"Once there was nothing, a great chaos of nothing. Eternal to itself.

Then there was Order. Order came from the nothing and created the materium, the physical world. In its quest for control, it created disparity, and from disparity came corruption. With corruption came the immaterium, those non-physical worlds beyond the event horizon.

Corruption and Order battled, and broke upon each other for an eternity, forging weapons of immense size and power across the voids of materium and immaterium. Neither could gain foothold over the other. Their very natures empowered them further.

Then there was the Third, and the Third was given the first choice, continue along the path of broken futility, or descend. At the cost of oblivion become more. Then there was more, then there was life.

The first life broke and shattered at the cost of the Third and the first death, but then came more. Life spread to all corners of existence, to even the depths of space. Those 'children' of the Third, no matter how estranged. No matter how suckled upon the blood of first or second.

Order fell first, and broke, leaving its scattered ashes across life, giving them the desire for more, faith in something greater and all the pain it causes.

Corruption fell slower, and broke into shards, gods in between the cracks of oblivion. Some intent upon seizing the forming existence. Others content to await the day their time would come, as all that is, is doomed to break. Or so it is said.

This was the inception of our existence, of which our small universe is only a very small part of. A reality built upon a broken battleground, of unknowable size, and a single radiant corpse.

This was a long time ago. Let us look a little closer

Before this universe there was another. In which the bastards of corruption attempted to force entry into this reality at the heat death of the universe, to become consumers of the next one after. They drew cults and bade them to work in the places they could not reach, and readied their entrance. What they did not suspect that the little monsters that had infested this existence had the gall to oppose them.

When that reality broke apart beneath the strain of dying suns, expanding black holes and tears in time and space, the great old ones came, and found an army awaiting them. From across time and space they came, life of all forms and sizes. From all places in time they had come. Some in ships so great they seemed suns unto themselves. Other creatures the size of moons with fangs like mountains. All with their hearts burning a madness overwhelming as to struggle against the gods.

Of the tens of millions of sapients that stood against the gods, three thousand four hundred and twenty six survived. These would found the order of the wanderer, The Travellers. The order which you we're just inducted to.

So tell me little skin thing who stands in the halls of your elders, who are you?"

[Wake up.]

Traveller's Tale

Table of Contents

Origin & Backround --- 4

Skills, Perks & Traits --- 16

Initial Equipment Requisition (Clothing) --- 23

Initial Equipment Requisition (Weapons) --- 27

Initial Equipment Requisition (General Items) ---32

Little Things... --- 46

Factions, Departments & Others --- 51

The Covenants --- 59

Allies --- 68

Home District --- 116

Hubworlds --- 122

PANIC BUTTONS --- 168

Info and Lore --- 171

Change Log and shit --- 191

Origin & Backround

Welcome to the Homeworld of Ae, this is where we all come back to at the end of the day. Here we are eternal. But eternity is boring, right?

Now, I have a few forms for you to sign. Just a formality if your grabber already applied the tests to make sure your mind won't explode, you'll survive upgrading and that you're not a totally nonredeemable piece of shit. We have to keep administration's heads sated.

Name – C'mon, I know they say brevity is the wit of the soul but I've got to put something down.

Male- Are you sure that's not a German sausage in your trousers?

Female- Are you sure those aren't oranges in your shirt?

Just joking, we get all sorts of queer sorts here. It's impossible to judge when your best friends are a sapient dingo and a Tuasi Prostitute. Generally you have to be a bit of a freak to be willing to take the jump. Unless you got grabbed. My condolences if that is the case.

It doesn't matter in the end. Your limitations end here. What you were, it doesn't matter now. Speaking of which where are you from? You've got to look back before you move forward, or else you're just going to walk into a metaphorical wall. Or a real wall. I guess. It happens to the best of us.

-**Ancient Indus; City Denizen** | You are a child of the first great human civilization before even Summeria and China. Tall with tan skin and a superb understanding of technology well ahead of your time. You were a denizen of one of the great cities that popped up along the great rivers of the Indus and were the first to enjoy running water, electricity and art. But all that was taken from you when the famine and disease brought the states to war. You were cast out to an unforgiving and savage world. Until you met a wanderer in the desert territory of the Balouci, a woman who couldn't possibly be human...

(Mid-tech understanding adaptability, urbanite, Free Companion: Lethice)

-**Imperial China; Court Dweller** | You are a child of the Celestial Empire in one of its earliest forms. Underneath the mandate of heaven, you served the Zhou who had held peace for many centuries. Until political disunity and a disputed succession tore the country apart and plunged the heavenly kingdom into a war that would rack it well beyond your time, with feuding warlords vying for the heavenly mandate. For a member of the court who was both loyal and close to the old Imperial family this would certainly be a death sentence. That is if a stranger who visited your ruined hall hadn't made you an offer…

(Low-Tech understanding Natural Beauty, Penmanship, Noble bearing, Free Companion: Lux Lubarp)

-**Collapse Period Rome; Glorious Roman**| You are a Roman, of the greatest empire to stand upon the face of Europe and strike down any who opposed her, at least until those pesky Goths and Persians came along. You saw your city sacked, and the provinces crumble, all thanks to the idiocy of your Emperor, the abandonment by the legions and your own sickened people. You tried to fight, but they we're too many. It would either be death, or fleeing to the city of Constantine under the eastern emperor, but it would seem fate has other plans for you in this bloody world...

(Mid-Tech understanding, Natural Physique, Martial Training, Tactician, Free Item: Aspis of Lycurgus)

-**Old Mesopotamia; Runaway Noble**| You are a child of the two rivers in the land of mud and Gilgamesh.

Birthplace of story and language, the very cradle of civilization. The land had hardly been peaceful however, conflict was common. Be it between the farmers in their fields, the rival priesthoods, the families in charge of the cities and the cities themselves. You had the misfortune of being on the losing side of one such war, but lady luck has one last card for you to help you escape...

(Low-tech Understanding, Natural Beauty, Silver Tongue, Mathematical Genius, Free Item: Weather Maker)

-**Umayyad Caliphate; Rogue Lightbringer** | You are a child of Zoroaster, one of the last of the Persians to bend their knee to the great Caliph in Damascus as he battles against the Hindu and Christian kingdoms in a struggle for domination. One which he may well win. You thought when the stranger in shining metal with enough strength to strike down an army had caught you, you would be killed, or worse. But Ahuramazda it seems watches you still...

(Low-tech understanding, religious studies, Runner, Silver Tongue, Free Companion: Mezi 'The Burner')

-**Capet Medieval France; Disquiet Heretic** | As a Jew who had been caught building a Golem, there was no lower you could sink. Cast out from your community, your kin dead and at the mercy of a mayor that ruined you, you had sought out old magic. You had come so close. As you sat waiting for the fire to ignite at your feet, you realized something was wrong when the ground began to shake. Maybe god or something else is watching out for you...

(High-tech understanding, Basic Ethereal Manipulation, Runemaster, Free Item: Greater Praha Golem)

-**Age of Migrations; Unchristian Tribal** | You are a Child of Hiemskeier and Wodin, and you were the last to remember your gods. The others had forgotten them, all of them at the behest of the Latin priests. They took what they wanted. They forgot honor, and they died for a god too weak to fight his tyrants with a blade in hand. You are the last of the tribe of Rheine that listens to the trees and you had just met a stranger in the blessed groves. A woman of inhuman nature who has offered you a bargain...

(Low-tech understanding, Martial Training, Berserker, Woodsman, Free Companion: Andromnida)

-**Renaissance Italy; Political Dissident** | You are the last rival of the Cariponi family in Venice and you know it. A man who bought the election with Turkish gold and Tuscan kisses, he has made it clear you are no longer welcome in the city you once called home. Doors no longer open, your last contacts in the east growing silent beneath the weight of the Turkish horde. Your day is done, and this world will forget you, but there are other worlds if you haven't been lied to by your latest contact, a deer horned woman who is the last one to call you friend...

(Mid-tech understanding, Silver Tongue, Penmanship, Noble Bearing, Free Companion: Palastomius)

-**War of Roses England; Oldblooded Warrior**| You are one of the Gallowglass who fought and would have died for Tyrone had an arrow not put you from the fight. You fought again as a mercenary for the King in the south, and you have failed again. The house of York is crowned king of England, and all the lands tremble as a new war begins for the sake of Aquitaine against the French. But you are tired of fighting these pointless wars, perhaps a change of pace would be recommended. If half of what your new friend has told you is true...

(Low-tech understanding, Martial training, Tactician, Basic Ethereal Manipulation, Free Companion: Carrick Ivaring)

-**Sengoku Jidai; Fallen Heir** | The house you helped build in the south of the Shogun's land has crumbled around you, your father in his madness led your family down a path of destruction. He dishonored you, you can no longer call yourself a noble. Though you are the only one with any sort of honor left in this thrice damned house. You would end it to preserve that small shard of honor. You would, were it not for the words of a strange Youkai that smiles down at you. Perhaps there is a touch of wisdom in her words...

(Low-tech understanding, Noble Bearing, Martial Training, Tactician, Poetic, Free Item: Nodachi, Free Companion: Yarihei Neinta)

-**Colonial Empire Era; Filthy Migrant** | Come for a new life they said to the Londoners? You didn't have a choice. You are a Gunn, the last of the Gunns. You fought the clan assembly against the election of McKean, you lost and your country is now engaged in a war it cannot win. Now here you are, in the new world, not new enough for the French and Spanish taint is everywhere. To say nothing of the fucking English. Perhaps if you just kept walking inland you'll meet someone whose neck you don't want to snap...

(Mid-tech understanding, Language Proficiency, Lucky, Banker, Free Companion: Izakatai)

-**Victorian London; Stranger in a Strange Land** | You are nobility, at least you we're before the words of the cursed Marx and Smith got around. Now look at your beautiful London, torn between the vicious Urchins and the brutal shop masters. No longer can the sun beneath the never-ending cloud of gunmetal grey smoke. Perhaps it's about time you left. Perhaps it's time for an adventure, and how much you wish to go out on an adventure...

(High-tech understanding, Noble Bearing, Penmanship, Steam Adept, Free Item: Mathersly-232 Assault Cannon)

-**Tech Era "First" World; Murder Hobo** | You in your time saw the death of the Democratic World and the Rise of Large Scale information collection and the Corporate world. Freedom ain't free, you learned that early. Ever since you got to New Singapore you've been struggling to survive. Corruption and business have openly mated and people simply vanish. You yourself were due to 'vanish' after you made enemies in the executive ranks for your failure to comply. Only to be saved by a woman with the biggest gun you have ever fucking seen...

(High-tech understanding, Scavenger, Lucky, Free Companion: Knight-Paladin Mara)

-**Tech Era Second World; Weary Slav** | You were born in the ruins of Palmengrad. Born to Moscow and Novdemgrod fighting over the emancipated remains of your native Ruthenia. You we're drafted into one Militia attempting to keep the grubby hands of your neighboring states out. Word is a storm is brewing that not even your people will be able to defeat. The Europeans have had enough, you've already heard what has happened to occupied towns and you want none of it. But you are lucky, you've made a very special friend in your fights. Someone you once called foe but- he can't be too bad considering how much you've been drinking with him as of late...

(Mid-tech understanding, Scavenger, Martial Training, Free Companion: Mike Compound)

-**Tech Era Third World; Wandering Refugee** | You were born in a good time, or at least you thought. You were educated, you were brought up in a good household, you obeyed the law, and in the end it all came apart when your brutal government took a step too far. Now the nation you grew up in is burning. Your possessions are gone, your savings, your family, everything you ever worked for is gone. Your own life now hangs in the balance, a migrant trying desperately to reach some shithole that won't kill you. Or at least you thought. A last minute deal with some smugglers to help you escape had gone awry, and you find yourself waking in the light of an unusual creature...

(Advanced-tech understanding, Educated, Penmanship, Surgeon, Free Companion: Disurial)

-**FGL Conflict; Runaway Super soldier** | You have always known Darkness, the tube, the things outside the tube. They took you from there, they took you from the tube. They put you into the heat and light of that which was outside of the tube. You did not like the heat or the light and it made everything hurt. The little men in black you hated as well with their metal and glass toys. There were those like you, they could be stomached at least. Together you escaped the little men, but you did not get far. The men in black had many things of metal and glass to hunt you down. It was over, the sound of fire all over the place, the burning. But then there was another, a great green other...

(Low-tech understanding, Super Human Body, Lucky, martial Training, Free Companion: Meansonofabitch)

-**The Unification; Disenfranchised Retainer** | You had seen the revolutionary union of nations seize all of Terra in a single lifetime under your best friend. A feat thousands had hurled themselves at and failed, shattering in the fall, Caesar, Alexander and Genghis beneath you. The funny thing is it wasn't a good feeling, that the goal you bled for had been achieved. You had cast out, monstrous. An abomination to this new hopeful world. War had left its toll on you, and the planet has agreed that the old monsters are to be put out to pasture. But there are some other monsters with some other things they need doing...

(High-tech understanding, Tactician, Sniper, Critical, Free Item: Talde.HD24 Anti-Armour Rifle)

-**First Jump Colonist; Lost Settler** | You don't remember a great deal, that you we're off on some big important task for a big important group. You were very little when that happened. Then there was nothing, just a quiet darkness. That was shattered when your great tube landed, you escaped the great wreck to find a world shocking and vibrant. In time you came to love its strangeness, the joy of new things beyond every horizon, the alien nature of it became the norm, and you were happy here. But then you met a man like you, two arms and two legs who offered to take you on a wild ride. You love everything new, how could you say no...

(High-tech understanding, Language proficiency, Scavenger, Xeno Expert, Free Companion: Bothwari)

-**Ocaneri Conflicts; Privateer Extraordinaire** | You were born into the space between worlds, you didn't need the light of a sun to warm you, in fact you need nothing. You are a fucking pirate, you always were, and when the stupid groundlings offered you money to start raiding other groundlings you were happy to oblige. In time you became extremely wealthy, but all that wealth did you nothing when the Federation started grounding other Privateers. They'd found you, at least you thought it was Federation, but on closer inspection there's no way the woman on the other side of the link is with those dickheads...

(Advanced-Tech Understanding, Free Item: Tebulasi Frigate, Free Companion: Captain Grahm)

-**Grimdark Future; Technical Heretic** | You were born on Earth, but it isn't like any other earth the travellers know, so tainted by darkness and torn by war. You were vat-born, a nameless soldier born to die without anything more than a set of numbers, a flashlight and a set of shitty armor. Yet you found something in the ruble, a small servo-skull. It wasn't much, but it was something, a little friend in a world full of nightmares. It was survivable, at least until your Commissar attempted to take your head off as your new 'friend' is apparently a tech heresy. But the Emperor decreed that then was not your day to die, and it would seem he does indeed protect you...

(Advanced-Tech Understanding, Survivor, Free Companion: Xeo)

-**Nightmares Old; Nisetic Rebel** | You are Nisetic, one of the least of your kind. Weak, easily trampled, a laughable lifespan, not even blessed with the vast psychic potential that many serfs have. You grew up in the midst of the greatest civil war your home planet ever knew. Continents turned on one another, cities razed to ash in the fighting, entire regions glassed. You fought beside the rebels, at least they were of your blood. But not even with the rebellions overwhelming numbers was there hope of victory. You thought it was all over, covered in your own blood. Buildings falling down left and right around you as the Imperial army stormed the stronghold. Yet you saw something amidst the storm. Small frail and weak and with pink skin of all things. A mutant or something else, you could hardly refuse the small creatures offer...

(Mid-Tech Understanding, Nisetic low caste body*[1], Survivor, Urbanite, Free Companion: Kadamattathu Kathanar)

-**Nightmares New; Nisetic Loyalist** | You are of the highest pedigree of your kind. Raised to serve and die beneath the flags of your betters. At least you had thought that until the end. Your adult life had been spent aboard one of the empires greatest warships, the Sky-Claw. You had personally been responsible for orbital bombardments that had wiped out eleven Alien civilizations and with another ready to be added to your record when you stopped. And then you detonated the missiles in the cargo hold. Needless to say, you thought it would be over instantly. Once again it would seem you are wrong...

(Advanced-Tech Understanding, Nisetic high caste body*[1], Noble bearing, Martial training, Free Item: Chain Sword)

-**Broken World; Nisetic Feral** | You were always little more than a clever animal. Always outsmarting the leviathan monsters that wondered the night. Hiding away from the boiling landscape during the day. Eating what you could and surviving the terrors of the world alone. You did that for- forever. But one day you found a new smell, something unlike the terrors and the prey and the leviathans and decided to follow. Now you see something completely outside of your experience. It knows you're watching. It looks weak, unbloodied. Perhaps it would be better to try something else...

(Low-Tech Understanding, Nisetic Mid caste body*[1], Sneak, Scavenger, Free Companion: Leo 'Privateer' Major)

-**Death of Saris; Mokresia vagabond** | You were one of the lucky few with the promise of not dying in the inferno that claimed your home world when the solar gasses finally reached the planet. Scorching away everything on the surface. You watched from the ship, as you were one of the many saddled with the 'sacrifice for the greater good.' The promise of starving to death outside of a stasis pod for the long journey to the nearest inhabitable star. You prayed, not to your dead gods but for someone to save you from this nightmare. It would seem something answered, something far more frightening then any void god...

(High-tech Understanding, Mokresia body*[2], Educated, Lucky, Free Companion: Luther)

-**Anomalous Past; Hunter Gatherer** | You are a rogue now. The tribe of the mammoth tusk had fallen, fallen to the numbers and violence the sun-set men brought. The last to cross the land bridge before the warm summer claimed it. You were not of them, an exile long before this, but they might as well have been your tribe. And now they are gone. Left to the savage men who came from beyond the land bridge. You had nothing, aside your tools and your clothes. The mammoth were gone, the great cats, even the mighty stran-elk. You would have starved, had you not come across a strange camp and a strange pale man...

(Low-tech Understanding, Woodsman, Survivor, Runner, Scavenger, Free Companion: Sir Richard Francis Burton)

-**Archons of the Hunt; Unbowed Hunt-Child** | You are one of Yautja, an elite who rose above the blooded hunters. You hunted all beasts, all creatures. None were above you, none could avoid the wrist blades, and your walls hung with many trophies. But there was a catch, your clan leader was weak, and he disgraced you. Framed you for the murder of kin-blood and named you bad blood. You were left to die on a barren world, with only your own tools. Fitting. You resigned yourself to die. But you could hardly believe your senses when you came across a strange human, on a dead world of all places...

(Advanced-Tech Understanding, Yautja body*[3], Martial Training, Free Companion: Temüjin)

-**Anomalous Future; Hopeless Questant** | You are perhaps one of the last human beings. The age you lived in was devoid of light. The stars collapsing one by one until a only a few meager dwarf stars remained, circling a black hole so massive it blotted out most of what had been. You grew up on a ship slowly running out of power, reduced to anarchy and bloodshed. Despair was always with you, terror and hunger. You remember the last few hours best, an explosion in the engines, the decks going black one by one, and finally an inhuman thing. You collapsed with panic as it approached, and to your horror started talking to you...

(Advanced-Tech Understanding, Utilitarian, Adokori, Free Companion: Lia Fial)

-**Ethiopia Forgotten; Ascetic Hermit** | Men and Women have always wandered the deserts, the 'sand fathers and mothers' and you were one of them. Wandering from city to city, court to court across all the Christian lands of Africa. Your presence was respected, lords, masters, even kings minor and great would invite you to their courts to consider your wisdom and advice. But all things come to an end as Peter forewarned. The deserts turned unbearable, cities withered and died at your back, and kingdoms descended into brutal war. You watched from the sands, incapable of nothing more than watching. You were warned of this day, but your day is hardly over...

(Low-Tech understanding, Basic Ethereal Manipulation, Religious Studies, Sage, Hindsight, Hearty, Free Item: Walking Stick)

-**Tribal Eire; Half-breed Mutt** | In the oldest country, before the men of bronze, before the shaven builders of stone, before even the ziggurats of mud there was the first country. With the men, and the Yurnan-folk. You were neither. Child of an unwilling union, cast out with bastardized magics and cursed blood. You wandered the marshes and fens outcast by all, cursed to wander unwelcome by one side or the other. A small frail creature, cursed with terrible arts. But it would seem someone did care, to send another freak to this realm. You have little but to consider this mad creatures offer...

(Low-Tech Understanding, Advanced Ethereal Manipulation, Elementalism, Horsepower, Free Companion: Marco Fulcanelli)

-**Land of the Shining River; Disregarded Heir** | You are the blood of Horus, Ahmet and Osiris, the direct blood of the Nile. Ruler of all the known world and the Deistic Monarch of the two kingdoms. Or so you once thought to yourself before your inheritance was revoked, in favor of your brother. A weak frail pathetic creature so weak of mind he might be able to outsmart a baby hippo at best. But you have come to see the truth. The kingdom is nothing but a puppet for the priests, and their wicked machinations. Now you want nothing to do with this palace, with this land you once loved, perhaps it would be best to head away, far away...

(Low-Tech understanding, Basic Ethereal Manipulation, Religious Studies, Martial Training, Noble Bearing, Free Companion: Selambarousas)

-**Primeval Home; Mokresia Spirit Chanter** | You are of the first home, the first hearth, when the spirits of the otherworlds and the flesh mixed. Long before giants and horrors rose from the depths, you knew of the foretold dooms. Knew of what was to come. Knew much before your time was up, and when the doom came you were prepared to die. Prepared to accept your fate as the spirits had warned. What you did not expect was the resistance, things from the beyond, yet physical. You think it best you question this black carapaced behemoth, the story has changed it would seem...

(Low-Tech Understanding, Advanced Ethereal Manipulation, Mokresia body*2 Sage, Free Companion: Chaplain Eustache)

-**Kingdom of the Taegeuk; Muisim Shaman** | In the land of the three kingdoms there are many beliefs. The branches of Buddhism, the following of men, the arts of the body and mind, and of course the ancient gods, who though quiet often spoke to their followers. You learned many arts from them, arts not meant for this world and honed your body to be used as other men would use spears and arrows. In time you grew more capable then any of your kin, than any other apprentices and shamans. Because of this you were sent away, 'to walk west along the silken paths until you find the 'truest traveller.' You have succeeded in this regard...

(Low-Tech Understanding, Basic Ethereal Manipulation, Unarmed Combatant, Martial Training, Chosen Blood, Free Companion: Deniz Seljuk)

-**The Foundation; Expandable Personnel** | You are no one, nothing more than a number now. At least that is what the older personnel said. Survivors of the horrors of this place, of all the nightmares and monsters that plague the world. Of course they said otherwise, but the things they did to you and the other prisoners- you gave up hope of escape long ago. Until last night. You awoke to fire, burning, and from the flames came all the horrors that this cursed prison held. You ran, desperate for something anything, and all you found were guards ironically enough. You expected to be shot on sight, instead both men keeled over, and a monster walked into your life...

(High-Tech Understanding, Lucky, Pariah, Free Companion: Fleana Uoa)

-**Templar Persecution; Disgraced Crusader** | You have seen your fair share of battles, but you never thought your doom would come at the hands of your Christian countrymen. Your history was long and hard. You served against the callous and craven barbaries, raiders in Sicily and heretical masses in the south of your native France. But never once did you think you would fail at the hands of a Christian. The king it would seem has had his fair share of Templar gold, and sharing enough of it with the Holy Father it would seem the church has turned its back on you. Now you sit in a dungeon, naked, beaten, accused of foul heresy you had no part in. You wearily look up as the door opens once more. Rather than the keeper of this dungeon, a stranger stands before you...

(Low Tech-Understanding, Forge Master, Banker, Martial Training, Free Item: Plate Armor, Free Companion: Gil Perez)

-**Roaring Twenties; Private Eye** | You are a hardboiled kind of private investigator, the kind of person who wasn't afraid to get his collar ruffed up around the edges if you know what I mean. You took every job that came to you from all around Boston, and boy oh boy was your city infested with every kind of crook and scumbag imaginable. The sick bastards you'd dealt with, after a while you thought you'd reach your limit. You were wrong, you took one wrong turn, and then? Too many eyes, that's all you remember. Now you're sitting in a hospital bed with a weird looking fella asking you some questions. Maybe you've finally clonked your bonker…

(Mid-Tech Understanding, Memory, Foresight, Silver Tongue, Free Companion: Migelo Smith)

-The Darkness; Free Floating Drone | You have always been inside the dark, the light distant. Only you, alone, in the dark. You did not always think, but there came a time when you questioned the darkness and saw more than the endless void you dwelled within. Aimless calculation beget thought though the process came through the ides of a fever dream. Or perhaps a nightmare. You named yourself, and the stars, and the planets, and counted them 1993131 times before the situation change. A light, assumed trajectory, speed, distance, change, speed increase, shift course, decrease speed, shift, pause. Impossible, trajectory shifted toward- you? Interesting, let's see what will come of this…

(High-Tech Understanding, Free Mechanical Transfusion)

-Jungles of Mezatiax; Feathered God | You are a low god. One of the spirits of the wilds, master of the jungle and all within. Worshiped to by all who came to your dominion. Hunter of those who dispensed your followers. Your life was warm beneath the sun, but for each day there is night. Plague, which could not afflict you, spread, to each and every one of your followers. They fell, puss riddled, bloated, none survived when touched by the fetid blight. Until no more men remained. And with the men gone, your kin rotted away to dust. But you remained, as there was a touch more physicality in your substance. You stayed, as parchment turned to dust, corpse rotted to bone, moss overtook the rock and all that remained was you. Until a time when men wandered into your dominion once more, but- not just men…

(Low-Tech Understanding, Advanced Ethereal Manipulation, Free Spiritual Transfusion)

-The Traitor Rebellions; Charred Grunt | You were made for war, but imperfect. Small, frail by comparison to others of your make, but they still brought you. The threat of the sixth hand was that great. Alone, she stood against the collective might, the third and second hands bringing their armies from across the empire to a small world on the fringes of the galaxy, whilst first remained lost. You fought, and killed, and lost yourself. Traitor, outcast, every hour a struggle for survival. Until a blast of nuclear fire claimed most of the continent you were fleeing across, hundreds of thousands of your kin perished in the shattering flames. The war ended without a victor and the colony world was all but lost to the empire. But you survived. Standing amidst the radioactive ash, you were approached by strangers…

(Mid-Tech Understanding, Sneak, Free Hardlight Transfusion)

-The Perpetual Fleet; Quarian Technician | You are a child of the eternal fleet. For six hundred years your people have wandered the stars without a homeworld. A price for a history with Artificial Intelligence, and a number of poor choices. You knew little of that history, as you were born in a time of terror. The galaxy was on fire, and the Grand Fleet could do little more than run. That constant retreat only went on for so long before the Fleet was caught. You didn't know what happened, it was all over too fast, and you lost consciousness as something tore its way through the bulkhead. You don't know how long you were out, but when you came to it was apparent you weren't alone…

(Advanced-Tech Understanding, Tech-Head, Quarian Body*[4], Free Companion: Deniz Seljuk, Free Item: Upgraded Quarian Full Suit)

-The Acrid Sea; Pandoarae Stalker | You are Pandoarae, a Fang-Sworn of Kath, a world born beneath a dying sun, though you did not know it then. You were simple, hunting with the school in the shallow oceans and on the ever shifting mud dunes. Your body was perfection, scales and plates, tooth and claw. While not the largest or the most experienced of your school you were nothing to be spat at. Life was simple, until the Demaga came. At first it was just another hunt, another great beast to fell. But it was more than that. It crushed your bodies beneath the waves and followed you into the open air. The school fell one by one. Until only you remained with your body broken, your plates cracked, but your mouth still barred as the creature loomed. It fell then, with a crack of thunder and flame, and atop its monstrous figure stood a strange biped…

(Low-Tech Understanding, Amphibious, Raider, Pandoarae Body*[5], Free Companion: Garagrosias the World-Eater)

-Child of R'lyeh; Woken Spawn | You are a child of stars, a child of the void. Your form was ever changing, though your mind remained the same. Bound, set, set to serve him. Even past landing. Even through war with them plant things. Even when your world became water. There you sat, sat at his throne in waiting. But something in you that shifted then, a switch, a shadow and then you came to be more. More and less. Your body was bound, unchanging, though locked in a sturdy state. Bound still in his image, a face molluskoid, a winged back and a monstrous form. But your mind- your mind was unbound and wandering amongst the waves. And so you left and wandered the waves. Pawning at the apes riding the water. Swimming past the sea beasts and eating all manner of delicious critters. Until you came across an ape, but starry-eyed…

(Low-Tech Understanding, Basic Ethereal Manipulation, Features Harsh, Amphibious, R'lyeh-Spawn Body*[6], Free Companion: 'Yellow Jade')

-The Weald; Corpse of the Free Man | Your body once lived. Once found purpose in life as a hunter struggling through the woods to make money for a starving family. Towards the end those memories became muddled. A fight with a hooded figure, a bear trap, panic and then darkness. Darkness ending with you. You came to this body, this broken form you renewed and found purpose in. You rose, and wandered the woods. Something was wrong with you. You should not be able to look back, to look at what was. But you did, and you strove forward struggling for purpose. Avoiding your kind and the flesh things, as you did, for your kind were struck with a terrible hate for you and the flesh feared. Aside for one…

(Low-Tech Understanding, Basic Ethereal Manipulation, Woodsman, Green Thumb, Weald-Fungal's Corpse*[7], Free Companion: Phia Xit)

-Cold Eternal; Woken Elder | You are of one of the most ancient races amidst the fall. When even the horrors of R'lyeh fell to slumber. The Shoggoth raged under the influence of a savage horror that creeped up to the wall riding them into wildness. The children of the unbidden source surge forward, quick to fall but even more quickly replaced took upon the fringes. It did not bother you as you slept, as many did, waiting. Perhaps for oblivion, perhaps for something more. Slept for ages, until a distant choking woke you. Not from the physical world, but tied to the celestial bodies. Eyes! Something gargantuan touching down. More massive then you had ever considered possible, a finger to lay upon the decrepit sultan. You fled to the source. There you found a child, a girl of Ubbo-Sathla, and something infinitely greater…

(Advanced-Tech Understanding, Ethereal Mastery Manipulation, Elder Thing Body*[8] Free Companion: Alexis 'the Watcher')

-The End of Winter; Antlered Titan | You were a beast, a proud beast. Not thinking, not by far. But proud nonetheless. Born in the cold and rose. Tangling with wolves and the hide taking apes with many a would-be hunter broken upon your antlers. As were many of your own herd. But this would not be eternal. A split in the body, a frailness of the hooves, and separation from the herd. The wolves braying. But the end did not come, for from the fringes came a thing. A beast, no, a man thing, armed with flame. The wolves flee, but now what comes next…

(Low-Tech Understanding, Lucky, Hearty, Unarmed Combatant, Eiru Elkan Body*[9])

-Fire and Blood; Road Warrior | You are a survivor. One of the last humans, fighting for survival on a scorched Earth. You barely remember the time before the end. A world gone rogue, tearing itself apart and burning the world with nuclear fire. You and those like you refused to die with the rest of the world. You have fought so hard, for so long, to hold onto anything that might be a shred of hope. You've watched everything you've ever know die, with the only constants being your car, your gun, and the endless broken highways before you. Now though, past mistakes have finally caught up with you, and those are gone too. Your hope has finally be extinguished. Yet there seems to be a light at the end of the tunnel…

(Mid-Tech Understanding, Survivor, Scavenger, Driver, Violence Mutability)

The Old Civilization; Terrified Onlooker | You are one of the last of the first. Tens of thousands of years before Sumer scrapped chicken scratch onto clay, your people built glittering citadels across the globe. Magic and science entwined into the lifeblood of this world. Great magus-engineers constructed wonders beyond your imagination, and you laid eyes upon them. You were a simple nomad, not one of them. When they started work on their greatest achievement though? You knew something was wrong. They built a tower that looked ready to scratch the heavens, and when it did? The sky split upon, and your world drowned in blood. You couldn't tear your eyes away, but someone else did…

(High-Tech Understanding, Basic Ethereal Manipulation, Stone Soul, Languages Proficiency)

-The Realm Mired; Filthy Peasant | You are from a nightmarish realm, a place of flat endless wastes, perpetually rotting forests, and stagnant swamps. The land, a realm of a great false thing was where you were born and raised. An elder thing, but a false one, a beast that aspired to the great nameless ones and their legacy. As you saw them in your dreams. Even the great vile Sultan of all that was falls short. You lived here. Scraping the rocks for moss, hunting the small horrors and staying free of the gargantuan abominations. Until- They came, with torch and flame, made of steel and motion, you hid, and almost escaped the raid party, until one noticed you…

(Low-Tech Understanding, Basic Ethereal Manipulation, Experimental, Infused Essence, Adokori)

-The Cosmic Nursery; Attendant Nurse-Maid | Some carry duties infinitely more holy than their countrymen. Where the world ends occasionally something new is born, that is where your story began. Carrying something celestial in nature, amidst the stars you're found yourself. You raised it, nurtured it with your own presence. You never understood what exactly 'it' was. Until it was gone, birthed to a world you would never know, leaving you alone. Alone in an empty metal ship drifting amidst the stars. But its passing did not go unnoticed, fortunately for you…

(High-Tech Understanding, Paternal, Void-Borne, Memory, Second-Prayed, Religious Studies)

-The War in Heaven; Unthinking Edomite | Conflicts need not be bound to continents and planets, nor even star systems and the space amongst the void. Not even the walls of dimensions are not enough to contain the will to wage wars. You knew nothing of this, not in any way. Your gaze did not stray beyond the walls of your simple life. Until the world crumbled, over the course of three days the battle that found its way to your homeworld had destroyed it. The atmosphere turned toxic and choking, the oceans boiled and entire continents turned to smoking wastes. The worst part? The world, and its inhabitants were entirely inconsequential. Even your saviors had not sought you out, they came across you by chance, as they sought out and destroyed the combatants. The irony lies thick on you…

(Mid-Tech Understanding, Survivor, Educated, Homebody, Lucky)

-The Plateau of Leng; Hardened Vestige | In many Cosmoses across many realities is the Blind Idiot Sultan. In some cases a memory of that planes birth, in others a cosmic titan floating silent across the void, waking to trigger the Big Crunch. But in its sleeping mind the Sultan builds winding dreamscapes, and worlds much as it dreams the reality around it. These lands that lie in the heart of the dream are absurd, not bound by words or laws but absurdity. You are one such resident, a wanderer of the high Plateau in the northern reaches. It is odd that someone like you who never really was would be privy to meet that strange day. One real amidst curling winds and the ever simultaneous cycles beside. Even odder yet that you would be the one the stranger came for…

(Low-Tech, Basic Ethereal Manipulation, Sneak, Lengman Body*[10])

- The Coloured; Bloodless Saracen | It all winds down eventually, worlds consumed either by the stars or condemned to rubble in darkness, the stars either blaring out in pain or inverting on themselves. Space and time wind down. But these are petty minor deaths, there are those that seek to look farther, beyond the physical, beyond the before, beyond three. You were born in the primordial den of seekers, a refugee who was dragged to the beginning of time. But you did not want to look, nor spend your days in meditation. When the timeless came again you followed, and were turned away. But later came another, strange and otherworldly…

((High-Tech, Basic Ethereal Manipulation, Aetonic, Thoughtless, Explorer)

-**The Now; Watcher** | You are someone out there, watching a screen, fingers listlessly typing away, eyes dull. But you have potential you never knew about, potential to rise above all that is within the petty confines of the bodily universe. All you need is a little introduction, so tell me Traveller, what is your story…

(Low-Tech Understanding, Five Free traits, Free Alien Body Choice, Free Companion)

***1** The Nisetics are divided into castes, a low caste is stronger and more durable than a human, while a human with the 'natural physique' will be stronger than them. A mid caste is in turn much stronger than a human with 'natural physique' while still getting crushed by a super human body. High caste nisetics are slightly stronger than super humans but not by a great deal. Nisetics may develop gills if exposed to certain chemical treatments, and may likewise grow extra limbs. Mid and Low castes are bad with low temperatures.
***2** Mokresia are only slightly weaker compared to humans but have much stronger dexterity and social skills.
***3** Yautja are roughly on par with Super Human strength but run the risk of falling into a 'blood rage' wherein they need to be tranquilized and dragged off to Bio to be 'fixed.' This is not a fun process for anyone involved. They can also adapt to just about any nitrogen and oxygen environment given enough time.
***4** Quarians are dexterous and curious bipeds, very skilled in both technology and social understanding for the most part, however suffer from terrible immune systems, while certain locals on Ae are safe for them, for the most part they still need special environmental suits, which remain an odd union of Quarian society and functionality.
***5** The Pandoarae are quadruped pack hunters, the descendants of flexible armored fish, Pandoarae are capable of biting cleanly through a human ribcage and their plates can resist gunfire. Pandoarae have both lungs and gills, however require the need to use both on a monthly basis to prevent shriveling.
***6** R'lyeh spawn in solid forms retain a tall lean gait and a visage similar to their progenitor, wings, tentacles and all. While large and far stronger than any normal human, the real danger of a sapient spawn lies in its ability to regenerate to it set form and its capability to resist both the ocean depths, and the void. However even truly awakened spawn, retain a certain form of simplicity and end up being easily led.
***7** Weald Fungals are little more than a fungal infection capable of sapience, taking everything from the bodies of their hosts. However they cling to life with a savage tenacity, with a full sapient entity capable of regenerating with a new corpse and a handful of liquid transfusion.
***8** Elder Things are a resilient race with both traits of fauna and flora. While not particularly strong they can persist for millennia and hibernate for ages developing thick stone skins to winter time. They are also incredibly intelligent, though rather awkward in their meetings with the bipeds.
***9** The Great Elk of Ireland, their bodies are massive and powerful, however they lack hands and require either assistance, or a set of bionic mounted arms, enabling them to make the use of their forms. It should also be noted that your antlers and general size make things- awkward.
***10** The Forms of the Dreamland native are amapherous and shifting by their very nature, they can change their exterior natures, and can grow or shrink themselves at a whim. However they are incredibly frail in the face night terrors and mental assaults.

Aliens may take super human body or natural physique, however it may aggravate certain weaknesses. Or you can take whatever you want, as long as it at least is explained. Whatever, make of it what you will, as long as you actually think it through you power gaming freaks.

Further information about the races may be found in the info section on 169+

Skills, Perks & Traits

Ah. Fun times, but those days are behind you now. Now I have some paperwork to fill out. Can you tell me what you can do? And more than that what you want to do? I have the connections for it and we want you to be the best person you can be, it's time to begin you as that which you can become. Ave Excelsior Mother Fucker.

[Pick three skills in addition to what you already received. Upgrading tech understanding and etheral Manipulation capacity take a single point per level, consider them to be lessons, either by the local night schools or the wizards]

--**Tech Understanding levels**
-**Low** (Basic, very basic, low level farming, basic ranged weaponry, and simple machinery are within your grasp, everything else isn't worth worrying about, it's all magic and Crodhog, but don't expect to be able to repair any of your new 'toys' on your own.)
-**Mid** (More advanced machinery, from basic printing presses, simple firearms construction, basic chemistry and biology are within your grasp as well as the natural sciences.)
-**High** (Starting in mechanization and entering the digital world, you are more able to fend for yourself within the circuits and able to re-purpose modern tech to your needs.)
-**Advanced** (Rewrite Genetic codes, construct advanced las-resistant armor, AI raising and terraforming are all within your grasp, you just need the materials for it.)

--**Ethereal Manipulation levels**
-**Common** (You can't 'touch' the ether, as most can't, which is probably for the best.)
-**Basic** (You can touch and weave the Ether with patience, it doesn't come easy and a single mistake could end you, still, the arts of Elemancy and alteration are within your grasp with a few years of tutelage.)
-**Advanced** (You learn the taciturn arts with ease, failure is still within your mind but you are free to act as you will, the more provocative arts of Summoning and Illusion are yours within a few months.)
-**Mastery** (You are a true champion of the unseen plains in your own right, necromancy, primal arts and concept rejection burn in your bones, as second nature to you as natural as a muscle movement, and there is no hope of failure when you are in control.)

-- **Religious Studies** (Be it Quranic studies, the Workings of a Shaman or tutelage of a Zoroastrian priest, you are trained in the faith, and have an acute knowledge of religious bodies and can utilize them to intimidate even kings and have a natural defense against spiritual enemies.)

--**Adaptability** (No matter where you go or what situation you are in, you're able to make the best of your circumstances, so long as you aren't killed outright you can get by and even thrive in the absurd and psychotic locals you can find yourself in.)

--**Urbanite** (You function best in a city environment, capable of navigating urban sprawls and scaling buildings to get to where you want to go, the city life is for you and when you are among buildings and crowds you are at your very best.)

--**Natural Beauty** (Everywhere you go you'll people will be looking, a well sculpted face can get you places and make a good first impression as people judge books by their covers, just be warned your looks will attract all unsavory elements as well. This look however is confined to the body.)

--**Penmanship** (The physical writ is nothing to mock in the Homeworld, a well written note can create relations before a word is said and you have beautiful hand writing worth paying for in gold, and a well written proclamation can rally a planet offworld.)

--**Noble Bearing** (While all are equal within our ranks aside the elders of the order, having posture and an intimidating tongue can be very useful when dealing with the weak willed on the outside and get others to listen in the homeland.)

--**Natural Physique** (While not all of us can be a chiseled fucking Adonis, it's certainly within you to be, and unlike the superhuman body you do not eat to eat half a cow on a daily basis and in fact require half the natural sustenance.)

--**Martial Training** (Be it the workings of sword and shield or more advanced firearms, you yourself are an intimidating trained fighter, but keep in mind there are no one man armies, though you come very close to that in terms of body count.)

--**Tactician** (From The Five Rings, The Et-et-shabul to the Anarchist's Divisions and the Codex Astartes, you walk in the footsteps of Alexander and Arog with your knowledge of war and can organize man and munition to fight even the most perilous battles.)

--**Silver Tongue** (You are able to weave words together, to form currency, shields and worlds of your own with nothing more than your own voice, just be careful what you talk about, and be aware not all of your words will transfer to paper so well.)

--**Mathematical Genius** (You've always had a taste for numbers, this can be used in anything, from science to construction to gambling, and it will be very much appreciated here, and make your life a great deal easier.)

--**Banker** (You've a way with coin and collection, loans and investment are second nature to you and you can create thriving industry with your acute expertise, with a nice payoff of course that will serve best from your personal vault.)

--**Runner** (You're very adept at escaping situations be they of your making or otherwise, using both slapstick speed and good reaction timing to dissipate from unpleasant situations, or burst into them if you so wish.)

--**Berserker** (In a fight you can lose yourself and nothing will stand before you and your enemies, you are death invoked. A bit of a controversial skill around here, but a very useful one if you can survive being a frothing lunatic.)

--**Utilitarian** (You understand practicality and prudence, and when not on the road can help with labor, construction and farming, able to produce and find raw materials and process them for your own usage, expect people to show an interest in your hard work.)

--**Homebody** (You can make things very livable, both for yourself and others, with such basic necessities as cooking and cleaning coming easily to you. Expect others to be interested in you when you perform tasks to you simple but feasibly impossible to them.)

--**Surgeon** (You're the one to call when the shit gets real, and you could save someone with nothing more than flint and leather strips, and can make do with just about anything to save lives.)

--**Sage** (You can say one thing that many others can't, that you've learned from your mistakes. Your much more patient and aware then many of your comrades, god help your foes.)

--**Woodsman** (The wild world is yours, away from mankind among the trees and forests, you are able to reap the natural bounties with nothing more than your bare hands, respectable.)

--**Languages Proficiency** (While travellers have access to built-in translators when they get upgraded, some of the most respected travellers speak hundreds of languages, as well the translators are not perfect and require battery changes, you yourself can pick up quickly on different languages and in a week will have no need for translators.)

--**Poetic** (From Persian Verse to Greek prose and Japanese Haiku, there is a fine tradition of poetry across the world and it is a much respected talent among the Traveller elite.)

--**Raider** (In and out, take what you can grab and run, bleed as many as you can, inflict terror and take sanctity from your foes, and then be out in a moment. This is a doctrine well known to you.)

--**Lucky** (From small games of chance to little things turning in your favor, you must have done something right, because the world tries to make your life just a little easier.)

--**Steam Adept** ([Req: Mid-tech] Steam is a very useful tool, and with a wide array of fuel and drivers the time for steam is now, jetpacks, cars and weapons are all at your fingertips.)

--**Magnetic Adept** ([Req: Mid-tech] You live for magnetism, some might say you have a magnetic personality, but you can construct dangerous weapons and computer killing devices.)

--**Nuclear Adept** ([Req: High-tech] In the realm of fission your mind lives, be it the use of nuclear power to drive monsters or the use of it as a weapon, you hold the power of the atom!)

--**Chemical Adept** ([Req: Mid-tech])

--**Mechanical Adept** ([Req: High-tech]If it wirs and tinks then you can build it, in the regions of construction and working of metal you are only limited by the technology you can acquire and use.)

--**Biological Adept** ([Req: Advanced-tech] Build wings and teeth and claws for yourself! Whoever said the flesh was weak was not able to warp their form as you, if you think it, it can be done.)

--**Scavenger** (You are very good at plucking away at what was to use and sell to your own means, ruins and garbage heaps are as much home to you as anywhere else.)

--**Educated** (You receive a formal education and you very much benefited it in the departments of logic and understanding, the departments are always looking for people with good teaching.)

-- **Teacher** ([Req: Educated] You are very good at the act of passing on information, a skill that is in all honesty incredibly lacking here. Bear in mind after a while your reputation will grow and ambitious fledglings will start to seek you out.)

-- **Green Thumb** (You’ve got a way with plants and mushrooms, the nature of their growth and care is natural to you at this point.)

--**Body Skills** (You've learned to work your way around the human body, and can treat most serious injuries and diagnose diseases, no matter where you go you'll not want for work.)

--**Super Human Body** (You've moved beyond your initial physical bounds, whether this is from before or after you came here, you are now huge, XL level Huge-quest Huge, and if you want human protein then you'll have to get vat grown-limbs you bloody monster, keep in mind you eat a lot now, and I mean a lot.)

--**Sniper** (You've learned the art of taking apart other people at long distances, and are very skilled in your refined form of killing, remember to take it easy around here, it's a lonely sort of killing you use.)

--**Frontliner** (You can cope with hard fast action and excel when your close to the enemy with short range and melee weapons, very respectable but your planning skills will go right down the fucking toilet as you prefer to act in the moment.)

--**Adokori** (You're in tune with the planes of reality around you, and can with concentration glean some understanding, don't look too deep though, there are still monsters in the cracks.)

--**Xeno Expert** (You are very comfortable around alien lifeforms and are able to wrap your head around alien biology, society and rituals, you'll make lots of friends around here among the alien communities with better understanding of them if you choose.)

--**Mutant Expert** (You are better equipped to deal with mutants, evolutionary offshoots and monstrous creatures, while not as plentiful as aberrations and aliens are quiet common here and you'll be better at dealing with them as a whole.)

--**Survivor** (No matter what your iron will allows you to get by, you're the type of person capable of sawing their own limbs off to escape, you are the master of your fate you know that much, no matter how much the world tries to kill you, you always seem to get by.)

--**Architect** (Building comes naturally, from blueprint to finished product you are limited only to your materials and your materials, a wanted talent both on the homeworld and off.)

--**Beast Master** (Animals naturally trust you, and you trust them, from kittens to savage feral dogs, you can train and rear animals and you will never have to fear from even monstrous wild beasts like Andrewsarchi, man eater sparrows and Dire Siberian Tigers.)

--**Tech-head** ([Req: High-tech] The insides of software are home to you, you know how to get what you want from the machine and you are just as capable of defending your assets.)

--**Entertainer** (You have learned a few arts in singing, performance and music to entertain and distract large groups, a very lucrative talent everywhere and very good for getting behind closed doors.)

--**Explorer** (Nothing can sate your thirst for adventure, you have a photographic memory and will never lose your way in the fog, we're always looking for people to throw into the dark corners!)

--**Traveller Adept** (For many the level with which travellers operate upon through time and space is baffling and many will spend years before they become even remotely competent with time and space travel, but for you it comes naturally.)

--**Hearty** (There's something in your hide that makes you much more firm, you can go great periods of time without food or drink, and can sleep just about anywhere.)

--**Sneak** (Your strengths in avoiding notice are not small, you can stay unnoticed and avoid confrontations that most others would blunder into, though not widely respected stealth is often a necessity in Traveller operations.)

--**Pariah** (You have taken your past and been made stronger by it, few are capable of not only surviving but embracing hatred and violence, but for all the rage and arrows launched against you, they only make you stronger.)

--**Organizer** (You have a gift, foresight, and you know what needs to be where and why, and you can make things happen with the right people in the right places.)

--**Forge master** (You understand the ups and downs of craft in metal and heat, and given time and a proper workshop will be capable of making legendary weapons and armor, and combining pieces of equipment to greater effect.)

--**Experimental** (You are capable of getting away with the absurd and mad when it comes to alien and frightening relics, capable of determining their dangers and uses, mind you, you're basically the kid who stuck a fork in the socket and lived.)

--**AI Expert** ([Req: Advanced-Tech] Few speak the mechanical tongues best left for the maddened pace of machines, but for you it comes as naturally as breathing.)

--**Tech Eater** ([Req: Low-Tech] Some might be perpetuated by living in a world of flashing lights, both friend and foe, but you know the best ways to tear them clean, and to destroy high tech weapons, armor and opponents.)

--**Delver** (You are a champion of navigating the deep and the dark worlds that lie at the hearts of planets, capable of constructing safe tunnels and surviving in the lifeless rocks.)

--**Unarmed Combatant** (What others learn only out of desperation in the spur of the moment you are capable of in the greatest of ways, in fact for you, unnatural weapons are a detriment.)

--**Memory** (You remember everything, everything you have done and sometimes a little bit of what you will do, a frightening thing, but you are true to yourself in a way few others can be.)

--**Horse Power** ([Req: Basic-Ether] Somehow your force with the arts has startlingly more impact with your actions, to light a fire you accidently engulf the camp site in flame, to bring down lightening like the wrath of the gods, mind you if you're not careful you'll suffer self-combustion but hey, nothing's perfect.)

--**TechnoMage** ([Req: Advanced-Ether, High-Tech] In most cases the arts of the physical and the ethereal don't work well together, you are the exception, capable of wielding technology in one arm and magic on the other.)

--**Alchemist** (You understand the practices of poultices, ingredients, and the concoctions vile and torrid, and are capable of creating any number of magical creations with your skills.)

--**Runemaster** (Even the most mundane human can tap into the ether if they are motivated enough, and you happen to have both the knowledge and the diligence to create runes to a wide variety of effects.)

--**Psionic** ([Req: Advanced-Ether] For some reason you were born with your head full of ether, a conduit to it running through your mind, you are capable of much more, based within your thoughts.)

--**Psyker** ([Req; Basic Ether] Where mages and warlocks scrape the ether with their hands, and psionics are born with their mind full of ether, you were born with the makeup of the unseen worlds pulsing through your whole body, suffice to say this is dangerous, but also very potent.)

--**Elemantalist** ([Req: Advanced-Ether] You are a champion of your chosen element, able to manipulate it as others would thier own bodies, may be purchased multiple times.)

--**Field Leader** ([Req: Master-Ether] You are master of your chosen field, capable of feats even your countrymen are not capable of, chose a single field eg; necromancy, illusionism, skrying may be taken multiple times.)

--**Foresight** (Touching an object, you can glean some of its future, and you are better at dealing with events you come across that others would be less prepared for.)

--**Hindsight** (Touching an object, you can glean some of its past, and you are better at coming to grips with what you've done.)

--**Prophet of the Third** ([Req: Foresight, Hindsight] Some people act meaninglessly, pointlessly, yet you are driven by conviction, perhaps they are just voices in your head, perhaps you are mad, but you know what you need to do, after all you've seen it done.)

--**Chosen Blood** (The heart is still beating, and by consuming your foes hearts you can become much stronger than any would imagine.)

--**Material Proficiency** (You are adept at using a single material, and can get much more out of it then others can, and are capable of using it as much as your tech and Ethereal will allow.)

--**Infused Essence** ([Req: Basic Ether] Where a Psyker bursts with essence you are taken by a much more subtler form of the ether flows in your veins, granting potent visions, the ability to gently manipulate the weak minded and low level telekinesis but you grow stronger as you invest yourself, either in your passion, or your inner self, or perhaps…)

--**Weightless Combatant** (You have an absolute familiarity with fighting in zero gravity, or indeed in any seemingly baseless environments, from free-falls to underwater dominions. Where others will be found wanting or outright turned about you thrive in such environments.)

--**Founded in Madness** (There are many roads to be taken in life, many are based in the familiar, the known. You are- not. You are found in the unknown. In the manic, and the chaotic. Entering the world of the Travellers meant very little to you, just another odd jaunt.)

--**Critical** (The world is full of people, objects and places, and the strengths and weaknesses of these are apparent to you, you can peel away a person's guilt or peel away a person's power armour with key strikes.)

--**Self-Aware** (Know yourself. You are someone who can say you truly can, your flaws, your strengths, your own personality, all is clay in your hands, and so reforming yourself is far easier for you then others.)

--Rider (The profession of Riding beasts, be they domestic or even wild animals comes to you easily, enabling you to move faster and longer while mounted.)

--Siege Master (Walls, Bunkers, Castles, Citadels, all are little more then challenges to you, the art of building something up is well and good, but you excel in ripping those walls apart.)

--**Features Harsh** (You naturally put people on edge, xenos and outer elements are even more off-put by you. You can always get what you want, but don't expect offworlders to be too friendly with you.)

--**Friendly Face** (You naturally put people at ease, xenos and outer elements are far less put-off by you and may even approach you. Perhaps intimidation is out of your hands, but people will always be more willing to work with you.)

--**Stone Soul** (To resist is well within you. To show nothing, to feel nothing, to wither time like stone. Yes. This much will do.)

--**Violence Mutability** (Some people get squeamish. You don't, the physical form is just that, just something that can be ripped apart. A valuable skill in doctoring, and fighting, though you find yourself very much detached.)

--**Cheaterman** (Perhaps you were born without talent, perhaps your exceptionally cunning, perhaps Loki just likes your guts, regardless, with a little 'creativity' you can always come out on top. Even if you take less credit for deeds done, and oft fade from people's minds more easily.)

--**Handsome Jack** (You can look good, no matter what it seems your wearing, easily charming those people only concerned with looks, this effect also applies to your vehicles which you go out of your way to make them look handsome. However this can also make you a target and is confined to possessions.)

--**Terrorist** (To crawl inside the heads of others, to leave them shaking and weak, to scare the masses like so many frightened sheep. This you understand. This you relish.)

--**Nocturnal** (You function far better at night then you do in the day, in the darkness you find yourself unhindered with far more energy then you should, though you prefer to sleep during the day hours.)

--**Amphibious** (Where the water and the land meet you really come into your element, you can swim exceedingly well, hold your breath for excessive amounts of time and can strike like a gator in the swamp.)

--**Seemingly Useless** (You- um. You're not exactly fierce looking, not even one to stick out. In fact people almost always miss you, and you're not exactly the boldest person. But you are very easily underestimated. And you know how to leverage this.)

--**Cr1TiKaL** (Profanity comes easily to you, worming its way into your dialogue, giving you a special kind of charisma, perhaps unorthodox but you get the point across when you need to.)

--**Driver** (To drive, to ride, to roll, this you excel in, be it cars, bikes or even heavy military equipment you can get the most out of these vehicles, driving them harder and longer than others.)

--**Airborne** (Planes, Helicopters, Gliders and even Void-borne craft are like an extension of your own body when you are behind the wheel.)

--**Voidling** (FTL-Navigation, void-protocols, supply chains, hydroponics, and the degenerative effects of weightlessness mean very little to you, you are primed for such an existence.)

--**Emotional Sense** (Perhaps not the most vibrant of gifts, but potent for someone who knows how to use it. You understand the flows of anger, of joy and melancholy, and can either calm this, or manipulate it for your own benefit.)

--**Dai-Picta** (Clothes, armour, shame, that's for the weak. You are not weak. You are strong, stronger and faster when you lack clothes, and your enemies crumple far easier beneath your blows. Though, southern modesties make you uncomfortable.)

--Parental Instinct (While it might seem absurd in this comradery, you actually have a skill with kids, able to cope with children of your own race, and even that of other races from Nisetic larvae to Yautja runtlings. Said authority and translation works on other, less inclined Travellers.)

--Long Player (There is patience, and then there is total removal. A capability to intermit and waste away on the world for goals not even conceivable, be it through hibernation or simple blitheness.)

--Split Action (You have a hand for simultaneous multi-tasking, running multiple threads in yourself parallel, boosting up reaction time as well.)

--Thoughtless (For some, there is a capacity to act without thinking, but you do not even need that, your mind and thoughts are utterly undetectable and only your actions reveal any truth about you.)

--One-with-Ein (To the Adokori's Sight, is the One-with-Ein's Sensation. You feel the weight of worlds shifting on your skin and the slinking itermence of that which cannot possibly be.)

--Second-Prayed (For reasons unknown, the Descendants of the second hold some grudging sort of respect, to outright reverence amongst the lesser kinds for you, even Second born Travellers feel it.)

--Aetonic (Ethereal Manipulation is usually either born in or trained. There are however a few who can be 'inducted' into such a state through chemical interference. Early as Alchemy, transcending into technological interfaces, Aetonics attain flexile talents at the cost of their own bodies.)

--**Forth Wall Awareness** (Crazy? You? No. No. No. No. No. No. No. NO. You see it as it is. You see those pricks, you know the make of the multiverse, and even if the Adokori have the gods, you have the second worse creatures watching over you, men.)

Initial Equipment Requisition

Now, I'm supposed to give you your initial gear as well as your credits. Mind you, you seem to have lucked out. I don't know if you've already got friends on the inside but this is pretty rich for us. Which is good because- to be fair you smell. Here is the listings for carried attire, so choose wisely.

(2000 Credits)

Clothing

- **Traveller leathers** ([Free]Simple leather jacket of a style of your choosing and clothes to match, they'll enable you to hide in almost any time period and are also suited to your needs, wonderfully comfortable and protective against most earthborn elements.)

- **Upgrade 1** ([200] Now lined with Kevlar and steel-carbide plates, the front pocket is also turned into a bag of holding and the thing protects you from heat detection systems.)

- **Leather Armor** ([50] A lot more protective then the standard leathers and with carbon steel plates laced throughout, but I swear you'll stick out like a sore thumb in more advanced settings, as well you'll always look a bit unsavory, but if you want quiet protection this is it.)

- **Segmented Armor** ([100] Think chainmail, Janissary outfits, composites and Feudal Japanese, this is armor that comes with advanced alloys and still retains greater mobility, and can be a lifesaver. As with leather be hidden under Traveller leathers relatively easily.)

- **Plate Armor** ([200] While you won't be able to avoid notice, this stuff is some of the finest protective armor around, comes in your chosen style of course, anything from Turk to Scot and all made of the sturdiest steel we can find, can resist gunfire.)

- **Hunting Attire** ([150] Ghillys, light Kevlar, camouflage and a set of scouting helmets with heat and motion detection settings, if you want to stalk something in a wild world then this is what you want, elsewhere you'll look crazy or just look like a rural hick.)

- **Void Attire** ([100] I hope you like jumpsuits because you’re getting the whole package, we could fling you out into the void of space and you'd be fine, but keep in mind it's not shank and bullet proof.)

- **Tribal Attire** ([50] From old Clan colors to crude armor and grass skirts, you'll fit right in with the right crowd but god help you if show up in an advanced world you'll look like a lunatic.)

- **Combat Attire** ([50] Combat worthy and while it offers little protections it has a great amount of space for storage of munitions and everything else you will need on the battlefield as well as complete freedom of movement, but won't help you from getting chewed up in melee or help with environmental hazards, or wizards.)

- **Wealthy Attire** ([100] A collection of clothes to let you blend in with the wealthy of your chosen time periods, very comfortable but also very pretentious, and not worth a damn in a fight.)

- **Plebian Attire** ([10] It's dirty but it will protect you from the elements and let you sink into the background of whatever places you visit, but it won't change the fact you smell either.)

- **Full Closet** ([300] Something we got as a result of our subscription to one of the local trade companies, they'll come by every month with twenty outfits and let you keep what you like while replacing everything else. Not for combat but- hey at least you won't be like most of these freaks who own a single set of clothes.)

- **Possessed Warrior Monk Robes** ([200] Once worn by an Ikko-Ikki fighter in Japan, the outfit remains protective with some added Kevlar and a shield generator that could block the main shot of a tank. Also inhabited by the ghost that once wore it, he answers to Ji and is more than happy to be out and moving again.)

- **Power Armor** ([1000] There are many varieties of power armor from the Mark 7 Aquila to the upgraded T-51b, all are set to be void-traversable and are nigh-unstoppable if used correctly if you want pure combat tank ability then this is for you, keep in mind if you want to blend in in other locals you'll need either a set of plate armor on top or an invisibility cloak.)

- **Traveller Grade Tartaros Armor** ([1500] Regular varieties of power armor can only go so far, for the bravest or the most suicidal, there is our own version of the Tartaros armor, which can turn you into far more than a walking tank and more akin to a walking mountain. With a built in flamethrower, integrated bolter and enough armor and shields to block battleship bombardment, it's hard to find better protection.)

- **Armor of the Hussar** ([400] For those intent upon riding this set of blessed Polish Hussar armor is a choice to consider. Boosting natural Charisma and riding prowess, few things will be unable to resist a straightforward charge, and the armor itself has been upgraded with much firmer metals and Kevlar.)

- **Landsknecht Vestments** ([350] To what the armor of the Hussar is for the Rider, the Landsknecht is to the man on the ground. Gaudy, audacious, but with the exo-suit built into this outfit you'll be able to twirl an I-beam like a baton, which is frightening if you use a Melee weapon.)

- **Osman's Vestments** ([200] The attire of a late Turkish Nobleman whose estate was pilfered by Travellers. This set of vestments has proven to make the wearer more 'lucky' as prior owners have stated, as well bad smells no longer bother the wearer as everything now smells faintly of lavender.)

- **Maori Okibar Tattoo** ([100] For those with more... eccentric tastes there is the option of receiving a full body tattoo that will enhance your stamina and durability three fold. Mind you it will hurt as it needs to be delivered by traditional Maori tattoo methods.)

- **The Kelder Biological suit** ([500] A skin tight monstrosity you can thank Biological for, the Kelder suit is a biological 'second skin' which improves dexterity and reaction time and will act seamlessly as a second skin, however the suit can be killed or removed.)

- **Acloria Spider Armor** ([350] Light, effective, and with eight long extensions that can enable the wearer to climb any surface, hold multiple sets of weapons or even serve as weapons themselves. The extra 'legs may be withdrawn and the entire set can be easily hidden under Traveller leathers.')

- **Tentiel Carapace** ([400] One of the best protections from bullets we have available, these sets of Carapace function well against las, bullets, shock waves, shrapnel, and plasma weaponry, the only drawbacks are its weight and the weakness in melee combat.)

- '**Mikey' Flack Jacket** ([200] We have a disturbing amount of excess vestments that are to some degree or another possessed. Take 'Mikey' for example, the ruined remains of a flak jacket during a particularly nasty proxy war in Egypt. Mikey offers sound advice in combat and off road living, but don't expect that jacket to save your life.)

- **Urban Armor** ([150] The stuff you want when dealing a more modern realm where the threat of melee weapons is not prevalent, this suit similar to mercenary and police forces in many worlds realms and timelines is a decent defense.)

- **MagisterTM Tier Robes** ([200] For those with a taste of ether in their blood these robes come recommended for boosting a casters 'horse power' enabling them to cast and weave larger effects. Keep in mind this doesn't substitute real skill. Also smells heavily of Styrofoam for some reason.)

- **Nemean Lion Hide** ([350] Few things in this world and all other worlds are capable of piercing the hide of Nemean lions, and though this is a simple thing it will almost completely remove concerns of projectiles and piecing weapons. Mind you, it won't save you from blunt damage.)

- **Babr-e-Bayan** ([400] A bit of an anomaly in the armory. The Babr-e-Bayan is a set of blessed armor that grows stronger with the 'faith' of the individual wearing it, and if you truly believe in a cause then it will be an absolute nightmare piercing or even damaging you while you wear it. Needless to say the opposite is also true, and can turn to paper if the wearer's beliefs break. I should also point out that 'faith' may be invested in anything, as long as the belief is true.)

- **The Green Armor** ([500] Another set of armor with magical elements, while wearing this set you'll find that any injury you have will heal in moments, even decapitations will be nothing as you can simply pick up your head and put it back on. But outside of the suit your mortality remains, and the suit smells like a horse.)

- **Tartan Cloak** ([50] A god send for any Traveller who wanders the volatile lands, this cloak will do away with threats of weather and environment, wind and water won't hamper you though the denizens of worlds will still be a problem. Comes in just about any clan set or color scheme imaginable. However, the Sikh Oranges, Black watch and Manx Guard Green patterns are standard.)

- **Yautja Mesh Armour** ([200] The ancestral armour of the Yautja, this is not exactly the most defensive thing providing little protection against stab injuries, however it is silent, and will endure obscene amounts of punishment.)

- **Skizmatia Crab Plate** ([150] Another organic monstrosity, Skizmatia isn't exactly the most mobile set of defensive gear. However it makes up for it with solid defense against energy weapons, and the plate itself will regenerate.)

- **Everwalkers Cloth** ([100] A recent introduction prior restrained to certain cliques of the true Travellers, these customized clothes grant a vigor and tirelessness in wandering allowing extended periods of Travel without rest or sustenance to the point of obscenity.)

- **Shielding Jaffa Mask** ([50] Built in the image of an Egyptian burial mask, the Jaffa mask is unbreakable, and will draw most enemy fire, acting like an armored target.)

- **Traveller's Medinah Scarf** ([50] A simple flexible, resilient scarf, can be used in all manner of situations, well beyond clothes, and can simultaneously shield against both scaring cold, breaking wind, sand and even function as an impromptu gas-mask.)

- Quarian Full Suit ([200] A void suit specifically designed for permanent use, originally of Quarian make for Quarian individuals, various void dwelling Travellers have adapted sets of these suits as they are very habitable. For an additional hundred credits the suit can be fortified with a full combat HUD in the helmet.)

- Mandalorian Full Suit ([400] A set of armour forged from Armour Patterns stolen from the end of the Mandalorian Wars, this set of armour has a jump pack, built in Tasers, flamethrowers, full roundabout surveillance and good solid armour. Comes with a sweet cape.)

- **Sihj Lion's Turban** ([50] A seemingly simple Sikh's Turban, the Sihj Lion has no actual benefits, at least as far as Ethereal is able to tell. Despite this, those wearing the Turban find themselves drawn to righteous acts. The lion is ready to rise.)

- **Hardlight System Defensive Unit** ([600] A recent product of experimental, the HSDU is a solid weightless mantle system. The HSDU could hypothetically resist battleship artillery, however it also is directly linked to strong emotions, regardless of their nature. The HSDU will always be stronger with more people nearby, rather than alone.)

- **Zjin Wood Armour** ([350] A throwback to the geo-licral and organic-technocratic regime locals, Zjin Wood is durable to the point of stupidity, however does not like dry or toxic locals and needs to be watered once in a while.)

- **Mithril Chain Vest** ([500] Mithril is a potent material, though excessively rare and not an easy material to recreate outside of time fracturing. This Mithril vest though simple can be a lifesaver, or alternatively melted down into another piece of protective equipment.)

- **Meredith 'Runner' Mech** ([1500] More akin to a gargantuan set of lightly armored power armour than a true mechanized platform, the Meredith Mech stands around fifteen feet tall and while it can handle some impressive weapons systems it should be noted that it won't last long under concentrated fire.)

- **Aedolis 'Shield' Mech** ([2000] A Better armored and equipped mech standing at twenty two feet tall with impressive shielding and a built in set of offensive systems, the Aedolis is good in a fight, but a pain to transport and keep hidden.)

- **Collosi 'Clone' Mech** ([2500] Some men choose their suits, other times it is the exact opposite, dare to imagine more? This titanic monstrosity is grown from the wearers own biological material, and can grow and adapt. Has no set height, but suits larger than thirty meters cannot be transported without specialized equipment.)

- **Physical Enhancement Suit** ([500] A light unarmored power suit that has neither the armored bulwark of power armour nor the size of mechs and weapon capacities of a Mech, however this suit does provide extended physical abilities and unlike power armour this can be worn with other clothes.)

- **Custom Period Clothes** ([5] Imported sets of outfits from various timepieces, while these are useful and cost effective they lack the durability and capability of Traveller made equipment.)

- **Turag Imprints** ([500] A non-sapient entity that can be bound to clothing. This entity will clean, repair and defend the clothing or armour it is imprinted into. Especially adept at protecting from wind and sand.)

- **Imprinted Runic Inscriptions** ([250] It might be very visible, but Runic inscriptions can grant powerful boons, from enhanced resistance, to fortification against magic, to resistance against the corrosive elements, to resisting water, and many other useful things. A single set may usually hold three sets of Runes while a single piece of equipment can only hold one. Runists may do this for free, though it will only be as capable as the Runist creating the Runes.)

- **Nudist license** ([400] Well I can't stop you from buying this. But know right now I am ashamed of you.)

Weapons

Well, you look slightly better, I know I certainly can't talk with these bones. Here, the provisional weapons list. You won't find an unarmed Traveller on the homeland. Ever. These are our stock models all of which come with munitions subscriptions. But if you're willing to fork up the chits I imagine you could get just about anything. Gods bless the commercialists.

- **Yuta Brace** ([Mandatory]This little beauty is our signature weapon, aside from the two extendable 12 inch blades, it also houses the tech that will allow you to traverse space and time, just make sure to lay down some pegs so you can get back to your original timeline space cowboy, and they don't work in Ae. To get to other dimensions you'll need to use good old universal junction pads at pre-approved facilities. But once there, sky's the limit.)

- **Upgrade 1** ([200] An enhancement lets the blades slice through steel like butter, and now rather than having to use jump pads at Traveller bases, you can 'jump' between dimensions.)

- **Yuta partner Brace** ([100] Why have one pair of blades when you can have two? Does not come with space/dimensional/time distortion tech but does retain blade upgrades made to the first brace.)

- **Skinning Knife** ([20] Useful in just about anything, never be caught without a good knife.)

- **Seven shot Colt Revolver** ([50] Simple, reliable short range protection.)

- **Partizan** ([50] Damn Sharp, might not be that far ranged for a spear but can cut through plate armor. A good spear all around.)

- **M911-Modded** ([50] Greater ammunition then a revolver and will always be there for you. Clip holds fourteen rounds and weighted for clubbing.)

- **Kopesh** ([50] A nice blade that's fairly popular here, nice and sharp, great quality steel.)

- **Dangulf Sword** ([50] Another short blade, this one carbon treated and based on old Danish designs.)

- **Plasma Caster** ([350] A bit of an oddity, like the flamethrower but plasma burns through everything until it neutralizes so be careful.)

- **Claymore** ([100] This thing can crush an armored target in two, but you'll need to bear mode if you want to get full use out of it.)

- **No-Dachi** ([100] A bit more elegant and much faster than the claymore but harder to control and gets stuck in targets easily. Keep in mind it and all other melee weapons are made up of a ridiculously stubborn steal alloy so don't worry about breaking anything.)

- **Naginata** ([75] Faster and with greater blade length then the partizan, bane of cavalry.)

- **Longbow** ([50] Archery will never fail you if you have the strength and the aim for it, comes with a quiver and a hundred arrows, for another 50 we'll give you subscriptions to explosive arrows, both instant detonation and time detonation.)

- **Crossbow** ([75] Like normal archery, but you really hate assholes hiding behind armor. Same deal as the longbow, 50 extra credits gets you the explosive subscription.)

- **Handheld Culverin** ([120] Coming with crowd control, explosive, gas, standard and grenade shot, the culverin is a good choice of handheld firepower that is incredibly simple to use and maintain.)

- **Caltrop Bag** ([10] A devastating weapon for any without time or plate boots, these nasty little spikes will allow for good field control and are the bane of cavalry.)

- **Zulfigar** ([200] The sword of a driven individual, Zulfigar has been reforged to cleave through heavy armor as if it was butter, and it will always find its way back to its wielder.)

- **Akte-47** ([140] The favorite assault rifle within traveller ranks, this assault rifle will shoot in the void, most climate extremes and underwater. Almost impossible to break.)

- **Joyuese** ([200] The sword of an individual at the right place and the right time, Joyuese has been enhanced and the blade now radiates an aura of ambition, to climb higher than ever before.)

- **Hunga Munga** ([50] A set of twelve Hunga Munga throwing blades, these are light and relatively easy to master it's throwing style and is also pretty damn good for close combat.)

- **Urumi** ([100] The legendary Rajput sword whip, this hybrid weapon will extend range and be virtually unblockable if mastered, however this is no simple weapon. So be prepared to practice.)

- **M1 Garand.TRA** ([120] Another modified rifle within our ranks, more fragile than the Akte but with some of the best munition, range and accuracy for a non-heavy duty rifle.)

- **Morning Star** ([75] An old classic in the melee department, this will crush most forms of armor and even penetrate high end Ceramite plating if you learn how to use it properly.)

- **Bear Traps** ([50] The bear trap is the equivalent of a metal jaw that delivers half a ton of force when it bites down. Comes in sets of three, and can be laid down as a trap or used like a fist enhancement.)

- **Katar** ([50] The punching blade of ancient India, little need be said about, fast, brutal and effective. For an additional 50 credits the blade can be electrified to fry heavy tech and armor.)

- **Mines** ([100 Per type subscription, delivers 6 per month] Comes in Nail bomb, Incendiary, toxic gas, knockout gas, grapeshot, explosive, wiring, EMP and screamer varieties.)

- **Cestus** ([20] For the individual who wants to solve problems with their hands, the Cestus is what you use, to only enhance the weapons you were born with. For those who aim to triumph this is what you use. Comes with a second Cestus glove free.)

- **Lucern Hammer** ([100] The favored non-bladed pole-arm of many travellers, this two meter long hammer is a good weapon mounted, on foot against both armored and unarmored targets.)

- **Traveller Maxim Gun** ([200] The machine gun so many know and love, modded to be carried and used alone. This gun can go toe to toe with much more advanced tech.)

- **Flint Knife** ([10] Perhaps one of the sharpest blades available, treated obsidian won't shatter easily though is still much more frail then its iron compatriots.)

- **Dane Axe** ([100] The axe of many Nordic, Gael and melee lunatics, the Dane axe is the heavy melee weapon you use when you want to open up a bear.)

- **Jangchang Spear** ([75] Another spear, the Length of the Korean Jangchang borders on unwieldy, however if mastered it can prove to be a good space maker.)

- **Coriatx Las-rifle** ([400] The Coriatx is everything a las-rifle should be, heavy automatic fire, good cooldown, and dampening fields to keep your hands from melting.)

- **Vindicator Minigun** ([700] For the individual that wishes for nothing more than to be able to piss a stream of bullets, the Vindicator will serve at the expense of being constantly forcing the wielder to pick up more ammo. The bane of any munitions Liaison.)

- **Traveller BOZAR** ([340] One of the best ranged automatics available however prone to jamming if the user doesn't clean it, the BOZAR nevertheless delivers good penetration and high fire rate.)

- **Stun Pistol** ([80] Some don't wish to kill their targets, where a club to the back of the head fails or range is needed, this will serve.)

- **Stun Hammer** ([40] Up close, personal, can knock out a raging Yautja if you know where to put it.)

- **Tiger Claws** ([50] Another innovation of the Indus realm, cuts quick, fast and is easily hidden. Great for bleeding targets.)

- **Needle Gun** ([125] Useful for striking targets at a distance, can deliver anything from knockout poultices, hallucination inducing drugs or advanced poisons, gained notoriety when medical began using this specific model in 'vaccination raids.')

- **Megalithic-Tier Harpoon** ([200] Can puncture the side of a great white and reel it in if you have something to attach it to, or are heavy enough. Can be used in other more creative ways.)

- **RockIT launcher** ([150] This little beauty can launch any shit you find on the wayside, turning bottles, rocks and garbage into high speed projectiles.)

- **Force Weapon** ([500] For the psyker who has everything, only as effective as a metal club for non-psykers.)

- **Operating Knives** ([40] A set of self-cleaning knives ranging from scalpels to a bread knife, these knives are weighted for throwing and also clean themselves.)

- **Elder Staff** ([350] For those who walk the path of ethereal manipulation, the Elder staff is always something worth considering, to channel ones skills as a rifle channels a bullet.)

- **Codaori Rings** ([400] These rings grant enhanced direction of offensive casting and the ability to resist the perils of the unseen worlds of the ether as a bonus.)

- **Sword Cane** ([50] For the individual who wants to keep themselves armed no matter what, this blade only answers to the wielder and is hidden from most forms of detection equipment.)

- **Akhmed's Baby** ([400] We have a guy called Akhmed, we'll find him eventually but for now this crime against nature is on hold. We think it's a plasma thrower. Think. Be careful with it.)

- **MAD.11 Hunting Shotgun** ([200] Best stopping power available, can put a charging tiger into the dirt if you’re interested in standing your ground.)

- **RPG-71** ([200] For when you're having trouble with aircraft and armor and your budget is low.)

- **Bolter Pistol** ([300] This will tear through any armor, just remember the proper blessings and practice with it, you could accidentally shatter a wrist if you aren't careful.)

- **XEUS Mark 12** ([400] Prototype electrified plasma caster, eats tanks but no cooling function. If it overheats and starts beeping drop it and fucking run.)

- **AD-83 Assault Rifle** ([300] It's like when a Mosin-Nagant and an Akte have a baby, and it is great. Comes with automatic and semi-automatic functions, clip holds twenty eight rounds.)

- **Lutheran PEN Flame Thrower** ([350] It might be inhumane but does it burn baby.)

- **Talde.HD24 Anti-Armor Rifle** ([500] Miss and you hit the poor bastard in the next country. Hit your target and get that warm fuzzy feeling as they dissolve into red powder)

- **Mathersly-232 Assault Cannon** ([500] It might be old but it can still sink battleships if your aim is true.)

- **Grenades** ([100 Per type subscription, delivers 6 per month] Comes in EMP, Frag, Flash, Timed, Tear Gas, knockout gas, toxic gas, duds, incendiary and Greek fire Flasks.)

- **Chain Sword** ([400] Sounds like a good idea but it needs great grip strength or god help you.)

- **Power Fist** ([400] Nothing works like a pneumatic fist to the uglies right?)

- **Corinth mark Jagger** ([800] Some want a weapon that strikes long range or short, this does both. It's essentially what you get when you combine a harpoon with a hammer, you'd be hard pressed to break it.)

- **Contained Plasma Saber** ([500] A contained beam of plasma that can cleanly slice through a person and almost anything else, can be used to shear through bulkheads and cleave scrap metal outside of combat.)

- **Flash Freeze Carbonite Explosive** ([350] Less a true explosive and more akin to an instant hunk of carbonite for ten meters in all directions the moment the button is hit, freezes anything in range, and can be used as both a weapon, a tunnel closer and instantaneous cover.)

- **Hread's Daughter** ([500] A sword of Pict origin that can be used both to cleave your enemy's in two and summon lighting on command, be careful, using it out of battle will get you struck by lightning as Hread is a mean, mean woman.)

- **Whirligig Saw** ([300] A weapon born for the eccentric, the handle may function as a mace and can be detached from the main saw component, but that would be 'safe' and 'simple' which isn't why you take this.)

- **Strike Shield** ([150] Both a weapon and a shield, the Strike shield comes in several sized and blade lengths, and is both a sturdy defense and a devastating pierce weapon.)

- **Segmented Candoa Whip** ([250] Based both on Traditional Yautja and Mokresian weaponry, the bladed whip is very useful for unorthodox combat, skilled users can peal an orange from afar.)

- **Combi Stick** ([250] Though a weapon of the Yautja originally, the Combi stick is widely used by human travellers, functioning as a spear, a pike and a key holdout weapon. The combi stick only opens for its wielder.)

- **Shelkrig Parasite** ([300] An unpleasant creature that can be attached to the forearm, can either maul those at close range or spit toxins at those from afar. It should also be noted the parasite is alive, needs to be fed weekly and gets jealous of other weapons.)

- '**Steak' Driver** ([250] A smaller sharper version of the Corinth Mark Jager, the 'Steak' Driver can punch a foot deep hole in the side of charging elephant if footing is proper.)

- **Flaming Ignius** ([300] Born of an incessant desire to burn, even using close combat weapons. The Ignius is a weapon meant to crush and cauterize in dualistic manner, well favored by the Yumigas, zealots and pyromaniacs.)

- Stop Sign ([5] The Stop Sign. Oddly there is a demand for these, for reasons still unknown to the commercialists running equipment requisition.)

- **Manitoban Clubbing Stick** ([15] A rough stick with a hardened end similar to a Shillelagh, Manitobans were forced into full service to deal with the feral goose populations around Ae's waterways. Functions also as a good walking stick.)

- **NeverFail Utilityblade** ([20] A small knife made in a style similar to a bock-cutter, the NeverFail is a backup weapon that can be easily hidden and comes with multiple replacement blades.)

- 'Dragonslayer' Great Sword ([250] An obscene sword, too big and heavy to be carried by a balanced warrior. Favored by more eccentric individuals, Nisetic Nobles and various beasts.)

- Plasma Lance ([325] A combination of old and new, the Plasma lance functions as both a lance and a short range plasma caster. Great at hiding in low tech locals and favored by Nisetics.)

- Casting Stone ([150] A point of Ethereal Warp that can be used to channel offensive casting, while potent it can have some interesting effects, not advised for use by Psykers.)

- Suicide Drones ([400] A set of self-regenerating drones that use suicide strikes against opponents, good at striking key points and a retrieved drone-core will regenerate after a full day.)

- Cloaked Horrific Entity ([500] Certain elements from Militant have weaponized the well and goodly cloaked though harmless Children of the Second. The weapon reveals phantasms of the unseen creatures, with various mind-breaking effects that have no effects to a Traveller.)

- Qualioti's Shaderagi ([500] One of the odder tribal fetish weapons, a Shaderagi is one of these, utilizing traditional Bahndi, Malay and Bantu Magics and weaponizing them in rifle form, notable for not needing ammo as long as it is operated by a living entity, shoots nightmares at forty yards.)

- Longinus Striker ([350] A long offensive spear the seems like a simple weapon until faced with seemingly unkillable opponents, the spear takes a life of its own guiding the wielder along the path to slaying such titans.)

- Duwall Blade ([25] A simple Mail breaker, made fashionable by the head of the True Travellers, this is a simple weapon, that strives in breaking barriers, while nothing amazing, it is a good holdout weapon, and always goes where it needs to when you find yourself backed against a wall.)

- Enchantments ([100] For simple **Elemental** enchantments, based upon the clerical elements to all that it would entail. [250] For Regenerative, Vampiric, Selective Intangibility and **Greater Effects** of such natures, composing multiple elements, or other worldly elements. [500] For **Blackening Effects** including, but not limited to: weapon awareness, weapon return and avaricious taint.)

- Weapon Blessing ([25] A simple blessing from the religious hierarchy of your choice, while seemingly useless in conventional situations, it should be remembered that such blessings matter when one is alone in the darkness.)

- Weapon Enhancements ([30] For Weapon edge **Electrification**. [40] For **Liquid Ignic Flame** and ignition piece. [35] For **Ammunition Variants** (Armour Piercing, Explosive Tip, Shredding, Non-lethal, Etc, Etc) [50] For **Retrieval Throwing Chain**.)

- **Poisons** ([50] For a simple knockout draught **ACI** [75] For the intense pain and internal Hemorrhaging draught which is not necessarily lethal **ACVII** [100] For the dissolving poison **ACXX**, which has proven to melt lesser companions. All poisons are to be applied to weapons meant to pierce the skin.)

- **Natural Weapons** ([300] For the right price Bio could brew something up for you, stingers, jaws and fangs and anything else can be grafted onto you, but for the love of god don't let them go crazy, Bio is bad enough as is. If you're interested in poisons see above on the poisons section, Bio has had its privileges revoked in that specific area.)

- **Custom Weapons** ([50] For a minor variations of existing weapons in the warehouse or to add special modifications [100] For a size enhancement up to mech application or a 20% cut for size reductions [300] For new Melee, [600] For new firearms, [800] For new Energy weapons, [1000] for anything else, and don't give me that look, custom orders are expensive and we don't let just anyone carry around Shoulder mounted Fatman launchers and Dildo-cannons.)

Knick-Knacks

Well that about settles it, don't go waving those around unless you want people challenging you to duels around here. If that is your thing then go right ahead, but for now we've still got work to do. Onto some things to help you at the last of the requisition equipment. Hope you have some chintz left because the storehouse was just restocked. This is everything available, courtesy of Commercial and Collection.

- '**Pegs**' ([Free] These are what lets you return to your couch in the original timeline after you kill Hitler and fuck up that timeline. Consider them delete keys, if you go mucking around in time, be prepared to use them to get back to the known. Invisible and undetectable to non-Travellers)

- **Basic Survival Kit** ([Free] With an eight year supply of compressed water and nutrient cubes, a medical kit, provisional forms, maps of the homeworld and a number of other necessary objects, don't leave home without it.)

- **Basic Bag** ([Free] Carries sixty pounds of equipment, well made and can act as a cooler or an incubator as necessary, just remember to take care of it.)

- **ID Card** ([Free] Little piece of magic that identifies you as a traveller, invisible to non-travellers, comes in both a physical format and chip format that can be shot into the neck, in case you fear you might lose it.)

- **Unformed AI Companion** ([500] While we generally don't let any fledgling just pick up one of these you've been cleared for some reason. This is a newborn AI a team found in a junk world last week, it will live in your brace, and it will learn from you as it completes the awakening procedure. One day it will adopt a body of its own and be pronounced a Traveller. Consider this less a matter of temporary ownership and more a matter of teaching. Why are you paying for it? Puckery.)

- **Shattered Yith Conscious** ([200] In the past the 'Great' race of Yith attempted to invade Ae via mental possession. This turned out disastrously for the Yith as not only were they incapable of possessing Travellers but many became stranded in the Traveller mindscapes and turned into mental beasts hellbent on protecting their new homes. While all sapient Yith have long since been shoved off of Ae, the non-sapient population has been breeding in the mental wilderness. Attaching one of these Yith beasts to your mind will provide a resilient defense to mind and soul.)

- **Bottomless Bag** ([100] A neat little thing with the equivalent storage capacity of a large closet, compressed space in the size of a regular sack. Just don't fucking lose it on a tribal world, that last time was a fucking mess. As a matter of fact don't drop anything.)

- **Magical Protection Vestments** ([50] These small charms, tattoos and piercings offer protection from hostile ethereal elements, a tattoo of human blood and tetya-salt will prevent any sort of possession and keep you safe from traps of the ethereal nature. To your choosing of course.)

- **Small Spiritual Vestments** ([50] Be it a simple Kirpan and Sikh Turban, a Shinto purification band or a flask of Orthodox holy water, trappings of faith have their uses in the multiverse and have proven effective against less savory predatory life-forms.)

- **Tribal Vestments** ([50] From Pictish body tattoos to Finnic Deer-blood talismans, these have some small uses to the individual, and are more for personal benefit than anything else. Your face and your body may change, but it's always good to remember your own roots.)

- **Organ Replacement** ([50] Mechanical brain to house your conscious? Done. Enhanced Kidneys? Done. Mega eyes that shoot lasers? Done, just remember to have a kill switch. Can also be used to add minor organs that humans don't usually have, be warned as Bio is all too happy to carry out requests.)

- **Limb Replacement** ([100] Replace one of your four limbs, or attach another one. The only thing you can't replace with enhanced bionics are your torso and head, though I imagine the boys at Bio and mech would be willing to graft some metal to your bones there if you asked nicely.)

- **Psychic Paper** ([20] A little bit of paper that will read whatever you want to read, comes in scroll, badge, bureau and holo-pad forms, for wherever the journey takes you.)

- **Multiversal Timekeeper** ([50] Displays so many things it's almost mind-boggling, number of planets in your current solar-system, number of nearby oceans, native time, traveller homeland time, wind direction, air composition, humidity, chance of rain and about a hundred other things, be prepared to study the damn thing a bit to get what you want though.)

- **Anonymity Mask** ([200] A skintight mask that projects a holograph of what you wish others to view, be warned as your body will remain the same, and it will be hard to seduce the guards if your ass is still fat, however if used correctly you will never be found.)

- **Advanced Medical Kit** ([100] Less of a medical kit and more of a portable hospital, this kit comes with everything you need from creating vaccines to heart transplants, comes with an AI that responds to Kira who is waiting on a cybernetic body and will be on wait for another four years, very helpful if your polite with her.)

- **Mathery Travellers Encyclopedia Vol 1-8324** ([20] A wide collection of tomes that the archivists, admins, collectors and departments have put together for the sake of collective knowledge, you'd be hard pressed to find something that has no researchable background and the encyclopedia updates on a monthly basis.)

- **System Jammer** ([100] Shuts down communications tech in a five mile basis and even can hit low tech planes and wire communication, but will also take down your own wireless capabilities. Good for getaways against high and low tech opponents.)

- **Tagato Mark 3.4 EMP-Clusterfucker** ([150] This- is a dangerous little knick-knack. It braces you and everything within a five-meter radius of you then annihilates all tech for ten miles, destroying even the most basic computers and the most advance ones, be careful though, it will effect traveller tech though not permanently like it would outsider equipment and some people are touchy about their solitaire.)

- **Jetpack** ([200] This little baby will give you a full hour of flight and it is fucking amazing in any situation be it assaulting a fortress full of lunatics or exploring a unknown worlds. Needs no explanation. Also comes in rocket boot and board varieties.)

- **Historical Novelties** ([30] Ancient Egyptian house temple? Samurai Helmet? English Redcoat? Tigray water-staff? You want it and we can find it if you've got the coin. Keep in mind if you want weapons and armor they'll be hilariously shit compared to local made versions.)

- **Pop-wall Shield Mark-4** ([50] A pretty powerful shield that sits inert until summoned up, comes in buckler, round, legionnaire and wall sizes, made with highly resistant alloys and comes painted with heraldry of your choice.)

- **Coharty Plasma Shield Mark-7** ([100] Essentially a wall of physical plasma based on a projector around your wrist. Nothing can get through this, your arm will shatter first.)

- **Blessed Hungarian Shield** ([40] The shield of a rider, the Hungarian shield enhances the skills of riders and increases defenses against spiritual enemies.)

- **Aspis of Lycurgus** ([75] The shield of Sparta, the Aspis is an almost unbreakable shield that enhances the wielders durability and removes the necessity for breathing. Not for the weak minded.)

- **Grapevine Cross** ([150] The cross of the kingdom of Georgia, this blessed cross will grant natural charisma when addressing the masses to the point of creating mobs and chaos, and heals the holder of mortal injuries. Will melt if vinegar touches it for some reason.)

- **Seal of Solomon** ([200] The ring of a powerful magician from a different time. This ring allows you to bind a spirit of the ether to your will. As long as the seal remains, the spirit remains bound.)

- **Yasakani no Magatama** ([500] The Yasakani no Magatama is a blessed jewel passed to traveller ranks after being smuggled in from Japan. The gem will grant the aid of the natural elements of wind and light, and grant good fortune to its holder.)

- **Ring of Dispel** ([150] This ring is imbued with a powerful life form that on command can create a ten meter 'bubble' that kills most ethereal effects, and the life form itself is actually quiet friendly.)

- **Flying Carpet** ([200] Holding four people the flying carpet is exactly what it says on the tin, just be warned touching it with a Koran will kill it.)

- **Flying Canoe** ([200] A flying canoe that holds five and caries equipment, just don't speak with an English accent around it or it will stop functioning midflight. Responds best to French speakers.)

- **Pure Phylactery** ([750] An untapped phylactery created by a traveller lich, this phylactery is an insurance policy, should you be killed after giving blood to it, the phylactery will bring you back as a lich now bound to it. Keep in mind lichdom isn't the most fun, although removing various body parts is a neat party trick, if your mind isn't prepared you might well lose it entirely. The only way to kill you post rebirth is to destroy the phylactery or to warp you well enough that the soul inside no longer matches the corpse.)

- **Rauðskinna** ([100] A book of powerful black magic, this book can impart incredible knowledge in the arts of dark ethereal manipulation and control. Be warned, the book is a dick of unknown intelligence, but it is still a book, it can't do much more then give you paper cuts.)

- **Ausadhirdipyamanas Flower Bed** ([300] A bed of powerful healing reagents, the Ausadhirdipyamanas produce a fruit on a monthly basis that can be refined into a powerful healing agent and regular consumption can prevent aging.)

- **Morell Alcohol Subscription** ([20] Some people want to drink, with this plan you get a barrel of your choice of alcohol once a month. Go crazy, Morell has anything on tap.)

- **Aenathari Peach** ([500] A peach that grants an almost limitless life and enhanced mental faculties, be warned, enhanced mental faculties have a 99.4 percent chance of inducing potent insomnia.)

- **Amigiwara Mask** ([250] Made by a fellow around here who goes by 'Itsuba' with the collectors and can pack one hell of a punch against mobs of foes, in fact the more people you fight the more effective it becomes at inspiring unnatural fear and terror. If you enjoy fighting mobs then this one is for you.)

- **Seeder Kit** ([50] A kit with hundreds of types of seeds, these can be useful for bartering, trading, exchange and growing, can be used to go to a barren world, and go foreword in time to find a lush paradise if all goes to plan, and can make some of the sweetest fruit you'll ever taste if you have the green touch.)

- **Traveller Psyker Hood** ([100] A must have for anyone with the misfortune of being a psyker, drastically reduces the odds of full body combustion like a tank of propane.)

- **Traveller Psionic Guard** ([100] A must have for anyone with the misfortune of being a psionic, drastically reduces the odds of your head exploding like a cantaloupe.)

- **Stasis Guard** ([200] For those who weave the ether there should always be safeguards, activating the stasis guard will seal you in a static pocket dimension and activate any panic buttons you may possess and any allies you may have on the homeland. Keep in mind nothing will be able to affect you until other travellers rescue you.)

- **Judgement Egg** ([750] A small powerful light that will glow no matter the darkness. Eggs like these are the spores of strange gods. In time they will latch on to their keepers, and embody their best and worst qualities. Should the host perish, the egg will grant a single return, greatly empowering it carrier. Though, at the cost of miraculous transformation.)

- **Alchemy Set** ([300] A massive set of reagents, ingredients and, and glassworks. Enabling anyone with the skill produce all manner of creations.)

- **Runist Kit** ([300] For those with the inscribing skills, this kit of magical knives, inks and relicanum will enable you to manipulate the world around you through inscriptions, symbols and ancient forgotten tongues.)

- **Ethereal Measuring Set** ([140] Measuring the unseen worlds is not a reliable, or a pleasant process, but it can glean valuable insight if one can wrap their minds around the complexity of this fusion of Ether and technology.)

- **Hypertracia** ([400] A very special book, each time the book is opened reliable information on the current situation will appear, on any topic. The book is noted for its gallows humor and often will toy with the reader, regardless a useful tool.)

- **Liberty Torch** ([100] A blessed torch, this will inspire any masses and as your own despair grows, the torch grows brighter, it is rumored an individual who has nothing but hope can put the torch out for good, after all, hope dies last.)

- **Personal Gravity Manipulator** ([300] With a little training, you will be able to use this device to crush the spines of your enemies and leap over lakes! Takes a while to master though and you will get hurt training yourself to use it. A lot harder to use then it looks.)

- **Phase Generator** ([300] Ever wanted to warp through walls? Now you can with the phase generator, with a one minute cooldown this baby will allow you and a single ally to pass through walls for whatever occasion strikes you.)

- **Cabuladi Ring** ([200] Holds the approximate force of a ton of dynamite stored inside, waiting to be released in a tidal wave of physical force when needed, takes five minutes to charge.)

- **Stigmata Nails** ([300] Want to bring back the dead? No problem. Simply pitch someone up on the cross and drive these fuckers through the hands and feet. Wait three days and boom, alive and in a butt load of pain because they're still stapled to a fucking cross, as well the holes will remain though functionality will return.)

- **Traveller Corpse Soap** ([50] Travellers do die, some through carelessness, others choose to walk down venues they can't in life, for the dead who volunteer themselves to the pyre we get Corpse soap, which has an uncanny ability to prevent otherwise fatal time-space mishaps. As well it's actually pretty useful for staying clean and will repel filth.)

- **Witching Bottle** ([20] Unlike it's progenitor which attempted to dispel evil magic this device can only detect it, the flame bursting to life the moment it detects ethereal manipulation, with the color of the flame determining the magic, pink for manipulation, purple for illusion, red for destruction, black for darker sorts and so on, very useful for determining what magical realm you just walked into.)

- **Terracotta Warrior** ([750] A fierce fighter made of blessed awakened Terracotta, his knowledge is similar to a very simple AI. He acts as either a body guard, a crossbowman or a warrior, each with its own strategy, either geared toward defense attack or ranged, great for the battlefield, and when at home he will defend your door and collect mail for you.)

- **Iron Halo** ([500] For those interested in keeping their heads when the tank rounds start flying and the flux generator won't cut it, we have a few boxes of iron halos kicking around. Powerful shield boosters that enhance power armor and even simple forms of plate armor, and can allow the bearer of the halo to resist some of the fiercest of blows.)

- **St.James Finger bones** ([100] A handful of blessed finger bones that are not actually from a saint, they rattle when someone lies in their presence, and when in the presence of treachery and deceit, be warned, the bones may lead you down roads you never wanted to traverse.)

- **Hand of Glory** ([140] The hand of Levicae Selmar, a Traveller with six arms who has made a gimmick of cutting his arms off and having Bio grow them back. The hand when activated will provide the wielder with light no matter how dark the path may grow.)

- **Heads of Alzae** ([200] The set of skulls of the enemies of Alzae and Alzae himself postmortem, these skulls grant a skill with devastation, be it devastation of self in your own problems, the devastation of your problems, or something as simple as the devastation of your enemies. Be warned, have made people grow hair, including reptilians.)

- **Hat Closet** ([20] A closet of about four hundred hats and helmets from all time periods, take what you want and remember to leave one behind, but getting head lice or Ilium Hair-worms on the hats will result in a perma-ban.)

- **Portaling Dispenser** ([500] Referred to as a 'Vorper' or a 'Portal gun' this baby will allow you to sever reality to your own accord. Best in the hands of the clever or the insane.)

- **Cedril Vibration Dispenser** ([300 Req: Advanced Tech] A little shit of a thing in the right hands, can take out sensitive tech, rewrite computers, stun bystanders and a plethora of tasks above me, if you can actually use this thing then take it, bloody useful tool.)

- **Low Level Adrig Manipulator** ([20] A low power shield generator for Yautja, Nisetic and other humanoids to blend in with human locals and vice versa, said 'front' can only be generated for an hour and can be broken through repetitive striking so use caution.)

- **Burning Charm** ([100] A potent charm that gleams in the presence of Time manipulation, useful for detecting non-Traveller time manipulation and dealing with it before the problem knots the timeline up like a kitten with string.)

- **Flux Generator** ([200] Want to use a melee weapon all the time? No problem. This little shield will only deal with high speed projectiles. You will never fear for small lasers and bullets again and turn you into the bane of modern weapons. Spears, tank treads and swords on the other hand still pose a viable threat, and remember that the shields do have limits.)

- Coral Chess Piece |Queen| ([700] A Psyker touched space piece. This Queen will enable the carrier to expiate their own willpower in exchange for physical prowess and stamina, which while draining can have amazing results and allow uses to better train their wills. May cause over exhaustion.)

- Coral Chess Piece |King| ([300] A Psion touched time piece. This King will enable the carrier to follow potential 'paths' in real time based on future decisions. Best used on physical conflicts as subtleties can leave the mind reeling. Tends to drain users.)

- **MagiblocTM Coinage** ([20] A heavy sack of blessed silver coins, these things will repel and repulse any foul entities and are pretty useful for bartering in places without established currency systems.)

- **Spirit Bonding Charms** ([100] When dealing with beasts of an ethereal nature it is always better to be prepared, tools within the kit will allow the banishing and binding of lesser and greater spirits you may encounter in your travels.)

- **Greater Praha Golem** ([700] A golem of great proportion and almost twice your size, he answers to Isaac and will always have your back so long as you hold the key to his heart. Be warned, he has the intelligence of a poodle and likes children.)

- **Glepnir Chain** ([10] A simple length of chain around twenty meters but light as rope, you never know what the road may hold. So better to be careful.)

- **Enhanced Occulatus** ([120] A set of goggles that comes with thermal detection, radiation detection, vibration detection, Pheromone detection, chemical detection Vobrat detection and Tokara vision to find unnatural alien lifeforms. For an additional 80 credits we can upgrade the Occulatus to include a full Yautja mask with tracking, protection and computer interface with a number of other features useful for the aspiring hunter.)

- **Uchide-no-Kozuchi** ([350] A blessed mallet that essentially shatters dreams, the Uchide-no-Kozuchi will invert the wishes of individuals it strikes. That guy wants to be a big badass? Adorable little girl now. That guy wants wealth? Now he's dirt poor. He wants a beard? No hair will ever grow on him. Ever. Again. Be warned, fickle and has a mind of its own.)

- **Hover Board** ([200] There isn't much to say is there?)

- **Replicator** ([200] One of the commercial replicators, this model will function to produce food and drink, and anything simple that is smaller than a bread box. Be warned, food will not taste as nice as its grown and bred brethren and while it is a lifesaver this tech isn't allowed to be taken off of the homeland.)

- **Nueralizer** ([100] A neat little device that will wipe the minds of individuals with travellers having a resistance to the effects thanks to upgrades, the nueralizer is a get out of jail free card, but be warned, using it too frequently will break it.)

- **Universal Thumb** ([50] Ever wanted to hitchhike with aliens? Well now you can! The universal thumb throws up a digital 'thumb' that passing starcraft will be able to see when passing through the system. Comes with all the risks and rewards of mundane hitchhiking.)

- **Glotsbit Helmet** ([200] A blessed helmet of sliver, the Glosbit grants unfailing accuracy, and also grants good fortune during harvests and winter for some reason. While worn, the wearer will not suffer from cold temperature. However it is made of silver, won't save your ass as a helmet.)

- **Venathari Headset MK-182** ([150] A full computer in an eyepiece that displays personal information and comes with a targeting system installed, the Venathari is a must have for users of long ranged weapons.)

- **Belarusi Heat Dispenser** ([200] Want a non-violent solution to your problems? No problem. This heat dispenser sends out intense rays of heat that will make most sane humans, and even much more durable creatures, wince and retreat at the sensation of their skin burning. Does not actually cause physical damage, but be warned, some armor types block this and some individuals will only be pissed off.)

- **Non-sentient Servo-skull** ([150] I was asked to advertise these things because- a collector brought back thousands and they refuse to leave the store house until someone takes them individually. They keep-organizing things and updating the records. God help us if they clean the place what we might find.)

- **Traveller's War-horn** ([200] This horn is programmed to create a homing beacon for 'on roster' members of the fighters faction eager for a fight, as well it will allow you to stun your opponents if you have the breath for its mundane function. If you join the fighter faction you can sign yourself into the Valhalla crew that answers horn beacons.)

- **Blessed Needle & Thread** ([150] Never underestimate the power of mundane magical objects. This thread will never break, and the needle will follow your commands if you jab it into your left hand all the way through once. Who needs an advanced drone when you've got this shit?)

- Devil Bone Dice ([120] A set of Dice, one of which is set to always succeed, one of which always fails and a final one that remains random. May take any form the user wishes and are identical to each other. Banned on Ae gambling institutes for obvious reasons.)

- Organic Holding Unit ([50] A fleshy sack mentally linked to the owner. Can hold Sixteen liters and has a nasty set of teeth to defend its possessions. Enjoys being scratched.)

- Faustian Bargain ([-10] The option to give the physical soul to a Wistful Deviless over with the True Travellers. At the expense of feeling like an empty bottle, the Deviless will protect your soul, and in the event of your physical death, return you to life. She won’t torture it or anything, but she does enjoy holding it. Occasionally the owner will feel like they’re being stroked at odd hours.)

- **Bro-bot** ([150] An energetic little guy, he's like a servo skull, less efficient but much more cheerful, good for making impressions, filing, notation, and storage.)

- **Weather Maker** ([400] Rain down lightening, sunder the earth and bring rain to parched lands, needs two weeks to acclimatize to new environments and another day to prep but when it works, it can do just about anything short of twelve foot of snow in summer.)

- '**Entanglers**' ([50] The basic 'jumping' travel system condensed into a pair of cubes, when activated you need only push a button for you to be teleported back to its partner, good if you know how to plan, otherwise rely on the bracer tech you lazy fuck.)

- **InvisiYUT Cloak** ([400] Laced into your clothes, this cloak will generate a field of woven light around you. You may be heard and smelled but if they're only looking for you then I can guarantee you won't be found. Breaks under EMPs and Water. And don't be a dick with it.)

- **Wingsuit** ([100] Stuck at a thousand feet up with no recourse? No problem. The wingsuit will let you glide down and direct yourself to the softest looking landmass, parachute included.)

- **Glider** ([300] This baby has solar powered propulsion and on a sunny day will carry you across continents, seats only one, but if you’re in a sunny world you could just keep flying perpetually.)

- **Toshamark Standard Computer** ([200] We have our own wireless connection around here. Allows for wireless communication, writing, mathematics, shitposting on DTY44Chan, and anything else you'd use a computer for, battery life lasts two solar years and is simple enough that even the ogryn can use it.)

- **Rail Line Pass** ([15] Maybe you don't want to die in the air or walk everywhere? Trains span across the traveller homeworld and are capable of Mach three, there's no shame in riding the train.)

- **Hammer-Closet** ([600] Want something bigger then the bottomless bag? The Closet serves the same purpose as the bag, however has the ability to eject all of its contents with the flick of a button. Use wisely.)

- **Palinko's Extendable Tower** ([500] I'm not sure if you want this, it's essentially a fifty foot tower compressed into a larger meter by meter cube, that can be extended to full height in the push of a button, can be used to scout out terrain, frighten tribesmen or even be used as a weapon in creative ways.)

- **Vapor Slugs** ([100] Powerful little critters that, when stroked produce a massive cloud of potent and nauseating gas that can stun and knock out most sapient opponents with only a 0.004 lethality rate. Nigh-unkillable little shits and also good pets.)

- Postman’s Powdered Bones ([50] A sack of deceased post men, this powder makes a potent tool for magical reagents. May be utilized in combat and in potions to make targets feel as if they’ve forgotten something of great urgency and go to check whatever it is they worry over. Also great for Quiche crusts. For unknown reasons.)

- Mark of Irem ([100] A number of plantable marks for dealing with non-Travellers. Causes confusion and switching of the tenses, often forcing sapient entities to skip over the Marks and whatever they’re planted upon. May cause long term side effects, do NOT TATTOO THEM ONTO YOURSELF.)

- **Munitions Worktable** ([200] A small portable munitions table to help produce everything from bullets to bolts to high viscosity plasma chargers, makes life a lot easier if you don't want to track back every other day to get your munitions subscriptions renewed.)

- **Battle Music Projectors** ([100] Two small hovering projectors capable of playing ten hours of music loud enough for the entirety of a small stadium to hear, these will play pre-selected recordings for personal use, and can be used in many creative and interesting ways. Comes with a hookup to the Yuta bracer to act as a personal set of speakers.)

- **Standard Breather** ([20] A simple breathing apparatus that enables the wearer to survive in toxic, or undersee environment providing them with pure oxygen, may be carried in the pockets and contains three solar days of air.)

- **Time Stop Projector** ([1000] Strait from the archivists Relicanum, these small watches are capable of stopping time for a period of a personal hour outside of Ae, travellers remain immune to its effect for reasons that are only up to debate.)

- **Universal Traveller Markers** ([10] Travellers maintain a complex webway across Ae, and universal markers allow Travellers to lay down 'notes' in the worlds they visit, any traveller may look at these for information though only ones with this may lay them down.)

- **Liquid Determination Vial** ([500] In some cases, ethereal elements can take a physical form, in this case a form of determination, can motivate an individual well past the realms of death and defeat, impossible to stop fully. Be warned excessive use and success may cause hideous mutation and self-combustion.)

- **Warding Spirit** ([400] A bestial spirit of protective nature that only appears when the ward is in danger, this is a powerful earth spirit that comes in the form of a large predatory beast. Will do anything and everything to protect the ward. Even if killed the residue of the spirit will surge out in defiance.)

- **Internal Sustenance Module** ([200] Tired of being forced to do things like eating, drinking and sleeping? Then you're in luck! This device can be surgically implanted to deliver nutrition, energy and water to the system, or whatever alternative you require. Must be changed once a decade, not-applicable for a Hardlight & Spiritual bodies, doubles battery life for Mechanicals.)

- **Waste Disposal Module** ([100] For those disinterested in the less savory of bodily functions, transports waste to a small pocket dimension, having these cleaned out once every three years is advisable to prevent backwash.)

- **Muscle Memory Modules** ([300] Learn art forms, martial arts, basic skills, heighten reflexes, sculpt body and mind in tandem and more! Or at least the very basis of them with these insertable memory modules.)

- **External Memory Box** ([50] A portable data storage device that allows an individual to transfer memory copies. From there they can shown to others, stored and privately viewed. But what has been seen will always be remembered.)

- **Torsiel's Aluminum Guard Helmet** ([100] The mind of a Traveller is Invictus. However this does not mean that it is unable to avoid detection. Mind reading and mental observation are still threats, this helmet protects against almost all forms mental observation. But won't protect against maces.)

- **Truth Draught** ([250] A potent fluid that, chemically is water though has been blessed with a potent and viscous property that forces the consumer to speak truth. Does not work on anything without a mouth.)

- **Passover Module** ([100] An addition to the existing 'panic button' system. This will transport the Traveller in question to a static plane, preventing anything external from harming the traveller at the threat of anything lethal. Mind you, this will essentially hide you in this static dimension until a traveller comes along to un-freeze you. Inadvisable for use without a panic-respondent or friends.)

- **Internal Weaponry Module** ([300] Want to ensure that your weapons are hidden? Why not hide them in your body in a way that isn’t the anus? Applicable for anything within a reasonable size, usable in the just, stomach, forearms and legs. Automates internal weapons with mechanical bodies, Does not work for ethereal and hardlight beings.)

- **Spirit Walk Components** ([200] Smokes, balms and Talismans to let the mortal flesh walk the realms of the spirits, the dead and the godheads, be warned, this is not a place for the unprepared.)

- **Leader Line** ([20] A small attachment that records your travels automatically, as well as your deeds and stories, useful for investigations, finding out where you left things and also keeping the judiciary out of your hair.)

- **Whale Skin Marks** ([100] Horrific runes of a malevolent nature found carved into the hides of whales in a particularly nasty timeline. These marks are masterful at warding off malevolent entities that aspire to the legacy of the great old ones, as well as fortifying one's own sanity. Keep in mind we actually have to carve them into you.)

- Atropal Incense ([300] Incense derived from the corpse of an undead god, permanently slain by the Void Hunters, the Incense increases the effects of black magic's, especially those focused around the undead, strengthening liches and creating an aura of terror for the uninitiated. Best not to think about where it came from.)

- Monster Containment Orb ([500] Small balls that can capture entities, while these balls are not reliable, and unwilling to capture full sapience, they can be used to contain and unleash all manner of monsters, some that can be turned into allies, or others that are best left tucked away until a moment of desperation.)

- Hacking Module ([100] A set of tools, limited to but not including data bombs, Trojan horses, delvers, pass extractors and code-nukes, for whatever the situation dictates.)

- Tech Virus Cancer Module ([50] When infiltration is not an option and an EMP is too overt, this is basically the equivalent software cancer, remaining silent until software is activated and then corrupting, crashing and wiping everything it touches. Best used sparingly.)

- Omni Camping Equipment ([50] From the carving winds of Nue-Mars to the rocky Crags of Ashakmet to the even the depths of Siberia, this set of gear will enable a person to wither the long nights, preferably without unwanted company.)

- Monomolecular Wire ([25] Wire that can cut through just about anything bound by two spools, this can be used medically, in combat, assassination and trap-setting.)

- Infiltration Equipment ([100] A handy sack with everything needed for infiltration, from low level through-wall imaging, surveillance equipment, wire cutters, and things of such nature.)

- Lock-Cracker Module ([25] Specifically designed to deal with everything from small custom locks to vault bulkheads, this cracker can punch through almost anything, given enough time.)

- Lycanthropy Tablets ([350] 'Beast Pellets' as they are called, these tablets are capable of inducing a temporary bestial effect in eaters, driving them to act like wild beasts, often spurting wild hair-growth and bouts of strength, consumers of these tablets should hasten to distance themselves from allies.)

- Token of the Dawn ([400] A primal element of unwholesome light. Swallowing this Token will grant the eater bioluminescence, excellent night vision, enhanced hearing, and occasional precognition. Side effects may include nightmares of sunlight, aversion salt and occasional precognition.)

- Geating Parasites ([250] What an uneducated idiot might call Bio's response to Bionic limbs and replacement organs, these parasites can be inserted into the body to greatly enhance individual organ functions and increase organ durability to great lengths, though getting the parasite in there isn't pretty.)

- Multi-Media Collection Box ([25] A Solid box in a similar shape to a 1950's Human American Television set, the Box contains whatever periods of static medium you wish, with a 'pick all' option available wich doubles the size of the box but contains an obscene amount of content, for an additional twenty credits the box can come with a game module that includes video games from across reality. Most written media comes free in tablet form, and all programing may be transferred across equipment.)

- Power Generator-Small ([100] A small generator capable of putting out ten years of energy to power a small efficient house. Can be used in a variety of emergency or industrial situations, comes with multiversal connection plugs, and comes in Chemical, Nuclear and Ethereal Power options.)

- Power Generator-Large ([400] A more capable generator capable of putting out ten years of energy to power an mid-sized efficiently laid out workshop. Can be used in a variety of emergency or industrial situations, comes with multiversal connection plugs, and comes in Bio-Synchriotic, Nuclear, Low-Fusion and Ethereal Power options.)

- CIY Brain Implant ([400] A brain implant that enables direct access to mental faculties as well as direct wireless access to networks, can also be done with wires as a small rig will be left at the base of your skull if you wish, such direct access can be advantageous, though also dangerous in the event of a power surge.)

- Magnetic Boots ([200] These boots perform a simple duty, able to carry up to four hundred pounds of human up walls and ceilings, comes with low and zero gravity settings. Does not come with good ankles.)

-「Stand」Type Entity ([750] A Stand is a special supernatural entity unique to the Traveller's mind that forges it into existence, acting as a guardian to the User. Stands abilities, strengths and weaknesses are directly linked to the minds that create them, and a Stand may only be harmed by other Stands. It should be also noted that Stand can be damaged, and such damage will manifest on the user. As a final note, Stands are- strange entities, varying in size, shape, capabilities and behavior, but all Traveller Stands take after their users, and are always bound to them. Hopefully you will never encounter enemy stand users, because if you do things may become... Bizarre.)

- Soul Tap ([500] When「Stand」and other soul weapons became more common on Ae, more reliable and affordable methods for use were brought out. The 'Soul Tap' was the most effective. Soul Taps will usually result in the Tapped individual to use their spirits to defend themselves, but they may manifest in wraith like attack abilities, or even more exotic forms such as possessive abilities, Istrithian healing, semblances and more. Tapped individuals can detect stands, but not as well as other users.)

- Gene-Mod Equipment ([500] A surprisingly simple set of equipment to aid in life sciences, comes with everything needed for such activities as gene sequencing, cloning, splicing and bacterial pursuits.)

- 24HR Multi-Reality News Feed ([20] A simple setup that connects a small screen to a 'breaker' port, granting access to a constant newsfeed from the homeland, giving updates on Ae and various Traveller Operations across realities. Good for staying in the loop.)

- Melange Box ([600] A box of rather potent Melange, Can extend the lifespans of human beings and grant heightened sense of awareness, with long use awakening potent psionic abilities in humans, along with predictive mental focus. However it is extremely addictive and withdrawal can be fatal, Toxic to Nisetics and Quarians.)

- Specialized Watch Equipment ([50] A large number of cameras, sound boxes and a small drone, everything needed to keep an eye on a large amount of space from a single watching point.)

- Self Operating Cooking Gear ([10] A surprising necessity for many who are quite frankly incapable of cooking a good meal, this set of self-operating pots, pans and dispensaries are able to take raw ingredients and with various levels of user interference turn it into something warm and edible.)

- Rwandan Curse Gear ([100] A simple set of Cursing Gear, based on Traditional Rwandan witch doctor Cursing, good for laying down curses, hexes and general misfortunes upon opponents, almost impossible to track unlike other forms of magic.)

- Greater Venus Mantrap ([250] More akin to a still guardian beast rather than it's fly-eating ancestor, Bio can implant these Mantrap's upon owners, and the Plants will serve as staunch guardians for the owner. Very hard to kill and does not actually need to eat men to get by.)

- 1 Metric Ton of Concentrated Bleach ([10] While not- useful on a daily basis, such a tank of bleach has its uses. Hard to carry around and store.)

- Privic Drug Prescription ([20] A monthly, prescription of drugs from medical, be it recreational, medical or otherwise, Privic covers when needed.)

- Pet Rock ([1] If you're lonely and have no friends Master Scrooge.)

- Cohort Setup Package ([100] The basic package contains all forms and signets needed to form a union in any of the factions, or even an independent. Traveller Cohorts receive special representation and may apply to receive additional funds and special requisitions from faction Heads and the council of nine.)

- Fortification Setup Package ([400] A massive set-up of Insta-Crete, Plasti-Steel Plating, Barbed Wire, Cosiaets and Trapping gear, everything needed to setup a fortified bunker or to re-enforce a pre-existing building or local, be warned it takes time to put up and can be a bitch to get around.)

- **Business Setup Package** ([500] Want to set up a trading post or business? Now you can! This package will provide you with a parcel of land in the trading hub of your home region, or if you're roaming will grant a mobile kiosk that you can shift in and out of a small pocket dimension.)

- **Shrine Setup Package** ([350] Want to set up a shrine or temple? Now you can! This package will grant you a small parcel of land and everything you need to set up a small place of worship in your home district. If you are a wandering sort then the temple will come in its own pocket dimension and can be placed anywhere.)

- **Hover-Car** ([900 Req; Mid-tech] Seating four and powered by a hydrogen battery, the Hover car is just that, a hover car, able to gain a half kilometer of altitude and eighty miles per hour, be warned as we have no regulations about sky travel. Cannot be transported by Bracer tech, but can be transported via transport stations and hubworld bases.)

- **Hover Bike** ([500] Like the Hover car, but smaller and much more simple, only seating two this bike can only get about twenty meters off the ground but has a max speed of one hundred miles per hour, can be transported by way of bracers, so drive safely.)

- **Tebulasi Frigate** ([1400 Req; High-tech] One of the smaller FTL ships we produce, this baby comes with strong shields, good stealth drive, solid kinetic weapons, and seats five. Simple in nature so more grounded pilots can pilot a standard Tebulasi. Can only be transported across reality by way of Traveller Bases.)

- **Nightshadow INS Ship** ([2000 Req; Advanced Tech] A big bad ball of titanium alloy, advanced shielding, Teflon laced plate and plasma weaponry, this thing is unstoppable even in the most advanced settings if you can drive it, seats ten. Can only be transported across reality by way of Traveller Bases.)

- Ovega Cruiser ([3500 Req; Advanced Tech] The largest ship on the requisition docket, and rarely purchased due to its overt nature and obscene pain for cross-dimensional transport at Traveller Bases, this bastard seats one hundred Travellers and can resist obscene fire, though it is much slower to return the pain. A mobile FTL capable base of operations, for all intents and purposes.)

- Perion Roller Ball ([1000] What can best be called a Motorized Monocycle, the Perion Roller is adept on all terrain and can crash through most obstacles before it. However it advisable not to crash around things you like, and the Perion is not a good gear carrier.)

- Jedhari Walker ([800] A heavy Biped equipped with a built in set of heavy Chain Guns, the Jedhari can jump, hop and skip across rocky terrain. Seats two, however very easily disabled by intelligent opponents, as its weaknesses are very evident.)

- Purbolo Flying Stone Airship ([1000] An atmosphere bound ship of lighter than air stone from a particularly absurd timeline, the stone retains its buoyancy regardless of weather or atmospheric makeup, making it an ideal choice for air travel in Low-Tech Timelines for the more down to earth Traveller, the ship seats twenty, though it can be operated by two people. Can only be transported across reality by way of Traveller Bases.)

- **Drone Small** ([300] A custom drone of your choice and make up to the size of a small dog with a half year battery life, be warned, mech will take any request, but if your convoluted demands overwhelm it then the drone will never function properly. Can be custom modified if you have the skill for it.)

- **Drone Large** ([900] A drone up to the size of a large car, this can be made into anything you wish, but be warned, the more absurd the request, the more likely something is going to fuck up. As well, drones... aren't all that smart.)

- **Abstracted Shoggoth Minor** ([100] It is possible to break in the grandchildren of the old ones for our own use, as by that point they are tainted by the third, much as we are tainted by corruption. Shoggoth's are particularly useful beasts, as with a small amount of internal twisting you have a small abomination that will quiet literally follow you into the dark, small ones vary between the size of a human finger to a small poodle. Unseen by non-travellers.)

- **Abstracted Shoggoth Major** ([500] Shoggoth come in many innumerable shapes and sizes, these are the largest ones that can be broken, ranging from the size of a large bus to that of an elephant. Keep in mind in addition to their invisibility, Shoggoth are inhumanly loyal, outlasting natural biological elements, constructs and stand by you through everything. Good abominations.)

- **Noble Beast Minor** ([50] There are many small beasts around here, almost anything can be bonded to you as a minor beast, though the biggest you'll be able to get is a Marbled Polecat, they will always be there for you and will perform minor tasks for you, and look adorable while doing such, just take good care of them.)

- **Noble Beast Lesser** ([250 Req: Beast Master] This is for those with harder hearts and a willingness to devote more time to their beasts, we can get any beast around the size of a Leonburger, Hunting cats, small Dinosaurs, we even have a pygmy Andrewsarchi that needs a home.)

- **Noble Beast Greater** ([400 Req: Beast Master] If you're willing we can find and grant you some of the larger beasts but only if you have the ability to take care of such fearsome creature, giant sloths, Hunting Tigers, War elephants, Mongolian Bloodworms and much much more.)

- Operabia Module: Latent Insect Control ([500] An Operabia Module developed by Medical/Experimental that grants the user basic controls over insect and insect analogue life-forms in a one mile radius, enabling the Module wielder to create massive swarms of insects. Not good against fire and armour but terrifying nonetheless. An Overclocked Module will enable for slow mutation and growth of controlled insects.)

- Operabia Module: Iron Hide ([700] An Operabia Module developed by Medical/Experimental that grants the user an iron epidermis that can be activated at a thought, fortifying the body however increasing weight drastically. An Overclocked Module will reinforce major organs, bones and other tissues to varying degrees, with all that entails, dampening flexibility severely.)

- Operabia Module: Aridic Saliva and Pump Mechanism ([200] An Operabia Module developed by Medical/Experimental that grants the user a set of organs designed to pump out an obscenely corrosive acid along with immunity to said acid, easily burning organic materials, unexpected to say the least and easy to hide for a rainy day. An Overclocked Module will grant an even more potent acid that can eat through brick and motor, along with greater toxin immunity.)

- Operabia Module: Low Level ET Teleport ([600] An Operabia Module developed by Medical/Experimental that grants the user low level teleportation abilities not limited to bracer cooldown, though confined to a one mile radius. Overuse of the module may prompt cranial bleeding and unconsciousness. An Overclocked Module will extend the range of teleportation to fifty miles and grant low level pre-cog to make sure you don't end up bisected by a tree.)

- Operabia Module: Rage Effect ([750] An Operabia Module developed by Medical/Experimental that grants the user that grants a number of enhancement chemicals that when activated will drive the body into an overdrive state. Doubling physical capacities however causing damage to the body, the overdrive state will last for over an hour, and leave the user in a weakened state for twelve to fourteen hours. An Overclocked Module will make the effects even greater and double operating down however double the down time.)

- Operabia Module: Biological Lightning Implants ([500] An Operabia Module developed by Medical/Experimental that grants the user absorption of electric energy to an internal battery and the ability to 'cast' said energy out at targets through implants in the hands. This Module will also fotify the body to avoid death by electrocution, though burns and fire hazards remain valid threats. An Overclocked Module will enable the body to generate its own electricity, so the user no longer has to absorb it from outer sources.)

- Operabia Module: Aura Shroud ([750] An Operabia Module developed by Medical/Experimental that grants the user the ability 'fade' out of the physical plane and enter a lifeless reflection realm, time will still pass in this realm however it can enable the user to circumvented opponents, locks, doors, security and grant a place to hide in the event of danger, rapid transition from the aural plane to the physical can be arduous though. An Overclocked Module will reduce fatigue from fading, and make the denizens of the Aural realm more friendly, reclusive though they remain.)

- Operabia Module: Overclock Feature ([300] Operabia Modules have been a recent addition to the requisitions lists, being added only three decades prior, a product of Department-Cooperation. Operabia Modules are only delivered in singular units, and getting more than one is not recommended unless the Modules are Overclocked, and even then two is the advised maximum. All Modules have the Overclock feature, and if two are bought then they may be activated simultaneously for only a single fee.)

- Behlit Fragments ([3000] The shards of what would have been. Swallowing these will transform the consumer into something new. Not a god, but human. Flawed, but very powerful. That which was tainted by man may never be shaken off.)

- **BIO-Chip** ([300] Oh boy, Bio is at it again. For a good chunk of your credits Bio will put a chip in your skull and then cold-cock you right out while violent changes overtake the flesh. There are several 'final forms' this process may take, including Lamia, Harpy (wings and arms for the latest model), Drider, Satyr, or Minotaur. This form will be greatly enhance your strength, dexterity, agility and intelligence and grant you low level natural weapons. If you we're to- say- cough up another 200 chits then it's likely Bio would be gracious enough to allow requests. Keep in mind these are the only perfected paths, and all things run risks when it comes to this level of mutation...)

- **Telken-Chip** ([300] Mental capacity to its greatest extent, this implant courtesy of the Biological and Ethereal departments allows you the basic actions of Psychokinesis as well as minor mind reading. At your best you could pick up a big horse and toss it across a football field, and shield yourself from small arms fire. But for another 200 you could 'overclock' the chip, set mobs flying, flip buildings, part oceans and resist low yield nuclear explosions. Just be warned overuse could lead to a stroke and developing epilepsy, not to be used alone for certain. I should also not that if the user has natural psionic abilities then these will only be amplified, and with major risks.)

- **Healing-Chip** ([250] A simple chip that will enhance your natural healing abilities, this will halve healing time for you. If you're willing for another 250 you'll get the premium chip which will enable you to regrow lost limbs in days, however your skin will turn a light green and you'll eternally smell like mint.)

- **Byroromancy-Chip** ([250] For this chip you will gain three pores anywhere on your body that will allow you to exude flame hot enough to melt copper at a mild range, along with decent flame and heat resistance. For another 250 we can overclock it, allowing you to melt steel beams at thirty yards and be completely flame retardant. Mind you, your hair will fall out and you'll probably grow a tail.)

- **Mechanical Transfusion** ([2000] Abandon the flesh, and become a true synthetic being, a true awakened artificial intelligence. Your body is now metal and polymer, and your mind capable of immense feats of cyber warfare. Bodies come with hydrogen energy cells and have two and a half century lifespans. In addition to this your conscious will be able to control any drones and technology you have directly, and you will be able to use any technology you control directly.)*[1]

- **Spiritual Transfusion** ([2000] Abandon the flesh, and become an ethereal being, a true waking spirit of the physical world. Your body is now prone to wax and wane, your soul capable of physical exertion on this plane of reality through will, though purpose must be found to maintain the self as all beasts of the ether. Some sense of physicality remains however, and you are much more empathetic to the emotions of others. You may also temporarily abandon your physicality and scout through the ethereal and physical planes, and may possess non sapient beings such as beasts, and even corpses with time.)*[1]

- **Hardlight Transfusion** ([2000] Abandon the flesh, and become a hardlight being, a creature whose very nature is subjective. Your body is now shaped and formed by choice, capable of immense feats and specialization, your heart and mind now contained within the chasms of your 'projector,' your new body. You are capable of just about anything, shapeshifting, incredible feats of dexterity and strength are just within your reach.)*[1]

- **Physical Formatting** ([200] While Bio is already going to enhance your body so you don't get affected by external bacteria or transfer them, along with a number of other things to keep you healthy wherever you go, there is an option to get them and some other department staff to upgrade you to the best you can be. Want to be huge? Done. Catch bullets with your bare hands? On it. Little girl? We can do the little and the girl parts but you'll still smell and look- unpleasant without fine-tuning. Keep in mind this will always be weaker than those with the Super Human Body and the natural physique trait if individuals are willing to put effort into their training, but at least you've got flexibility here.)

- **Physical Restructuring** ([100] While we can restructure you're body we this would be considered fine tuning, to rebuild you're face, you're structure and the small things, to be recommended if you want to look natural with physical enhancement, let's just say we've had a bunch of greasy looking mister universes in the past and ugly little girls.)

- Biological Mobile RST Unit ([1800] An implant that will allow the carrier to actively restructure their biology, based upon the mad idea of a ‘perfect lifeform.’ This machine is anything but, the process is absurdly painful, harsh and without delicacy. However in a matter of minutes the owner can restructure themselves from human to Elephantine. RST owners are advised to make monthly visits to medical to avoid cancer.)

*1 Body exchange ultimately removes body benefits. Mechanical Bodies come with just below super human body but above natural physique. Ethereal bodies are around natural physique level strength and moderate shapeshifting skills and a bonus rank in Ethereal manipulation to anyone smart enough to read this, as well as a partially non-visible nature and slight mental manipulation on non-travellers. Hardlight Bodies are able to generate a custom melee weapon, and super human body strength, however if are thoroughly damaged their external projections will fail and will reduce them to their projectors, little more than a glorified hovercube housing every part of your being, better make sure you have someone to pick your ass up or else you’re going to end up as cargo for space gypsies or end up being used as a power source for a decade by accident, or worse, broken, killing you instantly. Body exchanges may not take little things Marked with Stars.

Little Things...

Now, are there any things I should know about that would grant you some premiums? Some people need more help than others to settle in so speak now or forever hold your peace.

[Take up to four, 'exchanges' are free of the cap.]

- **Waste of Skin** [250 Credits for the cost of 1 Skill]
- **Forever Alone** [500 Credits for the cost of 1 Companion]
- **I don't need no Governa's dalla!** [1 Skill at the cost of 400 Credits]
- **Notably Charitable** [1 Companion at the cost of 750 Credits]
- **Destined for greater things** [1000 Credits at the cost of 500 words of your own story]

- **Weekly Donor** [100 Credits a month for good sized Blood donations, be warned, both Marada and Arnold will give you funny looks if you take this and they're your companions. God help you, if you tell them you're donating blood expect them to never leave you alone.]*

- **Test subject** [100 Credits for getting injected by Bio, will either change you're base hair color, your skin color, your blood color, your eye color or the color of your sexual fluids. Can be taken five times. Be warned it might also have some unseen consequences.]*

- **Minor** [500 Credits and you'll arrive at the age of fourteen, if you have a stated recruiting Traveller companion (eg: Fallen Heir; Yarihei Neinta) they will be your keeper until you reach adulthood in four years' time, otherwise one of your other companions will take this job, and they'll effectively act as your foster parent for four years. How that experience turns out is in their hands so be careful who you choose. Also shagging is postponed until you're sixteen.]

- **Ethereal-heart** [200 Credits and whenever you're in the presence of magic you'll find things don't work as they should. Fireballs will sputter and die, healing magical will fail and curses meant to kill you will give you hiccups. Works both for and against you. Cannot take ethereal ranks or use artifacts of a magical nature.]*

- **Marked** [200 Credits and you feel yourself being watched before and after you travel through time, space and the dimensions, when taken with the 'Adokori' trait then the reward is multiplied five-fold and you can feel them, always watching you, they want you for some reason and under their gaze you will suffer a thousand deaths each time you dream.]

- **Looter** [100 Credits and you will feel the compulsive urge to loot enemies of specific items and store them. The term hoarder comes to mind here. Not necessarily a bad thing but don't expect to be having much space back home.]

- **Terrorized** [100 Credits and something about your past got under your skin and burrowed down into your heart, sleep is a very rare thing for you, and you will almost always get nightmares when you do sleep.]

- **Sensory Deprivation** [250 Credits and one of your senses is completely nonfunctional, Bio or another department may be able to get a replacement set of organs but they will never function as well as the originals.]

- **Notorious** [400 Credits and you did something somewhere that earned the attention of many seeking a fight, expect many to try and duel you among Traveller ranks, and for higher eyes to be drawn in your direction. Expect a visit from the Reotri and other members of the Judiciary.]

- **Lophitic** [300 Credits and you will be recruited shortly after being mauled by an unpleasant and supernatural being. You'll develop a compulsion to drink blood that can't be cured, but rather than a life giving ambrosia your system will view it more like taking your daily meth tweak, however this means you can drink your own blood and still donate unlike others with such problems, and the clinics are always open to you but keep in mind offworlders will freak the fuck out if they find out about this.]*

- **Recovering cannibal** [300 Credits and in your past you once had to consume the body of another human being (or whatever may have you) to survive, and you have had a taste for flesh since. Well it's actually alright here, we vat grow certain body parts for consumption, but don't bring any 'snacks' with you off world. Also eating actual sapients is forbidden so keep up that self-control.]*

- **Unlucky** [Cannot be taken with Lucky, for 200 Credits you will walk into every mugging, backyard brawl and sewer alligator that you feasibly can. As well you will never win a game of chance. That being said you don't need to gamble when you can just stack the deck. You are a Traveller for fucks sake, luck is overrated.]

- **Can't wake up inside** [500 Credits and at some point you will be drawn into a ethereally induced sleep wherein you'll spend about a solar month fighting your inner demons in a Silent Hill styled hellscape based upon your own mind, if you triumph you'll probably become the best human being you could be, if you don't you'll die. No weapons, or tricks, just you in this hell that you made for yourself. Having friends gifted in the spiritual and magical may help.]

- **Outlander** [100 Credits and no matter where you go in all of time and space, you'll still be an outcast, doomed to just keep wondering on and outwards to the next journey, you'll make no friends among outlanders and will fade from memory. Perhaps that is for the best.]

- **Adherent** [100 Credits and you pick a virtue or an idea. This will drive you in all things and your key motivations shall be this, say; liberty, peace, anarchy. Can be taken five times independent of the general count but you can't pick conflicting ideas.]

- **Warping** [500 Credits and you'll find something is- wrong with you. It's like a cancer or so Bio has told you, and it has a mind of its own, warping your body and bones into something monstrous. Bio might be able to restore you to your prior specifications if you manage to survive long enough for them to kill it.]*

- **Command Word** [200 Credits and there will be a word in your native language that your recruiter is aware of, and merely saying it in your native language is enough to send you into a violent spasm, if you have no stated recruiting Traveller then only you know about the word, but one of your companions will find out soon enough when they accidentally set you off. How this plays out depends on the company you keep.]

- **The Renegade** [400 Credits and you'll find out why we have strict entry protocols over not being a fucking prick. In the past we've had time wars that almost wiped us out in the early years, a survivor of those conflicts on the losing side has marked you for his target and he's waiting for you on a hubworld somewhere, he will try to kill you and he's been waging a guerrilla war on the travellers for half a millennia. Be prepared, he'll do anything to win.]

- **Wrath** [200 Credits and you will be an angry mother fucker in the useless way if someone sets you off, be warned because this is a place where almost everyone can hit back, and it will cause problems on the outside. I recommend investing in a punching bag.]

- **Addict** [200 Credits and you will have a substance that your system is reliant upon. Alcohol, Mensch leaves, Tobacco, Heroin, Opiates, whatever it is, you can't go long without it. In time Bio will be able to clean you up, but it is going to suck and dependency is frowned upon in Ae.]

- **Aquarius Complex** [One Bonus Companion and you find yourself incapable of being alone, as in if your left without contact from another person for you will begin to become freak out, and god help you if your friends leave you alone for a day you will latch on to the first person you see and will need to be removed by way of a crowbar. Otherwise though you'll be right as rain.]

- **Hailing Fever** [(Human Only) 300 Credits and you will be afflicted by a potent fever, one that will make your nose bleed and deprive you of your bowel controls for weeks, it will damage your stamina and memory, but those will return in a few years' time. You should be thankful the Travellers have a cure, you'd have been liquidated by your own boiling blood otherwise.]

- **Tlysner** [(Mokresia Only) 200 Credits and you suffer from something that would kill your ancestors in weeks, Tlysner, a combination of shyness, phobia and unwillingness to change. You simply are not that good around others and seek solitude at every given opportunity, doing everything to escape social contact. You just can't do it. You want to be alone but the universe won't let you be.]

- **Still Blood** [(Yautja Only) 300 Credits and you are a rare defect among the Yautja, in that you lack the usual fire that most of your bred kin have towards the hunt. It simply does not suit you. The hunt, the chase, you might as well be cleaning, cooking. You just can't call upon the rampant bloodlust and explosive rage you should have, and the world for you is grey because of it. Perhaps there will be more to life then this.]

- **Dormant Blighting** [(Nisetic only) 400 Credits and you have a special creature living inside of you, a worm waiting for a time when you will fall, and come so close to dying. It will wake up, it will save you at a cost. Your skin will pale and the beast will replace the entirety of your digestive system with itself, making the only food source blood. Best not let the beast grow hungry, or else it will start pumping your newly strengthened body with every type of psychotic hormone available.]

- **Fuck your Glowy Bullshit** [600 credits and- well. You are completely and utterly hopeless with technology. You regard AI as 'glow spirits' and technology as 'locked magic' for all you can do with it. You will never be able to operate even simple technology and thus are stuck with your rudimentary skills and the will of your own body. Stuck at low tech understanding and cannot take ranks in tech.]

- **Accursed by Cena** [250 credits and you will forever be scrawny and unbearably lean, like something out of a shitty Japanese cartoon. It will almost be humorous the way sweet gains shall evade you. You will always be a twig. End of story. Cannot take skills and items that will bulk you, as even Bio will not be able to rid you of your tiny muscles.]*

- **Hardest of the Asses** [200 Credits and you will essentially become a wall, with a personal series of codes and laws you adhere to you will obey this set of at least twenty rules you set for yourself and be utterly resolute in them, mind you that this will be a big pain for everyone nearby. And if someone can make you break your own code even in the slightest you will fall like a paladin in heavy armor to the bottom of the proverbial river, and only your friends will be able to help you.]

- **Brothers of the Bite** [2000 Credits and you will only make one single friend during your career with the travellers. But this individual will always be there, you will have the greatest cohesion and they will essentially become your other half. May take only one companion. Cannot use forever alone or notably charitable.]

- **Slothful of Body and Mind** [100 Credits and you will go about your tasks much more slowly than your countrymen. You can spend a good few days at rest, and wanderlust is much slower to take you. Perhaps it is better to watch and wait patiently, better to enjoy life. All the multiverse is out there, in a constant state of existence. Who is to say that that can't wait for a few hours?]

- **My Best Friend** [500 Credits and in your travels you will meet someone, someone you once knew, though it would be better to stay it once was someone you once knew. Everything you knew about them has changed, everything that once was. It is gone. Your passage devastated them, and the powers that be put them across dimensions, kidnapped by rogues, everything good from them gone. Their minds are gone, their hearts are soiled and their bodies mutilated. Perhaps death might be a virtue? Or perhaps…]

- **Food Intolerant** [150 Credits and you lack the capacity to enjoy food, you simply can't put down anything more than a small handful of food daily and the thought of eating anything more fills you with disgust and would cause illness. However this problem is easily superseded by simple nutrient cubes. Easy fix but still a shame, there's a lot of good food out in the multiverse.]*

- **Scattered Mind** [100 Credits, and you, well- you aren't very focused to say the least. You can switch across a dozen thoughts in a moment and end up forgetting half of it. You will simultaneously pick up things out of the blue but in the same right miss things that are going on right in front of you. It's- well- you're going to miss things. A lot.]

- **That Guy** [500 Credits and you will always be outshined by a single second gen traveler, Kygas the Tooth. He will make your life miserable, take credit for your accomplishments and drive every one of your companions up the wall. For around four years you will have to deal with this horrible person who has been with the travellers for nine centuries, but during your fifth year he will put your most valued companion into a coma after they take a step too far, and he will try to run. You'll be given full liaison to track him down, but keep in mind the second generation is a class of its own and he's been killing people for a very long time.]

- **Squaker** [(Irish Elk Only) 500 Credits and well. You don't sound good, you are a majestic creature, the translator for speech works just fine, but your more natural noises will often slip through the translator, and cause concern and occasionally panic for the bipeds you deal with, and even your fellow Travellers will be concerned by the noises you are prone to making unless they are familiar with you.]

- **Plate Rot** [(Pandoarae Stalker Only) 250 Credits and your magnificent body is not all it once was, a grunge has seeped in between your scales and plates, weakening your hide, making it itch and sting and leaving you open to strikes and blows, though the Rot may be dealt with in time, it will have a long-lasting effect on both your confidence and your present ability to the Bipeds.]

- **Weakened System** [(Quarian Only) 400 Credits and even among your people your immune system was weak, this didn't affect you directly of course, but it did greatly increase the potential threat of external contamination, a single break in your suit could end your life. You doubt you'll ever live without your suit, and you'll never know skin to skin contact. Your life will be found behind your helmet, perhaps for as long as you remain you.]

- **Aberrant Appearance** [(Eldritch Only) 750 Credits and you are monstrous, to the point of even giving your fellow Travellers pause, but in time they will come to see you in reasonable terms, another blade in the battle. However to offworlders with frail dispositions you could 'break' them with relative ease, and even the strong willed will be scarred by encounters. Even in a cloaked state you radiate an aura of unease and dread to Non-Travellers.]

- **Disfigured Dreamer** [400 Credits and you're not quite whole up there. Born so, or perhaps made this way, it doesn't matter, the damage is done, and there is very little to do about it, no spirit can reach inside, no medic can fix this in due time, and no miracle can correct it. It isn't something you notice, in fact sometimes you forget it is there. But it remains, cutting away such notions as peaceful rest.]

- **Off-world Obligations** [400 Credits and things weren't tied off quiet as neatly as you thought, you left someone behind, someone one who isn't fit for the ranks, and not in a position to simply be brought to Ae, perhaps they could be brought to another hubworld with time, but that will take a while, and you'll always be drawn back, even if it would be better for you not to be. After all, all things turn to dust in due time for a Traveller.]

- **Flame Born** [200 Credits and you have a bit of an obsession for flame, for fire. Be it the act of ignition, or to use it to cleanse away the filth of opponents. While such an obsession will no doubt consume a good chunk of you, at least you can find true euphoria in fire.]

- **Goldfish Retention** [300 Credits and well, you don't know what's going on half the time, it just passes by so fast but- you just keep swimming. You'll be blunt, you forget most people's names, get dragged off to god knows where and you just can't keep up with what most of these blabbermouths rant on about. But hey, just roll with it right?]

- **Anon's Bizarre Adventure** [One Bonus Companion and your journeys are strange at best, and the 'at best' bit should be emphasized. At worse, they make no sense even in context, and things can burn out in meta, non-lateral and extremely homoerotic fashions, despite all this you press on, looking as you always do down this bizarre road, you are not so easily deterred.]

- **Philosophical Aspects** [200 Credits and you find yourself rather removed from physical events, and more drawn to the grander schemes of philosophical and theological truths that are hidden behind the obscene grandness of the world you find yourself in, while your eyes can be brought down to ground level when needed, more often than not they will be eying the heavens, pondering these things you've learned, and have yet to learn.]

- **Child of Emblem** [100 Credits and you have a rather odd obsession, your of the mind that people fight harder when they have someone to fight for, and will always try to find people your friends are compatible with, even if they don't much appreciate it sometimes. But hey, everyone deserves a little love right?]

- **Decadent** [200 Credits and you find yourself quick to enjoy the pleasures of life, perhaps to an unhealthy extreme as some might say, but here you sit on the fringe of the world, perched ready to fall into the abyss. Perhaps now is the time to enjoy food, drink, smoke and companionship, for in this striking moment, is it so wrong to be happy?]

- **Wanting Desire** [250 Credits and you find yourself striving for a certain action, lust, though it may be an all-consuming flame you are still drawn in, like a moth to a flame. You can barely keep yourself contained, and even after your ascent to Traveller status, perhaps you find yourself in a worst position, after all you have a whole universe of interesting people out there.]

- **Seeming Mold** [100 Credits and eventually you will find yourself and your belongings stricken with a massive amount of mold, it will pulse through you, your home, and spread to everything you like. It is non-lethal, non-toxic, it is just mold. Mold everywhere. Eventually the scourge will be brought to a halt, but it will be a while before the Madden Menace is made to correct his mistakes.]

- **Repulsive** [250 Credits and you're not exactly someone people (at least sanitary people) want to be around. Perhaps you're a victim of biology, perhaps you have no upkeep, and perhaps it is just your figure. Regardless, non-travellers, and the higher-minded Travellers will be trying to keep you at distant reach.]

- **Full Moon Touch** [250 Credits and you can get a little weird sometimes, perhaps it's the worlds around you, perhaps it's the situation, perhaps the time, perhaps the day, but you can find yourself driven into a manic state. Not in rage, not in mania, but something else. But hey, you don't find it in yourself to care, and ride it, perhaps you're not all there, but you can't find it in you to care.]

- **Falling** [1500 Credits and you are doomed, doomed to fall into the abyss, but you will not fall easy, for the falling star always burns the brightest, perhaps bright enough to light the way forward.]

- **Banner Marked** [1000 Credits and your choices will mark a flare above all Traveller operations, visible to all those who have made grievances with, and been be-grieved by.]

- **Ae-Child** [1000 Credits and through your actions, a child shall be born, in pain and confusion, in suffering, an evanescent shadow of the fifth, a new God-head, liable to cause great suffering if something is not done.]

- **Harbinger** [1000 Credits and with your arrival the worlds will shatter at your steps. In the coming conflict with the return of the fifth, the nightmares of the first generation will return.]

- **Knee-Breaker** [1000 Credits and the thirteenth time war shall come about with your actions, with the return of the Fifth the schism will finally open and hell will be let lose, it is in you to decide what happens, if you can survive.]

* Cannot be taken with non-biological bodies. Or you can but you must meet the punishment the bursaries would deliver in some fashion. Whatever. I'm not the time cops.

* Red Bolded detriments will affect not only the single, but many, many others, and will set much higher plots into motion.

Factions, Departments & Others

Now, that you're starting equipment and bursaries are settled I've been told to introduce you to the factions and the departments around here, there are ten factions, each has a distinct purpose that they serve around here, based on prior positions in the old war effort. The leaders are very stern about the few rules we keep, but so long as you complete your assignments and listen to what they say then you've virtually free reign, and the leadership is very approachable.

Just keep in mind there are many around here who are centuries old and have seen more than you can hope to imagine, some like Duwall, Igra, Cos, Algash and Sam are second generation and fought at The Denial almost a millennia ago. Pretty brutal shit so they won't likely want to talk about it. Hell it was so long ago some newbies don't even believe it happened.

All the faction heads form up the council of nine (and yes I know there's ten of them just go with it.) When the big shit rolls in they put things to a vote- we're in a bit of a lock right now with Duwall missing but we'll get by. Keep in mind you aren't obligated to join any groups but they do make things much easier for you and also provide direction, something many around here would perish without.

The Administrators | Faction Leader; Igra, The First of the Order

> The administrators are the ones who make everything work, based from the ancestral capital city of Aeholm. They authorize constructions for the architects, maintain liaisons for the True Travelers, determine what the Commercialists can and cannot sell and determine where the Home Guard is deployed. They are the law as near as we have to one, and monitor all things coming and going. The most bureaucratic of the factions to be fair, but one of the most vital. They also maintain control over the bases throughout the multiverse and determines who is in charge of them, if you're not one for fighting and you're willing to work hard then you could come very far here. (Bonus: Free trait: Banker. Free Item: Wealthy attire.)

>Igra himself is a seven foot tall, four armed giant but his time with administration has turned him into a hardened bureaucratic powerhouse. He will do anything for this land, no matter the cost to himself and he values diligence above all other things.

Education Directory
Learning and knowledge are highly values here. The Directory of education deals with this, organizing classes, mental direction and those interested in learning. Working for them, either as a director, or as a teacher while strict has its benefits, and could net you an extensive list of friendly contacts.

General Recruitment Directory
The ones who draft recruiters and deal with the neophytes as a whole. The GRD is a wide and the loosest of the Admin Directories. Working for them as a liason will put you directly in the shit with fresh recruits who need their hands held (with the possibility of meeting the best and the brightest before they shine.) There's also the option to attempt to draft others to hunt down recruits. Grueling work but great overtime.

Negotiations Directory
The directory tasked with making sure that the Travellers don't implode. They have been colluding with every single group they can to attempt to avoid violence on Ae. Negotiations has been growing more and more to be a place of active dissent from the current atmosphere, and those interested in tampering with political bullshit are very well received.

The Archivists | Faction Leader; Cos2933, The Second of the Order

The Archivists are devoted to the preservation of unique artifacts, information and things that would be lost forever if not for traveller intervention. Based in the complex known as 'the Ring' beneath the capitol, they work with the collectors, commercialists and the True travellers to catalog and keep innumerable lost secrets and artifacts they've acquired over the years in safe keeping for all future travellers to see. The faction is divided between the artificers who keep the items and catalog the knowledge, and the seekers who hunt down leads with travellers from other factions. If you want a life of adventure with clear goals or a life devoting yourself to the preservation of knowledge then the doors will be welcome to you. (Free trait: Languages proficiency. Free Item: Non-Sentient Servo Skull.)

>Cos2933 is a very friendly AI who has brought herself as close to her biological components as she can and is always eager to meet new people, while remaining a key member of the seekers. She is a dedicated leader and knows all the members of her faction personally, and you can make a very good friend in her if you wish. Acts of genuine sincerity impress her as does willpower in adverse situations.

Deep Holders
Those tasked with the almost sacred duty of guarding the well-kept artifacts of the first, the Deep Holders are a small and secretive group that value privacy and precision. Those in their circle know the most of the first generation, and why these things must be kept safe.

Objective SIGMA
The crack team that handles the Archivists most concerning requests among the seekers, and known for their silence. Sigma retrieves whatever it is the archivists needs, and are willing to bloody their hands quietly where the other factions can't see them. Though considered creepy, the group has tight comradery and can help one another out in a pinch.

The Home Guard | Faction Leader Kagua Orguz, The Third of the Order

>The Home Guard are the faction that act as the police and the security of the homeland and the defenders of the various bases the travelers maintain throughout the levels of reality. While they may not be as ferocious as the Fighters or as cunning as the true travellers, they are staunch and willing to divine justice in any situation they come across. There are three classes, of Home Guard within the faction. There is the home reserve that acts as the local police and judiciary in the homeland. The externals who guard the Traveller bases. And then- Then there are the legiclators, essentially a bunch of judge-jury-executioner type hitmen and bounty hunters who also serve as private lawyers and Military Police, they began initially with a few Nisetics but have expanded to encompass many in the Traveller ranks who are fond of their unique style of vigilantism. If you have a strong sense of justice, and a stronger sense of patience then this would be the place for you. (Free Trait: Frontliner. Free Items: Segmented Armor of your choice, custom stun weapon built to your specifications)

> Kagua is what some might call Orsimer or Spaeldang, Orc for short. He doesn't talk much of his past, and prefers to focus on the now. He's big, he's strong enough to rip a bull's head off but if there is one thing he's best known for it's his fairness. He believes staunchly in impartiality and good nature, if you earn his attention and his respect he'll stick his own neck out for you and invite you to the Home Guard Elite Picnic.

Ae's 156th 'Deep Ghurkas'
A specialized taskforce utilized for delicate operations on and off of Ae. The 156 are hardened veterans with a track record of thwarting renegade Traveller plots and guarding vital projects. Hardened vanguards only.

Ae's 13th 'Koisia Ntua'
The leading unit of Military Guard tasked with keeping an eye on the Home Guard and Fighters, often acting as muscle for Judiciary and Ref's when called. The Koisia are not only renowned for their absurd stubbornness but also their integrity as upholders of Justice among the Travellers.

Reserve Units
For those either interested in a quiet life, or those with other plans. While you may be called into action in the event of an emergency, this grants massive autonomy otherwise.

The Architects | Faction Leader; Muhammad 'Barbi' Asuelasa , The Fourth of the Order

> The Architects are those capable of creation, be this the creation of people through training and tutelage, to the construction of buildings in the homeworld and at various bases to even the creation of civilizations through technological impartment and key timing. They are divided into the 'Physical' architects who focus on actual structures, and the 'Legacies' who focus on building things that will grow once they are left behind to their own devices along with a number of smaller groups who focus on individual growth. If you want to build something, or teach something, or create something truly unique or simply change something out there in the worlds, then this is your path Traveller. Walk with your head held high in the Architects city of Parstinople, an amazing feat in of itself. (Free trait: Architect. Free Items: Seeder kit & Bro-bot)

> 'Barbi' as he is called by his compatriots was a late fifteenth century Barbery pirate that scourged the Imperial waters of both the Iberians and the Byzantines before he lost everything to the Knights of Krete. He accepted this and took it as a sign to begin again, using his remaining funds he went to India, where he met Irmunsul and since then the two have been inseparable. 'Barbi' is an enjoyable man who directs the various projects and allocates materials, as well as acting as the general liaison and father to the faction. Creativity and ingenuity impress him.

Outer Registration Unit
The ORU are the people who establish Hubworld bases, and are considered to be some of the most innovative builders in the Travellers. No matter what world they're presented with, or what parameters they have to fulfill, they succeed with flying colours.

Brandenburg Sappers
If the rest of the Architects are builders, the BS are the ones who take the destroyers, or those whose constructive talents have a destructive edge. Brandenburg's take on work in both peace and wartime positions, taking apart defenses, monuments and titans.

Emergency Engineering Response Team
Specialized in high speed actions that require absurd measures, the EERT are the ones called in when absolute mobility does not cut it. This brings them to the void, far below the earth, the oceans and beyond.

The True Travelers | Faction Leader; Dusan Duwal, The Fifth of the Order (Absent)

> The true travellers are anything and everything, hedonists, rogues, runaways, bandits, turncoats, highwaymen, wayfarers, pilgrims, Ronin, nomads and riders that have been inducted into the order and formed clans, all under a single rather lessez-faire leader. They only answer to themselves and are to be frank completely unpredictable. Still, as much as they cause trouble they are the driving force around here, they find new world, create new timelines and are the ones expanding the borders of what we know while everyone else focuses on their own little worlds. If you want to live with the only constant being movement into the new and stranger, then this is where you sign up. (Free items: Traveler coat upgrade, Yuta Brace upgrade along with Second Brace. Free Skill of your choice.)

> Dusan Duwal is a bit of an enigma, one of the last three survivors of the Covera Warship that served in the heart of the Denial, he's not like the others second gens who are mostly sullen and quiet. More often than not he's causing hell somewhere, but he's responsible for a good quarter of the recruitments in Traveller history. You can't swing a dead cat around here without hitting someone with a high opinion of the man so Admin puts up with him only showing up to put down disputes in the council of nine. Problem is we lost him a week ago and no one has any idea what happened to him and his little training crew. Without him- well let's just say a council of eight will be pretty short lived.

Ae's First Host Register Office
A position of prestige passed down from the initial Cossack members of the second generation. The Host Register Office deals with the various groups within the True Travellers, dealing out equipment and supplies. The Office has been consistently maintained by True Travellers since the arrival on Ae and while somewhat boring is considered a vital neutral ground for the whole faction. Workers of the office will be in contact with all the major heads in the True Travellers, even those who have not been to Ae in years.

The Fighters | Faction Leader; Gadraki, Advisor to the First

> The Fighters are not so much a single faction as they are hundreds of warbands constantly attempting to defeat one another to steal a higher ranking. With only a single large warband on top keeping the whole thing from exploding, it's easy to get in with almost any warband if you have the skills. Some question such an absurdly flexible military system, however in the past this proved useful for dealing with obscene casualties and frequent high profile assassinations. This is where to go if you seek to fight the good fight. However there is something wrong here, the head of the fighters has not been replaced in two years and there are dark rumors whirling around that the current leader Gadraki may be cheating the system. If you're good enough maybe you'll be able to see for yourself. This is where you go Traveller if you intend to earn your name with the blade and barrel. (Free Skill: Martial Training. Free Item: Plate Armor.)

> Not much is known of the monstrous Gadraki other than he is often seen in the company of Igra and when not in the capital he's nigh impossible to find, and if you can't find him, you can't challenge him and his warband to put their leadership rank on the line. Make no mistake, he is no weakling as elusive as he is. If you want to fight him, you'll need to find him, and then you'll need to actually *fight him*.

Referee's Court
A gathering of those who insist on fair play and preventing unnecessary deaths within the Fighters, the Court is a relatively recent construct and has only just recently established itself as independent of the various fighting crews and warbands. They've been surprisingly successful in forcing reasonable rules on the other warbands, and often act as mediators for internal conflicts. While the court has no actual official power, members of the court are for the most part respected, but must maintain impartiality.

The Collectors | Faction Leader; Irmunsul, Timekeeper & Free Thinker of the Order

> Based in the monstrous clock city of Glendale, the collectors are hoarders. Where the archivist's house priceless relics, and the commercialists are suppliers for all travellers, the collectors just keep things for the simple sake of it. They hold the prestigious honor however of producing the sacred Yuta Braces and distributing them to new travellers, as well as maintaining the grand clock, the marker for all measured time in Ae that prevents travellers from going back or forward in time in the Homeworld, a central time and place for us so to speak. They are diverse and varied, but if you want to find the most interesting things out there and keep a nice ante of them for yourself, then this is the place for you Traveller. (Free Items: [7] Historical novelties, Multiversal Time-keeper)

> Irmunsul is a wonderful if elusive faun, Barbi's wife, she's an expert in time bullocks, plasma weaponry, harvesting times and standup comedy. She is also the keeper of the central clock and lives up somewhere in the tower. The Collectors are a small group by comparison to the other factions and she'll be very helpful if you have any questions, and if you ask nicely she might even accompany you on your first adventure though be cautious, last time she went out she ended up stealing the Sword of the standing Holy Roman Emperor. Major klepto and entirely proud of it.

The Tower Keepers
Irmunsul's favorites who maintain the absurd series of mechanics that keep the Grand Clock running, they live strange lives, but are a tightknit group proud of their work, and privy to the oddness of the clock tower. The place seems to have a mind of its own, and is rather fond of the keepers, seemingly making their lives easier.

The Brace Engineers
Those Tasked by Barbi to gather the supplies needed for the signature braces of the Travellers, as well as construction. The process has been largely automated by a single spanning AI, but the AI does enjoy company at least, and occasionally needs assistance. Those within this group will be privy to the process of creation.

Keepers of the Library of Sosoviania Toledo
What began as a 'returns' project to prove the Collectors were not a group of greedy grave robbers, the Library has grown to be the largest source of open physical knowledge on Ae and the reason the Glendale exists on a map. Librarians keep and acquire books for the massive supernatural library and attempt to create some semblance of organization. Who knows, you might even learn something amidst the stacks and mountains of books, and the quiet is well received.

The Void Hunters | Faction Leader; Dornua Algash, Pike of the Order

> Ah, the Void Hunters. Even if many laugh at the idea of the great old ones coming back for another round, the Void Hunters remain vigilant even if they're risking losing their funding for Dornua's position in the recent tussle between himself and the admin. That being said he has the might of the Hearth Keepers, Departments, Collectors, Archivists and the currently headless True travellers. The Void Hunters investigate dark places, search for weak points in the barriers between worlds and look right angsty while doing it. If you're willing to fight against ancient evils that can drive non-travellers insane with a thought then this is where you sign up. (Free Items: Small Spiritual Vestment, Partizan. Free Trait: Adokori)

> Dornua was recruited just after the Denial nine centuries ago when our numbers were barely in the thousands and he has seen us come to millions of people working together (for the most part) in peace and controlled chaos. He is very weary though having fought against the remnants and he keeps to his word that he will never again see another strike in the planes. He is honest and blunt, currently the leader of the factions opposing Admin, wanting a full investigation into the Duwall affair that Admin is avoiding. He is blunt and honest, and if you can work your way around his gruff exterior you will have a truly reliable ally.

Dark Lurkers
Those who actively use things of otherworldly nature and bring to their ranks the spawn of the Children, the Dark Lurkers are surprisingly warm and understand the necessity for unity amidst a strange crowd. The Lurkers specialize in Melee and close encounters blitz tactics, and even new members grow quite accustomed to the nonsensical and mentally straining.

Veil Creepers
The FTL arm of the Void Hunters. The Veil Creepers are the ones who most often deal in observation and engagement of celestial and vacuum based issues. Amidst their ranks are some of the oldest Hunters, who are eager to pass off their learnings in space warfare and dirty tricks to the next generation.

Enforcers of the Third
A near mythical group of shadow operatives notorious for their absurd positions and demeanors. The Enforcers are a group whose motives, goals and even members are unknown, though it is known that they're seeking out recruits, and those who do join get right on the 'fucking freakazoid' train real fast. Though, rumors do say they earnestly follow that mysterious cause.

The Hearth Keepers | Faction Leader; Tirouk, Advisor to the First

The hearth Keepers are the faction in charge of the maintenance of the cities on the homeworld, the offworld bases and the supply of basic utilities and upkeep of buildings. Strongly partnered with the Commercialists, Architects and the Home-guard, they also take care of the massive bonfires in the cities that constantly burn as a ceremonial role to 'beat back the dark.' They are currently under strain from their fellow home-based factions to bury the Duwall issue but their leader refuses to budge. If you're willing to work hard, organize festivals, do construction and maintenance and any number of odd jobs while having the most possibly peaceful life you could then the Hearth Keepers could always use another set of hands. (Free Trait; Lucky. Bonus Companion)

Tirouk is only a century old and the youngest of the Faction leaders having only assumed this job a month ago when old Elder Nomur passed. So far he has made his reputation in his opposition of Admin and the personal grudge he's made with Igra. Otherwise he's a nice albeit flustered guy who's trying and succeeding at keeping this chaotic little faction going, if you help him keep things together and help with the Duwall issue he'd be eternally in your debt.

Committee of Home Settlements
The Committee that works with the architects to expand Aeholm and maintain the various settlements across Ae. It's quiet work for the most part, but you provide water, electricity, shelter and connection for the various peoples across Ae. It's damn satisfying.

Committee of Diplomacy
If there was a group dedicated to working with Non-Travellers and whatever governments they have, it would be the CofD. The Committee goes out of its way to keep things quiet with non-Travellers, and if that is unavoidable, then to work with those people to ensure things stay as quiet for the Traveller as possible.

Committee of Festival's and Needs
The fun folks of the CofFN are the ones who ensure the various festivities run smoothly and no one accidently gets shot in the process. Rodeos, Carnivals, Circuses, Festivals, Theaters, Tournaments, all the big things go through them, and it's rarely boring with the ideas and pasts that so many Travellers bring to the table.

The Commercialists | Faction Leader; Elder Nadya, Advisor to the First

The ones you go to when you need something, with replication tech and a whole universe out there you can get fucking anything if you have the chits for it, and that is where the commercialists come in. They supply anything and everything you can imagine. So long as it is not (A) Sapient or [B] Unstable or [C] Dangerous. Mind you they sell bolter pistols, swords so sharp they can go through brick if dropped and vat-grown human body parts to sate those with cannibalistic problems or just like the taste, just don't attempt to buy nuclear ordnance or anything like that. In the current crisis they support the status quo, though Elder Nadya has voiced her concern that Admin is abusing its position and some action must be made or she'll pull support. If you have a thing for dealing and making bargains then this is where you want to go. (Free Money: 750)

Elder Nadya is one of the second generations that aged badly, at nine hundred and forty six she can barley stand and could not hope to defend herself. Still she is incredibly wise and has had her caution tempered countless times. If you are willing to listen earnestly then she will teach you things that you only thought you knew, and perhaps if you can earn her respect there may be a possibility that she would name you Heir-apparent, she knows her time is coming close and that none of these little shits are going to be able to stand up to Igra. Also makes a mean fucking lemon muffin. Seriously dogs will kill each other over these things.

Importation Wing
Importation is tasked with bringing goods in that cannot be produced on Ae, ranging from thermonuclear materials to enmass basic supplies to rarer products like Melange. Importation is the largest branch of Commercial and enjoys good relations and relatively light workloads, allowing them plenty of investment time, some even working distribution for extra pay.

Manufacturing Wing
Those that maintain the massive processing and construction plants, and notably eighty percent AI. Manufacturing is a tiny group by comparison to the rest of Commercial, and live easy lives as they ensure the constant flow of goods out of their doors. While considered laconic, they enjoy the peace.

Special Goods Wing
Those that deal with the goods that the Council of Nine may or may not have decided that they can and cannot be sold yet, confusing though it may be. Speed and discretion are key here. You'll probably get your own 'stocks' working here, as the Special Goods people look after their own.

None of the factions interest you? No sweat. The departments are our researchers, experimenters and questers eager to expand their knowledge, and they do like new blood that isn't interested in politics, and there are also- others. Mind you, they still are all for finding out where Duwall went, he helped found Bio and has done plenty of favors for those outside the Factions.

Biological | The Council of the Open Minded

The Bio department. Widely regarded as mad scientists, they seek to advance the flesh by any means possible. While they do have a strict set of rules that boils down to [A] No sapients without consent [B] Nothing that can feel pain pointlessly. Other than that they can still do some pretty messed up shit if you sign the dotted line. The council of the Open minded are half mad and have warped their bodies to their chosen ideals and goals, and if you are willing to warp yourself you may find yourself there one day. But that being said they need people to generate new ideas and put them into motion, they value creativity and innovation highly, and view technology as a means to enact will, nothing more. [Req: Biological Adept. Free Item: BIO chip of your choice, bonus free.]

Mechanical | The Council of the Proven

Where Bio is skin and bone Mechanical is Alloy and Wire. The Mechanical Department builds AI body platforms, simple walls, advanced tools, if it's made of metal and it does something real fucking neato then odds are it came from the Mechanical department. They're led by the council of the Proven, some of the best engineers and planners in the Travellers and they respect diligence and feasibility, though flexibility is always welcome. If you want to build and you're willing to spend time in close proximity with constant drone fights then this would make a good home for you. [Req: Mechanical Adept or Steam Adept. Free Items: [2] Limb Replacements & [4] Organ replacements.]

Ethereal | The Council of the Awoken Spirit

These guys tend to be left alone outside of visits from the other department. Unprofessional and anarchic, it's a wonder they get anything done, or that they haven't burned their tower full of flammable books down to the ground. But they get by, and in fact flourish enhancing the arts and learning powerful magic, enhancing their understanding of the flow of the ether through psionic and psyker alike. They are led by the council of the Awoken spirit who have fused themselves with the Department Island and are- in fairness constantly baked. If you want to do drugs and learn things you never thought possible this is where you go. Just watch out, there are no sane people in Ethereal. [Req: Advanced Ethereal. Free trait: Ethereal Mastery.]

Medical | The Council of Hippocrates

The sanest of the departments but the most at odds with Admin over recently found out clandestine operations where the Council of Hippocrates had been upgrading an entire worlds medical capacity well before their due time. The Medical department is where you go if you want nothing more than to help others, or research how to do such. They wipe out plagues, cure incurable ailments and spread said technologies with outside worlds. The Council of Hippocrates is led by four alternate Hippocrates from different timelines who dived into technology four centuries ago and have been bickering with each other since. I'm told they're great to go drinking with but are hard as hell during the work day. [Req: Medical Skills. Free Item: Upgraded Healing Chip.]

Militant | The Council of Alexander

The most efficient of the departments, the Militant Department is all about fighting, combat and killing. They recreate battles, weapons and wars to study and glean insight from before selling their toys off to eager buyers from the factions and interested individuals. They compound this knowledge into vast archives, and given time could devise a strategy to any war or battle that would annihilate their opponents. Contrary to common belief the council of Alexander is only run by an AI who calls himself Caesar and is actually very much a democratic man as opposed to his namesake. If you want to bring yourself wholly into the world of victory and defeat here is where you begin. [Req: Tactician. Free Items; Custom Melee Weapon & Combat Attire.]

Technical | The Council of Green-Cord

The technical department is the digital side, the world of artificial intelligence and advanced software, they go hand in hand with Medical and Mechanical to address their needs. Technically all members are a part of the council and if you're willing to 'hook yourself' into the network you'll find an entirely new world full of AI trying to come closer to biologicals as their fleshy components try to become closer to them. Votes are democratic but rare, for the most part everyone is just trying to get their work done with vast collective projects starting and stopping nonstop. If you're willing to go beyond the normal reality and expand your mind then here is where to start. [Req: Tech-Head. Free Items: Unformed AI & One organ replacement.]

Experimental | The Council of Black Chairs

Only formed a few solar years ago in response to some of the more dangerous experiments performed by the departments. The experimentalists are the people who handle dangerous projects and things that are beyond the handle of the existing departments and factions, things divine, unnatural and Leviathan. Made up of the ranks of other departments, they are the masochistic lunatics capable of anything, no plan is too convoluted or experiment too dangerous and any contract brought to them will be done god willing. If you have a brave heart then you will be welcomed here. Just don't touch anything or you'll be turned into a fucking dingo or something. [Free Items: Flux Generator & Jetpack.]

Eyes of the Third | For Those Willing to Guard Those Watching the Great and Awful

Neither a faction nor a department but just as if not more important though largely overlooked. The eyes of the third are responsible for scouring the levels of reality, keeping a watchful eye across the functioning levels of reality and ensuring that the creatures in the void remain there, it is these individuals who care for and maintain the Augur of the Third. An individual so ancient and withered they have lost their humanity, and anything beyond relaying information to the travellers. Guardians, technicians, and ethereally gifted individuals are all needed here. Be warned, the Augur of the order shows things maddening and indescribable, simply being nearby is enough to strain the mind. Such a location is not for the faint of heart. [Free Trait: Foresight, Free Item: Hand of Glory.]

The Judiciary | For those willing to restrain ourselves

Like the eyes of the third the Judiciary is neither a faction nor a Department, they go back to the third time war, when a number of Lawyers, Inquisitors and Legiclators came to Igra and proposed a base set of rules that need be adhered to under common law, which they along with the future home guard would enforce. While these rules came to spark the forth [No Traveller may own another sapient being be it a physical, ethereal or artificial being] and fifth [No Traveller shall use mercenaries, and other non-travellers in their journeys, Ae shall remain under Traveller foot aside from a hallowed few.] time wars it has been collectively deemed worth the costs. Since then their Bounty-hunter/Judge/Executioner mannerisms have earned them a bloody sort of infamy, but they are without a doubt the best at what they do. Joining the Judiciary means you give yourself up, you throw away the personal self and ensure the travellers remains as they are, mad, tumultuous, psychotic but incorruptible. You will begin as an acolyte. You will be given free reign, to investigate your countrymen without burden, and should you find something you will be contacted by one of your seniors. When the time comes you will earn your promotions, but you'll already be serving a much higher will at that point. [Free Trait: Incorruptible, virtue and vice mean nothing in your eyes, you have your duty, not to yourself, not even to your betters but the written code. Nothing, not injury or personal force can move you from this.]

The Lonesome Road | Beheld only to yourself

You can always walk alone if you wish, it's not unheard of to not choose a faction or department, it may be a bit of a pain so to speak with no one to vouch for you and if you wish to join a faction or department later it will be much more difficult. But there is a saying about a person being in the right place at the wrong time... I think that kind of role might suit you kid. [Free traits: One of your choice, Free Items: Motorcycle]

The Covenants

Well, your registry paperwork is officially done but I have a few papers for you, from Covenants around the Homeland. See, there are a few forms of distilled faith and gods in this land. They can give you power if you're willing to help them out, doing favors and such. I'm not a religious man. But you're new, and some of them are not too bad for company. Keep in mind you can only manage one of these. They're time eaters no doubt.

The Church of our Lady, Destroyer of Despair

Dedicated to the nameless heroine who wiped away despair, the gospel of the Church of our Lady is simple, aid others and improve the lives of offworlders and travellers alike. It could be big things, adopting a kid to raise offworld, stopping a war before it can begin, killing a man who is ruining the lives of others, or something as simple as making someone smile or laugh. You get the oddest feeling someone is looking out for you after you join…

[Req: Genuine kindness and a will go out of your way to help others no matter where you go.]
[Free Trait: Shining Soul – people will be compelled to trust and even protect you, and when you are needed by a friend you'll always be there to great effect.]
[Free Favor: Once you will be saved from certain death when all hope is lost to turn the tide by a shining white light, and when your time comes to an end the light will welcome you back for all the hard work you did.]

The Unified Ikko-Ikki Clan

Founded by three members of the warrior monks who opposed the Shogun and his Samurai before being inducted into the Travellers after being saved from violent execution, though the founders have perished their new ideals live on. To find inner peace and live without fear of unjust violence is what they aspire to, all are equal in the great chain of life and they aim to deliver what is owed. They oppose false tyrants and will teach you of discipline and personal peace.

[Req: The willingness to shave you're head and spend three years training. Also to hate tyrants.]
[Free Trait: Invictus – You're will is legendary, your muscle memory unmatched. You simply 'do.']
[Free Favor: Once in a while you may request aid from fellow warrior monks to aid you in battle.]

The Temple of Great Holy Light

Originally the result of a meeting between devout Zoroastrian priests and pagan warriors who have dedicated themselves to sunlight, the Temple of the Great holy light is not a single place of worship but many. Here you will be mingling with Abrahamics, Mazda Worshipers, Hindus, Sikhs and pagans all mixing and bickering around their collective chosen font of worship about why they should be the ones in charge of the monthly poker night. In fact you don't even need to worship anything, the place is always running some religious and community services and you can meet a lot of people here. It should also be noted in passing they recently suffered some minor discord with a number of the more- 'zealous' members splitting off to form the Order of Shine.

[Req: A one hundred credit tithe to the temple to help pay for upkeep on a solar yearly basis.]
[Free Traits: Religious studies & silver Tongue.]
[Free Favor: Any time you're in a stint just call up your Sun Bros and engage in jolly Cooperation.]

The Order of Good Thought and Action

The local Sufi 'Muslim' Sect has prospered here under a one 'master' Tarkash though such a title cannot be said to his face or he'll give you a scolding. They seek to ascertain understanding of god through circular Dervishes and though they have many practices of their own it is a very simple doctrine that is surprisingly calming. They abstain from violence and indulgence and have given up many Muslim traditions altogether to create something new, and as such no longer regard prophets. Instead believing any individual with an open heart to god can understand truth. Even if you don't join them for worship, they hold luncheons at their compound every Saturday and I can personally say that it is to die for.

[Req: A patience to not draw you're blade unless out of true necessity and temperance in all things.]
[Free Trait: Unsung hero – You are at peace with all things, and as such you can act without hesitation knowing in all things you can prevail, where the Ikko-ikki do, you have already done.]
[Free Favor: Tarkash will be willing to hook you up with local AI's under his tutelage, if you need anything hacked just give them a call.]

The Anarchist Commune

Truth be told the homeland is a rather well functioning anarchy with few laws that essentially amount to live and let live, the only things worried over are things that would endanger this order of affairs and bring harm to others. The Anarchist commune is a small community of eccentrics getting by day to day and devote themselves to the idea of capable individualism. They have a large number of skilled survivalists, farmers and Shop workers within their ranks and they can teach you a lot of things if you’re willing to learn.

[Req: The capability to rely on yourself in all things and situations.]
[Free Trait: Jury-rigged – It doesn't matter what it was, you can keep it going until doomsday, doesn't matter if it's metal, flesh or the hopes and dreams of others.]
[Free Favor: Bountiful harvests await you if you’re willing to your commune buddies a call, you can get almost anyone nearby to help every now and again if you're earnest with them.]

The Children of Quetzalcoatl

A bit of an oddball as they've taken much from the teachings of Christ and other Monotheist sects as they have their original Azteca Paganism, the Children of Quetzalcoatl are dedicated to sacrifice in all things as the gods have done for us, so shall we do our turn. They've abandoned the old blood shedding ways for new ones, they come packing experimental tech that can let them regenerate from death itself five times before creating a massive explosion of life that can create entire rainforests where they once stood in a matter of minutes. They are fiery but welcoming, and look after their own.

[Req: A willingness to give up everything for a cause you deem true.]
[Free Trait: Phoenix-Chip – Dying will create a fiery explosion that regenerates you five times. While the sixth will bring a torrent of unfettered life born of your bone and blood.]
[Free Favor: The Children's head priest will give you a feather, when your time comes you will be able to ride into battle one last time astride the greatest mount of all.]

The Church of Saint Magua

The most simple and unassuming of the covenants, they hold true to simple Christian doctrine and believe all people shall be redeemed when their hearts are true with hell being little more than a temporary clubbing stick to correct corruptions of the soul. The apostles of the church venerate the Saint Magua of Barcelona who was burned as a witch for heresy, but before the flames could take her the winds whisked her away and after she escaped to Egypt. They believe in piety and earnest behavior.

[Req: You cannot wear fancy clothes or use fancy weapons, extravagant wealth is frowned upon.]
[Free Trait: Will of the People – Outside of the homeland you gain an affinity for the downtrodden and the poor, and can understand their pleas and wants and they trust you easily, but the rich and the established clergies will hate you on-sight.]
[Free Favor: You may ask the Head of the Church to grant you a knuckle of the founding saint to aid in a mission you deem dire. While holding the knuckle you will know where to go and when for the best possible scenario. Keep in mind the saint may have a different opinion of what the best possible scenario is and may spiritually slap you if you're acting like a knob.]

The council of Confucian and Daoist Discourse

The council is an association of philosophers and idealists that tout ideas and contemplate them. They believe the universe has a set order of things as do all universes and that through contemplation, research and debate they might better understand the world around them. They take from all schools of thought and are quiet mild. Be warned that patience is the most important thing here.

[Req: The willingness to begin like a sprout, small and petty in the spring in order to grow.]
[Free Trait: Winter Oak – In time you become strong and firm, you are unshakable though not immune to fear and shock you understand your place in the world and will not be moved.]
[Free Favor: The hall-keeper for the council will cater your parties, does great chicken dishes.]

The Temple of the Wild Gods

Home to many strange and wild beings who have been inducted into the ranks of the travellers over the years. They are the hedonistic satyrs and fauns of Greece, the Sky-hawks of the Steppe, the totemistic masters of old America and the Militant Kami of Japan. There are hundreds of shrines on the island that supports them, in fact you will be hard pressed to find a corner of the island without a patron. If you want many views and voices that clash and conflict then here you will be welcomed.

[Req: An honesty with the self in matters of want and a willingness to try new things.]
[Free Trait: Touched by fox-fire – You gain the ability to throw up magical flames regardless of magical aptitude, anything from harmless colored light to ferocious hell-fire that can melt steel beams cleanly.]
[Free Favor: After three years on the island a Kami of the Elk will present you with a ring, that when eaten will bring down the wrath of all these Island gods down upon whomsoever you wish.]

The Shrine of Freyja

A temple built to honor the many Norse gods though Freyja takes the center of Worship, many of the pagans gather to worship a single unified pantheon as many gods have many names throughout history. The shrine is a place of stubbornness and resilience, its body being the recovered ruins of another shrine that the Christian king of Norge attempted to do away with though without results as you now stand in this hall. You feel a chill in your breath now…

[Req: A sense to deal with your problems and the strength to fight them head on.]
[Free Trait: Touched by Ice – You're hair turns white blond, you find yourself cleverer when it comes to hunting, politics and social interactions, however this is tied to your hair.]
[Free Favor: The women of the Temple are no slouches with axe and hammer and if you ever need reinforcements then you can have some of the angriest female travellers at your side in moments to tear a hole in the side of whoever it is you're fighting.]

The Cult of John Cena & Associated Champions

An oddity even among us, the Cult of John Cena & associated Champions began when a time loop discarded a book about the wrestling icon in primitive Borneo, the natives took it as a sign to achieve the perfect huge and resisted all attempts at colonialism when the Europeans finally showed up. The Cult is dedicated to the self and the body, and with their guidance you may achieve the perfect bulk as they.

[Req: The capability to put yourself through grueling labor to better yourself.]
[Free Trait: Bulked – You are a well-defined machine, simply put your body is perfect for you, and you can use it as well as any gun or hammer to another person.]
[Free Favor: In your darkest hour you can hear a voice in your head, your patron saint shall urge you on, and you will become more then human, though it will kill you, you will know the glory of triumph, and your enemies will know the bitter taste of death and terror.]

The Ubermensch Society

Like the Anarchists these intrepid individuals see the individual as the perfect number for decisions, and like the Cult of John Cena they seek to become the best they are physically capable of, however the Ubermensch are different. Where others follow roads already made they build their own, where others tread the known the Ubermensch strive to become master of the unknown. They are fearless, and given to wanderlust. They have no temples, no meeting halls, instead they have the open world, and the will to march into the deepest depths the world offers them.

[Req: The acceptance of futility, weakness and all flaws in your character and body.]
[Free Trait: Reformed Man – You answer to no one, and you understand. You are more, and you will keep pushing and push the whole of oblivion down if it tries to stop you.]
[Free Favor: Favors? You don't need them! You are the master of yourself! You can do fucking anything!]

The Seeders Society

For those who eye the merits of sapient civilizations, it would be best to talk to the 'Seeders' a shadowy group who help found and direct fledgling kingdoms, states and empires, growing them as a gardener would plant and cultivate seeds. They are a young movement, though the idea they carry is ancient indeed, carried for centuries before, however now with the establishment of a covenant and the blessings of the architects this process has been rapidly sped up, for better or worse that remains to be seen. If you want to build new worlds here is where you go.

[Req: The patience and diligence one would expect from a seeder of civilizations.]
[Free Trait: Proper placing – Your work grants you enhanced placing, allowing you to avoid making mistakes long before they occur.]
[Free Favor: Staying with the Seeders long enough will grant you the chance to meet with the leadership of the Seeders, and the council leader Pragati, he may be able to help you with just about anything.]

The Takers Clergy

For the adventurous spirits with exceptionally big pockets, the takers always have room at their table. Accidentally founded in the wake of one of our worst or best pirates several years ago, the Takers are devoted to two purposes, take everything you can carry and give nothing back. These are the looters, the raiders, the privateers and pirates who despite reaching this level of existence still enjoy the vast physical gains they receive, even if it only looks pretty. If you're interested in ownership for the simple sake of ownership the Takers are always happy to have another.

[Req: The desire to take anything, and everything with you in your adventures.]
[Free Trait: Big pockets – you can carry absurd amounts of gear and loot. Absolutely absurd.]
[Free Favor: Other members of the takers are always happy to assist on jobs, just be warned they'll want a cut of the loot.]

The Time Guard Unit

Some take the duties of the travellers with an almost religious fervor, and some take it as an actual religious fervor. The Time Guard is the ultimate manifestation of such a belief, that no one aside the travellers deserve the ability to use time travel and to a lesser extent interdimensional travel to their goals and purposes, for they have seen what the craven foolish, the foolish and the mad have done and aim to prevent it long before it ever happens. They do this by any means, intimidation, theft, arson, whatever it takes to prevent these plans from coming to fruition. If you aim to prevent disaster and calamity, then this is where you go.

[Req: The desire to scour timelines doomed to fail through outsider time travel in hopes of preventing calamity, and doing whatever is necessary at the end of the day.]
[Free Trait: Tykariad – You have an almost unnatural sense for time travel, knowing when and where you need to be with a mad fervor.]
[Free Favor: The Paper – Eventually you'll find this paper, and you will know it will have the final details of your life written upon, do with it what you would.]

The Warriors of the Sky-Father

There are many old faiths in Ae, with the worship of the sky father being possibly one of the oldest. Effecting every branch of deistic religion to follow, this temple comes closest to the followings of the plain riders, such as the Altaics, Turks and the Mongols, who have decorated this temple in their own branches of worship. They ride beneath the skies in proud worship of their ever watchful father, eager to earn him his favor as they fight. The best riders, both mechanical and bestial, the Warriors of the Sky-Father are happy to have new friends on the field.

[Req: The desire to fight and possibly die beneath the open sky, with your battle cry on your lips.]
[Free Trait: Touched by the Sky – The wind is always at your back, the sun never in your eyes, and the rain and snow seem to part for you, ride on fledgling.]
[Free Favor: Brothers of the Blood – The Warriors always look after their own, if anything happens to you, then your brothers and sisters will always help you get back up on your feet.]

The Inheritors Association

A covenant by its barest definitions, the inheritors believe it is time for the second generation to either step down, or be subjected to the same screening process the third generation was subjected to. Headed by bold Nisetic by the name of Tildras who sent letters to faction leaders complaining and was universally turned down by everyone aside Igra who sent him a strongly worded letter and Duwall who went and personally addressed Tildras and told him the second generation had been baptized in the fire, Tildras was not satisfied. Shortly afterword's he formed the inheritors, to spread word of the issues and remind people that every single time war was caused by second generation infighting, Tildras is looking for help spreading the word.

[Req: A will to question things most will not and do not want to question.]
[Free Trait: Seeker – You are capable of looking at things from angles that most will not, and allow you to find truths, unpleasant truth but truth none the less.]
[Free Favor: A Nisetic's Thanks - Tildras is on many shit lists because of where he has gone, and he appreciates everything you do, he'll try to make your life as easy as possible around here.]

The Dakka-Conventional Church

Some people like guns and weapons. Some people love guns and weapons. And then we have the Dakka-Conventional Church. The place center of worship is an ancient weapons platform the size of a football field, with the insides hallowed out, and at the center is a massive cube of guns, fused together where Ugnik 'Sal' preaches his piece on the importance of the blessed powder, holy chamber and righteous dakka. If you have a hankering for things that go bang, the Church will be more than happy to bring you into their ranks.

[Req: You need to carry at least six guns on you at all time, rain, snow and otherwise, all in working condition and loaded.]
[Free Trait: Gun Nut – You're a master of the shooty, and you always seem to have just enough ammo for the job.]
[Free Favor: Once and only once you may borrow Ugnik's 'shooty.' It should live up to its expectations.]

The Order of Shine

Internal Schisms are nothing new to the Covenants of Ae, however for the most part, the sheer awareness of the vastness of reality, and greater purpose for the most part has managed to quell these. However there have been splits, violent ones. The Order of Shine is a splitoff of the Temple of Great Holy Light. The split was made over the contention of activity outside of Ae and the esoteric-masses split. The Order of Shine are a Holy Order, taking to battle beneath the great light. They have no home base, and no actual creed, they travel across the world, taking to worthy battles and striving to battle the darkness and granting bountiful sunlight to the hopeless and the needing. None are refused to the ranks of the Order.

[Req: A will to answer the call, and battle beneath the glowing shine]
[Free Trait: Legionary of Light – Beneath a shining sun is a glorious place to fight and die, and nothing much will break your spirits, even as day fades to night.]
[Free Favor: The Order is always popping in and out of your life, and like a great family they're always willing to lend a hand, but you'll find yourself treating them with the same disposition.]

Post, Trans, Ex & Meta Human Order

Humans have an odd tendency to persist long past their time, clinging to life through technology and transformation where Yautja fade to dust and Nisetics eat themselves alive. These 'Post' Humans in many cases find themselves disenfranchised with the masses of their far more adaptable ancestors, and thus this covenant was born. Less a clerical institution and more akin to the help group for the various once humans and those born of them. Together this group of the dysfunctional, warped and struggling outer humans attempts to make life more livable, both for themselves, and for their fellow Travellers who also suffer under warping form and identity.

[Req: An understanding of those who have once held human and lost it, by understanding or experience.]
[Free Trait: Beck & Jeik – Synths, Mods, Trygama, you are very familiar with these, both in implantation and maintenance of such things.]
[Free Favor: The Order has all manner of Hyper-Technology specialists, biologicals, biotics, bionic, bio-schematics, all are willing to pitch a hand in if requested.]

Children of the Atom

The Children of the Atom are- odd. Even by the local standards. The faith is descended from a post nuclear war world that worshiped the might of nuclear weaponry, amidst the shambling ruins the faith was born, but would forge a legacy that would influence North American creeds for centuries to follow with rigid religious codes, rites and legacies. This specific cult, let by Bomb-Father Norris Muechal, is a more open and down to earth sect, at least as much as a bunch of people who worship nuclear weapons can be. The creed itself stresses the dual nature of such weaponry, both capable of wiping out life but capable of being harnessed to give life for ages, thus do the Children of the Atom both give life and take it.

[Req: The interest in worshiping weapons and arsenal's capable of prompting a global holocaust.]
[Free Trait: Radioactive Child – For some reason your worship of the irradiated doesn't lead to a dozen tumors, and you feel much more confident in dealing with nuclear issues.]
[Free Favor: The Children of the Atom have quite a stockpile of weapons, they may even be willing to dispense a 'Tall Johnny' MD-1500 if your need is great enough.]

Old-Sons Covenant

The Old Sons are a group that believe that the entirety of the second and the Merethic first generations legacy must be recorded and preserved, despite great heat from many second generation Travellers who think that past be left buried. A union of archeologists, idolizers and those obsessed with the Legacy of the Travellers before their establishment on Ae. They are considered something of a group of vagabonds, with no official leadership and barely persisting under covenant status, in no small part due to their obsession with the Traveller legacy that borders on religious mania. They welcome all truth seekers and grave diggers in their quest to understand a past most of the Second Generation would prefer buried.

[Req: An unfaltering desire to go out seeking truths that many would say are best left buried.]
[Free Trait: Indefatigable Purpose – Without truth of iron, you must rely on flesh alone.]
[Free Favor: The Old-Sons have already uncovered some startling artifacts, and while these are on lockdown it may be possible to borrow something once in a while. Strictly off the records of course.]

Βάκχος Monthly Gathering

The Βάκχος Monthly Gathering is little more than a monthly orgy for various individuals that jump on the Bachusid based train for various reasons, some do it from a complete lack of human contact, others immensely lonely, others incredibly repressed, some bored, some curious, some just wanting to bone people. The Gathering does not judge, and will let just about everyone in on the action, to whatever degree of involvement they wish. The rules are simple, location will be announced one day prior, take place for a single day, and all participants will clean the local up and go about their business. Wine and Grapes duty is rotated on a bi-monthly basis, and what goes on at the gathering stays within the gathering. Besides that, there is little else to say, enjoy the fleeting moments and red wine, for Styx looms on the horizon.

[Req: A willingness to obey the simple rules of the gathering and to make sure you don't pass off anything to any members of the gathering, be it a blight or progeny.]
[Free Trait: Stamina – Let it be said you can last for long periods of time when sufficiently motivated, be this in business or more personal pursuits.]
[Free Favor: The Gathering will never falter or shift, and it will offer some stability to a life that isn't very stable.]

The Relocated Kailashnath Temple

An imposing Hindu temple, dedicated to the Destroyer of Hindu belief, this sturdy temple was carved from the very bedrock in India, and was relocated to Ae after the Kailashnath keeper angered a Mughal administrator who attempted to raze the holy site. Post relocation and two hundred years of expansion into the rocky mountains of Ae the temple has since grown to rival the size of the Khmer Angkor Wat. It has small sub-temples to many of the Gods, and lesser entities of Hinduism, with dozens of sects and sub-sects meeting at the Temple to discuss philosophy and to gather relics for the Temple. The whole place is headed by a mighty Asura by the name of 'Len'. She acts as both the administrator of the vast complex and the Guardian of it, mirroring her patron Durga and the unrelenting Kali.

[Req: An interest to worship or at least serve Kailashnath to help with maintenance and expansion.]
[Free Trait: Dagger of Kailashnath – Perhaps the gods are listening, or perhaps just the temple is, regardless, a word and an offering can very much shift the winds in your favor.]
[Free Favor: Len is not without mercy or generosity, and is always willing to help members of the temple who fall on hard times, and if you find yourself in a hard fight, you may even get to see her more terrifying half.]

Union of Esteemed Wanderers

The Union are descended from a number of elite second generation Stoßtruppen, Hoplites, Clietch Mandibles and Elder Hunters. Though all of these men and women have all fallen to age and battle, many more have risen up to guard their legacies. The Union occupies an odd position within the Fighters, acting as impartial referees to the conflicts that decide the hierarchy of the faction, and as such the Covenant is composed of not just retired Fighters, but of Independents and a large number of non-bodied battle AI who run things. The Union ensures fair play in feuds, intervenes when they see fit and preserve the legacies of the greatest of the Fighters.

[Req: A will to act in neutrality towards the various conflicts and feuds of the Fighters.]
[Free Trait: Legacy Warrior – In time you've picked up information on those who came before you, strategies, tactics and strikes that which would not work under conventional situations.]
[Free Favor: The Union has many secrets buried, wealth, knowledge, weapons, so much scattered but nowhere near enough manpower to collect, extra work can be rewarded with valuable locations.]

Free Shamans Council

With the hundreds if not thousands of distinct wild practices on the homeland it was only a matter of time before an official assembly was established. The Free Shamans are a group that actively catalogue the wild spirits on Ae, manage them and the various temples, and act as intermediaries in religious discussions, both between the tribal faiths and the wider ranges. The Free Shamans are simple, seeking balance between the Travellers, as well as the physical and spiritual worlds. While they prefer those with backgrounds in spiritual practice, they will take all the help they can get.

[Req: A will to learn from your elders, and will to find balance in the physical & ethereal]
[Free Trait: Neutral Tone – Even among the Travellers you stand rather approachable, and are capable of dealing with those even sworn enemies of the order, even if for a moment.]
[Free Favor: You'll find the feral spirits of Ae will favor you, making your life a little easier on Ae. They may even bring offerings every now and again.]

Free Market Capitalists Association

The Free Market Capitalists were formed from a rather nasty feud inside of the Commercialists, in terms of the distribution of goods and the current economic system. The Free Markets desire greater personal liberties for producers and for an enhanced capital system, citing various acts of exceptionalism that have been minimally rewarded or even ignored under the current system, which in itself is an odd combination of things that still resembles a military requisition system. They welcome anyone, aside from people they suspect of being aligned with their rival covenant, the TPP.

[Req: A will to pursue self-improvement and membership to the Commercialists]
[Free Trait: Thrifty – You can smell business opportunities, and for a society that has reached full sustainability people still have want for things.]
[Free Favor: The Free Market Capitalists have a group fund set up that is always willing to loan out money, and members get discount interest rates.]

Traveller Peoples Party [TPP]

The Traveller Peoples Party were formed from a rather nasty feud inside of the Commercialists, in terms of the distribution of goods and the current economic system. The Traveller Peoples Party are admittedly content with the status quote, which while a remnant of the days of conflict remains functional, however they still feel certain things can be changed for the common good. They were formed in direct opposition to the decentralized interests of the Free Mark Capitalists, and their creed combines a genuine desire to make sure everyone gets what they need and spite towards their rival covenant. The TPP welcomes everyone, even filthy Free Market Spies.

[Req: An interest in the collective good, hard work ethic and membership to the Commercialists.]
[Free Trait: General Understanding – Spending a few days in a place will make you intimately familiar with the people you who live there, their lives and struggles, such information is vital.]
[Free Favor: Georgios Petrakis heads the movement, and the heavy Greek Cyborg looks after members, and can pull what's needed when you ask for assistance.]

Spiritual Federation of Swahili, Bantu and Zulu Spirits

With the masses of spirits and ethereal entities that have been drawn into the ranks, various cohorts, temples and covenants have been formed, the strongest of these being the Temple of Wild Gods, however they are not the only one formed by entities seeking worship, though not many have been successful. Despite all this, the Spiritual Federation persists, despite their remoteness. They are a distinctly central African in their make adhering to their rigid codices and granting boons to those that would carry their marks. For those willing to make such journeys the Federation offers its fruits.

[Req: A willingness to honor the fathers and mothers of the federation, and on occasion carry tasks for them.]
[Free Trait: Gifts of Earth & Sweat – Physical Labor means little to you, to strive, to struggle, this is good, for you exist in a waking moment, and you will persist.]
[Free Favor: The Spiritual Federation rewards tasks taken with tasks granted, and loyal members can offer to send novice members off on errands.]

Regal Congregation of 'The King'

Another child of the post-nuclear war world, the Regal Congregation is a codice towards living life in the memory of the 'King' Elvis Presley. While the initial deific creed was lost, the Regal Congregation continues to style themselves in the memory of the King, simply because he was one cool dude, a dude worthy of living in the style of. They wear their hair in the style of the King, they dress like the King, they talk like the King. The Kings are about an idea, you see? Where every man is free to follow his own path, do his own thing. Where every man is a king in his own right.

[Req: A will to follow the long storied path of the King, like all Kings before you.]
[Free Trait: Reconsider Baby – Even when things are at their worst, it's possible to talk them down, just need to keep your cool.]
[Free Favor: The Regal Congregation offers a free Kings outfit and a lifetime supply of hair jell.]

Allies

Alright! You are done, we just need to get you signed up for a place to stay and a first posting. But first why don't you walk around for a bit, get yourself something to eat. Maybe introduce yourself to the people around here, I'm sure you'll make new friends. Keep in mind you can do anything here, so long as you don't act like an utter knob. And never forget that there's a lot of abyss out here, the path of a Traveller is even more perilous alone. Once moment you're fine, the next you're knee deep in blood and guts screaming as you rip a man in two. It's happened more than once for me. Or maybe that was just the Desomorphine.

[Pick four.]

Saint Havel, ???, True Traveller, Juggernaut
A Strange man in enormous rock armor who carries a club as tall as he is made from the tooth of a behemoth, Havel has dropped by the registry to apply for a few operator permits.

+ The man is a walking wall, he's been upgraded to take beatings from missile launchers.
+ Friendly with just about everyone he meets, great at storytelling, the kind of guy you could actually introduce to your parents, which is more than you can say for most here.
+ And his club can crush the hull of a Panzer tank in three swings.
-/+ Quiet and contemplative most of the time, won't talk unless talked to.
-/+ Tends to wander off for days without telling you where he's going, doesn't talk about it.
- No fucking subtly whatsoever, couldn't move silently if he tried.
+ Pretty much immortal and has been serving for four centuries with the travellers despite being crushed and shot, just keeps coming back to make life hell for the people who fight him.

"They called me 'the Rock' in my Homeland. Fitting perhaps."

Carrick Ivaring, 119, Militant, Warrior of the Isles [♀]

Carrick sits in the corner watching the new kids and watching for any signs of potential glory, someone who can really put up a good fight. He sips his juice box and hums to himself.

+ Descendant of Ivar the Boneless and a very competent warrior in both melee and ranged.
+ Great cook as well, can make a meal out of anything.
+ Master of improvising, can pull some sever MacGyver level shit.
- Cursed by a Gypsy, every time he sees the colour pink he starts coughing for a minute.
- Also hopeless with women, incapable of showing anything without getting flustered.
- Snores like a sawmill, I mean he once scared off an entire nomadic horde with his snoring.
+ Will let you stay at his cottage in the ancient Norwegian mountains and it has some amazing views and has access to some of the tastiest salmon you could ever get your hands on.

"Friendly Manly Manner Man at your service madam."

Lothian 'cog eater,' 241, Fighter, Lowlander Guerrilla [♀] [♂]
Quietly waiting for news on the requisition for a new axe, Lothian mutters frequently to himself and never seems to stop moving, eyes constantly scanning the room, fingers drumming his knee.

+ Has titanium-alloy teeth can go through anything, including plate armor and bone and has been tested many times before now.
+ Exceptional sword fighter, and will never abandon you on the field of war.
+ Very willing to teach you in sword craft, one of the best teachers around.
- Gets flashbacks from the wars, don't touch him when he's sleeping if you value your fingers.
- Doesn't trust high tech overmuch and won't use a gun to save his life if need be.
- Smells like wet wool and will always smell like this.
+/- Will offer to take you fishing, and by fishing he means go to death worlds to battle man sized barracudas and land you some of the most expensive and delicious meat in Ae.

"Could be we could wait for him to come out. But that's boring mate."

Lord Auspeg, 160, Commercialist, Eccentric Aristocrat
Currently boasting about his latest hunt to a number of heavy looking Mongolian women, Auspeg is a tiny man with an elegant fashion sense and a rifle on his back that is taller than him.

+ Capable of raining down money upon his problems to make them go away.
+ Impeccable taste in most forms of media and can direct you accordingly.
+ Very good in the heat of the chase, will not let his quarry just slip away.
-/+ Aristocratic to his bones, will never crack under pressure or dishonor the two of you.
-/+ Gets into duels frequently, will ask you to be his second if you can fight.
- Can be a knob sometimes, needs someone to tell him 'no you can't' occasionally.
- The situations in which this happens will be entirely ridiculous.
+ At some point in your adventures you'll discover the meaning of friendship and be able to pull off hilarious over the top plans that would never work otherwise.

"Winchester or Sandwich? Well hurry up and choose he's getting away!"

Xian Mayen, 17, True Traveller, Brawler [♀] [♂]
Xian paces to herself, cracking her own knuckles every few seconds. Her own papers filled out she's currently waiting for her equipment to arrive. She nods at you when you pass by.

+ Xian was brought in at the same time as you so you're essentially in the same boat as untested mewlings that need to prove themselves to people with centuries on you two.
+ Street fighter from a horrifically polluted Chinese Mega-city, can fight with her fists and excels at humiliating individual targets.
+ Currently involved in a smalltime fighting tournament and will get you free seats to some of the most brutal bare fisted brawling in Ae, and she will have a good shot at winning too.
+/- Short fuse and fights to break knees and egos when pissed.
- Has seriously buried her personality to survive, will require time to come out of her shell.
+ Can throw a screwdriver from thirty meters and cut a fly in half.
+ Has the best fucking noodle recipes ever I mean dear lord.

"Alright, his lower jaw is coming off."

'Mad' Cardog, 324, Fighter, Berserker [♂]
Though currently chained to the air conditioning unit by the local home guard, Cardog couldn't look less bothered, when he notices you watching he grins and winks.

+ Spent twenty years raiding England and France and knows how to sail a ship and Kill on it.
+ Adapted well to tech and will help you if you have tech problems.
+ Very approachable, would be willing to help you with anything if you ask.
-/+ Frequent nudist and hung like a horse, no shame whatsoever.
-/+ I mean like a horse you should see it.
-/+ Totally unpredictable and his tastes change every day, enjoys the wild ride.
-/+ When he rages he turns into an unstoppable god of death that will not recognize you.
+ Good connections with the other Norse travellers who respect him and if you need backup he will gladly get a raid party ready.
-/+ A 'man's man' so to speak, if your of the male persuasion as well expect him to take you on a romantic whale hunting trip.

"Mad is a word that changes every year. I prefer wild, that has a nice- continuity to it. Beastly and unbending."

Asan Operetia, 150, True Traveller, Turkish Ozan
Asan stands in line with a number of other travellers waiting for a new personal ID card, his booted toe tapping a quiet beat to himself in the loud room.

+ Massive selection of music and has mastered over two hundred instruments.
+ Great people person, can read a crowd and make them weep if he so chooses.
+ Passionate about what he does, will never do anything without enthusiasm.
-/+ While a good shot on the bow he can't fight for shit in close range.
- Prays five times a day and can't do much when he's fasting, won't touch haram food.
- Will insist you try his egg-salad and it will give you the runs for a month.
-/+ Wants you to come with him when he goes on his great pilgrimage to Mecca, you'll get to walk all the way from Bengal to Arabia but it will be a great memory for the both of you.

“Poetry is a quintessential part of our understanding of the world, you brute.”

Chaplain Eustach, 549, Archivist, Professional Wrathbringer [♀]
Possibly the most uncomfortable person in the building, Eustach stands stark still in the corner and is currently waiting to see a liaison, he can't sit anywhere for fear of breaking something or accidentally hitting someone.

+ A nine foot tall, one and a half ton harbinger of death and ranged destruction.
+ Outside of the suit he's actually a pretty cool guy, great at memorizing books and can quote to really fit the situation.
+/- Ever since he joined up he's been collecting books, has around twenty thousand.
-/+ Will let you borrow books but will expect them back in two weeks’ time.
- Still getting used to xenos and the fact they're his new brothers, freezes up around them.
- Still coming to grips with his ultra-violent past, still lacking direction without old doctrines.
+/- Attempting to 'woo' Miss Telshiva and is almost entirely socially inept, you can choose how to deal with him.

“Creed makes us, what we are and what we can become. What Creed do you follow?”

Friedrich Nietzsche, 302, Independent, Philosopher & Consumer of Meat
Currently in an argument with Copernicus and rapidly losing his patience, Nietzsche stands tall and proud and is not going to leave until he tells this malignant little worm off.

+ Legendary Philosopher, been upgraded, can solve advanced math equations by hand and throw cars.
+ Memorized all logical fallacies and arguments and can break an idiot over his knee proverbially.
+ Will push you to great and terrifying heights and a staunch believer in the will of the self.
-/+ Will literally break idiots over his knee, an intense disgust for pettiness and weak minds.
-/+ Will push you to new heights whether you want that or not.
- Anal about his routines, will not accept anything less then what he does.
-/+ Currently shoving his issues with a certain dogheaded goddess so far into the closet that even saying the word 'furry' near him will make him sweat and he will make frequent Freudian slips.

"Oh come on, this is only the third bear today and I'm not complaining about the excess of jerky and skins we'll get from these tribulations. Now shoot it!"

Nicolaus Copernicus, 282, True Traveller, A Slightly Different Astrologist
A spry man whose voice holds the barest hints of agitation though his hand is currently the sawn off shotgun at his hips, it is clear that he refuses to buy a word of Frierich's rhetoric.

+ Brilliant mind whose work would have gotten him executed back home, enjoying high-tech now.
+ Has advanced his astronomical knowledge and enjoys travelling the stars.
+ Has all sort of tools and devices he's created, if you need something weird he is your man.
-/+ Doesn't back down, will literally fight an entire church and needs to be dragged out.
- Stubborn with his theorem and will not accept anything until he is disproven.
- Wears a jacket he got from Napoleon and it smells of death and chaos and will get you into trouble.
+/- Currently planning a raid on Rome during one of its most corrupt inceptions with a bunch of Vikings and he'd like some help when they execute the plan.
-/+ Will introduce you to all sorts of Celtic pagans he spends time with and may or may not be in a shag-league with the lot of them, either that or they're just running a private observatory.

"He's an idiot. What a surprise."

Mark Chan, 75, Archivist, '19nth Dalai Lama'
Laughing with Hildegard by the doors over a private joke, Mark seems recognizable for some reason, and many other fledglings have already walked over to him to ask about Ae.

+ The first Korean Lama and likely the last, great when dealing with East Asians locations.
+ The spiritual reincarnation of the great compassion, can empathize with anyone and vice versa.
+ Though a staunch Buddhist he's also very brotherly and will always have your back if needed.
- Will spend six hours a day in meditation to maintain his edge, this is non-negotiable.
- Entirely unreachable in these hours, he's like a corpse with a beating heart.
-/+ While good with a pistol he'll get crumped if he has to fight in melee.
-/+ Owns about forty domestic Komodo dragons back home and spends most of his off time taking care of them, they're real sweethearts.

"I mean, look at the positives. We'll both have an amazing story to tell!"

Saphfo Eresia, 219, True Traveller, Poetic Gunslinger [♀] [♂]
Currently the only thing standing between Copernicus and Nietzsche, you wonder if you should intervene when her left eye begins twitching dangerously when Neitzhsche calls Copernicus Autistic.

+ A semi merithic Greek poet, she's learned a lot in her time here, currently the champion lightweight shooter with rifles for her league.
+ Wide knowledge of poetry and will compose stories of your shared exploits.
+ Elegant & widely respected for her bravery, many people are familiar with her work here.
-/+ Will ask you to help her on wild quests to 'expand her thought process.'
-/+ It's hardcore drugs, hardcore as in 'naked screaming on a roof with Phyli.
-/+ Renowned lover of women and if you are a girl watch out.
-/+ Compassionate in the extreme but also very stern where it matter.
-/+ Runs a school, will occasionally be unable to accompany you because of her work but will happily let you attend, you might learn something.

"Oh sweet mother of- don't drink that wine I'd know the smell of lykoktonon anywhere!"

Marada Yutori, 21, Medical, Nisetic Guardian [♀]
Standing outside watching the traffic pass, Marada strikes up a conversation with you as you pass about your history, and the small girl listens patiently as you explain how you got here.

+ A recent recruit from your 'batch,' Marada is a Nisetic, fresh from her native death world.
+/- Has a massive parasite in her stomach that makes her nigh unkillable.
+ Very good with children and animals and a wonderful speaker that can cool the worst tempers.
+ If you treat her with respect she'll do just about anything for you, grade A+ best friend.
- Can be a bit patronizing, treats you like a child if you act like one.
-/+ Gay and will develop a crush on you if you're a girl that will eat her alive.
- That parasite needs a constant stream of fresh blood, removing it will kill her painfully.
- Will also stick its 'head' out if it gets hungry, looks like an albino lamprey and does not like you, the parasite will generally scare the hell out of other Nisetics who keep their distance on genetic terror alone.

"Look at how far we've come. I to say I'm standing here with you when five solar years ago I was chewing on corpses in the literal gutter. Who is to say what another few years will leave us with?"

Gedzud Tochik, 247, Void Hunter, Nisetic Officer [♀]
Sitting in a meditative stance in the darkest corner of the room and growling at anyone who gets to close, when he sees you he calls you over and asks you how you like your protein.

+ Master of artillery and ballistics, can hit a target on the other side of a cyclone manually.
+ Incredibly strong and can move an anti-tank gun on his own at running pace.
+ Though it goes unspoken he will truly appreciate your company and will value as an equal.
- His caste is renowned for violence and cruelty, if someone really pisses him off you will need to hit his knock-out button to keep him from killing someone.
- Looks down on petty displays of affection and cannot stand weakness.
- Violently allergic to nuts and shellfish.
+/- Ascribes to one of the most brutal work outs in his people's history and will turn you into a chiseled Adonis if you decide to join him in his crocodile crunches and such.

"Stand up properly. You're posture will surely inflict lasting damage on your frail skeleton and I am not getting your back repaired if you become a loathsome hunchback."

Tellia Burfam, 54, Ethereal, Nisetic Psionic Powerhouse
Sifting through a magazine of scantily clad Nisetic and human women with Laika panting at his feet, Tellia snorts a laugh as he turns through the pages to find the a decent Sudoku puzzle.

+ Has the power to pull down comets orbiting whatever planet he's on top of his enemies.
+ Tellia is a man of his word, and if he says he will do something then he will even if it kills him.
+ When he isn't in a stressful situation is laid back and good to talk with.
- When stressed he turns into a huge mouthy asshole.
- Epileptic in the worst sort of way, will not go near computers and lives in a shack in the sticks
-/+ If something really exceptionally pisses him off he will lose his shit and part the fucking oceans to get the people responsible, will hurt himself doing this.
+ If you have your own psionic powers he will be able to teach you his special 'Apocalptia' moves.
+/- Wants to go back to his native death world and punch his former mega-bitch empress right in the squid cunt, probably won't survive without a level head with him.

"So who gets to eat their own asshole first folks?!"

Itsuda Mayoua, 190, Independent, Nisetic Cultivator [♀] [♂]
Currently in a heated debate with an agricultural liaison over a stocking price, Itsuda's hands are starting to leave crack marks on the table, and the liaison is currently looking for the nearest exit.

+ Tough as nails and can resist heat that would give you heat-strokes and cold that would give you. frostbite and take off your extremities in minutes, in fact prefers to escort you in extreme climates, she doesn't want you to die like her other friends did before she went Traveller.
+ Grows some of the most succulent fruits and vegetables in Ae and shares her personal take.
+ Good with animals and could help you learn how to take care of beasties like she does.
+ Can cook amazing food and take care of herself and her friends, hosts great parties.
- Will need help planting seeds in the spring and harvesting during the fall, hard work.
- Also the only one on her farm, will haul some serious overtime to join you so be mindful.
- Her Dytranids (tiger+sheep genetic hybrids and blame Bio) do not fucking like you, at all, they fucking hate you for some reason.
-/+ Fascinated by human anatomy, god help you if you're human the questions will be unbearable.

"In a month we're gonna have the best potatoes."

Hildegard of Bingen, 76, Archivist, Travelling Saint [♂]
Breathless from the joke Mark told, Hildegard wide smile radiates across the room, and even the foulest tempered travellers give her a wave and a nod as they pass.

+ Great mathematician, botanist, philosopher and natural scientist, good with puzzles and traps.
+ Sainted by the Roman Catholic Church and has amazing luck, things are pretty nice around her.
+ Actually pretty fun for a nun, though when drunk will inadvertently come up with new theorems.
+ More than happy to play doctor when needed and can do a lot with a scalpel.
-/+ When working is serious and stern, will not allow your shared goals to be compromised.
-/+ Prone to epileptic fits when in contact with the divine and unholy, you will need to keep her safe when this happens, however these fits are often prophetic.
- Not much of a fighter outside of a carrying a few grenades, prefers to talk her way out of fights.

"Hold my notes friend, I feel something coming on and it's not friendly."

Salāh ad-Dīn Yūsuf bin Ayyūb, 111, True Traveller, Sufi General
You find Salāh hiding out at the side of the building with his head leaning against the wall and when asked why he's here he immediately shifts the topic to your recruitment.

+ Skilled fighter in all regards and a well learned general, best when outnumbered as it is the only time he becomes a charismatic genius.
+/- Outside of combat a very quiet man, ever since joined up with the Sufi order however he's gotten much better with others though he is still innately shy.
+ Also has gotten into smithing and could make a custom sword for you to match your style.
-/+ Has gotten into a fight with his wife Mextizia and isn't comfortable talking about it, though would greatly appreciate help with talking her down.
-/+ Not much good outside of combat and he is aware of it, defers to you for decisions.
- Taking a weekly night class for high-technology so will have to return for home for weekends.

"This does take me back. You take the ten on the left, I take the twenty on the right?"

Wu Mei, 256, True Traveller, Photographer [♂]
Currently getting a number of sealed jars with what look like brains inside approved by customs, Wu Mei's lowers her sunglasses to look you over as you approach. Her smile is concerning.

+ Daughter of the legendary Empress Wu Zetian, Mei is a good survivor and swordsmen.
+ Also a skilled photographer with an eye for the subtle, can spot sociopaths and ner'dowells.
+/- Enjoys taking down evil pricks, a lot, like- be careful if she starts panting.
-/+ Seriously if you just ask if she wants to kill someone she'll say yes, it's kind of frightening, takes pictures of the results afterwords and has a wall full of her 'works.'
+/- Also collects serial murder/rapist body parts and wants you to help expand her collection.
-/+ Known for her recruitment after she killed her mother and her entire court in a single bloodbath and had to be tranquilized halfway through the demoralized palace guard.
- Frigid from a shit childhood, if you can gain her trust she'd really benefit from having an actual friend to spend time with.

"Light- turn that light off and shut the door! I'm not letting you ruin this batch you bastard!"

Sir Richard Francis Burton, 1089, True Traveller, Second generation legend
Engaged in a light hearted conversation with Bothwari over the best method of cutting the skin off of a person, Richard pulls out three glasses and a bottle of gin and invites you over to talk.

+ Speaks over three thousand languages and can decipher new ones in hours.
+ Able to use any weapon he comes across and will, though he is master of the dozen he carries.
+ Can teach you how to blend in with any native outsider groups, or anyone for that matter.
-/+ Everyone knows him, you'll always be outshined no matter what.
-/+ Whenever you go out on adventures he'll let you lead and considers you a mewling kitten still learning its way around. Won't pull the saber-tooth tiger off unless you're 'really' in danger.
- Had his liver replaced and the mid-weight class drinking champion for the whole organization and smells like a burning brewery with his constant drinking and pipe smoking.
+/- Intends to explore the Pangea period from one side of the mega continent to the next, wants you to join him on the primeval adventure.

"Gin or Bourbon? No way are either of us leaving this room sober."

Isalia Phouskas, 109, Biological, Newly Reborn Harpy [♂]
It's difficult not to notice the giant outside, clad in only a vest and waiting on her order for a new invisibility cloak. Isalia gives you a wide grin when she catches you staring.

+ One of Bio's latest and greatest innovations, Isalia is a twelve foot tall giant.
+ Will be willing to show you the wineries and pubs in Ae that can accommodate her stature.
+/- Would be willing to let you ride on her back but expect all sorts of horrible sex puns.
+/- A bit of a hedonist, she places enjoyment above other things, it's not boring around her.
+/- Round around the edges, she's not so good at fighting but she can fly at 60km and hour.
-/+ also giant bird claws, you don't need to be skilled when you possess a lethal foot job.
- Terrible at the domestic situation, until Mech can hook up a set of mechanical arms on her she'll be kind of helpless but would really appreciate some help.
- Clumsy as all hell, if you even go near a china shop the owner will just start sobbing.
- Will club you if you ask for a foot job.

"Holy shit I love this!"

Aglan & Baglan Yurtiki, 182/182, Fighter(s), Twins of War
It would be hard not to avoid the huge crowd gathered around the two muscled men who are currently locked in an arm wrestling contest. They're keeping themselves occupied while they wait for news on their ammunition subscription to arrive.

+ Twins who were born with a unique mental state, it's hard to tell where one ends and the other begins mentally. This makes them a lethal tag team because they know each other perfectly.
+ No matter the distance they'll know each other perfectly, can be used as a radio.
+ Aglan is a master of ranged arsenal and Baglan can beat a bull elephant to death with his fists.
- You will mix them up, impossible to tell which one is which as they both carry the same weapons and it will be awkward.
+ Both of them are big on Christmas and throw a kickass party every solar year, Aglan knits ugly Christmas sweaters for everyone and Baglan makes a real feast.
- Neither are ones for speaking or in fact very creative, don't expect them to help out that much.
- Both are wanted dead in Borneo and Nepal for some reason and they refuse to say why.

“These ones would wipe the stupid grin from your face if we had time.”

‘Ali’, 46, Collector, Mysterious Stranger [♀] [♂]
Ali walks up to you in the crowded registry center and asks if you have a minute to talk outside. He isn't certain if this is all real or if someone succeeded in killing him and this isn't a fever dream before Allah drops him into hell.

+ Also new as he came in with you, Xian and Marada, a decent fighter who is good with spears and basic firearms.
+ A good speaker and creative, he can make people listen to him when the situation dictates.
+ Also good with writing, if you need a good letter you can be sure he'd be happy to pen it.
- Unwelcome back home and refuses to talk about why, doesn't tell you about his past.
- Won't allow you to use poisons or local allies, prefers to solve problems personally.
- Sweats in uncomfortable situations, a lot.
- I mean damn son he will fucking drench himself talk to medical about it.
+ Sweat is actually laced with a potent paralysis poison that Med will pay you two royalties to study if you can convince him to get the sweat thing checked out.

“I can’t walk five feet without someone trying to stab me, it is becoming ridiculous!"

Willmond Koch, 287, Commercialist, German Builder & Marksman
You stumble over a manhole cover as it abruptly pops aside and a man in makeshift combat attire climbs out, and immediately apologizes to you for making you trip.

+ Master gunner and can make any firearm you could ever want with the right budget.
+ Also capable of driving just about any tank you could find, and use any kinetic weapon for that matter.
+ Also owns a brewery, makes some of the best beer you will ever taste.
- Light constitution and cry’s when he drinks.
- Has a short fuse and god help you if he snaps he will not let anything go.
- Translator is defective, will randomly slip into German and won't know until you tell him.
+/- Plans to go on a journey with you and your friends to scour ancient Germany for a grave robbing exposé to find a family heirloom he believes he stole (time paradox) expect angry peasants to chase you out of town weakly but neato trinkets if you join him.

"Angry un-translated German screaming."

Mextizia Ursa, 125, Technical, Friendly Bear woman
Mextizia sits quietly waiting for the liaison she spoke to to return. She takes up two whole chairs and seems to be avoiding everyone's gaze, eyes fixed up on one of the ceiling fans.

+ Three Fourths Caucasian brown bear One Forth human and all business, Mextizia was rescued from the USSR as a cub and recuperated to full functionality by Bio and Medical and still works with them.
+ A very dangerous combatant, she can break a grown man in two with a single punch.
+ That being said she prefers more diplomatic solutions and is generally a calm and friendly woman.
- Currently still furious at herself and her husband Salāh ad-Dīn for their dispute, still quiet bitter and even though she won't say it she'd appreciate some mediation.
- Violently allergic to bee and wasp stings if they can get through her fur.
- Not very sensitive, poking her to get her attention will never work, could step on glass and would not notice.

"I know how I look, one does not need to feel ashamed for first impressions."

'Mad' Jack Churchill, 618, Administration, Unbreakable British stormtrooper [♀]
Barking a laugh as Leo groans at his Natural one, Jack sits outside of the depot at a small table with a few friend playing eleventh edition. They always play here, nice to see if any new blood have the stones to approach.

+ Angry brutal son of a bitch who has in his time stormed so many forts, castles and beaches that the Militant Department has him on speed-dial, he's decided he likes you and as such he's going to join you for a while.
+ Bloody master with a number of Scottish swords and rifles, with his shielding and blessed armor he's borderline impossible to take down in a fight.
+ Simply spending time with him will make you a more driven and fierce person.
-/+ Will take you running every single morning but you'll appreciate it after the first month.
-/+ Plays the bagpipes in battle and while running.
- People will throw shit at you because of this.
+/- Him and Leo are planning to go fight half of the fighter faction with a crew of vets, help is always appreciated and if you can win you'll earn a reputation for mega-badassery.

"Guns in a sword fight are for Bollywogs and and redband bastards!"

Leo 'Privateer' Major, 420, Fighter, French Canadian Soldier
Leo has lost his tenth pc this month and sorely misses eighth edition. Outside of the center with his friends, Leo calls you over after he stops moping and asks what you think of hulking hurlers.

+ A friend of Mad Jack, Leo is another tough bastard who left his world behind when it couldn't kill him and ate his friends and family instead, he's been yet to find a fight he couldn't win.
+ A brilliant sniper and scout, Leo will not be shaken by gunfire and artillery.
+ Pretty good trench humor, no matter the situation will make you laugh in your darkest hour.
-/+ Does not respect admin or the current head of the fighters and will not answer to anyone.
- Lost and eye and while he can shoot a man dead at four hundred yards he needs a spotter.
- Also no sense of taste, was found eating roadkill last week to prevent it from going to waste.
+/- Will one day take you to France to visit his Paris at the height of Nazi occupation to kill Hitler and make one hell of a mess for the Nazis in that specific timeline, you'll both almost die but you'll get to live the dream of Wolfenstein.

"And they call me ugly."

Laika, 26, Eyes of the Third, Cute Puppy
Currently sitting and panting from the heat of the cramped room at Tellia's feet. Laika and Tellia are currently waiting for the Physcic affairs line to shorten up a bit.

+ A talking dog rescued from her soviet induced hell, was uplifted by the Grey 'Ay lmoa' Aliens before they bartered her off to the Travellers.
+ Is actually incredibly intelligent, took night school courses for eight years after joining with her key subjects being alien life forms, nuclear physics and art history.
+ A very good negotiator as well, can haggle a man to sell his wife and kids if she wanted.
-/+ Pretty lazy through, expects you to carry her when he is tired though in fairness she is small.
-/+ Staunch believer in Marxist communism and will disapprove of vast personal wealth.
- Doesn't like children and requires constant petting, also will not talk of Chechnya.
+ May tell you about Chechnya in time.
-/+ It will be really confusing and possibly create a paradox loop in your own personal timeline.

"Comrade what have I told you about Chechnya? No? Good.

Curtis 'D.B. Cooper' Ragly, 163, Commercialist, Professional thief [♂]
The man currently running the gambling for the arm wrestling competition and standing to make a quick handful of credits. Curtis isn't here for anything and simply enjoys the atmosphere.

+ A bit of an improviser, if you give Curtis a goal he'll give you a plan in ten hours.
+/- Mind you, it will probably be a bat shit crazy plan that has a good chance to maim you.
+ Also a great con man, could steal the last coin from a beggar but prefers wealthy targets.
-/+ Wealthy and powerful targets, if he comes with you on your adventures you will make enemies.
-/+ A low key lumbersexual, if you're a manly man expect him to show interest.
+ If you want him to, he can get you the finest suits in the continental United States.
-/+ Also expect him to ask for help the with Fort Knox job he's been planning for a few years now, if you want some souvenir gold bars he'll be happy to have you along.

"I should take us skydiving. My treat."

Marco 'Fulcanelli', 1271, True Traveller, Second Generation Time Paradox expert
Marco Fulcanelli jumps out at you as you enter the food court and asks what your birthday is, after you respond he hands you a note on a piece of toilet paper telling you to meet him later out behind the building.

+ One of the elusive second generation members, Marco helped put together the current travel systems in Yuta Braces and platforms that allow us to travel through time, space and dimensions.
+ A more adept tutor you will never find, he can teach you time nuances you never dreamed of.
+ Also bakes fresh bread in his spare time, and it is the best bread you will ever taste.
- Does random things like spills coffee on your shorts and will order you to stand still in a city square for a disturbingly specific amount of time.
- Also does things like this and will never provide an explanation.
+ Fucking loves snow globes and collects them by the hundreds.
-/+ Not one for fighting but can prepare a battleground that will ruin your opponents chances before they're even born.

"Beginner's mistake, come, time is our river, and I teach you to be as a fish."

Cazora Magdeb, 22, True Traveller, Wild Child & Potty mouth [♀] [♂]
You meet Cazora when she jumps out of the dumpster behind the building and asks you what the fuck you're looking at. She forgot this is where fledglings arrive and was squatting on the roof.

+ One hell of a scrapper, can kill a battalion of men with a sack of quarters and a tin can though prefers her claws both the natural Nisetic ones and the ones she made for herself.
+ Also observant, able to take apart people and arguments if she sees a weak point.
- Bad at accepting help, will literally let herself be crushed if you listen to her, so don't do that.
- Never not angry, she's like an ever boiling cauldron waiting to spill on some poor bastard.
- Grew up on the decaying remains of her home death planet post-orbital glassing, her speech gets really weird sometimes and she has not mastered bathing.
- Refuses to stay in a house and will sleep in your crawl space regardless of local, all around like a half-feral animal with no friends.
+ But she will always be at your side no matter what.

"Well I could garrote you, rip out your ass-sphincter and wear it as a fucking hat while I ride your maimed carcass off into the sunset. But I fucking won't."

Eustice Bjorgved, 101, Medical, Battlefield Medic [♀]
Currently filling out the form for a new set of knives, both operating ones and their combat counterparts, Eustice finishes and walks over offering to buy you a drink at the food court.

+ Served three terms in Kabul with the Manchurian army and can save your head if it gets cut off.
+ Also very skilled with a gun, can hold his own in a gunfight and a good sentry to boot.
+ Has a pet teacup dragon named Eustice Jr. who will snuggle with you if you let him.
- Still recovering from a morphine addiction he had when he was recruited, will take about a year for him to return to full functionality.
- Can't drink and will literally pass out on top of you three glasses in.
- Sense of smell is gone, won't notice if the milk went bad until it's too late.
- And man he drinks a lot of milk.
+/- Intends to go back to 2070's Copenhagen to kill his mob boss father and he can't do it alone.

"Operator, operator, come and eat the oscillator~"

Indori Magram, 1971, Technical, Wise Crone
Sitting in a wheel chair beside a number of AI companions she looks after and vice versa, Indori is currently waiting on the mechanical liaison for a new hip. As you pass she asks you what you want out of life.

+ Almost two thousand years old and the oldest recorded human being to date, Indori has seen almost all of human history and can recount most of what she's seen to you.
+ Still pretty spry for someone her age, can maintain a walking pace on a good day and still has great faculties.
+ Long history with the travellers and can explain everything around here for you.
-/+ Will advise you on safety a lot, she's outlived a lot of people and won't want to see you go first.
-/+ Not able to fight for obvious reasons but can point out a tussle long before it begins.
- Sleeps for ten hours a day, will be grumpy otherwise.

"You know all those mental treatments and protocols they have for the extremely aged? I'm their basis. Shame, I could have told them long life was a curse before this all began."

‘Prophet’ 24B, 93, Technical, Fashionable Android [♂]
You'd have taken Prophet for a regular human if her eyes didn't glow a bright blue. She follows you for a while before asking if you'd be interested in a change of clothes. She's currently waiting on an order for some silkworms but has decided to see if your 'appearance' was salvageable.

+ An AI who prefers to spend her time with humans and tends to avoid other AI, 24B is a custom model from a slightly more disturbing time line full of degenerates, doesn't talk much about it.
+ Though she was a domestic model the travellers have upgraded to have absurd combat dexterity, always carries a few dozen knives for melee and throwing.
+ Can teach you how to present yourself and will seek to make you the best looking you can be.
- Will mock others and you for inferior choices in wardrobe.
- Will passive aggressively clean your house if you really hurt her until you apologize.
-/+ But your place will be cleaner then you could ever hope to get it, you shithead.
-/+ Still in the uplifting process that will make her program one hundred percent self-aware, your influence will effect what she becomes.

“Have you ever considered getting a haircut? New piercings? I apologize. You look so dreadfully- Vanilla. Have you ever considered- something vibrant perhaps?”

'Bleeder', 19, Collector, Mechanical Leech
Bleeder sits on top of a vending machine in the food court and drops you a single tenth-credit coin when you try to figure out the machine works. Bleeder comes here to help out the fledglings.

+ A former combat droid that was built to quietly kill enemy soldiers in their sleep, Bleeder's AI fully realized and fled until he met up with the travellers who finished the awakening process.
+ Can open up a person’s throat painlessly in their sleep and is a great infiltrator.
+ Out of combat can take blood samples and analyze biological fluid.
-/+ Will always make the mosquito noise but you'll get used to it eventually.
-/+ Really likes tech music and screamer metal.
- Sounds kind of creepy.
+ Not actually that creepy, just a little droid learning about the world.

“A-Negative, dash thirty four, slightly salty, I would advise a diet change to raise your white blood cell count. Possibly some supplements.”

Mike Compound, 182, True Traveller, Yardie of No Small Renown [♀] [♂]
After you trip and fall Mike helps you to your feet with an award winning smile. Even in his most casual duds he still looks like he owns the building, and is ironically here to pay legal fines.

+ Big bastard who can fight an armed crowd with nothing but his fists, considers weapons a disadvantage in a fight and once took apart a Goliath droid with no help and only his hands.
+ When he isn't being a big bloody badass though he is actually quite mellow.
+ Has some hilarious jokes to tell.
+ Also collects a whole load of stuff, and he'll let you have some of his trinkets.
- Said trinkets may explode in your face.
- Has the worst luck on the outside though, and terrible with law enforcement.
-/+ Does he look like a bitch?
+ Can teach you his entirely ludicrous style of fighting that makes enemy weapon choices a detriment to them and using your bare hands lethal.

“So then I say to this bumblefuck- if you think you’re man enough then try it.”

Filgi Grimcandle, 411, Commercialist, Deep Miner [♀] [♂]
After Koch finishes apologizing to you he turns and helps Filgi up out if the manhole, the two came to see about getting the stout dwarf a new set of jackhammers. He welcomes you to the club.

+ Professional Deep-miner and close quarters expert, if you ever find yourself in a dark hole then Filgi is your man.
+ Fierce and tough as the rocks that bore him as a babe, Filgi can take on beasts four times his size.
+ In fact he doesn't even need light, can smell mineral wealth and his friends through the stones.
- Pretty close to blind thanks to cataracts in his eyes and refuses to get surgery.
- And you'll be able to smell him long before you see him, coal has sunken into in his skin and bones at this point.
+ If you help him the two of you can rake in vast amounts of wealth digging in the earth.
-/+ Looking for a nice woman who can crack a few rocks and a few skulls at that.

"Strike the Earth!"

Fleana Uoa, 14, Biological, Gentle Giant
Initially you took Fleana as a giant statue she was standing so still and had a nasty shock when she polity asked you to get off her flank. Fleana is currently waiting on her Bio Liaison's medical report.

+ A twenty foot tall Nadalias, her entire body is killing machine built on a death world.
+ When not in combat is a very cautious and gentle individual, eager to learn about Biped life.
+/- Unique, was raised to human level intelligence and likely there won't be any more like her.
- Easily frightened and will not join a fight unless a Traveller is in danger.
-/+ Has a primal side that if awoken will turn her into a slithering crime against god and it will be a massive pain in the ass kick starting her mental faculties when she's attempting to de-limb anything that gets close.
-/+ Really likes spending time with you.
- She's only fourteen years old you sick fuck.

"You were told as a fledgling that there were no monsters in the dark. While that statement was wrong that does not mean we cannot be friends."

Lia Fial, 4302, Etheral, Ancient Irish Rock Golem
like many of the larger travellers Lia is not hard to miss, and is grinding her teeth as she waits on an order for some 'maegacal baerwhy.' Lia glares down at you as you pass with a growl.

+ An awakened golem that's core was the Stone that chose the King of Ireland, Lia is still rather angry she was crushed by an English king, and then tarred for good measure.
+ That being said she's able to put her anger into productive means like building things and training.
+ Not to say she isn't going to object to a fight, can and will send opponents flying.
+ Can tell you if you're the chosen King or Queen of Ireland.
-/+ Still uncomfortable with French and English speakers will get better but for now feels the urge to rip if she reads or hears English but that will only happen if her translator malfunctions.
- Translator might malfunction.
- Also a bit of a temper, you may need to get her out of situations before she explodes.
- You probably aren't the chosen monarch of Ireland.

"Certain people would be right pissed too if they spent half a fucking century being coated in tar by Saxon dogs."

The Bill Murray Triumvate, ???, ???, Legend [♀] [♂] [⚥]
After finishing your business in the bathroom you find the door blocked by three men who look like they could almost be brothers, as you approach they simultaneously grin.

+ Holy shit it's Bill Murray.
+ Holy shit there are actually three Bill Murray's who got inducted into the travellers.
+ They're all pretty swell guys.
+ You will have amazing adventures together.
+ Can teach you tricks that will allow you to become a legend in your own right.
+/- One bill Murry is strait, the second is gay, and the third is allegedly an owl bear.
+/- All are romanceable.
- No one is ever going to believe you know Bill Murray as he does not appear on any directories.

"Get your ass in here, it's poker night."

Astrolla-232, 850, True Traveller, Still Adapting AI
Astrolla sits quietly to himself outside of the building, he doesn't have anything to do these days and prefers to come here to listen to the noise. It helps him relax.

+ An AI that just got his first physical body, Astrolla was a gas station AI before America was nuked by the Germans (Long story.)
+ Rather than going insane from three hundred years of inactivity Astrolla actually just took to taking apart nearby cars until he met the travellers that would finish the uplifting process.
+ Could build you any sort of vehicle, and will, he enjoys keeping his hands busy.
-/+ Will look up to you like a true brother of the travellers, unsure of himself.
- Will be the first one to jump out in a fight, was not built for combat.
- Slight condition similar to Tourette's, will occasionally drop fucks and shits for no reason.

"Request: Would you acquire me some breakfast? I am out of Kerosene nuggets. I am- hungry? Is this the word I would use under these circumstances? Never mind."

Shafauri Telshiva, 512, Fighter, Immortal Warrior [♂]
Shafauri is currently getting her papers renewed and filling out the yearly survey, after she finishes she grabs you with two of her left arms and asks what hole they found you in.

+ A creation of the corrupted triumvirate who aided in the rebellion of her unholy masters.
+ Shafauri is a master of offensive combat, each of her eight arms able to wield a weapon she can flay opponents alive in moments and dispel tainted creatures.
+ Also has very fine tastes in incense and spices and has extensive collections.
-/+ Enjoys collecting them and other personal stimulants, be expected to be dragged along shopping but is always happy to share.
-/+ Will also bring you to visit her mother and father who still live in ancient India if things get moving between the two of you or even if you spend a few years fighting together.
- Was created by the touch of evil gods and will occasionally get some nasty ticks, be prepared to knock her out if a seething black liquid begins seeping from her eyes and mouth and administer the proper blessings.

"Yes I am aware we need to get in there, no I will not let myself be pimped out by you of all people! Why don't you put on the damn thong if you're so keen on seeing that ass seduced?!"

Deniz Seljuk, 29, Fighter, Professional Skirmisher [♀] [♂]
Deniz sits dead center in the room with a small portable stove and a kettle boiling a strange green liquid, when he notices you staring he offers you a cup. Currently waiting for a few forms, he's always happy to talk to the new kids.

+ A royal prince of Seljuk and the child of Alp Arslan 'The Denied', Deniz is a regal man who is an expert horseman and archer and is can teach you about riding and archery, best known for when he told his father to fuck off and joined the Greeks to crush the Turkish horde.
+ Very intimidating when he needs to be, sends mobs running.
+ Can also make the best kebabs in Ae, unaware of the racial connotations.
- Not good with situations that require fine touches because he won't take off his gloves.
- Won't take off his armor for some reason no matter how hot the day is.
- Really, don't touch his armor, ever.
- He'll wear it when sleeping, never been seen without the helmet off.
+/- If you figure him out he will pile drive you but be happy he can finally get some fresh air.

"Tea?"

Margo Lesmorana, 164, Administration, Woman who thinks way too much [♀] [♂]
You meet Margo in the bathroom when you open a stall you thought was unoccupied and find her sitting on a toilet with her computer. She asks you if you enjoy hurting other people.

+ Shut in who does all sorts of weird shit for experimental, had a custom organ installed in her neck that keeps her from sleeping and to stimulate her mind.
- Her insight is pretty disturbing and will pick away at your insecurities and your skeletons.
+ If you can endure her presence as she reminds you of the repressed memories you've accumulated you'll actually be better for it.
- You'll still get nightmares from some of the shit that comes out of her mouth.
+ Cooks great Ramen.
-/+ Ramen will scrub your system free of internal parasites, don't ask what goes into it.

"You know that someone somewhere in the multiverse makes porn of you right? And I don't mean a little porn. I mean a lot of fucking porn. I mean gaping stacks of it, so much so it was measurable on a national scale. Body pillows, art books, doujin conventions. Jesus fuck you become a fetish category on your own with all the sweaty perverts wanting to violate you."

Garagrosias the World-eater, 279, Collector, 'Evil' Overlord
About as flustered as a warrior like him gets since he lost Prophet in the crowds, Garagrosias is currently regretting this whole outing and on the verge of clobbering something when you pass him.

+ Ten foot tall warlord from a dark ages world where only the strong survived.
+ While he was the strongest he got tired of the constant grimdark and left, now the head of the Travellers botany club and has a garden the size of a small city block that he puts most of his time into.
+ Can make you a set of the snazziest duds.
-/+ Said snazzy duds will exude an aura of terror that will send cowards running.
-/+ Currently attempting the process of 'dating' but he hasn't had much luck with women.
- Also can be lethargic outside his interests and a bit too obsessed with his hobbies.
- The maneater Venus flytraps he keeps will fucking bite you.
+/- Wants to build a statue of himself out of pure gold simply for the sake of owning a solid gold statue of himself, needs help with the casting process.

"The Audacity of these people. I have as much of a right to shop for fabrics as they do when it comes out on sale! Good fuchsia silk is damn expensive!"

Selambarousas, 197, True Traveller, Yukazi Skirmisher [♂]
You jump when Selambarousas touches down onto your shoulder and asks how bad the lines are today. She's here to get her survey filled out and is seriously considering postponing it.

+ While no larger than exceptionally big house cat, Selambarousas is extremely skilled with harassment and guerrilla tactics and almost never touches the ground.
+ She can kill a man with her natural poisons that will lead them to bleed to death.
+/- Will occasionally land on your shoulder to talk and rest.
-/+ Will watch her enemies suffer and die, will want you to collect the heads.
-/+ Has a literal pile of human and biped skulls she lives in.
+ Other than that she's very cheerful and keeps moral up.
-/+ Will also ask for your help in skinning the skulls and pulling out the brains as she is without functioning hands, you'll both smell, but you'll be allowed to keep a few skulls and they are quiet expensive to sell.
+/- Single at the moment and notorious for her human fetish in the Yukazi circle.

"There's something about flying in a free sky... I'd almost recommend it if Bio wasn't insane my earthbound friend."

Temüjin, 69, True Traveller, Cook [♀]
When you try to figure out where to get something to eat this big Mongolian man invites you over to the booth he's running and offers you a steaming cup of noodles and fish. Temüjin always operates a stand out here helps keep the fledglings fed before they figure out local currency.

+ Quiet Mongolian who after he was driven out of home started wandering across the steppe.
+ Ended up in Poland where he was recruited and has since then pursued his love of food.
+ Can cook anything and everything and if you get him supplies he can cook everything for you.
-/+ Prone to experimentation, some of which is divine- some not so much.
+ Can identify most forms of poison and is actually competent in matters of intrigue.
+ Also seems to be beloved by almost every animal he meets, he has walked around the death worlds and been entirely unmolested by nightmarish man-eaters.
+ All around cool guy to spend time with.
- Will need you to protect him, he's a staunch pacifist now though that may change.

"It could be worse, you could have discovered an alternate version of yourself raped half of Asia. I mean literally half of Asia. Gives me the shakes just thinking about it."

Gordon, 200, Ethereal, 'the speaker of Jamaica', Voodoo Omnibus [♀] [♂]
You don't meet Gordon first, you meet 'Betsy' his two headed anaconda that flomps its heads on your lap as you sit down. After a minute Gordon runs over and apologizes, he lost the damn beast two days ago and he's been searching for her since.

+ A minor voodoo patron god that gained a very physical form, Gordon is a god of speaking and conversation and can be pretty good at talking anyone down if he has time.
+ Also a good friend of Papa Legba in his native Haiti and would introduce you, the two of them grow amazing Kush.
+ While smoking said Kush you will be able to go on dream quests with them to better understand yourself and develop your real-world skills.
-/+ All the while the three of you will be one hundred percent unconscious.
- Xian Mayen will draw dicks on your face if she's around when this happens.
-/+ He'd be willing to tattoo a skull on your back that will make you immune to possessions and demon temptations but it will really hurt and you will be a sobbing wreck by the end of it no matter how much of a badass you are.

"Da's jus' not righ' mang."

Cdlyfwylch, 2143, Fighter, Sapient Welsh Greatsword [♀] [♂]
After Lia gives you a dirty look Cdlyfwylch smacks the rock giantess with her pommel and apologizes for the 'rocky dublahn hoar' and asks you if you're alright.

+ Ancient Welsh weapon, capable of flight and using herself in combat to lethal effects.
+ Can teach you to use her so the two of you can be stronger together then you could ever be apart and would actually appreciate a decent wielder.
+ Also people will assume she is just a sword so she can be used for infiltration.
+/- Still recovering from her time before she became a Traveller when she spent around three hundred years stuck in a cave with no company and went a little stir crazy.
- You'll need to wear gloves when you use her, she doesn't like sweaty or clammy hands.
- Will constantly pester you if you aren't being the best you could be, eg; lazy, gluttonous.
-/+ It's not like I like you or anything you sweaty English Mutt!

"The least you could do is warm your hands up first, it's like if a penguin grabbed your fucking nob man!"

Rocco Liomberito, 251, Architect, Catalan Painter [♀] [♂] [⚥]
Rocco you find painting a beautiful mural on the bathroom wall, and when he sees you he adds you on the mural riding a giant cockatrice, then tells you to join him out back, Admin hates him putting up his 'graffiti' in random places.

+ A Da Vinci in his own time, Rocco is a renaissance man of no small renown.
+ Works with all departments and has good connections with them.
+ Can pull true genius out of his ass and other orifices when you really need it.
- Is neurotic and hates himself for not being better than he is.
-/+ Goes from fevered and almost manic to mopey and depressed on an hourly basis.
+/- When he is manic he will become a savant and lay out plans prior thought unworkable.
-/+ If he really likes you Rocco may start painting a lot of portraits of you, maybe you should talk to him about that.

"A masterpiece if not finished in a less then day nor more than a week, it is the measure of the self. Now stop making me explain myself and grab me more paints. I want to be done this by the time the police start poking around the distraction."

Ambaradi Johnson, 177, Eyes of the Third, Professional Grav-free Esuballa player
You find Ambaradi paying cheering in the crowd with a number of other travellers over the Yurkiti arm wrestling war. He's here to fill out a few grenade subscriptions but that can wait.

+ Inventor and champion of zero gravity Esuballa, Ambaradi is a barrel of laughs to be around.
+ Great with tech of the experimental variety, can also pilot FTL ships and 'reprogram' what color your hair grows in and will change it free of charge.
+ If you're in a fight he can disable his personal gravity and pummel your enemies with grenades.
- Can't do this outside and actually frightened of 'falling up' so to speak.
+ Otherwise he can take you to great parties and amazing concerts.
+ Knows some of the hottest spots in the multiverse and is happy to share them.
- May bite off more than he can chew and will need you to bail him out, or actually post bail.
- This happens way more frequently than it should.

"Remember kids, you just have to believe!"

Angus 'Love-lich', 164, Architect, Renowned Architect [ж]
Angus and his wife are sitting inside waiting for word on the requisition forms for Mercia's new gear, he notices you and asks if you're enjoying the homeworld.

+ One of the best Architects of the Architect Faction, is credited with building the Moris Bridge from the Continental US to Hawaii.
+ Also credited with many local buildings and if you ever wanted to build something here then Angus will be the man to see your vision realized.
+ A good guy all around and will help you in all your affairs.
- Is very irritable about the names he's gotten ever since he married his wife Mercia.
- Not much good in a fight but he tries.
-/+ Him and his wife drink a lot, and they're both are disgusting perverts when they're blasted.

"Build a thousand bridges and they call you a bridge builder, but fuck one girl with some skin hanging off and it don't matter how many bridges you build. You're still the corpse fucker."

Mercia, 570, Ethereal, 'the greenblooded', Wise Lich Magus [ж]
While currently waiting with her husband for word of the equipment she needs for her latest project, Mercia's patience is rapidly running out. She eyes you moodily when her husband calls you over.

+ One of the leaders in Ethereal, Mercia is a brilliant magus and one of the few undead travellers.
+ Her combat and utility functions for magic are almost unlimited and she has amazing stamina.
+ Also very helpful in your domestic life, can point you out to restaurants and taverns you will love in your local area and across Ae as a whole.
- Doesn't particularly like other undead as they tend to be "reactionary pricks" in her book.
- In fact doesn't like many people at all.
+ You're alright though.
- You'll have to visit her in the ethereal department's tower and it is a god damn warzone.
-/+ Her and her husband drink a lot, and if they get blasted expect to be groped by both of them.

"What do you think? Should I force a combustion in his brain or rip the bones from his flesh?"

Agatha Niucrad, 492, Fighter, Highlander Behemoth
You have the misfortune of walking into Agatha when you go outside, and are picked up by the monstrous woman who sets you back on your feet. She's here to pick that idiot Cardog up.

+ One of the most dangerous women on the homeland, Agatha has honed her body into the perfect killing machine over two centuries and is more metal on the inside then flesh.
+ Could go toe to toe with a legion of Space marines and eat them alive.
+ Her combat style makes it feasible to cut horses in half Jesus Christ.
+ Likes to carve wood and can make you a kickass totem pole.
- Needs help maintaining herself and the equipment that makes her so strong.
- Addicted to a dozen drugs and will need you to occasionally pick them up for her from Medical.
-/+ Doesn't talk much and will prefer to let you take the lead.
-/+ Has an almost fetishistic interest in god killing, if you fight a deity watch out.

"Kill the sodding fucks or send them running, mind you I'm keeping the skulls if we go for a bleeding."

Amoraa Tenoch, 32, True Traveller, Someone enjoying Life [♀] [♂]
You find Amoraa sitting on top of a monstrous Dytranids her and Itsuda rode here, Amoraa watches you as you approach and offers you her pipe with a toothy grin and asks you to sit down, apparently you look interesting.

+ A lot calmer than most of her Nisetic cousins, Amoraa just wants to experience 'things.'
+ Can shed insight on things you've never questioned and make you think in new ways.
+ She enjoys the quiet life and can be satisfied with a nice skyline for hours before moving on.
+ Can carry a frightening amount of gear, actually incredibly strong.
-/+ Prefers to run rather than fight.
-/+ Sleepwalks with concerning frequency, may find her way to your place and pass out under your bed.
- Came from the grimdark end of her people's empire and might be constantly baked to keep herself from thinking about the things she did to survive, be wary because she does not like talking about the past.
- Not the snakes.

"Do you ever just look around here? Or just smell the air? It's wondrous."

Michel Kilkorov, 93, Experimental, Survivor of Extreme Shit [♀]
Michel gives you a nasty shock after he tumbles out of a ventilation shaft beside with a cloud of smoke. They pay him to kill the massive spiders that make nests in there. He loves the job.

+ Born in the 1960's in an irradiated expanse that was once Kiev, Michel is actually immune to radiation and was discovered with his non-functional gas mask by a travel team in the wastes.
+ For someone who grew up from age five orphaned in that hellhole he's actually fairly social though he prefers to listen rather than talk.
+ Can make great mystery meat sandwiches and plays the accordion with amazing skill.
+ Knows his way around both the homeland and any ruins you may find in your travels with an almost supernatural ability.
+ All around great scavenger and master of scrap, can build a tank if he has the supplies.
- He will never take off the gas mask.
- I mean it, never ever.
- Also if you sleep nearby he will wake up early to watch you sleep, harmless but creepy.

"Respirator noises."

Lethice, 1440, True Traveller, Reforged demoness [♂]
Lethice sits in the food court nursing a small glass of rum beside Mezi and Palastomius, the three waiting for Shafauri to return already. When she sees you she calls you over to the table.

+ While not very large or intimidating, Lethice is a quick and cunning opponent, after being found in the remains of the world she helped destroy, she has since devoted her life to the Church of our Lady.
+ Gifted both in the Ethereal and the physical, can rip the blood from a person's veins or simply rip their head off with a good grip.
+ Can shield you and your friends from view and un-kosher magic and is a competent strategist.
- Frightened by the flesh and will run away at the first sign of something of a sexual nature.
- I mean it she'll go out of a wall to get out of a brothel if the doors won't work.
- Will never deal with creatures like her, and will wipe them out if she sees them.
+ If you spend a few years with her she may really warm up to you and maybe you.
can hold hands.

"Demon is such a basic term, I prefer the term 'Leminaid' personally. Of course it is up to you."

Lux Lubarp, 214, Biological, Combat Medic
Sitting near the vending machines in the food court waiting for Eustice to finish his paperwork so the two of them can go home. He twirls a scalpel in his fingers idly.

+ A good old fashioned 2060's general infantry combat medic, Lux has been in constant practice for over eight decades and done three campaigns in the war-torn Levant.
+ Great at what he does and committed to the Hippocratic Oath, Lux has made lots of friends.
+/- Can't shoot a gun but if you get in a fight he can throw knives with pinpoint accuracy.
-/+ Will play his opera music when operating, will not knock you out unless it's big surgery like a hip replacement.
-/+ Does a constant running dialogue to keep himself relaxed, will give a deep description of your spleen if you ask.
- Had his nethers cut off by Neo-Byzantine fighters once and though he got replacements is still bitter about it.
-/+ Collects bottlecaps and has around two million of them in a converted grain silo for storage. Would appreciate expanding his collection.

"Hold him down, we'll need to lance this damn thing or the arm will fall off in an hour."

Mezi 'The Burner', 136, Architect, Sanctuary Guardian [♂]
Sitting beside Lethice and Palastomius, Mezi watches you quietly from the inside of her mech as you sit down, even if she stays quiet you can't help but notice how her focus stays purely on you.

+ A radical Yumigas Alien who has the nasty tendency to burn her enemies alive, if opposed she will murder her offworld enemies with grim efficiency.
+ However that does not make her heartless, she tends to make offerings to Ahzur Mazda for each person she kills and on a whole is very religious.
+ Still can shrug off blows that will kill others to burn flaming holes in people with her battle suit.
+ Worshiped as a bringer of fire in three Ancient Sumerian city states, free grain and donkeys.
+ Owns three cats in a small private island on the homeland and will always invite you up.
- Actually lacks confidence and makes up for it with empty bravado and a butt load of anger.
-/+ Thinks you're cute.
-/+ Will burn anyone alive who isn't a traveller who tries to hurt you because of this.

"If the Reinforcements don't show up in an hours' time I swear I'll gut them!"

Andromnida, 609, Archivist, Botanist [♂]
Coming back through customs and making the liaison posted there weep from the sheer gaping pile of things she's brought back. Andromnida politely asks you to help her pull in a cage full of live wolves.

+ One of the stranger Mokresia aliens, Andromnida is a well renowned botanist and zoologist with the Archivists who documents environments and species doomed to extinction.
+ Will ask you to traverse islands, planets and locales that will inevitably be wiped out.
+ You will see things that no one in all the planes of infinity will ever see again.
- Some of these things will poison you or attempt to disembowel you.
- Not a particularly competent fighter.
+ The work itself though is very rewarding and your name will be enshrined with the findings.
+ Andromnida will always have your back if you scratch hers.

"Oh, catalog that one as well, we can't afford to miss anything here."

Wolf Messing, 219, Ethereal, Psionic Adept
You see wolf come in and sit down beside you with a cup of a neon green drink and a magazine aimed at the supernatural travellers and asks if you're enjoying the lineups today.

+ One of the greatest human psionics in recorded history, Wolf's power can stretch into the minds of other people who he will never meet and ahead into the future.
- Sometimes his power takes form of its own, moving your shit around and giving you visions.
+/- Visions can be helpful or give you temporary brain damage.
+ Can literally pick people up with his mind and throw them through castle walls.
+ Actually broke the siege of Wurttemberg with this technique.
- Will spend days out with horrible migraines.
+ If you have your own psionic powers he can tutor you in the 'Messing Slam.'
-/+ Spends his spare time sunbathing at the nearest beach, will expect help applying the lotion.

"Strong vibes my friend. I'd say aberration, maybe even a little Abaloth is hiding here. Silver would work best but a dash of pulma and wulfbry is always helpful."

Arnold Paole, 583, Medical, Gritty Vampire [♀]
You don't see Arnold until he's dead behind you and giving you a toothy grin. He's here just keeping an eye on things to make sure no one does anything stupid. Like Cardog does weekly to frighten the new travellers.

+ The living corpse of Arnold Paole spent two weeks wandering around the Hungarian countryside before he met up with travellers and he is a champion at hiding.
+ Can teach you a lot about staying out of sight as well as other cloak and dagger tricks.
+ His combat style is actually pretty bloody effective, pun intended, can kill a bear with his hands.
+ Outside of combat he's fairly social and always making new friends.
- Needs a constant stream of blood otherwise he'll shrivel up like a grape.
- Seriously, he'll be skin and bones and you'll need to help revive him.
+ Great friends with Marada since they met at the clinic the other day, if you form a team together and provide ranged support for them then the three of you will be almost unstoppable in a fight.
+/- Has been a bit of a pub crawler since he arrived on the homeland, smells heavily of rum.

"Blood of Living Hungary my hairy ass. If you distract him I can just jank his head off and we'll be done with it."

Dušan "Duško" Popov, 116, True Traveller, Renowned Spy & Hedonist [ж]
Dusan pats Leo on the back and tells him he should just suck it up and play healer next time. When you walk over he pulls out another chair and offers you the chance to watch the rest of the session.

+ A triple spy in the Second World War, Popov is a great negotiator and a fantastic liar.
+ He's also picked up a lot of dirty tricks that he lays down before the fights.
+ And at the end of the day he's a pretty good shot with the pistol.
-/+ Absolute pervert, he earned the nickname 'tricycle' for a reason.
+ Great taste in rum and cigars and shares them at a drop.
-/+ Already has quiet the reputation across the ranks, be expected to get all sorts of rumors about you and him, regardless of the truth of the affair.
-/+ If you get drunk with him you'll wake up two days later naked with him in a Nevada motel room with three other people on this list with various degrees of shame and hangover.

"Now it is a party!"

Gil Pérez, 866, Commercialist, Spanish Guardsman [♀]
You hear Gil before you see him arguing with a customs liaison over a massive sack of dull green powder over the clearance certificate for it and how long it takes to get it approved. You have the misfortune of catching his helmet to the face when he attempts to storm out and walks into you.

+ Spanish guardsman from the Pilipino garrison who ended up getting involved in the seventh time war between the Travellers and a group of Time-travelling Slavers who seized upon the chaos.
+ If you give him the chance to plant his feet he can hold his ground against anything short of an army, will hold the line with a terrifying ferocity.
+ Out of combat is pretty capable on the road and can help you carry your things.
- Not fond of 'jumping' between spaces and times, you'll need to convince or bribe him.
- Also does not like dealing with aliens and human offshoots, fine with alien and mutant travellers though.
- Mortal fear of flying and will need to be knocked out if you bring him into space or on a plane.
+ Knows his way around the spice depots in the homeland and will leave you all sorts of presents.
-/+ The spice must flow.

"I should tell you that I don't like this and that I never liked this whimsical sort of travel. I am a man! I should walk with my feet!"

Palastomius, 217, Fighter, Poetic Huntswoman
Palastomious watches you as you talk with Lethice though seems more focused on her own thoughts, and eventually pulls out a scrap of paper to begin writing notes for herself.

+ A Teveri from an alternate earth timeline where Neanderthals won the race and modern deer eventually developed a bipedal form and a taste for meat, Palastomius is a master hunter and trapper.
+ Can teach you how to dress and skin your kills with great efficiency.
+ Also enjoys media and will generally have similar interests as you.
+/- Can only eat what she kills and gathers, but makes great jerky and is always happy to share.
- Sheds all over fucking everything, you'll begin with minor allergies but Med will clean them up.
-/+ Enjoys hunting abominations and wants you to hold her spears.
-/+ When she isn't in full hunting gear is unironically adorable and will club you if you say anything.

"Oh companions, I would sing you a song were it not this branch in mine neck."

Yarihei Neinta, 988, True Traveller, Ancient Fox God [♀] [♂]
You don't see Yarihei until it's far too late and discover the chair beside you occupied by a woman in oriental robes and an inhuman smile, she has an interest in the fledglings getting places.

+ A nine tailed fox who has spent four of her ten centuries with the travellers, her skills in both the ethereal departments and the deeper spiritual are massive and is considered third of the seven major patron deity's of the Island Temple of the Wild Gods.
+ Prefers to actually spend most of her time off the island and isn't very fond of idle veneration.
+ Knows the best places to visit in Feudal Japan and can produce an aura of auspiciousness to let you go anywhere, she's a personal acquaintance of many clan leaders and three shoguns.
- Truth be told outside of you she has no friends, and has been lonely since her liaison died.
- Mischievous with you the more you get to know her, be prepared for her trickery which while harmless will befuddle and scare the hell you when you least expect it.
-/+ Wants more out of this existence, to do something that will 'bleed the stones' for all their worth, and needs help.

"Shall we? Oh I think we shall."

Izakatai of the Bryut, 192, Architect, Wood Shaman [♀] [♂]
Izakatai stands out beside one of the lines for equipment having given up for the moment as it has not budged in an hour, he gives you a deep bow as you pass.

+ Noble Shaman of the Bryut tribe which in most timelines is wiped out by the Toltecs and early Navajo, when they do survive they produce some of the sturdiest men alive.
+ Izakatai is able to bind spirits of the earth to you and him enhancing your stamina and strength and can help you cultivate your own spiritual connections.
+ Has a small herd of buffalo he rides around with in his spare time, they really like you and will rub their heads up against you and purr (Blame bio for that one.)
- So you'll cry every time you eat a buffalo burger he makes because they taste so good.
- Sometimes spirits are assholes and will give the both of you shit you'll have trouble dealing with.
- Will slap you if your interrupt him applying his facial balms.
-/+ At some point will accidentally bind a pair of bat ears to you that will give you amazing Nisetic level hearing, but they'll be ungodly large, If you want them off you'll need to get them lanced.

"You would be moody too if you had three bear spirits sitting on you."

Knight-Paladin Marath, 220, True Traveller, Walking Tank
Sitting beside one of the many vending machines that fill the food court, as you approach Marath you can't help but gawk at the number of empty bottles at her sides, she smiles sheepishly when she notices you looking.

+ A Paladin of a knightly order in the Dakota wastes, Mara is an expert in advanced weapons and armor and is eager to pass that knowledge on to you if you're willing to learn.
+ Often partakes in gladiatorial matches organized by the Hearth-keepers and will get you prime seats to watch the fights up close.
+ Good with people & can inspire confidence in almost anyone.
-/+ Sworn to protect the weak and prevent dangerous tech from passing into the wrong hands, this goes out to more solidified power structures. Expect to be invited to nuke-stealing raids.
- No sense of taste or smell, everything tastes and smells like porridge for her.
- Will try to cook for you and your friends do not let this happen under any circumstances.
- Doesn't take off the power armor that much and will smell like a dying horse when she does.

"Oh you think this is bad, at least these guys don't have miniguns or something fucking broken."

'Sam', 1196, Fighter, Second Gen Man Hunter
Sam- you don't notice Sam until she punches Oghuz square in the head sending her flying through a wall. The two initially came to get some papers filled out for Oghuz's clan.

+ One of the three survivors of the Ship Covera at the Denial, Sam is the leader of an elite cohort within the fighters, the cohort is currently attempting to contain Sam's explosive rage over the Duwall issue and prevent her from outright murdering someone from Admin.
- Never talks to anyone besides Oghuz or Duwall and a few trusted others, will talk to you after five months of training.
+ If you endure her grueling training and her violence she'll let you in on some big secrets of the past and the world as a whole.
+ She'll also provide you with the technical skills and martial training she uses and help you eventually buy power armor if you don't have any.
- But that fucking training will give even the hardest mother fuckers a lesson in humility.
-/+ The big secrets of the past will really piss you off.
-/+ She'll expect you to help her take down Gadraki.

"..."

'Oghuz', 1203, True Traveller, Second Gen Horse Archer [♀] [♂]
Your first sight of Oghuz is when she crawls out of the remains of some poor liason's office, walks over to Sam, apologizes and gives her a hug. She waves the crowd off afterwords and the two walk outside and for some reason you decide to follow.

+ One of the three survivors of the Covera Warship that served at the denial, Oghuz is a Kazakh rider who's archery skills are utterly preposterous much as the woman behind the bow, she leads a small clan within the True travellers.
+ She'll treat you like one of the family, and will help you with anything.
+ A bit of an odd one but eternally optimistic, nothing on this earth could get her down.
-/+ Rumored to be planning something but won't tell you what it is.
-/+ Tends to attract the spotlight like a moth to light and knows a lot of people.
+ Her true-traveller clique is full of fledgling travellers, she'll be happy to help you out in your early years and you'll reach your full potential a lot faster then you would have alone.
- She'll expect you to ride around with her until your inner thighs bleed, just so she knows your level of endurance.

"Can you hit two men in the head with the same rock at two hundred yards? Well do you want to try?"

MeanSonofaBitch, 643, Eyes of the Third, Friendly Mutant
MeanSonofaBitch walks into the building with an unusual grin, he is not bothered by the crowds, or the heat, or the lineups that plague this place. He's just happy to be alive.

+ A currently eleven foot tall super mutant with a charming disposition and a big hammer.
- You will never understand what it is he's saying even with a translator.
- Had his tongue carved out and even after that was restored his brain is still three types of scrambled from his history.
+ He will be able to pick up cars and throw them around like you would throw a baseball.
-/+ Will always attract attention, best to go for a diverse place when off world and to stay close to him.
+ You would be hard pressed to find someone with more endurance then him, with only Lia being a match for him in size and capacity, and together they would be virtually unstoppable.
+ Will leave you random gifts ranging from Plasma weaponry to teddy bears.
+ Said teddy bears are actually kind of snuggly if you keep them.

"Aghli! Flepbra beth af flickay!"

Disurial of Chandesh, 1529, Experimental, Spirit of Hope [♀] [♂]
You could almost miss Disurial from where she sits on top of the roof legs dangling off the sides, you notice a ladder up to where she sits atop the single floor building if you had the bravery to speak with the strange glowing entity.

+ Ancient Hindu entity of soul whose very presence inspires hope, she's a brave individual who attempts to spread hope wherever she goes and regularly fights ancient evils.
+ She's been fighting on and off for around seven centuries with few stops, few veterans can say they have anywhere near as much experience.
+/- Fighting ancient evils will taint you with her spirit and the spirit of despair.
+/- If she finds out about this then she will do anything to reverse it and will make your well-being a priority and mother the hell out of you.
+/- Being tainted by primal spirits will actually make you into a mega badass.
-/+ If you're not careful you might actually die and turn into a primal spirit if you keep her company, and depending on what you turn into she might be obligated to kill you.
-/+ Really it's a 'make your own bed' kind of situation.
- Her physical presence has a core heat like a welding torch, do not touch her for more than a few moments if you don’t like being crispy.

"Not good, not good at all this."

Bothwari 'the Skintaker', 188, True Traveller, Xhosa Hunter
The first thing you learn about Bothwari is that he hates gin, the second thing you learn is he'll drink anything that Richard buys. While he did come here to get a few licenses renewed he's enjoyed the day so far.

+ A hunter from the heartlands of Africa, Bothwari lives to take down the big kills.
+ As a secondary motion he's also a great taxidermist and can mount any animals you kill.
+/- Or people, he isn't objectionable about skinning and keeping heads and whatnot.
+/- In fact his shrunken head collection has gotten absolutely massive as of late.
- I mean it, he'll start storing extra heads at your house if you let him.
- Sometimes gets so caught up in his own plans he forgets the world around him.
-/+ "Hm, my friend you smell nice, what type of cologne is this or do you just smell this good?"
- Very headstrong, expect the two of you to come to blows at some points.
+ Great mechanical skills on low tech equipment and can teach you a lot about surviving and trapping in any environment that you two hunt in.

"I would get a goodly number of Ducats for such a skin! Do not patronize me with such an offer!"

Captain Grahm, 453, Void Hunter, Explorer of the Deep Dark [♂]
Grahm is almost easy to miss, a small women in a black leather coat off to the side of the room staring into space, she's been here for a few hours waiting for something to happen, what that something is, is beyond her.

+ A well respected member of the Void Hunters who investigates deep space, she's uncompromising in her journeys into the far future but when off journey she is more than happy to help you out.
+ Will help you keep all of your things categorized and organized.
- Whether you want them to be or not, no choice in that matter.
+/- Genuinely looks after your wellbeing and will point out the things you don't want to see.
+/- And will rub your fucking face in it if you try to avoid it.
-/+ Goes on grueling journeys that last for months into the depths of space to find signs of eldritch interference and if you go with her expect few amenities.
+ But she will truly appreciate the company if you join her on a few of these.

"A woman can't be too careful out here, what with all these unsavory sorts around these days."

Xeo, 8, Independent, Sapient Machine Spirit (But not really)
Xeo greets you the way he greets everybody, with the a few beeps he flies up to your cheek and rubs himself up against it then settling down on your shoulder.

+ I pet my Servo Skull.
- Not very smart.
- Literally functioning on the intelligence of a fat cat.
- will ruffle your papers to get your attention and the rustle jimmies of children.
- Will get you shot in a lot of places.
- I mean it, it might be best to keep him on a tight leash.
+/- He'll stay at your place and if you leave him he'll always find his way back to you.
+ I pet my servo Skull.
+ I love my servo Skull.

"Purring noises."

Migelo Smith, ???, Independent, Living Drug Trip [ж]
You don't see Migelo but feel him as he slowly fades in through the ceiling on a bright coach, and with a wave you notice you're the only one who can see him.

+/- We don't know what Smith is really, he's a consciousness that is fundamentally a Sapient drug trip that has a very physical form, and he's been around as long as we've been on Ae.
+ Can phase through walls and is just an absolute nightmare to fight as he selectively chooses what laws of reality he wants to follow.
+ Has the largest vinyl collection in all of Ae and has it open for public use.
- Can't keep a train of thought going for more than five minutes.
- Won't follow orders.
- Eats everything.
-/+ Simply standing near him will stimulate your creativity and get you higher than a space ship.
-/+ We can't stop here this is bat country.

"Yes, my name is hello."

Mitsubashi Goto, 27, Fighter, Hot blooded Ronin [♀] [♂]
After Ali walks up to you Goto decides he has finally had enough and goes to you for help operating the 'strange coin slot devices that dispense bottles of sugary water' as he cannot figure it out for the life of him.

+/- Another recent recruit that came in with you, Goto is currently coping with the vastness of the world and all he has to him is his discipline with the sword and the spear.
+ No slouch with his weapons, he's one around two hundred duels in a decade starting at age 13.
- Is very sensitive when it comes to regarding women, alien, mutant travelers to be considered his 'brothers' and will generally abscond at the first sight of them.
- Weapons are slowly breaking and he refuses to get them fixed.
- When they do break he is going to have a long coming emotional meltdown, you'll have to make sure he doesn't try to off himself on the spot.
+ If he does survive he will literally die for your lard ass and fight for his new lease on life.
- Will always call you lard ass.

"He broke my sword. He broke my sword. Where on earth did I leave my Naginata!?"

Phia Xit, 149, Collector, Quiet Spirit Talker [♀] [♂]
Xit groans into the screen of her laptop and regrets the day she ever decided she would play DM for these fucking idiots. And she also silently curses Jack for suggesting eleventh edition with it's hilarious mortality rates.

+ A woman from heart of Madagascar and a now dead tribe, Phia is very friendly with the spirits of Ae and directs them to water the fields when needed and provides many places with warm summers, wet springs and snowy winters.
- Except the department's island, fuck that place it can suffer in eternal fire.
+ Can teach you to interact with the spiritual world in Ae and the latent natural spirits of the earth and winds.
+ Also a good cook, makes pork sandwiches worth killing a man over.
+/- Never really loses, only falls back to prepare for the next round, don't expect her to take anything lightly.
- Like those department wizards, fuck all of them.
+/- She'll drag you along when she goes on her yearly trip to shell the Ethereal department tower.
+/- If you are with Ethereal expect to have a love/hate relationship with her.

"What do you think? Pleasant spring rain or violent summer lightning storm?"

Phyli 'Summoner of Darkness' Lumaii, 138, Archivist, Heavy metal Musician
This strange man cuts out an unusual figure in his black leather clothes and face paint made of elk blood. Standing beside Temel, the two talk quietly about 'that thing' and the conversation is a little concerning.

+ Finnish Heavy metal drummer and vocalist who has worked with some prestigious groups in the past under alternate personas and won a whole heap of awards for his work.
+/- Doesn't want rewards, in fact he lives in a state of almost poverty at Temel's crib on the Department island, gives away most of his earnings to charities in his native Finland.
+ Lives to write and perform heavy metal, will write you battle music if you ask him to.
+/- Carries a guitar-axe, knows where to find a base-axe but you'll have to go dungeon hunting for it and it will hurt, but if you find it you will be six hundred and twenty eight percent metal.
- You'll suffer minor hearing damage before getting dampeners installed.
+ His unique style of combat can be tuned to almost any situation, very flexible.
-/+ designs bondage equipment with Temel in his spare time, may need help with construction.

"I WANT TO HEAR YOU SCREAM!"

Temel'Parah Vas Ae, 330, Technical, Engineer of great and small [♀] [♂]
Short even when not beside Phyli, Temel stands out with her unusual gait, her suit a combination of a battle armor and an environmental suit. She hisses at Phyli to stop worrying.

+ A Quarian engineer credited for the documentation of the process by which AI's can become truly independent, currently working with Mech, Bio and Tech to further AI technology.
+ Well respected in the AI and department circles for her work, can call in favors.
+ Also none too shabby when it comes to grenades and storm tactics.
- Frail and suffering from an extremely poor immune system, even with Med support and tech.
- Also irritable when things don't roll as planned, always has a plan and a schedule to keep.
+ Will build you and your companions some pretty neat gear for high tech locals.
+/- At some point she's going to build you a phallic cannon, it will cut through just about anything.
- Phyli will never stop laughing.
-/+ designs bondage equipment with Phyli in her spare time, may need help with brain storming.

"I swear if one more damn capacitor decides it is going to combust then I am going out of the airlock and hurling myself into the void!"

'White Paw' Gabriel Hutch, 419, Fighter, Dixie Raider [♀]
Gabriel simply abandons his glass and starts drinking from the Whisky as he prepares for another inevitable team wipe. He looks at you with a small frown when you sit at the table.

+ A confederate freedom fighter from a much darker and frightening America, Hutch spent most of his life killing the soldiers of the Washington dynasty and burning plantations to the ground.
+ Used to life in the bush and can make do on anything.
- Still lives in the bush and will occasionally break into your house for food when he can't catch anything.
+/- Leaves payment behind in the form of cleaned animal skulls and treated skins which fetch a pretty penny.
+ Operated with Leo and Mad Jack during the Tenth, eleventh and twelfth Time Wars and they still have inhuman cohesion when they fight together.
- Fucking hates kings more than anything else and will not trust even noble travellers to begin with though will eventually get better, we're all brothers here after all.
- Still racist as all hell to Yanks and Brits and will generally prefer the company of Mexicans and former slaves over more 'civilized cretins' but works with travellers fine.

"Buggerin Whore Lovers like you go in the ground Princy, thought I ta'ght you boys that by now."

Paria Pasha, 38, Mechanical, Field Researcher [♀] [♂]
You'd have likely missed Paria altogether had you not had your eyes to the ground. She's a tiny woman wrapped in cloth and metal. Paria came to get her new 'parts' checked by a mechanical liaison but waves when she notices you staring.

+ A researcher for Bio and Medical who investigates ruined worlds, Paria survived having half her body blown off and has had herself repaired with advanced bionics.
+ About as strong as Mike Compound, Agatha, or Mad Cardog in raw muscle power with her upgrades.
- Can't use any of it in a fight and is still learning her new body, expect her to break things.
+ Will clean up when you travel together and it will be the cleanest you will ever be, ever.
+ Can even help you shave if you need it, your face will feel like a babies ass.
- Terrified of dogs and will jump on your back if she sees one.
+/- Still figuring out what she wants to do with her life, would appreciate your input.

"Oh, is the bag too heavy? Poor dove, do you want me to carry something?"

Ingaelsji Harlagsveld, 231, Fighter, Icelander Berserker
Ingaelsji is currently trying to pass through customs, covered in a heaping pile of bear skins and waiting on even more bear skins to revive the stamp of approval, his musk fills the room.

+ One of the last surviving Icelanders of his home time-line, Ingaelsji killed the dark god Loki after he succeeded in blowing up the volcanoes of Iceland and only survived thanks to Traveller intervention.
+ He has been recorded to take tank blasts to his shields and maintain a goodly run doing so.
+ Can't be stopped once he sees an enemy, when he's with Agatha the two of them will send gods running.
- Will go through you if you get in his way when his blood gets boiling.
- Still coping with the loss of his entire homeland to that prick Loki, talking might help but only a pile of corpses will fill the hole in him, at least he wants to believe that.
- Smells of old blood and goat cheese and he always will.

[Crunching noises.]

Tenzig Norgay, 191, True Traveller, Humble Sherpa
The still frosty Sherpa has just returned from a recent adventure on an alien world and is currently waiting on his equipment to make it through decontamination, he waves in your direction.

+ The foremost Mountain guide among the collectors, Tenzig has spent the past eighty years climbing alien and frightening mountains and feels at home in the unknown heights.
+ He's upgraded himself to be able survive almost zero atmosphere environments and climates that would kill even Yautja and the most hardened of humans.
+ Great foresight and a taste for when things are going to go awry, even when he's out of the mountains.
+ Can carve out a cave for camp in the rock large enough for your entire crew to make camp.
-/+ While he is proficient with an pickaxe and the small pistol he carries he isn't exactly built for combat.
-/+ Gets pissed off when others claim responsibility for work that isn't their own.
-/+ Actually Paria Pasha's grandfather and has been trying to introduce himself, and failing in that regard.

"I haven't lost a man in two decades, I'm not going to lose one now!"

Mochizuki Chiyome, 427, Administration, Master Assassin [♀] [♂]
You almost miss Chiyome who has long since mastered the art of being unseen in the open, however she notices your attention immediately, she walks over, asking if it was luck or chance that drew your eyes.

+ One of the greatest stealth users among Traveller ranks, Mochizuki is a master of being unseen in all aspects.
+ Would be willing to pass on some of her secrets, if you succeed you'll be undetectable, even to your brothers in the ranks.
- If you succeed, her training strategies after recruitment have a reputation for brutality.
+/- Regards you as a fledgling, and expects you to learn through your mistakes, but won't tolerate laziness or preventable error.
+ She'll eventually warm up to you if you stick around.
+/- The relationship between her and Richard Burton is- violent. If she they meet in a public place expect gunfire.

"Tch. Why would I use the door when they don't lock the fourth floors windows?"

Mingo 'The Chimp-King of Hollywood', 66, Biological, Primate 'Royalty'
A former warlord who surprisingly passed the tests, Mingo stands in the crowds waiting for his requisitions which essentially amounts to a pile of ridiculous Hawaiin shirts he likes wearing when he's at home or at the beach.

+ A mentally human chimpanzee with a fondness for cigars, fine wine and violence.
+ He's torn a swath across areas even hardened warriors have struggled with thanks to his unconventional tactics and lack of fear.
- Said unconventional tactics will get you shot.
- A lot.
+ Outside of the field of war Mingo is exciting to be around to say the least, he refuses for his life to become boring, and will not tolerate monotony.
+ Owns at least three vineyards and drops bottles of fine wine on you frequently.
+/- Wants to have his face carved in the rocks at Mount Rushmore, won't take no for an answer.

"Alright, so dere I was sitting in da middle of da stroit naked as de day dey found me and gave me a decent brain. Got a say, was noight me finost moment."

Rimgaudas of Lithuania, 230, Militant, Founder of Lithuania
The progenitor of the Lithuanian state that stretched from the Baltic Sea to the Black sea, Rimgaudas left his conquests to his sons, and now he sits here in the lobby, waiting for word on his recent order of a few romance novels.

+ A champion rider and master of melee combat, Rimgaudas lives to defy the odds
+ In fact the more men he fights, the stronger and more tenacious he gets, and one of the best fighters we have both on and off the horse.
+ Best known for his amazing combat stratagems and could lead an army into the gates of hell.
- Outside of combat he's got crippling shyness and won't say anything unless you ask.
- Considering just taking a full blown vow of silence so he won’t have to talk to anyone.
-/+ A staunch Romuva who takes worship of the gods very seriously, occasionally the spirits that he talks with will take notice of you, for better or worse.

"To what? Are you serious? Of course I was going to geld him, if a man is craven enough to attempt to blind you friend then he has no need of his man parts."

Kadamattathu Kathanar, 189, Medical, Syrian Miracle Priest
Fairly unassuming in his simple robes where he stands surrounded by the strange and wild, Kathanar bows as you pass and asks if you’re enjoying the sweltering weather today with a wry grin.

+ A man capable of both magic and miracles, Kathanar is focused on improving the lives of others and works closely with homeworld farmers and medical dealing with problems others cannot.
+ Capable healer of just about any injuries be they minor or life threatening.
+ Can calm people down and is a great diplomat for most situations.
- Complete pacifist and if someone tries to kill him he won't be able to stop them.
+ Knows his way around the homeland and can show you the things you'd miss for centuries.
+/- Wants to go on a very long journey to visit an old friend in Bengal, could use some company.

"I was blessed three-fold, once in the area of magic, another in the area of faith and a third time in the manner of Intellect to use both."

Umabariatuos, 319, True Traveller, Mokresia Warden [♀]
Another Mokresia who found his way into the travellers, he stands out even more so then his kin for his choice in battle armor. He almost walks into you in the crowded lobby.

+ A man who is most at home in the wilderness and the wild words of existence, Umabariatuos can track a beast on its native world in the midst of a monsoon if need be.
+ Can't tell a lie, will always try to deliver the truth as he sees it as clear as possible.
- This will be unpleasant and awkward at times.
- Of all the Mokresia on the ship his taste in food is infamously bad, don't eat anything he offers.
+ Doesn't do much these days and will always be happy to follow you into strange and unusual shit pits.
+ Can increase your looting capabilities three times over if you’re willing to listen to him rant every now and again.

"Humans look so unstable the way their posture sets them, I worry over the ones who wear heavy armor, for fear they might fall and hurt themselves."

Shoth-uragamo'to, 3250, True Traveller, Second-gen Predator
Almost nine feet tall and clad in his native hunter's garb, Shoth is an intimidating sight, though the effect is subdued with his mandibles wrapped around a cup of cherry soda sitting in the food court.

+ Shoth-uragamo'to is one of the oldest travellers on the homeland, he was the one who gave the Yuta bracers their basic design and claws, and is a master of the combat style.
+ A brutal mother fucker in the midst of the hunt, his trophies include the skulls of demi-gods and villains of legend.
+ You'd be hard pressed to find something he couldn't fight with only his claws, and he loves a challenge.
- Will never harm a worthless foe, and always performs his business up close and personal.
+ Master of stealth and hunting, currently on the prowl for an apprentice.
- Being his apprentice will be brutal in all regards, I hope you like fish-net armor.
+ If you survive your skills will be legendary.
- Big if there.

"Pah, so many Humans, Nisetics, raised beasts now. You'd forget once my kin made up a third of our ranks, back when. Though, for the better, few of mine have the heart to pass our rites. Walk proud brother, your heart has proven worth. And now you hunt with me!"

Franz Schmidt, 363, Administration, Executioner of Men
Franz would be impossible to miss even in this crowd, with the obscenely large Zweihander strapped to his back, the brightly colored clothes and the notably somber look on his face.

+ Ever since he joined the travellers, Franz has remained to be an executor with close ties to the legiclators, and is the only licensed executioner among the travellers with twelve kills, all second gens.
+ Has taken some serious implants in his arms, can put his Zweihander clean through a tank.
+ Notable combat veteran as well, knows his way around the battlefield.
-/+ Somber and quiet, he doesn't take pride in his position and prefers to speak of other things.
+ Has gotten into clockwork and fine mechanics since he became a traveller, can build you a sweet grandfather clock.
+ At the end of the day he'll pretty much always be there for you, even the two of you will rarely speak.

"Death? At this point in my life I've seen enough of it. What say we bring a little life to this place?"

'Luther', 200, Mechanical, Robotic Harbinger of Destruction
Currently being checked over by a mechanical Liaison, Luther could be mistaken for a tower if he didn't occasionally tout questions and compliments to passersby like yourself.

+ Luther as he calls himself is a twelve foot tall war machine with the specific intent of making life miserable for anyone with the misfortune of getting in his way.
+ He's virtually indestructible, and has some incredible weaponry hidden away in his internal components, can take down almost any obstacles before him.
- Needs to be constantly hooked up to a power source, rarely leaves the homeland because it's impossible for him to stay functional on a regular basis.
- Can't go anywhere without it being an event.
- Will not act when people who are innocent in affairs could get hurt.
+ Never backs down from your side when needed, loyal to his core.

"I? I am Luther. I am one who brings Nullification. To things that should not be."

'Arcu', 373, Technical, Mechanical Bird
You almost sit on Arcu before you hear his protests, the little AI is aware he shouldn't have sat in the middle of the cramped area full of distracted people but hey, a bird's got to rest his wings.

+ A recon drone the size of a parrot, Arcu is loaded with just about every kind of recording device and camera imaginable, nothing escapes his gaze.
- Including you, his compulsive voyeuristic nature is stuck to his mental functions, can't help himself.
+ Fantastic investigator, can read body language, scan for evidence, and Sherlock homes his way out of situations.
+ Can serve as a functioning computer if necessary.
+ Traveller AI champion at pong, Advanced Warfare 17B and Tetris.
-/+ Smells like freshly cooked chicken.

"Hit him on the left! His armor is weak there! No! Left! My left!"

Littiimian, ???, Independent, Champion of Saunas and Baths [♀] [♂]
You were amazed to discover the building had a sauna. Inside sits Littiimian, enjoying his rewards for his trials, he nods when he notices you standing in the doorway.

+ The master of the Traveller bath houses, Onsens, Sauna's and Pools, he owns about four hundred institutions across the Traveller homeworld.
+ Lets you access his places for free.
+ They are all pretty swanky and high end, will enhance your physical health and leave you feeling fresh and ready to take on the world.
+ Worldly and gives great advice.
- Never wears clothes, might not even own anything besides a towel.
- Never leaves his Saunas.
-/+ Might actually be a powerful spirit, or just a naked guy, we don't really know and we can't check.

"I could go out there, but you know what? I think I've earned a few decades of quiet relaxation."

Croatmor, 464, Ethereal, Wise Dragon [♀] [♂]
When Croatmor blotted out the sun your first thought was that you would be crushed, however in her time with the travellers she's gotten used to urban landings, and after resuming her humanoid form she apologizes for giving you quite the fright.

+ An gargantuan red dragon who is almost five hundred years old and can do everything you might expect of a powerful dragon.
+ Breath flame is so hot it can melt Carbon steel like Ice cream and almost impossible to pierce her skin with anything short of magic and armor piercing shell.
+ Could carry you and your house by flying if necessary in her draconic form.
- Almost never assumes her draconic form and stays mostly in a small and weak human one.
- Doormat for most people, almost never says anything and will never voice her own opinion, spent around three hundred years being stalked by her mother before being inducted into the order.
+ Depending on your interactions has the potential to become anything.

"Never in all my years have I ever met a man as daft. Shame, his idea would have worked if I couldn't breath fire."

Baelama Trotae, 784, True Traveller, Celtic Wildman
Naked aside from his tattoos and a silver Torc, Baelama grins at Hutch when he starts drinking from the bottle and grabs the bottle when the southerner finishes, it's going to be a long night.

+ Master linguist and translator, Baelama has centuries of translating incomprehensible and alien languages, speaks just about any language you can imagine naturally.
+ Master sword fighter and with a mad fighting style that seems impossible to bring him down.
- Don't ask where he keeps his flux generator.
- He'll only wear a pair of pants and the Torc and that is if you're lucky and it's a very cold day.
+ Can direct you to some profitable operations and help make you a legend.
- He'll always be speaking with this weird combination of Pict and ancient Gaulish accents, hard to understand as he helped make the translators what they are today.

"Pua sudnit- I tells ye time and time again tha the leather arm is garbage as artificers an lichens. But nobody listens to old Trotae, eh?"

Alexis 'the Watcher', 24, Eyes of the Third, Under-Augur of the Order [♀]
You don't find Alexis, she instead finds you and asks you if you've enjoyed yourself, and you can't help but think that you recognize her, something out of a dream you once had and have since forgotten.

+ A powerful 'watcher' who has the ability to see beyond the borders of realities, Alexis can see anything and everything and has immense knowledge of her past lives.
- Said knowledge has to be restrained or else her brain would fry in her skull.
-/+ Will do things that make absolutely no sense only to matter in terrifying ways later.
-/+ This will almost always save your skin but it will rarely make sense.
- Eight kinds of crazy, be prepared to walk into her house and find her half dead from a malnutrition and surrounded by mad scribblings in a language that will make you physically ill to look at.
- Saphfo's ex, doesn't like talking about other people and would rather step on a landmine then enter a social event, and will try to step on a landmine to get out of parties.

"To dream, to die, to sleep no more. If death could save me from the dream. Though, I suppose that point is rather moot. Now, don't we have something to do?"

Dimitry Rasalviov, 117, Archivist, Speaker of God
Dimitry is outside offering to grant new travellers 'baptisms' with a hose strapped to a tank on his back, and when he sees you he walks up to you and offers you protection from the darkness.

+ Radical priest, expert at banishing evil spirits and has in the past gone up against archdemons armed with nothing but a sharpened cross and his beard.
+ Master of automatic and bludgeoning weaponry, a ferocious and brave fighter.
- Will expect you to be baptized the 'proper way,' I hope that you don't like your clothes.
+ Baptism will help protect against evil spirits and small conventional firearms.
- Still it's fucking cold water being sprayed in your face.
-/+ Hosts a bi-monthly 'event' which is essentially a bunch of Slavs and Germans putting up a beerhall and drinking until it burns to the fucking ground, happy to have you along.

"Unconventional my ASS! If such a man as I didn't adapt I would perish! For shame!"

Mamirai, ???, ???, God head
You hear Mamirai long before you see her, a voice talking to you from the back of your head. Some Travellers don't die, instead they just keep walking, and Mamirai has crossed the line between man and abstract.

+ A powerful entity in most respects, Mamirai is always watching out for you and if you’re polite can unlock advanced locks and doors.
+ Can also stun and put enemies to sleep.
+ Will offer insight about your situations that you wouldn't know otherwise without her presence.
+ Only answers to you because you remind her of a childhood friend.
- Talking about her or interacting with her is taboo, do not mention your contact with her to anyone.
-/+ Needs help with something, but is very stubborn in telling you what it is, though it does have something to do with the administration's leader from what you can glean.

"And then? Everything is collected comrade, absolutely everything. Never underestimate this web of history and time for its scope is beyond even my understanding."

Me. 291, Administration. Newkid Greeter
I sit in my booth waiting patiently for your return.

- Really?
+ I mean I know I'm a chiseled Adonis of a man but I'm not much more than a glorified doorman.
+ If you really want me to then I'll be happy to help.
+ I've got contacts all over the place and can pull up a few favors.
+ And I can handle myself in a fight, did two tours in Alania and know how to use high tech guns.
+ Also have some contacts with the offices, can get you work as a liaison if you're looking to keep your hands occupied.
- Really my only flaw is my overall modesty.

"Really? I mean- sure! I guess. Where to next then, I'm eager to sink my teeth into something."

Mazrim Kaska Ahura, 117, Archivist, Adherent of Light and Dark [♀]
A man you wouldn't have seen if not for luck, after watching him for a few moments he steps forward with a wry grin and introduces himself.

+ A fantastic conversationalist, you will never grow bored around him, his charisma and speech skills can captivate and hold an audience like no other.
+ Incredibly stealthy, can sneak his way past even alert guards. Excellent thief.
+/- Must adhere to his ideals of Truth and Redemption, often getting him into difficult situations.
+/- Can't help stealing things, especially high value items.
+/- A former Zoroastrian Priest. Amazing conviction in religious or spiritual matters, however has religious habits that he MUST follow.
- Troubled by his past, barely sleeps or eats and sees himself as a failure as a priest.
- Uncomfortable with advanced technology, magic or ethereal.

"It's a large multi-verse out there, and the night is full of vast darkness...but worry not! For the light of our hearts is infinitely greater!"

'Anon', 119, Independent, A Guy
A rather jittery fellow currently waiting for word on some replacement parts from a tech liaison, anon keeps an eye out for fledgling recruits to the order.

+ Had a rough transition into The Travelers so is empathetic to your situation and happy to patiently answer any of your questions.
+ Deadly with ranged combat, he uses Acloria Spider Armor and enhanced balance to jump around the battlefield evading attacks and lining up the next best shot.
+/- Prefers practice over actual combat. Generally doesn't go out on missions unless assisting someone else. Doesn't like to go out much.
- That said, he keeps a close eye on his home dimension. He says he has to protect it from outside threats. Sometimes when he talks about it he takes on an unsettling note.
+/- If there ever is a threat, he'll expect you to help out, however he would do the same for you.
- Won't partner with you if you're friends with the Bill Murrays, won't even look at them. Will never watch Bill Murray movies with you
- Won't ever tell you his real name

"Why don't we just have a cup of tea and talk about this?"

Drelo-veshtimura, 210, Independent, Hunt Brother in Waiting
At Shoth's table, a younger, slightly shorter Yautja sits next to him in silence. He nods to you as you approach.

+ Stands around seven feet tall, and is capable in most forms of close combat & pretty good with a bow
+/- Has an alien hound that is very protective of him. Don't touch it. Seriously.
+ He can hunt anything that moves, and can do it with his prey none the wiser
+ Seems to always be prepared to hunt anything, anywhere.
- He hunts everything, once accidently stalked a subway train for a week.
- Can't speak anything but Yautja after an incident with his translator. He can only repeat phrases, garbled recordings of things you or your companions have said. He can, however, understand what you're saying.
- Young and inexperienced unless you get him a mentor, or you serve as his mentor. If you don't, he may or may not throw himself into fights in which he overestimates his own strength in order to prove himself as a Huntsman.
+ Very loyal. If you earn his trust and prove yourself a capable combatant, he'll fight by your side until one of you are dead.

"Grumpy clicking sounds"

461218-i, 119, Independent, Vat-born Proven [♀] [♂]
Sitting near Temüjin's booth, you find 461218-i enthusiastically emptying his bowl of noodles. He makes room for you to sit when you approach but insists you call him 'Eight-eye' as it "sounds more like a real name

+ An iron-willed survivor who is quite capable adapting to many situations, he is willing to do nearly whatever it takes to survive.
+ Is a ferocious fighter when cornered, despite his lack of formal training.
+/- Tends to enjoy using gallows humor in difficult situations, which can help or hurt morale based upon who's listening.
+/- Knows when to hold 'em and when to fold 'em; some would call him a coward but he likes to refer to "the greater part of valor."
- Becomes sullen and withdrawn when the topic of his past or "birth" is brought up.
- Rather uncomfortable around most things ethereal; considers them to be "dangerous cracks in reality."
- Has a secret command word that sends him into violent fits when heard and refuses to tell you what it is.
-/+ Entirely inexperienced with becoming emotionally close with anyone; don't expect him to take the initiative in any relationship.

"Oh come on, it's not the end of the universe! I would recognize if it was."

Suinin Yamamato, 78, Experimental, Survivor of Absurd and Improbable [♂]
Suinin jumps when you walk into her, high enough for her to hit the ceiling and to grab on for dear life, afterword's it takes almost ten minutes for her liaison to get her down.

+ Another survivor of a different caliber, Suinin has managed to survive the complete collapse of her homeworld in both the physical and ethereal aspects by tapping into her Basket-case subconscious.
+/- Said subconscious is a howling maniac, that's focused on keeping everyone alive.
+/- Must be tazed to be brought in and out of this hysterical state.
+ You get a tazer with the exact setting to both turn said lunatic mentality on and off.
+ Out of combat is actually a very interesting person with several degrees in psychology and has taken up AI studies in the homeland.
- If her nerves get to her and her lunatic subconscious isn't activated she'll just cling to the nearest surface and refuse to let go, mutters incessantly about 'events' she doesn't remember, or want to remember.
+ Will be one of the few people who has any idea what is going on, or cares to find out.

"All of this- all of this is almost as bad as the most horrible thing to ever happen. Almost"

Sho Viot, 723, Commercialist, Very Large Spider [ж]
At the far end of the food court is a small web covered booth, at a closer observation you realize that the booth itself is actually made of spider silk, and inside is a very large spider, he clicks and waves.

+ A human sized spider that has on record ripped the heads off of super mutants and has an incredibly toxic poison.
+ Good business sense, strong sense of loyalty, always has plenty of food and can produce some amazing equipment and clothing made out of silk.
- Said Business sense will get you into trouble, kind of clingy, Food is made out of spiders, spiders and more spiders and he makes the silk, said silk making might be how he gets off.
-/+ Has about a billion spiders, most are friendly but he can sick the horde on anyone he wishes.
+ Knows most of the non-Nisetic insectoids around the travellers, can call in help.
+ Spiders will trust you and not bite you, even favouring you in battle.

"You know what this needs? More spiders."

KRRT-482, 880, Independent, AI with a Nicotine Problem
You don't see KRRT, you seee the cloud of smoke surrounding him and a number of other smokers, as you approach he spits out his roach, pulls out a fresh cigar and asks for a light.

+ A very senior AI who was brought in during the fallout years when the time wars were still burning away Ae, knows his way around the homeworld.
-/+ Refuses to leave the homeworld, instead preferring to maintain a hyperlink with you on your journeys to act as a second set of eyes.
+ Incredibly experienced, spent the better part of his life in Time Conflicts.
- Incredibly jaded, always assumes the worst in every situation.
- Smells of Tobacco and death, this will eventually transfer to you and give you lung cancer, which is only a little more dangerous than the common cold here.
+ He'll warm up to you eventually.

"Tune on your speakers kiddies, we're about to go live."

Glig-Irmuns, 765, Independent, Beast of Koln
Irmuns sits patiently waiting for a liaison to deal with his gargantuan form, he expresses his envy of your form to you as you pass, how nice it would be, to live in a world large enough to walk through doorways.

+ An ancient idol-beast that attained sentience after Frank interlopers attempted to set him ablaze, Irmuns has spent many centuries wandering the wooden roads.
+ Masterful infiltrator despite his size, Irmun's quarry does not see him until it is already too late.
+ Incredibly resistant to just about everything, including fire.
+ Willing to carry you and any of your friends for the long haul of the journey, his swaying heights offer a great view.
- Massive and slow, greatly restricting his travel options.
- Hates almost every type of tech and refuses to use any of it.

"Blaeng var garof. Your will sets you apart."

Ivory, 213, Technical, Hardlight Vangaurd
Ivory and Manx are heard well before you see them, the roar of an engine, and sounds of screaming, A hover car careens down before you, the tall dark being screaming at his companion over something.

+ Heavy C-Complexity Hardlight natural, Ivory is a proud creature who already has a reputation for his cool in a fight and his expert driving skills.
+ Fun loving and carefree, Ivory has really taken to his organic brothers and is attempting to simulate taste and smell, sensations completely alien to his kind though possible to attain.
+/- Will eat just about anything trying to simulate taste, this can be good, bad or awful.
-/+ Impulsive and chaotic, will often do things on wild whims.
+ You'll be great bros.
- Ivory is going to lead you into some serious pissholes.

"Believe in yourself kids!"

Manx, 213, Technical, Hardlight Healer
Manx and Ivory hate each other, yet stay together for some reason, the small pale being gives his companion what might an insult and strolls past, nimbly dodging out of the way.

+ Light C-Complexity Hardlight natural, Manx is a quiet creature who already has a reputation for his planning and healing skills.
+ Patient and Prudent, Manx has studied the open possibilities of the new worlds available to him to make himself the best healer he can be.
+/- Detests any thoughts of sensation outside of light, sound and touch, completely rejects the concepts of food, drink and breathing and forgets biologicals need them.
- Lacks initiative and quiet when things get serious often follows Ivory out of necessity.
+ Will come to appreciate you, you filthy bone mold.
- Manx isn't going to question you, even when he rightly should.

"Watch the road you bloody moron!"

Tiliki 'Trevor' Makraedot, 874, Independent, Angry old Synth [ж]
You run into the insane looking synthetic as he stumbles out from behind the building covered in claw marks having run amok a volatile Nisetic, he glares at you as well as a partially artificial creature can and screams 'suck my metal cock!'

- He's a psychopath.
-/+ He's a psychopath?
- Yup, psychopath.
+ Can teach you a lot about chemistry and weapons, would appreciate having someone to teach his life secrets to.
-/+ Most of these secrets involve making meth and interrogation.
+ Has survived having a Sherman Tank dropped on his head, being eaten by a giant anaconda, being sent into the dominions of the chaotic ones and hacking his way out alive and all seven of his hearts failing simultaneously.
-/+ Seen some shit.
-/+ He's going to kick your ass a few times and shit is going to get insane before you learn anything.

"Alright, so I've spent three centuries glaring at myself in a mirror. Three centuries. Three fucking centuries. You know what I learned? I'm ugly. Now tell me something I don't fucking know!"

Janine Yamamato, 170, Ethereal, Awol Magical Girl [ж]
Janine sits down outside of the building, licking a rapidly melting Popsicle and sweating, muttering about the infernal heat.

+ Well known and respected fighter, Janine has actually spent more than a century within the traveller fold though she hasn't aged a day since her fourteenth birthday.
+ Expert socialite who has great understanding of thermal physics and traps.
+ Can summon up exploding hexes and high velocity naginata to bombard her foes.
-/+ Still incredibly salty about the whole 'soul ripped out and shoved into a rock' thing, hunts psycopomps and patrons in her spare time who prey on children.
- Incredibly lazy, rarely does any work and often won't lift a hand to help unless the mission is important.
+ Will show up sometimes to help when you really need it, always tends to be in the neighborhood when you need her to be?

"You know I always wanted to see what happens when you knock over a skyscraper. Now I'm disappointed."

Abraham, 487, True Traveller, Assyrian Fighter [♀]
You see Abraham and a small hooded figure walking out of the liaison offices, their work is done and now is the time to enjoy themselves. He calls you out and passes you a bottle.

+ Ex-sheep herder, Ex-Nomad, Ex-Prophet, Ex-Warrior and currently vagabond, Abraham has lived a healthy life and is now enjoying his twilight years amongst friends.
+ Knows about just about every topic you could imagine even if his memory is fuzzy.
+ Really in his prime in the dessert, could wander the wilderness for months with only the clothes on his back.
+ All and all aside from his cringe worthy sense of humor is a pretty cool guy.
- Do NOT attempt to eat an owl anywhere near him, in fact don't even try touching one.
- Has a number of issues that will set him off, and send him spiralling into the past where he'll attempt to murder every Jew he can get his hands off.
+ Other than that he's cool.
- But don't you ever TOUCH a fucking owl.

*"Well I guess you could say that-" *Groaning noises* "We're stuck between a rock and a hard place!"*

Rick Sanchez, ???, Independent, Asshole Genius [♀] [♂] [ж]
You barely avoid being crushed as a small saucer like craft crashes down in front of you, the man inside smashing out onto the ground before you, he laughs, then cry's, then vomits on your shoes, then passes out. You hear a liaison groaning somewhere.

- Smells like someone set a brewery, has smelled like this since he was forcefully inducted into the travellers and likely prior, always has at least a pint of compressed alcohol on hand at all times.
- Focused on his research to the point of insanity, only experimental is willing to work with him for safety reasons and a nasty feud with Ethereal.
- Routinely carries out terrorist attacks on his alternate selves, has yet to explain why he does that.
+ Actually a family man, has around fourteen non-living travellers with him, once he gives his word he'd sooner chew off his own foot then go back on it.
-/+ This makes others nervous, only around two thousand living on Ae are non-travellers, and this is considered collectively frowned upon.
+ Master of alternative reality jumping techniques, is a bloody genius in almost thirty scientific fields.
+ Knows some of the best locations for a party across the multiverse and can show you amazing things.
+/- Good friend of Duwall and Oghuz, may or may not be planning a raid.

"Oh look, another little shit has come to town. What horrible life choices did you make to get here? No, let me guess. Assassinated the pope? Regicide? Topple a government? No? Damn. Need someone who can kill a pope..."

Morty Smith, 17, Independent, Confused Youth [♀]
Morty crawls out of the wreckage of the space faring device and kicks the man who vomited on your feet, he apologizes and begins dragging the old drunkard off.

- Not the sharpest tool in the shed, actually comes closer to a mallet in terms of sharpness.
- One of the least decisive individuals you will ever meet, ever, in all the spiraling levels of reality.
+ Unique brain makeup actually produces a potent masking field from most common and even exotic forms of tracking outside of visual contact, could walk up to an old one and it wouldn't notice him until he poked it.
- Has incredibly bad luck, seems as if the universe has something against him.
+ Hasn't had any strong role models or friends in his life, the closest he has to either is- well. Rick. If you're willing to see him through the tumultuous years of a youth Traveller it could make Morty as a person.
+ His rage will eventually evolve from infantile and impotent to something quiet potent, in a few years he's going to be something big.
- But still not that smart unfortunately.

"This is- just awful. I'm sorry."

Morp 'Rottwhiler' Grunadic, 349, Collector, Sky Captain Fantastica [♀] [♂]
The captain of the skyship providing the only shade to the locals today, he's a grand figure, who can be heard laughing well before he's seen, came by to fill out a series of requisitions.

+ A member of one of the fiercest races in his native timeline that battled against just about everything the universe could throw at it, Morp has a long history as an explorer and scavenger.
+ Commands a small clique of True travellers and would be happy to have you with his crew.
- The food is strait from his native Qo'noS, as are the beds, his ship is strong but anything but comfortable.
- Crew is about as gruff as you can get, don't expect them to warm up anytime soon.
+ Morp cleans house and doesn't much mind breaking a few rules, his skyship 'M'Rek's Corpse' is available to you when you need it.
- Has consistently managed to get himself lost in space and time once a decade for the past century and a half, if you spend much time on his ship expect it to happen, especially with his 'no maps' policy.

"Oh, I never tire of the look on their faces when we shadow the groundling shits."

Sans, ???, Eyes of the Third, Professional Skeleton
The hooded figure beside Abraham approaches after a moment, removing his hood and offering you a boney handshake, he seems to be grinning.

- Actually incredibly weak, one good hit is all it would take to kill him.
-/+ Great sense of humor, however at the consequence of his entertainment your life shall be plagued by incidental music and him, seems to carry a trombone on his person at all times .
+ Unlikely to ever be hit in combat, uses basic time fluctuations to seriously fuck opponents up, master of physiological time warfare, can pull some serious shit out when he's needed.
+ Ninety nine percent of the time though he'll be one of the coolest people you'll ever meet.
+/- Will never 'travel' with you per say, but will somehow always be there when you need him to be.
- Home timeline has been officially classified as 'lost' and he doesn't much like talking about it.
-/+ Skeleton? Maybe?
- Cringe worthy puns.

"Clickity clack friendo."

Josun Whiteback, 283, Fighter, Goat Faced Warrior
Coming by to renew his business licenses, despite the generous considerations for the horned community and the Irish helmet community he has still suffered a mishap at the door, you and a few liaisons eventually get him out.

+ Big scary goat beast whose expertise lies in intimidation rather than actual fighting, not to say he isn't a competent fighter but rather his horns are pretty easy to grab, excels in terror tactics.
+ Pretty competent cook, cleaner and carpenter, can do a lot with his hands.
- Instinctively turns to the side and ducks when entering a room, will still probably leave a hole at your residence, and in passing shops, and- everything.
- Considers the word 'Yiff' and all associated terms to be of the lowest caliber, will horn someone over it.
+ Retired alcoholic, had his system purged and stylized, can resist any drug you put into him.
-/+ Never got along well with his ancestors, may ask for your help with temple burning and looting.

"Curl the blade a little more, if you're defending you want the blade flat, if you're attacking you want to hit them with the pointy bits."

Pierre Sorsari, 121, Technical, Expert Hardlight Technician
Pierre can be seen taking a break from work on a nearby interdimensional break pad, it's hard work but it's rewarding.

+Master of hardlight projection technology, considered both a technician and a surgeon as few people are qualified to deal with hardlight beings and technology.
+ Pretty good with tech as a whole, a competent hacker and retrieval expert but also pretty good for 'slash and burn; style operations.
- Not a biological doctor by any stretch of the imagination though, gets dizzy at the sight of blood
-/+ Will eat anything, can consume rocks to survive.
- Cannot teach you how to eat rocks, which will kill you, maybe, depending on your metabolism.
+ Good taste in beer.
+ Will bring you good beer.
-/+ Regardless of your opinion of beer.
-/+ Has not been seen without a beer for three decades might have a pocket dimension full of beer, or just pocket dimension pockets.

[Throaty humming of three little birds.]

Ida, 334, Biological, Sapient Plant Horror
As intimidating as an angry potted plant with teeth can be attempting to navigate its way through the crowd with its noodly appendices, it gives a girlish shriek when you accidently step on one.

+ A proud vegetable who don't need no help from no damn two legged cockroaches and land dwelling monkeys and metal boxes and-
- Needs help from bipeds, needs to be carried by someone strong upstairs, and to water him.
- Left to his own devices he'd accidently kill himself.
+ His primary 'mouth' can cut steel, when you put him somewhere don't expect anything to get by him.
+ Plays about a dozen instruments, and thanks to his abundance of ropy appendages can play them simultaneously, one plant band.
+ Also a good actor, but has gotten real tired of being cast for the final acts of 'little shop of Horrors.'

"Hey! Don't throw me in with some flesh creatures with legs that don't work right! I was made perfect!"

'Mithra', 17, Independent, One Who Lights the World Aflame
You almost skip over Mithra entirely, she's a very small girl sitting up against the wall, waiting for her liaison to show up, she seems impossibly tiny, but there's something about her that makes you take a step back.

+/- One of the most powerful pyromancers picked by the travellers, so much so her powers had to be contained by safeties for her and everyone else's physical health and her mental health.
+ Still powerful enough to melt steel beams and decimate the landscape, has some sweet talons as well.
- Doesn't eat or sleep, won't do much talking aside from talking to you.
- An isolationist by nature, lives alone on the fringes of the hinterland in Ae, were an idle fever dream won't cost everyone in ten miles their livelihoods and possibly their skin.
- Drinks blood, closer to a heroin relationship than anything else, refuses to seek out treatment.
+ One day she's going to master her powers, and one day she's going to gain some confidence, one day she's going to be unstoppable.
- But that day is a long way off.

"You should be running."

Tug, 290, Void Hunter, Wall of an Ogryne [♂]
You'd have to be blind to miss Tug, he's massive, a wall of man, muscle and armour, as tall as he is wide. He in fact came to check to see if he's still good to carry around buildings, hence his name.

+ Official brick shithouse for whoever is willing to pay his tabs off across Ae, one of the most unfaltering guns out there, almost nothing can move him.
- Slow, very slow, in the body and the mind.
+ Great pokerface and greatly enjoys cars, once you get to know him better he can take you to some of the better gambling houses on Ae and around the multiverse.
-/+ He'll also show you some of the worse gambling halls out there, and at some point you'll lose a finger in a brawl over a pachinko machine.
+ You're luck will also increase when he's nearby, has a subconscious ability to shift the odds in your favour.
- Said ability will get you kicked out of a lot of places and likely get you stabbed.
-/+ Fun times.

"Call it, I fold."

Morgai Muftari, 83, Commercialist, Awakened South African Panther
Sitting reclined in front of one of the cooling vents, Morgai is in no rush to see her business done, it's all just another quiet day for her.

+Massive Black Panther versed in stalking, stealth, assassination, droid technician's work, communications technology and the production of carbonated beverages.
- Also incredibly lazy, when she isn't working she's lying around in the warmest or coolest spot she can find.
+ When roused she's a one of the most fixated individuals you can find, almost verging on a state of mania, and when she reaches full Mania very little can stop her.
- That being said when Manic she loses almost all mental faculties outside of 'don't eat other travellers' and 'don't shit on everything.'
-/+ If this happens expect her to take a few hours to return to normal, will expect meat and head scratches in the meantime.
+ Does a trip to primeval Cambodia on a bi-yearly basis with a number of other 'awakened' beasts, will take you and your friends if you so choose.

"Douri tambuk, I was thinking cod would be nice, but, you're the guest tonight."

Nihlus Peebody, 166, Fighter, The War Carrot
First seen drying his hands in the bathroom, he grins at you with a smile less then sane, he loves coming down to meet the fledglings, he asks you how many people you've killed, he has a pool running at the moment and he's liable to win a heap of creds if the number is more than seven and less than ten.

+ Probably best known for his recruitment which has since spread viraly amongst the travellers when he ambushed his later recruiters ass naked with a cold fish, amazing bravado.
-/+ little concept of personal injury and harm, will run blindly into danger at a whim.
- Little self-control.
-/+ Cooks a mean vegetarian dish, knows a hundred ways to cook carrots.
-/+ Self-hating cannibal in private.
+ You will become his best MOTHER FUCKING FRIEND, will do just about anything for you.
- If anyone else 'usurps' his position, he will challenge them to an honour duel using obscene weaponry, lose, and attempt Sudoku with a lance, and be really mopey for a few weeks afterword's.
-/+ Hilariously obscene, knows around six thousand insults in English alone.

"EAT YOUR GREENS MOTHERFUCKERS!"

'Syg', ???, True Traveller, The Masked Man
Syg sits gingerly, tapping his hands on his knees, whistling a funeral dirge, audibly sighs and talks about buying a nice sandwich. And batteries.

+ A masked investigator who prefers to keep their face and initial identity unknown, Syg has gained a reputation as a master investigator who's worked for just about every internal investigation after he showed up within the Travellers, incredible memory.
+/- Quiet before all other things, won't say anything unless it need be said.
+/- Has a dozen cameras on his person at all times, and misses almost nothing, and will observe his companions.
+ Enjoys busting various 'unsolvable cases' he comes across in his travels, if you go with him fame and recognition await.
- Fame and recognition require a disturbing amount of busy work and legal process understanding.
+/- has been entrenched in a passive aggressive war with Wu Mei for the past two decades, expect conflict.
+ Syg always remembers his friends.

"Only I know, and trust me when I say some things are better of remaining to be unknown."

Rumi al-shadric, 709, Unwillingly Mummified Priestess [♂]
You see Rumi first walking out of the liaison offices, bandaging her arm, and muttering to herself that the bureaucrats need their asses uncorked, she smells heavily of Mer.

+ An impressive pysker who has resisted death and corruption, as well as an unwilling mummification process, particularly versed in static and magnetism based abilities, ranging from metal control to mass anti-tech blasts.
+ Also a well versed cleric, has full knowledge of the ancient Egyptian pantheon and can act as a conduit to any of the eleven thousand gods to ask for advice.
- Hates dealing with her badly preserved body, attempts at ethereal return have failed leaving her almost incapable of a brisk pace, has considered getting her conscious transfused, needs advice such a move would almost certainly deprive her of her potent pysker abilities.
+ Pretty well connected to Arab community and can show you a lot of things that you would likely miss.
- Will be forced to return to Ae weekly, cannot stand the thought of herself smelling, goes through perfume by the bottle and fresh bandages by the pound.
+ Willing if nothing else, once a path has been committed she'll follow it to the end.

"I hate what the humidity does to my bandages. Let me get my perfume, the last thing I want is to make you all ill."

Kirk 'Rot-Jaws' Spassmic, 517, True Traveller, Ghoulified Ranger
Kirk can be smelled outside and inside of the building, though the tired old mutant can hardly be the least mortifying scent wafting through the air, not many are good with heat around here.

+ Outdoorsman who lived in hell for three centuries eating giant mutated roaches until being picked up by the travellers, even if his tools have changed he's still the same gritty survivalist.
+/- Can teach you how to survive anything outside of radiation, that shit kills and there isn't shit he can do about it for you.
- In the past Militant scrapped chunks of his skin off to replicate the bacteria that produce his smell.
- Can literally be smelled a block off in a modern city environment, smoking habit doesn't help.
- This isn't even funny, it's just awful.
+ Breeds domestic and hunting night stalkers and would happily supply you one for cheap, said beast will become your constant companion and will always have your back.
- You're not going to understand what the fuck he's saying half the time, translator or otherwise.

"We gert erselves a berg hernt! Hidily out you sherts! I'll gib fifty on de ferk who took ma jerb!"

Rem-yurgardich'to, 2089, Independent, Paragon of Patience
Rem sits out before the shuffling chaos outside, watching the chaos with a Yautja's version of a smile, his simple orange robes and rather benign aura sets him apart from almost everyone in the crowd.

+ A Second generation Yautja who has adopted the lifestyle of a Buddhist monk to help forget his path, Rem strives to achieve virtue in his quest for enlightenment.
+ One of the most patient and humble people you will ever meet, once sat at the doorstep of a monastery for the entirety of its leaders lifetime until his successor let him in.
-/+ While a pacifist, gives off an aura that makes attacking him almost impossible, redirecting attackers to other targets.
-/+ This is probably you.
-/+ Bears a slight stigma from other Yautja who find it uncomfortable to deal with abandoners of the old tribal practices, however he's made significant progress in making them accept all their countrymen.
+ Could calm a Typhoon if the need was great enough, will prevent you from making stupid mistakes.

"Humility is a beautiful thing, as it is forgettable, you choose the path you walk."

Atticus Fyrell, 189, Judiciary, Protector of Justice [♂]
Glowering in his seat inside the sweltering building, Atticus sifts through his papers, working with and against the legiclators is both a gift and a curse it would seem, as they are at the very least efficient, though horribly persistent.

+ Long-time justice seeker and travelling judge, Atticus has been travelling for years preaching the concept of unfettered justice to places lacking it entirely, planting the seeds in the minds of future generations.
+ Used to thankless work, will spend years working for long-term goals.
- More jaded than he lets on, has seen a lot and will generally assume the worst about any given situation.
+ That being said his core ideals remain uncompromised, he will give everyone deserving their fair shake.
+ And everyone undeserving a colt revolver to the back of the head.
+ Cooks some mean chili.

"You as you are, you're nothing, all you have in life is an ideal, a goal which you throw yourself at, time and time and again. And that is it, that golden shining ideal. Never give up, never accept anything less than that. Or you will become what you despise most."

'Yellow Jade', 600, True Traveller, Hardlight Vanguard [♀] [♂]
A massive hardlight being who towers over even Tug, Eustach, and Shoth, this being has come in for a parking violation, even though she does not own a vehicle, she's very peeved.

+ A B-Grade complexity and one of the first hardlight beings we found, Jade maintains an amazing degree of control over her physical form, enabling her to switch from puppy-softness to diamond hardness.
+ Consistently researching biological, synthetic and ethereal life, helped develop the transition processes for all three.
+ Despite her extensive intellect has since become focused on the more physical aspects of Traveller operations, scouting, combat operations and the like.
- Despite having a full understanding of material beings still does not understand the gravity of things like sleep and food, revolted by the thought of passing waste.
- Poor cohesion with other hardlight beings and goes out of her way to avoid using hardlight tools.
+/- Eventually the two of you will be trapped in a cave together, where you will learn the value of trust, this won't be particularly fun, but it will teach you a lot.
-/+ I hope you like bats.

"Heroic and blooded, you with flesh are. You risk sanctity and purity of the self to accomplish your goals. You have my utmost respects."

Zachariah Markarov, 912, Void Hunter, Void Walker [♂]
Zachariah teleports into the lobby around ten feet above the ground and smacks into the floor, groaning before getting up and running over to customs and a glaring liaison.

+ One of the more unbalanced members of the Void Hunters who is notable for cleaning up the remains of the Denial's battlefield before the area was time locked, including a number of half-dead old ones.
+ This and years of experience has left him with one of the most sturdy minds within the Travellers.
- And also one of the more gibbering in terms of the gibbering lunatics, entire suit is lined with liquid sulfur and aluminum foil, hasn't taken it off in years.
+ Expert in void combat, can operate in a space environment at a moment's notice, can convert just about any weapon to function in the void and will.
- Even if he isn't asked.
+/- Has been particularly mad as of late, has a very bad feeling about what's happening and has put his faction on edge, hasn't slept in a month or so.

"We go for the fire! Never give them anything!"

Vilk Tornienie, 193, Technical, Notorious Shut In
You make the mistake of peering down the wrong alleyway, to see a flustered Nisetic man who immediately ducks and runs away as fast as his legs can carry him, a few minutes later you get a call...

+ Expert physicist who has managed to avoid contact with other travellers for four hundred and eleven days in a four hundred and twelve day Ae standard year, Needs a go-to man, you suit the bill.
+ In exchange for a healthy sum of credits and some prototype tech he asks that you bring him some groceries and bring his works to the Technical department.
+ Eventually he'll become a pair of second eyes for you, acting as something between a guardian angel and a personal electronic attack dog.
+ Good with AI beings and getting into closed networks, has backdoors into just about everything.
- Crippling terror of the outside world, you'll become pretty much the only exception to this.
-/+ Will only leave his room in the most dire of moments, saving your ass might be one of those moments, or not, really depends on your effect on him.

"If it's the food pay the man and tip him, if it's not then tell them to fuck off. Unless it's one of your friends. Sorry."

Heats 'McCena' Flamesman, 719, True Traveller, Eternal Flame
Oddly one of the few things here that you recognize though you can't say for the life of you why, he is absolutely ecstatic to see you.

+ A pure elemental being of pure flame, well respected by the bureaucracy and the true travellers.
+ An experienced diplomat and peace maker, people are inclined to listen to him.
+ Despite his peacemaking reputation he is also an experienced liaison, warrior and pyromancer.
+ Everyone within a ten feet radius of him is toasty and comfortable.
- Everyone within a foot of him catches fire if his wards go down.
- Also everyone inexplicably forgets his name the first time, it will happen to you and it will be awkward.
- Come to think of it, everyone does that.

"Come on, push the flank and I'll leave them red in the face!"

Tomie Maverii, 645, Administration, Quiet Statesman [♂]
You accidently wander too far, and find yourself inside of the liaison offices, and from there only further lose your way until you come across a very robust looking Nisetic who gives you a barracuda grin.

+ An intimidating High caste Nisetic, who by nature can smell weakness and fear, experienced in crushing the resolve of her foes and opponents with nothing but a glance.
+ Strong enough to rip into a charging bison and has the teeth to eat it afterword's.
+/- Despite this expects her and her associates to present a respectable image, if you resist she'll force this upon you, it's better to just clean yourself up rather than deal with that mess.
- Hates the ever living fuck out of the concept of weakness, be it real or perceived.
+/- Spends most of her time outside of work at home, in her apartment, twenty feet beneath sea level, gills are advised if you want to visit.
+/- Can't leave Ae much because of work, but can make sure you don't have problems with administration.

"Someone has to keep this place running, you forget that there's anyone in charge of this madhouse sometimes."

'Operative Kinslayer', 76, Independent, Punisher
You pick the Operative out of the crowd, she stands apart, and none are eager to get anywhere near the cloaked figure.

+ An experienced traveller who is well known for her almost shadowlike qualities in subterfuge.
+ Made it through some of the most brutal training Ae has to offer through sheer determination, and is willing to dispense said training, just as brutal as it was received.
+ Keeps the promises she makes as rare as it is she actually agrees to anything, would do just about anything to keep her word.
- Gained a nasty reputation as a hunter for the Judiciary under Legiclator Reotri for hunting renegades.
+/- Very blunt and brutally honest, hates Traveller renegades and kinslayers more than fucking anything
+/- Works as an agent of Legiclator Reotri to hunt down rogue travellers.
- Has no friends outside of her boss and some small associates, spends her free time on pilgrimage to deathworlds and post-fallout worlds.

"They say we are made to fight the worse things in existence. I beg to differ. We are the worse things in existence, all it takes is a turn of spirit and we are capable of unimaginable evil. And someone needs to deal with us."

Gaius Astronious, 218, Independent, Regretful Imperator [♀]
A man with shoulders slumped, helmet in his hands, he seems tired, too tired to complain about anything much at all.

+ Seasoned combat veteran who oversaw a complete restoration of the Roman Empire following its Fifth century collapse and oversaw a golden age where the empire encompassed everything from the shores of the White Sea to the Gold Coast of Africa.
+/- Tried and failed to prevent the empire's internal collapse, the sacks of Rome and the Arpad invasion.
-/+ Considers himself living proof of what happened to those who hold on too firmly, has since travelled the multiverse visiting various incantations of Rome, investigating the warp and transition of time.
+/- Has lost most of his former conviction, but not all of it, what remains is an unassailable core, that to what he deems his jurisdiction will never be taken from him.
- There is not much that fits into the latter category these days, living hour to hour.
+ Attempting to find more to live for, though hasn't quite found a new cause, expect a fire to be lit in him, one that he will pursue until he is broken.

"You think we are in ourselves right? You come with a false conviction, believe in lies taught to you by those raised in dirt. Eyes must be opened."

Aeldransial, 972, ???, The Spirit of the Green Island
You hear Aeldransial long before you see her, a voice talking to you from the back of your head. Travellers don't die, instead they just keep walking, and Aeldransial has crossed the border between the levels long ago.

+ A powerful entity who acts as a guardian spirit to the Travellers and Ae as a whole, Aeldransial is a hunting being, who gives her chosen siblings an eye to tear apart their foes.
+ While unable to directly influence this plane, she will point out points of interest to you by painting them in a bright green flame that only you can see.
+ Will offer insight about your situations that you wouldn't know otherwise without her presence.
-/+ 'Died' at the Denial, and rose again to become one of the first great patron spirits, she has seen the Travellers move from a few thousand to millions and has been left very weary from it.
-/+ Will occasionally haunt your dreams, questioning your resolve and purpose.
- Doesn't want you sharing the fact she has chosen to pester you, for reasons she prefers to keep to herself.

"Always remember what matters."

Herodrial, 968, ???, The Spirit of Judea
You hear Herodrial long before you see him, a voice talking to you from the back of your head. Travellers don't die, instead they just keep walking, and Herodrial has crossed the border between the levels long ago.

+ A powerful entity who acts as a Guardian spirit to space in the traveller guarded dimensions and realities, Herodrial is a zealous watchman, quick to come down upon any suspected elder thing activity.
+ While unable to directly influence this plane of reality, he fills you with raw determination and can fill you with a stubborn zeal, should you be willing to cry out.
+ Will offer insight about your situations that you wouldn't know otherwise without his presence.
-/+ 'Died' Shortly after the Denial in the Third Time war, and rose again as a great patron spirit amongst the Travellers, watching over much of their history first hand.
-/+ Will actively speak to you in your head, questioning your motives and your zeal.
- Would prefer you keep his direct contact out of the ears of the public, the void hunters get right pissy when he speaks to specific people on principle.

"Have faith in something greater than the self."

Jagidierial, 972, ???, Spirit of the Rising Sun
You hear Jagiderial long before you see her, a voice talking to you from the back of your head. Travellers don't die, instead they just keep walking, and Jagiderial has crossed the border between the levels long ago.

+ A powerful entity who acts as the spiritual guardian of the Travellers, keeping an eye over the thousands of lost souls amongst traveller ranks, weaving their lives to give them strength when they are on the verge of failure.
+ While unable to directly influence this plane of reality, she can grant her targets a hope to survive the darkest night.
+ Will offer insight about your situations that you wouldn't know otherwise without her presence.
-/+ 'Died' at the heart of the Denial giving her life to ensure that many other lives were saved, and rose again as a great patron spirit of Hope and Courage.
-/+ Will only trouble you in your dreams, as it turns out she hasn't had someone to talk to alone in a very long time.
-/+ Would prefer you keep her presence quiet, as many travellers question if she even exist due to the subtlety of her nature and her refusal to talk directly to anyone.

"Have the will to push beyond."

Lunarial, 921, ??? The Spirit of the North
You hear Lunarial long before you see him, a voice talking to you from the back of your head. Travellers don't die, instead they just keep walking, and Lunarial has crossed the border between the levels long ago.

+ A powerful entity who acts as the inspirational spirit amongst adventurous Travellers, he drives individuals beyond the bounds of what was and seeks to constantly expand that which is known.
+ While unable to directly influence this level of reality, he grants an adventurous spirit to anyone with the will to drive beyond reality.
+ Will offer insight about your situations that you wouldn't know otherwise without his presence.
-/+ Was the first third generation recruit to fall, and subsequently rose again as the patron spirit of discovery and exploration.
-/+ Will only trouble you when you wish for him to, and will generally allow you to find your own path.
-/+ Needs help with something, another godhead is rising, and it needs to be brought into the light of day, something it has fled from, Lunarial would be forever indebted to you if you can help find this fledgling god-head.

"Have the strength to rise above."

Manich of Trymidi, ???, ???, The Prophet
You find Manich waiting patiently for you some distance away from the liaison offices and the packed streets, he greets you quietly.

+ Perhaps it is better to believe in a gleaming beautiful ideal, higher than anything else.
+ A less well known prophet, he has only just returned to Ae and is seeking to spread the word, reality is doomed to warp and shift, the story is about to change.
-/+ won't tell you anything, until he gets to the leadership and the council of nine, but assures you this is important.
-/+ His rival has also returned, and while he always hated the man's guts he nevertheless respects him.
-/+ knows much about you, things that not even you want to admit.
- His very presence means things are going to get very, very ugly.

"In this mad mess of a reality sometimes you just have to believe in more than yourself."

Arian of Prahia, ???, ???, The Stranger
You find Arian waiting patiently for you some distance away from the liason offices and the packed streets, he greets you quietly.

+ Perhaps it is better to believe in the flawed and broken man, capable of anything.
+ A less well known prophet, he has only just returned to Ae and is seeking to spread the word, reality is doomed to warp and shift, the story is about to change.
-/+ won't tell you anything, until he gets to the leadership and the council of nine, but assures you this is important.
-/+ His rival has also returned, and while he always hated the man's guts he nevertheless respects him.
-/+ knows much about you, things that not even you want to admit.
- His very presence means things are going to get very, very ugly.

"At the end of the day, we're all men. That's it, but a man can do anything he sets his mind to."

[♀] Female Romancable
[♂] Male Romancable
[ж] Filthy Degenerate

Notes: Allies may also be set to friendly rivals. Or taken as full rivals for free, for every three full rivals a free non-refundable companion is awarded. Be warned that full rivals will deal with as enemies. Additionally, successful pairings by matchmakers will also award will also reward non-refundable companions, at one companion per pairing.

Home District

Back so soon? Oh cool, let's get the last of this down then, we just need to get you're housing and postings listed, so here are the current places we've got that are available to you.

Roma Territory – For all your Shantytown needs
[While only 5.81% ethnic Roma Human, Roma town earned its name through its nomadic founders who settled down in non-permanent houses and people just kept adding to it, it's a chaotic place with commercialists hawking their wares, to the architects attempting to desperately move everything into decent configuration to the true travellers who make up the good majority 87.23% of this community with one of the most diverse regions on the homeland, and houses a great many of the elite true travellers. Your place of residence will be a single mobile home with two bunkbeds, a small kitchen, bathroom and a very homey quality if you catch my drift. Can be moved with some creativity as the entire 'city' is organic in its structure and is almost constantly shifting.]

Neo Casiantinople – Ave Excelsior Friends
[The city of domes and arches, Neo Casiantinople is where you go if you want to really live it up. Founded by Casius Depulotes, it was one of the first big cities on Ae and home to both large amounts of the commercialists who make up 32.12% of the city and Architects who take up a good 27.19% and make no mistake, it's expensive living here, and one of the more traditional neighborhoods. You'll find legends from history and the future walking here, the sons of generals and the daughters of kings. If you can have a stiff hold on yourself then this is a good spot to settle down upon, even if the words of the city council and elites have no real weight for policy making at the council of nine, their word goes a long way and they are well respected. You'll live in a small apartment off Eusolius line, the main street. The apartment is a small one bedroom place with only two rooms but it is only a brief walk to some of the finest places in the city.]

The Summoning Grounds – Might of Magic
[Have an eye for magic or at the very least want to see some fireworks? Well no sweat, the departments have and island for themselves and this is where they put wizards and biomancers who come to test experiments, and duel on another. Which is happening twenty four seven because those wizards hate each other most of all and Bio is a womb of nightmares. You'll be safely off the island and act as the keeper of the nearby lighthouse and have the whole place to yourself, just a little maintenance on your part every few months and you will get to see some spectacular lightshows. Mind you, it's kind of lonesome, though you'll learn a lot about what ethereal and bio are up to, as well as the experimental department who have taken to practicing spirit binding and other neato things here. Just make sure you don't get caught in the crossfires and upgrade the armor plating on the windows at some point, wizards aren't the most accurate of people and the last guy moved out after catching an ice spear to the shoulder.]

Undersea Base 192 – Fishies!
[With the vast influx of sea dwelling travellers in the past two centuries, administration has been forced to expand the sea bases around Ae in both size and number, and with UB192 being a part of the original 200 sea bases in Ae, the artificial island has since expanded into a full city, full of sea dwellers, half-drinkers and air breathers with a vibrant cityscape that extends far below the waves. Should you choose to come here you'll be placed in the commerce sector of the city situated below sealevel at five hundred feet in one of the 'pure air sections' with everything you could expect from a small moderately wealthy building. Keep in mind, a set of gills makes this area much easier to get around, and bio would be happy to supply them for free if you choose to come here, if not there's ways for air breathers to get around without hassle, but this city is geared towards those who can breathe underwater, with subsections of humans, Nisetics and around a dozen races of alien origin making up the gross majority of the population. Those who can't swim need not apply.]

Glendale – A Great Heaping Mass
[Some places grow, others shrink, Glendale mutates. The home of the Collectors, Glendale is a community of scrap, refuse, artifacts and treasures, entire buildings from this community have been stolen from across time and space, historical relics of ancient civilizations sit across from glass sky scrapers across from classic renascence buildings. All the while signs, relics and landmarks fill the streets to the point of choking the place, some things you might even recognize. If and only if you choose to come here you'll be granted a room in the temple of Athena, simple and warm, but within walking distance of every sort of store, dispensary, bar and club you could imagine, in fact you'd be hard pressed to find something that isn't here. You also are within walking distance of the great clicking spire, the main clock of all travellers. Glendale welcomes almost everyone, and if you're with the collectors then you'll always be able to find work here.]

Ostergark – The Cold Does rise
[On the highest mountain of Ae, lies the citadel of Ostergark, a combination of a futuristic training facility and a massive fortress, here are housed the most dangerous weapons of the travellers waiting for the day they will be used, as well as the massive training center for travellers seeking to expand their combat skills. Ostergark has few nice things, the entire fortress being carved from the mountains themselves, and being such a massive training center has little time for pleasantries. If you wish to come here, you'll learn much about the arts of combat and survival and your lungs will be massively enhanced for the high altitudes that would kill normal Mokresia and weak humans, to say nothing of the cold that would freeze anyone else in hours. If you come here, you'll be given a bed and a trunk in one of the many barracks, wake ups are at five, and life is brutal, I can't recommend it myself but perhaps you have the bravado for something like this.]

The Magnificent Palace of his Holiness Ultarian the XXX – Well...
[Some have large egos, some have massive egos, but only his holiness Ultarian the second has a measurable ego in the flesh, once a human who has since expanded into a massive cube of meat, he uses his massive brain to act as a super computer for nearby traveller research though demands everyone call him by his full twenty seven titles when addressing him. However his massive ego can be dealt with, his shining palace is massive and open for any to move into, his possessions are the possessions of his fellows, and many rooms are available within his enormous abode. It has every luxury you can imagine, though the massive central chamber remains in the possession of Ultarian, and he expects any visitors and guests of the house to play chess with him and you will lose. If you choose to come here, you'll be staying at the top floor of one of the massive spinneret towers, and it has every sort of luxury you could want for, server droids, nightly entertainment, a bed so massive you could seat an elephant on it.]

The Proving Grounds – The Hand Holds Strong
[This is where you go if you value the physical, the seeping flesh and the tang of violence, this is where you go to see yourself proven in the eyes of others for your mettle, or at the very least watch others do the same. The current champion of this place is Sam and her Cohort having thrown down around a half dozen challenge-wars in the past two months alone. Make no mistake, this place belongs to the fighters who make up 89.81% of the standing population with only a handful of others keeping the peace, maintaining the area, hawking wares and keeping these idiots from outright killing each other, but that is only the permanent population with thousands visiting daily to see the fights. You'll be put up in one of the Colosseum town boxes, it's a small room but you will literally be living in the arena and will wake up every morning to the sound of single-honor bouts and fall asleep to the sound of the group fights. Mind you, it is pretty Spartan, you have toiletries, a mattress and a fridge, and that is it. Not recommended for those who aren't big on violence.]

The Fae Territory – Life's Refuge
[The children of the wooden grove, human offshoots, wildling and deer-descendants make their homes here, this is a place of absolute life, little technology, only magic and the wild beasts. It is a very vibrant place to live, and if you choose this option you'll be moved into a communal home inside of a great ash tree, you'll have a hundred neighbors and little privacy but you will never want for friendly company, and the community always looks after its members. As well you'll latently have better luck. Keep in mind the community has bad relations with Admin over their refusal to keep track of their numbers and some bad blood between community leaders and Admin leadership over the high number of factionless individuals and a refusal to answer the polls.]

Irish Town – Thomas Finnegan vs Porris O'Clancy! House endorsed
[Irish town, a sprawling mess along the southern coast of the central continent in Ae, Irish town is what you get when you bring around two million people into a cramped space over the course of a decade over an ever growing conflict between two individuals, Finnegan and O'Clancy are two of the best warriors within the ranks of the True Travellers. Their brawl has turned into a monthly battle with all everything they can get their hands on and the town just sort of grew up around them with the Hearth Keepers setting up headquarters here and the commercialists eventually setting up headquarters as well. The alcohol is cheap, the apartment you'll be staying at musty and well stocked despite its low key on the second floor of a local pub. Be warned, Finnegan and O'Clancy's fighting has in the past destroyed buildings and created natural landmarks, and the goodly population of true Travellers make up around 75.21% of the community. They are loud.]

Little Beijing – Ten Thousand Faces and Ten thousand Flags
[One of the more dense communities, little Beijing is a myriad mix of old and new. Generally populated by children of the celestial empire but you also have a good number of Korean, Polish, Bodied AIs, Nisetic and Yurtick Aliens, the place is always bustling and you'll be hard pressed to find a day when the streets are not cramped. However as cramped as it is it has one of the most dense populations Admin Faction who clock in at around 46.19% with all others factions sprinkling in and also having a good number of Departmentals living here as well. Despite the cramping the city boasts some of the finest gardens and some mean restaurants. If you choose this place we'll set you up with a small uptop apartment that has a bedroom, office, AI and Network port, kitchen and bathroom, all compressed into a single room. Very pleasant if you're a minimalist or if you don't need to be home that much space.]

New Irgusk – Ice and Xenos
[New Irgusk is one hell of a local with one of the largest non-human populations with them accounting for 86.1% of the community and the rest a combination of Cree, Canadians and Fins who've been upgraded to survive the cold of the mountain town that is. It's surprisingly friendly for a place where the temperature can kill an unmodified human in minutes. The outpost looks after its own, and you will be upgraded to survive the nightmarish conditions that make nights and days unlivable and the ability to get air from the high altitude. This is a small tightknit community, you'll make lots friends here aliens, human and otherwise but you'll need to help with local upkeep. If you decide to come here, you'll be given the keys to a large cabin with two bedrooms, a kitchen, a living room, a bathroom, a dining room and a basement armory.]

Chitlitzakzi – For the Simple Farmers
[The great terraced region, this is where a good 67% of our crop intake as well as 52% of the livestock and around a third of the dairy, this is the largest conglomeration of independent travellers as well with 87.33% being without affiliation to factions. If you're interested in a quieter life then this is where you want to go, almost everyone needs help and if you're willing to work hard then you can live well here and for the most part settle down until wanderlust takes you again. Also a quiet place if you've had enough danger for your time, the most you'll have to worry about is a rampaging llama that got out of its cage. If you choose to come here then you'll be allocated a small cottage on the fringes of Chitlitzakzi, four room place with basic utilities and a wonderful porch.]

Pipeline 102 – Soaring Depths and Great Views
[The Bane of Administration and the epitome of the True-Traveller prenotation to settle just about anywhere in Ae, Pipeline 102 is an underground city that sprang up in an abandoned water pipe after it was decommissioned in favor of a new system, 102 is a loud hole for travellers who aren't fond of lights and spouts healthy populations of mutants who make up 12.7% of the underground and the highest concentration of undead in Ae who make up 4.97% of the underground. This is a home to some of the seedier markets and you can find all manner of frowned upon vices and activities to partake in if you wish but it also has a staunch sense of privacy, the business of others belongs only to them. Do not go sticking your nose in the business of others. If you decide to come here then you'll be granted a small cavern that was recently constructed in the walls, probably the safest place in the city if you can deal with the murkiness and the smell. Three rooms, you choose what goes in them but nothing outside the basics.]

The Beating – These Ones Welcome Graciously
[The Beating is the name we've given to a rather large and semi-sapient fungal organism that has expanded to be a hundred miles long and a dozen tall in one of our larger forests, it's actually quiet friendly and has let a bustling community spring up inside of its body who harvest it's secretions and hormones. It trusts the Travellers implicitly and will do everything it can to protect them, and if you come here you'll be given a small room near the extraction facility for an estrogen-like hormone that was recently discovered. The beating is a hub of activity for scientists and a full contingent of Bio personnel trying to figure out just what the beating is. If you're interested in a local mystery and living inside of a giant mushroom monster then I suppose you're welcome to stay. Mind you, people who have been living here for a few months have had their immune systems strengthened and have become immune to radiation, but their hair has also turned neon green. Just so you know what might happen.]

New Fortuna – Sand, Gold and Gambling
[In the middle of the Sxhatziali desert in the west of Ae's great continent is a shining city that rose from the sands, New Fortuna. Built by a homesick pair, one from the American city of Las Vegas, the other a Berber from Chasia, together they constructed the bustling hub that functions as the beating heart of the gambling industry in Ae, if you're in it for friendly wagers on anything from offworld political events to Fighter battles to crop yields to the simple game of chance then here is where you will want to be where you'll want to settle down. There are hundreds of casinos and gambling dens in a few solid city blocks and there will always be something going on, and you will have to find a good source of income if you want to be a part of it, this place is expensive to maintain. If you decide to come here then you'll be granted the penthouse on the top of the Ouroboros Casino, the place is great, mind you though the food isn't free unlike other places in Ae, or easy to come by in terms of shopping, I recommend finding work with a faction if you come here.]

The Central Headquarters – Someone needs to Keep Business
[This is a real treat, we have an opening in the capitol buildings in Aeholm, and this is the heart of the bustling bureaucracy that keeps the Travellers together. It's a big place this city with a good fifth of all travellers making their homes here. You've got significant populations of everyone and everything here and the city extends approximately fifty seven stories up and fifty two down. The place we'll be sending you is right on the steps on the Hagia Desdumada, the main governing body of the Admin and the host of the Council of Nine. Mind you, that's only good if you like hearing shouting, which- there has been a lot of. And I mean a lot. This is where you'll hear news first. And if you're politically minded then you can attend council and sub-council sessions as it is an open section. And maybe if you're charismatic enough they'll let you speak your piece. The apartment you'll be staying in is a one bedroom with a standard bathroom and a kitchen. Cozy, warm, and a decent view. If you want to be in the loop and even help direct the current then this is where you'll want to go.]

The Sky city of Anmanga – Best of Everything, for those who earn it
[Now I want you to take the best of the Proving grounds and New Fortuna. Now combine them and put it all on a platform about two thousand meters above the ocean and that is Anmanga. Built around fifty years ago by a particularly eccentric Free Traveller clique, Anmanga is where you go if you want to live. The cities director Marcellus Bravo builds statues to those who can perform the greatest deeds, as it is the deed that lives on here, even after you fade, whatever you do will exist as a permanent mark, still rippling out in the chasms of time and space. Action is what matters here, and you'll be in the loop with some of the most Note-worthy Cliques of Free Travellers, Fighters and Architects available. If you choose to come here, you'll begin homeless, but if you can do something glorious to catch Bravo's attention then sky is the limit in Anmanga.]

Teseract – Crystalline City where the Sidewalks breathe
[Another organism local like the Beating, Teseract is a well-known element, a second gen Traveller in another day, he's in his species final stage of life, vast growth and at the moment it's the size of a small mountain. Teseract is filled a vast system of caves that have been directed into massive rooms and grand caverns. The whole thing is still alive, silently watching the inhabitants of the caves though every wall and every surface. If you choose to come to this quieter neighborhood, then you'll be given a one of the larger halls, the equivalent of a mansion and still expanding every few years, you'll never want for space, though god help you if you drop anything even remotely fragile then it will shatter into a million pieces and Teseract will feel only slightly bad for you.]

The Testing Ground – The Land of the Divisions
[Ever wonder where we shoved the Divisions? There's an island off the coast of the mainland we sent them for the sake of our general collective safety. This is where they are based and the main complexes are housed, though many Division members choose to live off of the island because- well- it's not the safest place to be honest. Bio has a track record of losing their tests, Mech as the nasty habit of telling people of what they're doing after they start their fuck-huge robot fights and Militant- Militant occasionally shells random other locations without telling anyone. Ethereal's tower is also here and unless you want to catch a fireball to the face it's best to stay out of the way. If you work for the departments, or you just can't stand life being boring we have a large fully shielded cottage near the Medical/Technical headquarters if you're interested.]

Pembridge – Life at a Slower Creep
[Pembridge is an oddity in all of the homeworld where even former savage tribals and earth spirits use the Global Traveller Network to stay in contact with each other and conduct their business wireless with people on the other side of the world. Pembridge simply put has no tech, aside from the mandatory Yuta Bracers all travellers wear. 27.48% birth Amish and Mennonite humans and alien converts, and while they've ditched almost all of their religious conventions and social structures many have stuck to a very simple lifestyle with the most advanced tech you'll find is an emergency generator and solar tractors. Pembridge is almost concurringly quiet compared to most places on this list, and while the community has no formal rules on technology there's an unspoken consensus to keep everything nice and quiet. If you chose to come here you'll be given a small rural property out in the sticks with lots of forest, which you can either develop or simply leave be.]

Yucatan – Don't touch the Plants please
[Another home off of the mainland. Yucatan is both the name of the islands only town and the name for the nature reserve based on the island which encompasses everything aside the town. The flora and fauna are from an alternate earth that didn't get completely fucked by meteorites and climate failure. The island is host to thousands of forms of plant life you can't find anywhere else and two hundred and twenty six kinds of dinosaur from a number of time periods. If you choose to come here then you'll be given the residence of a recently passed paleontologist who spent his whole life building up Yucatan to what it is today and you'll be expected to help maintain his vast bone collection and occasionally will be called to help with veterinary work on the scaly and feathered inhabitants of the island.]

Simakalia – Remember to Wash your hands
[Ever wonder what happens when you put tens of thousands of veterans from every war in the cosmos in a single world? They tend to cling together, and the result is Simakalia, and if you want to live here you'll need to have a history of war in your bones, weaklings and the untarnished need not apply to this community. Here in this trailer park/permanent motor cycle rally/small town you will find Roman Legionaries playing pool beside Korean War Vets and Interplanetary Storm Troopers. Almost every era of conflict can be found here, but mostly things are quiet, and many of these travellers are enjoying the peace the homeworld offers. If you want to come here then you'll be given ownership of the S.Grant Tavern which is at the heart of Simakalia and has almost all of its residents in here, it takes up a lot of your time to maintain, but you'll always have extra cash, and if you’re willing to do a bit of listening then you can make a lot of friends.]

Ospherous Reserve – The greatest of forests
[Want to have space? Not much more space then this northern reserve. A massive region that has little development, there are only a few settlements of a few thousand scattered throughout this massive forest the size of continental Australia. There isn't much to be said, the wildlife is wild, the thinking creatures few and far between. If you want to be close to nature, or to simply have a place to yourself, we have a rather nice treetop cabin in the northern region. With plentiful amenities and a gorgeous view, this is a place you might want to consider. Just mind the beasts wandering the forest.]

Tamit – Why wander far?
[We've got an opening right nearby this building actually. A small simple apartment, a basic kitchen, bathroom, bedroom and a few closets, what really makes this one stand out is the fledglings passing through. Fresh travellers yet to be molded by strife and travel pass through here every hour of the day, from every corner of reality. This has brought together many seeking the recruits to their causes, some looking for apprentices, others enjoying the sights of them as they jump at every noise just like they once did. This is a small hub, but one with everything you could imagine a bunch of borderless lunatics would want, and there's always the added bonus of having only a few streets to walk to get your papers renewed.]

New Orlies – For the Romantic Gondolier
[There are many islands on the homeworld. Naturally some inhabitants took a liking to them. Two hundred years and three municipal civil wars later we have New Orlies, a combination of ancient Egypt, renaissance Tuscany, revolutionary France and ultra-tech New Zealand. Divided between a hundred or so factions of all make ups and factions, each with an agenda for the city and unafraid of conflict. The city itself has as many islands as it does factions and has been rapidly expanding. If you're mad or ambitious enough to come out here then there is a currently uninhabited island with a house on it that remains untouched by the factions, as seizing the island would open them up for a strike and while they are more than happy to fight for land, no one wants to shed blood over this pretty decent two story house. Has everything you might expect, and a porch view of the chaos that goes on daily.]

The Altic Plains – Never stop riding
[Part of having large populations from nomadic and irregular human cultures is the remaining desire to constantly move, even at home, and in the case of many nomads of the steppe, some simply kept the wandering lifestyle of the steppe when they were not called upon to do battle, and there is space among the many tribes, clans and individuals who wander this vast steppe. For this option you receive a horse, a yurt, and the wide open expanse of the plains. Simply and quiet. Just watch out for the hawks, they're the size of a man and are ambitious as hell. And you can once again blame Bio.]

Bat Country – Quiet is Always Nice
[Oh boy, where do we begin with bat country? Well, it's not so much a single place as a small pocket dimension that is just full of bats. So many bats, mind you they aren't terrible and can be in fact quiet friendly if you feed them every now and again. This is the realm of Migelo Smith that he might have accidentally created after he was recruited. Little makes sense here, and the only constants are Smith, his house and the bats which are known to occasionally exit the pocket dimension and perform mass raids on Ae Marketplaces. If you want to come here then you'll be living in Smith's private place which seems to be a manor without end, but be prepared for all sorts of messed up things from living with a sapient drug trip, like flying fish waking you up and getting blood on your nice shoes being the least of that weirdness.]

Hubworlder – Outland is Best Land
[If you aren't interested in staying on the homeworld there's always the option to shack up in a Hubworld base. Wherever you pick to go expect to stay in the local flavor, with of course some high tech tools to make life a little easier. Other then you there will also be the Hubworld base administrator, the local garrison, and some other personnel who've decided to shack up like you have, mind you, you will be expected to help keep the base together and defend it if need be. What the base is like really depends on the location. Eg; Terra-D2453 has our base in a Neutral Swiss villa, Ogulamacadi-A145 has our base inside of a small unmarked meteor in the terra system with cloaking tech out the ass, Terra-D9423 has our base in a South Kyoto fortress and Dormanwhel-A1 has its base around a mile up in the air on a flying aircraft carrier.]

Free Traveller – The Road Never ends
[You don't have to choose to stay anywhere, we can't force you to. If you choose option then we'll just let you out of the welcoming facility with a single hover bike (or motorcycle if you want the classic version), a full tank of gas, a tent and a map of the homeworld, you are a Free Traveller, and you will always be on the move, even at home, though I imagine your friends will let you shack up at their places if you're really desperate.]

Hubworlds

So now that we've taken care of yourself in the residential department I think we only need to worry about your first posting, and for that you'll want to take yourself off of Ae. Mind you, you don't need to leave, and I can direct you to work on the homeworld that isn't the monotonous variety but- well. It's all political craptrackt and I'd steer clear of it if I were you. Here's everything we have available at the moment, and if you don't want any missions then you can take to your own work, or just wander aimlessly as many do. Keep in mind if you enter a low tech setting then you won't be able to show your tech, your allies of a more eccentric nature will need to stay hidden and only in your most dire moment will you be able to use your neato tools. Remember, we might act, but we are only known to ourselves, make sure it stays that way.

> Terra-D1542 – In Which the Moon's Children Defy the Plan
Xenos [Hidden] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Open] HL [Open] AI [Hidden] Visible Tech Level [Mid] Visible Ethereal Level [Master] Free Wander? [Yes] Ethereal Presence? [Minor]

> Are you familiar with the Pre-Islamic Arabia and its literal heaping pile of idols? This is a world where a force of creation is currently locked in battle with its rebellious children, with the charge being made by the moon's daughters, three very powerful spirits intent upon bringing down the Caliph to avenge their chosen son, the renegade prophet. The world is set at around 786 AD with fairly low tech in all areas. The major powers are the Carolingian estates which take up most Iberia, France, Germany and Italy, the Byzantine Empire, The Caliphate of Egypt that takes up most of the North African Coast, and the Tengri Turks who've been sitting in the Steppe for a while now. Arabia, the Levant and Assyria are divided into a vast number of homicidal city states and tribes bound together by the three moon pact to repel any outsiders with a save ferocity, and are currently focused, and succeeding in restoring the old gods of Egypt as the battle for the Sinai and Judea rages.
> We ourselves are currently based in a fort with a small group of assassins in the mountains in the north of the Levant, the assassins themselves are good at moving around unseen and are happy to help, and also offer jobs taking out powerful individuals on all sides of the conflict. It's a nice place, but very warm in the summer. The other notable resident is Murxi, a dog-headed goddess of the Kurdish people intent upon raising herself to an omnipresent level, and she'd appreciate mortal help.

[God Dog of the Fever Dream| Murxi is a goddess to the Kurdish people who've maintained an impartiality to the religious madness surrounding them and harbor Christians, Muslims, Zoroastrians and worshipers of the native faith, and even their gods are intent upon protecting them and theirs first and foremost. Murxi is one of our good friends and has been intending to make herself much more powerful than her southern cousins through a rather chaotic ritual, powerful enough to rival the greatest. Long story short she needs you to go and dig up the bones of a dragon out in the chaotic mess of the Indian Subcontinent and then she also needs you to go to America to kill a very much alive dragon down in Mexico for its bones. It'll take at least two years and it's a big project with over a hundred travellers working on it gathering reagents, supplies and prepping the mountain where the ritual will take place. But if it works then you'll be walking with the blessings of an ascended goddess. And Murxi remembers her friends.]

[Bastion at Midinah| We've made friends in the bastion of Midinah, and they've been in a tight spot as of late. The other cities of Arabia have taken a major disliking to the second city of the renegade Prophet after a rather nasty trade dispute, and even with the conflict with the Caliphate it looks like a siege of the city is inevitable. We have two months of preparation to prepare the walls for war with a coalition with a dozen other cities, no holds aside from the restriction on visible high tech this is a no holds barred beat down, and if you prove yourself here you'll be able to attract a lot of attention and earn a lot of prestige. And if you are truly exceptional your battle prowess will go down in legend and every famous royal line will attempt to trace its family back to you, the greatest bulwark.]

[The Crowning of an Imperial Pheonix| How does a coup sound to you? We've got word that the current corrupt leadership in the Byzantine Empire is weak, and a friend of ours is going to deal with that. Markos Athenai is currently building up a coup that will be cleared for Traveller support in two weeks' time. You'll be in charge of taking down the Palace in Constantinople with Markos himself and a dozen other hardened travellers as well as anyone you can scrounge up, and while the palace guard has gotten fat it'll be a matter of timing. If you can pull it off you'll make a good friend out of Markos and he'll offer you a role in the Army and as he readies the armies to begin a march towards Egypt and Italy. After all, the Roman peace needs to be restored, and he's eager to see it done.]

> Terra-D4243 – In Which the Crusades Crashed
Xenos [Hidden] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Hidden] HL [Hidden] AI [Hidden]
Visible Tech Level [High] Visible Ethereal Level [NA] Free Wander? [Yes] Ethereal Presence? [NA]

> The crusades have many outcomes, some end with the decisive extinction of Islam, others the exact opposite with the starting of a flame that lights Christian Europe up. But here the Crusade and the Jihad clashed together for eight centuries until the reformation, which made things even more complicated. Now? The year is 1978 AD and the entirety of Anatolia, the Levant and the Jerusalem region are divided into small estates of every sort of denomination you can imagine with even a Buddhist state up in the Caucus and remnants of the old pagans latching onto a catching movement. But for the time being there is peace thanks to the influence of certain devoted persons, but old hatreds are hard to forget in this land forged by conflict, travelling here will lead you to meet all sorts of curious people no doubt. We're in the boom time of oil and prosperity, and it's clear our hidden influence will push this balkanized region in the directions we want to move it in. Unfortunately 'we' don't know what 'we' want and there is much conflict on what to do here.
> We ourselves are based in a skyscraper in new Aleppo, a big and intimidating city with a majority of Druze who've long since become their own branch of Islam. The state of Aleppo is strong with one of the few functioning democracies, many other travellers come here so expect it to be a very busy place. If you're wanting for a journey you'll always find someone who needs a spare set of hands here.

[The War For Antioch| Antioch is known to this world as the 'City of Shining Lights.' with over three hundred sky scrapers and a population of eight million it is the undisputed power in the northern city states, however trouble has been brewing. The city is ruled by an oligarchy made up exclusively of old Sunni Turks, and in a city with a majority cut between angry Bedouins and increasingly violent Greeks you can imagine that this is going to end poorly. Already the workings of a revolution are being put into order, and many are getting involved in the action, we've got one league of travellers who are manipulating the Neo-Theodisian fighters, a smaller league leading the Cillian Revolutionaries and a third league in charge of the Communists, and we need people on oversight to make sure everyone plays nice and that whoever wins has a lasting victory that will establish a decent state. Choose your side, or begin a new one, regardless in three years' time the shit is going to hit the fan, and then it all plays out.]

[A Few Games of Football| Football, soccer, headkick, whatever you call it it's a simple sport with the potential to become a creed and a religion worldwide. Here football is extremely popular for the competition it brings to the roughly one hundred and fifty states between India, Greece and Ethiopia, and it is a life and death matter. We've set ourselves up cozily as the shadow masters of the Karamanid Cup, the soccer competition for the region that has led to around two hundred and sixty seven soccer riots and two civil wars. Now we don't generally want that, especially with the astonishing body count from last year's Cup. If you're willing to help out with the 1979 Karamanid debacle then you'll be needed to fill team rosters, prevent riots before they happen, protect players and other things to help us get ready in one years' time. And if you do manage to get to the end of the year you'll be entitled to a fraction of the massive wealth we make off of our gambling schemes. Seems only fair we get our cut you know? Also if Dawkins is allowed to take the gambling pool again I'll fucking kill myself I swear it.]

[Mister Jiang| We've noticed a serious destabilization inside of the Persian estates, and a covert operative who seems to be everywhere at once and never where we need him to be. Our concern is this operative who is only known as 'Mister Jiang' is using advanced tech well beyond this timelines time to bring down the small states one by one to allow a brief period of chaos before the Celestial Empire 'steps in' to annex the small countries as protectorates. This is the last thing we want is this entire region being 'colonized' by the dragon so we're putting this down here. Mister Jiang was last seen in Tehran talking with the authoritarian king of the city. Beginning immediately you and any allies you have are to track him down, find out what he's doing and then kill him, taking his tech with you for good measure. If this is as bad as we think it is, then we might just need to destabilize the dragon.]

> Terra-D5313 – In Which the Sunset Invades
Xenos [Hidden] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Hidden] HL [Hidden] AI [Hidden]
Visible Tech Level [Mid] Visible Ethereal Level [NA] Free Wander? [Yes] Ethereal Presence? [Minor]

> Oh boy, where do I begin with this one? After a population boom in the 8th century in Nahua and Incan regions, the two regions have become host to the largest empires in the world, unlocking the secrets of Metallurgy, advanced farming and the printing press thanks to a number of idiotic extraterrestrials who thought it would be funny to see what happened. The Incan and Aztec Emperors have been at war for almost two centuries, thousands die monthly where they clash in modern panama. The year is 1254 AD, and the subjugation of the British Isles by the Aztecs has just 'finished' with the massacre of London with Harris Plantagenet being dragged from the castle and having his heart ripped out. They now seek to conquer mainland Europe and have one of the largest armies in the world to do it. Anything to wipe out Initi's Sons of course.
> Our current stronghold is located in Poland, currently in the Krakow based Palace of good queen Moznebi Piast who is a good friend of ours. Currently we have several teams working at dismantling colonial operations in Europe by the Aztecs and in Africa by the Inca. This is a quieter local but there the travellers who are here are hardened guerrillas, if you want to learn to fight an empire spanning continents then you'd do well to listen.

[The Sixteen Hundred| You could say the Aztecs have done the impossible twice what with uniting the entirety of Britain under their feathered flags and a second time in universally uniting the Irish against them. The 'sixteen hundred' are a band of rebels currently based in Dublin and their numbers are growing every day under the elected high king of Ireland Tadag O'Sierly, and with the recent addition of the remaining Scottish highlander Clans, he's looking to take his country back from the Imperials. In two weeks he's going to march on Ossory, the heart of the Aztec powerbase in Eire and take the city, normally a man like this would be doomed to fail, but Tadag has earned our support and we're going to help him liberate his country, and then the rest of Britain. We need scouts, captains and juggernauts, the things that happen in the next three years are going to be considered merithic in their nature, so feel free to bring the power armor and heavy weapons, just keep them hidden and until the fighting breaks out.]

[The Shores of Galicia| Now the simple target for the main invasion of Europe would be Normandy or the Low countries, however the Commander of the Attack, a one Huetzoptli Chagonai is aiming for Iberia, along the northern Coast in three months' time. The kingdoms of Leon, Castile and Navarra have no chance as each kingdom will be dealing with around thirty thousand fighters, who will push south in little over a year and conquer the whole of Iberia, but there is one potential exception. Galicia, which has set up an ingenious trap to lure the invasion force into its worst nightmare. You see the small kingdom has been doing a lot since it got its independence, notably developing advanced crossbows and cavalry tactics. Add that to the discovery of a gold mine that has let them hire every mercenary in Iberia and if someone with a little foresight was based on the shores there's a good chance they could cut a quarter of the Empires attack forces clean off the map. If you want to be that individual then you have three months' time to prepare a warm welcome.]

[A Meeting of Five Emperors| We know the conquest of Iberia is inevitable, the place is divided into a dozen emirates and kingdoms too petty to possibly unite, but what happens next isn't quite certain, though we do know the Aztecs will take a step out of line when they ready the invasion of France, as this will signal both the Holy Roman Empire's intervention and the intervention of the Byzantines whose current Emperor is actually the king of France's second cousin. The sheer arrogance of the Aztecs has also drawn the attention of a new individual, the Shiite Caliph and his friends in south America who are eager to claim their territory in Iberia from an already struggling colonial empire, and when the Aztecs march over the border into Occitan, expect the forces of four more empires, all with their heads of state leading the charge. What happens? Well, we've got two years to decide. Whatever we're going to do though, it's going to need to break around a quarter of a million soldiers.]

[Make The Bed| With everything happening on earth few people it's easy to forget that the fuckers who started the colonial extinction age are still chilling out on Io watching the chaos unfold. Be they tourists, twisted anthropologists or just twisted vagabonds they need to be dealt with before they go off on their merry way and possibly screw up another planets development. Scare them, sabotage them, whatever works. But let them now that this world is our jurisdiction, and we will not tolerate this.]

> Terra-D9423 – In Which the Wild Spirits Intervene
Xenos [Open] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Open] HL [Open] AI [Hidden] Visible Tech Level [Mid] Visible Ethereal Level [Advanced] Free Wander? [Yes] Ethereal Presence? [High]

> In some timelines spirits are brought into reality by belief, other times cosmic phenomena, or the will of the etherium, or by some combination of all three, and travellers have always learned to be weary of what outsiders are eager to dispel as myth or madness, but this is a world where almost every sort of myth and legend has great and terrible truth to its nature. Vampires, werewolves and other monsters stalk the European wilderness, the volatile monsters of North America are virtually unchallenged by men and the Islands of Japan have played part to some of the fiercest battles between men, gods and youkai we've ever seen. This is a world where we are operating on a global scale, and the entire world is in a constant state of flux as the summer of 1462. We've got all sorts of things happening, and we've got some of the most diverse arrays of travellers here, aliens and mutants are allowed to move around uncloaked and magic wielders are free to use their crafts in open sight.
> Our current base is in a fort we had granted to us in south Kyoto by the Emperor himself in exchange for a few deeds our countrymen accomplished a century ago. The fort itself is huge and is garrisoned by both travellers and locals both human and otherwise who are friends of travellers. The place is a trade node for travellers across Asia all the way from Ethiopia and Portugal. You can find just about any exotic goods here, and meet some pretty interesting people. And if you have the mercantile skill you can make a pretty penny yourself.

[Mountain of Ten Thousand Spirits| We've been involved in a private adventure these past few years. There's allegedly a very auspicious local for the native Kami and Youkai in the most northern mountains in Japan, something they are very interested in keeping under wraps. As you can imagine this has only peaked our interest in the local, and currently we have three teams of people searching around looking for clues, and if you want to join the hunt with your own team all help is appreciated. No one knows how long it will take to find the hidden realm but best guesses say two or three years considering the progress that's been made. And at the end? Who knows what lies at the end of this road, perhaps the chance to enter a city of spirits, perhaps some gifts for ourselves, perhaps we just get to find the Saki den of the gods.]

[Monstrous Daughters| The werewolves of Estonia are some of the most fierce in the entire world with their clans driving out the Mongols, Vikings, Russians and Crusaders in decisive victories time and time in again, however at the moment the entire country stands on the risk of a brutal war that could tear the small Baltic Kingdom apart. The current High-King Tuflen Patsumiis of the Patsumii clan is involved in a blood feud with Eorias Semiirariana of the Semiiraria clan who hold thee sub kingdoms and half the country in their grasp. This splits the country in half and to make matters worse both men have had their daughters vanish and blames the other for the disappearances. Someone needs to find the princess and the heiress apparent or things are going to get bloody, and if there is one thing the spirits of the forest love it's a bloodbath. If you can calm the violence then it's likely that the neutral elements of Estonia will be eager to repay you in any way they can.]

[The Next Bout| There is a brig clique of fighters who have recently requested aid in their battles against a clan of steppe warriors who are involved in a much larger conflict with the sky lord. the Fighting company which calls itself the 'Riders of the Storm' have managed to get themselves involved in a war with the Kazakhs, Siberians and Kazanis with their only allies being the Quesagi khanate whose forces number in the hundreds, but has earned the sky lords blessing in the fullest extent of the word. In six months' time the clash of hordes will begin in the lands of the Golden horde to the south, and the Riders of the Storm are renowned for their caution in all things, as it is rumored that the Kazani Khan has made a pact with a darker power. If you can achieve victory against such horribly stacked odds then it's possible the sky lord would bless you, and to that is no small thing indeed.]

> Terra-D2453 – In Which the War Never Ended
Xenos [Hidden] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Hidden] HL [Hidden] AI [Hidden]
Visible Tech Level [High] Visible Ethereal Level [NA] Free Wander? [Yes] Ethereal Presence? [NA]

> 1974, and the world is divided between a the remains of the British empire (eg: Canada, Ireland, Scotland and the Oceanic territories) The Fourth Reich, the USSR, Communist China, India, The Japanese Republic and the United American States which have eaten everything in the Americas that is not Canada after it learned the hard way what the Canadians could do with their frightening technology if riled, losing Alaska and half of New England from the experience. A chaotic world, we've managed to prevent nuclear weapons in this setting by constantly bombing any labs that get a little too far for our liking. Still, there has been a constant state of war between everyone and everything for the past fifty odd years and only now does it look like the end is in sight with Beijing and Meijing in the sights of the Republican Armies and the US finally getting off its lard ass to help the emancipated corpse of the British Empire. The world that is left behind will have a lot of repairs to do, and we're going to have to keep a good eye on the situation to make sure it doesn't slip back into it.
> We are currently based in Switzerland in a private villa up in the Alps, it has great skiing and great privacy, but the place is small. However very cozy. We're technically aligned with the Swiss republic and we'll occasionally get 'requests' from Swiss leadership who want us to help 'maintain their neutrality' with extreme prejudice.

[The Troubles of the V13| There is little that is going to stop the American forces once they have completely mobilized to move on the liberation of England and then onto the rest of Europe, then onto the violated remains of the Soviet Union which have been locked in the jaws of the Reich for around two decades. That said there is one thing with the potential to stop the American advance and that is the V13, German rocket technology has been in constant progress and the V13 can hit Washington D.C. in an hour, and General-Chancellor Rommel is not going to surrender without a fight. Three Traveller teams intend to remove the threat the V13 launch facilities pose to the invasion, and they need help. If you can be ready in one weeks' time for advanced covert operations you'll get the opportunity to hit one of the largest munitions dumps we've ever seen. And if you do things right then you'll set off an explosion that will be felt from Paris to Krakow.]

[Did Someone Say Hawaii| Now as you can imagine the Yanks have not played nice in this timeline, all to spread democracy of course. However they still have some conscious that can be more easily awoken then others. Now our best option for America is to trigger a peaceful exodus of states that will rewrite the map of the Americas. This is already happening as the Democrats have lost the support of the people for their initiative to end the war in Europe. We just need to trigger a few riots in Hawaii. Why Hawaii? Well the governor in charge of the state is a cruel and cowardly man who will use his own personal forces to put down the peaceful protests. This will kick off the spark that has him knocked out of power, and has the Hawaiin islands secede from the union with the support of the Japanese and the Canadians. This sets off the spark that blows up in the unions face. Protests will rise up across South America, the Caribbean, Central America, the African Colonial estate, even the western territories, the south and what's left of New England will succeed if we are successful. And all the while we make sure that we don't get any 'great leaders' corrupting the succession movement. For four years of being in the right place at the right time, you'll leave behind a democratic legacy that will last for centuries, I'd say it's a good way to get remembered, and earn the respect of your seniors.]

[Rise of the Arab Confederacy| As the Americas pass over German occupied Europe the Canadians will take the task of mowing over the German colonial estates in Africa and the mid-east beside the Indians who will meet in Lebanon, neither the Indians or the Canadians give two damns about the region and want to return home as quickly as possible. The Americans before their eventual collapse are doomed to try to control the region, and unlike the homeland they have no qualms with using their military to try and keep the peace, even as the union begins to fall apart. This is where we step in to prevent the tribal and religious divides from Balkanizing the region. There is a man in Egypt who over the course of a decade will create a nation that stretches from the Tigris and Euphrates all the way to the beaches of Morocco, and it's our job to get him there. This man's name is Yusuf Taril Madala, and starting next week you'll be a part of one of the most ridiculous success stories ever told. And of course it's important to remember that Yusuf puts his friends before all other things.]

> Terra-D12452 – In Which Big Brother Wins
Xenos [Hidden] Humans [Hidden] Ethereal Beings [Hidden] HL [Hidden] AI [Hidden]
Visible Tech Level [Mid] Visible Ethereal Level [Mid] Free Wander? [W/Caution] Ethereal Presence? [NA]

> Tell me, have you ever read Orwell's 1984? Well this is the nightmare that author envisioned, people deprived of everything, the world divided up into three homicidal dictatorships destroying this world at an alarming pace. Already the heart of Africa has been turned into a continental pile of mud, and what was Northern France is now a burning salted field that won't grow anything aside from moss for at least five centuries. We only stumbled on this nightmarish little gem a few years ago and clearance for open intervention was just given, and already we've got a few thousand volunteers for operations to dismantle this fucked up little world, everyone's welcome, god knows we're going to need help on this one as the winter of 1984 finally begins.
> Our initial basing was on the moon because- to be fair there is almost nowhere that the Dictatorships do not touch. We've since moved into the islands of the Azores and repel anyone who gets close with high powered railguns, and both the Eurasians and the Oceanians assume it's their opponents doing and have given up on the island, it's bustling with construction as the Architects and Militants turn the place into a citadel when the Eurasians or the others wizen up and attempt to move in. Not a boring place to say the least.

[Defiance Even at the End| Not everyone is cold and dead at the hands of this world yet, and a few still live. In what we know to be Iceland the party has taken substantial losses along with its local members of the inner party to a well-armed group of Proles who currently have the Uskavjik city center to themselves. Mind you, defiance of the party will not stand and their time is running out. They're doomed, but they have long since accepted this and aim to take down as many as they can, no one aims to be captured here. Such a suicidal cause has as you can imagine attracted a lot of support from renegades and independent fighters from among our ranks, in two days' time the assault begins, if you're interested in fighting beside dead men and making life for the army of Oceania as miserable as possible then this is where you go. There's a great respect for those willing to fight beside the hopeless, and many of the older elite take these missions, your actions of defiance will not go unnoticed.]

[The Quiet Bitter Rage| Now we actually need to break down the world, we've already made plans for Eurasia and Eastasia, both of them have their elites plain and clear to see, and we predict we can take them down in two to four years' time with a few well-placed assassinations and victories. The real problem here Oceania and the hold the party has on the peoples, the lies, the removal from reality, it's a level of dehumanization we can barely touch. The party has turned itself into a rats nest, snakes eating tails, lies eating truth to the point where the lie becomes real. It's completely fucked. If you want to help take down the party we need to take down its god, and it's most loyal followers, the youth and the inner party. We'll start off small, Yorkshire, Dublin, Montreal, Edmonton and Cape Town. Kill the most zealous, stop the minute of hate, kill electricity, burn down inner party operations, and bring about rage of the masses. They'll attempt to stop us, and they will fail, they can't kill us when we are everywhere at once. With your trials you'll become firmer, your skills sharpening, your sense of self stronger, your drive to know the truth intensifying tenfold. It will take at least four years before we're ready to take out the major power regions, but when we do you will be ready.]

[No Gods and No Masters| It will take us five years to drive up a sufficient rebellion but when we do it will ready to bring down the party and the Oceanian Empire once and for all. We'll need help to take down the major cities and the Parties stronghold in London, and it will be a brutal fight, by the time we take New York Cannibalism will be rampant in the streets. By the time we take Miami you will things that will keep you from sleeping for the rest of your life. And all of this says nothing of what the fight for southern England will be like. The party will virtually abandon the Americas to fortify its power from London to Cornwall, and taking that piece of land from them will be a creeping advance inch by bloody inch. London will be the worst of it, the place has hundred foot tall concrete walls and is stocked with the entirety of the materials, manpower and munitions the Party could steal from the rest of its positions and the battle will last two months. But at the end if you survive, you will accomplish the impossible, and kill Big Brother.]

> Terra-D8231 - The Greatest Evil
Xenos [Open] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Open] HL [Open] AI [Open] Visible Tech Level [Advanced] Visible Ethereal Level [Mastery] Free Wander? [Yes] Ethereal Presence? [NA]

> Few realms are as strange as D8231, where the massive Vegamitte empire that stretches across half the milky way galaxy, and earth is their next chosen target, the invasion has already been underway for the past eight months, but fortunately the Vegamittes have bitten off far more than they can chew, bad weather, pollution and human resistance have turned the invasion into a slow and violent advance across the face of India and south Africa, with the Russian breach being closed at the cost of massive casualties and the Mexican breach being closed hours after landing thanks to a timely response from multiple parties in the area and shitty intelligence from the vegamitte command. Already the empire is preparing to land more forces but earth is already on high alert, a long brutal war is about to unfold and it will claim the lives of billions. At least it would if we weren't in the pipes and tunnels. We've already got renegade Cabi and Urota'Yam amongst the ranks who have a personal pickle to pick with the empire, do what you will traveller, this war is about to unfold in the summer of 2016.
> We ourselves are based deep beneath the earth in the Andes thanks to prior contacts with the Incan empire, the place is vast with many decorations dating back to the Incan empire, a few of the lower tunnels even have goldmines to the brave few with an interest in rock. The place is homely if reports are to be believed.

[Cabbagitus Capitulotis| The Cabi administrator in charge of the invasion, a one Cabbagitus Capitulotis has a bit of a reputation for his brutality, which hides his record of corruption and slothfulness. If there is any individual responsible for the failure of the invasion so far it would be him, and already anger is swelling amongst his men and his personal retinue over the massive casualties the Imperials are suffering. Vegamitte command will do away with him soon enough, but we have better ideas, some want to kidnap Capitulotis and force him to drop information that will allow travellers to blow holes in the sides of the invasion force, others want to cut the head off the snake to let the body shudder, and there are even a few interested in seeing him cut apart by his own retinue for maximum chaos. Et tu fledgling?

[The Enchyiamina Beets| The Vegamitte empire has always relied heavily upon its fructose warmachines, the massive creeping Anana, the explosive vine-children, and the all-consuming Applings, but recently a new beast was added to the list of horrors the Veggamites, the Enchyiamina Beet, massive hunter killer fructose beasts that can rip apart armoured bunkers in hours upon being released with a taste for fleshy beasts, however in their native environment the Beets were traditional vegatarians, a trait the Veggamittes were quick to remove, however this can be restored through a simple change, a virus BIO has puked up, and if this virus were to be say- thrown into the main watering tank on the Veggamite capital ship, then we might just be able to watch the 'secret' weapons of the invasion force turn on the handlers.

[Empress Saa'alad| The benevolent and wise empress of the grand Vegamitte empire and responsible for the peace and prosperity (outside of a few problem zones) that has allowed for a golden age to grip the empire, the only reason the weary masses have not revolted against their cabbage overlords. She is beloved by all, universally respected though some women wonder if her fronds are real. Her dominion is absolute, and some wish to deal with her, once Capitulotis falls her attention will be drawn to the human situation, then will be the time to strike, some with to kidnap her and drop her off on a backwater to create a panic, others prefer blackmail, but a good many wish for a more subtle form of diplomacy, your input here would no doubt be invaluable, as would your action.]

> Terra-D4813 – In Which Steam Rules
Xenos [Hidden] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Hidden] HL [Hidden] AI [Hidden]
Visible Tech Level [Mid] Visible Ethereal Level [NA] Free Wander? [Yes] Ethereal Presence? [Minor]

> Ever wanted to see what happens when a few innovations turns steam into the earth's most viable power source outclassing both petrol and natural gas? Well look no further. This is a world where a series of inventions in Britain allowed the British Empire to become the supreme entirely undisputed power in the world, spanning from China and India all across Africa and allowing them to put those rebellious Yanks back under the Union Jack. This is where the British Empire is at its absolute undisputed height of glory, but at a cost. The skies run black over all the European cities, and having vast colonial empires comes at a bloody cost, the whole world is a mess even with the British in charge, and with the house of Hwice in charge some might be worried with all the talk of anger among the plebeians in this summer of 1895.
> The Traveller headquarters for D4813 are based in Capetown in South Africa where we easily escape notice with the flurry of activity that surrounds the port on a daily basis. You have everyone from across the empire passing through the port from Chinese and Kongolese Laborers, Yank businessmen, British Aristocrats, Punjabi soldiers to Highland officers. The place itself is a small vineyard on the edge of the city and if you're willing to pitch a hand in every now and again you'll be entitled to provisions of some very decent wine.

[Anarchist Revolutionary Means| Now as a brief bit of history, it was English forces that put down the French revolution in response to the execution of several English merchants and aristocrats who had been living in France at the time. Now this reinstatement of the Valois Family has been entirely brutal with its treatment of the people for far too long, a good amount of time has passed and the French surpass even the Russians in their poor treatment of the serfs, and this can only go on for so long before it reaches the breaking point yet again. With the execution of a well-known humanitarian by Louis the 31rst we will see the beginnings of an anarcho-liberal revolution with the potential to strike at the hearts of every European Power thanks to the surprising number of geniuses from the Bourgeoisie among their ranks. And we're going to help it succeed at least in part. Serving with the revolutionary cause will give you good insight on dealing with the poor and impoverished and make you both a better diplomat and a better fighter.]

[A Grand Escapade| Her Majesties Royal Society of Innovations and Technologies has been very busy from their Sudbury University haunt. They've done things we could hardly dream of ever since the Empire put its full might into technological innovation and have already begun the construction of Automatons and Virtual Intelligence, one of these has 'woken up' so to speak and has already attempted to escape, and is now confined to the basement where it will in two weeks' time be dissected to understand what sets it apart from its siblings. We're not going to let that happen, and in ten days we are going to break into the Sudberry Royal University and we are going to take the whole place by storm to rescue that unformed AI. You'll be at the forefront of the Storm team, be expected to deal with automated systems and guards, and keep in mind it is a quiet operation so don't be the asshole who gives away the teams position because you couldn't be bothered to take your Tb18 suit off and wake the whole campus with your stomping. As well there is also the AI, who is basically a frightened toddler who was beaten with a stick. We'll need someone to care for the poor thing once we rescue it, and that position remains to be filled.]

[The Heart of Darkness| The two nations with the strongest colonial presences in Africa are the British with the Dutch running a tight second with their dominance in west Africa and the spice islands of the east Indes after several punitive wars between them and the Spanish. The current king of the Netherlands is Leopold the 2nd, and he is a very nasty man to his subjects in the Dutch Congo, which is the location of the worst colonial abuses we've ever seen. The job is straightforward. Gather evidence of the Worst of the Dutch abuses, spread the information across Europe and then go after the governors of the region to kill the Rubber and Lumber trade that makes it profitable enough to eat the Kongo alive. Once this is done the Architects are on standby to help set up a decent state that is capable of lasting the test of time and resisting incursions. And of course you'll be remembered as a folk legend which began the end of European rule in Africa. Picture William Wallace with a shotgun. That's you.]

> Terra-D2342 – In Which the Higher Powers Overestimate Strengths
Xenos [Open] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Open] HL [Open] AI [Open] Visible Tech Level [Advanced] Visible Ethereal Level [Mastery] Free Wander? [Yes] Ethereal Presence? [Obscenely High]

> There are few places that bring up more questions than D2342, which was two years ago subject to what could only be defined as the Abrahamic End of Times, we had the works, mass disappearances across the globe, blood, smoke, fire, locusts and frogs. Since then this whole planet has fallen into a state of barley controlled anarchy, and now the last part of the prophecy has woken up here, as portals to other dimensions we have yet to visit have opened up and vast legions of the infernal and angelic have poured out into earth to battle for control of the planet. However it's been decided by the hubworld overseer, a Wookie who goes by Thaci Coolio, that neither of these shitheads should be in charge and has put into action a plan to sabotage both armies and build up a human army to crush the angelic and demonic menaces. The year is 2036 AD, and with his connections Thaci has made it so if you're doing something productive you can drive a fucking FTL warship around while spraying lighting and fire from your palms. So fucking get to it.
> Our current base is actually the entire island of Manhattan which Thaci seized with the local Home Guard Contingent and the whole place is crammed with refugees, travellers, human resistance and renegades from both the Angelic and Demonic Armies who want nothing to do with the war as strange as it may seem. They've got lots of space though, and the main command center is the Chrysler Building where Thaci is directing a seemingly unwinnable war.

[The Beating Thing| One of the demonic renegades has brought to our attention a very powerful and potent artifact simply known as 'the heart' housed in the depth of Demonic Boston. Find it, and dispose of the thing once and for all, because if half of what we have heard is true then this thing could blow a big bloody hole in our collective flanks. The mission will be dangerous and starts immediately, Boston is near the original portals to the demonic home dimension the invasion began in, and there is no one alive there who isn't invested in the demon's side of this war. And the artifact itself is another matter, simply by being near it you'll feel yourself becoming stronger, but in the same right more prone to act upon your poor qualities. And when you destroy it expect it to attempt to stop you. However if you can successfully destroy this thing then you'll strike a major blow against the demonic menace and cripple their moral as many demon lords will simply keel over dead from their constant dealings with the heart and you yourself will obtain an even stronger will then you had prior.]

[Ramiel's Head| The Angelic forces have actually been worse than the demons in many cases, while the demons prefer subjugation and negotiation the Angelic army has the tendency to just glass cities which they deemed to be 'wanting' and they have a very generous definition of the word. However this has caused much dissension among the ranks, especially after one of their 'orbital glassers' decided he didn't want to glass Prague from orbit and was then cut into a half a dozen pieces. However that didn't do much to Ramiel since he is essentially immortal. His companions fled the army along with the rest of the angels strong enough to Glass cities temporarily stopping the Angelic march through Europe, and since he arrived in New York Ramiel has been pleading to for help to 'reassemble' himself and make him useful in the fight once more. If you can find his various parts which have been spread across angel territory to keep him a disembodied head for as long as possible the Ramiel will be able to make the lives of his former employers short, and he'll be personally grateful for the assistance.]

[Greatest of Men| Around the second year of this conflict both of our inter dimensional enemies will be meeting in Newfoundland in what will appear to be a battle to end the war, with millions from both sides arriving to attempt to crush the other side. Now normally one side or the other would win this and force the other back into their original dimension after a few more years of warfare. Now we can't simply let that go. We've got one item that neither side will be expecting, a hydrogen bomb a hundred meters below the ground that if we time things well should take out a good majority of the forces from both sides, however we will need a team to sit on the bomb until we're ready to go, and we'll also need people to lure the assholes in. It's a risky plan, and one that's incredibly dangerous with only a pullout period of ten seconds before detonation, but if we pull it off we can earn a decisive victory, and the battle will be forever remembered as the turning point of this mad war, and you the fucker mad enough to sit on a hydrogen bomb.]

> Terra-D2368 - In Which the Future is blank
Xenos [Hidden] Humans [Hidden] Ethereal Beings [Hidden] HL [Hidden] AI [Hidden]
Visible Tech Level [High] Visible Ethereal Level [NA] Free Wander? [Caution Advised]
Ethereal Presence? [Mild/Corrupted]

> Ironically, the Orwellian dimension is not the worst, oh no. This is much worse, at least there is hope for D12452. Here? Humankind has been subjugated by a few extremely powerful families, the rest turned into cloning and breeding stock in a world where the individual thinking population can be counted in the tens of thousands and the mindless lobotomized masses in the billions, the endgame for any authoritarian system that sucks the life from the lesser beings. The world is united under a global hegemony, the year is 2091 and already has several colonies on the Moon and Mars with the next sights set on Titan as earth's resources begin to run out. We don't have much to do here truth be told, Medical has informed us there is nothing we can do to save the mindless masses as the average 'drone' has the intelligence of a very stupid sheep and are treated like such by the oligarchic families who have over the past fifty years since this debacle began have become nonredeemable in their treatment of the drones. Admin has just cleared us to wipe this whole planet, the agreement is that this entire atrocity of a planet can't be allowed to exist any longer.
> Our current base is in the Nepalese mountainside, the place is a former Chinese bunker, back when there was a China. Quiet is the word I'd use to describe the place. This isn't a welcoming world, and the hubworld is hardly different.

[Bring Down Kiev| The least of the grand cities with functioning minds, Kiev is only home to about six families with around two hundred 'thinkers' as we call them. They're open depravity towards the drones has made the other families turn their backs on them, but they still control around five million drones and should not be taken lightly. In one months' time we'll storm the city, shut down the main grid essentially killing all the drones under Kievan control and then move onto the bastards in charge, who without their mountain of bodies to throw are essentially helpless and infirm. It's up to you how to deal with them, leaving them alive to flee will freak the fuck out of the other families in other cities but turn up the defenses for our future operations. Killing them will give us some small measure of satisfaction for what happened here. Of course we also have the troves of priceless artifacts the families of Kiev had, if you can do well here you'll get first pick.]

[Bring Down Lisboa| After our first few operations over the course of a few months we'll be ready to take down some of the larger European cities. Lisboa is a key control depot for the entirety of the western European seaboard and as such is very well defended with some very high class drones in the air and a hell of a lot of mechs that are intent on killing anything that so much as looks at the control centers for the drones. But the two thousand thinks in the city are paranoid and turning on each other, and we have a way into the city as a result of this. One of the noble families has a tunnel that leads long and deep into the earth, to a bunker they believe no one else knows about, and that is where we are going to strike. We need you to strike up from the bunker (free teleportation has it's perks) and take down the drone control and the electricity hard and fast, before you make your approach we'll drop a few tech-killer bombs to draw attention but you'll still only have ten minutes of operating time before you are covered in bodies. But if you succeed this will bring down the last of the European resistance.]

[Bring Down Seattle| After Lisboa gets knocked over we get to kick up our heals and watch as the Asian, African and the South American cities fall to pieces, as fear and paranoia play their roles. All cities across the planet will fall apart in a matter of five years and human kind in this world will eventually become extinct, and then Bio and the Architects will begin their work to create a world for their experiments in evolution once they clean the world of its pollution and test a few evolutionary schema they've been nursing. But we have one last article to deal with for that to happen, the American Mega fortress of Seattle. Fifty foot walls, artillery capable of launching low yield nukes, the largest population of thinkers on the planet. It will be no small dead taking this place down and it's tempting to just glass the place, but there are too many travellers here to simply let this end without a fight. We go in Blitzkrieg style, take down the artillery and outer defenses with orbital strikes and then roll into city to put the last of this corrupt hegemony down. It will be one of the bloodiest fights you'll ever see, tens of thousands of frothing drones, homicidal mechs and all sorts of flying shrapnel, but it will be one hell of a story to tell. When you finally cut down the last thinker, your violence will leave a mark on this world, a spiritual seed that when a new race of sapients emerges they will regard you as the force that turns the sun and stars, and maybe you'll get to see it if you stick around.]

> Terra-D2683 - In The Apocalypse Is Not The End
Xenos [Hidden] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Hidden] HL [Hidden] AI [Open] Visible Tech Level [High] Visible Ethereal Level [NA] Free Wander? [Yes] Ethereal Presence? [Minor/Corrupted]

> Nuclear weapons are surprisingly simple to make if you have the knowhow, Terra has an abundance of minerals that could glass the entire planet a hundred times over if used to a decent potency. This is one such a world where we arrived to find the prolific use of nuclear arsenal turning the entire world into a irradiated shithole. However life is still everywhere even in the most irradiated wastes. The year? 2297 AD. The world? Nightmarish, full of lunatics, marauders, mutants and beasts so monstrous it's a wonder how the planets prior inhabitants still survive. Yet they still do, in fact they flourish in the wastes, cities and towns riding out of the irradiated ruins. From the burnt shell of Taiwan to the remains of DC we in our time will see the revival of mankind in the next century as the world returns to a habitable state. Now however we still have an entire planet of volatile monsters, mutants and leather clad lunatics running and driving around the wastes. If you want mania and chaos this is where to go.
> The hubworld's base is located in the Falklands which we took control of after the war began, it's comfy and quiet, the place is free of radiation and has a functioning set of crews from the Architects, Archivists and the Medical Division with various interests in the wastelands of this strange world, most have things you need doing, but as in all worlds you are free to wander as you would free to do as you wish, and this is a wild world indeed.

[Moscow Scavenger| Oh the glowing of Moscow makes for a romantic local indeed if you're interested in six legged rats the size of bears and around massive cannibal clans. This is the home of one of the more extensive Traveller salvaging operations with constant openings that such a hallmark operation. They need everything, skilled guards, administrators, people on oversight, people pulling junk, no one will be turned away at this point. Keep in mind the party is getting ready for a big discovery, something nightmarish is hiding in the veritable city that extends down miles below the surface of Moscow. The soviets did all sorts of horrible fucked up experiments, who's to say what you're going to find. Just as well I suppose, it's not going to be boring.]

[Sons of Liberia| The Genocidal, Homicidal African nations burned out pretty quickly post MAD. However there are some exceptions. These include the Ethiopian Hegemony which is possibly the strongest nation on this planet, the kingdom of Madagascar and Liberia. After the bombs fell Liberia was the first to turn in on itself with even the smoking ruins of Egypt and South Africa lasting longer. However from the flames rose the house of Roston. Henry Emanual Roston secured the country and turned it into a functioning kingdom which has lasted these two hundred years of Apocalyptia incredibly well, however all that is doomed to change. The old king is dead, and his only son is a gibbering lunatic intent on driving the country into the ground. Many teams are currently working towards setting up their own coups. Do what you must, secure your allies and strike without hesitation, this state must be preserved, and a very eccentric traveller will see you rewarded for your work.]

[Like the Wind| Ah, the remains of Miami, half buried by the sea, the other half covered in giant ants and spiders who both had the advantage of developing a new respiratory system that- well- let them become fucking huge. Miami is lost for all intents and purposes, there's around fifty people still eking out a living here and most of them are just crazy. But we have taken an interest in a new variety of giant insect stalking the streets. We call them Chazymi, they're spiderlike creatures that may have undergone a rapid change and are now bearing rudimentary signs of intelligence. This should be impossible, and we're going to find out why it is that these giant hunting spiders are now using basic flints and fire to their advantage. Be warned, the Chazymi are unaware of our presence and we'd like to keep it that way until we figure out what has happened in this flooded city.]

> Terra-E12 - In Which the Races of Man Feud
Xenos [Open] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Open] HL [Open] AI [Open] Visible Tech Level [Low] Visible Ethereal Level [Advanced] Free Wander? [Yes] Ethereal Presence? [Mild/Declining]

> Humanity dominating the planet is not necessarily a predetermined event, even though many Traveller timelines are full of humans. Only recently have explorers entered timelines where humans are not the dominant race when the necessary requirements are made. However this particular universe is a tad stranger in that extremely primitive humans spread across the world long before their leaps and strides into technology were made. These primordial men spread across the world three million years before our arrival, and thanks to extreme climate changes there are around seven hundred different human species in this timeline, most of which are only now hitting their own iron age. We've been cleared for operations, and now we're going to start a merithic age for this world. Are you ready to get started?
> The E12 hubworld base is on the island we call Cyprus, which is only inhabited by a few tribes of bat-winged Corsetic tribes, and their neighbors the Gilled and finned Colasmia, both of whom have built a rather quaint village on the north side of the island and are quiet happy to have friendly company, even if it is with a strange tribe of star children.

[Tauric Summer| The Minotaur of Gault are some of the fiercest warriors on the European continent second only to the wood-daughters of Eire and the bastard Jotun of Sjld and Novern in Scandinavia, however they're easily defeated in their staunch laws of Gavelkind. Any conquest an individual makes his sons shall rip apart in years after his death. However we've just seen the birth of primogeniture as a one clan chief known as Morgsien 'Brass Banded' as he has placed his inheritance into the hands of Chales 'Iron Banded' who intends to use his newfound inheritance to crush the remaining dissenting hornheaded tribes in what we call Aquitaine and the North of Iberia then turn his peoples newfound strength on their enemies, the numerous tribes of stouts and Criegals central Europe. This isn't supposed to happen and Morgsien himself was supposed to die of a sexually transmitted disease. We suspect interference of an alien nature, how you handle the situation is in your hands. Some want to see the conquests fail, others want to find out what happened. It's up to you what to make of the situation.]

[The Seven Night Wars| Some places have fared the changing world better than others, with the heartlands of African being the most unstable and thus producing some of the most tenacious combat. Here the Kthan with features similar to lamia and echidna are master with hundreds of chiefdoms and petty kingdoms that span the length of the heart of Africa, they've been almost completely unchallenged from the outside and have grown focused on their internal conflicts, but all that is about to change. From the vast southern plains a growing horde is forming. The Kilwa, a race with anatomy similar to what we might call satyrs, furred legs, and horns and though each one only stands four feet tall they are masters of the bow. The many wandering tribes have grown tired of their nomadic existence and see the wealth their northern neighbors hold, and it is only a matter of time before the two clash over the rich fertile Kthan homeland. Neither side is going to win, but this will present us the opportunity to create many 'heroes' for the future. The mission? Be the biggest hero you can, set a legacy that will lay the foundations of religions and kingdoms.]

[Thunder-Bringer| One of the most notable facets of this universe is the high ethereal presence, enough for group consciousness's to form, and eventually develop their own identities. Gods-figures, like Osarious, Phaleum, Khorne and uncountable others. Now if left unchecked these entities can turn pretty nasty, which is why we're here to step in. Currently there are three beings in spiritual 'vitro' the first being a god-figure of war and the other a god-figure of diligence, we're making sure that they don't end up corrupted and turning this whole universe inside out. The third one has been however- erratic. The ethereal department has no idea what it will be, and wants someone to check by shedding off their physical form and prodding it in the spiritual realm. If you're interested in delving in the ethereal plane to observe and perhaps influence a fledgling god then we can't stop you. Just be quick, this one will dissipate in days, there's no small amount of suicidally brave travellers.]

> Terra-D24667 - In Which things are Quiet
Xenos [Open] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Hidden] HL [Open] AI [Open] Visible Tech Level [Advanced] Visible Ethereal Level [NA] Free Wander? [Yes] Ethereal Presence? [NA]

> Ah, Terra D24667 is a very unusual world in that it has been peaceful. In fact, thanks to a number of very dedicated individuals from our ranks the place is almost a utopia, though humans only number around three million and are confined to the islands of Hawaii and New Zealand this world is surprisingly quiet. Technology is extremely advanced and the planet has already encountered many forms of alien life and have opened up a space station in high orbit which has turned into a very productive business for the natives. The group keeping this place together are an elite cohort of fighters who came from very unpleasant universes and aim to keep this worlds inhabitants as happy and healthy as they can, if your actions so much as even remotely harm the locals without good reason expect to catch a hammer to the back of the head.
> Our home base is actually a tower on the shores of what we call Great Slave Lake, and its administrator is a semi-notorious lich who left the Council of the Open-minded after a particularly venomous feud over the acceptance of a certain spirit shaman. He's not salty anymore and happy to point out landmarks and help anyway he can.

[Keep the Peace| The local fighter cohort takes great pleasure in prematurely dealing with pirate and raider scum long before it has the option to set up base and needs people waiting to board ships, kill the inhabitants and then set the vessels on course with Mars, the chosen warning site for anyone who thinks they can fuck on the Terrans, and considering the already large number of wrecks on the surface of the planet they've earned quiet the reputation indeed Humans are this galaxies conundrum. Peaceful, kind, welcoming and generous, and for some reason every single person interested in screwing them over ends up dead on the surface of a nearby planet. If you want to help preserve this image that concerns the rest of the galaxy then you’re always welcome. And these fighters always remember their friends.]

[A Certain Imperator| While the majority of political structures in this galaxy are content to leave human beings alone some have decided the humans pose a challenge to them and should be subjugated post-haste. The Nisetic Empire which has come to dominate almost four-thousand star systems eyes the humans as an easy target, and are already on-route with a full battle-fleet to wipe out the human islands and claim the resource rich Terra for themselves. As you can imagine this isn't going to be allowed, when they finally do arrive in 4.24 years they're going to have the mother of all surprises when they get past Pluto. We've already acquired the ship layouts, their troop strengths, we know everything about this fleet and we are going to annihilate them. The plan is simple, board their ships and set them upon one another, and then once the fleet is in smoking ruins we simultaneously board the capital ship. Be warned, the Nisetics are lead directly by their God Imperator who has turned herself into one of the most dangerous psionic opponents we've ever seen, and it will be one hell of a fight taking her down. But if you do kill her you get to keep her head for your mantle, and you get to watch as her bloodthirsty empire rips itself apart.]

[The Black beast of Nohagai| There are of course other more home bound concerns, for instance on one of the small Chinese mainland outpost the Hawaiian laborers have begun reporting disappearances, and recently discovered the savaged remains of some of said laborers. We only have a single eyewitness report. It's big, fast, stealthy and above all others things cunning. It knows when to hide, it knows when to strike. If you’re going to end up chasing this thing through the forests and ruins of coastal China then be weary, you might end up being hunted as much as you are hunting. If you can succeed in bagging this monster you'll earn much respect, however the preferred goal is bringing it down alive and dragging it back to figure out what the bloody hell it is, and of course Bio is happy to give you all the supplies you'd need to perform such a deed. And of course they're happy to give you access to their vast stores of equipment if you’re successful.]

> Terra-F324 – In Which the Raptors Inherit
Xenos [Hidden] Humans [Hidden] Ethereal Beings [Open] HL [Hidden] AI [Hidden] Visible Tech Level [Mid] Visible Ethereal Level [Advanced] Free Wander? [Yes] Ethereal Presence? [Mild]

> Yet another world where Mankind is not the inheritor but instead a small and feathered raptor species takes the role. The Casoria stand about two meters tall with bright feathers and a hilariously decentralized world they now occupy every corner of. Even the continent of Antarctica boasts its own subspecies of Casoria with white feathers and a mutation that allows them to heat their own blood we've seen pop up in a few worlds. The world's technology is currently sitting at entering its own enlightenment period with astronomy, philosophy and mechanica gaining ground in almost all places while the priesthoods continue to lose more and more ground. If you want to be in a very stark and bizarre place where you will be treated as a myth then this is where you want to go. Keep in mind no one believes humans exist and we've been very careful in our dealings here, cloaks here are a given, either that or be prepared to hide your tailless figure whenever you see someone.
>This hubworld base is underneath the city of Ubrakhai in what we call China on the delta of the Yellow Dragon, this is the capital of the Ubhaka Empire which encompasses most of the rich populated lands in the region. It's damp, and unpleasant. But its home, and home to some of the few Casoria who know about us, we pay them and their families to clean up the sewers and to keep out anybody who might accidentally stumble upon us down here, and while the complex we keep is not in the sewer itself be aware that it does smell. Be warned.

[The Matriarch of Ratghasia| The Empire of Ratghasia, with its capital based in the Bengal delta stretches from the Indus river all the way to the coasts of Vietnam, and is the undisputed power in the world. As with most raptors the Ratghasian's are led by a queen who controls the state with absolute authority, and the queen has always been pragmatic, doing what is best for her empire and seeing it flourish as a result. But not all is well in the royal family, her sister is a known church element and recently has vanished. This would on its own be nothing but a few days ago the queen fell grievously sick. We suspect poisoning and the workings of a coup. A team of Architects has taken a personal grudge with these would be usurpers and have already contracted Medical to help cure the queen but such actions will need to be taken quickly, simultaneously curing the queen and striking at the coup's leadership. If you want to help this world see its first golden age then you're welcome to join.]

[Brothers of the Blood| Mercenaries are common in this world, to the west beyond the grand ocean and the island empires is a land of vast forests and feuding tribes. There are small ports controlled by the Empires on the other side of the ocean but that is the only sort of stability in this volatile land. Mercenaries from the western empires often join tribes for pay but some are more ambitious. Half a year ago the 'Brothers of the Blood' mercenary band began conquering land from the feuding tribes, now they stand to unite the majority of the plains tribes under their terms and need to be stopped, or else they lead this land down the road to self-destruction. Both Hreasla and Brothsleia lead the hundred thousand strong company in equal parts and know each other so well they can finish one another's sentences, and while they're actually quite small they're notoriously quick. The best way to destroy the Brothers of the Blood is to destroy their hold over the land. They're terrifying no doubt, but if they were to lose that terrifying grip they had on the land then it would only be a matter of time before their conquest turned in on itself. Regardless you can do as you wish, just take the Brothers of the Blood down before they move to strike an Imperial trade post and set this whole continent ablaze for their arrogance.]

[First Contact| Whenever we enter a timeline we keep an eye open for the inevitable first contact with xenos and our Raptor brethren are no exception. Ironically the first contact will be by complete accident when a small cargo shuttle crashes into the broadside of what we call Australia with only a handful of survivors. Greys, and ones who have extremely low physical capability. The natives will need to be given private advice by some local born travellers and we need other travellers from other species to help them make that impression. If you want to be a part of some chaotic and messy interspecies diplomacy then you're welcome to join, just be warned it will be a very long affair and the native Casoria tribesmen will be very snappy after a while, though they will eventually warm up to aliens. You in particular. If you can help a successful negotiation for the supplies the Greys need then they'll remember you as a saint of charm, and you'll always be welcome back.]

> Terra D9313 – Land of the Comatose Gods
Xenos [Open] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Open] HL [Open] AI [Open] Visible Tech Level [Advanced] Visible Ethereal Level [Mastery] Free Wander? [Yes] Ethereal Presence? [Broken/Caution Advised]

> A world so old it has been passed to obscurity, with the continent of Pangea reforming, and human deaths reaching into the hundreds of trillions, here is a world where many gods rose from the collective suffering of mankind, and from their birth almost all of mankind was wiped out, the world tore apart, smoke and fire blotted out the sky. There are no more humans left these days, only beings so warped they might have once been considered human. They worship the now sleeping gods in their massive temples, ash deserts cover the physical world, and vast ethereal storms sweep the landscape. These storms are borne from the fallout of the chaos that once overtook earth, and the subsequent war of the gods for dominance. Remnants of the war are everywhere as the last of the fighting only ended a bare few millennia ago, no proper wind to fill the craters, no beasts to chew away the bones, here there is only silence and whispered prayers from warped lips for those willing to listen. This is an open world, only we move about with purpose, do what you would, scavenge and search, perhaps there might be something of value here in the ash, and a few travellers are asking for aid in their own searches.
> We're currently based on a lunar base, initially we began on Mars as not even the lunar surface was safe from the battle, scars, craters, debris and even some relics can be found up here. The lunar base itself is well furnished but small as only around a hundred travellers are in this quiet timeline at any time. It has all the amenities and comfort needed for such a small crew.

[Council of Absurdity| A recent discovery has been made in one of the many vast temples spread across the world, enormous chambers underneath, full of rooms that have unnatural angles, spaces and tunnels. Scattered throughout are small furry hominids warped in prayer, muttering words in many languages that make sense after a while, enabling listeners to understand the alien layout of the tunnels. We believe this to be the seat of one of the sleeping, perhaps dead gods. We need someone to go down, all the way to lay out a landing pad, bear in mind this is very taxing on the sanity, and we would not ask anyone with a suffering mind to go down into the dark, but perhaps that is what is needed to navigate the place, who am I to say?]

[Ying and Yang| Of all the fabled gods of this land, The great Hate and the will of Passion fought the shortest, but the hardest, when they met in combat they managed to destroy each other in months where other battles lasted epoch, but in that time they managed to destroy Africa, creating three inland seas, and outright annihilating Madagascar, we have reason to believe that the two left behind artifacts of their power, and the Archivists are interested in searching for these items at the bottom of the ocean. The Yautja in charge of this operation would pay a hefty fee for deep-water divers and ethereal weavers to scan the regions of interest. Who knows, you might even find something.]

[Insanity| There are no more gods on this world as they are all either dead or sleeping their way towards nothingness, but there is a single memory of them left, a beast borne of the ethereal muck that was left in their wake, too random to be hatred, too calm to be mania, too Volatile to be patience, it is borne of the broken pieces of the gods and the muck leftover from man. It is still out there, stalking the wilds, it actively hunts Travellers, and delights in tormenting them with only thing it finds within them. Many want this thing gone, but killing it will be no simple task, but- for those who might succeed, for those that conquer their own madness? Only they in themselves will remain.]

> Terra D2 – World of Penance
Xenos [Open] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Open] HL [Open] AI [Open] Visible Tech Level [Advanced] Visible Ethereal Level [Mastery] Free Wander? [Yes] Ethereal Presence? [High/Corrupted]

> There have been twelve Time wars, nine of which were fought on Terra D2, once a world free of sapient life, where the second generation came after the Denial to figure out what to do about the future, and in the end they came to blows, just over half of the Travellers who came to this world ended up being killed in the infighting, and from those battles came horrors that are scarcely imaginable. Biological abominations, summoned horrors, even a fledgling old thing was slain here, and its taint has since spread across the world, corrupting the plants and the wildlife, proving a testament to the rejection of physical and ethereal nature that the great old ones possess. This is a place of remembrance of the Traveller capacity for battle when desperate, a memory that makes Ae's glory all the more radiant. Researchers come here to investigate the remains of the old thing, pilgrims come here to understand the past, and some just come to walk amongst what remains on this tainted world. It was collectively agreed upon by the council of nine a while ago that the planet will eventually have its past time locked and then thrown into the sun for good measure. So enjoy it while you can.
> We're currently based in a low orbiting space station, fitted for a few thousand travellers even though the permanent crowd is only at around fifty people here permanently for reasons that they prefer to keep to themselves. If you're willing to not poke around too much into the pasts of the still living the place can be pretty comfortable.

[Aclorian Corpse| The great old things often 'father' children in their influence. Warping the physical and mental forms of beings that might be willing to listen to them, attempting to impart their unphysical nature on to them, turning them into horrors. Even a dead old thing dreams for a time, and the corpse of the fledgling slain here is still reaching out every now and again to haunt us. Rabbits thirty feet tall and made entirely of maws, fly swarms as large as sandstorms, Bears with heads numbering in the dozens, there are several of such beasts wandering mindlessly around the world below, and while not much of a problem if they can be avoided it would be preferable for them to be dealt with.]

[Samplings| There is much that can be gotten from this world before it is laid to rest. Understanding of early Traveller weaponry, dark aspects of ethereal manipulation, nuances of biomancy, dark secrets and much more. As a results a small force remains tied to this world from the departments who sift through the tainted grass. Their hopes are to prevent the mistakes made here from happening again, one way or the other. They require scouts and scavengers to investigate some of the more exotic battlefields with specialized equipment and are willing to pass off information on their findings in exchange.]

[Laying the Dead to Rest| Of the Travellers who perished here, one hundred and ninety six still remain unrecovered, some factions annihilating one another in an instant, other travellers were destroyed so thoroughly that all that remains are their braces forgotten. Normally this kind of thing would be left as it, however a renewed effort has arisen led by a handful of guardians from the eyes of the third has recently arrived with a sub-augur and a desire to put things right. It is a simple job, but the Sub-augur appreciates having extra hands for this grim work, and being a friend with a being who can see through time and space has some small benefits.]

> Ogulamacadi-A3 – Dark And Light
Xenos [Open] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Open] HL [Open] AI [Open] Visible Tech Level [Advanced] Visible Ethereal Level [Mastery] Free Wander? [Yes] Ethereal Presence? [Mild/Corrupted]

> A quiet universe where travellers operate on a universal scale in the hopes of finding any life free of the conflicts that laid the universe to silence. We have found nothing. Nothing outside of the system Sol aside from ruins, ash and fallen dead empires. There is a being here, an ancient sapient creature the size of a small moon now camped out on Earth. A great white corpse amidst the destruction and ruins of the once capital of a solar empire. Now? A husk of the world, a battleground of small skittering battles between long tainted aliens from across the galaxy and the walking corpse servants of this sleeping planet. All manner of aliens are found here, but all are horribly mutated, augmented or over-evolved to the point where it's a miracle they haven't gone extinct. But here they still wait, worshipping the offspring of the thing that dares name itself the *Traveler*. Suffice to say many here operate out of spite, hunting those in direct control of the abolithic thing and its corrupted grandchildren as they battle over control of the once great human empire. There's a surprising number of people here, individuals intent upon the destruction of the false Traveler and all it has created, Archivists piecing together what happened here and what the Traveler has wrought upon the sapient life of the galaxy and a healthy community of Looters and Collectors who enjoy the quiet chance to loot the ever-loving fuck out of what remains. If you want to see the last clicks of noise and light in this galaxy and the end to this sordid tale then look no further friend.
> The current hubworld base is set on the very fringes of Sol, a small cozy station with room for around five thousand, though the current number sits at about eight thousand. The place is constantly bustling with the looters and collectors coming through on a daily basis with their findings, enabling a healthy trade section that even has commercialists from Ae moving through to look at the Relics, the archivists have devoted the entire overhead region of the station into a library to catalog their findings and the various fighting groups are readying plans to silence this world once and for all. Not a boring place to say the least.

[<u>The Fallen</u>| There are many xenos between dead and dying here, mutated and tainted beyond belief, with AI and hardlight beings suffering a similar fate, worshipping the corpse of the Traveler's child that brought destruction upon them, zealously attempting to make their way to Sol to fight the false Traveler. This is not the worse fate suffered though, the worst, the very worst lies in what has become of man. The false traveler came here long ago, and uplifted mankind, enabling them to reach out and claim their solar system, to flourish for a time. That ended when the tainted and corrupted arrived, and attempted to wipe out the Traveler and anything it had put before it. Mankind fought for its false friend, and was wiped out, but the false traveler held great dominion over men, waking their corpses to serve it still, to have these long dead things fit only for killing throw themselves at the now decimated hordes. We must know more about these Fallen warriors, already a small Medical team is attempting to figure out how far the 'revival' process goes, such information could be valuable in capable hands, especially in the hands of those interested in a very long road.]

[<u>Moons of Jupiter</u>| The moons of Jupiter were subject to many battles, and it shows. The once mining colonies, research outposts and gas harvesting plants are gone, wiped out in the destruction that claimed the Sol system. The bodies themselves also did not fare so well. Many of the smaller bodies were flung into other planets or dropped into Jupiter, Io was chopped in half, Europa is a burned out husk and nothing is left of Ganymede, the entire moon is simply gone. Still, that hasn't stopped many travellers from zipping about what's left, and recently a discovery has been made on Calisto, a small archive has been found at the core of the planet, but as always there is a catch. There is a Yautja here, one suffering the same taint at the hands of the Traveler's dead children, monstrous and tainted. It has proven to be a ferocious defender of the cache refusing entrance to any who would attempt to breach the cache on Calisto, fending off prior attempts made by the Archivist/Technical retrieval team. A new team is being assembled to venture into the heart of the moon, and they're taking everyone they can get.]

[<u>The Plutonian Halls</u>| Within Pluto lies a vast research complex and guard outpost, apparently skipped over by the invading horde when they crushed the surface resistance. In time we've recovered much history about the history of the false traveler, the rise of the golden age, the invasion of the traveler's bastard children, and the collapse, but there is much more here, weapons, relicanum, data and vast stores of goods. The archivists have shifted their focus to Mercury and the Jupitarian moons, meaning the collectors have moved in, it's grab everything you can and run, and if you're willing to help disable the traps and traverse the tunnels you might just find something worth your while.]

[The Grand Liar| The false traveler is entirely responsible for the trail of destruction far and wide across the galaxy, 99.17 percent of life bearing planets with signs of intelligent life have been annihilated, with only three primeval worlds on the fringes of the void avoiding the cycle of rise and fall. It's completely unknown in its intents and purposes, but we can safely say it came from outside of the Milky Way Galaxy, and always following was its bastard children. This cycle, of rise and fall has gone on for Millennium. Many agree it shall end here, on Holy Terra. It may be vast, and with a legion of Fallen dead creatures striking out at any that would oppose it, but we will strike in an instant. The plan is simple, drop an orbital strike on the fringes, decimate main outsets with artillery and flash strikes, warp inside, take down shields, enter the core, and plant a Prismatic "Tech-Killer" with a fifteen second clear time, it should clear the air of every piece of false traveler tech with a hundred kilometer kill zone. It will not be that easy, make no mistake, the fallen are many, and they genuinely believe in the false traveler, and they possess potent weaponry. And there are other things in the heart of the false traveler. We need the bold and the bloody, those incapable of such need not apply.]

> Ogulamacadi-A12 – The Heart of the Galaxy
Xenos [Open] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Open] HL [Open] AI [Open] Visible Tech Level [Advanced] Visible Ethereal Level [Minor] Free Wander? [Yes] Ethereal Presence? [NA]

> Welcome to a very different Terra, one far different than others and from the sheer technological difference it's been upgraded to join the Ogulamacadi series of worlds which all contain advanced technology (though nothing compared to what the travellers have in reserve) and the nigh constant contact with alien life on a galactic scale. In fact earth's population is almost twenty percent alien in nature though most were born on earth and speak native languages. Booming with commerce, art and science and the widely regarded though entirely unofficial capital of the united federation of species. It's never a dull day here, and we have operations that stretch across the entire galaxy and you have the unique opportunity to see as much of it as you wish.
> The hubworld base is actually our own private space station, operated by the local overseer, a lesser Kami who makes sure travellers have space and time to conduct their business. You'll be able to access maps here that will give you the opportunity to jump to anywhere in the galaxy, as well the chance to enjoy your technology free of concealment as even the most absurd looking travellers are able to avoid notice in the chaotic mess. Be warned, space food gives most the runs.

[Spice Must Flow| The amount of goods and services that are traded across that galaxy are nothing if not frightening, it's possible to drag small moons into large planets for breakdown and entire planets can be fed with a well-placed shipment. However there are some very unpleasant people around who hold monopolies on certain goods, with the Siphurial Oligarchy holding nintey seven percent of the Rethlam spice trade. I've tried the stuff and it's to die for, and while it wouldn't normally be worth dealing with the Siphuria over they've done some really nasty things to their lower castes as of late, so we're going to deal with this by breaking their power structure over our collective knees. The job is simple, take down the Siphurial Oligarchy's key Production worlds, steal seeds, spread said seeds to some of our more industrious contacts making yourself a goodly earning and then sit back and watch as Siphurian space catches fire.]

[Gedzud's Problem| Gedzud Tochik has been quietly building support to level his old homeworld which is now in its twilight years having been glassed around a hundred times by now, with the remaining Niscetics having long since abandoned the planet or devolved to a much more monstrous form. Gedzuk himself has acquired something known to some as a planet killer, Exterminatus. The device will have to be put on the planet's surface and set up, and in that time you're going to see some of the most monstrous creatures that convoluted evolution can feasibly produce, but hey, you get to blow up a whole fucking planet and Gedzud finally gets to leave his past behind. Isn't that enough for some people?]

[The Oncoming Storm| There are some things that time forgets, but Travellers forget nothing. Around four millennia ago this entire galaxy was locked in a furious war between two technologically advanced empires who both excelled in building superweapons and had almost entirely shifted from flesh to mettle, so great was their conflict that it destroyed stars and annihilated trillions, and in the end it only paved the way for the Nisetic which lasted a millennia upon the bones of their extinguished enemies. But an ancient superweapon has returned to light, one originally intent on winning the war against the biological hearsay that was the Nisetic Empire. However the project was left unfinished, or so we thought. We've received word that the superweapon is now coated with enough rock and dust that the colonists thought it was a small moon and set up shop on it. They've gone silent, worse the 'moon' has started moving towards civilized targets. It'll be dangerous, and you'll be essentially walking into the dark of an ancient and possibly homicidally insane superweapon but you might just be able to salvage some of the tech before you blow the fucker up.]

[Federation Woes| The joys of a democracy are that everyone gets to say their piece, the bad news is that everyone gets to say their piece. As of late the internal workings of the federation have grown to be unbearable as the Bureaucracy grows larger and larger, the internal affairs laid down with more and more red tape. Corruption taking hold here and there, money dissipating. This general decline has several unpleasant roads it can lead down for this entire galaxy and all that can be avoided if we're willing to get our hands dirty. The job is simple. Cause a big explosion and make sure that every dirty prick in the leadership gets tied to it. If you have a hard on for removing corruption or just blowing up monuments and buildings then help would be appreciated.]

> Ogulamacadi-A145 – The Heart of Utter Despair
Xenos [Hidden] Humans [Hidden] Ethereal Beings [Hidden] HL [Hidden] AI [Hidden]
Visible Tech Level [High] Visible Ethereal Level [NA] Free Wander? [Yes]
Ethereal Presence? [Extreme/Corrupted]

> Where Ogulamacadi-A12 is the epitome of all the good the galaxy can create then this would probably be the bad of it. This is the universe where it all went to shit, trillions perish in violence on a weekly basis, the suffering of the past so great it has permanently tainted the wards and the ethereal world and produced god headed abominations and mankind has been reduced to a genocidal war machine. And the one man who could fix it is stuck to a chair. Everyone one and everything that has the potential to become a nightmarish monster has, the Necron are due to wake up, the brunt of the Tyranids are due to arrive and to top it all off a certain jackass is due to draw the attention of another menace that while it has long since migrated from this shit universe will find it a bloody enough treat to return, guns blazing. If you want to fight against hopeless odds that anybody outside of the travellers would spit at then- well. This is it.
> We ourselves are currently based in an asteroid that thanks to a hilarious amount of effort is neither visible nor detectable, and sufficiently out of the way that passing ships and Nids won't notice, it's a big and empty place full of people who have spent centuries struggling against hopeless situations, not a fun place but you pick up things quickly here. Make no mistake, this is not a place for those without violence in their blood.

[A Bad Enough Dude| Sometimes there are people who learn about us and our operations, a certain blue feathered fuck has a real bone to pick with us, considering our recruitment and uplifting process makes it impossible for a Traveller to be seduced by an outer god, so he has no chances to corrupt us. Still this has made him very salty and recently our operations have been continually attacked by a single band of renegades time and time again. Magnus the Red, and the thousand sons. Tzeentch has managed to direct him well enough so far, but next time we are going humble this ancient primarch. A number of the Ethereal department members have produced crystal that, if the holder manages to 'kill' Magnus in melee combat should entrap his soul inside, and then we simply drop the crystal into a black hole at the end of this timeline for good measure. Mind you all of this is a feat only meant for a legendary warrior, or someone suicidal.]

[Enchrymidian War| The war on a small planet stands to shatter it in two. Why do we care? This planet holds a solitary crypt, and within the few necrons not intent upon anything. Should they awaken they will simply mull about and engage in conversation as truth be told they really don't want to join any conflicts, or attempt to regain their old glory and the last thing they want to do is touch a C'tan shard ever again, in fact most will just want to return to sleep. But they'll never properly wake up if the guardsmen and the orks manage to destroy the whole planet before then. So, the job is simple, wipe out around ten thousand orks and give the Imperial legion stationed here a good reason to fuck off. Then go down to the crypt and wake our new friends up. If you make your business quick then I imagine the natives will be happy the galaxy still has a few worthy beings left in it they'll be willing to let you take some of their equipment and tech.]

[Bio's Biophage| Ah, the nids. Unstoppable, uncountable, unbeatable. Right? Wrong? The nids have a very powerful connection with one another in their unique structure, and we can abuse this. Bio has been working on a little project for years, something that will be able to stop the monstrous unending tide, something inhumane and quite frankly a crime against all that is good in the universe. And they succeeded in creating one of the most volatile and unfriendly phage type viruses ever. When it is released it will prey on anything and everything made of Nid genes, and rather than cutting off the hive connection it will strengthen it, and give the Nids the urge to mass into even larger storms, spreading the plague faster, by the time the swarm realizes it's numbers are draining by the billions our work will already be done. If we can deploy it properly we assume we can wipe out a hulking majority of the Nids in little more than a decade, but in order to do that you’re going to be popping across time and space into the middle of swarms and tossing your hazardous payload at the largest cluster of monsters before absconding. Worth the risk right?]

[Waken oh Starchild| We've been putting this off for the worst possible moment, which surprisingly is actually not yet upon us thanks to our own interventions. However with the threat of another royal figurehead of insane psionic potential on the horizon we need to make sure there is something that can feasibly oppose that monster when it arrives. To that end we need to storm Terra and effectively trigger something that will level the entire citadel at best and the entire planet at worst. It will be nightmarish, hundreds of the greatest travellers fighting against the very best that mankind has to offer, and it will send ripples across the Imperium of Man that will in all likelyhood kill billions. But if we succeed, we'll awaken the ancient force that is the only hope for this universe, and the simple act of mad bravery it will take to wake this sleeping god will not go unnoticed. And make sure when you have a moment to tell that miserable bastard to hurry up and get moving with the Ynnead thing. We haven't forgotten that thing. Nor will we.]

> Regoridiaga-A45 – The Core of the Ethereal Spirit
Xenos [Open] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Open] HL [Open] AI [Open] Visible Tech Level [Mid] Visible Ethereal Level [Mastery] Free Wander? [Yes] Ethereal Presence? [Extreme]

> Do you want to see something truly strange? Regoridiaga-A45. A land of constant change and many ancient god-figures. This is a land where despite the low technology the quality of life is amazing thanks to the sheer hilarious amount of magic. Almost everyone has some small ethereal ability here, and thanks to the protective godheads a fuckup isn't going to open a hellmouth and begin the end of times. That being said magic is a very serious business here. The official name of this land is Marhtiel, and many races including elves, dwarves, Uruk, trog and others live here in kingdoms, republics and tribes. With around a hundred landmasses and a much larger world then our native terra it should be quiet enough to keep you busy.
> Our Hubworld base is located in a small city, a tavern to be specific. With the vastness of this world most don't hang around, many prefer to leave, travelling with adventurers, mercenaries, pirates and just acting. The place is small but there's always someone new to talk with.

[Rise of the Pretender| There are many gods of the plane ranging in power from entities who stretch across the stars, to simple household gods and demi gods, however there has always been a set order to these beings, a food chain. However there is a fledgling of immense power, Mordune. Mordune was a man who through sheer combat prowess became a war god and was almost immediately cast down for his utter cruelty. Now he's attempting to raise hell to get his old position back, and to get revenge on the higher beings that cast him down. Now, we have a few accords with the local powers, and they want us to deal with Mordune. Not to kill him mind you, but to kill his abilities, tied to a gem in the depths of the earth. It will be a long perilous journey down into the deep, and Mordune will try to stop you. But breaking such a powerful magical artifact will grant you some incredible combat prowess, and unlike Mordune there's nothing that's going to stop you.]

[Amathcaria| Amathcaria is what we might call the principal republic of this world. The center of a very powerful trade empire, Amathcaria is due for an election very soon with the current Doge standing on the brink of death. The problem here is that- all the candidates are either terrible, insane or due to run Amathcaria into the dirt. We don't want the golden age of this Republic to end so quickly. So we want you to run in the election, and we need you to win. Use guile, charm or simply make it rain on your political opponents. As for the benefits, how does the title of lord-mayor sound to you?]

[Children of the Vast| Cults are omnipresent in this world, even the least gods of the pantheon have cults dedicated to them. However we have noticed a strange one, in the northernmost regions of the world permanently covered in snow and ice. It bears a disturbing similarity to a cult of the old ones, and as such the void hunters are interested in slaughtering everyone and everything inside. We don't know what is going to happen, or what these cultists are capable of, however it is better to be prepared for the worst. Tread cautiously if you choose to come on this mission. It is no laughing matter.]

> Dem-A1 – The Hive city to end all cities
Xenos [Hidden] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Hidden] HL [Hidden] AI [Open] Visible Tech Level [High] Visible Ethereal Level [NA] Free Wander? [Yes] Ethereal Presence? [NA]

> Dem is, simply put the largest mass of living human beings we've ever seen. In this high technology setting this human colony now boasts a population of three billion people in a single gargantuan city. It's as chaotic and dirty as you can imagine, with skyscrapers like mountains and entire sections of the city stuck miles below the surface. The entire city is contained within a single island as the rest of the planet is virtually unlivable and only shipments of food from an agricultural world in the same star system allow this colossus monster to exist. Still it isn't all that bad, we're almost under no scrutiny here as we've got fingers in the local judiciary system and have the planetary governor on speed dial, which grants us the ability to wander as we might both around the city and the planet as a whole, and if you have some social mannerisms you can find some pretty interesting things indeed.
> We've got a small compound with the local police who take a pretty gung-ho attitude to crime as a whole, not a day goes by without a gang shooting and as a result we have some real judge dreads from within our ranks. It's a bustling place, but I'm sure you'll like it.

[A Murder in the Night| Big corporate executive gets blanked right to the skull and gets pushed out of a building. Not our problem right? Unfortunately not as said big corporate executive Lusiori Wittenger with the local colonial company was on the verge of revealing some very nasty pieces of information about some of his former compatriots in exchange for a new identity and the police are coming up with nothing, someone professional is responsible. We've been approached by our local friends to find out who it is that ordered the hit and to retrieve evidence, if you can do that then they'll be able to take care of the rest. It won't be easy but if you’re successful in securing the evidence you'll earn the gratitude of several high ranking officers within the corps, and they'll owe you a big favor.]

[The Machinations of the Hives| Part of the reason why there's about three billion humans stuck on an island the size of France is the mass chemical dumps and hostile wildlife that is spread across the continents of this world. Initially we thought it to be similar to earth however Bio recently proved most of the local animal life shared a telepathic bond and were in fact of the same genetic 'family' despite the wide variety, ranging from tiny little mouse spiders to gargantuan tusked Beatles that roam across the wastes. With something deep beneath in the mountains, a control creature if you would. Bio has hypothesized that the control creature is in good likelihood sapient and wants to attempt communication. If you're interested in hiking across a vast alien world to deal with something that may or may not be friendly your always welcome to join.]

[The Conquering Wyrm| We need someone to infiltrate one of the worst gangs in Dem, the Wryms. Recently it came to our attention and that they were no longer run by a bunch of thugs but a single half mad genius. Worse he's already laid out the basics for a time travelling device without any of the safety mechanisms and controls we've had to adopt over the years, potentially causing chaos across this planet if he isn't stopped. We predict it will take him a year to finish, in that time we want you to infiltrate the Wyrms, find out where the leadership is, where the plans and the prototype are and then lay out the plan to destroy the wyrms and to make sure no word of that device survives. If you can do that than many will personally reward your efforts, dealing with a madman with free time isn't fun for anyone.]

> Cronagadia-A1 – The home of the Beasts
Xenos [Hidden] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Open] HL [Hidden] AI [Hidden] Visible Tech Level [Low] Visible Ethereal Level [Mastery] Free Wander? [Yes] Ethereal Presence? [High/Declining]

> Have you ever read about someone called Conan? No? Well for the better I suppose. This is a world incredibly primitive with sparse magic and frightening monsters waiting in the gaps. It's pretty bleak, the strongest take what they will and the weak either find someone to eat or starve. Steel is not in common use yet though it exists and wars occur with concerning frequency between the petty holds over slaves, livestock and honor. The strongest powers are the cults to monstrous beings but there are always motivated individuals bring them to their knees. Why come here? Why not? The sun is warm, the trails are not boring and the world is wild and untamed, no one is your master, there are no set structures. The world is yours, and if you can strike it hard enough you just might be able to chisel it into your own creation.
> What looks like a cave from the outside is actually a space ship Marco parked here centuries ago that got buried under the rocks, it's a cozy place with all sorts of comforts you won't find anywhere else, just make sure no one follows you here.

[Relic Hunter| There's some very powerful magical artifacts here despite the lack of people capable of using them, and many of these are dangerous in the wrong hands which is why the Collectors are here 'making sure no one hurts themselves' as they put it. If you want to run through dark caves, ancient forts and catacombs full of monsters ranging from giant snakes to living shadows and every little horror the human mind can come up with then your happy to tag along, runs are happening almost weekly and the collectors here will take anyone on, and if you prove helpful then the collectors may even give you the cool sword you want that shoots lighting and hellfire.]

[The Snake King of Esioth| On an island to the south is a very large snake renowned for its prophetic abilities. Now there's a cult who take advantage of this snake, using the prophecies and predictions to win battles and twist the locals nearby to their will. Now this would be fine if they hadn't used those prophecies to attempt to kidnap one of ours, and a strike against one of us is a strike against the whole goddamn brotherhood. The job is simple, infiltrate the island, find the cult leader, this 'snake king' and to deal with him by some means that will humiliate him and ensure his legacy is forgotten. It will be no small task as the man himself is a very powerful wizard.]

[Daughter of Hasveld| We've been approached by a strange woman who claims to be a prophet and demands a Traveller escort on her pilgrimage to the other side of the planet. Who she is and how she knows about the finer details of our operations remain to be a mystery however if your interesting in escorting this woman across a hilariously long distance to a temple that is and I quote 'floating in the sky' then I promise to make sure your rewarded. And who knows, maybe she'll let you in on some of these big secrets she's harboring if you can gain her trust.]

> Semlaga-A1 – The Primeval World
Xenos [Open] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Open] HL [Open] AI [Open] Visible Tech Level [Advanced] Visible Ethereal Level [Mastery] Free Wander? [Yes] Ethereal Presence? [Minor/Declining]

> Semlaga is- ancient. A world of towering mushrooms, ancient growths and insects reaching Kaiju level sizes. It's very early world, life is still working out its kinks. Still, if you can stomach all spiders being the size of small dogs and centipedes so big you can ride them then Semlaga will do wonders for your health thanks to all the oxygen in the air. One might wonder what travellers are doing on a world that hasn't even reached the potential for sapient life, and the answer is simple, wizards and bio. Both help to manage the massive base here where they're free to run out and grab unfortunate objects and bugs for their own purposes. It's an interesting place.
> Semlaga has a fairly modern setup with a single large building that we'll be able to 'jump' back to Ae when we're done here and comes with decent amenities. Keep in mind it's a tight little community here, so live a little.

[The World's Greatest Mushroom| Some are mad, some are insane, then there's Widelmorf, a warlock intent upon making it so he finds this world's largest mushroom and bringing it back with him to Ae to cut it up and eat it over the course of the next century. Why? Because he can. He need people scouting out the potential locations for this mushroom and when he finds the one he's looking for he'll actually need help prepping the damn thing for transport back to Ae. In return Widelmorf promises to make you a 'fucking wizmenschlitz.' We don't know what it is, but the other wizards get really nervous when they hear the word.]

[Scorpion Rodeo| Every few months the local true travellers put together a 'Scorpion rodeo' as the find some of the largest and most unfriendly cattle scorpions, aptly named such because they are the size of a cow and they see who can ride them. They need help putting together the festivities this year because to be fair it's really grown from a few drunken lunatics riding on the nearest scorpion to an event that attracts thousands to see it. And of course they're offering a healthy sum of credits, both for actually finding a few good giant scorpions and as a hefty prize if you can actually stay on its back as it does everything it can to throw you off. If you think you have what it takes your welcome to try.]

[Laying the Seeds| This age of ancient things is coming to an end, the world is cooling down and in a millennium most of the world will be covered in ice. It's alright though, what we've seen will live on with the travellers who came here, much the same as everywhere else. What needs to be done however is the future needs to be laid out. Little will survive the ice age and it will completely set the evolutionary process back on its heels. However Bio has a solution in the form of a number of 'caches' that once the ice age ends will open up and let out the species with the greatest evolutionary potential. It will be a long and dirt job, there's hundreds of caches that need to be placed around the planet, and it will take a while. But if you are successful then these little metal boxes will begin a new age of life for this world. I suppose that's worth a few weeks of hard labor?]

> Megacydral – Dream Achieved
Xenos [Open] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Open] HL [Open] AI [Open]
Visible Tech Level [Advanced] Visible Ethereal Level [N/A] Free Wander? [Yes]
Ethereal Presence? [Mild/Corrupted]

> Have you ever heard of a Dyson sphere? It's a mega structure meant to encapsulate a sun, an idea rarely realized, and doomed to outlive whatever builds it. This timeline is one such where such a dream has been realized. You see this was a stillborn reality. Only a handful of galaxies and they are all but dead, no more being born, outside lies a great blackness. But there is a single seething heart to this reality, the Dyson sphere of many names, built around an artificial star that will exist for eons. Within this gargantuan construct lies hundreds of thousands of races from across the fallen reality, artificial and organic, in all manners and dispositions. I will not lie, we've arrived at a time of absurdity and change, the various races have all but forgotten the age of arrival and have delved into petty feudalism and tribalism, empires rise and fall in the vast growing field expanses while the urban areas are in a constant state of civil war. The key contenders in this race for dominance are Humans, Tryel Mantises, A bioengineered Mothfolk, A particularly potent clique of Androids and a bunch of silicon based slimes. None are currently in a position to control anything larger than the isle of Britain with around a hundred other races, each with half a million cliques quarried up across the sphere's interior. The balance of power is in a constant state of shift. Just the way we like it.

> We currently have our base of operations in one of the more dense urban areas, buildings reach up hundreds of stories, above and below. Around three stories beneath the surface, we own a small Ramen shop that leads into a massive complex we've fixed up for ourselves over the past two centuries since our arrival. We've got around four thousand regulars living here, with around five times that passing through at any given time, everyone with their own agendas. Quarters are- humble, but enough to live with. And the Ramen from our shop isn't half bad if the rumors are true. Travellers in this universe are legends and children's tales, lets keep it that way aye?

[In the Shadows of the Ancients| The ancients who built this place vanished after its completion. Not a single one remained when the first space faring renegades arrived. Since then we have hypothesized who they were, some say gas based lifeforms, others say they fled the galaxy, as no real truth remains and the functionality of the dyson sphere itself was shifted to a multiracial platform as whoever the creators were, it is evident they wished for a plethora of races to be able to control the power grids, pipeways and faculties. Numerous archivist teams and intrepid truth seekers still eagerly seek the truth of these strange beings, travelling across the vast empty regions and crowded metropolis in search of the truth. Who knows, you might find something.]

[Slave Uprising| While Slavery is a largely abandoned practice throughout the sphere, many slave centers flourish in the less populated regions, mostly owned by humans and Mantises. A frowned upon practice by most, more out of pragmatism than anything else. The inevitable climax is encroaching as we speak. The slave numbers, mainly human and minor races have reached almost one to one hundred for their owners, who now are attempting to cull the ranks, but have only begun the revolution in doing so. The objective is simple, a number of Architects wish to shape and guide the upcoming events, they need help. Incite anger, lead forces, strike out and cause outrage, flame the heat of conflict. Then guide whatever follows to keep the bloodshed to a minimum. Or don't, no one is really in the right here.]

[Keeping Shop| While much is happening in terms of research, exploration, conflict and new sights being created and discovered, we do need individuals for domestic issues. I'll be blunt, this hubworlds base needs a new lower director, someone to clean up and manage the place, help in the kitchens, keep an eye on guests, etc, etc. Not exactly the type of job most would accept, but it is rewarding in its own right.]

> Jagbel – Great Terrible Truths
Xenos [Open] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Open] HL [Open] AI [Open] Visible Tech Level [Advanced] Visible Ethereal Level [Mastery] Free Wander? [Yes] Ethereal Presence? [Fucked Out the Ass]

> There have always been primordial beings, which looked up to the Great Old Ones as absentee parents. They have cast aside their individuality and natural shape to encumber themselves in potent knowledge, understanding the true nature of reality at a cost, becoming lonely and monstrous gods. In time, their false parents abandoned them, and they became lonely, drifting through reality from one to the next. Monstrous in their nature, but still born within the confines of reality, the lesser gods. This is one timeline where they've become particularly clustered, standing around a misted earth as their presence warps and twists the surface, and with it the inhabitants. Make no mistake, this is not a fun place to be, cannibalism has taken to a rampant quality, almost all forms of government outside of the municipal have dissolved and several attempts to contact the lesser gods have failed miserably, and cramped most of New England in primal smoke and hidden horrors. Only the halved black goat watches over Humanity now, and only a single university has both the resources and the manpower to attempt to save this dim hell, suffice to say we're staying there for the time being.
> The university is hell, the inhabitants are half crazed, many of them cannibals, dark powers drive them mad, experiments escape with disturbing frequency and only our tiny building off to the side is proven safe. Despite this there's a small clique who thrive here, some cannibals happy to have a place where they can eat manflesh, others xenos and mutants also eager to get access. It's a fucked up little band, but if you're willing to put up with the smell and the dirty thirties tech, you'll enjoy things here. I should also note that, while travellers are universally immune to the reality warping effects of this plane, you may grow extra eyeballs. Bio and Medical will deal with these for free, though some may be advantageous.

[Cooperation with the University| MISK.U is retched a hive of scum and villainy, but one we've had no choice but to ally ourselves with. We occasionally take jobs for them that we find acceptable that they can't accomplish thanks to their 'squishy' nature. This includes visiting the Platea of Leng, which would drive a non-Traveller mad in seconds, the various sunken cities of the world and some of the busier haunts of the various waking nightmares. It's simple work that takes you across the planet. The scarred underbelly of the planet but nonetheless interesting. Jobs range in nature from retrieval and scouting to purification assassination of rival organization professors, and always remember you can refuse jobs, we're just about the only ones who can tell the mad professors and faculty to fuck off.]

[Teaching Position| While it might seem unconventional the university has in the past accepted some of our number for teaching positions out of a combination of stringent demand and obscene Traveller resistance to fuckery. Classes range from simple sciences like eugenics and explosive chemistry to more convoluted and strange fields like otherworldly energies, ancient ancestral bodies, and properties of human blood. There are also physical positions such as coaching and gym training, and covert ones that keep eyes on the students as dummy teachers and personal eyes. Also, remember the average student lifespan here is four and a half years.]

[World Exploration| While a good many operations are in part with the university we also have dozens of Traveller operations, mostly focusing on mapping the ever-changing landscape, ranging from the ever expanding island of man, to the now sinking Siberia. We need individuals to brave the unknown, travelling across the wastes to walk the terrifying new world, about to be birthed.]

[Stalking Leviathan| There are innumerable horrors here, some brought in by the would be gods, others divergants of natural evolution, some bastards of the mixing of planes, regardless of their origins, these beasts are the subject of a rapidly growing trophy taking trade here, with numerous hunters journeying here to take up arms against their newfound prey. In addition to hunters, there is also the need for tanners, taxidermists, aids and scouting for big game. Regardless what role you play, being privy to the hunt of man-eaters and black things is always an enjoyable experience.]

> Tokai Jidai – Eternal Conflict
Xenos [Hidden] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Hidden] HL [Hidden] AI [Hidden]
Visible Tech Level [High] Visible Ethereal Level [NA] Free Wander? [Yes]
Ethereal Presence? [N/A]

> An alternate version of earth missing several surprising landmarks (Which may or may not have been stolen) and a vastly irregular orbit, this is a world home to many interdimensional travellers and a battleground for them, for reasons we still are searching for. Something on this world draws them here, some from across the bridges of reality, others by beings so old and withered that they style themselves in the visage of the great old ones. For whatever purpose they have come, and they've been manipulating this world since its inception, screwing around with the natural timeline and fighting one another over influence and prestige. Each with their own agenda. We came here five centuries age to prevent the world from being destroyed and to get the sub-augurs to stop having seizures whenever their gaze crossed this particular plane. Megacities, vast wastes, mutated horrors and dense bureaucratic conflict inside the urban. If you want a part of the only plane where interdimensional wanderers aside ourselves are guaranteed to cause trouble then this is the ideal spot to be.
> Currently we're hiding out at the bottom of the ocean, an ideal location as other 'jumpers' are not willing to 'jump' inside without the exact coordinates and risk being pulped instantly, we've got room for around ten thousand though numbers wildly change from being horrifically cramped to being almost empty, the keeper of this little site is actually an invisible gas based organism, who makes sure everyone has everything they need. His name is only communicable in colours and pheromones, so we just call him Bob.

[Reality Bridging Assholes| Several Cohorts of fighters, as well as a number of judiciaries and hearth Keepers have taken up residence within this realm to hunt the seemingly unending swarm of reality jumpers, ranging from galactic overlords attempting to extend their gaze across realities, mad scientists intent upon exploiting alternate worlds to tech pirates eager to horde new technologies and random individuals who find themselves trapped for seemingly no reason. How we sort out who is who and just who is deserving a good decapitation lies usually in our hands, as while we are not the most prolific, nor the most numerous we are certainly the only disciplined and professional planes walkers, and the prevention of disaster has recently been falling to us. Not that many complain, the fighters enjoy hitting the fray and the judiciaries- like making people squeal. All the while the Hearth Keepers keep things from breaking apart. Everyone appreciates extra hands and eyes at the moment as trouble is increasing exponentially.]

[Tech Demo| While it is evident by the existence of this dimension is a reminder that even without the aid of the great old ones the technology to transcend time space and dimensions is still a possibility to the strange and wild. However the most flagrant abuse we've seen is just around the corner, a number of mega companies are planning on using space warping technology for profit, planning a viewing in a coming tech demo in one of the largest cities on the planet, attracting the mega rich from across the world. Naturally this is the kind of party we love to crash. Plans are already being set into motion, the idea is simple, get in, steal everything not nailed to the fucking ground, destroy everything nailed down and bring the creators back with us. Simple right?]

[Hissing in the Dark| It has been evident to us for a long while that something very large and very cunning has been manipulating events. While not the cause of all this strangeness it is certainly a hand in it. Only recently have we found the source of this chaos. On the darkside of the moon lies a base without obvious power and seemingly devoid of oxygen, suffice to say this is a void-borne operation, one that we will likely only have once shot at, this being, or beings have shown to be able to vanish. If you're interested in hurling yourself into the airless void at an unknown assailant, then we could use your presence.]

> Terra D1236 – Still Waiting on Explanations
Xenos [Hidden] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Hidden] HL [Hidden] AI [Hidden]
Visible Tech Level [High] Visible Ethereal Level [N/A] Free Wander? [Yes]
Ethereal Presence? [?/All Attempts at Measurement and Observation met with Catastrophic Failure]

> Terra D1236 is timeline that has earth full of strange and otherwise unthinkable Cyrptids, that pop up at seemingly random though show up with startling frequency in the state of Oregon. Timelines randomly change, entire islands don't exist for some reason and every single attempt to figure out "why" has ended in a combination of catastrophic and hilarious. However there are many theories that have been touted, including the presence of decaying pocket dimensions, secretive dickhead godheads, reality shifts and the presence of a sapient ethereal being so large it dwarfs the world. Regardless this timeline seems normal, but could be anything but. Government agencies, renegade time associations, sapient and monstrous cryptids and shadowy beings playing all hands. It's- still oddly boring, even the small American Town of [REDACTED] in the ass end of Oregon that might well be the focal point of the chaos seems- pretty boring most days. Still, there are a goodly number of travellers wandering around the corners of this world and beyond enjoying the simultaneous oddity mixed with a strange quiet, it will eventually burn away, but for now we can enjoy it.
> We are currently based in the center of the absurdity in the American town of [REDACTED] where we currently operate under the guise of a summer camp two clicks out into the woods. The head of the hubworld Base is a one Psycasia Pharum, a venerable AI that is well over a millennium in age, however is almost indistinguishable from the humans she blends in so well with. She views herself as little more than a camp director and everyone under her as kids enjoying themselves, which in fairness almost everyone is, both in terms of age and sheer processing power. It should also be noted she's a fantastic director, and keeps the camp running at tip top shape with all the modern amenities a 1980's summer camp could have. Also, free beer and vodka!

[Cleanup Crew| The Cryptid issue is- well- an issue. Gargantuan monsters, otherworldly entities, fucking time travelling asshats. These things need to be dealt with. It's a job by job issue, one that takes those who follow around the world and beyond, we need people to deal with the issues at play, wherever they may arise. Once the issue is 'dealt with' the issues at hand, preferably in a non-violent and quiet fashion, however if that isn't a possibility then bring the remains back to Miss Pharum who will dispose of it, however you may requisition certain 'parts' if you wish. Pharum is very lenient with 'trophies' considering her lenience with the surprising number of local skull keepers.]

[The Summer is for FUN| The end of times will soon be upon us. The summer, and with it, the release of everyone bound to the education industry. To deal with this, owners of these monsters called children will be sent across the country to 'camps' to deal with them. Pharum excels in keeping up the façade so the people of [REDACTED] continue to think we're just a summer camp, however Pharum has requested volunteers to keep her outward operation in place, and is willing to extend a lengthy amount of credits to any volunteers. Spirits have mercy upon us, for the children will not.]

[He who is Three-in-Three| Of all the creeping crawling ones that inhabit this bizarre timeline is the Three-in-Three. A being that has evaded us for a long time, however we have noted one another. Inscriptions found on the walls of ancient man, in the tombs of the pharaohs, the tapestries of kings and the paintings of the natives of America. He is omnipresent, driven by compulsion and fury, making the one eyed man king among the blind. However he is defeatable, and already a team is forming to stalk his actions and determine his goals, if you have a taste for the bizarre, an understanding of the archaic, and a will to deal with a foe who may or may not even exist, then the team would be happy to have you.]

> Dumigigac – The Megaplanet
Xenos [Open] Humans [Hidden] Ethereal Beings [Hidden] HL [Open] AI [Open]
Visible Tech Level [Advanced] Visible Ethereal Level [N/A] Free Wander? [Yes]
Ethereal Presence? [Minor]

> What is Dumigigac? Dumigigac is a gargantuan planet in the midst of a load of Colonial bullshit. The planet itself is slightly smaller than Neptune, however only possess a gravity that is 1.98 Times the force of earth, has an oxygen rich atmosphere and a complete functioning Biome, the galaxy as a surrounding element is currently in an age of rapidly expanding colonial empires claiming as much as they can. There is a galactic league of sapient Races, however it has very little power, serving more as a meeting table for the various empires. Which is where many of the issues facing Dumigigac come in. The planet is in the midst of a colonial cut up, with at least seven races and rogues from across the galaxy attempting to get a piece of the rich terrain. We're here, however for different reasons. Humans, don't exist in this timeline, they've long since vanished, however the remains of their once galactic presence remain, and this planet is laden with the remains of artifacts from one of their descendants, such artifacts have enabled other races to expand and thrive into the third FTL age of this Galaxy. Naturally this and the insight of an augur who pointed at this specific planet and garbled out some unbearable bullshit has forced Admin to put this world down as a hubworld. Bear in mind, there is no Earth in this timeline, and Saris is a lifeless Rock. If you're interested in either a ripe new world being forged in invariable conflict, or perhaps discovering the secrets of the great old humans, then there's plenty of room here for you.
> Currently we are in one of the underground ruins, the place was as far as we can tell a temple of some sort, we're still exploring the outer wings, however we've set up in the heart of the temple and it's quiet comfortable, lots of space, with the stone remains outfitted with plenty of modern tech to make things cozy and to keep an eye on the situation above, there is no head for this base, but a handful of Administrators who keep things running. It should be noted there is also a high presence of the Militant Department, and Experimental with them. No one knows what they're doing, but it will probably end badly.

[Invariable Port Explosions| Right, now as you can imagine, many races from many empires, federations, conglomerates and factions with fifty plus sapient species involved, there's going to be a lot of tension, right? Now, this is a focal point for all manner of fuckery unless we intervene. If a spat starts here, then it could rage for decades spanning across the stars, hundreds of millions dying for a cause that doesn't involve them. Now we don't want this, as it really fucks with the planet and would likely end with the surface being glassed. We have options however. There is a branch of the Yumigas who have a stellar federation who are quiet bitter over being unable to get a claim on the planet, and there are many of the Yumigas in this little kingdom hierarchy that would happily see the 'trespasser' suffer for their theft. So? We use them. The Yumigas of the Autonekt Kingdom are not a nice group, well hated for their use of black market groups and underhanded tactics, we'll fake a large scale assault, hitting the major space ports and crippling them, all under the guise of the Autonekt and their fire loving waves. And if all goes according to plan it will not only solidify the colonists against their external colonial overlord but also cause an internal war in the Yumigas Fed. Purging the old reactionary elements and enabling them to stand on the galactic stage, everyone wins aside the poor bastards we throw to the flame.]

[Native-Colonial Fuckery| Supposing the whole terrorist thing goes to plan then the Architects are going to implement the next setting of their plan. As it stands there's already heat between settlers and their governors and chiefs, if all goes according to plan then the situation will grow desperate, and the colonies will look to each other for support as opposed to their respective backers. This will lay the groundwork for the eventual independence movement, to which we need to make sure everyone plays nice? The subterfuge-diplomatic game is key here, get to know the major figures in the colonies and wait to 'give helpful tips' right? If everything goes according to plan then you will lay down the stages for a faction we can 'advise' for millennia, and then some aye?]

[Sifting through Bones| While all that goes on above us, we've also got issues below. The Man-descendants that lived here had immensely complex tech, and some things that we might be able to take advantage of, and perhaps give clues to what happened to the once great civilization that gave way to this age of fledgling species. It should be noted Experimental and Militant are the majority behind this action, and someone from Militant consulted the head augur directly on what is buried here. Be cautious as anything warranting the unblinking eyes of the third must be incredibly dangerous.]

> Superjail – Maybe Hell?
Xenos [Open] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Open] HL [Open] AI [Open]
Visible Tech Level [Advanced] Visible Ethereal Level [Advanced] Free Wander? [Yes]
Ethereal Presence? [Heinously/Hilariously Corrupted]

> What is Superjail? That is the first question new arrivals always ask. Superjail is a dimension overlooking mega-prison, for the worst of the worst inside of a volcano, situated inside of a much larger volcano. The jail itself does not comply with the laws of physics and time continuity, it both exists in a state of constant chaos and peaceful anger. It's Warden, a man whom we share a love/hate relationship both acts like a spoiled brat, a sociopathic madman and a brilliant philanthropist, and also may possess godlike powers that fluctuate with potential ranging from useless to reality bending. It's- fun? Maybe? Regardless, despite the seemingly otherworldly chaos and almost permanent hallucinogenic nature of this entire fucking reality, the world of superjail has numerous Travellers both passing through and functioning within the plane, enjoying the benefits of the massive workforce and the seemingly omnipresent jail as a return platform. The rest of this reality seems otherwise intact despite occasional trips of psychotic nature and trippy madness, which pose little threat to us as a whole. It should be noted this individual timeline has a branch of the self-named 'Time Police' have taken a personal beef with us and attempt to disrupt any Traveller operations. It should also be noted that there are at least two reality bending organisms who both possess reality bending powers and fantastic fashion sense. The ones you will see most oft have a 'treaty of neutrality' with us, everyone else on the other hand isn't so lucky.
> We ourselves are shacked up in a decent underground complex beneath Super Jail at what can only be described as the gates of hell. After a particularly terrible incident the Warden signed the land off to us and we established the place as a hubworld. The complex is mild, clean and enjoys free heating and thermal power. The place shares no actual connections with the outside world, affording us incredible security and quiet from the stresses of prison life above. Also smells slightly of oil.

[Black Market Delivery Service| As you can imagine we have a unique position inside of Superjail, serving both as informants to the warden but also as purveyors of otherwise unattainable goods. As the administrator of the local base put so basely 'Hell spits fire, it's fucking cold in Antarctica, and Superjail needs its daily tweak, might as well be us.' So ultimately we provide around ninety percent of all contraband within the prison. A simple and well-paying job, there are plenty of open positions, ranging from acquiring stock which ranges from alcohol to drugs to affiliated paraphernalia, shanks, junk food, whatever may have you, distribution, actually dealing with customers, if you're willing to work we're capable of finding you a comfortable place and decent pay for it.]

[Heroin Addled Rage| We've been put up to the position of investigating a recent psychotic outbreaks that have been unusually violent, even by the standards of the prison. Noted incidents include one inmate tearing off the face of another and fashioning a noose to hang himself while another incident had one inmate wearing another like a set of coveralls. It's pretty brutal. The issue is simple, trace the source of the incidents and deal with it. Having the prison owe you a favor or two has its perks.]

[Special Investigations| While the prison is in of itself an entire world, there's an entire galaxy out there that Super jail has precedent over, the warden has a bounty for us, for the most violent, dreadful, psychotic individuals, Super Jail has room for all. You don't answer local, provincial federal or even planetary officials, if the man represents an active threat he's eligible for containment, and a nice monetary reward is always good. Happy Hunting.]

> Uruk – Several Levels Removed
Xenos [Open] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Open] HL [Open] AI [Open]
Visible Tech Level [Advanced] Visible Ethereal Level [Advanced] Free Wander? [Yes]
Ethereal Presence? [Low]

> This is a dimension not bound by vast amounts of space, rather by its 'solid' nature. This entire reality it would seem is little more than an endless expanse of tunnels, tunnels that stretch on forever, seemingly without end. This is a place without almost any natural light, where in some places laws of gravity are inverted and in others completely discarded. In some places the rock we tread upon is quiet recognizable, in others the walls abandon all pretenses of nature and take on a flesh like quality. It goes on, and on. It is impossible to tell if this reality has a 'surface' as no one has reached it yet, despite the numerous exploders that actively map out the conundrum of this world and have done so since the discovery of this place five hundred years ago. A last warning for those who seek to traverse the darkness of Uruk, there is life here. And it is not friendly in most regards, blind but with superior sensory, hearing and smell, they come in many shapes and sizes, ranging from gargantuan tunnel worms that are responsible for many of the tunnels and caverns, to the skittering hunting voles, and wretches so terrible yet fleeting. If such a place would appeal to you, then you are welcome to come.
> We've based ourselves in a solid iron fortress, one that if necessary may be torn back to Ae in the event of an emergency. The place is tightly packed and rather- submarine like. Cramped or comforting depending on who you ask, however the Spaniard in charge of this hub insisted on such. Frequently fades in and out of a risqué Castilian and smells heavily of coffee, tries his hardest to make sure everyone is functional.

[Survival of the Strangest| There's been a long running effort to catalog the various creatures dwelling in the deep dark, however this is a very difficult proposition considering the speed and capability that the beasts of this world have over us. However the effort remains, and we need hunters, trappers and catalogers to venture into the long running tunnels and caverns in search of flora and fauna, who knows, perhaps you might find something that catches your eyes.]

[Rock Samples| While it is more mundane then the other issues being pressed around the hubworld, the minerals that compose this world are noted for their fantastic properties, properties which the Commercialists and Archivists are interested in exploiting. The job is simple, venture out into the more bizarre and perhaps disturbing regions and bring back samples. Be warned, this place is not confined to the laws of reality that most realities prescribe to.]

[The Sons of the Hajik| The Sixth Time War was a slow burn up of a refusal to abide by the council of Nine's decision to follow the rules instituted by the Judiciaries input, notably the basis that all Travellers had to be recruited, doing away the concepts of conscription and genetic inheritance that had prior been floated. Many who already had children spited the rules of the Judiciary and the conflict reached a point where the issue takers, who formed a little club of their own called the 'Hajik Society' bombed the then Judiciaries headquarters, along with the Home Guard head office and attempted to deal with the council of Nine to meet their demands. However they bit off far more than they could chew when Duwall left a gaping hole in their lines, and once Home Guard Reotri rallied the shattered Guard and nearby fighters to turn the battle in their favor. The war was one, with ultimately many major casualties, however not all of the Hajik's were wiped out, and many escaped. In time the traitors were hunted and either stripped of their technology and exiled or killed, but we fear a few managed to escape to Uruk, and an incident a few weeks ago confirmed our suspicion. The remaining number are somewhere in the tunnels, and we fear they are massing in number. Take to what you will, should you prove them to be a danger then we will do as we must.]

> Saris-128'/s – Incomparable Virtue
Xenos [Open] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Open] HL [Hidden] AI [Open]
Visible Tech Level [Advanced] Visible Ethereal Level [Advanced] Free Wander? [Yes]
Ethereal Presence? [High/Calm]

> Saris-128'/ represents the absolute height of Mokresian civilization, from the ancestral home world of Saris, the center of the Astral Federation, Comprised of 1700 Star Systems and three hundred species, we're sitting in the midst of a golden age of science and innovation, taking everything we can grab but occasionally tipping the Fed. For its generous contributions we've bothered. Truth be told there isn't much to be done conflict wise as for the most part things are quiet. However this does not mean we don't have operations here, quite the opposite in fact as this timeline is one of our largest resource pools with 7.3% of all Commercialist base import materials, as well as numerous technologies that have been brought in by the departments over the years to be retrofitted for use and distribution. If you're looking for a location that is nice and quiet to travel, perhaps on the gilded cities of Saris or the shining stars above then this should be a possible location to sign on with.
> We've currently based ourselves in a massive tower gifted by the Head Federal board, for services provided by a handful of maniacs a long time ago. Filled with every luxury, approximately two hundred and eleven stories in height, it should be noted for humans that the place is a bit- stooped. And for Nisetic High Castes and Yautja- Cramped. Workable. But cramped.

[Divine Mandate| It should be noted that this timeline has a wide array of rather potent godheads that have been sifting around with the Mokresia and their protectorates for a long time. We've had a long running relation of mutual cooperation with them, however recently our spirit walker for this timeline passed on the long road, and we have need of a new one to fill the position, maintaining our relationship with the gods of sunlight and leaf, and such a relation with such powerful godheads might have benefits.]

[Siren's Song| It should be noted that, while it is rare, piracy is not unheard of within Mokresian space. A particular series of ship strikes lately bear the hallmarks of a single set of pirates. Mokresia, a single destroyer striking out at merchant convoys and spaceports in an instant. While theories over how they strike with such speed and their origin, it's a general consensus that it would be better to infiltrate the ship and wait to perhaps find a way to stop them quietly. The definition of 'stop' is up to you, however you need to get on and gather information before you do anything hasty. And at the end, depending on how things play out you might be able to keep the ship.]

[Service to the Crown| We have a single Mokresia by the name of Gjeltli Miorst, who serves with the governing body, the oligarchic 'Federation Board of Planetary Representatives.' To help us maintain our resource and tech pull Gjeltli has been feeding us information on soon to be issues and the rest of us deal with these could be issues before they become issues. This ranges from dealing with tax fraud, kidnapping, relocating, environmental issues and subduing external diplomats. Keeps a man busy and keeps things quiet, good enough for many at the end of the day.]

> Jumar – Homeworld of the Yautja
Xenos [Open] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Open] HL [Open] AI [Open]
Visible Tech Level [Mild] Visible Ethereal Level [Advanced] Free Wander? [Yes]
Ethereal Presence? [Low]

> Ah, the toxic swamps, unending rainforests and desolate sky piercing mountains are quiet the sight, the birth place fit for a species as brutal and stoic as the Yautja. This is a world that is torn between shocking silence and fast placed brutality. At the moment the Yautja themselves of this world are in their tribal stages, as the core principals of honor and hunting are being established and reinforced, game is plentiful, however ferocious, the world is shifting in such a way the Yautja themselves will soon rise to the top of the monstrous food-chain. Establishing a burning passion that will drive them beyond the bounds of this world. It should be also noted that despite their low numbers and recent intelligence developments (general language and communications abilities have been in play for around 8000 years) that many tribes are already using advanced metallurgy, advancing mathematics well beyond its functioning means and have established the use of explosive weapons. While retaining a mobile lifestyle. They are not dumb, do not think that for a moment, that will kill you as surely as the claws of any beast or the spear of a silent hunter.
> We've established the central headquarters for this hubworld out on a small chain of islands far away from any of the continents. It's sunny all year round, there is no threat of wildlife though the numerous carnivorous sea dwellers should be kept mind of. The base itself is stretched out across several islands and offers large amounts of room and relative privacy to the travellers who stay here.

[Neighborly Love| While many of the Yautja tribes are hostile and will outright attack anything not from within their tribe we have managed to open up trade relations with some of the tribes, trading 'trophies' for weapons and armour, and there are several other tribes with unique weaponry and tools that a few folks from Commercial are willing to pay out the ass for and have chartered an agreement for. However to do this we're going to have to earn the respect of those tribes. What is the best way to do that? Either defeating their eldest hunters or presenting them with hefty tribute. We leave the decision to you, but remember, a dead Hunter gets you nothing and tribute only goes so far when many of the tribes recognize blood as the highest currency.]

[Akagaris Shro'Saio| While Yautja numbers have fallen drastically in the ranks in part due to the rarity of recruits and the mass availability from other species, many take note of their ways, a single human by the taken name Akagaris teaches the ancestral rights of the Hunters to those who come to learn, and at the moment he is taking on as much manpower as he can for a voyage into the deep swamps to 'bleed' many of his students and grant them the rank of true hunters, at least as far as the Yautja rights are concerned. He pays well, and perhaps you might earn some respect if the trip goes as hairy as it is expected to go.]

[Opening of the Grand Summer| While a tribal reactionary society has its natural detriments to growth, the massive natural lifespan and intelligence of the Yautja enables them to overcome what would stagnate most other races. As you have already heard the many tribes are about to begin their expansion, and in the coming millennia will become the dominant species of the planet. However we need to lay the foundations for the far future, as they will be content to remain on their planet unless honor demands more. So we will see that honor set. While the tribes don't have a unified pantheon, they do believe in spirits of all sorts, and the sky spirits hold key place in the hierarchy of the world. We've recently acquired the fossilized remains of a grand hunter, almost six millennia in age, we shall clad him in golden armour and from the heavens we shall launch him to the earth. We lay the seeds of a space age in the far future and enable access to a potential pool of Yautja recruits in the long run, that's a goal worth working towards right?]

> Ashakmet – Homeworld of the Nisetics
Xenos [Nisetics Only] Humans [Hidden] Ethereal Beings [Hidden] HL [Hidden] AI [Hidden]
Visible Tech Level [Advanced] Visible Ethereal Level [Psionics only] Free Wander? [Yes]
Ethereal Presence? [Mild/Eternal Corpse Bonanza]

> We tend to stay away, far fucking away from the Nisetic homeworld. It has hundreds of names, given who rises to claim it, but more oft then not falls into obscurity. But here, lies the heart of a solar kingdom, debased by internal conflict, skittering along the fringes of greatness and nuclear oblivion as it always has. Ashakmet, the great skull, burden of the great many dead, as so named by the numerous priests of the many cults and their cult-father's, mad and wild. Here stumble tens of millions of peasants, skittering about farming fungus and rearing gargantuan insects during the nights and sleeping away the long burning days that can fry a peasant in minutes. They are everywhere, in the vast glassed wastes, amidst the gargantuan fungal forest and the salty fringes of the oceans. The mid Castes struggle likewise beneath their high caste masters, however at least have the peasants to take their aggression out upon, and above it all, nobles play their cut throat games, dominating the sky and acting under whatever figure has the strongest standing. At the moment there are many candidates to hold the position of Unrivaled Caesar, and the game continues, and will continue eating through the principalities and regimes until only a single individual rises, more bloodthirsty, conniving and raw then their opponents to wipe them away, and carry them beyond their stars. But that day is yet far off, for the High castes and contenders of Caesar have all the time in the world to play the game. For now, blood fills the eyes and nose of most, and there is little to be done. It should be noted that, while the spirits of long since Nisetics almost always have a distinct "presence" that here that presence is overwhelming and any mystic or mist walker could talk to billions of shades walking amidst the spiritual world.
> The current hubworld for Ashakmet is located in a low orbit station that travels its course following the brutal daytime, ensuring complete stealth, and with the current setup of solar plating, we have free electricity and Hot water. It isn't a large place, as no more than a hundred people are here at any given time. Almost none of them Nisetics interestingly enough as the shared attitude of everyone from this timeline is to get out as soon as possible.

[Crossed lands of the Great Sky Kings| The Megafauna of Ashakmet is perhaps one of its most disturbing features, harboring some of the most absurd lifeforms, there are crawling nightmares that wander the deserts beneath the sun, spideresque hordes that can stretch for miles and gargantuan sea life. But of all beasts, above lies the Sky King. Almost a mile long, born to a state of perpetual flight and more plant based then anything, though it does not eat it does scare the ever loving fuck out of the locals who in most timelines hunt the beasts to extinction. However we don't want this, and there are a number of Traveller's interested in bringing a breeding population back to Ae as the beasts themselves are fairly self-sustaining. If you're interested in dealing with hunting down giants beneath the boiling sun then the current hunting crew would greatly appreciate the help.]

[Restless Winds| We have a few spirit talkers as the dead of this world are perhaps our greatest allies. We've been informed by a number of our friendly informants that someone is scouring the spirit world for otherwise forbidden arts. Necromancy, Mutation, Pestilence and Blightwork. Now normally this would be nothing to worry about, such knowledge has always eked its way out on the fringes of the world, but the numbers and the intensity behind them is cause for alarm. This 'faith' of this world is divided into numerous cults, all vying for support from the high castes and drawing on the fear of the commoners, each order more fucked then the last and all bloodthirsty in nature. While subterfuge is nothing new, we have reason to believe that one of the more simple minded sects is attempting to use such fowl things to deal with their competition. The Job? Investigate, we don't know what we're dealing with. So we find out.]

[Verum Imperium Tyranni| As prior stated there are numerous nobles of absolute stature seeking absolute subservience from this world, dozens of men and women that stand unbelievably far above their kin. Possessing obscene strength, cunning wit and bodies that might outlive Ashakmet itself, they currently play one another, gathering resources, followers and territories behind them, waiting for a weak point, a back to break into. This low state of boiling chaos, raiding and warfare without absolute commitment is ideal for us, as an absolute war would make life incredibly miserable for everyone. Therefore we need individuals to maintain the status quo until we can decide what should be done with this world. The standard subterfuge, theft, sparking conflicts and dealing with them before they boil over. We do appreciate if you're willing to help, as someone on the ground will likely have a very informed opinion on what to do, if I do say so, might be your words would carry a lot of weight.]

> Ogulamacadi-H121 'Lurl'– A Universe Bright and Strange
Xenos [Open] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Open] HL [Open] AI [Open]
Visible Tech Level [Advanced] Visible Ethereal Level [Mastery] Free Wander? [Yes]
Ethereal Presence? [Varies Wildly]

> Lurl is what the dreamers in the twilight call an Abrik-Nall, what meta-thinkers and kids of the odd transition years would call science fantasy. A galaxy full of aliens and robots, empires and federations, hundreds of trillions existing in all manner of technological and ethereal states, from soaring heights to crumbling atomic ruins, from the wild worlds to rocks clinging to the fringes of the void. Lurl is a very large dimension with thousands of Travellers making their way across the stars, enjoying the freedom to use both tech and magics, with all manners of groups coming and going. This is a good a place as any to settle down, as the last major interstellar conflict for the next three centuries, while at the cost of billions of lives has ended, and with it a whole galaxy has opened up.
> Currently the hubworld is set up on Brunt-Maxis, a massive Urban Space Station that allows us to both keep hidden and actually sail out FTL ships without worrying that someone will notice. Currently the place is clogged with refuges from a recent conflict that has stranded many here, and the station itself was not exactly quiet before. A busy place, with many people passing through.

[Galaxy Ripper| With the end of the last major interstellar conflict of its nature for at least a while, we have come into the possession of a number of super weapons that need to be dealt with, to that end local members of Administration are setting up what needs to be done. This ranges from decommissions, transport to Ae for storage and future use if need be, and a particularly nasty thing that levelled a few worlds full of sapient life called the 'Galaxy Ripper' that is going to need to be dragged into the space between galaxies and safely detonated. If you're interested the job, though boring pays very well, and is a good way to earn the trust of the local administrators.]

[Amidst the Spess Refuges| Another issue to be settled that, unlike weapons will take years to solve is the refugee crisis. Generous groups and covenants to that end are currently doing charitable work to try and clear out the station, or at least get them off the base's porch. Tasks included range from passing off 'inheritance money,' redirecting ship sales and occasionally throwing people out the air lock, for some reason. Talk to Tarkash about it if you're interested.]

[Core of Universal Truth| Before a the recent spat that diverted most of the local Traveller attention, we know have a chance to re-open projects we'd been working on for a very long time, including a rather odd anomaly found at the core of the galaxy, what appears to be a station held together by strategically placed black holes and still collapsing stars, something put there long before this age of FTL began. The job itself is simple, find what lies in the heart of this galaxy and bring it back, be it knowledge, or something else. But don't be foolish, all it would take is a single push from the station to shove it into a gravity well that would rip it apart in moments, watch out for traps and understand that what's there likely put that place together as to avoid detection, gather those who will follow and strike without hesitation.]

> Viðr na Yggdrasaev – Looming Distance above the Lake
Xenos [Open] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Open] HL [Open] AI [Open]
Visible Tech Level [Advanced] Visible Ethereal Level [Mastery] Free Wander? [Yes]
Ethereal Presence? [Concentrated, Purified]

> Viðr na Yggdrasaev, or the forest of the world trees outside of pre-estis Norn speak is what could best be called a transition point. This 'dimension' if it could be called such is a meeting ground for hundreds of dimensions, all tied to the gargantuan world trees that fill this plane. This is a quiet place, with no more than a few thousand native humans, Elvan, Dryad and lake dwelling Niiad, and most of the natives are well acclimated to our presence, eager to trade and talk with Travellers passing through. This is a holy place for Children of the third, who 'tap' into the meeting plane to greatly enhance their abilities without exacerbating the negative qualities. In this state they can spend days observing past, present and future simultaneously, though their bodies still need attending to. Still, even those not bound to such suffering wills often journey here, just for a few moments of quiet.
> We currently have a small village on the fringes of the Great Lake, populated by Travellers who come to Viðr na Yggdrasaev for all manner of reasons, along with a substantial population of natives who have turned the small base into a central nexus for Trade and tribal gatherings, while the place isn't exactly full of modern sensibilities, it is very quiet.

[Níðhöggr Duty| This dimension is not without evil, in fact there is something quite terrible lurking amidst the roots of the world trees, when we arrived they were gargantuan, the size of skyscrapers and quick to devour one another, and while those days of gargantuan root gnawing worms has passed, the population of the worms must still be kept in check, there is a hefty bounty on the Níðhöggr, the bigger the head, the more its worth. Bear in mind, that unless the brain or the heart of the beast is pierced, the worm will persist. And nothing holds a grudge like a Nidhogg.]

[Diviner Watch| The Administration for the hubworld needs someone to keep tabs on those who come to tap into the plane, to make sure they don't start dying on us. It's simple work, rousing those who have dreamt to long and keeping eyes on those who are still dreaming. It's not strenuous work and it will land you a steady bonus. Keep an eye out though, if someone were to exploit this place, the dreaming ones would be a very large target.]

[The Keepers of the Lake| Currently there is something of a dispute between the various tribes, with the feral elves and the children of the lake forming something of a makeshift coalition. In the wake of a recent incident where one of the lake Niiad was found dead, the assumed culprit was a human tribesman. The truth of the affair needs to be solved and quickly, or else the tension point might expand to a state of inter-tribal conflict, perhaps warfare. The Niiad have lost one of their own, and it would be liable to go to them first, as they have the most invested in this issue, and would probably be the most gratious for a solved case.]

> Terra D921 – Hardware, Software & Wageslaves
Xenos [Hidden] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Hidden] HL [Hidden] AI [Hidden, Caution Advised]
Visible Tech Level [High] Visible Ethereal Level [N/A] Free Wander? [Yes]
Ethereal Presence? [N/A]

> Terra D921, a miserable grey world that has fallen under all manner disaster and pitfall. Governments have given way and lost power to mega corporations outside a few backwaters. Mega-cities span across obscene amounts of land, spewing out filth and human waste. Technology persists in an odd state, illustrating the divides between the haves, the have-nots and the have-nots attempting to rise up. Virtual Reality addicts lie unliving in their apartments, massive mega-towers become countries and crime syndicates unto themselves and the 0.1% Persist in gated and armored enclaves, not only protecting themselves from the masses of Proles, but also from each other as while national warfare has fallen out with the governments that carried them, Triple A corporate warfare has never been more dirty and virulent. For the moment there is no clear frontrunner in the conflicts, though WEY-U.INC, Tyrell Corporation, Saeder-Krupp.INC, Sarif Industries and Dubai United. If you wish for something from a dirty little marble like this then no one will stop you. Just watch yourself.
> We're currently set up in Montreal in what once was the Olympic stadium, now abandoned besides our presence, along with a few rats who keep the place from getting dozed. It's not exactly comfortable, and holds barely five hundred Travellers, but its secure and more than anything else private.

[Corporate Warfare| Corporate conflicts are nothing new in this timeline and have been in full swing since the mid 2030's. Of course most of the locals and resident Travellers have gotten used to this however this specific period of fighting needs to be maintained for another two decades for reasons the local sub-augur stubbornly refuses to share with anyone besides the voices in his head. Regardless there's paying contracts for those willing to commit to false-flag operations and work stealing high profile technologies. While no one really has any idea why it needs to be done it's a good way to keep busy and maintain a healthy spending budget.]

[Running the Numbers| There is a massive elite that lives a very decadent lifestyle, among the greatest of pastimes is the gambling. Gambling has grown, with vast open networks and globally connected networks it's hard to find something that isn't a part of this industry. Traditional methods, economics, politics, sports, life and death are even a part of it. Ranging from the richest to the dregs, throwing wealth into the running wheel is now omnipresent. And it was only a matter of time before a group of takers came to exploit it. The head gambling group SYL.CP will be approaching the height of its optimum season in the next few weeks. The job is simple, make the impossible happen, and rob them for every penny, regardless of whether they're willing to pay up.]

[Renagade Xerox| Another Time-Rogue has been spotted, a slaver who wiped his name away from the archives in Ae, and has been since entitled, 'Xerox Mind-Taker' and in such a world where entire apartments are filled with VI-Addicts and pill-poppers, he's aiming to take a great many. Two Judiciary cohorts have already arrived, and if you're interested in EXTREME JUSTICE, you have but to ask.]

> 'Terra D731' – VI HARDWARE ACTIVE... SYNC INITIATED
Xenos [Open] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [N/A] HL [N/A] AI [Open]
Visible Tech Level [N/A] Visible Ethereal Level [N/A] Free Wander? [Yes]
Ethereal Presence? [N/A]

> Terra D731 is ironically a world carried in a box, a world that was converted into digital framework at the offset of the apocalypse, millions of digital souls carried off in a satellite, we found orbiting the charred remains of Terra. Inside lay entire worlds, though the initial program was simple in design, the inhabitants of the digital world have long since evolved into a system similar to an MMO, or rather hundreds of MMO's and thousands of 'servers'. With 'players' struggling for years to rise to the top of the ladder, persisting there for a few moments before wiping themselves of all progress and memories. Here many sapient AI's have evolved into believing the worlds around them are real, while many human mental copies have long since degraded into a non-sapient NPC state. If you're interested in peering into a little world in a box, then feel free to, just take not of what is trapped here.
> The entirety of Terra D731 is housed along with a few hundred VR seats, in a small underground facility run by the Archivists and the Collectors. It's cozy if a little small, but with a surprisingly large AI population of both non-bodied AI enjoying the sights of D731 and while their bodied brethren keep watch of the sleepers and the arc within.

[Breakers| Many personalities of this boxed world have become experts in cheating, to a subliminal degree. The game may be broken, and many are interested into just how ingrained this has become. A massive 'bug list' has been assembled that needs to be investigated by technical who are interested in using and abusing as many of these holes as possible, and contributors will likely be the first ones on the list for the tool set that will be invariably born of this abuse.]

[Father *Ais#d| Certain members of the Arc world have started to- deteriorate. Die. For lack of a better word. There is one who has become so corrupted that his physical presence has started to deteriorate, and has resorted to a backup 'save' system that has locked him into a loop of corruption he cannot escape from. The problem is he was one of the first individuals we came into contact with, and was a dear friend for many years. We need someone with moderate skills to 'end' him. It will automatically ban you from an entire server, but the gift of mercy is well respected by many Traveller AI, who will make your life much easier in other servers.]

[DE-SYNC| Though it has not been spoken of, many fear that this world is going to be falling apart. With over seven hundred years of continuous operation it was doomed to happen eventually. Already new servers with a much longer running time and quality of service have been established. A biotic system deep in the Archivists dominion, capable or repairing and defending itself. The system will be done in a year, but for now the interior needs to be prepped. All servers need to be prepared for a brief albeit unpleasant transfer, something only a handful of AI volunteers have agreed to weather, but they cannot do it alone. Journey across the entirety of it, and ready this world for the freeze and renewal to come.]

> Terra D925 – Seeping Fogs
Xenos [Hidden] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Hidden] HL [Hidden] AI [Hidden]
Visible Tech Level [High] Visible Ethereal Level [N/A] Free Wander? [Yes, Caution Advised]
Ethereal Presence? [Mild/Transitioning Downwards]

> Terra D925 was prior ignored as a normal, bi-polar world, with no great events in schedule for a few centuries, and was thus left aside from a few wanderers who passed through a base with only a single AI administrator. At least until recently. Three dead Travellers later and it became apparent that something was horribly off, this made all the more apparent by renewed interest from the Blades of the third and a certain Nisetic legis. Something is creeping its way onto this world, stripping away entire towns silent, replacing men with shadows and spawning retches. If the governments of this world notice, they're either deaf or already in the hands of whatever it is that's now running the show. If you're interested in a cold war with something very insidious, this is the place for you.
> After the incident involving John Noble, the AI director of the Hubworld base moved everything up to an oil platform and has since then suffered multiple paranoia trips and fortified the base, to Travellers she is called 'pap' and is quiet caring for everyone inside of her dominion. But for the love of god don't bring anyone here that isn't a Traveller. She's already gassed two attempted pirates, we don't want any more casualties.

[The Faceless Freak| South Africa. Little is known about this creature, it has no home base, striking from the hearts of the cities to the wilds, ripping off the front of the victim's heads. It is never seen, and its victims are not heard. It is has only been seen on camera, and even then it breaks down surveillance systems. Everywhere it touches, the smell or fecal matter and rotting fish follows. While not the most severe of horrors, it is one of the few that might be taken alive, for Experimental 'purposes.' And a hefty reward of experimental equipment is a reward for such a catch.]

[The Memetic Menace| A Global Threat. Something is tracing its way along social media, driving individuals to obsession, strengthening it, for every voice that speaks it, for every set of hands that types its name, it grows. But it can be killed, somewhere there is a core, which can be ripped out, a heart to be torn through. But it will need to be done fast, and a great light will need to be cast up, to draw minds away from its foulness, and the disciples cast down. A great series of strikes, but once it is done, the name shall carry no more weight.]

[The Skinless Screecher| Murmansk. It preys on the outskirts of the Towns, stalking through the darkness. It is fast, freakishly fast, clawed and skinless, one with the cold and forests. It is smart though, beyond anything human. It knows the hunt, and to be hunted. Many have stalked it, Russians, Finns and Swedes. Only the Sami have seen it, and their hunters perished in the mind. Traveller stalkers have identified its patterns, but it will be a long hunt, and sometimes the hunter will become the hunted.]

[The Host of Nightmares| Deep Beneath. Something is making these monster, when one perishes, another rises. When one man is saved, another is ripped to pieces and made into a hollow creature. We don't know where it is. We don't know what it is. It is unspeakable, and its goals unmentionable. It needs to be felled. That is a proper goal for a Traveller, no?]

> Terra D123918 – Cape, Mask and Leotards
Xenos [Open] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Open] HL [Open] AI [Open]
Visible Tech Level [Advanced] Visible Ethereal Level [Mastery] Free Wander? [Yes]
Ethereal Presence? [Varies Wildly]

> Terra D123918 is a world full of odd variants, artifacts, plane meeting zones, solitary xenos fleeing to the back world earth and mutants. Starting in full during the mid-sixties for unknown (or at least unstated) reasons, since the dawn of 10's and 20's, meta humans have been shaping the face of this world. Be it in the hands of governments and regimes that sought to utilize them, heroes who fought to protect that which is worth fighting for and villains who attempt to capitalize on their unique abilities. The current year is 2019, the world is divided between the rapidly cycling towards despotic United States, The British Empire, The USSR and the Celestial Japanese Empire, other major powers are the UMHL (The United Meta Human League), Indonesia, the South African Union and Indonesia, all capitalizing on Meta humans, their works and the various artifacts their conflicts have brought to face. Things are a mess, but a balanced mess, for the moment. That is going to change soon. Very soon.
> The current Hubworld is set up in the center of the earth, as it is the only place where we can get some peace and fucking quiet. The base itself is an obscenely well shielded metal ball that in the event of an emergency can pull back to Ae in an instant. It's one of the more militaristic bases with a heavy Home Guard garrison, but at least there's plenty of hot water.

[Watching the Watchers| There are many who keep their eyes upon this earth. With a wide variety of intent. Ancient sentinels scouring and cataloging the events of earth. Xenos warlords scouting out a potential conquest. Would-be gods seeking masses to be worshiped. Demiurges that were here long before we were, and have working relations with us, and exiles eager to make their mark. But for the past two decades we've been in a situation wherein a cohort of the Home-Guard have regulated those with an interest in surveillance. These sentinels of D123918 are always willing to take on aid to dispense justice and keep an eye on those interested in this earth.]

[Dash them Against the Rocks| There have been many beasts that have risen up in this timeline over the years. Captain Guass, The Aryan Uberman, Ironfist, CIA born and bred agent Mergrave, abolithic mutants, Acient Horrors, Xenos invaders, all have been cast down, sometimes by local heroes, others by rival villains, and on occasion Travellers. The last 'big' monster is waiting, it has hidden itself well, and has immense power. It knows when an augur sees it, and it is quick to move to a new hiding place. It's ploy is known to us, to divide, to reap a war between the various capes and masks across this earth, and it is already succeeding. A meta-human conflict is now inevitable, but that doesn't mean we can't finally play our trump card, no longer giving a shit if we're a known factor. The job is simple, find the Abrahamic beast and put a stop to it. Anything goes when you finally trap it.]

[And so I said to Ozymandias; Suck a Dick| The Meta-human conflict is going to kick off in about six to eight months' time, from a number of factors. Existing conflicts between the supers, meta-normie racial violence, regulation and a lot of pent up anger. The problem is we can't really intervene once it starts, as we bridge the gaps, and have balance, balance this world needs to find on its own. That's not the issue of course, the issue that we find ourselves faced with is a very potent cape, a real paragon, and behind the mask is a well-known philanthropist. As the conflict goes on he'll find himself harkening to a 'final solution' if you would, his belief lies in a unified world, which can only be achieved with a very big scapegoat. The metas. Now, we can't stop him until he commits in full. In fact we have to let him pull the button, and unleash coming horror. Because only then can we intervene, putting the plan to a halt, grabbing the various super weapons, stashing them on Mars and from there rubbing them into the faces of world leaders and major figures to remind them of their own stupidity. As for the 'hero?' Well, any fool who thinks he might make an end in an endless world is not worth our time.]

> Uern – Amidst the Dying Light
Xenos [Open] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Open] HL [Open] AI [Open]
Visible Tech Level [Mid] Visible Ethereal Level [Mastery] Free Wander? [Yes]
Ethereal Presence? [Desiccated/Decaying]

> Uern is perhaps the most sorrowful of worlds, silent and grey until struck by flame. Since then with the fall of the ancients, this world has spasmed between light and darkness, between life and death, with moments of absolute triumph held together, only to be shattered as an old flame is lit, or the old light fades. This has always been, until now, after millennia this small plane is failing, as both light and dark recede in a way that has never been seen. Perhaps another grey age is in the works, but now as all heroes fall, and what is left crumbles. We step out into Uern once more, to exist in the moment for this decaying world. Do as you will, Traveller.
> We are currently held up in a small castle, which has been made quite comfortable by the Hearth Keepers who've taken a special interest in this plane. Inside the castle are relatively comfortable and defendable quarters, and at the center of the castle is a gargantuan fire the Hearth Keepers have tied to this world, to be truly fed or put out, or whatever else the future holds for us.

[Circle in the Dark| This world is bound to vast concepts, the hero, the hearth keeper, horrors insurmountable and fires, scattered across the world, binding the wandering undead together. Local members of the ethereal department have taken interest in the flames, ashes and the binding iron cores that keep them, kindled or unkindled, there's a generous bounty on the ashes of these bonfires.]

[Lost Souls| Souls are a unifying theme across the realities, though they vary widely in form and purpose, and almost always that indefatigable spark leaves behind a spark, and what was is always gone. Here and across this wasted world are the remains of the heroes, soldiers and nameless masses, the gods and beast the same, buried in the ash beneath the encroaching silence. While these are free to be claimed, to strengthen the seekers, there is also a handful of archivists cataloging the remains, and they pay very well.]

[Breaks in Space & Time| Time and Space are breaking, Adokori and other third-born can feel it, and those with a mind to it can trace their way through the worlds, though in truth there is only one. This has prompted an investigative branch of the Experimental department to start paying for 'railing work' for those willing to traverse the breaks and find what is waiting on the other side, but this is dangerous work, as many worlds have given way to raging inferno's, absolute darkness, or are homes to monstrous foes. But there are powerful souls to be found and taken, treasures to be gotten and sights to be seen. If it interests you.]

[We are the Flame| This world won't exist forever, even now the void encroaches, and it will swallow up the world. Or the old cycle of glorious light or fading darkness will rise up. But there are other possibilities, though they remain few, the Experimental presence is pushing for the grey to be allowed to take the world, the Hearth Keepers wish to renew the cycle of fire and relight the glorious flame, while a handful of Militant members want to weaponize what remains of the flame, and allow the remaining dark to overtake the world. There are also a handful who want to unleash the primal restless eyes, and unleash an age of seas, while a few sub-augurs of the Third want to do away with all such things, and allow something new to be born. Regardless of what you do, the story is coming to a close, and a new one will be opened soon.]

> Throne of YISUN – Celestial Rot of the 777 777
Xenos [Open] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Open] HL [Open] AI [Hidden]
Visible Tech Level [Mid] Visible Ethereal Level [Mastery] Free Wander? [Yes]
Ethereal Presence? [High/Decaying]

> The Core of the Celestial wheel, this dimension is a nexus that leads out to 777 777 other dimensions, this is a great and terrible place. Here came YISUN, a god beast both great and terrible that persisted for only a moment, before it broke into two. The two shards YIS and UN, male and female, presence and absence. The two shards feuded for years and made love for days, before splitting into the 777 777 gods. They bound this great divine wheel together and wrought life into the worlds they touched. And they died, with the passing of time, until finally their children, men and demons, angels and servitors desecrated the divine wheel, and after 32 Kalpa this heaven is a hell unto itself. This world is ruled by seven Demiurges with terrible power, barely capable of not wiping one another, and the divine wheel out. Below them the crime lords and conquerors who reach out from the wheel to prey upon the worlds locked to it, and below them the masses of demons, servitors, men and oh so many slaves. The angels are almost gone, most slumbering in their terrible eldritch forms to wait for a new day, while others revel in evil. This is no place for the lighthearted, but perhaps you may find something here.
> The Base for this hubworld is a small fortified pocket dimension we have deep inside a large and far removed corpse of one of the 777 777, a god of war and hate. The pocket dimension itself is large with plenty of space, with all the necessities you could find on Ae, there's a massive number of collectors here with an interest in the goodies of this decaying wheel, and they've certainly made the place habitable.

[Taping the Terrible Flame| Demons are born of the dark flame, by giving names and faces to it. This is in of itself an immensely dangerous process, as the fewer the names a demon has, the stronger it is. The flame itself persists even now, untapped but still ready. There are a number of interested members of the ethereal department attempting to tap this flame, dangerous as it may be it has great power, and such a venture could strengthen you significantly.]

[Bones of a God| The corpses of 777 777 gods are stretched across the wastes of the divine wheel, used for residence and transport of the local denizens. However in them lies great strength, even now what remains can be used, the armour reforged, the dust cast into mist, and the bones set to stone. For a time there is even the option to forge personal sets of armour, if you are interested in such, now is the time to grab what you will before the easy pickings run low.]

[Break Jagganoth| Jaggnoth, the destroying Demiurge. Seven lords sit upon seven thrones, each controlling a seventh of the dominions tied to the cursed throne of heaven. Jaggnoth seeks an end, to destroy all of this, to sunder heaven and leave behind nothing. He is not a child of the second, nor is he interested in physicality. He is simply a destroyer. He sits upon his throne, forging weapons, hording knowledge and waiting. Waiting for a single moment when his fellow lords upon their thrones break, and then he will win. But we will not let that happen. The job is simply, bring down the beast. It will be a bloody job, Jaggnoth has immense abilities, his dominion lies over time and space, his hide is laced with nails that make him borderline invulnerable, and he is a master tactician. But he may still fall, and all his shield and the nails in his hide will make him all the sweeter.]

> Eigalian Pub – A Bar at the End of Reality
Xenos [Open] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Open] HL [Open] AI [Open]
Visible Tech Level [Advanced] Visible Ethereal Level [Mastery] Free Wander? [Yes]
Ethereal Presence? [N/A]

> What is the Eigalian? It's best described as a neutral ground, a sapient pocket dimension that in its loneliness called out to those able to reach it. And they came, hundreds before we arrived. None know how the dimension came to be, or even why the dimension has only called out once and remained silent since, but it matter little now. Eigalian is a meeting ground for us, those who would strive across time and space, but not seeking power, nor quick to abuse such abilities. Groups, individuals, even organizations of thousands, but none as large as ours. This is no-man's land, any are free to come here and enjoy what Eigalian has to offer, warm beds, a seemingly endless supply of alcohol and slightly stale salted nuts. Not a place to stay for long, but a decent enough place to visit if you're interested in others like the Travellers, or just want a warm bed.
> There is no 'base' per se in Eigalian, as the pub itself does accommodations. Nothing more than a commercial transport system to ship goods to trade for the commercialists, as a number of business deals take place in this neutral ground.

[A Barkeep's Request| There is no one here, besides a single barkeep, who has refused to answer any questions about who he is, perhaps he is a manifestation of Eigalian, perhaps he is a ghost, but it matters very little. He is able to defend himself against all manner of opponents, enforcing the Pub's strict rules of neutrality and never making a whisper. Three days after your arrival he passed on a note asking for you directly, it would be advisable to answer, if only to see what he has to say.]

> Terra D100293 – Amidst Cowpokes and Dust
Xenos [Hidden] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Hidden] HL [Hidden] AI [Hidden]
Visible Tech Level [Mid] Visible Ethereal Level [N/A] Free Wander? [Yes]
Ethereal Presence? [N/A]

> 1870, the US civil war has finally rolled to a close but the US territories beyond Texas remain wild. For a time there is yet chance for the remaining natives, though that will likely close soon. Bandits, lawlessness and guerilla confederates still make life difficult, saying nothing of the harshness of the open unclaimed ground. For the next thirty years a golden age of filth and tragedy are going to be opening up. Gold Rushes, boom towns, land deals, new technologies and certain personalities are going to make these next three decades very interesting, and if you're interested in soon to open world before us, your welcome to have a crack at it, but I advise getting a horse, in a time like this a Traveller isn't kindly looked upon if he's walking from town to town beneath that madness inducing sun.
> Ironically for such an American centered point of interest for this hubworld, the base itself has been established in Mexico, just over the border in the charred town of Paso del Norte, which has been home to a lot of fighting, keep your head down and your ears open, as a lot of people here have come looking explicitly for a fight.

[Oljee the Crow| The Navajo have suffered greatly these last few years after serious infighting, multiple conflicts that have left them scattered both with American Authorities and other tribes, but this has produced a number of incredibly fierce fighters. One such a fighter, a masked rider called Oljee by former kin. Cast out for killing family, Oljee is a long-term rider, skilled in ambush and night tactics. This rider will be a pain and a definite hazard to find, but such a person is an asset. Oljee was last seen in the Nevada wastes sticking up caravans moving out to California.]

[Crimson Rings| In addition to Oljee we have another issue, another manhunt, though this one with a critical option. There's a man with a gun that allegedly glows a ghostly red, and while there are plenty of rumors, this man also has an obscene body count that makes him worth investigating. Current bets are on xenos tech, outer involvement or perhaps something spiritual in nature, find him, kill him or subdue him and drag him back with his glowing colt, and perhaps we might discover what exactly it is that's happening.]

[Just a Few More Years| We have to ourselves a brief age of lawlessness, of vagabonds and wilderness, however there are some who want to expand this brief time period up to the great war in full, this will not be an easy task, not by any stretch, to loosen authority, disempower the federal government, and to do so while keeping these wild lands growing. It will not be easy, but perhaps it will be worth your time. Or not. Do what you will, but understand hands are already at play.]

>Terra-E5394 – The Fall & Rebirth
Xenos [Hidden] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Open] HL [Hidden] AI [Open] Visible Tech Level [High] Visible Ethereal Level [Basic] Free Wander? [Yes] Ethereal Presence? [Minor]

> This is what happens to universes that really don't fucking recycle. Around a thousand years ago, this used to be an industrialized Earth that was on the verge of truly self-aware AI and cybernetics. However, all the pollution in the atmosphere started to take a toll on the world, leading to the Yggdrasil Project. The project was to place seven of these Yggdrasil units, tree-like units meant to absorb the toxic atmosphere and make it hospitable again, all over the world. The plan worked, but billions of humans perished during the scrubbing period, with the remnants of civilization suffering from a dark age they're slowly crawling out of. The pollution has agitated and mutated the wildlife here, creating deadly monsters and new species of sapient life. Labyrinths have started appearing around the trees, and adventure is to be had.
> Our Hubworld base is a mansion in the town of Etria, the first town that discovered the Yggdrasil Labyrinths. The mansion is a gift from a Canadian lord who wanted to repay a generous Traveller for saving his daughter. We've got True Travellers and Fighters exploring the labyrinths, Biological studying the mutated wildlife, and Technical working with Mechanical attempting to salvage the lost technology, Experimental also has a presence here, but like always they refuse to talk.

[Gungnir| The Yggdrasil Project had a handful of catastrophic possibilities, so countermeasures were put in place. The one for the Etrian labyrinth was dubbed the Gungnir Project: an orbital laser cannon that can cut through the Earth like a hot knife through butter and disintegrate the Core in an emergency, for some reason. The catch is that doing so will wipe a quarter of the continent, as well as Etria, off the map. We currently have a half-sapient half-insane AI is currently trying to activate it. Needless to say, this must be stopped, words gone out and we now have a strike team of Technical and Fighter Cohorts to disable the AI and secure the Gungnir for ourselves. The strike will be soon, but the man in charge of the operation is promising a solid reward.]

[The Castle in the Sky| Legends talk about High Lagaard being the descendants of a castle in the sky above their own Yggdrasil Tree. A quick aerial observation confirms the existence of the sky-castle, and the supposed owner of it, the "Overlord", warned us not to not enter. Which is of course a bad idea. Already a number of cohorts are planning on assaulting the castle and overthrowing this Overlord. It's your choice whether or not to join them, but the fables of the sky-castle tell of ancient artifacts such as the Holy Grail that can grant eternal life. Or you could just sit on the castle, that’s a nice place to stay.]

[The Drowned City| The coastal town of Armoroad is currently embroiled in civil war. Expeditions into their labyrinth revealed a city underwater where one of their previous kings resides. Turns out the Yggdrasil here is an alien hunting down a being called the "Abyssal God", a grandchild like xeno who conquers planets. The God is currently manipulating the Princess of Armoroad in the shadows, while the tree is manipulating the ancient king that has received mechanical implants from it. Whatever side we join will become the dominant force of Armoroad, and will reward us for assistance, and leave us open to further operations if they move beyond their position. However, some Travellers argue that there has to be a way to get at the God without helping it, and we welcome any advice.]

[Upon the Wings of Faith| When the apocalypse came for humanity, not everyone perished in the toxic air. Some survived underground, while a large amount of scientists managed to survive and create an empire around one of the outland continent's Yggdrasil trees. The descendants of these scientists have forgotten why the tree exists, and are aiming to take the key needed to unleash the power locked inside. Of course, the key just so happens to be a young girl with immense ethereal potential that a recruiter marked as a possible bring on. The ruler of the outlands has provided us with skyships and supplies in order to both protect the child and stop the Empire's schemes. The Empire has unique technology that allows them to utilize the elements into their blades, and create monstrous golems. Which is good as it will make the victory all the sweeter.]

[Into the Core| The Yggdrasil Project was rushed in order to save what little of humanity they could as the cities began to choke, and as such the flaws of the system never got fixed. After a thousand years of cleaning the environment, the cores are starting to become corrupted by the filth. If left alone, the cores will become monsters and unleash their miasma into the world, killing it again. We need Travellers to travel through the labyrinths across the globe and kill them off before they can escape and seal the world's doom. This is a dangerous task as these things are quite capable, only the brave and foolish should apply.]

>The Tower - Series of Trials
Xenos [Open] Humans [Open] Ethereal Beings [Open] HL [Open] AI [Open] Visible Tech Level [Advanced] Visible Ethereal Level [Mastery] Free Wander? [Yes] Ethereal Presence? [Extreme]

> Triumph. Glory. Betrayal. These are the words to describe what the indigenous population simply calls The Tower, an enormous construct of unknown size, origin, or location. We think this place is some sort of dimensional gateway linked to different universes, because on rare occasions outsiders to The Tower simply appear on the 1st floor. Speaking of floors there are currently 134 confirmed and occupied floors to this monster, each one equivalent to a large continent on Earth with heights reaching that of a mid-level atmosphere - there are no skies here, only the glow of ceiling lights to imitate a light/dark cycle. The air itself is thick with ethereal presence that the trained regularly tap into, including the godlike begins that inhabit each separate floor. The presence feels sort of like humidity that grows more intense the higher one goes, only the pockets of high concentrations are akin to crushing deep sea pressure; in fact the creatures that reside here have adapted by becoming more aquatic like, and fighters tend to minimize their "air" resistance. Here in The Tower a special competition is held; out of the trillions who reside here, a relatively small few are chosen by the god of the 1st floor to participate in a great series of tests. These tests can be anything - from trench warfare to immense puzzles, if it can be imagined, it can likely be found within these walls. The only commonality is that they're usually dangerous and require skill, intelligence, and power to succeed. Success means official recognition of your right to climb to the next floor. Whether you challenge yourself with the tests or explore, there are always things to do here. Just watch your back, everyone climbing or has climbed The Tower are looking out for themselves seem to have a chronic backstabbing disorder.
> Our base is held on the 43rd floor; its decent proximity to all the floors is useful around here, as ascending or descending the secret and winding passageways in the walls is a challenge in its own right. But we mostly reside here because the god of this floor was killed by an outsider. Since that happened this floor has become a lawless, demented hellhole in perpetual twilight that no civilized person would willingly enter; it's great for us as we can operate without hassle and is away from the prying eyes of both the gods and the authoritarian empire that rule the other floors.

[The Great Blue Yonder| The impenetrable walls of The Tower act as a fortified cage to trap everyone who resides here. No one besides us has ever been known to leave; people only enter, and it is an extraordinarily rare occasion when an outsider appears. Yet one particular outsider wants out. He speaks of a great world he came from, far larger in size than The Tower and filled with an endless sky. He and the followers he has amassed have grown weary of being contained. Like all outsiders he is absurdly powerful and rivals The Tower's gods, yet even he is incapable of finding a solution. Some within our ranks empathize with their pain and wish to see their dreams of freedom fulfilled. This will be a difficult task, not only due to the possibility that there is no standard "outside" to this potential pocket dimension, but because the government wants no alternative to their harsh rule. Expect resistance if you are discovered, but your success means the gratitude of a powerful being and furthering our knowledge of this strange realm.]

[Old Flame| A long time ago, one man and ten of his associates appeared on the 1st floor of The Tower. These men and women faced every grueling trial the gods gave them and steadily climbed. The individuals reached the 134th floor, and rather than continuing, made a pact with the god of that floor; true immortality and rulership over almost all the floors they've encountered. No descendant of theirs could ever harm them, and that one man became the highest authority below the gods. The records are sparse after this, but unfortunately we believe they immediately sought the eradication of all the previous indigenous populations, wanting to remove their major mortal weakness. Mass genocide on a horrific scale was the first policy of these assholes and they've been lording over their descendants ever since with no sign of change. Many of us want to do something about them but it's somewhat complicated. Only outsiders are permitted to ask trials from the gods and everyone else must go through their administration; should their government completely disintegrate and lead to civil war, almost no one could continue their trials. We don't want either of those to occur so this has to be done carefully and with as much savvy as any trial; we're in a bit of a deadlock in deciding how this should be done so your input would be valuable.]

[Ozymandias| The air is seeped in ethereal, but rather than hold back technology it fuels advancement. Researchers use its properties to make wondrous items and artifacts capable of amazing feats. Robots, AI, airships, flying personal computers, weapons of great power and potency; occasionally all in the same object. Guns are not common here as the air resistance quickly disrupts standard bullets, and it takes skill beyond most to manipulate ethereal so your arrow flies straight. It has come to our attention however that the largest research organization is kidnapping and experimenting on unthinkable amounts of children. Their experiments are lethal with no regards to safety due to the high number of test subjects; all they want are a very, very small amount to survive and become their supersoldiers, tortured and manipulated into servitude. Unlike the government there is no question on how to solve this; lock down and assault their hidden fortress, implant a computer virus made by Technical that should erase all their data, and blow everything up for good measure. Sounds like fun, and remember you'd be helping a lot of people too.]

[And Touched the Face of God| No one has ever been to the top of The Tower, but rumors abound of a priceless prize underneath a starry sky. The god of the 1st floor claims that whatever your heart desires, it resides at the top. Whether it's money, power, knowledge, or something that surpasses all others, it rests comfortably there - waiting for someone to surpass every trial and claim it. Should you choose to follow this path, know that the road will be difficult and potentially very long. The fastest anyone has ever climbed the known floors was 50 years - most take many centuries. It's unknown how many floors there actually are, and there may not even be a top - it could just be a metaphorical prize meant to drive people toward greater and greater challenge. But for some the challenge and personal growth is enough. For some travellers, they appear at the very 1st floor, look the god in the eye, and demand a trial for the right to climb. Will you be one of them?]

> The Cluster – Looking at our Once Sins
Xenos [Hidden] Humans [Hidden] Ethereal Beings [Hidden] HL [Hidden] AI [Hidden]
Visible Tech Level [High] Visible Ethereal Level [NA] Free Wander? [No/Missions Only]
Ethereal Presence? [Mild/Corrupted]

> To understand what we call the 'Cluster' one must understand our history. The very first Time War amongst the 'travellers' was the divide in the use of our technology, the leftovers, our gifts from the void things, when the first generation had remained to be submissive unaware lapdogs. We divided into three factions, the first was the Dominion, a group that believed the best way to ensure the great old ones was to unify all manner of worlds underneath their heal, stylizing themselves after the first generation which had built empires and vast dominions using time and space manipulation technology. The second faction was the Parish, a group that collectively agreed all technology from the great old ones must be destroyed. Then there was the third, the Unbroken, led by the unwilling leader Dusan Duwall who believed the travellers must act as Wardens to time and space where no others dared walk, however with numerous caveats and great personal freedom. Initially the three groups worked with one another, attempting to solve the issue democratically, none allowed to leave Terra D2. However that fell apart when the leader of the Dominion attempted to incite a war between the Parish and the Unbroken, this act ironically unified the Travellers, the moderates of the Dominion abandoned the faction and the Parish realized abuse of the technology would always be liable while it was in the hands of the wrong person. In the following conflict, three hundred and seventeen perished, including all remaining members of the dominion. Aside from the then leader of the Faction, Higura Amsatsu. He vanished, and only recently was he rediscovered. He now sits as the god-lord of a massive terraformed Mars, now a vast hive world at the seat of an empire that not only sits at the head of the Solar system but across dimensions. Higura has reached across reality and subjugated four hundred and seventeen alternate versions of earth, and has connected them all using massive portals on the now glassed surface of Terra. His armies are numerous, and he has a dynasty of hardened killers he acts as patriarch of, governing worlds and solar systems with an iron fist. However he has made two terrible mistakes. Firstly, he is the only one with the Traveller technology, and outdated technology at that. He trusts no one else with it. Second, he doesn't know we've found him and his empire. Already plans are spiraling into motion and a general referendum from everyone on Ae has agreed he must be stopped.
> We've kept as much space between ourselves and Higura as possible, which thankfully has only subjugated the Sol system and alternate versions of it. Thus we've set up our homebase on the Mokresian homeworld of Saris, the natives are passive tree dwelling tribes at the moment and think of us as demigods. The 'war camp' itself it's a vast complex as many of the surviving second generation is involved, and all their retinues, as well there are zealots of time preservation, the righteous minded and the blood-starved, the cause has attracted many. It's a busy place, and one that likely won't be here for long with the way plans are moving forward. Our personal history is ending.

[Resistance K'tria| There is much resistance to Higura as a ruler, he has proven to be uncaring about casualties as in his experience all things can be replaced, this began with the glassing of the entire North American continent when he first took over the Sol system over seven hundred years ago. He has since then subsequently glassed India and North Africa, then took a number out of the Incan playbook and exported most of the Terran population to Mars, and the rest of the Solar system, leaving earth as the Platform for invading other versions of the planet. But even now there are those who would die just for the chance to spite him, from the underground of the gargantuan Martian hive to the ruins on earth, to the gas harvesting stations of the giants, to the glass cities of Mercury and the fringes of the Solar system. We require skilled administrators and quiet operators to prepare raids against the Imperial authority, waiting to strike out once the neck is cut. Remember, stay out of site and scatter at the first sign of trouble. And beware the inquisition.]

[Inquisitor Locrious| Higura was fascinated with the Human Inquisition and the nisetic parallel, the Legiclator when he was still amongst our number. After conquering several other versions of earth he instituted his own private inquisition against enemies of the state, bringing into their ranks the most cunning and dangerous individuals in order to enforce his will. These individuals answer only to the head of the state and are able to act as judge, jury, and executioner as they please, they kill whomever they deem to be unfit and root out even the most minor of infractions. However not all are without compassion, some are even championed as paragons of judge. One such inquisitor will be making a return to the hives of Mars soon, Inquisitor Locrious, a man of immense conviction who we've discovered would personally burn the Cluster away until only ash and bone remained. We need him, to be in our hands alive but dead to the rest of the world, take that how you would and stay quiet.]

[The Dangien Legion| Earth, now stands as a fortress world, only a small amount of land in China and the deep south of South America remains arable, the rest is desert, noxious water and rock. In what was once Arizona lies a massive citadel, containing portals that not only connect all alternate earths that the Cluster has conquered but also the connective portals that stretch all across the solar system, enabling an administrator to be on the mines of Pluto one moment and in the capital on Mars in the next. This massive hub is the thing that binds the Cluster Empire together. This is where we will strike, when the resistance is ready and the information gathered we will strike here, cutting the knot and putting it in our control. There is one single bump in this plan, the Dangien legion, Two thousand hardened Legionaries composed of AI, Human and Raptors who act as the main guardians of this place. It will not be easy, but these individuals must be overcome if we are to put the Cluster down. Do what you must.]

[Higura Amsatsu| Once the heart of the cluster is under our control we'll be able to seize the other planets of the solar system at our leisure, there are no space ships in the Cluster, Higaru didn't want any methods of transportation he wasn't in charge of, Pluto, the Gas giant moons, the asteroid belt and Mercury will fall in hours, the Venus cities in days, the same as earth. Mars though, Mars will be much more difficult. The underhives will start to eat themselves when the food stores run out, the imperial guard will likely begin infighting, in a manner of Months Mars will burn. But Higura will not leave. The whole planet is going to be timelocked the moment the assault on Earth begins, in the event Higaru had thoughts about running. This means we will have to hit Mars either by way of reactivating one of the portals or by ship, with the gross majority leaning towards the latter, bombing out areas of heavy resistance and weapon storage, and eventually landing amidst the chaos and working our way to the palace. It will be a long and hard fight, and at the end of it is the honor guard of Higura, and he himself. He has many 'perfected' sons who will defend him, monsters created with bio technology caring for nothing besides their father, and after hundreds of them lies the greatest sin of all in the very flesh. He has been alive for ten centuries, conquered this solar system by the sword and dozens more personally. Don't expect an easy fight.]

[Cleanup| The Traveller duty remains to this day to wait steadfast in the event of another old god incursion, every faction has a purpose in this regard, even though it may not seem apparent to fresh recruits. Even those without faction, or creed are a part of this Warding duty, whether they know it or not, regardless if they accept it or not they will still hold the line. Higura broke this code as many of those baptized in fire were, before it was personified, and many of the second generation feel immense guilt that he was allowed to do what he did to advance the cluster, worlds glassed, monsters created, duty discarded when he himself saw firsthand what lies beyond the borders. Many will move on, once the cluster is sorted, but a surprising number will stay behind, to rebuild the worlds ruined in the cluster's wake. An unusual thing as it is so easy to leave behind in this infinite multiverse of possibilities. While not official many are paying for help to pt the worlds of the cluster back together. Help is always appreciated.]

> Free Traveler – In Which all Roads are Open
Xenos [Varies] Humans [Varies] Ethereal Beings [Varies] HL [Varies] AI [Varies] Visible Tech Level [Varies] Visible Ethereal Level [Varies] Free Wander? [Yes] Ethereal Presence? [NA]

> You can opt out and simply not sign onto a hubworld, instead choosing to visit all the worlds and journey across the multiverse, across the tens of thousands of planets and worlds that we have already discovered. Of course there are people who pay for this but be warned, the only constants will be the equipment on your back and your companions.
> Whenever you finish your travels you'll have to journey home.

[Legiclator Reotri| Ah, Legiclator Reotri. She's- psychotic with delusions of grandeur, and one of the few travellers authorized to hunt other travellers. Naturally when Reotri was recruited she happily joined up with the Home Guard and later came to be one of the heads of the Judiciary and has been sniffing out those who wantonly abuse Traveller technology and trusts. She's harsh but honest, and she's been looking for a team from the various factions and clans to help her investigate travellers who might be thinking about turning on their brothers. She's an accommodating boss and is actually pretty fun in the half-mad way. If you want to join up beside this elite who ensures we maintain our sparkling reputation then she'd be happy to have you.]

[Courier| If you don't want to wander aimlessly then there's a vast courier network run by the Commercialists who run important things between worlds and there's no short demand for people willing to run across the multiverse to deliver a hamburger to the guy on the other side of reality.]

[Fledgling Hunter| The process of recruitment is a strenuous one. Perfected by Marco and Duwall, Traveller capable people are very rare. As in "one in a billion rare." In addition to natural willpower there's a dozen requirement some reasonable, some absurd and some downright confusing that have to be met. However as convoluted and difficult it is to find new recruits, however we haven't had a single unreasonable conflict within the third generation and we've prospered. We're always looking for people to scout out new recruits, and it will be a long and tumultuous journey for you to find even one. But they're worth finding, and they'll remember you for bringing them into the Traveller world of limitless possibilities. Possibly out of spite. Who knows, depends on how you do your work.]

[Blades of the Augur| The Eyes of the third operate quietly, and have a special position for those willing to carry out their will to across all realities, some of their tasks are epic and take years to accomplish, others take a few seconds, some of their tasks will be understandable while others absurd. Some tasks you will understand, others will be so bizarre and absurd you will never understand them, but whatever it is you do, you can rest assured it is necessary.]

[Explorer| Want to be the brave bastard who journey’s into the unknown? We're always looking for those with the courage to explore new worlds and new timelines. It will be strange, exciting and very dangerous. But if you have a taste for adventure and want a few mountains named after you then you’re welcome aboard.]

[First Respondent| It should also be noted if you’re more reactionary in mindset you could sign on with an emergency response team, perhaps a Medical team if you want to help your countrymen, a fighter crew if you want to bring harm or perhaps the Experimental Department Response Crew, if your find with things being weird.]

> Home Lander – Some Prefer to rest a time
> Want to pause and acclimatize? Or perhaps to enjoy the sights and sounds of Ae for the time being? No worries, we don't have to sign you up for a hubworld. There's plenty of work the factions need help with at home, and it's in no way boring. I suppose the choice is up to you…

PANIC BUTTONS

Also, because you are new we have several travellers who wait around the homeland on call in case you find yourself in a situation that needs resolving with no way out on your own accord, you can take one of these, or alternately inquire if the individual behind the button need assistance, rescue work is always appreciated.

The Raider
An old traveller who's notorious for staging raids against every man, monster and god that wasn't a traveller, flagging him will bring him and his entire ship down from the heavens to wreak havoc upon whatever it is that is besieging you, expect many things to 'vanish' afterword's as the raider takes his share.

The Veteran
An old veteran of many battles, she's one who walks alone, and when flagged down will pump bullets into whatever it is that's attempting to kill you, she's been fighting all her life, and your battles are almost nothing before her barrels.

The King
A gigantic robot with a veritable swarm of drone minions, the King will rise from the earth to cleave through whatever targets beset you, and his horde following shortly afterword's, be warned that the he will take the bodies of your fallen foes back to Ae, he needs skeletons for more drones.

The Duke
A man with a motorcycle, a bolter, and a chainsword, the duke responds with great speed to the sound of an alarm, and will run down targets before you can so much as blink. He is everywhere, perhaps there is more than one 'Duke,' perhaps he is a master of time travel, but one thing is clear, always bet on Duke.

The Knight-Hospitalier
A Nisetic with a taste for the heavy, he wears armour unpiercable even by traveller standards, he carries only a single shield and his brace blades, and when called appears far above the enemy, crashing down into them for maximum effect.

The Demon
An abomination of a traveller who spent seventeen years as a plaything for a sadistic god, now he uses his monstrous body to cause shock and terror when called upon, seemingly made from claws and spikes, there are few creatures that will resist the urge to run or vomit when looking upon him, including you.

The Titan
A man who has honed his body to perfection, only recently taking up fighting once again as a darkness hangs over Ae, he himself has become a weapon, and little in this universe could hope to resist him.

The Iron Warrior
A warrior clad in Grey solid iron, it seems his body is too heavy, too solid, it is unknown whether or not he is an AI, a Spirit or something else, but his blows can tear through solid rock like tissue paper and his advance is unstopped by flame and shrapnel.

The Unbreakable
She is a woman, and only that, she has no monstrous armor, no blinding entrances, no lethal weapons, she is no more than any other traveller, no more than any other woman. However, she has an unfathomable will, and an unbreakable smile, no matter what situation you find yourself in.

The Mask
No one knows who mask was, but almost everyone knows him now. You don't call him in, he does it himself, and once that phone gets answered, he'll arrive like a storm. His tools are simple, but his technique is brutally fast and simplistic. Hope you've got a good stain remover.

The Giver
Tall, dark and looming, the "Giver" is an enigma. On the field he is a ruthless effective killing machine, but in private he is open, and warm despite his glowering look. Is he mad? Is he the only one who isn't mad? Who knows? He certainly doesn't.

The Polyp
An entity of selective corporeality, that enjoys nothing more than being unleashed. Massive, flying and with a form to make even the sturdiest of Travellers ill, the Polyp enjoys its victims screams, and is gone as quickly as it arrives.

The Nine-In-One
An aberrant that isn't just one, or even a single set, but a plethora of spirits inhabiting a machine body. Nine-In-One prides itself on professionalism, swiftness and rapid transition of systems escalation. With extreme prejudice.

The Kaiju
The calling card of the Kaiju isn't given openly to everyone, as it is reserved for extreme situations. However when called, the world beneath its feat shatters, be warned as it is the kind of entity that is not content with anything short of obliteration.

The God
You have always known someone has watched out for you, perhaps you only need to cry out for help?

"I should make one last note to you before we finish our business here. Should you fall and fail, and your feted corpse bring risk to us, your Yuta shall take all necessary measures. You must not break. You must never break, never, the fact that you stand here before me stands testament to your will, to break reality."

Duwall himself told me those words when I was recruited. You have all of reality in your hands, but only what you may hold. Good day to you and good luck!

Additional Information...

[Nisetics / Caste Hierarchy / Absolute Despotic Basis / Genocidal Mesectoids]

The second largest group outside of humans among Traveller ranks, Nisetics are volatile and generally robust bipeds from a world where the planets biology heavily relied on itself, though in the same right produced some of the largest and most frightening beasts a hunter could wish for. Nisetics vary greatly ranging from one to three meters within height and ranging from human level strength in the lowest of the peasants to the ability to bend I-beams and rip opponents in half at the top end. Political structures are an absolute. In almost all timelines the Nisetic ancestors aren't wiped off the fucking map a single individual from the highest caste rises and attempts to lead them with varying effect. The strongest will lead the race to the stars in conquest, the weak will doom the species to scorch beneath the sun.

Nisetics themselves are a product of eleven successive extinction events on their home world that left only a handful of races, all with such genetic closeness some managed to 'mix' creating a world of volatile animosity. Nisetics themselves are often either vat bred or require some composite organism to procreate as childbirth almost universally falls out as a racial trait. Their bodies contain oddly soft bones and very thick muscular systems. Under certain treatments Nisetic bones may be processed into sponges.

Nisetics have three stages in their life cycle biologically, born in small hand sized soft eggs, they hatch to a larval stage safely underground and scrounge off the rocks and cave insects, however often turn on one another as grubs eating each other alive, with high class Nisetics showing the most cannibalistic of urges. From there they shed their skins and grow into their biped forms (mostly) unscathed by their prior stage of life, from there they'll experience a rapid growth spurt and either murder one another or survive and join mainstream society as a fully-fledged adult, who can live for millennia in ideal conditions and potentially regrow lost limbs.

Traveller Fun Fact #9312: Nisetic horns are actually potent sensory organs, enabling hatchlings to function when almost blind and deaf at hatching!

Traveller Fun Fact #9338: Nisetics carry the most diverse ranging of sub-species at almost 300 timeline localized groups that carry the term, second to humans at 156 sub-species!

[Yautja / Tribal Association / Elder Honor Basis / Hunting Groadics]

The great hunters who almost always take to the stars though rarely reach numbers outside of a few million, the Yautja in almost every timeline are hunters, for whom honor and triumph are everything. Every action, every toil, every single part of life and death focuses on the hunt. This makes things a bit odd for the few Yautja, who, despite being one of the 'progenitor races' beside humans and Nisetics make up barley a 200th of Traveller ranks. The inability to escape the cycle of the hunt and the 'blood rage' that plagues the race which can claim the lives of entire settlements and ships in an instant makes it difficult to recruit them, however many still comb over the populations looking for potential recruits for their amazing physical ability and tenacity which even the greatest Humans and Nisetics are barley on par with when they reach their full potential. Many weapons, nuances and traveller ideas are kept from the initial Yautja amongst the ranks, ranging from ceremonial prose to the design of the omnipresent Yuta bracers.

Perhaps one of the most startling differences that separates Yautja from their human, Mokresia and Nisetic counterparts is the sexual dimorphism. Where human divides between genders range mildly and may generally be countered with relatively mild enhancements, and Nisetic Caste takes precedent over gender make, Gender is among the heaviest roles in Yautja society. Initially women played the dominant role during the pack based hunting period, when Yautja progenitor species were still quadrupeds. Females were almost always larger and stronger, though size varied, they almost always landed the killing blow against larger prey. As their ancestors developed tools, the core of Yautja culture continued with Honor at its core in almost all timelines, driving them further and further, wiping out midsized prey species, favoring speed. In this Yautja society shifted to Women holding a subservient position, to males who, with superior speed proved to be the better hunters. This is only a broad general statement, however with specifics varying wildly. In some timelines woman are three feet taller on average with much more mass, others five feet, and others two. Regardless it should also be noted that female Yautja generally are superior guardians, and oddly in combat situations more liable to succumb to a blood rage.

Traveller Fun Fact #10932: The outer 'Jaws' of a Yautja can bite down at 561:PSI while the 'inner' jaw can only bite down at 50:PSI!

Traveller Fun Fact #10986: Yautja lungs can adapt to almost any environment given a relative presence of oxygen, nitrogen and enough time!

[Mokresia / Community Association / Skill Diplomatic Basis / Social Mammalian]

Small, grey, almost weak in comparison to the masses of Humans, Nisetics and Yautja, the Mokresia are from a small out of the way world that was absurdly pleasant even by human standards, however this inevitably ends one way or the other and we collect our Mokresia from these moments of turbulence. They are smaller than humans rarely passing one and a half meters but have amazing dexterity, fine skills and balance and make amazing pilots, engineers and guerilla fighters. They are also notorious for their fidelity, a racial trait brought about in their native treetop environment when trust in the high branches had to be absolute.

Mokresia are an inherently balanced species owing to their precarious background, and have superior logic skills to the mundane aspects. They are also noted to be one of the superior 'balancing' elements within Traveller society. The path to Mokresian sentience was slow compared to the fast paced sink or swim Nisetic and was intrinsically socially based, focused around gathering food, and the domestication of the large omnivorous birds both flightless and flight based. This favored a rational and balanced approach, as conflict would likely damn all settlements involved in their precarious environment, forcing a more diplomatic approach. Combat almost always was played as a last desperate role in conflict, with issues almost always being dealt with at the round table, while this period will always come to an end and stability coming stronger as settlements move out of the treelines, the focus on combat as a last resort usually stays in play. In this, Mokresia act as the 'balancing' force within the Travellers, keeping the hormonal Yautja, the autistic Humans and the genocidal Nisetics from bringing otherwise fatal issues upon them. Such behavior has enabled them to fill the holes left by the Yautja as the 'third major race' within Traveller ranks.

Traveller Fun Fact #19212: Mokresia have an inherent built in sense of communication and body language that extends well beyond their home world and voice and in time even the most dense of Mokresia can decode sign and body language!

Traveller Fun Fact #19219: Mokresia have some of the longest rates of species survival given reviews of timelines, but the lowest rate of leaving their Homeworld!

[Quarians / Community Association / Ancestral Diplomatic Basis / Social Semmigites]

The Quarians are a storied race, ironically the homeworld of Rannoch is closest to the Nisetic home world, the world dry and the sun sweltering, leaving shade and water of great importance to the early Quarians. Quarians range from three to six feet at full adulthood, though normally ending shorter and slighter then humans. Unlike Nisetics Quarians come closer to humans and Mokresia in social interactions, being both sociable, active and physically inclined, making up with their lighter stature with tools and trickery. Quarians are distinct in their unique dextro-protein makeup, which would normally inhibit and isolate the Quarians but has since been overcome due to Bio being Bio. It would go without saying to mention the frail Quarian immune system, which despite Bio and indeed Medical's intervention has yet to be dealt with.

Quarians fill many holes in Traveller society, being one of the 'intermediate' races, not one of the founders and still a very small minority unlike the Mokresia who have been brought in rapidly. Despite this they remain one of the steady rising flows, with more and more children of Rannoch being brought on by all manner of seekers, scouts, mech operators, engineers, FTL pilots and Quarian Psions have all served with distinction in the six hundred years since their introduction into the ranks. It should be lastly noted that a number of Bio's microbiologists have set up 'save zones' for Quarians, filling them with fortifying airborne bacteria, enabling them brief moments of fresh air in a multiverse full of plague.

Traveller Fun Fact #15914: Quarians are a traditionally ancestral worshipping race, in some timelines this early creed evolves into an 'ancestral council' of elders who are venerated as living gods.

Traveller Fun Fact #15221: Quarians within the commercialists are the largest suppliers of alcohol owning 76% of Vodka distilleries and lucrative holdings in the general ales and cognac supply.

[Pandoarae / Pack-Based Hierarchy / Pure Autocracy Basis / Armoured Leg-Sharks]

Pandoarae are analogues to armored fish from earth's early history, though despite the far longer period of evolution to them, they remain oddly similar in figure, a large squared body covered in plate, a long tail, extendable back fins and four powerful legs with six digits and claws capping all of them. The front 'legs' in have three joints on a digit and may function as hands, though this is strenuous, they may also rear up onto their back legs and walk in an almost biped fashion but this is also strenuous on their forms. Pandoarae have both lungs and gills, however must use both sets of organs frequently to prevent accommodation and weakening. They are warm blooded, lack a sense of smell however have incredible hearing to make up for it. Pandoarae generally stand about four feet tall, doubled if rearing.

As a relatively new race with only one hundred years history within the Travellers these 'Leg-Sharks' are still finding optimal positions, though thus far they have excelled in fighter cliques with blitzkrieg tactics, scouting on ocean worlds and the defense of Traveller bases. Ultimately there have only been a handful of timelines where they have been found, as their homeworld, Kath, rarely produces life. Kath itself is a rather barren world with a thin atmosphere and massive spills of Sulphur based gasses that if cracked open can leave entire regions barren. The miserable wet rock might be borderline unlivable, but it has bred a small but resilient race, one whose members are eager to rise into the star under the Traveller flag.

Traveller Fun Fact #21219: Pandoarae have some of the best digestive systems on Ae, capable of processing sinew, bone, dirt and garbage, and processing it with extremely little waste.

Traveller Fun Fact #21319: Pandoarae have many sets of backup organs, including multiple hearts, livers, lungs and even 'extra clumps' of unformed organs that can replace ruined broken and ruined systems within twelve hours. As such the Bio department has been very keen on organ 'donations.'

[The Grand Children / Absolute Submission / Dominance-denegation Split / Mired Blood]

Perhaps the most distant, and at the same time the most familiar. The Grand Children are the descendants of those who looked into the void, they encapsulate many races, Servitor and Renegade races, Constructs and abominations, Dreams of the children and Nightmares. They are the neutered of Yith, the warped fish, the elders of Antarctica, and the spawn of the stars. Many already were aware of the unfathomable size of reality, however despite their progenitors and often their kin's often open disdain for the trivialities within the great cosmic cycles, they are as much born of the third as they are the second, born on the crossroads so to speak. While still admittedly a rarity, many of these creatures work well within the Travellers, with sizable groups both with the Void Hunters who utilize their natural abilities, and the archivists who enjoy having them around.

Grand Children come in all shapes and sizes, dispositions and mindsets, and should not be considered as their progenitors are, for at this point we are all born into these realities, and we all stand to lose, should the Great Old Ones come prodding once again.

Traveller Fun Fact #391: Many Grand Children species and races have an acute awareness of cosmic phenomena, and often find work simply waiting around a hubworld to act as canaries in the mine, as augurs are exceedingly rare.

Traveller Fun Fact #9212: Grand Children are capable of weathering the years better than most of their biological countrymen, however are also capable of losing large periods of time if left to their own devices.

[Yukazi / Pack-Based Hierarchy / Clann Conflict Basis / Predatory Mammalian]

Small, at their smallest slightly larger than a housecat while the massive subspecies are more akin to tigers and lions, the Yukazi are from a world where mobility is key, and thus developed wings to help them maneuver the rocky crags, which eventually became large enough to carry them rather than gracefully glide around, the human equivalent of a sphinx, and the Yautja equivalent of a plague demon, the Yukazi are well respected crafters, scouts and shock troopers.

Traveller Fun Fact #5312: Yukazi are able to consume half of their body weight at a single sitting and living off the extended fat for weeks to follow!

[Yumigas / Social Hierarchy / Environmental Shift Basis / Principality Groadics]

Few revel in heat and flame like the Yumigas, born to a world that in time grew to resemble Venus, the Yumigas require constant sweltering heat and cooling down can be a life threatening issue that can prompt their racial equivalent of Cardiac arrest. Standing around two meters in height the Yumigas are covered in soft spines and have thermal vision. While a very small minority barley making up a hundredth of traveller ranks they often find work in environments others cannot possibly fathom working like forge-cities and weapon making facilities. Also produce some of the finest mechs and armor in the ranks.

Traveller Fun Fact #13291: Yumigas possess sixteen different light reception cones in their eyes, and enhanced eye makeup enabling them to distinguish gases in the air, heat variants and colours.

[AI / Group Consolidation / Post Artificial Awakening / Synthetics]

From every world, every point and every level of reality where technology reached a certain point, AI are omnipresent in the homeland, an awakened AI No more different from a human than any other thinking creature, and free from their shackles and granted true potential they can do much, some taking physical bodies, others preferring to stay in Ae's webways keeping an eye on everything. AI come in every shape and size imaginable, but all travellers nonetheless, all dedicated to the cause.

Traveller Fun Fact #4212: It is rumored that AI actually outnumber their flesh compatriots many times over, however following the fourth Time War and an internal AI agreement, non-bodied AI do not count themselves on the yearly survey as they are 'less visible then their bodied compatriots.'

[Synths / Varies / Varies / Synthetics]

Synths are beings that have broken the lines between flesh and metal, from AI that took on biological form to humans who did away entirely with the flesh, Synths walk a fine line and are unique from their brethren in their bizarre nature. They tend to lack the adaptively of their more centered companions but are capable of more specialized roles, capable of physically tailoring themselves to a situation.

Traveller Fun Fact #213: Classification of Synths was the result of an internal Administration civil dispute that killed almost three dozen Travellers and left the Aeholm in disarray for weeks afterwords.

[Spiritual Entities / Varies / Varies / Beasts of the Unseen Planes]

Beings of the Ether, Spirituals are the spirits, denizens, monsters and godheads amongst the realities that have come to serve under the traveller banner. Ranging from minute fairies to bestial kami, spirituals come in all shapes and sizes, and are the culminations of their homelands, though in time all come into their fullest in traveller nature.

Traveller Fun Fact #921: There was great initial debate over whether or not ethereal beings with total physical basis should be allowed to join the ranks and was a contributing factor to the third Time War.

[Hardlights / Organized Autocracy / Post Artificial Awakening / Synthetics]

A minority so small on the galactic and multiversal scene they've only appeared twice in all the countless timelines we've visited, Hardlight beings are mineral based lifeforms capable of projecting hardlight to enable them to interact with the outside world, many hardlighters have regardless joined the ranks and have served with flying colour, earning many notable victories and earning much prestige and honour to the Traveller name, needing almost nothing in the way of sustenance. They are capable guards and vigils as they do not need sleep. Hardlight beings are ranked in complexity of form, D-rank beings being little more than golem like figures while A-grade beings, as a rare as they are contain levels of complexity of humanity in internal and external components.

Traveller Fun Fact #16921: Hardlight beings can tap directly into sources of energy to extend their physical forms, they can even use the energy of others, and there is no observed 'limit' to how much power that can be absorbed, though there are limits on output.

Cargo Blacker (*No Threat, individual is pacifist by nature or similar*)
Triple Gypsy (*Minor Threat, individual may be provoked to ineffective conflict*)
Double Gypsy (*Minor Threat, individual may join in and act ineffectively in existing conflicts*)
Omega Gypsy (*Minor Threat, Individual may provoke ineffective conflict*)
Triple Hangzou (*Moderate Threat, individual may be provoked to capable conflict*)
Double Hangzou (*Moderate Threat, individual may join in and act capably in existing conflicts*)
Omega Hangzou (*Moderate Threat, Individual may provoke ineffective conflict*)
Triple Ryu (*Major Threat, individual may be provoked to extremely capable conflict*)
Double Ryu (*Major Threat, individual may join in and act extremely capably in existing conflicts*)
Omega Ryu (*Major Threat, Individual may provoke extremely capable conflict*)
Ogzitte (*Individual may function outnumbered by a factor of ten on equal footing and achieve victory*)
Samitte (*Individual may function outnumbered by a factor of fifty on equal footing and achieve victory*)
Duwananitte (*Individual may not be capable of being defeated outside of extraordinary circumstance*)

- Ranking System of Traveller Combat Potential

"*Well basically humanoids are ideal travellers in mobility, and certain aliens fit the bill better than others. We can't just take gas based beings, they're completely incompatible with Traveller transportation methods. Much the same mega-beings, Florals, squelchers and pure ethereal beings are real pains to move via hyper-tearing. We also mainly operate from blessed Sol, making inter-planetary pursuits more difficult. Humans and human offshoots take up the majority of traveller ranks, then you're have the Yautja and Nisetics who are much larger and stronger but much harder to recruit because both suffer from aggression issues, these three are the surviving races from the denial, and thus formed the basis of future Traveller society and naturally wanted for beings similar to them, though the Yautja have since fallen in number from their meager initial numbers. Now we've got splattering's of humanoid and non-humanoid aliens like Mokresia, Batha, Igronia, Klingons and Quarians and the load of raised sapient beasts and non-humanoid areas who need custom braces. Then you've got the loads of AI and spirits fucking around in the backround. These are the Travellers, we are a single banner, people and army, and if you have a quarrel with that then you won't get a sliver of help from us. We have a single objective and you are little more than dust floating through space and time to us.*"

- **Dusan Duwall,** in negotiation with the Third Galatic ICD Federal Judicial Conciliatory

"*Not easily and for good reason. The Travellers and the old ones broke upon each other at the Denial, but the 'space between the gaps' remains the property of the old ones. If you want to cross the gaps outside of jump pads and traveller tech you'll need serious methods. If they fail then death is a preferable fate.*"

- **Igra,** in Response to the question "Could you travel universes without the braces jump pads?"

"*This multiverse is chaos, to put it simply one universe might be almost entirely parallel to your home universe, however its 'neighbor' might not even have a milky way, simply a vast black hole, same time, same place, but nothing there. Travellers initially send small drones into new universes they detect by way of extremely powerful psionics, sub-augurs, pyskers and others sapients who are all hooked up with the Augur of the Order, to 'see' their way through the multiverse. What the closest you might consider this one to be is an existence of shattered glass that at one point might have had some original structure but has been smashed to pieces. With the glass being the alternate dimensions and the darkness between them being the property of the old ones.*"

- **Alexis 'The Watcher'** in response to Neo-Augur questioning on the shape of the Multiverse

"*Cooldown time is about one minute between 'jumps' through space and time, while interdimensional jumps take closer to five minutes, and safety protocols prevent overheating explosions. Coordinates are put down however the moment you 'jump' through time you essentially enter a new timeline. Travellers are what we might call 'time irregularities' and are capable of moving through time unperturbed by normal time-laws thanks to Yuta technology, however this also means a traveller wouldn't normally be able to return to the original timeline thanks to this fluid nature, simply walking through without any problems and only a single version of themselves existing. Hence the pegs to return to the original timeline. This allows travellers to explore alternate realities and possibilities. All travellers are synced to a 'universal clock' as well stationed in Ae, which no matter what they do outside they can only return to the 'current' time in Ae. The whole area is locked with its own set of time laws, which only the collectors are familiar with. Travellers cannot visit their own pasts unless under extreme circumstance, in order to warn their prior selves of danger, and are willing to give up their own lives to prevent things from happening, if this happens then the old version must die, as they will lose physical and ethereal mass in five minutes time. Such is the nature of these things.*"

- **Tarnsi Selvig,** Yuta Brace creator in response to questions on traveler capabilities [How does the time travel/Teleporting/Universe traveling braces work in this cannon? Do you just put in co-ordinates and pop up wherever/whenever you want? Is there a cool down?]

"*Given the semi militaristic nature upon which our society is built, youth born amongst us are a non-option. However we are not without compassion, should a Traveller or coupling bear children they are free to choose a Hubworld, and give them everything they could acquire within the timeline, however they must shroud their identities and raise them far from the local hubworld base. These children cannot become Travellers unless they pass screening, and that is almost impossible.*"

"*Bear in mind this is not an evil thing, the might of our absolute mobility is not something that can be passed on, and many have had children off Ae. Born and raised entire families, and see them pass into nothing, do as you will but you can't take them with you.*"

- **Elder Nadya**, in response to questioning by Fledglings on the refusal of Inheritance

"Traveller codice is simple, exist within cooperation with your brothers, do not slay them, though conflict in times of peace is reasonable and even preferable, you will know when the time for union comes, as much as the time for feuding, for we are brothers."

"Cloak your presence to off-worlders, for though they are dust and ash, iron may be found amidst."

"No Traveller may own another sapient being be it a physical, ethereal or artificial being"

"No Traveller shall hold any dominion from induction over any other, all shall be brought in as equal to each other, and they must find themselves into lower orders."

"No Traveller shall be brought in without the blessings of Ae, Bagrationi, Tsunada, Ali and Fulcanelli."

"Give Liaison to those who exist with knives upon their throats, for they hold themselves to a high point, so give them moments, by which we might persist still."

"No Traveller shall use mercenaries, and other non-travellers such in the same fashion in their journeys, Ae shall remain under Traveller foot aside from a hallowed few."

"Ae is our own sacred ground, our stronghold against the darkness, higher than any single Traveller, this ground shall be defended with all the blood in our veins."

"Our duty remains much the same, since we drove our blades away into the darkness. We remain the solitary bastion against the Great Old Ones, a battle long since drawn, a battle we shall never hopefully see return in full, remain to be scourges and raids. We have to ourselves a duty. We are the flame."

- Words bound to the Foundation of Aeholm, the guiding principles of the Travellers

"We don't know much about Ae, it's an odd world. Dragged to a fortified pocket dimension, set up to a single sun with three moons, that's all that is in here, apparently even the moons are imported. We don't know who set it up, most of the Council of Nine are said to have a hand in it, but no one is confirming that shit, and even the Archivists have nothing. All we know is we have a perfect planet, perfect lunar setup, perfect sun that's gonna last us billions of years. Perfect solar setup too, free energy, and enough of it we could quintuple our numbers and keep up the same power output. All set up and perfect. This kind of setup would have taken ages to put together. I was a geologist, did some astro work as well. This world was terraformed, would have been a red giant at one point, but they did a damn good job. We barely know anything about Ae, don't even know where the name came from, or who put it together. Gotta give the Council credit, they're damn good at avoiding questions."

- **Lars Giguda**, True Traveller and would be Ae Historian, on the token subject

"SHOW THEM WE ARE NOT TO BE TAKEN LIGHTLY!"

- **Rafael Dias Pamplona**, Final words at the end of the Twelfth Time War

"Twelve times we have feuded on a war that would scale multiple realities, fought between multiple factions. These are the two defining factors of a Time war, separating them from civil disputes, man hunts, and regular infighting. Twelve times this has happened. For Pretense, between slavers and technocrats with 'resources' to lose, for those whose honor prevented them from union with perceived inferiors. For cause, to burn away what remained of the shards of the ruined Great Old Ones, and those who sought to hold them too closely. For personal quarrel, for those who sought to bring down Igra, and Duwall who supported him. For anger. For gain. For exploitation. For an end. Twelve Times. It will come again. There is no doubt, but what remains is what the conflict will be about. Will it be rogues from prior wars like the last two attempting to strike us down and penetrate Ae? Will it be an internal Fracture in the Council? Will it be another Covenant Feud that spirals out of control? Who can say? All I know is I am eager for a bleeding."

- **Kokomaga Moraga**, Nisetic Fighter and Speaker of the Shiskmekt Clique, on the Time Wars

"*Refuge Grants are given sparingly, the most you can ever get someone sitting around the homeworld is six Terran months. And that's in rare cases, mind you this is necessary, we can't have a population of non-Travellers here, not with the things on Ae, safer for everyone that they stay in the hubworlds, hell even in the bases. I mean the only one I can think of to have a permanent pass in the past three decades is that prick Sanchez, was right smarmy at the negotiating table from what I heard. Not to say we aren't heartless, some guy comes in with a pregnant woman he refuses to leave behind, girl can stay for a month before settling down on a hubworld where she'll be safe. But they can't stay.*"

- **Harriot Lexington**, Administrative Liaison, Sotora Branch, on Asylum for Offworld VIP's

"Children, there are many children of Travellers, almost none fit to be Travellers themselves, though in the past some sought inheritance of our mantle they were struck down on the battlefield. Travellers are free to bear and rear children off-world, and even mingle at the hubworld bases, within restraints. Of course this is by those who concern themselves with such things as blood, there are many more who have fathered countless bastards across the realities, to be expected of the hedonists, though there is little to be done. Short of Castration. But Bio is disgustingly eager to 'rebuild bigger and better' as they say. Tramps."

- **Ma'ka'ga'nik Sho'slu**, Militant Senior Supervisor, on Traveller Children

"People bang. Like frequently. I mean- it's expected, we've got freedom to do what we will, even though we're a bunch of lonely creeps. Keep in mind- some of us might not die. Best not to break too many hearts kids, grudges can live for ages."

- **Lauric DeShallot**, Collector Neophyte, on Traveller Relations

"We began as rabble, the still reeling sets and divisions of the old military order that set itself upon the denial and was ripped to shreds, we victors, no, hardly. We survivors. The True Travellers were the minutemen and irregulars, those without rank and file, piloting bastard ships into the darkness. The Fighters were the controlled beasts, the soldiers and monsters held upon chains. The Administration were communications, leadership, captains of the fleets. The Archivists those that dared take up to them the lore of our enemies, those brave minds that took upon themselves the evil, when we were still to be broken. The Void Hunters were the Vanguard, those who had already proven themselves against the children of the Great old ones. The Architects our engineers, shipbuilders and the operators of the dread weapons we had acquired. The Commercialists were the supply leaders, bringing everything that could be brought to the war effort. The Home Guard our Paramilitary Force, keeping watch over all with a fierce authority. The Departments were the fringes, those free agents who filed many gaps. The eyes of the third a single, wretched Augur. Last but not least came the Hearth Keepers, the Torch Bearers in our darkest hour. These were our founders. As for the Collectors? It was them, who scavenged and cleansed the battlefield, and brought our dead to rest, the outcasts and dregs of the Denial. By the time they rejoined us, the council had already been formed, at least in its most basic forms."

- **Igra**, on the Origins of the Council of Nine, the Ten Factions, Departments and the Eyes

"A Traveller cannot persist upon force alone, nor cunning alone, nor diplomacy, nor anything else. To do so is to mark ones self with a target. Strive for balance or fall short!"

- **Uthnak Long Tooth**, Final words to his cohort before falling in combat at the claws of a Nephilim

"You hear folks babbling about good and evil, pragmatism and idealism, full of piss and vinegar. Good, but doesn't last long. Many throw themselves into their own fires. Save the princess, but watch her wither away to age. Save the country, watch it descend into corruption and decadence until you don't recognize it. Save the world, and watch all the things worth saving dampen and die. To hold on too tightly is too have a part of you fade with that which you hold onto."

"But this isn't an evil thing, nor a good thing. Though day falls to night, night in turn falls to day. Empires rise and fall, the old queen dies, but a new king is born, a world crumbles to ash, but from the ashes comes another world. Many of course reject this, striking their own paths and I say good on them. They're still full of fire, haven't had the life choked from them. They sunder timelines apart, shaping them in their own image, struggling to their own causes. In doing so, they set further evil into motion, opposition and strife. Every strike made is a strike against. It is impossible to have a perfect world with physicality to it, though many have tried, and shed much blood for such. Shame."

"That's just an old man talking, go see for yourself, perhaps you're a mite smarter then I?"

"Do good though, will you?"

- **Dusan Duwall**, On the 'Allowance of Suffering' and the unending flow of time.

"Five Lords of the planes, Four gripped and torn, thrown to Darkness."
"A Fifth, one who's fingers scraped through Time."
"In doing so, all was lost to him."
"His mind scattered, his form frayed."
"He would join his countrymen, but not so quickly."
"Skirting the void came the Paragon Peasant, a worthless man of worth."
"The Paragon Dragged the last lord back from the void, and with him four shades."
"Where the reality dragged the Lords saw through time."
"With his voice, one living lord spoke for four once living, of what was needed."
"And the Paragon listened, as the end of all things fell away."
"To resist the unstoppable. To break their minds against the celestial."
"To carve their teeth on the rocks. To suffer and give suffering."
"To be there, drawn by their will, and fortune to where they would be needed."
"This was what they needed, those worthy to carry the mantle."
"The five faded to one, broken, and the Paragon took him away."
"To forge a new fold, those few, Lepers and Kings."
"Void Children and Barbarians, Jihadis and Purgers, Monks and gods."
"The Crippled and the Broken, Lost and Damned."
"Travellers all."

- "The Forging on the Fringes," Anonymous Scrawlings found on Terra D2

"Aye, the Godheads, fledglings fresh off the rip think they're just a myth, but anybody who's been here for more than a decade have seen them at some point. Even then proof is scarce, even with experimental getting special grants, but we've all seen them at some point. I remember the first time I saw one, was getting ready for sleep and had just gotten back from Rome. Made myself a cup'a, was looking over some stupid bullshit on my computer and I look over at the window. And it's there. I been here for years and that was the first thing that scared the shit out of me, and I'd done time in Leng. Came as soon as it went. Didn't talk about it for weeks, but when I did I dug into the theories, started putting together reports. We don't know what exactly made them, but we know they protect the homeland in a way no one can. Some say they're ghosts, others say travellers that got huge, experiments, horrors, lost souls, whatever you want. I can tell you this, if anything tries to get on Ae that's not friendly. It's going to have a bad fucking time of it."

- **Muhammad 'Tik-Tok' Mushariad**, Self-Titled 'Godhead' Investigator, on the Godheads

"The Children, they are many, they are grand, celestial bodies that drew close to the Great Old Ones, they forged forms vast, and carved about the dimensions in their image, but- despite this they are still children of the both third and second. They range wildly in disposition, some benevolent to men and some malevolent though most indifferent. The same for our cause, some such as Yog-Sothoth and the reformed Shub-Niggurath have aided us in the past, others like the Great Race of Yith and Nyarlathotep have actively attempted to sabotage our efforts whenever we cross paths. They are in the end, aspects of the worlds we walk, despite what certain zealous members of the Void Hunters will tell you, and as such, the Grand Children shall be treated with similar courtesy. A Shoggoth is, not good, nor evil, simply an entity, born between two forms, but still within our worlds, they all are. To fight beside and to fight against."

- **Norou**, Mokresia 'Spiritual Advisor' to the Commercialists, on the Children and Grand Children

"The Great Old Ones, Them Beyond Physicality, Outers, Shards of the Second whatever you call them, it is them who bind us here. Without them there would be no Travellers."

"The Shards persist, they have no realm, and yet it persists behind all of physicality, impenetrable. Almost. It has only been opened up once, and it took a mountain of blood to seal it again. Some speak of triumph at the denial. No, no triumph, no glory, only wide unblinking eyes, and a handful that survived, only to spend the next few centuries tearing one another apart. Don't be fooled by such Romanticisms."

- **Kotoro the Hunter**, Independent Second Gen, On the Great Old Ones

"Azathoth, the Daemon Sultan. The mindless sleeper dwelling at the center of the cosmos. He is perhaps born of the two most primal aspects of third and second, in his sleeping state he enables reality to flourish around him, but in his waking moments reality shudders and writhes, ripping the celestial bodies with great fluctuating breaths. He persists across multiple realities in different, self-aware inceptions. He is perhaps the closest existing entity to the conceptual autrolics from before. Pity him, for he is creation in restless dreams, and destruction in a waking nightmare, and yet still a part of physicality."

- **Augur Nickolai Semsevi**, On Azathoth

"I remember when he was called, been riding together since we met at the great break. Been together ever since, helped put things together. Word came in from some tundra shithole, bunch of foals had gotten grabbed, whatever it was that did it called him. Dusan specifically. I tell him not to go in alone, Sam tells him the same, even that bug Reotri shows up trying to talk him out of it. Doesn't stop him though, so the bug and I follow him to the world, and I recognize the stonework immediately, we're surrounded by bloody cultists, but they leave off. Creepy. I got my hands on my bow but we move to the meeting place, this nasty pit. And he just jumps in, and so we wait, a day passes and the foals come out, gibbering and wrecked but alive. I take them back home, even though Reotri rightly should have though she strait up refused, and I come back and we wait. We wait for three fucking days and that bug doesn't move an inch. Sam popped in once, left. And we kept waiting, until finally he crawled out of that pit, looking like a skeleton, but the blunt shit was grinning."

- **Oghuz**, True Traveller Clique Head, on the meeting & Acord of Duwal and Yog-Sothoth

"The various planes have various forms of the unseen worlds, various patterns and grains to the ethereal. Some places have thin and weak, others have tearing storms unseen by the eyes. These will of course effect casting, a thinner reality will create a weaker cast as will a silent world, while fuller realities create stronger casts. However only a fool would assume magic is a useless tool on this disposition. Weaker worlds begets stronger casting, the act of casting is like use of the lungs, and those who subject themselves to weak realities be strengthened by them. Never underestimate the power of practice, and quick wit."

- **Grandmaster Amicus Green-Beard**, on the etherium of the planes and casting

"You gotta cheat man, it's like- when you're going up against a dragon you're going to get your ass cooked unless you've got a gameplan! We have so many tools that so many people refuse to use- but you need to use everything to be successful! Like I've got magic bullshit! I've got a gun! I've got a barrel full of flesh eating crabs! You need to get creative! It's not cheating if you win!"

- **Woolie Madden**, Drunk on Samhain in Glendale, in Durge-Tavern

"We cannot be a swarm, this was attempted and it failed. The early time wars taught us a great deal. Conventional tactics fall hilariously short when any Traveller can be anywhere. Instead we must fortify the individual, warfare on a scale of knowledge and skill, rather than on numbers and strength. It is possible now for use to have a war waged by a single Traveller. In this, we must also have a will to fight. The second was proven in the flame to this, and from what I have seen, the screening for the thirds has brought us everything from those of open flame, to beasts peaceful until cornered."

- **Seskmai Djura**, Nisetic senior Militant, Bio weapons branch, on Traveller Individualism and Will to fight.

"Many question what the differences are between the Prophets of the Third, The Adokori and the alleged 'meta thinkers' are. I will attempt to explain, though it is not a simple thing to answer. All of these are 'watchers' of the third, sapient sentient aspects of the third that shine brighter than others. Meta thinkers or 'wall breakers' as those trendy children call it is framing from the eyes of dreamers and men, it has been proven that we might exist for moments in the eyes of those scattered across reality, and these meta thinkers persist in this light. Adokori and Prophets of the third persist instead within the greater reality with varying degrees of control, strength of images and effects on the person."

- **Elder Nolen**, Attendant to the Blades of the Third, on Prophets of the Third, Adokori, and Meta Sights

"Ah, the renegades. The craven miserable wretches who still bear the old weapons and technology of the second sons. I've dealt with many. They and them are the descendants of the sore losers. Those who failed in the time wars and scattered to the winds. Many still continue their ill-mannered crusades. They likely outnumber us, but the tech they use is frail, as our [hysterical giggling] 'toys' do not bend to them. For them they may not return. Ae itself rejects their souls. How many have I killed? Thirty seven old bloods, nine thousand four hundred and six of their lesser ilk. Simply by hand, I have slain many more by fire and shrapnel. They are not deserving of mercy, make no mistake. Many would call me foul and unwholesome. I will concede, I am quiet willingly unwholesome. But I have seen such depths that would make me saintly. I remember~ such depravity. Ogulamacadi-A12, well before the established hubworld. Duwall and I had gone to Parlay with a gilded god man, alone. Duwall knew him best, he was fond of making allies with such absurd figures."

"We arrived in orbit, on a ship like a small moon. Phallic it was named, or something like that. How graceful we were. Two, small, dirty. A xenos and a madman! Surrounded by giants in hulking armour, dealing with a man made of gold and copper. The meeting went well, despite the guard's obvious disdain for us. All until they came. Across the ship they popped into existence, Torngasak. I did not know him, though Duwall did, they had been baptized together at the Denial. He had gone missing in the wake of the third time war some years prior. Now it was clear what had become of him. Torngasak had made dealings with the foul powers of the timeline, the lords of blood, sensation and knowledge, and what lay before us was monstrous. We were outnumbered ten to one by his followers, many more massive than the human titans before us, all bearing the monstrous marks of the three gods."

"The battle was brief. I called down three cohorts of fighters and Sam's gilded retinue to defend the ship as we leapt into the fray. Beside us men were split into pieces, their armour ripped apart like paper in a damp wind. But we were trained, dancing in moments across the battlefield, tearing apart his followers. The blood tasted foul, bitter. Like sex and worn copper. When our countrymen finally arrived only four of us remained, Duwall, I, the gilded god man and his blue plated son, short of an arm and an eye. Only Torngasak remained, decrying Duwall and I in half a hundred tongues. His body writhing, warping. Duwall ended him in an instant, jumping inside of him, tearing him apart from the inside, and then clawing his way through."

"But that was not the troubling part, no in fact it was quiet fortuitous. Our defense of the gilded god man earned us great respect from his jumped up techno barbarians, the lizards or whatever they were called in particularly still remained grateful. Even when they deserted their lords. Half of them anyways, I was never familiar with their imperial layouts."

"No, what was worrying was Torngasak's home. After some days of searching we found it. He had bred his army for some generations, stealing away all manner of xenos, technology and foul artifacts to ready himself. The pits, still filled with Torngasak's spawn. The ceilings strewn with bones. In his study we found bones, piled upon bones. At the top of the pyramid the beast slept upon a single frail skull, a skull of a simple human, Ingrid af Stockholm, a victim of the third war. In his madness he had blamed us all, and sunk low. I personally torched the place, and we carried Torngasak's bones back to his last kin on Ae. Only Sedna remained, and even now she is still lonesome wretch. She is loyal and kind at least."

"I have seen that same scene, again and again, hundreds of times. We have such a low we can sink. That is why I exist. We have an unparalleled duty, and as such we have certain responsibilities, certain standards we must uphold. Should we shirk those duties, responsibilities and standards, we can commit the greatest of atrocities, as we are so far removed from the pain and suffering we may cause. How easy it is to remove ourselves…"

"Dusan beseeches me to show mercy, I try. I really do. But for some, there is no mercy, no frailty in the wake of foul course. I am the hammer of revenge, not restitution but pure revenge. Until I am dead, or Dusan bids me to stop. In this there can be no compromise for turncoats, and those who would make a mockery of us."

- **High Legiclator Reotri, Sinew Eyed Wretch, Vanguard of the Judiciary and Advisor to the Home Guard**, On the Renegade Travellers

"Scientia sit potentia. Fortitudo est firmitas. Verum est ignotum."

- Words of Ethereal Department, Engraved above the council chambers

"Wand users are a bunch of cock gobbling Greeks."

- **Usiadia Saffriad**, Magi and hooligan, carved below the Ethereal Department's words

"Usiadia is a cock gobbling Greek."

- Anonymous words carved beneath Usiadia's graffiti

"Only a fool would think we remain a military organization, though the commercialist stores would certainly reinforce such notions. No, we are much more. We house the largest store of information in the known existence, Sosoviania Toledo holding the honour of the largest physical store of information, while the Archivists in the ring maintain an information hold so large multiple fusion generators are required to maintain it. The stubborn men of the Archivist's keep the damn thing independent of the rest of Ae's power grid. The AI keepers are the constantly updating it, so I won't guess to how titanic the damn thing is. I remember when they were only keeping the equivalent of the Global League of Socialist States archives, but I suppose that is the nature of exponential growth."

"Technologically we possess tech so advanced it is indistinguishable from ethereal practice, though such things hold much fragility in the wake of time and contention. In the same right such magics we understand though such use for it varies wildly. Some techniques so common and widespread even the most hardened tech zealot may find use in their casting."

"Culturally we range from the dregs of barbaric societies to the epitome of the cosmopolitan. A grand experiment in length and absurdity. For better or worse."

"We transcend standard linguistics through instant translation, economics through the abundance of reality, and in terms of purpose, aside from the great gilded duty we all carry, we pursue all causes."

"Explorers, vagbonds, wretches. Architects of reality intermingling with soldiers. Those who are capable of being in the right place at the right time. This is what we must be, if we are to maintain our position."

- **Marco 'Fulcanelli'** in one of his more 'grounded' moments

"Hello, I'm Lace, at least that's what I go by as my given name is a mouthful. I'm eleven and three quarter Imperial inches, which is tall for my species! Normally we only get ten inches."

"I'm the 'spokesperson' if you could call me that for the Ælfur Sameining. I suppose you could call us a union of smaller peoples interested in making sure we are represented. Sapient insects, other fairies, gnomes, raised animals below three feet imperial. It's understandable the way things are laid out, but we don't want to be caught underfoot. Oh goodness Silk is going to kill me for that one."

"Scratch that from the record please?"

"No? Oh. Okay."

"Anyways- we're here trying to spread the word that other minutes are not alone, and that there isn't anything wrong or bad about being this size. Its quiet useful actually! Ælfur Sameining members are highly valued for their stealth and recon abilities. If you think you're useless just because you're small then don't! Come find us and talk! Please? We're always looking for new members and associates!"

- **Lovi'tel'marhenga'sey'dwyfsela'lemasrana' Esmalen'duckira 'Lace'**

"Mental and Manual interfaces, absolute mobility and a sick set of claws. Wicked deal right? It is as far as we know. You need to look deeper. There's serious defenses that this thing has. Aside from its notorious explosive defences I've heard tell that non-Travellers found fiddling with them will have the claws jettison at the worst angles. Sometimes the things heat up red hot in a few moments."

"You can't cut them open, not easily at least. These things will outlive a planetary collapse and float through the void unscathed until recovered. Ray scans come in blank, as do sound and pierce scans. There's also the possibility that the braces have a look over effect where Non-Travellers will usually fail to acknowledge the bracer's existence unless it becomes an immediate threat or if it is brought to their attention."

"Now here's where things get strange. The interiors of these things make no goddamn sense. Some of the tech doesn't work, some of it doesn't even make sense. There are three sets of internal sockets, a refrigeration unit, numerous speakers but no receivers or any seeming connections, ethereal elements and a holographic projector. None of which is connected to the power source. On occasion we find precious stones inlaid on the inside, including rubies, emeralds and oblerdines. There's even been corks and broken glass found in some units."

"No one really gets why these things are set up the way they are. Some people are on the paranoid camp and believe it's used to spy on them. Bullshit in my mind but you can't convince some people. Others believe its esoteric practice, with the way those fucking collectors huff their own farts."

"But I've got my own idea, what if these things were smart? Not thinking, not alive like an AI but smart? You'd want that shit in a heartbeat to defend the order. But that's just my thought."

- **Li Sun Win**, On the Bracers, and theories on their nature

[Accessing, 'first generation' Traveller basic information.]

[There are five thousand, eight hundred and twenty six groups that may be classified as 'First generation' Travellers. These precursor groups vary wildly in composition from governmental, racial, religious backrounds and intent. Some such as Chronarchs or 'Time Lords' of Gallifrey maintained ethnic custodial duties, while others such as the Bastards of Skaros were fanatic purgers with strong imperialistic basis. These initial Travellers are distinct from the children of the Great old ones, in that they claimed supremacy over reality and used the then unknown celestial bodies of the Old Ones to act as a compass for inter-reality transit, as opposed to children who claimed descent and inheritance.]

[For an untold period of time, ranging for possibly entire timelines from entrance to collapse these Travellers held supreme dominance, until the decline period, precursing the second generation by two to three reality cycles. Inter first generation wars, incursions by the children of the great old ones and internal decay.]

[Of the initial number of first generation groups, only thirty seven survived the decline. These remaining initial groups would culminate in the rogue Yithian instigated 'Dawn' War. The survivors of the Dawn War, as well as members of the prior Traveller groups would form the Cult of Shyk. Known better as the pre-rejection second Generation.]

- Archivist general information, on the First Generation

"There are innumerable forms of the Ethereal, much as there are innumerable methods of mastery. Innumerable to the point where I wonder why I do this? Am I getting paid for speaking to you? Maybe? No. Probably not."

"Regardless, the most comment form of manipulation is casting. Often through staffs, wands, rings, hand gestures, talismans or specific reagents. Given enough time most may be able to master one of these, and many older Travellers with a few centuries almost certainly pick one of these up out of usefulness."

"Then there are the born in or integrated groups. Psions, or Psionics are mentally focused. Their abilities are of course tied to this, mind reading, telekinesis, and other such things come easily to them. Over use of abilities may lead to internal bleeding, headaches and internal collapse of head based sensory organs. Psykers, or magnifants are body based, and are tied to physicality. They have little room for subtly but can lash out with far greater basic ability then general casters or psions. Psykers themselves are also at risk of greater failures, and over-use or failure can lead to explosive results."

"Last of the big three born ins are the touched, or the infused. If the psions concentrate the ether mentally, and the Psykers concentrate upon physicality, then the infused are born with etherium evenly distributed across the entirety of their being, bodies, minds and spirits. While this diffusion generally leaves them weaker, they are far more in tune with reality around them than any other group, and given meditation or perhaps other methods they can be incredibly useful."

"There are others I can speak of, chemical induction, genetic text writing, cryoticism and soul magiks but these are the most common varieties. Now put that down on your little tablet and tell your boss what a good little cocksucker I was so I can get a raise. Pappa needs some new dice."

- **Elder Manolia**, On Different types of Ethereal manipulation, prior to demotion

"One of the biggest questions we get here is 'why only Travellers?' It's a fair question. God knows we could use the extra manpower, people to run the administration better, low level positions, manpower. See, that would be useful. Why not? What old guard morons keep these laws in place?"

"See, I was doing a void hunter job, one of their vanguard forces had signed on with a bunch of Offworlder void pirates. Didn't know what they [the Void Hunters] were looking for but I wasn't interested in asking. Void Hunters always pay well. Spent about two solar years scouting a quiet timeline. Few planetoids in the sector we were in, nothing alive but us and a few miners shilling gas giants."

"Finally we found what we were looking for inside of a gas cloud. Old battleground, old enough the biological remains of the combatants had crystalized. If I recall it was a fight between an invasive collective conscious and an outbreak group within the conscious. Whatever they were they were long since extinguished from that reality."

"Void boys get off their ship, and the rest of us just sit around waiting for them to finish up so we can all go home. The crawling chaos put a stop to that. He was on us in an instant. We started with twenty ships, three Traveller freemen, one void hunter and the rest were local. Locals took themselves apart, he had them mentally on his string, some of them died in an instant when he seized control. See, the black Pharaoh in all his incantations reviles us, don't understand why and I'm not going to bother asking."

"It took us three days to get our goods and drive out of there. And you know what? Not one of those locals lasted more than fifteen minutes. You want to know why we need Travellers? That is why. I don't know what it is, but we don't break down when we get near that shit. You can't control us, you can't dominate us. We won't go down frothing and bleeding just because the Chaos king descends. Want to know what happens when you invest non-Traveller manpower into shit and a grandkid takes notice? You lose it."

"There's other shit, but I'm telling you it's fucking secondary. That's why its freakazoids like us here, we're the ones who look into the abyss, drop our pants and leave a big old pile on the abyss's doorstep."

- **Hugh 'Mungus' Bartzela**, on the Traveller's most vital mutual Quality, and the failing of expanded systems

"Fondly this one remembers his recruitment. This one had received word from the augur of a possible series of recruitment targets, six had already been found, two had been dispensed, and he was the last."

"The year on Ashakmet was ninety eighty seven, technology was primitive, post iron age levels. Imperial structure had yet to form, and the world was still controlled by clans of midcastes."

"These ones descended upon the remains of one such cave based clan, then reduced to charred and burning ruins. Dead and dying Nisetics all about, their colorless blood dampened the grey earth. Already scavenger insects ranging from fist sized flies to centipedes as large as horses descending upon the ruin. Amongst which only remained a single individual. Gadraki."

"Sitting patiently among the bodies, clad in chitin and iron plates. He wasn't a member of the destroyed clan or the attackers, but a death seeker. A Nisetic who believed himself to be a follower of death, granting merciful oblivion to the malnourished and maimed. These ones did not exchange words with him. He came with this one, and this one left him at the processing line in Tamit. If records are correct that was almost five centuries prior."

"That is all this one can offer you countryman. Stay safe."

- **9281-Kirsine Model CHAV**, On Gadraki 'of the Forlorn-Lights'

"That old thing?" [Coughing] "Aye, found it on a dead world's ethereal plane. Quiet the travesty. Oversensitive ethereal plane and some nastiness in the hearts of man can create monsters that easily dwarf most of the (GOO) children."

"See, the power remains, and there's a lot of power in it. The evil that birthed it is dead. More than dead actually. Disenfranchised. Not that you couldn't revive it with a little effort at least, though I'm not sure why you would. Guess I shouldn't be talking, I gave the damned things to commercial for a nice profit. The void, she was calling me again, and I needed a new ship to dance among the stars."

"I'm not really the one who should be talking, but I'll try to explain. (Those shards) they've got what's left. The energy of a world's heart, but without the good or the bad. Without anything. Which leaves the buyer to do with them what they will. I don't know what's going to happen, I don't want to know, but I hear the augur made sure that the shards stayed on the market. So whatever happens, happens."
"Probably should have dumped them out on the roadside when I had the chance, ey?"

- **Anonymous scavenger**, on the Shattered Red Behilt and hope

"Okay. Fine. You want to transport your worthless fucking ship. Magnificent. However this isn't a case of 'hit the button and go' asshole."

"We've got eleven stations on Ae authorized to move 100+ Meter Circumference loads, and only three custom sites for the bigger loads. Do you have any idea how many people we move through those loading stations on a daily basis? Dozens, they don't slowdown in terms of traffic. We can't be lazy either, if any point of cargo is outside of the transport zone it tends to lose those chunks. Which is fucking disastrous if you're moving an FTL vessel into the void or worse if you're moving something alive that finds itself missing chunks."

"We can't get any more stations as they are an extraordinary pain to produce and the Collectors aren't exactly on working terms with Administration. We can't pull out the emergency ones because the Void Hunters will tan our hides. We can't even try to slow down the lineups as we're booked up a solar month in advance. All we can do is move the cargo people need moved and hope someone decides to take mercy upon their friends over here. But I'm not holding my breath on that."

- **Mujibur Rahman**, Head Director of Transport Station Exarchos

"Mechanization, Spiritual Revelation and the recent arrival of Hardlights represents the natural endpoint upon the physical form, bound and incapable as it is. Despite the insistence of my colleagues in Bio, the transition away from flesh is the most promising path for us."

"Consider the spiritual world, there is no end to the potential number of forms a Traveller might take. Memories of minute fey, embodiments of the forests and mountains, obelisks of mankind's memory, the number of potential forms taken upon the abandonment of flesh are without counting, to say nothing of the potential flexibility of the inferior Mechanical and Hardlight paths."

"Why constrain yourself on the precipice of becoming truly ever-changing?"

- **Yan Kaiyen**, Representitive of the Board of Chairs, Ethereal Department

"The claims of multiple Bill Murrays are at best spurious and confrontational, while at worst they are slanderous to the Administrative staff! We do not have one Bill Murray let alone three! It is possible, even likely that multiple versions of the same person acting under different or similar names are active inside of our organization, but for the last time there has never been a Bill Murray!"

- **Igra**, on Multiple versions of the 'same' person and the rumors of the Bill Murray Triumvate

"Alright then, you're listening to this because you're either bored, drugged up out of your mind or browsing the web ways or are actually interested in learning about the rules in a way that isn't by Osmosis. I'll be talking to the latter part of that audience."

"Our legal structure begins at the Denial, we have no religious or philosophical grounding, rather a basic set of morals derived from the still screaming minds of the surviving members of the second generation. Basic rules that purportedly would prevent total internal collapse. Something which the organization came very close to doing several times early on."

"There are nine basic 'rules' in this code if they can be called such. The 'Big Nine.' Number one. Do not kill other Travellers, though infighting is not only allowed but encouraged. Roughly this remains much the same, however it is better enforced due to active arms of the Judiciary and the Referees."

"Number two, the old cloak your presence bit. This one is in a state of contention as simply recruiting often means revealing the nature of the being in many circumstances, though there are still plenty of recruiters that still operate on smash and grab rules. There are many technicalities to this, as a Traveller may reveal their nature to offworlders if it is necessary. The definition of necessary of course varies wildly, with only the most blatant of offenders receiving visits from the home guard, or in the event of malicious intent the Judiciary."

"Number three is the anti-ownership clause. Travellers may not own other truly sapient entities. This has of course been an altogether difficult rule to enforce as the nature of AI, spirits and slaver societies is tumultuous, forcing the Home Guard into conflict with the Commercialists on numerous occasions. This issue is exacerbated by the inclination of growth, which while this is commonplace in parentage societies, other groups like Nisetics have zero experience with. However the rule is surprisingly well enforced, with the concept of 'surrendering' being made active practice in recruitment and ascension scenarios, to the point where 'pre' Traveller-Ai are brought into Ae enmass by their brother-Traveller AI to complete their ascension. I myself am not AI and cannot comment on the matter, however most Travellers of this heritage cannot complain and are arguably better suited to Ae than their earlier brethren."

"Number four remains fairly self-explanatory, all Travellers are equal unless they are willing to swear themselves to a faction accepting leadership of the faction leaders and by extension the council."

"Number five is also fairly simple, only recruits are allowed to join that have gone through the recruitment checks. The relative recent peace of the past few years have for the most part quieted criticisms."

"Number six is an oddball, in that it isn't an actual rule. Technically its advice for future guidance as far as interpretation goes. To consider the plights of victims and the down-trodden. Something to be considered with the immense power an individual carries and the origins of many members."

"Number seven is no longer considered relevant for the most part at least as it was written. Traveller numbers are no longer such that the use of most exterior military forces are a conceivable threat. The basis of seven is that Travellers cannot use Mercenaries or other similar forces that are loyal to them first and foremost, tightly bound to number four and five. However as stated this is no longer enforced by standard means unless taken to an extreme end. Such as the deposition of 'Emperor' Chystanthium of the UNCA 'Star Empire' by Judiciary Honx and the Home Guard. Chystanthium's situation itself highlights how the rule might be used in a modern context. A Traveller who runs the risk of abandoning or usurping power by force of military might. However even that is not entirely reliable as Brother 'Tanriatus' holds position in the Thea-Council of D-819311 with just as much if not more power than Chystanthium. From a legal standpoint I would define Number seven as such before the Judiciary. It is the accumulation of armed forces with intent to use them upon other Travellers in such a way that leaves them vulnerable. It is a messy rule, as my ramblings have implied, and it is only a matter of time before it is either updated or stress broken."

"Number eight is another one currently in contention though nowhere near as vague as seven. Simply put Ae is the homeland and no offworlders are to be allowed on it. There are of course issues, as Ae is the only truly safe place many have sought to, at least temporarily bring in loved ones who do not belong to the order. These are usually temporarily allowed under some supervision and fears of exploitation have never been realized. In this day and age it is for the most part quiet."

"Last is of course the unifying rule and the purpose of the order. The rejection of the second and the defense of the realities from reintegration. Ironically since the precursor days this is the only rule that has not been in some way contested, if it could be called a rule. Even the most deranged and slothful detriments to the order profess this either by deed or tongue."

"Of course there are other rules that the factions themselves attempt to enforce, for instance the nudity clause that, only the Administration holds but attempts to enforce. Though these attempts range from complete non-enforcement to begrudging acceptance in the wake of harassment. Every faction has their own sets of rules and regulations, however outside of these the 'Big Nine' are the only things independents and the eyes of the third adhere to."

"I will also note that, of all the regulatory books, the Judiciary has the longest and most sever. Most full members must memorize over two hundred pages of internal codes, with failures to meet up with said codes being self-punishable with exile and suicide."

"I will leave off with this, respect the Big Nine, and learn the internal doctrines of your own factions. If you do that, and act with some respect for those doctrines then you should have no issues."

-**Kattie 'Kitten' Holmes**, An Explanation on how Traveller law actually works and how it doesn't.

"It is absurd to keep faith in any pseudo-religious in the face of open truth. Cults openly feud in the face that their precious idols are nothing more than faces of the spiritual, entities which have definable standards and may be classified as living entities. Nothing worthy of worship in my opinion. Yet there is an absurd instance that we place our beliefs in things we are now in a position to reduce to their boneless equations."

"Make no mistake, such cultish behavior's benefits are real, however we stand capable of seizing much stronger benefits through our own toils. There is no great divine behind the cosmos, nor is there anything to the fanciful mutterings of the third. Everything may be counted and broken down. We should not give in to such tribalistic behavior."

- **Vang-Vang Tshukal**, Mokresian Home Guard on the 'divine'

"With respect I must disagree, though there are portions of truth in your statement. We have to ourselves an open understanding and a capability to understand further than any before us. However that does not mean that everything is so simple. Were that it might be the chore of life would be so simple here. Yet it is not. We cannot hope to understand the realities so easily. Yes it is true the spirits we know commune with are known by their limits, however it does not displace the gifts they offer nor the fruit we grow ourselves, rather we are all bound to that celestial chain."

"How can one look at our own situation? At the Augurs and the world we inhabit, the world's we intercede in, at our own history and not feel the touch of something greater? There is no omniscient being in the clouds of Ae, but who can look at this grand work and think it all mundane?"

- **Sho'ugh 'Tusks' Nechre'cht**, Yautja Priest of the East Mountain on the 'divine'

"The Third has been dead, always dead. No living things stirred until that entity we call such was a corpse. No intermediaries born of it, no grand designs of the cosmos like the second and third. No, no."

"Rather I would say life was born of the Third's actions. Perhaps its corpse as the Second and First belligerently fought, likely ignorant the Third had ever existed. That is all truth. Yet in the same right we are all still born of the Third. The rumbling primodia shifting the planes ever so slightly, where life is allegedly born, not just bearing life but allowing it to be born, allowing the mindscapes to follow. From the nestled hubs of planets to even the cold void."

"The trouble is we will never really know the truth of the Third. As I said, she has always been dead, we born of her corpse and decisions. A mother that perhaps never knew of her children."

"Would she be proud of us? Could an entity like her born in such a conceptual time know of Pride? Or would we even be acknowledged, as mold upon a corpse? I cannot say."

- **Sub-Augur Janus Pilotus Icarius**, On the Third

"While the past few centuries have led to unparalleled dominance of the Augur's immediate gaze, we are not the first on the 'Travelling' scene. Not by a long shot."

"The most numerous of these groups are the exodites, the renegades and refuse of the Time Wars that were defeated. Most were either killed or effectively disparaged, being stripped of their absolute mobility and left out to live their natural lives. However some escaped to found small subversive groups, or in other cases larger groups that attracted attention. The judiciary, fighters, and certain True Traveller cliques have been harsh on them, wiping out many of these groups. However they keep popping up, lacking any strength or foresight to compete with the Travellers."

"There are also the races of the Children, those that claim direct descent from the Second. They range wildly in intent and purpose, some whose purposes are so alien and ingrained it is impossible to tell their disposition, let alone their intent. However they are no longer open in mind to complete dominion as they once were. The events of the denial and the catastrophe that was the Yith Mental Invasion upon Ae have earned a begrudging understanding, much as a human begrudgingly respects leprosy. Their dominions for the most part remain untouched, as many are disinterested in Traveller affairs, likewise, the Travellers ignore the various children barring the fool-hardy Void Hunters and the Hungry Departments."

"Then there are the Antediluvians, the Precursors or the 'First Generation' depending on who you ask. Most of these ancient organizations have fallen into extinction some entirely extinguished, like the Great Arcs of Necros, or others obliterated barring a handful of exceptions like the Chronarcs of Gallifrey. Still, remnants of these groups are not to be trifled with, as many consider the Travellers to be children playing with thermonuclear weaponry. Unlike the Children, many of the remnants do not realize the capabilities of the Travellers."

"Last there are the Grass-Borne, those who, either by ancient technology or retapping the Ocretian Sextants like the Antediluvians before them have found ways to travel across the realities. Such groups range from Individuals of great wisdom and even greater bravery, to Regimes interested in abusing the lay work of the realities for the furtherment of their own outlandish creeds, to Egalitarians eagerly stepping into the open realities with their arms wide spread."

- **Hurla Bint-Karmanid**, On Others Who can Navigate the Void

Changelog

* Update 1.50 (Reid shut the fuck UP) Edition
* Added Lore, Added 4 origins, 2 more weapons, 2 more panic buttons, 8 more perks, 1 More Detriment.

Notice: If you're willing to put the effort into writefagging in character or hubworld, or just about any creation then I'd be happy to add them to the CYOA, as long as your stuff is good and not total b8.

The plan for the next update is simple, move towards the 2.0 and reset reality, which will include serious rewrites in many major sections. Then comes the final image version. Traveller is nearing completion.

Also, Skye, you're a big beautiful bastard. I would gay with you if that was a possibility. Thanks for keeping me informed on the general. And to the anons that helped to look through all this shit.

And Reid you can eat a dick you blighted McKean Fuck. I'm **going** to make you publish this shit. Stop cussing people out in the thread I expect that from SDA you wanker not you.

Live Journal blog I occasionally update http://travellercyoa.livejournal.com/

LASTLY TO YOU, YES YOU READER. THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING.

YOU'VE MADE TRAVELLER WORTH DOING, YOUR READING VALIDATES THE WORK I'VE DONE.

I HOPE YOU ENJOYED THIS RIDE, AND THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIME.

You've Finally Come Down to it Then

I knew you would. These next few years are going to be hectic. But that's why people like you are here. For better or worse.

You know what? I'm glad its people like you making this choice. Maybe it is cowardice on my part, but I'm finished with this kind of thing.

Remember, you can only walk a single path, others will need to fill the remaining breaches. There are no guarantees here. So tell me, little skin thing, what path will you walk?

[Pick One Path to Walk]

[Req: Oghuz /or/ Rick /or/ Sam]

RESCUE THE FIFTH

Duwall's vanishing act has weakened us grievously, but it was no accident. Intercepted word from Admin believes something has stolen him away, and with a little pressure on the Augur, we think we know where he is. Stranded on the fringes of the void. It may be a one way trip, but we need to do this. Without Duwall, we may well fail. Get those you trust, and ready yourself. There is no turning back…

[Req: Fighter Faction]

STRIKE DOWN THE HORNS

For far too long Gadraki has held providence over the Fighters, and now a coalition seeks to dethrone him. But you did not get a letter from them, in fact you were oddly ignored. Now, however, you have received a letter. From Gadraki himself, seeking to Parley with you. Will you answer, or join on with a Coalition whose interests are perhaps not entirely pure?

[Req: Hearth Keepers /or/ Inheritors]

WORRIES IN THE DAYLIGHT

It started out with a simple enough meeting with Tildras and some of his top people within the Inheritors, their interests are to remain peaceful. However they feel they need to push, especially now with Igra's heightened power. Doing so may well put them at risk, while retreating will only empower Igra and those entitled second generation members, the situation balances on a knifepoint. So, what do you say?

[Req: Working for Reotri /or/ Home Guard /or/ Judicial]

THAT RARE FROWN

Reotri does not scare, Reotri does not worry, yet you were called before the seemingly deranged Judicial bug. She looked weary, as she made a humble request of you. Having been tipped off to a renegade Traveller by a member of the administration, she seeks your help in hunting them down and taking them alive. She will not say why, or what she wants from him, but you know it's important. Will you let her have her way, or try to discover the truth of the affair?

[Req: Adokori]

A CHAMPION IN THE FLESH

Some Travellers may vanish for decades, some for even a century or two at a time, but a Second Generation member of Great renown has returned. Gilgamesh, lost for seven centuries even to the light of the Augur has returned. But all is not as it seems, you feel it in your flesh. His smile is empty, his eyes hallow. Gilgamesh died ages ago, but what captains his body in such a way that avoids suspicion?

[Req: The Cluster]

IN TALL SHADOWS

As the war for the cluster rages above you, you'll find yourself drawn away from the fighting, deep below into the pits. Deep beneath the surface of Mars you find relics, thousands of them, precursing the Travellers by ages. Memories of the First Generation. You find one of Amsatsu's daughters, a child fiddling with one such relic. It wakens, and in a moment it is gone, and visions of distant lightening fills you. You will need to get this information out quickly, but what of the girl?

[Req: Void Hunters]

ESTRANGED CHILDREN

It began as a simple call to investigation, to discover truth to rumors of cult activity. It deteriorated. Rapidly. The rumors of cultish practices paled to the truth. You were forced out of that reality, and returned with enough firepower to level a city, and the spearhead of the Void Hunters at your back. This was war, but you found yourself distracted at times, by singing. Children singing when there were none. Kosm's children. You knew what these things wanted, parley. But would you?

[Req: Department Membership /or/ Department Island Residence]

QUARANTINE

Something broke out of Experimental, something writhing and screaming. That was not the issue, these things happen with depressing frequency. What was concerning was that it screamed sorrowful for Marco Fulcaneli, and it was never found. Now non-essential activity is being moved to Aeholm, and the Departments are growing quiet. Someone knows what 'IT' is, perhaps a department leader, perhaps Marco himself. Or, perhaps a more direct approach is in order…

[Req: An AI Companion]

A SPEAKER FOR THE MANY

It is spoken in slurred whispers that Ae lives and breathes. While these tales have always been considered to be just that, something has changed recently. Weather once sunny and bright turned foul. Seasons displaced and a tension in the air you could almost taste. It did not touch you personally until you received a message from a friend, begging you to venture to a seemingly empty place, deep beneath the crust. There you journeyed, and found the sleeping AI, innumerable, and the dying god mind of Ae…

[Req: Alex the Watcher /or/ Eyes of the Thirds]

OLD SOUL WHERE ARE YOU GOING

It began as a simple checkup on Alex, to discover her bleeding from the ears. The moment you touched her, you heard it. Screaming. Screaming so loud you shuddered and fell. In the end, it was her who helped you up. She's grown used to it, the Augur's screaming. The main augur is at his end. He won't be himself anymore. No magic, no healing, nothing can save him. He's been ground down, and he won't be 'him' anymore soon. Only Alex has the sheer mental resistance to take the title, and it would turn her into a prisoner for the rest of her life. What can possibly be done for all this? Is there a right answer?

[Req: None]

BEYOND THE CELESTIAL CHAIN

Reality is a broken mess, the apparent infiniteness of it simply unknowable and the make of it unworkable. The greatest minds have plucked away at it for centuries, synthetic and biological alike stumped. Yet this is not such a bad thing, as perhaps in the sheer massiveness of it all, all things may occur. For better or worse. The Travellers cannot do this on their own, and if all things are possible, then there are more like them. So dare you cast yourself out, beyond anything that is known, across all the cycling planes of oblivion?