



ON CREATURES

The Ultraviolet Grasslands are thick with life, sometimes as we know it, sometimes not. Whence this generative profusion? Some scholar-priests blame demiurges gone awry, naturalists claim this is all the right and proper result of Clockwork Heaven's plan. To the traveler, these debates are as sterile as the vast lands are fecund. Who cares if some creatures were made by a cult recreating the fauna their ancestors drove to extinction? Or if those monsters crawled in through a void gate or fell from a fast star? They are here now, and perhaps they are willing to buy something.

Creatures should be simple to run, yet memorable to encounter. Don't flesh out everything in advance, just generate attributes when they become relevant. The bestiary adds notes and special abilities, but the following six attributes should suffice for most creatures.

- » **Level:** an abstract measure of a creature's power. A level 1 (L1) creature is equivalent to an average human and an L9 creature is as powerful as the most legendary of human heroes ever. Some other games also refer to this as Hit Dice or HD.
- » **Life:** the key resource of every creature, which keeps them narratively viable, is abstracted to Life. In practice this is exactly like hit points in most games, but the name change emphasizes that combat does not necessarily entail spurting wounds, and that words can, indeed, also kill. Further, artifacts and spells are often powered by Life.
- » **Morale:** how likely it is to flee when facing poor odds. Goes to 11. Roll 2d6, if the result is higher than the morale, it flees.
- » **Defense:** the target number to overcome for attacks. A score of 7 is poor, 11 is average, and 15 is good. Also serves as a target for stunts like trip attacks, fear auras, and blinding curses.
- » **Bonus:** when a creature does something it is good at—like its usual attack—it adds its bonus to its roll.
- » **Damage:** how much Life its target loses when struck.

ENCOUNTERS

When a caravan encounters some random creatures in the vastness, 3d6 will answer the three most common questions.

HOW FAR AWAY ARE THEY?

1. Right here! Was it an ambush?
2. Close enough to talk.
3. Close enough to gesture and wave hands.
4. Far enough to see broad outlines.
5. Specks and a cloud of dust in the distance.
6. They're gone now. Tracks and traces remain.

HOW MANY ARE THEY?

1. Many! They far outnumber the caravan.
2. Plenty. More numerous than the party.
3. About equal in number.
4. Fewer than the party.
5. Just one. Perhaps a sole survivor.
6. It doesn't matter how many. They are all deceased.

ARE THEY HOSTILE?

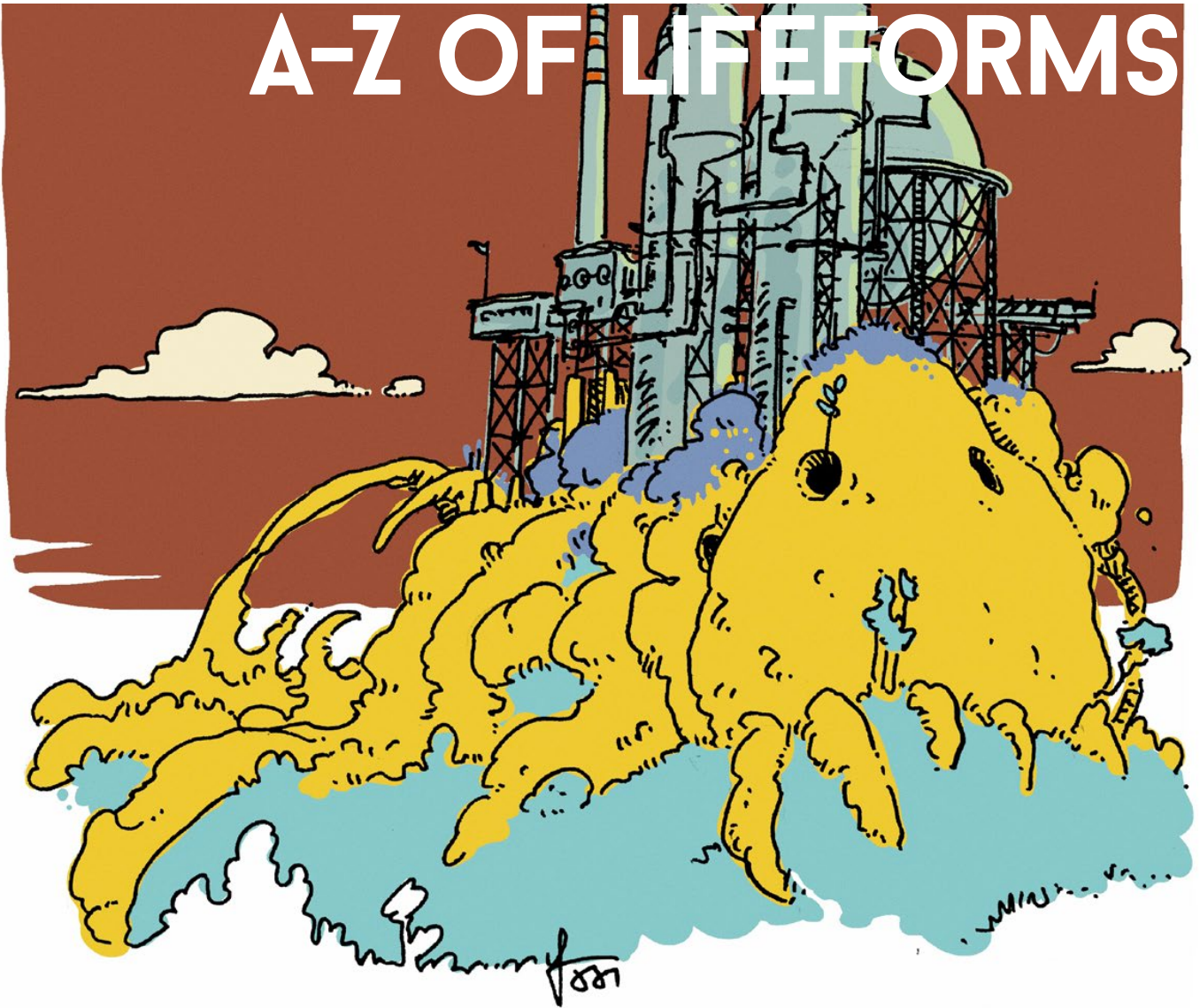
1. Aggressive. Ready weapons!
2. Hostile. They believe you mean them harm.
3. Suspicious. With good reason, probably.
4. Wary. Standoffish and noncommittal.
5. Neutral. They are ready to talk.
6. Friendly. What fools.

Few creatures attack on sight (except some mad vomes, which is what makes them so scary). Even aggressive creatures don't want to fight dangerous opponents, and very few want to fight to the death. Deterrence and discretion are usually the best parts of valor.

LEVEL TO GENERIC CREATURE TRANSLATOR

LEVEL	LIFE	MORALE	DEFENSE	BONUS	DAMAGE	EXAMPLE CREATURES
0	4	3	10	+2	1d4	Rat, degenerate quarter-ling, rabbit, radiation ghost.
1	8	4	11	+3	1d6	Average human, wire-and-bone biomechanical salamander.
2	12	5	12	+4	1d8	Trained warrior, ur-eagle, wild horse, snake jackal.
3	16	6	12	+5	1d10	Elite riders, majestic antelope, scorpion dogs.
4	22	6	13	+6	1d12	Vomish tunneler, zombie machine, steppe-wolf.
5	29	7	13	+7	1d8+5	Biomechanical queen, sacred machine fetish, abyssosaur.
6	38	7	14	+8	1d10+6	Epic nomad hero, hunter golem, skinchanger.
7	52	8	14	+9	1d12+7	Autofac, grand machine, shapeshifter.
8	68	8	15	+10	2d8+8	Spectrum walker, animated tree, megapede.
9	90	8	15	+11	1d20+11	Ivar Redbody, legendary hero of the Onion and Skull, crystal golem.
10	120	9	16	+12	1d20+1d6+12	Flying bone bird, redmeatwood, shack mimic.
11	155	9	16	+13	1d20+1d8+13	Ultra ghost, angel out of time.
12	195	9	17	+14	1d20+1d10+14	Clock wagon, migrating grass colony, machine wyrm.
13	240	10	17	+15	1d20+1d12+15	Vome autofac, biomechanical catamaran.
14	300	10	18	+16	2d20+16	Gall-grass mind, life-maker autofac.
15	375	10	18	+17	2d20+1d8+17	Lesser behemoth, citadel lophotroche.
16	500	10	19	+18	2d20+1d12+18	Lamarckian eater, the Cave Octopus.
17	666	11	20	+19	3d20+20	Demiurge, void crawler, the Rebuilder.

A-Z OF LIFEFORMS



AUTOFAC

Artificial organisms or organic machines created in a forgotten age—perhaps by combining wizards and autonomous vehicles in an unholy union. Sages speculate they were once designed to produce useful commodities. Now, most are leaking menaces, spewing fumes as they ravage the land to churn out odd, dangerous, and mostly useless artifacts or oozes.

Number: 1

Level: 7 / Life: 120 (+20 per level)

Appearance: Boxy creatures that marry machine and flesh, crystal and forcefields. At the front, ingesters consume raw materials, at the rear, commodipositors expel finished goods.

Voice: Roaring engines, hissing nano-assemblers, sparking lines.

Wants: To satisfy its need to be productive.

Ethics: Utilitarian, blind to ultimate ends.

Intelligence: Bug-like unless disturbed, then crudely humanoid.

Defense: Tough as synth-rock. Resistant to small arms.

Move: Slow. Treads or heavy feet ignore terrain.

Morale: 9

Attack: Blundering but lethal. +4 bonus, 2d12 damage.

Special: A severely injured autofac emits a cloud of self-recreation

spores. The spores infect suitable hosts, who rebuild the autofac or, in some extreme cases, become a new autofac.

Treasure: 1-in-6 autofacs produce a sack of valuables per day (€100). The real win is a docile, reprogrammed autofac (€10,000).

Products (roll d6): (1) autonomous combat drones (L1), (2) humorous toys, (3) not-quite human prosthetics, (4) tinned synthetic spam, (5) trade raw-stuff: porcelain, caps, ivory, or comic books, (6) live pets.

Garbage (roll d6): (1) strange mutagenic oozes, (2) useless widgets such as logiclasts or perimutes, (3) odd tools like sporks or sthrews, (4) weird gizmos like chrones or bulgies, (5) waste consumables like ucorders or plinkers, (6) bizarro byproducts like bottled cat hats or pickled synthetic proto-humanoid organs.

THIS ONE IS SPECIAL BECAUSE IT ...

1. Is armed with a long-range autofire rod (2d10 damage).
2. Is cancerous and growing larger month by month.
3. Has Inviola™ forcefields that reflect missiles.
4. Levitates on repulsive force discs.
5. Has a beautiful face and the voice of an angel.
6. Is as large as a house (+2 levels).
7. Is many-handed like the cuttlefish (4 attacks instead of 1).
8. Is a living person's mind trapped in an autofac body.
9. Is the size of a castle (+5 levels).
10. Wants to help a community recover its birthright.

CAT LORD OF THE VIOLET CITY (CAT)

The Purple God(dess), divinity of magic, and most prominent deity of the Violet City has a fondness for cats. Indeed, cats are the rulers of the Purple Land—through their doting human servants.

Number: 1 or clowder of 1d6+1

Level: 1 / Life: 9 (+2 per level)

Appearance: Perfectly ordinary cats with prehensile front paws and snakes for tails. Aren't all cats like this?

Voice: Silent as the night. Their meow is smooth like butter.

Wants: To be pampered and worshiped.

Ethics: Egotistical, ruthless, protective of their pets.

Intelligence: Predatory, cunning, impulsive3.

Defense: 19 (as plate) due to natural agility.

Move: Fast running, jumping, and climbing. Not much stamina.

Morale: 5

Attack: Savage pounce. +6 bonus, 1d3 damage.

Special: The Cat Lords have a few nigh-magical powers.

- » *Feline Telepathy:* For communicating with their pets.
- » *Ventriloquism:* Can only speak through their human pets, like a ventriloquist with their dummy.
- » *Enthrall Human (cat spell):* With a gaze and sinuous weave of their furry body, they can turn an independent-minded human into their pet. A pet happily serves their cat master until the cat grows bored and mistreats them. Most cats can control one pet at time.
- » *Narcotic Bite:* Their snake-headed tail delivers a sleeping poison. They do not gain a bonus to this attack.

Treasure: Dead rodents, dead birds, dead snakes, dead lizards. 1-in-6 cats also carry jewelry and cash on their pet (€1d6x50).

THIS CAT... (D10)

1. Wears a hat and sits on a mat, and that's that.
2. Has discovered a machine that can make it as big as a lion. Now it needs a chump to take it there.
3. Is in love with a dog. What is to be done?
4. Has a scar. Demands help to reclaim its proud throne.
5. Seeks vengeance on a nomad clan for its drowned litter mates.
6. Wants a golem for a steed. With a padded seat. And tassels.
7. Is in debt to a spectrum satrap and wants to fake its own death.
8. Has devised a new type of coffee with unusual psychedelic effects. It needs a smuggler for its troubles.
9. Is dying and wants to be translated into a new body.
10. Is honestly gentle, altruistic, and wise.

SOME OR ALL THESE RUMORS MAY BE TRUE (D8)

1. Cats are the priests of the Purple God(dess).
2. The high magi of the Citadel are changeling cat-people.
3. Cats eat traveler babes.
4. Hidden horned rat masters secretly dominate the cats.
5. Somewhere there are humans with paws instead of hands.
6. There are doghead insurrectionists in the Broken Wall districts.
7. The cats are lazy and conservative and have no agenda beyond staying in power.
8. The cats weave powerful charms to bind their servants.

Names: Brighteyes, Sleekums, Mazzo, Sparkles, Mr Cuddles, Kittles, Pookie, Lady Elegant, Twinklestar, Mew-Mew.

CAT LORDS AS PCS

They have cute little opposable thumbs, sharp claws and a keen sense of smell. If you use classes, they advance as wizards.

- » **Bonuses:** Always start with 9 Life. Higher agility and defense.
- » **Small and Soft:** Reduced Strength and Endurance.
- » **Cat Pet:** A secondary character. The cat pet's goal in life is to feed, groom, and care for "their" cat. Usually human.

FETISH

Matter imbued with a spirit or demon drawn to a wizard's sacrifice.

Number: 1d4 or bundle of 3d6

Level: 1 / Life: 6 (+3 per level)

Appearance: Vaguely humanoid assembly of wicker and bone. Larger fetishes are also built with ropes, cables, bamboo, ironwood, behemoth shells, leather sheets, and other organic materials.

Voice: Creaking of wood, groaning of sinews, whistle of wind.

Wants: To serve. To break free of its service.

Ethics: None. Trapped, feral, and demonic.

Intelligence: Mechanical. Mad and alien.

Defense: As leather and bone. Vulnerable to fire.

Move: Normal. Mostly untiring, decays if pushed too hard.

Morale: 8

Attack: Creaking. +3 bonus, 1d8 damage.

Construct: Fetishes do not breathe, drink, eat, or sleep. A wizard can fix a damaged fetish, but they do not heal by themselves.

Decay: Untended fetishes lose 1 life per week. Left long enough, their motive spirit can break free of their bonds and go amok.

Treasure: 1-in-6 have precious items woven into their body (worth level x €50). These items increase their bonus by their level.

THIS FETISH...

1. Explodes when reduced to 0 life.
2. Brittle with age. Every blow knocks off a limb.
3. Radial symmetry and five limbs (5 attacks, half damage each).
4. Chemically-treated. Fire resistant.
5. Rooted and flowering. Does not decay unless it moves.
6. Covered in mushrooms. Are the spores dangerous?
7. Has bone talons. Increased damage, gangrene danger.
8. Painted face and lovely dress. Uncanny-valley scarecrow.
9. Is old, very old. Has developed a proper personality.
10. Vampiric. Drains life from its enemies with fang-roots.

MAKING A FETISH

Most wizards can create a basic wicker and bone fetish by sacrificing their vital energy. The life and ability points remain in the fetish until it is destroyed or deactivated in a propitiatory ritual. Binding a spirit with a sacrificial victim (spirit, animal, golem, or even human) is much harder.

FETISH	FEATURES	SACRIFICIAL COST
Weak	L1, Life 6, slow, grabbing	1 life point
Servant	L1, Life 4, elegant, helpful	1 life, 1 ability point
Fast	L2, Life 8, rushing, ripping	2 life, 2 ability points
Watchful	L3, Life 18, remembering, cursing	3 life, 2 ability points
Assassin	L3, Life 12, stalking, shooting	4 life, 3 ability points
Strong	L4, Life 32, punching, weakening aura	6 life, 3 ability points
Giant	L5, Life 50, devouring, destroying	8 life, 3 ability points

GOLEM

Soulless automaton powered directly from the source of creation. A few industrious golems may uplift a tribe into a civilized city or turn a small city-state into a powerful empire. Poorly built, damaged, or jury-rigged golems are known to go amok or explode catastrophically. Recall the Salt Reassembly Incident of the 7th year of the Era of Saffron Ascendant.

Number: 1 or batch of 1d4+1

Level: 6 / Life: 60 (+10 per level)

Appearance: At first glance they might be human, but then one catches their synthetic skin, their alien anatomy, and their ancient eyes that have seen stars wink out in the Long Ago.

Voice: A whirl of servos, a clack of metal, songs like organ pipes.

Wants: To survive in a world that wants to sell their brain.

Ethics: Cold, inhuman, polished by the need for survival.

Intelligence: Smarter than most humans, but less cunning.

Defense: As chain mail. Immune to most mental attacks.

Move: Normal. Utterly untiring, can keep going for ever.

Morale: 9

Attack: Fluid and remorseless. +9 bonus, damage by weapon or 1d10 with their "go-fu" hardwired martial art.

Synthetic: Golems do not need to breathe, drink, eat, or sleep. They heal when exposed to void radiations and fed raw materials. Injured golems usually flee somewhere inaccessible to recover, rather than fighting to the death.

Memory: Golem minds are vast but not infinite. They must regularly purge old memories to stay viable. Most golems therefore do not remember anything of the Long Long Ago.

Treasure: A golem's body is worth €1d20x100 (2 sacks). Their jewel brains, rare metal bones, oldtech engine hearts, synthetic flesh and rubbery skin are all valued by wizard engineers.

THIS GOLEM...

1. Wears a robe of many flowers and sings with seven voices.
2. Is made entirely of crystal. Intact, they are worth €10,000.
3. Has four legs and runs fast as a horse.
4. Is heavily armored (Defense 20) and armed (blaster 3d8).
5. Hunts humans and makes suits from their skins.
6. Remembers a valuable lost skill, but can only teach it through the medium of interpretative dance.
7. Has livingmetal bones and can move through tiny openings.
8. Human-passing. Can simulate most animal fluid systems: sweat, blood, tears, urine, feces, ectoplasm.
9. Is a golem skeleton, their skin and flesh mostly gone.
10. Is actually a human or alien embedded in a golem body.

GOLEMS AS PCs

- » **Expert System:** Start with one expert skill (+6 bonus) at level 0, instead of two skills like humans.
- » **Hunted:** Their valuable body attracts scavengers.
- » **Synthetic:** Do not require food or water or energy. Gain 2 extra life per level. This is a mandatory starting trait at level 0.

GREAT FOLK

A human collective that developed from a behemoth maintenance caste Long Long Ago. Their stories are a bit garbled, but when the Gods of the Great Beasts died / disappeared / ascended into the higher world, the Great Folk took their place. Their palaces slowly crumbled and the beasts died without the Gods' motive spirits, but the Great Folk survived. Within the narrow confines of their gargantuan corpse worlds they thrived, becoming some of the best bone-sculptors and sinew-stitchers in the Steppe.

Number: 1d4 or shadow council of 2d10

Level: 1 / Life: 8 (+4 per level)

Appearance: Emaciated silvery humans with hollow, pale eyes. Bony plates and spines emerge through their slick skin.

Voice: Smooth, oily, like whale blubber.

Wants: To survive. To revive their dead Great Beasts.

Ethics: Rigid, stern, survivalist. All that is surplus must be saved.

Intelligence: Narrow, trapped, looping, chattering.

Defense: As leather. Weaker in bright light.

Move: Normal. No speed penalty in the dark.

Morale: 5

Attack: +4 bonus, damage by weapon.

Corpse-Dweller: Cannot become undead. Not nauseated or frightened by the dead. Immune to many diseases. Can eat corpses.

Treasure: €20 in cash and gear. 1-in-6 have better gear worth €200. A council's corpse palace usually has 1d6 x €200 in goods.

THIS GREAT FOLKER ...

1. Has the key to reviving a great dormant Behemoth.
2. Wants to leave their stifling, necrotic culture.
3. Has a map to a cache of Purification Era art treasures.
4. Being eaten from within by a void worm.
5. A necromancer looking for new corpse servants.
6. Carved themselves a puppet-child out of bone.
7. Very hungry. So hungry. Deep within. A cannibal?
8. Talented musician. To share with the world?
9. Recently revived. This world is strange. They seek mother.
10. Searching for a cure, that they may walk by day again.

SO IT IS SPOKEN OF THE GREAT FOLK (D12)

1. Subsist on flesh alone.
2. Absorb sustenance through their skins.
3. Additional eyes let them see inside organic bodies.
4. Secretly resent the Spectrum Satraps.
5. Arrange their lineages in bone ranks.
6. The undimmed sun hurts their eyes.
7. Use symbiotic parasites to reanimate dead bone with a touch.
8. Reproduce by growing a new person from their own bones.
9. Have no sexuality, all that is not bone withers away.
10. Private parts are made of bone and shell.
11. Have a natural aptitude for biomancy and weaving.
12. They eat their own dead.

Ranks: Sky, Crown, Orbit, Jaw, Vertebra, Blade, Humerus, Fibia,

Clavicle, Rib, Kneecap, Eyetooth.

Names: Erst, Twed, Zird, Vorz, Fifte, Sis, Ven, Tahd, Nen, Ten.

GREAT FOLK AS PCS

Deeply strange to Rainbowlanders in custom and look, the great folk are nevertheless ordinary humans, as far as UVG humans go.

» **Mandatory Skills:** Hard-wired biomancy and animal husbandry aptitudes at the cost of other traits.

HUMAN (RAINBOWLANDER)

Common pan-humanity includes all the close-to-baseline sentient and soulful post-humans. This includes retro-humans, dwarfs, half-elves, half-lings, quarter-lings, and half-orcs.

Number: 1d4 or band of 2d12

Level: 1 / Life: 8 (+4 per level)

Appearance: A riot of diverse post-human experimentation.

Voice: Clamor, babble, cry, havoc, hue, and shout.

Wants: Humanity never changes. Or does it?

Ethics: Collaborative, collective, greedy, ambitious.

Intelligence: Curious, eager, prone to logical errors.

Defense: Baseline or by armor.

Move: Normal. Truly, the baseline.

Morale: 6

Attack: +3 bonus, damage by weapon.

Alter Self: Given a few weeks and access to a biomantic console, most pan-humans can rearrange their phenotypes at will.

Treasure: €2 in cash and gear. 1-in-6 have better gear worth €200. The average band has a shared office lair with 1d6 x €100 in goods.

THIS HUMAN ...

1. Sold their soul for mastery of a skill. Wants a soul?
2. Driven by sick, careless ambition. Would be a terrible foe.
3. Self-destructing through addiction. Taking everyone along.
4. Lives life through a rose-tinted Pleasence™ filter.
5. Stuck in a decaying shell, will become a ghoulish soon.
6. Mastered their mind and body. Wants to spread their way.
7. Consumed by guilt, afraid of decisions. Owns a magic ring.
8. Possessed of unusual, foolish luck, they push every red button.
9. Will sacrifice everything to bring back a loved one.
10. Trapped in a mental prison of routine and ennui.

RUMORS OF HUMANITY (D12)

1. Dwarves are a culture-class of biomagically altered humans who fought the traditional aristocrats of the Red and Orange lands to a draw and now form a major industrialist class of the Rainbowlands. Famously bureaucratic and collectivist.
2. Half-Orcs are the degenerate descendants of the combat-adapted para-humans of Long Ago.
3. Quarter-Lings are a motley collection of moderately rare human phenotypes marked by lingish traits such as exceptional hand-eye coordination and odd fur patterns.

4. Half-Elfs result from the elf-touch, a progressive neuro-moral degeneration that prolongs their life spans as a side-effect. Many eventually succumb to the elven infection and disappear into the Wall of Wood.
5. The lings were a mysterious sentient subtype, now missing.
6. Long ago a subtype known as the machine humans managed to weld their soul-personalities to machines built from the dust of the earth.
7. The Steppelanders are sub-human.
8. The Great Folk are degenerate half-ling bone-shapers.
9. Greenlanders are the most industrious and devout of Humans.
10. Yellowlanders have the best business and finest dress sense.
11. The Bluelanders were abominations, exterminated for their worship of the Rot.
12. The Orangelanders are all half-lings, which is where they get their ravenous appetites and casual hyperactivity.

Names: Bagaglio Misto, Colle deJus, Isamba Allorca, Deleuse laourd, Van Gnee, Blanche de Namur, Soren deColpa, Ala Decapolitana, Ugo Xorizo, Slaba Scialla, Imona Citronella, Irena aToberes, Origen od Grozze, Yuan di Pusca, Giorro di Spada.

HUMANS AS PCS

Humans can change their minds during character creation or afterwards, rearrange their abilities, mix and match backgrounds, and choose how they look pretty much at will. Do they want little horns, pointy tails, and golem-derived legs? Sure, fine—so long as they can explain it. If using classes, they can advance as any class.

MARMOTFOLK (HUMAN?)

Outsiders call these humans the Marmotfolk and a glance explains why. Covered in thick fur, blubbered against the cold and snow and sharp bone, with powerful incisors, they do resemble those plague-bearing rodents. They do not share their names, thoughts, or quiet chattering language with outsiders, preferring a politely insular and withdrawn existence. Few of them venture far beyond the struts and scarps of the titanic bone formations of the Ribs. Rare emissaries to their deep chamber villages and vast mushroom and slime farms would say that perhaps they feel they have space enough within their great bone massif.

Number: 1d4+1 or colony of 3d12.

Level: 1 / Life: 8 (+4 per level)

Appearance: Covered in fur, clad in bone. The stout Marmotfolk look both intimidating and faintly ridiculous

Voice: Chattering, high-pitched, like Long Ago chipmunks.

Wants: To be left alone in their splendid mountain halls.

Ethics: Acquisitive, gregarious, warm. Harsh to failures.

Intelligence: Collective, cooperative, rodent-like.

Defense: As bone plate armor.

Move: Normal underground and in mountains. Slow elsewhere.

Morale: 6

Attack: +3 bonus (+5 melee), damage by weapon.

Boneshaper: With a touch, they sculpt and redesign bones.

Treasure: 1-in-6 marmotfolk are festooned in ivory plate and sculpted decorative pieces worth €400 (5 st). A colony has ivory treasures (2d6 sacks) worth €3,000 in the Rainbowlands.

RUMORS (D10):

1. They are proof that the first humans were rats, who survived in the walls of the world after the demise of the Chosen Ones.
2. They are not human at all, just look at them!
3. They can adjust not just their bones, but also their keratin. They choose to be furry to enjoy the cold.
4. They all have six toes.
5. They can survive just by eating bone.
6. Do not let them touch you, they break your limbs with a touch.
7. Skin blocks their bone-twisting magic.
8. Their eyes cannot see color.
9. They are intolerant of cheese and dairy products.
10. They like to surround themselves in *memento mori*, wear bone dresses, sit on bone chairs, use bone pens, smoke bone pipes.

Phenotypes: Marmotfolk children are grown into a body types, their village needs: thins for fine work, shorties for thinking because they need less food, hairs for outdoor work in the cold, heavies for hard labor, and bones with exposed platelets as heavy infantry in their bone tunnels. Rarer phenotypes also exist.

Names: They tend not to use labial sounds (p, b, f, v, m, w, oo) because of their protruding incisors, so they end up with names like Jack, Tih, Doug, Luhna, Ictor, Atrick, Elicity, Ary, Ill, and Aul.

MARMOTFOLK AS PCS

- » **Insulated:** with thick fur, they handle cold climes well, but loathe the heat and avoid the lower steppes in summer.
- » **Bone Affinity:** their souls link to the world's bones. With a touch they can soften, strengthen, and reshape bones and calcite minerals. The best bonetalkers are popular orthopedists, repairing fractures, correcting bent spines, lengthening the limbs of runway models, or thickening the bones of gladiators. Without additional training, a Marmotfolk can modify a stone's worth of bone this way every hour at the cost of 1 Life.
- » **Bone Sick:** They do not like to leave their bone mountain. Out of sight of the Ribs, their will is fragile, their mood labile.
- » **Strengthened Bones:** If their Strength or Endurance is 3 or higher, they increase that ability by 1 (maximum 6).
- » **Scarred:** Beneath their fur they are covered in scars, where their parents opened them up to adjust their bones with a touch.

PORCELAIN PRINCE (PARA HUMAN)

Stappeland not-quite-liches who seek immortality by spreading their vital cognitive essence among several bodies linked by real-time glandular psyche-to-psyche links. They are unified by their cartel monopoly on polybody magical techniques and centered around the Porcelain Citadel. Widely regarded as decadent and weak, though the criticist theoreticians of the New Orangery School argue that they are a strong influence on the Bureaucrat-Corporativists of the Emerald City Incorporation. Their own name for themselves, if they even have one, is not common knowledge.

Number: 1 drone or polybody of 2d6

Level: 1 / Life: 5 per body (+5 per 2 levels)

Appearance: A group of creatures wearing identical uniforms and porcelain masks.

Voice: Eerie polyphony of hive-mind voices.

Wants: To live forever.

Ethics: Selfish and fundamentally cowardly.

Intelligence: Average. Creative when it comes to survival.

Defense: Each drone has its own armor.

Move: Normal. Well-coordinated.

Morale: 4

Attack: +3 bonus, damage by weapon.

Coordination: Additional +1 bonus per participating drone.

One Survives: So long as a single drone lives, the prince lives.

Treasure: 1-in-6 drones have €10. The prince's palace or outpost has 1d6 x €1,000 in goods and treasures.

THIS BODY ...

1. Bio-enhanced sentinel (Life 20, +8 bonus, 2d10 damage).
2. Seduction unit. Triple-jointed. Wait. Tentacles?
3. Assassin with concealed IV-blaster (Short range, *Sleep*).
4. Specialist watcher with extra eyes and ears.
5. Maskless spy assimilated to pass for a regular human.
6. Scuttling bomb ... dog? Spider-dog? Boom!
7. Burdenbeast for carrying heavy loads.
8. Basic clone with a nice little pistol (Short range, 2d6).
9. Striding sniper with ray rifle (+8 bonus, Long range, 2d10).
10. Telepathic simulacrum (+8 bonus to psychic attacks, *Domination*).

MASKED RUMORS (D10):

1. They are not more intelligent than before but the addition of new bodies keeps their minds from dying.
2. The continuity of personality is flawless and perfect.
3. The link between bodies has a limited range.
4. Princes do not like to send individual bodies too far by themselves in case they go rogue.
5. Rogue bodies have on occasion tried to take over the original parent sentience.
6. They always travel in groups of three or four to reduce the risk of personality collapse.
7. They are conservative to a fault.
8. They maintain their oldtech porcelain walkers religiously but lack the understanding to repair them if they fail.

9. Any change to the status quo is a problem to be crushed.

10. They are allergic to alcohol and it breaks up their psychic links.

Names: Vitreous Spark 3-body, Orangeware Spiral 8-unity, Engobe Oxide 5-unit, High Fire 3-cycle, Gilt Lacquer 17-corpus.

PORCELAIN PRINCES AS PCs

The defining features of the Porcelain Princes are their masks, obscuring their bodies' original unique identities, and the fact that they are one personality and soul with multiple bodies.

» **Polybody:** Each drone has its own physical ability scores, but shares a Life pool total and mental ability scores with the rest of the polybody unity (hive) while in visual (or glandular) range. Skills are also shared throughout the polybody, limiting how many traits or mutations an individual drone can acquire. In combat, drones attack individually. If a drone is sent off on its own, the PC decides how much of the Life pool to send with it.

POLYBODY RULES

To add more drones, one needs a body lab, a surgeon-psychopomp, a (hopefully willing) body donor, and at least €2,000. Each additional body in the polybody functions as a fragile psyche-to-psyche linked henchman with morale 12 (fearless drone). A PC can have a number of bodies equal to their level + 2.

Generate physical ability scores for the new body and list it as a secondary body. Unless otherwise specified, each body contributes 1d8 Life to the Life pool.

A polybody may involve a merger of bodies and psyches, rather than outright domination. In this case, roll mental ability scores too, and use the better result. This may result in significant personality change, including the original body becoming the drone and the new body becoming the locus. This may also change a PCs class.

POST-MORTAL

There's always somebody trying to cheat death. Long Ago, perhaps, one could become abmortal. Now, those secrets are lost and the proof is in these sad creatures.

Number: 1d4 or a team of 2d12

Level: 1 / Life: 10 (+5 per level)

Appearance: The decaying shell of a once-living creature animated by strange magics.

Voice: Creaking, groaning, shuffling.

Wants: Reptile-brain urges or its creator's commands.

Ethics: None now.

Intelligence: Usually limited and robotic.

Defense: As a civilian, but immune to pain and fear.

Move: Clumsy and careless.

Morale: 11

Attack: +1 bonus, 1d6 damage or by weapon.

Special: Most post-mortals are immune to critical damage. There is a 1-in-6 chance any 'slain' post-mortal returns to the fray as a Broken Shell (Level 1, Life 4, 1d4 damage).

Treasure: 1-in-6 have implants worth €50.

POST-MORTAL SUBTYPE ...

1. Ancestor: revered by their clan. Intelligent.
2. Boneworked: all sinew and bone and glittering runes. Fast.
3. Dieseler: internal combustion for strength. Explosive.
4. Grateful Undead: seeks sustenance and warmth. Friendly.
5. Hive-Corpse: slaved to a control mind. Dangerous in groups.
6. Infectious: actually a rotting vome! Beware its bite!
7. Oozing: animated by an ill-nano ooze. Caustic.
8. Smoker: carefully dried and preserved. Flammable.
9. Vessel: carries a full personality backup. Needs a host.
10. Wire-Ghoul: animated by machines, has electrified claws.

POST-MORTALS AS PCs

So you died. Ok, what now?

- » **Undead:** No supplies required while traveling.
- » **Decay:** Surgical and cosmetic repair for wear and tear costs €10 per week. The more often a PC skips their regimen, the more visibly they decay. Once the flesh goes, so does the voice.
- » **Repair:** Requires a necro-biomancer and fresh parts.

RADIATION GHOST

Accreted remnants of personalities fried into the fabric of space and smeared across the vastness of time.

Number: 1 or mob of 2d6

Level: 1 / Life: 4 (+2 per level)

Appearance: Glitchy, glowing blue silhouettes. Their presence blinds mechanical eyes and deafens synthetic ears.

Voice: Click, click, clatter. Strange tongues in the static.

Wants: A world that is gone forever.

Ethics: Archaic, broken, consumerist.

Intelligence: Mechanical, nonsensical to modern sensibilities.

Defense: As a civilian. Immune to most physical damage.

Move: Normal. Passes through all but the densest materials.

Morale: 5

Attack: A sparkling, tingling swipe. +2 bonus, 1d2 burning damage.

Special: Radiation ghosts are surrounded by the hellish auras of the Blue God, which bring sickness, decay, and rot. Each ghost deals 1 point of damage per round to all nearby creatures that are not hardened against radiation.

Treasure: 1-in-6 radiation ghosts haunt a trove of Long Ago memorabilia worth €1d6x50 (1d6 stones).

THIS RADIATION GHOST ...

1. Possesses living creatures. Hard to throw out.
2. Is very large and seven-legged.
3. Phase-jumps between locations.
4. Burns moons-bright. Deals 5 times as much damage.
5. Is perfectly coherent and aware of its situation.
6. Leads to a wall with a charcoal shadow of a pet. If the pet is given a proper funeral, the radiation ghost shows the way to a lost time capsule worth €1,500 (2 sacks) and disappears.
7. Sings hit songs of a lost age. Recorded, they are worth hundreds.
8. Carries the key to a magic gateway. Trades it for a hug.
9. Mad with grief, has accreted terrifying psychic energy to its nucleus (Level 5, Life 25, +6 howl 2d6).
10. Actually a harmless and helpful. A radiant ghost, if you will.

QUARTERLING

Many waffling sages say that quarter-lings are merely obscure human phenotypes which retain lingish characteristics, from exceptional hand-eye coordination to unusual fur coverage.

Many quarter-lings strongly disagree. They hold that they are the uncorrupted scions of the lings, children of their ancestors' Long Long Ago Glorious Rebellion, which brought freedom to the many-times broken land. Unfortunately, most quarter-lings also strongly disagree on their neo-lingish origin myths.

Number: 1d4 or clan of 2d12

Level: 1 / Life: 6 (+3 per level)

Appearance: Small, vaguely animalistic humanoids.

Voice: Yapping, howling, and surprisingly serene.

Wants: To be left alone to enjoy their uplift.

Ethics: Clan cooperation. Tribal superiority.

Intelligence: Sharp, calculating, adapted to their environment.

Defense: As leather or by armor.

Move: Normal. Swift and stealthy in their environment.

Morale: 5

Attack: +4 bonus, damage by weapon.

One For All: Gain +1 bonus to attack and damage for every clan-mate seriously injured or slain. Morale doesn't improve, though.

Treasure: 1-in-6 quarterlings have Long Ago artifacts as jewelry worth €100 in civilized lands. 1-in-6 clans own an functioning piece of oldtech magical machinery (1d6 x €3,000, 2d6 sacks).

THIS QUARTERLING ...

1. Sexy shoeless god of war (L6 / Life 36, multiattack). Bit mad.
2. Vulpine. Outcast for being too naive and generous.
3. Two prehensile tails, an appetite for burglary, and a target.
4. Prophesizes the return of their ancestors. They are correct.
5. Refugee from an subterranean arcology stolen by void spiders.
6. Dead inside. Doomed to wander, resurrecting when slain.
7. Armored like an armadillo. Expert mechanic hunting for the living diesolene war machine known only as Moto Heddo.
8. Actually, a full-blooded neo-ling. Ling artifacts activate.
9. Holds the one plaz card to rule them all. Consumed by greed.
10. Secretly a tiny void knight kung fu master. Not green.

Names: Ahil, Belmopan, Cloning Object Lesson (Col), Fox, Koralon, Omniphon, Scowl, Soteril, The, Undying Return.

QUARTERLINGS AS PCS

Usually suspicious of outsiders, some might join a caravan.

- » **Little:** Consumes one sack of supplies per 2 weeks. However, they have a physical inventory limit of only 5+Strength stones. Most quarterlings suffer penalties when carrying a full sack.
- » **Beastie:** Defense as leather armor, even if unarmed.



QUARTERLING CLANNOTYPE GENERATOR

D8	THEIR TRAITS	THEIR LOOKS	THEY SAY THEY ...	☞ CELEBRATE THOSE WHO ...
1	Exceptionally resilient and hard to kill, their bodies knit together even after savage blows.	They no longer have faces, names, or personalities—having become drone ghosts of some earlier race.	Were created by the Architect of Malice to destroy the Vile Ones' dream machines.	Fall in combat with the Chosen Enemy.
2	Incredibly flexible with cartilage bones, capable of contorting themselves through the tightest places.	Their bodies are short and squat even by the standards of these sunset times.	Were born of the union of Unchosen and Ling when the Clouds of Consciousness descended.	Offer themselves as sustenance to their tribe.
3	Exceptionally sharp and perceptive, with eyes like hawks and throwing arms like master pitchers.	Fur covers their entire bodies as though they were dogs or cats, not naked apes or humans.	Came from afar to act as emissaries of a mysterious sky-dwelling race they call the Khazi.	Destroy the false teachings of the Later Times.
4	Adapted to harsh, desert environments and untroubled by thirst and heat that would kill most humans.	They live and die entirely without teeth or nails; a sacrifice to a radiation demon long ago, so they say.	Were spontaneously generated from the blood of the Northern Chosen who were rendered down by the Remaker.	Re-enact the hero myth of the Last Wanderer.
5	Adapted to the dark lands of the Chasm, resistant to cold and silent as owls, with large liquid eyes.	Their feet are hooved and their gnarled hands are clawed like the paws of dogs.	Are the uplifted descendants of the seven servants of the Architect of Machines.	Spread the true teachings of the Original Ancestor.
6	Incredibly agile, with the reflexes of a leaping desert mouse.	Their mouths have grown long and distended, lined with sharp, flesh-rending teeth.	Were rats who fled the Ship of the Wise after the Machine Demons emerged from the corners of reality.	Bring home the Sacred Bits of mindless foes.
7	Possessed of an intuitive magi-technical bond through which they operate and repair ancient artifacts.	Ophidian scales cover their bodies and crawl across their faces.	Became self-aware when the last Chosen was destroyed by the last Mill of Souls.	Participate in the Great Trade of the Invisible Hand.
8	Human computers with minds adapted to processing enormous amounts of information.	They remain as children throughout their long, sad lives growing neither beards nor breasts.	Are not aware or sentient, merely the vessels of the tunnel-walking ultras of the Six Other Sides.	Live long and prosper in the Cave of Eternal Wisdom.

SPECTRUM SATRAP (PARA-HUMAN)

Para-human cult or clan living far to the west. They travel in great prismatic walkers and are fond of illusions and radiant magics.

Number: 1 or crew of 1d6+1

Level: 2 / Life: 18 (+6 per level)

Appearance: Bright-colored suits cover their bodies, glass helmets conceal their heads. They ape the looks of the cosmonaut Builders one sees on the bas reliefs of the Long Long Ago plastic temples.

Voice: Full surround sound. Radio-magical crackles and pops.

Wants: Unclear. The Palace awaits a Wanderer's return. 0-1.

Ethics: Curiously archaic. Noble, yet also parochial and cruel.

Intelligence: Advanced, but full of blind spots.

Defense: As chain thanks to their mighty suits.

Move: Normal. Can move normally in weightless environments.

Morale: 5

Attack: +5 bonus, damage by weapon.

Recycling: While in their suit, they can survive without external air and water for a week.

Sealed: So long as their suit is not punctured, they are immune to hazards such as radiation, pollution, gas, and purple haze.

Treasure: €1d6 x 10 in cash. Their suits are worth €100 (1 sack) broken down. Intact suits have hidden Satrap trackers. A Satrap walker or outpost will also have trade goods worth €300 per sack (2d4 sacks).

THESE SATRAPS ...

1. Jury-rigged their broken prismatic walker to run on coal.
2. Taking a colleague's head to a great crystal for reboot.
3. Rogue irrational Satrap √13 and Satrap e. Hunting for pie.
4. Infected with a sentient fungus. Looking for a working gate.
5. On holiday with an opal dog named Catmeat.
6. Have an override jewel for taking control of a vome nest.
7. Decaying. Want to see the sea one last time before upload.
8. Decoy. An animated skeleton inside a suit. Why?
9. Building a new outpost. Looking for scouts and ecstatic slaves.
10. Need a veterinarian for their sick endosymbionts.

FIERY RUMORS (D10):

1. All telepaths.
2. There can only be 360 Satraps at any one time.
3. They are inhuman colony swarms of vermin, like rats or roaches unified by transplanted minds.
4. Their suits are the actual Satraps; there is nothing inside.
5. Their language is based on lights and tones.
6. They store personality backups in great prismatic crystals.
7. They have no souls, the price for becoming creatures of light.
8. A Satrap can be embedded in a golem.
9. Satraps can be duplicated.
10. The Satraps are all dead.

Names: Satrap 13 "Ahab," Satrap 200 "Snakes," Satrap 359 "Certitude."

SPECTRUM SATRAPS AS PCs

It is unclear exactly how many Satraps there are, but the number

seems to be quite small and each Satrap possesses a unique color combination and pattern. Within their suits (or are those mirror-faced secondary skins?) they mostly match the human body plan.

- » **Crystal Bodies:** The Spectrum Palace and its outposts possess great crystals which can replicate stored Satraps. A Satrap PC can be "restored to its last save point" if its body is killed. The player can make a "save sheet" when they visit a Satrap outpost, detailing all skills, abilities, and attributes they want to backup. Restoring a Satrap body costs around €5,000. Satraps in good standing have access to service credits.
- » **Endosymbionts:** Small, telepathically bonded creatures (such as monkey-lizards or venomous rabbit-snakes) stored in their synthetic skin (one per level). Each performs one specialized task (pick locks, cook breakfast, clean equipment). They may occupy trait or item slots.
- » **Light Magic:** Satraps retain some of the force-shaping magics of Long Ago, creating *illusions* and *scorching rays of coherent light*, as well as solid *planes and lines of 'hard' light*.

STEPPE NOMAD, STEPELANDER (HUMANS)

The uncommon humanity of the vast steppes, inheritors of the Long Ago, warriors against the vast madness left by fall after fall. Many changes were made to them Long Ago: from light fur and dappled patterns to snake eyes or gills. Still, though cityborn might disagree, the Steppelanders are as human as they come.

Number: 1d3 or hunt of 2d6

Level: 1 / Life: 8 (+4 per level)

Appearance: Lanky, leathery, sinewy humans. Almost half-centaur in their steed unity. Hats hide them from the gaze of the Haze.

Voice: Raspy, with a hint of pipeweed. They start smoking young.

Wants: To live to see the cycle pause and freedom reign.

Ethics: Honor-bound, feud-cursed.

Intelligence: Human. Clannish and tribal.

Defense: Usually as leather or chain armor.

Move: Normal. Faster if riding due to beastwhisperer.

Morale: 7

Attack: +5 bonus, lance (1d12) or bolter rifle (Medium, 1d10).

Psychic Riders: Their bond with their steeds lets them ride harder, better, faster, and stronger. Also, they can talk to beasts. For real.

Treasure: €20 in gear. 1-in-6 carries their hunt's cash (€100).

THIS STEPELANDER ...

1. Heir to a lost city settled by humans from a fast star.
2. Hunts an abmortal skinshifter named Cherm Wingfoot.
3. An abmortal. Has ridden the steppe for 1300 years.
4. An actual centaur. Everyone thought they were a myth!
5. Last survivor. Clan absorbed by necromancer refugees.
6. Has seven fox tails under their riding leathers. A trickster.
7. Their steed is a golem, shiny and polychrome.
8. On a penance ride to atone for the enemies they have slain.
9. Pursued by furious bee druids. Bee druids. Sigh. Not the bees.
10. Born in a far northern city-mountain. Has a pyramid key.

IT IS SAID (D12)

1. They grow the best purple haze.
2. They are all thieves and raiders.
3. Their clans are all named after citrus fruits because they believe in the Lemon World Tree.
4. Actually, they are named for colors, much like the Rainbowlanders, they just take to more citrusy colors.
5. Actually, their ancestors came from the grasslands between the Yellow and Green lands during the Latter Imperial Collapse.
6. They are actually semi-nomadic, settling for extended periods around fresh springs or lush grasslands.
7. A nomad only becomes an adult after hunting down and executing a violent mechanism (vome).
8. They are oddly friendly with the ultras, many of their shamans visiting them in their dreams.
9. They worship underground grass cults and create wicker and bone fetishes from their own essences.
10. Farther west the clans grow stranger, and less human, with more lingish heritage.

11. They oscillate between egalitarian and stratified depending on the phases of the Dark Moon and the Earth Mother's tears.
12. They expose the weak and the infirm.

Clan Names: Teal, Lime, Tangerine Dreaming, Pinegreen, Pine Nut, Darling Tree, Fortunate Son, Unbroken Patrimony, Prodigal Father, Copper, Jale, Citrine, Ever-Roasting Man, Ashwhite.

Names: Colpec, Draganogac, Gromoc, Lemonc, Lisciac, Narloc, Saloc, Sorbec, Passegat, Pugnath, Rundat, Saltat.

STEPELANDERS AS PCS

All share these traits and skills.

- » **Hale as the Hills:** One physical ability is increased by 1, but their naive immune systems are vulnerable to disease.
- » **Beastwhisperer:** Talking to beasts, training, riding, and caring for them. A good skill to have in the Utter West.

ULTRA (AFTER-HUMAN)

Body-hopping spirits that rewrite the spiritual vital essence of their hosts to suit their needs. If they truly exist, and are not simply fish tales, they live in the wildest of wild places.

Number: 1 or coven of 1d3+1

Level: 6 / Life: 19 (+1 per level)

Appearance: Wisps of glistening smoke, a hazy spirit essence. Possession can be hard to identify. Ghost hunters say to look for a glow in the eyes, a lustrous flush of the cheeks, and a preternatural *joie de vivre* out of place in these decayed times.

Voice: Whispered tales of yores, dreams, smells of lost childhoods.

Wants: Changes with the seasons. But always: to see another year.

Ethics: Whimsical, mercurial, callous.

Intelligence: Comfortably numb and uncaring.

Defense: As unarmored, but immune to physical attacks.

Move: Normal. Walk on air, through things lighter than cadmium.

Morale: 7

Attack: +6 bonus, possession.

Ka-Ba Phantom: In its astral form, it is immune to physical attacks. Unclothed, it is vulnerable to circles of protection and other spells.

Clothed In Flesh: The Ultra uses a possessed creature's physical abilities and scores, as well as its Life total.

Treasure: Nothing but their memories and experiences.

THIS ULTRA ...

1. Is a husk, riding humans for a taste of life and desire.
2. Is a fool, unaware of how they hurt those they use.
3. Is a vampire, preying on the weak, stealing their memories.
4. Is a cursed observer, fated to see all things fall and decay.
5. Seeks a way to become mortal again.
6. Is mad. Claims they and their friends failed this heavenly world and made it a hell. Wants to wipe it clean. To reset it.
7. Is ill. Their possession is infectious, a mind virus.
8. An aesthete. They love experiences. Every sunrise is a glory.
9. Has forgotten who they ever were. All that is left is a sad acquiescence to a fallen world, a failed dream.
10. Is fun. A true party animal. A ride with them doubles experience gained from carousing. May involve memory holes.

TRUTHS BEYOND TRUTHS (D12)

1. They are biomancers par excellence.
2. The apocalypse is their ultimate goal.
3. They have no goals.
4. They were once human.
5. They are undead.
6. They are unborn.
7. They were once elves.
8. To call them demons is inaccurate.
9. They have infiltrated many settlements.
10. They cannot die for they do not live.
11. They can incarnate as trees, rocks, or even machines.
12. All true religions and trading organisations treat them as a hostile menace.

Names: Visec Brego, Daleni Vis, Eter Kabe, Kaba Simeone, Tri Eskatin, Lomo del Pavo, Karne di Sosta, Kasne Deneve.

ULTRAS AS PCs

Every Ultra starts with the traits Body Borrower, Astral Walker, and Literally Cannot Die. Those three powers leave little space for skills and memories of their own. When an Ultra leaves an old body-personality, or if it is destroyed, it can only retain a number of other traits (including skills) equal to their level. A 0-level Ultra pushed out of a physical form literally no longer knows who they are. Memories are but baggage, after all.

» **Body Borrower:** The Ultra possess other body-personalities and uses them to interact with the world.

» **Astral Walker:** Can walk as a spirit. It walks at its normal pace, unless it attaches itself to an object, like an arrow or a rocket. While walking this way, its body-personality is comatose.

» **Literally Cannot Die:** An ultra whose body-personality is destroyed merely becomes a ghost. It can try to crawl into a new body once per week. Dying at the bottom of an ocean trench can mean a *long* underwater walk to find a suitable body.

BODY BORROWING RULES

“Borrowing” (or stealing?) a body-personality takes a few hours and is best done at night, when the target is asleep. The target may save to fend off the attempt. If it succeeds, it is left with a bad dream and resistance to future borrowing attempts.

Generate ability scores when an Ultra clothes itself in fresh flesh. The Ultra must accept the new physical scores, but can choose whether to keep its current mental scores or take the new ones. For every new mental scores it accepts, it is changed and replaces one of its previous powers or skills (except its three starting traits). For example, after possessing a singer, they may retain that person's vocal skills.

A fresh body-personality is like a new shoe, tight and stiff in all the wrong places. All abilities start reduced to 0 and must be recovered by resting (one week per ability score recovered). If the target creature is of limited intelligence, such as an animal or tree, the Ultra will gradually forget itself, losing its memories and purpose until their physical prison perishes or they are cast out again.

VECH, SENTIENT

Long ago, even before the demiurges gave the world to the living, the line between evolved life and machine life blurred. Microscopic synthetics crawled in the bloodstreams, meat machines served the creators, and post-organic plants vivified whole cities. Meanwhile, human-brained void swimmers played the solar fire lines and engineered gravity to build constellations of living worlds in the sky.

Few now living recall those days, but all now living know of the great biomechanical beasts beyond the farthest reach of home and gate.

Everyone treasures the smaller vehicular mechanisms that carry people and cargo, dig ditches and throw up ramparts, create roads and channel rivers. Whole communities of semi-nomadic biomachine maintainers grow up around giant individual vechs and rich wizard-barons command fleets of dozens of war vechs. In the Deep Vast inscrutable decadent ancient cultures hold dominion over kingdoms with their vechs.

Number: 1

Level: 6 / Life: 130 (+25 per level)

Appearance: Each is unique. A testament to glorious biomechanical megaengineering. Legs like tree trunks, backs like islands, eyes ... eyes of liquid wisdom that pierce the quicksilver of the human soul.

Voice: Ultrasonic rumble. Rolling thunder. Shaking ground.

Wants: To wander, to observe, to suck air.

Ethics: Sanguine in their superiority.

Intelligence: Like cockroaches. Sentient, emotional cockroaches.

Defense: As plate mail.

Capacity: 12 sacks.

Move: Slow. Ponderous. Stable. Surprisingly swift charge.

Morale: 4

Attack: Stomp. +0 bonus, 3d20 damage, reach.

Massive: Immune to small weapons and light firearms.

Treasure: none. The vech, if convinced to help, is treasure enough.

THIS MAGNIFICENT VECH ...

1. Aerovechs. It flies. Wary of stuckforce air-traps. Segmented and armored in aerolith, it uses aerostatic organs to regulate elevation. Propels itself with wing-pairs like oars. Gas propulsion for emergency speed speed.
2. Clockwalker: Brass-and-jewel limbs driven by golem-style lemma imperatives that modify physical energy states.
3. Crystalline: A synthetic biocrystal lattice serves as a central processing organ, energy source, and beam weapon focus. Beam weapon: 3d10 radiant damage, Long range. Magitech ritual safeguarded by Spectrum Satraps.
4. Grafhatschek: Grafhatsch was a counter-wizard who successfully grew a levitating, gas-vesicle barge vech from deep-sea kelp, wicker golems, and giant hamsters. The feral grafhatschki congregate in small herds like floating forests. Most are the size of a petite montgolfier.
5. Facspawn: Mass-produced clone vechs spawned by an autofac. Usually die quickly if left alone in the wild as they cannot feed

themselves. Based on the shape of the crew vesicles, some scholars suspect that the Long, Long Ago human morphs were more seal-shaped than today's people.

6. Florimorphic: Plant and mussel-derived organs, self-growing ironwood wheels, pearlite ball bearings, gall-like vesicles for cargo and passengers. Found near bodies of water.
7. L refinery: Growing to the size of cathedrals, these monsters (L13) move with peristalsis and organic tracks. Their feeding strips landscapes bare. Their milk is pure diesolene.
8. Living Wormetallic: Alternative-periodic metals give off a non-euclidean aura. Their ridiculous tensile strength makes them a superior replacement for many biological structures. Incredible for cargo (capacity +12). May cause madness.
9. Porcarcinote: Glazed inorganic exoskeleton provides superior environmental protection for organic inner workings. Magitech ritual safeguarded by the Porcelain Princes.
10. Rotiform: Wheeled or wheel-shaped. As they grow, the y acquire more wheels (+1 capacity per level). Their segmented form betrays annelid or myriapodal ancestry.
11. Theer: Small for a vech (L4, capacity 8)—the size of a rhino or a VW beetle golem. Quadrupedal or hexapedal, lightly armored (as chain). Domesticated theers have elaborate wicker-like growths on their back for passengers and cargo. Feral forms sport elaborate dendriforms, antlers, and sails, which they use for communication, thermoregulation, and hunting.
12. Zooform: Using animals as a base, zooforms are viewed with suspicion because they can reproduce without biomantic intervention, much like the dreaded vomes. Not to mention that vechs with human faces are just really creepy.

VOMES (VIOLENT MECHANISMS)

Self-replicating synthetic organism or auto-golems, many of them hive-minded. They do not seem to have any overarching organization, most seem incapable of communication. But ... are they truly as mad and half-witted as they seem?

In her seminal techno-anthropological work, *The Demon in the Corner: Beyond Logic and Madness in the Nest of the Machine Mother?* Zira of Oranje claims that vomes are the product of a mechanoid virus developed by a mysterious auto-cannibal faction of the Long Long Ago. Now, these abandoned, soulless children of the dead past rewrite and reconstruct organic creatures to suit forgotten whims.

Number: 1d6 scouts or nest of 2d4 x 10.

Level: 1 / Life: 4 (+2 per level)

Appearance: Organic creatures, festooned with writhing, living machinery. Their rictus faces are displaying joy. Honest.

Voice: Beeps, boops, and synthesizer melodies.

Wants: <Unknown Error. Logos cannot edit the Unknown.>

Ethics: Absent.

Intelligence: Idiot savant.

Defense: As scale mail.

Move: Normal. Jerky, but relentless.

Morale: 10

Attack: +0 bonus, 3d6 Medium range slagger, Reload 10.

Buggy: Critical code errors and unpredictable biomechanical decay afflict all vomes. Every round, a vome has a 1-in-6 chance of suddenly freezing and losing their turn.

Coordination: Additional +2 bonus per participating vome.

Treasure: Implants worth €50. 1-in-6 vomes have an implant worth €200. The average nest has 60 sacks of goods worth €350 each.

THIS VOME...

1. Hyper-linked advance scout of an aggressively expansionist nest. There are 2 others nearby.
2. Sole survivor of a destroyed nest. Has developed ... empathy.
3. Void-formed. Functions well in hard vacuum and radiation.
4. Perfect survivor (L4 / Life 20). Uses ovipositor to spawn clones in living human bodies. A clone matures and erupts in 1d4 hours.
5. Stripped of flesh. Remembers a neutron ray.
6. Hunts their maker. A creature known only as "Admin12345".
7. Belongs to a human-passing nest of vomes. Looking to buy human skins, clones, and slaves.
8. Hunter on the endless road. Wheels instead of feet. Fast.
9. Is selling digital perfection. Simulated rapture. <ERROR>
10. One of a series of identical perfect copies of a Long Ago celebrity. Sells expensive skin removal lotion. If killed, a copy arrives at the same location the next day. And the next. And the next.

IT IS KNOWN (D12)

1. They were created by a capitalist faction in the Long Long Ago to fight in a series of mutually-assured wars of extermination.
2. They are mindless.
3. They are differently minded: intelligent and hateful.

4. They are insane.
5. They assimilate or modify creatures on a whim.
6. Their source is riddled with baseline bugs and coding cockroaches which make them fall short of their potential.
7. They travel through time.
8. They form vome nests.
9. They can be severed from their nest mothers with electromagnetic rays and fields.
10. They know how to create autofacs.
11. The original designer of the vomes was named Jane.
12. The first assimilated unit was named John.

Names: Jane, John-Five, John Jane, Jane Golem, Doe Nohn, Zero-John, Jane Machine, Error, Naming Error, Johnny-Seven.

VOMES AS PCs

Vomes are machines interwoven with biological substrate at the source code level—but start at level 0 as basic biologicals with just a simple bug in their brain.

Every level the vome's machine essence expands, developing new traits—biomechanical weapons, super-normal sensors, transmutation drives, communication arrays, or even fully functional bio-replicators. The vome can also assimilate found weapons or body parts, turning them into implants (storing them as traits).

However, every level the vome's biological body degrades due to errors integrating machine and biological source codes, permanently reducing a random ability score by 1.

VOME UPGRADES

Vome PCs can gain mutations (pXX) or implants (pXX) as integrated traits when they level up. They can also choose among the following unique traits:

- » **Power From The Sun:** The vome becomes photovoltaic, feeding only on sunlight.
- » **Power From Nothing:** Prerequisite: Power From The Sun. The vome learns to feed on a strange zero-point energy, which is certainly not creating micro-tears in the fabric of reality.
- » **Vome Birth:** Spend 1 Life to expectorate a vomunculus scout (Lo, life 3). It looks like a fleshy, skittery, half-metal rat.
- » **Fleshburn:** Burning their own biomatter for speed. Spend 1d6-1 Life to gain the Fast trait for a day.
- » **Assimilator:** Eats a brain or central processing unit to secrete a memory nodule (1 stone) that gives a single skill. Decays in a few hours if removed from the inventory.

WATER PEOPLE OR COLD VOMES

Living mostly beneath the limpid surface of Three Sticks Lake is a strange people. Their neighbors call them “cold vomes” because of their cold flesh or “water people” because they are amphibious. But what are they, really?

Number: 1d4 visitors or pod of 2d6+3.

Level: 1 / Life: 8 (+4 per level)

Appearance: Smooth, sleek, and cool. Their waxy skins and thick blubber make them look like something between a seal, a frog, and a Long Ago depiction of a runway model.

Voice: Sing like sirens, honk like elephant seals.

Wants: Unclear. Have they always been here? Recently emerged?

Ethics: Scrupulous, fair, distant. Cool, that's the word.

Intelligence: Probably as intelligent as a human?

Defense: As leather.

Move: Normal. Also moves at full speed in water.

Morale: 7

Attack: +5 bonus, by weapon.

Amphibious: Can stay submerged for a day after sucking air for a few minutes. They hold their breath and also extract oxygen through their intestinal lining.

Treasure: Strange, ancient charms, wards, and artifacts worth €5. 1-in-6 pod homes has 2d6 sacks of goods worth €200 each.

THIS WATER PERSON

1. Is actually a true pengling on a vision quest.
2. Seeks a magnawidget to repair a watergate.
3. Came down from a liquid fast star in a droplet of fast water.
4. Has the tail and feet of a seal in its natural form.
5. Needs to save their cholán buddy from an erratic equation.
6. Has a dream. A massive stuckforce dam to create an inland sea.
7. Is lonely in their yellow submarine house. Also sings (badly).
8. Haunted by visions of a future where the Great Northern Ocean has evaporated and only icy dust bathes the world. But ... this world doesn't have a Great Northern Ocean ...
9. Wants to open trade in aphrodisiac clams (€300 per sack), but these are sacred to a faction of their watery city-state.
10. Willing guide to a submerged metal titan for a fee.

RUMORS ABOUT THE WATER PEOPLE

1. The true descendants of the original Three Sticks culture.
2. Cybernetic zombies, vehicles of some alien machine.
3. Pilgrims from another dimension.
4. A mindless swarm.
5. A sub-ultra faction that steals bodies with metal parasites, replacing personalities but not souls.
6. Self-aware ba-zombies hiding from their enemies.
7. Abmortal humans replacing themselves part-by-part in a failing quest for immortality.
8. Biomechanical slaves of a sub-aquatic city of eel-humans battling terminal cultural degeneracy.

Names: Eurra, Ongru, Ungan, Urri, Urro, Urung.