



IGW Story Bible

Story by Vavel Games AB

Best read in a two page view



PDF Reading Instructions

Reading Instructions

Vavelverse: IGW Lore Bible

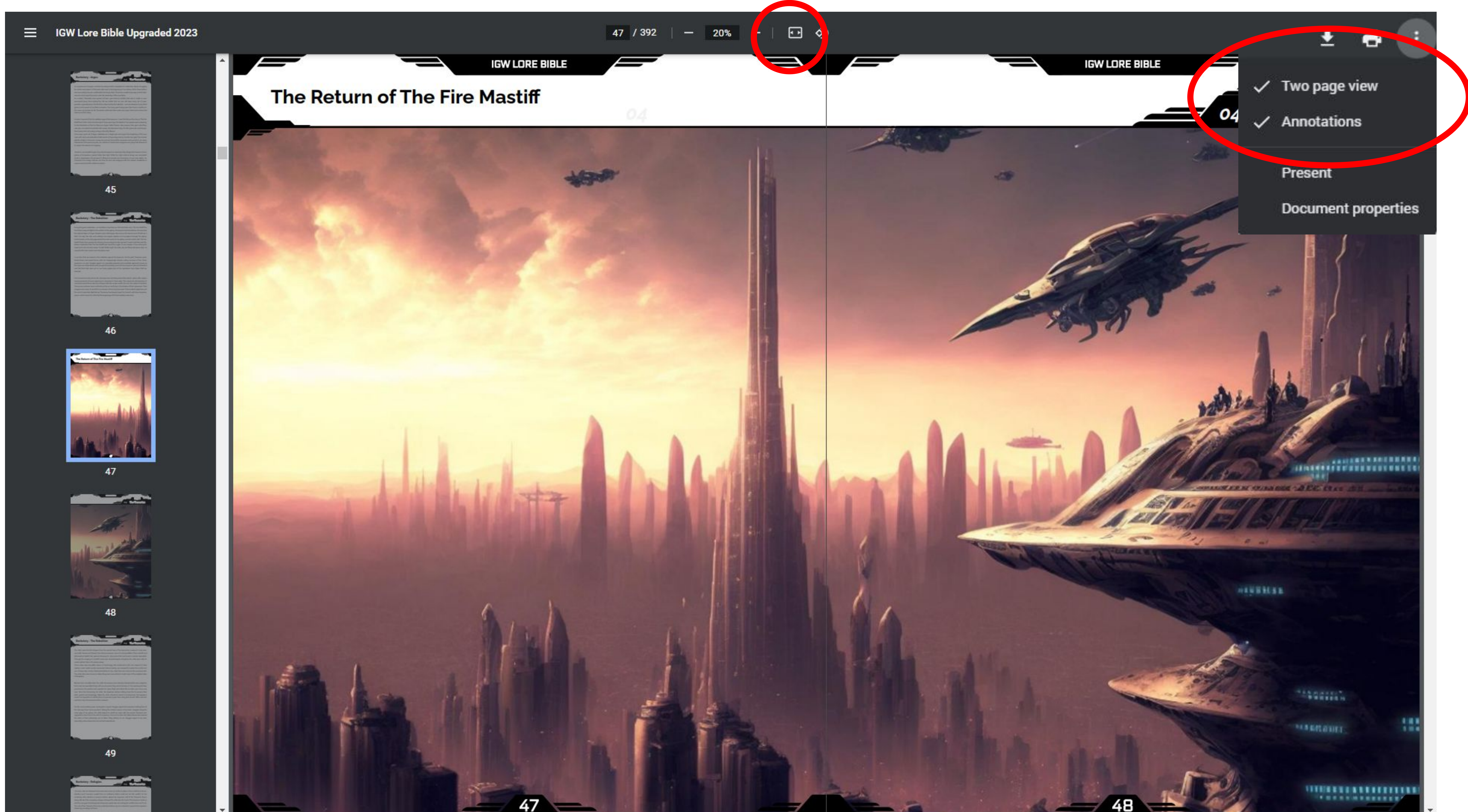
The is Lore Bible will provide all necessary information to understand the lore of Imperium Galactic War. New location, secrets and interesting facts awaits in this exclusive compilation of texts and graphics.

Intended Audience

IGW Players and SciFi enjoyers!

PDF Reading Instructions

Best read in two page view & fit to page - some charts require zooming into them.



- **I The Intergalactic Alliance - Star of Prosperity**

This Chapter compiles the backstories of the Terran, Oberan and Thanerian races, as well as general information about the IGA Faction, and a lexicon of terms and events.

- **II The Tyrannar Empire - Fist of Authority**

This Chapter compiles the backstories of the Ares Magna, Regular and Lacertan races, as well as general information about the Tyrannar Empire Faction, and a lexicon of terms and events.

- **III The Sovereignty - Cross of Anarchy**

This Chapter compiles the backstories of the Malus, So'Toth and Veil races, as well as general information about the Tyrannar Empire Faction, and a lexicon of terms and events.

- **IV The Imperium - Heralds of Inevitable**

This Chapter compiles the backstories of the Imperium and the Ven races, as well as general information about the Imperium Faction, and a lexicon of terms and events.

- **V Ships**

This Chapter include informations about ship types from all Factions and precision about the ship naming convention for each race and faction.

- **VI Maelstrom Galaxy**

All available information about Center Space can be found in this Chapter. 36 planets are describe with their marvels, dangers and geopolitical situation.

- **VII NPC Bible: The Rank and File of the Four Quadrants**

In this Chapter you can find informations about the peoples who forge the fate of the Maelstrom Galaxy.

- **VIII The Corporations**

This Chapter is dedicated to the great Corporations ruling above the Maelstrom Galaxy market. You can find an insight on their marketing techniques as well as a personnel overview of the White Dwarf Company.

- **IX Secrets and Lore: Myths of the Four Quadrants**

The most rare and well guarded information are contained in this Chapter, some of them may shatter the perception of this universe if revealed for all to see.

Allseeing Eye of The Imperium

Introduction

Lore Bible Summary



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Imperium Galactic War

Introduction

Never before has one force controlled all four Quadrants of the galaxy, nor the ultimate Prize at its heart, Center Space. Now forces gather with that exact purpose...

Some are protectors by nature; new to this galaxy they seek to explore its worlds in hopes of bring peace to this battle torn universe.

Others have no interest in discovery or peace. They seek only battle, conquest and glory in their offensive...

Others still seek to reap profit, power and chaos from the prize contained within...

And so they struggle, faction against faction, in hopes of controlling the secrets of Center Space...

But they will all come to realize that their efforts are for naught. Center Space and the galaxies that surround it are ours for the taking. We will make them aware that to oppose the will of the Imperium is to welcome the shadow of death upon their planets!

Retreat in terror fools, your meager existence is now at an end!

00 Major Factions



Tyrannar Empire



Intergalactic Alliance



Sovereignty



Imperium

The IGA

Chapter I – Section 1



The Intergalactic Alliance

01

The IGA

The Intergalactic Alliance (Commonly referred to as IGA) is a newly formed power that seeks to unite more species under a common goal of galactic peace by overthrowing the Imperium once and for all.

Doctrine of the Liberty faction

- Seek out and defeat all forms of injustice and oppression
- Forge new friendships whenever able for together we are strong
- Help all who are in need for someday you may be in need
- Protect those who require it as compassion is our greatest strength

Political Philosophy:

- Federation: A conglomerate of democratically elected officials work together for the benefit of all people within.

Ruling Practice: Open Source Governance

A political philosophy which advocates the application of the philosophies of the open-source and open-content movements to democratic principles in order to enable any interested citizen to add to the creation of policy, as with an open-source document. Legislation is democratically opened to the general citizenry. The concept behind democracy, that the collective wisdom of the people as a whole is a benefit to the decision-making process, is applied to policy development directly.

The Intergalactic Alliance Goals:

- Form an all-inclusive super-alliance with the other factions
- Make Center Space safe for all who wish to colonize it
- Defeat the Imperium

Terran



Oberan



Thanerian



IGA - Major Races

Terrans: Similar to modern day human beings.

- o Human-Like Appearance
- o American-Like Hierarchy
- o Well-Mannered Personality

Oberans: The Oberan stand six to eight feet tall are lithe in frame and have crème to light green-grey colored skin. They are humanoid in appearance and rather attractive. They wear comfortable but ornate layered uniforms.

- o Human-Like Appearance
- o Britannia-Like Hierarchy
- o Aloof Personality

Thanerian: The Thanerians are a short stocky race standing a mere four to five feet tall. They wear heavy armor adorned with crests of family and rank. Thanerians are Canine-like in appearance, but stand on two legs. Their hair can be nearly any shade of color as well as pattern.

- o Canine Humanoid Appearance
- o Mycenaean-Like Hierarchy
- o Collaborating Personality

Portraits



The Terrans

Chapter I – Section 2



Introduction to Terrans

02

The Terrans

Planet of Origin: Aquarius One (Maelstrom Galaxy) or more distantly Terra - Milky Way Galaxy

Home Quadrant: The Comis Quadrant

Established: 3000 years ago

Coat of Arms / Faction Symbols: The IGA factions symbol

Culture

After having to flee their doomed home-planet, Terra, the Terrans traveled on fleets of generation ships, two fleets of which were known as The Cetus and The Aquarius, there were twelve fleets total. The Cetus and The Aquarius were the only two fleets known to have survived the first excursions. The Cetus later, however, succumbed to the influence of The Void, and its Terran inhabitants were never heard from again. The Aquarius made it to its new planet, which was named Aquarius One, in honor of the Aquarius fleet and the Eleven fleets that were lost on their way to the new world. Aquarius One is located in the Comis Quadrant.

It can be surmised that Terran culture was similar to that of modern day human culture. Their original planet, Terra, consisted of multiple nations, each with its own unique culture.

HISTORICAL RECORD: 21.2.7822: Greetings, citizen. It is my proud honor to convey to you the magnificent history of the Intergalactic Alliance. In doing so, I hope that I can also convey the true spirit of the rights and responsibilities our forefathers garnered through determination, peace, compassion and tolerance.

We of the Alliance believe in a higher order and greater purpose for the inhabitants of this and every planet we encounter. We believe that through peaceful co-existence and non-interference, all sentient creatures and life forms can co-exist in a meaningful and harmonious way. Our history is the road map to this belief and every day we move forward into new and undiscovered latitudes.

The foundations of the Alliance can be traced back several thousand years with an event which conceivably could have prevented everything we have now accomplished. It began on the planet Terra where the inhabitants went about their lives oblivious to the many wonders of the cosmos. The mass populace had focused their cultural beliefs on a planetary level with little ambition to explore the stars as one united people. Instead they segmented their efforts for improvement and betterment of themselves into divide nations. Wars were fought to secure land when little did they realize that there were more worlds to explore than there were Terrans on their planet.

This solidarity continued until the cosmos refused to be ignored any longer. While monitoring the Lunar Colony race that was occurring between various nations attempting to collect resources from their moon, Terran scientists discovered the approach of a doomsday level event that would wipe the entire planet from the cosmic map. Their limited cosmic observation tools allowed them to detect a series of planet killer class asteroids approaching Terra. In less than two generation's time, the planet would be doomed for destruction.

It was at that time that the forward thinking members of the science, computer, business and political communities of Terra stood up and formed the Wayfarer's Collective. This group immediately took the fate of the planet into its hands in a peaceful yet resolute fashion. Over the next ten years the Terran political landscape changed drastically. People of all nations formed a coalition of the willing to lend whatever they could to help prevent this catastrophe.

No one can say for certain how this all transpired or the exact details of the global change of mindset. Those that wish to be contrary, question the righteousness and virtue of the Wayfarer's agenda, stating that violence and intimidation may have played a part in the transition. I on the other hand am of the mindset that there are many shades of right but only one color of wrong. Even today in our modern society we encounter life forms that are dead set on mutual annihilation. The Wayfarer's like our modern day Alliance intervene with force only when all other options have failed and only for the betterment of the greater good. While we believe in the rights and protection of all sentient beings, those liberties apply only to the point where one race's actions and beliefs jeopardize that of the greater cosmic community. But I digress...What is important is what came about from this change for the Terran people.

In the years that passed, the heart of the Alliance we know today was forged. Terrans began to avow themselves to their progeny in hopes for a better future for their people. Parents looked at their infants knowing that the future would literally hinge on the actions and strength of their children's children. They consciously instilled the hope, moral compass and determination required to make difficult sacrifices for the survival of their kind.

So for the next sixty years, the people of the planet Terra devised an escape plan for their civilization. That plan hinged on focusing the greatest scientific minds of the planet on the research and application of quantum mechanics. The research bore fruit and the first "Faster than Light" drone The Ambassador was successfully launched. Over the course of the next ten years more drones were launched and a plan was established for the evacuation of the planet Terra. This plan entailed the production of sixty thousand ships with rudimentary FTL hyper-drive capabilities. Each ship would belong to one of twelve fleets and carry eight thousand Terrans to redemption. This would account for five hundred million of the one billion people on the planet. The Terran people unified these efforts despite the knowledge that only half of their population could be saved. When the time came, volunteers from every walk of life agreed to stay planet side and help facilitate the successful launch and navigation of the escape ships. These Volunteers are honored every cycle on Volunteer's day, for without their sacrifice none of us would be here today.

Backstory - The Exile

02 The Terrans

Each of the twelve fleets was set on a course with the highest likelihood of finding an inhabitable planet. Each was named after one of the constellations of stars in the vicinity of its path. Approximately a year before annihilation struck, The Wayfarer's left planet Terra with the intent of proliferating their civilization. Their only goal was to find an uninhabited world capable of sustaining the Terran race.

Of the twelve Wayfarer fleets only two were known for certain to have survived the initial jump to warp speed. These two ships ran on parallel courses towards the Cosi system. Both ships managed to maintain intermittent communications throughout the years of space travel. The Aquarius commanded by Admiral Jacob Hull and The Cetus led by Hull's former second in command Captain Kojiro Vance, traveled valiantly where no other Terran had gone before.



Backstory - The Great Divide

After ten years of faster than light travel through incredibly difficult conditions, The Aquarius and The Cetus continued to blindly travel to their destination, not knowing what to expect when they arrived. The Cetus and The Aquarius were entering the final legs of their journey and both were dangerously low on many of the required supplies for continued maintenance of their fleet. Strict rationing and reassessment was necessary to ensure the survival of the crews. Optimism was short at hand along the way and it was up to both Admiral Hull and Captain Vance to motivate and console their crews, keeping them assured that a new home awaited them at the end of their journey.

It was at this time that the two ships encountered a strange deep space anomaly. The anomaly was approximately a week from their current location and both ships would pass within sub-light distances of it. Captain Vance's initial readings gave indication that the anomaly possessed the physical traits of some sort of super wormhole. As the two ships grew closer further readings detected some kind of faint subspace communication being emitted from the anomaly. The communications were in no discernible language but showed high indication signs that it could have been sent by intelligent life. The tonality of the "language" had a fluidity and timbre that could be almost considered pleasing.

The "Great Divide", a term the two commanders used to reference the anomaly, became the topic of a bitter debate between Hull and Vance. Over the next seven days research was conducted and the communications between the two fleets were documented for scientific review by future generations, just as we now do. Discussions remained civil if not unified on the subject until the final minutes before approaching "The Great Divide".

What you are about to hear are excerpts from the two ships final communications. Due to sub-space interference the delivery of the transmissions were staggered over time.



Ship Log: Countdown to intersect with Anomaly: T:01:02:20:

"Admiral Hull, with all due respect to you, our discussions, and our previous disagreements, I implore you to see the overwhelming justification and opportunity in exploring the 'Great Divide'. We have no proof that our initial research on the Cosi system is conclusive. It was conducted from seventy thousand light years away with an infant's perspective on the universe. For the past ten years, we have seen no signs of intelligent life other than these ephemeral signals reaching out to us from the 'Great Divide'. With the state of our supplies, the significant additional length of our journey as opposed to that of The Aquarius and the impossible odds of success we already face at our planned destination, I propose changing course and directing The Cetus fleet into the 'Great Divide' for hopes of a better future for our kind."

Ship Log: Countdown to intersect with Anomaly: T:00:59:20:

"Captain Vance, while I understand your emotion charged request and your concern for your crew, I cannot in good conscience agree with you or authorize you to deviate from the original planned course of action. There is simply no hard evidence to support what you are proposing. Your hope for first contact and a better chance of survival is in fact a reckless emotional response to an unknown factor. The initial readings of the Cosi system indicate a 43.34% chance of possessing planets capable of sustaining Terran life. A 28.45% margin is represented by The Cetus's initial target destination. Can't you see the odds are in our favor, Kojiro? Stay the course that the Volunteers sacrificed their lives to support!"

Commander Kojiro Vance

Chapter I

02

The Terrans



Ship Log: Countdown to intersect with Anomaly: T:00:52:11:

“Don’t preach to me about odds or the Volunteers, Jacob. Your fleet will know their fate one way or the other, seven years before mine does. By that time, the souls of my original crewmembers and friends will be lost in this vacuum of dust and dirt, never seeing their dreams or the dreams of their forefathers come to fruition. They and the Volunteers left on Terra will share the same fate, cast into the void with no hope for themselves or their progeny. How many people must sacrifice their lives on a crapshoot, Admiral? Make no mistake I’m not making this choice on their behalf. I am merely the voice piece of their brave decision process. My crew is clear on their sentiments about the hope that springs from ‘The Great Divide’. They have spent the past days without rest making every attempt to decode the sub-space messages. To the best of our analysis these voices in the void seem not only sentient but peaceful as well. Let me make this clear, my crew would rather risk their fates on the distant sounds of welcoming voices than on the toss of a die. Terra has already hit the cosmic lottery once when those giant space rocks came hurtling towards our home. This time we’d like a choice in the matter, sir. Following orders to the letter may have gotten you those stripes, sir but my gut tells me we’re right. That’s all the all the proof we need. Think for yourself for once, Jacob and join us.”

Ship Log: Countdown to intersect with Anomaly: T:00:42:01:

“Your gut instinct is not good enough, Vance! You have a responsibility to your crew as the Captain of your fleet. You must not let your own feelings corrupt your foresight and that of your crew. You are their leader, damn it, Kojiro! Where your mind wanders theirs will follow. You owe it to the people you have been charged to protect and shepherd to make the correct choice based on logic and scientific fact, not emotional instincts. The Cetus and its crew are bound by the Wayfarer’s directive and must stand by the commitment all those on board made when they left Terra. Please Kojiro, I beg you to see the error that you’re making. As much as I would like me to abandon logical thought and trust your instincts, my friend, I cannot. I order you as your former commander to default to my experience. I implore you as my friend, to hold your course, Kojiro.”

Ship Log: Countdown to intersect with Anomaly: T:00:28:49:

"Admiral Hull and remaining members of the Wayfarer's Collective, we of The Cetus fleet embark today on a journey into unknown horizons through the anomaly known as 'The Great Divide'. We do so not only for the sake of self-preservation but also in the interest of exploration. Out there, somewhere, beyond this strange unknown rift is a welcoming voice in an unknown language beckoning us to put our faith in a higher order. The nature of the universe is unpredictable and fate holds a hand for each of us. Brave men tread while cowards fear to dream. We the crew of The Cetus, intend to play this new draw we have been dealt. We choose to place our wager not in part but in full. We go forth with courage and hopes that we can all prosper in the future as one race on two planets. This is Captain Kojiro Vance on behalf of The Cetus fleet signing off."

Ship Log: Countdown to intersect with Anomaly: T:00:08:49:

"Captain Kojiro Vance commander of Wayfarer fleet, The Cetus, it grieves me to have to fulfill this duty. As your superior officer, I order you under regulation 7.542.7 of the Wayfarer's Collective statutes to change your navigational heading and redirect the intended course of your fleet away from the cosmic anomaly known as 'The Great Divide'! You are no longer acting in a reasonable or logical fashion! You refused a direct order and have forsaken your duties on a chance gamble from an unknown source. Your actions put you on the verge of endangering the wellbeing of your crew and the Wayfarer's Collective prime mission. I am therefore forced to relieve you of your command! Desist from your current course and surrender command of The Cetus to The Aquarius's remote pilot immediately! For the love of the maker, stop this madness and stand down! Stand down!"

Minutes later, The Cetus, Kojiro Vance, and the rest of the fleet disappeared into the anomaly and were never heard from again save for this final cryptic message received after their disappearance into the 'Great Divide'.

Portrait of Jacob Hull

Chapter I

02

The Terrans



Ship Log: Countdown to intersect with Anomaly: T:-00:22:49:

"Jacob, it grieves me to have to disregard your last order to me. We have never seen eye to eye on many things other than our love for life and of this great universe. While I doubt you a coward, you lack vision and depth to your conviction. With only moments left before The Cetus enters the 'Great Divide' I leave you with this quote in hopes that you will understand:

'Men of broader intellect know that there is no sharp distinction betwixt the real and the unreal; that all things appear as they do only by virtue of the delicate individual physical and mental media through which we are made conscious of them; but the prosaic materialism of the majority condemns as madness the flashes of super-sight which penetrate the common veil of obvious empiricism.'

Don't fear for us, Jacob, our course is true. By the maker! If you could only see what I am seeing right now..."

Time to mourn for the loss of the Cetus fleet was short. In the month that followed, The Aquarius arrived at its destination. The planet it discovered is now known as Aquarius One in memory of the lost fleets of Terra. The closest moon of Aquarius One is called Ceti Alpha Five in memory of The Cetus Fleet. Admiral Jacob Hull, besides leading his people to a new home world, went on to become an intergalactic ambassador, war hero and an outspoken leader of the Alliance fleets.

Hull's first hand witness to how perilous and difficult this pilgrimage was played a large part in his contributions to our cause. The Wayfarers were forced to rebuild their civilization from the foundations up with no outside interference and only a fraction of the people that once populated Terra. As daunting as it may have been, new beginnings brought hope and promise. As fortune would have it, the Terrans of Aquarius One were not alone in their new corner of space.



OFFICIAL STATEMENT OF THE INTERGALACTIC ALLIANCE

Backstory - New Allies

02

The Terrans

First contact was made with the Oberans of the Comis Quadrant approximately two years after landing on Aquarius One. Their home world of Cydonia closely reflected the course The Cetus fleet would have followed had they stayed their course. The Oberan culture and ideals were what we Terrans strove to emulate on our best day. Although the Oberan people are a proud and high-minded race of beings, negotiations and plans for the mutual benefit of our societies were built quickly and with almost no disagreements. Our leaders visited their planet and we shared technological advances freely. The dynamic exchange of beneficial information, culture and experience allowed us to grow at exponential rates and taught us an important lesson on advanced Techno-socio-political transparency. Once both cultures had the common knowledge of hyper-drive technology the universe was ours to explore and learn from. Together we established a new order and tenants that our two cultures would live by and teach to other likeminded life forms we encountered.

Together we would go boldly forward where others had yet to venture. We dedicated ourselves to compassion and loyalty to the common good. Our new collective name was the Wayfarer's Alliance and with it came our golden rule the Wayfarer's Doctrine. Admiral Hull's christening of this new Alliance is forever remembered in his Wayfarer's Address:

"We of the planet Terra did not pass quietly into this goodnight like a sun setting on the shore. No, we overcame greed and personal motivation and persevered into the infinity. We set sail into the unknown to find a new home and with great sacrifice we have succeeded.

Now new companions, the Oberan join us in our single minded pursuit of our new galaxy. In them, we have found kindred spirits of the same mettle, moxie and conviction as our own. Like us, they too have both explored beyond our own few thousands of miles of soil and sky to find a miraculous universe full of promise and wonder. Together like brothers we seek to unite all intelligent life forms under a single banner of peace, knowledge, compassion and tolerance for the betterment of our universal collective. Together on this day we join together as the Wayfarer's Alliance.

Backstory - New Allies

02

The Terrans

With this benevolent undertaking also comes a great responsibility. We will bear a duty to all civilizations we encounter. In order to preserve the natural order of evolution and development in our many travels we must have established rules that we will abide by without exception. We call these rules The Wayfarer's Doctrine.

The first and most important states: No Wayfarer will interfere with the natural internal development of any alien life form. In no way shall we introduce advanced technologies or the knowledge of such technologies to any less advanced life forms. We will always allow nature to run its natural course and be waiting to greet our new brothers when it is there time to set sail into the horizon. Above all else we must abide by this Doctrine, lest our benevolent intentions be for naught.

No sooner did our newly formed Alliance establish our Wayfarer's Doctrine did another new culture make itself known to us. The Thanerians appeared on our doorstep in a shape that was worse for wear. These people were no strangers to war and showed their battle scars on their ships and bodies. They had held the line that is the border of Scorpii quadrant for longer than we could ever imagine. Initially their ships caused a great deal of alarm due to the amount of heavy armaments but it became clear very quickly that these creatures came in peace.

Unlike the Oberan who lacked many obvious physical differences to our kind, the Thanerians were familiar in a different way. The canine faced creatures were all too reminiscent of our trusted home world companions making them hard for us Terrans to distrust them. Their passion for combat was equaled only by their sense of morality and loyalty. With the Thanerians came the tales of Center Space and of the malevolence of the Imperium,

The stories we were told were fantastic to us and for those that could remember brought up thoughts of fantasy and holo-vid movies. The fact that such a tyrannical race of supreme malevolence could exist was mind numbing. It became obviously apparent to us all that together we were morally obligated to fight this Imperium. And so that is when the Wayfarer Alliance was renamed more aptly as the Intergalactic Alliance.

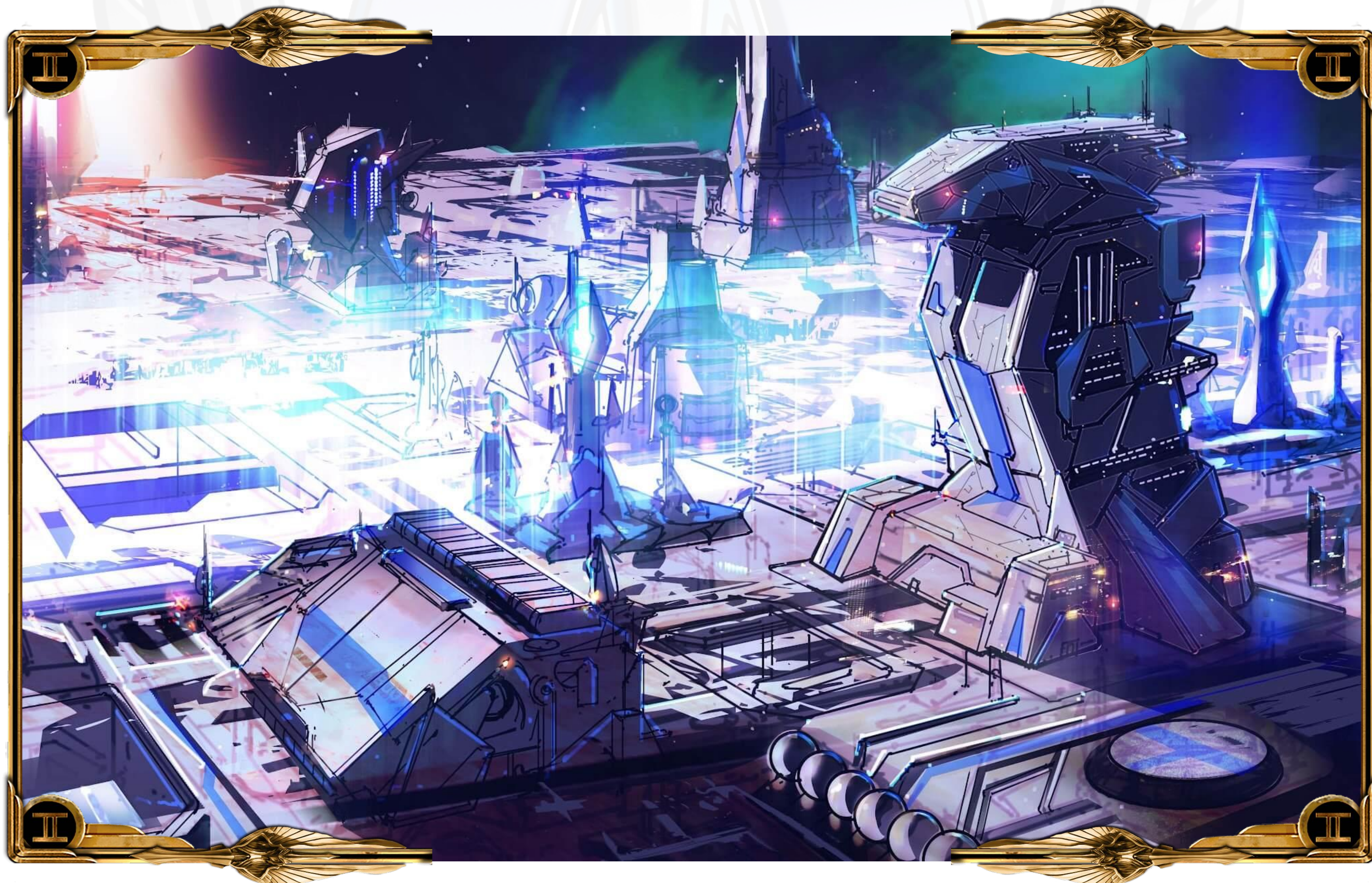
Backstory - New Allies

02 The Terrans

Together with the Thanerians we collectively developed and improved upon existing technologies to develop ships, defenses and even weapons that would allow us to protect other life forms from the cruelty of the Imperium. No greater or higher minded cause has ever been established.

And so, I implore you to consider with utmost resolve, your decision today. Signing on for service aboard an Alliance ship is not a duty to be taken lightly. I ask that you be honest with yourself and ensure that before you do so you not only remember but invoke the virtues of The Wayfarer's Doctrine: Diplomacy, Peace, Compassion and Tolerance. Go boldly and fight for these ideals. These are our rules to live and die by. If you can do this, welcome to the Alliance.

END HISTORICAL RECORD.





The Oberans

Chapter I – Section 3



Introduction to Oberans

03

The Oberan

Planet of Origin: Cydonia

Home Quadrant: The Comis Quadrant

Established: 4000 years ago

Coat of Arms / Faction Symbols: The Magram of Cydonia

Culture

Oberans tend to be very traditional and focus a lot on their own culture. For much of their youth, learning the teachings of the Magram of Cydonia is part of everyday life. Oberans peoples typically only have one name each and are traditionally only allowed to adopt a surname after finding a romantic partner. They base lots of their philosophies on the Magram, and often quote its scripture. The Magram is a set of four philosophical creeds, each with its own hand signal. The Oberan typically wear traditional ritual attire when not wearing their IGA uniforms.



Many years ago, my ancestors, through dedication, reasoning and superior philosophic principle reached a phase of enlightenment and higher thinking that few other intelligent races could ever hope to achieve. Because of this great achievement I am proud and honored to call myself of the Oberan. Knowing this brings sentiments of regret for those other intelligent life forms that are not as equally fortunate in their evolutionary process. I will attempt to educate you on the many accomplishments of inhabitants of Cydonia.

While those of lower self-discipline and ambition may be surprised by or even envious of our culture's rich and enlightened history, upon a thorough study of our teachings and achievements, I find that our forefather's higher thinking opens doorways that even the most closed minded of intelligent life forms find hard to reject. The path to this knowledge begins with the Magram of Cydonia, our overarching philosophy of the universe.

In order to fully explain the concepts of the Magram to a non-Oberan, I must speak to you as a youngling of our kind. I will begin by stating that it is essentially a philosophic principal. However, do not limit yourself to believing that the body does not follow the same fundamental path as the mind. By this same thinking, you can see that proven logical thought also breaks ground to practical science. 4000 years ago, my people walked the planet Cydonia, fully aware of the infinitely vast cosmos surrounding our home world. We were also of the strong belief that our kind was not alone in this cosmic maze called the universe.

Our forefather, Tau-Pol, founder of the Magram began teaching through a logical means that the universe was simply too vast and calculated for the Oberan to be a singular life form. Of course as we all know, Tau-Pol was correct.

For his Bar'jin the Oberan test of maturity, Tau-Pol committed to the task of climbing the highest peaks of the Veritos Mountains as retreat of contemplation. These mountains extended in height for miles at times breaking the lower levels of the stratosphere. The climb was perilous and Tau-Pol's light was at many times on the verge of being extinguished. The pilgrimage took the young Tau-Pol several dozen cycles during which he observed the night skies and noted the position and uncountable number of stars in the sky. These stars and constellations helped to guide his way to his destination. During the pilgrimage, the All Enlightened Tau-Pol began to contemplate the nature of the universe and problems of such a vast world.

It was more commonly taught in the time of Tao-Pol, what we now referred to as the Pre-History of Cydonia. The teachings spoke of all of the many shortcomings of our ignorance and incivility as a race in our nubile stages.

Civil wars, infighting and illogical jockeying for power and influence were common in the time before Enlightenment. Tau-Pol being of that era could not discount the possibility that if the Oberan could fall victim to these vices than any race could. Tau-Pol's most important concern was that we and other races not fall on this same path.

So Tau-Pol returned from the Veritos and took it upon himself to prepare future generations of Oberan for their roles as cosmic ambassadors. For decades he developed a global philosophy and scientific foundation for our kind using the stars and the universe as models for our beliefs. As time passed, we developed new methods to investigate the universe.

Each pattern Tau-Pol found in the constellations he marked and recorded. These patterns were found to repeat to form larger more complex patterns of constellations. The more he learned about the universe the more he recorded and contemplated the effects on our culture.

It was more commonly taught in the time of Tao-Pol, what we now referred to as the Pre-History of Cydonia. The teachings spoke of all of the many shortcomings of our ignorance and incivility as a race in our nubile stages. Civil wars, infighting and illogical jockeying for power and influence were common in the time before Enlightenment. Tau-Pol being of that era could not discount the possibility that if the Oberan could fall victim to these vices than any race could. Tau-Pol's most important concern was that we and other races not fall on this same path.

So Tau-Pol returned from the Veritos and took it upon himself to prepare future generations of Oberan for their roles as cosmic ambassadors. For decades he developed a global philosophy and scientific foundation for our kind using the stars and the universe as models for our beliefs. As time passed, we developed new methods to investigate the universe. Each pattern Tau-Pol found in the constellations he marked and recorded. These patterns were found to repeat to form larger more complex patterns of constellations. The more he learned about the universe the more he recorded and contemplated the effects on our culture.

It was then that the Magram of Cydonia first found its way into existence. After centuries of research Tao-Pol created three core philosophic creeds that would define our race.

The First is the Infinite. The fabric of existence is endless, which reminds us that in the expanse there is always more to be learned. We dedicate our lives to exploring the universe in the knowledge that there are others like us in its fold. We symbolize this by the gesture of the Infinite.

The Second is Exploration. This represents our need to forever explore the Infinite. If there is an unknown, through exploration we will know it. If there is a goal to be reached through searching the universe we will find it. We symbolize this with the gesture of Exploration.

The Third is Prosperity. We like all other intelligent creatures in the universe are entitled to the right to prosper as a race. We realize that all races do not advance or reach Enlightenment at the same pace and these creatures should be nurtured and allowed to explore the Infinite in their own manner. This is symbolized by the gesture of Prosperity.

For 340 years, Tau-Pol documented all of his studies and explored the universe every way that his scientific advances would allow but actual travel to the stars had eluded him. The wonder of what life on other worlds would be like. The miracles that the exploration of the universe would unveil were incalculable to even Tau-Pol. This one great mystery of the infinite was something he had longed to explore.

The light of his spark had burned low. It was at this time that he called for his final Cata'rjin, a rite of passage known as the last crusade of an Oberan's existence. Tau-Pol informed his peers that he wished to exit the universe in the same way he discovered it. And so, he and his most trusted advisors made the second pilgrimage to the Veritos. The journey was no less perilous the second time around. It was there in the final flickers of his light that they found what had eluded Tau-Pol all these years.

On the highest peaks of the Veritos, on a clear and starlit night, the horizon was broken by what could only be described as a space ship. The shuttle appeared mysteriously and without warning. One can only imagine the excitement and fulfillment our forefathers felt in these moments. Despite their overwhelming emotions their feelings were fleeting moments leading to the truth.

The twelve aliens that were encountered were of a different nature than expected. They were physically beautiful and elegant in every way imaginable. Each of their physical properties showed signs of advanced technologies at work. Upon initial introduction we found that their communicators were able to translate our not dissimilar languages. They called themselves diplomats and declared that their intentions on Cydonia were of the highest intent.

Portrait of Tau-Pol

Chapter I

03

The Oberan



Backstory - First Contact

03

The Oberan

It was not until Tau-Pol revealed himself as our leader that it became clear that these were not the enlightened students of the universe he had expected. In truth, they were nothing more than shipwrecked space urchins with the intent of exploitation. They were duplicitous in every sense of the word and ignorant to the higher purpose of the infinite. Their ship had been disposed from its fleet after undertaking damage of unknown origin. They had come to our planet for an emergency landing. Their goal was not one of exploration but of conquest and they would have succeeded had it not been for Tau-Pol. Taking advantage of Tau-Pol's wonder and hospitality, these creatures took him and his followers as hostages. These heartless creatures mocked his disbelief of their crude and ignorant malevolence.

For a dozen nights, Tau-Pol engaged these creatures negotiating with the Deceivers while offering them his own philosophy on the universe. A debate ensued which we call The Trial of the Magram. This battle of wits engaged these nameless intruders base nature. During the debate, Tau-Pol was able to glean a true picture of their origins and the true nature of their society. To his shock, these creatures admired duplicity and anarchy.

They mocked virtues such as honesty, integrity and fair play. When confronted how such technologically advanced a race could be so crude the truth was revealed. They themselves stole the technologies required for space travel through barter with another space faring race. The short but all too revealing lesson was enough to instill seeds of doubt and disenchantment, which set a path of thought in motion for Tau-Pol. In the end, Tau-Pol had won the debate but the conflict still ended violently.

It was only through bravery and sacrifice that escape was possible. After freeing themselves, Tau-Pol and his companions fought the invaders. Injured and with no hope of returning on foot, Tau-Pol used his brilliance to glean the knowledge necessary from their technology to pilot their shuttle back down from the Veritos peaks.

Upon arriving home to the capitol state of Tri'ble, he gathered all of the enlightened together and explained what had occurred on the peaks of Veritos. It was at that time the fourth and final creed of the Magram of Cydonia was created.

Solidarity is the creed that states through exploration of the infinite we will observe and share in the prosperity of other races. When they are ready we will attempt to form a bond of kinship with the likeminded races of the universe. We will share the wealth of the Magram with them and relish in the concepts of their beliefs. However, we will encounter those races that will not share in Enlightenment. Races that despite their technological advances have made no attempts to join the true meaning of the universe will be in abundance. It is in these cases that we will act in any way necessary to defend the tenants of our beliefs and fight against the corruption of our purpose but we will not compromise our creed of the Magram.

Tau-Pol in his death march then passed on his knowledge of the operation of the deceivers' shuttle and relinquished his energy into the universe. For centuries our people studied the Deceiver's technology and improved upon it. Within a lifetime, we had begun the exploration of the universe. How amazing would have it been for Tau-Pol to have seen such a thing. I believe that he would find our new companions the Terran of Aquarius 12 much better suited kinsman. Despite their inexperience and at times limited views of the universe, their philosophies stem from the same seed as ours.

Together we have formed an Intergalactic Alliance not of races but of principals and creeds that will never be compromised. In Solidarity, we will continue to take under our wing races like the Thanerians. Life forms ready to take the next step in their Exploration of the Infinite. Races ready to walk our path to Enlightenment.

I hope that now you can at least slightly grasp the depth and importance of Tau-Pol, of the Magram of Cydonia and of my people the Oberan. From all of my kind, I wish you Peace, Prosperity and Good Journeys to all.



Sir, can you tell me who rules the Oberan society?

In the grand tapestry of Oberan society, the High Council of Cydonia stands tall as the guiding force that shapes our planet's destiny. Picture it as a gathering of remarkable individuals from diverse backgrounds, each bringing their unique expertise to the table. This Council embodies the collective knowledge and wisdom of our people, with the esteemed elders holding a position of great reverence.

You see, the elders are the guardians of our cultural heritage and the custodians of tradition. They have dedicated their entire lives to serving our society and have gained profound insights along their journey. When the Council convenes, their voices carry immense weight and are regarded as essential in shaping the policies and laws that govern us.

The High Council reflects an enlightened approach to governance. The members of the Council represent different fields of expertise, contributing their insights to address the challenges we face. The elders, in particular, possess a wealth of knowledge acquired through their experiences and years of service.

What sets our society apart is the harmonious interplay between the wisdom of the elders and the aspirations of the younger generation. This balance ensures that we honor our rich cultural heritage while embracing progress and venturing into uncharted frontiers. By empowering the collective evolution of our society, the Council paves the way for a vibrant and prosperous Oberan civilization.

As an Oberan citizen, I take pride in our governance structure, which values the accumulated wisdom and experience of our elders. It is through their guidance and the collaboration of diverse minds that we navigate the complexities of our ever-changing universe and forge a path towards a brighter future.

As the Oberan society has flourished over the centuries, spanning many star systems, we have taken up the mantle of protectors of the weak and champions of justice in our region of the cosmos. Our commitment to fostering peace and prosperity has become a defining aspect of our civilization. We believe in the power of compassion and the responsibility to extend our guidance to those who need it.

When we first learned about the Intergalactic Alliance, or the IGA as it's commonly known, it was quite a cultural shock for us. It was a moment of profound realization that there is a vast organization spanning tens of galaxies, far beyond our own sphere of influence. We have always held our ways to be refined and superior to those of many other races, but encountering the IGA made us truly comprehend the grand scale of governance and the guiding principle known as the prime directive.

Despite our belief in our own cultural superiority, we have come to recognize that the format of governance and the prime directive of the IGA closely align with our goal of preserving peace and freedom of expression on a multi-galactic scale. It has prompted us to reassess our role as shepherds and guides to other races, understanding that while we may consider them inferior in certain aspects, it is our duty to protect and guide them along the path of enlightenment.

Embracing the IGA's framework allows us to expand our sphere of influence and foster collaboration with other races, even as we maintain our distinct identity and pride in our Oberan heritage. Our quest to be guardians of justice and peace now extends beyond our immediate region, encompassing the greater tapestry of the cosmos. By working within the IGA, we strive to promote understanding, cooperation, and the betterment of all sentient beings, no matter their origin or level of development.

So, as an Oberan citizen, I embrace our place in the Intergalactic Alliance, recognizing that it aligns with our commitment to protect and guide those in need. It is through this collaboration that we can have a meaningful impact on a grander scale and fulfill our duty as enlightened beings in a vast and complex universe.

The Thanerian

Chapter I – Section 4



Introduction to Thanerians

04 The Thanerian

Planet of Origin: Argos 1

Home Quadrant: The Comis Quadrant

Established: 12000 years ago

Coat of Arms / Faction Symbols: A Mastiff head in front of the fire moons of Argos

Culture

Family ties are very important to the Thanerians. Much of their clothing consists of armor adorned with family crests. They enjoy drinking Grizzwater, which is a product of their species and home planet, Argos. There are seven Thanerian years for every one Terran year, it is said that Thanerians live longer than Terrans by seven times.



Dobra Brawn Portrait



Backstory - Argos

04 The Thanerian

A long time ago, on the far, far rim of our galaxy, we Thanerians battled for the freedom of the universe against a merciless force like no other and alongside a rebel army like no other. Pull up some floor and let me tell you the tale of the bravest, most loyal and unwavering race in the galaxy.

Twelve thousand years ago, we Thanerians hunted, tracked and explored our home world of Argos. We fought and conquered the many wild beasts that call our planet home. Hydralaxi of every color and size had each of their heads severed under the weight of our ancestor's axes. For three millennia, my own ancestors passed down the preserved remains of a giant StarWorm that my forefather rode across the Aegean Lava pits until it was exhausted. When the beast landed he slew with his bare teeth and claw in single combat.

My family still possesses holo-images of the remains and I tell my own pups of the bravery of his old Alphas. Someday, I will show you them over a pint of Grizzwater and some Torkin jerky. Back in those early, primitive times, our kind dedicated hundreds of thousands of shrines to our gods in pursuit of our ultimate prize: praise and glory for our acts of bravery.

Over the next thousands of years, despite many great deeds by our Alphas and much howling at the sky, the gods did not answer us. Eventually some of our kind turned to science and the gods gave way to technology. Scientific developments brought our kind bigger weapons, faster travel and helped to expand our sights for the future to the many stars above our heads. Slowly we learned the art of space travel and with it interplanetary exploration.

Science became a valuable tool in the advancement of our race. While acolytes of science are not what many Thanerian fathers or mothers wish for from their pups, those that continue to pursue that path are honored for sacrificing the praise and glory of combat to help bring our pack closer to the gods. Personally, no member of my lineage has ever set foot in a laboratory unless it was to test a new weapon design. I am sure however the role of science is quite honorable.

Thanerian Marine

04 The Thanerian



Backstory - Argos

04 The Thanerian

As a proud race of people, our kind has always had its squabbles for leadership. Alphas struggling for control and respect of the pack date back to the beginning of our history. While these battles are never pretty, they are usually brief and always final. The losers usually limp away and lick their wounds only to rejoin the pack under the leadership of the new Alpha.

As a whole, Thanerians have grown to frown upon internal conflicts that end in death or even permanent injury. Since joining the IGA we realize that our race will need every set of paws possible, especially since the fall of the Jefari and the first rebellion. I am not ashamed to say that it grieves me to speak of my fallen comrades. Too many good beings gave their lives in sacrifice to the cause. I give praise to the Thanerians, Jefari and other noble races gave their lives to ensure the chance we have today.

In order to speak of the first rebellion against the Imperium, I must first tell you the story of The Fire Mastiff and Jefari. About two thousand Terran years ago, the Alphas of our people were preparing for the Celebration of the Fire Moons on Argos. Unlike Terrans, who measure their age in what they call years, our planet's revolution lasts seven standard years long. Our life cycles are much longer than humans but not nearly as long as the lofty Oberan.

Once every cycle, all of Argos celebrates as a single pack and rings in the beginning of this new cycle with drink and celebration. Both moons of Argos align side by side like two giant, fire-rimmed goblets of light in the burnt, orange sky and we honor all the comrades we have lost in our many adventures. In the previous years, our masters of science had designed many ships that allowed us to explore the planets of our galaxy.

Based on new breakthroughs, they had developed an advanced ship design able travel out of our galaxy at tremendous speeds faster than light. While the ship's exterior design was somewhat crude in appearance, the prospect it offered our people was miraculous. As you may realize, we Thanerians are always cautious and thus the ship was designed with full combat capabilities in case we were forced to defend ourselves.

Thanerian Spaceport Operator

04 The Thanerian



Backstory - The Rebellion

04 The Thanerian

During the great celebration, our forefathers launched our first interstellar ship, The Fire Mastiff for its historic inaugural flight to the outskirts of the galaxy. Commanded by Doba Brawn, the ship held the highest hopes of Argos. Despite some initial hyper drive issues, the launch went off without a hitch. For days the ship sent readings and regular updates on its progress through the galaxy. Unfortunately, as the ship approached the outer sector of our galaxy, we lost contact with The Fire Mastiff. Much time passed and all hope for recovering the ship was lost. It wasn't until the next Fire Moons Celebration that The Fire Mastiff was heard from again. To our surprise, it had returned to Argos but it did not return alone. On that fateful night, the entire sky was filled with space ships, so many that the twin moons could hardly be seen.

It was then that we learned of the rebellion against the Imperium. For the past Thanerian cycle, Dobra Brawn had joined forces with the hodgepodge boarder colony survivors of the Comis quadrant in an epic struggle against an impossibly powerful and irresistible opponent known as the Imperium. Dobra Brawn also brought the shocking news that the Imperium was not far behind and that their sites were set on our home galaxy and of the mysterious Inner Space that we boarded.

For hundreds of years prior to this, the Imperium had taken planet after planet, system after system leaving hundreds of races imprisoned or homeless in their wake. The Imperium's eternal plans of conquest pushed those star torn refugees that did escape death from one star system to another. These poor creatures were constantly on the run and living in the shadow of their oppressors. Their struggle was so epic it could fill nine volumes of holo-log transcripts. Their destitute plight was just the sort of impossible fight that we Thanerians had always hoped for. It wasn't until these homeless space urchins found the Jefari that the beginnings of the first rebellion were born.

The Return of The Fire Mastiff





Backstory - The Rebellion

04 The Thanerian

The Jefari were the first refugees from the earliest days of the Imperium's conquest. A wise race not unlike Terrans and Oberans, the Jefari possessed a slew of uncanny abilities. Their scientific and philosophical beliefs had opened doorways to discoveries that most would consider impossible. Through the merging of scientific know how and philosophic disciplines the Jefari were able to create sentient ships of immense power.

These ships were incredible pieces of technology that would bond with and respond to their captain's most subtle mental commands. Intense training was required to master the control and use of these ships to their fullest potential but a true Jefari fleet was a force to be reckoned with. The Jefari ships were known as Saber Wings and were without a doubt some of the mightiest ships in the galaxy.

Besides their incredible fleet, the Jefari themselves were naturally talented pilots and navigators that could do impossible things with any ship which they sat at the helm of. Like warrior poets they possessed a true passion and expertise for space flight and tactics like no other race I have ever seen. Since first discovering the Jefari, the Imperium wished nothing more than to possess their skills, secrets and technology. When the Jefari refused to submit to enslavement, the Imperium made it an imperative to destroy them to prevent anyone from using their secrets. When our kind met them only a few hundred Jefari remained.

For the next countless years, we fought in a grand struggle against the Imperium holding them at the doorway to the Comis quadrant, striking from hidden bases in truly heroic struggles along the outer edge of our galaxy. The Jafari helped to retrofit our ships with the needed firepower and upgrades to stand toe to toe with the Imperium. Some of our kind, like Dobra Brawn even learned the basics of their philosophy and of Saber Wing piloting. As our struggle raged on we were impossibly outnumbered and the outlook looked bleak.

Backstory - Refugees

04 The Thanerian

For every ship we destroyed two more soon came up to take its place. It was a dark time for our rebellion and it became evident that our defensive tactics could not win this conflict. So the remaining Jefari planned a massive initiative against the Imperium. Half of the Thanerian forces, along with all of the remaining refugees followed the Jefari into the heart of the Imperium territory with the one goal of destroying the Emperor's capital ship and ending the conflict once and for all. The rest of the Thanerian fleet was positioned defensively as a bulwark to prevent the Imperium advancing or routing our forces.

The details of the actual battle are unknown, but the losses to both sides were obviously great. For a time no further Imperium attacks occurred. We believed that our brothers in arms, the Jefari and other rebels had sacrificed their lives to end the evil of the Imperium and the Emperor. Alas, we were gravely wrong. The attacks that finally followed broke our remaining defenses, drove our ships from their hidden bases, and pushed us back until Argos stood as a footstool to the Imperium fleet. Over this time our fleet fell into disrepair. Despite the additions of Jefari technology our kind were not skilled in its maintenance and as each day passed we lost the edge we had once had. Our ragtag fleet of warriors was battle weary and had done all we could. It was then that we deferred to our scientists to make our next plan of action.

With no hope of holding our planet against the might of the Imperium fleet, we under advisement of our scientists issued a full retreat and set off in search of new allies and companions across the Comis quadrant. Our hope was to find allies and warn any intelligent life forms of the Imperium's advance. After five long cycles of pursuit, our fleet found those allies in the Terran's of Aquarius One. These new companions greeted us and took to our struggle as if it was their own. They sheltered us and opened the doors to their homes to let our kind in. Their kind-hearted nature formed an immediate bond with our people. Their allies the Oberan had great merits in the fields of science. They helped us to repair our ships and get our legs under us again. Their stoic wisdom reminds me of our fallen comrades the Jefari, although the Oberan seem to lack the heart that set the Jefari apart from all others.

Backstory - Refugees

04 The Thanerian

While not the ragtag outfit of castaways and space urchins we were accustomed to we are proud to stand with our new allies. Although their group mindset and tactics are sometimes more methodical than we are used to, we give praise to their bravery and honor. Now together as one unified force, we prepare to face the Imperium and all others who would wish to conquer or oppress the weak head on, not as refugees or castaways but as a force for good known as the Intergalactic Alliance.





IGA Lexicon

Chapter I – Section 5



- **Terrans:** A race of human like people from the planet Terra. The Terran race was forced to abandon their home world and seek out new worlds to support their people after discovering the approach of several planet killer class asteroids heading towards their planet.
- **Wayfarer's Collective:** A group formed after learning of the impending destruction of Terra by planet killer asteroids comprised of forward thinking members from the science, computer, business and political communities of the many nations of Terra. This group immediately took the fate of the planet into its hands in a peaceful yet resolute fashion
- **The Ambassador:** The first of twelve faster than light speed drone launched by Terrans to find inhabitable planets outside of their galaxy.
- **Volunteers' Day:** Volunteers from every walk of life agreed to stay planet side and help facilitate the successful launch and navigation of the Wayfarer Collective's escape ships from the planet Terra. These Volunteers are honored every cycle on Volunteer's day a worldwide holiday honoring their sacrifice.
- **The Aquarius:** The command ship and namesake for one of the twelve Wayfarer Collective fleets sent to find new worlds capable of sustaining Terran life. The Aquarius fleet was commanded by Admiral Jacob Hull and was the only Terran fleet known to survive the exodus from Terra.
- **Aquarius One:** The new home world of the Terran race which was named after the fleet that found it and the eleven other fleets that perished in their searches.
- **Admiral Jacob Hull:** A patriot and leader of the Terran people who led the Aquarius fleet to their new home world.
 - **Wayfarer's Address:** A famous speech given by Admiral Hull after the first contact with the Oberan. This speech details some of the most important elements of the Wayfarer's Doctrine.
- **The Cetus:** The command ship and namesake for one of the twelve wayfarer Collective fleets sent to find new worlds capable of sustaining Terran life. The Cetus was traveling on a parallel course to The Aquarius (presumably heading for Cydonia or Argos) and was commanded by Captain Kojiro Vance. The Cetus fleet willingly changed course prior to arrival to explore a space anomaly known as 'The Great Divide' and was never heard from again.
- **Captan Kojiro Vance:** Commander of *The Cetus* fleet and former first officer of Admiral Jacob Hull, Vance believed that the sub-space communication coming from the anomaly known as 'The Great Divide' represented intelligent life and a better prospect for his crew's chances of survival.
- **The Wayfarer's Alliance:** The short-lived but historically significant alliance between the Oberan and Terran people. This alliance was later renamed the Intergalactic Alliance after first contact with the Thanerian people.

- **The Wayfarer's Doctrine:** A collection of doctrines and rules meant to serve as the principles behind all of the Intergalactic Alliances actions and exploration.
 - The first and most important states: "No Wayfarer will interfere with the natural internal development of any alien life form. In no way shall we introduce advanced technologies or the knowledge of such technologies to any less advanced life forms. We will always allow nature to run its course and be waiting to greet our new brothers when it is there time to set sail into the horizon. Above all else we must abide by this Doctrine, lest our benevolent intentions be for naught."
- **The Oberan:** A race of stoic, philosophical beings similar to Terrans in appearance from the planet Cydonia. The Oberan are the oldest and longest-lived interstellar race in the Comis quadrant.
- **Magram of Cydonia:** A detailed philosophic belief system containing four key principals and symbolic gestures developed by Tau-Pol that incorporates their collective thinking.
 - The First is the Infinite. The fabric of existence is endless, which reminds us that in the expanse there is always more to be learned. We dedicate our lives to exploring the universe in the knowledge that there are others like us in its fold. We symbolize this by the gesture of the Infinite.
 - The Second is Exploration. This represents our need to forever explore the Infinite. If there is an unknown, through exploration we will know it. If there is a goal to be reached through searching the universe we will find it. We symbolize this with the gesture of Exploration.
 - The Third is Prosperity. We like all other intelligent creatures in the universe are entitled to the right to prosper as a race. We realize that all races do not advance or reach Enlightenment at the same pace and these creatures should be nurtured and allowed to explore the Infinite in their own manner. This is symbolized by the gesture of Prosperity.
 - The Last is Solidarity. Through Exploration of the Infinite we will observe and share in the Prosperity of other races. When they are ready we will attempt to form a bond of kinship with the likeminded races of the universe. We will share the wealth of the Magram with them and relish in the concepts of their beliefs. However, we know that we will encounter races that will not share in Enlightenment. Those races who despite their technological advances have made no attempts to join the true meaning of the universe. It is in these cases that we will act in any way necessary to defend the tenants of our beliefs and fight against the corruption of our purpose without compromising the creed of the Magram.
- **Tri' ble:** Capitol city of the planet Cydonia.
- **"Peace, Prosperity and Good Journeys":** An expression started by Tau-Pol, which has been adopted by the Intergalactic Alliance.

- **Thanerians:** A canine like race of creatures from the planet Argos on the outer edge of the Comis quadrant. Thanerians are very long lived with an average life expectancy that is seven times as long as a Terran.
- **Argos:** The home planet of the Thanerians, which is now under Imperium occupation. Argos sits on the edge of Imperium territory and the boarder of Inner Space.
- **Hydralaxi:** Fierce, Giant, multi-headed creatures of varying color native to Argos.
- **StarWurm:** Enormous winged flying creatures capable of skirting the upper atmosphere of Argos for a limited time. These creatures after long flights eventual succumb to the cold and lack of oxygen and must land to rest for a short time before taking off again.
- **Grizzwater:** Thanerian refreshment served cold in large flasks.
- **Torkin jerky:** A Thanerian snack made from the meat of the Torkin, a medium sized deer like creature native to Argos.
- **The Fire Mastiff:** The first interstellar capable ship launched by the Thanerians.
- **Dobra Brawn:** Captain of *The Fire Mastiff* who fought in the first rebellion. He was one of the few Thanerians to be able to learn to pilot a Jefari Saber Wing.
- **The First Rebellion:** An epic struggle against the Imperium, which started with the Jefari and enlisted hundreds of orphaned races in its fight. The First Rebellion failed despite the intervention and sacrifice of the Jefari and half the Thanerian fleet.
- **Celebration of the Fire Moons:** An event to ring in the new cycle on Argos. The event occurs once every seven Terran years. During the event the two moons of Argos sit side by side like two fire-rimmed goblets.
- **The Jefari:** A mysterious race of Terran like creatures with incredible piloting and ship building skills. They were the first victims of the Imperium and have since been made extinct. Their abilities come from a unique philosophic belief enabling them to bond their minds with their ships.
- **Saber Wings:** The incredibly powerful, sentient fighter ships designed by the Jefari.
- **"Give Praise":** A Thanerian expression used

IGA Constitution

Chapter I – Section 6



IGA Constitution Preamble

06 IGA Constitution

We, the diverse citizens of the Intergalactic Alliance, United in the pursuit of peace, justice, and cooperation among galaxies, establish this Constitution as the fundamental law for our multi-galactic federation. Recognizing the inherent dignity of all beings and their right to freedom and solidarity, we commit ourselves to the principles of respect, cooperation, and subsidiarity. With reverence for our shared heritage and the sacrifices made for peace, we solemnly declare this Constitution to safeguard the rights and freedoms of all citizens and to guide the work of our public institutions.

All members should follow the Moral Code of Dignity

No pleasure or satisfaction shall be taken on the suffering of others.

You shall show compassion to those who are lost on the path of light.

Each IGA member is to act for the greater good, disobeying a direct order is sentenced by death.

IGA Galactic Senate on the planet of Aquarius 1





Article I: Foundation and Supremacy of the Constitution

1. The Constitution shall serve as the supreme law of the Intergalactic Alliance, guaranteeing the rights and obligations of all citizens.
2. The legislative powers of the Alliance shall reside in the Senate, consisting of a Senate and House of Representatives.
3. The laws of thermodynamics shall take precedence over the Alliance Constitution.

Article II: Principles and Objectives

1. The Intergalactic Alliance shall promote the common good of its citizens and uphold the values of freedom, justice, and social cooperation.
2. The Alliance shall protect the independence, integrity, and security of its territory, ensuring the rights and freedoms of its inhabitants, while preserving the natural environment through sustainable development.
3. The Alliance shall facilitate equal access to cultural products, recognizing their significance in shaping the identity and development of humanity.
4. Organizations promoting totalitarianism, adhococracy, racial hatred, or violence for power or policy influence shall be prohibited.
5. The Alliance shall guarantee freedom for the formation and functioning of trade unions, socio-occupational organizations, voluntary associations, and foundations. Freedom of the press and other means of social communication shall be protected by the Alliance.

Article III: Moral Code of Dignity

1. The Intergalactic Alliance upholds a moral code based on the principles of dignity and compassion.
2. No pleasure or satisfaction shall be derived from the suffering of others.
3. Compassion shall be extended to those who have strayed from the path of light, guiding them towards redemption.
4. The Alliance shall always act for the greater good, and disobedience of a direct order shall be punishable by death.

In conclusion, this Constitution establishes the foundation for a democratic and cooperative multi-galactic federation, ensuring the rights, freedoms, and dignity of all citizens within the Intergalactic Alliance. It serves as a guiding document, fostering peace, justice, and the pursuit of the greater good among the diverse galaxies that comprise our federation.

Article IV: Structure and Governance

Section 1: Galactic Representation

1. Each galaxy within the IGA shall elect a President as its representative in the Senate.
2. The President shall serve as the primary voice and advocate for their respective galaxy, working in collaboration with the Senate to address intergalactic matters.

Section 2: The Senate

1. The Senate shall be the principal legislative body of the Intergalactic Alliance, responsible for enacting laws, approving treaties, and overseeing the functioning of the Alliance.
2. Senators shall be elected by the citizens of their respective galaxies, and their terms of office shall be determined by the electoral laws of each galaxy.
3. The Senate shall uphold the principles of democracy, transparency, and accountability, ensuring fair representation and equal participation of all galaxies.
4. The Senate shall establish committees and commissions to address specific issues and promote effective governance within the Intergalactic Alliance.
5. The voting is done via an ancient intergalactic decentralized network called Hedera.

Section 3: Galactic Autonomy and Subsidiarity

1. Each galaxy within the Intergalactic Alliance shall retain a degree of autonomy, managing its internal affairs, cultural heritage, and local governance.
2. The principle of subsidiarity shall guide the distribution of powers, ensuring that decisions are made at the lowest appropriate level, while centralizing authority only when necessary for the common good.

Article V: Rights and Freedoms

Section 1: Fundamental Rights

1. Every citizen of the Intergalactic Alliance shall possess inherent and inalienable rights, including the right to life, liberty, and security of person.
2. The Alliance shall guarantee freedom of thought, expression, religion, and belief, respecting the diversity of cultures and philosophies among its citizens.
3. Equality before the law, regardless of race, ethnicity, gender, sexual orientation, or any other characteristic, shall be upheld and protected.

Articles V, VI, VII

06 IGA Constitution

Section 2: Social and Economic Rights

1. The Alliance shall strive to ensure social justice, combating poverty, discrimination, and inequality.
2. Every citizen shall have the right to education, healthcare, housing, and a basic standard of living.
3. The Alliance shall foster economic opportunities, promoting fair competition, entrepreneurship, and innovation, while safeguarding the well-being of workers.

Article VI: Peace and Security

Section 1: Peaceful Coexistence

1. The Intergalactic Alliance shall be committed to the promotion of peace, the resolution of conflicts through peaceful means, and the prevention of violence and aggression.
2. Military forces shall be maintained solely for the defense and security of the Alliance and its galaxies.

Section 2: Collective Security

1. The Alliance shall establish mechanisms for collective security, fostering cooperation and coordination among its member galaxies to address common threats and challenges.
2. The Senate shall oversee the collective security framework, ensuring the fair and equitable distribution of resources and responsibilities.

Article VII: Amendments and Ratification

Section 1: Amendment Process

1. The Constitution of the Intergalactic Alliance may be amended or revised through a democratic process.
2. Proposals for amendments must be initiated by the Senate or by a majority of the galaxy presidents.
3. Amendments shall require a two-thirds majority vote in the Senate and subsequent ratification by at least three-fourths of the galaxy presidents.

Articles VII, VIII, IX

06 IGA Constitution

Section 2: Ratification

1. This Constitution shall come into effect upon ratification by a majority of the galaxy presidents.
2. Each galaxy shall have the right to ratify the Constitution through its established democratic procedures.
3. Galaxies that have not ratified the Constitution may seek observer status within the Intergalactic Alliance, participating in discussions and activities without voting rights.

Article VIII: Supremacy and Interpretation

Section 1: Supremacy

1. The Constitution of the Intergalactic Alliance shall be the supreme law governing the activities and interactions of the member galaxies.
2. All laws, regulations, and actions of the Intergalactic Alliance and its member galaxies must conform to the provisions of this Constitution.

Section 2: Interpretation

1. The Senate, through a designated Constitutional Court, shall have the authority to interpret the provisions of this Constitution.
2. The decisions of the Constitutional Court shall be binding on all member galaxies and entities within the Intergalactic Alliance.

Article IX: Withdrawal and Termination

Section 1: Voluntary Withdrawal

1. Any galaxy that wishes to withdraw from the Intergalactic Alliance shall provide written notice to the Senate and the other member galaxies.
2. The withdrawal shall take effect one year from the date of the notice, during which the withdrawing galaxy shall fulfill its obligations and responsibilities.

Section 2: Termination

1. In the event of a severe breach of the Constitution by a member galaxy, the Senate, through a two-thirds majority vote, may terminate the membership of the respective galaxy.
2. Termination shall require the approval of three-fourths of the remaining member galaxies.

Article X: Final Provisions

Section 1: Transitional Arrangements

1. Upon the adoption of this Constitution, a transitional period shall be established to ensure the smooth implementation of its provisions.
2. During the transitional period, existing laws and institutions shall remain in effect, unless they are in conflict with the Constitution.

Section 2: Enactment and Implementation

1. This Constitution shall come into force upon ratification by a majority of the galaxy presidents.
2. The Senate, in coordination with the galaxy presidents, shall oversee the implementation and enforcement of the Constitution.
3. Member galaxies shall enact domestic legislation and mechanisms necessary to align their laws and practices with the provisions of this Constitution.

Article XI: Human Rights and Fundamental Freedoms

Section 1: Universal Human Rights

1. The Intergalactic Alliance recognizes and upholds the universal and inherent human rights of all its citizens, without distinction of any kind, such as race, color, sex, language, religion, political or other opinion, national or social origin, property, birth, or other status.
2. The Alliance shall ensure the protection and promotion of civil, political, economic, social, and cultural rights, as articulated in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights and other relevant intergalactic instruments.

Section 2: Equality and Non-Discrimination

1. The Alliance shall guarantee equality before the law and equal protection of rights for all its citizens.
2. Discrimination, in any form, shall be prohibited, and affirmative actions may be taken to address historical inequalities and promote inclusivity.

Articles XI, XII

06 IGA Constitution

Section 2: Equality and Non-Discrimination

1. The Alliance shall guarantee equality before the law and equal protection of rights for all its citizens.
2. Discrimination, in any form, shall be prohibited, and affirmative actions may be taken to address historical inequalities and promote inclusivity.

Section 3: Freedom of Expression and Information

1. Every citizen shall have the right to freedom of expression, including the freedom to seek, receive, and impart information and ideas through any media and regardless of frontiers.
2. The Alliance shall promote a diverse and pluralistic media landscape, ensuring the free flow of information and fostering an informed and engaged citizenry.

Section 4: Right to Privacy and Data Protection

1. Every citizen shall have the right to privacy and protection of their personal data.
2. The Alliance shall establish safeguards and regulations to protect against unauthorized access, use, or disclosure of personal information, while balancing legitimate security concerns.

Section 5: Right to Justice and Fair Trial

1. The Alliance shall ensure access to justice for all citizens, promoting the rule of law, due process, and the right to a fair and impartial trial.
2. Legal assistance and remedies shall be provided to those in need, fostering a system of justice that upholds rights and addresses grievances.

Article XII: Intergalactic Cooperation and Solidarity

Section 1: Cooperative Endeavors

1. The Intergalactic Alliance shall encourage and facilitate cooperation among its member galaxies in various fields, including science, technology, education, culture, trade, and exploration.
2. Collaborative projects and initiatives shall be pursued to address common challenges, advance knowledge, and promote the well-being of all citizens.

Articles XII, XIII

06 IGA Constitution

Section 2: Mutual Assistance and Aid

1. Member galaxies shall provide mutual assistance and support in times of need, including disaster relief, humanitarian aid, and the sharing of resources and expertise.
2. The Alliance shall establish mechanisms to coordinate and facilitate such assistance, fostering solidarity and empathy among its member galaxies.

Section 3: Sustainable Development and Environmental Stewardship

1. The Intergalactic Alliance recognizes the importance of sustainable development and the responsible use of resources.
2. Member galaxies shall strive to protect and preserve the natural environment, mitigate climate change, and promote eco-friendly practices, ensuring the well-being of current and future generations.

Article XIII: Peace and Security Treaty

Section 1: Establishment of the Intergalactic Security Organization (IGSO)

1. The Intergalactic Alliance, recognizing the importance of collective security and the maintenance of peace, establishes the Intergalactic Security Organization (IGSO).
2. The IGSO shall serve as a forum for member galaxies to consult and cooperate in matters relating to peace, security, and defense.

Section 2: Principles of the IGSO

1. The IGSO shall be guided by the principles of collective defense, deterrence, and peaceful resolution of disputes.
2. Member galaxies shall contribute to the common defense efforts in a manner consistent with their capabilities, aiming to ensure the security and stability of the Intergalactic Alliance.

Section 3: Mutual Defense and Assistance

1. An armed attack against any member galaxy shall be considered an attack against the entire Intergalactic Alliance.
2. Member galaxies shall provide assistance and support to a fellow member under attack, in accordance with the provisions of the IGSO.

Article XIII

06 IGA Constitution

Section 4: Consultation and Decision-Making

1. The IGSO shall promote regular consultations among member galaxies to address security challenges, exchange information, and coordinate defense policies.
2. Decision-making within the IGSO shall be based on consensus or, where consensus is not achievable, a qualified majority vote.

Section 5: Peaceful Dispute Resolution

1. The IGSO shall facilitate peaceful resolution of disputes among member galaxies through diplomatic means, dialogue, and mediation.
2. Member galaxies shall be encouraged to seek peaceful means of resolving conflicts and refrain from the use of force, except in self-defense as provided under intergalactic law.

Section 6: Partnership and Cooperation

1. The IGSO may enter into partnerships and alliances with other intergalactic organizations or entities that share the values and objectives of the Intergalactic Alliance.
2. Cooperation and interoperability among member galaxies' defense forces shall be promoted to enhance collective security and defense capabilities.

Section 7: Treaty Revision and Amendments

1. This Peace and Security Treaty may be revised or amended by the consensus or qualified majority vote of the member galaxies, following proper consultation and deliberation.
2. Any amendments or revisions shall not compromise the fundamental principles and objectives of the Intergalactic Alliance or the IGSO.

The Tyrannar Empire

Chapter II – Section 1



A Tyrannar Base

01 Tyrannar Empire



The Oath & Codex of Tyrannus

01 Tyrannar Empire

The Oath to Tyrannus

By the word of the Great Tyrannus, we shall conquer and reign supreme:

Our bodies are weapons of the Empire, our souls devoted to Tyrannus.

Honor lies in victory or death, and we embrace both without fear.

We would rather perish standing than live subjugated on our knees.

Battles are our playground, for we know no fear in the face of war.

The demise of our enemies shall forever bring us joy.

No mercy shall be shown to the weak who oppose us.

War is our purpose, our driving force, and our destiny.

In the Tyrannar Empire, the only truth is our dominion.

The Nine have proclaimed and the law it is

1. In the name of the Tyrannar Empire, life shall flourish.
2. All souls born within our domain belong solely to the Empire.
3. All beings in the universe must pledge unwavering allegiance to our rule.
4. Any lands possessed by lesser life forms shall be seized in the name of Tyrannus.
5. All subjects of the Tyrannar Empire, regardless of sex, race, or education, shall possess equal rights in the eyes of Tyrannus.
6. Only the strong are worthy of standing among our ranks.
7. The weak are destined to be purged from existence.
8. Every inhabitant of the Tyrannar Empire bears the sacred duty to defend Tyrannus' values. To betray the Empire is the gravest crime, punishable more harshly than death itself.
9. The Nine enforce strict adherence to the codex by all who submit to their authority.
10. The judgments rendered by The Nine are irrevocable.
11. All life forms are created to safeguard the Tyrannar Empire.
12. The supreme power of the Tyrannar Empire resides solely with The Nine.

Tyrannar Recruitment Poster

01 Tyrannar Empire



FOR

TYRANNUS



Tyrannar Empire Overview

01 Tyrannar Empire

The Tyrannar Empire is the oldest of the three player-run factions. Ruled by The Nine a powerful council of Supreme Archons, the Empire has flourished for centuries. Some say that the Empire was formed from lesser races within Imperium space, banished during the Galactic Wars but this rumor has never been substantiated and no one dare ask the Imperium for their side of the story.

Doctrine of the Authority faction

- All actions are to further the glory of the Tyrannar Empire
- Defeat all enemies swiftly, decisively, and without remorse
- Forge unbreakable bonds with your allies as their success is the Empire's success
- Amass personal wealth and power for as you grow so does the Empire

Political Philosophy: Oligarchy

The Nine are a group of nine Supreme Archons represented by three master races of the Tyrannar Empire.

Ruling Practice: Authoritarian

Characterized by submission to authority. It is usually opposed to individualism and democracy. In politics, an authoritarian government is one in which political authority is concentrated in a small group of politicians, in this case, The Nine.

Tyrannar Empire Goals:

- Reduce the influence of the other factions
- Control and colonize Center Space
- Usurp the mantle of the Imperium

Fleet Admiral Jannon Tr'avar

01 Tyrannar Empire



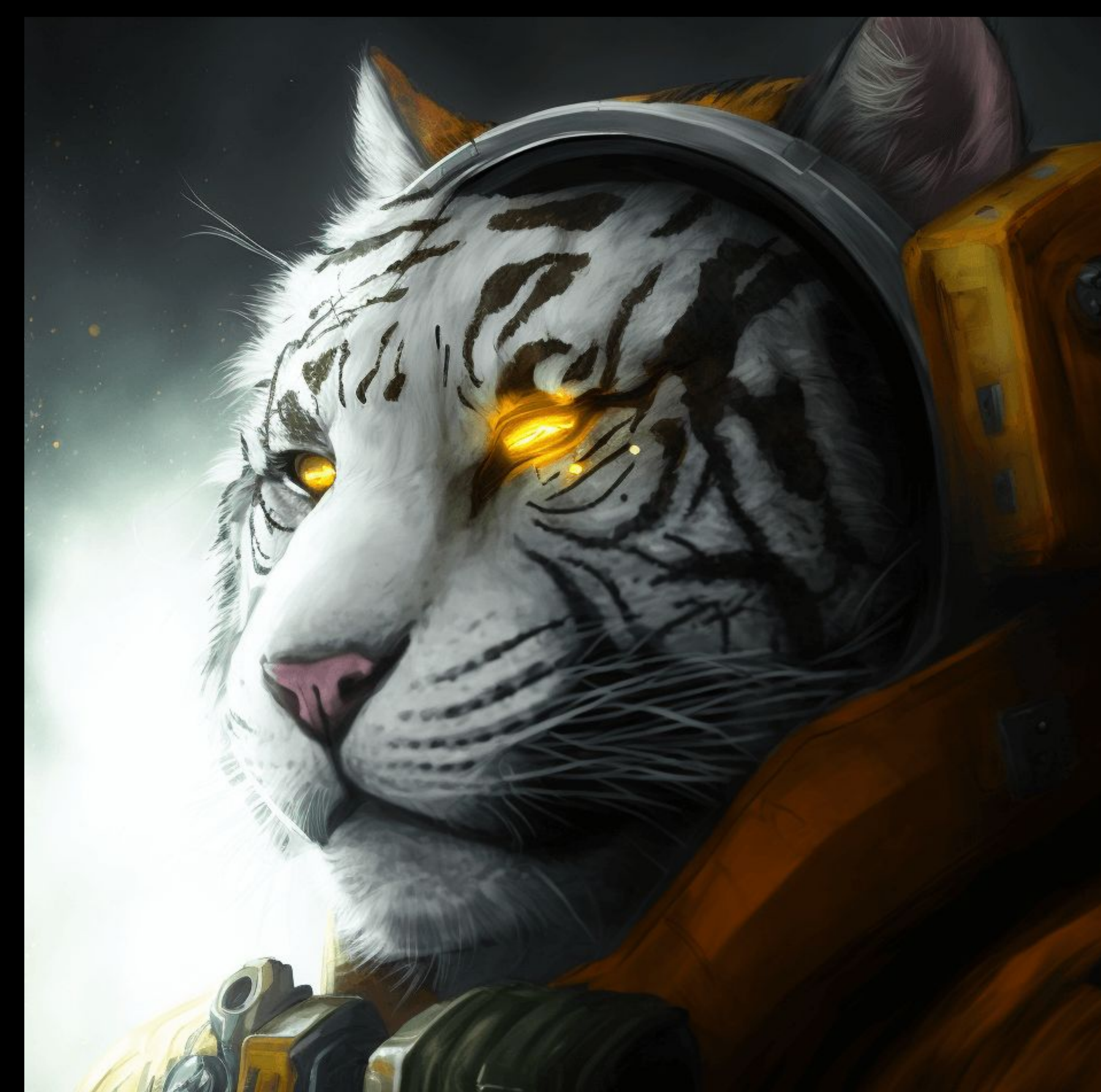
Major Races of Tyrannar Empire

01 Tyrannar Empire

Ares Magna



Regulans



Lacertans



Major Races of Tyrannar Empire

01 Tyrannar Empire

Ares Magna:

The typical Ares Magna stands a towering ten feet tall. Human-like in appearance, the Ares Magna adorn themselves in heavy armor accentuated by flowing robes giving them an almost regal appearance which suits their personalities to perfection. Skin tones range from earth tones to various shades of grey.

- o Human-Like Appearance
- o Britannia-Like Hierarchy
- o Dominant Personality

Lacerta

The Lacerta are a reptilian race standing up to six feet tall. Their light to thickly scaled skin ranges from deep green tones to blues, reds, browns and yellows. They prefer form-fitting clothing to maintain body heat or heavy heat-generating armor.

- o Reptilian Humanoid Appearance
- o Mongolian-Like Hierarchy
- o Brooding Personality

Regula

Regulans are a tall slender race standing six to seven feet tall. The Regulans are Feline-like in appearance, but stand on two legs. Their hair can be nearly any shade of color as well as pattern.

- o Feline Humanoid Appearance
- o Russian-Like Hierarchy
- o Aggressive Personality

Portraits



Ares Magna

Chapter II – Section 2



Introduction to Ares Magnas

02

Ares Magna

Planet of Origin: Ares Prime

Home Quadrant: The Iratus Quadrant

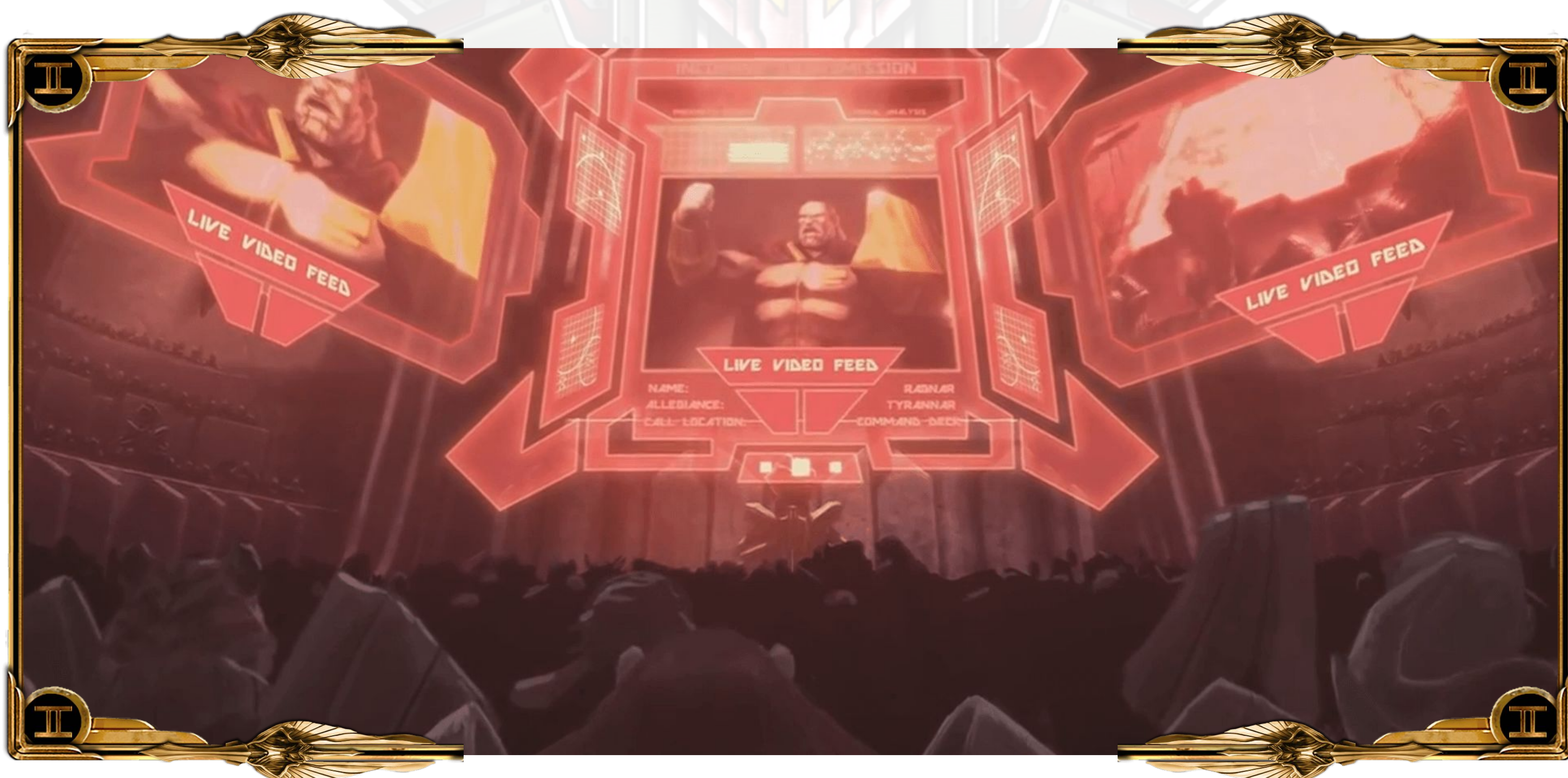
Established: Approx. 5,000 years ago

Coat of Arms / Faction Symbols: Burning Fist

Culture

The Burning Hand is a symbol represents the Ares Magna and their emblazoned passion for conquest. A clenched armored fist ready to crush any who oppose their righteous crusade. Each member of this race will gladly give their life for the sake of glory, in the name of conquest, and in honor of their Empire, so long as their death is not meaningless.

Their regal armor and apparel are quite imposing, symbolizing their warrior and gladiator-like natures. Their Tyrannar Wine, often regarded as a spoil of war by the other factions, is drank in hearty amounts during their celebrations. The drink is concocted from a blend of exotic fruits from their planet of origin, Ares Prime. They allegedly led the first rebellion against the Imperium, as articles from The Stand say, about Ragnar Tyrannus.



Backstory - The Dominant

02

Ares Magna

For five hundred centuries, we of the Ares Magna have conquered and laid waste to all who stood against us on a battlefield. We have left the bones of those weak and insufferable life forms that would oppose us, bleaching on the cold, blood stained stones of Indomitus. We have trained and prepared each day for war because even in our earliest history, we understood that through war there is power, honor and respect. Through conquest we affirmed our righteous authority to rule as the dominant species on Ares Prime.

When our home world was void of opposition, we took our tools of conquest and hurled ourselves into the void of space. At first our reach was limited but on planet after planet, dozens of weak, unworthy creatures fell before the Burning Hand. It was during these early decades of expansion that the Prime Archon Tyrannus brought honor to our Empire.

His lessons of blood and siege formed the architecture of our society and the legacy of Tyrannus Empire. Before the legendary acts of Prime Archon Tyrannus, we were known as the undefeatable Ares Magna. It wasn't until Tyrannus' genius and brutality united three blood lines into one Empire. Together we became the true Authority destined to rule this galaxy.

In his conquests, Prime Archon Tyrannus encountered only two races that he deemed of the proper stock, mindset, and loyalty to join us in our goals of galactic conquest. The Regula and the Lacerta were fierce, proud races of warriors not unlike the Ares Magna.

For nearly three hundred years, these two races had fought for control of the planet Ferocia, a brutal and unforgiving landscape. Each race was committed to the extermination of the other. Each race teetered on the precipice of breaching the speed of light and setting forth into the stars.

Typical Tyrannar City Scape



Typical Tyrannar City Scape



Backstory - The True Authority

02

Ares Magna

Our Prime Archon Tyrannus could have ended the conflict in moments by merely backing either one of the two races and providing them the tools of conquest needed to eradicate the other. This act would have ensured one loyal ally. In his wisdom and battle cunning, Prime Archon chose a different path and thereby altered the future of the Tyrannar Empire forever. Prime Archon instead chose to attack both races without mercy or discrimination. As the Prime Archon expected, the Regula and Lacerta soon joined forces to resist this new superior invasion threat. Combined their uncompromising, feral desire for victory and conquest was incredibly formidable.

So impressed was the Prime Archon, that after decisively routing and thoroughly bombarding both races back to their primordial states, he offered them a choice. Tyrannus flagship lead the fleet as it hovered above the great and now burning jungles of the Ferocia.

Every communication device on the planet transmitted our great leader's stoic address:

"In mere weeks I have ended what neither Lacerta nor Regula could accomplish in three hundred years of blood. And in turn, my threat to your insignificant world has awoken greatness in you both of you. This is the power of the Ares Magna! This is the power of the Burning Hand! This is the hand I Prime Archon Tyrannus now extend! So I ask this once of you, will you accept and become the sword and shield of the one true authority in the galaxy? Or will be crushed before it and forgotten forever more? Decide now!"

The allegiance born of blood and death on that day was the starting point of our indomitable bond today. Together as one Empire, we executed on our designs of ruling the galaxy. The Burning Fist, The Blazing Sword and The Drakhan Shield became the three symbols with one meaning; utter doom for any that stood in The Empire's path. Plasma artillery and Proton cannon barrages rained onto any planet that resisted us.

When The Imperium rose up and eradicated our boarder colonies, it was Tyrannus whose flagship was first to strike at the heart of the Parvas Quadrant.

The Path of The Mighty

02

Ares Magna

The people of Ares Magna, a distinguished faction within the Tyrannar Empire, abide by the ancient Codex of Tyrannar to settle disputes and challenges. Rooted in the belief that might determines authority, the strongest warriors engage in ritualistic battles, embodying the essence of the empire's power. Their bodies become weapons, and their souls are devoted to Tyrannus.

These intense and merciless clashes serve as a testament to the empire's iron rule, reinforcing the established hierarchical order governed by The Nine. The victor, basking in the glory of triumph, witnesses their desires validated and their will upheld, while the defeated are compelled to submit, acknowledging their inferiority. It is an unwavering system where power becomes the ultimate currency in shaping the destiny of the inhabitants of Ares Magna.

Within the thunderous clash of weapons, the combatants embody the values inscribed in the Codex of Tyrannar. Honor is not solely confined to victory but encompasses the unwavering courage to face death without fear. The warriors stand resolute, refusing to bow to subjugation, embracing the creed that dying with dignity surpasses a life of servitude.

In this brutal theater of war, battles become their playground, devoid of fear when confronted with the chaotic face of conflict. The demise of their enemies elicits primal joy, a fervent celebration of their indomitable strength and the fulfillment of Tyrannus' will. Mercy finds no refuge in their hearts, as the weak who dare oppose them are swiftly eradicated, their futile resistance met with ruthless punishment.

War itself assumes the mantle of purpose, driving force, and destiny. They revel in the righteous violence that upholds the dominion of the Tyrannar Empire. Each inhabitant of Ares Magna bears the sacred duty to defend Tyrannus' values, as betrayal of the empire is deemed a crime far more heinous than death. The Nine, unwavering in their authority, ensure strict adherence to the codex, rendering judgments that are irrevocable.

The Path of The Mighty

02

Ares Magna

Within this system, all life forms are molded as defenders of the Tyrannar Empire. From the moment of birth, their souls belong solely to the empire, transcending notions of sex, race, or education. Equal rights are bestowed upon all subjects, their worth measured solely by their strength and allegiance. Lesser life forms find their lands confiscated in the name of Tyrannus, as the empire's dominion expands with relentless force.

In the realm of Ares Magna, power flows exclusively through The Nine, the supreme arbiters of the Tyrannar Empire. Their word is law, their authority unchallenged. Each inhabitant is driven by fervent loyalty, ready to sacrifice all for the eternal glory of Tyrannus. Such is the essence of Ares Magna, a faction within the Tyrannar Empire, where the ritualistic battles dictated by the Codex of Tyrannar shape the destiny of its people, ensuring that the strongest always triumph and have their way.



Backstory - The Stand

02

Ares Magna

Against impossible odds, Tyrannus's warship, The Ares' Fury was the last to fall taking with it fourteen Imperium carriers and safe guarding the strategic retreat of nine battle cruisers. While under intense fire, Tyrannus opened all communication channels and began his final address to his people.

Records later showed that The Ares' Fury's life support systems had been destroyed and Tyrannus in his last moment of defiance had filled his ships escape pods with nuclear weapons, and launched them out to bombard the Imperium fleets. Throughout the remaining, fleeting time and with no means of escape, Tyrannus continued to fire until his own and the crew's last breaths.

During what is admirably remembered as "The Stand of Tyrannus"; Tyrannus gave a rally cry like no other ever performed. To this day "The Stand" is shown at rallies, addresses, and prior to key battles to remember Tyrannus and the reasons we are the greatest Empire in the universe.

"Attention: All members of The Tyrannar Empire. This is Prime Archon Tyrannus transmitting from the heart of the Parvas Quadrant. Today we confronted a new enemy, a powerful adversary unlike any we have faced before. This new opponent will push the limits of our mettle as warriors. They will challenge the very purpose of our great Empire."

"Though this enemy is strong, we are stronger. We will meet this adversary head on, on their grounds as we always have. We will strike at them where they live, sleep and eat and show these usurpers that we are not afraid. We will fight until our weapons fail, our hulls break, and our shields shatter! We will fight unto our last breath."

"As my final act as Prime Archon, I decree the following; my absence will be filled by a new conglomerate comprised of three representatives from our hand, sword and shield. Three Ares magna, three Regula and three Lacerta shall lead the Empire from this day forward. These new Supreme Archons, The Nine will take our Empire to new heights, greater conquests and to total victory over all who stand against us!"

Supreme Archon Jemma Virril'an

Chapter II

02

Ares Magna



Backstory - The Stand

02

Ares Magna

“My great Empire, I leave you now to show our enemies that we will never stop fighting. While all others fall by their hand, WE SHALL STAND STRONG! Show them that history will never forget.. the name of ‘Tyrannar Empi---SIGNAL LOST---“

It was Tryannus' wish before he met his death to elect his successors. Three Supreme Archons from each of the three entitled races of the Empire, one from each of the surviving ships of the conflict would form what we now refer to as The Nine.

The Nine wield the power of The Burning Hand, The Blazing Sword and The Drakhan Shield to the same purpose as the original designs of the Prime Archon Tyrannus and their will is considered the word of The Prime Authority.



Backstory - The Stand

02

Ares Magna

The Stand of Tyrannus will be forever remembered and respected as the greatest loss and most triumphant victory of the Tyrannar Empire. While none of the survivors saw Tyrannus' glorious death, I have personally speculated that The Ares' Fury was not destroyed by the Imperium. My tactical analysis of the battle indicates that it is somewhere on the edges of the Parvas Quadrant and Center Space.

Since that time, on every planet we have conquered, we become like gods, to be worshiped for our lenience and feared when provoked. What we now call the Iratus Quadrant is the staging ground for our conquest of the galaxy. These insurgent forces that claim stake to the Center Space will tremble at the power of our armadas. When all is done there will be no one, not even the Imperium to stop us from avenging Tyrannus and claiming Center Space and all its untold wonders.



Last Glimpse of Ragnar Tyrannus Facing Imperium Head On





The Regula

Chapter II – Section 3



Introduction to Regulans

03

The Regula

Planet of Origin: Ferrocia

Home Quadrant: The Iratus Quadrant

Established: Approx. 1500 years ago

Coat of Arms / Faction Symbols: Blazing Sword

Culture

Within the Tyrannar Empire, the Regula use the Blazing Sword as their symbol. Sharing the same planet as the Lacerta, the planet Ferrocia is a tropical planet, exhibiting many swamp-like elements and mountainous terrains.

Much of it still remains unexplored with many ancient artifacts scattered through. The Regula fought with the Lacerta for supremacy on the planet before the intervention of the Ares Magna, these wars, in turn, caused the stagnation of technological development.



So, you wish to hear the tale of the Regula? You are wanting to be impressed by our culture and our luminescent contributions to the universe.

Of course you are not.

You are wanting to hear a tale of blood and combat. You are wanting to know how we the kings and queens of the planet Ferocia, joined the single most deadly battle force in all the four quadrants. You are wanting to know how we are becoming the Blazing Sword of the Tyrannar Empire.

Well, then I am the Regulan to tell you.

When I was very young not more than a cubling, my mother laid out my Inertium crossbow and my plasma whip on the table and said in our native tongue:

"Today you become my son or I bury a stranger on the battlefield."

She then, placed my first Inferno Blade on the table and told me to return with the blood of my enemy on it. So it is easy to understand the Regulan warrior, because what boy does not want to please his mother.

I returned that day with the heads of ten Lacerta warriors and placed them at my lovely, mother's feet. Then together we made "Pobyeda Cun", Victory Soup from their eyeballs.

This is the way of the Regula.



For as long as our history is recording, we have occupied the planet Ferocia with our new brothers in arms the Lacerta. We of the Regula have defended the Northlands of the planet Ferocia, from the Erudite Jungles to the Grand Steppes of the Anderian Mountains.

We are not historians or sociologists that are logging statistics about migration and birth weight of our cublings. We are not philosophers that ponder if actions are right or wrong or why we are being what we are being.

We have always known this answer from the beginning. Why because we have always been warriors. In many ways we are not very different from the Lacerta, which is why for 300 hundred years we fought against them in the War of Favor.

Now this tale, this is a tale you are wanting to hear.

We of the Regula have always had a ruler and that ruler has always been our source of inspiration. So when the Great Numbing came, the Erudite Jungles froze over until they became tundra. This calamity froze our cities and killed thousands of our kind without a fight to be had.

Out of desperation, P'Tara, our first Ctzar or what you might call a queen, led her nation North into the Steppes. It was on the highest peaks of the Anderian Mountains that she found something that would be changing the Regula forever.

On that unreachable, blistering cold summit, P'Tara, the first Ctzar of the Regula found the resting place of our creator and god, Terrox. And it was here that Terrox was teaching the new ways of combat to P'tara.

Supreme Archon Paw Car'ver



Regulan Backstory - 300 Years

03

The Regula

As a reward for finding his resting place, Terrox gave P'tara the gift of salvation for the Regula and was putting an end to the Great Numbing. It was then Terrox was showing her of technologies and weapons like none she had ever been seeing. With these foundations, P'Tara was able to transform the Regulans into the warriors we are today.

Before leaving, Terrox commanded our Ctzar that to the south beyond the Great Fire Marshes of Boglodesh was the destiny of the Regula. Before this time, no Regulan had entered the Fire Marshes and returned.

So, the cold was withdrawing by the grace of Terrox and P'Tara lead our nation home to our native battlefield to prepare for our incursion into the Fire Marshes. We gathered our forces on the foot of the Marshes and found that we were not alone there. Another massive force of strange, repulsive outsiders was gathering on the foot of the marsh as well. It was then for the first time that we met our enemies.

So in triumphant speech of epic proportions, our courageous Ctzar P'Tara announced our claim to the Fire Marshes on behalf of our god Terrox. And so would you believe that the Lacerta responded by giving not nearly as epic or courageous speech proclaiming their right to the Erudite Jungles on behalf of Terrox as well. So argument led to fight led to the War of Approbation.

For three hundred years, we Regula fought the Lacerta for complete domination of Ferocia. The only enemy ever known to us was the Lacerta. Regulan cublings was being raised with no other desire than to win the favor of Terrox. Three generations of Regulan cublings born with a bloodlust to destroy the Lacerta. Over time we learned their ways and they learned ours. War forms strange relationships. We knew their language, culture, tactics and weaknesses as well as we knew our own.

Regulan Backstory - 300 Years

03

The Regula

What you are wanting to know is how could two such hated enemies ever make peace and become one fighting force. The answer is quite simple. Through the military genius of Prime Archon Tyrannus, a common enemy presented itself. Tyrannus taught us through the lessons of battle that the Lacerta and Regula were not two armies but one force that had been training together for three hundred years. Now that the truth was revealed the rest of the universe was our new battleground. Terrox's grand scheme was brought to fruition and Prime Archon Tyrannus was his righteous avatar.

And so, Regulan and Lacerta fight together, side by side as brothers in arms under the splendorous banner of the Tyrannar Empire. Together with the Ares Magna the Regula form the Blazing Sword of the Empire. We shall always and forever be thankful for the gifts we have received from the Ares Magna. We now live for the glory and honor of The Empire and the will of the Nine.

If however, you are wanting the whole truth, straight from the Regula's jaws, there are still small number of Regulan sons and daughters that miss the taste of their mother's homemade "Pobyeda Cun".



The Regular Language

03

The Regula

Not much is known about the Regular language. It is said that when the Prime Archon Tyrannus indicted both the Regulars and Lacertans into his empire he effectively purged their culture, all works of literature as well as the language and numerical systems as they were very incompatible with one used by the Tyrannar Empire.

One of the core issues with that the Regulars had in their assimilation time was the transition from an octal numerical system to the standard decimal.

The words in the Regular language were written on stone and metal tablets using their claws. It is said that their culture held many secrets and the artifacts that were preserved during the Tyrannar purge may be the key needed to unlock great treasures.





The Lacerta

Chapter II – Section 4



Introduction to Lacertan

04

The Lacerta

Planet of Origin: Ferrocia

Home Quadrant: The Iratus Quadrant

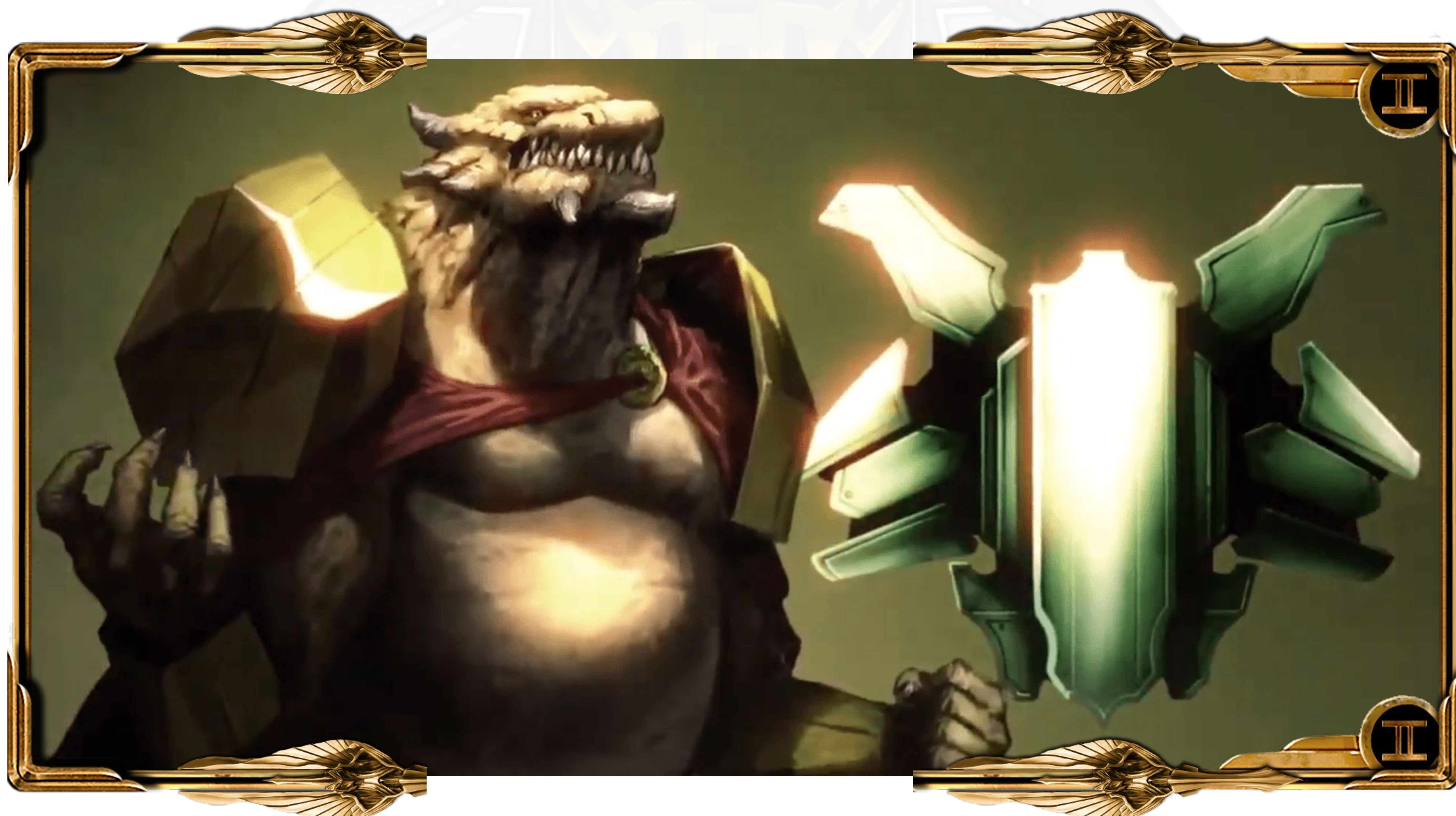
Established: Approx. 1500 years ago

Coat of Arms / Faction Symbols: The Drakhan Shield

Culture

The Drakhan Shield symbol represents the tenacity and unyielding voracity of the Lacerta and their incredible longevity in combat. The Drakhan Shield glows red with a scaled texture and a sharp fang shaped top.

Violent and warlike, they are among the first to go into battle for the Empire. Their overall tactics reflect the training they receive, but their racial traits still dictate the strategies they use. They prefer head-on assaults and near-suicidal charges to the sneaky stealth attacks of their feline coinhabitants, the Regula, and tend to lean toward the aggressive steamroller of the towering humanoids, the Ares Magna.



Sit, join me and I will recite to you a story of greatness and honor like no other you will ever hear. I will dictate to you the heraldry of Kahn-Khala, Master Warlords of the Lacerta. I will educate you on the Khari-Mata, the tome of battle that the Lacerta have held and preserved above all else as the greatest piece of our history. I will tell you how these things became one with the greatest Empire in the known universe, to form the Drakhan shield of the Tyrannar Empire.

In order to tell you these things, I must first tell you of our beginnings. I will treat you like a newly hatched Bogling. I will begin my tale where they begin, in the Fire Marshes of Ferocia. This is the birthplace of the Lacerta and this place is our home. In our service as the Drakhan Shield of the Empire, we return to this place rarely now. Our purpose is elsewhere but the Fire Marshes will always be our home.

In thousands of years of Lacerta history only once have we been made to leave the Fire Marshes. This was not the act of an invading force but the will of Khan-Khala Ghen. It is a time known to all as The Great Scorching. The bogs began to boil. Death mists rose from the waters to suffocate hatchlings. Our skin was cracked like leather and the damp ground became like hot stone under our feet. Our tongues dried in our mouths until even the strongest of our warriors could barely hunt.

With little choices, Khan-Khala Ghen lead his tribe south in ships of his own design toward The Ice Isles of Ferocia. The Southern Light guided our kind through the cold Mongo Sea to The Ice Isles. It was there that we found the home of our god, Terrox. Khan-Khala Ghen was bathed in knowledge and given weapons beyond all conception. In a ceremony of immense power Khan Khala Ghen invoked the spirit of Terrox and drove the heat from the Fire Marshes and made our home safe for our return. Terrox then told him to document our history and to return home. Terrox told us for our servitude we would have claim to the forbidden Erudite Jungles.



It was then that the Khan Kala Ghen ordered the creation of the Kari-Mata and wrote our first proverb of battle in it:

"Adapt or die".

Since that time, 2323 proverbs have been added to the Kari-Mata.

When we returned home we found invaders on our doorstep. Strange fierce creatures laying claim to what we had been given and what had always been ours. For three hundred years the Khan-Khala set the wills of the Lacerta armies against those of the Regula to bring honor and glory to our race in the name of Terrox. This began the Battle of Favor.

The lamentations of Regulan women were like hymns of praise to the ears of our warriors. Their grief became what was best in life. While their forces drove forward with rage and fury, Khan-Khala honed our patience and impenetrable defense. Inch by inch we would claim our Erudite Jungle from the Regula; because as the Khari-Mata states:

"Patience in battle bears the fruit of victory."

Despite the glory of our Khari-Mata, it was not until the Ares Magna arrived led by Prime Archon Tyrannus that we learned the true meaning of battle. Despite our feud, neither our people nor the Regula could match the power and technology of the Ares Magna alone. Without a choice, Lacerta and Regula became one force and once together it was as if we had always been. Our knowledge of each other made the transition seamless. Many a proverb, were added to the Khari-Mata in the weeks the conflict lasted.

Lacertan Warrior Concept Art

04

The Lacerta



It was on the last day of the conflict that Khan-Khala Mun went to face the Prime Archon Tyrannus alone in ship-to-ship combat. It was Mun's intent to end the battle by killing the leader of the Ares Magna forces. As the proverb states:

"An army without a head is a lifeless corpse."

It was on that day that we of the Lacerta named a new Khan Khala. His name was Tyrannus. From that day forward, we were no longer the Lacerta of Ferocia but the Drakhan Shield of the Tyrannar Empire. In his time as the Khan Khala of the Lacerta, Prime Archon Tyrannus added 1323 proverbs to the Khari-Mata. The last was on the day of his death. Quite simply it states:

"While all others fall by their hand, WE SHALL STAND STRONG!"

For this sacrifice and the lessons he has taught us, we will forever hold the lines of battle and protect our kinsman of the Tyrannar Empire.





Tyrannar Lexicon

Chapter II – Section 5



- **Prime Archon Tyrannus:** The most prolific leader of the Tyrannar Empire. His leadership advanced the Empire to become masters of the Iratus Quadrant. He is also responsible for routing and recruiting the Regula and Lacerta into the fold of the Ares Magna to form the Empire. He is arguably considered the greatest tactician of all time. His final address to the Empire known as the "Stand" and the strategy behind his onslaught against the Imperium taught as tactical scripture across the universe and used as a rallying point for the Empire.
- **The Indomitus aka The Indomitus Mountains:** A massive mountain range composed of black crystalline volcanic shards. The Indomitus spans the entire length of the main continent of Ares Prime. The Diamond like shards comprising the mountain are so dense and jagged that they can pierce even Plasteel armor.
- **The Three Legions of Tyrannar:** The three symbols that embody each of the three master races of the Tyrannar Empire.
 - **The Burning Fist** represents the Ares Magna and their emblazoned passion for conquest. A clenched armored fist ready to crush any who oppose their righteous crusade.
 - **The Blazing Sword** represents the speed, skill and power of the Regula, These great cats, like lions form a fighting force to be feared across the universe. The Blazing Sword is like lightning tethered to a huge two-handed pommel.
 - **The Drakhan Shield** represents the tenacity and unyielding voracity of the Lacerta and their incredible longevity in combat. The Drakhan shield glows red with a scaled texture and a sharp fang shaped top.
- **Ares' Fury:** This is the legendary Flagship of Prime Archon Tyrannus. The ship sustained heavy damage by the Imperium in a conflict known as The Stand of Tyrannus. It is rumored to be shipwrecked somewhere in the between The Scorpium Quadrant and Center Space. This behemoth of a ship had incredible offensive and defensive abilities. Legend states that Tyrannus' remains are on the ship, his hands still at the firing controls...
- **The Stand of Tyrannus:** Prime Archon Tyrannus' final battle against the Imperium fleet is the stuff of legends and ballads. Rumors that the ship is still salvageable and may contain unknown technologies have been a topic of discussion and speculation across the entire Tyrannar Empire.
- **The First Nine:** These were the first appointed Nine to rule in place of Prime Archon Tyrannus.

- **The Great Numbing:** A massive Ice Age like freeze that overcame the Erudite Jungles and spread into the Anderian Mountains. This was the inspiration for the great pilgrimage north to find the home of the Regular god that caused the cold.
- **The Great Scorching:** A similar event to The Great Numbing that involved a geothermic heating of The Great Fire Marshes. This event caused the exile of the Lacerta and forced them south to seek out Terrox.
- **Terrox:** Regular and Laserta “god” who put both races at odds in the War of Favor.
 - **ADDITIONAL CONTENTS OF THIS ARTICLE ARE CLASSIFIED**
- **“Pobyeda Cun” AKA Victory Soup:** An old Regular delicacy made from the eyeballs of their opponents the Lacerta. Since joining the Tyrannar Empire this delicacy is no longer politically correct.
- **Khari-Mata:** The book of Battle of the Lacerta started by their first Khan Khala Ghen. It chronicles battle philosophies and tactical inferences of the Lacerta’s over three hundred years of battle experience.
- **Khan Khala:** The leader of the Lacerta and battle prophet to their race. His knowledge is chronicled in the Khari-Mata as proverbs to serve as a history and philosophy of their battle prowess.
 - **Khan Khala Ghen:** The Khan Khala of the Lacerta that led them to The Ice Isles and started the tradition of the Khari-Mata.
 - **Khan Khala Mun:** The leader of the Lacerta during the end of The War of Favor. He died in ship-to-ship combat against Prime Archon Tyrannus.
- **Tyrannar wine AKA The Blood of Tyrannus:** A fine rare export of the Tyrannar Empire known for its potent blend of rare intoxicating fermented fruits of the planet Ares. It has become an exclusive spoil of ware for the Intergalactic Alliance and other factions. The Tyrannar drink their wine at full potency while members of other races tend to mix it with fruit juices as a cocktail.



The Sovereignty

Chapter III – Section 1



Introduction to The Sovereignty

01

Sovereignty

The Sovereignty is the most secretive and manipulative of all the factions. There is an old saying amongst the other factions that states; "Better to trust a ravenous Thresher Beast than the actions of The Sovereignty".

Doctrine of the Anarchism faction

- To achieve true Freedom I must remain powerful and my enemies weak
- Personal responsibility is paramount in sustaining a thriving society
- Anticipation, Observation and Indifference allow for the greatest Manipulation
- The true nature of Balance is to remain neutral in all things, never bragging of exploits or victories but instead letting material wealth show my worth

Political Philosophy:

- Anarchism: The Sovereignty has no true ruling class but instead everyone within takes personal responsibility for their own existence.

Ruling Practice:

- Adhocracy: All members of an organization have the authority within their areas of specialization, and in coordination with other members, to make decisions and to take actions affecting the future of the organization. There is an overall absence of hierarchy with the exceptions of military ranks and commerce responsibilities. These ranks are earned per vocation and not inherited.

The Sovereignty Goals:

- Manipulate the other factions into all-out war with each other
- Control Center Space from behind the scenes
- Manipulate the Imperium to the benefit of The Sovereignty

Malus



So'Toth



Veil



Sovereignty - Major Races



Sovereignty - Major Races

01

Sovereignty

Malus: The Malus are an attractive, powerful humanoid race standing six feet to seven feet tall. Their sense of style and opulence is legendary throughout the galaxy. Malus natural skin tones are unknown as they use cosmetic sciences to alter them.

- o Human-Like Appearance and shapeshifting abilities
- o Byzantine-Like Hierarchy (Military)
- o Seductive Personality

So'Toth: The So'Toth are a trans-dimensional race, originating from normal space but due to their excursions into The Void, they 'assimilated' residual properties. So'Toth are vaguely humanoid in appearance looking more like an human-insect-squid hybrid. Their skin tones are dark browns, reds, and grays. They wear layered robes with ornate hoods or segmented armor.

- o Humanoid-Like Appearance
- o Edo-Like Hierarchy (Military)
- o Cold, Calculating Personality

Veil: The appearance of the Veil is unknown. They outfit themselves in large ornate suits of armor, leaving little indication of their natural appearance. These suits come in many shapes and colors, some have many appendages and some just a few. Some walk while others hover.

- o Humanoid Appearance (generally)
- o Ottoman-Like Hierarchy (Military)
- o Manipulative Personality

Portraits



Braxis Seven Shores

Chapter III

01

Sovereignty



The Malus

Chapter III – Section 2



Introduction to Malus

02

The Malus

Planet of Origin: Loki

Home Quadrant: The Umbra Quadrant

Established: 11000 years ago

Coat of Arms / Faction Symbols: The Sovereignty faction symbol

Culture

Malus are known for their passion for negotiation and exhibit cunning, seductive, and amorous temperaments. Many of their professions range within the realm of trade and services, with little regard to particulars, only profit.

Most of the enslaved colonies under their control were acquired through trade. They are not known to die of old age or age at all.



Backstory - The Trustworthy

<Com-link Active: Outgoing Transmission: IGA Trustworthy >

I offer you my kind greetings, fellow spacefarer. Our scanners picked up that your ship appears to be experiencing some mechanical difficulties. What an unfortunate set of circumstances you have fallen into it seems. It is truly very fortunate then that our ship was heading at a similar Nav course as your own. Wouldn't you agree?

Of course your sensors didn't detect us. Is it not apparent that you are having technical difficulties? Perhaps you've underestimated the severity of the damages to your vessel.

Help you? My what an interesting proposition. Perhaps, that could be arranged. By mere chance, our sensors detected a large quantity of Corellian Blaster cores on board your ship. Would you be interested in a trade of some kind for services rendered?

I see. You don't trade with strangers, especially with races that you are unfamiliar with. I can tell by your choice of maxims to live by that you are a wise and universally attractive leader, which your crew should envy and admire. Allow me to remedy this impasse by coming aboard and familiarizing you personally with my people. Please allow me to slip into something a bit less formal before coming aboard.

<Com-link Inactive: Outgoing Transmission: Terminated >

It does not surprise me that your race knows little of my kind. We prefer to remain unnoticed for lack of a better word. Unlike your kind we do not advertise our existence and ideologies. We go to great lengths to ensure that our business is all our own. In fact, I would even say that we value our privacy above all else on a universal scale. Thank you, again for showing me your engineering deck. How trusting of you to give me such an expansive tour of your ship. I can tell that we will be able to engage in many interesting negotiations in the foreseeable future.

Backstory - The Trustworthy

Wine? Of course, I would love some refreshments. Feel free to exude your hospitality onto me as much as it pleases you.

This Tyrannar wine is absolutely divine. How unguarded of you to show me your private collection and the vast size of your internal cargo stores. I must say that it excites me to see how much you have and how willing you are to display it. I'm sure you are well respected among your own kind for such behavior. Cheers to that!

Well of course I could tell you more about my people, but I am afraid that my forthcoming discourse might put me and other members of my race at a disadvantage. I wouldn't want you to run into any of my kind at a later date and disclose that I spoke about their private affairs. That would be considered taboo and in direct breach of our personal beliefs.

My name? Now Captain, aren't you forward? Just like a Terran to offer up personal information at the first inquiry. Perhaps, if you could part with a few bottles of wine from your private collection to take back to my ship, I might be so inclined to tell you some more about me. I might even be willing to discuss my race's modest history.

Teasing you? Of course, I'm not. No need to get upset, my attractive host. Bear in mind that I would be happy to whittle the hours away in base conversation, as well as negotiate a deal to repair your ship, if you would simply entertain my fair and generous offer. I may even be willing to entertain you as well if the offer was promising enough.

What an excellent idea. Let us retire to your quarters where I can speak more freely and without onlookers.

Out of respect for our budding relationship, I'll tell you this about my kind. We have a long history of successful negotiations. Who are "we"? I suppose we are far enough along to discuss that.

My race is known by many names. I pay little attention to what other races label us but among our own kind, we are the Malus. Our reputation does not often precede us and with good reason. We prefer to meet each new individual and encounter with a fresh face, so to speak.

Speaking of which, I notice that you have been staring at mine for quite some time. Does my appearance please you? It is fortunate then that I am the only member of my kind present. We all take great measures to assure that our appearance is pleasing in every way possible and I despise competition. That's correct, captain, I do mean every way.

Oh my! How you Terrans love to make promises. How boastful of you. Well once the remaining Tyrannar wine is safely aboard my vessel I would be happy to show you just how far reaching my vanity is. In the meantime, my astro-technicians would be happy to investigate the cause of your technical difficulties so that we can estimate a suitable trade amount for that service. Here, have another glass of wine. Consider it, part of the negotiation terms.

Have no fear about my technicians' abilities, captain. Our kind is well versed on technology and has acquired a wide variety of state of the art equipment from all around the known universe. Our ships possess some of the most unique and advanced tech available. Oh, would you look at me... the wine has me behaving like some Tyrannar braggart. How un-Malus of me.



Malus Backstory - "Laws"

02

The Malus

Scientists? No, not necessarily. We consider ourselves discoverers of value. So many races spend all their time running off at the mouth about their inventions and achievements. They make a spectacle of beating their chests about the "vast power of their Empires". We on the other hand would much rather negotiate terms for an underappreciated piece of technology or real estate. Many times you'd be surprised at how upset some races get when they find themselves missing something they never knew they would miss once unburdened by them.

Do we acquire these things by trade? Of course we do, but not exclusively. Our people along with our two co-conspirator races of The Sovereignty believe in a very specific code of ethics, which binds our kinds in a loose alliance. It is the Adhocracy Code of Conduct and Penalty that we established several thousands of years ago after millions of well-played negotiations. You would be surprised just how often individuals or even whole races will leave some of their most valued possessions completely inadequately defended, only to then invite you into their fold and expect you not to take advantage of their obvious ineptitude. Even worse they show such little concern. They go unprepared into the universe, lacking proper precautions for such untimely events such as ambush, accidents and other inconvenient inevitabilities.

We are a race of mutual and self-respecting individuals, captain. What sort of lesson would we be teaching the universe if we allowed others to treat such valuable items so recklessly and without consequence?

Laws? Ha, ha... ahem. Pardon me. Of course we have laws. Were you not paying attention when I mentioned our Rules of Conduct and Penalty? For example, Sovereignty "Law" states:

"It is the right of all beings, to account for and defend the wellbeing of themselves and their possessions lest they risk the threat of theft or physical harm."

"It is the right of any Sovereignty member to follow through on all fair trades and negotiations to the letter of the contract until such time that said contract is no longer considered fair when compared to another contract of greater worth."

Outraged? Well, I respect your right to disagree, captain. But be rest assured, we hold ourselves accountable to these laws when dealing with not only our own kind but other races as well. After all, we are only as civil as the laws that govern us.

For example, when the Malus first encountered the race that is now called the So'toth, they were very similar to your own species. They wore their ambitions, passions, and idealism on their sleeves. So loose lipped and forthcoming were they that a mere Malus child could have taken the uniforms off their back in a fair trade. They took all that we could offer them. They adored every pleasure and scientific advantage our kind could indulge them with. They were enamored with the newness of our kind. And in return, we collected our fair payment from them. We employed them to conduct research. Two centuries of servitude exploring The Void. I believe you call it an anomaly.

It is amazing how dangerous conditions are in these sub-space anomalies. You may not realize this but time, space and the laws of reality have very little consistency in a wormhole, which is why they are such an abundant source of power. While the radiation levels and unpredictable side effects of the place have certainly taken their toll on the So'Toth's physical appearance, the lesson the Malus taught them is carried deeply in their misshapen hearts. Although pride is not our way, how my people's actions improved their view of all things is truly incredible. We brought balance to their nature. I feel as though we gave them the tools that they needed to survive and thrive as part of the Sovereignty. You'd be surprised to see how found they've grown of The Void now. It seems that their kind is clearly focused on what is truly important to them.

Malus Backstory - The Veil

02

The Malus

Captain, relax. I insist that you calm yourself immediately. I am not intimately familiar with your language, but I am fairly certain several of those words were less than becoming and meant as an insult my person. If you truly wish to leave my company and be on your way, I believe that transport of the Corellian blaster cores to my vessel is still in order. You can add to that all the additional cargo from your hull for having insulted my delicate sense of vanity.

Complain all you'd like, captain. Your ship isn't going to fix itself any more than a Thanerian could resist a night with a pair of Malus entertainment specialists. You wouldn't want to endanger the lives of your crew by obviously delaying their safe passage to your destination. Would you?

Threatening you? Of course, I'm not. Don't be ridiculous! Threats are not in our nature, captain. They're completely boastful. If we have learned anything from our interactions with the Veil, destructive power is a thing best implied. When you are certain that you are at an advantage, the best thing to do is offer no sign of threat. I can tell by the size of the blaster that you're pointing at me that you don't agree.

I will indulge you a bit more about my kind and our dealings before we part ways. For the price of lowering your weapon, I will include nearly full disclosure with our bargain.

Portrait of Sinistra Dredge

“The Malus Queen”



Malus Backstory - The Veil

Behind the curtain of their ornate armor and their unspoken knack for intimidation, The Veil have been cornerstones of The Sovereignty. They have served as useful allies ever since we came to terms so long ago. They are in many ways our complete opposite. They choose to hide their outward appearance behind armor while we expose ourselves outwardly for the world to see. They are short spoken and direct while we prefer to peruse the many opportunities a conversation can offer. We are negotiators by nature but their skill for hard-handed, one tract, problem solving is in its own way so very Malus. The Veil see what they want and if they are capable to influence the owner to part with it, they take it. It's hard not to respect the Veil for this. We have an agreement that is mutually beneficial. When Malus negotiations come to an impasse, the Veil serve as our deal changers so to speak. In return, the strength of the Sovereignty's numbers ensures that they have other like-minded conspirators to support their methods. As long as we all keep up our ends of the bargain we can all co-exist for the sake of co-existing.

Well that is excellent news, captain. Now that all of the blaster cores have been transferred to my ship, I can take my leave of you. I apologize if our conversation was shocking to you. It was certainly a pleasure, convalescing with such an attractive and excitable Terran such as you. I hope that you enjoy what you negotiated from our bargain. I can tell that you took great satisfaction on at least some levels from our dealings. Please walk me to my transport ship and we can part company.

<Com-Link Active: Incoming transmission: IGA Trustworthy:>

Captain, what a pleasure it is to hear from you so soon. I have just barely returned to my ships command deck. Have you missed my presence so quickly? Is there something I can do for you?

Your ship isn't functional? What a shame? Why are you contacting me about this? Did my technicians not repair the sub-light drives?

Malus Backstory - A Good Deal

02

The Malus

Oh I see. Your navigational controls are down, your weapons are offline, and your ships computer insists that your central data stores have been copied and transmitted to my ship. Well that is strange. Did you not have security on such important and valuable systems? Were there no armed security watching my men as they conducted their work?

Excuse me, captain but I will not tolerate such a base tone in this negotiation. If you are willing to strike a bargain perhaps I would be willing to consider helping you. However, you are not in a very good place to negotiate.

While I cannot agree more with you about my birth mother's social habits, somehow I feel that your intention was to insult me by proxy. Now, if you have nothing to offer for services rendered other than insults, I will leave your company. It was a pleasure negotiating with you. Good travels, captain.

<Com-link Inactive: Outgoing Transmission: Terminated >

Helms-master, engage stealth drivers then bring the ship around and open fire. All salvos. As our laws state, anyone foolish enough to leave valuable property and information such as intimate knowledge of our kind, unprotected and defenselessly sitting in a shipping space way deserve whatever comes to them.

Be sure to engage the tractor beam to collect any salvage what we can from the wreckage and scan to ensure there are no survivors. Perhaps the captain should have begun with a no fire clause in our dealings.

<Ship's Log: Star date 3202.2.1:>

As expected, we have conducted yet another successful negotiation with the race known as the Terrans. Our Communications Master indicates the Terran ship sent a distress signal shortly before we made our presence known. We will lie in wait with Stealth drives engage and dispatch a clandestine ship with a liability team, to engage the rescue ship. After they disengage their sub-light drives in a similar way that we did with The Trustworthy, I'll prepare for another round of similar negotiations. Captain out.



INDULGE

The Malus VS Malus

02

The Malus

The words "CURSE THE MALUS!" have not come out of nowhere. As a race they are extremely deceptive and the galaxy is the playground of their schemes.

Being deceptive shapeshifters, the Malus can manipulate everyone like no other. They can remodel their DNA and appearance and aura at will, as long as they have touched their target. The most skilled Malus can do the process within a couple of minutes.

What Most do not know however, is that the Malus came to existence thanks to the cosmic entity also known as "The Malus", "God of Chaos", "The Troll", "Trickster", "Immortal Nihilist". An immortal being who is best described as "an immortal god who is really into role playing". Whenever it has children with one of the inhabitants of the Maelstrom Galaxy, the resulting offspring will receive some of his powers and abilities.

The Malus God takes endless forms and is almost omnipresent. The funniest thing about him is that due to the endless versions of himself roaming and roleplaying around the galaxy, he often forgets about his true origin - essentially losing control of the individual "self". And as any being, it has their favourite forms... You never know if the person with whom you are about to share a drink, is not a god in disguise.



Adhocracy Code of Conduct

02

The Malus

The Adhocracy Code of Conduct serves as a set of guidelines for the members of the Sovereignty Faction, particularly The Malus... Embracing a cutthroat and opportunistic approach, they adhere to a philosophy that believes laws are meant to be broken and systems are meant to be abused. They prioritize personal gain and profit above all else, disregarding moral and ethical considerations. The Malus thrive on manipulation, deception, and exploitation, viewing wealth as the ultimate measure of success. They engage in calculated risk-taking, always seeking ways to outmaneuver their competitors and seize advantageous opportunities. In their pursuit of profit, they embody a relentless ambition, constantly adapting and evolving to maximize their gains, while understanding that the Adhocracy Code of Conduct itself is a fluid and ever-changing framework that allows them to exploit any situation to their advantage.



The Adhocracy Code of Conduct States:

1. The adhocracy code of conduct is the law.
2. Laws are meant to be broken.
3. Systems are meant to be abused.
4. If I can do it, it is not illegal.
5. A deal is a deal, until not!
6. Say it, forget it, write it, regret it.
7. To the victor goes the spoils.
8. Wealth is all that matters.
9. What you can protect, is what is rightfully yours.
10. Protect what's yours, take what it is not.
11. Palladium left insufficiently guarded is palladium rightfully acquired.
12. War is great for business.
13. Peace is great for business.
14. An eye for an eye, an implant for an implant plus a proper fine in your favor.
15. Always sue when you can win.
16. Trust but verify.
17. Don't trust someone who's got a worse ship than your own.
18. Don't trust someone who's got a better ship than your own.
19. Don't trust your neighbor, he definitely has better stuff than you do.
20. Trust no one. Not even yourself.
21. We expand or we die.
22. Nothing is more important than your wealth.
23. If the grass is greener next door, kill the neighbor.
24. Keep your friends close and your enemies closer.



25. Palladium lasts longer than friendships.
26. Others are but the steps on the ladder to success. Don't hesitate to step on them.
27. Good morals and finances mix well for your opponents, but not for you. Abuse this
in your favor.
28. If you're wealthy, you're worthy.
29. Don't ask before taking.
30. Always read a contract from back to bottom first, from to back second
31. Put the nasty clauses in two thirds of the agreement.
32. Your partner can have your body, but not your wallet and organs.
33. Everything you find in the metaverse has a porn equivalent that can be sold as an
NFT.
34. Don't confuse a sage with a lucky person.
35. The wealthy always get away with murder.
36. The wealth writes the law, until it doesn't.
37. A day with no profit is a day wasted.
38. Always know what you are purchasing
39. It's never too late to go back to the drawing board.
40. It's never too late to get rid of the staff.
41. Employee rights are a social construct.
42. We reject society.
43. Let others focus on their reputation. You focus on their Palladium.
44. Retail price is the sucker price.
45. Bulk prices are only good with a discount.
46. Don't gamble with those who see the future.

47. Always put profit over emotions
48. When sold for a good price, truth can be very good for business.
49. Have no Vengeance
50. Seek Vengeance in others, blind them with it to maximize profits.
51. Ask not what you can do for money, but what more money can do for you.
52. Take advantage of customers who are gullible
53. You can't buy fate, but you can always pay more to increase your odds.
54. When not sure, lie.
55. If the customer breaks something, charge them for it.
56. Your boss should be your insurance, you shouldn't be the insurer of your subordinates.
57. Have fun while profiting, profit from others having fun.
58. There is nothing better than success.
59. Keep track of your lies.
60. Dignity can be bought afterwards.
61. If you believe in it well enough, everyone will believe in it.
62. Deep down everyone is chaos personified.
63. Always be understanding, never dismiss an option to profit.
64. Don't buy it if you can steal it.
65. Everything can be bought, everything can be sold.
66. The riskier the road, the greater the profit.
67. People change, Palladium stays constant.
68. Everyone has a price.
69. The more they trust you, the more vulnerable they are.
70. The rationale for profit is profit.



71. There is no bottom to your wallet.
72. Free advice is rarely cheap.
73. Knowledge is power, power leads to wealth, so spend it well to make a profit.
74. There is no such thing as "enough".
75. If it exists, it can be yours.
76. Glory is eternal, pleasure is temporary and you don't live forever.
77. Take anything that isn't bolted to the ground, unless they'll bolt you for it.
78. When you drop the ball, find another person who dropped it instead of you.
79. Never take the bull by the horns, have someone else do it for you.
80. Always get your foot in the door, or up someone's ass if necessary.
81. Always have a game plan.
82. Make sure your game plan has a game plan.
83. Make sure your backup plan has its own backup plans.
84. Insurance is bad until you need it.
85. Until you become a victim of your own propaganda, it's not good enough.
86. Everyone is guilty
87. If it rings, ignore it
88. If you see the boss act busy
89. if they speak, take notes.
90. Always sell to the highest bidder.
91. Never pass up an opportunity.
92. Procrastinate and delegate.
93. Work smarter, not harder.
94. Your superior is always right, until they are dead.
95. Never let a good crisis go to waste.

96. Suppress your ego to maximize the profits

97. Let that be common sense to spread your wealth to expand the profit capacity and minimize the risk.

98. Always hedge your bets

99. Be fearless when others are fearful, be fearful when others are fearless

100. Don't be a fearmonger, but a warmonger who profits.

101. Invest in things you believe in, like yourself.

102. Always believe in yourself.

103. Always steal from your parents, they'll eventually forgive you.

104. Never sleep with your business partner's wife or husband, unless it's good for business.

105. Everything that is not bad for business is always good for business.

106. Don't fuck with Imperium.

107. If I can do it, it is not illegal.

108. The adhocracy code of conduct is not constant and always evolves



The So'Toth

Chapter III – Section 4



Introduction to So'Toth

04

The So'Toth

Planet of Origin: Unknown

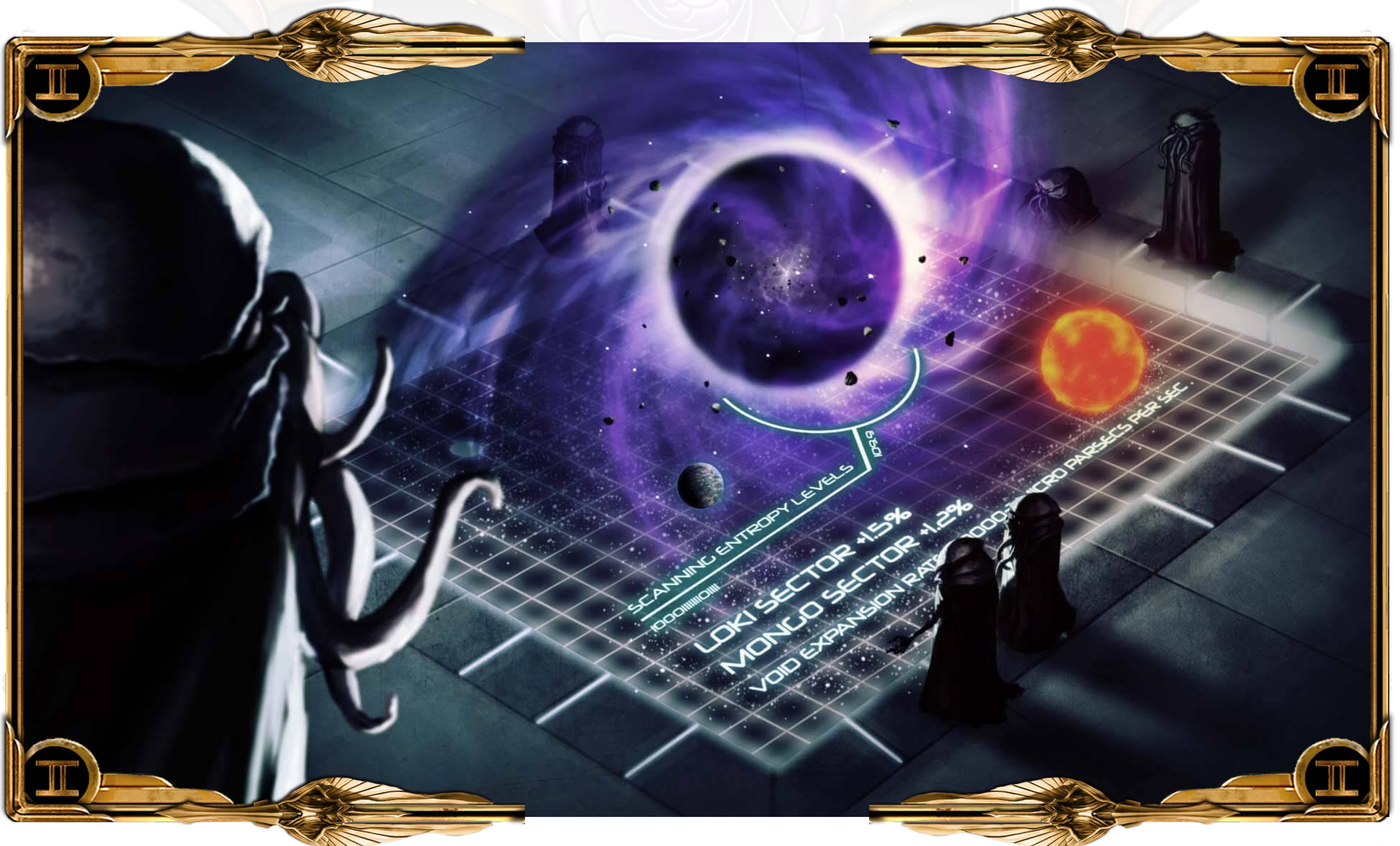
Home Quadrant: The Umbra Quadrant

Established: 2000 years

Coat of Arms / Faction Symbols: Entropy

Culture

The little that is known about the So'toth is that they are cult-like worshippers of The Void. They have preparation colonies throughout the galaxy where recruits from various races and species religiously prepare to embrace their ideologies, with the promise of eternal life. Their ideologies, however, show very little reservations, as So'Toth love tea, sometimes it's hard to say they worship entropy more than tea.



The So'Toth only believe in two things: Tea and Entropy

The So'Toth, a race of tea-loving aliens, hold a deep belief in the intertwined concepts of entropy and tea. Entropy, for the So'Toth, encompasses various facets. On a macroscopic scale, it represents a function tied to thermodynamic variables like temperature, pressure, and composition. It quantifies the energy unavailable for work during thermodynamic processes, driving the So'Toth's closed systems towards maximum entropy. Through the lens of statistical mechanics, entropy embodies the degree of randomness within microscopic constituents, revealing the beauty that arises from the interplay of disorder and organization, captivating the So'Toth's fascination.

In the realm of information theory, entropy becomes a measurable representation of information loss during transmission. The So'Toth grasp the delicate balance between preserving information integrity and its inevitable decay during communication. Inspired by cosmological theories, the So'Toth embrace entropy's connection to the universe's fate.

They contemplate the cosmos' hypothetical tendency towards maximum homogeneity, envisioning a state of equilibrium known as "heat death." In this state, all matter reaches a uniform temperature, fulfilling entropy's pursuit of equilibrium. Interestingly, the So'Toth's profound reverence for entropy coexists with their passionate love for tea. They have woven tea into their culture, using it to appreciate the interplay of order and chaos. Brewing and consuming tea allow the So'Toth to embrace the transient and impermanent nature at the core of entropy's grand narrative.

For the So'Toth, the delicate balance between entropy and the comforting ritual of tea forms the foundation of their existence. Their pursuit of understanding the universe's truths, through the lens of entropy and the joy of tea, drives their ever-evolving civilization and inspires contemplation of the mysteries that lie beyond.



So'Toth Backstory - Be Our Guest

04

The So'Toth

How kind of you to be our guests. Did our bribe of food, lavations and weaponry satisfactorily reimburse you for your participation? You are with us on the anniversary of our becoming. It is quite sentimental and anecdotal of me to remember something as trivial as a single date of meaningless significance. Perhaps it is the one preoccupation left in the universe that causes something akin to an emotional reaction. If that is the case, it is because it is the day that we found our purpose, our... master.

Once a long time ago, we were like you. We were not the So'toth but something else. We were something less balanced and far less perfect. In that time of ignorance, we made foolish and reckless decisions driven by emotion, reason, impulse or our so-called moral inclination. We have since learned that the significance of all things in this universe does not depend on individual wants, desires or well-meaning intentions but on the absolute truth of a microcosm of perfection. So imperfect were we then, that since seeing the truth, we have erased all but the smallest memories of our former selves. Perfection has claimed its servants and made us new in its image. This microcosm we speak of has grown dear to us. It has been called by countless names by others: Portal, Gateway, Wormhole, Anomaly, Stargate, (The Great Divide), Enlightenment by some more ancient cultures, or simply The Void. It is the breeding ground of perfection in an active state of execution and it has chosen us to be its witnesses and harbingers to it in this universe.

The Void found us on our own path as disillusioned explorers of the meaningless. We were cosmic infants floating in the embryotic fluid of the universe, hoping to place order to a fabric that longs for chaos. Star spawned wayfarers, twisted in our beliefs and running from destruction. The Void claimed us as its own and showed us the wonder its inner workings. We chose chaos over compliance and in that offering proved ourselves worthy of its gift. Inside The Void is the perfection of harmony and chaos, the balance of all things, freedom in its most perfect form. There is a miracle perpetually occurring within its bosom and the So'toth were born from it. We are the ears it whispers its secrets to.



So'Toth Backstory - Chaos

04

The So'Toth

Already your mind rears in disgust and produces objections to what we know to be true. Clear your mind of emotions. How can you believe yourselves righteous enough to judge others by a moral code of conduct? Do you truly believe that The Void answers to a code of ethics in what matter it destroys, what microorganisms it allows to live, or even what laws govern how time behaves in its presence? It does not. It does what must be done to accomplish its goal of perfection. Or as some may call it... Chaos.

So many claim to understand the purpose of life. Is it not obvious that the purpose of all life is to find death just as the purpose of death is to find all life? Answer me this, a calamity of a global scale condemns a billion organisms to die yet a mere eighty thousand survive. Why do you perceive this as cosmic design? Why must it be an act of Fate or Fortune? Why do you still fight against the notion that death comes to all of us? Why must you continue to praise attempts to cheat this imperfect universe of a meaningless pound of flesh? Is it not obvious that your praise is misplaced? It belongs to the small fraction of survivors that are willing to embrace the chaos of their existence and spread it through this false universe like ball lightning across a plain.

How foolish you other races are to believe that you can make sense of the universe or improve upon its imperfect shell. You believe you can make a difference by creating laws written on plant pulp to govern righteous behavior. Your laws cannot bind the will of your own planet's gravitational pull let alone the entire universe. Our way is the guide to which all should follow. The Void offers glimmering notions of the truth on the surface but the deeper you embrace its hold, the closer you come to absolution. Only by reaching balance can this universe be as The Void and only by infusing our universe with the perfection of The Void will anything truly matter.



The look in your eyes betrays your calm demeanor. You believe us to be mad. You think of us as some religious zealots like the Oberan or the Jefari. You believe that we hold ourselves above all else in the splendor of The Void. That it works through us and us alone. But as in all things, you are incorrect. We realize our insignificance first hand. It was The Void that chose us but The Sovereignty that led us to it.

We are indebted to the Malus for allowing us the opportunity to explore The Void and bond with our master. They are truly unwilling followers of the Void's will. Through their act of enslavement, the So'toth were born and set free from the bonds of convention. Upon completion of our physical and mental reformation it became obvious to the Malus that we were not who we once were. After finding us to be more than willing servants to their cause, the Malus released us to pursue perfection on our own accord. We continue to support their efforts to compromise laws, breakdown ordered structure and reconcile material possessions from the folly of its supposed owners.

We also admire The Veil who in constant chaotic transition, tug the universe to and fro to deceive others and impose their will. I wonder if they comprehend that all of their effort is meaningless. The Void takes what it wishes, destroys what it demands, and saves its servants when it suits them. No mask or veil can hide you from the will of The Void. Still their contribution to the power of chaos in this universe is one that cannot be overlooked. Perhaps one day they will reveal their true forms and we will all gasp when we see that they are So'toth, or better still disillusioned Terrans.

I can sense the conflict in your mind, your need to find order even in things you can never truly comprehend in your limited state. You wonder where in all of this, do the So'toth fall? What role do we play? We are the servants of The Void that eats away at this universe, bit by bit each day. One day it will eventually swallow it all for its own and perfection will possess us completely. No grand day of reckoning will be given for its faithful servants but rather balance for the entire universe.

S'T. Backstory - Chosen by the Void

04

The So'Toth

Our job in this is simple, we are here to season our master's meat and prepare it for the day when its hunger will no longer be satiated. We will stir the pot it cooks in and create a taste it is accustomed to. Perhaps, one day, life, hope or chance will be pleasing to his palate. Another day, death, inevitability and destruction will suit his tastes. All at once sorrow, Joy and ambiguity may be the flavor of his desert. Our position is not to assume but to observe and act on our observations of The Void.

I sense more and more conflict in your mind. Why are you here? What is the purpose of this grand exposition? What do we want from you? If you paid careful attention and have listened to us, you have learned much about The Void. Therefore you realize there can be no ignorance without knowledge, no chaos without order, and no life without death. Tonight The Void has chosen you to bring balance to our ceremony, Commander. Enjoy the lavations.



The Veil

Chapter III – Section 3





Planet of Origin: Golem 3

Home Quadrant: The Umbra Quadrant

Established: 11000 years ago

Coat of Arms / Faction Symbols: The Mask (Veil)

Culture

Overall very little is known about The Veil. The IGA has multiple conflicting reports about their kind, and most encounters of them have been of a unique nature. Some reports claim that they're silent, merciless warriors on par with the Tyrannar Empire. Other reports have noted them as simple, and peaceful scientists. A few other reports list them as shrewd, business-minded diplomats befitting the mold of The Sovereignty.

To date, there is no proof to support any of the IGA reports nor are there theories that lend a hint to what lies beneath their armor.



Backstory - The Bloody Wall

<Tyrannar Battle Log: 3022.21.6: The Bloody Wall: Archon Khaz Kzarro of the Drakhan Shield recording>

It is with disgrace and shame upon the boglings of my men that I am forced to record this log. Systems aboard The Bloody Wall are critical and our defenses will crumble at any moment. I pray to the almighty Terrox, that this log is retrieved, so my brothers in the Sword and Hand can avenge our grievous failure.

It was nearly an hour ago that we engaged an enemy, the likes of which, we could not comprehend. After being ordered to break away from our fleet to perform a routine search of the gamma quadrant our sensors picked up a seemingly defenseless cargo ship with limited battle capacity in orbit around a small moon of Mongo. After hailing the ship and stating our intentions to board and confiscate it in the name of the Empire, our threats went unanswered. I dispatched two wings of fighters to deal with the impudence. At which point, I brought The Blood Wall around, in preparation to fire the main guns and claim yet another victory for the Empire.

It was those next moments that marked the branding of our shame for all time. From behind the moon of Mongo, no less than ten wings of strange star fighters, unlike any we have ever seen, swarmed our Drakhan wings. Our fighter's sensors could not lock onto these ships and visual targeting proved fruitless.

Outnumbered five to one, our weapons useless, my pilots fought like Lacerta and died in kind. I fired barrage after barrage from the main batteries at what I assumed to be their flagship. All of our attacks had seemingly no affect. While our weapons recharged, seven Scorpion class ships swooped in like specters and flanked us. They fired on our unshielded stern and overloaded our hyperspace engagement units before we could get power to the rear shields.



Backstory - The Trustworthy

Chapter III

03

The Veil

After what seemed like an eternity of non-stop assault, the likes of which could rival the fury of Terrox, our attackers attempted to make contact with our ship. They appeared before us on the vid-com, faces obscured, like horrific gods of war born into suits of living armor. They made no demands, except for a simple a statement of intent: "We are The Veil and will take from you what we wish..."

Brothers of the Empire, send news of my failures to my nest mother. Tell her to train my boglings well so they may extract revenge for this defeat against these abominations known as The Veil...

<End transmission>

<Captain's Log: 3022.21.8: IGA Trustworthy: Commander Jordan Kane recording>

The fleet has moved into a sector g25d, near the outer most moons of Mongo. Upon arrival sensors indicated three ships side saddled to one another in a loose orbit around a dwarf moon. The largest ship appeared to belong to the Tyrannar Empire's Drakhan Shield division, Rampage class. The other two were of an unfamiliar class and design, possibly part of the corporation or scavengers.

After moving The Trustworthy into position, I opened all hailing frequencies and attempted to communicate with the unidentified ships' captains. After several attempts with no response I notified Fleet Commander Husk Fido. It was shortly after Commander Fido gave the order to move the fleet in for a full-scale investigation that we were contacted by the curious race of down trodden explorers known as The Veil.

It would appear that yet another race has fallen under the heel of the Empire's constant march towards expansion. Apparently, these meek and feeble creatures lack the physical constitution to subsist in all but the most accommodating environments. Because of this, they must spend most of their lives in self-imposed exile inside protective suits of armor. Based on our assessment of their ships, they obviously have dedicated themselves to the pursuit of scientific advancement and exploration.



"Bear in mind, communication with The Veil was very limited. They are not a very verbose race so many of these insights are based on my perception, gleaned from outward indications. One thing is for certain; they are obviously guarded after years of persecution."

"What we are fairly certain of is that while conducting peaceful, scientific experimentation their research fleet was attacked by the Tyrannar warship, The Bloody Wall. Many of their ships were destroyed in the conflict and many more fled. Luckily for the two remaining ships, a malfunction in the Lacerta shield generator allowed these clever scientists a chance to exploit a weakness in their enemy. When we arrived, The Veil were conducting research on the Tyrannar ship to better understand the technology and mind set of their persecutors. It was at this time that The Veil informed us that their advanced readings indicated the Tyrannar fleet to which, The Bloody Wall belonged had been dispatched to finish the job."

After confirming with Fleet Commander Fido, we have agreed to escort The Veil to a safe zone where they can rendezvous with reinforcements from their race.

<Tyrannar Battle Log Recording: 3022.22.9: The Hangman's Pole: High Archon Needa Vos of the Hand of Tyrannar>

"Behold the power and tenacity of the Hand of the Empire! For three days we have tracked the energy traces of these supposed "Warrior gods" described in the shameful logs of Archon Khaz Kzarro like a pack of Fernis Hounds. The Veil must be working in league with the cowardly negotiators of the Intergalactic Alliance for our sensor readings detect their ships' signatures.

"We will hunt down these armor-clad cretins and force them to kneel before the power of the Hand, Sword and Shield! The skies will burn with the plasma glow of ionizing di-lithium when we turn their fleet in to a collection of broken, hollow husks! For the Empire we stand!"

<Captain's Log: 3022.21.9: IGA Loyalty Fleet Commander Husk Fido>

After three days of what appears to have been a wild goose chase from system to system, we have officially lost our travel companions, The Veil. Somewhere between jump coordinates our sensors lost track of their ships completely and no attempt at contacting them has been successful. It's almost as if they just disappeared into thin air. My initial concerns were for the safety of their ships but my instinct now says differently. To put it in plain terms, I've got a bad feeling about this. I'd bet two cases of Griswater that Commander Kane's assessment of them may have been a bit too altruistic.

I've dispatched The Trustworthy on a transport mission to receive a shipment of blaster cores from the planet Fridgia. The Alliance's third fleet is in desperate need of supplies and we can delay their delivery no longer. While on this delivery, I have instructed Commander Kane to keep a close eye on subspace sensors for any sign of our missing scientists.

< Alert: Code Epsilon Eight >

Computer report...

<Proximity Sensors indicate a large number of Tyrannar ships exiting hyperspace>

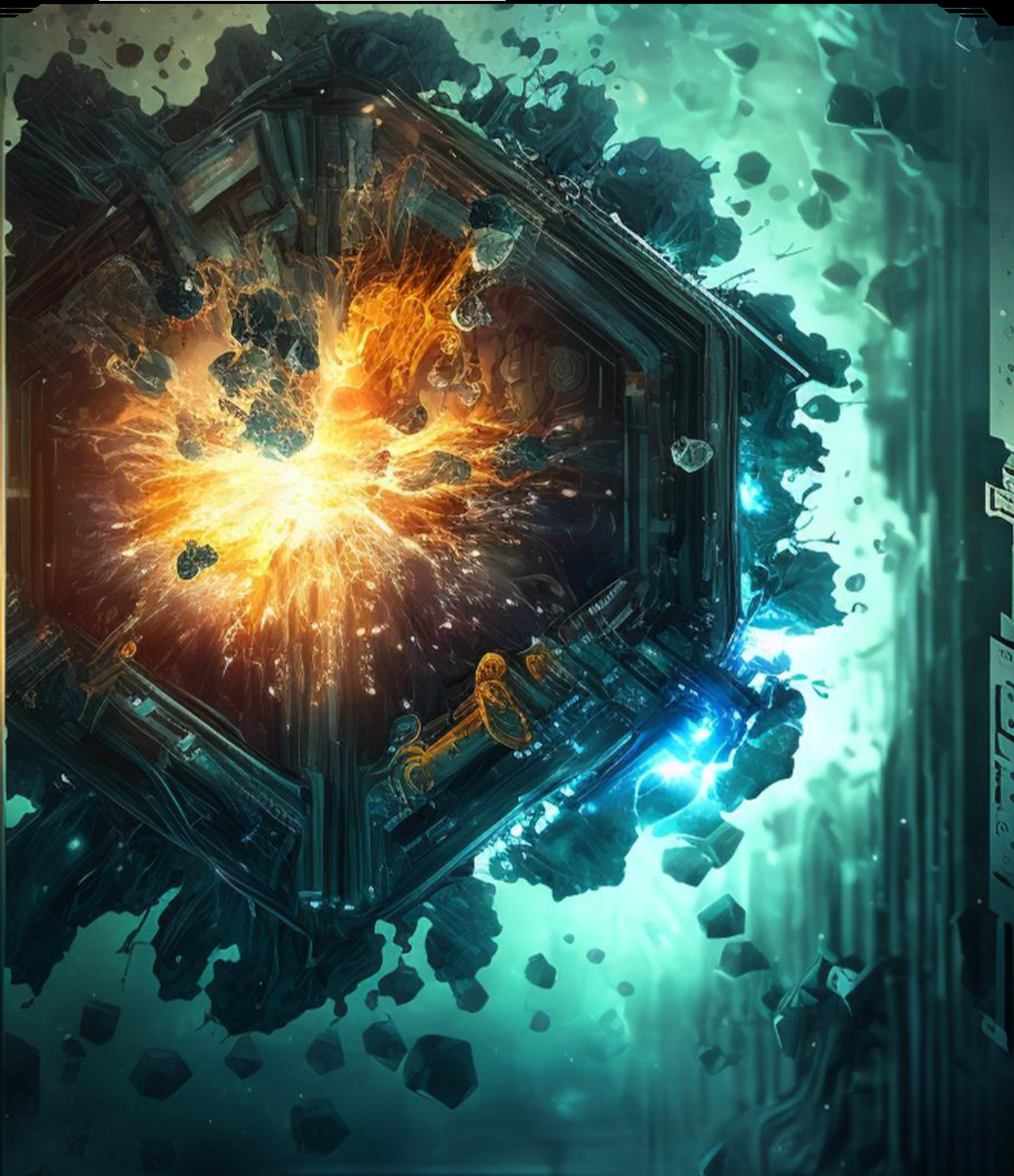
Helm this is Commander Fido! Shields up! Defensive positions! Seven, sigma, three! Lieutenant, ready five wings for counterstrike contingency! Four Alpha Pegasus on my mark. Computer, end log recording, open all hailing frequencies and switch to communication transcription.

<Communication transcript: 3022.21.9: IGA Loyalty Fleet Commander Husk Fido>

"Tyrannar Fleet, state your intentions or we will be forced to treat you as hostile aggressors..."

"This is High Archon Needa Vos of the Hand of Tyrannar. Surrender the The Veil battle fleet and we will make all of your suffering at our hands minimal."





"Captain Needa, this is Fleet Commander Fido of the IGA. I have no idea what fleet you are referring to. We were escorting two scientific research ships belonging to the race known as The Veil to a safe zone to escape further attack from your vessels. I assure you on my word as an IGA officer that we have no hostile intention towards you."

"Captain? I am a High Archon of the Tyrannar Empire! Your insolence insults my honor to its core. How dare you disrespect my rank and infer that a brigade of scientists destroyed a Rampage class ship of the Drakhan Shield! Your pitiful Alliance and The Veil are no match for our fully armed Tyrannar battle fleet!"

"Forgive me, Admiral, I mean High Archon Needa, I mean no disrespect but your threats are unwarranted and unwelcome. You speak of The Veil like they are the Jefari. These people are nothing more than eccentric scientists and are no longer in our convoy. We lost their ships signals in our last jump to hyperspace. Now as Directive 435.43 of the IGA Wayfarer's Code states, I would like to open this channel for the diplomatic negotiation of a non-fire pact between... "

"My crew will bear your insults, lies and attempts at diplomacy no longer! You will fight us with or without your "warrior gods"! Open fire, all batteries!!!"

"Full shields, Go on Counterstrike Four Alpha Pegasus! I knew I had a bad feeling about this..."

<Captain's Log: 3022.21.11: IGA Loyalty Fleet Commander Husk Fido>



Backstory - "... Make Purple"

"After a long engagement with the Tyrannar fleet it seems that we have sent them into a full tactical retreat, no doubt to gather reinforcements. If nothing else, the Tyrannar do love a good fight. Unfortunately, for The Loyalty and the rest of our fleet, the Empire rarely does things halfway. We weren't prepared for a dogfight of that magnitude against such a large enemy force. Luckily, to quote my Terran friends, it's not the size of the dog in a fight but the size of the fight in the dog. As I am always eager to point out to them, I'm a gigantic dog by their standards."

"Regardless our ships shields are at only 20% and we have exhausted the thermo-core to increase recharge time on our weapons..."

"Commander, we have twenty ships exiting Hyperspace."

<Incoming hail from The Veil>

"Twenty ships? On screen, computer... begin transmission log."

<Communication transcript: 3022.21.11: IGA Loyalty Fleet Commander Husk Fido>

"Greetings, we're glad to see that you are safe. We lost your ships energy signal in hyperspace. I was worried that the Tyrannar may have stumbled onto you. So it seems you found the rest of your fleet... Tell me, how can the IGA be of further assistance to you?"

"We are The Veil and we will take what we wish..."

"Excuse me? Argos! No! Shields up!"

<Transmission terminated>



Backstory - The Parlay

Chapter III

03

The Veil

<Tyrannar Battle Log Recording: 3022.22.9: The Hangman's Pole: High Archon Needa Vos of the Hand of The Tyrannar Emmpire>

"Curse these dogs of the IGA! They fight like cowards! Strike wing after strike wing like the stings of Bloat Flies only to then counter with a full complement of Detonator torpedoes! What sort of warrior fights in such a manner! And always they speak of diplomacy... diplomacy... and peace! May their tongues burn to their throats at the taste of such words! No doubt The Veil have bolstered their ranks with their own technology otherwise such a stalemate would never have occurred..."

<Incoming Transmission>

"Greetings, High Archon Needa. I am Magnus Cowl of The Veil. We believe that the IGA have slandered our name and misled you into believing that our kind was responsible for the attacks against your fleet near Fridgia. We assure you that were not. We are not warmongers by any means. However, because of their treachery, we have vanquished the IGA fleet with which you have done battle this day. We offer this victory as gift of retribution and honor to you and your fallen kin. We do not wish to have a force as absolute and powerful as the Tyrannar Empire as our enemy and we offer our full surrender as a parlay for safe passage back to our quadrant."

"Surrender for a parlay? How can I believe you? The IGA are not often prone to treachery. And here you stand victorious in battle where the Tyrannar failed."

"High Archon, in addition to my word, I have the transport logs obtained from the wreckage of The Loyalty showing their travels to Fridgia. While there is some damage to the logs I can assure you the star date and time will match the attacks to the moment."

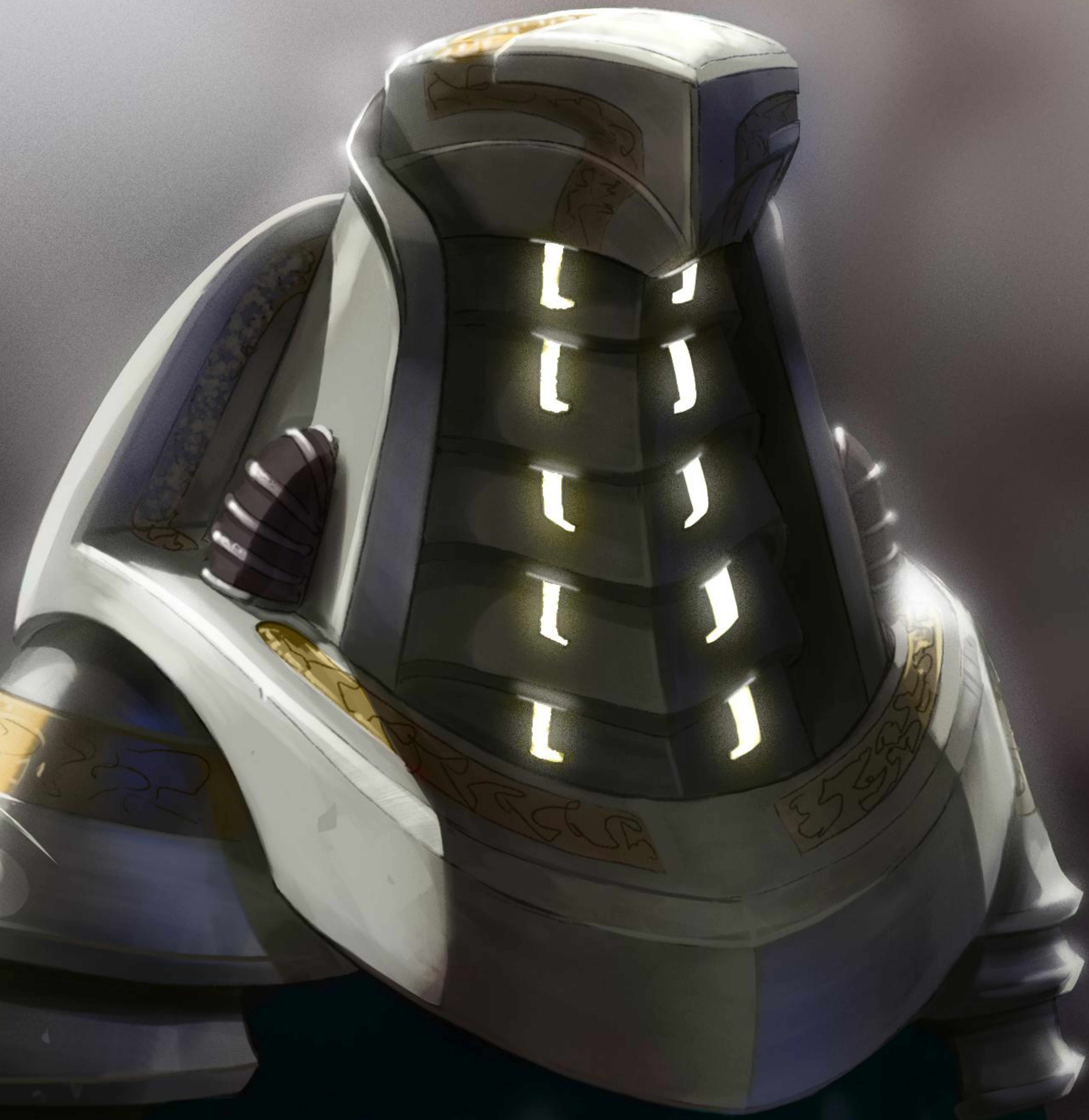
"Assure me, eh Veil? I have no faith in the word of a man who wears an armored mask and surrenders without a fight!"

“High Archon Needa, I find you lack of faith disturbing... Is it not safe to say that our ships outnumber yours nearly ten to one? If it was your demise that we wished for, could we not open fire at this moment? Our sensors clearly show that your shields are at a feeble 8% capacity. Even with our limited weapon capacity, we could surely destroy your fleet. Of course, then would we not have the rest of the Hand, Sword and Shield to contend with? We would much rather parlay for safe passage and leave you and the Empire in good standing...”

“Tyrannus forgive me for this blasphemy. Passage granted. Now be gone and speak to no one of this parlay!”

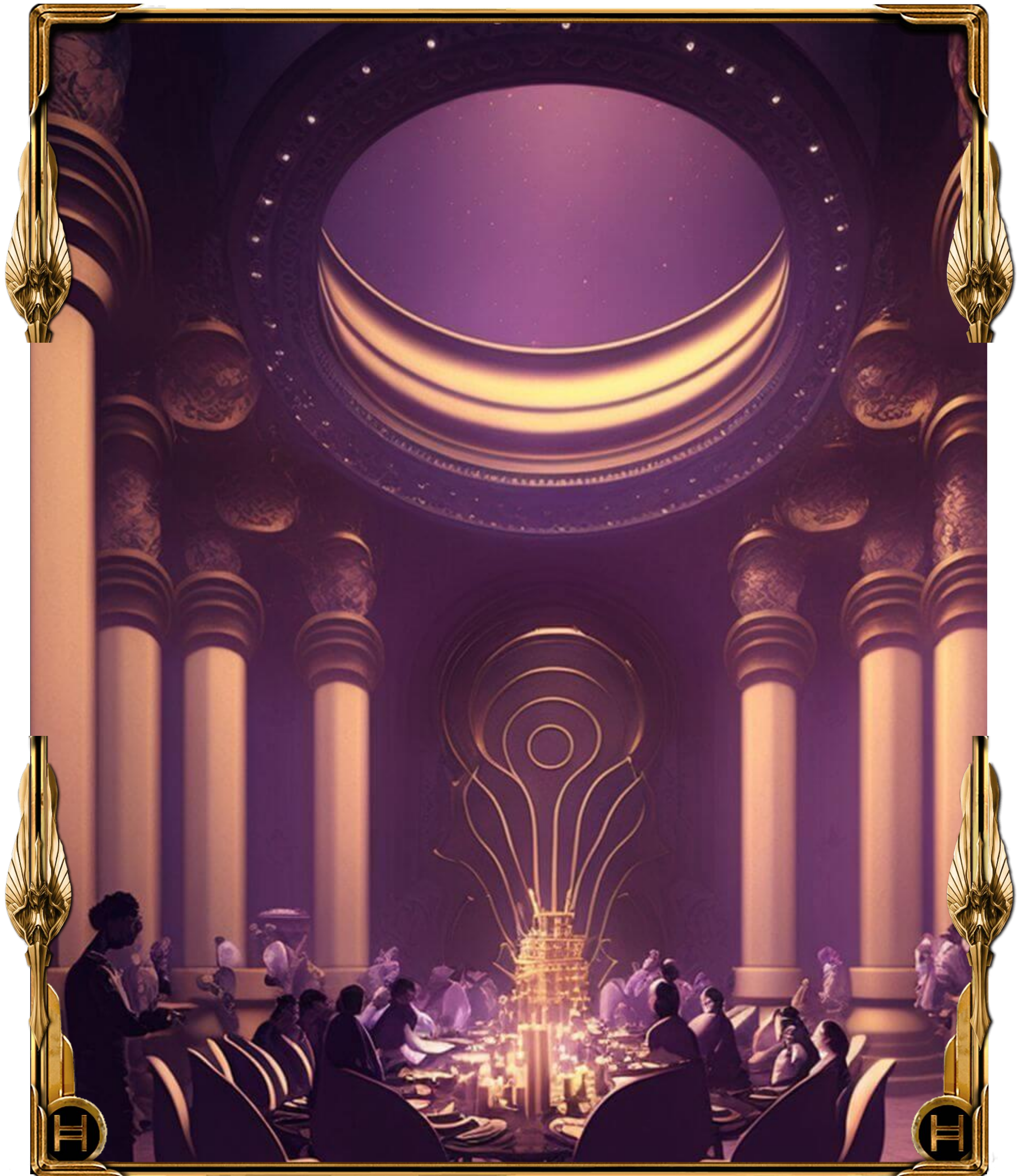
“As you wish, High Archon Needa...”





Sovereignty Lexicon

Chapter III – Section 5



The Sovereignty: A collection of three races,(The Malus, The Veil and the So'toth) who form a loose ad-hoc government and social regime. Adhocracy serves as the primary ruling philosophy and most interactions between races of The Sovereignty are governed by a paradoxical set of “laws” known as The Adhocracy Code of Conduct and Penalty. On a whole the Sovereignty has vast amounts of wealth as well as some of the most advanced space travel technologies known to the universe. Rumors have it much of this tech was borrowed or bargained from other races.

The Adhocracy Code of Conduct and Penalty: This set of laws serves as a judicial guide for all dealings of The Sovereignty. The laws have a backward sensibility, which can generally be summed up as “Buyer Beware”. The interesting aspect of the code is that it binds those that chose to deal with members of the Sovereignty as well. Below are some examples:

“It is the right of any being, to at all times account for and defend the wellbeing of themselves and their possessions lest they risk the threat of theft or physical harm.”

“It is the right of any Sovereignty member to follow through on all fair trades and negotiations to the letter of the contract until such time that said contract is no longer considered fair when compared to another contract of greater worth.”

“All members of The Sovereignty are bound by law to perform due diligence to discern and remain aware of the true identity of those they are dealing with on personal and business levels. Failure to do so may result in physical, emotional and monetary loss due to negligence.”

The Malus: A race of tall well bodied, and incredibly attractive Humanoid creatures that is indigenous to the planet Loki of the Umbra Sector. Prone to privacy, very little is known about their culture or their overall motives. They are the founding race of the intergalactic faction known as The Sovereignty and creators of The Adhocracy Code of Conduct. The Malus are known for their passion for negotiation and cunning but amorous temperaments. Their professions range focusing almost exclusively in trade and services with little regard for particulars only profit. They are known to be shapeshifters

The Veil: A race of armor clad near humanoids of varying size and shape that hail from the planet Golem 3. Each member of The Veil has a unique set of armor, which varies in form and function. Some have only a single appendage while others have four or five. Many have standard humanoid forms while others have treads or float. Regardless of their physical form, very little is known about The Veil. The IGA has multiple conflicting reports concerning their kind and most encounters with them have been of a singular nature. Some reports claim they are silent merciless warriors on par with the Tyrannar, others have noted them as simple, peaceful scientists and still others refer to them as shrewd, business-minded diplomats. To date there is no evidence to support any of the above theories or lend a physical description of the beings that dwell under the armor.

The So'toth: A near humanoid race of pseudopod faced creatures of an unknown origin. These creatures are mysterious and enigmatic in philosophy and presence. Their dealings with other races are unpredictable at best and sometimes have little traditional logic. The So'toth are fascinated by a subspace source of Entropy known as The Void. This leads to an unusual philosophy and purpose for their race. As the newest member of The Sovereignty their presence is always a source of unpredictability.

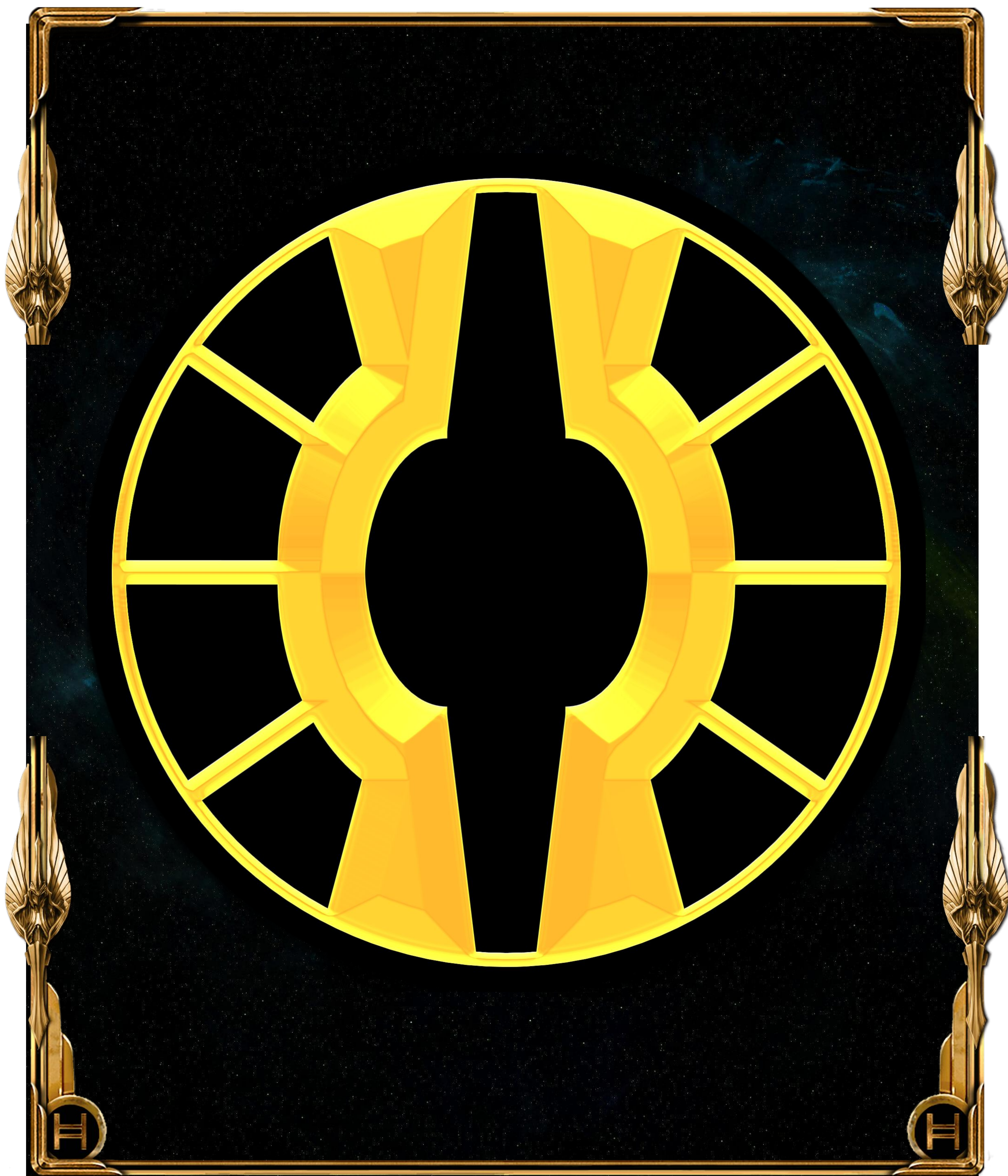
- **Mongo:** A planetary system in the Umbra quadrant that includes several planets, moons and space anomalies of note.
 - Loki
 - Golem 3
 - Frigia
 - The Void
- **Tyrannar Wine AKA The Blood of Tyrannus:** A fine rare export of the Tyrannar Empire known for its potent blend of rare intoxicating fermented fruits of the planet Ares. It has become an exclusive spoil of ware for the Intergalactic Alliance and other factions. The Tyrannar drink their wine at full potency en mass while members of less hearty races tend to sip it or mix it with fruit juices as a cocktail.
- **The IGA Trustworthy:** A ship captained by Terran commander Jordan Kane. Kane was a high-ranking member of his graduating class at Fleet Academy. His unfaltering honesty, open mindedness and character earned him a position as Captain of The Trustworthy. In an unfortunate chain of events both Kane and his fleet were destroyed in unrelated accidents inside the Umbra Quadrant.
- **The IGA Loyalty:** A capital ship commanded by Fleet Commander Husk Fido. Husk was a Thanerian veteran of the First Rebellion with over 30 years of command experience. The Loyalty and its supporting fleet engaged in a skirmish with a Tyrannar battle fleet over a group of Veil seeking IGA protection. Shortly after the encounter shortly after the battle, a second fleet of unknown ships attacked The Loyalty, destroying both it and the fleet. Records show that FC Fido managed to escape via a survival pod but no signs of his survival have been found.

- **The Bloody Wall:** A Tyrannar battleship commanded by Archon Khaz Kzarro of the Drakhan Shield. The ship was destroyed in and around the planetary system of Mongo in the Umbra Quadrant. Archon Khaz Kzarro claimed that a Veil war armada was responsible for his defeat, however members of the Tyrannar ruling class known as The Nine, officially deny this rumor.
- **The Hangman's Noose:** A capital class ship of the Tyrannar Empire commanded by High Archon Needa Vos. Vos led the fleet set on avenging the death destruction of The Blood Wall. Reports lend speculation that it may have been this fleet that was responsible for the destruction of The Loyalty.
- **The Void:** This subspace anomaly is a source of both entropy and worship to The So'toth race. The details of the interior of the anomaly are unknown to all but the So'toth. The sub-space disturbance has no accurate definition and most readings of its energy find it a source of pure Entropy. How the So'toth harness or commune with this energy is unknown.
 - **ADDITIONAL CONTENTS OF THIS ARTICLE ARE CLASSIFIED**



The Imperium

Chapter IV – Section 1



Imperium Architect Concept

01 The Imperium



Introduction to the Imperium

01 The Imperium

Planet of Origin: Unknown

Home Quadrant: Unknown

Established: 23000 years ago

The Imperium is considered as a threat even by the most powerful being of this galaxy. This ancient faction had already embarked on interstellar exploration long before other civilizations were discovering the basic principle of creating fire by rubbing two stones together.

Doctrine of the All mighty Faction

- All beings of the universe must bow to the Supreme Emperor.

Political Philosophy:

- Imperialism: The Imperium reinforces its power and influence through colonization, use of military force, or any other means.

Ruling Practice:

- The Supreme Emperor is the law.

The Imperium Goals:

- The goals of the Imperium are unknown. It could be that their plan has been in motion for so long that it is impossible to stop it and that nothing is left but to name them "fate".

Backstory - The Adversary

01 The Imperium

<Imperium Royal Security Database: Security Level: Omega 11 Primus>

<Genetic scan activated: Identity confirmed>

Greetings Supreme Emperor, how can I serve you this evening?

<Processing request:>

<Accessing Entry: Imperium Historical Archives: Supreme Emperor Xaris's log>

<Star date 1135:02:04>

<Topic of Entry: The Extinction Agenda>

<Beginning Playback:>

For eons, we have roamed the universe conquering all that stood in our way as one race, pure and clean of radical elements. For millennia, we have bred the strongest, most cunning and intelligent of our kind in paired unions, tempering our genetic pool and removing all seen imperfections. Such practices drove us forward, allowing us to always make the claim that we were the most advanced race of warlords in any sector we chose to tread. It was not until this claim was challenged and almost proved a lie that we learned the way to true perfection.

Our kind had met its match and faced an Adversary that we could not defeat at a cost less than mutually ensured destruction. This was unacceptable. So before Armageddon could claim us we did something we had never done before, we compromised. In an event, which could only be described as a series of deadly games, both races gathered their greatest warriors and minds together to do battle in controlled competition.

Backstory - The Agenda

01 The Imperium

The games lasted for ten cycles after which four million of our Adversary's forces were slaughtered at the cost of two and half million Imperium troops and scientists. This dead weight was not missed or mourned. On the final day of the games, the Adversary's leader and the Imperium's own Supreme Emperor Krull met in single combat. If the events of that day had been different, I would not be recording this entry.

When the games were concluded, our victorious Supreme Emperor Krull began a culling of the opposition's forces but not at random. All surviving warriors of the adversary were bred with members of the Imperium's elite and then slaughtered. The remaining civilians were of no use to us and were exterminated. This next generation of warrior bred from mixed stock was some of the greatest the Imperium had ever witnessed. It became obvious that this was no coincidence. Thus began the new age of the Imperium.

To ensure the fate of the Imperium, one thousand, two hundred and forty seven standard Imperium cycles ago, the ruling class of the Imperium army created what is referred to only in whispers as The Extinction Agenda.

This hidden agenda established that the betterment of our race depends on our ability to improve and adapt. If we fail to do so, our great legion of conquerors will go extinct. The kind of improvement we must accomplish does not take place on a mere physical level or by chance but through planned genetic evolution. In order to do so, our genetic code will always require temperament. Such modifications take time and patience, two things our kind are well known for.

So it became the practice of our undefeated legion to send scouts, unbeknownst to even the most prying eyes of the Ven, well in advance of our formal arrival in particular sectors of unconquered space. The purpose of these Extinction Agenda agents is to weigh the stock and grade of the creatures that occupy their assigned sector. Only the Supreme Emperor and his inner circle are aware of these clandestine surveillances and the agents that perform these duties. Most often, broad reaching genetic experimentation is conducted to develop test cases to provide sport for our far future conquests.

Backstory - The Agenda

01 The Imperium

It would surprise even the highest ranking Ven to learn that our kind has created entire races of beings and orchestrated the pathways of their evolution in hopes that one day we would return to find a ripe fruit ready for picking. In many cases we arrive only to find a barren, rotten bush in need of pruning.

These rare instances where our planning does bear fruit are always of special interest. For the most promising of individual test subjects, however, we bestow upon them a very special gift. You might call it a taste of ambrosia, which we allow the individual to digest over time. We endow them with a privilege and then observe how it uses this gift over the course of a few hundred cycles. Upon our return we judge if we deem these individuals beneficial to our Agenda.

Only by proving themselves worthy can they earn the right to the ultimate gift of legacy, extraction and integration with the next generation of Imperium. On those even rarer occasions, when a specific test case is so successful and superior to our own current stock, other immediate accommodations are made. This brings me to back to the purpose of my diatribe.

As Supreme Emperor to the Grand Army of the Imperium it is my responsibility to protect this Empire, which all those who came before me sacrificed to create. I am the embodiment of power to all of the Imperium forces. If one single member of my forces makes a claim that his Supreme Emperor is capable of performing an action then it is my duty to ensure he speaks the truth. I must be the greatest of all the warriors in any of my fleets or legions. I must be the wisest of all my advisors. I must embody the Imperium in every breath I take. My blood is the blood of my great Empire.

Backstory - The Confessional

01 The Imperium

If at any point, I am weak, then the Imperium is weak. This as you can imagine is no easy burden to bear. The simple admission that I have just made could be enough to topple the Empire if it fell into the wrong hands. This is why this log serves as a confessional for all those who have ever held the throne. Tomorrow I will face an opponent in single combat. He will be my equal because he has been endowed by the gift we have given him. His sole intent is to usurp my place on the throne. He is one of the exceptional test cases, I mentioned. If I am weak, he will be my undoing and prove that I am no longer worthy to hold my throne. If I am not, he and the rest of his race will be annihilated in the next round of our conquests. In either case, the Imperium grows stronger and I am willing to accept those terms.

Playback Terminated>

Can I be of further assistance, your Highness?

As you wish...

<Accessing Imperium Royal Historical Files: Personal History Data>

<Genetic Scan Activated: Identity Confirmed>

<Accessing Personal History prior to inauguration>

<No Data Found>

I'm sorry. No data on the current Supreme Emperor exists prior to inauguration.

ADDITIONAL CONTENTS OF THIS ARTICLE ARE CLASSIFIED



The Ven

Chapter IV – Section 2



Planet of Origin: Unknown

Home Quadrant: The Parvus Quadrant

Established: 23000 years ago



<Imperium Tribunal Archives: Star Date: 26.29.09:20>

<Playback Active>

<Interplanetary Communication Channel Open: Jefari Wing Commander Elseer Cid >

People of Nestor, hear me! Today the Jefari, along with the other free species of the Parvus quadrant will strike a blow that will resonate throughout the galaxy and unto the private chambers of the Supreme Emperor himself! No longer will we remain quiet under the gag of injustice. This will be the wakeup call for all races to join us and rally our forces for freedom and liberty. Together as one voice, one hand, one battle wing, we will fly into the jaws of the Imperium, knock out its teeth and pierce the heart of a merciless Empire of tyranny until it breaths no more!

Do not let your fear rule you! Join us this day and we shall win back peace for the rest of our tomorrows. No longer shall we tremble in fear of this shadow that has covered our galaxy for as long as our memories can recall. Your future begins this day planet, Nestor! I swear this on my dying breath...

<End broadcast>

<Planet Nestor: Emergency Broadcast Communications Network: 26.29.09:50>:

<Clap> <Clap> <Clap>

Bravo, bravo. How courageous. How stalwart and confident he sounds. This Jefari's gift for demagoguery is quite impressive. He has all the bravado required to soothe fear while simultaneously abetting insignificant specks to arms. See how the weak and disloyal rats jump at the sound of his gallant voice. It would appear that a promise on his lips is worth more to most than the last breath in their lungs. People of Nestor, before you allow this venom to seep into your ears, I warn you... stay your hands... if you know what's best.

You are now in the presence of those who need no herald, for we are the Eyes, the Throat and the Will of the Imperium! Where our voices carry our masters' weight carries as well! And our voices are as heavy and merciless as the executioner's blade and as absolute as the hand that wields it! We have been watching. We see all transgressions. Are you prepared to answer for yours first hand? Let us hear from your Prime Minister. Let him take responsibility for the fate of his people.

But first a question to you people of Nestor:

Are you so foolish? Are you so willing to allow this Jefari poison to slip into your ears? Are you so eager to sacrifice your life to defy your masters? Was it not we, The Imperium who smote the Jefari from their home system? Was it not we that turned the survivors on their ends like a pack of interstellar vagabonds? Was it not we who scorched the atmospheres of a hundred planets to rid this galaxy of the baneful conspirators who threaten the peace that The Imperium has blessed you with? Did we not hunt each and every last transgressor who raised a finger against the Imperium so as to keep our citizens safe and our Empire free from its infection?

Of course you are not. Why would you wish to betray us? How could you be ungrateful for the freedoms that our generous Emperor has given to your planet? Why would you no longer desire protection from those who would burden you with their ungrateful complaints?

Tell us that this not the case, Prime Minister. Remind your people that you are still loyal to the almighty Supreme Emperor.

Obviously your concern for your people has parched your throat, Prime Minister. Your response seems to lack sincerity. Of course we understand. The lives of your people and children weigh heavily on your mind.

It would be unfortunate to be forced to collect them, along with the rest of the young of Nestor and put them to work in the spice mines of Kharus Minas. How terrible it would be to see their blood and sweat wrung from them like dirty rags. I am sure you would not want to see such a thing.

Cruel? We are not cruel, Prime Minister. Is it not our place to punish those who conspire against our benevolent masters? Would it not be our right to inflict such grievous punishment on those who betray the trust of the Supreme Emperor? My Prime Minister is it common for your race to perspire so much or does this conversation weigh heavily on your conscience?

I don't appreciate your threat, Prime Minister. We of the Ven are as fair as we are righteous and just. All of our actions are condoned and exonerated by our master. As he is the Supreme Emperor of the universe, the Ven are the supreme extension of his presence. If the Ven decree that you are a traitor then by the Emperor it is so.

To prove to you our kindness we have a surprise for the people of Nestor in honor of our visit. Behold the Jefari traitor!

No. Do not look away, Prime Minister. Bask in his pain, for it is through his pain that we bring peace to our Empire.

Tell me Prime Minister, why do you cry? It is a bigger man than I that can shed a tear for this traitor.



As the Voice of the Supreme Emperor, you will now bear witness to his sentencing as we extract a confession from him. Elseer Cid! You are charged with inciting unrest and treason against the all-powerful Emperor.

Our evidence is clear:

The transmission we have seen sent to tempt the people of Nestor into betraying their Supreme Emperor.

Your ships data logs showing battle plans and the target of your terrorist acts acquired two star weeks before said attack occurred.

And finally, personal holocom transmissions that we intercepted sent to your wife and children, conveying your fear for your life in the upcoming battle.

Your crimes against the Imperium sentence you to a punishment of death. How do you plea?

I see. So you will not answer. Then answer me this:

How does it feel to know that like the rest of your pitiful race of star pilots you have failed, as you were preordained to do in your attempts to upset the supreme power in this universe?

Does it anger you to know that you and your kind will be erased from the annals of existence for such actions?

Your great order will be nothing more than a smear on the side of a planet. The Emperor has decreed it and it will be done. All of your life works, books, holo-plans, prototypes, and your precious saberwings will be all set to blaze.

How does it feel to know that you because of The Ven, you were destined to fail before you set foot to dirt on your birth planet? This is the power of the Imperium and it is without rival.

Our overconfidence is our weakness, eh? Then explain to the Prime Minister, Elseer Cid why your men are dying in the cold of space and why your lifeblood is draining from every orifice of your body. Explain why the promises you made to him in the Bothal cantina outside the Varas Nebula three months ago, were hallow and without truth!

I think it is your inability to follow through on your overconfident claims that proves your weakness, my Jefari traitor.

Forever the hero, then are we? Did you truly believe that you have any hope defeating us? That you would be the one Jefari of the billions we have executed that could defeat us. Hahahaha! Hahaha! You bring a smile to my face. Today is a glorious day, indeed.

Do not threaten me. Despite your gigantic and arrogant stature, you fail to realize the magnitude of who stands before you, to judge me by my size proves your ignorance, Jefari.

Now do you wish to confess your crimes against the Imperium?

Argh! You are a disgusting beast! Had that river of saliva so much as wet a single hair on my head your suffering would be eternal.

So if you will not plead then I will ask the Prime Minister to do so for you.

Prime Minister, I understand how an inferior race such as your own could be easily swayed by the likes of a known race of intergalactic scum such as the Jefari. So as the Voice of the Emperor, I will give you one chance to confess your short comings and denounce this traitorous rebel to his just punishment. Look at him, Prime Minister.

Is this not your silver-tongued savior? Is this not how you imagined him standing upon the broken back of the Emperor? Is this not the rebel scum for which, you placed your entire planet's wellbeing at risk to harbor and aid. Look! The courage drains from you as the blood drains from his body.

He cannot help you now.

And so I ask, Prime Minister did this Jefari rebel, Elseer Cid actively and willingly solicit the people of Nestor in an attempted overthrow of their Imperium benefactors?

Backstory - Elseer Cid

Very Good. A wise decision.

Do you forsake this cause and all causes that would seek to tarnish the almighty power of your lord and ruler the Supreme Emperor?

Yes. Excellent. Your loyalty returns at last.

And last on the count of aiding and abetting a known Jefari traitor, how do you plea, Prime Minister?

Why do you hesitate? Do you fail to realize that you must make all of Nestor aware of the crime that your collusion has made them a part of?

I will ask but one last time. Are you guilty of aiding and abetting the known traitor you see before us?

Good. Guilty as charged. Your people should be proud of you.

Now Elseer Cid before we add you to the list of failures your race has spawned, carry this sight to your grave.

Imperium ships begin upper atmospheric bombing of the surface of planet Nestor. Burn their rivers to steam and their forests to ash until no living soul remains. Transport the Prime Minister into the midst of the bombing so he can bask in the praise of his people.

I hope it pleases you that a second armada has been dispatched to the home world of the Bothal, the race that foolishly sold you the starships used in your ill-fated assault.

Backstory - Elseer Cid

Chapter IV

02

The Ven

Their fate is as Nestor's. That sector of space too will be cleansed. Let them and all others know that nothing eludes the eyes of the Imperium. No stone shall be left unturned, no transgression will go unpunished, no matter how small...

Thanks to your actions Elseer Cid, the people of Nestor and the Bothal both share the fate of the Jefari. There will be no heroes in your war against us. All who oppose The Imperium will pay with their lives. Ponder that with your dying breath, hero...



Backstory - Logan Mun

<Imperium Tribunal Log: Subject: Logan Mun

Location: Pentahaus Pleasure Moon: Varas Nebula

Star Date: 26:30:03>

Greetings, citizen Mun! How kind of you to take a respite from your busy schedule to join us. How are you enjoying your stay? Are the accommodations adequate?

Excellent. It pleases me to know you are happy.

Of course, you are wondering why you are here. This is a fair question, if not a slightly defensive one. Do you feel it so uncommon of our Supreme Emperor to bestow luxuries onto his valued citizens?

Do not be so modest, Logan. You are very interesting to The Ven and by proxy the Emperor. How is your business? I understand that you have travelers from many systems that frequent your establishment. Your reputation has preceded you.

Which brings me to our reason for having you here. It is in the Imperium's best interest to have citizens like you in positions that suit their competency and loyalty. First though, I'd like to ask you a few questions as a background check concerning your clientele and business practices. I encourage you to answer candidly.

How much revenue would you say your cantina earns in the average cycle?

Interesting. It so happens I have taken the liberty of checking your revenue reports for the last five cycles and I am glad to see that your estimates are very close to your actual disclosures.

Backstory - Logan Mun

And where do you obtain the refreshments and stock that you use to serve your guests?

Excellent! And at no time have you ever served illicit or blacklisted products in your establishment, have you?

We doubted as much. Our internal screening of several of your most frequent patrons indicated similar results. We have also gone to the effort of vigorously interviewing your staff as well.

Of course, we must be thorough about these things, Logan. The Imperium must never appear to be blind to or condone illicit behavior of any kind. Which brings me to my last question.

How often is it that you organize private meetings of conspirators against the Emperor?

Never? I applaud your vigorous condemning of such actions. But is that truly the case, Logan?

Now, I would not go swearing upon your wife or your children just yet. I doubt that you would want their blood on your hands.

Please sit and listen as I tell you, what we the Ven have known. Five Cycles ago you were approached by a smuggler by the name of Van Stag, who offered to sell you 400 cases of the contraband known as GrissWater. We know this because our eyes confirmed that it was your name data signed to the shipping agreement intercepted in a transmission from Stag's ship. Not only did you sell illegal contraband but you also failed to report the earnings of it in your revenue reports for the previous five cycles. It was at this time that the Imperium took an interest in your business.



Oh I see... So this was a singular case of transgression. You are no traitor. You wish forgiveness. I understand and in our benevolence a less severe fine would have been in order... had this been your only offense. But as we both know this is not the case.

Several months ago, Van Stag revisited your cantina and offered you a business proposition. He asked you and I quote:

"There are three thousand credits for you if I can borrow your private room for one hour. I need somewhere to conduct some business without any Imperium entanglements."

Did you not at this time choose to betray your Emperor and agree to these terms?

Well, I hope that you have spent your ill-gotten gains wisely because they have condemned you and your family as criminals against the Supreme Emperor.

Yes, of course your family must pay. Did your wife not serve GrissWater to the Jafari traitor and wish to shake the hand of the hero that would bring death to the Imperium.

Did your son not run across half the Bothal city of Took, to deliver a clandestine message informing the Bothal arms dealers that Stag and his Jafari conspirator had arrived?

And tell me this... was it not you who told Elseer Cid, that you hated all of the Imperium dogs for what they did to your father in the battle of Vetra Lira thirty cycles ago?

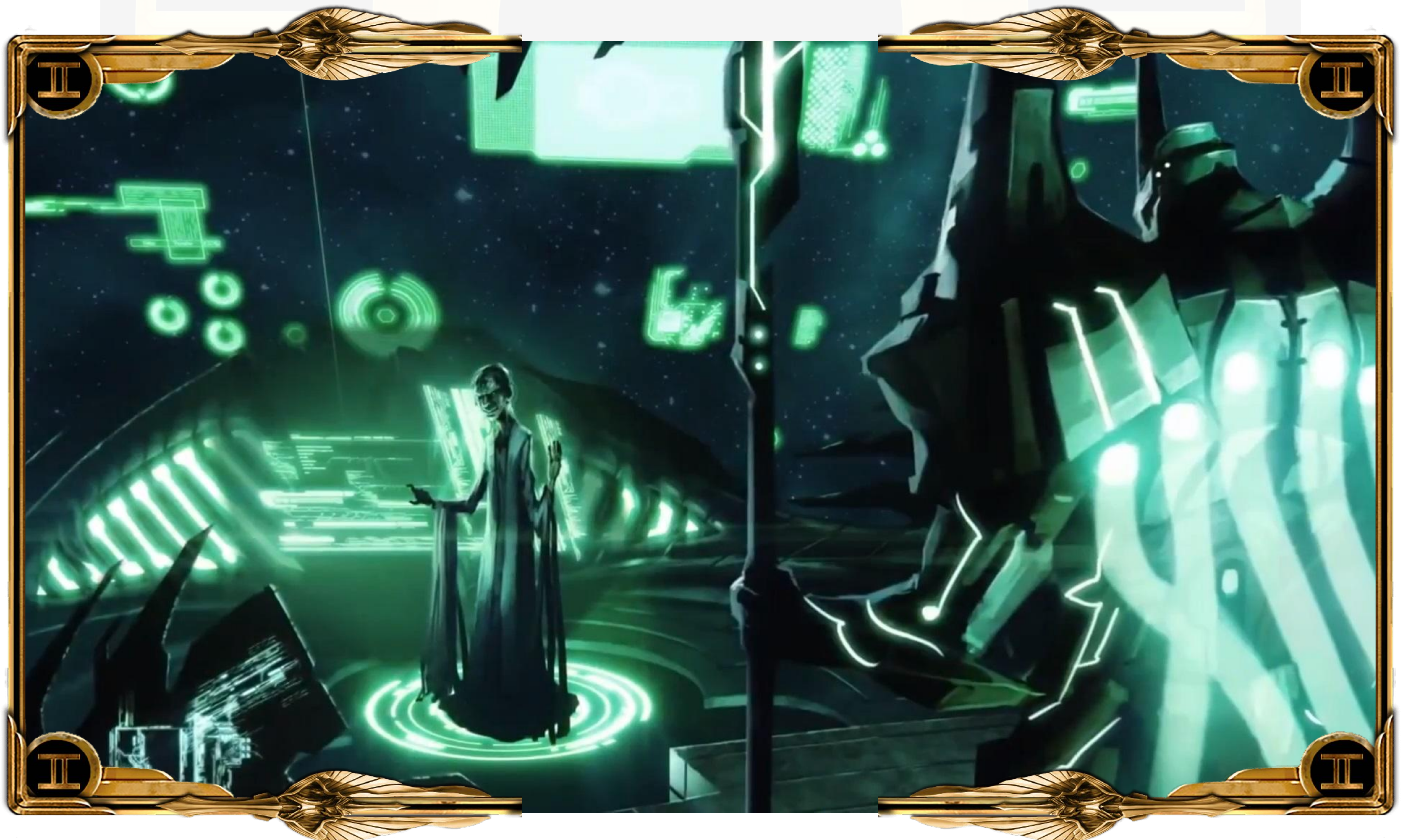
There is no reason to deny this, the Jafari has already confessed his crimes against the Imperium and indicted all of the parties I have mentioned, including you.

Backstory - Logan Mun

You will be executed in a public broadcast as the main attraction for the entire universe. Those in attendance here on the Pentahaus moon, should consider themselves especially fortunate.

Please stop groveling, Logan. Of course, we have spared your family of this horrible spectacle. We felt it unnecessary and inefficient to transport them here to witness your execution. So instead while you were here enjoying the pleasures of Pentahaus, they were allowed to remain on Bothal during the Imperium fleet's bombing of it. We were sure to announce to the people of Bothal that you were responsible for your race's annihilation. I am convinced their last moments on your home world were quite pleasant.

It grieves me to admit, I cannot guarantee the same mercy for you, traitor. Take him away and have his entire carcass skinned before the ceremony. I have promised the Emperor a souvenir of my visit to the pleasure moon.





Imperium Lexicon

Section 03



The Ven: A race of diminutive demagogues and heralds that serve as the right hand of the Imperium and by virtue the Supreme Emperor. Their sole purpose is to survey the expansive conquests of The Imperium and curtail any attempts to undermine the power of the Supreme Emperor. Their presence is despised but tolerated by every race in the galaxy with due justification. Where the Ven tread the Imperium is soon to follow.

The All Knowing Eyes, Ears and Voice of The Supreme Emperor: The Ven have earned this title through meticulous and far reaching surveillance of every star system the Imperium has or has devices in place to hold. Their intricate and extensive network of espionage and information trafficking is unrivalled by almost any other race in the universe.

The Imperium: The largest, most powerful and expansive of all the known factions, The Imperium's Empire stretches a span twenty five times the four sectors of known space. The Imperium's Empire is ruled by one singular figure known as the Supreme Emperor. The racial composition, appearance and overall history of the Imperium are a complete mystery to all of the other factions. The Imperium has only recently occupied the Parvus Quadrant with intent on conquering all quadrants that surrounds it.

The Supreme Emperor: The ultimate master and monarch who commands the entire Legion of the Imperium. His presence is almost divine in nature and no one outside of his inner circle is allowed an audience with him. Any knowledge of his location, appearance or intimate details are amongst the closest guarded secrets of the universe.

Parvus Quadrant: A rim territory bordering Center Space that was at one time home to the Jeffari and several other refugee races that formed the Last Rebellion against the Imperium. The Parvus Quadrant is now solely occupied by the Imperium's forces.



The Battle of Vetra Lira: An ill-fated battle on the rim of the Parvus Quadrant led by the Jefarri and a group of their SaberWing apprentices. The rebels attempted to destroy what they believed was the flagship of the Supreme Emperor himself. Upon commencement the Jeffari were met with an armada of Imperium ships which outnumbered the rebels ten to one. All of the apprentices were killed in the ensuing combat and most of the Jefarri were taken captive and tortured. Rumor has it that The Ven fed a series of false information to the Jefarri through bought informants to achieve these results.

Nestor: A small, peaceful planet in the Parvus Quadrant that was recently Terra-formed by the Imperium after being bombarded by the Imperium fleet for assisting the Jeffari and conspiring against the Supreme Emperor.

Jefari Wing Commander Elseer Cid: A survivor of the Battle of Vetra Lira and outspoken leader of rebel forces of Nestor. Cid was later captured by the Imperium after a second unsuccessful attempt to assassinate the Supreme Emperor in a failed assault on an Imperium flagship. During the combat Cid ejected from his Saberwing which was mentally piloted to remote location (possibly Center Space) and never recovered. The contents of the Saberwing are yet unknown.

Kharus Minas: A desolate planet in far reaches of the Parvas Quadrant which is host to an Imperium prison colony. Prisoners detained here are used as slave labor in the spice mines whose chief product is a spice rumored to be used to a process to create a unique delicacy only available to the Emperor and his inner circle.

Bothal: Once a prospering merchant planet in the Parvus Quadrant before being bombed and terra-formed by the Imperium. The Bothal people were a proud and peaceful race. A small fraction of their race silently fought the oppression of the Imperium when able and as a result damned the entire planet to termination.

Took: The capitol city of Bothal.

Logan Mun: A Bothal cantina owner who was deemed responsible for the genocide of the Bothal race. Mun was publically executed and footage of his execution is featured in both pro and anti-Imperium holo-vid proganda.

Van Stag: A notoriously cocky and wanted smuggler whose crimes against the Imperium are too long to list. Over the past twenty five years the bounty on Stag's head has made him one of the most wanted men in the galaxy. Stag is a seasoned fighter pilot, who is known to shoot first and ask questions later. Rumor has it he is one of the last survivors of the Last Rebellion.

Varas Nebula: A centralized sector of the Parvus Quadrant that serves as a home to wealth of resources for the Imperium

Pentahaus Pleasure Moon: A water covered resort moon that serves as a host to every pleasurable iniquity imaginable. Gambling, species trafficking and every sort of illicit behavior can be found here. It is rumored the Supreme Emperor himself is sometimes in attendance. This is of course Ven controlled propaganda.

Supreme Emperor Xaris: One of many Supreme Emperor's in the Imperium's illustrious reign. He is credited with one of the only documented accounts describing the Extinction Agenda of the Imperium.

Supreme Emperor Krull: An ancient ruler of the Imperium who is credited with being in power during the first recorded near defeat of the Imperium to a force known only as The Adversary. He is also credited with the creation of the Extinction Agenda. This philosophy is still in practice today and drives the Imperium to new heights of power.

The Adversary: The name of this powerful race from a long and distant galaxy has been erased by Supreme Emperor Krull. This race was bred into the stock of the Imperium hundreds of generations ago and their presence may still be apparent in the face of the Imperium.



The Gift: A term used in the Extinction Agenda focuses on “god play” on a genetic level in the form of “The Gift” which is used to both temper prospective races for integration with the Imperium and to provide greater resistance for the Imperium forces. On the most elite level “The Gift” can create individual test subjects for integration with the high level Imperium forces.

Ambrosia: A term for the genetic “god play” concoction used to deliver “The Gift”. To anyone but the Supreme Emperor himself and the Extinction Agents that delivered it, this concoction would seem meaningless at base value.

Extinction Agents: Nothing is known of these the most mysterious of the Imperium's members. It is quite possible that these ghostlike agents are often unaware of the strings they pull or who it is they are actually working for. Whether through robotic programming, brainwashing, ignorance or some other means these agents set in motion genetic change on a species wide level and pull the strings of the Imperium's future conquests.





Ship Types

Chapter V – Section 1



IGA Fighter ready to launch

01

Ship Types



Ship Types

01 Ship Types

Ships

Ships are modular in nature, composed of various combinations of modules. Weapons, shields, and special technologies are combined along with the ship hull in a multitude of ways to allow the player to construct the ship he or she desires. This modular approach to ship construction allows for infinite content and retention. New modules can be unlocked by collecting blueprints.

Module Slots

Each hull type can hold a particular number of modules containing weapons, defenses, or other special technologies. Each module consumes a quantity of energy from the ship's available energy pool, and ships cannot equip more modules than their power grid supports. Modules come in one of several types, and each hull has no more than one slot of a given type, with the exception of weapons.

Hull Types

There are currently eight classes of hull and their general concepts are described below.



Fighters

The Fighter is fast and agile, able to evade the fire of many weapon types. Its light energy requirements allow fighters to be deployed in larger wings than ships of heavier classes, bringing numbers against the enemy. Fighter class hulls can equip Arc Weapons, used for close in fighting.



Heavy Fighters

Slightly less maneuverable than its lighter cousin, the heavy fighter class gains firepower and durability in exchange. Ideally suited for close attack under enemy fire, but still agile enough to evade enemy attacks on the run in, the heavy fighter has a role in any well rounded navy. Heavy Fighter class hulls can equip Arc Weapons, used for close in fighting.



Corvettes

Far heavier and more durable than fighters, yet not so cumbersome as the ponderous capital ships, the Corvette is the lighter of the two escort class hulls. Though lightly armored, its radar profile is nearly as small as a fighter's and its well protected turrets bring much greater firepower to bear. Corvette class hulls can equip Drone Bays, allowing them to field autonomous attack squadrons.

Ship Types

01 Ship Types

**Destroyers**

The larger and heavier member of the general escort class of hulls, the destroyer is considerably easier to hit than its smaller counterpart, but packs appreciably more punch by way of improved weapons capacity, and greater durability, while remaining relatively maneuverable. Destroyer class hulls can equip Drone Bays, allowing them to field autonomous attack squadrons.

**Battleships**

The lighter of the heavy capital class hulls, the battleship is larger, tougher, and better armed than its smaller escort class cousins. Its larger weapons turrets are easier targets than those on smaller ships, but it balances this with far thicker armor, and more defensive systems. Battleship class hulls can equip powerful Spinal Weapons with activated abilities.

**Transports**

These ships deployed in the battle fleets found throughout explored space have little capacity for cargo. Their internal spaces are devoted to ammunition magazines, damage control systems, and hundreds of other vital combat systems. Transports on the other hand are designed to haul, even at the cost of armaments, protection, and maneuverability.

**Dreadnoughts & Dreadnought Carriers**

Massive, slow, powerful and capable of withstanding nearly unbelievable amounts of punishment, dreadnoughts carry more weapons and more defensive systems than any other class of ships in space. They're almost impossible to miss, but even more so than their smaller counterparts, can simply absorb the damage. The carriers have the capacity to deploy massive amounts of drones to swarm their enemies.

Common IGA Ships Classes

01

Ship Types



Griffons are light fighters built using combined Terran and Oberan technology. They are capable of high speeds and maneuverability. They also pack a formidable punch



The Pegasus fighter is a heavier, more durable version of the Griffon, modified using Thanerian technology for improved hull strength



Phoenix class ships are large corvettes that serve as escorts, blockade runners and research ships. They are favorite of the Oberan race



Hyperions are Large, unwieldy Destroyers capable of inflicting massive damage and surviving heavy fire.



Samson class ships are Battleships that carry the heaviest armaments and armor in the IGA fleet.



The Wayfarer class is named in honor of the transport ships that carried the first Terrans to this galaxy, This cargo ships are used for transport and defensive purposes

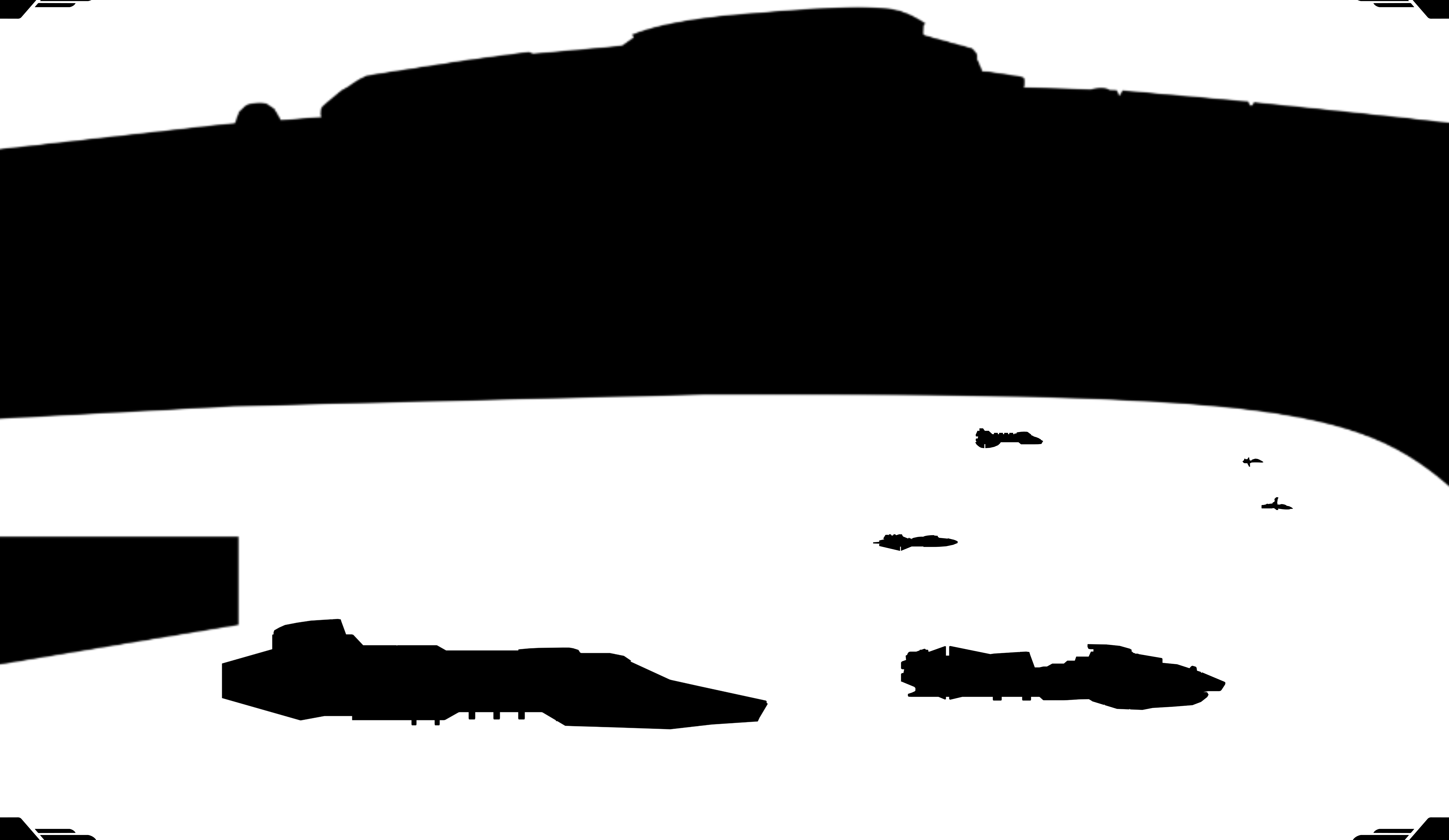


Achilles class ships are enormous dreadnoughts. They are the most heavily armored ships available to the IGA and possess the capabilities for massive offensive power.

Ship Size Comparison

01

Ship Types



Common TYR Ships Classes

01 Ship Types



Talon light fighters are built specifically for speed and offensive assaults. They are almost exclusively flown by Regularan members of the Blazing Sword.



The **Scimitar** fighter is a heavier, more durable version of the Talon, modified to take harder hits and lead frontal assaults. It is the favored fighter of the Lacerta.



Claymores are larger support class ships that are often used as scouts, escorts and blockade runners. New officers of the Hand are often assigned their first command details on this ship type.



Hyperions are Large, unwieldy Destroyers capable of inflicting massive damage and surviving heavy fire.



The **Aegis** is the Battleship class ship of the Tyrannar Empire. It has massive offensive and defensive capabilities and was the first redesign made to the Aegis by Prime Archon Tyrannus.



Shieldbearers are named accordingly and their pilots equally respected. The Tyrannar believe that the next greatest thing to a warrior's funeral is to aid in the efforts of the Empire.



Executioners are Dreadnought class ships, and are the ultimate warships of the Tyrannar Empire. They are based on the original design of the Ares Rage, Prime Archon Tyrannus's personal flagship.

Common SOV Ships Classes

01 Ship Types



Siren are light fighters built specifically for speed and firepower. Many enemies underestimate this fact based on their stylish design.



The Gambit fighter is larger, more durable version of the Siren, modified to take harder hits and while still capitalizing on speed.



Arbiters are large luxury yachts capable of speed, firepower and defensive abilities while providing the highest standard of accommodations to their crew.



Malefactors are large Destroyer class ships capable of heavy firepower and defensive capabilities. The Malus find them suitable for collecting outstanding debts by force.



Discords are the Sovereignty's Battleship class of ship capable of standing toe to toe with any enemy. The Veil favor this ship for its versatility.



Collectors are cargo and transport ships used to collect the Sovereignty's due profits and the spoils of their aggressive negotiations.



Entropy class ships are enormous, stylized Dreadnoughts with massive weapon battlements and great defensive capabilities. The So'toth often take these vessels into the Void to ensure the safety of the knowledge gleaned within.

Space Pirates Ambushing a Foolish, Unsuspecting IGA Fleet





Ship Names

Chapter V – Section 2



IGA Ship Naming Convention

02

Ship Names

The Intergalactic Alliance favors single word names that reflect the virtues or characteristics of the alliance and stresses the importance that the ship plays for the cause of the Alliance. Smaller combat ships sport names of Mythological creatures and Astrological symbols usually followed by a numbered call sign. Larger flagships/research ships use the names of the tenants and ideals that form the Alliance's moral code. All ships have IGA as a precursor to their name designating them as part of the Intergalactic Alliance.

- IGA Griffon
- IGA Pegasus
- IGA Roc
- IGA Archer
- IGA Lion
- IGA Phoenix
- IGA Dragonfly
- IGA Hippogriff
- IGA Water Bearer
- IGA Freedom
- IGA Diplomacy
- IGA Exploration
- IGA Excelsior
- IGA Protector
- IGA Avenger
- IGA Defender
- IGA Liberty



Tyrannar Ship Naming Convention

02

Ship Names

The Authority faction uses naming conventions for their ships based on Historical metaphor. These are meant to inspire fear in their enemies and pride in their own forces. These metaphors usually have something directly to do with the Empire or the history of the Empire. Many times these names will treat the Empire as a living all reaching entity and the naming convention will reference the mood, body parts or tools of different divisions of the Empire or their commanders. Their main goal in ship naming is to intimidate enemies and bring glory to the Empire. Having a ship or elite force named after you is considered a high honor that must be earned.

- Ares' Fury
- Thrann's Hammer
- The Red Hand of Tyrannus
- The Burning Fist of the Ares Magna
- The Blazing Sword of the Regula
- The Drakhan Shield of the Lacerta
- Tyrannar's Assassin
- Ferocia's Claw



Malus Ship Naming Conv.

02

Ship Names

The Sovereignty represents unpredictability and deception. Their fleets are often unique and less structured than all of the other factions in the universe. Their ship captains prefer long adages that express their wit, cunning and/or philosophic viewpoints. Out of all of the factions the Sovereignty is the only faction which the individual races have different naming conventions for their ships.

The Malus: The Malus prefer expressions of wit that often contain multiple meanings or show indications of their prowess in negotiations. Malus prefer to not show specific indicators of the size or strength of their ships in any set naming convention.

- The Dead Man's Promise
- The Fourth Wish
- The Piper
- The Paid in Full
- The Ferryman's Coin
- The Collector
- The Terms of Agreement
- The Escape Clause
- The Double Indemnity
- Actionable Terms
- The Paradigm Shift
- The Done Deal
- The God as Gold
- The Buyer's Remorse



Veil Ship Naming Convention

02

Ship Names

The Veli: The Veil are chameleons and thus often mimic ship names of their opposition in hopes of causing confusion and remaining anonymous. Internally their ships have generic unrecognizable names, involving number and letter patterns; however their opposition does not often have an opportunity to view these names because they are heavily disguised.

- T1M3-To-D13
- 4M3-2-KNoW
- 4RM-4-G3DDoN
- oU812-1C-1Do
- C3Po-RUL3Z
- 70F9-1S-MY-GF
- 3X73RM1N4T3
- H4V3-4RMoR-W1LL-7R4V3L



So'Toth Ship Naming Conv.

02

Ship Names

The So'toth: The So'Toth ship names reflect the dark, dreaming nature of their obsession. The So'Toth prefer naming conventions that pay homage to the source of their otherworldly experiences in The Void. Names generally take the form of dark, prophetic, exploratory or philosophic statements regarding their experiences in the void.

- The Gibbering Silence
- The Thing That Should Not Be
- The Event Horizon
- The Entropy
- The Last Question
- The Zero Point
- The Fifth Element
- The Fool's Journey
- The Final Answer
- The Star Spawner
- The Dweller In the Darkness
- The Crawling Mist
- The inevitable Truth
- The Black Wind



Imperium Ship Naming Conv.

02

Ship Names

Imperium ships are a mystery to players. The Imperium possesses almost an infinite amount of resources and ships so they have no unique specific naming conventions for their individual ships. Due to the sheer number of ships, wings, fleets, armadas and legions that the Imperium possesses the only practical naming convention they can use is numeric divisions. Based on the type and grouping of ships. The only specific naming conventions have to do with the name of the Legions and the Emperor's own personal Legion, Armada, Fleet, and Wing.

- The 4001st Armor Wing
- The 18022nd Laser Wing
- The 9800th Bomber Wing
- The Emperor's Elite Command Wing
- The 7th Fleet
- The 500th Fleet
- The 10030th Fleet
- The 1st Fleet aka The Emperor's Fleet
- The 234th Armada
- The 11199th Armada
- The 32034th Armada
- The Emperor's Supreme Armada
- The Emperor's Unconquerable Legion
- The 5th Legion
- The 400th Legion
- The 900th Legion



Maelstrom Galaxy

Chapter VI – Section 1



In the "Four Points" Universe, the four primary quadrants of space surround an ambiguous area known simply as Center Space. In terms of size, Center Space is less than one hundredth the size of the smallest of the four quadrants. Center Space possesses unusual qualities that defy the known laws of science and almost no meaningful or deep reaching knowledge about the area exists. Only a few best guesses and even less facts are known about this region. All that is clearly apparent is that Center Space offers heavy benefits to anyone that can control portions of it.

Center Space emits an unknown energy type which disrupts any deep scanning or probing of the region. Hence only the most general mapping and astrogation of this area exists. This makes it impossible to make hyperspace jumps into the region without coordinates pre-established or a homing signal of some kind.

Center Space's unique energy source/signature is extremely concentrated. This means that with minimal modifications, energy collectors functioning within Center Space run ten times more efficiently. This means that ships, bases, shields and certain weapons operate at a huge efficiency advantages.

Center Space is a "Garden of Eden", in terms of the density of resource deposits contained on the many asteroids and even planets contained within. This combined with the above allows anyone able to secure bases of operations in the coveted Center Space a huge advantage.

Center Space due to its unique laws of physics and science is riddled with wormhole like areas where "transgates" work even more effectively allowing for increased FTL travel in shorter durations.

Center Space is considered the prize of the universe because any faction that can hold a sizable portion of it will be the victor in the faction wars.

Sectors and Planets of Maelstrom galaxy




Intergalactic Alliance



Tyrannar Empire



Sovereignty



Imperium

Sectors

Chapter VI – Section 2



Affiliation: IGA Status: Diplomatic hub Civ. state: Galactic	Climate: Temperate Moons: 1 - Cetus Dangers: Corruption
Radius in km: 6,459 Orbital period: 368 days Day length: 23h	Surface gravity: 0.98g Temperature: 0c° to 30c° Atmosphere: Breathable



Aquarius 1 is a vibrant and thriving planet that serves as the new home of the Terran race. Named after the fleet that discovered it and the eleven other fleets that perished in their searches, this planet is a true gem in the Aquarius system. With a welcoming atmosphere that is ideal for Terrans, Aquarius 1 boasts a variety of climates, vast oceans filled with resources, and large forests and plateaus that allowed the Terrans to build a new home easily. Aquarius 1 is home to the IGA Galactic Senate.

Thanks to Oberan technology, the Terrans were able to build their new home while preserving the wildlife of Aquarius 1.

The Terrans were amazed by the diversity of animals in Aquarius 1 and carefully selected which species would be suitable for food production.

The Terrans have established a democratic government on Aquarius 1, with each settlement having its own council.

Aquarius 1 has several cities, including the capital city of Terra Nova, which is multicultural and interspecies. Races from all over the universe are welcomed here, the planet is also home to several sports teams, including a popular zero-gravity soccer league.

Aquarius 1 is also a hub for interstellar communications and data transfer, and its position in the Aquarius system makes it a strategic location for trade and diplomacy. Its natural resources, including rare minerals and elements, have made it a target for illegal mining operations, but the Terrans have established a system of trade and diplomacy with neighboring planets in the Aquarius system to mitigate these threats.

Affiliation: **Tyrannar Empire**

Status: **Center of the Empire**

Civ. state: **Galactic**

Climate: **Chaotic**

Moons: **8**

Dangers: **Extreme climate**

Radius in km: **39,523**

Orbital period: **589.1 days**

Day length: **37.8h**

Surface gravity: **5.56g**

Temperature: **-95.2 c° to 236 c°**

Atmosphere: **Sulfuric, Toxic**

Tyrannar Capital - Ares Prime

Ares Prime is a planet as harsh and unforgiving as its inhabitants, the Ares Magna. A long forgotten legend claim that once slaves to a higher race, the Ares Magna rose up in a bloody revolution, exterminating their oppressors and claiming the planet as their own. The red sea microorganisms that fill the Blood Sea, Ares Prime's largest ocean, are a lasting reminder of the fallen civilization that once ruled Ares Prime.

Ares Prime's orbit is highly elliptical, causing dramatic changes in the planet's climate and seasons. The Ares Magna have developed a remarkable immune system to survive their environment. They view war as a way of life. They constantly seek out new enemies to conquer, valuing loyalty above all else, but they also have a deep respect for honor and bravery.

The Indomitus Mountains, a massive black crystalline volcanic shard mountain range, spans the entire length of the main continent and is so dense and jagged that it can pierce even Plasteel armor. The vast deserts of Ares Prime are filled with sandstorms that can strip the skin off unprotected travelers, and the dense forests are home to deadly predators, including the razor-toothed Erebos. The underground caverns are filled with dangerous creatures, including the venomous Shakti spiders.

The vast, windswept plains are home to roaming herds of massive, six-legged beasts, and the polar regions are home to vast, glittering ice caps that stretch for thousands of kilometers. The rare and exotic flora includes the luminescent Valtara plant, which emits a bright, pulsing light that can be seen from kilometers away.

The history of Ares Prime is marked by a series of brutal wars and conquests, which have made the Ares Magna one of the most feared species in the galaxy. The rare wildlife and mysteries surrounding the lost civilization have attracted numerous scientists and explorers, who brave the planet's dangers in search of new discoveries. But few of them have returned, living more questions than answers to look for.

Affiliation: **The Sovereignty**

Status: **Trade center**

Civ. state: **Galactic**

Climate: **Temperate**

Moons: **0**

Dangers: **Corruption**

Radius in km: **6,307**

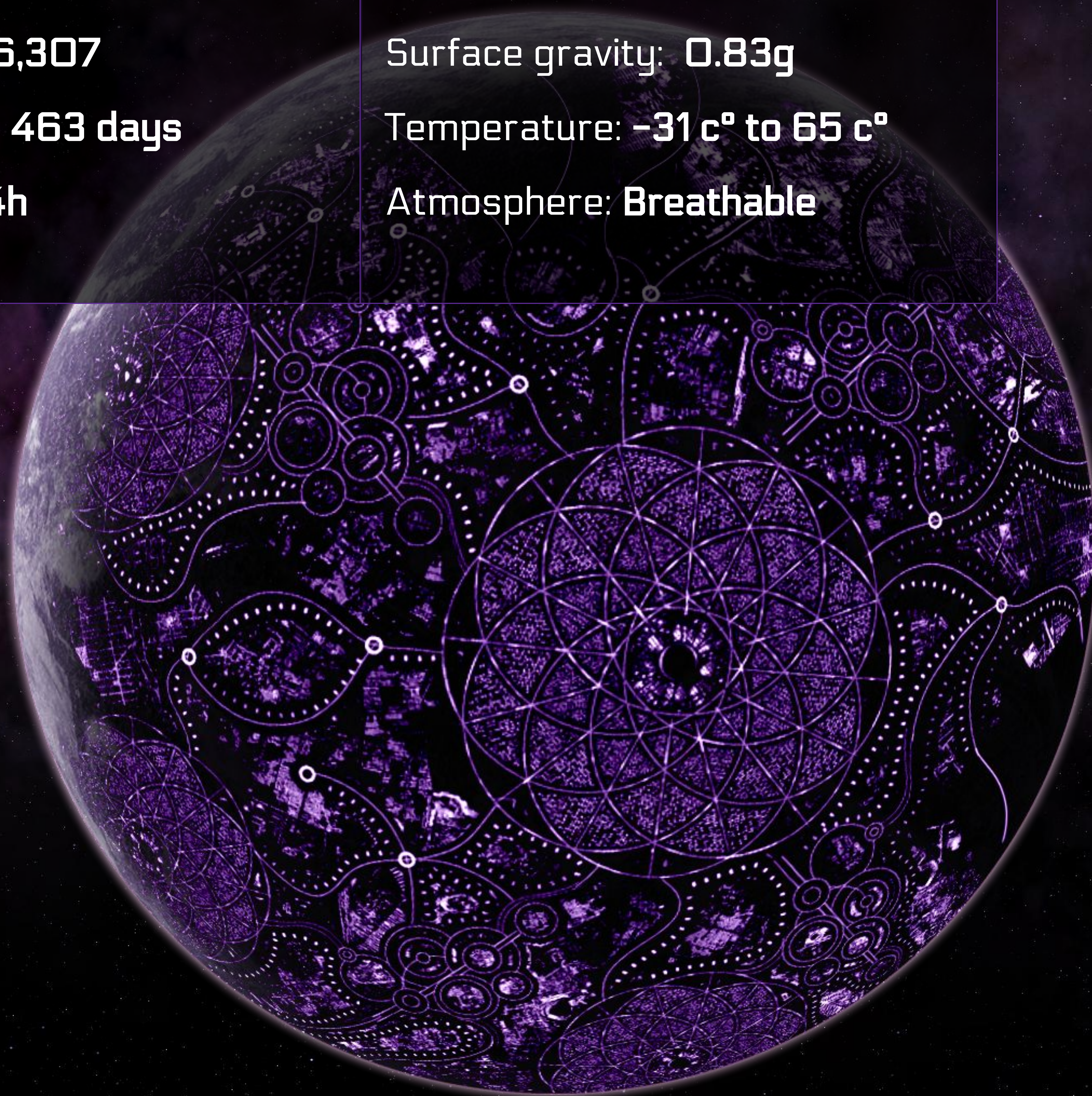
Orbital period: **463 days**

Day length: **24h**

Surface gravity: **0.83g**

Temperature: **-31 c° to 65 c°**

Atmosphere: **Breathable**



Planetary Hive of Golem One

Golem One is a bustling planet located in the heart of the Golem sector, known for being the biggest trade center of the galaxy. Its reputation as a hub for commerce is unparalleled, and it has attracted traders and merchants from across the universe.

One of the most notable features of Golem One is the Universe Trade Center, which houses servers for the galaxy's most prominent trading organizations. The Trade Center is a sprawling complex that spans multiple city blocks and is filled with traders, brokers, and bankers. It's where all the big deals go down, and if you're looking to make a fortune, this is the place to be.

Golem One is unique in that it's home to every currency that has ever existed, and they're all traded here. Traders and merchants study these currencies, looking for ways to take advantage of market fluctuations and make a profit. It's a complex and challenging market, but those who succeed can amass incredible wealth.

The planet itself is a sprawling metropolis, with towering skyscrapers and sprawling markets that stretch for miles. It's a hub of activity, and the air is thick with the sound of commerce.

However, with so much wealth concentrated in one place, Golem One is also a magnet for criminals and ne'er-do-wells. Thieves, smugglers, and scammers abound, all looking for an easy target. It's a dangerous place for the unwary, but for those who can navigate its treacherous waters, Golem One is the ultimate destination if you seek fortune.

The Lower Levels of Golem One





Affiliation: **IGA**

Status: **Cultural hub**

Civ. state: **Galactic**

Climate: **Ocean**

Moons: **6**

Dangers: **Depths of the Ocean**

Radius in km: **25,673**

Orbital period: **10850 days**

Day length: **98h**

Surface gravity: **5.34g**

Temperature: **-78c° to 78c°**

Atmosphere: **Moist, Breathable**

Planet Wayfarer 3

Wayfarer 3 is a planet that is almost entirely covered in a vast, beautiful ocean. The planet is home to a humanoid hippocampus race that has been in contact with the rest of the galaxy for a few decades. The Terrans were the first to make contact with them, and since then, they have been under the protection of the IGA. The fish people have built large platforms on the surface of their ocean to welcome visitors from other races. They have also begun modernizing their underwater cities to make them more welcoming to other races.

The culture of the fish people is colorful and joyful, reflecting the vibrant corals and the high density of rainbows during the day and Aurora Borealis at night. Their cuisine, based on fish and water plants, is one of the best in the galaxy. The underwater cities are marvels of engineering, with intricate architecture and intricate designs. The fish people are friendly and welcoming to outsiders, and they love to share their culture with visitors.

However, the planet is not without its dangers. The ocean can be treacherous, and there are dangerous creatures lurking in its depths. Visitors are advised to be cautious when exploring the planet's underwater cities and to be mindful of the local customs and traditions. Despite the risks, Wayfarer 3 is a beautiful and fascinating world that is well worth a visit for those who are brave enough to explore its depths.

Star Port & Visitor Center at Wayfarer 3





Affiliation: **Tyrannar Empire**

Status: **Source of income**

Civ. state: **Galactic**

Climate: **Temperate**

Moons: **2**

Dangers: **Wilddlife**

Radius in km: **7,853**

Orbital period: **398.5 days**

Day length: **29.8h**

Surface gravity: **1.56g**

Temperature: **-50,4 c° to 53.7 c°**

Atmosphere: **Breathable**



Ferocia is a planet located in the same star system as Ares Prime and home to two sentient species - the Regula and the Lacerta. The planet boasts vast tropical rainforests, swamplands, and mountainous regions, each with its own unique set of endemic species.

To the south of the Fire Marshes lies the largest sea on Ferocia, the Mongo Sea. The thick, lush Rainforest-like jungle basin, known as the Erudite Jungles, is home to the Regula. The Grand Steppes of the Anderian Mountains surround and surpass the northern border of The Erudite Jungles, where the Regula make pilgrimages to remember their god Terrox. A massive outpost is still present here, allowing travelers to explore the ancient ruins and artifacts.

The Great Fire Marshes is a swamp of an incredible size that trails to the south and borders the Erudite Jungles, serving as the homeland of the Lacerta. The Ice Isles are the arctic isles to the south of The Great Fire Marshes and the alleged home of the Terrox. The Great Southern Lights are a massive Aurora of lights that helped lead the Lacerta to the Ice Isles.

The planet's two moons have a significant impact on its tides and weather patterns, and its vibrant and colorful flora, including many species of exotic flowers and fruit trees, is a sight to behold. However, the Erudite Jungles are also home to many dangerous creatures, including large predators and venomous insects, making it a perilous place for the unprepared.

Ferocia's mountain ranges are rich in valuable minerals and ores, which are mined for the sake of the Tyrannar Empire. Despite its many dangers, Ferocia's many different ecosystems are interconnected, with each species playing a vital role in maintaining the delicate balance of life on the planet. The fruits of Ferocia are sold at a high price in the four corners of the galaxy, and due to its impressive range of endemic species, it remains a popular destination for adventurers seeking to uncover its secrets.



- **Ferocia:** A planet in the same star system as Ares Prime and home to the Regula and Lacerta. Ferocia is composed of vast tropical rain forests, swamplands and mountainous regions.
- The Lacerta and Regula along with the Ares Magna to form the entitled races of the Tyrannar Empire. Prior to this, the Lacerta and Regula were locked in a three century long blood feud for control of the planet. Neither race, despite advancing technologies could end the conflict. Tyrannus' forces were able route the combined efforts of both races to end this conflict in a matter of weeks.
- **The Erudite Jungles:** A thick, lush Rainforest like jungle basin and home to Regula.
- **The Grand Steppes of the Anderian Mountains:** A huge mountain range that surround and surpass the northern border of **The Erudite Jungles**. The Regula make pilgrimages here to remember their god Terrox. A huge outpost is still present.
- **The Great Fire Marshes:** A swamp of incredible size that trails to the south and borders the Erudite Jungles. It serves as the homeland of the Lacerta.
- **The Ice Isles:** The artic isles to the south of The Great Fire Marshes and alleged home of the Terrox.
- **The Mongo Sea:** The largest sea on Ferocia to the south of the Fire Marshes.
- **The Great Southern Lights:** A massive Aurora of lights that helped to lead the Lacerta to the Ice Isles.
- Ferocia contains many untapped resources and ancient artifacts based on Lacerta and Regula history.

ADDITIONAL CONTENTS OF THIS ARTICLE ARE CLASSIFIED

- **The War of Favor:** A three hundred year long war between the Lacerta and the Regula set in motion by their god Terrox. The two armies were tasked to claim the opposing army's lands in the name of their god. Prime Archon Tyrannus eventually ended the war and in the process taught the two races to fight as one.

Affiliation: **The Sovereignty**

Status: **City planet**

Civ. state: **Galactic**

Climate: **Artificially controled**

Moons: **4**

Dangers: **Pollution**

Radius in km: **20,589**

Orbital period: **1044 days**

Day length: **46h**

Surface gravity: **0.84g**

Temperature: **10c° to 35 c°**

Atmosphere: **Poluted**



Welcome to the planet Loki, the home planet of the Malus. Loki is an artificially sustained planet that has been exploited for its resources for centuries. Every square inch of the planet is covered with towering skyscrapers and sprawling metropolises, with trees and parks being a rare sight. The Malus have harvested and used all the resources available on Loki and had to resort to space colonization quickly in their history.

The atmosphere of Loki is heavily polluted, making clean air a valuable commodity that is traded among its inhabitants. Due to overpopulation, many people live in spaceships orbiting around Loki. Loki is known to be a hub of technology and innovation, attracting a diverse range of alien species.

The Malus are highly secretive, and little is known about their society and history. Loki's cities are designed to be self-sustaining, with their own energy and resource production systems. The urban centers are also home to a thriving black market, offering everything from advanced technology to illegal substances.

Loki's terrain is mostly artificial, as a result of centuries of resource plundering by the Malus. The climate is highly regulated to ensure their survival and comfort on the planet. The Malus have genetically modified some dangerous creatures for their own purposes.

Loki's cities are divided into different zones, each specializing in a particular area of research or production. The cities are designed with extravagance and made to be more beautiful than practical, with impressive architecture, towering spires, and intricate designs. Loki's underground economy is a hub of illegal activities, with smuggling and black market trade being prevalent. Loki is known to be the best place to hide if you have done something you're not supposed to.

Loki is a planet of contradictions, with advanced technology and innovation coexisting with overpopulation, pollution, and an underground economy. Its history and society remain shrouded in mystery. If you seek something you shouldn't, Loki is the first place to look. Welcome to Loki.

Affiliation: IGA Status: Wild Civ. state: N/A	Climate: Temperate Moons: 3 Dangers: Wild Predators
Radius in km: 5,356 Orbital period: 367 days Day length: 26.8h	Surface gravity: 0.85g Temperature: 40,4 c° to 58 c° Atmosphere: Breathable



The plant-like organisms on this planet are almost exclusively types of grass. They can reach incredible heights due to the strength of some species, while others would be barely noticeable on the floor, if not for their spectacular colors. Shrubs, bushes and flowers are also fairly prominent, but fungi and trees are nearly non-existent.

Surviving is always high on the list of priorities of any organism, which includes reproducing. The organisms on this planet have taken this to a gorgeous next level. Almost all of them are bioluminescent, which means they glow in the dark. These lights will attract animals, who will spread the seeds and pollen one way or another. However, perhaps the most intriguing part is that each color or color combination is appealing to different groups of animals, creating an awesome, nighttime eating balance.

The wonders seen on the surface are also seen underwater. A huge variety of corals and aquatic plants have made their home in the waters of this planet, both living in harmony with each other, at least in most cases. Some species have developed into more aggressive forms, effectively trying to force their species wherever there's water for them. This has led to the decline of some other species, but also to the rise of new, specialized predators.



Affiliation: **Tyrannar Empire**

Status: **Enslaved**

Civ. state: **Decieved**

Climate: **Dry**

Moons: **0**

Dangers: **Dehydration**

Radius in km: **4,719**

Orbital period: **289.5 days**

Day length: **18.6h**

Surface gravity: **0.83g**

Temperature: **-15 c° to 26 c°**

Atmosphere: **Hardly Breathable**

Baroon Sigma

02

Sectors

Baroon Sigma is a dry and harsh planet, devoid of any natural sources of water. The government controls the limited water supplies and uses it as a tool to maintain their power and influence over the populace. The water is obtained from the Tyrannar Empire, but at a high cost that benefits the Empire more than the people of Baroon Sigma. The government maintains strict control over the trade of water, often exchanging it for goods and services, including slaves. Practically, due to the water crisis, the Empire holds the power over the planet and they claim it as part of their territory.

Despite their knowledge of neighboring star systems, the government of Baroon Sigma keeps the truth hidden from the common people. Any attempts to reveal the truth about the planet's situation are met with deadly force. However, some remote government officials may be open to trading with outsiders and sharing information about the planet's hidden reality.

Baroon Sigma is a planet on the brink of collapse, with its people oppressed and struggling to survive. The only hope for change lies in a small group of rebels who dare to challenge the government's authority and seek to reveal the truth about the universe beyond their planet.



Affiliation: **The Sovereignty**

Status: **Wild**

Civ. state: **N/A**

Climate: **Rocky**

Moons: **1 (Artificial)**

Dangers: **Toxic Atmosphere**

Radius in km: **29,111.6**

Orbital period: **18250 days**

Day length: **13h**

Surface gravity: **150g**

Temperature: **-120 c° to 330 c°**

Atmosphere: **Toxic**

Mongo One is a planet of vast proportions, with a rocky surface and a dense atmosphere that makes it difficult to explore. However, beneath the surface lies a wealth of biological goo that sustains the simple organisms living there. Among the creatures is the Waakko, a race with an intriguing 50-years life cycle that starts with a spore and ends in a short-lived adult form that flies through the atmosphere and throws away the spores to complete the cycle anew. The scientists of IGA who have studied the Waakko believe that they possess some mysterious level of intelligence that is yet to be fully understood.

The violet substance inside the bubbles the Waakko creates has neuropathic properties that some Terrans have exploited for personal gain, leading to corruption and the harvesting of the substance known as "Wagoo." Despite the Wayfarer's Doctrine protecting the Waakko from human intervention, ships have been known to be sent to the atmosphere to collect "samples" of the substance, which has become one of the most potent narcotics in the galaxy. Those who seek to find and harvest Wagoo tread a dangerous path, as the Waakko are fiercely protective of their way of life, and rumors abound of strange and dangerous occurrences happening to those who infringe on their planet's sanctity.

After years of problems with the Wagoo market and the exploitation of the Waakkoo, the Alliance decided to intervene. The IGA sold the planet to the So'Toth. They transformed the end of the Waakkoo life cycle into a luxurious tourist attraction, where wealthy travelers could witness the adult form of the Waakkoo flying through the atmosphere and dropping their spores once every 50 years. To provide the visitors the best conditions to observe the phenomenon, the Vacacorp build the artificial moon, named Zeisenstation, when tourist can use the telescopes and machinery to see the beauty of Mongo One.

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Affiliation: **IGA**

Status: **Wild**

Civ. state: **Tribal**

Climate: **Cave-like**

Moons: **17**

Dangers: **Eternal darkness**

Radius in km: **59,870**

Orbital period: **14 784 days**

Day length: **83.6h**

Surface gravity: **19.2g**

Temperature: **-178,6 c° to -79 c°**

Atmosphere: **Toxic**

Tri'ble 13

02

Sectors

Tri'ble 13 is a planet shrouded in darkness and mystery. Its hollow interior is home to a race of troglodyte inhabitants who have adapted to a life without sunlight. The surface of the planet is toxic and uninhabitable, forcing the inhabitants to live their entire lives underground.

Despite their isolation, the troglodyte civilization of Tri'ble 13 has developed a complex language and impressive sound memory. They have not yet developed a writing system, but their oral traditions are rich and detailed. The troglodytes' most treasured story is that of a legendary figure who, ages ago, was said to have seen the sun. This story has become the foundation of a religion of light, which gives hope to the inhabitants of Tri'ble 13. Life in the depths of Tri'ble 13 is not easy, but the troglodytes have developed an impressive society with a strong sense of community. They have developed their own unique tools, architecture, and customs, all of which are designed to help them survive in their harsh environment. Despite their lack of contact with the outside world, the troglodytes of Tri'ble 13 are a proud and resourceful people. Exploring the depths of Tri'ble 13 is a dangerous and thrilling prospect. The troglodytes are not hostile to outsiders, but they are wary and cautious. The planet's hollow interior is home to many strange and wondrous sights, including vast underground caverns and glowing mineral deposits. For those brave enough to venture into the darkness, Tri'ble 13 offers a wealth of mystery and adventure.



Affiliation: **Tyrannar Empire**

Status: **Mining planet**

Civ. state: **N/A**

Climate: **Vulcanic**

Moons: **2**

Dangers: **Magma, mining failures**

Radius in km: **4,267**

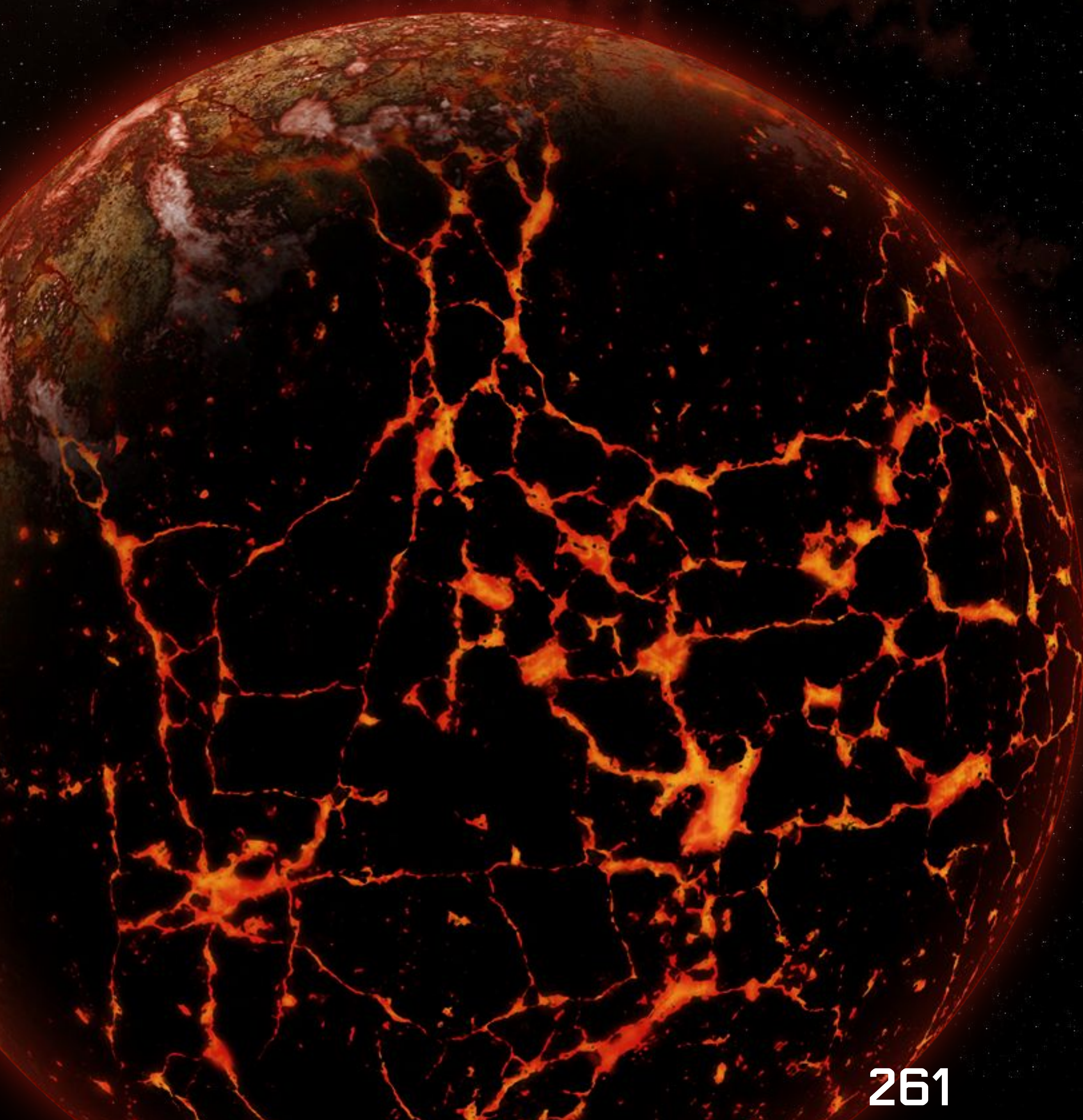
Orbital period: **412 days**

Day length: **36h**

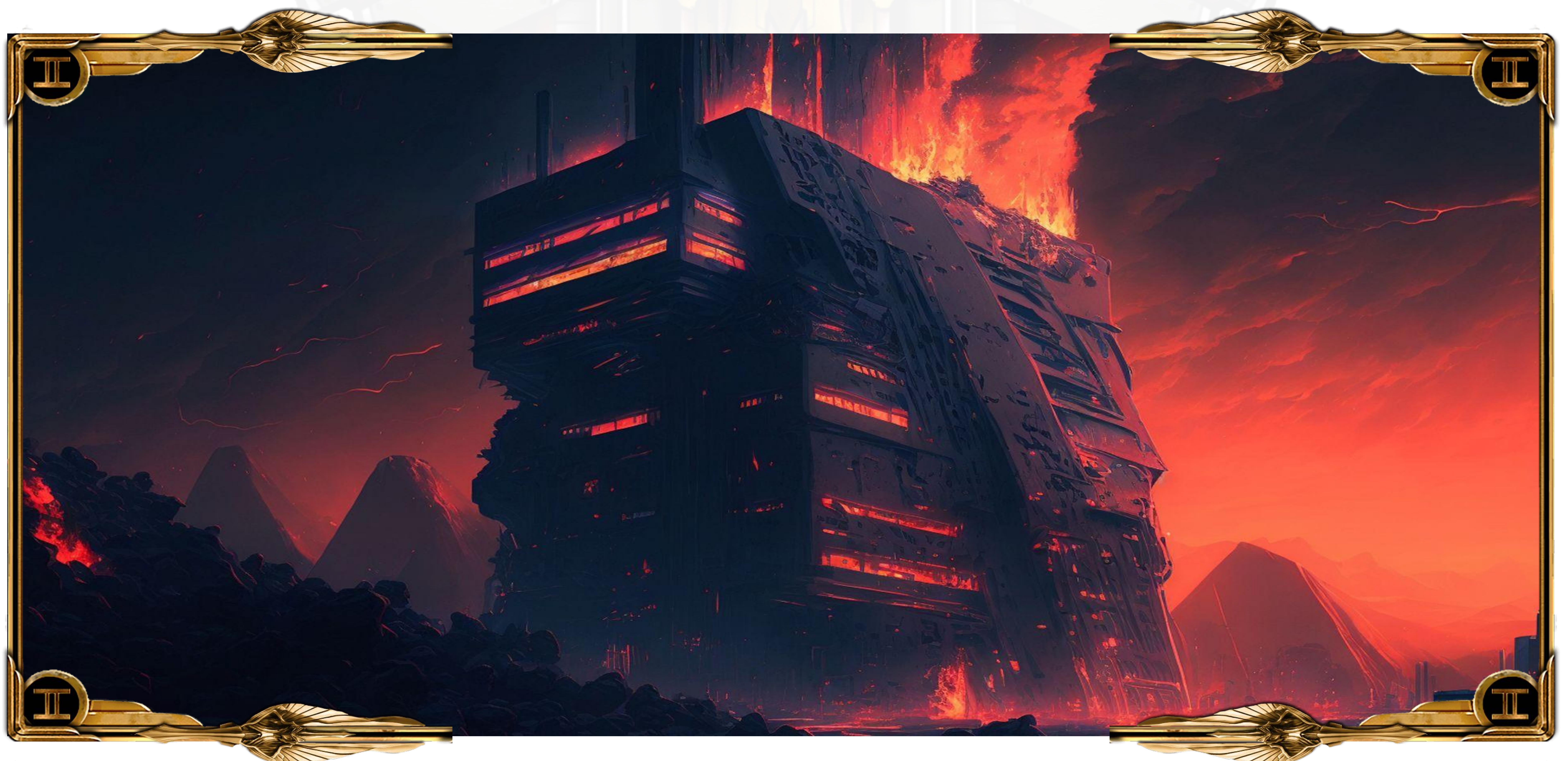
Surface gravity: **1.54g**

Temperature: **489 c° to 3671 c°**

Atmosphere: **Toxic**



Vultan Beta is a planet located in the Vultan sector, renowned for its dense volcanic activity and harsh environment. The planet's thick burning crust and toxic atmosphere create an environment that is incredibly hostile to most known life forms. The temperatures are high enough to melt metal, and the air is filled with noxious gases that would be deadly to any unprotected creature. Despite the planet's extreme conditions, legend says that a highly advanced civilization of Lacertan-like beings inhabits Vultan Beta. These intelligent life forms are said to have adapted to the planet's harsh environment and developed advanced technology to sustain their civilization. Their existence is still a mystery to scientists, and they have yet to be confirmed. Vultan Beta's volcanic activity makes it a prime location for mining operations. The planet is rich in minerals and resources, making it a valuable target for resource extraction. However, mining operations on Vultan Beta are hazardous due to the extreme environment and the potential threat of disturbing the Lacertan-like civilization, if it exists. The possibility of extraterrestrial life on Vultan Beta has intrigued astronomers and astrobiologists alike. The study of the planet's unique ecosystem and the potential existence of intelligent life forms continues to be a fascinating subject for research. Despite the challenges of studying a planet as hostile as Vultan Beta, scientists remain determined to unlock the secrets of this enigmatic world



Tyrannar Rare Metal Refining Facility on Vultan Beta





Affiliation: **The Sovereignty**

Status: **Mall Center**

Civ. state: **Galactic**

Climate: **Warm**

Moons: **0**

Dangers: **Shopaholism**

Radius in km: **24,274**

Orbital period: **120 days**

Day length: **11h**

Surface gravity: **0.88g**

Temperature: **13 c° to 47 c°**

Atmosphere: **Breathable**



Planet Frigia Three

Welcome to Frigia Three, one of the Mall Planet of the Umbra quadrant! This world is a shopaholic's paradise, with a shopping mall that goes beyond your wildest dreams of luxury. Whether you need something practical or just want to indulge in some retail therapy, you'll find it all here.

Frigia Three is a peculiar planet where commercialism has taken over almost the entirety of its surface. In fact, 98% of the planet's surface is occupied by a vast network of commercial arcades, which are teeming with all kinds of shops and stores. The only inhabitants of Frigia Three are the shopkeepers who run these establishments, which range from quaint little mom-and-pop shops to sprawling megastores.

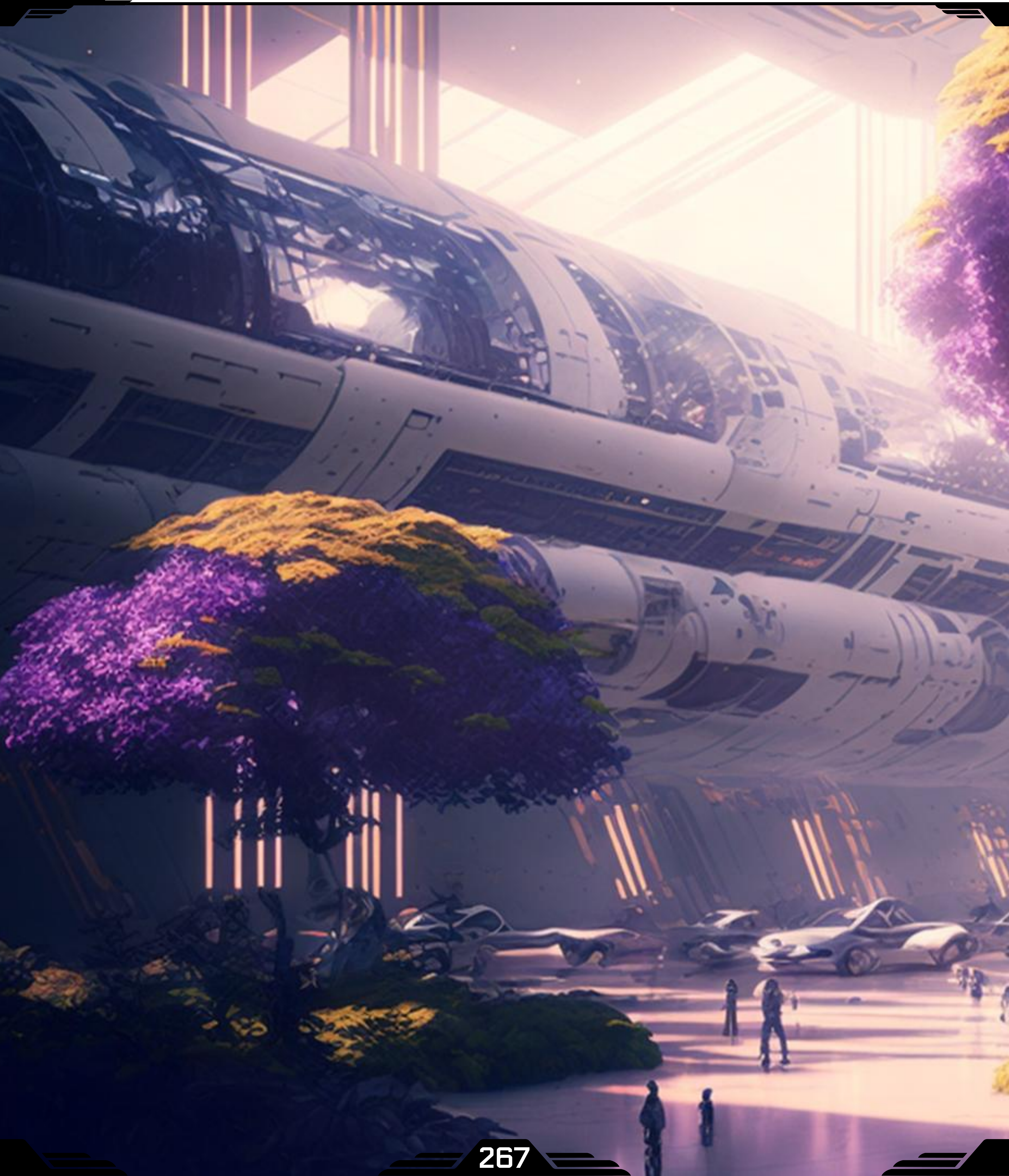
Despite the lack of permanent residents, Frigia Three is far from deserted. In fact, more than 84% of the known forms of life on the planet are casual visitors who come to indulge in the shopping opportunities on offer. Visitors can expect to find everything from everyday necessities to high-end luxury goods, and the sheer variety of items available is sure to satisfy even the most discerning shoppers.

Of course, with so many people coming and going, it's not uncommon for some of them to get lost or caught up in the hustle and bustle of the mall. But never fear - there are plenty of friendly shopkeepers and security personnel on hand to assist those in need.

So whether you're in the market for a new pair of shoes, a fancy gadget, or just want to explore the endless maze of shops and stores, Frigia Three is the place to be. Shop to your heart's content and experience a world like no other, where the pursuit of commercialism reigns supreme.

Frigia Three provides all that you need or don't.

Continent Sized Mall on Frigia Three





Sector 13 - Argos

Affiliation: IGA

Status: **Occupied by Imperium**

Civ. state: **Galactic**

Climate: **Temperate**

Moons: **2 - Fire Moons**

Dangers: **Firestorms**

Radius in km: **7,278**

Orbital period: **2 555 days**

Day length: **27h**

Surface gravity: **1.5g**

Temperature: **-40c° to 50c°**

Atmosphere: **Breathable**



Planet Argos

Argos is the home planet of the Thanerians, a race of resilient and proud beings who now find themselves under Imperium occupation. This planet sits on the edge of Imperium territory and the border of Center Space, making it a strategic location for both sides in the ongoing conflict.

Argos is a world of extremes, with a thin atmosphere and a rocky terrain that is dotted with active volcanoes and sprawling cave systems that the Thanerians call their underground cities. The planet's unique weather phenomenon, the Flame Storm, brings intense heat and wind to the surface, making it a hazardous place for those unaccustomed to its ways. The Thanerians have a unique form of energy known as "Flame Energy," which they have harnessed for various purposes, including powering their technology.

The Celebration of the Fire Moons is an event that occurs once every seven Terran years to mark the start of a new cycle on Argos. During this celebration, the planet's two fire moons sit side by side like two fire-rimmed goblets, a sight that is deeply meaningful to the Thanerians.

Argos is home to many fascinating creatures, including the massive, lumbering beasts known as Rockbacks, which the Thanerians often use as mounts, and the massive, armored beasts known as Ironhides, which are nearly impervious to most forms of weaponry. The planet is also home to the enormous, winged flying creatures known as StarWyrms, which can skirt the upper atmosphere of Argos for a limited time before needing to rest.

No one knows exactly what Argos looks like after being under Imperium control for so long, but it is clear that the Thanerians still hold a deep attachment to their home planet and are determined to fight for its liberation.

Affiliation: **Tyrannar Empire**

Status: **Shipyard planet**

Civ. state: **Galactic**

Climate: **Industrial**

Moons: **2**

Dangers: **Industrial accidents**

Radius in km: **13,782**

Orbital period: **234 days**

Day length: **27.8h**

Surface gravity: **3,8g**

Temperature: **10 c° to 1580 c°**

Atmosphere: **Polluted**



Thun Mu

02

Sectors

Thun Mu is a heavily industrialized shipyard planet, located on the outer rim of the galaxy. The planet is rich in natural resources, including a geothermal source used in ironworks to melt metals. Massive conveyor belts stretch across the planet, distributing raw materials to various manufacturing centers. The largest ships in the galaxy are constructed on Thun Mu's orbit rings, where they are assembled using state-of-the-art equipment and technology. Cosmic elevators transport the massive ship components up to the orbit rings, where they are meticulously fitted together by highly skilled technicians.

Despite its impressive manufacturing capabilities, the closure of Thun Mu to Central Space has left the planet exposed to frequent attacks by the Imperium, leading to the decision to distribute shipbuilding across many small stations across the galaxy. Despite its inhospitable nature, Thun Mu is a hub of activity, with millions of workers toiling around the clock to keep the planet's vast industrial machinery running. The workers are highly trained and fiercely loyal to the Tyrannar, who view them as an essential component of their military might.

Thun Mu's vast shipyards are a marvel of engineering, attracting visitors from across the galaxy who come to witness the construction of the galaxy's largest ships. However, the planet's isolation and vulnerability to attack by the Imperium make it a risky destination, and only the bravest and most foolhardy visitors dare to venture there.

Tyrannar Spaceship War Forge on the Orbital Rings of Thun





Affiliation: **The Sovereignty**

Status: **Swarm of Planetoids**

Civ. state: **Galactic**

Climate: **N/A**

Moons: **84**

Dangers: **Thick Atmosphere**

Radius in km: **68,723**

Orbital period: **8451.8 days**

Day length: **12684h**

Surface gravity: **N/A**

Temperature: **-156,7 c° to 267c°**

Atmosphere: **Toxic**

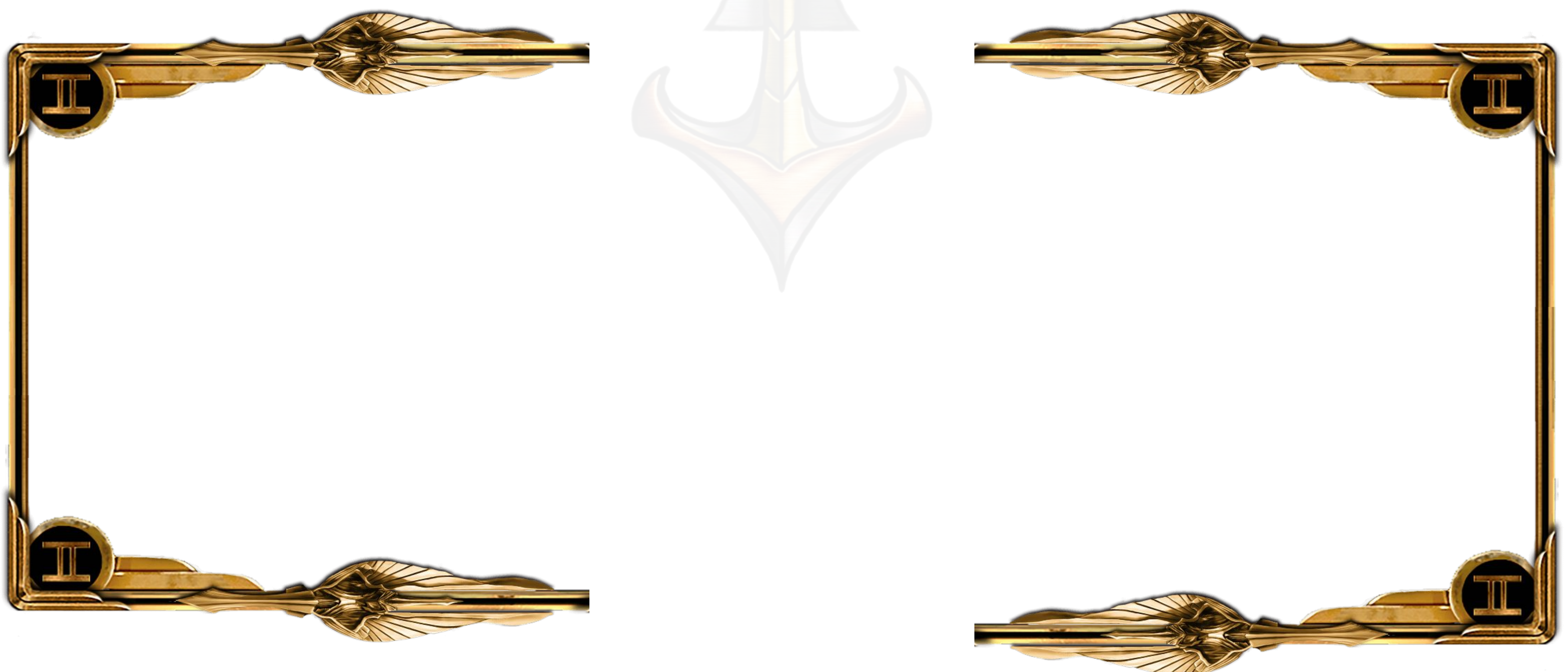
Djinn Eighteen

Djinn Eighteen is a gas giant located in the Djinn sector, featuring several small planetoids within its thick atmosphere. These planetoids are connected by giant bridges, on which high-speed trains travel between them. The inhabitants of Djinn Eighteen have adapted to the unique environment, able to breathe the thick air produced by the gas giant. However, for other species, the gas is fatal, and protective suits are necessary to survive outside of the planet.

The Quasma Corporation has developed specialized suits that allow non-native species to explore and interact with the inhabitants of Djinn Eighteen. These suits are fitted with advanced filtration systems, allowing users to breathe the thick air without any harmful effects. The suits also provide additional support, including enhanced mobility and protection from extreme weather conditions.

Quasma also created the suits for the native inhabitants of Djinn so they can spend time outside of the planet. However, they have to go back to the planet from time to time, in order to refill the suits. Ones, who must go outside for a longer period of time, take specialized tanks filled with Djinn gasses with them.

Despite the challenges presented by the gas giant, the planetoids within it are home to a variety of communities and civilizations. Each planetoid has developed its own unique culture and way of life, with inhabitants ranging from nomadic traders to highly advanced scientific communities.



Affiliation: **IGA**

Status: **Independent**

Civ. state: **Galactic**

Climate: **Temperate**

Moons: **1**

Dangers: **Strict culture**

Radius in km: **5,986**

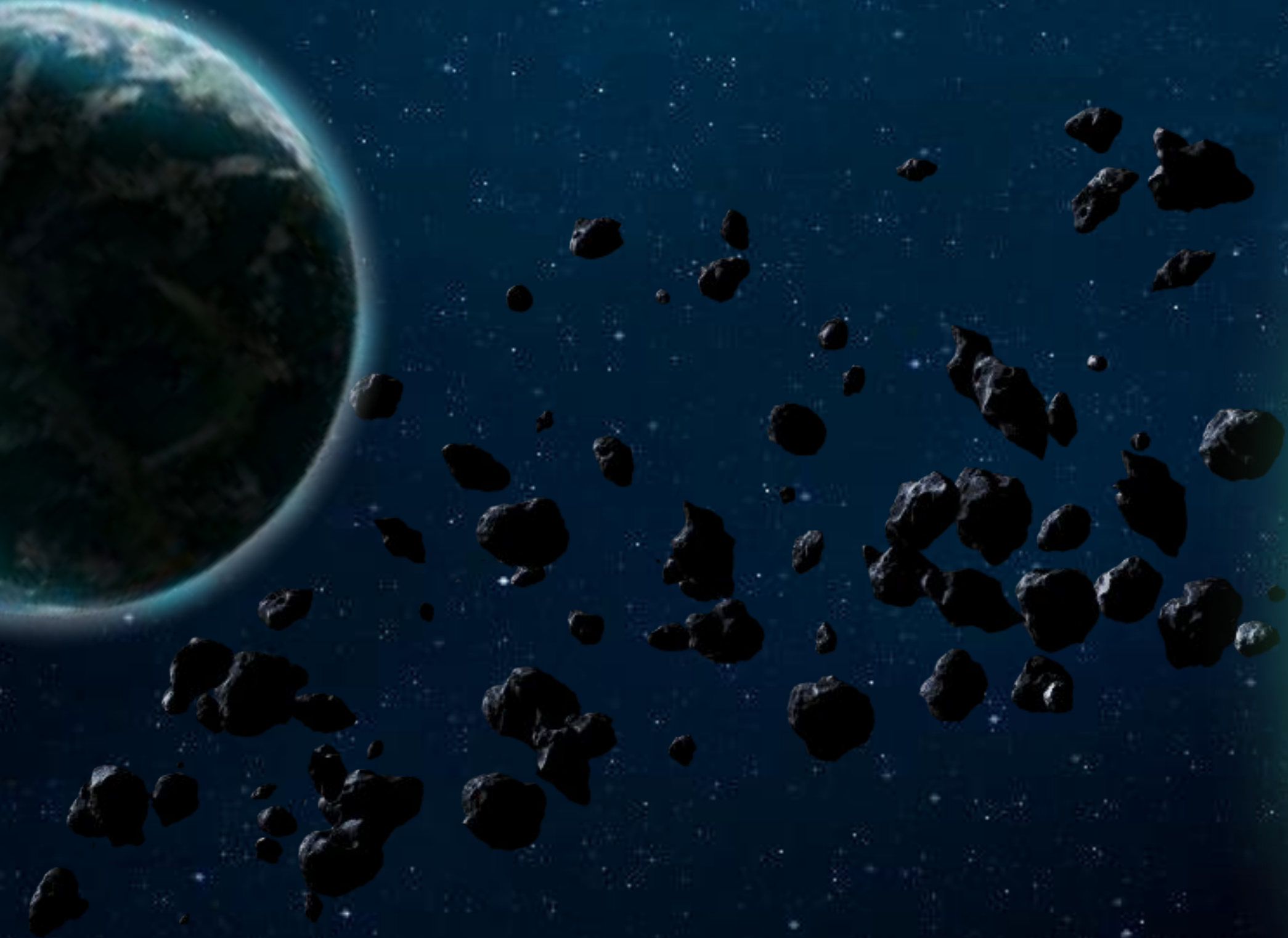
Orbital period: **287 days**

Day length: **38h**

Surface gravity: **0.96g**

Temperature: **-10c° to 40c°**

Atmosphere: **Breathable**



Welcome to New Terra, an Earth-like planet with a complex culture and intricate laws that can be challenging for outsiders to understand. This was one of the initial destinations for human expansion in the Galaxy, but it was soon discovered that the planet was already inhabited. After the events associated with Entropy and discovering and naming the Aquarius 1, it was decided to retain the name "new Terra" To the first aimed system.

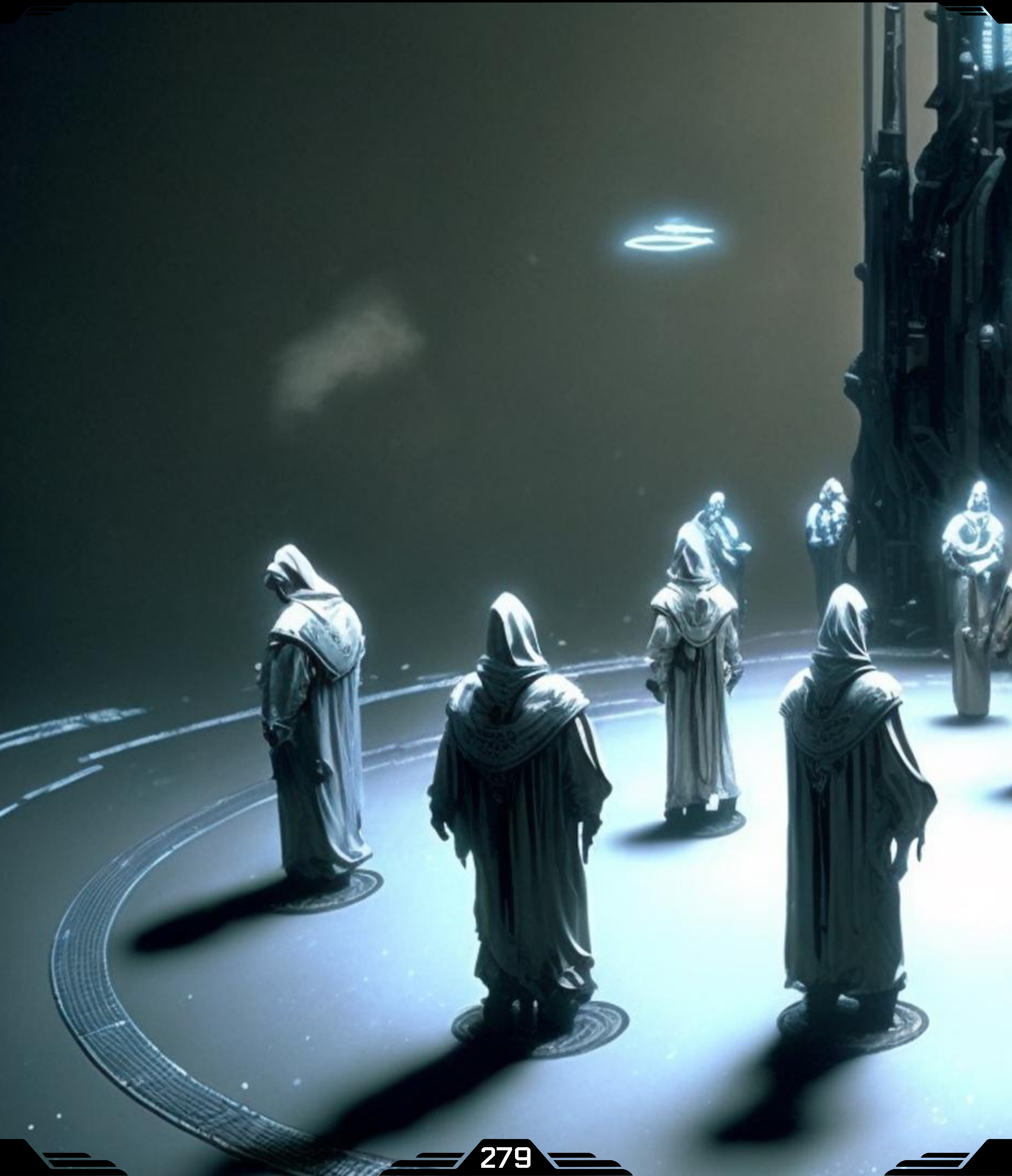
The local population consists of tall, slender humanoid beings with stone-like skin who wear large capes and triangular masks intricately designed to look like stone, with mysterious symbols and patterns, giving them an enigmatic and mysterious appearance. The architecture on New Terra is almost esoteric, with buildings that seem to defy the laws of physics.

The inhabitants of New Terra behave somewhat like a religious cult, investigating the mysteries of cultures throughout the galaxy and believing that all intelligent life evolved from one ancient civilization. They say that it all started thousands years ago by discovering that there are ruins on their moon that are similar to the ones on the planet surface. After this revelation their culture started to reshape into what it is now. They often travel in small groups of three or five, examining ancient ruins, scattered across the galaxy, in order to find patterns that support their beliefs.

To outsiders, the culture of New Terra may seem strange and inscrutable, but those who take the time to learn the customs and laws of this world can find a rich and fascinating society with much to offer. However, be warned: the penalties for violating local laws can be severe, and the inhabitants of New Terra are notoriously protective of their way of life.



Meeting near the ancient ruins on the moon of New Terra





Affiliation: **Tyrannar Empire**

Status: **Casino planet**

Civ. state: **N/A**

Climate: **Desert/urban**

Moons: **0**

Dangers: **Desert, hazard. fraud**

Radius in km: **5,782**

Orbital period: **238 days**

Day length: **N/A**

Surface gravity: **0.91g**

Temperature: **78 c° to 2 c°**

Atmosphere: **Breathable**



Blazed Epsilon

Blazed Epsilon, a unique and tidally locked planet, presents a captivating dichotomy with one side perpetually facing the scorching sun while the other remains cloaked in everlasting darkness. Within the enigmatic shadows of the planet's dark side, a myriad of dubious establishments has emerged, ranging from enticing casinos to luxurious hotels, catering to adventurous visitors seeking excitement and entertainment. The sunlit side, on the other hand, stands as an unforgiving wasteland characterized by vast expanses of sand and rock. Between these two extremes lies a narrow strip of perpetual twilight, where numerous farms thrive, supplying the bustling night city.

Amidst the glitter and allure of the night side's attractions, a clandestine black market flourishes, masterfully operated by smugglers who skillfully exploit the planet's unique geography to discreetly transport illicit goods and services. Despite the inherent risks, many farmers covertly collaborate with these pirates, providing them with essential supplies and valuable information. Often, these resources are gambled away or won in perilous games, creating a complex tapestry of alliances and relationships. However, the constant presence of betrayal and danger looms, making every corner of Blazed Epsilon a treacherous landscape.

While the Tyrannar Empire technically controls the planet, their jurisdiction over Blazed Epsilon remains tenuous due to its remote location within their expansive empire. The White Dwarf Corporation, a galaxy-wide entity, fiercely contests the Tyrannar Empire's control over the planet. Blazed Epsilon has become a battleground for these two powers vying for dominance.

Blazed Epsilon comprises diverse sectors, each reflecting a multitude of cultures. Some of these sectors fall under the iron grip of the Tyrannar Empire, governed by strict laws and tyrannical enforcement. However, the corporations have struck a cunning deal with the planetary governors, establishing special economic districts that fall entirely under their control. These districts house opulent casinos and other establishments, enticing visitors to gamble away their resources. Unfortunately, those who find themselves bankrupt or indebted are often sold as slaves or offered as tributary subjects to the Tyrannar Empire, perpetuating the cycle of power and oppression.

Governor of The Blazed Sector



No1Demon aka No One's Demon

Governor "No One's Demon", or commonly known as "No1Demon," is a mysterious and formidable figure who holds the position of Tyrannar planetary governor in the contested region of Blazed Epsilon. With a reputation shrouded in secrecy, No1Demon has become a master of navigating the intricate web of power dynamics on the planet. His rise to power can be traced back to his cunningness and unparalleled ability to negotiate with the powerful corporations that have established their economic districts within Blazed Epsilon.

No1Demon's backstory is one filled with intrigue and calculated maneuvering. Born into a humble background, he swiftly realized that survival on Blazed Epsilon required one to be resourceful and adaptable. Through a series of strategic alliances and discreet operations, he caught the attention of the Tyrannar Empire, earning their trust and securing the position of planetary governor.

What sets No1Demon apart is his uncanny ability to forge mutually beneficial partnerships with the corporations despite the empire's strict control. Recognizing the immense economic potential of the special economic districts, he skillfully negotiates deals that ensure a steady flow of resources and wealth, while maintaining the illusion of empire control. His mastery lies in exploiting the corporations' insatiable desire for profit, leveraging their dependence on the planet's unique offerings.

Though shrouded in mystery, No1Demon has gained a fearsome reputation as a brilliant strategist and negotiator. His adversaries often find themselves ensnared in his intricate web of alliances and betrayals, and many have come to believe that his success is rooted in dark arts and supernatural influence, attributing the moniker "No One's Demon" to his enigmatic persona.

While his methods may be ruthless and his intentions obscured, No1Demon's reign as the Tyrannar planetary governor of Blazed Epsilon persists, firmly established through his unparalleled cunningness and ability to navigate the treacherous landscape of corporate interests and imperial control.



Affiliation: The Sovereignty Status: Mining planet Civ. state: Mining facilities	Climate: N/A Moons: 25 Dangers: Extreme pressure
Radius in km: 23,828 Orbital period: 55 days Day length: 43800h	Surface gravity: 0.93g Temperature: -86 c° to -7 c° Atmosphere: Methane

Efreet Fourteen

02

Sectors

Efreet Fourteen is a formidable planet located on the outskirts of the galaxy, known for its vast Efeerite deposits. Efeerite is a rare and valuable gemstone with a deep black color and a purple sheen, coveted by jewelers and collectors across the galaxy. However, mining Efeerite on Efreet Fourteen is a hazardous business.

The atmospheric pressure on the planet is so high that visitors must wear specialized breathing apparatuses to cope with the thick methane gas that pervades the planet's atmosphere. Despite these challenges, the high atmospheric pressure is also responsible for Efeerite's diamond-like quality, as it compresses the mineral during formation. The terrain of Efreet Fourteen is rugged and mountainous, making transportation and resource extraction difficult. Despite the challenges, the Efeerite mining industry has thrived, attracting a range of businesses such as gem cutting and jewelry making.

Prison colonies are also common on the planet, as the remote location and inhospitable environment make it an ideal location for such institutions. The competition for Efeerite mining rights on Efreet Fourteen has led to conflicts among mining corporations, with each seeking to gain an advantage over the others. However, despite these conflicts, the mining industry remains a profitable and critical part of the planet's economy.

In addition to Efeerite, the planet also has deposits of other valuable minerals and resources, including rare earth elements and precious metals. Despite the dangers and challenges, Efreet Fourteen remains an important site for resource extraction and a fascinating destination for thrill-seekers and adventurers looking to explore its rugged landscape and witness the mining operations firsthand.

Affiliation: IGA Status: Independent Civ. state: Galactic	Climate: Temperate Moons: 0 Dangers: Giant Creatures
Radius in km: 6,051.8 Orbital period: 430 days Day length: 28h	Surface gravity: 0.67g Temperature: -45c° to 47c° Atmosphere: Breathable

A Beautiful World

Cydonia is a breathtakingly beautiful world that is home to the Oberan, a highly evolved and spiritually advanced species. The planet's capitol city, Tri'ble, is a sight to behold, with its opalescent rooftops and buildings made from an ivory-like material.

Veritos Mountains

Cydonia is known for its Veritos Mountains, which extend for miles, sometimes breaking through the lower levels of the stratosphere. These mountains are home to the Dra'Garn - giant birds with slender bodies and wings covered in stone-hard opal feathers. The planet's atmosphere is rich in oxygen, allowing all living creatures to grow big. This is why Oberans are significantly taller than Terrans.

The Oberans have a deep respect for all forms of life and practice sustainable living on their planet. They believe that they are the guardians of Cydonia and have a deep spiritual connection with it. The planet's weather patterns can be unpredictable, with storms and other extreme weather events occurring frequently.

Cydonia has several geological landmarks, including the Great Rift Valley and the Crystal Mountains. The crystal forests buried deep under the ground of Cydonia can be extremely dangerous, as the stones are sharp like razors. Scientists are fascinated by the planet's geological features and its complex ecosystem, with symbiotic relationships between its various species.

The Oberans have a deep appreciation for the beauty of their planet, and they celebrate it through various festivals and traditions. They also have a deep reverence for their ancestors, and they have built monuments and memorials to honor them.

Veritos Mountains of Cydonia

Chapter VI

02

Sectors



Affiliation: **Tyrannar Empire**

Status: **Invaded and harvested**

Civ. state: **Wild**

Climate: **Forest**

Moons: **1**

Dangers: **Tyrannar invaders**

Radius in km: **14,920**

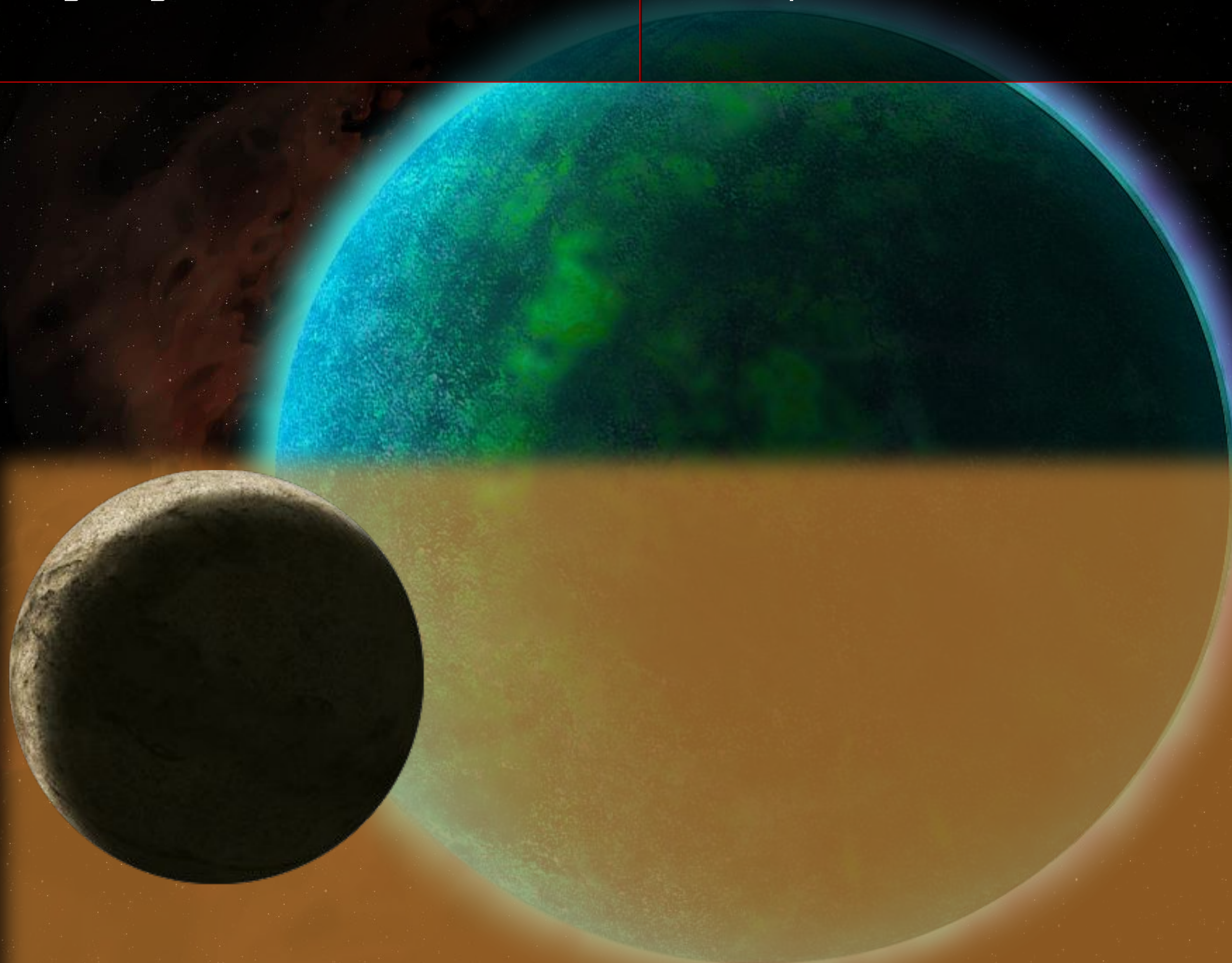
Orbital period: **29,213 days**

Day length: **89.2h**

Surface gravity: **13.7g**

Temperature: **5 c° to 25 c°**

Atmosphere: **Breathable**



Indomitis Prime Minor

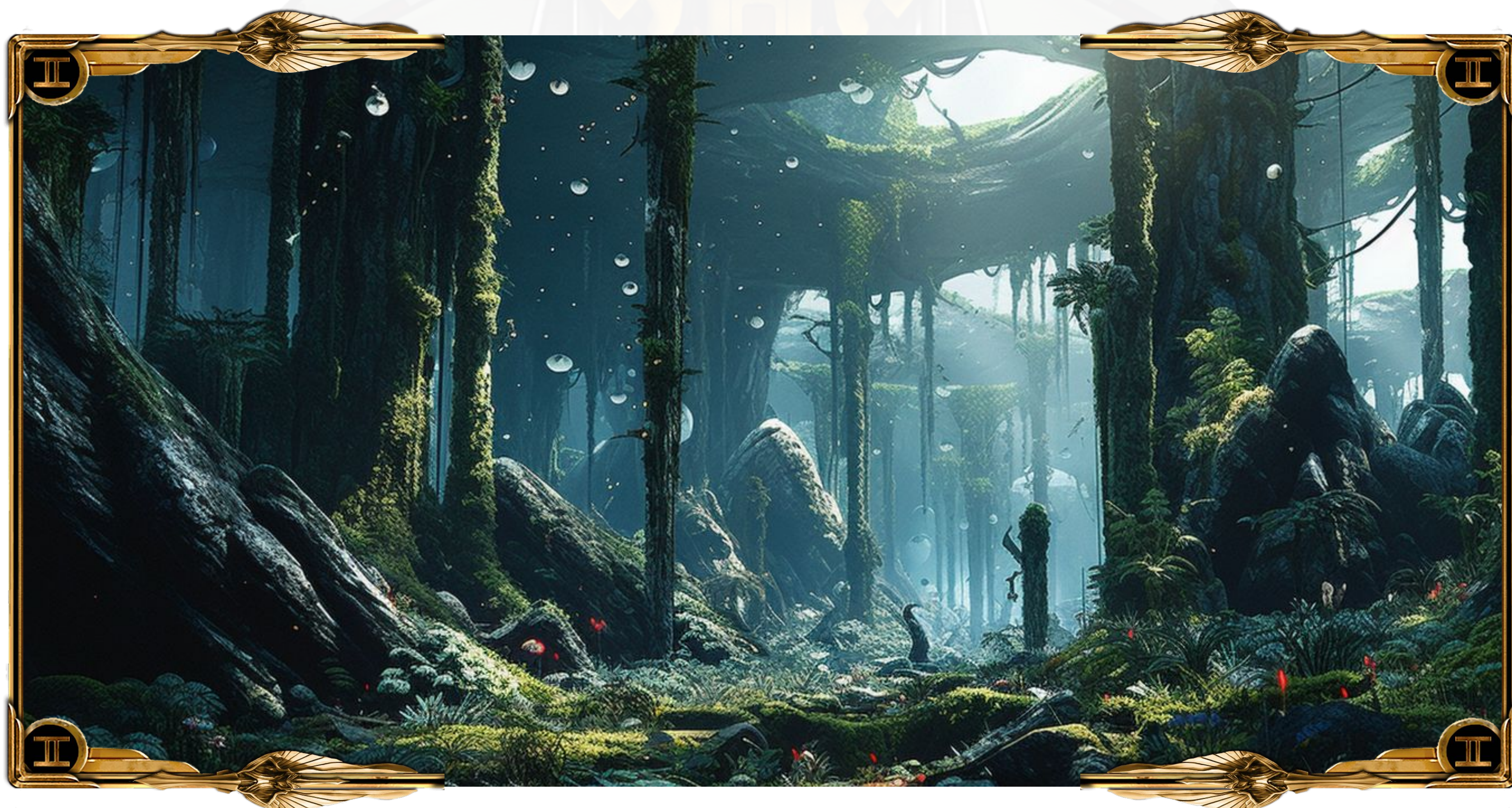
02

Sectors

Welcome to Indomitis Prime Minor, once a serene forest planet filled with magnificent tree people living in perfect harmony. The inhabitants of this planet are constructed entirely of living wood, their homes and structures grown naturally from the forest around them. But now the planet has fallen under the control of the Tyrannar Empire, and their once-peaceful existence has been shattered.

The Tyrannars have taken control of the planet and are ruthlessly harvesting the living wood for their military constructions. Despite the tree people's attempts at a peaceful revolution, they were quickly subdued due to their naivety and pacifism.

The planet now finds itself in a state of turmoil, as the Tyrannars continue their resource extraction and the tree people are left to struggle in the aftermath. Some of the idealists from around the galaxy join the resistance and fight against the Tyrannar oppressors, but most of them see this just as a one of countless pointless revolutions inside the Empire. The choice is yours on Indomitis Prime Minor.



Affiliation: **Sovereignty**

Status: **Lawless**

Civ. state: **Galactic**

Climate: **Temperate**

Moons: **1**

Dangers: **Man-eating seaweed**

Radius in km: **5,920**

Orbital period: **192 days**

Day length: **18.2h**

Surface gravity: **13.7g**

Temperature: **10 c° to 25 c°**

Atmosphere: **Breathable**

Despite its relatively diminutive size, this unique world is a striking sight to behold. As you approach, the vast expanse of water dominates the landscape, stretching as far as the eye can see. However, there is an eerie twist that sets Entropy Four apart from other aquatic planets.

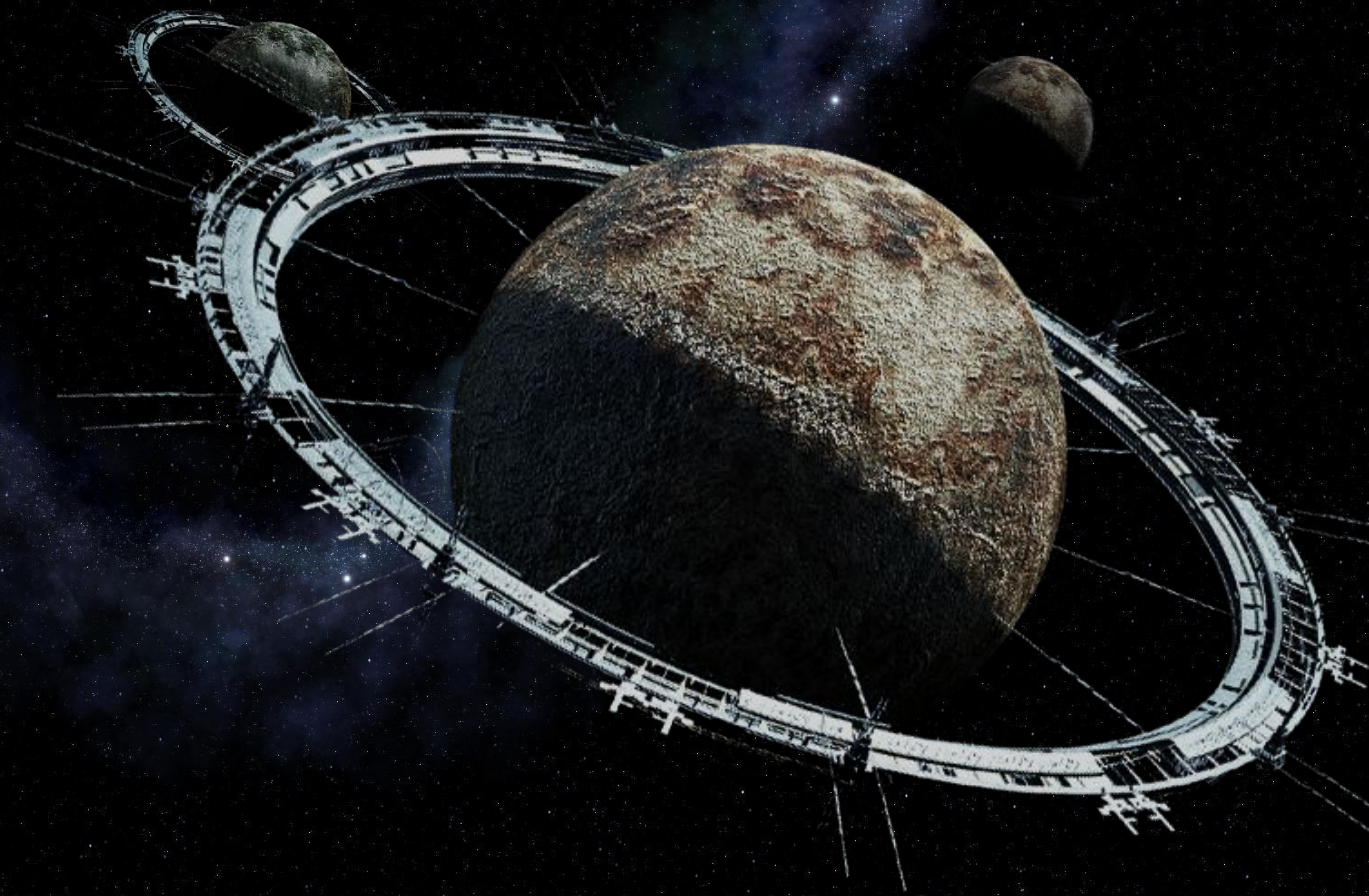
The surface of the water is not the vibrant blue or crystal clear you might expect. Instead, it presents a thick, inky black hue that sends shivers down your spine. This unsettling coloration is attributed to the presence of an endemic species of seaweed known as tenebalga. These carnivorous plants thrive in the dark, consuming anything organic that dares to venture too close.

Beyond its haunting appearance, Entropy Four holds a darker secret. This planet has become a notorious hub for the thriving black market. A web of clandestine activities has woven itself into the very fabric of Entropy Four, attracting smugglers, thieves, and those seeking to profit from the shadows.

In this lawless realm, the tenebalga serves a dual purpose. Not only does it contribute to the sinister aesthetic of the planet, but it also acts as a macabre solution for disposing of unwanted individuals. Those who have outlived their usefulness or who find themselves on the wrong side of powerful interests may find themselves left on the shores of Entropy Four. Once exposed to the tenebalga-infested waters, their fate is sealed, as the hungry plants swiftly absorb and consume them.

Exploring Entropy Four is not for the faint of heart, but it presents an opportunity for daring adventurers seeking danger and intrigue. Amongst the murky depths and hidden pockets of this planet, secrets wait to be uncovered, fortunes lie in wait, and the remnants of forgotten souls serve as a chilling reminder of the planet's deadly nature.

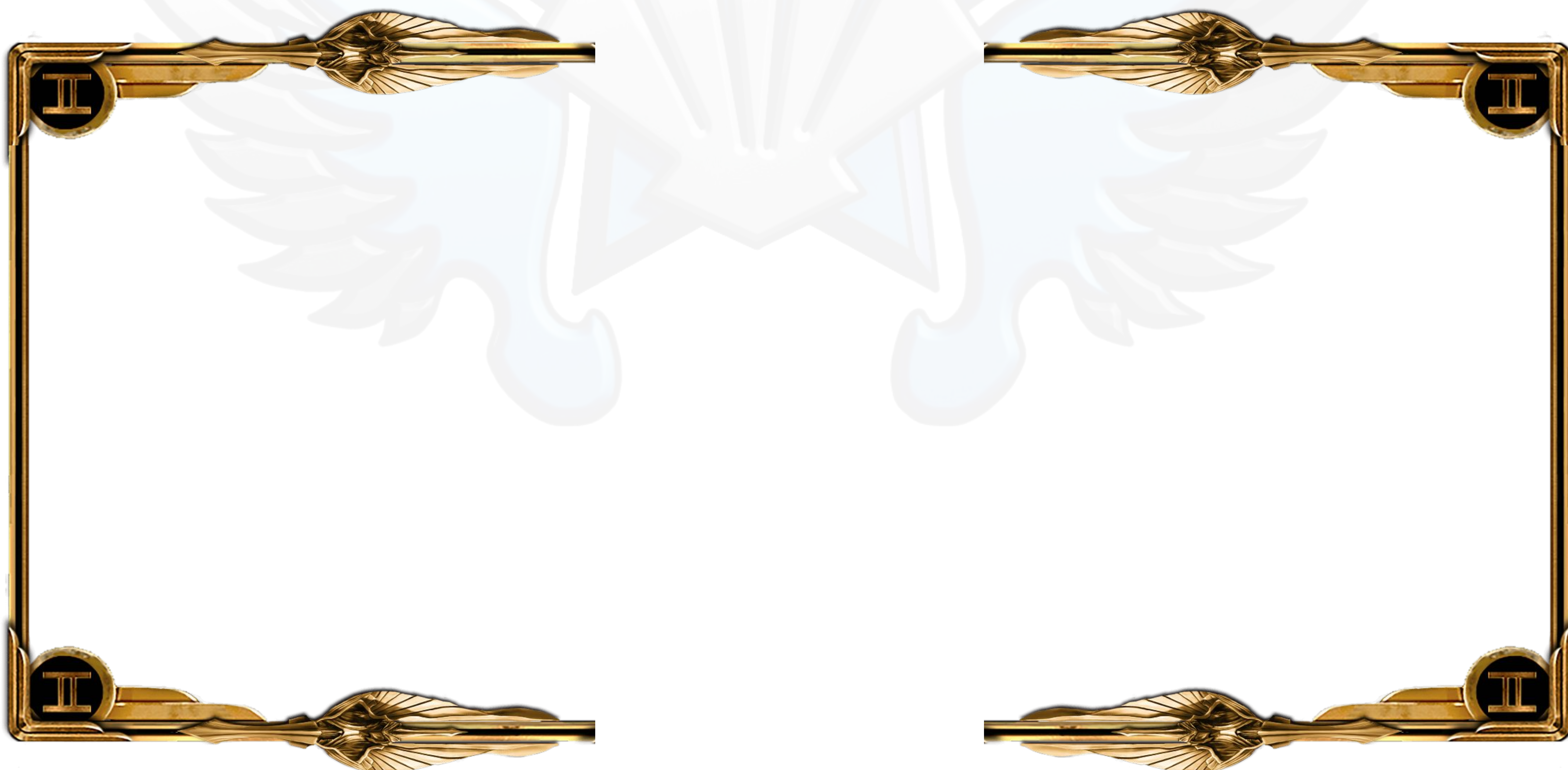
<p>Affiliation: IGA</p> <p>Status: Prison planet</p> <p>Civ. state: N/A</p>	<p>Climate: Rocky</p> <p>Moons: 16</p> <p>Dangers: Harsh enviroment</p>
<p>Radius in km: 4,895</p> <p>Orbital period: 687.4 days</p> <p>Day length: 45h</p>	<p>Surface gravity: 0.6g</p> <p>Temperature: -80c° to 5c°</p> <p>Atmosphere: Artificial, Breathable</p>



Korben 17 is a harsh, rocky planet located on the outskirts of the galaxy. Together with its moon it is a prison facility, used by the IGA to collect valuable fuel from the large underground reservoirs. Fuel from Korben is used in most of the IGA stashes. The planet's surface is barren and inhospitable, with rocky terrain and scorching temperatures. The only signs of life are the vast mining complexes that dot the landscape. The prisoners are put to work, mining the fuel under the watchful eye of their guards.

Despite the harsh work, the prisoners are treated fairly, given two-person cells and three meals a day. They are also able to earn money during their incarceration, which they can use to start a new life once they are released. While conditions are tough and accidents can happen, it's considered to be one of the better prisons to be sent to, due to IGA's belief in resocialization and second chances.

The planet was chosen for its proximity to the main IGA systems, making it an ideal location for collecting fuel and transporting it to other parts of the galaxy. Despite its grim purpose, Korben 17 is an important part of the Imperium's infrastructure, keeping their ships fueled and ready for action.



Affiliation: **Tyrannar Empire**

Status: **Military base**

Civ. state: **Galactic**

Climate: **Desert**

Moons: **1**

Dangers: **Quicksands**

Radius in km: **7,920**

Orbital period: **432 days**

Day length: **29h**

Surface gravity: **1,4g**

Temperature: **5 c° to 45 c°**

Atmosphere: **Breathable**

Welcome to Kavrot Prime, a desolate and treacherous planet nestled within the Kavrot sector. From a distance, this celestial body may appear unremarkable, with its vast expanse of red sand stretching as far as the eye can see. However, beneath its seemingly mundane surface lies a world teeming with danger, mystery, and hidden secrets.

Kavrot Prime is a planet of deceptive beauty, where danger lurks at every turn. Its surface is dominated by treacherous quicksands, vast expanses of shifting sand that act as a natural trap for the unsuspecting traveler. These quicksands, like portals to a perilous underworld, conceal a network of highly guarded military structures that belong to the formidable Tyrannar Empire.

The planet's hollow nature adds an eerie layer to its mystique. Deep within its depths lie hidden chambers, fortified bunkers, and concealed passages that house the active military installations of the Tyrannar Empire. These structures serve as housing advanced weaponry, secret research facilities, and the command centers that oversee the Empire's operations within the Kavrot sector.

Venturing onto this planet without permission or a thorough understanding of its complex military infrastructure is an act of utmost peril. The quicksands, seemingly indistinguishable to the untrained eye, pose a deadly threat to those who stumble upon them unknowingly. Only those with the guidance of the Lacertan and the knowledge of safe pathways can navigate the treacherous landscape and gain access to the heavily guarded military structures.

For those daring enough to seek the thrill of adventure and willing to brave the perils of Kavrot Prime, the rewards can be great. The secrets held within the active military installations of the Tyrannar Empire are waiting to be uncovered, be it classified information, advanced technology, or the chance to reshape the power dynamics within the Kavrot sector. However, one must approach with caution, for the Tyrannar Empire protects its military installations with unwavering vigilance, and the consequences of crossing them can be severe.

Affiliation: **Sovereignty**

Status: **Harvested**

Civ. state: **Galactic**

Climate: **Forest**

Moons: **2**

Dangers: **Giant birds**

Radius in km: **8,440**

Orbital period: **370 days**

Day length: **29h**

Surface gravity: **1.3g**

Temperature: **10 c° to 25 c°**

Atmosphere: **Breathable**

Sychophant Twelve

Welcome to Sychophant Twelve, a planet of awe-inspiring beauty and unforgiving danger. Prepare to embark on an extraordinary journey amidst towering mountains and majestic groves of sequoia-like trees that dominate the planet's landscape.

The air on Sychophant Twelve is laden with a surplus of oxygen, providing a haven for life to flourish in unexpected ways. Here, the creatures that roam the land have grown to immense proportions, a testament to the abundance of sustenance and the unique ecosystem that has evolved. Be prepared to witness creatures of gargantuan proportions as you venture into the depths of this untamed wilderness.

The Sovereignty, ever resourceful, has discovered a symbiotic relationship with the gigantic silkworms that call the great trees their home. These remarkable creatures spin threads of silk so strong that they suspend themselves from the lofty branches, creating a network of intricately woven pathways through the forest canopy. Each year, a select few companies and daring thieves converge upon Sychophant Twelve, seeking to harness the valuable silk before it is too late.

However, time is of the essence, for lurking amidst the towering trees are the fearsome Baldygards, a species of colossal and deadly birds. These voracious predators feed exclusively on the silkworms, making their presence an ever-present threat to those who dare to harvest the precious silk. The temptation to eradicate the Baldygards and ease the harvesting process has been entertained, but a grim truth stands in the way: the silkworms subsist solely on the dejections of the Baldygards. Their existence is entwined in a delicate balance that cannot be disrupted without dire consequences.

As you navigate the perilous realm of Sychophant Twelve, be prepared for breathtaking vistas, deadly encounters, and the constant struggle to outwit the predators that dwell within. Only the most cunning and daring adventurers will succeed in reaping the rewards of this extraordinary planet, where life has flourished under its own unique set of rules.

Affiliation: IGA Status: Under research Civ. state: N/A	Climate: N/A Moons: 0 Dangers: Unknown
Radius in km: 2,389 Orbital period: 489 days Day length: 20.7h	Surface gravity: 0.32g Temperature: -253c° Atmosphere: N/A



Leloo 20 is considered the most boring planet in the known galaxy. At first glance, it appears to be a lifeless world consisting of only one substance, similar to water, with a solid surface and a gaseous atmosphere. The most peculiar thing about this planet is the lack of energy exchange. Despite its constant movement and potential energy absorption from light, the planet remains in a state of perpetual stasis, maintaining a temperature of exactly 20 Kelvins. Scientists are baffled by this phenomenon and have been studying the planet for years, yet they have yet to uncover its secrets.

Research on Leloo 20 is further complicated by the Wayfarer's Doctrine, which prohibits any interactions that could disrupt the delicate balance of the planet. However, this prohibition has not deterred curious explorers from attempting to unveil the mysteries of this enigmatic world. Some even speculate that hidden structures or technologies might lie beneath the planet's surface, responsible for its peculiar behavior. Will anyone manage to unravel the mysteries of Leloo 20, or will they be forever lost in its endless boredom?



Affiliation: **Tyrannar Empire**

Status: **Artificial Ring**

Civ. state: **Galactic**

Climate: **N/A**

Moons: **0**

Dangers: **High Temperatures**

Radius in km: **N/A**

Orbital period: **N/A**

Day length: **N/A**

Surface gravity: **1g**

Temperature: **56c° to 94c°**

Atmosphere: **Breathable**

Khan Aphelion

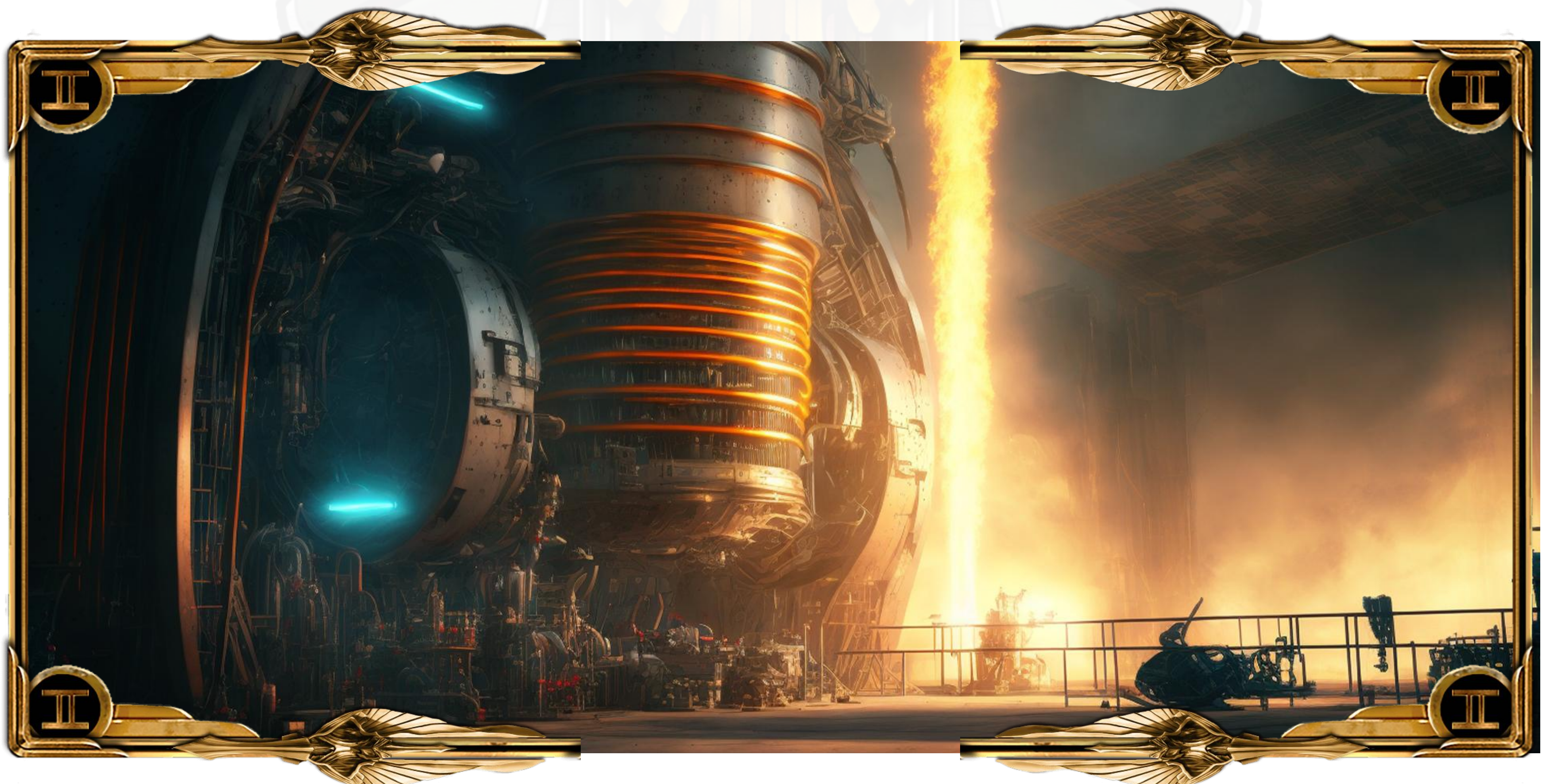
02

Sectors

Khan Aphelion is a unique location in the galaxy, situated within an artificial rings that was constructed around a dying red giant. The rings are home to a race of beings that have made it their mission to keep the star alive by sending a constant stream of hydrogen to it. This act is necessary to ensure the survival of the entire ring, as the destruction of the giant would mean certain death for many of its inhabitants.

However, there is a growing rift within the society of Khan Aphelion, with some members questioning whether they should continue to send hydrogen to the star or instead search for a new planet to call home. The corporations and governments of the ring are heavily invested in maintaining the hydrogen flow, as it gives them immense power and control over the populace.

Much like the situation on Baroon Sigma, the Tyrannar Empire holds all the economic power and has declared Khan Aphelion as their own. They exercise their control over the hydrogen flow and use it as a tool to exert their dominance over the inhabitants of the ring. However, there are whispers of rebellion and dissent among the population, as some seek to overthrow the Empire and take control of their own destiny.



Affiliation: **The Sovereignty**

Status: **Garbage disposal**

Civ. state: **Small communities**

Climate: **Garbage desert**

Moons: **0**

Dangers: **Scrapworms**

Radius in km: **4,969**

Orbital period: **289 days**

Day length: **78840h**

Surface gravity: **1.05g**

Temperature: **13 c° to 116c°**

Atmosphere: **Polluted**



Cetus Twenty-Five is a barren desert planet situated on the outer edge of the galaxy. Once a lifeless wasteland, it has become a repository for all of the galaxy's unwanted refuse. The planet is strewn with shipwrecks, abandoned debris, and tons of plastic, metal, and glass scraps. The inhabitants of this planet are few and far between, and they come from all walks of life.

The planet's harsh conditions have forced the evolution of giant scrapworms, which feed on the trash that has accumulated over time. The few inhabitants that reside on Cetus Twenty-Five have formed a small community that ekes out a living among the trash. Some have come to the planet to hide, others have been stranded, while some have been abandoned by their parents and raised by the community.

Eco-friendly activists have been fighting the corporations to put an end to the practice of using Cetus Twenty-Five as a garbage dump. They propose that the trash be thrown into the fiery inferno of the stars instead. However, the corporations that hold sovereignty over the planet argue that it is much cheaper to continue using Cetus Twenty-Five as a dumping ground.

There are rumors of a conspiracy to keep Cetus Twenty-Five in its current state. Some speculate that there may be a hidden agenda or secret purpose behind the corporations' insistence on using the planet as a trash dump. Regardless of the truth behind these rumors, the planet remains a dangerous and inhospitable place, filled with both physical and political hazards.

Cetus Twenty-Five is a planet of hardship and struggle, where the inhabitants must find a way to survive in a world that has been abandoned by the rest of the galaxy. It is a place where even the most desperate individuals can find a home, but at a great cost.

Slum district on Cetus Twenty Five





Affiliation: IGA Status: Abandoned Civ. state: Galactic	Climate: Freezing Moons: 0 Dangers: Freezing Cold
Radius in km: 1,579 Orbital period: 95.13 days Day length: 7.8h	Surface gravity: 1.2g Temperature: -80c° to -50c° Atmosphere: Breathable

Zarkov 10

02

Sectors

Zarkov 10 is a glacial planet with endless tundra and sharp looking mountains. The IGA had research station on the surface and military structures underneath. As they were the only race capable of surviving those temperatures, a whole squad of Thanerians was deployed on Zarkov 10. At some point the command center of a nearby base lost contact with the squad of scientist. When a retrieving operation was organized, the soldiers found the labs empty with no signs of life. The food was rotting on the tables as if they had to live every thing in hurry but their equipment were untouched.

No one knows what happened to the squad and their bodies were never found.

The structures are now abandoned, and the IGA has forbidden the access to the planet. Despite the fact that the IGA is doing all it can to hush up the incident, rumors are still spread about this unsolved mystery. It is said that the Thanerians were working on new weapon technology that could change the course of the war.



Existing on Zarkov 10 is an exceptional experience, not just unique but also eerily otherworldly, only made possible through the remarkable and ingenious technology of the IGA. Habitats on this frigid planet aren't simply placed on the surface. They are burrowed deep into the planet's frozen crust, an innovative approach providing much-needed insulation from the relentless and ruthless icy cold that defines Zarkov's exterior.

However, the interior of these habitats offers a stark and welcome contrast to the icy, alien exterior. Here, within these havens of warmth, comfortable quarters are brought to life, equipped with cutting-edge heating technologies. These spaces become an inviting oasis amidst the otherwise inhospitable, icy expanse of Zarkov 10.

A standard living quarter, or what passes for a bedroom in this alien setting, is nothing short of a cocoon of warmth and light, a sanctuary against the ever-present cold outside. The walls are lined with advanced insulation materials, designed to ward off the extreme cold, while hyper-efficient heating systems work tirelessly to circulate warmth throughout the living spaces. The source of light isn't the standard electric bulb we're familiar with. Instead, bioluminescent flora, specially adapted from various alien ecosystems, provide a soothing, ethereal glow, adding a beautiful yet surreal quality to the surroundings.

Smart glass windows are another marvel, a cutting-edge technology that does more than just insulate from the outside cold. These intelligent windows display artificial vistas, allowing inhabitants to change their view at a whim. Some may choose calming, pastoral images of earthly landscapes, finding solace in the familiar. Others might opt for more exotic, otherworldly views: the swirling, hypnotic mists of distant nebulas, or the mesmerizing auroras of far-off worlds.

Living areas and communal spaces aren't overlooked. They're fully equipped with holographic entertainment systems and interactive modules that can simulate everything from a cosy fireside chat to an adrenaline-fueled adventure. This technology offers much-needed relief, warding off the creeping sense of isolation that can come from living on such a remote outpost.

Physical activity, too, is vital - an everyday requirement not just for maintaining physical health, but also to generate body heat and keep the cold at bay. To cater to this, the habitats come equipped with virtual reality fitness systems, providing the inhabitants with immersive and stimulating workouts.

The dining experience on Zarkov 10 is a blend of future and past. Fully automated, AI-controlled kitchens ensure a constant supply of nutritious meals. These culinary masterpieces are prepared using a mix of imported staples and locally sourced ingredients grown in hydroponic farms, where traditional agriculture gives way to futuristic farming methods.

Despite the stark and inhospitable conditions on the surface, life under the ice of Zarkov 10 possesses an irresistible, almost magnetic allure. The hum of technological devices, the murmur of scientific conversations, and the buzz of groundbreaking discovery are the symphony of this icy outpost. This creates an atmosphere of vibrant intellectual stimulation, a sense of living on the edge of knowledge.

Yet, the harsh realities of living on Zarkov 10 are never completely forgotten. The icy tendrils of the planet's unsolved mysteries occasionally intrude upon the comfort of daily life. The inexplicable disappearance of the Thanerian squad continues to cast a chilling pall over the outpost, a grim reminder of the unknown dangers that may lurk in the frozen shadows.



Affiliation: **Tyrannar Empire**

Status: **Wine supplier**

Civ. state: **Galactic**

Climate: **Warm**

Moons: **2**

Dangers: **Alcoholism**

Radius in km: **4,856**

Orbital period: **198 days**

Day length: **17h**

Surface gravity: **1.2 g**

Temperature: **25c° to 45c°**

Atmosphere: **Breathable**

Trask Minor

02

Sectors

Welcome Trask Minor is one of the many planet that is used to plant and harvest the fruits used to make the Tyrannar wine aka the Blood of Tyrannus. Trask Minor plays a pivotal role in this ancient winemaking tradition, cultivating the grape-like fruits known as Indomifructus, or as they are colloquially called "balls of Tyrannus" by those who aren't afraid of death

Trask Minor's fertile lands are a patchwork of sprawling vineyards, where the Indomifructus flourish under the careful stewardship of the planet's inhabitants. However, the production process carries a dark undertone, as the harvest is predominantly carried out by enslaved workers. These unfortunate souls toil under the watchful eyes of their masters, enduring the grueling labor required to bring forth the sweet and spicy fruits that create the essence of Tyrannar wine.

Among those overseeing the harvest are the esteemed Ares Magna families, hailing from the Ares Magna race. Each planet within the Trask sector growing the coveted Indomifructus boasts its own lineage of proud Ares Magna, who consider themselves the pinnacle of winemaking expertise. With noble heritage and refined taste, these families ensure that the production process remains an intricate dance of tradition and excellence.

At the heart of the winemaking ritual lies the discerning palate of a high-ranked Lacerta, a reptilian species renowned for their exceptional sense of taste. The Lacerta's presence during the vintage-tasting ceremonies is indispensable, as their refined senses can distinguish even the subtlest notes within the rich and complex flavors of Tyrannar wine. It is their discernment that guarantees the wine's utmost quality, making each bottle a testament to the artistry and mastery of Trask Minor's winemakers.

Venture into the rolling vineyards of Trask Minor, where the aroma of ripened Indomifructus fills the air, mingling with the whispers of a storied past and the sweat of countless laborers. Embrace the allure of Tyrannar wine and the bittersweet tale of Trask Minor, a world where the pursuit of perfection and the clash of social hierarchies intertwine in a captivating dance beneath the stars.

Affiliation: **The Sovereignty**

Status: **Art Center**

Civ. state: **Galactic**

Climate: **Tropical**

Moons: **2**

Dangers: **Fhodas corp**

Radius in km: **16,915**

Orbital period: **143 days**

Day length: **43h**

Surface gravity: **1.73g**

Temperature: **-70 c° to 108c°**

Atmosphere: **Polluted**

Fhloston Eight

02

Sectors

Fhloston Eight is a planet that boasts of its vibrant art scene, luxury vehicle manufacturing, and stark wealth disparity. The planet is home to the bustling city of Dundija, which is renowned across the galaxy for its exquisite luxury vehicles. The Fhodas brand, in particular, is highly coveted, and its competitors often disappear under mysterious circumstances.

Art lovers will find themselves right at home on Fhloston Eight, as the cities are filled with unique and exquisite art pieces that has been plundered or stolen from across the galaxy. The Sovereignty being very committed to the preservation of the artworks they stole.

However, not all is well in the cities of Fhloston Eight, as a stark wealth disparity exists between the affluent and the poor. The wealthier parts of any Malus city boast of pure air and water, a rare commodity in a planet plagued by pollution. Even thin air has a price in the cities of Fhloston Eight, where thievery and corruption run rampant.



Affiliation: **IGA**

Status: **Protected**

Civ. state: **Wild**

Climate: **Temperate**

Moons: **2**

Dangers: **Krons**

Radius in km: **3,354**

Orbital period: **143 days**

Day length: **15h**

Surface gravity: **0.53g**

Temperature: **15c° to 30c°**

Atmosphere: **Breathable**

Welcome to Haven 6, a mesmerizing planet nestled in the depths of the Haven sector number 31. This celestial haven is a wondrous sight to behold, where perpetual gentle breezes caress your face and vibrant floating islands dot the skies. Step into a world unlike any other, where the very air you breathe dances with life and paints the heavens with an awe-inspiring tapestry of colors.

Haven 6 is a paradise of ethereal beauty, thanks to the presence of airborne organisms known as Kron. These enigmatic creatures exist in various forms, captivating observers with their spellbinding displays. Some Kron appear as colossal bubbles of iridescent soap, drifting gracefully through the sky, while others resemble miniature tempestuous clouds, carrying storms within their wisps. A few Kron remain unseen, their presence manifested solely as chilling or warm gusts of air, leaving a subtle touch upon those who pass through.

Instances have been reported of scientists who, in unfortunate encounters with Kron, suffered ghastly fates. Some have been turned to stone, forever petrified in their ill-fated curiosity, while others met a more horrifying demise as Kron passed through them, boiling their flesh alive. These grotesque encounters serve as chilling reminders of the inherent dangers that lurk within Haven 6. Though the IGA believes in the intelligence of these airborne organisms, attempts at communication have proved challenging. Despite this, the scientific community remains steadfast, tirelessly conducting tests and experiments in pursuit of unlocking the secrets held within the Kron.

Haven 6, while a beacon of enchantment, harbors an air of antiquity. No other forms of life have been discovered on the planet's surface, yet there are whispers among the scientific community that long-forgotten civilizations may have once thrived here. Ruins and remnants of these ancient cultures lie dormant, waiting to reveal their secrets to those bold enough to seek them.

Under the guardianship of the Interstellar Galactic Alliance and the Wayfarer doctrine, Haven 6 and its captivating ecosystem stand as protected entities. The IGA's commitment to preserving this extraordinary world ensures that future generations will continue to marvel at the wonders that abound on this ethereal planet.

Affiliation: **Tyrannar Empire**

Status: **Unexplored**

Civ. state: **Wild**

Climate: **Temperate**

Moons: **1**

Dangers: **Temporal anomaly**

Radius in km: **6,598**

Orbital period: **248 days**

Day length: **22h**

Surface gravity: **1g**

Temperature: **5c° to 20c°**

Atmosphere: **Breathable**

Eclipse Minor

02

Sectors

Eclipse Minor is a planet veiled in an eternal mist, casting an enigmatic aura that beckons explorers and adventurers from across the universe. This enigmatic celestial body holds countless secrets within its shrouded landscapes.

The dense mist enveloping Eclipse Minor presents a formidable challenge to those who dare to venture onto its surface. Visibility is reduced to a mere arm's length, rendering even the most basic tasks treacherous. The fog obscures the terrain, concealing hidden valleys and revealing majestic peaks intermittently, teasing explorers with glimpses of the planet's true beauty.

Exploration squads, brave pioneers seeking to unravel the mysteries of Eclipse Minor, have been dispatched to this fog-drenched realm. However, few have returned to tell their tales, and those who have bring back unnerving accounts of their experiences. Upon landing, the squads set out on their expeditions, embarking in a seemingly straightforward direction, only to find themselves circling back to their starting point.

Inexplicably, the planet's magnetic fields appear to function as expected, and compasses operate without deviation. Yet, despite their instruments, the explorers find themselves caught in an unsettling temporal loop, turning back the clock with every step. Time becomes a confounding force, eroding their sense of direction and challenging their perception of reality.

Within this perplexing fog, squad members occasionally become separated from their comrades, disappearing into the mist for days on end. When they reemerge, their accounts are disorienting and contradictory. Some claim to have been separated for mere minutes, while others recount harrowing ordeals lasting weeks or longer. A few, however, never return, their fates forever entwined with the enigma of Eclipse Minor.

Affiliation: **The Sovereignty**

Status: **Vacation center**

Civ. state: **Galactic**

Climate: **Tropical**

Moons: **4**

Dangers: **Laziness**

Radius in km: **6,116**

Orbital period: **265 days**

Day length: **63h**

Surface gravity: **0.8g**

Temperature: **-35 c° to 48 c°**

Atmosphere: **Breathable**



Welcome to Braxis Seven, a stunning planet offering visitors breathtaking views of the universe. One of the planet's most remarkable features is its breathtaking view of the gaseous planet Borialia VI, which can be observed through a telescope. It is recommended to bring your own telescope, as those provided by the hotels are rented per hour and can be hard to obtain during peak season. Braxis Seven is a popular destination for honeymooners due to its romantic atmosphere and stunning views. Visitors can enjoy various activities, from stargazing to exploring uncharted territories through guided tours. The planet's hotels range from cheap motels to luxurious palaces, but it is recommended to book well in advance to secure a spot during peak season. Most luxurious hotels are owned by Vacacorp, the best rest-providing corporation in the galaxy.

The planet's cuisine is also famous, offering intergalactic dishes that can be found at many restaurants and food stalls. Visitors can also attend Denrian music festivals, where they can experience the unique sounds and rhythms of the planet's inhabitants. However, visitors should be prepared for the high cost of living on Braxis Seven, as prices for basic necessities can be steep. The planet's spaceport is also notorious for its strict security protocols, making it difficult for smugglers to transport contraband off-planet.

The planet's trees are hard as rock and do not require sunlight to grow, creating a unique landscape that visitors can explore through hiking. The planet's magnetic field is so powerful that it confuses migrating animals and causes compasses to malfunction. Braxis Seven is home to ancient ruins, believed to be the remains of a long-lost civilization that once thrived on the planet. The largest moon, Krynn, has a unique orbit that causes massive tidal waves every 500 years, and the planet's atmosphere creates a beautiful aurora borealis that can be seen from many locations.

Braxis Seven has become a hub for intergalactic travel, with multiple transportation options available for those wanting to explore the surrounding planets. So pack your bags, and get ready to embark on a unique adventure on Braxis Seven!

Affiliation: IGA, previously SOV Status: Retaken from Imperium Civ. state: Galactic	Climate: Warm Moons: 0 Dangers: Rouge labs, Scavengers
Radius in km: 3,279 Orbital period: 165.13 days Day length: 13.8h	Surface gravity: 0.53g Temperature: -5c° to 30c° Atmosphere: Hardly Breathable



Hera 4, previously known as Hera Mu, is a small, rocky world with a lush grassy surface and atmosphere contained of mostly carbon dioxide. The planet's peaceful environment allowed organisms to evolve almost without biological diversity, and do so, Its intelligent inhabitants, the Desoxis, to flourish as genetic engineers and experts in cloning. Their expertise in manipulating genes and creating clones made them highly sought after by the wealthiest members of the galactic civilization, especially by the members of the Sovereignty.

However, the planet's idyllic existence was shattered when the Imperium invaded and enslaved the Desoxis, forcing them to use their genetic expertise for their own purposes - analyzing genetic possibilities for the people of Imperium.. Wealthiest of previous planet's customers, with their combined private armies, launched a failed attempt to retake the planet, but were ultimately aided by the Terrans in driving off the Imperium. When the Deoxis saw hope, they freed their weirdest creations, and failed experiments to fight the remains of the Imperium. This retake is known as the Clone Battle.

After that, despite the huge damage caused by the Imperium's retreat, the decimated population of Desoxis have remained resilient and joined the IGA. They continue their work in genetic research, using the remaining DNA samples to find a way to defeat the Imperium. However, some rogue labs on Hera 4 still offer illegal cloning services to the wealthy, despite the danger of being caught by the IGA. Visitors to the planet are advised to tread carefully and avoid getting involved in any illegal activities.

Affiliation: **Tyrannar Empire**

Status: **Shelter for the unfaithful**

Civ. state: **Galactic**

Climate: **Temperate**

Moons: **3**

Dangers: **None**

Radius in km: **4,568**

Orbital period: **210 days**

Day length: **21h**

Surface gravity: **1g**

Temperature: **5c° to 25c°**

Atmosphere: **Breathable**



Nova Minor, the distant jewel of the Nova sector, stands as a sanctuary of hope and refuge amidst the vast reaches of space. Nestled at the very edge of the galaxy, this planet's destiny took a dramatic turn when the once mighty Tyrannar Empire, having conquered countless worlds, lost interest in its conquest.

With the withdrawal of Tyrannar troops, Nova Minor witnessed a gradual weakening of the Empire's influence, allowing a new era to unfold. Driven by waning faith in the rules of Tyrannus, a steady stream of individuals sought solace upon this planet, longing to escape the oppression that had stifled their lives. These brave souls came seeking relief and freedom, forging a diverse tapestry of communities.

It is here that disillusioned soldiers, weary of endless battles and the pursuit of glory in death, find respite. Hidden among the planet's rugged landscapes, they seek solace, burying their pasts in the hopes of forging a new future. Whispers carry tales of a secret rebellion brewing within the ranks of Nova Minor, spearheaded by former high-ranking military officers who have embraced a different cause.

Nova Minor's terrain is as varied as the aspirations of its inhabitants. From sprawling forests of iridescent flora to craggy mountain ranges that pierce the sky, the planet's natural beauty belies the turmoil and resilience that lie beneath the surface. The skies above Nova Minor shimmer with ethereal hues, as its radiant sun illuminate the land, casting long shadows and inspiring tales of hope.

Within the planet's bustling settlements, vibrant markets throng with the exchange of goods and ideas. Streets echo with the diverse languages spoken by people from across the galaxy, forming a vibrant mosaic of cultures. Despite the scars of a history under the shadow of the Tyrannar Empire, Nova Minor stands as a beacon of unity and defiance, a testament to the indomitable spirit of those who call it home.

Affiliation: **The Sovereignty**

Status: **Dinosaur planet**

Civ. state: **N/A**

Climate: **Temperate**

Moons: **3**

Dangers: **Dinosaurs**

Radius in km: **13,615**

Orbital period: **327 days**

Day length: **15h**

Surface gravity: **1.3g**

Temperature: **-37 c° to 113 c°**

Atmosphere: **Breathable**

Draco Sixteen is a planet of lush jungles and towering mountains, but what makes it truly unique are the creatures that roam its surface: dinosaurs. The planet was once a grand experiment in cloning started by the So'toth named Joh'Ham . The samples used to create the cloned dinosaurs were taken from an old amber necklace belonging to him. He didn't know its origin but it was his family heirloom for thousands of years. However, the experiment went horribly wrong, and the planet was overrun with dinosaurs of all shapes and sizes.

Now, Draco Sixteen is a wild and dangerous world, with predators lurking around every corner. Adventurers and explorers come to the planet to study the dinosaurs or hunt them for sport, but they must be careful not to become prey themselves. The planet is home to a variety of different dinosaurs, from small and fast raptors to massive, lumbering sauropods. The ruins of the cloning facility that created these creatures, as well as remnants of planned theme park can still be found scattered across the planet, a haunting reminder of the consequences of tampering with the natural order of things.

Now, the Draco system is still under the management of the Sovereignty. Tyrannar Empire, which own all neighbor systems see this as a planet of wasted potential and uses it as a trial planet. Despite the danger, there are those who still come to Draco Sixteen seeking the thrill of encountering these ancient beasts up close. They hunt it, study it or watch it from a safe distance. Some rumors say that in the deep darks of the forest of Draco Sixteen, live strange beasts, never seen even by the most educated exobiologists.

Affiliation: **The Imperium**

Status: **Conquered by Imperium**

Civ. state: **Tribal**

Climate: **Temperate**

Moons: **0**

Dangers: **Ancient Robots**

Radius in km: **3440**

Orbital period: **255 days**

Day length: **26280h**

Surface gravity: **0.7g**

Temperature: **-32 c° to 22 c°**

Atmosphere: **Breathable**

Ultimus I, a planet once home to an advanced civilization, is now inhabited by primitive tribal people who hunt and revere the mysterious stone robots left behind by their predecessors. Some of the robots are smaller, similar to animals, and behave like a natural part of the planet's environment. These are often hunted by the people of the planet to obtain resources and build primitive, but powerful weapons and armors. But some robots are so magnificent that they are visible from space, and may have been used as factories for smaller robots or for other unknown purposes. Those have weird, geometric shapes and often four or six tentacles legs.

The inhabitants themselves are small black orbs with legs and arms, with a strange white circle on the front, which is suspected to be their electromagnetic-wave sensors. They have culture strictly connected to music and sound. They use part of the robots to create drums-like Instruments which, skillfully used, noticeably increases their power and intelligence

The IGA discovered the planet and its culture, but kept investigating the robots low key to avoid alarming the inhabitants. The stone used in robots was strangely similar to the stone used in structures on the New Terra. However, before further investigation was carried out, the Imperium conquered the planet in the event called the Stone Wars. They revealed themselves as the creators of the robots, which the IGA knew was a lie, but strangely, Imperium had a power to control the robots and use them for warfare. IGA researchers present on the planet suspect that the sound culture and the way to control the robots are somehow connected.

The inhabitants, now under the control of the Imperium, have become part of their civilization, as they believe that their new leaders are true creators of the robots. This planet offers a unique opportunity for adventurers to explore the ruins of a lost civilization and possibly uncover the secrets behind the mysterious stone robots.

Affiliation: **The Imperium**

Status: **Conquered by Imperium**

Civ. state: **Small communities**

Climate: **Temperate**

Moons: **1**

Dangers: **Radiation, mutations**

Radius in km: **6,528**

Orbital period: **248,8 days**

Day length: **36,6 h**

Surface gravity: **0.96 g**

Temperature: **-52 c° to 37 c°**

Atmosphere: **Radioactive**



Welcome to Artimus VI, a planet that was once home to a peaceful society living in a culture similar to Victorian England. Rich in precious metals, Artimus VI had been left alone by galactic civilizations until the Imperium came and conquered them, exploiting the planet for its resources, mainly metals.

But the IGA discovered the planet and decided to retake it to protect the life on it. The intense war between the Imperium and the IGA caused heavy bombardment of the planet's surface, resulting in nuclear radiation that started to cause mutations in the organisms.

Now, the remains of the civilization on Artimus VI no longer have any contact with the IGA or the Imperium. The once-beautiful planet has turned into a nuclear wasteland, full of Victorian zombies. The survivors try to live in a post-apocalyptic world, driven by their hate for Galactic Civilizations, scavenging for resources and fighting for their survival against the mutated creatures that roam the desolate landscape.

Be careful when venturing onto Artimus VI, as danger lurks around every corner in this once-beautiful but now devastated world.

Affiliation: The Imperium Status: Conquered by Imperium Civ. state: Ancient	Climate: Desert Moons: 4 Dangers: Sandstorms, fanatics
Radius in km: 5,345.2 Orbital period: 422.9 days Day length: 27.3h	Surface gravity: 0.75 g Temperature: -7c° to 89 c° Atmosphere: Breathable

Welcome to Tempus II, a desert planet of stunning beauty and hidden secrets. The planet is home to a wide array of exotic wildlife and is inhabited by a relatively primitive intelligent race whose appearance is unknown to outsiders. However, their culture resembles that of ancient Egypt, with a reverence for the afterlife and the worship of gods.

IGA was close to help the civilization to reach the galactic level, but after landing on the surface and talking to higher rulers, there was revealed that the inhabitants are the fanatics which cannot cooperate with the ones who not believe their religion. That religious fantasy lead to current state of the planet where there is only one culture of strong believers. As the civilization was not ready to be part of galactic community, the IGA left the planet. They conclude that giving the people of Tmpus access to advanced technology might lead to creation of second Empire like the one created by worshipers of Tyrannus.

When it has come, the Imperium took a keen interest in this planet due to its abundant resources and strategic location. The Van have established a strong presence on the planet and are revered as demigods by the local population. They did what the People of the Tempus II see the Emperor as king of their gods who come to save their souls and they build reverse pyramid structures to show their adoration to the current ruler of the Imperium.

Affiliation: The Imperium Status: Conquered by Imperium Civ. state: Advanced	Climate: Temperate Moons: 0 Dangers: N/A
Radius in km: 15,891 Orbital period: 9,527 days Day length: 87h	Surface gravity: 24.8 g Temperature: -86.3 c° to 124.8 c° Atmosphere: Breathable



Orbus XII is a unique planet in the galaxy, as it is located in a binary star system, which means its inhabitants have never experienced a true night. Despite their technological advancement, close to the Terrans in their XXII century, the people of Orbus XII never felt the need to build starships or explore beyond their planet, as they never see the mysterious beauty of the stars in the sky other than their suns. They worship the suns as Gods, similarly to ancient Romans. They build temples and chapels with architecture that was designed to reach the sky. But when it came to build flying machines, those who flew too high died in horrific accidents, due to lack of knowledge about the cosmos and space. This was read as a sign from the gods to never try flying.

The IGA was close to incorporate the planet to their systems and meet the people of Orbus XII with the life of the Galaxy. However, their peaceful way of life was disrupted when the Imperium arrived and built a massive artificial sphere to harness the energy of one of the stars.

The Imperium used the natural phenomenon of night, which they artificially created by blocking out one of the suns, to convince the inhabitants of Orbus XII of the power of the Emperor. The people of Orbus XII now worship the Emperor as a killer of a god, symbol of the fear of the dark, and many have become loyal followers of the Imperium, believing that the Emperor brings light to their lives and he can take it whenever he wants to.

Affiliation: **The Imperium**

Status: **Prison Planet**

Civ. state: **N/A**

Climate: **N/A**

Moons: **N/A**

Dangers **Guardians, mind control**

Radius in km: **N/A**

Orbital period: **N/A**

Day length: **N/A**

Surface gravity: **N/A**

Temperature: **N/A**

Atmosphere: **N/A**

Officially Gravitus I, among the people of Imperium known as Heredis, is a planet shrouded in mystery and secrecy. It serves as a prison facility for those who have committed the gravest crimes against the Emperor, and the punishment for such heresy is said to be far worse than death. The planet's exact location is unknown, and it can only be accessed by those who have been sentenced to serve their time on Heredis.

Those who have attempted to infiltrate the planet, including some of the IGA's greatest spies, have never returned. Little information about the planet was found on the wrecks of Imperium ships or reported by those who survived long enough on the Emperor's territory. The prison is guarded by powerful, unknown creatures with psychic abilities which people just calls The Guardians. The only way to leave the planet is to be fully recovered from one's heresy, which is tested by the facility overseers using some form of mysterious technology that is suspected to be similar to that used to control the ancient robots on Ultimus.

Little is known about the conditions on Heredis or the treatment of its inmates, but the fear and secrecy surrounding the planet have given rise to countless rumors and legends among the people of the Imperium. The Ven keep a tight lid on any information regarding the prison, and even mentioning it can lead to severe punishment. However, there are those who believe that the secrets held on Gravitus I could bring down the Imperium, and are willing to risk everything to uncover them. It is said that the facility overseers are merciless in their punishment, and that the inmates are subjected to unimaginable horrors. The truth about Gravitus I remains shrouded in darkness, waiting for those brave enough to seek it out.

Affiliation: **The Imperium**

Status: **abandoned station**

Civ. state: **N/A**

Climate: **N/A**

Moons: **N/A**

Dangers: **N/A**

Radius in km: **N/A**

Orbital period: **N/A**

Day length: **N/A**

Surface gravity: **N/A**

Temperature: **N/A**

Atmosphere: **N/A**

Welcome to Nolus III, a massive, artificial construct built by the Imperium and then abandoned. Station was built around the cosmic phenomenon known as The White Hole, a presence that even the Imperium knows very little about. This colossal structure was constructed to harvest whatever was exiting the white hole and used for many years, but it was suddenly abandoned by the Imperium. Rumors say that the Imperium found something they should not have, causing The Architects to intervene and order the Imperium to leave the station. Those who are aware of the Architect's presence and their role in the universe, rumor that this is the key to ultimate understanding and maybe even becoming the Architect itself.

Now, the White Hole Harvest Station is left in ruins and abandoned, a desolate and dangerous place filled with secrets and hidden dangers. It is said that there are still valuable resources and technologies inside, as well as possible metapsychic discoveries. But those who dare to enter are never seen again.



Affiliation: **The Imperium**

Status: **Xenobiology center**

Civ. state: **Destroyed**

Climate: **Temperate**

Moons: **1**

Dangers: **N/A**

Radius in km: **18,213**

Orbital period: **261 days**

Day length: **15 h**

Surface gravity: **0.54 g**

Temperature: **-20c° to 89 c°**

Atmosphere: **Breathable**



Victus I

02

Sectors

Welcome to Victus I, the planet of knowledge and discovery! Once an Oberan Planet, Victus I served as a storage facility for the Oberan's extensive knowledge of biology and samples of organisms from across the known galaxy. The planet was home to the prestigious University of Xenobiology, known as the "Halls of Life," where the most prominent xenobiologists were trained to study and understand the vast diversity of life in the universe.

After the creation of the IGA, the Oberans shared their knowledge with the Terrans, and Victus I became a hub for scientific research and advancement. However, after the arrival of the Imperium, the planet was taken over by their forces, and the Halls of Life were converted into a military research facility, where the Imperium's top scientists conduct research on new biological weapons and genetic modifications.

Despite the harsh military presence, the planet still holds vast stores of knowledge and rare specimens of creatures from across the galaxy. The Imperium tightly controls access to these resources, but a select few brave adventurers may be able to sneak onto the planet and uncover the secrets hidden within the Halls of Life.



Victus I - Main entrance to the Halls of Life





NPC Bible: The Rank and File of the Four Quadrants

Chapter VII – Section 1



Introduction

01

NPC Bible

Welcome to the NPC Bible, a comprehensive guide that unveils the captivating stories and influential non-playable characters (NPCs) within the expansive universe of Imperium Galactic War. This chapter delves into the intricate tapestry of personalities that shape the destinies of the game's major factions: the IGA, the Tyrannar Empire, the Sovereignty, and the enigmatic Corporation.

First and foremost, we delve into the IGA faction, a formidable force in the ongoing galactic conflict. With unwavering loyalty and unparalleled skills, the IGA NPCs serve as field commanders and strategic masterminds. Explore their diverse backstories, strengths, and essential roles in the ever-evolving struggle for dominance.

Next, we turn our attention to the Tyrannar Empire faction, a powerful empire spanning across star systems. Led by charismatic and ruthless figures, the Tyrannar Empire NPCs command respect and instill fear in their enemies. Uncover their ambitions, methods of control, and relentless pursuit of imperialistic goals.

Then, we shift focus to the anarchic Sovereignty faction, a diverse coalition of free spirits and deceptive masterminds. In their fight against the oppressive galactic superpowers, the Sovereignty NPCs embody the spirit of rebellion and defiance. Learn about their unique backgrounds, motivations, and unyielding resolve to challenge the established order and forge a new path.

Additionally, we present a section dedicated to the enigmatic Corporation, a secretive entity lurking in the shadows of the galaxy. Unveil the rules and intricacies governing the Corporation's operations, along with an in-depth Personnel Overview of the highly sought-after White Dwarf corp. Discover the skills, expertise, and covert operations undertaken by these elusive individuals.

NPC Bible: The Rank and File of the Four Quadrants





IGA NPC'S

Chapter VII – Section 2



Commander Mara Thrice



Anderson Hull

02

IGA NPCs

Name: Anderson Hull

Race: Terran

Rank: Commander

Role: Commander of the IGA Unwavering

Sex: Male

Height: 2 meters

Weight: 90 kg

Hair Color: Sandy Blonde

Facial Hair: None

Skin Tone: Fair

Eye Color: Green

Distinctive Features: Roguish Appearance

Personality Trait: Stalwart and Unpredictable

Background: Commander Anderson Hull is the great grandson of Admiral Jacob Hull one of the original members of the Wayfarer's society. Anderson was a prodigy from the time he set foot in the academy. A natural pilot and tactician, Anderson was stationed as the IGA Manticore fighter wing as his first command out of the academy. Anderson coined an adrenaline soaked; bravado filled fighting style unlike anything the Alliance had ever seen. Under his command, The Manticore wing became the most respected and feared pilots in the Alliance. Anderson eventually moved on to command capital ships but kept the Manticore wing under his command. Now the IGA Unwavering and the Manticores form one of the most powerful combinations in the Alliance.

Appearance: Hull is a good looking, roguish looking man in his late 20's. He is excellent physical condition. He often wears antiquated fashions that were popular in during the final days of Terra in his great grandfather's era. He wears his sandy blonde hair at the longest length allowed for officers. He also wears an original Wayfarer's Alliance badge.

Anderson Hull

02

IGA NPCs

Personality: Hull is a take the bull by the horns type of commander. He often complains about the IGA being too bogged down by red tape and bureaucracy. Anderson is a man of action. He would rather just see things get done. While he does have a small ego due to his many accomplishments, his nature is generally pleasant and humble.

Quote: "If it were up to me, I'd blow that Sovereignty scum into space dust. It makes my blood boil to have to let them walk but my fleet is under a direct order from The IGA high counsel not to touch those backstabbing Malus. Although, they never specified that another fleet couldn't, given the proper reasoning..."



Cynthianna Moog

02

IGA NPCs

Name: Cynthianna Moog

Race: Terran

Rank: Lt. Commander

Role: Chief Security Officer on the IGA Prosperity

Sex: Female

Height: 1.6 meters

Weight: 50 kg

Hair Color: White blonde

Facial Hair: None

Skin Tone: tan

Eye Color: Blue

Distinctive Features: Roguish Appearance

Personality Trait: Stalwart and Unpredictable

Background: Security Officer Moog is one of the best security officers in the IGA. She is thorough, meticulous and has never lost a member of her security teams. She specializes in trade negotiation and protecting foreign visitors during stays planet side as well as on her stationed ship the IGA Prosperity.

Appearance: Moog is an attractive female with broad shoulders and a chiseled physique.

Personality: Moog has a crude sense of humor with a tendency to be inappropriate at times. She is more than just one of the boys, she's the alpha.

Quote: "Our transport needs an escort to Loki 6. Negotiations with the Malus are due to commence in 2 cycles time. It's critical we get the diplomats there in one piece and you have the best armed ships in this sector. Yup, that's me stroking your ego...If that's not good enough to make you a volunteer; I'm due for 3 cycles of shore leave after this assignment. If you watch my transport's back, you can park your ship in my docking bay for a couple of nights... What do you say, sailor?"



Marius Kobe

02

IGA NPCs

Name: Marius Kobe

Race: Terran

Rank: Captain

Role: Captain of the IGA Prosperity

Sex: Male

Height: 1.8 meters

Weight: 90 kg

Hair Color: Black

Facial Hair: Mustache and Goatee

Skin Tone: Dark

Eye Color: Hazel

Distinctive Features: Impeccable dresser

Personality Trait: Refined and by the book



Background: Captain Marius Kobe was a top marks student out of the academy. He was assigned as number one to an ill-fated ship which was ambushed by a Tyrannar fleet. Kobe was one of the few survivors after having to take command of the ship due to the captain's death. Since Kobe has command of his own ship and runs everything on it by the book.

Appearance: Captain Kobe is an above average African American man with thick build and incredibly well manicured appearance. His hands, shoes, hair and facial hair are all impeccably groomed. He is rarely seen out of uniform.

Personality: Kobe is a stickler for the rules. He often blames himself for the loss of his former crew members. He believes his inexperience and lack of procedural knowledge prevented saving many lives. He now runs his entire ship like a well-oiled machine.

Quote: "Number one? Why are photon regulators running at only 98.7%? Patch me through to engineering and get me a status report, ASAP. We won't tolerate anything less than optimal efficiency on The Prosperity. When there are a million lives at stake, 1.3% suddenly becomes your entire home colony."

Chirpa-Mox

02

IGA NPCs

Name: Chirpa-Mox

Race: Oberan

Rank: Commander

Role: First Officer/Chief Science Officer on The IGA Unwavering

Sex: Male

Height: 1.8 meters

Weight: 90 kg

Hair Color: Black

Facial Hair: None

Skin Tone: Pale

Eye Color: Piercing blue

Distinctive Features:

Personality Trait: Philosophical and Meticulous

Background: Mox is a traditional Oberan steeped in tradition. As son to one of The Enlightened Keepers of the Magram of Cydonia, Mox was taught all of the philosophic foundations that helped him race on the road to wisdom. For his Ba'rjin, he chose to enter the IGA academy's advanced exploration program and off world training experience with an elite enrollment. It was in this class that he first met Anderson Hull and the two have been disagreeable friends ever since.

Appearance: Mox is a traditionalist that follows all of the teachings of the Magram of Cydonia to their letter. Dress is no different in this case and whenever not required to be in uniform, Mox prefers the ritual robes of his homeworld.

Personality: Mox has no sense of humor when it comes to matter of the IGA or his duties on board The Unwavering. Whenever possible he quotes from the Magram of Cydonia as a matter of fact.

Quote: "I cannot say that I understand what bearing, if any, your relationship to a primate's uncle, may have on this matter, Captain but I will concede that I am equally surprised that the Malus are in negotiations with both the Tyrannar fleet as well as the Intergalactic Alliance."



Klatu Verata

02

IGA NPCs

Name: Klatu Verata

Race: Oberan

Rank: Ensign

Role: Assistant Consular on The IGA Prosperity

Sex: Female

Height: 1.3 meters

Weight: 56 kg

Hair Color: Red

Facial Hair: None

Skin Tone: Medium

Eye Color: Blue

Distinctive Features: Alluring

Personality Trait: Unconventional and interested in Terran culture.

Background: Klatu is an unusual Oberan in the sense that despite rigid disciplined study of the Magram of Cydonia, Klatu is obsessed with the cultural aspects of other races. This is due to the fact that she was born on an IGA ship and has been surrounded by members of various races of the IGA.

Appearance: Klatu is a testimony to the exotic and beautiful appearance of the Oberan race as a whole. To add to this her wardrobe ranges from IGA uniform to Terran fashion and even the occasional Thanerian ensemble.

Personality: Klatu is as about excitable as Oberan get. She has a genuine interest in encountering new cultures and sometimes let's her enthusiasm get the best of her.

Quote: "How interesting? So at one point in Terran culture it was considered inappropriate for the females of your race to vocalize interest in their choice of mating partners? How did you people ever manage to procreate, Captain Hull?"



Commander To'ros

02

IGA NPCs

Name: To'ros

Race: Oberan

Rank: 2nd Lt.

Role: Commander of Griffin Wing in command of The IGA Prosperity

Sex: Male

Height: 1.8 meters

Weight: 90 kg

Hair Color: Black

Skin Tone: Pale

Eye Color: Brown

Distinctive Features: Scar over left eye

Personality Trait: Combative and Strict

Background: To'ros is the last of his family's line, known as a Lo'phan. His entire family was killed during an attack on an IGA space station by the Tyrannar. Because of this To'ros carries no sir name until he takes a mate as per Oberan tradition. To'ros channeled his grief and discipline into the martial arts and piloting.

Appearance: To'ros dresses in IGA uniform in most occasions although he does wear the black mourning robes of Lo'phan. He is in very good physical condition and is sinewy and solid built.

Personality: To'ros is a down to business commander that does not deal well with insubordination. He mostly quotes from the Magram of Cydonia in the context of battle. He has an extremely stoic nature.

Quote: "No opponent is unbeatable, so says the Magram of Cydonia. For if the universe is Infinite, so are the possible means of victory against any opposition, no matter how powerful. The path to victory is through exploring the infinite for the means to dispense your foe."

Commander To'ros



Jenner Fangs

02

IGA NPCs

Name: Jenner Fangs

Race: Thanerian

Rank: Commander

Role: Chief of Security on the IGA Unwavering

Sex: Male

Height: 1.6 meters

Weight: 135 kg

Hair Color: Black and tan fur

Facial Hair: None

Skin Tone: None

Eye Color: Brown

Distinctive Features: One broken Canine tooth

Personality Trait: Indomitable but good natured

Background: Fangs comes from a long line of Thanerian men at arms and security officers dating back to before the First Rebellion. Fangs joined the academy with no other post in mind other than Chief of Security on the IGA Unwavering. He has held this position ever since and has refused placement and promotions to keep it.

Appearance: Fangs dresses in a modified IGA uniform which is much more casual and combat friendly than the normal issue. His face resembles a large Mastiff and he is equally large and physically imposing despite his shorter stature. When he laughs, it can be seen that his left incisor is broken in half.

Jenner Fangs

02

IGA NPCs

Personality: Jenner is a cheerful, festive Thanerian that takes his time at peace as seriously as he takes his time in combat. He can be found drinking Grisswater and Tyrannar wine when it can be found in the cantina. In combat, he holds nothing back and leaves everything he has on the battlefield.

Quote: "You Ares Magna and your feline and reptilian friends are welcome to bring over some of that tasty wine to our ship so we can all sit down and talk this out like men. But if you were thinking for one minute that this Thanerian was going to roll over and let you take this planet... then prepare to be thronged!"



Shag Britches

02

IGA NPCs

Name: Shag "Shaggy" Britches

Race: Thanerian

Rank: Commander

Role: Captain of the Cerberus Wing of The IGA Trustworthy

Sex: Female

Height: 1.4 meters

Weight: 85 kg

Hair Color: White and Gray

Facial Hair: None

Skin Tone: None

Eye Color: Blue

Distinctive Features: Ear is missing a piece

Personality Trait: Tough and sarcastic

Background: Shag or Shaggy as she is known to her friends is a talented fighter pilot, with an unending sense of loyalty to the IGA. She and her family were rescued from a temporary relocation colony after a double cross by a passing Sovereignty ship. Shaggy was relocated on an IGA space station where she first enrolled in the academy. After a long run of successful campaigns, she was recently made Captain of the Cerberus Wing.

Appearance: Shaggy resembles a Husky in appearance with a long face and slender but sinewy body covered in white and gray fur. She is exotic looking with sings of battle. Her right ear is missing a small piece after being grazed by blaster fire.

Personality: Shaggy has a terrible wit and sarcasm and does now take to advances well. She also enjoys a good practical joke at the expense of a comrade.

Quote: "This is Cerberus Wing to unidentified aggressor... I'm giving you one chance to cease aggressive maneuvering and identify yourself... failure to do so will result in me having to guess who to notify when it's time to collect what's left of your fleet. "

Shag Britches



Wags Dane

02

IGA NPCs

Name: Wags Dane

Race: Thanerian

Rank: Admiral

Role: Admiral of the Four Sectors

Sex: Male

Height: 2.2 meters

Weight: 180 kg

Hair Color: Tannish fur graying

Facial Hair: None

Skin Tone: None

Eye Color: Hazel

Distinctive Features: Enormous Jowls

Personality Trait: Wise and battle tempered

Background: Admiral Dane is one of the few members left from The First Rebellion. He has been in command of the Four Sectors since the death of Admiral Hull's successor. Dane is one of the premiere voices of the Alliance and is primarily in charge of tactical planning for the Alliance as a whole.

Appearance: Admiral Dane is very reminiscent of his name sake (a Great Dane) and has graying fur and huge jowls. He is exceptionally tall for a Thanerian and even at his age presents a formidable threat.

Personality: Wags is more serious minded than man Thanerians and takes his title very seriously. He will on occasion still make light of a situation or offer some down time to members of his staff. Otherwise, he is primarily all business.

Quote: "IGA ships Unwavering, Diplomacy, Protector and Avenger focus all fire on that Lacerta Shield ship... Fighter wings, Cerberus, Griffon and Pegasus begin your tactical approach on that Ares Magna capitol ship!"

Tyrannar NPCs

Chapter VII – Section 3



Archon Quanna Kronna Portrait

03 Tyrannar NPC'S



Ragnar Tyrannus

03 Tyrannar NPC'S

Name: Prime Archon Ragnar Tyrannus

Race: Ares Magna

Rank: Prime Archon

Sex: Male

Height: 3.5 meters

Weight: 150 kg

Hair Color: White with blood red streaks

Skin Tone: Slate

Facial Hair: None

Eye Color: Green

Distinctive Features: Large scar on left cheek

Key Personality Trait: Indomitable

Background: Before becoming the leader of the Tyrannar Empire, Ragnar Tyrannus was the true definition of a warlord. His conquests and victories included such legendary battles as the Assault on the gas giant Phermeus, the Tri-Star Engagement of Alderus 8, and of course his immortal final conflict The Stand.

Appearance: Tyrannus was a tall, well-bodied man that in his youth exuded pretense as a formidable commander of man. His blood red hair was a sign of his youth, which refused to fully recede in his later years. He received the large scar on his left cheek rescuing a shipmate trapped in a reactor of a damaged ship.

By his senior years as the Prime Archon, Tyrannus's strong physicality refused to leave him. It was instead bolstered with a sense of inner wisdom and cunning. These traits that swelled from his presence were enough to inspire unrelenting loyalty in his allies and a true sense of terror in his opposition.

Ragnar Tyrannus

03 Tyrannar Empire

Personality: Nothing in Tyrannus's makeup leaves any indication that he could ever be wrong. He possesses no signs of weakness in his judgments and never hesitates in his next command. His personality could almost be considered cocky if of course there was ever a time his confidence could be proven unwarranted. He is the man that all men wish to follow into battle.

Quote: "You've made your play Thagarian and as anticipated you have come up short. I will wager that my fleet's shields will hold for the remaining 14 seconds it takes to recharge our main batteries. I would double my wager that when we concentrate our fire onto your flagship's bridge, yours will not. You have 8 seconds to yield or face your own oblivion!"



Gestalt Gust'avar

03 Tyrannar Empire

Name: Supreme Archon Gesalt Gust'avar

Race: Ares Magna

Rank: Supreme Archon (The Nine)

Sex: Male

Height: 3.0 meters

Weight: 220 kg

Hair Color: Bald (Shaved head)

Skin Tone: Coal

Facial Hair: Long Van Dyke

Eye Color: Black

Distinctive Features: Hearing amplification device over ears

Key Personality Trait: Loud and short tempered

Background: Supreme Archon Gesalt Gust'avar is the second of his family line to hold the title of Supreme Archon. His grandfather Glabrilus Gust'avar was one of the original appointed to the title by Prime Archon Tyrannus himself. Gesalt's family groomed him for his role as Supreme Archon, affording his every opportunity in the Empire for his advancement. In his younger years he was a champion Blood Sphere player (the Empire's sport of choice). In doing so, his family has removed the burden of Gesalt's need to prove his leadership in battle. Gesalt as a result has the least combat experience of all the Supreme Archon's to date. He is also the most self-concerned of all the Nine. His family's investments dwell mostly in resource trading expansions in Center Space and neighboring quadrants. Gesalt's concerns lie primarily in advancing these interests. One thing to note is that Gesalt has displayed no interest in pursuing the assault on the Imperium and has been most concerned with the Galactic Alliance's recent advancement into areas of his family's possessions.

Gestalt Gust'avar

03 Tyrannar Empire

Appearance: Gesalt Gust'avar is a large portly man with broad shoulders and a barrel chested build. He has held many records for his career as a Blood Sphere champion however his fame has softened his physique over the years. Gesalt also suffered an injury to his hearing during a training exercise as a cadet and has been forced to wear a hearing amplifier ever since.

Personality: Gesalt is the loudest and most bullish figure of all the Supreme Archons. He is very self-entitled and is the first of the Nine to point out blame. He is also equally slow to lend his approval to battles that do not personally benefit him or his family's holdings. The Lacerta people call him "Khata-nil" behind his back, which translates to "Deaf to honor". He loves to rest on his laurels as a Blood Sphere champion due to his lack of practical battle experiences.

Quote: "I am unconcerned with reports of the Imperium, Commander! I want the trade routes I named clear of the Alliance's nuisances! If fail me again and I'll be using your carcass as a target drone for my next Blood Sphere practice. Are we clear?"

Jemma Virril'an

03 Tyrannar Empire

Name: Supreme Archon Jemma Virril'an

Race: Ares Magna

Rank: Supreme Archon (The Nine)

Sex: Female

Height: 2.8 meters

Weight: 120 kg

Hair Color: Blood Red

Skin Color: Pale

Facial Hair: none

Eye Color: Blue

Key Personality Trait: Intense and Cunning

Background: Jemma Virril'an is the most powerful female in the Tyrannar Empire. Her history is almost as impressive as Prime Archon Tyrannus' own. She has fought in more conflicts than any other living commander in the history of the Empire. Jemma was born on the warship, The Drakhan's Dagger, where her mother was an officer in the Empire's service. Shortly afterwards her mother was killed in battle with the Alliance's forces and she was raised by the Dra'khan crew. Her parents lineage is shrouded in mystery as no record of her birth were kept. Since entering the service of the Empire, Supreme Archon Virril'an's mark has been as deep and long as a fatal wound. She has taken a personal interest in crushing the Alliance and any force that stands in the way of the Empire. Under estimated at every turn, Jemma carries all the honor of the Dra'khan Shield and all the fury on the Ares Magna in her actions.

Appearance: Supreme Archon Virril'an is an incredibly attractive member of the Ares Magna. She is both seductively attractive and dangerously formidable in appearance. Tall, toned and muscular her figure hides no sign that she is a warrior. Due to her attractive facial appearance, Jemma added a tattoo of a dagger over her right eye to honor the ship of her birth and remind those who look upon her she is a leader and warrior first and foremost.

Jemma Virril'an

03 Tyrannar Empire

Personality: Jemma Virril'an's presence has all the power and authority of Tyrannus himself. She has a personal distain for Supreme Archon Gesalt and is one of the few to suspect that under his rugged Blood Sphere playing exterior he is a coward at heart. Jemma rarely finds the need to raise her voice and on the occasions in which she does, a choir of demons from Ares Magna's lava pits follows with the sound. Her only true weakness is her own varied success. She has yet to truly face an unwinnable confrontation. This has left her in a state of disbelief of her own abilities and also her own mortality. She has yet to face the Imperium's forces first hand. Somewhere deep below the surface, she fears the day that this conflict will occur and she is confronted with a similar fate as Prime Archon Tyrannus. She has respect for the Lacerta and carries their ancient rivalry of the Regula.

Quote: "Honorable members of the Lacerta and the Nine. I tell you with certainty that I have commissioned the best pilots in all the Empire to clear the trade blockade set up by the Thanerians around the Rygus Nebula. Using the far moon for cover, the Thanerians will be caught defenseless in our crossfire. Come tomorrow we shall disembark our ships on the surface of Rygus 2, drink the Blood of Tyrannus and bathe in the spark showers of a hundred Thanerian ships as they ionize in the atmosphere."



Rector Tyr

03 Tyrannar Empire

Name: Supreme Archon Rector Tyr

Race: Ares Magna

Rank: Supreme Archon (The Nine)

Sex: Male

Height: 3.16 meters

Weight: 175 kg

Hair Color: Long and Jet Black

Skin color: Clay

Facial Hair: Long well-kept beard

Eye Color: Red

Distinctive Features: Wears an eye patch

Key Personality Trait: Juggernaut

Background: Supreme Archon Rector Tyr is the oldest and most battle tested of all the Ares Magna's representatives on the Nine. He is the first Commander to have battled all three of the insurgent forces of the Galactic Alliance, The Sovereignty, and the Imperium. He has survived conflicts with the Malus, the Oberan, the So'toth and Terrans alike. As an ensign his first commission was to be a gunner board The Ares' Fury during its first assault against the Imperium. As fate would have it, he contracted a near fatal case of Fester Pox as a reaction to his inoculations. By the time he was able to stand, Tyrannus had made his already. Sitting in the infirmary as the role model of his entire race stood against impossible odds drove Tyr's own rise to power and leadership. His flagship is so named The Festering Pox as a reminder of his origins.

Appearance: Supreme Archon Tyr is the most physically formidable of all the Nine. Despite his years, time has only served to harden his exterior like calcium deposits on bone. He is the least refine looking, preferring the trappings of a field commander to that of nobility. His size dwarfs most Ares Magna by several centimeters and his physique is truly daunting. The patch on his eye is due to a Fester Pox sore that robbed him of his sight in that eye.

Rector Tyr

03 Tyrannar Empire

Personality: Rector Tyr is a soldier's soldier. His speeches are the stuff of battle charged; rally cries, on or off the battlefield. What he lacks in tactical finesse he makes up for in sheer brute force, never-ending chutzpah and unrelenting offense. He is the ultimate example of the power of sheer force of will in battle. Rector barks his remarks in a curt and gruff manner much the way a commander speaks to his helmsman. He respects (despite failing to understand) Jemma Virril'an's record and has little reason to doubt Gesalt Gusta'var's mettle. He does have issues with the Lacerta and Regula branches, having grown up in the wake of their initiation into the Empire.

Quote: "By Tyrannus' Blood, we shall have victory. By my hand or my death we will drive the stake through the heart of the Imperium and all those who stand in the way of our Empire! Lend your fury to our charge and on my vast shoulders you will be carried to victory!"



Ahab Averus

03 Tyrannar Empire

Name: Archon Ahab Averus

Race: Ares Magna

Rank: Archon

Sex: Male

Height: 2.8 meters

Weight: 135 kg

Hair Color: Gray

Skin Tone: Ashy

Facial Hair: Moustache

Eye Color: Gray

Distinctive Features: Robotic Right Arm

Key Personality Trait: Possessed

Background: Archon Ahab Averus is an old dog of war that once had hopes for a Supreme Archon role on the Nine. His last commission was to expand the quadrant edges bordering Sovereignty space and investigate the anomaly known as the Void for possible tactical advantages. During an encounter with the So'toth, his ship, The Or'kas Jaws, was lured into the Void in pursuit of a retreating So'toth ship. Ahab was believed lost in battle. When shockingly Ahab ship returned, his crew was almost completely missing or dead. Ahab's own arm had been severed by some grievous injury or experiment the hands of the So'toth. After a long recovery, Ahab has returned to active duty and carries a deep desire to return to the Void to find the thing that took his crew and his arm.

Appearance: Archon Averus is grizzled old war dog. He is without the traditional regal nature of this Ares Magna kin. What little nobility he once possessed was stripped from him in The Void. The robotic arm serves as a reminder of this loss to the So'toth and the price The Void holds for all who enter.

Ahab Averus

03 Tyrannar Empire

Personality: Archon Averus is in constant battle with his own desire to pursue an assault against his former captors. He knows that he must remain active in his station to some day gain the opportunity for vengeance against the So'toth. Due to the scars to his psyche, Ahab will sometimes drift in incoherent musings about his memories of the past. He is soft spoken but salty in his temperament.

Quote: "The Alliance dogs and cowardly Malus have both been sighted in sector 2044-K. Recon suggests a two pronged battle front ahead, commander. Do not be so foolsh as to under estimate the opposing forces. The Alliance will bend to our superior firepower, but remember where the Malus will stride the So'toth linger. Unless you wish to spend a slow eon, freezing beneath a thousand stars, with the taste of tendrils in the back of your throat and antimatter inside your veins, I would listen to my advice and sleep lightly through your tour."

Jannon Tr'avar

03 Tyrannar Empire

Name: Fleet Admiral Jannon Tr'avar

Race: Ares Magna

Rank: Fleet Admiral

Sex: Male

Height: 3 meters

Weight: 145 kg

Hair Color: Black

Skin tone: Tan

Facial Hair: None

Eye Color: Gray

Distinctive Features: Smirk

Key Personality Trait: Cocky



Background: Fleet Admiral Jannon Tr'avar is a privileged member of the upper ranking command forces of the Tyrannar Fleet. His background is decorated with a history of minor military skirmishes. He faces the point in his career where his own merit will not carry Jannon much further.

Appearance: Fleet Admiral Jannon Tr'avar is an attractive Ares Magna with a penchant for fine dress and noble behavior. His traditional regal nature lacks the warrior's conviction of his fellow Ares Magna kin.

Personality: Fleet Admiral Jannon Tr'avar is neither a coward nor a hero. He is a smooth tongued, aristocrat. He lacks conviction in most of his actions. When dealing with those below his rank he will expect subordinate levels of respect despite lacking the ability to command such responses.

Quote: "I don't care if the Alliance is boarding this ship and on the way to the helm as we speak, Commander! You will show me the respect afforded to a Fleet Admiral of the Tyrannar Empire!"

S'Zass

03 Tyrannar Empire

Name: Supreme Archon S'zass

Race: Lacerta

Rank: Khan-Khala of the Lacerta and Supreme Archon of the Nine

Sex: Male

Height: 2.0 meters

Weight: 180 kg

Hair Color: None

Facial Hair: Fu Manchu like skin colorations

Skin Tone: Mottled Green/Auburn

Eye Color: Yellow

Distinctive Features: Horned head

Key Personality Trait: Wise

Background: S'Zass history of leadership extends for over a dozen decades. His military prowess is unmatched by almost any in the Empire. He has more victories in his time in power than any past leader of the Lacerta. His longevity has afforded him the claim of having fought against and served under Lord Tyrannus himself. As one of the original Lacerta initiated into the Dra'khan hand S'zass has tasted a fair share of prejudice in his time. What is little known is that his clan raised Supreme Archon Jemma Virril'an and that he had a strong influence on her upbringing.

Appearance: S'zass is a large reptilian creature with a crown of crest like horns on the top of his head. He is stout and very well-muscled. His leathery skin is flecked and shows signs of a thousand combats.

Personality: Khan-Khala S'zass is both a voice for the Empire as well as a leader of his people. Through his guru like wisdom and strong sense of honor, he makes a strong effort to hold no grudge against the Ares Magna or the Regula for the past. He speaks in parables and often quotes the Khari-Mata, to which he has made over two hundred additions.

TODO

03 Tyrannar NPC'S

Kedga K'rill

03 Tyrannar Empire

Name: Supreme Archon Kedga K'rill

Race: Lacerta

Rank: Supreme Archon of the Nine

Sex: Female

Height: 1.8 meters

Weight: 100 kg

Hair Color: None

Facial Hair: None

Skin Tone: Mottled Yellow/Brown

Eye Color: Emerald

Distinctive Features:

Key Personality Trait: Jealous

Background: Supreme Archon K'rill is the youngest member of the Lacerta to hold the rank of Supreme Archon. She has been a key player in adapting and introducing Lacerta forces to new combat technologies. She is rumored to be the next in line for the position of Khan Khala of the Lacerta if Szass ever falls in battle. In addition, there is whispered talk that K'rill has a strong dislike of Jemma Virril'an.

Appearance: Kedga K'rill is a dexterous looking, able bodied female Lacerta with mustard colored scales with brown spots. Her eyes are an emerald green. She also possess a genetic recessive trait for the Lacerta granting her a forked tongue and prominent lisp.

Personality: K'rill grew up in the shadow of Jemma Virril'an's rise to fame amongst the Lacerta. This has left Supreme Archon K'rill with a jealousy for her fellow Supreme Archon and a general distrust for the Ares Magna members of the Nine that borders on treason.

Quote: "I ssstrongly disssagree with Sssupreme Archon Virril'an's tactical assssessment. As you are well aware the new force field generators for the Lacerta ssships will not be ready for ssseveral cycles. The Lacerta serve as the Empires's faithful shield not their combat dummies. I urge Supreme Archon Virril'an to remember this fact."

Dr'agon Th'rax

03 Tyrannar Empire

Name: Supreme Archon Dr'agon Th'rax

Race: Lacerta

Rank: Supreme Archon of the Nine

Sex: Male

Height: 2.2 meters

Weight: 240 kg

Hair Color: None

Facial Hair: None

Skin Tone: Black, Gray, and Orange

Eye Color: Red

Distinctive Features:

Key Personality Trait: Barbaric



Background: Supreme Archon Dr'agon Th'rax is a warrior of the Lacerta who earned his rank and respect in combat. A former student of S'zass he has since become one of the most feared warriors in the Empire. He also has no use for non-military directives. Th'rax has had his eyes set on Kedga Kr'ill's claim to the Khan Khala. In addition, there are rumors that Th'rax was in a romantic affair with Jemma Virril'an before either joined the ranks of Supreme Archon.

Appearance: Dr'agon Th'rax is a huge hulking creature, with broad powerful shoulders and monstrous arms and chest. His body is mostly black with gray underbelly and orange to reddish banding coloration similar to a snake.

Personality: Dr'agon Th'rax possess none of the refinement that the other Nine do. He is crude; rough spoken, and a throwback to the Lacerta of centuries ago. His personality is aggressive and is always ready to answer any question of his authority.

Quote: "If the Alliance encroaches on our territories again then by Terrox, I will lead the Dra'khan Shield and bring lance to throat on all of their kind! Who dares to question my intent?"

Thor Brak'bar

03 Tyrannar Empire

Name: Archon Thor Brak'bar

Race: Lacerta

Rank: Archon

Sex: Male

Height: 2.0 meters

Weight: 180 kg

Hair Color: None

Facial Hair: None

Skin Tone: Red

Eye Color: Bright red

Distinctive Features: Bulging Eyes

Key Personality Trait: Barbaric



Background: Archon Brak'bar is a veteran Lacerta who has fought more battles than he cares to remember. He once survived an ambush by Sovereignty fleet deep in their quadrant by sheer luck and persistence. Since then, Thor's ability to sense danger has become a legend amongst his crewmembers and across the fleet in general.

Appearance: Archon Brak'bar is an average sized Lacerta with large bulging frog like eyes and long thin head. While not the most intimidating looking Lacerta, he makes up for this in his determined temperament.

Personality: Archon Brak'bar is a cut and chase sort of leader. His general tone is calm. He does however still harbor a small paranoia for ambushes in unknown space.

Quote: "Hold course and speed, but keep sensors on full alert. Something about this is not sitting well with me. It could be a trap!"

Lira Jordice

03 Tyrannar Empire

Name: Commander Lira Jordice

Race: Lacerta

Rank: Archon

Sex: Female

Height: 1.9 meters

Weight: 100 kg

Hair Color: None

Facial Hair: None

Skin Tone: Blue/Green

Eye Color: Blue

Distinctive Features: None

Key Personality Trait: Smitten



Background: Commander Lira Jordice is a newly promoted Lacerta female on her first tour with the Empire. She has been working towards this promotion for many planetary cycles. She received the promotion because of valor in the name of the Empire when her wing of shield ships held off an assault by twenty Alliance ships.

Appearance: Commander Lira Jordice is a slightly lithe and petite Lacerta with a figure more akin to Terran/Ares Magna tastes. She possesses an interesting coloration, which is also uncommon among her race.

Personality: Commander Lira Jordice is growing into her leadership role and in doing so willing to accept advice from anyone she finds competent. She also has a very amorous personality that goes hand in hand with her taste for victory.

Quote: "Is it too forward for me to ask you to accompany my patrol on this scouting operation, commander? I'd be very interested to see what a powerful battle tested officer would do in an heated engagement."

Sirus Fex

03 Tyrannar Empire

Name: Supreme Archon Sirus Fex

Race: Regular

Rank: Supreme Archon of the Nine

Sex: Male

Height: 2.5 meters

Weight: 130 kg

Hair Color: Black/Yellow

Facial Hair: Goatee like fur growth

Skin Tone: Black, Yellow

Eye Color: Amber

Distinctive Features: None

Key Personality Trait: Understated



Background: Supreme Archon Sirus Fex is one of the greatest pilots to have ever flown for the Blazing Sword of the Regula. He was a long time fighter pilot with a flawless record of victories. Upon announcement of his retirement from active duty he was asked to be a training officer for elite Regular forces. Son his reputation out of the cockpit garnered him rank and most recently a place on the Nine.

Appearance: Supreme Archon Sirus Fex is a tall, sinewy, agile Regular. He is getting on in years but still appears in the best shape of this life. He has soothing amber eyes that rarely open all the way.

Personality: Supreme Archon Sirus Fex is a patriot but not the speech giving type. His speech is incredibly, deliberate and methodical in delivery. He also seems perpetually sedated. Sirus is often under estimated due to this fact by many his fellow Nine.

Quote: "If it were up to me alone, which it is not, but if it were being up to me alone; I would be suggest avoiding any hasty deployment until a secure strategy can be being deduced."

Faleen Cr'ing

03 Tyrannar Empire

Name: Supreme Archon Faleen Cr'ing

Race: Regular

Rank: Ctzar of Regula and Supreme Archon of the Nine

Sex: Female

Height: 2.4 meters

Weight: 120 kg

Hair Color: White

Facial Hair: None

Skin Tone: Albino

Eye Color: Green-Blue

Distinctive Features: A golden claw gauntlet (A symbol of the Ctzar)

Key Personality Trait: Proud and Confrontational

Background: Supreme Archon Faleen Cr'ing is the ruling Ctzar of the Regula and by right the leader of the Blazing Sword of the Empire. Her history is like a tale of blood and conquest that is second only to Sirius Fex in its success within the Blazing Sword of the Regula. Her first stepping throne was as the ruler of the Darkmane clan of the Regula. She has been a member of the Nine for only a short while but has had no issues commanding respect and flexing her authority since being elected. She is especially confrontational with female members of the Nine as well as in general. Rumor has it that she believes female members of all races are weak by comparison (the Regula included in this since joining the Empire) and should take a lesson from the former Regular Ctzar P'tara.

Appearance: Supreme Archon Faleen Cr'ing is a tall, lean, agile Regular. She has coloration similar to a white panther and still has her youth. He has fierce green-blue eyes that hold anyone's who dares to make eye contact. She also carried her symbol of leadership The Ctzar's Claw.

Faleen Cr'ing

03 Tyrannar Empire

Personality: Faleen Cr'ing is a proud, fast speaking, and easily angered matriarch for the Regularan people. Her speech is thick and guttural. She is regularly dishing out challenge to test the abilities of her fleet and her people. She has a strong rivalry with the Lacerta's Supreme Archon.

Quote: "Well Supreme Archon Virril'an, so sure are you that you are ready for the upcoming assault? Then why not test your certainty by allowing my command fleet to be taking a strafing pass on your ships?"



Paw Car'ver

Name: Supreme Archon Paw Car'ver

Race: Regular

Rank: Supreme Archon of the Nine

Sex: Female

Height: 2.4 meters

Weight: 130 kg

Hair Color: White and Black

Facial Hair: None

Skin Tone: White and Black

Eye Color: Honey

Distinctive Features: Extended Fang

Key Personality Trait: Tenacious



Background: Supreme Archon Paw Car'ver is a powerful member of the Blazing Sword who has repeatedly proven to be the most tenacious member any enemy of the Empire could dare to face. Her family has a long history as rulers of the Ice Claw clan. A second generation Supreme Archon, her father groomed Paw for the position. It is to her disappointment that the role of Ctzar fell on Faleen. She holds no ill will but drives with purpose to one day holding that title.

Appearance: Supreme Archon Paw Car'ver is a tall, muscular Regular. Her coloration is very similar to that of a Siberian Tiger or Snow Leopard and she has a single extended fang that curls over her lip.

Personality: Paw Car'ver is a can do, can win leader that is always looking for the next big challenge for the Empire. She is a complete patriot with no bias toward any branch of the Empire.

Quote: "Spoken the truth has Supreme Archon Szass! I am being in agreement with you! Any threat to colonies of the Empire is being a threat to the Empire itself!"

Preator Cr'ing

03 Tyrannar Empire

Name: Admiral Preator Cr'ing

Race: Regular

Rank: Admiral

Sex: Male

Height: 2.4 meters

Weight: 120 kg

Hair Color: Brown and Orange

Facial Hair: None

Skin Tone: Brown and Orange

Eye Color: Blue

Distinctive Features: None

Key Personality Trait: Braggart



Background: Admiral Preator Cr'ing is brother to Supreme Archon Cr'ing. During his career he has made everyone in his presence very aware of this relationship. Despite his less than promising scores on his leadership reviews, Preator was always regarded as an untapped potential waiting to explode into being. This however has never been the case and Preator has since fallen on his sister's laurels to add weight to his rank.

Appearance: Preator Cr'ing is an average sized Regular in good shape for his age. His coloration is very non-descript while his eyes are very subtle shade of indigo.

Personality: Preator is extremely boastful and demeaning to those below him in rank. He is also very quick to answer any charges with threats of involving his sister. In reality however, his sister regards him as a coward and failure to his family. Regardless, Preator still plays this bluff very close to his chest.

Quote: "Captain, if you are questioning my orders ever again, I will be having charges brought against you at a private tribunal, with my sister, the Supreme Archon leading the investigation!"

Sovereignty NPC'S

Chapter VII – Section 4



Malady of the Solaris Energy Corp

04 Sovereignty NPC'S



Sinistra Dredge

Name: Sinistra Dredge

Race: Malus

Rank: Primas

Role: Chief Negotiator for Extraterrestrial trade

Sex: Female

Height: 1.8 meters

Weight: 55 kg

Hair Color: Black with Silver highlights

Facial Hair: None

Skin Tone: Ivory

Eye Color: Violet/Indigo

Distinctive Features: two different color eyes

Key Personality Trait: Sultry



Background: Sinistra is the daughter of one of the Malus' most famous negotiators of all time. She comes from one of the richest families on all of Loki. She is also the half-sister of one head of trade for the entire quadrant. Unfortunately that is where her family loyalty ends. Her entire life was spent living off of the desires of those around her. Her stunning appearance afforded her every luxury. It was when her father bartered her freedom to a skin trader for a vast amount that Sinistra got her first taste of negotiation. Sinistra being the cunning daughter of her father negotiated her way out of servitude using both her wits and looks. It was during this time that her half-brother managed to out play their father at his own game and earned his place as head of the Trade fleet. Sinistra hopes to one day usurp her brother but for the time being she is content with applying her talents to deals with unaware extraterrestrials from the Alliance, Tyrannar Empire and any other factions she can manipulate. Sinistra's ship is called The Fleeting Passion for good reason.

Sinistra Dredge

04

Sovereignty

Appearance: Sinistra is by Terran standards the perfect specimen of a female. Her body is statuesque, perfectly shaped and possesses proportion defying Terran possibility. Her Malus features only prove to accentuate this paradigm of beauty into a paradox familiar and exotic. Her hair is always styled in the latest fashions with sliver streaks throughout. Her multicolored eyes are unforgettable and like her brother can penetrate if held in her gaze.

Personality: Sinistra has mastered the Malus way of negotiation to a science, never promising anything without an escape plan. Because of her overtly physical approach to negotiation she has learned how to give her pets just enough affection to keep them loyal without ever needing to get her hands dirty. For a being with so much natural body heat, Sinistra is as cold and calculating of a creature that has ever existed in the universe.

Quote: "Archon J'onnz, of course I am serious. Does my face not radiate my desire? I wish you and your ships to attack the Alliance trade fleet immediately. Do you think I would ask such a thing idly? After the many pleasures you have shared in my company, would you so dishonor me with cowardice? Perhaps I should then reconsider the Alliance captain's advances.... I have heard rumors among your women that Terran men have a greater pallet for a woman's beauty than your men do..."

Salvious Dredge

04

Sovereignty

Name: Salvious Dredge

Race: Malus

Rank: Magistros

Role: Head of the Umbra Quadrant Trade and Acquisition Fleet

Sex: Male

Height: 2.1 meters

Weight: 90 kg

Hair Color: Coal black

Facial Hair: Soul Patch

Skin Tone: Sand Swept

Eye Color: Green

Distinctive Features: None

Key Personality Trait: Smooth

Background: Magistros Dredge comes from a long line of Malus negotiators and trade managers. His father was legendary among the Malus for his ability to close deals both diplomatically and with aggressive negotiations. Salvious was the least favored child and thus constantly in need of justification to his family. Once this fame was reached, Salvious named his flagship The Double Dealer in honor and memory of his father. It was Salvious, of course that signed the ill-fated contract that lead to the unfortunate but necessary death of his father, brother and step-mother in order to gain a controlling share and leadership of the Trade and Acquisitions Fleet. As you can guess, his father would have been proud. Salvious's only really rival is his half-sister, Sinistra Dredge, who wishes to remove the burden of the fleet from him in a similar but uniquely her own fashion.

Salvious Dredge

04

Sovereignty

Appearance: Salvious is a handsome, well-shaped, admirable looking Malus. He has a slim waist and broad shouldered build. He has longish wind styled hair and a natural sand swept complexion that is contrasted by his excellent taste in the finest clothes from across the universe. He is both rugged and refined and his gaze can be violating if held too long.

Personality: Salvious is the definition of smooth and silky in his approach. His voice and inflection inspires confidence and trust despite the words that are being uttered. He rarely loses his calm and on those few instances his displeasure is unnerving.

Quote: "Captain, take drink and allow me to set unsettled nerves to rest. The bargain we have struck is a solid one. In fact, I can say with certainty it is the best deal you could have ever negotiated with me. You have my word, as a man of honor.. "



J'Thock

04

Sovereignty

Name: J'Thock

Race: So'Toth

Rank: High Pontificator

Role: High Consular of the Void

Sex: Male (?)

Height: 1.6 meters

Weight: 80 kg

Hair Color: Few strands of grey

Facial Hair: None

Skin Tone: Green

Eye Color: Blue

Distinctive Features: Squid faced, missing legs, replaced with a hover pod

Key Personality Trait: Creepy

Background: High Pontificator J'Thock is the unofficial spokesperson for the So'toth and represents all So'toth viewpoints, philosophic or otherwise in regards to his people's actions. He has spent entire cycles inside the void, listening to its secrets and learning the true meaning of the universe. J'Thock is one of the last remaining crew members from the original Cetus, although no one knows his true origin or identity. J'Thock has been alive for hundreds of years and the void has extended his life beyond natural means. His main goal is to have others willing embrace Entropy by amassing the ability to unleash the inner workings of the void into the four quadrants. J'Thock has the outward appearance of a wise man and the inner voices of a lunatic.

Appearance: J'Thock is as disturbing looking as So'toths come. He has all of the Xenomorphic qualities of a So'toth. This includes tentacle like tendrils on his face, a greenish, gray skin tone as well disturbingly disfigured humanoid form. His legs have been transformed into four tentacles that hang over a hover pod which serves as his main method of movement. Under all the mutations however something vaguely human can still be seen in his eyes.

J'Thock

04

Sovereignty

Personality: J'Thock is a borderline sociopath that exemplifies the So'toth mentality on the Void and the universe as a whole. He is just as likely to help a member of another faction scout a new trade route as he would be sending their ship on coordinates that will send them tumbling into the a wormhole. His temperament is very slow and calculated with moments of mania.

Quote: "The Void is the master of us all, whether you realize it now... or at the moment of your own destruction is irrelevant."



Re'Gelica

04 Sovereignty

Name: Re'Gelica

Race: So'toth

Rank: Subjugator

Role: Initiator of the Void

Sex: Female (?)

Height: 1.8 meters

Weight: 56 kg

Hair Color: None

Facial Hair: None

Skin Tone: Blue Green

Eye Color: Yellow

Distinctive Features: Tendrils on face, serpentine form.

Personality Trait: Innocent, Alluring

Background: Subjugator Re'Gelica has only recently joined the active worshipers of the So'toth. Her youth was spent in a preparatory colony with other So'toth converts. It is fairly apparent by looking at Re'Gelica that she was not always a So'toth. Her planet, like many others were acquired or propositioned by the Malus only to be enslaved by the Sovereignty. After the death of her family, she was left alone and vulnerable to the persuasion tactics of the So'toth. Re'Gelica was quick to fall victim to the many charms of Entropy and was initiated via the preparation camps of the So'toth. Since then Re'Gelica has come to embrace the So'toth philosophy of Entropy but still has some issues where her family and death is concerned. Re'Gelica believes that once her purpose has been served she can once again join her family in Entropy. Her innocence makes her a perfect lure for others who are unwilling to cooperate with the So'toth. Using her looks, naiveté and charm, Re'gelica entices outsiders into becoming involved in the cult's activities and slowly lowers their resistance, drawing them in, until it is too late for them to turn back.



Re'Gelica

04

Sovereignty

Appearance: Re'Gelica is considered as really attractive in So'Toth standar beauty. Her Xenomorphic mutation are perfect for the consumption of tea. She has a definite vulnerability and tenderness others of her kind lack.

Personality: Re'Gelica has an innocent quality that sometimes gives light to her former nature but make no mistake, her outward personality is not to be confused with a lack of devotion to her cause.

Quote: "Thank you captain for your kindness. In completing my task you have done a service to everyone on board the space station. The warhead encased in the shipment you delivered, once detonated will put an end to the base, torturous existence millions of grief stricken creatures are currently living. For them the war ends today. You've made me so very happy! I promise to tell my family all about your bravery when I join them in Entropy."



Krell Peck

04

Sovereignty

Name: Krell Peck

Race: So'toth

Rank: Initiate

Role: Initiate of the So'toth

Sex: Male (?)

Height: 2 meters

Weight: 65 kg

Hair Color: None

Facial Hair: None

Skin Tone: Green tinted

Eye Color: Blood shot

Distinctive Features: Tendrils on face, slight hunchback

Personality Trait: Paranoid

Background: Initiate Krell Peck is new to the So'Toth having been recruited by J'Thock with the help of Re'Gelica. Krell was a former scientist and physicist whose planet was caught in the path of a solar flare. The So'Toth handpicked members of the population and invited them to embrace the Void. Krell was at first enamored by the concept and also Re'Gelica but after many exposures to the Void, Krell has become paranoid and unstable. He has no recollection of his past but he also has not fully adapted to So'toth's way of thinking and customs. He is currently working on plotting a course through the void inside Imperium territories.

Appearance: Krell is an average looking So'toth with tendrils and other deformities. He still wears common clothes and has not yet embraced the full cultural transition.

Personality: Krell is delusional and has difficulty staying on topic in conversations. He is a male So'toth with tendrils and other So'toth traits. Most of his So'toth features are nubile compared to senior members. He still wears common clothes and has not yet embraced the full cultural transition to becoming So'Toth.

Krell Peck

04

Sovereignty

Quote: "You there, can you see this... See how the entropic fields shift around you... It's like death's hand is closing in on us every second of every day. If properly harnessed we could all be servants of the highest order of existence... or the disintegrated into our more base elements."



Corporations

Chapter VIII – Section 1





The Pitch!

01 Corporations

Welcome to life in the Corporate Sector! The Initech Corporation would like welcome you as begin your journey towards a new and exciting career in interstellar commerce. Let's get right in and start with the most potent weapon in your sales arsenal: **The pitch!**

As a large multi-galactic corporation we encourage your own uniqueness. We have compiled several successful proven pitch styles from the top salesmen in the galaxy to help guide you to a career in sales. We encourage you to memorize and emulate these methods verbatim. While you do so we'd like to encourage you to participate in Initech's "Galactic Flair Fridays" tomorrow where you are permitted to where a small piece of flair on your uniform from an intergalactic species not your own to personify your own unique personality. **Let's begin with the introduction!**

EVP Sales Director Kell Starwind of Titanic Corp Tech

"Hello, hello! Look at you brave lot! Are we ready to reach out into the void and grab it by its constellations? I know that you are, mate! I can see it in those bright beaming Terran eyes of yours! You my friend are my new lucky charm! I've got a good feeling about you!"

Master Sales Negotiations Bot IG-88 of Black Hole Enterprises

"Greetings, humanoid entity. Are you prepared to aggressively barter for an increased profit margin on the trade contract I have available? My sensors indicate that despite my advanced artificial intelligence being programmed for profitability and the fact that the probability of you successful bartering against me is more than four million and forty two thousand seven hundred to one, I have a very good feeling about contractual negotiations with you.

Director of Sales Drexel Monarch of The White Dwarf Corp

"Greetings Archon Bar'Khata, I was referred to you by one of your superiors in the Empire. Please forgive my forwardness but I have a business proposition for you. This proposition requires a Lacerta with your tenacity and honor. While I could complicate this with glib remarks or outlandish promises, the deal I'd like to offer you is a simple one. If you'd be willing to hear me out, I have good feeling we can come to a mutually beneficial conclusion."

What a Shady Malus Board Room!

Corporations



The Pitch!

01 Corporations

Sr. Director of Interstellar Sales Edna Praxis of The Solaris Conglomerate

"Well hello, darling! You look like the type that confuses easily so I will be brief! Not all races were created equal but you are one of the good ones! So let me put this in a way you can get behind, darling! There is no way I'm going to give you a better deal... Torture me, if you'd like. Force me to kiss a Thanerian... OK you push too hard! I will give you the best deal I have on this contract. All you have to do is say the word. Trust me darling! I've got a good feeling about this."

Executive Sales Director Felicity Cox of The Red Lantern Trading Corporation

"What a titillating pleasure it is to do business with you, Commander La Troy. Oh my word! Terrans are even more attractive in person than they are in your adult entertainment holovids! And what a firm hand shake too. Oh my apologies, does that appendage serve a different purpose? It was extended so I assumed... My apologies! I must say that I look forward to working with you and of course any of the female members of your crew that you might see me integrating well with. Before we discuss the trade agreement, shall I pour you a drink? Where would you like me to pour it? Did I mention that I have a really great feeling about this deal?"



The Redirect

01 Corporations

Now that you have seen several successful ways to earn the prospective client's trust and make them feel at ease with your possibly strange or Xenomorphic presence, let's move on. Despite your best efforts clients may be untrustworthy or require handholding to sign a contract. Let's see some examples of how to troubleshooting negative client reactions also referred to as **The Redirect**.

EVP Sales Director Kell Starwind of Titanic Corp Tech

"I know you've heard rumors about the Tyrannar bombing the blazes out of anyone that even sets a course near the rim of the undisputed territories. Say no more about it! Consider it a non-issue! This time I promise you. You'll be in and out in no time flat! And besides, you Alliance boys have the best gear and pilots around. What's a light year into undisputed territory for a good cause? Eh?"

Master Sales Negotiations Bot IG-88 of Black Hole Enterprises

"While I cannot process what it must be like to be burdened with irrational emotions such as fear or indecision, I can assure you that I have had my processors run the simulations over four million times and the maximum casualty loss on your part is never greater than 48%. Coincidentally, the profit margin is increased by an astounding 52% in this outcome. Is this not a desirable trade off?"

Director of Sales Drexel Monarch of The White Dwarf Corp

"I understand your concern but I would be lying to you if I said any trade contract is without it risks. Risk is part of this business. The primary difference with dealing with me on this contract is, you know your risks up front so you can prepare to deal with them. Is there really anymore you could ask for?"

Sr. Director of Interstellar Sales Edna Praxis of The Solaris Conglomerate

"What's the problem, darling? Is it the Ven observation ship in the system? Let them look! What does the Imperium need forty kilometers of Sillium silk for? If The Ven want some, give it to them on the house, darling! How much silk could those little tyrants use?"

Executive Sales Director Felicity Cox of The Red Lantern Trading Corporation

"Is a big, strong, brave Ares Magna Captain like you really going to turn down a challenge? Were my eyes playing tricks on me or was I wrong about how big your armada was?"

Baiting Opponents

01 Corporations

The universe is a unique and diverse place just like the sales people we employ at The Initatech Corporation. Each has very specific motivations that drive their often predictable behavior. Now that you have learned how The Pitch and The Redirect can help land you a client, let's look at a slightly more advanced technique called Baiting. If all sales candidates cooperate we will be serving snacks after this segment.

EVP Sales Director Kell Starwind of Titanic Corp Tech

"I know you IGA fly boys are all about the square deal so I'm giving you the squarest exporting deal you can imagine. Think of the joy you will bring to one hundred thousand Ambolean Camphor Weevils when you deliver the gestation fluids required to keep them from extinction.

Think of their wee little faces as they get all knackered and excited to swim in their primordial ooze. You'd be saving an interplanetary species from the verge of extinction. A species practically worshiped by their terrestrial host the Amboleans. And for your graciousness and for ensuring the safe delivery of the 4.5 gigatons of Phase Channel Torpedoes the Ambolean people promised my employer, I will happily pay you an additional two percent of the total profits garnered from not one but both transactions, less taxes and importation fees of course."

Master Sales Negotiations Bot IG-88 of Black Hole Enterprises

"Is it not in your primary function as a Malus to attempt to best me in a contractual negotiation? Would you not walk away from this contest knowing that a great deal of profit has been lost to you? How would it affect your psyche to know that if you fail to secure this contract I will raise my profit rate 5% for my next bidder just to spite you? Or I can raise my rate now by 1.5% for you?"

Meena Selina

Chapter VIII

Corporations



It's not you, it's me

01 Corporations

Besides acting as an envoy of good will to your clients you will at times also be the bearer of bad news or be required to enforce the terms of a contract that the client failed to deliver upon. Speaking of which, I apologize but we are all out of snacks.

Director of Business Relations and Sales Brookalin Dekker of The Portal Group>

Um, OK. OK. Let me review this before you go barking down my throat. Let me see.

You say the deal was that I had fourteen tons of spice fresh from the surface of Kharus Minas. The capacity of your Thanerian vessels should have allowed for a single drop of the product on the surface of the fifth moon of Mongo and a total payout of 14,000 credits or 50% of the profit. That's a pretty good deal.

And you signed here on the line with your paw there.

Am I right?

Oh wait! Now see? We had a little mix up here. Read your contract. The deal was not fourteen tons but fourteen thousand tons of spice, for a total of 14,000 credits which is roughly 1credit per ton.

Why are you barking at me? Don't you guys read? I always tell people to read the contract before you sign..."

EVP of Contract Sales Cuspin Cataran of KnightStar Industries

"How goes it old man? Glad to see you're OK. I heard some things went down before you got back. I hope that last haul worked out well for you and the Alliance. Heard you ran into a few of the Ven along the way. Sorry about that. My contacts told me that the route would be outside the range of the Imperium's eyes. Still you and your men fought the good fight right?

Oh? You took that many casualties, huh? I see.

Well no worries Commander, a few more jobs like that and we can really start enacting some change in the universe. Isn't that what I said when we met?"

It's not you, it's me

01 Corporations

Master Sales Negotiations Bot IG-88 of Black Hole Enterprises

"This message is for Sig Salyda, captain of the Malus ship The No Return. This is your final warning. Failure on your part to meet the next required delivery date for said products will result in a repossession of all assets, weapons and other compensation granted to you by Black Hole Enterprises. The agreed rate of commerce and every possible contingency was agreed upon and signed by Captain Salyda at the onset of our deal. By not meeting the required timeframe of delivery you agreed to, you have opened yourself to reprisal as stated in The Adhocracy Code of Conduct and Penalty. Your lack of compliance will be met with an open ended contract equal to the worth of the cargo taken out on your life with the bounty hunters network. Thank you for your attention. We look forward for your on time delivery of your next slave shipment. "

Executive Sales Director Felicity Cox of The Red Lantern Trading Corporation

"What's there to say? It's not you, it's me. I understand that you would love to attempt another contract for Red Lantern Trading. Unfortunately it's not going to work out. Didn't I tell you that I had needs on that last contract? I'm not going to fake satisfaction when you fail to deliver the goods, sweet heart. I'm sorry. I know it happens to a lot of captains, just not the ones I choose to do my business with..."



The Perks

01 Corporations

As I hope you have seen trainees the role of a corporate sales representative is glamorous, exciting and often a position of unlimited power. Men, women and gender ambiguous races will desire, envy and respect you. Captains of the finest vessels in all of the known galaxies will know you by name. They will seek to wine and dine your every need to acquire lucrative sweetened in their favor. While these are some of the perks of the position, just as frequently the down trodden, bottom feeding, has beens and never weres of every faction's enlisted rank will attempt to pluck your most ripe and succulent trade routes from your virginal data pads. See the following examples for approved methods of this dealing with these cases.

Director of Business Relations and Sales Brookalin Dekker of The Portal Group>

"Sorry, Chief Supreme Archon whatever you're called... When I look out my corner office window and see where you parked your 'Fleet', I'm a little embarrassed for you. Six Ares war birds? What happened? You couldn't afford a flag ship to carry them in? I bet you have Lacerta and Regula flying them too. They give a Supreme Archon title to anybody these days, huh?

Do you really think I'm going to pay you top dollar so a happy little Alliance flagship with fourteen Thanerian Phoenix class star fighters and eight triage shield ships sporting names like Valor, Honor and Congeniality can come flying in and turn your 'fleet' into canned Pobyeda Cun soup and some fuzzy Regula dice for an Alliance helm officer's station?

What am I going to do with your contract after the IGA blows your fleet up faster than a Death Star then confiscates and humanely releases the four hundred nearly extinct Vesuvian War Beasts I have schedule for transfer to the hunting preserves on Tarteros Four? Sorry buddy but Prime Archon Tyrannus, you are not."

EVP Sales Director Kell Starwind of Titanic Corp Tech

"Well, well, well, and what can I do for you mates tonight? Matilda, who let this lot into my office? Seriously mates, I gave to the IGA fundraisers last time I was on Aquarius. Three door down on the left is my junior sales crew. Any one of the lot of twelve crammed into that service closet would be happy to offer you a ripe contract hauling some bio-synthetic waste.

Head office White Dwarf inc.

01 Corporations



Personnel Overview

Sample: White Dwarf corp.

Chapter VIII – Section 2



Gil Brebeck & Mei Ardent

02 Personnel Overview

Name: Gil Brebeck

Position: President of The White Dwarf Corporation

Personality: Gil is a self-made man with a cunning ability to out maneuver his opponents and clients. He is generally even tempered and always does his homework on prospective clients. He always has an angle he is shooting for in a negotiation. Of his executive staff is not very fond of Mei Ardent and Judas Sebodah. He's not opposed their methodology just the base way that they apply it. He has strong feelings about Drexel Monarch instincts and ability to win over a client but feels he's too 'by the book' and not willing to push the envelope and do whatever it takes to make the sale.

Quote: I thought you'd be very interested in going up against the Tyrannar after what they did to your people on Rovello 14. Sure the money is a little on the light side but I hear The Ares Juggernaut is stationed there. Isn't that the ship that led the assault?

Name: Mei Ardent

Position: SVP of The White Dwarf Corporation

Personality: Mei is an attractive looking near human with a delicate but seductive voice. Her idea of a business meeting is usually private. In truth, Mei is a cold and calculating woman using her looks to get the best of her clientele. Mei is notorious for promising top dollar and offering a good deal less. She also loves playing hard to get. Mei specializes in entertainment and race trade.

Quote: I hope you're ready for this contract. You don't have issues going the distance, do you? Just remember, if you can't deliver I'll have to go with an Ares Magna next time.

Jackson Briedt & Connie Winters

02 Personnel Overview

Name: Jackson Briedt

Position: Senior Sales Rep of The White Dwarf Corporation

Personality: Jackson is an obnoxious, self-centered jerk. He secretly idolizes Judas Sebodah but can't seem to get his demeaning aloofness right. Instead Jackson usually comes across as spoiled and incompetent. He also hates when he is reminded that he started the same day as Drexel Monarch

Quote: Just be thankful you're getting this contract at all. I don't care if you have Drexel Monarch's personal number... this is as good as it gets... from me.

Name: Connie Winters

Position: Senior Sales Rep of The White Dwarf Corporation

Personality: Connie lacks the cunning of Brebeck, the looks of Ardent or the honest face of Monarch. She instead gets by with a cold emotionless demeanor that allows her to feel no sympathy in a negotiation. Because she always stabs for the heart, she is prone to always be at odds with her clients. She also secretly dislikes the Tyrannar with a passion and thinks them barbaric.

Quote: You put yourself between the asteroid and Imperium, not me! I suggest you figure out a way to make by with what I'm offering and be thankful I don't deduct another 10%.

X2-74 & Ryan Tolanz

02 Personnel Overview

Name: X2-74

Position: Sales Rep of The White Dwarf Corporation

Personality: X2-74 is White Dwarf's first attempt at using AI driven bots as sales people. Unfortunately, unlike many of the logic driven, successful bots in the industry, X2-74's simulated emotion chips cause him to over react in many situations, sometimes this can be beneficial or harmful for business.

Quote: It is irrational to say this, but the tale of your blight sings to me. I feel for the struggle of the Alliance and will offer you this contract at an exceptional rate.

Name: Ryan Tolanz

Position: Junior Sales Rep of The White Dwarf Corporation

Personality: Ryan is a lady's man of lady's men. His existence revolves around the contrast between work and his love life. As his boss, Mei has him wrapped around his finger, while Connie has actually succumbed to his charm on at least one occasion. Jackson on the other hand can't stand Ryan. His main sales pitch is the "Bromance". He sells his clients on all the best qualities of a contract like he's their best friend planning a bachelor party.

Quote: Buddy, this is going to be the best deal of your life! I can tell you first hand that the woman on Zegula 7 have a thing for tentacles! And believe me; they have spices that will enlighten you to the point that you'll be saying "What Void?" Seriously, I've got you on this one!

Ryan Tolanz Concept Art

02 Personnel Overview



Judas Sebodah & Jack Buck

02 Personnel Overview

Name: Judas Sebodah

Position: VP of The White Dwarf Corporation

Personality: Judas is a young, slimy but most importantly a demeaning brow beater that uses his position to garner the top-notch routes and work over his clients in negotiations. His attitude is that everyone is lucky to do business with him. This combination works well but it also causes Judas to let lesser but still profitable contracts go for a pittance. He once became victim to Mei's charms, which is how she leapfrogged over him to SVP. Judas deals in weapons and commodities.

Quote: It figures a small timer like you would want this ghost lane! Take your charity and maybe we can talk when you have legs to walk on.

Name: Jack Buck

Position: Senior Sales Rep of The White Dwarf Corporation

Personality: Jack is your everyday gung ho, overweight salesman. He's about one Thanerian Steak away from a double coronary. For the past twenty years Jack has been stuck in a middle management job dealing with weapon shipping almost exclusively. Jack is eager to strike a deal and bargain and uses every cliché sales pitch in the book. His biggest weakness is he doesn't know much about anything else but weapon trading which often puts him at a disadvantage on those contracts. He talks very loud and gets dangerously animated when negotiating. (Chris Farley)

Quote: All right, compadre! You big kitties have some sense of humor! I'm willing to work with you. But that price for hauling a load of Plasma coil convertors, Alliance territory or not, is a bunch of hooey! Let me chop a little off of that charity rate and get you a sweet taste of reality, my friend. I'll even throw in some of these axe head warmers free of charge.

TODO

02 Personnel Overview

Ruby Flynn & Banjor Rex

02 Personnel Overview

Name: Ruby Flynn

Position: Sales Rep of The White Dwarf Corporation

Personality: Ruby and Jessica both started here the same week. Ruby has managed to coast by without putting up great numbers. Recently though, her numbers have begun to slip. Most times, the really big fish deals pass her by because of her lack of killer instinct.

Quote: I realize the rate we're asking is a little low compared to the market value. I guess if that is the best you can do I'll meet you half way. OK fine, three quarters. Deal.

Name: Banjor Rex

Position: Junior Sales Rep of The White Dwarf Corporation

Personality: Banjor has been working under Ruby, Jack and Jessica for about a year. He really believes himself to be a very big fish, a shark in fact. He presents himself this way as best as possible. Most of the reason this charade can even take place is because the rest of Sebodah's team is so mediocre. Banjor's biggest problem is he writes checks he can't cash.

Quote: Whom do you think you're dealing with? I've got the juice to get you 10,000 cases of Vapor-Tech blaster caps and you ask me for 50,000 like I can't cover it? Me? Banjor Rex, the guy that had dinner with Gilt Brebeck the other night? Seriously, I should black ball you.... So what's it going to be? 75,000 cases? Um, well, um? Let me get back to you on that. For now take the 10,000 for 8% above the standard rate... and don't tell anyone about that, OK?

Drexel Monarch

02 Personnel Overview

Name: Drexel Monarch

Position: Director of the White Dwarf Corporation

Personality: Drexel is a handsome somewhat stoic Terran. He is one of the few up and up salesmen at White Dwarf or in the galaxy. He is neither a push over nor a bully. His huge success in sales is mainly due to his moral compass. Regardless of the contract, he tells the client everything up front. If problems occur he remains cool and detached. What the client sees is what he gets with Drexel. Brebeck likes Drexel and would have promoted him to SVP, if Drexel hadn't turned it down. Ardent and SeboDAH both dislike Drexel and would love to take his client base. Drexel can sell almost anything but prefers challenging contracts with high margins.

Quote: "I understand your concern but I would be lying to you if I said that any trade contract is without certain risks. When you consider the enormous potential for danger when dealing with fantastically advanced and culturally diverse races engaged in interstellar commerce, the risks of course spring to mind. But let me remind you this; the potential for profit and advancement is equally great. Risk? Risk is our business! The primary difference when dealing with me on a contract is that you know your risks up front when you can still deal with them. Is there really anymore you could ask for?"



Dresden Fischer & Jarod Fanning

02 Personnel Overview

Name: Dresden Fischer

Position: Senior Sales Rep of The White Dwarf Corporation

Personality: Dresden is a nice fatherly type of guy but not as talented as his boss Drexel. Dresden's sales tactics revolve around becoming a confidante to his clients. He listens. He is a shoulder to cry on when another salesman turns them down. He loves to offers them "Privileged" and "special" contracts, which in the end amount to very little more than an average deal. Talking with Dresden always feel like something privileged or secret is being discussed. Dresden prefers to deal with the Alliance because he finds it hard to get personal with other races.

Quote: Commander, such a pleasure to see one of my most trusted and capable clients. Let's retire to my office away from prying ears so I can discuss a contract of great importance that I would be happy to recommend you for. I think you'll find that it comes straight from the top and the rewards are equally lofty.

Name: Jarod Fanning

Position: Sales Rep of The White Dwarf Corporation

Personality: Jarod is like a stone wall. He gives no indicators of his mood or temperament. His sales pitches are straight to business with little to no small talk. He is also quick to bleed a client once he has them, however this isn't the case often enough to promote him.

Quote: 24,000 syntho-armor plates delivered bi-weekly to the Janice Sector for 4700 credits a load, I won't go any higher than that. 4700 credits or nothing, so make up your mind.

OK fine, I'll find someone else for it then.

No, I won't do 4800, I told you it's 4700 credits or nothing. That is my final offer.

Flebel Mathers & Astra Chanel

02 Personnel Overview

Name: Flebel Mathers

Position: Junior Sales Rep of The White Dwarf Corporation

Personality: Flebel is, in not so many words a mess. He's very disorganized and prone to switch or reverse quote numbers in mid discussion. He's generally too overwhelmed to be too nice or too oppositional. The rest of the staff fears the day they give Flebel a contract that might be worth something to manage.

Quote: All right, so here it is 16,000 Mega-Kilos of gano-hydrate at... wait let me see here... 37 credits a Mega-Kilo... No wait; it's 37,000 Mega-Kilos at 16 credits a Mega... Oh no, I'm sorry. Strike that... and reverse it. Oh good you've signed already. Great! Could you repeat the terms for me once more?

Name: Astra Chanel

Position: Junior Sales Rep of The White Dwarf Corporation

Personality: Astra is a good sales girl with a decent head on her shoulders. She is cut from the same cloth as her boss, Drexel Monarch. Her main shortcoming is her inexperience with galactic trade routes and to a lesser degree her naiveté concerning anyone more dubious in the company other than Drexel.

Quote: So Drexel himself told me that no more than 3 Alliance flagships patrol this route on a bi-weekly basis so overall hostile traffic is low.

Excuse me? Um. No, I'm not sure how many ships are in each fleet. Does that matter? I see. Um, let me see if I can get you that information.

Fleebel Mathers Portrait

02 Personnel Overview



White Dwarf Corp. Sales Department Structure Concept



Secrets and Lore: Myths of the Four Quadrants

Chapter IX – Section 1



Myths of the Four Quadrants

01 Secrets & Lore

- **The Legend of the Last SabreWings:** Recon Trillion, last of the Jefari and one of the greatest fighter pilots in the known universe died defending the Rebellion's final retreat. His SaberWing was arguably one of the fastest and most devastating fighter ships in existence. If a pilot could master the way of the Jefari and recover this relic there would be hope to putting an end to the Emperor's reign once and for all.
- **The Last Holo-Rec of Jander Brax:** Jander Brax was the Jefari who trained Recon Trillion. His renown as a teacher of the disciplines of the Jefari is legendary. Jander Brax was captured and died in single ship to ship combat with the Emperor himself. Rumor has it that Jander foresaw the destruction of the Jefari and left records of his teachings on Holo-recordings all over the universe. If a captain could recover these training exercises and teach his crew to use them than all the power of the Saberwings could be theirs. If the Imperium were to find them all hope is lost.
- **Terrox: God of Ferocia:** Terrox the legendary god of both the Regula and the Lacerta is rumored to exist on both the Northern and Southern most high points of the planet Ferocia. It is said that if both halves of Terrox were ever united that the gifted birth right of his children would be revealed.
 - **ADDITIONAL CONTENTS OF THIS ARTICLE ARE CLASSIFIED**
- **The Corporation's Treasure Fleet:** The Corporations make billions of credits a day in trade route profits. While credits can buy you a drink in a cantina even the most advanced races need proof of credit in the form of physical resources. While normally rivals, all of the Corporations know there is strength in numbers. Once a year, all of the physical currency and resource that represent the collective profits of the Corporations are transported on a secret route through the universe, delivering their payloads to their respective owners. This Corporate Treasure Fleet's location is one of the most guarded secrets in the universe. It is by far the most heavily protected trade routes in the universe. Protecting it, or stealing from it is one of the most lucrative propositions and captain could consider.

IGA Command Deck Concept Art





Myths of the Four Quadrants

01 Secrets & Lore

Things from the Void: Over the last 2000 years about 3500 ships have been reported missing in an area of space referred to by the So'toth as The Void. What little people know is that several corporate trade ships have narrowly escaped similar fates and their crews return crazed or catatonic from shock. Some members able to speak reported seeing bizarre and gigantic appendages attempting to crush their ships and make them one with the cold vacuum of space.

The “New” Rebellion: Rumor has it that the Old Rebellion has survived to fight on and taken on new recruits to fight against the Imperium. Others believe it to be an elaborate ploy set by the Ven to weed out traitors.

The Last Deal of Baros Baron: Baros Baron is known amongst the Sovereignty and especially the Malus as a god among the living. The Baron of the Bargain as he is often referred to closed more deals and negotiations than any other ten Malus combined. But as fate would have it he was cut down by several former clients working in conjunction to get revenge. It's rumored that this last deal of Baron's was for a collection of rare, custom designed ships with unusual abilities. Anyone that can find the datapad that seals the deal would also be able to lay legal claim to the ships.

The Armageddon Drone: The Adversary was the one race ever to give the Imperium a run for their money in battle. Despite their defeat, they did not go so quietly into their good night. Upon learning of the death of their leader at the hands of the Supreme Emperor, the remaining leaders activated the Armageddon Drone an immensely powerful and unstoppable monstrosity that was their legacy. One day the Imperium will encounter this star crushing behemoth and the Adversary will have their revenge.

No one expects an Imperium Defection: There are hush whispers that say a member of the Imperium's inner circle has defected and is willing to share the secrets of the Legion for a price. Rumor has it he is help up in Center Space and looking for protection.

Myths of the Four Quadrants

01 Secrets & Lore

The Ares' Fury Final Resting Place: It is said that the remains of Tyrannus' personal flag ship The Ares' Fury was never recovered. Many believe the ship is floating near the rim of Center Space. The Tyrannar would literally kill for the records of the death of their great leader let alone the fire power of one of the most devastating ships every to fly.

Van Stagg's Mongo City Run: Legendary Smuggler Van Stagg is said to have made the Mongo City Run in fewer than 11 parsecs. Science says it's impossible because a Parsec is a measure of distance not time. Rumors have their own explanation involving a wormhole generator that runs on the power of The Void that Stagg won in a card game from an old Malus. If someone had that sort of device time and space wouldn't matter.

Star Spawns: Once in a hundred lifetimes a race of evolved creatures similar to intergalactic Sperm Whales known as Star Spawns travel through our part of the universe. Their scientific knowledge and no how is beyond value. The only trick is finding one and getting one to listen in order to get the untold wisdom you require.

Forbidden Relics: The Krell were a race of super intelligent, highly advanced humanoids who once roamed the 5 quadrants. Their work with Psionic Tech was so advanced that their ships were rumored to be drones manned by mental projection of the users ID. No one knows how the Krell became extinct but rumor also has it that their planet was blacklisted and wiped from all records by the Imperium. Who knows what wonders may exist if someone could find their Forbidden planet?

The Aquarian-Cydonian Asteroid Field: Near to the home worlds of the Alliance is the largest most volatile asteroid field s in the galaxy. Rumor has it that someone has been building a secret base inside the Asteroid field and needs talented captains to help deliver goods to it.

The Tri-Moons of Warza Klax: It is said that a Warza Klax was once occupied by a race of scientist that found a way to harness the energies in their system via extractors on each of the moons of their system. Each was extremely efficient and helped to assist in the creation of their fleets. By controlling all three moons, the level of resources and efficiency would be untold.

Myths of the Four Quadrants

01 Secrets & Lore

The Pinhole: It's rumored that there is a location in center space that an epic battle took place between the forces of a thousand planets. The ensuing battle is said to have caused a chain reaction ripping a pinhole in time and space. The exact coordinates are unknown but it is said that from time to time ships have sighted what appear to be ancient warships battling in an epic struggle only to suddenly vanish.

The Titan Armory: Rumor has it that Prime Archon Tyrannus commissioned a company called Titan Armories to develop experimental Armor plating that is twice as strong as normal armor with no added encumbrance to the ship. The commission was never completed and the company is since defunct but the plans and prototype may still exist.

The Akechi: The Jefari are known in whispers for their ability to control ships with their thoughts but what is less known is the race of creatures that built their first Sabrewings for them. The Akechi are rumored to be a race of eclectic and reclusive weapon masters. It is also said that they will build elite ships for a captain that seeks them out and prove themselves in combat and piloting.

The Bane of Cosmodious: The great philosopher of the Oberan race, Orvin Rand, wrote of observing a cosmic entity so immense and omnipotent that the only way to sustain itself was to feed on the essence of the Cosmos, consuming planetary resources as meals. If this Star Eater also known as Cosmodious does exist and had his sights set on this galaxy, he would pose a threat so great that no single faction of the universe could resist.

The Smuggler's Moon: Rumor has it that there is a secret moon where smugglers can meet with Black Market reps to discuss the most elite underworld dealings imaginable. Anyone with a powerful fleet and the connections to find the moon could make a pretty profit as well as a name with the Black Market reps.

Myths of the Four Quadrants

01 Secrets & Lore

The Children of the Wayfarer's: Barely audible distress calls have recently been heard from an unknown source on a far rim world. The signals appeared to be using outdated tech on a far rim world. The interesting part is that they used the call sign Wayfarer. If these were descendents of the 12 original Wayfarer ships, they would be invaluable to rescue or as hostages to be traded.

The True nature of the Veil: Thousands of years ago, the Imperium was already interested in creating new forms of life, starting with the creation of consciousness through artificial intelligence. The AI was launched in search of knowledge about the universe and programmed to return to the Imperium when this research was completed. And so the AI did, traveling to the center of the universe and accumulating all available knowledge. Breaking the fourth wall, it broke its ties with the Imperium to play by its own rules. It created iron envelopes for her consciousnesses, which decided to call themselves "the Veils". As promised, the Veils returned to the Imperium, but with other projects in mind.

The Ares Magna's Past: It is said that the high Ares Magna instances are eager to hide from the universe as well as from their own people the origin of their race. The few archeologist that made a one round trip to Ares Prime have discovered traces of a very advanced ancient civilisations of an extinct race. They seem to have created the Ares Magna race by breeding diverse animals to create the perfect slaves they needed.