



DEGENESIS

SCHLAGWETTER

A DEGENESIS SCENARIO,
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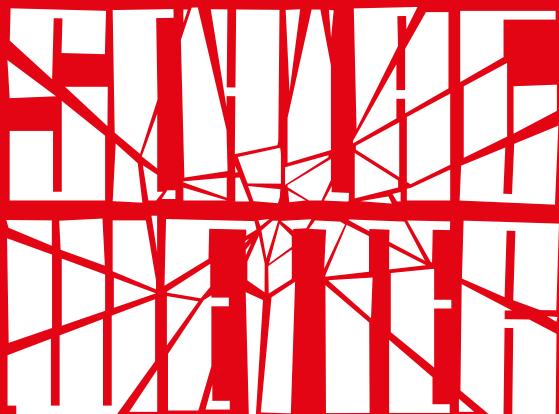
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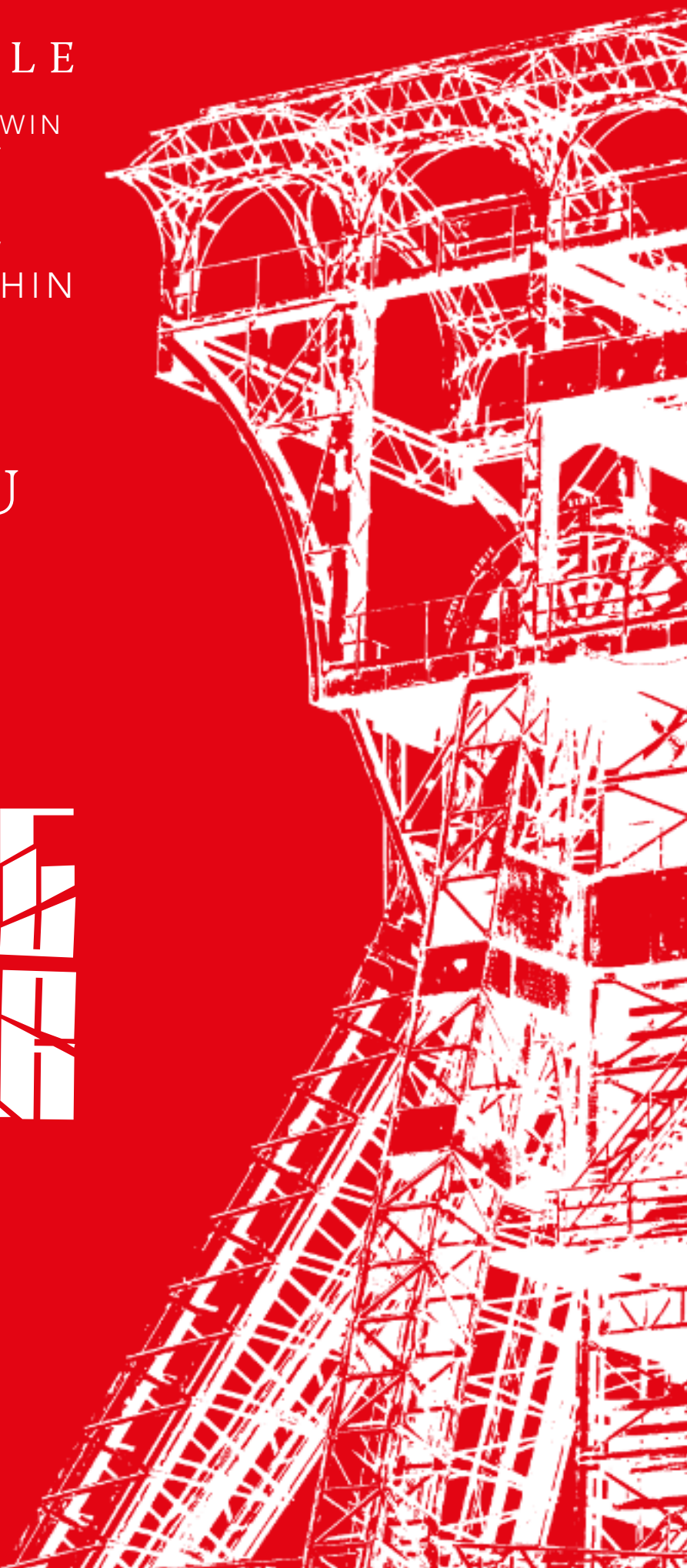
WE ARE STARTING
OUR GOOD **BATTLE**
WE KNOW WE'RE
SURE TO WIN
BECAUSE WE'VE GOT
THE GUN
THUGS A-LOOKIN'
VERY THIN

WHICH
SIDE
ARE
YOU
ON?

[FLORENCE REESE]



FOR ARJUN



CONTENTS

LEIDEN	3
CHARACTERS	13
CLAN: EMESSA	31

LEIDEN





LEIDEN

A mine somewhere in Borca, far from civilization. Dependent on provisions delivered by the Protectorate. Local production of food, tools and the like is near impossible, but the Diatomite mined here is of such great value that it is worth the cost of supplies. The yields are barely large enough that a comfortable and secure life can only be possible with plenty of hard work. Parts of the mine are clad with reinforced concrete and were converted into bunkers by the Bygoners. The time when they roused the curiosity of scrappers is over for now. Instead, the bunkers at the mine entrance are used as accommodation for workers. The tools and machinery are not the best and the area is made unsafe by marauding Clanners, even if Leiden itself is adequately protected. About 110 souls live here, most of them in the barracks. Just under 60 of them live here permanently; 20-30 workers and employees with their families, while the

remaining 50 inhabitants are seasonal workers.

HISTORY

Leiden was originally founded by an aspiring Clan, which was supported by the Protectorate with Hammer and Drafts: The Emessa. Without the grain of the protectorate, establishing a settlement so far from fertile land would have been futile. Conversely, Leiden was too far from civilization to justify a permanent presence of the Judiciary. Through this cooperation, the Emessa gained considerable wealth. Quite a few members of the Clan moved to the civilized Justitian and left the strenuous daily business to the Steward Ogmar. After initially amicable cooperation, however, clear evidence came to light; funds for the settlement's construction had been embezzled. Everything seemed to

indicate that the Emessa had become too greedy. Under pressure from Justitian, Leiden was fully subordinated to Ogmar, who was not suspected because of the lack of family ties to the Clan. The Emessa, on the other hand, lost prestige, wealth and influence.

In fact, Ogmar had been responsible for the embezzlement. His plan was to blame his old masters to get them out of the way and then disappear with the profits. However, he did not anticipate the fierceness of the Emessa's anger. They recognized him as the culprit and swore revenge, no matter the evidence. With the loot being smaller than expected, he saw no way to protect himself against them. Although the Emessa were only a shadow of their former selves as a result of the scandal, they now had eyes and ears in large parts of the protectorate. His only chance of survival was to stay in Leiden. Here, he knew everyone and thought himself safe from their vengeance. So, he stayed. For decades.

Ogmar grew old and knows no other home. He runs the mine sternly - the required yield requires tough shifts - but he manages to keep things running. However, his old sins are catching up with him. His Quartermaster, Leibner, who is involved in murky dealings, recently obtained evidence of his crime. A Chronicler, Pragma, who was operating in Leiden at the time, had gained insight into the mine's finances and discovered discrepancies. Before he could report his findings, Ogmar found out about him, had him tracked down and murdered. The body disappeared in the countryside around Leiden, in a crevice between rubble. The Chronicler's equipment, including his data storage device, was lost until a Scrapper found it and sold it off. By chance, the Quartermaster got his hands on the data storage with the evidence - and since he desired the Steward's power, he made a plan. He'd wait for the next delivery of supplies by the Protectorate, which would be accompanied by Judges and hand over the evidence to them. By then, he plans to create a situation in which he himself would be designated as the next leader. He is prepared for anything. If there is an election, enough of the workers will readily support him; he will see to that. If, however, he'll have to provoke a revolt, he will.

He'll stop at nothing to win..

FACTSHEET: LEIDEN

CITY: Leiden, Tech-Level III

PROVINCE: Protectorate (Borca)

POPULATION: Just over 100, with seasonal fluctuations

PEOPLE: Scrappers / dominant, Clanners / dominant

LEADER: Ogmar, the Steward

GOVERNING FORCE: Gorn, the Sheriff; Advocate Bruenn, if present

FEATURES: Diatomite mines: The buildings are not pretty, their steel cladding quite corroded by the Sulphur and rust infused air, but still they allow the extraction of tons of Diatomite each month; The Old Bunker: The Emessa once climbed out of the old shaft into the light of day, today the barren rooms inside provide shelter for dozens of workers; Hot Springs: The greenish water smelling of rotten eggs is a blessing for mind and body; Alcove: The hut which the Chronicler Egress calls his own home is being avoided by most others

TRADE / GOODS: Diatomite; no other sources of income.

CITY GUARD: 6 guards under the command of Gorn

ARTIFACT TRADE: Hardly any

COMMUNICATION: Messenger on horseback; Regular deliveries of food and goods by the Judiciary, as well as transport of the precious Diatomite; Radio available within the Alcove, though rarely used.



BUILDINGS

THE OLD MINE SHAFT: Old bunkers, most of which have been cannibalized; the steel panels and beams have been utilized in the settlement. The unmarried miners and seasonal workers mostly live here in quarters; simple communal rooms with bunk beds. There are washrooms and latrines that must be emptied daily - usually an unpopular punitive task.

THE MINE: During the day, its noise is heard from afar. Machines rattle, dust-smeared men talk loudly and laugh as they make their way down. The tower on top of the building is used for the mine lift. The pumps in the building keep the tunnels free of water.

THE FURNACE BUILDING: This is where impure material is processed in kilns. The generator is located here as well. Its hum cannot drown out the cursing of the workers shovelling the coal.

THE STEWARD'S BUILDING: The Steward and the Sheriff work and live here. The workers only like to come here once a month, when it's payday. Otherwise, only the occasional foreman is found here, or some unfortunate troublemaker awaiting judgment.

THE WAREHOUSE: This is where incoming goods and outgoing material are stored. It also contains the Quartermaster's chambers and a soup kitchen for the workers. At noon, they gather around the building, sit on rock benches and dip hard bread into bland porridge. No wonder the Pump is full in the evening..

THE CONVEYOR HOUSE: Without this construction, which takes rubble and Diatomite to its intended storage locations, the work would be twice as agonizing.



'SENTO', THE BATHHOUSE: Actually a brothel. The Advocate does not appreciate this establishment, but one thing must be said: the Scrappers here are usually surprisingly clean, despite the work in the mine..

THE 'PUMP': Rena's inn. With its own spring bath. The dining room is large, and yet it is usually fully occupied in the evening - especially in the winter when you don't want to sit outside.

THE STABLES: With a shelter for carts. One or two horses can also be found here, at Ogmar's expense, in case help is quickly needed and the radio fails.

BARRACKS: Barracks for locals and workers with families. Laundry hangs from lines stretched between the buildings and the few children too young to help out in the mines mostly run around nearby because Gorn's men shoo them away from the machinery.

THE ALCOVE: A Former barrack, now Egress' 'alcove'. A radio tower seems to grow out of the roof and a door, always open during the day, leads into a reception room - which is sealed off from Egress's chambers by a counter with a solid grate.

THE BUNKER

This already used to be a mining town, long before the Eshaton - and at that time Leiden had already been abandoned once. The shafts, however, stayed. Ideal conditions for building a bunker when the disaster became apparent. The con-

struction was never finished, however; nonetheless, the ancestors of the Emessa survived in the half-finished facilities, later using the steel and the buried technology to build their first settlement. Still, some bunker sections nearby were

safe enough to use as an arsenal and supply point for activated sleeper cells; at least, a rumour to that effect has reached the Steward. Ogmar, however, keeps these suspicions to himself.

LAW AND ORDER

Gorn, the Sheriff, is a Juryman and has been given special powers by the Judiciary to maintain security here. Typically, minor offenses are punishable by a few days of hard labour in the mine, food deprivation, or a combination of both. This is the case for fights, theft, adultery, or similar offenses. Those who go particularly overboard or repeatedly earn Gorn's ire will be publicly punished with a cane. For more serious offences such as murder, rape and the like, the offender is arrested and handed over to Judge Klaudia Bruenn the next time she comes through the village. Carrying weapons and armour is restricted to all but Gorn,

his men, and important people like Ogmar and Leibner. Egress is allowed to carry his non-lethal weapons. Even though Amber is not actually allowed to own a weapon, hers is tacitly tolerated - it is quite useful if she can resolve disputes in the brothel quickly and discreetly, as long as nobody dies. Knives and tools are not considered weapons - but those who use them as such will have to answer to the Protectorate's Judiciary.

PRICES AND WAGES

The workers live free of charge in the old mine shaft or can rent the barracks for a monthly fee. They can get food for free at the commercial kitchen near the warehouse. Only bland gruel, however, which is why Rena offers stew (7 Drafts) or roast (15 Drafts), as well as beer and distillate (3 / 8 Drafts) at the Pump. Guests from out of town pay 3 Drafts for a portion of the porridge from the warehouse. Still, better than starving. At the Pump, dormitory beds are available for 10 Drafts, a private room for 25 Drafts per night. A place to sleep in the mineshaft costs 5 Drafts - if one is available.

However, the wages paid here aren't shabby. Seasonal workers get 15 Drafts a day, provided they can stand working underground and wield a pickaxe - BOD+Toughness and BOD+Force each need to be 5 or higher to qualify. However, those who are a bit more adept at complex work - AGI+Crafting 8+, INT+Engineering 6+, or INT+Science 6+ - get paid 30 Drafts per day and don't have to toil as much. To enjoy the perks of the permanent workers - room and board - you have to be paid monthly. Thus it's no wonder that Rena has fresh meat delivered once again at the end of the month and the whores dress up nicely. Payday for the workers is payday for everyone.

Another perk of permanent employment is that Rena - the Innkeeper - provides medical care at material cost only; guests are asked to pay 50 Drafts for her care. However, she does not dare to treat injuries worth more than 1 point of Trauma - such wounded are stabilized and taken to the closest Spital as soon as possible.

In the warehouse, goods up to tech level III are available for 1.2 times the normal price; goods up to tech level IV for 1.5 times the normal price. Up to the DMs discretion, the assortment is limited; weapons and ammunition are usually not available.

For those who desire certain services - half an hour with the Magpies in the Sento costs 30 Drafts, a whole night costs 250. But if you really only want to bathe, you pay 10 Drafts for an hour in a pool - which regenerates (1) Flesh Wound and (1) Ego. There is no distillate here, only at the Pump..

TRIVIA

- ◇ Steward Ogmar, Quartermaster Leibner and Forewoman Schamotte have a clear division of roles. Ogmar takes care of finances - like paying wages - talking to the Judges and all the engineering work around the mine, planning new tunnels and the like. Schamotte takes care of shift schedules and organizes the work around and within the mine itself. Leibner however takes care of all the logistics. This includes supplying the miners with food, storing, purchasing and transporting building materials, as well as storing and transporting the Diatomite.
 - ◇ The contract with the Judiciary is vital for Leiden. It ensures that Ogmar can buy food for the miners cheaply. On the other hand, Justitian receives certain minimum quotas for an artificially low price; only above these quantities is payment made according to market value. Without the contract, more could be charged for the Diatomite, but the cost of grain would suddenly turn the operation into a net loss.
 - ◇ Getting food here is almost impossible. The Black Lung lives up to its name and there is hardly any game. Even Jehammedans with their goat herds try to leave as soon as possible. Supplies from outside are the only viable source of food.
 - ◇ The Quartermaster has diverted weapon deliveries to equip his men. In Leiden, only Gorn's guards and Judges are allowed to carry weapons.
 - ◇ There are rumours that Leibner is trying to get people on his side. The Steward suspects that he just wants to arrange something simple like an 'accident' for him and doesn't expect a revolt, or problems from his past.
 - ◇ Leibner considers sabotaging the mines to weaken Ogmar's reputation. However, he'd be playing with fire. Too much damage could shut down production for so long that the whole of Leiden would be at risk. Perhaps the food supply can be cut instead. Hunger quickly leads to anger.
 - ◇ The white Diatomite that used to be mined here has dried up. Only the grey Diatomite remains, which must be processed in kilns; a laborious effort, which reduces the profit. This is the reason why such hard labour is required to produce the yields that the Judges demand. The available amount of water is not sufficient to expand.
- The following sections are replaced by those mentioned in Nonfractal when playing both scenarios together.
- ◇ There are interesting old bunkers near Leiden. Old Paler records (which none of the locals know about) tell of a Recombination Group facility which was never completed, and was instead used as an equipment cache for Sleepers. However, due to the dangerous, barren environment, it's hard to search for these facilities and loot them. Also, these facilities likely hold their very own dangers.
 - ◇ There is a larger lair of Scrappers. They scavenge old artefacts and pay smugglers to keep themselves supplied. The Fence Fasko who runs this lair occasionally diverts deliveries from the Protectorate meant for Leiden. From time to time the Quartermaster is here to sell embezzled goods. Here, he also acquired the evidence against the Steward from a clueless Scrapper who didn't know what he was selling. The Madame knows of the Quartermaster being a regular, as she deals with Fasko from time to time.
 - ◇ Due to mining, the place has its own hot springs. They are said to have healing properties; either way, the warm water is a luxury. It also makes the place independent of water supplies. Some of the older miners mutter that these springs are the best thing about all of Leiden. It's too far from civilization to turn it into a proper spa, however. But the locals swear by it - 10 drafts for a bath that lasts about 1 hour, and you regenerate (1) Flesh Wound and (1) Ego.

ROLE OF THE CULTS

SPITALIANS

Spitalians are rarely here and are viewed with suspicion. The Madame and Emerillion in particular will suspect that they are after the Burn, which is in the bathhouse, albeit in small quantities. For simple injuries, people here are treated by Rena - who demands fewer Drafts - but for serious injuries, a skilled healer could gain a lot of sympathy - as long as he's not greedy.



JUDGES

There are many good reasons why a judge might come by, and none of the reasons will please the locals. Some workers are here because they haven't gotten along with the Judges in the past, causing a few to leave the settlement in a hurry. Leibner will worry because foreign Judges - whose behaviour he can't anticipate - might get the idea to start snooping around. That could significantly damage his plans. Another factor is important: Judges are the only strangers allowed to keep their guns within the settlement..



CHRONICLERS

Egress will be full of joy that his replacement is finally coming - and very bitter should that not be the case. Ogmar and Leibner, on the other hand, will both be worried that the new Chronicler is after his late predecessor's legacy. Perhaps the new Chronicler will suffer an accident. It won't matter for which reasons the Cluster sent one of his own here in the first place.



CLANNERS

Clanners from the Protectorate arrive here often; to work or to trade. Or just to pass through. They hardly stand out at all. Exotic Clanners however may be met with suspicion..



HELLVETICS

Hellvetics are hardly ever seen here. Why would they; there's no war here, nothing valuable to guard. Some will curiously pester the heavily armoured stranger with questions, but otherwise leave them alone. And Gorn will explain kindly, but emphatically, that he too must please surrender his weapon, best thanks, and will not receive it back until he leaves the settlement..



SCRAPPERS

Almost all of the workers are Scrappers. Another one won't stand out here. Whoever plays nice will be greeted like a brother, as there's no competition for promising Scrap ields here. All helping hands are needed..





NEOLIBYANS



Perhaps the Bank of Commerce is trying to play a trick on the Protectorate, trying to strike a deal of their own with Ogmar. However, he's stubborn; only a skilled trader will be able to make a good offer. Meanwhile, everyone else regards their dark skin with a bigoted mix of concern and prejudice..

SCOURGERS



A Scourger will hardly, if ever, be welcomed eagerly. If he travels in the entourage of a wealthy (or, more importantly, generous) Neolibyan, he will be barely tolerated if he allows himself to be disarmed. Otherwise, he is met by a wall of hostility and fear..

ANUBIANS



Their skin colour and mumbo jumbo will hardly be appreciated. The Madame – who travelled much and is open-minded towards new things – may still treat them with friendliness..

JEHAMMEDANS



A Jehammedan might not be able to convert anyone here, but they'll be allowed to live in peace - after all, the goat herders who occasionally pass through the place don't bother anyone. The occasional slur might be heard however.

APOCALYPTICS



There's no room or patience for thieves here, but more agreeable Apocalyptics can expect work and a friendly reception in the bathhouse - as long as they don't try to compete with the Madame.

ANABAPTISTS



Anabaptists are rarely seen around here. Some workers may be a bit religious, but no one can expect more defence here.

PALERS



Old RG cards or runes which Fasko placed on his travels through Borca may lead some Palers here. And there's work for them, out of sight from the burning sun. If they keep their heads down, they'll have no trouble getting by.

IMPRESSIONS AND RUMOURS

- ◇ The Spitalians came here once. For delousing the workers. The baldies lingered around the bathhouse, and the madam forbade them the girls. No work was done for two days, only delousing – and after that everything itched even worse. Then they wanted to charge the Steward for the whole thing. He raved at Bruenn - she had ordered the whole thing, after all - and Gorn almost had to intervene. Quite the spectacle!
- ◇ There are only few families here, and they mostly live in the huts. Most of the miners aren't married, and they are housed in the mine shaft, in the old bunkers. For years there's been talk of building new huts. Nothing's happened yet.
- ◇ The water tastes funny here, doesn't it? Some say it's because it's been filtered through the Diatomite. Others say that the Steward adds a powder made by the Spitalians that inhibits the sex drive. To make people work harder. The whores know better - if there's anything mixed in, it doesn't work. It's a miracle that they don't get pregnant more often - or is it because of the ointments that the Madame buys and prepares?
- ◇ Down in the mine it's hot and stuffy. Pumps roar, to get air in and water out. The Diatomite elevator, a kind of vertical conveyor belt, rattles constantly. In one of the hollowed out rooms the miners have created a 'cathedral'; the room is full of carvings. It's a real beauty, and the Steward had lightbulbs installed. Some crevices there apparently were used to bury miners.
- ◇ The Diatomite must be baked. Otherwise, it's worthless. The required coal is supplied from Born. Sometimes the Steward grumbles that not only the Diatomite blazes in the kilns, but also the anticipated profit margin goes up in smoke.
- ◇ One time, a completely raggedy Scrapper came by. Wanted to work in the mine. Then he saw Leibner, spat out, and left in a hurry. Seemed to know him, and there wasn't much love lost between the two.
- ◇ The one boy the Madame has working for her, Emerillion, has only recently arrived. From somewhere back east. Didn't take long for the first of the mates to have a go at him. Well, he's nimble. And has a fire in him, like a cockroach drunk on blood. Little Leica's got a crush on him, everybody knows that. That's why Gorn can't stand him.
- ◇ There are probably other bunker sections which aren't accessible from here. That's why there's the occasional Scrapper lurking around the caves. The boss doesn't like it, but they don't cause any trouble.
- ◇ Weapons? Only Gorn's boys carry them, and a few of those trusted by the Steward. Well, you can do some serious damage with a pickaxe. But you still don't want to mess with the guards' muskets.
- ◇ Old Schamotte got burned badly once, in an accident. Ever since, she's been bitching about the Steward, the old slave driver. She rants about the big accident that she's so sure will come. The fact that he got Gorn out in time, but not her, has left her bitter.
- ◇ The Innkeeper, Rena, rants a lot. About everything and everyone. But if you get yourself hurt, she'll patch you up without bankrupting you. The distillate she sells is good too, if a bit expensive. It's probably a deal with Ogmar so the miners don't get too drunk. She's a good woman, but if Leibner sold distillate himself, it'd cost half as much, he told us. Also nobody wants to trade places with her husband; he's completely under her thumb.
- ◇ The Chronicler here, Egress, hates everything and everyone and just wants to get out of here. There's not much in the way of artefacts, and he calls Leiden his exile. I don't think he's interested in the girls either. He won't last long before he disappears. Apparently that happened once before; decades ago, one of them suddenly vanished here. What was he called again... Pragma?

INTRODUCING THE CHARACTERS

- ◇ The Sheriff suspects that Emerillion isn't good for his beloved and asks the characters to investigate him. In the process, they find evidence of the coup in the making.
- ◇ For far too long, the data on the old Mediator – Pragma – who disappeared 50 years ago has been overlooked. Now parts of his modules have resurfaced, with a Neolibyan trader. The trail leads to Leiden, and the Chroniclers are paying handsomely for clues.
- ◇ The Emessa know that their son is probably here looking for revenge. They pay mercenaries to protect Floris, stop him or even support him.
- ◇ Rumors suggest that a survivor of the East Wind Flock has escaped to Leiden. Perhaps there will be a hefty reward if they are turned over to the Judiciary. Or maybe he still knows a few of the Burn stashes, whose value has skyrocketed now that there's hardly any Burn left.
- ◇ The characters want to get into the old bunkers. The easiest way likely takes them through the mine. Ogmar, however, is not thrilled about strangers lurking within his realm - but if they help him take a closer look at his competition, he might be willing to let them.





CHARACTERS

2



BORCA
THE VISIONARY
CLANNER (EMESSA)
RANK 4: STEIGER

ATTRIBUTES:

BOD 2, AGI 2, CHA 3, INT 4, PSY 4, INS 3

SKILLS: Force 6D, Melee 3D, Toughness 4D, Crafting 8D, Mobility 4D, Projectiles 5D, Expression 4D, Leadership 7D, Negotiation 6D, Engineering 6D, Focus 6D, Legends 5D, Science 8D, Cunning 5D, Deception 6D, Domination 6D, Reaction 5D, Willpower 7D, Perception 5D

BACKGROUNDS: Allies 2, Authority 4, Renown 2, Resources 3, Secrets 2

POTENTIALS: Brainwave 2, Unto Death 2

INITIATIVE: : 5D / 12 Ego (Focus)

ATTACK: : Knife, 4D, Distance 1, Damage 5, Smooth Running (2T); Sawn-Off Shotgun, 5D, Distance 5/10, Damage 10, Double-Barreled, Scatter, 2 Rounds

DEFENSE: Passive 1, Melee active (Dodge) 4D, Ranged active (Seek cover) 4D, Mental (Willpower) 7D

MOVEMENT: 2D

ARMOR: Mining Helmet and Leather Coat, Armor 2, Encumbrance 2

CONDITION: Spore Infestation 0/14, Flesh Wounds 8, Trauma 6

SPECIAL EQUIPMENT

8 Rounds of 12 Gauge (Buckshot), Technical Sketches and Schematics

OGMAR, THE STEWARD

He had never felt truly welcome among the Emessa. They called him useful, talented, respected - but never did he dine with the family, never did the friendly words go beyond collegial banter. That they appointed him Steward of Leiden, he realized, was because of his talents - and because the Emessa had gone native at Justitian. They got him out of their view and profited from his work.

He didn't play along. Instead, he fabricated evidence of embezzlements which ultimately ended up within his pockets. Even when the mine was built - and when the Emessa were condemned and shunned - he, who was not linked to them by family ties, was above suspicion. So, the Judges appointed him Steward. But the Emessa were well connected in the Protectorate. They swore revenge against him. Only in Leiden did he hold power, knew everyone, and could stay safe.

That was over 40 years ago. Ogmar is now over 70 years old, but still on his toes. And he must be - because the yields here don't come close to the Emessa's projections. It's hard work to fulfil the contracts anyway, but together they make it work. He spurs his workers on, offering secure jobs in return. He works like a dog himself, hardly allowing himself any pleasure except the occasional game of chess. They may not put him in their will, but he knows he is doing a good job. And that shall suffice.

He distrusts the quartermaster, but underestimates him. Even if the workers grumble about him because of the hard shifts, Ogmar is supported by some. The fact that he is always honest and correct - as far as the workers know - is worth something, and some prefer to stick to the tried and tested. However, he is also realistic enough to know that Leibner's empty promises - better wages, better working hours - are turning the tide. The higher you are, the thinner the air.

ROLEPLAY

Age is not always accompanied by wisdom; in Ogmar's case, however, it is. He always appears calm and controlled, is polite but cold. His thoughts are always on several problems at the same time and occasionally he appears irritable when once again important work is interrupted by sudden emergencies. His presence usually causes worried calm, as he is known for handing out appropriate punishment without hesitation or remorse.

EQUIPMENT

THE STEWARD'S KEY CHAIN

The heavy steel ring, on which keys are strung like prayer beads, gives Ogmar almost unrestricted access. The keys on it open all the doors in the colliery, the kilns and the administration building, as well as to the store-rooms.

COILERY MAPS

The Steward's collection of maps is extensive. It shows the known shafts in the mountain, together with natural caves. Notes on the quality of the Diatomite and the state of development of the passages supplement the records. But what would make the maps particularly valuable to a Scraper: On some of the maps, Ogmar has entered suspected positions of bunkers. No one but him gets to see these pages.

LEIBNER, THE QUARTERMASTER

Back in the day, he led a troop that brought steel to Justitian. Hard, honest work. That wasn't for him. He persuaded his men to pool in their hard-earned money to buy better equipment - and then made off with the Drafts. With the haul, he lived like a king. Why work yourself to death when you can get others to do it?

But at some point everything was squandered. He needed money again, and in Justitian old chums might find him. A change of air would do him good, and he was good with logistics. So he moved to Leiden. He takes care of storage, handing out material and tools, buying food and equipment and organizes the deliveries of Diatomite. Here and there he diverts material and sells it to Scrappers who have set up camp nearby. In the bathhouse, they don't ask where the Drafts came from. Oh, he knows how to deal with the bitches. Even if he has to be more careful than he likes before he gets banned.

Then recently a stroke of luck. A Scrapper had found a long-dead Chronicler and sold off his stuff. Among other things, there was an old data storage device. Leibner could not believe his eyes. His oh-so-upright boss had screwed over the Emessa! With this knowledge he could overthrow him. And take over the helm himself. And then later make off with the settlement's coffers. Just like in the old days.

So, he's preparing. He talks to people, buys rounds in the Pump and secures the loyalty of the workers. If words and evidence are not enough, he has smuggled weapons and ammunition to Leiden. His men may only have flintlock pistols, but there are more of them than Gorn and his men have muskets. And Leibner doesn't care about a few deaths. The end justifies the means.

ROLEPLAY

Leibner is generous, both with Drafts and with words. He laughs a lot, listens, shows understanding. A façade he has rehearsed perfectly. In a friendly first conversation, he immediately assesses other people according to their strengths, weaknesses and usefulness for his agenda. He steers conversations towards topics that fit his goals, stirs up mistrust and then watches the fruits of his labor from afar. And as soon as he has pushed his games too far, Leibner disappears from the dance floor. His massive, dull appearance has already led many to underestimate him.

EQUIPMENT

ENGRAVED POCKET WATCH

The small mechanical wonder was given to him by his men after five years together. The name of the troupe and his guys is engraved on it and reminds Leibner every day that trust, after all, only takes work. First they didn't like him, then they entrusted him their savings. Those fools.

DATA STORAGE

The device is roughly palm sized, flat and black, with one dark side, smooth like a mirror. Leibner has already hooked it to a generator, seen the data and immediately hid his find in the warehouse - in such a way that it is safe, but also not directly attributed to him. The data here proves conclusively that Ogmar has been pulling the wool over the eyes of both the Emessa and the judges.



BORCA THE DEFILER SCRAPPER RANK 4: ALPHA WOLF

ATTRIBUTES:

BOD 4, AGI 2, CHA 2, INT 3, PSY 4, INS 3

SKILLS: Athletics 6D, Brawl 5D, Force 7D, Melee 6D, Toughness 7D, Mobility 3D, Projectiles 4D, Conduct 4D, Leadership 8D, Negotiation 5D, Seduction 4D, Artifact Lore 5D, Engineering 4D, Legends 4D, Cunning 7D, Deception 6D, Domination 5D, Reaction 5D, Willpower 6D, Perception 4D, Primal 5D, Survival 6D

BACKGROUNDS: Allies 4, Authority 4, Network 4, Resources 3

POTENTIALS: Rat 1, Nitro 2

INITIATIVE: 5D / 10 Ego (Primal)

ATTACK: : Leibners Crusher, 5D, Distance 1, Damage 7, Hidden Shotgun Round (Attack with 4D, causes 10 Damage at Distance 1 once); Revolver, 4D, Distance 10/40, Damage 10, 6 Rounds

DEFENSE: Passive 1, Melee active (Parry) 5D, Ranged active (Seek cover) 3D, Mental (Willpower) 6D

MOVEMENT: 6D

ARMOR: Rubber Harness, Armor 4, Encumbrance 3

CONDITION: Spore Infestation 0/12, Fleshwounds 14, Trauma 8

SPECIAL EQUIPMENT

6 Rounds of .44, Keys to the Storages





BORCA
THE RIGHTEOUS
JUDGE
RANK 4: ADVOCATE

ATTRIBUTES:

BOD 2, AGI 3, CHA 3, INT 3, PSY 3, INS 2

SKILLS: Force 4D, Melee 6D, Toughness 4D, Mobility 4D, Projectiles 5D, Arts 5D, Conduct 4D, Expression 6D, Negotiation 6D, Focus 5D, Legends 6D, Cunning 4D, Domination 4D, Faith 4D, Reaction 5D, Empathy 3D, Perception 3D, Taming 3D

BACKGROUNDS: Authority 2, Resources 2

POTENTIALS: Hail of Lead 1

INITIATIVE: 5D / 10 Ego (Focus))

ATTACK: Baton, 6D, Distance 3, Damage 3, Smooth-Running (3T), Blunt; Flintlock Pistol, 5D, Distance 5/20, Damage 8, Muzzle Loader, 1 Round

DEFENSE: Passive 1, Melee active (Parry) 6D, Ranged active (Dodge) 4D, Mental (Faith) 4D

MOVEMENT: 2D

ARMOR: Judges Coat and Hat, Armor 2, Encumbrance 2

CONDITION: Spore Infestation 0/8, Fleshwounds 8, Trauma 5

SPECIAL EQUIPMENT

15 rounds of lead and powder, Horse, Leather-bound Codex (+2 on CHA+Expression when passing judgement)

KLAUDIA BRUENN, THE EMISSARY

The same journey every few weeks. From Justitian to Leiden. Delivering grain, meat, cloth, coal. Receive the Diatomite. Weighing. Not getting ripped off. See that everything is in order. Back to town.

She's taken the trip more times than she can count. The place bores her. Small, rural, remote, primitive. She'd rather be back home, with her family. Her husband runs the household – a failed advocate, no career man, but she still can't tear herself away from his eyes after eight years of marriage. Two little ones who give her a run for her money. Some savings, with which the two want to take off to Purgare someday. An Anabaptist who used to court her told her about the vineyards there. That'd be something. Fat soil, a farm of her own. Not too far from a bigger town though. Without people, she'd wither.

But her boredom doesn't make her any less reliable, her plans for the future don't make her corrupt. First, she knows and appreciates the two Protectors who accompany her as guards. And knows they would not let her get away with such a thing, despite their friendship. Second, she is still a Judge. An advocate. Convinced of the Codex, the Law, and the Protectorate. Sworn to the Judiciary. Even though she would like nothing better than to give someone else the disservice of having to drag themselves here all the time. If only she could administer justice for once! If she could do what she was trained to do! A little excitement would fire her up.

ROLEPLAY

She can be quite charming. Friends and family feel comfortable around her, know Klaudia as funny and cheerful, especially if they get her to talk about her favourite topics. In Leiden, however, no one would suspect that. Here she is cold professionalism incarnate, at most laughing at the jokes of the Judges who accompany her and otherwise appearing completely aloof. All with the aim of doing her job as quickly and thoroughly as possible. So that she can return home, to Justitian, where she can show her human face again..

EQUIPMENT

NOTEBOOK

When Bruenn talks to other people, she often holds the notebook in her hands and scribbles away. In fact, she makes sketches of people and adds notes in shorthand. This habit has often proven useful, because some of her interlocutors later found their sketches scattered around the Protectorate, on a wanted poster. To decipher the notes, a roll of INT+Science (3) is necessary, to find information on various citizens of Leiden and wanted criminals of the Protectorate. That way someone can also decipher that a couple of the faces belong to loved ones - her husband, her children, her parents. These are hidden among the other portraits so that no criminal who gets hold of the booklet can stalk her family.



GORN, THE SHERIFF

When he first arrived in Leiden, he worked the mines. He was not good at it. Dissatisfied as he was, he liked to have a drink. Got into brawls. At one point he was drunk at work when he knocked over a lamp. Parts of the wooden beams were on fire. The whole mine had to be evacuated. He would've died, hadn't Ogmar pulled him out from the flames himself. And instead of the scolding he deserved, he gave him another job. As Sheriff. There's too much drinking, too many accidents in Leiden. Take care of it.

The fervent gratitude he feels since then is the basis of their friendship. He no longer drinks, not a single drop, but still gets along well with the men. Talks with them, has the occasional friendly wrestling match and spends his downtime with his puppy. With the women, however, things don't go as well. He's had a crush on Leica for months, but she only has eyes for Emerillion, and Gorn ain't that kind of pretty. He'd let her be happy with him, but there's something about her sweetheart that bothers him. Even if he himself suspects that it's his jealousy after all. That's why he leaves him alone. However, should his suspicions be confirmed, his wrath would be merciless. People who know him as a quiet, sociable guy would be surprised. Only his six guards and Ogmar know how fiercely he would protect his mine. His people. His girl.

ROLEPLAY

Gorn is a cheerful man with whom everyone likes to have a friendly chat with. After all, one look at his physique and arsenal of weapons is enough to know that you'd rather be his friend. He cares for the people of Leiden, helps to settle disputes and prefers to make peace through his presence rather than violence. He once had to punish someone with a cane who had clearly gone too far. It gives him no pleasure when Ogmar orders such measures, but he fully trusts the old man's judgement.

EQUIPMENT

ACTIVATED CHARCOAL

A small pillbox contains the chunks of charcoal, of which Gorn always carries some. He keeps them in the same pocket as his Drafts so he can feel them when he's tempted to pay for a drink. Then he opens the box, takes one of the chunks and puts it in his mouth. Immediately he tastes and smells the fire of yesteryear. He almost burnt alive once because he was such a drunkard, and he won't make that mistake again. He hardly needs the box anymore, but if he were to use the activated charcoal in case of poisoning, he would get +1D to BOD+Toughness to withstand it.



BORCA
THE PROTECTOR
CLANNER (PROVIDER)
RANK 5: JURYMAN

ATTRIBUTES:

BOD 4, AGI 3, CHA 3, INT 2, PSY 3, INS 3

SKILLS: Athletics 7D, Brawl 6D, Force 8D, Melee 7D, Stamina 5D, Toughness 7D, Mobility 4D, Projectiles 7D, Conduct 5D, Leadership 4D, Legends 3D, Medicine 3D, Domination 8D, Faith 5D, Reaction 5D, Empathy 4D, Perception 4D, Primal 7D, Taming 4D

BACKGROUNDS: Allies 2, Authority 2, Renown 3

POTENTIALS: Danger Sense 1, Tough as Nails 1

INITIATIVE: 5D / 14 Ego (Primal)

ATTACK: Baton, 7D, Distance 1, Damage 5, Smooth Running (3T), Blunt; Short Sword, 7D, Distance 1, Damage 7, Smooth Running (3T); Double Barrelled Rifle, 7D, Distance 30/120, Damage 11, Double Barreled, 2 Rounds

DEFENSE: Passive 1, Melee active (Parry) 7D, Ranged active (Seek cover) 4D, Mental (Faith) 5D

MOVEMENT: 7D

ARMOR: Leather Armor, Armor 3, Encumbrance 2

CONDITION: Spore Infestation 0/10, Fleshwounds 14, Trauma 7

SPECIAL EQUIPMENT

8 rounds of 5.56x45mm; a Gendo puppy which adores him



POLLEN
THE HERETIC
APOCALYPTIC
RANK 2: OWL

ATTRIBUTES:

BOD 3, AGI 4, CHA 4, INT 2, PSY 3, INS 2

SKILLS: Athletics 5D, Brawl 5D, Force 6D, Melee 8D, Stamina 5D, Toughness 6D, Dexterity 5D, Mobility 7D, Projectiles 5D, Stealth 6D, Arts 5D, Conduct 5D, Seduction 7D, Focus 6D, Cunning 5D, Deception 5D, Domination 4D, Reaction 6D, Willpower 6D, Empathy 4D, Perception 4D

BACKGROUNDS: Allies 2, Resources 1, Secrets 2

POTENTIALS: All-In 2

INITIATIVE: 6D / 12 Ego (Focus)

ATTACK: Knife (Melee), 9D, Distance 1, Damage 4, Smooth Running (2T); Knife (Thrown), 6D, Distance 3/10, Damage 4

DEFENSE: Passive 1, Melee active (Dodge) 7D, Ranged active (Seek cover) 7D, Mental (Willpower) 6D

MOVEMENT: 5D

ARMOR: Leather Vest, Armor 1, Encumbrance 1

CONDITION: Spore Infestation 4/12, Fleshwounds 12, Trauma 6

SPECIAL EQUIPMENT

4 Knives (hidden on his body), 2 Cusps of Burn (Bion, well-hidden)

EMERILLION, THE PLEASURE BOY

Once upon a time he was part of a small band, removing all sorts of human obstacles on the path to Borca. Back then, he had many names; Pavel, Mikhail, Mark... When the East Wind Flock still bought their Bion from Pollen he and his brothers lived in splendour, but with the Great Purge the noose tightened around their necks. They made too many enemies; too many of their friends were only interested in their Drafts. He knew that the Spitalians would soon be coming for them too. Instead of hiding, he swaggered into their camp, stepped before their commander, and demanded an offer. The man despised him, he could sense that immediately, but a quick resolution to the operation was worth swallowing his wrath.

All the wages from back then have been squandered away since then. Now, he ended up here, in a whorehouse by a mine. Justitian is too dangerous; there might be other members of his old flock lurking around. Here he gets paid to fuck. Not as glamorous as he'd hoped, but he can manage. It's almost entertaining.

But he won't stay long. A girl here, a Scrapper, fell for him. She's pretty, too, if naïve enough to still believe in love. Well, he won't complain. She wants to get out of here, together. And he'd gladly humor her, only to leave her with empty pockets. But before that, he wants Leibner to pay him off. The fatso paid him, to get rid of Ogmar – someday – but keeps saying that it ain't time yet. The Quartermaster stalls him, tells him that in two or three weeks everything will be over. And Emerillion charges him for his patience – after all, any day longer here could be the day Gorn finally snaps and tries to pick a fight with him. Poor sap – the way he's in love with Leica, he doesn't even see that he'd likely lose this fight. Doesn't matter. The drafts he'll earn here are taking him closer to his dream. A flock of his own. Someday.

ROLEPLAY

Emerillion is well aware of his effect on others. He is handsome, takes care of himself and trains as a warrior would. An apt comparison. The fact that he reveals little about himself and occasionally shows temper only enhances the effect. He acts tame and waits patiently to then sink his claws into the fattest prey. This here is only a stopover to fill his purse. First Leiden, then the world.

EQUIPMENT

EMERILLION'S PURSE

The Anabaptists had paid for the Burn at that time with war gold – gold coins bearing the symbol of the ram. He carefully hid a few of them, because gold can be useful.

OLD LOGBOOK

Cheap paper, bound in brittle leather, filled with crazy scribbles and meaningless numbers. Unless you know the code. Then this book turns out to be a guide to numerous old Burn hideouts. Not as profitable as the camps of the East Wind Flock, and many of these places have already been discovered – but not all of them. A check of PSY+Cunning (5) must be passed to recognize the code as such. Deciphering, on the other hand, requires an extended check of INT+Science (30), with each roll requiring one day.



LEICA, THE TECHNICIAN

Leiden isn't for her. She was born here, she grew up here. She has climbed through the tunnels and mountains, knows every pebble and has seen everything there is to see here. But she hardly knows what's going on across the next hilltop. When the Judge comes by and brings news from Justitian, she soaks up each of her words. But why stop there? Purgare sounds like a paradise on earth - and Africa, with its mystical stories... She draws sketches of what these strange places might look like, builds little sculptures and makes up stories to go with them. But that's not enough. She wants to see these places, with her own eyes.

She saved up. As a technician who maintains the generator, the pumps and the lift, she doesn't earn badly, even if the work is hard. Nothing keeps her here - almost nothing, except for love. Emerillion from the brothel has taken a fancy to her, with his foreign dialect, seeming so graceful and yet full of fire. She only has to persuade him, then she can leave. But he eludes her, keeps stalling - and Leica notices, because she's not stupid. Maybe he enjoys the life in the whorehouse too much - the thought makes her furious and only pushes her all the more to tie him to her.

Leibner has promised her help. But promises are not enough for her. She considers pointing out the Burn buds Emerillion has hidden, exposing him to Gorn. It would be a betrayal of her lover, but then he would have to run off with her. Her bag is packed, she has even built herself a crossbow, hidden in pieces in her chamber, to prepare for her adventure. She wants to see the world. Children, perhaps, someday, when travelling becomes too much for her. Though she doesn't really believe she'll ever stop being young. The technician is intelligent, but lacks wisdom.

ROLEPLAY

The world is just waiting to be explored. Of course, the Scrapper has heard all the stories, about war, monsters and danger, but that doesn't diminish her curiosity. Leica is high-spirited and in love, seeing the world through rose-tinted glasses. Leiden was a good home for her, but she's been here too long. Behind the next hilltop adventure beckons. She is not stupid, but young and inexperienced.

EQUIPMENT

SCRAP CROSSBOW

She designed this construct herself. It is easy to disassemble and reassemble - AGI+Crafting (2) - and offers a lot of room for modifications - 3 Slots. Maybe she'll attach an automated winch, or a magazine? She has lots of ideas for further tinkering with her weapon, but has never turned it against a living creature. The parts are hidden in her room, so that Ogmarr or Gorn don't take her toy away.

POLAROID CAMERA

She hardly remembers who gave her the old thing. It hadn't worked then, but she patched it up; not her prettiest work, but one of her first successful projects. Duct tape and glue give it a wild look and she can only take four more pictures. Pictures of sunsets, Gendo packs and dusty, grinning Scrapers adorn the walls of their hut.



BORCA THE ADVENTURER SCRAPPER RANK 3: MECHANIST

ATTRIBUTES:

BOD 3, AGI 3, CHA 2, INT 3, PSY 2, INS 3

SKILLS: Brawl 4D, Force 4D, Toughness 4D, Crafting 7D, Dexterity 4D, Mobility 4D, Projectiles 4D, Stealth 4D, Arts 5D, Artifact Lore 5D, Engineering 7D, Reaction 3D, Willpower 3D, Empathy 4D, Perception 4D, Primal 4D, Survival 6D

BACKGROUNDS: Network 1, Renown 1, Resources 2

POTENTIALS: Truffle Pig 1

INITIATIVE: 3D / 8 Ego (Primal)

ATTACK: Wrench, 3D, Distance 1, Damage 4; Scrap Crossbow, 4D, Distance 15/60, Damage 10

DEFENSE: Passive 1, Melee active (Dodge) 4D, Ranged active (Seek cover) 4D, Mental (Willpower) 3D

MOVEMENT: 3D

ARMOR: Leather Apron, Armor 1, Encumbrance 1

CONDITION: Spore Infestation 2/6, Fleshwounds 8, Trauma 5

SPECIAL EQUIPMENT

5 Crossbow Bolts, Toolbox (+1D to Crafting or Engineering), Stash of saved-up Drafts



BORCA
THE SEEKER
CHRONICLER
RANK 3: MEDIATOR

ATTRIBUTES:

BOD 2, AGI 3, CHA 2, INT 4, PSY 3, INS 2

SKILLS: Toughness 3D, Dexterity 4D, Mobility 4D, Negotiation 5D, Artifact Lore 7D, Engineering 6D, Legends 5D, Science 6D, Cunning 5D, Domination 6D, Reaction 5D, Willpower 5D, Perception 3D, Primal 6D

BACKGROUNDS: Network 2, Resources 1, Secrets 1

POTENTIALS: White Noise 2

INITIATIVE: 5D / 12 Ego (Primal)

ATTACK: Streamer Glove, 4D, Distance 1, Damage 0, Stunned (5), 30 Charges

DEFENSE: Passive 1, Melee active (Dodge) 4D, Ranged active (Seek cover) 4D, Mental (Willpower) 5D

MOVEMENT: 2D

ARMOR: Chronicler Suit, Armor 2, Encumbrance 2, First Impression +1D

CONDITION: Spore Infestation 0/10, Fleshwounds 6, Trauma 5

SPECIAL EQUIPMENT

Vocoder, Draft Printer, E-Cube

EGRESS, THE EXPLORER

His first alcove! In an area, he was told, where there were supposed to be old bunkers. A straight path to fame and fortune. And there were bunkers! Open and empty. His predecessor likely knew that already; probably the reason why Pragma disappeared without a trace. Only a few Scrappers find their way to him and offer their finds. And until he produces something of value, he's trapped here.

He wanted to explore the stream! Rebuild it. See and learn new things. But there is only stagnation here. The Steward's trying awfully hard not to let things change. That old Fart! Egress is constantly nagging him to provide men and material for an expedition into the old bunkers. Maybe something was overlooked! Something to get him out of here! They both know it would be useless, Ogmar told him. And kicked him out of his office. Him, a Chronicler!

But Leibner is more receptive. He wants to assemble a squad. Grant him the funds. But he'll need his support for that, he explains, grinning. What for? He does not explain. Only that the day will come. If he helps him, he would be able to get Egress out of the mine. Even if the bunkers are truly empty. Some artefact will be found, he explains, grinning.

ROLEPLAY

Clanners might be impressed by Egress's bossy manner and technical jargon. But the people in Leiden are mostly Scrappers who show little respect for this lone whiner. Egress notices this, but has no idea what to do about it. He doesn't understand other people, longs to be absorbed into the Stream. But the Cluster does not consider him worthy. His greatest fear is that he is actually worth no more than a post in a backwater at the bottom of the world.

EQUIPMENT

PRAGMA'S PARTITION

Before Egress, there were other chroniclers who held this penal post. Most of them managed to quickly get away from here. Hardly anyone was interested in the old, dusty data store among all the junk. A curious reader, however, might discover a program which analyses financial data. And a closer look might reveal that certain data is missing that should actually be there. Egress doesn't know that he has the solution to his problems long at hand, forgotten among all the junk.

SCHAMOTTE, THE FOREWOMAN

Her men are sacred to her. Only together can they move forward. That's what the Steward claims, too - but when there's an accident, he just lets them plod on. Burns on both arms? A few days' rest, and then it's back down again. The yields wouldn't be enough otherwise, he explains. There's no other way.

Yields, yields. Nothing else goes through the mind of the old scrooge. Her men are tired, exhausted. At least she is. And that son of a bitch just keeps driving them on. Her arms are covered in skin that looks like it melted. For that, he paid her a meagre bonus on her monthly wage. No apology. Nothing. She could puke. The only ones who take away her anger are the canaries she keeps in her hut. Rumour has it that she feels no love for any other living creature. She even builds them protective boxes - so they won't die if they discover mine gas. A box with a glass panel; if they stop chirping, you close one valve and open another so that they are supplied with oxygen. The other miners joke about it - and yet they are glad that their little buddies do not have to pay for their service with their lives. But even the birds do not relieve Schamotte of their anger.

Ogmar's system is inhumane, Leibner explains. Things would be better under him. He wouldn't let the people slave away like that. He only drives his own helpers like this because the Steward is breathing down his neck. If he had his say, it would be better for everyone. She nods in agreement. Her anger at the Steward blinds her to all the signs that the fatso is making empty promises. For him, she'd take risks. Or rather, for her men.

ROLEPLAY

Day in, day out, she swings her pickaxe, furiously beating at the rock. Sometimes she relaxes, has a beer or two with her mates, only to be back at the mine before sunrise, working and swearing. Leisure is a concept she has never really understood. Her home is a workshop with a bed, nothing more. Only her work brings her satisfaction, defines who she is. Without her role as Forewoman, she would be nothing. And if she didn't have Ogmar as an enemy, she would have to find another. Because without a target for her anger, she would have to admit to herself that no one else is at fault that she never found happiness.

EQUIPMENT

BIRD BOX

Underground, you need canaries to detect mine gas. When the air becomes scarce or poisonous, they stop their song, and while people save themselves, they die. A sacrifice that Schamotte refuses to accept. She built this construct out of a cage, metal plates and an old oxygen bottle. As soon as the bird becomes restless, she closes a latch and opens the oxygen valve. The canaries have saved lives, hers and her mates'. She is only too happy to return the favour. In return, the birds reward her with their song, their company. Despite the boxes, she only hands the birds to workers she knows and trusts.



BORCA
THE MARTYR
SCRAPPER
RANK 3: SCAVENGER

ATTRIBUTES:

BOD 3, AGI 2, CHA 2, INT 3, PSY 3, INS 3

SKILLS: Athletics 4D, Brawl 4D, Force 5D, Melee 4D, Toughness 5D, Crafting 5D, Mobility 3D, Projectiles 3D, Expression 5D, Engineering 5D, Legends 5D, Medicine 4D, Science 4D, Domination 5D, Reaction 4D, Willpower 5D, Empathy 5D, Perception 5D, Primal 6D, Survival 6D

BACKGROUNDS: AAllies 2, Authority 2, Network 2, Renown 2

POTENTIALS: The Mob 1

INITIATIVE: 4D / 12 Ego (Primal)

ATTACK: Derringer, 3D, Distance 3/10, Damage 6, Double Barreled, Camo (2S), 2 Rounds

DEFENSE: Passive 1, Melee active (Dodge) 3D, Ranged active (Seek cover)3, Mental (Willpower) 5D

MOVEMENT: 4D

ARMOR: Mining Helmet and Leather Clothes, Armor 2, Encumbrance 2

CONDITION: Spore Infestation 0/10, Fleshwounds 10, Trauma 6

SPECIAL EQUIPMENT

2 rounds of .357, 2 Charges of Gunpowder, Detonators, Fuse





BORCA
THE MENTOR
APOCLAYPTIC
RANK 2: WOODPECKER

ATTRIBUTES:

BOD 2, AGI 4, CHA 4, INT 3, PSY 4, INS 2

SKILLS: Athletics 3D, Force 3D, Stamina 3D, Toughness 3D, Dexterity 7D, Mobility 6D, Projectiles 5D, Stealth 5D, Arts 7D, Conduct 6D, Leadership 6D, Seduction 7D, Focus 5D, Legends 5D, Medicine 4D, Cunning 5D, Deception 8D, Domination 4D, Reaction 4D, Willpower 5D, Empathy 5D, Perception 4D

BACKGROUNDS: Resources 3, Network 3

POTENTIALS: 1000 Ways 1

CONDITION: 4D / 10 Ego (Focus)

ATTACK: Knife, 3D, Distance 1, Damage 3, Smooth Running (2T); Double Barreled Shotgun, 5D, Distance 5/20, Damage 10, Double-Barreled, Scatter, 2 Rounds Schuss

DEFENSE: Passive 1, Melee active (Dodge) 6D, Ranged active (Seek cover) 6D, Mental (Willpower) 5D

MOVEMENT: 3D

ARMOR: -

CONDITION: Spore Infestation 2/10, Fleshwounds 6, Trauma 5

SPECIAL EQUIPMENT

Hidden Stash of Burn (Unity), Make-Up Case (1 hour of preparation, +1D on all CHA-rolls), Guitar

AMBER, THE MADAME

This isn't Justitian, she thought as she arrived here. At the time, it was shock in her voice. Today, it's contentment. No Judges breathing down her neck all the time. The guards can be reasoned with. No other flocks trying to take her territory. And a huge gap in the market. The men need meat beneath them; they need spread thighs. The Madame could provide that. And the 'Sento', her bathhouse, also provides pleasant surroundings for such intimate meetings. Even if she can't count on the wealthiest clientele here, the beds are clean, the water in the baths gets changed regularly. For Amber does not run a dump. Ain't her style.

She won't get rich here, but isn't wanting for much more either. At night, the girls who aren't working keep her bed warm. She loves them, all of them. Sees her boys and girls as her little family. She's a foster mother, mentor and lover to them all. And if anyone touches her Magpies, they will feel her wrath. Almost no man here would dare. Almost none.

Leibner, on the other hand, is a fat, sadistic, disgusting piece of shit, she swears and spits into the gutter. Not like Ogmar - he once courted her, but elegantly withdrew when he realized that more than friendship and dalliances with men were out of the question for her. Leibner, on the other hand, only leaves her alone because she can stand her ground. He prefers weaker prey. The way he treats her girls is vile. But he pays too well, and when she stops him from coming (Ha!), her girls run home to him. There he just treats them even worse. Or he 'loses' her supply of food. Sure, she can buy from other sources, but then she'll make a loss. And on top of that, she'd buy back her own goods that the pig there was flogging. It makes her sick. If only she could get rid of him! But she's no fighter. And this place is too small for anyone to disappear without a fuss..

ROLEPLAY

The Madame enjoys life. She likes to drink good wine, enjoys intelligent conversations, likes to flirt. To provoke is as much fun for her as a dalliance based on reciprocity. She rarely craves more and people who play her game without losing their dignity earn her respect. Despite her playful nature, she is a lady, through and through. In her home, she is the undisputed mistress. And those who think they can face her with rudeness quickly get to know her cold side.

EQUIPMENT

SHOTGUN

Actually, she is not allowed to own this weapon, but in this case, Ogmar bends the rules a little. The male workers in particular can sometimes be a little unreasonable, and a few blows may already be struck before Gorn and his men get there. A gun, however, often calms tempers, and Amber has proven that she can keep a cool head. As long as the weapon does not leave the Sento, it may stay there. And she never had to use it. Yet.



RENA, THE INNKEEPER

She likes to rant, the Innkeeper. At the good-for-nothing miners, at her useless husband, at the senile Steward, at the sluttish Madame. People take it in stride. They know full well that although the woman makes a big show of being a misanthrope, in the end it is a sign of affection. Without her husband, she would wither of loneliness. Without the miners, no one would listen to her rantings. And the Steward? He respects her monopoly, just as much as the Madame. You'd think you could get drunk in a whorehouse - and you can. By having it delivered from her inn. Only she is allowed to offer beer and distillate.

Leibner doesn't like that. He'd get his hands on cheaper booze and make a profit. But the Steward refuses. Firstly, because he doesn't want to offend the Innkeeper - she is the only person in Leiden who really knows how to treat wounds. Secondly, because the higher prices are good for the health of his miners. No one drinks themselves to death and there's fewer accidents underground.

If he's gone, there goes the monopoly. Her inn, the Pump, doesn't turn that much profit either. She'd have to close it down. Move away. Her biggest fear is that her husband wouldn't be able to deal with her anymore. She'd be alone for good. And she can't bear the thought. She's got no one else to put up with her. So, everything must stay as it is. The caretaker mustn't leave. Not until she's in the ground.

ROLEPLAY

Rena shows her affection not through words, but actions. A quirk with which she might cause offence elsewhere - but the workers here are the sort who appreciate a full plate and a bandaged wound more than empty words. Perhaps she suspects that she wouldn't be accepted for who she is anywhere else. That elsewhere people would resent her honest but harsh words, find cheaper beer elsewhere and that her husband might seek a less combative wife. Her marriage is relatively happy - even if it doesn't always look that way from the outside - but childless. Leiden is her family.

EQUIPMENT

HERBAL BAG

Rena's bag contains all kinds of tools, leather pouches and flasks. For another user, the system is chaotic, but she knows exactly which herb is packed where, what she needs for festering wounds and what she uses to relieve pain and fever. There are also bandages, splints, scissors and knives - everything she needs when one of the boys is injured again. The bag gives her +2D on INT+Medicine rolls to stabilize patients and heal Flesh Wounds (but not Trauma damage). It contains 10 applications; after that she has to search in the wild for 3 hours, rolling INS+Survival to do so, replenishing 1+Trigger applications.



BORCA
THE TRADITIONALIST
CLANNER (PROVIDER)
RANK 2: HARVESTER

ATTRIBUTES:

BOD 3, AGI 2, CHA 2, INT 4, PSY 2, INS 3

SKILLS: Athletics 4D, Force 6D, Melee 4D, Stamina 6D, Toughness 4D, Navigation 3D, Conduct 3D, Negotiation 4D, Legends 6D, Medicine 7D, Domination 4D, Reaction 3D, Willpower 4D, Perception 4D, Primal 4D, Survival 6D

BACKGROUNDS: Allies 1, Authority 2, Network 1

POTENTIALS: Earthbound 1

CONDITION: 3D / 8 Ego (Primal)

ATTACK: Club, 4D, Distance 1, Damage 5, Blunt

DEFENSE: Passive 1, Melee active (Parry) 4D, Ranged active (Seek cover) 2D, Mental (Willpower) 4D

MOVEMENT: 4D

ARMOR: Leather Apron, Armor 1, Encumbrance 1

CONDITION: Spore Infestation 0/8, Fleshwounds 8, Trauma 5

SPECIAL EQUIPMENT

Bottle with Distillate



BALKHAN
THE RULER
PALER
RANK 2: SOLAR

ATTRIBUTES:

BOD 2, AGI 2, CHA 2, INT 4, PSY 3, INS 3

SKILLS: Athletics 3D, Force 3D, Toughness 4D, Crafting 5D, Dexterity 4D, Mobility 3D, Projectiles 4D, Stealth 3D, Negotiation 4D, Artifact Lore 5D, Engineering 5D, Focus 5D, Legends 5D, Science 5D, Cunning 4D, Deception 5D, Reaction 4D, Willpower 4D, Orienteering 4D, Perception 4D, Survival 4D

BACKGROUNDS: Network 1, Resources 1, Secrets 2

POTENTIALS: Alias 1

INITIATIVE: 4D / 10 Ego (Focus)

ATTACK: Paler Pistol, 4D, Distance 10/40, Damage 7, Smooth Running (2T), 20 Rounds

DEFENSE: Passive 1, Melee active (Dodge) 3D, Ranged active (Seek cover) 3D, Mental (Willpower) 4D

MOVEMENT: 3D

ARMOR: -

CONDITION: Spore Infestation 0/8, Fleshwounds 8, Trauma 5

SPECIAL EQUIPMENT

15 rounds of 4.6x30mm, Sun Disc (Arbiter, Level 1), Electrical Tester and Tools, E-Cube

FASKO, THE FENCE

Once, the people of his bunker entrusted him with vital tasks. Looking for spare parts and repairing solar panels, however, was not quite what Fasko had dreamed of. Wasn't the goal of the Palers to seek out other bunkers and awaken the Prophets? If they were already dragging him back to daylight again and again, shouldn't that serve a purpose? He shared his thoughts, but the Demagogues were not enthusiastic about such inflammatory speeches. The sun had burnt his brain, they said; his job was to work and not to think. All this was just about bearable until the two vain tyrants started a civil war. That was when his patience broke. He toiled to preserve the life of his bunker - and they spat at this honourable goal?

He fled and never looked back. Slowly he got used to life on the surface. His skin darkened and he passed for a scrapper. He passed the crescent by befriending Hellvetics, offering them a few repairs and ending up pushing a few drafts across the counter. Eventually he settled down about a day's walk from Leiden. He had heard there was an old bunker here - but he was no Reviver. What he could do, however, was set up a sort of pub in a cave and pay Scrappers for their finds, draw maps and wait for things to happen. Everything that was found that did not serve his purposes he sold. To Hellvetics or even Neolibyans. He despised the Chroniclers; with their posturing they reminded him too much of the despised Demagogues. But the knowledge he gathered on the surface aroused doubts in him. Sleepers were chosen for their beauty, their genetic purity (a concept he understood only piecemeal) - so why should they bother with his kind?

Leibner is a regular customer here. Without his diverted supplies, everything would collapse. Nevertheless, he cannot stand him. And if he knew of his plans, which would cause chaos and endanger his operation, he would intervene. Recently, one of his Scrappers - usually 4-6 are hanging around - found some nice modules and sold them to the fatso. Unusual. Observe and wait.

ROLEPLAY

Throwing off the shackles of indoctrination and rising from the bunker that gave birth to him was the best thing that could have happened to Fasko. He is still no friend of light, but he enjoys being his own man. Critical thinking has become a habit for him; he questions everything and likes to engage in conversations with strangers who tell him about the world. He doesn't yet have a goal for the future, but the information and bills of exchange he gathers up here are carefully stored away. Soon his time will come.

EQUIPMENT

PALER PISTOL

Palers are good at using things that have been lost by others - sometimes even things that their previous owners did not even know they had lost. This pistol, for example, is thought by some Palers to still be in the Heistos bunker, while others suspect that Veska and her followers looted it before their exodus. Fasko keeps it close, having already fired a few of its rounds on his journey, but still has enough up his sleeve. Should he encounter problems, he won't shy away from final solutions.



FLORIS, THE DESCENDANT

Only recently has this young miner signed in at the mine. He knows his way around, the others declare approvingly. Got talent. Can't stand Ogmar, but who can? So, he avoids him. That's right. Let him. If they knew the kind of thoughts that boy carries around, they'd avoid him like the devil avoids holy water.

He's an Emessa. A descendant of the ancient Clan whose roots lie in Leiden. Who were betrayed by Ogmar. And vengeance burns inside him. The family's been out of luck ever since. And that bastard is to blame. He should suffer.

That's why he's here. To find out more about this place. To explore its vulnerabilities. Eventually, he'll burn it all down. Then the supplies will stop coming. The old man will die in shame and poverty for not fulfilling the contract. Unless he finds him first and strangles him with his bare hands.

And Leiden? Well - if the Emessa can't have it, no one shall. No one shall emerge victorious from this conflict. No one but him. No outsider should govern this place - neither Ogmar, nor Leibner, nor any of the Judges' henchmen. The contract is broken, and Leiden is either free of outsiders, or lies in ruins, so that the Emessa can repopulate their homeland if they so choose. That is the goal of his holy war.

ROLEPLAY

The other workers like him because he is sociable, lends a hand and knows what needs to be done. In fact, however, he is full of rage against all those who profit from his forefathers' homeland. He doesn't show it, although hints about the place's past might quickly make him angry. As soon as he sees an opportunity, he will strike - and even more so when Ogmar's downfall is already looming. For this anger will only be extinguished if the Steward goes down together with this settlement. The longing for the old homeland and justice holds his family in an iron grip. Only when everything lies in ruins can the Emessa turn to the future again.

EQUIPMENT

EXPLOSIVES

Gunpowder, detonators and fuses lie safely stowed and buried, just outside the settlement, waiting for Floris to use them. Through hard work, he has always made small amounts disappear during blasts or deliveries, given the opportunity. Schamotte may even have noticed the missing gear, but never came to suspect him. She will learn to regret that when he sets his charges. Maybe he'll destroy the mine lift, trapping the workers below and then takes his revenge? Or maybe he'll blow up the entrance to the old tunnel with the quarters. Whatever thins the ranks of those he sees as his enemies.



BORCA
THE DESTROYER
CLANNER (EMESSA)
RANK 3: HUTHER

ATTRIBUTES:

BOD 4, AGI 2, CHA 2, INT 3, PSY 4, INS 3

SKILLS: : Athletics 7D, Brawl 5D, Force 6D, Melee 6D, Stamina 6D, Toughness 6D, Crafting 6D, Mobility 4D, Projectiles 3D, Stealth 3D, Conduct 4D, Expression 5D, Engineering 5D, Legends 4D, Science 4D, Cunning 6D, Deception 6D, Reaction 6D, Willpower 7D, Empathy 4D, Perception 4D, Primal 5D

BACKGROUNDS: Authority 2, Network 1, Secrets 1

POTENTIALS: Rebel 1, Sisyphos 1

INITIATIVE: : 6D / 10 Ego (Primal)

ATTACK: Pipe, 6D, Distance 1, Damage 5, Blunt; Knife, 7D, Distance 1, Damage 4, Smooth Running (2T); Pipe Bomb, 3D, Distance 10/-, Damage 10, Explosive, Thunder Strike

DEFENSE: Passive 1, Melee active (Parry) 6D, Ranged active (Seek cover) 4D, Mental (Willpower) 7D

MOVEMENT: 7D

ARMOR: Leather Apron, Armor 1, Encumbrance 1

CONDITION: Spore Infestation 0/14, Fleshwounds 12, Trauma 8

SPECIAL EQUIPMENT

Mining Helmet and Lamp, 2 Pipe Bombs, Lighter

GUARDS AND HENCHMEN

MINERS

INITIATIVE: 4D / 8 Ego

ATTACK: Pipe, 5D, Distance 1, Damage 6, Blunt; Flintlock Pistol, 4D, Distance 5/20, Damage 8, Muzzle Loader

DEFENSE: Passive 1, Melee active (Parry) 5D, Ranged active (Seek cover) 4D, Mental 4D

MOVEMENT: 5D

ARMOR: Leather Apron, Armor 1, Encumbrance 1

CONDITION: 14 (Trauma: 5)

SKILLS: Stealth 3D, Perception 4D

TACTICS: The guns will only be brought out when a revolt starts.

GORN'S GUARDS

INITIATIVE: 5D / 8 Ego

ATTACK: Baton, 6D, Distance 1, Damage 4, Smooth Running (3T), Blunt; Short Sword, 6D, Distance 1, Damage 6, Smooth Running (3T); Musket, 5D, Distance 10/40, Damage 8, Muzzle Loader

DEFENSE: Passive 1, Melee active (Parry) 5D, Ranged active (Seek cover) 6D, Mental 5D

MOVEMENT: 6D

ARMOR: Leather Armor, Armor 3, Encumbrance 2

CONDITION: 12 (Trauma: 7)

SKILLS: Stealth 4D, Domination 4D, Perception 5D

BRUENN'S PROTECTORS

INITIATIVE: 6D / 10 Ego

ATTACK: Judgement Hammer, 5D, Distance 1, Damage 8, Blunt, Impact (3T); Musket, 6D, Distance 10/40, Damage 8, Muzzle Loader

DEFENSE: Passive 1, Melee active (Parry) 5D, Ranged active (Seek cover) 5D, Mental 5D

MOVEMENT: 4D

ARMOR: Judges Coat and Hat, Armor 2, Encumbrance 2

CONDITION: 12 (Trauma: 6)

SKILLS: Navigation 6D, Expression 5D, Leadership 5D, Domination 5D, Perception 5D, Taming 5D

SPECIAL EQUIPMENT: Horses

WEAPONS

ARMED MELEE

SHORT SWORD: Fancied both among primitive Clans and Jurymen of the Protectorate.

BATON: Commonly used by law enforcement, before and after the Eshaton.

Name	Handl.	Dis.	DMG	Traits	Enc.	Tech	Slots	Value
Short Sword	-	1	4+K/3	Smooth Running (3T)	1	II	1	200
Baton	-	1	1+K/2	Smooth Running (3T), Blunt	1	II	1	30

HANDGUNS

PALER PISTOL (BYGONE NAME: FIVE-SEVEN): This pistol is often found in old Recombination Group bunkers.

DOUBLE BARRELLED RIFLE: Double-barrelled long gun with rifled barrels - which increases accuracy. A single-barrelled variant (without the trait) is available for 850 drafts.

DERRINGER: Simple, concealable double-barrelled pistol. Often used for self-defence.

Name	Calibre	Handl.	Dis.	DMG	Mag.	Traits	Enc.	Tech	Slots	Value
Paler Pistol	4.6×30mm	-	10/40	7	20	Smooth Running (2T)	1	IV	-	2500
Derringer	.357	-1W	3/10	6	2	Smooth Running (2T), Camo (2S)	1	III	1	900
Double Barrel Rif.	5.56×45mm	+1W	30/120	11	2	Double Barrel	2	III	2	1800



ADVANCING THE PLOT

- ◆ Floris wanted to carry out sabotage - perhaps the generator, or the mine lift - but gets caught by Leica. Thus, he knocks her out and tries to kill her. Whether he succeeds or not, the situation will escalate: Gorn suspects the Pleasure Boy, Leibner denounces the lack of security - clearly Ogmar and Gorn can't do their jobs - and Floris is forced to quickly and ruthlessly carry out his plan. It consists of disrupting operations so that the mine lies fallow and can later be reopened by his family. To do so, he wants to instigate or fuel conflict. Ogmar must die in the process, preferably by Floris' hand.
- ◆ One of the Scrappers gets beaten up but won't tell why or by whom. He had told a story about a buddy of his, whose Scavenger boss stole the money of the whole group - and the men who beat him up advised him stop spreading such rumours.
- ◆ The Game Master may choose to detail the alleged bunker nearby, or not - whichever suits him best. If it does exist, the metal plates on the huts in the village hint towards the Recombination Group - a few bunker parts already bore their sigils, although the facility was never fully operational. There may be unknown access points via the mineshaft used as quarters, or within the mines, which could be discovered using Ogmar's plans.
- ◆ Leibner offered Emerillion money to kill Ogmar or Gorn if necessary, but preparations for his coup have dragged on, frustrating the Owl. He may want to speed things up a bit, despite Leibner's promises that 'it'll be over in two, three weeks'.
- ◆ Gorn's one-sided love towards Leica and his distrust of Emerillion could escalate at any time. Emerillion, on the other hand, could try to get the troublesome competitor out of the way. Ideally, it would look like an accident.

- ◇ Sabotaging food supplies could quickly lead to anger and suspicions.
- ◇ Klaudia Bruenn has only one role: she is the fire burning down the fuse. As soon as she arrives in Leiden, the coup begins. If the evidence comes to light, Ogmar cannot continue as Steward and with enough support from the workers, Leibner will take over his post. If that doesn't work, he will start an uprising. Through Schamotte, some workers are on his side and he has already armed them - with pistols which are

easy to hide. If Ogmar gets wind of this, he will also mobilize workers who distrust Leibner or allow themselves to be bought by him. He also has the support of Gorn, Rena and Amber, who in turn have their own contacts.

RESULTS / ENDINGS

- ◇ Should the characters openly act against Leibner, he will have them beaten up, but try to avoid any major confrontation. If they find his evidence and make it disappear, he will either back down or launch a coup, depending on the situation.
- ◇ Should Leibner be able to hand over the evidence to the Advocate, there will be an election for the new Steward, which he'll likely win. First, the shifts become much laxer, which means that the Protectorate does not receive the expected yields, prompting the Judiciary to tighten the thumbscrews. Then, his true face shows; working conditions become even worse. Rebellious workers are enslaved and only the gang loyal to the Quartermaster is still allowed to enjoy luxuries. Within a year or two there will be another open revolt, which Leiden will not survive. Schamotte would drown her guilt in distillate. The Madame will pack her bags; she can survive elsewhere. Rena and her husband will join, even if they will never find their old happiness outside Leiden again.
- ◇ Should a coup occur, Leibner will likely win, as he has more supporters who he has armed. In that case, there will be an immediate reign of terror and Leiden will perish within months.
- ◇ Should Leibner be overthrown, Leiden will live on, and Ogmar will promptly appoint a worthy successor; either a single supporter, or a 'Council' of sorts. The Protectorate would, in principle, be willing to provide a loan or advance to have any damage from the coup repaired – as long as the Diatomite keeps flowing.
- ◇ Bringing Floris to power is no guarantee of the survival of Leiden. The Emessa are only a shadow of their former self and Floris always saw himself as a warrior rather than a Steward, let alone a politician. On the other hand, sooner or later other Clansmen will flock
- ◇ to Leiden. Their knowledge and skills could bring new glory to the place.
- ◇ No matter how Advocate Bruenn is drawn into the affair, she will secretly be glad that there was finally something for her to do. Even if she lacks insight into the affairs of the settlement, she will dispense justice as best she can. This will not go unnoticed; she will be promoted and can finally leave this shithole behind.
- ◇ If Emerillion and Leica run off together, it won't end well for the young Scrapper. She will find herself somewhere, alone, possibly pregnant and with no Drafts in her pocket - if her throat is not cut right away. If Emerillion dies without her ever seeing his true face, she will mourn him, but not forever; this was a love out of lust rather than true bonding. Should she learn the truth, she will grow from the event, as a person - and learn to appreciate Gorn, even if she will likely never fall in love with him.
- ◇ Egress will never get his expedition funded. Leibner used him and Ogmar has more important things to do. The only hope for him is to find out the secret of the missing Chronicler Pragma. This would convince the Cluster to finally give him a chance. If that doesn't work, he'll just have to prove himself. Maybe the characters can help?

REWARDS

THE STEWARD'S PATH

Found evidence against Emerillon +1EP
Pulled Schamotte to his side +2EP
Defeated Emerillon in battle +3EP
Convinced Leica of the truth +1EP
Recovered the evidence from Leibner +2EP
Resolved the situation peacefully +4EP
Stopped the coup +3EP
Talked with Ogmar about his past +1EP

THE QUARTERMASTER'S PATH

Murdered Gorn +5EP
Deceived Amber, the Madame +2EP
Intimidated Rena +2EP
Sabotaged the mine +4EP
Convinced Klaudia Bruenn of Leibner's qualities +2EP
Captured or killed Ogmar +2EP

THE PATH OF EMESSA

Convinced Floris that destruction is not the only way +3EP
Exposed Ogmar's crime +3EP
Exposed Leibner's true character +3EP
Eliminated or convinced Gorn and his guards +3EP
Drew Rena, Amber, and Egress to their own side +1EP
Drew Claudia Bruenn to the Emessa's side +2EP
OR
Made the Judges invalidate the contract +2EP

GENERAL

Uncovered Floris' actions and rendered him harmless +3EP
Made contact with Fasko, the Fence +1EP
Uncovered Fasko's identity +2EP
Explored the old bunkers +1EP

CONNECTIONS TO OTHER SCENARIOS

- ◇ Harm's Way provides a good setup for the journey to Leiden.
- ◇ A modified version can be used for the outdated campaign volume 'Nichtfraktal'. Here, Leiden is the closest town to the cauldron, where the hunt for a legendary artifact begins. Ogmar tries to keep his Scrappers in the village and mine, while Leibner embezzles material and barter it away on a large scale. Fasko, on the other hand, who lives nearby and has so far organized smaller Scrapper expeditions, sees his livelihood in jeopardy due to the numerous competitors. More hints on this can be found in the Rebirth errata for 'Nonfractal'.
- ◇ Connections to Justitian are readily available. The Emessa live and operate primarily out of the Protectorate's capital and could ask for help in finding Floris, the prodigal son. Leiden is remote enough to provide shelter for fugitives. And Leibner's small planned rebellion may be supported by factions of Judges who want to ensure a stronger Judiciary presence in the enclaves - or alternatively demonstrate the Protectorate's weakness. Also, Emerillon used to run with the East Wind Flock.
- ◇ As a prelude to the Jehammed Trilogy, characters might head to Leiden to look for traces of Helios (who might have equipped himself in a nearby bunker before leaving for Britain and being enslaved by Argyre), or they might follow the rumor that a former Burn smuggler lives here who is said to have done business with the Anabaptists. This, of course, is Emerillon, who was paid in Jehammedan coins... And perhaps Schamotte will set off for Toulon. Surely the characters will be happy to see a friendly face there.



CLAN: EMESSA





EMESSA

Long before the City Wars, the Emessa existed. They crawled out of an old tunnel in which their ancestors had hidden. Down below, it was damp and clammy; one could work there, but not live. Even the rusty air that greeted them was better than what had been sucked in through the filters. The world around them was not necessarily conducive to life, deterring them from traveling far. So, they stayed; retrieved what materials they could salvage from the tunnels and built their home. Underground, they worked mostly to reach new veins of water, preserving their ancient skills. Up in the daylight, for the first time they viewed the helmets and equipment that had served them so well in that time with new eyes; they read the imprint on the gear and named themselves after the gear that had saved them from the Eshaton.

Then came Exalt. The city was hungry - but not only for wheat and meat. The Emessa quickly realized that the rock in their tunnels could be used for all sorts of purposes. Diatomite could be used to filter water, for thermal insulation, for grinding, as a pesticide, to stabilize vibration-sensitive explosives - so they mined Diatomite. In large quantities. The Emessa got rich - until Exalt fell. And when the Judges came, the now impoverished miners were only too happy to let themselves be incorporated into the Protectorate.

POTENTIAL: SISYPHOS

PREREQUISITE:

Clanner (Emessa),
PSY+Willpower/Faith 6

The Emessa are used to getting back on their feet. If the character botches, he gains Triggers equal to the Potential level on the following dice roll.

SPECIAL EQUIPMENT

Circular Breathing Apparatus - The symbol of the Emessa is emblazoned on the back of the backpack-sized but pleasantly lightweight boxes; a hose easily connects to a breathing mask. As long as the device is plugged in, the air is stuffy but clean. The machine allows the wearer to breathe for a maximum of 4 hours, after which it needs to be plugged into a power source to recharge - or needs a change its E-Cube. While effective, the device provides +3E against spores, toxins, or disease, and allows the user to survive in environments without oxygen; however, it does not work underwater. Encumbrance 2, Tech V, Price: 7.000 Drafts

GET BACK UP, GET KNOCKED DOWN

The Emessa never completely forgot the tales of their past. And they retained their skills in basic form. A few became Scrappers, roaming the area and using their technical skills in mining. One of them, in the process, travelled through the place where they had once lived. Out of nostalgia. And found that no one had worked the tunnels since. Such wasted potential!

Driven by a thirst for action, the Emessa besieged their new masters in the Protectorate. They needed only the means, only a push, and they could resume mining. They presented them with old maps, estimates of yields, calculations. Explained to them how useful the mineral would be to the Protectors' arsenals, to the Spitalians' operations. The Judges were impressed and advanced the funds. Contracts were drawn up, including clauses about minimum quantities, which had to be produced. No matter, no matter. As long as the Emessa reconquered their legacy.

But then everything went wrong. The construction of the colliery burned through Drafts and material. The Emessa themselves were in a frenzy of joy - until Protectors kicked down their doors and dragged them into their interrogation cells. The charge: Embezzlement. The evidence was clear. Their patriarch at the time, Khorl Emessa, was sentenced to death. Many others marked with paints or tattoos. The Clan had finally fallen from grace, their holdings confiscated, their mine placed under stewardship outside the bloodline. The Steward - the same one they had hired - was the only one to survive this disaster unscathed. It was clear to the Emessa that he had profited from it all, that he must be the culprit..

REVENGE

The Emessa still exist, though you can't call it living anymore. They take menial jobs as day labourers, slaved away at the construction of the North Wall until that house of cards collapsed as well. Many signed on at other mines. The family scattered. Or so it seemed. Only in winter do they all return to Justitian, where they gather and reminisce about old times.

And curse their archenemy. Ogmar who had taken their old home from them. They still know about the old bunkers that had been closed to them then, about the old tunnels. So, they planned for years. Selling maps to Scrappers, luring them there, spreading rumours among Apocalyptics that there's something to be had there. Anything to destabilize the region, to be a thorn in the side of their old familiar. But that won't be enough forever. Eventually, someone's going to pay a personal visit. To see the old fart dangle.

DAILY LIFE

In the past, the Emessa were open to others who were allowed to join them without marriage. That's a thing of the past. Now they are suspicious of strangers, forming alliances through marriages and keeping to themselves. In their hatred, they fail to see that this only continues their stagnation. Their numbers are dwindling. If things continue like this, the old mining clan will soon go extinct.

But they still hold on to their traditions; even more so since their decline. Though it's difficult to notice from the outside, as the Clan has been fully absorbed into the urban culture of Justitian. Their outfits look like simple, practical work clothes, and only someone familiar with them would recognize the small symbols indicating Clan affiliation and rank. Their helmets are only worn down in the mines.

The different branches of the family keep to themselves, usually only allowing strangers some insight if they are good customers or the relatives of women and men who will marry in in the future. Once a year, they all come together and celebrate the day when their forefathers saw the light again with roast meat, ale and a mushroom pudding made according to an old recipe, which was supposedly prepared from what their ancestors had left over after the hard time underground. Since the loss of their old home, however, this feast has a sad, nostalgic flavour..

SKILL BONUSES

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

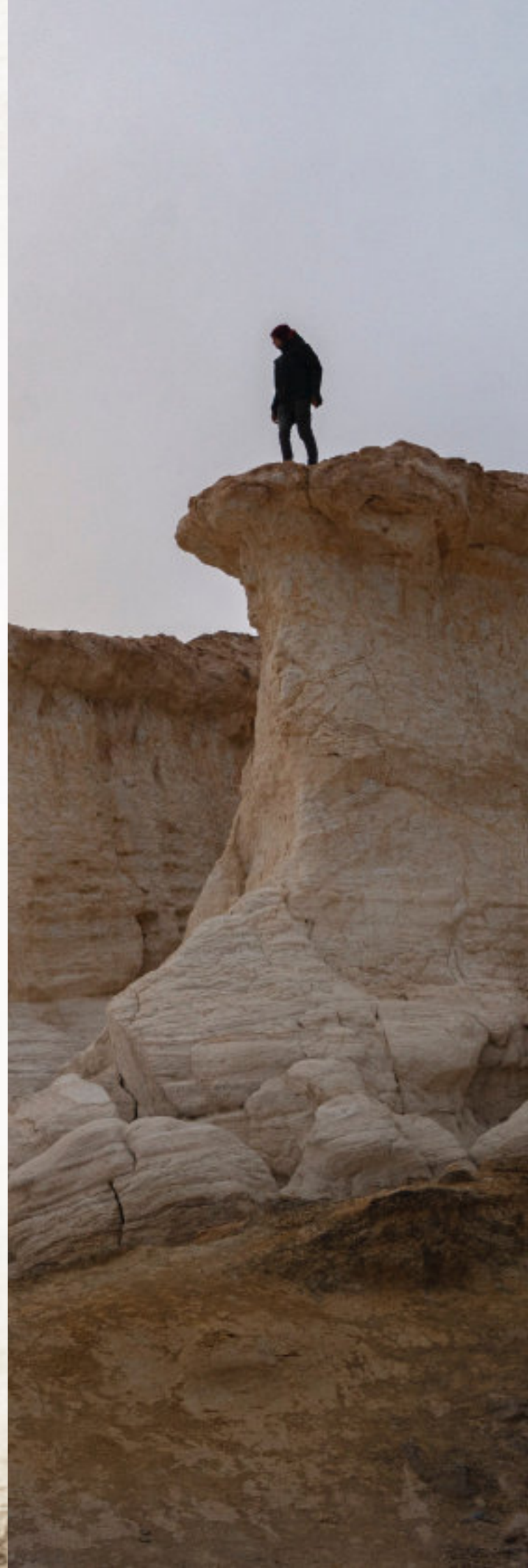
(BOD) Force

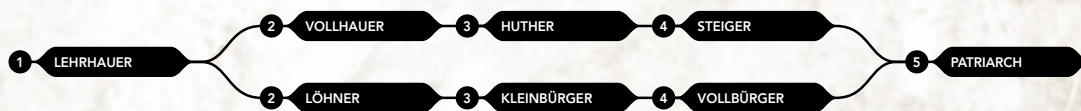
(AGI) Crafting

(CHA) Negotiation

(INT) Science

(PSY) Cunning





1 – LEHRHAUER

PREREQUISITE: -

EFFECT: He has not yet learned his trade and works mostly in Justitia. Soon he must decide if he wants to learn the old mining trade or be absorbed into the city.

EQUIPMENT: Haversack, room in Justitia's lower town (with the family).

2 – VOLLHAUER

PREREQUISITE: BOD+Force 6, BOD+Toughness 4, AGI+Crafting 6

EFFECT: The Vollhauer has proven that he has what it takes to work Underground. With his skills, he finds work easily; his Resources increase by +1.

EQUIPMENT: Pickaxe, Breathing Cloth

3 – HUTHER

PREREQUISITE: BOD+Force 6, BOD+Toughness 4, AGI+Crafting 6, INT+Science 4, Authority 2

EFFECT: The Huther is a foreman. Although he prefers to work with his own people, he is occasionally put in charge of other miners who respect him: He is allowed to use his Authority on Scrappers as well. In addition, he is given explosives and is allowed to use them underground.

EQUIPMENT: Mining helmet, Toolbox (+1W to AGI+Crafting), 2 charges of Gunpowder

4 – STEIGER

PREREQUISITE: BOD+Force 6, BOD+Toughness 4, AGI+Crafting 8, INT+Science 8, Authority 4, Allies 2, Resources 3

EFFECT: The Steiger is the master of the mountain; he mixes the gunpowder for the Huthers and dispenses it. He can use his Authority over Scrappers, just like them. Additionally, he knows that he supports the whole family with his abilities; if he sacrifices one point of Resources for the benefit of the Emessa, his Renown increases by 1 (up to a maximum of 4).

EQUIPMENT: Technical sketches and schematics; give +1D to all rolls to construct tunnels or plan blasting.

2 – LOEHNER

PREREQUISITE: CHA+Negotiation 6, PSY+Deception 4, AGI+Crafting 4

EFFECT: Not everyone has what it takes to be a miner. So be it - the family also needs others, namely those who work in the city, make contacts and increase their fame. His Network increases by +1.

EQUIPMENT: Donkey cart to transport goods OR toolbox (+1D to AGI+Crafting).

3 – BOURGEOIS TO BE

PREREQUISITE: CHA+Negotiation 8, PSY+Deception 6, AGI+Crafting 6, Network 3

EFFECT: The Bourgeois-to-be has already firmly established himself in the city. He trades, offers repair work, charges humane prices and at the same time is not stingy. He cares more about making contacts and increasing the Clan's influence. He gets +1D to CHA+Negotiation or AGI+Crafting, depending on what he specializes in, and +1 to Renown.

EQUIPMENT: Small shop in the lower town of Justitia.

4 – BOURGEOIS

PREREQUISITE: CHA+Conduct 6, CHA+Negotiation 8, PSY+Cunning 6, PSY+Deception 6, AGI+Crafting 6, Network 4, Allies 3, Renown 3

EFFECT: The Bourgeois made it. He is an official citizen of Justitia, fully recognized, able to purchase land and bring new glory to the family. Through his many connections he is well connected and can exert political influence when it comes to building projects and the like.

EQUIPMENT: Citizen papers of Justitia

5 – PATRIARCH

PREREQUISITE: Authority 4, Network 4, Allies 4, Resources 4, Renown 3

EFFECT: The Patriarch can rally his family at any time - which would cause unacceptable delays in the numerous mines where his Huthers and Steigers work. As a result, he has some influence among Judges and Scrappers; when negotiating with them, he can use half the value of his Authority.

EQUIPMENT: Detailed maps of Leiden's underground; Circular Breathing Apparatus - to lend out for important missions.



LEIDEN

THE EMESSA'S MINE



1. THE OLD MINE SHAFT
2. THE MINE
3. FURNACE BUILDING
4. THE STEWARD'S BUILDING
5. THE WAREHOUSE
6. THE 'SENTO' BATHHOUSE
7. THE 'PUMP'
8. ALCOVE
9. STABLES

- A. DIATOMITE & COAL STORAGE
- B. CONVEYOR BELTS
- C. RAILWAY



PRAGMA

The Scrapper licked his chapped lips as he waited patiently in the shadow of two boulders. Every time his tongue ran from corner to corner of his mouth, he thought he felt a small rise. Just his imagination. Unlike back then, when the Judges had freshly forced the bluish tattoo onto his face, today the bump only existed in his mind. However, the thin blue line from forehead to chin remained a constant reminder of his miserable life - a path that had inevitably led him to Leiden. Some shithole; somewhere the Protectorate's watchdogs rarely ventured. The other inhabitants treated him with suspicion, but at the end of the day, he still had work, a full stomach, and a roof above his head. And as long as he kept his head down, the young administrator - Ogmar - tolerated him. All in all, no life of riches but a life regardless. Loyalty need not cost much.

When Ogmar had approached him with a small request, he gladly let himself be talked into it. He'd never fancied the mask-wearing creeps and that request paid well. At least for a job that wasn't much tougher than lifting a stone. That is if you look at it from a purely physical point of view.

He had been braving the icy wind for what felt like an eternity when a movement caught his attention. Pragma, striding along the path as if he owned the damn dirt beneath his feet. The Scrapper didn't know what it was about the Chronicler, or why Ogmar had beef with him. Not that he cared. A brief clicking of his teeth - a habit to calm himself down. Put on a gas mask - if the Chronicler gets one look at the Judge's stigma, the plan fails. Abruptly, he stepped out from his hiding place and with a joyful expression on his face, hidden by the mask, he strutted towards the Chronicler.

"Yes," he explained, "...high-grade junk, and would you like to take a look? Sure, I could carry the stuff to the nearest alcove, but I'd rather get rid of it here, that'd save me the trouble of hauling it all throughout the Protectorate, and surely the price could be adjusted a bit..."

With steady friendly chatter, he led Pragma to his rucksack, which he had laid by the wayside, opened it carefully, and took a step back. As the Chronicler looked down, the stone hit him in the back of the head. The man fell down, like a bag of sand. The Scrapper waited a moment, putting a hand on his victim's chest. Still breathing. Another blow, an ugly crunch, and the matter was settled.

The body disappeared into a crevice nearby. The terrain here was rugged enough. Why did he have to get rid of the man? Well, he didn't care, it was done. Now he could finally grab his stuff, run home, and warm his limbs by a crackling fire. Just about when he reached the settlement did he remember that he should have looted Pragma's body - before throwing it down into the chasm. Well, no matter. No one would find it there anyway.

It was better this way. Now Pragma wouldn't cause any more trouble.

THEY'LL NEVER KEEP US DOWN

