

FRAGGED
EMPIRE

Protagonist Archive

Fragged Empire: Protagonist Archive.

Copyright (C) 2016 by Design Ministries.

"Fragged Empire" is a registered trademark by Wade Dyer.

All rights are reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording or other electronic or mechanical methods, without prior written permission of Design Ministries.

Names, characters, places, and incidents featured in this publication are fictitious. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events, institutions, or locales is coincidental.

Design, Layout and Production:

Wade Dyer

www.designministries.com.au

www.fraggedempire.com

contact@fraggedempire.com

ISBN: 978-0-9946098-0-9

First Edition.

Printed in China.



Protagonist Archive

A compendium of Races, Factions, Locations, and NPCs
for your players to fight alongside and befriend.

Betrayed by your creators, you are a genetically engineered
remnant, emerging from the ruin of genocidal war.

You and this new civilisation are on the precipice
of great opportunity and danger.

www.fraggedempire.com



6	Introduction
6	Short Story: Lost Power
14	Timeline
15	Short Story: Immigration Board
	Playable Races
19	Palantor
21	Remnant
23	Twi-Far
25	Zhou

26	Rules
28	Paramedic: Repairing Robots
28	Strong Hit Requirements
28	Weapon Keywords
30	Outfit & Utility Item Keywords
30	Utility Item: Mount
31	Perks
32	Complications / Conditions
32	Psionics & Skills
33	Optional Advancement Rules
33	Optional Combat Rules

34	Setting Guide
	Playable Races
36	Palantor
52	Remnant
68	Twi-Far
86	Zhou
102	Corporation
103	Kaltoran
104	Legion
105	Nephilim
107	Technology
109	Psionics
112	Short Story: Two Psions
118	Languages

120	Factions
122	The Honourbound
123	Order of Redemption
124	Psion Mind
125	Symphony of the Dragon
126	Symphony of the Salamander
127	Symphony of the Phoenix
128	Neochaelogsists
129	Silver Mask Pact

130	Locations
132	Meimarin
134	Cerberus System
139	Cerberus Prime
142	Nagra
146	Oasis Bar
149	Tanjo
152	The Roost

156	Prominent NPCs
158	Adashe Itsva, the 'All-Prophet'
160	Admins Kuro_02 & Masami_679
163	Athene Kosta 'Lady Vengeance'
164	Grandma Jinx
166	Great Chief Zarnir
168	Orchilo Star-Gazer

170	Character Lists
170	Race
171	NPC Race
172	Traits
172	Level
172	Fate
172	Resources
172	Influence
173	Example Perks & Complications
174	Attributes
174	Strength
174	Reflexes
174	Movement
175	Focus
175	Intelligence
175	Perception
176	Everyday Skills
178	Professional Skills
180	Personal Combat Skills
180	Small Arms
181	Heavy Arms
182	Tactical
182	Exotic
183	Vehicle System Skills
184	Weapons
185	Weapon Variations
187	Weapon Modifications
188	Outfit Variations
188	Outfit Modifications
189	Utility Items
189	Utility Variations

190	Spacecraft Lists
190	Build
190	NPC Build
191	Traits
191	Attributes
191	Size
192	Weapon Variations

194	Acknowledgments
------------	------------------------

Short Story: Lost Power

Banga couldn't quite believe that he was attending a council meeting. He'd taken a seat in one of the many raised chairs that ringed the room, set behind the main circle in which the council sat. A few Remnant elders cast him suspicious looks, as if a young one like himself had no business idly watching the proceedings of the High Council. He felt more conspicuous than ever, clad in his intricately-carved armour, and towering over most of the bent over elders sitting around him.

The part about him having no business being there was partially true. Banga had touched down on Kumba only six days earlier after a gruelling couple of months travelling on a merchant vessel. Yet instead of a warm welcome from his former home, he'd found the city in turmoil. Everyone was evacuating, packing up their homes, moving from one place to another, and with little time to chat. Everyone in the city was worried that they'd soon be dead: Banga had privately thought that there had been more life out in the cold depths of space.

And so, having scrounged for work in the earlier part of the morning, the young Remnant soldier had found himself wandering the docks and trying not to get in the way. That was when he saw them: the outsiders. They stood in front of him now at ground level, looking up at the council, all of them so... diverse. A silver-haired girl in the cloak, a slender, feminine mechanical creature, and whatever the third was supposed to be. The best Banga had come up with was some kind of walking tree, with gnarled limbs, and a wooden mask across the front of its jagged head. Even their ship had been exotic, a slender craft with great golden wings.

The council chamber was stuffy, not much more than a stone cylinder decorated with simple tribal shrouds and small windows all around so the public could watch if they so desired. The heat rose from the dusty ground, though out of the newcomers, only the tree creature seemed irritated by it. Every few seconds he'd twitch his head to one side, shrugging his shoulders with a barely audible grunt.

The High Council had been discussing their decision in hushed tones for a few minutes. Banga stood so that he could see over their huddle, ignoring the occasional disapproving glance, and saw the outsiders engaged in a dialogue of their own. Head councilman Gadzirai Itsva stood, his head bowed with age but his voice strong.

"Seven-thousand," he announced, and a few irritated ears twitched across the chamber. "This is our final offer."

The girl glanced at her companions. The mechanical merely tilted its head, while the other creature made a strange gesture with its head and folded its arms.

"We accept," the girl said, with a smile that can't have been genuine. "Now, on the matter of the guide..."

"You will get nothing more from us!" said councilwoman Chenai Jesu. "Is it not enough that you are already taking from us so

brazenly in our hour of need? We have no one to spare."

"If I could just..." the girl began, but the head councilman gestured sharply.

"You have your assignment," he said, leaning back in the chair. "If your reputation was well earned, that should be enough. Now... a prayer for your survival."

The assembled Remnant placed their upright hands over their foreheads in the gesture of prayer.

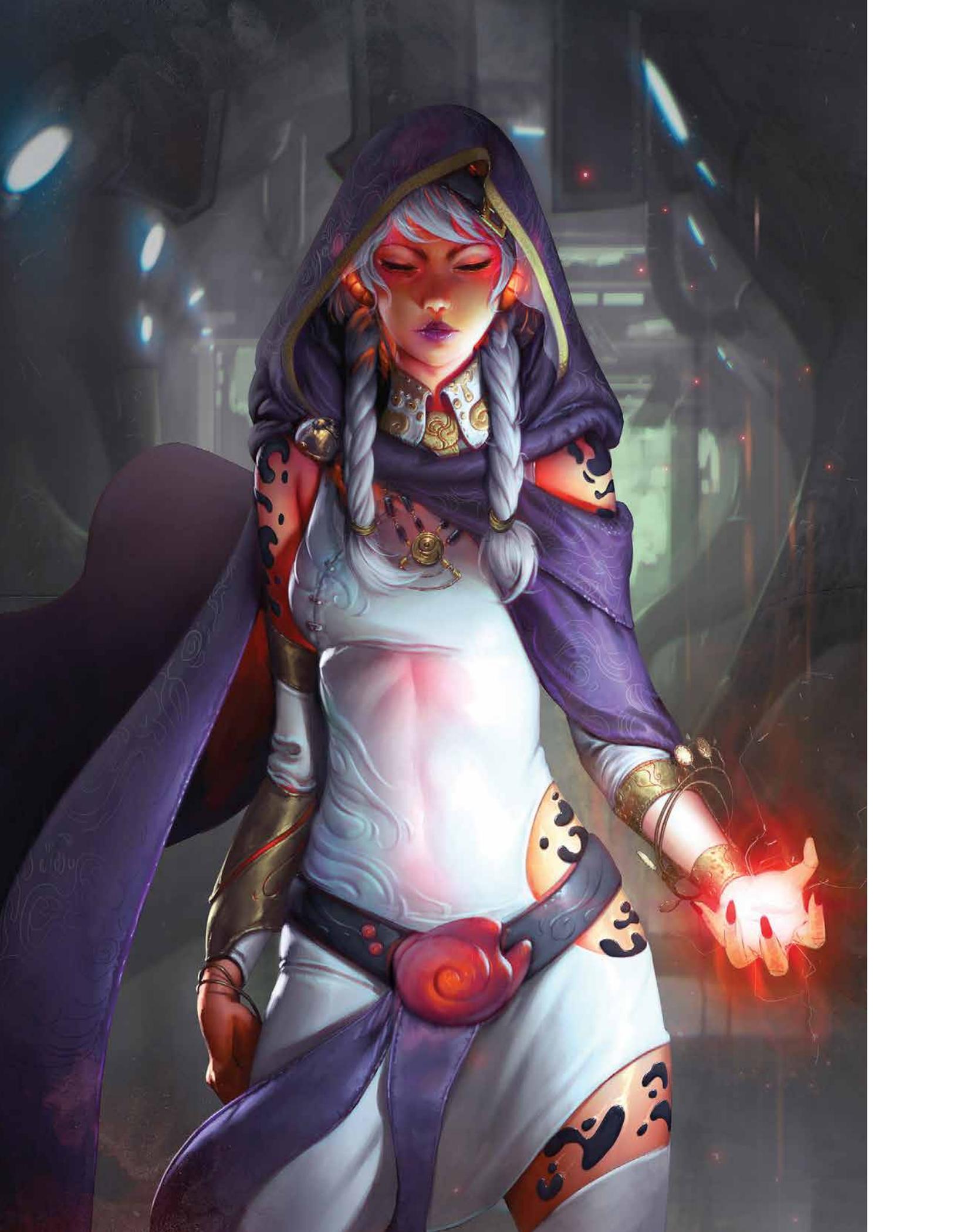
"No thank you," the girl interrupted, and a shocked ripple ran around the room. She bowed in the Remnant style, showing that she'd at least done her research in that area, and the group exited the chamber. Banga saw the council immediately dissolve into frantic whispers, and he suddenly felt even more out of place. He gingerly made his way past the gossiping crones near the door to emerge into the circular corridors of the High Council building, and drew in a breath of free air. He knew exactly why the outsiders had been denied a guide for the assignment, even though they'd be heading into the wastes, and would desperately need one.

It was the mechanical. Banga had never truly understood the Remnant apprehension towards them, except in the case of the Mechonids. But then... everyone hated them. He'd glimpsed Mechonid holovids on his travels, and this mechanical wasn't one of them. Still, no Remnant would want to work alongside such a being.

And so, we'll never learn more about them, Banga thought in irritation. He rounded the corner and saw the outsiders checking their weapons in the entrance hall. The girl carried a small pack, while the mechanical was armed with twin pistols. The other creature bore a primitive spear made of wood and stone, slung across his back. Banga was struck by the sudden thought that they were totally unprepared. This was followed by another, even crazier thought. He watched them leave the building, swallowed, and felt a wild compulsion. Others might have mistakenly said this was the call of the All-Being. Banga wasn't sure; more like the call of stupidity. His feet carried him outside into the oppressive Kumba sunlight, where the outsiders were making their way towards the general chaos of the city streets towards the main gates.

Even from afar, Banga could see that the massive stone walls were crumbling, the gates held together by makeshift carpentry. He'd been told how relentless the Echo attacks had been while he'd been away. Soon, there would be no gates, no defences, and everyone in the city would be dead. And if the outsiders failed to complete their mission, this would be happening much sooner.

That was enough to convince Banga that this was the right thing. He caught the outsider group as they were passing through the gates, and called to get their attention. The silver-haired girl turned and looked him straight in the eye with suspicion.



Twi-Far

See pg: 68 for extensive Twi-Far write-up.

The space-faring, nomadic Twi-Far inhabit bodies formed from two independent, sentient species: the Archon-created race known as the Twilinger, and an energy-based alien race of unknown origin known as the Faren.

Twi-Far Race, pg: 170

- » Faren-Blast: A single Cost 1 or 2 Weapon with the Energy Keyword gains the Natural and Slow Keywords, and has -3 Weight.
- » +1 Astronomy, Command, Operations, and Heavy Arms.
- » +1 Armour vs Energy.
- » Gain Language: Twilinger.
- » -2 Maximum Strength.
- » Any Attack with the Energy Keyword that causes you Endurance Damage gains Splash +1.
- » -2 Stealth.
- » You may not take Implant Traits.

Play a Twi-Far if you:

- » Value beauty, art, and skill.
- » Value ideological, and philosophical tensions.
- » Want to be a space hippie.
- » Want a symbiotic relationship with an unknowable intellect within your own body.
- » Want to shoot energy bolts.
- » Like to have unique powers and abilities.

Physical Qualities

- » Average Height: 1.75m.
- » Average Weight: 68kg.
- » Average Life Span: 65 years.
- » Brightly coloured, orange glowing skin.

Mother Fleet: The Roost, pg: 152

For the century following the Great War, the Twi-Far have travelled the darker corners of the galaxy, salvaging what they can from long-dead human worlds and forgotten outposts. While they prefer to keep their solar-sail fleets small and nimble, the Twi-Far have increasingly entered into conflicts with the powerful Oni, forcing them to gather their fleets so they might protect themselves and conserve resources. The largest of these fleets is known as the Roost.

Often hosting over two thousand ships, The Roost is ever-changing. Its focus fluctuates among commerce, science, and military as it gains and loses ships in its movements around Haven and its neighbouring systems.

When stationary, the Twi-Far will often link their ships together around the fleet's largest, most ornate vessels, creating a temporary, shifting, web-like city that allows for some movement on foot. They are careful to not remain in one place for too long, though, jumping their fleets every few days, often without notice by others.

Twi-Far Culture

Used by their Archon creators as sacrificial pawns during the Great War, the Twilinger fled far into uncharted space, possibly further than even humanity had travelled. There they wandered for a century before returning to the Habrixis Sector. While travelling the stars the Twilinger encountered innumerable wonders, but none affected them more than the Faren, an alien race of energy beings with whom the Twilinger formed a symbiotic relationship.

At a young age, each Twilinger undergoes a secretive ritual known as the Melding, in which a chosen Faren is inserted into their bloodstream. This process is incredibly painful, requiring the youth to be isolated for many weeks before they emerge as a singular being, a Twi-Far. The Twilinger and the Faren, though they cannot openly communicate, begin a lifelong journey together, often only truly connecting in their twilight years after many decades of mutual dedication.

The Twi-Far are an artistic race, enjoying various disciplines from painting to music, literature to dance, and even martial arts. Combining this love with their star-faring ways, the Twi-Far create wondrous and beautiful spacecraft, often with intricate carvings along their hallways, grand multicoloured solar sails, and exotic hull designs.

Twi-Far culture is divided into three circles. The Dragon are the warriors and pragmatists, who focus on "the struggle"; the Salamander are the vocational and patient, who focus on "the now"; and the Phoenix are the scientists, prophets, and dreamers, who focus on "the new".



Common Characteristics

Creative, dedicated, focused, mystical, passionate or talented.

Common Male Names

Casamir, Colia, Hanzi, Lasho, Orchilo, Simionce, or Zache.

Common Female Names

Araunya, Jeta, Lala, Mirela, Papin, Sinfu or Ujaranza.

Common Family/Ship Names

Black-Mooring,, Celestial-Spring, Enchantment, Essence, Expedition, Forever-Trail, Spirit-Walker, Star-Gazer or Traversal.

Example Twi-Far Character

Luludja Essence loved to fly. The freedom of open space, the wonders of the unexplored, the adrenaline of a life-or-death dogfight – these were what she lived for.

Luludja's family was killed by the Oni shortly after her Melding, so she was raised by her Phoenix grandparents on the ship Essence. Her grandparents were patient, kind people who taught her to listen to her inner Faren. Luludja has at times found her Faren pulling at her limbs, nudging her mind, and making her blood glow. For what purpose she does not know, but it seems very eager for her to explore the Haven system. What does it want her to find?



Zhou

See pg: 86 for extensive Zhou write-up.

Having pushed far beyond their design – no more than an Archon biological weapon – the Zhou must now struggle against their unquenchable hunger if they are to coexist alongside the other races.

Zhou Race, pg: 170

- » You may function normally in all, non-heat related, hostile environments.
- » May gain +2 Recovery when in the same space as a recently-deceased, organic corpse.
- » +1 Survival, Physical, and Exotic.
- » Gain Language: Primal X'ion or Zhou.
- » You eats lots!
- » -2 Electronics, and Programming.
- » -2 Resupply, to your groups largest Spacecraft.
- » Food Supplies last 2 fewer days for you.
- » Complication: Prejudice from Nephilim.

Play a Zhou if you:

- » Are motivated by primal instincts.
- » Want to be a sentient plant.
- » Like to eat things.
- » Like to change the shape of your body.
- » Like to explore strange environments.

Physical Qualities

- » Average Height: 1.5m.
- » Average Weight: 135kg.
- » Average Life Span: 32 years.
- » Bodies made from a wide range of materials (vegetation is most common).
- » Mask like faces.
- » Not always bipedal.

Home World: Praid

In the later stages of the Great War, the Archons made liberal use of the semi-sentient Zhou contagion, spreading it over numerous Nephilim-infested systems. On all these worlds, the Zhou devoured everything on the surface before starving themselves to death, except for those Zhou on the small world of Praid.

After the departure of X'ion, numerous Nephilim fleets returned to Praid, their final fallback. For a century the Praid Nephilim fought back against the Zhou contagion. But as the Nephilim devolved into feral beasts, the Zhou evolved.

Gradually, the Zhou became aware that they would eventually starve themselves to death. To prevent this, they created a semblance of a primitive culture to regulate each other, with each Zhou tribe seeking to create a stable ecosystem amongst the many and varied ecologies and landscapes of Praid, both on land and under the sea.

Praid is now under a strict quarantine enforced by the Twi-Far. If the Zhou were allowed to freely roam the sector, especially with access to spacecraft, they could become an unstoppable plague capable of destroying many worlds.

Zhou Culture

Making use of Nephilim genetics, Archon scientists created a devastating biological weapon classified as "Zhou". When deployed, the Zhou sludge would rapidly spread, devouring all in its path – prioritising biological matter – until it starved to death. If the Nephilim had not halted the contagion on Praid, the Zhou would have been nothing more than a footnote, yet another biological weapon used during the Great War.

With their all-consuming hunger halted and their spread across Praid thwarted, the Zhou were given time to grow and develop beyond their design. Using their Nephilim genetics to adapt by instinct, they developed their nature into more fully realised intelligence, gaining with it the ability to understand their natural path towards self-destruction.

Crafting bodies for themselves from their environment, the Zhou have established primitive tribal settlements, whose life and culture is heavily dictated by the size of the tribe and their immediate environment. While most tribes seek to establish a balance with their environment, fighting against their insatiable hunger, more than a few tribes do not.

These warlike tribes spread, die, and regrow quickly as they seek to consume all – even other Zhou.

Making contact with the Twi-Far, a few Zhou have been invited to leave (or be stowed away from) their home world so they might mingle with the other races of Haven. The Zhou are viewed with great suspicion, however – many know that within each Zhou is the capacity to become an all-consuming plague.

Common Characteristics

Cunning, fast learner, fierce, instinctual, and primal.

Common Names

Zalick, Zogn, Zupolo, Zwar, Zwock, Zargnar, Zilsian, Zorn or Zopo.

Common Tribal Names

Amber Bark Pathfinders, Red Horn Warband or White Tide Tribe.

Example Zhou Character

Zafrock had witnessed firsthand the dark side of his people's insatiable hunger. Born to a chieftain of a small jungle tribe on Praid, Zafrock had a simple but fulfilling childhood. But all of that changed when the rampaging Red Horn Warband moved through his tribe's area, eating his entire village... people, huts, tools, and the surrounding jungle. Zafrock only survived by being thrown into a river and washed downstream. Praid never felt like home again.

Many years later, Zafrock befriended a group of Twi-Far merchants who gave him the chance to visit new worlds. He made a difficult and hungry journey, travelling on their starship to the Haven system. Zafrock was amazed at the technological wonders he saw, and baffled by the numerous complex social structures. He was often mistaken for a Nephilim, an error that he rarely corrected. Having adjusted quickly to his new, wider home, Zafrock now works as a terrestrial tracker and bounty hunter.





Twi-Far

Former Racial Name: Twilinger & Faren.

Creator: Archons, and unknown.

Average Height: 1.75m.

Average Weight: 68kg.

Average Life Span: 75 years.

Home Planet: None.

Total Population: estimated 4.1 million.

Yearly Population Growth Rate: +2%

Years Since Re-emergence into Space: N/A (never lost ability)

Years since arrival in Haven: 4 years.

Common Characteristics

Creative, dedicated, focused, mystical, passionate or talented.

Distinctive Physical Features

- » Brightly coloured, orange, glowing skin.
- » Dark patterns on their skin.

Twi-Far Race, pg: 170

- » Faren-Blast: A single Cost 1 or 2 Weapon with the Energy Keyword gains the Natural and Slow Keywords, and has -3 Weight.
- » +1 Astronomy, Command, Operations, and Heavy Arms.
- » +1 Armour vs Energy.
- » Gain Language: Twilinger.
- » -2 Maximum Strength.
- » Any Attack with the Energy Keyword that causes you Endurance Damage gains Splash +1.
- » -2 Stealth.
- » You may not take Implant Traits.

Preferred Combat Equipment

Their Faren Blast, or other Energy weapons.
Light, low weight, armour, or none at all.

Twi-Far History

The Twilinger, one of the first races to be engineered by the Archons, were created as part of a stellar engineering project. When the project failed for logistical reasons, the Twilinger, now deemed unworthy, were dispersed throughout the empire to serve other races.

When X'ion ignited the Great War, the Archons pressed their lesser creations and failed projects into a militia. The Twilinger were used as living superchargers for the Archon fleet. Their abilities significantly increased the performance of the ships' weapons and systems, but the pressures of military operations caused many Twilinger to burn out and die.

As the War escalated, so too did the loss of life amongst the militia. In one of the last fleet engagements before the implementation of the Legion, over a million Twilinger were burned out or killed in action. This was the last straw for the fledgling race. Broken and shattered, they abandoned the Archons and their war, leaving for the dark depths of space, never to return.

The Twilinger came upon stars and worlds that even ancient humanity had not visited. Among the many wonders they witnessed was an alien race of energy beings known as the Faren. The two races merged – by accident at first – a result of Twilinger genetics and starvation. Though they couldn't clearly communicate with each other, the two races formed a symbiotic relationship. Thereafter known as the Twi-Far, they wandered the edges of the galaxy, exploring its secrets together as one.

The Twi-Far then came upon another race, the Oni, a peculiar Pureblood brood of Nephilim which had destroyed or enslaved everything and everyone outside their own. Having exhausted most of their slaves, the Oni saw the nomadic Twi-Far as a welcome source of fresh cattle. The Twi-Far had no choice but to flee. Abandoning many of their nomadic traditions, they returned to the ruins of the Archons' empire, seeking refuge and help against the Oni threat pursuing them.

