

DEGENERESIS

CLANS OF THE FRONTIER



EDITORIAL

PUBLISHER
SIXMOREVODKA

CONCEPT &
IP DEVELOPMENT
Marko Djurdjevic

PRODUCTION
Marko Djurdjevic
Erwan Roudaut

AUTHORS
Marko Djurdjevic
Liam Foley

ART DIRECTION
Marko Djurdjevic

ARTWORK
Ricardo P. Silvera
Marko Djurdjevic

LAYOUT & TYPOGRAPHY
Jerzy Ferdyn

COVER DESIGN
Marko Djurdjevic
Jerzy Ferdyn



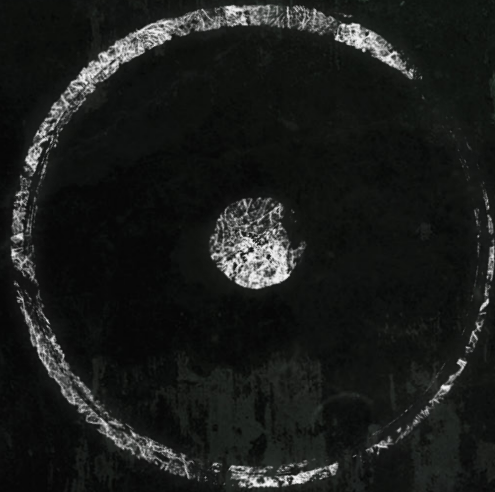
ISBN: 978-3-9819851-5-3

Degensis® is™ SIXMOREVODKA Studio GmbH. All rights reserved. The mentioning of or reference to companies and products on the following pages constitutes no copyright violation. All names, titles, characters, texts and illustrations in this book are © SIXMOREVODKA Studio GmbH. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise without the prior express permission of the publishers. Printed by: "Standart Impresa" www.standart.lt, Vilnius, Lithuania.



"THE **WILD BOYS** ARE CALLING
ON THEIR WAY BACK FROM THE FIRE
IN AUGUST MOON'S SURRENDER TO
A **DUST CLOUD** ON **THE RISE**"
[DURAN DURAN]

MARKO DJURDJEVIC & LIAM FOLEY



JANUS CRATER

“We gotta reach the rim!” Remirak roared into the dead of night. Oblast and Snowball trailed behind him, panting, seizing the steep cliff in full gear, stricken by panic.

“Drop everything that slows you down!” was the order. Oblast unlatched his heavy backpack and the rig tumbled into the bowels of the crater below. He grabbed Snowball’s tiny hand and dragged her to his side.

“I can see them! They’re behind us!” she screamed. Oblast pushed the Mouse ahead, drew his Grinder from his belt, aimed, and fired into the darkness. The gunshot barked across the hollow, followed by a distant scream. “Gotcha, bitch!”

“Oblast, you fucking moron, save the ammo! Run!” Remirak was already at the summit, lifting Snowball over the edge. A bone chilling breeze whipped through her hair, her clothes, tearing and tugging. The Mouse stared into the senseless darkness ahead, choking, unable to see the horizon. Oblast caught up with the pair, cranking the handle of his Grinder to make more shrapnel for the gun. Remirak scolded him with a frown.

“We gotta make it across the salt flats in one piece, understood?” he snarled at his crew. Snowball and Oblast grunted, exhausted and gasping for air as the wind mercilessly gnawed at their bodies and stung their eyes. There was no shelter for hundreds of miles around, just the desolation of the Stukov Desert and the certain death of the Janus Crater.

“Does your Marvel work?” Oblast snapped.

“Of course it does!”

“Gimme that damn thing then. You guys push on, I’ll give these fucks the time of their life.” Oblast was livid.

“No!” Snowball protested, “You saw what they did to Dregster!”

“Girl’s right, no chance you stay behind! You’re talking fucking Pictons!” Remirak tried to smack sense into Oblast, grabbing him by the collar. Both men had history. They’d known each other for years, with all the quirks and terrible memories that come with a lifetime of companionship.

“Fuck off, both of you. Get your skins to safety, I’ll see y’all back in Born!”

The howling of a chainsaw sliced through the air. Doom approached. Snowball had no chance to say goodbye. Remirak jerked her by the arm, hard enough to tear her shoulder from its socket, sprinting across the frozen soot. Harrowing screams filled the night behind them. Then a flash, and the booming sound of an exploding Marvel. Snowball dared to look back, eyes wide open, witnessing the last of Oblast, a blazing human torch in his last stand.

“Don’t watch!” Remirak was foaming at the mouth, pointing towards a shape rising from the barren plains. “There’s the saltboat. You set the sails, I fire up the fan!”

“Got it!” she wheezed.

Snowball hurried up the vehicle, pulling the mainsheet to unravel the large sail. She heard Remirak curse, then fire three rounds into the powder generator to get the fan moving and kickstart the craft. The sail caught the wind.

"Steer, kid!" Remirak coughed as he pushed against the vehicle with all his might to give it some initial motion. Snowball couldn't think, only act, running through all the lessons her Badger had taught her; grab the damn wheel and ropes, use the fan's first few rotations to catch speed. Remirak jumped on top. "Fuck kiddo, aim southeast. We made it! We hella made it outta here!"

Snowball couldn't care less about his jubilation. She pressed her lips together until they turned numb. All she could do was think of the gruesome horrors she had witnessed in the past twelve hours. Two Mice went missing in the crater, Dregster was gutted alive by Pictons, and her best friend Oblast turned into a column of fire. All that, and they'd gotten nothing in return. No treasure! Not even a fucking piece of rubber! Salt sliced through her skin as she lowered her dust goggles, aiming towards the flat and empty unknown. She sensed Remirak behind her, loading and priming every firearm left aboard.

Suddenly, there was a green flare in the corner of her eye. Snowball glanced left. A dark shape sprinted next to them at incredible speed, catching up with their craft. A Picton. She could barely make him out in the darkness, only the glowing runes on his skin giving him away, but his pace was inhuman. He was closing in. "Hostile!" she yelled. Remirak hurled around, firing a salvo. Missed. Reload. Snowball couldn't focus. She had to keep her eyes fixed on the path ahead. Bang! Another reload. Then a thunk, hounded by a frightening scream and a crash.

Remirak had been hit by something. Snowball couldn't look. "Remirak?" she screamed into the faceless night, as she steered the saltboat with everything she had. There was no answer. Was he dead? She had to know. Her eyes traveled over her shoulder. In the dark she met Remirak's torpid gaze, a crude spearhead sticking from his throat, his mouth wrinkled, gurgling thick blood, and hands shaking with terror. It was too much.

She turned around, jamming the steering wheel to the right to dodge an incoming rock formation. Tears filled up the inside of her goggles, and a sob escaped her throat. This was a slaughter. She cried, riddled with fever and shaken by fear, unable to see the massive anchor chain that was pulled taut between the oncoming ridges. The saltboat rammed the obstacle at full speed, the frame of the vehicle bursting along its seams and buckling over, catapulting Snowball into the wide open.

Her tiny body tumbled through the air and crashed into a dune dozens of feet away. Something had pierced her belly. She could barely breathe from the impact, lifting her frazzled head out of the dust, snapping air, clenching her jaw to overcome the crippling pain of a dozen fractured bones. Her senses were trembling. A nervous tingling in her ear eradicated all clear thought and fogged up her brain with nonsense.

There were people surrounding her. Pictons... She heard one of them speak in a rasping voice. "Strap her. We take this one for breeding. The rest, we eat."





CLANS
OF
THE
FRONTIER



RIDE THE LIGHTNING

Unforgiving. Unrelenting. Untamed. Beyond the natural borders of the Stukov Desert, the Janus Crater, and the Gauntlet lies a savage frontier that defies the iron grip of the Cults. The inhabitants of this landscape bend their knee to different laws, to different kings, to different powers altogether. Cut off, and tucked away from scrutinizing eyes, the Clans of this region have developed their own ways of survival, reflective of their crude and merciless homeland. The Northwest, Britain and Briton, is buried in secrets unattainable to outsiders, and the political struggles of mainland Europe are nothing but a faint whisper echoing across the barren plains.

Even so, this land is not free of conflict. The 12th Day of Ganaress has come and gone, and left nothing but chaos in its wake. The Britoni are splintered into dozens of factions, the Spitalians have been dealt a killing blow, and the Anabaptists are riled up into a religious frenzy as they initiate a forced mass conversion against everyone crossing their domain.

Amidst all this, bizarre, seemingly supernatural events take place at nightfall. Bright lights flash across the sky over Britain, and dark figures clad in glowing green runes prowl the shorelines. Meanwhile, another tribe bearing mechanical iconography on their bodies drifts quietly out of the ancient forests, making contact with the world beyond for the first time in generations. And then there are rumors of offshoots of the great Pheromancer King Ganaress' army sneaking throughout the hinterlands, hiding amongst Cult and Clan alike.

Apart from the myriad of human struggles that plague the area, Black Water is slithering along the banks of the Atlantic, and the Pheromancers in the east push back into the territory. Change and strife are manifesting with unseen ferocity, forcing the people to do what they've always done. Knuckle down, hold on, and weather out the storm or ride the lightning. This is their story...

HOW TO USE THIS SUPPLEMENT

CLANS OF THE FRONTIER is an expansion to DEGENESIS: BLACK ATLANTIC detailing four of the most significant Clans operating in the Northwest, at the edge of the known world. It provides insight into their structure and allows Players to create characters who are members of these enigmatic groups. The material presented in these pages is explicitly aimed at experienced Players and GMs, requiring an understanding of both the plotlines and characters of BLACK ATLANTIC and the DEGENESIS universe in general to fully appreciate the context of the supplement.

WHERE THE WORLD ENDS

The Clans hailing from beyond the border are insular and riddled with superstitious worldviews. Characters made as part of one of these groups will have strong goals baked into their very core, and will be driven to complete their tasks above all else. As such, adding a character from any of these Clans to an existing game group is a difficult undertaking in roleplaying and Player agency, and untangling their inherent motivations and objectives is no easy feat. For most of them, exposure to the outside world is an unprecedented circumstance, bringing with it a slew of unknown stimuli and challenges they are unsure how to properly respond to.

BRITONI

The Britoni are the mirror of their land, and are inextricably interwoven into the fabric of the existing society. They follow their own path, refusing to be beholden to any Cult. Characters belonging to this Clan will find themselves part of a rugged, survivalist culture that spans the entire region, and will find kinsmen in every corner - but not all of them are as friendly and unified as they once were. Britoni add +1 to their Allies Background when they are in their Clan's territory.

PICTONS

Two hundred years ago, the Pictons were introduced to their God, Argyre. He made them grasp their true purpose, and turned them into attack dogs hunting down his enemies and delivering his revenge. To fulfil their destiny they were bestowed with bleeding edge technology, while their bodies were warped to operate far beyond normal human capacity. Yet the Pictons are also intensely superstitious, fearing the ire of their Carrion Lord more than any mortal opponent, and savage. Their worship and deeply implanted memetic subroutines make them obedient and zealous, while also shielding them from mental strain - Picton characters add +1S to all Mental Defense rolls.

DRUIDS

The threats arrayed against their homeland are manifold, and the Horned God has abandoned them to go on his own venture. The Druids are alone. Characters belonging to this enigmatic Clan take their place amongst its elite - with a maximum population of 216, each member of this reclusive group must be exceptional, or they'll be replaced. The Druids were once able to remain isolated, with very few areas of overlap with the world beyond their realm, but now they must step out and make new allies. They know the hinterlands and dense forests better than anyone; Druid characters add +2D to INS+Survival while in Briton.

GANARIDS

The hive has been scattered and left as thousands of dispersed particles, each of them slowly finding their own path to safety and security. Ganarid characters are entirely unique, straddling two hierarchies as they hide within a greater Cult or Clan, masquerading as a regular member while still cognizant of their true nature - the inheritors of Ganaress' kingdom, waiting for his return. They play a dangerous game, though: if their identity as insidious agents is discovered, they'll be executed with no remorse. Ganarids have an alternate character creation process, detailed in their rank hierarchy.

UTILIZATION

While Clans like the Pictons, Druids, or Ganarids might be difficult to link with typical, multi-Cult Player groups as regular characters, there are many opportunities available for GMs or eager Players to use these factions.

Due to their broadly isolated and focused nature, Pictons and Druids are excellent options for adventures with a tightly defined mission in service to their respective gods, offering options for quick intermezzos in larger campaigns or as detached scenarios which inform Players on the world. The Ganarids serve as possible infiltrators, and can be used as devious antagonists for Player groups on multiple levels, or unexpected allies with a hidden twist. Mixed through all of this, the Britoni are universal in their homeland, and can be molded into any role a storyteller requires.





BRITONI

“How many?” Brocar was eyeing the hooded hunter with suspicion.

“Eighteen. Women and children,” he replied, opening his coat and tapping an ornate piece of ivory. A sign of brotherhood.

Brocar sighed weefully. “Our home is gonna run dry of blood, soon. Listen, I can bring them to the Seine delta, but they’re on their own from there.” The hunter nodded. “Crime?” Brocar inquired.

“Wrong bloodline. You know it’s madness out there. Brother against brother.”

Brocar spat out a lump of tobacco. “Death to the Oppolids. They’ll drag us all to hell.”

“What’s the alternative? You wanna join Yasen’s mass conversion?” the hunter asked with a smirk. “You better look out for yourself, Brocar. They’ll come for you next.”

TROUBLED WATERS

Chaos has erupted across Briton. The wind of change billows up into a hurricane and the Britoni are struggling to reach the eye of the storm. The 12th Day of Ganaress spiraled into a disgraceful charade of aftereffects, one worse than the next. The King is dead, and the Anabaptists have viciously expelled the Spitalians from Northwestern Franka. Now, the Britoni look at their brothers in arms with concern and suspicion. The Broken Cross has always been closely allied with the Cult of Doctors, if the Anabaptists were so rapidly willing to abandon such a close relationship, can the Britoni really be so secure in their own companionship with the Cult?

Less than a year ago the Britoni could cast their doubts and worries into the hands of their King and trust his judgement; even in the darkest hour Oppolus would rule wisely. His loss is a harpoon piercing the hearts of his people. Once his whelps stepped up, the ancestral territory became a country divided by bloody feuds, each patch of soil ruined by another skewed idea of pryncedom. For now, the Clan accepts its new leaders by virtue of their heritage, but if the Oppolids want their control to stabilise they’ll need to prove themselves by navigating the current turmoil.

Ultimately, the Britoni need the Oppolids far less than their proclaimed rulers need subjects. The Clan has weathered worse storms before, and this rugged nature is a point of pride for Briton’s kinsfolk. If Oppolus’ offspring threaten to capsize the ship, they’ll be tossed overboard with the rest of the useless baggage.

THE WIDEST NET

Belonging to the Britoni is more than just braiding one’s hair and daubing the Clan’s insignia on any and every available surface. Their spirit is ingrained in the very landscape of the Northwest of Franka, runes carved into the rock formations telling their story throughout the ages. Hunters, farmers, craftsmen, tailors, furriers, blacksmiths, artisans, fishermen; any and every societal niche will be filled with Britoni. Being a part of this Clan means accepting the cultures, traditions, and ideals of an entire landmass as your own – but in exchange, you’ll find amicable faces wherever you look.

UNDERTOW

Death is rising from the Atlantic, and the Britoni know they must respond. When the Waveriders’ reports of the great leviathan emerging from the ocean to crash against an oil rig filtered out into the populace, the Clan began to mobilize for war.

The truth can no longer be denied. The Black Water is washing ashore, and the Britoni must protect themselves against their most dire threat of the hour. Their ocean used to be the giver of life, but now fractal patterns shimmer in the light on the water’s surface, and twisted, baleful creatures crawl along the beaches in the dead of night. In another time the Britoni might have looked to the Anabaptists or Spitalians for aid, but in this moment they know they must deal with this threat alone. The crossbows are loaded, axes sharpened, and their pouches filled with lye and train oil. And so they set out.

STRATIFIED

The annihilation of Aquitaine left thousands of refugees stranded north of the dead zone, barred from returning to their homes along the Southern Coast due to invisible radiation, and unwilling to make the dangerous detour across the swamps. Individuals of all affiliations have made their way into Britoni territory, and the Clan is forced to play host to foreigners of all kinds. Uprooted Clans from inland, nameless coastal tribes, and countless more denominations all flee to the streets of Brest, and if that wasn’t enough, the Britoni must weave between them all to maintain peace.

POTENTIALS

RIPTIDE

The ocean buckles, towers above with fury, and crashes down, but the Britoni doesn’t give an inch. Whenever he gets hit, he weathers the blow and fights back harder, funneling the pain into boundless rage. He turns his anger toward his enemies and cuts them apart. When a Britoni attacks any opponent who has previously dealt Damage to him, he adds +1D per Potential level to his Attack roll.

SKILL BONUSES

For Britoni, the following skills are considered preferred at character creation (MAX +1):

- (BOD) Force
- (AGI) Navigation
- (INT) Legends
- (INS) Survival
- (INS) Orienteering



1 - KELP

PREREQUISITE: -

EFFECT: Just as seaweed can take root in every nook and cranny of shoreline nurtured by sea water, so too does the Kelp find their way into every aspect of Britoni society. They can be found all throughout the Northwest, sticking to the beaches and rustling beneath the footsteps of their more esteemed relatives. Eventually, they'll grow up, leave their roots behind, and set out for something else.

EQUIPMENT: Small ivory token of Britoni heritage

2 - WAVERIDER

PREREQUISITE: INS+Survival 5, BOD+Melee 6,

EFFECT: Land isn't enough for him. Too stable, too safe, too barren. Out on the open waters of the Atlantic, clinging to a hunting boat as it rocks past the waves, harpoon raised and ready, that's where a Waverider belongs. Alone against the might of the unforgiving sea he'd be swept away by the next gust, but in a hunting pack with a dozen other Britoni he pushes back against the tide.

Every week he sets out from his home port, going after seals, fish, and occasionally small whales. He is the provider for an entire family back home, taking everything he needs to feed his tribe. Even as he curses the rolling waves and bemoans the salt spray stinging his eyes, he nourishes thanks to the great life-giver of the Britoni – anyone who fails to respect the Grey Mother is destined to find themselves crushed between her merciless thighs.

EQUIPMENT: Harpoon, Whalebone whistle to signal to his hunting pack

2 - ANCHOR

PREREQUISITE: INT+Science 4, AGI+Crafting 6, Network 2

EFFECT: The sea molds the Britoni and cares for them, but not everyone can easily sprout flippers and rush out onto the waters. Instead, the Anchors have their own crucial role in the Clan. They rest ashore, arming the villages while Waveriders and Bullkillers are gone for the hunt. Anchors process the catch hauled back by their brethren; they carve up seals, strain out blubber, skin valuable pelts from sea lions, and strain oil from whale carcasses. In the evenings, they light the street lanterns or man the light-houses to guide the hunters back to safety.

The Anchors are also responsible for handling trade between the many towns and settlements of the Britoni, ensuring that those located inland are kept supplied with food from the ports, and that other resources are correctly

passed from village to village to ensure the entire region remains active.

EQUIPMENT: Workshop in their home town where they can process the catch of the day; Tools required for their work (Toolkit, Lvl 1)

3 - BULLKILLER

PREREQUISITE: AGI+Navigation 6, CHA+Leadership 8, Renown 3, Killed a walrus during the annual hunt with their bare hands

EFFECT: Anyone can become a Waverider if they've got the guts to step away from the safety of land and take on responsibility, but that's nothing but a drop in the bucket. The Bullkiller has stared a walrus down as part of the annual hunt and killed it in a fight, man against beast. He came away from the encounter battered and bruised, but victorious, claiming an ivory tusk which he will carve and engrave with his own personal epic.

Each Bullkiller is the focal point of an entire community, and represents the pinnacle of the lives of most Britoni. He is a symbol of masculinity, and an emblem of the Clan's pride – one man defies the ocean, just as the Britoni defy the world. Now he leads a pack of Waveriders out on each foray, always looking for prey worthy of his skill: walrus bulls, sharks, and sea lions.

EQUIPMENT: Jet-ski with mounted harpoon launcher; Carved ivory tusk bearing his legacy (Talisman, +1D)

3 - BALMER

PREREQUISITE: INT+Medicine 8, INS+Empathy 6, Allies 3

EFFECT: While the Britoni thrive on the gifts the stormy Atlantic provides them, their lives are far from harmonious. Shipwrecks, feisty prey, hunts gone wrong, even just brawls in taprooms all give the hunters more than their fair share of injuries, and it's the Balmer's task to patch them back up. She works in Balsam Houses and healing shacks throughout Briton, relying on the old, tried and true ways of medicine to set her brethren back on their feet and send them on their way.

The Balmer does more than just heal the body, she also soothes the soul. She provides spiritual guidance for the members of her Clan, reads the guts of seals to predict future snowfalls, and performs rituals over those suffering from a vast array of ailments. The Anabaptists are unhappy with this remnant of the old traditionalist practices of



HIERARCHY AND RANKS - BRITONI



the Britoni, but they lack the influence to purge it entirely.
EQUIPMENT: She takes no payment for her services, but the gratitude received from her people leaves her wanting for nothing; A workshop where she can care for patients (+2D for INT+Medicine)

4 - PROW

PREREQUISITE: AGI+Projectiles 9 or BOD+Melee 9; INS+Survival 7; Renown 4; Authority 3

EFFECT: The Prow cuts through the spray, resolute and implacable. He has proven himself to be exceptional in his own right, whether out on the waters leading a band of Bullkillers to bring down legendary prey, or on land forging communities and managing hundreds of his kinsmen. The Prow leads, and others follow. In times past he would act as the King's personal advisor, counted among the closest members of Oppolus' royal hunting party, but things have changed.

Now, the Prow must take on a more diplomatic role as the Oppolids attempt to divide the Clan amongst themselves. He acts as an advisor and mediator, using his weathered calm and steady nerves to resolve disputes between chieftains in a wide range of different harbors, representing the will of the Oppolid he's sworn fealty to.

EQUIPMENT: Speedboat with pintle mounted cannon; Personalized insignia to paint on his shield or cloak; Symbol of his Oppolid

5 - OPPOLID

PREREQUISITE: Directly descended from Oppolus or married to one of his children, CHA+Leadership 10, Renown 5

EFFECT: Oppolus is – was – recognised by the Britoni as the greatest, wisest, and most decorated King of all. However, despite his long list of achievements and accomplishments, not everyone was as appeased by his rule. The Oppolids, his twelve natural born sons and daughters, looked on his blatant favoritism of his two Anabaptist brats with disdain and disgust; they all knew they were just as capable, they knew that they would be able to steer Briton on their own. Their moment has come.

The Oppolids have stepped up and taken charge in the aftermath of their father's downfall, each carving out a small piece of the formerly united realm as their own. Each must choose his or her own method to rule. Does he crack down on his people with an iron fist, only to be

rebuked by the rugged survivalist nature of the Britoni? Does she soothe worries and calm tempers with words of advice, only to find her people growing complacent in the face of the dangers arrayed against them? The Oppolids have a lot to live up to – only time will tell if they can handle the responsibility.

EQUIPMENT: Personal signet ring; Hunting horn with their symbol; Castle or stronghold from which they rule their domain

5 - WHALER

PREREQUISITE: INS+Survival 10, AGI+Navigation 10, INS+Orienteering 10, Renown 5

EFFECT: All of Briton knows the Whaler for his skill. If he wanted to be King he could snap his fingers and make it so, and the Oppolids wouldn't dare stand in his way. However, he has far more important things to take care of.

The Whaler has more experience than anyone who ever traversed the Atlantic, and has ventured farther than any other competitor. He leads a team of handpicked Prows and Bullkillers out on his expeditions, and when the annual hunt during the Day of Ganaress rolls around, it's his ship that draws the most attention and speculation – what mighty beast will the Whaler bring home today? He is always sought after by Neolibyans and Leopards, along with the best Scrapers of Saint-Brieuc, to give advice on sailing paths or dead-zones in the current where floating debris might sink to the bottom. His great exploits, bringing down sperm whales and orcas, are part of what make him special, but not the only thing. His knowledge of foreign shores is worth the weight of a captured whale in gold.

Whenever he regales a crowd with tales of Gaelik, Iceland, or the foreign Azores, everyone is stunned into silence by these exploits they'll never personally lay eyes on. As the Black Water slithers ashore, more and more eyes turn his way, especially as stories of great leviathans and hulking monsters rising from the waters filter out into the Clan. Maybe the Whaler will meet his match out in the Atlantic, facing down hell itself.

EQUIPMENT: His legendary stories and tales will have anyone falling head-over-heels to supply him with whatever he needs: the Whaler has Resources (6), and will never find himself lacking for equipment





PICTONS

Gwenrha stood up to her Nebula, the one leading the hunting party. "What's beyond the crater?"

Cumrogh snarled, gritting his sharpened teeth. "The lands of worry, and betrayal," he growled, pointing southeast. "Borca, the home of the world killers, built upon a thousand lies." Then he waved to the southwest. "Franka, the realm of the bloated demons, who eat souls and piss acid."

"Have you ever been farther?" she asked.

"Yes, once, past a ridge that splits the world that they call the Alps. There is more land behind that – stolen from us, stolen from the Carrion Lord."

Gwenrha grinned, twisting the spiked mace in her hands. "Good. Then we make them suffer."

RINGDOWN

All Hail the Rotten God! He who parts the firmament and shatters the stars, He who is just and whose word must never be denied. He feeds us and breeds us, and by His designs alone we are permitted to survive. He is the last bulwark against the world killers, the eternal ruler, and we are His chosen kin! It is with His tools that we carry out His will, and by smiting any who would stand against His terrible glory we are given purpose and reason for being!

All Hail the Vulture, who butchered the spirits and bodies of our Chieftains when we still squabbled over food and petty divisions. When His dire light swept over our land and eradicated the old leaders, carving them limb from limb as punishment for standing in His path, we understood our insignificance compared to His blighted majesty. He was swift and merciless, and we learned to submit or be eviscerated and torn apart with beams of arcane fury.

All Hail the Carrion Lord! He who commanded us to carve out the warrens beneath the Great City, and initiated the glorious campaign of revenge against the foul world killers. He rewarded our obedience and submission with gifts in moments of mercy, the star food which sustains and drives us far beyond the weak, impure wretches of the borderlands, and the terrible weapons of the old world with which we execute His command. Praise be unto Argyre alone!

STELLAR DEATH

Each and every one of Argyre's Pictons comes to know the story all too well, told through rapid flashes projected into their eyes of the world that once was, memories of the past spoken in their God's rasping voice, and the disorienting experience of the indoctrination sessions deep in the Meme Chambers beneath London. The Sleepers are the reason the land has been wracked and ruined, they caused the deaths of billions, they snatched the future away from the people. There is only one option. Retribution.

The Pictons are Argyre's hellhounds, and they are filled with nothing but zealotry for their task. They sweep out across Britain and the neighboring realms to tear the world killers from their vaults and clasp the yoke around their neck. The Pictons will drag their prey to the Vulture's labor camps and drive the Sleepers until their bodies tear themselves apart, at which point Argyre will use their blood as sustenance. There is no other path to salvation.

CORONAL MASS EJECTION

Over a century ago, Argyre was cast out of mainland Europe by the foul, underhanded deception of the world killers and their infernal technology. If he were to return, his nanite blood would become entropic; wracked with agony beyond human comprehension he'd fall prey to the same dark urges that took control of him in the past. Instead, he has tasked his Pictons with the duty of being his representatives in foreign lands, sending them beyond the Janus Crater and across the Dead Channel, where they spread out on innumerable tasks in the name of the Vulture.

The most capable of his army he sends towards Borca. He will only allow them to return carrying the severed heads of the Sleeper Prophets...

DIVINE GIFTS

The Vulture's vault of technology is seemingly bottomless, but the Pictons are only given the most cursory of instructions for the operation of their tools. As such, the Star Eaters and Nebulae venture out into the world bearing weapons of mass destruction, with little concept of their true nature or use. Instead, these Bygone wonders are rationalised as the manifestations of Argyre's dreadful power.

POTENTIALS IMPLANTED EXPERTISE

The Picton has been implanted with an untapped reserve of training and knowledge, deep in the recesses of his subconscious mind. This expertise is inaccessible unless in conjunction to a situation related to his task, set by Argyre himself. A single Skill per Potential level, chosen by the Game Master, suddenly rises by a number of Points equal to the Picton's rank value for a single scene, even beyond the normal limit of 6, but the benefits collapse soon thereafter. The Picton is unable to reconjure the information that has only been implanted, never truly experienced.

SKILL BONUSES

For Pictons, the following skills are considered preferred at character creation (MAX +1):

- (BOD) Toughness
- (INT) Engineering
- (INT) Legends
- (PSY) Reaction
- (INS) Empathy



1 - ORBITER

PREREQUISITE: -

EFFECT: Like scattered debris they drift through Argyre's territory, unfocused and with unfinished conditioning. They paint themselves in the Vulture's symbols, gaze up in awe at the stars, but they don't understand – not yet. By day they return to the subterranean world of their Clan, where the Meme Chambers and video screens show them glimpses of the wonders that once were. If they're lucky, they'll even see a flash of their God, his scarred and twisted visage giving them a glance, nothing more.

EQUIPMENT: A can of glowing paint and a few scraps of food. It's all they deserve for now

2 - TRAJECTOR

PREREQUISITE: BOD+Toughness 6, INS+Survival 5

EFFECT: The Trajector no longer orbits aimlessly. Now he hunts. His indoctrination has proceeded far enough that he is permitted to venture out to keep the Rotten God's domain secure. He isn't yet allowed to go after the world killers, so instead he patrols the borders of Britain, tearing apart those reckless or foolish enough to cross into Argyre's kingdom. Anything he kills he brings back to the warrens beneath London, where it can be reused or eaten.

In the dark, bright symbols flash before his mind's eye. The memetics are setting in, taking control, and his fear of the Vulture has grown into zealous obedience – if only to guarantee survival. One of his broodmates, the least productive, was chosen for a demonstration of Argyre's power, and he still sees the horrifying sight whenever he blinks. He will not fail.

EQUIPMENT: Automatic pistol; Serrated knife (Modified knife with Gruesome (2))

2 - BOOSTER

PREREQUISITE: AGI+Dexterity 5, INT+Science 6, Secrets 2

EFFECT: Just as a satellite needs a rocket to propel it into orbit, the Pictons roaming across Britain need the Boosters to push them to new heights. They toil away in the deep chambers of Argyre's demesne, watching over the cultivation vats and hormone farms which are used to create the star food, the Vulture's gift to his hellhounds. It fuels the body, ensures the mind is ready for conditioning, and allows anyone to operate at a level close to the Ambrosia induced world killers.

Chemicals can be harvested using their God's tech-

nology, but the meat to feed the Pictons must be sourced from elsewhere, either from corpses dragged in by the Trajectors or sliced from the bodies of those who failed the Rotten God. Palers are a snack. Scrappers a full meal. Everything is taken and reused.

EQUIPMENT: Access to Argyre's outlying laboratories, giving +2D on any INT+Science rolls to create drugs or chemical substances

3 - STAR EATER

PREREQUISITE: BOD+Stamina 7, INT+Legends 6,

PSY+Cunning 6

EFFECT: The Star Eater has ascended beyond the limits of the puny scavengers scabbling around the edges of the Rotten God's realm. The star food has made him strong, made him fast, made him resilient. He can shrug off injuries that would have killed his former self and push his body to the absolute maximum. His conditioning is pristine, every thought tinted with fearful reverence and every impulse done in accordance with glowing symbols blazing in his mind. He doesn't understand them, but he still recognises and follows their instructions.

The Vulture has decided that the Star Eater is ready and able to begin hunting the world killers, and the memetics in his head have been tuned to inspire absolute and endless hatred for the Sleepers and their actions. The Star Eater uses the tools of the Rotten God to devastate his prey and drag them kicking and screaming back to Argyre's labor camps. They killed the world, but he eats stars. He wins.

EQUIPMENT: Star food; Submachine gun with any modifications he can strap or bolt on, up to 2 Slots

3 - DEATH WALKER

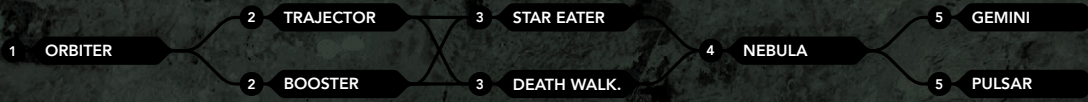
PREREQUISITE: CHA+Expression 6, INT+Medicine 8,

PSY+Domination 7, Secrets 3

EFFECT: The other Pictons shrink back as he approaches, even though they know he's needed. The warriors have returned with broken bodies, one of the females has had a difficult birth, an improperly stitched wound has torn open again. He bears a polished disc in his right hand, sharpened to the point it parts flesh like water, and in his left he holds a small kit filled with the pastes and extracts developed for this purpose in the Rotten God's deepest chambers. The process will be painful, but the Death



HIERARCHY AND RANKS - PICTONS



Walker will ensure their mortal frames work again – or he will see to it that their cadaver is put to better use. It's all the same in the eyes of the Vulture.

The Death Walker has been inducted and trained in the art of repairing the shells of Argyre's hellions, keeping them moving even past the point where a lesser creature would be limp and lifeless. He adorns his skin with bright markings triggering the memetic patterns of panic and fear in his subjects, and he hides his face with a horrifying mask – terror provides the adrenaline to fight on. This, of course, requires that the subject be restrained and operated on without painkillers, but this is irrelevant. They will be healed or they will be recycled.

EQUIPMENT: Death Walkers are bestowed with strange medicines and medical equipment created by Bygone machines in Argyre's labs, but they were designed with function rather than comfort in mind. He adds +4S to all INT+Medicine rolls to patch up other Pictons, at the cost of inflicting (4) Ego Damage whenever he conducts an operation

4 - NEBULA

PREREQUISITE: BOD+Melee or AGI+Projectiles 8, CHA+Leadership 9, PSY+Domination 9, Secrets 4

EFFECT: The Vulture has permitted him to access the deepest sections under London, the steaming maze filled with the stench of rotten flesh and decorated with the perfectly preserved corpses of the world killers. He has been shown the idyllic environments of the past in the holo-chambers, walked through the Vulture's hydroponic gardens, and been made to understand the necessary justice he is delivering to the Sleepers in the name of his God.

The Nebula has also been given a limited degree of access to the memetic programming swirling through the minds of the Pictons under his command, which he uses to his benefit out in the wastelands to embolden his Star Eaters while they hunt for signs of the Vulture's sworn nemesis buried in the dust. He is well aware that the same commands and triggers exist in his head, but he gives it no further thought – the Rotten God is never to be questioned.

EQUIPMENT: Anti-Sleeper artifacts from the vaults as needed for his missions (Deadbolt, Achilles, Deception Matrix); Void Grenades; Argyre's yoke

5 - GEMINI

PREREQUISITE: INT+Science 9, PSY+Cunning, Deception, or Domination 11, INS+Taming 8, Secrets 5, Chosen by Argyre

EFFECT: Argyre is all-powerful, but not even he can monitor every corner of his realm at once, much less organize the hordes of Sleepers being worked to death in his labor camps. As such, he appoints a Gemini to oversee his kingdom while his attention is on more critical matters. The Gemini is given control over the yokes around the necks of the prisoners, allowing him to correctly motivate any rebellious or reluctant world killers with a burst of blinding pain.

Additionally, the Gemini is responsible for the mental programming of the lower ranking Pictons. He defines their memetic routines in the Meme Chambers, modulates the pitch and tone of the subliminals broadcast all throughout the warrens, and evaluates the overall progress of each clutch to ensure they are developing correctly. Only Argyre himself could override the Gemini's influence.

EQUIPMENT: Code plate which can be used to flash up symbols to control the Pictons with memetic imagery (+4S to CHA+Leadership against other Pictons); Master control circuit for Argyre's yoke

5 - PULSAR

PREREQUISITE: BOD+Toughness 10, BOD+Force 8, CHA+Leadership 9, Authority 5, Chosen by Argyre

EFFECT: None shine brighter than the Pulsar. He has been chosen as Argyre's herald to the wretches crawling around the corpse of Europe, given the most critical tasks which the Rotten God cannot accomplish due to his banishment by the Free Spirits. He has been equipped with arsenals that could topple entire Clans in the blink of an eye, and can command the full cooperation of any other Picton with but a simple order. Only one Pulsar is ever chosen, and each is fully aware that their service ends only with their death. That's just fine, it's what God wants. The last three perished venturing into Borca to confront the Sleeper Prophets of Exalt and disable their Corresponder. Time to try again.

EQUIPMENT: Starfield, allowing him to communicate with Argyre even in distant lands; Any offensive artifact from the Vulture's vault, personally modified to be as lethal as possible







DRUIDS

The drones lay dead and the Pheromancer had taken three arrows to its ugly head before he collapsed against a fallen tree. The tiny refugee track was breathless, huddled together, terrified by the menace they had all just survived. They stared at the nearby treeline, watching as the three strangers peeled themselves from the underbrush, camouflaged with strange patterns painted across their bodies and carrying bows of unknown origin. They went on to collect all their arrows in silence, paying no attention to the people whose lives they had just saved. The refugee leader wanted to raise his voice to thank them, but one of the strangers shushed him. "Stay quiet, if you want to live! No sound until we make it across the great bog! Follow us!"

SELECTION BIAS

People grow old and pass on, plants wither and die, animals find their place in the circle of life, everything changes. Everything except Cernunnos, the Horned God. The Druids know that he is the one universal constant, the one entity that has been and will always be present. In the beginning he gathered the Druids around himself, and since then has cared for and nurtured them, silently passing down lessons through diagrams that glittered in the sky or appeared on the surface of rocks. The Druids learned from their God, and carried out his instructions.

Even if the divinity of the Horned God is evident, that doesn't mean the Druids can be complacent and simply cast their woes into his arms, regressing into a defenseless, babbling tribe of savages. The whims of Cernunnos are unforeseeable, and as such the Druids must maintain their own independence, heed their own senses, and gather their own resources. If they failed to prove themselves worthy of their Creator, why would he grace them with his presence? They provide offerings to their God of the biomaterials needed to keep his heart burning strong and prevent him from having to return to his eternal slumber, and they uphold the laws of his foundation; no animal should ever be harmed within the Forest of Cernunnos. Instead, the Druids live entirely off the land, foraging whatever they need to survive and not a single speck more.

THE LIMIT

It began as just a symbol flashing up in the images their God drew in the air, a set of numerals with no connection to reality. Their numbers were small, in those days, and so they paid it no mind. But as their ranks began to slowly grow, the warnings grew more insistent, the foreboding symbol appeared scratched into the bark of trees or scorched into the soil with mystic light. Still, it went unnoticed. Everything changed when the Limit was first broken. Saoirse gave birth to a pair of twins, two boys whose cries brought the entire Clan together to rejoice in the creation of new life.

Then Cernunnos arrived. He moved silently, gently stepping through the gathered Druids who fell mute in his wake. He approached the new births, reached out with his iron grip, and lifted one of the children into his arms. The boy stopped his wailing, even as his brother's screams redoubled in intensity. The God left, and the child was never seen again. The Conductors counted the remaining assembly and realised the finality of the symbols. There were 216 Druids left. And there could never be more.

FRAGILE ECOSYSTEM

When the large city of mankind to the south of their Forest ceased to exist, and a glowing cloud surged toward the sky, the Druids felt that something extraordinary had happened. Cernunnos instantly reacted, his optical sensors fixed on the lands of the Chroniclers, and a wave of tension filled the air. The Clan understood that the holy balance had been shattered. Cernunnos left the next day.

It took less than a week for the invaders to make their presence known. A single Expatriate with its polity pushing into Druid territory. The Pheromancer was quickly eradicated, but at the cost of three Solenoids. More will be coming, and the Druids lack the numbers to sustain any sort of conflict of attrition. They must hold out until their God returns, or find another source of aid.

PEAK CRISIS

The Druids are forced to step outside of their sacred borders for the first time to find new allies, as the encroaching Pheromancers mandate an unprecedented response. They propose an uneasy exchange to the stranded refugees Briton, spoken in whispered tones in remote meeting spots. Offerings of technical equipment or valuables in return for guiding them through the Gauntlet, goods which the Druids can then use to barter for aid with the Britoni. For the masses of displaced Frankans looking for a path to safety, it's an easy price to pay.

POTENTIALS

NATURE'S CANON

Cernunnos is capable of drifting through the world without disturbing a single leaf on the forest floor, and interacting with the animals as if they could understand him by design. The Druids take after his example, learning to interpret the rhythm of the woods and the unspoken language of nature. The Druids adds +1S per Potential level to all rolls related to understanding and taming animals.

SKILL BONUSES

For Druids, the following skills are considered preferred at character creation (MAX +1):

- (BOD) Athletics
- (AGI) Stealth
- (INT) Artifact Lore
- (INS) Survival
- (INS) Taming



1 - RELAY

PREREQUISITE: -

EFFECT: Relays prowl through Cernunnos' territory, searching for the materials needed to keep their God awake and operational. Additionally, they perform as scouts, stealthily drifting around the outskirts of the forest and alerting animals as well as their brethren whenever danger presents itself. They haven't yet been given much responsibility, but that's no excuse for complacency – should a child be born and the Limit breached, the Relays will be the first to be culled.

EQUIPMENT: Palm-sized metal detector (+2D to scavenging for metallic items)

2 - RESISTOR

PREREQUISITE: AGI+Crafting 6, PSY+Cunning 4

EFFECT: No outsider is permitted to enter the deepest areas of Cernunnos' dwelling. It is the Resistor's calling to ensure that the border is maintained. He lays out all of the realm's defenses: tripwires strung between tree trunks to trigger terrifying holographic projections, pitfalls cleverly disguised with carpets of twigs, leaves, and camouflage fabric, and a host more methods, all of which combine to create an impenetrable barrier for entry.

Whenever a child is born in the Clan, a trio of Resistors are assigned to them to ensure they remain safe at all times, and to keep up their education. These three Druids each take on a single aspect of the child's education – one on practical matters, one on the spiritual, and the last handles personal development. To a Clan as restricted in size as the Druids, every child is precious – or too much.

EQUIPMENT: Tools and equipment needed to create their traps (+2D to AGI+Stealth when hiding traps); Camouflage clothing and gear (+1D to AGI+Stealth)

2 - BATTERY

PREREQUISITE: INT+Science 6, INS+Survival 5

EFFECT: The Druids follow the will of their Horned God, and would never harm an animal or intrude upon its life in order to sustain or clothe themselves. Instead, they take after Cernunnos and only use what the land itself provides. The Battery oversees the hydroponic growth pods constructed according to his God's designs, preparing food for his Clan and using synthetic processes to create the materials needed for construction. Additionally, he is tasked with respectfully using the bodies of animals which have naturally perished in the forest to create the furs and cloaks which keep the Druids warm in the cold winter months.

The Battery also uses his knowledge to revitalise the creations of the Amplifiers when their spark has faded. He doesn't yet have the understanding to replicate the designs, but he knows enough to piece them back together.

EQUIPMENT: Hydroponic farms and growth beds deep in Cernunnos' realm (+2D to INT+Science when creating and harvesting food)

3 - SOLENOID

PREREQUISITE: AGI+Projectiles 7, AGI+Mobility 6, Network 2

EFFECT: The traps and distractions of the Resistors are often not enough to dissuade the foolhardy outsiders who refuse to even attempt to listen to the natural world around them, and would be incapable of understanding it if they did. As such, the Solenoids are forced to act. They coat themselves in war paint reminiscent of their God to intimidate and distract observers, and use weapons created from the Bygone imagery they've been shown by Cernunnos.

Once, the Druids were content to remain isolated from the world beyond their borders, living off the land in harmony with nature. Now, though, their isolation must end. More and more incursions into their realm from sources the Clan is barely capable of understanding threaten their livelihood. They have to reach out, for the first time in their history. The Solenoids take up the mantle of ambassadors, making contact with the Britoni and Anabaptists and guiding refugees through the Gauntlet to receive supplies and aid.

EQUIPMENT: Scatterpaint concocted by the Batteries; Compound bow; 5 Whispertip arrows

3 - AMPLIFIER

PREREQUISITE: INT+Legends 8, AGI+Crafting 7, CHA+Expression 6

EFFECT: Cernunnos has offered the Amplifier a glimpse into the depths of his soul, gazing at flickering images drawn in the air showing strange contraptions and unseen landscapes. Each Amplifier has studied these visions feverishly and divined the correct methods, materials, and processes needed to recreate the arcane technology on display. From the Chroniclers who once tried to push into the forest he takes circuitry and transistors, from the Scrapers he scavenges metal and advanced materials, and using his own ingenuity he creates new, electrical life.

The Amplifiers are the technical craftsmen of the Dru-



HIERARCHY AND RANKS - DRUIDS



ids, lacking the understanding of electricity and technology to truly know what they're piecing together, instead wrapping their creations up in mythology and arcane explanations. The bracelets which allow the Druids to communicate with each other use energy lines to pass messages, while the metallic eyes strung throughout the treetops contain spirits which report back on their findings to a central observer.

EQUIPMENT: Extensive records and logs passed down by the Druids on Cernunnos' designs, interlaced with legends and myth. Amplifiers may substitute INT+Legends for INT+Engineering when creating or modifying equipment

4 - CONDUCTOR

PREREQUISITE: CHA+Leadership 9, INS+Empathy 8, INS+Perception 8, Authority 4

EFFECT: The Clan knows that their God is wise and in possession of knowledge far beyond any mortal comprehension, yet throughout the decades he hasn't uttered a single word. Instead, the three Conductors interpret the images and movements of the Horned God, each divining the meaning of the visions he is blessed with in his own way. One of them interprets through the lens of Cernunnos speaking of the present, another views it as a reflection of the past, and the third sees it as a prediction of the future. Together, they convey the directives and decrees of the Horned God.

In times when the mechanical God left to challenge the wicked creatures encroaching upon the Druids' domain from the east the Conductors would take charge of the Clan and lead them until Cernunnos returned. Now that he has left to prowl through the ruins of Aquitaine, the Conductors have taken control once again – but this time, they're uncertain if their God will return.

EQUIPMENT: Each Conductor wears a mask representing his aspect of the trio, passed down from generation to generation. While wearing it, he adds +2D to CHA+Leadership when trying to influence other Druids

5 - DIODE

PREREQUISITE: PSY+Deception 11, CHA+Conduct 10, INS+Empathy 10, Network 5

EFFECT: The Druids are an insular group, but even before the recent chaos it was necessary for Cernunnos to have an agent on the outside to maintain awareness of the situation beyond his forest's borders. This is the task of the

Diode, an operative equipped with Cernunnos' most advanced surveillance and infiltration technology. The Diode disguises himself as a beggar or vagabond, using his equipment to spy on the highest echelons of society and planting bugs and trackers all over Briton. His network of contacts and sources spans Franka, and whenever anything happens he's among the first to know – which means his God knows as well.

The only catch: the Diode can never rejoin his people without the Limit being broken. He must make his way through the years alone, with only the silent company of his God watching through his eyes to stave off isolation. On his travels he encounters experiences no member of his Clan has ever witnessed before. He despises it all.

EQUIPMENT: Deepfake; Omnispeech; Simula; Optical implant allowing Cernunnos to see through his eyes; Coordinates of a dead-drop location where he can pass information directly to the Conductors, only used in desperate situations

5 - SIMULACRUM

PREREQUISITE: Willing to sacrifice his life for God, BOD+Toughness 10

EFFECT: Cernunnos is unlike the other gods and spirits clung to by Clans across Europe. He is physically manifest in the world, able to directly intervene in situations that affect his people and use his mechanical might to lift them out of danger. Sometimes not even this is enough, and the Conductors fail to fully understand the warnings and directions silently communicated through holographic projections and symbols traced in the sky. The Horned God must become fully materialized.

In dire emergencies, Cernunnos chooses a Simulacrum, a single Druid willing to make the ultimate sacrifice for his God. He is led into a hidden refuge, deep in the Forest of the Druids, where Cernunnos' maintenance station is located. Inside, a crown of circuitry with two antler-like antennae rests on a steel throne. When it is worn, Cernunnos' consciousness overrides the impulses of the host, and the Horned God steps forth as a living, breathing incarnation, capable of leading his people through any situation. When the crisis passes, Cernunnos' mind returns to his body, but the Simulacrum's neural pathways have been destroyed in the process. He will be remembered as a hero.

EQUIPMENT: Cernunnos' Crown; 5 Starling arrows; Any modification for his bow, custom made by the Amplifiers





GANARIDS

Lilian pressed herself against the cold walls of the Cathedral of Rennes, trying to calm her racing heart. Emissary Yasen led the procession, flanked by a secret guest from Cathedral City who had arrived to bless the ongoing mass conversion of Briton. As the new arrival approached, he gazed at Lilian, giving her the impression that he was piercing her most intimate thoughts. She couldn't take her eyes off him. Was that a smirk on his face? Was he recognising her for who, what, she was? She chewed her lip, recounting the prayers of the Neognosis in her head, expelling every memory of Ganaress to shield her mind. "A rotten apple doesn't fall far from the tree," he said in passing, and Lilian knew her cover was blown.

DOWNFALL

It was the pinnacle of their lives, following their King through Briton, embracing the sublime peace and cooperation of his polity. There was nothing but Ganaress. Then their world was ripped apart.

The Ganarids remember the years following Ganaress' death only as a hazy cloud. In their dreams their collective experiences all blend together, thousands of individual shards combining to form a single, blurred and indistinct meta-memory uniting the former polity. Each Ganarid is capable of picking out his own memories by day, but as sleep closes in the shared reality comes to the fore.

So the Ganarids found themselves roving through Briton, drifting from place to place as they tried to reignite old lives or find new ones. Everything was so different, so meaningless compared to what they had been through, even if they couldn't reliably recall these experiences. Their feelings were blackened and their senses of taste dulled, and they lacked purpose. Entire years of continuity were blotched out and hidden by impenetrable fog. The Ganarids could only do what came naturally to them.

HOLDING PATTERN

When a gust of wind blows a bee away from its hive, or a falling tree splits an ant from its colony, the insect does everything in its power to reconnect. The Ganarids, once linked together by the gentle embrace of Ganaress, are no different. They maintain their previous mannerisms, create Idols to their King, and try to rejoin with their former brethren who can be recognized with subliminal ticks and dull vibrations transmitted through the ether. However, that's not enough. If they want to return to perfection, they must survive long enough until the opportunity arises. They need safety.

Mimicking the ant adapting its movements to another hive, the Ganarid must join a new hierarchy – a human one, instead of the Aberrant collective they're used to. It's a different framework, but the principle is the same. Thus, Ganarids worm their way into the existing structures, Cults, Clans, behaving like compliant members of their chosen organization, until they fully convince themselves of their new role. Only in the quiet moments where the call of the ether seeps back into their minds does knowledge of their ultimate goal grip them. Patience, wait for the return of the true King. Not long now...

INFESTATION

It was the sign they had been waiting for. On the Day of Ganaress, the insidious celebration of the slaughter of their King, the Ganarids received the signal. A beacon radiating out through the ether, dim for some but blinding for others. Malinesse, the Idol Bearer, calling them all toward salvation, and directing them to its source. The Atlantic.

The Black Water lures the Ganarids in, promising union, coalescence, and oblivion. At nightfall, when their collective dreams guide them to the waterfront, the Ganarids look out at the sea and witness the impossible fractals, feel the pull to step out into the deep, join with a new collective. They don't understand, yet, but they know it will soon leave the ocean's depths. It's only a matter of time.

TWO-FACED

The Ganarids occupy a unique position, one not encountered anywhere else in Europe. They appear as perfectly ordinary humans, and act like them for the most part, but they have experienced the glory of the Pheromancers like no other, thereby gaining insight into their machinations from a perspective unattainable by anyone outside of the collective. The Spitalians took advantage of this, keeping several Ganarids as test subjects in Montpellier where they are examined and conditioned to give up that insight to the Cult of Doctors.

POTENTIALS

HARMONIOUS

PREREQUISITE: Spore infestation (5)

Unconsciously, the Ganarids have been sharing their collective identity ever since they were inducted into Ganaress' hive. Despite the loss of their King, the connection to the rest of the hive remains, however tenuous, and in times of need the Ganarid can access the skills of his brethren. In a stressful situation, the Ganarid can spend up to the Potential level in Ego Points to raise the value of a single Skill of his choice by the same amount for the duration of a scene, once per day.

SKILL BONUSES

For Ganarids, the following skills are considered preferred at character creation (MAX +1):

- (AGI) Stealth
- (CHA) Conduct
- (CHA) Expression
- (PSY) Deception
- (INS) Empathy



CREATING GANARIDS

As a Clan, Ganarids have no shared, unified identity, no singular hierarchy, and no formal command structure. Instead, they have been forced to adapt to a new situation, following their own paths without leadership to support them. They find their way back into human society and join existing structures, hiding their true nature so thoroughly that only a concerted investigation tracing their path back years would be able to root out the deception. They are the most zealous Orgiastics, the most studious Orderlies, the most helpful Mechanists.

Creating a Ganarid character is a two stage process. First, points are distributed as normal using the Ganarid Skill bonuses, progressing through the Clan's ranks in accordance with the recommended prerequisites until he reaches the highest rank possible. Potentials, Legacies, and Backgrounds are defined during the second stage.

Following the character's initial creation as a Ganarid, he selects a Cult or Clan to infiltrate and become a part of. There is no restriction on which may be chosen, however

Players should work with their Game Master to ensure that their choice is consistent and sensible with the world and game being played. The Ganarid then advances through his target's hierarchy, choosing his Backgrounds as a member of that group and moving up their rank structure. The maximum rank in the target organization is equal to the step below the Ganarid's rank in his own Clan – an Imago would be able to reach any level 3 rank, assuming he met its individual requirements.

Once the character's final ranks have been defined, he chooses his Potentials, including those gained from Legacies, from the Common Potentials pool or the Potentials specific to his target Cult or Clan. The Player and their Game Master should be especially mindful of the position, attitudes, and relationships the Ganarid has built up, more than with typical characters. These could be with other Ganarids, wherever he has managed to find them, or with the members of his assumed organization.

1 - GRUB

PREREQUISITE: Former member of Ganaress' hive

EFFECT: He hasn't yet found his purpose, or is still trying to piece together his individuality from the convoluted mass of the Ganarid collective. He quietly drifts through the hinterlands of Briton, or slips through the cracks of society as a faceless, nameless citizen of any number of villages and cities throughout Franka. People see him for what he is; a loner, a stranger, someone without his friends or partners. Any relationships he does strike up with the other dregs of civilization are trivial at best, and built on shaky foundations.

With Franka in turmoil due to a cascade of recent events, he's in a dangerous position – humans resort to violence when frightened, and they inevitably direct their sus-

picion and retribution against outsiders, and unknowns. He must find himself a new identity, and do so quick.

EQUIPMENT: Nothing but what he can scrounge up, cast aside by human society

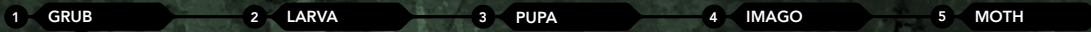
2 - LARVA

PREREQUISITE: INS+Empathy 5, PSY+Deception 4

EFFECT: Stage one of his development. The Larva has found a Cult or Clan which seems receptive to his infiltration. He gets entangled with its members, begins to ask the right questions, and eventually takes the plunge of joining them as an initiate. A tattoo to the brow and a nose ring through the septum turn him into a Touched one, while volunteering to defend Franka in the name of



HIERARCHY AND RANKS - GANARIDS



the ancient nation puts him into the uniform of the Resistance – he grits his teeth and soldiers on.

The Larva applies himself completely to the disguise, and sheds his identity as a Ganarid, at least on the outside. At night, in the dorms of the church or in the packed sleeping room of a Britoni inn, he still hears the whispers of the collective, of his people. They'll keep him company.

EQUIPMENT: A small, hand carved idol of Ganaress he keeps stashed away, hidden from anyone. It's his only reminder of the past

3 - PUPA

PREREQUISITE: CHA+Conduct 7, PSY+Cunning 6

EFFECT: Digging deeper, sinking further. The Pupa has risen beyond the lowest ranks of his chosen target's hierarchy, and has begun to take on tasks for his superiors. He pretends to be nothing more than a driven, eager-to-please Agent rushing to-and-fro for a Mediator, or an industrious Badger jostling for position amidst the Mud Crabs on Briton's many beaches. To his growing network of friends, contacts, and suppliers, that's all he is, no reason for any additional suspicion. The Pupa has managed to secure a solid shell around himself, and has found some measure of safety in his current situation – but it's not enough, not yet. He can still go higher, take on more responsibilities and make more connections, find a secure haven to wait out the months or years until the return of his King.

EQUIPMENT: In a disused part of his barracks, or a ruined shack close to his church, he has created a tiny shrine to his King where he can reflect on everything that was taken from him

4 - IMAGO

PREREQUISITE: CHA+Leadership 6, CHA+Expression 8, INS+Empathy 8

EFFECT: The Imago is so deeply entrenched in his new role that his superiors have even begun giving him responsibility over others. Now, along with his tightly knit and expansive web of contacts all linked back to his false identity, he has acquired a group of subordinates and allies he can call upon in times of stress. No outsider would dare question his origins or background now, and he's built up

enough goodwill that any challenger from the inside will be subtly pushed into silence. He leads hunts out onto the waters as a Britoni Bullkiller, recalls the great human history of Franka as a Savant of the Resistance, and preaches the word of the Neognosis as an Elysian. The Ganarid can relax, his masquerade complete,

Except, the murmur of the collective keeps growing stronger, the memories of his kin mixing into his dreams, a call growing louder and louder with each passing day. He's not finished yet. One last step.

EQUIPMENT: He can't be overt about his worship, but he does as much as he can to stave off the voices in his head. He finds opportunities to slip away to a large shrine, far out of sight, where he connects with his detached brethren. Soon, the time will come when they can truly reunite.

5 - MOTH

PREREQUISITE: PSY+Faith/Willpower 11, PSY+Domination 9, CHA+Leadership 10,

EFFECT: Ascendent. The Moth sheds the trappings of his infiltrated target, emerging from the cocoon of disguise to take on a blazing new form. His stigma has reawakened, whether due to an imperfect removal or a heavy dose of new Sepsis infestation, and the ether has chosen him to be a new Idol bearer – even if he represents a King which no longer exists, and is yet to be reborn. He is a leader to the other Ganarids, infecting them with his vision and determination, guiding them towards the light.

He directs the Ganarids throughout Briton and beyond, subtly influencing them with instructions broadcast through their collective unconscious. His mind is strong, and his voice firm as the members of his hive find themselves dancing to the tune of their superior. When the time comes, he will take his rightful place at Ganaress' side, heft the banner of the true King, and stand at the crest of an army which will sweep across the land. The mistakes of the past will not be repeated this time.

EQUIPMENT: His hands worked on autopilot, carving out the shapes using the skills and knowledge of his kin. Now, the Idol mask rests on his face, and commands all other Ganarids to answer (Talisman, +3D)



SPECIAL EQUIPMENT

PICTONS

STARFIELD

The Starfield is a small, spherical item, with a dull black sheen. When a Picton utters a predetermined code phrase, linked to each unit, it sends out a signal to request an audience with Argyre. Should the Rotten God permit the connection, the sphere erupts with hundreds of miniscule, firefly-sized drones which hover around the supplicant, giving the artifact its name. Each of these flitting projectiles is a laser projector, and when they all combine they create a hologram of the Vulture, hovering in the air, allowing him to communicate with his hellhounds. The transmission channel is encrypted based on star alignments, a key insight the Chroniclers have never been able to glean from their interrogations and investigations, rendering it impossible for the Tech Cult to hack into.

KILLSWITCH

The greatest insult ever delivered to Argyre was the perversion of his life's work used to create the conditioning that steers the minds of the Sleepers. For the Marauder, this means that he knows the ins-and-outs of the Tannhäuser programming better than anyone. He has equipped his Pictons with sound generators that play a specific sequence of frequencies which induce a feedback loop in the world killers implanted with his original memetics, a process which leaves them in a blank, catatonic state for a few moments, and resets their nanites to their default settings before they fully reboot - making them vulnerable, if only for a short while.

STAR FOOD

Star Food is a potent concoction of Argyre's design, a glowing soup of potent hormones and genetically modified Bygone drugs. Over an extended period of consumption it transforms body composition, causing a Picton to become resistant to damage at a near-inhuman level. Anyone consuming star food for more than 6 months has their Trauma pool increased by (6), even beyond the normal limit of (12), and ignores up to 9D of Trauma penalties. However, this comes at a cost; the body's standard core temperature is raised to a scorching heat and the digestive system works on overdrive - Discomfort penalties from lack of food or water are doubled, and starvation begins after a single week instead of two.

VOID GRENADES

The plastic cartridge is primed with a button press, and rolled into the center of the Dispenser cryo-chamber. A hissing, buzzing sound fills the air as the Void Grenade's powerful interference generators go to work. Any Sleepers within its 10m radius feel themselves growing weaker by the second, as their nanites lose cohesion and drift uncontrollably through their bloodstream, and the Blood of Aries find their Black Fleeces hanging limp and lifeless. Any effects granted by nanites are disabled for (5) Rounds, after which the Void Grenade's batteries sputter out and require replacement.

DRUIDS

SHRIEKER

The bulbous, rounded heads of these arrows bely their true purpose - non-lethal deterrence. It would be impossible to deal a serious wound with these weapons, but for the Druids using them, that's just fine. Contained within the frame is a powerful siren, activated by the rush of air passing through when the arrow is shot, creating a high pitched alarm and warning all animals in a 1 kilometer radius of the presence of an intruder. The Shrieker causes (5) Ego Damage to the target even if it doesn't directly impact them. They should get the message, either way - they are not welcome here.

WHISPERTIP

An arrowhead which contains a set of advanced signal generators. When fired, they analyse the soundscape around them and create opposing waveforms to silence any sound through destructive interference. Anyone caught nearby is suddenly trapped in a world without any sound and disoriented, causing a penalty of -1D to all Actions. The Whispertip's field has a radius of 5 meters, and lasts for (4) Rounds before its capacitors run dry, long enough for a Solenoid to close in and ensure that the silence is permanent.

SCATTERPAINT

While the Scrapppers scrounging through the dirt around Nantes foolishly claim the body paint adorning the Druids is merely that, tribal paint, the truth is far more complex. Formulated using specific compounds and in patterns precisely demonstrated by Cernunnos, the paint of the Druids is capable of fooling video recording devices - such as the eyes of AMSUMOs, the optical sensors of Reset drones, and the cameras of Chronicle surveillance equipment. Instead of a Clanner stalking through the woods, their feeds deteriorate into a meaningless blur of impossible contrasts and out-of-focus smears.

STARLINGS

When fired, Starling arrows split into a multitude of small, glittering probes which can chart their own path through the air using tiny jets. Each plots out an individual trajectory towards its target, capable of accommodating for all but the most rapid attempts to dodge away from the swarm. On impact, the Starlings slice through their target with lethal precision. The arrows are exceedingly hard to create, and only given to Cernunnos' most trusted and prized followers.

TOOLS OF THE GODS

Name	Effect	Enc.	Tech	Value	Res.	Cult
Starfield	Opens an encrypted communication channel to Argyre	1	V	15000	4	Pictons
Killswitch	After a Sleeper is exposed for (2) Rounds, -2D to all Actions for (8) Rounds, E-Cube (120Qt), Mag 4	1	V	20000	4	Pictons
Star Food	After prolonged consumption, Trauma (+6), ignore -9D of Trauma penalty, increased dietary requirements	-	IV	500	1	Pictons
Void Grenades	Disables any nanite-induced effects within 10m for (5) Rounds, Internal Cell (20 Qt)	-	V	10000	5	Pictons
Shrieker	Thunder Strike, (5) Ego Damage to target, alerts animals in 1 km radius	-	IV	250	1	Druids
Whispertip	-1D to all Actions within 5m of impact, lasts (4) Rounds, Internal Cell (10 Qt)	-	V	1000	4	Druids
Scatterpaint	+4D to hiding from any optical sensors	-	II	-	2	Druids
Starlings	Adds +4S to attacks using a bow, Internal Cell (100 Qt)	-	VI	5000	6	Druids
Compound Bow	Distance 20/80, Damage 8+F/2, Mag. 1, Slots 2	1	V	5000	3	Druids

BEYOND THE BORDER, MADNESS REIGNS

