DECENESIS

CLANS OF THE RHÔNE

EDITORIAL

PUBLISHER
SIXMOREVODKA

CONCEPT &
IP DEVELOPMENT
Marko Djurdjevic

PRODUCTION
Marko Djurdjevic
Adrian Fekete

AUTHORS
Marko Djurdjevic
Liam Foley

ADDITIONAL TEXT
Bernhard Diller
Alexander Malik

ART DIRECTION
Marko Djurdjevic

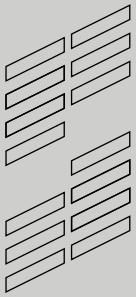
ARTWORK
Andrius Matijoshius
Jelena Kevic-Djurdjevic
Marko Djurdjevic

EDITING
Marko Djurdjevic
Liam Foley

LAYOUT & TYPOGRAPHY
Adrian Fekete
Jerzy Ferdyn

COVER DESIGN
Adrian Fekete

DEGENESIS BY
Christian Günther & Marko Djurdjevic



THE KILLING GAME: SUPPLEMENT 1/2

CLANS OF THE RHÔNE is an expansion to DEGENESIS: THE KILLING GAME and a sequel to the contents of that sourcebook. To understand its context fully, reading the scenario about Operation Mirage and the fall of Toulon is recommended.

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LA MORT N'EST RIEN,
MAIS VIVRE VAINCU ET SANS GLOIRE,
C'EST MOURIR TOUS LES JOURS.

[NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE]

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RESISTANCE

We've been out for about two weeks. Yesterday we had to bury Marianna. She had scouted a few days ahead, and had fallen into a trap laid out by drones. When we discovered her body, she was already covered in maggots, head to toe – only her red beret visible in the mud next to her corpse.

We're close now. Orson, the Famulancer on our team, points northeast, straight toward the City of Combs forty klicks inland. I check the Ant Watch; swipe the raindrops from the plastic. Damn, he's right. The six of us are all that's left, but we're certain we can catch this fucking 'mancer before he latches onto a larger hive. Every kill is a tiny victory.

Wicca rushes past me, rifle at the ready, the other cadets in tow. We cross a bridge of collapsed trees, gnarled and twisted, careful not to slip into the murky waters below. Full of Acid Jellyfish…

"Can you hear the buzz?" Foucart asks. Seymour nods anxiously. I hear it too. Hornets. But they're far and the sound is travelling away from us. By Franka, I hate the fucking bush! "We gotta strike from the south," I hiss. "Best guess, the 'mancer is two- or three-hundred meters ahead. Fae, keep the ozone grenade in your hand. Remember what Orson taught you about priming it. Throw when I say so!" Fae confirms with a nervous blink, wiping her brow clean. She's the youngest on the team, this is her first real raid.

"I got a twitch!" Orson sneers, hinting at his Mollusk. "Commandant Felka?"

I signal to Foucart to aim into the bright green mangroves ahead. "See that concrete structure over there?" I ask. Foucart chews his lip. The others form a semi-circle. We move ahead, one step at a time. The leaves squelch with every footfall, bubbles rising from the mud. The air stings. I know this smell. It's fear. The damn 'mancer is afraid! "We gotta be quick, before he raises an alarm!"

I'm suddenly interrupted by hysteric giggles erupting from Seymour. I turn and see him bending over, eyes curling upwards, snorting with laughter, foaming at the mouth. "Fuck, he's lost it!" I yell. "Put him down!"

Wicca launches at Seymour, knocking him out with the butt of her rifle. He goes down like a sack of shit. The Marduk Oil must've lost its potency. Damn shame, we could've used a good Chasseur just about now. An acrid taste fills the air - alarm pheromones. Drones incoming. I draw grandfather's revolver. The dull iron is heavy, but the gun has history. I've killed plenty of 'mancers with it. The first drone breaks out of the treeline – putain, fast! I shoot. One down. I count at least a dozen more. This Aberrant has quite the polity.

Wicca whirls around, grabs a hatchet from her belt, and throws. The weapon whips across the distance and hits a mud-covered drone square in the chest. Screams. Anguish. "Keep it together, ladies!" I snap. Where the fuck did Orson go? "Famulancer! I need a Splayer at my flank!" I can't see him. To my left Foucart's rifle barks twice. Two more down. I can rely on that guy. Saved my ass many times before.

"Felka! Flank right!" I hear Orson call out, a dozen meters away. How the hell did he get over there? I trust his

call, standing up and withdrawing from the action, eyes constantly locked on the charging drones, looking for an opening, scanning for this hive's 'mancer.

I reach the Famulancer, call out the plan, "Stay distant, draw the bastard out of the treeline, go for the kill!" He doesn't give a response. I glance back, too late, and clock the bizarre look in his eyes before his Splayer's shaft bashes into my back. I stumble forward, one, two steps, then the ground under my right foot gives way, dropping into a pit. Pain bursts through my leg instantly, fuck! Pitfall! I feel spikes drive into my thigh, white-hot sensation racing up my spine. My scream is lost in the chaos.

The world itself seems to shiver as the Pheromancer reveals herself, stomping from the trees to emerge behind the drone swarm, inspecting the battle being waged over her. I can only get impressions, my vision blurred from agony; tall, fat, face hidden by a papery beehive, tits sagging to her belly. I can smell the ichor oozing out of her, burning the back of my throat. Shit, now's our only chance. I grit my teeth against the pain in my leg, "Fae! Ozone!"

The metal cylinder arcs through the air and lands in the mud with a thunk. Nothing. A dud. We're fucked. A rabid drone comes rushing, smacking Fae with a stone mace. Her face cracks. The girl is a goner. I can't look.

I fire another shot at the attackers that have Wicca pinned to the ground. I get one, but Wicca is dead. There's no point shooting again. The drones are already hacking her body to pieces.

What the hell is happening? The Pheromancer stands proud in the clearing, the gunfire has stopped. Orson crawls toward her on all fours. She awaits him with open arms. I see him drooling like a pathetic lap dog, like a fucking imbecile. He cradles himself into her embrace, sucking on the sap running from her tits. She taps his shaved skull with her fingers, like a drum. Tap-tap, tap-tap. The bastard sold us out. He gave us fake Marduk Oil. He's been her thrall all along! I take aim with my revolver – I'll drag the pig to hell with me, I swear. But I can't pull the fucking trigger. She got me.

"LOVE ME!" I hear her beckoning. She is radiant, a scarlet tide of affection, the womb I crave to be sheltered by. Fuck Franka! I adore only her. My senses are blurry, everything is just a purple haze. From down here I see a drone crossing my path, carrying Foucart's head, eyes gouged from the sockets. I want to scream, but I don't feel any sadness. I am content.

"PUT THUNDERSTICK IN YOUR MOUTH!" she pleads, her voice crystal clear like a mountain spring, and I know it's the right thing to do. I place the barrel between my teeth, taste the cold iron on my tongue, grin at the fact that I'm under her spell. She'll kill me. I know it. And I'm grateful for that. Who I once was, what I stood for, what I believed in, all of it pales in comparison to the love I feel for her. It's the ultimate affection. No more Resistance. I want to die for her.

"TASTE YOUR FIRE!"

TOULONI

Delmar stands with his back towards the dawn. Against the light, his face is but a silhouette, all blackness and sharp angles. His hair is graying, his skin is sunburnt, he carries heavy ropes and nets over his shoulders.

He jumps aboard his boat. With a serious facial expression, he looks at his realm – the piers, the fishing boats, and the chain cables of Port Lagagne. Satisfied, he pounds his own chest and nods at himself appreciatively. His sons almost convulse with laughter. They love it when their old man mimics great Hamza Abubakar III., the ruler of Toulon. The joke makes all the toiling out on the sea more bearable. A long day in the hot sun lies ahead of them, and humor is a good traveling companion.

CALLOUS

The Anabaptists clung to the Touloni and recruited feverishly. Then came the Spitalians with their rules and regulations and in the end, the Chroniclers with their bossiness and control mania.

Then, the Cults disappeared, and the city and the Clan faded into insignificance. "Rien ne va plus" - the Touloni realized that the heroics of the Cults had been nothing but empty promises.

When the Neolibyans arrived in the port 10 years ago their home was close to collapsing. It was time to form new alliances, to turn their backs on the European besiegers and look for shelter with the Africans. What did the Touloni have to lose, after all? In fact, they gained a lot – autonomy, the right to self-government, free trade. The Neolibyans had brought peace and prosperity to the five great families of Toulon. Since then the Anciens of the families have ensured that the many scions of the various branches of the family learn the basics of education: reading, writing, and maths.

As soon as Chiots reach the age of 13, they are old enough to contribute to the common good of the city and so must choose – either they serve in the Beau Monde for at least five years, join the fishermen and carriers in the harbor, or negotiate a student loan from the Grantors with the help of the Anciens. Those loans usually come with an option for a future business deal. The Africans invest in tomorrow – those who successfully graduate from the University and have internalized the secrets of trading will need Dinars later to start their own companies. Even if some Touloni adopt the African lifestyle, though, the fishermen remain the foundation of the Clan. They are its inner core.

The Anciens are influential enough in the surrounding region to purchase real estate and concessions for the Artisans and Marins of the Clan in smaller settlements. Sometimes, whole branches of the family move out, and new workshops or trading posts that will pay taxes to the Touloni in the future and expand the Clan's trade network arise on an almost monthly basis. For about a year now, the Clan has also had small outposts in Perpignan, Montpellier, and even Toulouse. Its influence grows.

STRANDED

The chaos that erupted through the streets of Toulon during the uprising of the Iron Brothers has caused a schism to rip through the ranks of the Touloni. Amidst the turmoil, the Beau Monde found themselves fighting side by side with the Resistance to take back their home, but at the climax of the events the Frankan freedom fighters turned against the Africans - the closest allies of the Touloni.

In the confusion there was no time to consider the situation and the Beau Monde continued to fight with their European brethren, but now that the fires have died down the Touloni are forced to reflect on their actions. They pick through the rubble of their city, lost in thought: who was truly in the right? And where should the Clan's allegiance truly lie if – when – the conflict reignites? The five Anciens gather in tense deliberations over the future nature of the Touloni and their home. They can't decide amongst themselves, the discussions only result in endless loops. They need a single voice to unify them. They prepare to elect a new Patriarche. He will lead the Clan forward.

IRREGULARS

Ever since the Scourgers started keeping order in Toulon, the Beau Monde has only had a purely representative function. While the militia members are assigned as guards for transport ships sailing along the coast, they never face any real conflicts. This is why they act as irregulars to collect necessary combat experience. Any member can be released from pay for a certain amount of time to hire themselves out in the coastal villages or strengthen the ranks of the Resistance, an assignment which is not detrimental to the reputation and the battle readiness of the militia. Quite the opposite.

POTENTIALS

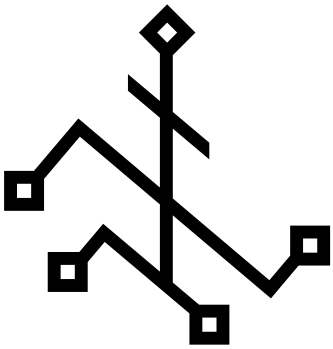
FRIEND OF THE LION

PREREQUISITE: -

The Touloni are used to living amongst Lions, they are hard to outsmart. With Friend of the Lion, a character gets + 1D per Potential level to CHA + Negotiation and PSY + Cunning to recognize a bad deal and turn it to a good one with a smile.

SKILL BONUSES

For Touloni, the following skills are considered preferred at character creation (MAX + 1):
(BOD) Toughness
(AGI) Crafting
(AGI) Navigation
(CHA) Conduct
(PSY) Cunning



1 - CHIOT

PREREQUISITE: -
EFFECT: Touloni rarely remain whelps after their 13th birthday. Should that be the case, though, deadbeats are chased through the city as assistants and runners, because that's all they're good for.
EQUIPMENT: -

2 - BEAU MONDE

PREREQUISITE: AGI+Projectiles 6, CHA+Conduct 6, INS+Orienteering 6, Authority 2,
EFFECT: Should a Touloni pass the initial exams – an endurance test running through the swamps with gear on his back, and a brief discussion on the history of the Clan – he can count himself among the members of a proud organization. Despite the Beau Monde having had their primary purpose, defense of Toulon, superseded by the influx of Scourgers from the south, they still keep up their combat readiness and training, whether from matching the drills and exercises carried out by the African warriors sharing their city, or by leaving Toulon and joining up with other groups.

The Touloni keep the Beau Monde well supplied, and its members are trained to use their home territory to their advantage at all times. Members of the Beau Monde add +2D to INS+Orienteering in and around Toulon.
EQUIPMENT: Reinforced uniform; Beret; Saber; Rifle; Maps of Toulon

2 - MARIN

PREREQUISITE: BOD+Toughness 5, BOD+Melee 6, AGI+Navigation 6, INS+Orienteering 5
EFFECT: Toulon's meteoric expansion under the auspicious gaze of Hamza the Raider would have been impossible without the blood, sweat, and tears of the Marins. They set sail from Port Lagagne every day at first light, their small boats setting out into the Mediterranean in the hundreds, and cast out their nets to bring home enough food to keep their city in good health. The vast majority of the Touloni can call themselves Marins, and are proud of that. In the evenings they return to their home and spend their hard-earned Dinars in the markets and shops – economic stimulation, Hamza would say with a grin.

The fishermen and sailors of the Clan are popular regulars in the city and the coastal villages. Marins pay only two thirds of the regular prices for all kinds of services in Toulon and its vicinity.
EQUIPMENT: Fishing knife (personal weapon, Handling +2D instead of +1D)

3 - OFFICIER

PREREQUISITE: BOD+Melee 7, AGI+Projectiles 7, AGI+Navigation 7 or CHA+Conduct 7, CHA+Leadership 6, Authority 3, Renown 3
EFFECT: Standing tall at the prow of his ship on the open waters, the Officier can be clearly seen by anyone for miles around, resplendent in an elaborate uniform fitting of his position as a high-ranking member of the Beau Monde. He commands the coast guard, coordinates patrols through the nearby swamps, and discusses policing matters with the Scourgers in Toulon. The Cults, and the people of Franka, consider him incorruptible, and his Network Background rises by (2)

Additionally, the Officier builds up an extraordinary web of contacts in the hinterland of Franka, negotiating passage fees directly with the Resistance, and enjoying free lodging with the people in the area of Toulon. His influence expands into the Rhône delta where his squads sometimes hunt smugglers in shallow tributaries or crush pockets of rebels.
EQUIPMENT: Uniform; Beret; Saber or cutlass; Rifle

3 - ARTISAN

PREREQUISITE: AGI+Crafting 7, CHA+Arts 7, INT+Science 6
EFFECT: It starts as an idle pastime for a Marin, whittling away at a block of wood to help him whittle away the hours spent out at sea waiting for his fishing nets to fill up, or a few idle brushstrokes in the evenings after his family has eaten to get an idea out of his head and onto a page. However, over time as his talent develops and is recognised, it begins to turn into something more. His carvings are spotted by eager Neolibyan tourists wanting to bring home a bit of their own Frankan culture, the painting is chosen to adorn the entrance hall of a local shop, and his name begins to filter out into the public domain. Soon, he makes enough

HIERARCHY AND RANKS - TOULONI

to give up the life at sea, and dedicate himself entirely to the craft.

Artisans are particularly respected, giving them (+2) Renown. The majority of them work in one of Toulon's workshops, or set up their own in the hinterland, but the real talents choose the path of the artist and master their craft. Many own parlors and booths in Port Lagagne and count Neolibyans, or African Leopards in disguise, as patrons. In any case, their income grows: (+2) Resources.

EQUIPMENT: Crafting tools (level 2)

4 - DIGNITAIRE

PREREQUISITE: CHA+Conduct 7, CHA+Negotiation 7, PSY+Cunning 8, Authority 4, Secrets 2

EFFECT: As an Officier he made a daring arrest of a dangerous rebel out in the swamps, or proved himself time and again by coordinating well with Spitalians and Scourgers alike. As an Artisan he built up a strong network of contacts and patrons, carving out a niche for himself with words as artfully deployed as his works. Either way, the Anciens of the five Touloni families took notice, and made him an offer to become a Dignitaire. He leaves his previous role behind, and becomes an ambassador operating on behalf of the Touloni in the many settlements and villages around the city. He is a master of diplomacy, and knows how to turn any situation in his Clan's favor. His Allies and Resources Backgrounds both increase by (+2) Additionally, he is assigned a personal guard consisting of six members of the Beau Monde.

All of the villages in Toulon's sphere of influence each have a single Dignitaire assigned to them to manage and coordinate their resources and economy, with each of them paying taxes to their Dignitaire which he uses to both fuel Toulon's economy, and to stimulate any changes in his particular settlement. When nobody is looking, he pockets some of the tax money for himself. It's to be expected.

EQUIPMENT: Chain of office; Neolibyan seal of oaths (for diplomatic purposes); Letters of credit from the Grantors (worth 2,000 Dinars); Recording device; Carrier pigeons

5 - ANCIEN

PREREQUISITE: Elder of one of the five families of Toulon

EFFECT: Since time immemorial the Touloni have counted themselves as the members of five ancestral families, stretching back through the ages. Their elders bear the weight of that heritage, along with the knowledge and experience refined and honed by years of service to the Clan. Each of the five Anciens is individually the leader of his family, maintaining a close eye on his descendants and setting their course, while also joining together with his four contemporaries to determine the path of the Clan as a whole. They rarely make public appearances, content to pass down their directives through shadowy networks of representatives bearing their unique family crests, but whenever they appear their proclamations shake the city.

The Anciens are exceptionally well connected to a vast array of contacts, informants, and negotiation partners: they add +2D to all CHA+Negotiation rolls, and have a permanent bonus of Network (+3). Only the Patriarche has the authority in the Clan to overrule them on any matter, and they use their influence to apply immense diplomatic pressure, hold back vital shipments to force a result they find acceptable, or raise scathing tolls on the Scorched Path to fund efforts closer to home.

EQUIPMENT: Family crest; Numerous bills of credit (worth 5,000 Dinars)

5 - PATRIARCHE

PREREQUISITE: Must be appointed by the Anciens

EFFECT: There hasn't been a Patriarche in Toulon for a long time. Only in times of war or other dire need do the Anciens choose a single Touloni, usually a Dignitaire, to elevate to the position. The Patriarche is given the full and unconditional backing of the Clan for the duration of the emergency, and can use any and all of the Clan's resources without consulting the Anciens. He becomes the commander-in-chief of the Beau Monde, directing their missions all over Franka and using his own strategic skills, along with a council of Officiers, to determine the path to victory.

EQUIPMENT: Access to the Patriarche bunker below the Fortress of Toulon; Radio equipment; Medical supplies; Escape boat; Letter of asylum for the Neolibyan embassy at Montpellier.

SANGLIER

The red dome: White ivy curls up the pillars of the sanctuary of Montpellier. Within, an ancient Ventricule sits with eyes closed.

A young couple kneels in front of her, ready to enter into the eternal bond and enhance the bloodlines of Franka. The Ventricule opens her opaque eyes, looks to the left, to the right, then down at herself. The crowd hums with excitement. Then, the quick blade slashes the wrinkled palm of her hand. Sticky blood oozes forth, and the couple starts sucking at the wound. The old woman grins down at them, and the ceremony is over. This womb will soon give birth to a new generation of Sanglier, and the Ventricule knows that only a strong trunk can bear good fruit.

SUBDERMAL

The old Franka was weak, decadent and had no king. A withered family tree with crippled branches birthing only afflicted and dimwitted children. The Sanglier however cultivated the blood of the ancients, cleaning away the dross and strengthening it through marriage. The blood of the Sanglier was pure like the blue blood of the kings of the past, unique, beyond blemish. Behind the walls of Montpellier, a new generation of Frankans was bred. One day, the true king of the New World shall be born from their ranks. With his scepter, he will divide the afflicted from the strong and the dimwitted from the wise.

When the Spitalians encountered the Sanglier, they had already mastered written language and arithmetics. When the Neolibyans opened up their first trading post in Montpellier, the Vertebre acted as counselors and local experts from the beginning. Quickly, the Clan stood out due to its intelligence and its fanatical attitude: an exceptional ally for trade as well as for recruiting frontline soldiers. Greedily, they sucked up anything both Cults had to offer. They combined regal bearing with purity and discipline.

LINES OF SUCCESSION

Cerveau and Neurone lead the Clan. They hold court in the Hall of the Sanglier, always one man and one woman who have proven to be of exceptional value to the Clan. Their blood and their wisdom are unparalleled, their judgment can extinguish whole families from the bloodline or mobilize the Clan's soldiers for war. The Cerveau deals with the internal management of the Sanglier, managing the bloodlines and relationships of her people, while the Neurone directs the Clan's external responses and commands the Sanglier legion. Together, they alone decide the fate of the Sanglier. It has been thus for two centuries now.

However, the stories of the glorious fight of the Resistance have reached Montpellier now as well, especially the ears of the young members of the Clan. More and more of them follow the call of self-determination and head for Toulouse. That is a disaster – a whole generation with exceptional aptitudes threatens to be lost. The Cerveau knows that it is time for a change.

FLESH AND BONES

At the core of the Sanglier, there are 17 houses descended from the original families. Their bloodline is old and strong, and only the best of the best are selected from the common folk of Montpellier to join their ranks. The Cerveau picks and chooses delegates and officiaries from these bloodlines, implanting them throughout the government of Montpellier as civil servants, administrators, and ambassadors. In this way she ensures that no matter how closely intertwined the Clan becomes with the Cults, the backbone of the city remains pure.

The Sanglier legion is the Clan's flesh, and a proving ground for those that have no ties to the 17 houses, or bastards who have no true claim to their family name. The legionnaires leave the walls of Montpellier to battle side by side with Preservists and Chagas against the Primer, deep in Franka's swamps. They are an elite force, and the sight of their bright red cloaks will strike terror into anyone with enough of their mind left to know fear.

AMONGST JACKALS

Anubians have come to Montpellier. Led by the Hogon Osei and sanctioned by the Consul Atuma they set down their roots in a disused area of the city, a portion which the African healers slowly begin to develop into a home away from home. While the official delegation sightsees in the halls of the bastion, cooperating with Narida Woznan and her Spitalians, a lone Hecatean tries to make contact with the Sanglier. He says their blood called out to him. This is why he has made the arduous journey across the Mediterranean.

POTENTIALS

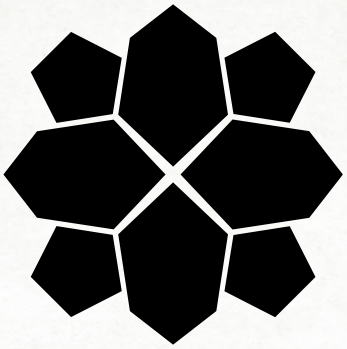
BLOOD CALL

PREREQUISITE: Faith

When preparing for combat, the Sanglier legionnaires mix their blood with a little Petro and burn it to obtain the blessing of the Cerveau. If a Sanglier sacrifices his blood before a battle, taking (1) Flesh Wound of Damage, he gains a bonus equal to his Potential level to his Passive Defense until the end of the combat.

SKILL BONUSES

For Sanglier, the following skills are considered preferred at character creation (MAX + 1):
(AGI) Projectiles
(CHA) Expression
(INT) Science
(PSY) Faith/Willpower
(PSY) Cunning



1 - BAISSE

PREREQUISITE: -
EFFECT: He either hasn't grown old enough to be useful, or has just recently been introduced to the Clan by a Veine – in the eyes of the Ventricules, they are the same. He carries out menial tasks and performs services for his betters until he manages to prove his worth. Otherwise, he'll find a place in the legion.
EQUIPMENT: -

2 - SANG

PREREQUISITE: BOD+Toughness 6, AGI+Projectiles 6
EFFECT: The world is diseased, infested and infected with parasites and viruses alike. Pheromancers stalk the swamps north of Montpellier stealing people's souls while criminals strike from dugouts and hideaways hidden in the trees, and it's the task of the Sanglier legion to function as an immune system, root these impurities out, and exterminate them.

In the legion, the 17 families of the Clan are dissolved and cast aside, at least when on duty. The legionnaires are brothers in arms: that's the only relation they can rely on when an Expatriate and its drone horde is bearing down on them. For the duration of their service, they eat, sleep, and train with their comrades until each squad is a well-oiled machine. They particularly focus on piercing strikes, lancing like a scalpel into vulnerable areas – both on a strategic level, finding the weak spots of distribution networks or smuggling gangs, and on the tactical level, prioritising carefully considered and accurate blows. They add +1D to Aimed Attacks.

The red capes of the legionnaires are well known far beyond the borders of Montpellier. Anyone causing trouble in the Rhône Delta will eventually come face to face with the Sang, and find that they are far from squeamish. As an experienced militia they are both feared by and popular with the people for their deeds; Authority (+1), Renown (+1)
EQUIPMENT: Red cape; Short sword; Hunting rifle

2 - VEINE

PREREQUISITE: CHA+Seduction 6, PSY+Cunning 6, Network 1; Scion of one of the 17 houses of the Sanglier
EFFECT: The Sanglier are proud of their heritage and the purity that they have maintained throughout the tumultuous history of their region, but they are fully aware that the 17 houses would descend into wretched savagery and deformity if they never bred outside of their own family tree. The Veine's blood is strong and pure, and she knows it. It is her task to find new recruits for the Clan, those who are of good stock and who will be of use to the Sanglier.

Should the Veine introduce a promising newcomer to the Clan, one with similarly promising blood who quickly demonstrates his usefulness and respect for the traditions he has now been inducted into, she gains Allies (+1). If, however, her chosen recruit is discovered to be feeble or weak in spirit, her Allies drops by (-2).

In Montpellier, Veines also find work as medicine women, using their Clan's extensive knowledge of biology to their benefit. While traumatic injuries and battle wounds are best taken to the Spitalians, the Sanglier healers can determine far more subtle upsets; by tasting a single drop of blood, a Veine can diagnose hormone imbalances, dietary deficiencies, or even more insidious illnesses that would be missed by the common Famulancer.
EQUIPMENT: Hematite necklace; Scented oils; Recipes for blood rituals (regenerate (2) Ego, once per day)

3 - OS

PREREQUISITE: AGI+Projectiles 8, CHA+Leadership 6, PSY+Faith/Willpower 6, Authority 2, Renown 2
EFFECT: The swamps are a dangerous place, and survival is no easy feat. As such, the truly skilled amongst the Sanglier legion are quickly distinguished and elevated to the rank of Os – it is now their task to train and lead other new legionnaires into combat. An Os is responsible for (3 x Authority) Sang legionnaires, and their deeds reflect back on him. Once per day, the Os can inspire his troops and allow them to regain (2) Ego.

An Os and his Sang can freely use Spitalian camps and get the best medicine, food, and lodging. During expeditions into the Rhône swamps, the Os can apply his Resources Background to Anubians or Spitalians, and gains +1D to social interactions with both Cults.
EQUIPMENT: Radio; Assault rifle; Marduk oil (8 doses);

HIERARCHY AND RANKS - SANGLIER

Sanglier marker (blood samples enhanced with Pheromancer ichor; used by the Sanglier to locate each other in the thicket)

3 - VERTÈBRE

PREREQUISITE: INT+Science 6, PSY+Cunning 8, PSY+Faith/Willpower 6, Allies 2, Network 2

EFFECT: Vertèbre are the Clan's foundation. They hold important positions in the city government, they represent the Clan outside their hometown, and squabble with each other for prestige in the eyes of their family's Ventricule and the Clan's Cerveau. There is no way past them if you want to be involved in anything in Montpellier. They organize forced marriages, evaluate newcomers with the help of blood tests, and even influence the Neolibyan slave trade. The intrigues of the Vertèbre are opaque and intricate; they add +2D PSY+Cunning when trying to avoid being caught in a lie.

EQUIPMENT: Walking cane with crest of their respective house and hidden stiletto; Poisons; Vials with blood clotting agents; Miniature Pheromancer idol

4 - VENTRICULE

PREREQUISITE: CHA+Leadership 8, PSY+Faith/Willpower 8, INS+Empathy 6, Authority 4, Resources 3; The old Ventricule of their family must die

EFFECT: The Ventricule is the leader of his house, setting out the decrees and ideals which his brethren and descendents must adhere to. He is the arbiter of standing within his family, able to pick and choose which Baisse is elevated to Sang, approve or deny the choices of the Veine, and where to deploy the Os and their squads. The only voices which rise above his are those of the Cerveau and Neurone.

Many of the old families own complete streets in Montpellier, gaining a fortune from renting the houses out. The Ventricule also defends his bloodline against the machinations of his rivals and tries to strengthen his family's influence with the Cerveau.

EQUIPMENT: Signet Ring, bearing the mark of their family. Any documents or proclamations sealed with this sign carry the full weight of the Ventricule

5 - NEURONE

PREREQUISITE: AGI+Projectiles 10, CHA+Leadership 10, PSY+Faith/Willpower 10, Renown 5, Authority 5

EFFECT: There is always a single Neurone commanding the Sanglier legion, overseeing the movements of the Os squads, deliberating over missions into the jungles with the Ventricules, and negotiating with the Cults to send and receive aid. Together with the Cerveau, he leads the Clan. If the Cerveau dies, the Neurone appoints her successor.

The Neurone is only activated in the direst cases of emergency. He represents the highest life form of the Sanglier. His position makes others walk through the fire for him. At the same time, he has access to the holiest arsenals of the Sanglier.

EQUIPMENT: Red Kevlar vest; Heavy pistol; Cartridges of nerve agent; Blowgun with darts coated in viper toxin

5 - CERVEAU

PREREQUISITE: INT+Science 10, CHA+Expression 10, PSY+Cunning 10, Authority 5, Secrets 5

EFFECT: If the Neurone is the body of the Sanglier, the Cerveau is their mind. While the Neurone turns his gaze outwards to the world beyond Montpellier, the Cerveau deals with matters closer to home. She guards all of the Sanglier family trees, cultivating the Sanglier bloodline through the generations like a treasured garden. Should the Nerone ever die, she is the one to appoint his successor.

The Cerveau has a single, driving task: find the new King of Franka. In her search for the blue blood of the Regent, the Cerveau is permitted to use the entire resources of her Clan, demand that women of good stock bear children, marry off entire families in the pursuit of higher quality offspring, and similarly cut off entire branches of the Sanglier should their blood be sullied.

When the time comes for her position to pass on to a worthy successor, she will bestow on them extensive records of the Sanglier bloodline going back centuries, and call on them to continue the task.

EQUIPMENT: Hematite scepter; Tome containing the family trees of all houses

BORDENOIR

For decades, the Bordenoir have collectively tried to save their home. Once they were only a handful of Clans hailing from the same area, pressed together like sheep, circled by lions, crows, and worse. Today, they are like a human power plant behind a black shield wall. Whoever wants to join them is welcome. For the Bordenoir, origin is not important, the only thing that matters is skill.

MELTING POT

There is a circle of soot in Franka, Northeast of the Pyrenees. Anything within this black border is the territory of the Bordenoir. It is a melting pot in which the Frankans, Hybrispanians, and Africans must leave their differences and prejudices behind, for it is the Bordenoir who shape and enforce the laws of this area. From Perpignan, they watch their domain with protective eyes. Some of them sail the Mediterranean on colorful boats, others prospect the best silver of the Pyrenees. On sweltering evenings, they sit together in the light of the sinking sun, telling stories, playing Sataranji, and counting their Dinars.

OUR SEA

For the Bordenoir, the Mediterranean is a cornucopia from which they have drawn for centuries. They have turned the wrecked ships that once blocked the harbor basin into a protective ring of steel. Now, they put to sea in dhows with black sails to cast their nets. However, the sea is full of terrors. Tiger sharks, pirates, currents, smugglers, fugitives – there is an abundance of potentially deadly threats.

This is why the Faucons, the pirate hunters of the Bordenoir, fight daring battles against monsters of all sorts, animal and human alike. They are the wardens of the black border, safeguarding land and sea alike to sustain Perpignan and divert any damage from the city.

Every single combat demands a high blood price. However, the Bordenoir would rather trust in themselves than depend on the protection of the Africans. Yes, they are respected, but the Bordenoir refuse to settle into complacency and dependency. They look at their neighbors, the Sanglier, who use the Cults to force their madness upon the other Frankans, and the Touloni, who have sold their souls for a handful of Dinars. Their fate is a warning.

Instead, the Bordenoir negotiate on par with the traders from Tripol. While the Neolibyans are well-disposed to the Bordenoir and consider themselves allies, the Clan's elders, the Crânes, see to it that the scales in every agreement remain balanced. The Bordenoir are used to hard times, and prefer to forgo the easy prosperity that comes with the cost of giving up their freedom to the Africans.

OUR MOUNTAINS

The Mineurs say that you have only accomplished something once sweat drips from your brow. They find secret passageways across the Pyrenees and into the tunnels that have lain dormant for centuries. There, they find veins of silver: blood of the mountains, a leather-skinned Mineur calls it auspiciously, before ending his words in a coughing fit. The Mineurs live in a sort of symbiosis with Perpignan's Jehammedan jewelers who turn the chunks of silver into beautiful jewelry. The miners enjoy the hospitality of the Abrami whenever they bring them crates of ore.

Mining has led to conflict with the Hybrispanian Clans who have settled close to the mines and try to claim the valuable resource for themselves. Even worse, pale skinned raiders have been spotted venturing out of the foothills to pillage farms and settlements within Bordenoir territory. Veracq, the fist of Perpignan, sends his best fighters to the mountains to aid his people. Many of them do not come back. The resistance is growing.

SATARANJI

The Neolibyans proclaim that playing a game of Sataranji with a business competitor is the best way to resolve any disputes. They say the way a player handles his resources can give deep insight into their aptitude for trade. Very well then. The Bordenoir have made Sataranji a cultural pastime, with parents teaching their children various openers as soon as they can read. The most skilled players are highly respected in the Clan, and often play competition games against their African counterparts. Every Bordenoir victory is celebrated, for they've managed to beat the Neolibyans at their own game. What insight does that provide?

POTENTIALS

LANCE THRUST

PREREQUISITE: Focus

Any good fisherman knows how to thrust for the brain to kill a tiger shark immediately. Dodge and thrust. The Bordenoir exhibit lethal precision in melee, targeting their enemy's most vulnerable areas. Characters with this Potential add +1D per Potential level to Aimed Attack rolls in close combat

SKILL BONUSES

For Bordenoir, the following skills are considered preferred at character creation (MAX + 1):
(BOD) Athletics
(AGI) Navigation
(AGI) Projectiles
(CHA) Negotiation
(INS) Survival

1 - MOUTON

PREREQUISITE: -

EFFECT: The Bordenoir remember their history, a disparate, unfocused conglomerate of Clans compressed until the breaking point came. The union of the old, separated families and tribes was what gave them strength in the past, and it's what gives them identity today. Anyone who is willing to contribute can become a member of the Bordenoir, no matter their origin or background. Frankans, Hybrispanians, Africans, it doesn't matter. They are all marked with the insignia of the Bordenoir, a tattoo with ink made from black soot, placed on the back of the hand, allowing any member of the Clan to recognise his new brethren.

From there, the newly crowned Mouton gets to work in and around Perpignan. As fishermen, blacksmiths, bakers, butchers, farmers, and almost any other niche, the Mouton contributes to his new Clan, and proves his worth.

EQUIPMENT: Excellent maps of the Pyrenees and the southern coast of Franka

2 - CAPRICORNE

PREREQUISITE: BOD+Athletics 6, AGI+Crafting 6, Allies 1

EFFECT: There are two distinct disciplines breaking away from the traditional path of the Bordenoir, and the Capricorne has chosen to follow one. The monotony of toiling away in a shop or farm doesn't appeal to him, and he doesn't have the sea legs to spend all day every day out on a boat catching fish. Instead, he turns his eyes to the Pyrenees, buying or renting some excavation gear and joining up with a team heading along the old mountain paths. Up there he and his fellow Clanners get to work digging into the guts of the earth, chiseling chunks of ore from the walls of the ancient tunnels or creating new branches to the mines. When his team hauls the score back to Perpignan or to the camps of the Jehammedans living nearby, he gets a share of the profit for his effort.

While up in the mountains, he makes contact with the Jehammedans and becomes good friends with the Abrami and Ismaeli of the tribes. They'll let him pass along the safer paths without paying a toll, and give him some advice on how to handle these areas: the Capricorne adds +2D to INS+Survival and BOD+Athletics in mountainous terrain.

EQUIPMENT: Climbing gear; Pickaxe

2 - FAUCON

PREREQUISITE: BOD+Toughness 4, AGI+Projectiles 6, AGI+Navigation 6

EFFECT: The rushing wind whips through his hair, the spray from the waters below makes the air taste of salt, the sway of his ship forces him to adjust his balance. It all feels right. The crack of a cannon breaks the moment as the Faucon gets to work, defending his people and home.

Out on the Mediterranean is where the Faucon knows he belongs, and his task is essential. Franka is a dangerous place, with strange beasts prowling inland and vicious pirates circling offshore. The massed ranks of the Bordenoir need defending from these threats, and the Faucon provides. He takes up the sword and harpoon, patrolling the waters and land around Perpignan, keeping the Moutons safe – to them, he's a hero. The Faucon gains Allies (+1), and whenever he saves a fisherman from pirat

EQUIPMENT: Pneumatic harpoon (harpoon crossbow); Dhow; Binoculars; Flare gun

3 - MINEUR

PREREQUISITE: AGI+Crafting 8, INT+Legends 6, INS+Orienteering 6, Network 2, Resources 2

EFFECT: Anyone with a modicum of common sense and a bit of brawn can grab a pickaxe and start digging. Good enough to scrape by, picking up a few chunks of iron or silver here and there, but that's not where the real money lies. The Mineur has shown the spark of ingenuity needed to track down the worthwhile spots, whether by studying old mining maps of the region or by intuitively understanding the lay of the land. Now, he puts together his own expeditions, securing loans from the Council of Crânes to hire on Capricornes and procure equipment, leading his new crew out into the Pyrenees. He has Resources and Network (+2) when supported by a loan until they return to Perpignan, but if his endeavor fails he'll need another way to pay his debts. Good luck.

In the meantime, he keeps up his communication with the Jehammedan tribes in the Pyrenean hills – while once it was a passing friendship, now it's part of business. A few small nuggets of gold and silver as payment for his crew's safe passage, along with news from Hybrispania and any other developments occurring in the area, so long as he

HIERARCHY AND RANKS - BORDENOIR

doesn't bother the Hagari. His Network rises by (+2).
EQUIPMENT: Revolver; Mule; Notebook with exceptionally detailed mountain maps of the region

3 - MONITEUR

PREREQUISITE: BOD+Toughness 6, AGI+Navigation 8, PSY+Reaction 6, Allies 3, Authority 1
EFFECT: The Moniteurs each lead a squad of five Faucons, a tightly knit group patrolling the area around Perpignan. On the water he circles the fishing fleet in a well-armed speedboat, while on land he stands on the rear platform of a Kom acquired from the Africans. The cost of Petro is high, but the security and force projection it offers the Bordenoir's enforcers is well worth it. Not to mention the terror a Moniteur inspires in his prey when the rattling of an engine is bearing down on them – the Bordenoir have no time for mercy, and their laws were built when it seemed the whole world was allied against them. Punishment is swift, and brutal.

While there is no love lost between the Bordenoir and the Neolibyan traders, the cunning Africans are easily able to recognise a situation that plays to their benefit – the Faucons and Moniteurs might only intend to protect their own Clan, but by extension they're protecting the Neolibyans. As such, Moniteurs are showered with subsidies and gifts from the Africans; standard operating equipment and food is free for himself and his Faucons, he buys Petro at half price, and African Scrappers upgrade his vehicle at discount rates.
EQUIPMENT: Revolver; Speedboat or Kom; Grappling hook

4 - COLONEL

PREREQUISITE: AGI+Projectiles 8, CHA+Negotiation 8, CHA+Leadership 8, Allies 4, Network 3
EFFECT: Perpignan is divided up into a series of districts, each of them with one Bordenoir elected as its Colonel, their representative before the Council of the Crâne. He has to make sure he listens to his constituents, for otherwise he'll be voted out at the end of his two-year tenure, but his authority gives him a +2D to CHA+Negotiation with the inhabitants of his district.

An extra four Colonels are chosen by the Crânes to oversee Scourger operations occurring in Perpignan's sphere of influence, and ensure that the African warriors correctly adhere to the laws of the Bordenoir. While the Scourgers whine and complain about this restriction, the Neolibyans hold them back from any disobedience, not wishing to cause any upsets. The Scourgers acquiesce with a growl.
EQUIPMENT: Beret; Repeating rifle (hunting rifle)

5 - POING

PREREQUISITE: BOD+Brawl 10, BOD+Force 8, AGI+Projectiles 10, CHA+Leadership 10, Allies 5, Renown 5
EFFECT: When the Bordenoir were a scattered gathering of Clans, it took a single, heroic warrior to solidify their alliance and unite them in a single cause. The Poing carries that legacy, and only the most skilled and daring fighter in the Clan is chosen to rise to this rank. He constantly proves himself against the best of the best; taking down Kifo mercenaries, Apocalyptic brawlers, even sharks or buffaloes in melee combat – the more enemies he vanquishes, the more admiration and respect he receives from the Clan. Should war ever reach the shores of Perpignan, he will be the one to lead the Faucons into battle.
EQUIPMENT: Black gauntlet (knuckle duster); Shotgun; Gunboat with heavy MG

5 - CRÂNE

PREREQUISITE: CHA+Negotiation 10, CHA+Leadership 10, Allies 5, Renown 5
EFFECT: Only those old and wise enough to be trusted with the full might of the Bordenoir are elected to the Council of Crânes, tasked with controlling the fate of the Clan and ensuring there is order within the city. In all negotiations they maintain balance, never openly favoring one Cult over another, always showing neutrality – although, of course, the Bordenoir come first. This has led to them becoming renowned in Franka as excellent mediators, and this has made them popular referees in every political matter in the region. All doors are open to the Crânes.
EQUIPMENT: Black and red sash; Rod of feathers; Seal of immunity; Legislative texts

RESISTANCE

Farewell. One last time, the old woman caresses the cheek of her younger son. Her eyes blaze with pride when the boy turns around and runs across the knee-high field of wheat, carrying his crammed backpack. There, on the side of the narrow road, the Resistance recruiters weight, silhouetted against the cloudy gray sky.

Three weeks hence, they will reach Toulouse together, and the boy will no longer be a son amongst many, but a son of Franka. He will follow in the footsteps of his older brother, will carry the three colors of the nation and fight to get his battle scars. He will sing the hymns of the Bygones, will go to war with his comrades and find an honorable death fighting the Aberrants, just like his father, his grandfather and all the generations before him. His fate is the fate of Franka.

MOVEMENT

Northeastern front: The Resistance fighters are caught up in a guerrilla war. Rearguard battles, constant readiness, mobility at all times, and the complete dependency on the Spitalian supply line; it all wears down even the best of fighters.

Southern front: Better initial situation. The Resistance manifests in a movement that is like a jolt through the Frankan society. Every victory against the Pheromancers bolsters the self-assurance and will of the people to join the Resistance or send sons and daughters to the front.

Toulouse: Freedom, self-determination, resurrection. Here, utmost importance is attached to those slogans. Books, devotional objects, relics – every Bygone finding studied, restored and archived by the Savants, the lore keepers of the Resistance, nourishes the heroic past of a nation where Cults were meaningless. The land was the people, the people were the land. This new direction of the Resistance leads straight towards the old glory the people long for.

In accordance with that goal the Resistance must ensure that the knowledge of ancient history is distributed throughout Franka. Grand Savant Pélat du Casse is well aware that tradition is based on lore, and by educating and updating that base of cultural information, so too can traditions be altered and nationalistic fires reignited.
Long before new Cadets hear about the operations of some far off Preservist or Sublime they're already singing songs about the fallen heroes of the Resistance who died fighting for a free Franka, or listening to the Savants preach about the works of art and culture that have been torn from their grasp. The spark has been struck.

Meanwhile, the generals are striving for complete independence. In Toulouse, information gathered by spies is collected and compared to that of other Cults, formations and attack tactics are evaluated, and new strategies are devised. The lessons learned become part of the strategy for new campaigns which in turn are a beacon in the dark for those Clans still free.

Trade with the Cults thrives, the warehouses of the Resistance are crammed with war supplies. For quite a while, the logisticians in Toulouse have not only been coordinating the supplies for their troops, but also for the civilian population. Structures arise, workers are hired, and administrations are established. However, the Resistance does not produce anything. As a war machine, it is completely dependent on donations from the population, from the goodwill and the faith of the Frankans who believe that this war of liberation will be able to free them from the yoke of the Aberrants once and for all.

HOPE

Months ago, Armand Malpierre, Maréchal de Franka, appointed a new generation of Générals to whom he entrusted the command of unusually large sections of Resistance forces. Their marching orders did not lead them to the front, but to all major cities of Franka: Perpignan, Toulon, Montpellier, Aquitaine, Bassham and more. Their job was to build war camps, form tight relations with the ruling Clans, and help maintain order. In addition, they must maintain combat readiness at all times, and encourage it in the people. There will come a day when all of Franka must become the Resistance.

EQUALITY

Wherever the Resistance has good connections to the local ruling Clans, criminals are often not punished if they are willing to swear a solemn oath and join the movement. After three years of service, they can leave the Resistance fully rehabilitated, but this has to date never occurred. Most of the criminals die before they complete their indentured service, and the rest decide to stay forever, fighting to free their home and their people.

POTENTIALS

BROTHERHOOD

PREREQUISITE: -

As a Resistance fighter charges across an open space towards his enemy, side by side with his comrades in arms, he adds +1D per Potential level to all Attack rolls made during the assault. The bonus ends as the enemy closes into close quarters, the brotherhood descending into a mad frenzy of melee.

SKILL BONUSES

For the Resistance, the following skills are considered preferred at character creation (MAX + 1):
(BOD) Stamina
(AGI) Projectiles
(CHA) Expression
(INT) Legends
(INS) Survival

1 - CADET

PREREQUISITE: -

EFFECT: Come one, come all. The only requirement to join the Resistance as a Cadet is that the applicant takes a vow on the spirit of Franka itself to set aside any other obligations for the duration of his service. Once the ceremony is complete, led by a Savant and spoken in an ancient dialect of the Frankan tongue, the new Resistance member can rise and join his new brothers and sisters in celebration. Training starts at 0600 tomorrow, don't be late.

The fighters of the Resistance are held in high esteem in their domain. They get +1D to all social interactions with the free Clans of Franka. This bonus applies to all Resistance ranks.

EQUIPMENT: Tricolor badge; Field manual of the Resistance (+1D to INT+Legends concerning Franka, Pheromancers and drones)

2 - CHASSEUR

PREREQUISITE: AGI+Projectiles 6, INS+Survival 6

EFFECT: He's managed to make it through his first few excursions into the swamp, killed a couple of sickly drones expelled from their main hive, and proved to his instructors that he understands the basics. Good enough for now! The Cadet rises to Chasseur, and is attached to the main Resistance force. Now, he gets sent on missions deeper into Pheromancer territory, joining up with Spitalian strike teams to assault spore fields and Aberrant-controlled villages.

His training never stops, however; knowledge is survival out in the swamp, and he studies hard. Behavioral studies, field reports, dissection records, all of it is used by the Resistance to equip their soldiers with the understanding of how to bring down their enemies: the Chasseur adds +1D to all Attack rolls against Pheromancers and drones.

Chasseurs have free access to inns and hostels in the cities of Franka, where they are cheered and celebrated as the heroes of the people. They do not have to work, and instead are supported and fed for free everywhere in Franka.

EQUIPMENT: Hunting rifle with bayonet

2 - GENDARME

PREREQUISITE: AGI+Projectiles 6, Authority 2

EFFECT: Everyone knows that true glory is found out in the deep forests, crawling through knee-deep swamp muck to slaughter the forces of the enemy. However, just as essential is the work of the Gendarmes back home. They are tasked with maintaining order in the settlements and war camps of the Resistance, functioning as both a logistical division and a military police force. They ensure that supplies are passed out to the Chasseurs, that ammunition is distributed properly, and that the Resistance's soldiers are behaving correctly – they can't win over the hearts and minds of the free peoples of Franka if they present themselves as uncultured ruffians. Additionally, the Gendarmes organize the cooperative efforts with the Spitalians, and add +1D to rolls when negotiating with the Cult of Doctors.

EQUIPMENT: Uniform; Light pistol

3 - COMMANDANT

PREREQUISITE: AGI+Projectiles 7, CHA+Leadership 7, INS+Survival 7, Renown 3

EFFECT: He's proven himself under fire, led squads of Chasseurs charging headfirst into the fray, and – most importantly – he isn't dead yet. All of these are the mark of a special talent, someone who can be relied upon and trusted with more responsibility in the war against Franka's oppressors. The Commandant's Allies and Authority Backgrounds are raised by (+1), and he can apply his Resources to the Spitalians at a penalty of (-2).

With his new station comes a new set of privileges. He no longer needs to scrounge up his own possessions and wind his way through the bureaucracy of the Savants to obtain equipment, instead he takes whatever he needs in the name of the Resistance's fight – let the worrywarts in Toulouse handle the fallout, he has a war to win. He can draft reservists from the population, can confiscate food and weapons for his soldiers, and can dispense martial justice: he is at liberty to execute criminals on the spot, even without a time-wasting trial and formal verdict.

EQUIPMENT: Uniform; Pistol; Grenades (smoke, ozone, fungicide)

3 - SAVANT

PREREQUISITE: INT+Legends 8, CHA+Expression 8, Authority 3

EFFECT: The Chasseurs and Commandants fight to make Franka a proud nation once again, but the Savants

HIERARCHY AND RANKS - RESISTANCE

fight to ensure the people remember the proud nation it once was. As archivists they work to keep expanding the Resistance's foundation: the people need something to fight for, and the Savants provide just that. They categorize and document the artifacts of Franka's past recovered during campaigns, trade with Scrappers and explorers for precious tidbits, and occasionally lead their own expeditions into the swamps to hunt down especially significant items. These are brought back to the cities on the coast, where the Savants showcase the glorious creations of Frankans long gone, reminding the population of their illustrious heritage and forcing them to confront the reality of their present situation. Whenever Franka, its culture, or its history are concerned, the Savant adds +1D to all INT Action rolls.

Additionally, the Savants take up the role of civil servants for the people, handling administrative duties and ensuring the cogwheels of their military continue to function.

EQUIPMENT: Seal of the Resistance (to bear witness for agreements and decrees)

4 - GÉNÉRAL

PREREQUISITE: BOD+Melee 7, AGI+Projectiles 8, CHA+Leadership 9, INT+Legends 7, Authority 4, Renown 4

EFFECT: A Général's Renown attracts Cadets. He is a hero amongst heroes, the figurehead of a new era. His personal acts of resistance inspire the people of Franka to follow in his footsteps. Wherever he gives a speech, people listen. If the Général actively looks for new recruits, his Renown decides how many fighters he can win for the Resistance after a week of beating the drum: Renown x 1D. Thus, in just a few short months the Général can mobilize entire regions to follow him into battle. At Renown (0), however, his force is plagued with deserters and cowards – one Cadet abandons the cause per week, instead.

Spitalians have no command over a Général. They suffer an automatic penalty of -1D to any rolls trying to exert their authority while negotiating with him. In and around the city of Toulouse, where the Général's influence and fame is at its highest peak, this penalty rises to -3D.

EQUIPMENT: Uniform; Officer's coat and saber; Assault rifle

5 - MARÉCHAL

PREREQUISITE: BOD+Melee 8, AGI+Projectiles 8, CHA+Leadership 10, CHA+Negotiation 9, INT+Legends 10, Authority 5, Renown 6; Armand Malpierre must yield

EFFECT: The Maréchal de Franka is the supreme commander of the entire Resistance. He is the mastermind behind every troop movement and campaign, and he usually plans several generations ahead. To his soldiers, his word is absolute – beyond the mere shackles of the chain of command, his voice rings out with the might of all of Franka behind it. He appoints Générals to lead his forces, negotiates with the rulers of cities to accommodate his men, and coordinates eye-to-eye with the Cults. His Allies Background can never fall below (6).

For the Maréchal, there can only ever be a single goal. Liberating Franka from all the chains holding it down, the Pheromancers, the invaders, the Cults. He will stop at nothing, and sacrifice anything, to achieve it.

EQUIPMENT: Anything and everything the Resistance can provide

5 - GRAND SAVANT

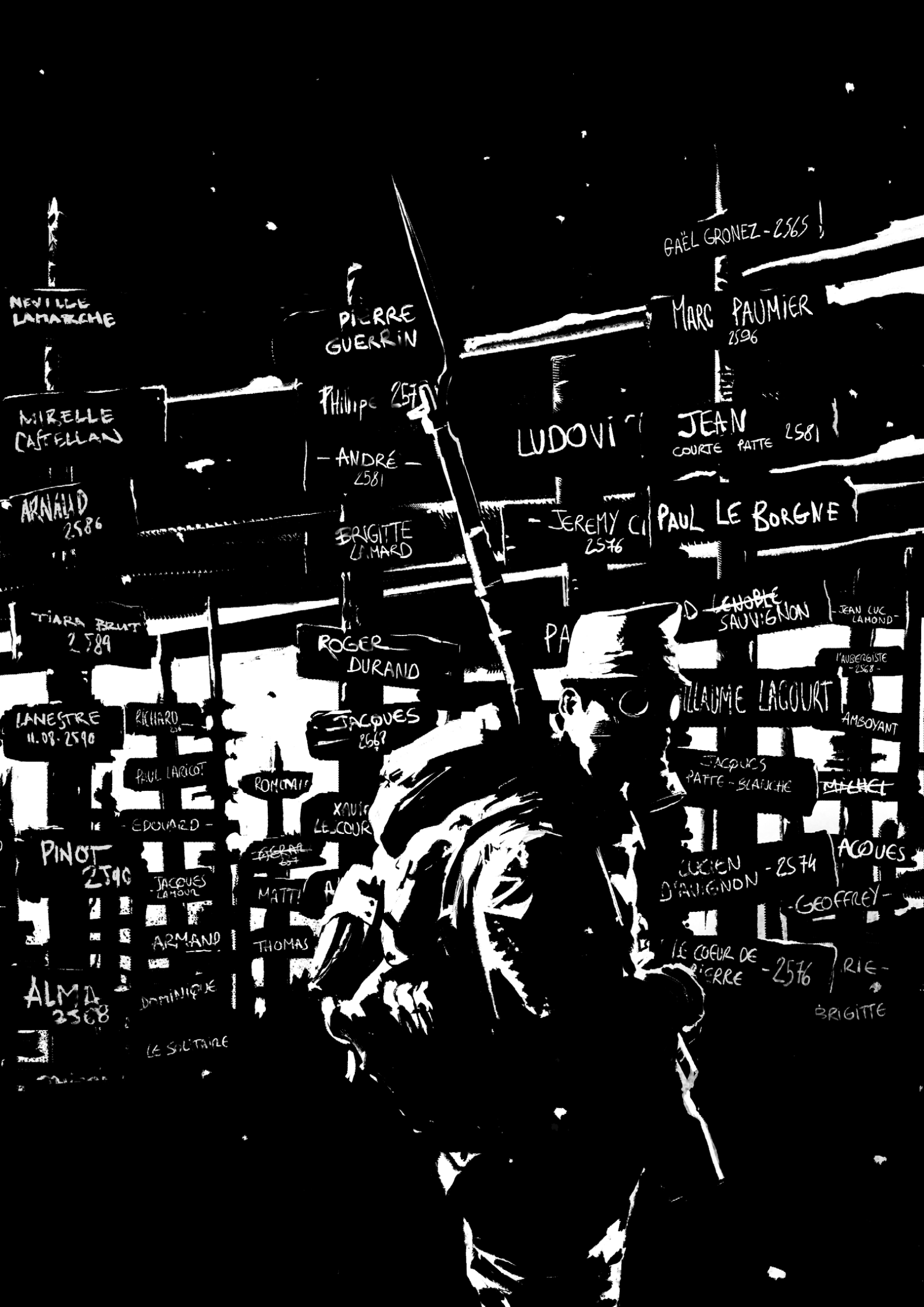
PREREQUISITE: INT+Legends 12, CHA+Conduct 10, CHA+Expression 10, CHA+Negotiation 10, Renown 6; Pélat du Casse must yield

EFFECT: Maréchal and Grand Savant work hand in hand. On the surface, the Grand Savant is the domestic ruler of the Capitol in Toulouse, negotiating and managing the civil matters required to maintain the Resistance's headquarters. He ensures that the food keeps flowing, the raw materials keep coming in through donations, and even bites his tongue and reaches out to powerful Neolibyans. The Grand Savant also organizes and leads the Savants; no one knows the history of what Franka used to be more than him.

Look deeper, though, and the true nature of the position is revealed. The Grand Savant is the Resistance's spymaster, coordinating the infiltrators and contacts spread throughout Franka – more widely spread than the Cults would like. His Secrets Background can never fall below (6).

EQUIPMENT: Seal of the city of Toulouse; Keys to the Capitol; Register of all Savants

EMILIEN - 2579
PAUL - 2569
RAYMOND - 2587
ROLAND - 2579
JEAN CHRISTOPHE
MATHIEU
VALENTIN BOUCHER
BENOIT - 2591
ROBERT 2572
MICHEL LEMOUROY
LE VALEUREUX 04-12-2578
ADRIEN LABOUT
LE SANGLANT
MAXIME LAURIN
LE BARBIER - 2573 -
LOUBENO
Le Bossu
JEAN MOLINA 12.05.2571
JULIEN LANOUILLE 2576
L'ÉGERUELÉ 2571
NICOLAS
DAMIEN PREVO
JOSÉ LEDUC
CAMILLE SENECHAL - 2571 -
CHRISTOP
LUC - 2564
RICHARD LAUBE
GERALD
JACQUOT - 2576 -
PIERRE
JEAN PAU
BENJAMIN
JOUBERT
FABRICE LOURY
DIDIER LEMUR - 2575 -
JOËL LEMAIRE 2586
LOÏC - 2579
BENOIT LAUBY 2568
DURAN
ÉTIENNE
RICHARD BONLIEU
JULIEN LOUBOY 04-04-2571
COURTEPATTE
ROLAND LACOSTE
FRANÇOIS
L'INCONNU
CLÉMENT 06-08-2577
L'ILLUMINÉ
LUCIEN LAUBRY
AZAD
MARC
ERIC LEPONT - 04-11-2585 -
L'OEIL DE LYNX 2567
MATHIAS
PIERRE
LE SAUMUR
L'AFFAMÉ
MICHEL ANTOINE LACROIX
LE VISIONNAIRE - 2569 -
MARC-ANTOINE - 2577
L'ÉCORCHÉ


GAËL GRONEZ - 2565 !
NEVILLE LAMARCHE
PIERRE GUERRIN
MARC PAUMIER 2596
MIRELLE CASTELLAN
PHILIPPE 2570
- ANDRÉ - 2581
LUDOVI
JEAN COURTE PATTE 2581
ARNAUD 2586
BRIGITTE LAMARD
- JEREMY CI 2576
PAUL LE BORGNE
TIARA BRUT 2589
ROGER DURAND
SAUVIGNON
JEAN LUC LAMOND
L'AUBERGISTE - 2568 -
LANESTRE 11.08.2590
RICHARD
JACQUES 2567
AMBOYANT
PAUL LARICOT
JACQUES PATTE-BLANCHE
- EDOUARD -
PINOT 2590
JACQUES LAMOUR
ARMAND
THOMAS
LUCIEN D'AUBIGNON - 2574
- GEOFFREY -
ALMA 2568
DOMINIQUE
LE SOLITAIRE
BRIGITTE

THE LAND. THE RIVER. THE PEOPLE.