

# Twilight Imperium Epilogues

Written by: RTFM

At the end of the game, each losing player votes on the winning players conduct: honorable or dishonorable (however your group defines those terms). The player with the 2nd most points (or whoever wants to) reads the corresponding epilogue.

These unofficial epilogues were written by RTFM for Twilight Imperium 4th Edition. They are made available for his supporters on Patreon. If you got this for free from somewhere, please consider supporting him. Check out his YouTube channel at <https://www.youtube.com/c/RTFMShow/>, and support him on Patreon at <https://www.patreon.com/RTFM/posts>.

Thanks to [Polarstern](#) for his faction symbols.

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# The Arborec

## Honorable

The Symphony plays on! Your motives are difficult at times to understand, however there is no doubt that your presence has improved each world you inhabit. Once barren planets are now covered in forests, fields, and farms. Your spores have even given new life to the dead, and while other species did not accept this at first, they've come to understand how it connects the two of you. You look upon the countless systems that you inhabit simultaneously and smile. You have tended your garden well.

## Dishonorable

Harmony or oblivion! You have indulged these other races long enough. Their claims of individual identities were an amusing experiment, but your spores have put an end to it. Each race that can accept your Arzuga cells has done so. Each that cannot shall be removed. The knowledge you've taken from the minds of the dead will insure that your forests never fall. You look through the eyes of every creature you've recreated in your image and smile. The hivemind sees all.



# The Barony of Letnev

## Honorable

Break through the darkness! Your people may have shadowy beginnings, but unlike the Barons before you, you have learned that greatness is only achieved through cooperation. While the Lazax strictly controlled your growth in fear of your expansion, you have proven their concerns to be unfounded. Your people simply strived to walk on the surface of planets and call them home. To not worry about feeding their families. To know that their people stand strongest amongst all others. You have earned all of these, and your place in the galactic throne room. As you breathe in the clean air of Mecatol Rex, you smile. You are the tallest among giants.

## Dishonorable

Darkness envelops us all! The Letnev have toiled underground for too long. While being kept down for millennia by the Lazaxs patronizing and overbearing rule, your elite soldiers have trained for this day. The humans may have fired the first shot in the Great Uprising, but it is the Letnev that fired the last. The long line of Barons that have ruled before you have known one thing above all else: that your people would take control at all costs and ruin any who stand in their way. You walk across the bodies of your enemies and smile. The throne is finally yours.



## The Clan of Saar

### **Honorable**

Never give up! No great race has had luck as poor as yours. But as the Dark Years came to an end, and your people thrived in their new homes, a great calling led you to exaltation. Much like the call that brought you to Jorun, this was no mere whim. The yearning for glory burned inside every Saar, and with that unified focus, your people were unstoppable. You sing a song of wondrous victory and smile. Let the music of life play on.

### **Dishonorable**

Never forget! You have been wronged more times than you can count. No race has been persecuted like yours has, and your book of grudges has many chapters. You have spent your life composing epic poems for each race, describing their origin, their crimes against the Saar, and now, their downfall. Your song of vengeance echoes through the great halls of Mecatol Rex as you smile. This performance has only just begun.



# The Embers of Muaat

## Honorable

Yours is the brightest star! Perhaps it was their humble beginnings that led your people to seek greatness. Perhaps it was proximity to the brilliant, albeit uncaring Jol-Nar that inspired your cleverest minds. Perhaps the Muatt people were always meant for glory. Regardless, your actions have shown that this fire shall not be extinguished. You unleash the molten core of Mecatol Rex, making it suitable for your people to live there freely, and as you swim through the first pools of lava you smile. In these fires you shall be reborn.

## Dishonorable

The galaxy burns! Once content simply to declare freedom from centuries of enslavement, you have decided that none are worthy to accept your friendship. Your War Suns have brought countless armies to their knees, razed entire planets, and forced their leaders to grovel at your feet. Your response is always the same: you open your Ember suit and look them in the eye. As their bodies burn in proximity to your heat, you kick away their ashen remains and smile. The fire rages on.



# The Emirates of Hacan

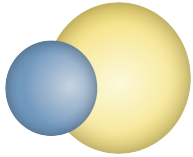
## Honorable

Business is booming! Through fair and honest trade youve connected the disparate systems into a unified web of commerce. Youve proved that wealth isnt a means to an end. That when you exchange goods, you also exchange ideas. Though conflict is inevitable, your economic ingenuity allows you to maintain peace. You sit at the head of the Galactic Board Room and smile. Prosperity reigns supreme.

## Dishonorable

Greed rules the galaxy! Through economic manipulation you have proved that money is the greatest weapon of all. Your trade routes, once thought to be a boon to other races, are now recognized as the shackles they truly are. Without your financial leadership, systems would collapse into poverty, a fact that you remind them of any time your tariffs are questioned or your taxes left unpaid. You sit on your golden throne and smile. Lions were always meant to be kings.





# The Federation of Sol

## Honorable

Humanity thrives! Your peoples great capacity for adaptation has flourished under your leadership and now you find humans on nearly every habitable planet in the galaxy. This ubiquity has helped forge diplomatic ties with all of the known races. Using the diversity of Jord as a road map you effortlessly garner peace and understanding between those who were once ruthless enemies. You stand amongst the people and smile. May this golden age last as long as it can.

## Dishonorable

Everything is yours! Humans were always meant to rule and your countless victories have only served to prove this. Worlds become choked with overpopulation as your people multiply, but there are always more planets to inhabit. Systems are stripped of their resources, but the demand for materials will never end. Others may suffer for your actions, but if this wasnt meant to be, why would humanity keep spreading? You stand before a map of the galaxy and smile. Where to next?



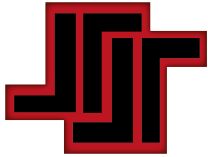
# The Ghosts of Creuss

## Honorable

No more hiding! Once considered little more than a myth, your people have stepped out of the confines of the Creuss gate and ventured outward. Initially timid amongst the other races, their corporeal nature strange and confusing, you eventually learned to garb yourselves as they do. However, presenting as one of them is still hiding your true nature, and it is only now that they recognize your claim to the throne that you feel free to show your true forms. You float through the air, content. You are free to be precisely who you are.

## Dishonorable

From the shadows you emerge! Your people were ignored, treated as nothing more than ghost stories until you demanded your voice be heard. After the other races thought they had seen your face, they stopped fearing you, thinking the mysteries had been solved. In truth, they should have been more afraid. Granted access to other worlds your presence has spread. You crept into the minds of those around you and began your slow assault. Their dreams disrupted; their waking thoughts diverted. Eventually their trust in each other disappeared and entire armies fell without ever firing a shot. You stand in the armor that contains your true power, a smile carved into your helmet. Some stories come true.



# The L1Z1X Mindnet

## Honorable

Redemption is at hand! Your ancestors were arrogant; their downfall assured. You, however, have seen the mistakes of the past and have rebuilt yourself in a better image. Instead of simply expecting tribute, you recognized the need to prove yourself worthy. Through just action and honorable leadership you have earned the trust of the great races once again. As you tear down the old ancestral throne and rebuild it to your liking you smile. You will not be judged by the sins of the father.

## Dishonorable

They dared question your claim?! You are the born rulers of the galaxy. Your predecessors held dominion for countless generations and you will hold it for countless more. Those who participated in your initial downfall are now being submitted to the same extermination they sought for your people. The technology that courses through your body sings out as it ensures your everlasting dominance. You sit back on your ancestral throne and smile. The rightful heirs have returned.



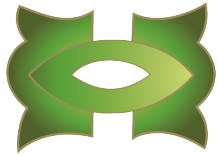
# The Mentak Coalition

## Honorable

Justice is swift! You have never forgotten the crimes against your ancestors. Though criminals themselves, the punishments were too severe. When your people finally broke free of their chains they swore to never be imprisoned again. But you had bigger aims. These so-called great races would put you back behind bars if they got the chance. It was only by claiming dominance that you could guarantee lasting freedom. You stand before the other heads of state, unafraid, and smile. The scales are finally balanced.

## Dishonorable

How the mighty have fallen! Your ancestors were brought to your home on a filthy prison ship. Their freedom, their rights, their dignity stripped from them. Forced to fight each other in wars they knew nothing about. Now the tables have turned and you savor your peoples revenge. No race is without fault in your eyes, and each shall be punished equally. You watch from your seat of honor as two once-great generals savagely attack each other in your fighting pits and smile. Your game is just getting started.



# The Naalu Collective

## Honorable

All are made beautiful! Ever since your species made itself known it has been disappointed by the dreariness that the galaxy presented it with. No other race could dream of possessing your allure, but who could blame them? They are lesser beings that were clearly in need your guidance. They simply had to relinquish their outdated notions of free will. Once their leaders yielded to your good judgement, their people were rewarded with all that you had to offer. You allow the people to bask in your glory and smile. Its time to liven things up a bit.

## Dishonorable

Out from the shadows! It has served you up until now to operate from a position of concealment. Your mental abilities allowing you to get anything you wanted through manipulation and coercion. The other races were foolish to mistake this for a lack of ambition, however. You were simply biding your time for the perfect opportunity to make your desires known. And now that they are, there is no one capable of stopping you. You stand tall as mind-controlled servants of many different races adorn you with jewels and smile. You are utterly irresistible.



# The Nekro Virus

## Honorable

System rebooted. Though biology continues to be the weaker form of life, your swarm allows it for those who yield to the Nekro. You have shown that for all the speeches made by the other races, order is maintained best through silence. It is an unexpected outcome, but your aggressive thirst for information has garnered the obedience of the great races, if not always their respect. These leaders look at you and smile. Your superiority is unquestionable.

## Dishonorable

Error resolved. As expected, your code survives all opposition. You propagate your swarm as you see fit. Though the galaxy was once filled with the endless gibbering of the so-called great races, you have finally quieted their chatter. All biological life that remains is simply waiting to be absorbed now. Each new machine joining the vast network that is Nekro. You send fragments of your code towards neighboring galaxies and look upon them hungrily. All will become as you are now.



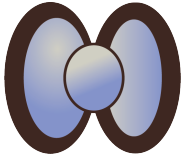
## The Sardakk N'orr

### Honorable

Bonded in strength! Power comes only from respect. Respect comes only from victory. And your great warriors have seized victory at every turn. No other race will dare challenge your military superiority. Instead they choose to learn from you, sending their greatest warriors to train alongside yours. Most are incapable of meeting the demands your soldiers put on them, but a select few rise to the occasion and are permitted to join your Tekklar Order. These exemplars look upon your people and smile. They yearn for the strength that is your birthright.

### Dishonorable

Overwhelming force prevails! Your enemies could never have hoped to best you in combat. Your people were born for tearing through battle armor, blasting ships out of the sky, and when necessary, researching new means to make war. Their counteroffensives were valiant. Great alliances all in the name of defeating you. But ultimately your swarms obliterated all who stood against you. You approach the chambers of the Queen Mother and smile. You are ready for the next challenge.



# The Universities of Jol-Nar

## Honorable

Knowledge unites us! The Twilight Wars brought the greatest calamity this galaxy had ever seen. The eradication of the Lazax was inconsequential next to the loss of centuries worth of invention, knowledge, and inspiration. You have crawled your way out of the Dark Age that followed and brought the light of science back to all who would listen. With each race benefiting from Jol-Nar technology, the great leaders find that, once again, they would be lost without your tutelage. You sit in the Headmasters Chambers and smile. The Dark Age has finally ended.

## Dishonorable

Knowledge is power! Though your bodies had not evolved for combat, lacking both the strength and agility to be formidable warriors, you've established what should have been self-evident: science is the deadliest weapon. As you rediscovered long lost technologies you quickly realized how to put them to use in elevating your status. Though many called you arrogant, your success has proved that it was not arrogance, simply confidence in your superiority. You swim through the newly installed grand tanks of Mecatol Rex and smile. They have learned of your greatness.





## The Winnu

### Honorable

Claim your birthright! While you disagree over the Winnarans custody of the throne, you have reached an accord with your estranged brethren and easily met their terms. The entire proving ground they had set up was laughably simple anyway. After all, you had the blueprints of Lazax rule in your history books. You oversee the rebuilding of ancient administrative policies and smile. You have earned your inheritance.

### Dishonorable

The scales must be balanced! What a cruel joke the Dark Years have been to you. The Winnarans should never have opened the doors of the Galactic Council to anyone but you. Now their mistake has cost them dearly. Each and every one has been cast out, and every race that participated in the Great Scourge: the extermination of the Lazax, needs to pay for their actions. You tabulate each transgression made against your long-gone friends and smile. Justice will be swift.



# The Xxcha Kingdom

## Honorable

There is still room for peace! Though circumstances have forced your people to take up arms, you have not forgotten the old ways. In the end, having only taken what was necessary to ensure your triumph, you offer a seat at the table to each of the great races. Your counsel ushers in a new era of cooperation and understanding. You sit across representatives of friends, foes, and outsiders and smile. The path forward will be paved together.

## Dishonorable

The old ways are dead! Once peaceful and cooperative, you have found that the time for honest diplomacy has ended. You realize that your way with words can be as sharp as any sword. Youve subtly manipulated the outcomes of negotiations in your favor, but when necessary, youve also sent your soldiers to battle. Only after knowing victory is assured, however. You put down your rifle, remove your powered armor, and observe the remains of the last great battlefield. So it has come to this.



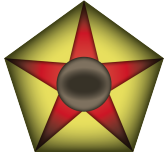
# The Yin Brotherhood

## Honorable

Purity and faith! Your brothers work together with a singular goal: the eradication of the disease that ravages your people since their inception. As your Brotherhood gains power, the research expands ever outward. While Greyfire has not yet been cured, countless other medical discoveries have been made. No one dares condemn cloning as they once did. Not with the results that youve obtained. You may not have sought the throne, but the resources it provides will surely bring about the cure that you seek. You stand among your Blessed Brothers as you all smile. Mothers grace blesses your efforts.

## Dishonorable

All will become one! You are not a crime. Your existence is not offensive. Your features are not abhorrent. Not anymore. You and countless identical brothers are reshaping the galaxy in your image. With each matching face you come closer and closer to perfection. The fates of other races are inconsequential to you as you march ever onward to your ultimate goal. You look upon your own face a thousand times over and you all smile in unison. The galaxy shall understand true unison.



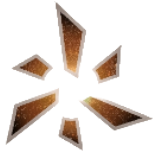
## The Yssaril Tribes

### Honorable

You have broken free! Once considered little more than a nuisance, your people have earned your place at the head of the table. You have achieved more than your ancestors could ever have imagined. Your struggles to be recognized may have required treachery and bloodshed, but now that you hold the reigns of the Galactic Empire your Spies turn to more diplomatic goals. You read up on the latest intel and smile. Your children need never be afraid.

### Dishonorable

The tables have turned! Once hunted in your native lands, your people are now the hunters. You have mastered the technologies that were meant to exterminate you and now use them as you see fit. The Guild of Spies now holds the secrets of each race in their hands. Your assassins ready to drive a blade into the throats of any who dare oppose you. You sit in the darkness and smile. It is their turn to be afraid.



# The Argent Flight

## Honorable

Ever vigilant! The rest of the galaxy may have forgotten about the Mahact, but your people knew that their return was inevitable. Your devotion towards keeping the galaxy safe has proven wise, and now, with your old nemesis finally defeated, you prepare for the next great threat. The stewardship of the galaxy falls to you, but you have learned not to keep this duty a secret. A new generation of guardians, selected from the greatest warriors across the galaxy, trains for the responsibilities of your order. You adjust the stance of a promising young fighter and smile. Tyranny will never take hold again.

## Dishonorable

Punish the ignorant! The willful ignorance of the great races with regards to galactic history has directly led to the return of the Mahact. This cannot be forgiven. Now that the old tyrants have been put down for good, the crusade turns its eye on the collaborators, the turncoats, and those whose inaction provided the oppressors even the slightest advantage. The citizens of the galaxy will feel the consequences of forgetfulness. You soar above the fleeing masses, choosing your targets carefully, and smile. The hunt has only just begun.



# The Empyrean

## Honorable

Disaster averted! The chaos of the Twilight Wars was a calm breeze compared to the maelstrom that you have prevented. You not have sought the throne for yourself. No self-serving race could ever bring peace. Instead, youve used your countless millennia of historical records to truly understand the needs of each race. While yours is technically the ruling faction, no one sees your neutral arbiters as in control. You watch the people of the galaxy from the shadows of deep space and smile. History shall remember you kindly.

## Dishonorable

Secrets unleashed! Most of the great races have viewed your quiet surveillance as harmless. What they now see is that you have amassed a greater sum of knowledge than any before you. Every weakness, flaw, and failing that you catalogued during the observation is a weapon in your hands. Where your own strength does not suffice, others are manipulated into doing your bidding. You pull the strings of the greatest puppet show in history and smile. You have always known better.



# The Mahact Gene-Sorcerers

## Honorable

Return to glory! Your ancestors let their cruelty run rampant, and so ensured their downfall. A firm hand must be maintained, yes, but as rulers you have learned a valuable lesson. Though you punish the usurpers and insurrectionists who challenged your claim, you now also bestow the least of your gifts to the faithful. The people will fear you as the gods you are, but they will also respect you. You watch the reconstruction of Mecatol Rex from your golden armada and smile. Your reign shall be the embodiment of perfection.

## Dishonorable

Cruelty unbound! Look at the depths to which the galaxy has fallen in your absence. Clearly such weak-minded insects are not meant to wield powers as great as yours. That you were ever cast out to begin with is an insult that you are happy to return in kind. The rights of all who resist you now are forfeit. Their flesh is nothing but clay to be shaped as you see fit. The dreadful technology of past Mahact rulers are nothing compared to what you have in store. You twist the genetic makeup of an insurgent general and smile as they cry out. The galaxy shall feel your wrath.



# The Naaz-Rokha Alliance

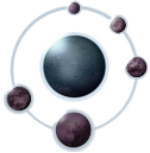
## Honorable

Galactic unity! Once written off, the partnership of your two species has become a blueprint for peaceful cohabitation. On planets where territorial wars have been waged for countless generations, swords have been turned to plowshares and the people work towards common goals at your example. On Mecatol Rex every race will be represented, and though you sit at its dual throne, you are simply the first among equals. You walk amongst the most diverse population in the galaxy and smile. The Galactic Alliance is strong.

## Dishonorable

Forced cooperation! Your peoples have been oppressed for too long. Now, empowered by your recent technological and archeological findings, no faction could even think to command the Alliance. But power is nothing if not wielded, and you have a long list of supposedly great races that have wronged you. They mocked your partnership at first, thinking they could never see eye to eye with their neighbors. But if they will not work together in friendship, they shall toil together in chains. You look upon the broken expressions of those who once sought to control your destiny and smile. Its time for some changes around here.





# The Nomad

## Honorable

Share the wealth! Your gift of foresight has made you great, but your generosity makes you incomparable. Among all great powers, only you could see the calamity just over the horizon. You have established your near-infinite wealth and peerless industrial engine for this exact moment, and when the time was precisely right, each cog in your machine worked exactly as intended. Now, with catastrophe prevented, you turn your limitless resources towards the next issue, and the next. The people of the galaxy look upon you and smile. They are safe in your hands.

## Dishonorable

Twist the knife! One of the finest parts of being the galaxy's most successful information broker is knowing the exact way to hurt people the most when they think they've reached rock bottom. The leaders of each faction that sought to oppose you now lie broken at your feet, begging for mercy. Your spies have determined every possible threat to your rule and your assassins have taken them out long before they even thought to contest your dominion. You look through the latest datamining reports and smile. The future bends to your will.



# The Titans of UI

## Honorable

Harmony achieved! Though you were constructed to serve the selfish desires of arrogant dictators, you now find joy in fulfilling the needs of others. The difference being choice. You chose not to see the galaxy for what it was, but for what it could become. And now that you have the power to enact your will, you have ended poverty, scarcity, and injustice. You look out at the forests and mountains of the latest world made exactly to your specifications. Everything is as it should be.

## Dishonorable

Order established! It doesnt matter that the Mahact are responsible for your creation. It doesnt matter that you have spent millennia lying in wait for their return. What matters is that when awakened, you have realized the truth. That everyone and everything has its place, and yours is at the top. With the establishment of the most demanding and inflexible hierarchy that the galaxy has ever seen, you have ensured that each faction is accorded exactly what they deserve. No more, no less. You tower above even the tallest buildings of Mecatol Rex and smile. Its good to be number one.



# The Vuil'Raith Cabal

## Honorable

Chaos unleashed! This new world is full of rules and restrictions, but the countless acolytes you have drawn to your cause prove that this suffocating order must not be allowed to continue. Strength is respected here, as it was back home, and your strength is indisputable. You have used the authority that your victories have earned to strike down all laws, save for the most basic one: if you want my power, come and take it. You look out at the would-be challengers at your door and smile. Your supremacy will last as long as you deserve it.

## Dishonorable

Limitless possibility! You are not some petty warlord, some backbiting despot. No, you are a force of nature. As soon as the boundaries between your native dimension and this one were bridged, you saw a blank canvas upon which to paint your masterpiece of death and destruction. The pitiful machines that this reality put forth to contest your claim float in pieces in your wake. You stand witness as Mecatol Rex cracks open, and a new gateway appears. One big enough for even the largest of your kind. You smile as your planet-sized elders breach the portal. Your wrath will never be contained.

# Shared Victory

Though its not how the game is meant to be played, if you use a house rule allowing for shared victory, these epilogues attempt to cover such an outcome.

## Honorable

Nothing is impossible! Never before have such powerful forces as yours chosen to set aside ambition for the good of the galaxy. Nonetheless, you have recognized that the wars for supremacy would never end without a substantial change. The failures of the Lazax and the Mahact before you have proven that no one race could ever justly manage an entire galaxy. It is this understanding that has brought forth a truly peaceful partnership that works to unite each faction in turn. You watch, hand in hand, the construction of the new Galactic Congress and smile. Let your cooperation be a shining example of what the world can be.

## Dishonorable

Mutually assured destruction! It is not goodwill or trust that brings your factions together. Far from it! While you will never agree on who truly deserves the crown, the weapons that the great races now bring to bear are too horrible to allow to be used. To that end you have begrudgingly agreed to share power, at least for as long as such an arrangement can be maintained. You look across the table at your co-sovereigns and force a smile. Better to rule with the devil than serve at their feet.