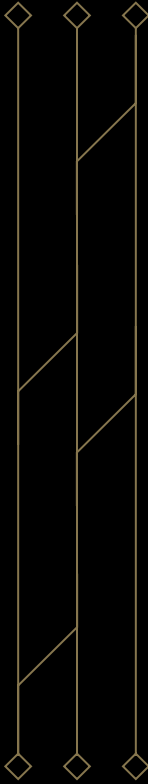


DEGENESIS



TROIKA



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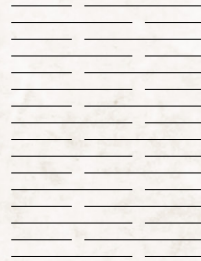
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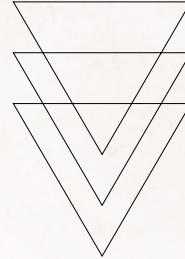


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INTRODUCTION

A solitary Judge marches solemnly away from the Protectorate, cast out from his Cult under suspicious circumstances after his squad was led into a deadly trap. An Apocalyptic assassin who has neither nest or Flock to return to crawls along forgotten paths that lead him back to his once abandoned home. A young Jehammedan witnesses the despotism of the Judges beyond the gates of Siege, and flees the Protectorate in fear of being silenced for what he saw. All of them are alone, for now, yet they will come together united under a common goal.

The Troika are a trio of ready to play characters from across the world of Degenesis, brought together by a thread of their own history. All three have been generated using the new character creation mechanics presented in DEGENESIS: ARTIFACTS, which also features a detailed look at their backstory, to allow a fresh group of Players a swift entry into a new game filled with intrigue and dark plots. Each character can be picked by any Player, whether newcomer or veteran, to give them immediate access to the world, while also possessing an additional pool of Experience to allow for personalisation. These points can be spent at the Player's discretion prior to any upcoming campaign.



NEW MECHANICS

DEGENESIS: ARTIFACTS introduces several new mechanics to expand character creation and gameplay, many of which are represented on the character sheet. This section serves as a brief guide to the new layout of the sheet.

- ◇ The Legacy list is used to keep track of the character's Legacies, and can also store small notes on the specifics of each one.
- ◇ The Scars section is where information about the character's group is written down: its name, the Alignment it is currently following, any bonuses or penalties from the Constellation it falls under, the current value of the shared Scars pool, and its Infamy rating.
- ◇ Poor environmental conditions will distract and impede a character, and quirks of the battlefield may cause penalties or bonuses. All of these influences are tracked in the Modifiers list.
- ◇ A deep cut that bleeds for hours after a battle, a gash in a soldier's side, the insidious threat of infection setting in - the Complications list is where any long lasting effects of wounds are noted for reference.
- ◇ The Visuals box holds a brief description of the character's look or style to allow for a quick understanding of their appearance, even without a portrait.
- ◇ Every character will come into contact with the Cults, and depending on the result of that interaction each party will form an opinion of the other. The Relationships list stores the dispositions of the Cults towards the character, in the form of dice bonuses or penalties.





SEVERIN

All his life had been building up to this moment. Squatting on the streets of Justitian with the other orphans, being chosen by a Judge to become a Vagrant, the long nights spent bashing his head against the strange scribbles that were supposed to be words, finally being accepted into the ranks of the Protectors - all of it had led to this. Severin's first front line mission into uncontrolled territory beyond the gates of Siege, investigating a report of a small raiding party of Phosphorites.

He nervously clutched the handle of his hammer as he fixed his eyes on the back of the Judge at the head of the squad of six, his mentor, the Executioner Alhaus, the one who had guided him through the years of training required to make it here. The entryway opened with a blaring alarm, and the squad rode into the rust-colored wasteland outside. The walls of Siege fell out of sight as they approached the location of the sighting, nestled in a rocky valley.

The report was wrong. The only warning Severin got was the howling of mortar shells raining down from above before everything erupted into a burning, fluorescent haze. Screaming figures rushed towards him through the mist, seemingly unaffected by the acidic gas stinging his eyes. He tried to close ranks with the rest of his squad, striking out wildly with his hammer, hearing the crunch of bone as the feral warriors crumpled, but for each one he killed another took his place. He could barely make out the dim silhouettes of his comrades through the blinding smoke and watched in despair as they began to tumble from their mounts. A gap allowed him to spot Alhaus, grim faced, laying waste to the savages surrounding him, but a sudden disaster erased any chance of victory. A Phosphorite aimed his weapon at Severin's head. The cartridge shattered against the side of the Judge's face.

The phosphorus burned through his skin in an instant, blinding him with pain and removing any semblance of control over his mount. It broke, galloping towards an opening in the enemy lines. Severin desperately tried to regain control, wiping the waterfall of searing chemicals mixed with blood from his eyes, but when he looked back it was already too late. The last thing he saw was his mentor disappearing under a sea of savages. Mission failed.

Severin rushed back to Siege, collapsing from exhaustion before he entered the gates. Immediately a rescue attempt for his squad was scrambled, but by the time they arrived there was nothing left. Severin's wound festered, growing into a hideous scar across his face and throwing him into a feverish state for days. When he recovered he awoke to a new nightmare: he had been demoted and removed from his post without any trial or investigation, branded as a coward, and ordered to find work on the fringes of the Protectorate - away from the front lines.

ROLE PLAY

Severin once took comfort from the support of his Cult, trusting the Judges fighting alongside him with his life. No longer. The massacre of his squad, along with his sudden and unexplained exile, has hardened his heart to others. He won't risk another betrayal.

BONDS

The young City Judge has been cast aside by both his Cult and his people, and the experience has left him stranded without advice or companionship. As he treks through Purgare, he repels most travelers with a combination of his distrustful demeanor and his scarred visage. However, if he met someone capable of proving themselves worthy of his trust, and showing that they view him the same way, Severin would readily begin to form his own patchwork Squad beyond the borders of his old home.

JUSTICE IN EXILE

After his demotion, Severin tried to carry out his assigned duties within the Protectorate: guarding small caravans, casting judgement on petty crimes in irrelevant towns, and maintaining a watch on the most remote of the region's borders to ensure no splinter Clans could strike any exposed targets. Wherever he went he was met with nothing but suspicion and distrust - whispers of the scarred and disgraced Judge spread quickly, passed between travelers at crossroads, leaving him a pariah in his own homeland. Even attempts to talk to other Judges, those he once called brothers and sisters, were simply met with cold stares and dismissal. There was nothing left for him there.

The City Judge abandoned his mission without a word, turning away from Borca. If he would receive no welcome in the Protectorate, he would have to find it elsewhere. His path took him south, passing through the Alpine Fortress into Purgare - at the cost of the last of his Drafts. The Anabaptists maintained a tight grip on the land surrounding their stronghold in Perugia, dealing with lawbreakers and troublemakers in their own fashion, but the smaller villages scattered across the countryside would welcome an impartial Judge to handle their issues. Severin would make a new life there, and return to his home when the falsehoods levelled against him had been forgotten.



VISUALS

Severe burns across the face
 Brown beard with grey streaks
 Shaved head
 Brooding and stoic

RELATIONSHIPS

CULT:	MOD.
Helveticus	-1D
Apocalypticus	+2D
Jehammedans	+3D

PORTRAIT

ARSENAL

WEAPONS

	HANDLING	DISTANCE (- / - 4D)	DAMAGE	MAG	PROPERTIES	ENC.	TECH	SLOTS
Judgement Hammer	-2D	1	1+F (6)	-	Blunt, Impact (3T)	3	III	2

ARMOR

	ARMOR VALUE	PROPERTIES	ENC.	TECH	SLOTS
Layered Leather Armor	3	-	2	II	2

POSSESSIONS

EQUIPMENT

	ENC.	ENC.	TOTAL ENC.
Faded Protector Insignia			8
Tent	3		
Mule			
Bloodied Codex			
Judgement Tools			

ARTIFACTS

	ACTIVATION	OPERATION	APPRAISAL VALUE





RAMIEL

Justitian isn't safe for the Jehammedans anymore. Ever since Archot's Colossus was destroyed in the suicide bombing of 2586 and St Gideon was murdered in the streets and hanged from the Uptown wall the Jehammedan people have been treated like outcasts by the city's general population. Ramiel raged against this injustice: despite barely being an adult he launched into brawls with the Anabaptists who tossed insults from across the street, and countered the scowls of the citizens with yells and provocations.

The Judges cracked down on him hard. After his first two week stretch in the Cleft he knew he could not stay in Justitian any longer. Seeking permission from his Abrami and the Iconide of the Jehammedan Quarter, he set out with nothing more than the clothes on his back, a satchel of food and supplies, and a fistful of Drafts to wander the Protectorate and learn more about the world. His travels took him to all corners of the region, and on his path through the rust-colored wastelands he found a newfound appreciation for his fellow man. He bunked with Spitalians, broke bread with Apocalyptics, and even shared a drink with Anabaptists out beyond the reach of Cathedral City's implacable dogma. He learned to view people as people: even if they were faithless, they were still human.

The journey would not end as well as it had started. He reached the southernmost extent of his travels after many long months, dragging his feet through the dust one night as he approached Siege. He clung to the hope that there was a space at an inn or taproom, tired of sleeping on the rough ground under the stars, but as he approached he heard voices raised in anger over the crest of a craggy mound. Crawling up to the lip and peering over, his eyes widened in surprise as he watched a Judge raise his hammer and strike down a woman dressed in ornate feathered clothing standing before him. There was barely even time for her to scream before she hit the ground.

Ramiel never made it to Siege. Instead he rushed back to Justitian to seek counsel and report the murder to his Iconide. However, when he described the figure, with his ornate hammer and heavily embroidered coat, his Iconide went pale and told the Sword of Jehammed he must leave the Protectorate and never speak of it again - they couldn't afford any more tension with the Judges. Despite his reservations, Ramiel accepted his Iconide's instructions and set out once more, heading south to Purgare. Perhaps there he would be able to escape the troubling doubts festering in his heart.

ROLE PLAY

Ramiel is a boisterous and defiant figure by nature, but the reaction to what he saw has forced him to become more reserved and cautious. He replays the events every night in his head, trying to understand what could have possibly caused his Iconide to react in such a strange fashion. He hesitates on the edge of trying to learn more, the fear of reprisal the only thing holding him back.

BONDS

No one can know what he witnessed. Ramiel has been suspicious of everyone he has met since leaving Justitian, worried that by letting even the slightest of hints to his secret slip he will bring crushing retribution down on his family and Cult. However, the Jehammedan finds himself sorely missing the comfort of others, a conflict between trying to reach out and protecting those he cares for warring within him. If someone were to stand by Ramiel against the terrors of the world the Sword of Jehammed may divulge his knowledge and try to find a way to eliminate the threat looming over his community.

MEMORY

As Ramiel trudged along the Stallion Streets in Justitian on his way out of the city, the Sword of Jehammed suddenly found himself in the center of a mass of cheering and celebrating people, tossing and shoving the young man until he eventually stumbled to the very front of the crowd, facing onto the wide street.

There, he once again came within meters of the murderer he saw all those nights ago. A Squad of Judges mounted on horseback rode towards Uptown. There were dozens, and from the shouts of the people around him Ramiel learned they were returning from Siege after a successful campaign. At the head of the procession, leading from the front, was the figure Ramiel saw on that dark night. His decorated hammer gleamed in the light, and the ornate coat drew gasps from the crowd. A chill passed over the Jehammedan, and for an instant the Sword locked eyes with this terrifying figure before it was suddenly over. Ramiel pushed his way out of the crush and kept walking, and didn't look back until he reached the Alps - but now he had a face to match with the crime.

STRANDED

Despite his travels across the Protectorate taking him away from his family for months, he could always have abandoned his pilgrimage and returned home to them if he chose. Now, he has been exiled from where he grew up and lived his whole life, and the loneliness has begun to set in. He would like nothing more than to return to the Jehammedan Quarter of Justitian, but as long as the crime he witnessed dwells in his mind he has no choice but to keep travelling further and further away from the Protectorate.



VISUALS

Pierced ears
 Brown hair and trimmed beard
 Ornaments from his tribe

RELATIONSHIPS

CULT:	MOD.
Judges	-2D
Apocalypics	+2D

PORTRAIT

ARSENAL

WEAPONS

WEAPONS	HANDLING	DISTANCE (- / - 4D)	DAMAGE	MAG	PROPERTIES	ENC.	TECH	SLOTS
Scimitar	-	1	6+F/3 (7)	-	-	2	II	1
Knife	+1D	1	2+F/3 (3)	-	Smooth Running(2T)	1	II	1

ARMOR

ARMOR	ARMOR VALUE	PROPERTIES	ENC.	TECH	SLOTS
Reinforced Cloth Armor	2	-	1	I	-

POSSESSIONS

EQUIPMENT

EQUIPMENT	ENC.	ENC.	TOTAL ENC.
Broken cross pendant (Received as a gift)			2
Map of the Protectorate			
Compass			
Sleeping Bag	2		

ARTIFACTS

ARTIFACTS	ACTIVATION	OPERATION	APPRAISAL VALUE





DIDO

Dido was the Owl of the Cliffbirds, a small but prosperous Flock operating in the northern reaches of Purgare. As usual, they paid their dues to the Mother of Ravens in Justitian. They made sure to keep on the move to avoid being caught in a Rift, and at the same time strayed far away from the servants of the Broken Cross so as to not risk detection. It was Dido's duty as the Owl to keep his brothers and sisters out of danger, covertly eliminating anyone who tried to threaten their business and brutally making examples of those who would dare to harm his family. He enjoyed his work, and from his years of experience, he was good at it.

As the son of the Flock's Raven, he was included in the process of making decisions about the future of the Cliffbirds. When his mother read the Tarot and foresaw that their area of operations was becoming too cramped and restrictive, he suggested that the Flock move north, across the Alps into Borcan territory. The Raven agreed. They would pack up their belongings and take their Burn trade to Siege, and expand from there into the main body of the Protectorate. More buyers would bring more potential profit and allow them to expand their influence even further, and the lessened Anabaptist presence would make the people far more willing to partake of their product. They abandoned their nest and set out for the Alpine Fortress at once.

Upon reaching Siege, the Raven entered the Judge city to negotiate the Flock's entry into the Protectorate while Dido and the rest of the assembly camped outside the walls.

The Judges came at dusk. They descended upon the camp, screaming and shouting, tossing aside sacks and tearing open crates until they found what they needed: a single cusp of Burn, at the bottom of a backpack. The tension was thick in the air as the Judges began to round up the members of the Flock, when suddenly a gunshot sounded and the entire situation spun out of control. The sound of fighting and hammer blows erupted from the camp as the Judges administered their punishments. Dido did the only thing he could think of; he ran into the night and rushed towards Siege in an attempt to warn his mother.

But before he could even make it to the city, reality had already caught up to him. Dido found his mother's body discarded on a dusty plain near the city, her skull caved in from the blow of a hammer.

The Cliffbird Flock was no more.

ROLE PLAY

Dido will never forget the way the Judges brutally slaughtered his Flock, and he will not rest until he hunts down the one responsible and buries his knife in their neck. He keeps quiet, picking up scraps of information on the Judges wherever he can in order to get closer to his target, and is always ready to slip away at the first sign of trouble.

BONDS

The Protectorate is an unfamiliar place, and the Judges are an imposing wall fending off all attempts at infiltration. If Dido is ever to strike back at the ones who wronged him, he will need to find some companions who can navigate their structure to help guide him in the foreign lands.

In addition, the Owl desperately needs a leader to give his deadly skills a target - he cannot handle much more of this frightening independence. If someone capable were to show himself and promise to help him in his mission of revenge, he would find his ranks bolstered by a cunning and deadly assassin.

DIRECTION

Without his Flock, Dido has been stranded. He is used to having people give him orders, telling him to take out one target or scare another. The solitude, coupled with the grief of losing both his mother and his Flock in a single night, leaves him craving some form of normality. He returns to Purgare, the only place he vaguely remembers as home, where he can come back to senses and plan his next steps. On his journey he picks up word of a lonesome Judge who passed the area a week prior. Dido must find the guy, if only to gut him if he ain't helpful.

INVENTORY

MOTHER'S CLAW

Dido has only one heirloom to remind him of his mother, the only present she ever gave him. The small knife is fashioned from an old sheet of a strange material that is almost weightless and has an edge that never dulls, capable of tearing ugly wounds and slicing through bone. Dido keeps it on hand at all times, both for his own protection and to remind him of what was taken from him. It is a symbol of his need for revenge.



VISUALS

Long blonde hair with a red streak
 Shaved chin
 Daring look filled with defiance
 Dark, inconspicuous clothing
 concealing his weapons

RELATIONSHIPS

CULT:	MOD.
Judges	-1D
Jehammedans	+1D
Hellvetics	+1D

PORTRAIT

ARSENAL

WEAPONS

WEAPONS	HANDLING	DISTANCE (- / - 4D)	DAMAGE	MAG	PROPERTIES	ENC.	TECH	SLOTS
Mother's Claw	+2D	1	2+F/3 (4)	-	Smooth Running (2T), Piercing (4)	1	IV	-

ARMOR

ARMOR	ARMOR VALUE	PROPERTIES	ENC.	TECH	SLOTS
Camouflage Coat	2	+2D AGI+Stealth at night	2	II	2

POSSESSIONS

EQUIPMENT

EQUIPMENT	ENC.	ENC.	TOTAL ENC.
Set of lock picks (AGI+Dexterity +1D)			2
Burn skin			
Stimulants (Rating 2, 2 doses)			
Sleeping Blankets	2		

ARTIFACTS

ARTIFACTS	ACTIVATION	OPERATION	APPRAISAL VALUE



ARCHETYPE

NAME:
AGE:
RANK:
EXPERIENCE:

LEGACY:

SEX:
HEIGHT:
WEIGHT:
DRAFTS/DINARS:

CULTURE

CONCEPT

CULT

ATTRIBUTES & SKILLS

BODY

ATHLETICS
BRAWL
FORCE
MELEE
STAMINA
TOUGHNESS

AGILITY

CRAFTING
DEXTERITY
NAVIGATION
MOBILITY
PROJECTILES
STEALTH

CHARISMA

ARTS
CONDUCT
EXPRESSION
LEADERSHIP
NEGOTIATION
SEDUCTION

INTELLECT

ARTIFACT LORE
ENGINEERING
FOCUS
LEGENDS
MEDICINE
SCIENCE

PSYCHE

CUNNING
DECEPTION
DOMINATION
FAITH
REACTION
WILLPOWER

INSTINCT

EMPATHY
ORIENTEERING
PERCEPTION
PRIMAL
SURVIVAL
TAMING

ADVANTAGES

BACKGROUNDS

ALLIES
AUTHORITY
NETWORK
RENOWN
RESOURCES
SECRETS

POTENTIALS

Blank lines for potentials

SCARS

GROUP NAME:
ALIGNMENT:
CONSTELLATION:
SCARS VALUE:
INFAMY

CONDITION

MODIFIERS

Blank lines for modifiers

EGO

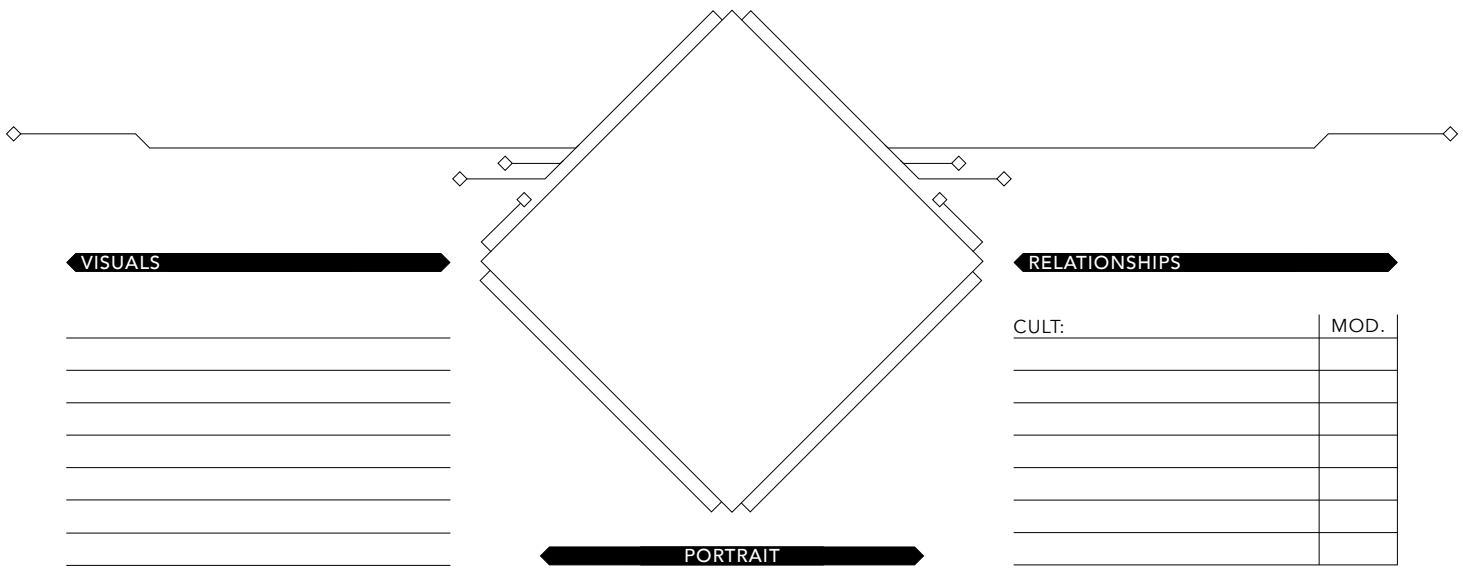
SPORE INFESTATIONS

FLESHWOUNDS

TRAUMA

COMPLICATIONS

Blank lines for complications



VISUALS

RELATIONSHIPS

CULT:	MOD.

PORTRAIT

ARSENAL

WEAPONS

HANDLING	DISTANCE (- / - 4D)	DAMAGE	MAG	PROPERTIES	ENC.	TECH	SLOTS

ARMOR

ARMOR VALUE	PROPERTIES	ENC.	TECH	SLOTS

POSSESSIONS

EQUIPMENT

ENC.	ENC.	TOTAL ENC.

ARTIFACTS

ACTIVATION	OPERATION	APPRAISAL VALUE

HAMMER, SWORD & CLAW

