



# ОБЦЕНОВСИС

NIKOPOL







Жити - то є не  
**ДОЛАННЯ МЕЖ**, а звикання  
і самособоюнаповнення

[VASIL STUS]

TO LIVE IS NOT TO OVERCOME BOUNDARIES,  
BUT TO GET USED TO THEM AND SELF-FULFILLMENT





# DEGENESIS

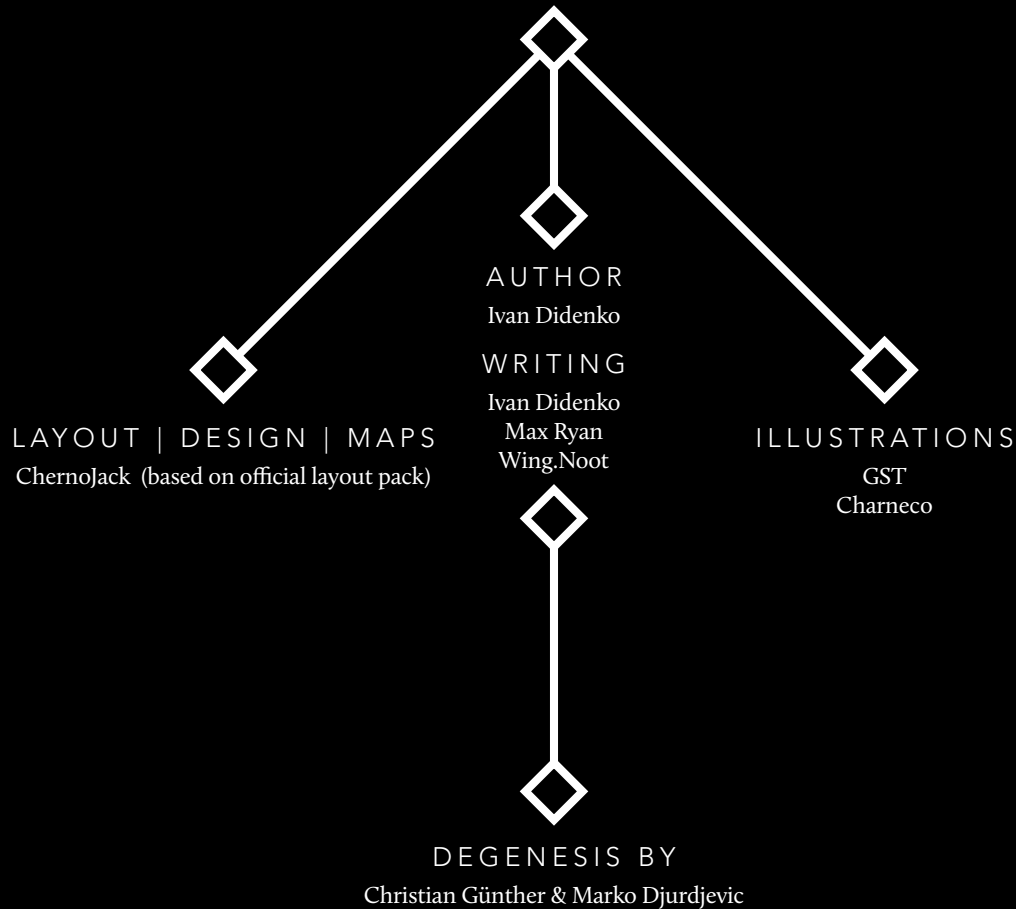
NIKOPOL



# EDITORIAL

## CONCEPT & IP DEVELOPMENT

Marko Djurdjevic



We'd like to thank SMV for creating this amazing RPG with setting, and actively supporting the community. You guys went against the odds with creating top-notch books and we can't praise you enough for that. Degeneration is a work of passion that surely beats any other RPG in terms of quality and we wish you to outmatch everyone with your next project.

Heavily inspired in particular by Rebirth Edition, I, Ivan, have gathered a team of enthusiasts to add something to the amazing world of Degeneration while having close to zero skills in anything related to creating books. This project took eight months to finish and I'd like to thank everyone who helped me with it:

- ◇ ChernoJack - for constant help with practically everything , for mind-blowing layout and maps
- ◇ GST - for months of work on artpieces despite the odds
- ◇ Charneco - for lightning-fast work with the Biokinetic art
- ◇ Palebird, aka Max Ryan - for sleepless nights with writing, amazing edits and help with writing in proper English
- ◇ Wing.Noot - for helping with general concepts for the book and for some of the biggest NPCs in the book

The following DLC: NIKOPOL is a supplementary product of the world. Nothing contained within this document is official material nor, is it directly tied to or confirmed by SIXMOREVODKA Studio GmbH.

DEGENERATION is By Christian Günther & Marko Djurdjevic. Degeneration® is ™ SIXMOREVODKA Studio GmbH. All rights reserved. The mentioning of or reference to companies and products on the following pages constitute no copyright violation. All names, titles, characters, texts and illustrations in this book are © SIXMOREVODKA Studio GmbH. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise without the prior express permission of the publishers. This document uses the DIY layout files provided on the DEGENERATION website.





[RAROGI'S SYMBOL]

## CONTENTS

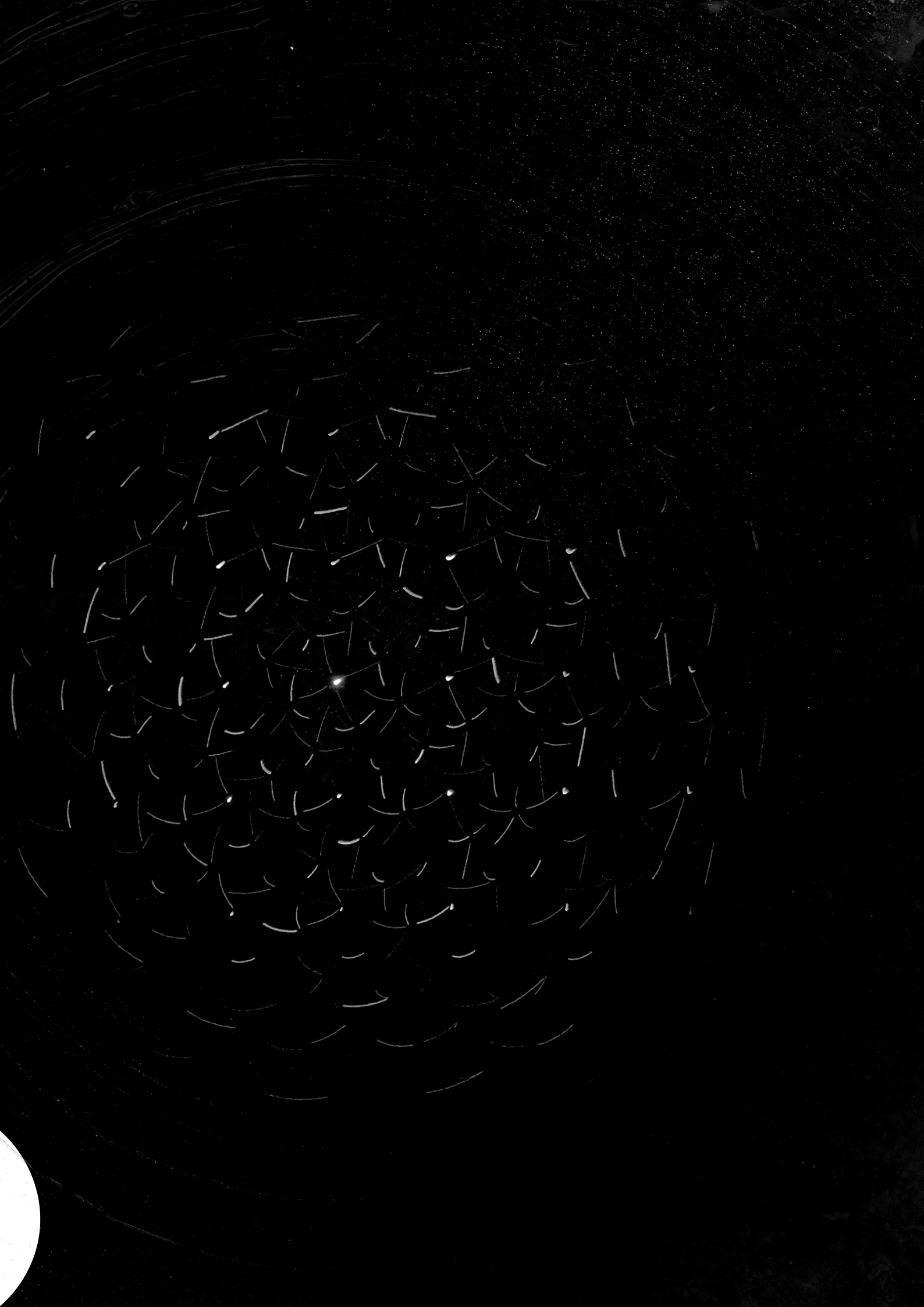
INTRO	6
NIKOPOL	14
CLAN RAROGI	28
NPCS	40
PLOTHOOKS	66





# INTRO







# BREAKING POINT

An injured officer with a red cape went past one of the barricades. The smell of damp earth and blood had filled the air a long time ago.

He glanced at the soldiers near the wooden barrier. Their faces were pale and full of fear for an uncertain future. One of them raised his eyes and started to speak quietly.

"Sovral Anton, d-do you have any good news for us? D-did our guys make it from the surface? Are they alive?"

The Sovral just shook his bandaged head and then continued to walk through the rows of riflemen to a big tent. His metal boots beat out a rhythm on the concrete floor as he approached a pair of guards near the tent.

The two just stepped aside, opened the flaps into the small pavilion and nodded. Without slowing down Anton marched inside, silencing the conversation by his entrance. Almost two dozens of officers and commanders sat around the long table full of maps and notebooks.

Sovrals, Elders and their aides turned to see the source of the heavy footfalls, realizing who it was, no move was made to impede his path. No one dared to interfere. The stifling oily air in the tent was filled with tension.

"There he is, as large as life and twice as ugly. And what

was today's reason for your delay in your duties as a Sovral, Anton?"

Someone addressed Anton from the other side of the table.

He immediately recognised Kirill Krot, one of the high-ranking Zemlyaks present at the meeting.

Anton picked up one of the smaller maps, looked at it and answered without moving his eyes from the piece of paper.

"Nothing that coward earth-digging rat would understand."

Kirill groaned and rolled his eyes.

"If you put aside your ignorance and your blatant foolishness, we can temporarily abandon The Founders' Square to stay ALIVE!"

He covered his face with his hand.

"How many scout missions have returned, Anton?"

Anton's only reply was silence. Kirill stood up and looked into the eye of the bandaged commander. "None, Anton. None. How can you even imagine fighting these beasts with fucking bayonets and one-shot rifles in a head-on attack?"



Anton threw the maps on the table and started laughing. Yet the laugh shifted into painful coughing and resulted in him spitting out blood. He straightened his back, straining against the wounds, addressing the room.

"It would be better if you and your miners helped us with these missions. You boast so much about how well you know these vast networks of tunnels," he spat, "but I haven't seen a single Zemlyak miner use that knowledge to help us fight."

He stared down every Zemlyak Elder present at the meeting and continued.

"You do nothing but survive, eating roots and half-poisonous mushrooms deep under the surface," he pointed at each member of the meeting testing them to meet his gaze, "instead of destroying Biokinetics and their henchmen, to finally return to live as The Founders told us to!" Battling the pain, he raised his voice.

"This is our last chance to retrieve what is ours! It's now or never!"

Kirill adjusted the goggles resting above his brow, matching the posture of the commander, retorting, "I'm not that naive to allow my men to die in the tunnels for an imaginary retrieval of the surface. We don't know if there is

anything left of use. Maybe our buildings can be repaired, or maybe they are only ruins and metal scraps."

Elder Krot spread his arms with palms facing up and glanced over at the Elders. The table remained quiet. Anton, now clutching his side due to the pain, gathered his will and replied.

"The Founde-." But Kirill cuts him short, slamming his fist down on the table and shouting.

"Don't you fucking mention The Founders, Anton! Your faith can't return them. No matter how much you sacrifice, it will be fruitless!"

Kirill sighed and sat down on his chair.

"I'm sick and tired of repeating this over and over. Your persistence is pointless. Stop your idealistic delirium and think with your head for once."

Anton once again looked at Kirill and laughed. "Your coward nature can't be hidden behind these smart words. I will save us with or without your help."

He turned around and walked out of the tent. No one said anything. His gaze was concentrated on one thing and one thing only - a bright future for Nikopol. And the first step was to achieve victory, to reconquer the surface.

## EASTERN FRONT

Life underground is always busy, people move from section to section lugging their tools, supplies, food, or tanks full of liquid. Tunnels echo with sounds of hammering and ventilation fans blowing warm air to keep the city breathing. Constant noise overlaps in some areas, causing headaches and disorientation to newcomers and to old citizens. Zemlyaks who spend their days in the mines don't care, only needing to wear earplugs when mining hard metals with explosives or power tools.

The Old Mines are important for high-ranking Zemlyak Servicors or Shtukars, storing left-over materials and smuggled equipment away from the prying eyes of their Woyin captors. Now, Zemlyaks only visit these tunnels to honor their friends and comrades who are buried forever. Young Kopachi miners don't understand the meaning of visiting these mass graves, they still have comrades to lose. For the older Kopachis these gravesites are all they have left.

Every third Sunday of the month old miners and the tinkering Shtukars gather for a dinner to remember the fallen. Half of the tables are left empty with a cup of local distillate or herb tea. Everybody talks so loud that those who died in the deepest parts of the mines can hear them. Drunk fights take place, old stories are told, and laughter fills the empty blocks. No one stops them, and none dares to interrupt the celebration. This tradition is honored by many Kopachis and they'll defend it at any cost. "Everyone lives in memories of the others, they won't die until the last Rarogi forgets the tradition," or so the saying goes.

## BETWEEN BLOSSOMS

Contrary to dinners in empty living blocks, the military Woyins pray to pictures of The Founders in The Square for them to return home safely. Despite most of the faces being unrecognizable, one remains relatively intact - a photo of Mykola "The Savior." Even the skeptical Postachi, ones that prefer the surface to Nikopol, believe that The Savior will return to destroy the Spore Wall that chokes the city. They visit The Founders' Square to pray to their icons and darkened drawings for luck, health, or strength, depending on whom they pray to.

Mid-season festivals are centered around The Founders' wisdom, retold either in serious or playful ways. Elders gather in The Square, recount old tales, magnifying The Founder's achievements to encourage citizens to mimic their ancestors.

The stories change over the decades; there are no writings left by their long-gone ancestors so each generation adds details to make the fables relevant to recent events.

Streletsys prove their strength by wrestling each other or, in rare cases, bringing the bones of a Biokinetic killed in combat. Kopachis craft small figures from metal and sing songs about the "old times on the surface." Festivals keep the citizens' minds clear of stress and keep down the conflicts between Woyins, Postachi, and Kopachis. If youths visit Founders' Square it is to lose themselves at the festivals not to participate in the voice of the crowd. Despite the Elders' teaching about Founders' god-like powers, they say that nothing from the outside will save Nikopol, only the bravery and the strength of the clan, the Rarogi, may prolong the city's life.



## DELUSION

Events of The Battle for Founders' Square echoed through the region. Anton "The Liberator" Derzhyn and his men destroyed a large group of Leperos herded by a Biokinetic. With only a couple hundred casualties, this was a great success. No one could imagine battling these creatures and prevailing, especially in the distant city of Nikopol. News of the victory brought Spitalian dignitaries to the city with a proposal of trade and a plan to build a fortress in exchange for the safety of Storskis' trains and their tracks.

Spitalians saved the city from infestation, but not from the Spore Wall. That truth shook Anton's sanity, "had they fought to see their home wither?" The heroic figure of the Liberator became darkened and intoxicated with Burn and local herbs. His delirium gave him a plan for how to save the city, but he was too weak and old to execute it. His son, Ivan Derzhyn, had to bring it to life.

They left the city during a Spore Wall bloom locally referred to as a Blossom. The Wall blooms almost annually, covering the area in low hanging clouds of suspended sepsis, clogging filters in mere minutes. They headed east with only one rifle and no equipment. Lungs full of spores and Burn intoxication elevated the two men's minds to the ether. There Anton revealed his sacred ideas to his son. After the Blossom ended, only the young Ivan returned. He had been mentally changed, bore a stigmata and prepared to begin his grand plan.

Ivan rebuilt Nikopol from ruins. Many new sections of the city were created, new engines were constructed with the help of Storskis' and infrastructure was established to provide electrical energy to the people of Nikopol in the foreseeable future. Just as he rose to be an Elder, he opened Nikopol's coffers to anyone willing to sell artifacts and ordered the Postachi to spread the news. Scrappers brought life and the remnants of the Bygone Founders' technology to the city. Those who dared to enter the city were heavily encouraged to sell their artifacts, those who returned were

offered large sums and information about possible finds near the ruins of Kiev. Some Korshuns convinced and led a few groups of scrappers to disassemble the leftovers of the once magnificent city.

After a while Nikopol's treasury was close to becoming empty, there were barely any drafts or items left worth trading. Ivan's policies worked against the city; the precious artifacts were sitting in storerooms collecting dust. The Council saw it as a failure, yet Ivan convinced them to wait a little longer. As suddenly as it started, a years-long boom of artifact trade was strangled into a dying business. Ivan then paid a Manufacturer, Scatter, and his Mechanists, to adapt the artifacts to the city's use.

Around the same time treaties with the Spitalians were made and Nikopol began cooperating with them on a new level. EX and fungicides were traded for their support and knowledge of the region. Campaigns of cooperation, venturing to destroy sporefields and hunting for Biokinetics, increased in frequency. Anabaptists, Citizens of Nikopol and Spitalians fought shoulder to shoulder, seeding and then creating a lasting relationship between the Rarogi and the warriors of The Broken Cross. For a time religious differences were set aside, cultural idiosyncrasies were tolerated and it looked like Nikopol could become a Danzig of some sorts for the South. Ivan became the new hero of the city, earning the title Ivan "The Wise."

Then the schism that resulted from the events of 2562 and the search for Dr. Hernez Vasco irreparably damaged the Rarogi's trust of the Spitalians. Nikopol leaned towards isolationism. They denied giving or receiving any help from the Spitalians and additionally weakened the ties with the Anabaptists.



## OLD FRIENDS

Development and renown attracted different individuals to Nikopol. The region itself is mostly empty and safe to pass at night, and even safer if one manages to hop on the train. Traveling during the daytime is simply too dangerous. After going through sanitation procedures, visitors are free to explore the underground city. There are only a few places closed off to them. People may start off suspicious, but the longer one hangs out in the city, the more hospitable the locals will seem and could even offer for the newcomer to be their guest at the festival.

Prejudices and tasteless food are what Nikopol is famous for. Only rarely do Scrappers now visit the city so most of the information about other Cults is distorted or scarce. Many Scrappers visited Nikopol before the Spore Wall crawled within a few kilometers of the city. Artifacts, scrap metal, information - everything was bought from ruin seekers. Though they are few, they are ever-honored guests in Nikopol. With leftover artifacts some of the Scrapper craftsmen assembled wind turbines inside the surface buildings and outposts to power small spotlights and lamps for nighttime. Empty living blocks would be reserved for Scrappers to rest and prepare for the next expedition. Someday these sections of the city will become populated once more, but for now, they're mostly deserted.

Despite Spitalians building the Station and depot, they rarely visit the city in person. Nikopol is too far and it's too dangerous to visit it. Spital can't afford regular checkups for a city that soon will perish in the Spore Wall. At least that's how the Doctors see it. Just 50 years ago Nikopol was a frontline research base with the Rarogi and Spitalians hunting Biokinetics together. The diplomats of Nikopol, Korshuns, would travel to Danzig or even Spital to negotiate with them in a friendly atmosphere. The Spitalians' Council

listened to Korshuns, and things went just as intended. But soon after 2562, all the Korshuns were expelled from the Spital due to possibly aiding in the escape of Vasco. Most of the Korshuns returned safely and until this day not even a single Korshun was allowed to visit the Spital. This prohibition was enacted not by doctors themselves, but by the Elders. They won't forget the accusation of betrayal brought upon them. The alliance was shattered.

Recently a Famulancer group led by a Registrar entered the city for negotiations. No one expected this. Sovrals were confused, Korshuns disgusted, and the whole city waited in awe to know what was going to happen. The negotiations were private, but The Founders' Square still was full of Rarogi, hoping to know why the doctors visited the city. The Spitalians requested Nikopol to provide supplies and a place for the corps to stay. A Shtukar had trespassed into the deeper corridors and overheard the requests from the Registrar.

When the information was relayed to the people in The Square, their outrage spread like wildfire. The deliberation in the tunnels lasted several more hours. When it was over and the Spitalians were making their way out of the city, a formal apology was demanded by the crowd that had gathered. It was expected after the Spitalians' previous accusations dating back to 2562. Before the Registrar could make amends, Prokhor commanded his soldiers to pacify the people gathered. Founder's Square was filled with the thud of buttstocks bludgeoning the people and warning shots meant to disperse the crowd. It was only after a dozen people were incapacitated or had their skulls bashed in did the crowd submit. Once again the difference between Woyins and Zemlyaks was proved by how each handled the situation. One just sits in the sun to serve the Elders and



outsiders, while the others work their asses off to get punished and nearly shot in an attempt to restore Rarogi honor. Protesting Kopachis were arrested and then freed after the Spitalians left. Those imprisoned were no longer miners, they schemed deep in the Old Mines where there were only a few operating water pumps. They waited and planned for the moment to overthrow Woyins and Elders.

## THE SURFACE

Several months ago the Spitalian corp came to Nikopol. They were experienced hunters in the north. Despite their skill they were just children with metal rods to the Rarogi. Some of the Famulancers said that local Abominations are of some interest for the Epigeneticists. The Abberants that live in the far-southern part of the Spore wall, in the furthest section from the Pandora crater need to be studied.

Here, Biokinetics survived dozens or even hundreds of encounters with Neolibyan hunters or nomad clans. Their proximity to the Spore Wall not only ensures the Biokinetics have a steady supply of spores but it amplifies the clarity by which they recall the memories of the fallen Fleshformers. Rarogi respect their power, lone Migrants don't usually come near Nikopol, but when they do, the plague they bring seeps into every crack, crawls into every crevice and burrows into the flesh of those unlucky enough who fail to escape this deluge. About every third Blossom Nikopol bears the brunt of one of these invasions. Streltsys' man their posts with rifles, Kmets scour the tunnels for holes to be patched up and Kopachis collapse vulnerable tunnels. Poruchniks run to plant Mollusk Mines before the Blossom fully unfolds.

Camouflage is almost required for travel far from the city. A black and white neoprene suit is close to a death sentence. Leperos will attack a sole traveler, a Migrant might observe a larger group, the only reliable defences are staying out of sight or strength in numbers. Spitalians who ignore the Rarogi's advice unknowingly commit mass suicide.

The corp ventured near the Spore Wall, they were ambushed by a group of Leperos and then a Biokinetic, only the seven fastest Spitalians made it back to Nikopol. Battling out in the open without knowing their surroundings, not having the proper ranged weapons or means of hiding themselves, they were idiots for even trying. There's no glory in it at all.

Those Spitalians who survived made their way back to the city; they had also found a Burn stash in one of the abandoned outposts on the railroad. Suspicions about Apocalypitics being involved in some kind of burn trade with the city are now confirmed. The stash was dealt with and questions about who was gathering Burn and who allowed it arose. The Elders refused to answer. Jorn Kal, the leader of the remaining Spitalians, imposed sanctions on Nikopol until the whole city was checked for Apocalypitics or the Rarogi captured the Burn traders and handed them over to the Spitalians. The haughty Famulancer approached the oncoming train and prohibited it from unloading the goods. It's a choice between Apocalypitics and Spitalians. Some provide the city with EX and filters, others can smuggle anything into the city for a good price. The Elder's don't know who to side with and even old Ivan doesn't know who to choose.



**NIKOP**



COL



## BEFORE THE BATTLE

Thw injured Anton walked out of the tent where the other Elders were discussing their plan for how to deal with the Biokinetics. He had enough of their cowardice and uncertainty.

"Fucking idiots!" Anton shouted after walking a couple dozen paces from the improvised command center. He raised his fist to punch the shit out of the concrete wall.

"I don't think that your hand will say 'thanks' for that, pal."

Anton turned to the comedian and anger filled his vision. But that rage quickly faded away as he saw his old friend, Vlad. He unclenched his fists and sighed.

"You have no idea how selfish other Elders are, they are ready to let the city slowly die!" Anton raised his voice to hide notes of panic.

But that effort couldn't hide the tempest of emotions. Vlad had known this Sovral for too long to be fooled so easily.

Vlad's gaze softened.

"Ye, and let me guess. Zemlyaks proposed to dig dirt, Postachis drank more vodka from their caches and other Sovrals were sitting on their asses, am I right?"

Vlad joked to ease the tension even the tiniest bit for his injured comrade and continued.

"You're not the best guy to talk to those double-dealing Elders and you know it."

Anton sighed and answered in a lower tone.

"What do you think I can do? Be like those poor scouts that sacrifice their life for practically nothing?"

He looked down at the dirty concrete floor.

"I feel like any action I could take will be the wrong one. We're trapped here like rats in the cage, eating each other's flesh to live a few minutes more."

As he finished the sentence Anton was blindsided by a strong punch in the face. Reeling, taking two steps back and seeing stars, his vision blurred.

Anton wiped the back of his hand underneath his nose to see if there was blood. Confused, he looked at Vlad's angry face and moved his jaw a few times seeing if anything was broken.

"If you want to be like those Elders then go ahead, get into the corner and start crying about how bad things are! But that's not how you, the ingenious Anton Derzhyn, would solve the situation."

Vlad shook his fist off a few times and pointed at one of the exits from The Square. Firegroups of Streltsys sat, silent and solemn behind their barricades waiting for the inevitable.

"They need your leadership to save the city, fucking damn it! They are dying out there for nothing and YOU are the one who has to give their deaths some meaning, Anton! Stop whining like a fucking ten-year-old and grow some



balls for fuck's sake!"

Anton just stared at his old friend, still stunned from the blow to the head and the words of truth.

He stood like this for a minute, processing what he had heard. Vlad watched how Anton's face changed, panic replaced by confidence. He clapped Anton's shoulder two times and chuckled.

"Good! That's the Anton I know! The determined stare of a seasoned commander."

Vlad looked at Anton and then at the soldiers near the exit, asking "What do we do now?"

Anton blinked, looking at one of the nearby Streltsy. He was searching for something, then he marched to the Streltsy.

The confused soldier stammered a "s-sir!" and stood at attention. Anton didn't say anything, he just grabbed the rifle from the soldiers hands, raised the barrel and shot it into the ceiling above. The thunderous bang echoed through the tunnels, heads turned, people were forced out of their stupor, and several fire groups rushed to check on the commotion.

Within a minute almost all of the fire groups near The Founders' Square gathered together. Anton crafted an opportunity and used it to its full potential. He climbed on one of the broken columns, elevating himself almost a meter above everyone else.

He breathed in heavily, the crowd grew silent and waited in anticipation. Exhaling, straightening his back he took in the soldiers before him.

"Brothers and sisters, comrades and friends, today we're making history!" He shouted from the top of his lungs.

"Today we're gonna break the Nikopol from the choking grasp of Biokinetics and Leperos! We must fulfill our duty to defend The Founders' heritage, our home!"

His voice reverberated throughout the underground complex. Pausing, he coughed violently in his sleeve, leaving several splotches of blood.

Battling the burning sensation in his lungs, he continued.

"I know that not everyone will survive, even I am not sure if I am gonna make it. I am not asking you to die for me, I am not ordering you to die for the Elders. I beg you to save our homeland, to save all what's left from our ancestors!"

Anton pointed his hand at the large tent with the Elders in it.

"These coward Zemlyaks have betrayed us, but that is no reason for doubt, brothers and sisters!" He raised the gun in his hand and screamed.

"Load your rifles and fix your bayonets! TODAY WE ARE MAKING HISTORY! TODAY IS THE DAY OF GLORY!"



## NIKOPOL

From the surface, Nikopol may look like a deserted railway station with a couple of abandoned outposts and a depot, but if you approach any building you'll be warned to identify yourself. If the order is not followed, Streltsys will shoot down the unknown intruder. Nikopol doesn't tolerate trespassers, but every announced person approaching the city will be welcomed with open arms. This only concerns those who approach the city at nighttime, during the daytime all visitors will be warned to leave the area and return when the sun sets.

The city itself is more similar to an anthill than any other settlement in the world. People mostly live under the surface with only a few habitable buildings facing the sunlight. Air on the surface is saturated with spores, especially during the Blossom. Rarogi will only leave the city to switch mining shifts or when it's necessary.

Inhabitants survive by hiding from ever-present Sepsis and Leperos, with only Woyins defending the surface to achieve vital tasks. In the past when Nikopol was a prosperous city, hundreds of dozens of farmers would work fertile fields to supply the region with food. The Black sea would host trade to Istanbul and Burgas. In return for food, merchants brought materials, tools or scrap to compensate for its demand in the city. That was the golden era for Nikopol. The brightest, and the shortest.

Nikopol's light started to fade with The Founders' expedition east. New dangers arose as the Biokinetics, mutant clanners and the Spore Wall edged closer. People fled the once prosperous city in fear of the looming natural disaster. Trade ceased, populations left, all that was left were Nikopol's most stubborn, devoted or crazy. All that was left of the Rarogi's home was a ghost town defended by those with nothing else to lose.

Now, the only one sacred place that reminds Rarogi of their former glory - The Founders' Square, the great hall where the Elders now decide the city's fate and great festivals take place. But even now Nikopol is endangered. Spore Wall expansion reaches the speed of 1km per year in the region and soon the city will be devoured by the Wall.





## FOUNDERS' SQUARE

The Founders' Square is the only place that reminds Rarogi of their bygone ancestors. It is the great hall of memory and faith. High blackened concrete walls are decorated with old paintings in shiny metal frames that just distract the observer from what is left from the ancient art. The lightbulbs hang from the ceiling providing light and a small bit of comfort. Several doors are adorned with certain symbols. Stay out! If you make it past the lock without authorization the punishments for entering these forbidden corridors are crippling.

The Hall also hosts the Council's public auditions and gatherings so every citizen has permission to witness their choices or propose collective opinion on the situation. Tensions may rise, fights may start, but no one may interrupt the Elders or even challenge their decision. Not every audition is public and every high-ranking Rarogi knows it. Some cases need to be discussed deep in Founders' Square rooms and corridors forbidden to anyone else.

In the middle of every season, a festival is held to thank Founders and nature for being strong enough to endure the tests of this world. All Rarogi gather in The Founders' Square for a day of dancing, singing songs, and offering prayers for The Founders' wellness wherever they are. The festival is the only opportunity for citizens to speak to elders, and despite the overall chaotic and celebratory behavior, citizens use this time to speak to and badger the Elders about most anything, whether it is about Founders' teachings or mundane disputes.

This is the deepest populated location of Nikopol with a depth of 33m.

## FACT SHEET: NIKOPOL

**CITY:** Nikopol, Tech-Level III-IV

**PROVINCE:** Southeastern Pollen

**INHABITANTS:** 930 / no census / rapidly declining

**POPULATION STRUCTURE:** Clan Rarogi/dominant, Apocalypitics/migratory, Spitalians/rare, Anabaptists/rare, Scrapper/migratory.

**LEADER:** Council of the Elders (Ivan Derzhyn in charge)

**GOVERNING FORCE:** De jure Council of the Elders, de facto Sovrals

**FEATURES:** Underground mines, railway station with EX tanks, semi-automated train loading systems, abandoned and semi-abandoned outposts along the railroad

**TRADE / GOODS:** Manganese ore (used to produce high-quality steel), tools, mechanical parts, antimycotic herb mixes, EX, rare non-ferrous metal ores (cadmium, mercury, aluminum), iron

**CITY GUARD:** Streltsys fire groups: 110 men, several hundred Kopachis ready to defend their home in an emergency

**ARTIFACT TRADE:** City buys every artifact to then transport them deep in the tunnels, they don't sell them. Ever

**COMMUNICATION:** Railway telegraph, postal communication delivered via Korshuns



## MINES

Every Rarogi knows that only ores, rare metals, and jewelry are what allow them to exist as a civilized city. Old Mines provided Nikopol with valuable manganese and rare metals, but now the city has to rely on new ones. Mines themselves are located too far to have tunnels connecting them. Every shift has had miners traverse the surface from the exit with a dozen Streltsys escorting them. Before that, Postachi check the surroundings for any dangers to then avoid and if necessary exterminate them. Once the shift arrives at the Mines they replace gas tanks and clear their filters to then start their work underground.

While Kopachis primarily mine for manganese and other rare metals, the region is rich with other valuable resources. Multiple layers of sedimentary rocks hide natural gas deposits. Caged rodents or birds are worn at the hip or hung up in a mine shaft. If they stop moving, it's time to go. Yet another danger to be identified and dealt with. The shaft would have to be walled up with mortar and stone and brick. One of these small creatures would be put outside and the miners would await a delver wearing a breathing apparatus to confirm whether or not there's resources worth the trouble. If the miners are quick enough and have the equipment handy, they can siphon the gas into some containers. Servicers and Shtukars take over the tunnel and work until the deadly gases are gone.

A few Shtukars and Servicers have turned mine shafts into their smithies to create beautiful jewelry of various colors from local useless materials: marble, granite, etc. The masters that produce jewelry are in the minority, most create tools and smith high-quality steel infused with manganese. Every offshoot and route in the mines are supplied with air pumps for ventilation and water pumps for drainage.

## OLD MINES

The tangled maze of shafts are stifling and most of them are now flooded, years have passed since the last shift was worked there. This mine used to provide Nikopol with various metals. The corridors wouldn't stop echoing with the sounds of picks hitting stone and the air pumps would work for days and days before they overheated. Now it is abandoned and any attempt to dig for metals results in failure, these mines are simply exhausted. The barricades block off most of the collapsed routes and pump out excess water. It is a couple of Kopachis who have consistently guarded the entrance, slacking from their normal shifts, preferring this one. Some of them have used these complicated tunnels as a hiding spot or cache for precious items or even Burn, but those who are caught smuggling are relocated to another location. Not only do they have to be searched every time for smuggled items, but they have to endure boringly long shifts in ever-cold mines. There must be some reason they keep volunteering. Old mines can go down to 500m deep.

## BLOODY MINES

The smell of damp earth is ubiquitous, floodings and collapses are common despite all metal supports. It is extremely rare to have a week without emergencies or injuries. Here the ore is acquired by blood, the individual sacrifices himself for Nikopol to live one more day. The shift's end is greeted with applause. Every Kopachi that isn't afraid to die for Nikopol is a hero. Any past controversial deeds are outshined by the will to sacrifice the self and they deserve even a little appreciation.

Most mines are still fresh and every shift creates new paths deep into mineral rich stratum. The region is full of easily accessible natural resources but sedimentary rock layers make it ten times harder to dig. Any carelessness can easily trap miners in caverns or isolate an entire group in a tunnel collapse to have them die from asphyxiation or drowning. This danger is present for any deep mining shafts, where only those with the survival skills are allowed to venture in them and work.

Bloody mines reach a depth of 213m.





## PUMP STATION

A masterwork of Shtukars in all its glory. This building keeps everything but The Station supplied with power and free of polluted water. These large devices filter salty, brackish water so the people of Nikopol can stay hydrated and so that flood damage is minimized. There have been almost three centuries of non-stop work with masters surrounding the machine maintaining its functions. Coal, Petro, or lumber, the machine can use almost any flammable material to continue working. It is divided into several sections with the mechanical power shaft going through them to the generator and the pump mechanism. This huge facility houses 5 distinct mechanisms all with their idiosyncrasies and quirks. Three fourths of a servicer's education is devoted to the memorization of each contraption's unique wants.

The first engine is designed for Petro, but now its room is mostly used to store spare parts and to teach promising Servicers on the "dead" machine. In its previous life this engine had powered an African towboat, but Korshuns had

bought it from them to create a foundation for the pump. After the boat had been beached, Shtukars gutted it and reassembled its heart to serve a new purpose. It's considered to be the oldest part of the Pump station and it works perfectly, no one has ever seen it fail while it was operating. The only problem is that Petro is too expensive to afford, especially after they escaped the surface.

The second engine room is one of two freshly-built sections and is also the most important. Many trades were organized to contact the Storskis to create the best steam engine possible. The Trains that the Storskis man run day and night, the inner workings and production of long lasting machines is second nature to them. After several attempts, the Korshuns have finally found an engineer to construct the main engine and with the help of Shtukars, they finally created it. This new but weak engine's functions had to replace the power of the older Petro-consuming brother. The newer engine could only ever reach half of the strength of the previous one. This omnivorous machine can be easily fueled by coal and any type of wood.

A third, part-time secondary engine was created by the hands of the Shtukars only. It serves as an emergency measure to maintain pumping power during the main engine's maintenance.

Before the pump mechanism sits a large generator. It leeches torque from the power shaft to generate electricity vital to the underground city. Only several Shtukars understand how this beast works and when it breaks there's no easy fix. The city switches to gas lamps and candles until someone proves their genius and manages to repair the heart of Nikopol's underground power supply.

Pumps and engines are 5m deep, but tanks filled with potable water are on the surface.







## THE STATION

The monumental stronghold of Nikopol stands on an eternal watch for Biokinetics and Leperos. Heavy walls of this Station were laid down almost a century ago, yet they look like they were constructed just yesterday. After every month there are a few days where the wall is examined for holes or cracks and maintained. Kmets and some Streltsys complete this usually within the day all while under the protections of their comrades from above. Every square meter of it has a purpose: keep Sepsis and hostile creatures away and/or give defenders a great viewpoint to shoot down attackers.

The top section of the Station is perfectly suited for the firing groups, placed a few meters above the top, so that a train may be housed underneath. The platforms have battlements with periscopes and large windows to observe the surroundings. While on the outside, some of the platforms branch off from the walls covered in metal with

embrasures to shoot targets from afar or from above. Commonly, Streltsys observe the grounds of the internal part, walking back and forth on metal platforms at the top of the Station, with only a few other unlucky groups periodically patrolling the external part.

There are a total of 8 brigades to guard the Station. Brigades are led by Sovrals and consist of two fire groups in total counting 9 Woyins. In the Station the internal shifts are 8 hours long and the external ones last 4 hours. Every day 3 shifts in total are guarding the internal parts and 5 shifts to check the surroundings on the external platforms. Between midnight and until 4 in the morning is when only the inner part of the Station is guarded. In the case of an emergency, every brigade could be woken up and mobilized in a matter of minutes to unleash a hail of lead upon the enemy.

## UNWANTED SIMILARITY

Just like the doctor cult from the west, the Woyins exterminate spiders and their webs to prevent any spores from seeping into the city. Some might say that the Woyins are just as paranoid as Spitalians when it comes to Sepsis, this compaison irritates the defenders of Nikopol. Here it is an unpopular but necessary imitation of the doctor's habits.





## STATION LIFE

In contrast to the walls, the internal parts of The Station are far more welcoming. The perron is always kept clean, canisters of gasses, small arsenals of weapons and fuel tanks can be moved with ease. The sounds of Streltsys clanging their steel boots on metal platforms above, the rattles of Kmets lurking under the main platform and the humming of an air cleaning machine saturate the air. Multiple large fans blow air from the outside inward, creating a white noise like in the underground part of the city. This system of filters and cyclonic separators keep the city's air clean of spores. The machine itself, a generator and ventilation system was designed by the Spitalians and was fueled by Petro from large portable tanks that were supposed to be filled from oncoming trains. Yet this power generator was too weak to power anything else besides the machine itself and the engine was only able to digest Petro. The Shtukars adapted the fastidious engine to burn coal and generator power to the entire Station. The Station shouldn't become dependent on an unreliable resource.

The EX and filters act as the payment for the maintenance of the railway and allow the Spitalians to supply the Destructive Fortresses. There are a few Storski trains that supply the region, and the Rarogi are in a good standing with the Clanners. When resupplying in the station Storskis offload Nikopol's toll and unhook empty train cars. Sometimes they leave excess wagons with extra EX and a medical bag that a spitalian dropped. In turn, the Rarogi make additional repairs to the cars and prepare traditional meals for the beleaguered and tired Storskis on their return in the depot to reduce the load on the locomotive. Once they finish resting, Woyins attach the empty wagon back to the train and let them pass.

## INS AND OUTS

There are only 2 ways to enter the Station from the outside: from train gates or by the reinforced man-sized doors near the gates. The other option is that there are hatches and doors on the walls and the roof, that if one is experienced enough, they could climb onto the station and enter it without going through the gates or the doors. Commonly Streltsys use these hatches to switch the shifts and access the reinforced platforms on the wall and small observation posts on the roof. During the day no one can enter the Station from the outside - every visit during the day may summon a group of Leperos or even Pandorians to lurk around the Nikopol. You can either hop on a train or hide till it's dark.

Korshuns are the exception to this rule. News, messages and any political information is worth dozens of shots. After entering via a door one would have a two meter wide isolated chamber, in this dressing room for Kmets to clean visitors' equipment and to give them clean filters in return for used ones or refill air tanks for breathing masks. After the visitor's clothes are changed to the clean ones, they are allowed to enter the station itself.

If a train enters the Station then everything changes, perrons fill with Kmets, lower maintenance levels fill of welders and fuel tanks to repair chassis. Internal brigades switch their focus to the newly arrived vehicle, scanning it for threats living or not. The train is disinfected and then Kmets would start their repairs, filling the area with the constant noise of gas welders and metal hitting metal. Scheduled trains bring the fuel and scrap that welders use to help repair the damaged portions of the vehicle. After the main repairs are done and all the gas tanks are refilled and tools that were used are brought back to the workbenches, the station will return to normal, and the train will be ready to go.



## TRAIN DEPOT

Every locomotive and train section may need a repair or total replacement, here the depot comes in place. Nikopol's depot and the Station were constructed at the same time, but now in contrast, it is the depot that is empty. This huge building has a few small locomotives and wagons stored in it, with only 4 fire groups guarding it. If a locomotive needs to enter the depot, brigades secure the railway to then safely follow it to the building where it is disinfected by the guards and scheduled for repairs. After the locomotive enters the depot and is cleaned of spores it is then the depot is sealed. Tunnels attached to the depot are opened and guide the Kmets and Poruchniks to work in a non-infested environment.

## RESIDENTIAL AREA

After abandoning the surface, Rarogi scavenged what they could: cement, metal structures and, most importantly, wood. Some of the structural elements used here may date back to the Eshaton. Wooden supports, names carved in metal beams, repurposed sheets of metal which are engraved with the graffiti of a forgotten age. Each of these reminds the inhabitants of times before. Kopachis see these scrimshaw markings as a beacon, an ancestral light in the dark that illuminates their souls. Servicers see names and believe them to be guardian angels that help them create new tools. Shtukars, for as long as they have lived, see these inscriptions as no more than superstitions, giving the let-

ters no additional religious meaning other than what is carved into the metal.

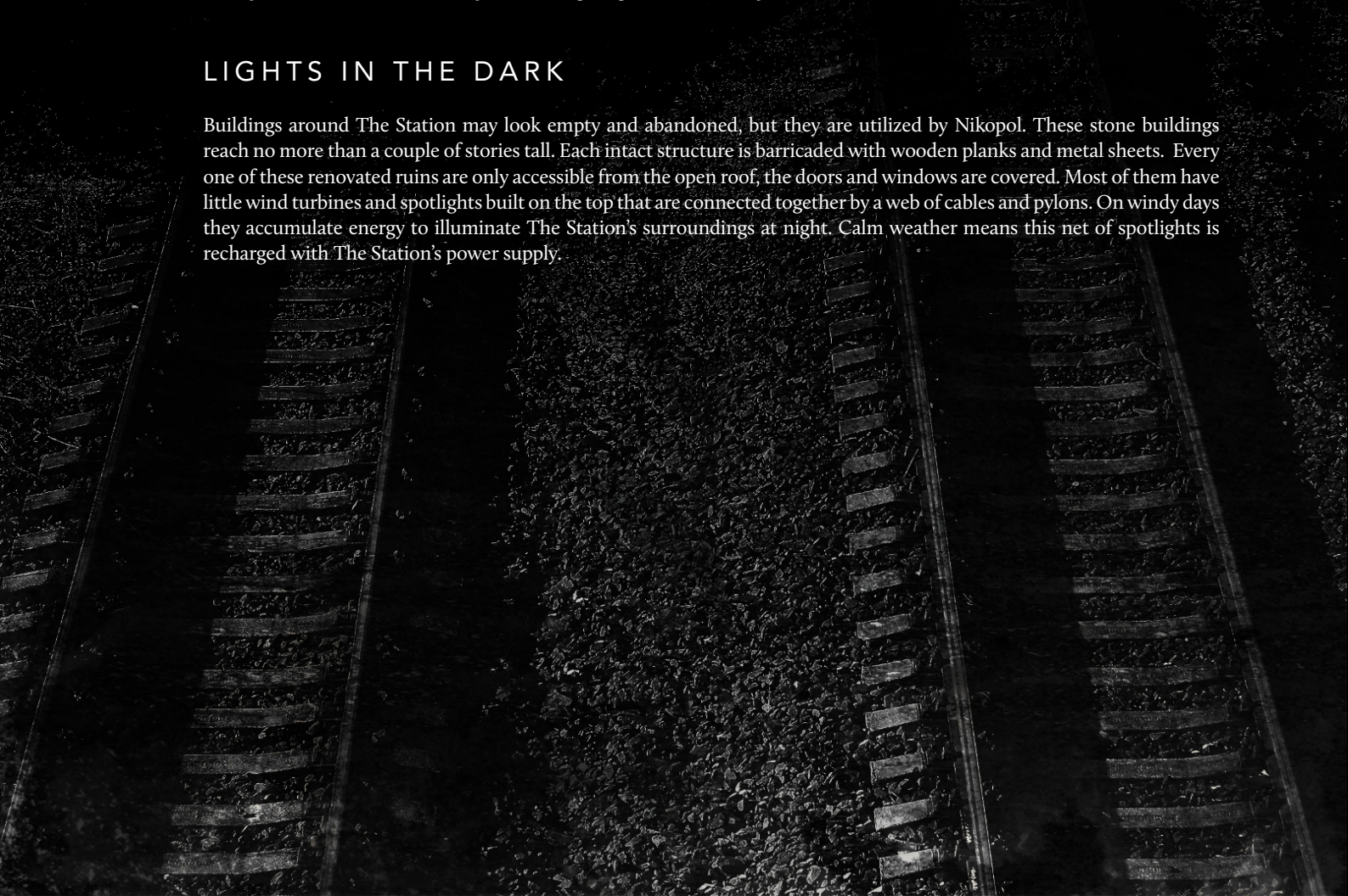
Most Rarogi are not religious but in the current state of things, they need to have faith in something beyond The Founders. Unlike Woyins, Zemlyaks didn't fight to defend The Founders' Square. The majority of them were not allowed to visit the Square, so why would they defend it? High-ranking Zemlyaks have permission to visit The Square, but they prefer to create little areas dedicated to remembering; the Testaments of The Founders and the Ancestors of the Rarogi.

The residential area is separated into a few blocks, each designated for different functions. Living quarters take up most of the blocks, The older the residential blocks are the more it is made up of ancient materials. Some of the newer sections are made from scrap metal or are simply carved out of stone or clay. Mostly these living blocks are decorated with metal figures, big potbelly stoves and, sometimes in the case of Shtukars' families, carpets. Empty living sections are turned into smithies and workshops for Shtukars and Servicers, or are repurposed as storage. The smithies themselves work day and night to maintain constant tools repairs, for mining, and the creation of new equipment for export. Due to the constant rate of fuel consumption, the neighboring storages are consistently refilled with coal from oncoming trains or veins in the mines.

Depth may vary, but the residential area doesn't go deeper than 15m..

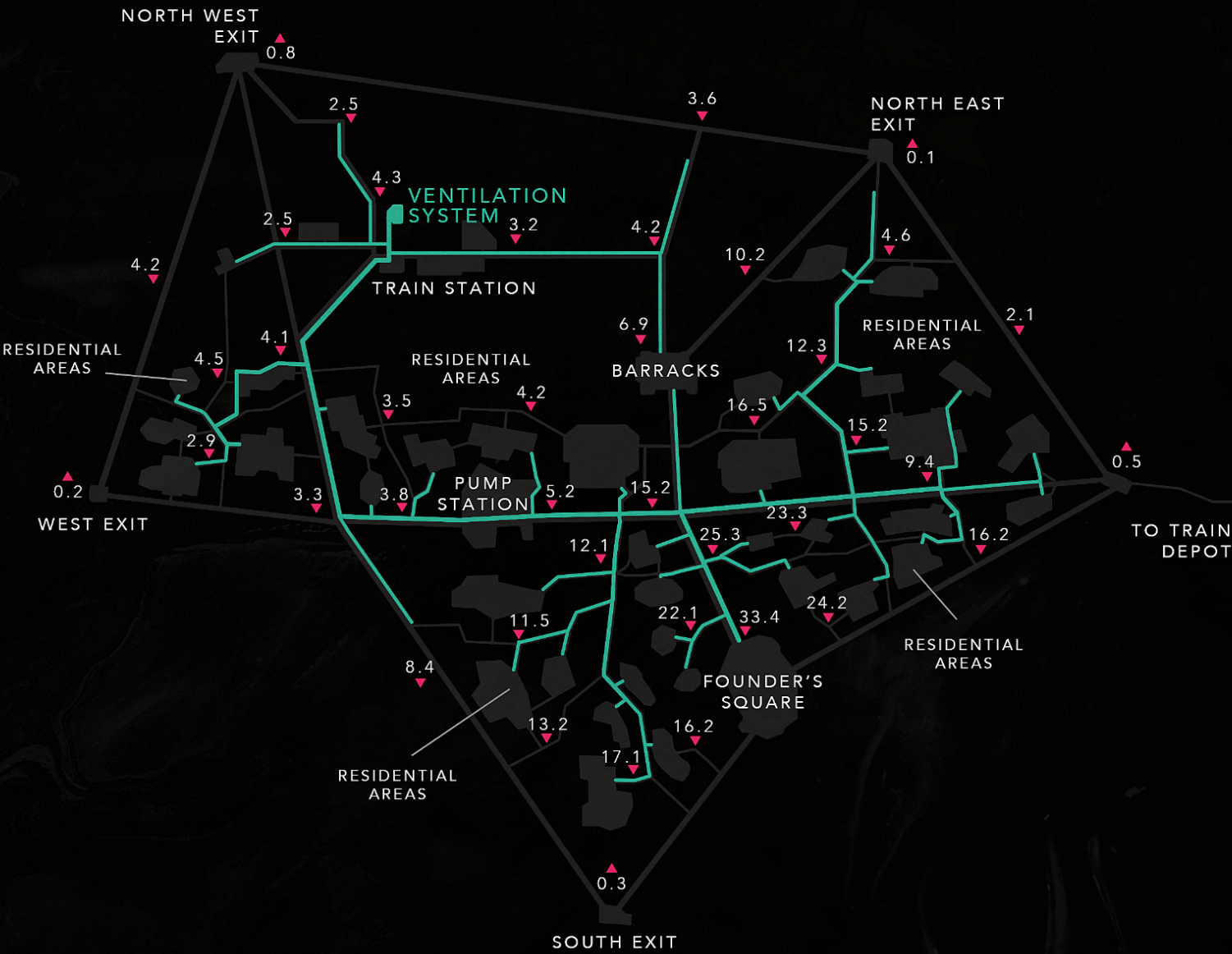
## LIGHTS IN THE DARK

Buildings around The Station may look empty and abandoned, but they are utilized by Nikopol. These stone buildings reach no more than a couple of stories tall. Each intact structure is barricaded with wooden planks and metal sheets. Every one of these renovated ruins are only accessible from the open roof, the doors and windows are covered. Most of them have little wind turbines and spotlights built on the top that are connected together by a web of cables and pylons. On windy days they accumulate energy to illuminate The Station's surroundings at night. Calm weather means this net of spotlights is recharged with The Station's power supply.





▼▲ ELEVATION CHANGE  
— VENTILATION SYSTEMS

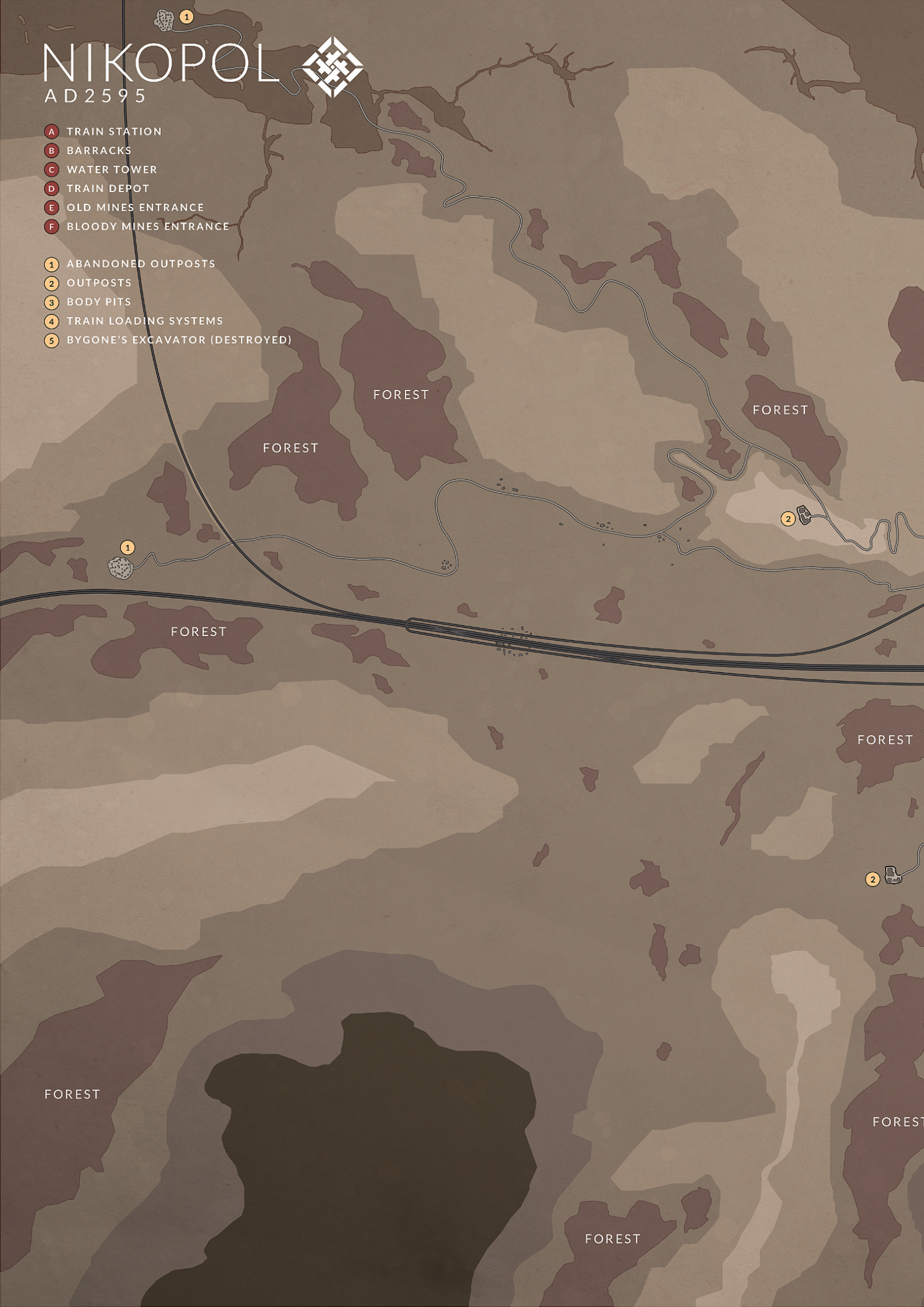




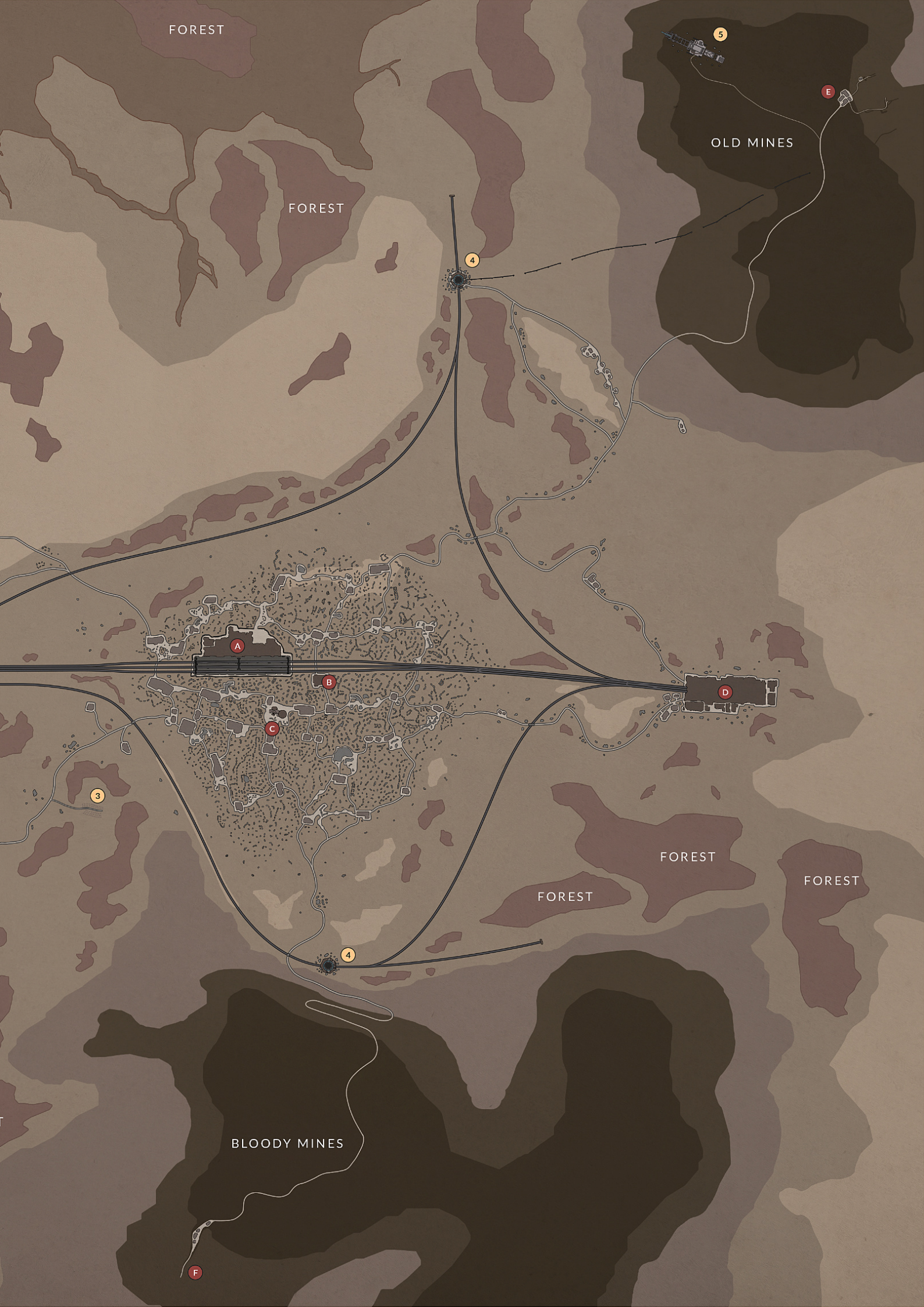
AD 2595



- 1 ABANDONED OUTPOSTS
- 2 OUTPOSTS
- 3 BODY PITS
- 4 TRAIN LOADING SYSTEMS
- 5 BYGONE'S EXCAVATOR (DESTROYED)











RAROO





GI







# RAROGI

The glass lenses of the gasmask glint in the sun. Strips of cloth hang off of the corpse while it is being carried. Linen flutters in the wind trying to escape from the dead body. A Streletsy bears the brunt of the weight on his right shoulder, each step crunching into the dry dust of the steppe. Covered head to toe he wears a dirt caked overalls, culminating into a respirator and goggles. Each new step he makes frees spores and dust from the earth, they soar into the air and then flow east with the wind. The figure's breathing gets heavier, and he starts to shamble. He tears off the gas mask, risking spore infestation seeping into his lungs, throwing it to the ground.

"Damn Kmet hasn't even cleaned the filters."

The wind shear burns his face like a thousand needles, aching the big scar on his pale face. He stands before the burial ground or what is left of it.

"One... Five... Seven... Eleven bodies are missing. Too many. It looks like the infected fauna are getting closer and closer to the city." He thinks to himself.

After double-checking the barren surroundings, he throws the body onto the pile. He picks up the mask backs up and then heads back to The Station.

"One more day, one more dead Kopachi."

That fact is disturbing, but that's not a thing a mere Streletsy can change, not today at least. He shivers and crams the gas mask into his backpack. The air is getting even colder, autumn is coming. The Blossom is near.

## NO FUTURE

Eshaton had brought death and destruction. Much like the Adriatic, Nikopol prospered after the ash had settled. The surrounding mountains gave security while fertile fields provided food. The people who survived the Eshaton huddled in the underground rooms of the city and were called "The Founders." They almost rebuilt the city from its ruins, forming its glory by their own hands. Panels that could generate electricity from light, miraculous medicine, and other wonders of the Bygones made the city prosper.

But fate decided otherwise. Soon the fields rotted and people started to leave the city. Founders set off east to find a solution to this problem. Decades have passed, and they did not returned. Not even a single soul knew where The Founders could be. As the fields withered into a dead wasteland, Bygone wonders died too: panels cracked, pill supplies ran dry and artifacts halted after hundreds of thousands of uses. The only thing left from The Founders is a great underground hall with dozens of photos in steel frames, and paintings. The Founders' Square, the hall that saved the Founders from the Eshaton, was abandoned by its creators.

Rarogi had to live and die for something and now that it is their will to save their ancestors' heritage. They painstakingly constructed the city and Rarogi won't allow it to fade. They adapted to this new life without guidance. But when it rains it poors. Biokinetics came, leading their plague, poisoning the land and pople with the Sepsis. These hellish creatures almost wiped the clan off the face of the earth - the Rarogi were driven underground using The Founders' Square as their stronghold.

Here the clan split: some wanted to dig deeper and abandon the Square to survive, others braced themselves and prepared an assault to reclaim the surface. Here The Battle for The Founders' Square began. Those who were ready to fight rushed through the tunnels, killing everything they could. Soon after the assault began Biokinetics malformed, Leperos squirmed on the ground screaming.

That was an echo of Discordance. Victory, but why? Nearly a third of the remaining population died during the siege. The only place that was left was their underground stronghold, landscape filled with ruins, and a looming danger of the Spore Wall to the east.

Nowadays the clan is fully adapted to live underground, trading with Spitalians and Storskis for vital resources. Food is brought from the Balkhans or East Borca, and every merchant is treated well. They are the partners Nikopol can't afford to lose

## DIVIDED SOCIETY

Before The Battle necessity divided the Rarogi into three rough groups: those who guarded the village, those who contacted the outside world, and those who worked in the fields. But times have changed and The Battle split the Rarogi into those who dared to fight, and those who decided to run. Every dweller is born on the one side of the barricades and exceptions are rare. You're either bound to dig for metal, to do all the hard work underground, or to defend the railroad and the Station.

## WOYINS

The wound is still fresh in the minds of the Elders, but for youths the separation is obvious: "Zemlyaks are cowards, but we must coexist to survive." Woyins are the only ones who fought till the bitter end, those who saved the past by risking their future. In their own minds, they are the proud defenders of their heritage, the guiding light for the Rarogi. The newly built Station is their home. They mostly guard the surface with a few chosen members guarding the Founders' Square. Despite the honor of guarding the Square it is still conjugated with boredom and unlikely conflicts with Zemlyaks. Hate for the Zemlyaks is nurtured, but Woyins should show only a small part of it. Zemlyaks are too numerous to have an open conflict with them, conflicts inside the clan are a luxury they can't afford.



## POTENTIALS

### LIVING FUNGICIDE

**PREREQUISITE:** Clan Rarogi  
Characters' bodies are exposed on a daily basis to the blight of Sepsis. Every week lungs are covered with a layer of spores and subsequently cleansed with a mixture of EX and local herbs. That cycle is now trivial for Rarogi, they endure the sporination and their tolerance to it is like nobody else's. The Rarogi adds +1D per Potential level to a roll BOD+Toughness and PSY+Faith/Willpower to endure spore infestation.

### SKILL BONUSES

For Rarogi, the following skills are considered preferred at character creation (MAX +1):

(AGI) Crafting  
(CHA) Negotiation  
(BOD) Toughness  
(PSY) Faith/Willpower  
(INT) Engineering  
(BOD) Force

## ZEMLYAKS

They are the powerhouse of Nikopol that provides clean water, instruments, and valuable manganese to support the city. They produce plenty of manganese to export to Borca and the Balkhans in return for food and filters for the city. Every mining shift is a brief victory for Zemlyaks. Each successful trade once again reminds them of their cohabitants. Woyins just take the resources and give food in return. But every time they unjustly steal from the Zemlyaks, Kopachis and Servicers turn the other cheek to endure it. They are not strong enough to confront the militant Woyin minority. However, the miners' patience will soon run out. The Woyins' positions will be questioned. By word or by sword.

Newly spotted cases of mental deterioration amongst the miners heighten the situation. Manganese slowly poisons the Kopachis' minds, yet the resource is too valuable for the city to abandon digging it. Now it's a choice between Nikopol's wealth and the probable extinction of the future generations.

## POSTACHI

Nikopol was a city of great trade, but now the merchant routes are under a constant threat of spore infestation and sudden attacks. Postachi are the only ones who utilize their knowledge of the Sepsis' henchmen's habits and behaviors. They organize relatively safe trade routes to the Balkhans. There is no place for mistakes on the surface. Proof of this is the years after The Battle for The Founders' Square when almost every other expedition encountered Leperos or even Biokinetics.

There was no Postachi Elder in Nikopol, and those who wanted to become one would be humiliated for thinking the idea. Their life should be bound to the surface, not to the city. Yet even if one desires to be an Elder, the chances of living that long are beyond low. Postachi were the most influential group in Nikopol before The Battle. Some may see remnants of influence and respect for them is alive, in small parts, in the clan today. They get the best equipment Nikopol can provide.

Postachi numbers are thinning and most of the outposts are abandoned. Casualties outnumber recent recruits and there is nothing the Postachi can do.



[PIERCER]





[BOHATYR ARMOR]







## 1 - OVULAH

### **PREREQUISITE:** -

**EFFECT:** A new citizen is born or accepted into the clan and given his place in the underground world. Someday he'll become something useful, but now he's more like a sponge, absorbing knowledge and training to become a proper citizen. The daily routine is filled with different tasks from changing the oil in the lamps, to cooking food for their block or cleaning the city's "streets".

**EQUIPMENT:** Simple clothing; pair of gloves; metal tank with oil; small shovel.

## 2 - KOPACHI

**PREREQUISITE:** BOD+Force 5; BOD+Stamina 4; BOD+Toughness 4

**EFFECT:** Right before the defense of the Square, Kopachis proposed to dig even deeper into the mountain despite the Woyins preparing a suicidal assault. Kopachis know the maze of Nikopol's tunnels damn well. They could've easily defended Nikopol just by luring the Leperos into their tunnels, abandoning The Founders' Square, and fighting the mutants on their conditions. However, fate sided with the Woyins and their offensive strategy.

The only thing left for the miners to do is to dig the rich manganese veins of Nikopol. This labour is slowly poisoning and killing future generations with the metal's influence on the brain. Many Kopachis won't become Elders because of their habits, they'll prefer to stay in their blocks teaching Ovulahs the daily routine and telling stories about the days when every Rarogi could live on the surface. Nowadays, they are the vast majority of the clan that obeys the Woyins.

Whenever they attempt to fight in cramped spaces, they get +1D to Mobility checks. Additionally a Kopachi adds +1D to the handling if he wields a Pickaxe.

**EQUIPMENT:** Pickaxe; Miner's helmet with an oil or candle lamp; Breathing cloth.

## 2 - KMET

**PREREQUISITE:** BOD+Toughness 4; AGI+Crafting 6; INT+Engineering 5; Resources 1

**EFFECT:** Kmet's stand on the lowest steps of traditionalist Woyins and Postachi. They have the honor of being allowed

to visit the Station. They help the higher-ranking Postachi with their repairs or other Woyins with their routine of cleaning filters, rifles, and suits. Every inch of The Station is utilized, despite this Kmet's might find something forgotten but yet useful, like tools or even clean filters lost long ago. Every Kmet is either appointed to a fire group, works on other repair tasks or helps the constantly vanishing Postachi.

Whenever they repair any metal part they get +1D to the AGI+Crafting rolls. Additionally, whenever they roll to find something or avoid being seen in the Station they get +1D to INS+Survival and AGI+Stealth checks.

**EQUIPMENT:** Gasmask (level 2: charcoal absorber); Simple tools and cleaning liquids(+1D to AGI+Crafting and INT+Engineering for repairs); Leather apron.

## 3 - SERVICER

**PREREQUISITE:** INT+Engineering or INT+Science 7; AGI+Crafting 6; BOD+Force 6; CHA+Leadership 6; Renown 2; Resources 1; Allies 1

**EFFECT:** After spending thousands of hours in the mines some Rarogi show unexpected ingenuity, they become a Shtukar's apprentice, a Servicer. On average, they occupy the Shtukar's workshops where the Servicers construct new tools with their teachers and repair the old ones. The benefits of manganese being in such surplus results in the craftsmen being able to make small batches of high-quality steel. Due to this, tools, inventions and some other exports are made more durable.

Servicers are responsible for the maintenance and function of the water pumps in the city. They often become clogged with fish or sand, clearing them safely has become a daily task for Servicers, one that must be done speedily and with the utmost care, unless the worker wants to lose a hand. An amputation is no reason to let the pumps malfunction, wounds can heal, scars can be hidden, but these precious machines cannot be replaced.

(+2) Resources when acquiring materials to create tools in Nikopol. When the invention is first used by the Servicer they gain +2 Ego.

**EQUIPMENT:** Leather coat; Piercer; 2 powder charges per month





## HIERARCHY AND RANKS - RAROGI



## 3 - STRELTSY

**PREREQUISITE:** BOD+Toughness 6; PSY+Faith/Willpower 5; AGI+Projectiles 6; Resources 3; Renown 1

**EFFECT:** Streltsys are those who make The Station unsailable. Wandering Pandorians are crushed under a volley of lead. Leperos are run through by multiple skilled bayonet thrusts. But not every shift is a firefight, and now there may be a couple of days or even weeks between skirmishes. So almost all of their time is bogged down in routine and patrols. Each Streltsy is a part of the 4 man fire group who live together. (Allies +2). A few are honored to defend The Founders' Square, but most prefer to guard the Station. Streltsys who devote themselves to garrison the Founder's Square now serve a greater purpose: protecting the eight Elders from threats within and without. (Authority +2) Duty in the square would be a small vacation for the Streltsy if they didn't need to maintain a respectful and ceremonial attire. Though not physically demanding, a streltsy must act as a humble janitor and guard of the holy place, every action has a religious gravity to it. Every Streltsy must go through a weekly checkup to gauge spore infestation and then treat it appropriately. If the Streltsy fails to meet the Sovral's expectations, he and all the Kmet's who the Streltsy is in charge of are chastised. Any further failures may result in demotion (Renown and Authority -2).

Whenever a character fires their Streltsy rifle they add +1D to AGI+Projectiles check with an additional +1D for each Streltsy firing near them for a maximum of up to +2D. A Streltsy has permission to visit the Founders' Square

**EQUIPMENT:** Streltsy rifle; 7.62 "Fist" 2 rounds per month; Streltsy suit.

## 3 - PORUCHNIK

**PREREQUISITE:** PSY+Faith/Willpower 6; AGI+Stealth 6; BOD+Force 6; BOD+Toughness 5 or AGI+Crafting 5; Network 2; Authority 2

**EFFECT:** They are the eyes, ears, and long reaching hands of Nikopol. They identify and repair damaged railways, contact other regions or notify the city about upcoming events like an assault from the Spore Wall. If the damage to the railroad is too severe for Poruchink on his own to mend, he'll then organize a mission to gather the resources to repair it. Every Poruchnik can call a Kmet to help him clean his suit from the spores, organize supplies for expeditions,

and follow them for the first hundred of meters to survey The Station. Those who don't follow this simple regiment are considered lazy and any further inactiveness will make them Kmet's, without the possibility to regain their rank as a Poruchnik. Away from the tunnels and politics of the tunnels, Poruchniks must become used to sleeping under the starry sky of the outside world.

Whenever they repair the railway or scavenge for construction materials, they add +2D to the check. They additionally add +2D to AGI+Stealth while in well-known landscapes.

**EQUIPMENT:** Any pistol of a Tech Level of IV or below; D6 rounds for the preferred weapon per month; Expedition suit; Gas welding kit; 3 doses of EX per month.

## 4 - SHTUKAR

**PREREQUISITE:** INT+Engineering or INT+Science 9; AGI+Crafting 8; INT+Artifact Lore 8; Authority 3; Resources 3

**EFFECT:** Once, an Elder said "There is no Nikopol without Shtukars. They are the technological heart of our homeland, and we must not forget it." Shtukars oversee and repair every metal bit that may be used for inventions or export. Many of the Shtukar's touchmarks are seen in Osman, Wroclaw, and Bucharest. Most Shtukars don't leave their workshops, preferring to create new things from seemingly useless junk and artifacts. Day in, day out Servicers and Kopachis bring food, bits of metal and anything substantial enough for a Shtukar's attention. Their workshops are not a forge like a Servicer's but a well planned out area of delicate and precise tools. Here they calculate the worth of and investigate all manner of scrap and artifacts.

Whenever an artifact's activation difficulty is higher than 4 they get +XD equal to every difficulty level above 4. A Shtukar gets +3 Resources when he needs to create tools or invent new devices. They may conscript up to 1+Authority number of Servicers to help with his tasks.

Permission to visit Founders' Square freely.

**EQUIPMENT:** Set of self-made instruments(+2D to AGI+Crafting)



#### 4 - SOVRAL

**PREREQUISITE:** AGI+Projectiles 8; CHA+Leadership 7 or PSY+Domination 7; INS+Empathy 5; Renown 4; Allies 3 or Authority 3

**EFFECT:** A Sovral's skills determine casualties during an assault, and everybody knows it. The Streltsys may criticize a Sovral's decisions after the battle, but when the enemy is on the horizon they fully trust him in his decisions. Every act of disobedience during the fight will be punished once the dust has settled. He is not just a leader, but a power that decides who stands in the front or the back. A minor error can be treated with a healthy dose of public humiliation. However, if a mistake is too severe to ignore, the Streltsy will be demoted to a Kmet. If that individual will continue to be a nuisance, all of the Sovrals will gather and discuss if he is worth staying in The Station. If not, the Streltsy will become one of those whom they despise - a Kopachi.

Sovral's power is derived from their control over The Station's resources. Chemicals to check for spore infestation, ammunition and the management of labour must be precise. (Authority +2) Everything inside the station is their kingdom. Anything involving the foreign trade or the tunnels themselves must be negotiated through the Elders.

A Sovral can mobilize up to (2) fire groups in case of unexpected danger. Sovrals have good connections amongst Elders and can get a temporary +3 Network or Secrets.

The Sovral has permission to visit The Founders' Square.

**EQUIPMENT:** Sovral red cape Respected(Rarogi, +2D); 6 7.62 "Fist" rounds per month

#### 4 - KORSHUN

**PREREQUISITE:** CHA+Negotiation 8; CHA+Conduct 8; AGI+Mobility 6; PSY+Reaction 6; Network 4; Secrets 2; Resources 2

**EFFECT:** The Korshun is the highest rank of the Postachi,

and their job rewards them with a short life expectancy.

Being a diplomat is just like venturing near the Spore Wall, if you don't watch your back in a far off city it can eat you whole without leaving any trace of a corpse. Those who have survived know when and how to leave quickly once things start to go south.

Whenever they are in danger or about to be added +2D to AGI+Mobility and PSY+Reaction checks during the retreat. For these checks a 5 on the dice will be considered a Trigger for the duration of the scene. This ability can be used once and then the Korshun has to rest for at least 10 hours to replenish the flight or flight mode.

Permission to freely visit The Founders' Square.

**EQUIPMENT:** +6 rounds per month on top of the existing supply; Korshun black cape(Respected(Rarogi, +3D))

#### 5 - ELDER

**PREREQUISITE:** 40+ years of age; Renown 4 or Authority 4; Secrets 3; is approved by the Council of the Elders.

**EFFECT:** Is one of eight rulers of Nikopol. The Council is the law. Every decision is carefully debated by them, charisma and logic replace any precedent, oration is the greatest factor. Each law is etched in metal and remains there until disputed by The Council or rusted away. For the vast majority of Rarogi, the Councils' decisions can't be disputed. Out of respect for tradition, some debates are held in public with Zemlyaks as an audience, but most Elders don't pay them any mind.

The Authority for an Elder will remain at 6 as long as they don't make things worse for Nikopol. A more influential Elder can bring an "heir" to the Council for pre-approval as their successor. It would be a rarity for an Elder to not continue the cycle of naming those who guard the square as next-in-line.

**EQUIPMENT:** Keys to the deepest rooms of the Founders' Square; Ring with the symbol of the clan.



[FOUNDER'S SIGNET]



214 рік після кінця світу. 23 квітня. Останній день на Батьківщині.

Останні злакові вмерли чи перестали плодоносити. Просо, овес, ячмінь, пшениця та навіть прості овочі чи картопля не змогли зберегти землю від виснаження. Сівозміна більше не працює, а запаси добрив закінчились ще вік тому. Рада засновників та я, Микола, вирішили залишити Нікополь та пойти на схід за допомогою поки ще є час. Мабуть ми зможемо знайти щось або когось хто зможе врятувати наш дім. На півночі небезпечно, захід деградував до невпізнанності щоб шукати там допомогу. Щось мало залишитися на Прикаспії чи навіть на Уралі. Але вже на місці буде видно куди саме йти, наші карти надто застаріли щоб сліпо слідувати за компасом.

Усім спадкоємцям Нікополя, хто жили, живе чи житиме в Нікополі. Дотримайтесь цих правил, не відходячи від істини не на крок:

- Ви повинні врятувати місто від будь-якої загибелі

- Шануйте пам'ять своїх предків

- Шануйте місце свого народження

- Жодна релігія не є істинною

- Не буде в вас ні богів, ні ідолів

- Тільки через вас Нікополь буде жити

Це були наші останні поради. Цей поход може зайняти роки чи десятки років. Навчитесь жити без наших знань. Бажаю успіхів.

Засновник, Микола Кровбач.



# ITEMS OF RAROGI

---

## EQUIPMENT

### GAS WELDING KIT

A backpack that consists of several tanks with flammable gas, compressed air and a gas cutter. Multiple valves regulate the flow of each of the gasses from 2 tanks to the cutter where it's then regulated with valves and shutters to create a proper fire cone. Yet the welder is not powerful enough to cut railway sections or melt the steel in the rails they are made of. Instead, it's used to fill the cracks with weaker alloys and metals.

## WEAPONS

### PIERCER

Piercer is a big metal tube with a firing mechanism on a little handle and a detachable spike that can be fired.

**SPECIALTY:** Demolish - if an attack succeeds, the wielder can spend 2 Triggers to fire the spike into the target, replacing the standard damage with 10 Damage and with Qualities Piercing(4), Armor Piercing, and Thunder Strike. After the shot the Damage of the Piercer is modified by -2 and this ability cannot be used before it is reloaded by spending (2) Actions. After the reload the Piercer's the Damage returns to normal and the ability can be used once again.

### STRELTSY RIFLE

A carefully made rifle with several engravings covering the sides of the bolt and kaleidoscope of colors on the metal barrel. Every rifle has a different pattern of color gradients on the metal, which is achieved after heat-treating the barrel in Nikopol.

It is chambered "Fist" 7.62mm ammunition that is directly loaded into the chamber by the shooter. The design is similar to some of the old Bygone single-shot rifles made far before the Eshaton.

These rifles were made in vast quantities during the golden age of the Nikopol and now the only problem is the scarcity of ammunition.

## ARMOR

### STRELSTY'S SUIT

The suit is composed of tent fabric that is intricately sewed with leather and belts that hold metal plates covering vital areas. Despite being bulky and uncomfortably hot at times, the suit is somewhat airtight and can endure a few good hits or even projectile impacts. Every Streltsy can modify their suit to their liking, but it's mostly Sovrals who adapt suits to their needs. The suit includes a level 2 gas mask attached to the collar.

### EXPEDITION SUIT

This suit is made to endure even the harshest of the Blossoms from the Spore Wall for Korshuns and Poruchniks to get the job done. Either for repairing the railway, going deep into the Spore Wall to search for lost artifacts or delivering important messages. The suit consists of a solid Bygone dry suit, closed helmet, air tank, and heavy-duty filters.

### BOHATYR ARMOR

Created by Servicers, this heavy armor grants its bearer an almost impenetrable shell. Large metal plates linked with bolts form a solid surface of protection, with only the back exposed to possible attacks. Its construction allows its wearer to act like a piece of moving cover at the cost of mobility and dexterity.

**SPECIALTY:** Tunnel Tank - Movement(BOD+Athletics) is reduced by half, all Active Defence rolls have -3D penalty, firearms reloads take twice the normal actions and the back has an armor rating of 1 which is not affected by Massive quality.

Moving Cover - Wearer may lose 1 Passive Defence to grant +2 Passive Defence to an ally directly behind him, acting as a shield. If the quality is not used then the person behind the wearer gains only +1 Passive Defence.





## EQUIPMENT

Name	Effects	Enc.	Tech	Slots	Value	Res
Gas welding kit	4 points of Damage to living flesh, 8 points of Damage to obstacles, detonates in 10 Damage when at least 4 Damage is dealt to it.	2	IV	2	1500	3

## ARMED MELEE

(BOD+MELEE)

Name	Hand.	Dist.	Damage	Mag.	Qualities	Enc.	Tech	Slots	Value	Res
Small shovel	+1D	1	2+F/3	-		1	II	1	50	-
Piercer (Black powder charge)	-2D	2	4+F/3	-	Demolish (2T,10)	2	IV	2	3000	3

## RIFLES

(AGI+PROJECTILES)

Name	Caliber	Hand.	Dist.	Damage	Mag.	Qualities	Enc.	Tech	Slots	Value	Res
Streltsy rifle	7,62mm	-	40/200	13	1	Single loader (1)	3	IV	2	6000	4

## ARMOR

Name	Armor rating	Qualities	Enc.	Tech	Slots	Value	Res
Leather apron	1		1	II	1	100	-
Streltsy suit	3	Sealed (+3S), Bulletproof (5)	3	IV	2	2000	3
Expedition suit	2	Sealed (+6S)	3	IV	2	4000	4
Bohatyr Armor	5 (1)	Massive (9), Tunnel Tank, Moving Cover	5	II	2	3250	4

[STRELTSY RIFLE]





# NPCs







Часто те бувало,  
**ЩО ЛЮДИ ІЗ ВІДЧАЮ**  
до неподобних  
удавалися речей  
[IVAN MAZEPA]

IT WAS OFTEN THE CASE THAT PEOPLE IN DESPAIR  
RESORTED TO DISSIMILAR THINGS

## THE BETRAYAL

A door opens illuminating the complete darkness of a concrete room. A Manufacturer steps through the doorway. Most of his face is covered in dust and mud, forming his beard into a short stalactite.

He carries a full Scrapper rig and a heavy box in his hands. He makes his way to a table and drops the box in his hands onto a pile of papers, it crashes with a loud noise that unpleasantly echoes in the long room.

The Scrapper reaches into his breast pocket and turns on a small flashlight. In its beam hung dozens of automatons waiting restlessly for something. In the shadows they could've been mistaken for a person. The silhouette is close to that of an average person but their visage is distinctly mechanical. There is no mouth, cheekbones or nose adorning their face; it is simply a collection of cold optical lenses and sensors.

He flinched slightly, "This thing'll fucking drive me to the grave."

Despite all of his work, not a single automaton lit up, some took a month or two to reassemble and find all the missing pieces; some of the metal creatures took upwards of a year to perfect. The scrapper picked up a rag on the floor and threw it in the dormant face of one of the robots. It caught on one of the edges of a lense.

He grabbed the box from the table and started to examine what was in it. Pieces of metal, electrical wiring and a few oblong artifacts. One of the pieces caught his attention and he lined it up to see if it could fit into the chest cavity on one of the chassis he had been working on the day earlier. It fit perfectly.

Pure chance, but that's the last one.

He sighed and went around it and looked at the base where the metal head met the neck. There was a narrow

cut-out and inside a connector of sorts. He grabbed a couple of wires connected to an E-Cube attached to his rig and jams them into the port. A couple of sparks fly out but nothing happens.

"You piece o' scrap! Can't you fucking work?!"

He shouted and punched the metal cranium. Quickly regretting it and the sharp pain in the hand, he walked back to the table reexamining one of the schematics.

Steps down the hall are audible, the Scrapper turns to the doorway expectantly. Three Streltsys in their ceremonial uniforms entered the room, rifles in hand.

The scrapper raised his eyebrows and said: "I think I've finished here. An' I have no idea how I can create this."

He presented the old drawn schematic and continued.

"I hoped that these things could've worked without it, but reality says otherwise."

An old man appeared from behind one of the Streltsys and disappointedly clicked his tongue a few times. "I know that very well. That wasn't my question, Scatter."

Scatter crossed his arms and answered.

"How many times do I have to answer this question, Ivan? I've put these things together but they don't work without this piece."

The scrapper jabbed a grease covered finger onto the schematic, leaving a fingerprint.

"I've told you that no one here has the knowledge to reliably copy something like this," he breathed heavily and slumped his shoulders. "You would need a team of goldsmiths and geniuses to even try. Pray for success or something. I don't know."

Scrapper wrinkled his forehead, then looked at Ivan and continued "The only place I could think of looking is, Justitian, maybe a place called Aquitaine. They've got



craftsmen, some thousands of kilometers west. It was a long time ago I was last there but maybe, a slim chance," he raised his hand and pinched his fingers showing how small the chance was.

"Someone there might be able to copy this, even then they'd have to know something about electrical work".

Scatter placed his hands on his hips and surveyed his workbench. Frowning slightly and letting out a sigh he returned to meet the gaze of Ivan.

"Man... I can tell you one thing, they ain't here."

Ivan tried to reply, but the Scrapper interrupted him.

"Look I get it, it's your dream and you've worked hard for it. But, I don't want to stay here another winter, they're getting colder and the money ain't worth it. My boys have already shared your opinions and it looks like we're leaving soon."

Ivan didn't reply to that, allowing echo to repeat the last two words several times in the dark room.

The Elder, straightened his posture, sighed subtly and turned around, starting to walk away before saying: "You're right. You're done."

After he spoke the Streltsy drew their weapons to fire, aiming at Scatter. The scrapper's mood shifted and he acted quickly. He threw up his arms. The table was thrown in their direction, papers and metal components were thrown wide. The polished metal pieces flickered in the underground electrical light.

Scatter strafed to his right and made a run to one of the metal men attempting to use it for cover. His distraction bought him a few seconds more.

One one thousand. His left boot clanged loudly on the metal floor, he sucked in a harsh breath.

Two one thousand. The Streltys' pivoted their torso tracking the moving target.

Three one thousand. Scatter's voice reverberated through the room shouting with a resounding "Fuck you!"

Four one thousand. The Streltsy to Ivan's left squeezed his index finger too soon, and a rifle round flew past the nape on the Scrapper's neck, impacting and sparking into the wall of parts behind Scatter.

Five one thousand. The second streltsy squeezed her trigger. At an arm's length away from moderate cover, Scatter felt a sudden pang underneath his left arm. His foot faltered and tumbled to the floor with a loud thud.

Six one thousand. The Manufacturer slid just a little further on the floor, scraping against the concrete and disturbing a few of the metal skeletons hanging above him.

His back was presented to the Rarogi and was then motionless. The center Streltsy lined up a shot and punched a hole through the neck of the Scrapper.

Shortly after a quick reload volley of three shots thundered, the room momentarily filled with light and a unified deafening bang. The first shot was the one to end his life, but they had to make sure.

After the echo of gunfire subsided, two of the Streltys snapped to it and moved to take the scrapper's corpse out of the room. Scatter's blood pooled out from underneath him, it stained the floor as they dragged him and had splattered onto a pair of automatons.

The chassis swayed, sprinkling the Scrapper's viscera onto the floor. No one made a sound. This action would be repeated a couple more times that day. The leader was dead and the rest could be cleaned up with ease.

The Dirt Diggers would be returned to the dirt.





## IVAN "THE WISE" DERZHYN

No one knows what exactly Ivan's father told him during the Blossom or why his mind changed so drastically before he became a part of the Council. Everybody knows him as a pragmatic and wise leader whose opinion is listened to and often followed.

By his will a pair of exiled Steel Masters were brought into the city to then toil in the abandoned living blocks, working on secrets Ivan laid out for them. Elders say that the Steel Masters create weapons that will easily bisect a mutant body. But, as Ivan says, they need time to adapt to their subterranean environment to work properly.

Ivan gathers knowledge from all across the world, keeps informants well paid and makes deals to ensure loyal connections. He is on a first name basis with several influential figures. The rewards for dealing with Ivan vastly outweigh the possible risks and are worth the delays between correspondence. He keeps in contact with several Voivodes as well as a certain Apocalyptic named Hector. Ivan has organized and financed several operations in Europe that the Rarogi benefited from.

Many of the details are hidden from the public, people know him as "The Wise", an Elder who has organized Nikopol's recovery, and made it prosper once again for another decade. Woyins love him for his accomplishments, yet Zemlyaks treat him just like any other Elders. The Elders grow suspicious of Ivan's decisions and uncharacteristic anger. They see this new frustration, Ivan grows impatient for how long his plan is taking to complete. He needs more time, but his younger days are behind him and he may not live to see it through.



## THE PEACE

Long ago, while intoxicated with Burn and in the middle of the Blossom, Ivan's father, Anton, revealed the sacred plan to his son. He deciphered the meaning of The Founders' Testaments.

"Eternal servants wait to be redeemed." Deep in the corridors of the Founders' Square there is a forgotten gift from their ancestors - more than a hundred of pre-Eshaton automatons wait to be restored. Anton told his son that they are the salvation of Nikopol.

"Unlike Zemlyaks they don't sleep, eat or complain." Ivan's mind, twisted by Burn and Sepsis that crawled through his system, soaked in every word and motion submerging into a sacred delirium. Anton gifted his psychedelic legacy to his son, and laid there ready to die waiting for successor to shoot him. Now it's time for Ivan to pick up the torch.

Repairing the automatons required various Kievan artifacts and the cannibalizing of other automatons to create whole machines. It was various Scrappers and Manufacturers who cobbled together these chassis, destroying dozens in the process.

This solitary tinkering with the components took almost 40 years of inconsistent, unguided work. However each creation was missing a vital component, the Atlas. None of these Motherboard Vertebrae were in the bunker where the automatons were found. They would need to be prototyped by intelligent hands. The last Manufacturer's team couldn't be convinced to stay in Nikopol to finalize them, nor could their silence be bought. They had to be dealt with and progress stalled out for several years.

Ivan had to come up with a craftsman that could work with both melting down and refining Dinars for gold and also have great experience in soldering delicate metal parts together. His search was fruitless until his contact, Hector, told Ivan about a pair of Steel Masters that got themselves thrown into The Cleft.

He went all in and paid Hector an insane price to get them to Nikopol. They will ensure that the disks will be properly mapped to the circuitry of the machines and gold used in them won't be tainted. Now he just needs to wait a bit and his plan will be finished. Then there will be no more revolts or no more conflict inside Nikopol. That's what Anton prepared for him.

## PROFILE

**ARCHETYPE:** Pollen, The Visionary, Rarogi, Rank: Elder (5)

**ATTRIBUTES:** BOD 2, AGI 2, CHA 6, INT 4, PSY 6, INS 4

**SKILLS:** Brawl 4D, Force 3D, Melee 3D, Toughness 4D, Arts 7D, Conduct 9D, Expression 10D, Leadership 10D, Negotiation 9D, Artifact Lore 5D, Engineering 6D, Focus 7D, Legends 10D, Medicine 5D, Science 6D, Cunning 9D, Deception 9D, Domination 7D, Faith 11D, Reaction 6D, Empathy 7D, Perception 7D

**BACKGROUNDS:** Allies 3, Authority 6, Network 5, Renown 2, Resources 5, Secrets 5

**SPECIAL:** -5D to all rolls if no Burn was consumed in 24 hours, Ignorance(-3D to foresee opposition's actions)

**POTENTIALS:** Moving Mountains 3, Paragon 2, Living Fungicide 3

**INITIATIVE:** 6D/14 Ego Points (Focus)

**ATTACK:** Old combat knife, 4D, Distance 1, Damage 4, Smooth Running(2T)

**DEFENSE:** Passive 1; Melee active (Block), Melee 4D; Mobility 2D; Mental (Faith) 11D

**MOVEMENT:** 2m

**ARMOR:** Long robe and Anton's battle suit, Armor 3

**CONDITION:** Spore Infestation 12/22(6 permanent), Flesh Wounds 8, Trauma 7

**SPECIAL EQUIPMENT:** Keys to every door in Founders' Square, a ring with Rarogi symbol

## CEREMONIAL GUARDS

Like every Elder, Ivan is protected by Streltsys. They are chosen from one of the best among the guardians of The Founders' Square, the Ceremonial Guards. All of them are profusely loyal to Ivan, any other authority is secondary to them. At least one of them follows Ivan at all times, even while they are within the boundaries of the Square.

Many ask the Ceremonial Guards for details of what goes on but they won't answer or betray their personal oath, not even to the other Elders of Nikopol. When Ivan leaves the Square he has an entourage of four to six Ceremonial Guards.

## ROLE PLAY

Ivan is an actor, he maintains a calm exterior and uses the lessons his father taught him. He sets his heart aflame and lets it spread to others, as soon as this passion takes hold in the populace, he snuffs out his own enthusiasm and assumes a cold calculated control over the crowd. Behind this mask is a broken mind that was twisted and programmed by Anton a long time ago.

He consumes Burn often to keep his mind intact, clinging to the ghost of his father amidst his hallucinations, regaining structure and purpose hiding all the mental scars from the public.

He props Nikopol as a place of glory and wealth, the city that would stand tall no matter what. He leads the traditionalist majority of The Council, ruling the city by his will and persuasion.





## SOKOLOV

Water dripped from the ceiling of the dugout. That fast rhythm brought him back to his youth. A time of fights and pursuits, the only time his heart would drum this same rhythm in his ears.

He was just a fearful boy with a dull knife. He grew to be afraid of everything, the stimuli of pain and hunger reminded him to keep moving. He struggled for every meal in the streets of Justitian. Before Carrion Birds found the young one he walked the Defiler Streets, nourished by desiccated meat and marrow. No one would miss yet another downtrodden child. He was plucked from the streets and for another year he spent his life as a doormat for apocalyptic boots to tread on. When they'd pick a victim to fight the other kids or gendo pups, he would try to talk his way out of it. This never worked. He was beaten down, and slashed by someone or something more willing. Prizes, threats of getting lashed, encouragement, nothing worked.

One "match" was set against another boy, just his age, and height only skinnier. The other boy's hands were trembling and the audience sighed with disappointment. Sokolov became furious, he saw everything he hated about himself in this little boy. His fear, his weakness and lack of guts. The twelve year old tore into the newcomer. He became violent in an instant, something snapped. The audience turned to the brawl, drafts changed hands as fast as they could, cheers erupted from the upper circle. He became the perfect entertainment for them to watch. This is the weeding process, the ways among Apocalyptics. He was reborn as a fighter in the Flock.

It was his blade rather than his mouth and keen mind that he preferred to use. He did the dirty work for the Carrion Birds. Yet even on these missions the flock found him reckless. He had nothing to live for, thus others' lives were of no value for him. Only adrenaline in his blood and the thrill of battle calmed his mind. Like a candle burning on both ends: one, is his flock's patience, and the other, his luck. Both wicks burned out at the same time. One chase ended badly with Sokolov's victim escaping his grasp and wounding him heavily.



That was the last problem that Hector would have tolerated. It would be a waste to bury a skillful Battle Crow in a wall or send him to Harm. Some faraway region where no one knows him would be perfect. Exiled from the Protectorate, Pollen was his new destination.

This termless vacation cooled the fight-seeking Sokolov's temper. There is not much to do in the endless plains of southern Pollen, especially when babysitting burn collectors. The only things that you can fight here are Biokinetics or scattered clans. Either of those options are suicide. His mind needs to find a new goal, a task that's worth living for. This search lasted for years, only recently when arriving at Nikopol did the temptation of leaving his life to start a new one surface from his subconscious. Nikopol slowly draws his thoughts into having a family and leaving his flock. Sokolov must burn the rest of his wick in a blaze of glory or snuff out the impulse for carnage and live a life of peace.

## CHASING THE PAST

Before the departure east, there was no one and nothing but combat. He had no comrades, partners, valuable contacts or even someone he could call a friend. He was a lone Crow acted on every whim from his bosses just to continue fighting.

Now, his previous career is over and Sokolov has to contend with his exile. Every time he goes back west transporting Bion he looks for someone he knows. He wants to see them once again, to wince from the bitter distillate from the local brewery, and to laugh together. But these are unreachable dreams that he drowns in alcohol when he is reminded of his solitude. Comradery? A Carrion Bird, Lone Apocalypics, a new Flock, Clanners, anyone... His blood-fueled frenzy burned that bridge.

## HIDEOUTS

One day in the lands conquered by Sepsis rewards Burn collectors. Every journey into the spore infested steppe garners more potent cusps. Dense mature spore fields are within arms reach.

Sokolov has scattered dugouts to lead groups of gatherers from; each location acting as a temporary storage for large quantities of Bion. These dugouts are too small for a full group of collectors to rest in comfort. They are just enough to wait out a Blossom or lick wounds before heading back west. Sokolov made them as a temporary means of hiding, each one will only last a couple of seasons.

He doesn't have the luxury of spare resources or manpower to create lasting spots.

## PROFILE

**ARCHETYPE:** Borca, The Conqueror, Apocalyptic, Rank: Battle Crow (2)

**ATTRIBUTES:** BOD 5, AGI 5, CHA 3, INT 2, PSY 3, INS 4

**SKILLS:** Athletics 9D, Brawl 8D, Force 9D, Melee 10D, Stamina 8D, Toughness 9D, Dexterity 9D, Navigation 8D, Mobility 9D, Projectiles 7D, Stealth 9D, Conduct 6D, Legends 3D, Medicine 3D, Cunning 5D, Deception 5D, Domination 9D, Reaction 8D, Willpower 9D, Orienteering 7D, Perception 9D, Primal 8D, Survival 8D, Taming 6D

**BACKGROUNDS:** Allies 2, Authority 1, Network 2, Resources 2

**SPECIAL:** Big city experience(+2D to disguise or blending in with a crowd)

**POTENTIALS:** All-In 3, 1000 Ways 3, Danger Sense 1, Could Be Worse 3, Ambidextrous 3, Tough As Nails 1, Elephant Skin 1

**INITIATIVE:** 8D/16 Ego Points (Primal)

**ATTACK:** Blade Bracelet, 10D, Distance 1, Damage 7, Smooth Running(2T), Camo(4S); Sword, 10D, Distance 1, Damage 9; Crossbow, 7D, Distance 15/60, Damage 10

**DEFENSE:** Passive 2; Melee active (Parry), Melee 10D; Ranged active, Mobility 9D; Mental (Willpower) 9D

**MOVEMENT:** 9m

**ARMOR:** Battle-scarred leather armor with a gasmask, Armor 3(4)

**CONDITION:** Spore Infestation 4/18, Flesh Wounds 18, Trauma 8

**SPECIAL EQUIPMENT:** Enough Burn to bribe locals that will ask questions, a rough map of burn caches near Nikopol.

## ROLE PLAY

Sokolov is a born fighter bored of his job as a "shepherd" for the Burn gatherers. He just wants to settle down, to create something instead of destroying, to have a family. But his nature protests and seals these pacifistic desires under a layer of hatred and unreasonable violence.

Time passes and Sokolov approaches his ultimate decision, his impulsiveness becomes wilder. He will reach a point where he accepts his "new life" or he snaps and goes to perform his swan song.





## VIRA

Little conflicts between Woyins and Zemlyaks happen now and then, but they rarely result in anything substantial. These skirmishes didn't cause much damage, except for when the Registrar visited the city. The Spitalian's actions and Streltsys' response to the crowd's disturbance outraged the Kopachis.

Despite overall distrust towards Woyins among Zemlyaks, Vira was one of the few who believed in the militant part of the clan. Woyins would understand their brothers if they spoke up for the clan. She organized the protest with her husband leading the peaceful procession. They demanded the Registrar apologize as the representative of the Spitalians in the city. But this crowd only provoked the Elders to show their true nature. During the pacification of the protestors, her husband was brutally killed.

Vira's worldview turned upside down after this. The city's defenders were supposed to be loyal to the people, not the wicked mind of the Elder Ivan. She gathered all miners willing to change the city and its Council so no one would suffer anymore. They plan the revolution to make Elders get what they deserve and establish the rule of the people.

Vira has to consider every possible outcome or potential problem they could encounter. Woyins might block off the air for the city, water pumps could be used to poison the water. Her rebels train every day for every possible outcome. The Servicers in her employ constantly work on armor, equipment and local air filtering machines. Base in the Old Mines even allow some target practice from time to time, masking the shots as the tunnel collapses. This still won't be enough to defeat the Streltsys. Even if they somehow match the strength of the Woyins, they can't be sure of a victory in a head-to-head conflict. They have to rely on any help that may appear. Vira is desperate for aid and will accept almost anyone if they can help her. She promises that Nikopol will reward their bravery.

During the last reconnaissance mission Vira managed to sneak into the maze of The Founders' Square. There she overheard the discussion between Ivan Derzhyn and one of the Steel Masters present in the city. This discussion shed some light about Elder's plan, leading her thoughts to one conclusion. Ivan has to die so the Zemlyaks will survive.



## BEST OF THE BEST

Latniks, the heavily armored rebels, are the elite of the Vira's soldiers. They are meant to withstand the Streltsys' deadly rifle volleys in the tight spaces of the city. Only those who are strong both mentally and physically are capable to wear the heavy metal armor and wield imported guns or the Servicers' inventions.

Latniks go through even more intense training than other rebels, preparing for the worst scenario. The scenario where the city won't side with the rebels and they will have to face the Woyins in a "fair fight."

They have only 16 sets of the "Bohatyr" heavy armor, a couple of rifles and a plethora of Piercers or simple blades for close combat. Despite the lack of firearms, Latniks are trained both for hand-to-hand combat and firefights. The armor doesn't allow for dexterity, making fine motor skills almost impossible. Teamwork is essential, where fellow Kopachis will aid the Latnik fighter by reloading his weapon for him, or use the individual's mass and armor as a form of moving cover to take shots out from behind.

## ONE STEP FORWARD OR TWO STEPS BACK

Nothing inspires people like injustice. Clans split, people tear at each other's throats, and cities burn. Vira is the first to try to break the imposed cycle over Nikopol. And as some of the sayings go - "new is well forgotten old." Vira's ideal is the old Nikopol, the one that hosted great trades with all of Eastern Europe.

Her idea to bring back the times when Voivodes respected Elders and considered the city a worthy trade partner and ally. To return to when each part of the Rarogi trusted each other and the Elders actually took into account the people's opinion. She wants this reality back before solving the disaster of the Spore Wall. Even if it will make her the tyrant she hates so much.

## PROFILE

**ARCHETYPE:** Pollen, The Righteous, Rarogi, Rank: Kopachi (2)

**ATTRIBUTES:** BOD 4, AGI 5, CHA 4, INT 3, PSY 4, INS 3

**SKILLS:** Athletics 7D, Brawl 6D, Force 8D, Melee 9D, Stamina 6D, Toughness 7D, Crafting 8D, Dexterity 6D, Navigation 6D, Mobility 8D, Projectiles 8D, Stealth 6D, Expression 8D, Leadership 10D, Negotiation 8D, Medicine 5D, Cunning 8D, Willpower 10D, Empathy 6D, Perception 7D, Primal 7D, Survival 6D

**BACKGROUNDS:** Allies 4, Network 3, Renown 4, Resources 2, Secrets 2

**SPECIAL:** -

**POTENTIALS:** Unto Death 1, Herald 3, Moving Mountains 1, Paragon 1, Rebel 3, Living Fungicide 3

**INITIATIVE:** 8D/16 Ego Points (Primal)

**ATTACK:** Pickaxe, 7D, Distance 1, Damage 9, Impact(3T); Flintlock Pistol, 8D, Distance 5/20, Damage 8, Muzzle Loader;

**DEFENSE:** Passive 1; Melee active (Block), Melee 7D; Ranged active, Mobility 8D; Mental (Willpower) 10D

**MOVEMENT:** 7m

**ARMOR:** Thick Clothes with metal plates, Armor 3

**CONDITION:** Spore Infestation 3/20, Flesh Wounds 14, Trauma 8

**SPECIAL EQUIPMENT:** A bag full of gunpowder charges(capable of collapsing one tunnel)

## RIOTERS

The rebels are just Kopachis with several Servicers occasionally supplying the movement with equipment. Only with the help of the Servicers' have the Kopachis managed to create a safe spot deep in the Old Mines. This hideout has allowed them to prepare for the uprising, counting on four dozen rebels and some high-ranking Zemlyaks willing to help.

The Kopachis who guard the mines bring tools and sheets of steel into the hideout to create blades and armor to confront the ever-loyal dogs of the Elders.

## ROLE PLAY

Vira is a born leader with a contagious hope that Nikopol can be changed only by revolution. She views herself as a commander that will lead her forces by example, she is willing to train and fight alongside them. The Latniks she trains with guard her diligently, She is the brains of the operation and the head of the snake.

Her goal is to make everyone in Nikopol equal, destroying the old regime. She will not tolerate half measures from the Elders. Ivan and his henchmen must die to ensure that the city will be restored its former glory.



## PROKHOR "THE JUST"

Woyin society requires complete dedication. Training, daily routine and patrols, every aspect of the Streltsy life must be perfectly executed to go up the ranks. Yet now not every person is capable of withstanding this level of perfection. There were once great leaders but as the population dropped the probability of a great soldier became dimmer. Prokhor was one of the last ones to become a Sovral before stagnation hit the officer ranks. Modern times made youth soft, praying to the Founders only when they have to and slacking massively on self-discipline.

Prokhor's youth was a struggle for respect and honor. To maintain peak performance Prokhor had to rely on his faith or his will. He decided to seek strength in faith, following The Founders' deeds to become a worthy leader for Streltsy. Only by his devotion to the Founders has he managed to earn respect among his comrades. He acts as a beacon of faith and tradition to them. In turn his comrades helped him rise to the rank of Sovral, there he had the power to guide others. This was the beginning of a slow descent into loneliness.

Under his command, over time, one by one his comrades died, further closing him into a loop of sorrow, anger and regret. His fervor to be better than himself is replaced with prayers and pure intuitional decisions. Every subtle detail in The Founders' deeds are known to him, he uses them to motivate Woyins and silence any opposition.

Prokhor may not seem to be an aware person, but his intuition is still razor sharp. He feels that something is wrong with Ivan or his motives. Prokhor plays dumb, he dawdles, he lets other Sovral's take the initiative. He sees Ivan as a great leader of Nikopol, yet Prokhor's intuition has never betrayed him.

Considering the Woyins' last actions, Prokhor expects retribution from the Zemlyaks. Somehow, from somewhere, he feels that this is the calm before the storm. Where normally he has taken his time to receive orders or feign ignorance when it comes to politics, he jumped at the chance to pursue the rumors about the rebel group. He knows that the Zemlyaks will only grow in strength and soon they will make a move.



## FOLLOWING THE THREAD

Every now and then Prokhor watches trains arrive and depart. There is a mystery and it gnaws at him. Storskis come to and share tales of East Borca and tall towers and trade.

Some thirty two years ago, that area of the world transformed like never before. Almost a century before the Destructive fortresses were assembled and connected by rail. In addition to their original purpose, webs of information crawl across the tracks. Like a parasite, some purpose latches onto the original idea. Obviously supplies make their way to the Destructive Fortresses, what else? If The Founders had created wonders in Nikopol, were they also the ones who made machines in the west? Bismuth, Iridium, people called them Needle Towers. Prokhor would scratch his scalp raw thinking these things over. These questions stay in the back of his mind, slowly drawing him to try finding answers.

Prokhor convinced a Korshun to aid him with his search for answers. It cost him quite a sum, but he is sure that nothing of the diplomat's mission would reach Ivan's ears. He ordered his agent to find any possible information about the Needle Towers. It's a hope like prospecting for gold, once you hit the spot - you're rich. How valuable is the ground he stands on?

## SOLDIERS

Prokhor's training drills and discipline are considered to be the best among Streltsys, but the training will be effective if soldiers are interested in improving themselves. Modern youths are arrogant and will follow Prokhor so long as it seems right.

The few who stick around have realized the quality of Prokhor's leadership despite his behavior. The Streltsys loyal to Prokhor are few, but if he had a cause good enough to fight for, it would be a simple snap of his fingers and Woyins would come running.

Currently only 1 fire group of Streltsys is loyal and willing to fight for him.

## PROFILE

**ARCHETYPE:** Pollen, The Traditionalist, Rarogi, Rank: Sovral (4)

**ATTRIBUTES:** BOD 3, AGI 3, CHA 4, INT 3, PSY 5, INS 3

**SKILLS:** Athletics 5D, Brawl 4D, Force 6D, Melee 5D, Stamina 6D, Toughness 7D, Navigation 6D, Mobility 4D, Projectiles 8D, Stealth 5D, Conduct 7D, Expression 7D, Leadership 7D, Focus 9D, Legends 9D, Medicine 4D, Cunning 8D, Deception 8D, Domination 8D, Faith 11D, Reaction 6D, Empathy 5D, Perception 4D, Survival 4D

**BACKGROUNDS:** Allies 1, Authority 4, Network 2, Renown 4, Resources 2, Secrets 3

**SPECIAL:** If Vira's rebels start their plan he gains +2D to all rolls to suppress the rebellion

**POTENTIALS:** Herald 2, Unto Death 1, Brainwave 1, Living Fungicide 2

**INITIATIVE:** 6D/16 Ego Points (Focus)

**ATTACK:** Streltsy Rifle, 8D, Distance 40/200, Damage 13, Single Loader(1); Combat knife, 6D, Distance 1, Damage 5, Smooth Running(2T)

**DEFENSE:** Passive 1; Melee active (Parry), Melee 6D; Ranged active, Mobility 4D; Mental (Faith) 11D

**MOVEMENT:** 5m

**ARMOR:** Streltsy's suit, Armor 3, Sealed(+3S), Bulletproof(5)

**CONDITION:** Spore Infestation 0/22, Flesh Wounds 14, Trauma 8

**SPECIAL EQUIPMENT:** Sovral red cape Respected(Rarogi, +2D), 5 EX Capsules

## ROLE PLAY

Prokhor is a skeptical man and only impressive achievements or actions may change his opinion. He is waiting for a holy cause before he gathers Streltsys. He will become a Firebrand, preaching that if the Woyins ignore existing problems Nikopol will continue to suffer. Zemlyaks, Spore Wall or Ivan's plot, nothing will stand a chance against Founders when they return.

Prokhor hopes to earn forgiveness from his brothers in arms and the Rarogi he could not save. Even if this Holy cause doesn't mark the return of the Founders, Prokhor will earn his redemption. former glory.



## LUBOS OGOTA

Life of the Steel Master is the life of a slave. Wake up. Forge metal. Sleep. Repeat. Cycle continues until you die. He hates it, he hates the way society is built in the Steel Monolith. Everyone is trying to stand in the way of his love. Why the hell should the clan's history and common beliefs decide his fate? Clan disputes should be handled by Danislai and Heza. Lubos and especially his love Rayina shouldn't be influenced by Steel Master's arrogant actions.

They couldn't stay like this for long. Lubos tried to escape the Steel Monolith with his love, but they were caught shortly thereafter. The Judges ignored his failed escape attempt, it was too bad to even count as one. They simply laughed at him and his plan of "running past the guards." His plan was doomed to fail due to his weak physique and poor reaction time.

Despite this humiliation he continued his attempts to change the direction of his life. The next try was to strike and refuse to work for the Judges. After the Judges had the "explanatory discussion" with Lubos and Rayina they were sent for a tour of Justitian. But the sight-seeing out of the Monolith ended in the Cleft. Hard labour in terrible conditions will surely remotivate them to return to their original work.

Months passed, Lubos and Rayina traded their former prison to a cage somewhat closer on the ground. Many inmates hadn't seen Steel Masters before and the novelty was an attraction. A particular finch soon made himself friendly. He laboured alongside the pair, shared his rations with them and made them laugh. One day he offered a way out. They had to trust him. The proposition was too good to turn down. They never saw the quick blow to the head. Lights out, and they were on their way.

The next thing Lubos can remember is darkness, hardwood planks and the creak of the wooden wheels. An old man's voice said to stay low and be silent. They hadn't left Justitian yet. After a couple of hours the cart stopped and the big cloth that covered it was removed. They were out of the Moloch. A quick breath of fresh air before they had to go under again, they were still within The Protectorate's borders. But that was only the beginning of their journey.



The two had to be delivered to Nikopol, thousands of kilometers away. The old man yammered on “why’d Hector accept the offer from an asshole so fa’ away? Why’d he listen to a Pollener?” Nevertheless they were in motion.

A couple of seasons passed and they reached their destination. Nikopol. An underground city near the Spore Wall. The Elder Ivan greets his new guests to their new home. No more judges, no more slavery. They were so grateful for their new life. Lubos now works on something not because he was ordered to, but because he wants to.

#### PROFILE

**ARCHETYPE:** Borca, The Creator, Steel Master, Rank: Shaper (x)

**ATTRIBUTES:** BOD 3, AGI 4, CHA 2, INT 3, PSY 4, INS 3

**SKILLS:** Athletics 4D, Force 6D, Stamina 4D, Toughness 4D, Crafting 8D, Stealth 5D, Arts 6D, Negotiation 4D, Artifact Lore 6D, Engineering 7D, Focus 6D, Legends 4D, Willpower 8D, Perception 6D

**BACKGROUNDS:** Allies 1, Authority 1, Renown 1, Secrets 1

**SPECIAL:** Gets +1D for desperate actions to save Rayina

**POTENTIALS:** Spiritshaper 2

**INITIATIVE:** 4D/12 Ego Points (Focus)

**ATTACK:** Sledgehammer, 1D, Damage 6, Blunt, Impact(3T)

**DEFENSE:** Passive 1; Melee active (Block), Melee 1D; Ranged active, Mobility 4D; Mental (Willpower) 8D

**MOVEMENT:** 4m

**ARMOR:** Leather apron and heavy gloves, Armor 1

**CONDITION:** Spore Infestation 6/16, Flesh Wounds 8, Trauma 7

**SPECIAL EQUIPMENT:** Atlas schematics, Smithing and shaping tools.

#### ROLE PLAY

Lubos is both strong willed in times of need and day-dreamy when he is comfortable in his surroundings. The only thing he is good and confident in is metal working. He had no experience in melting Dinars to make golden wires and disks as thin as good paper. Rayina is there for him, helping him out with purifying the gold to achieve perfect elements. And she is his reason to live so he doesn’t want her to get hurt. He will stay up late in the forge working double shifts just because he doesn’t want her to work. He is extremely thankful to Ivan for his support.



## JORN KAL

Jorn had experience with a couple expeditions beforehand, but he was not prepared for this challenge. Not only was it the furthest from Danzig he had been, but the area was dangerously close to the Spore Wall. Their task was to hunt and kill a Biokinetic there. Yet, Jorn was concerned about other things.

The expedition itself started on a good note, the weather was clear and the journey promised to be short. After a couple days' march something started to seem off. The search for the particular Biokinetic was going according to plan, but the eerie feelings and positively alien surroundings made Jorn paranoid. Small groves of infected and uninfected trees litter the steppe and were a great home for Husk spiders and their endless webs. Clusters of tree trunks held wispy woven nests of silk close to the ground. It is easy to tell what vegetation hosts the arachnids. The ones that looked like earthbound cumulus clouds, should be set on fire. With each nest ignited the tension in his neck tightened.

His paranoia served him well. At the tail end of their expedition, in a series of ambushes, every living creature tried to kill them. Centipedes squirmed up Famulancers' legs, spiders nipped uncovered skin and even a few Leperos were drawn into attacking the corp every time they stopped to rest. Each day Jorn lost comrades and after four sleepless nights the Biokinetic found them. The dwindling platoon was too weak and disorganized to defeat the aberrant in anything but a pyrrhic victory. By the end, the remaining Preservists were heavily injured and most of the Famulancer and staff were demoralized or unable to fight due to their wounds. They had to retreat to Nikopol back through this hellscape.

Unable to maintain organization they had to leave those who were too wounded behind. Only the lucky ones managed to reach Nikopol and Jorn was leading them to the city. They've accomplished their goal, but at a tremendous cost. They weren't welcome in the city either. The mutilated Famulancers brought trophies from the Biokinetic into the city and the locals say that this is an omen, a horrible one. Jorn is unsure what to do with it, he just knows that they have to leave Nikopol as soon as they've made up for their losses.



Wounds start to fester from all the dirt and spores in them. The food is tough, tasteless and hard to stomach just like the people here. The Famulancers had to survive the adrenaline of the wilderness and now they're stuck in a moist dugout. They have all but given up hope. How do people of Nikopol even live in these conditions?

### HASTY ACTIONS

Jorn was sick of his failures, and when the remnants of the corp approached the city fate gave him another chance. They uncovered a Burn stash in one of the outposts near the city. He saw this as an opportunity to take matters into his own hands.

He approached an oncoming train and ordered it to pass onto the Destructive Fortresses without stopping. An pseudo-embargo was laid upon the city until things would clear up. Yet after they entered the city he immediately felt how short-sighted that decision was. In one fell swoop he pissed off an Apocalyptic flock, Zemlyaks, Woyins, Storskis and probably a dozen of clerics back in Danzig.

### PROFILE

**ARCHETYPE:** Borca, The Adventurer, Spitalian, Rank: Famulancer (3)

**ATTRIBUTES:** BOD 5, AGI 3, CHA 3, INT 2, PSY 3, INS 3

**SKILLS:** Athletics 8D, Brawls 7D, Force 9D, Melee 8D, Stamina 9D, Toughness 8D, Navigation 5D, Mobility 6D, Projectiles 5D, Stealth 4D, Conduct 4D, Expression 7D, Leadership 6D, Negotiation 5D, Medicine 6D, Domination 6D, Reaction 6D, Willpower 7D, Orienteering 6D, Perception 6D, Primal 6D, Survival 6D

**BACKGROUNDS:** Allies 2, Authority 3, Network 2, Renown 1, Resources 2, Secrets 1

**SPECIAL:** Gets +1D for desperate actions to save Rayina

**POTENTIALS:** Splaying 2, Last Bastion 1, The Last Farewell 3, Could Be Worse 1

**INITIATIVE:** 6D/12 Ego Points (Primal)

**ATTACK:** Splayer, 6D, Damage 7, Cutting(2T, 1D)

**DEFENSE:** Passive 1; Melee active (Block), Melee 6D; Ranged active, Mobility 6D; Mental (Willpower) 6D

**MOVEMENT:** 9m

**ARMOR:** Spitalian suit, Armor 2, Sealed(+4S)

**CONDITION:** Spore Infestation 14, Flesh Wounds 6/16, Trauma 2/7

**SPECIAL EQUIPMENT:** Remains of a resident Biokinetic's brain

### ROLE PLAY

Jorn is not the sharpest splayer on the rack, he became a Famulancer only because of his perseverance and luck. He went to the Spital not to marinate in tractates and medical terms. His plans are simple and they are always expected to work out.

His original goal is for his strength to be worthy of wielding a Preservalis sword and living until he retires a hero. Yet his plan is far from done.

Jorn is recovering from his head injury. He doesn't get along with most of the locals, avoiding Kmets because of how dirty they are and dodging Streltsys so that the other half of him doesn't get beaten to death. Yet his gambling nature hasn't died and he may try to cover up his mistakes by finding fame in Nikopol, something worthy of reporting to Spital.





## OREST

Orest, like most of the Korshuns, wanders the endless plains and forests of Pollen and Balkhan to negotiate with many influential people in different places. Cathedral City, Liqua, Danzig or Osman. He visited almost every big city in Europe. However, as he became older, he started to think more about what will be left after him. Nikopol will be devoured by the Spore Wall in a couple of decades and the Rarogi's identity will dissolve. He doesn't want that to happen. He will prepare the city for the inevitable. He will prepare the Rarogi to leave Nikopol.

Orest is a talker and an adventurer. He traded his life-long career as a diplomat so he could reform the Rarogi way of thinking. He confronted Elders and convinced them to accept him into The Council. His every word is a product of long years of ambassadorial practice. He juggles well-known facts manipulating one's thoughts into favorable decisions. For more serious negotiations he investigates his target studying their method and habits, any advantage is better than none.

What he does is not enough to outweigh Ivan's natural charisma and well-established influence. Derzhyn's actions are deeply rooted into the city's foundation and someone like Orest will only destabilise the status quo. Ivan's stubbornness and ignorance has him refusing Orest at every turn. Orest is unsure if Ivan's deeds will save the clan or is it that the oldman is ready to die and he is taking the city with him. There is not enough evidence to point to either outcome.

Orest must find something to save people. To carry the light of Nikopol away from the final storm or brace against the tempest.



## THE FORTRESS

A long time ago Orest visited the first Destructive Fortress. He was fascinated by the lone bastion that looked like it would withstand even the harshest attacks from the Sepsis' creations. Nikopol's current state of things gives him a vague feeling that something is similar. Maybe if they had the resources, craftsmen and Spitalians then the city may be saved. Then the sixth Destructive Fortress may be created. But that idea is far from Orest achievable. He can't throw out the idea of leaving Nikopol.

Maybe something can change this.

## NATURAL ALLIES

Orest, just as most of the Postachi, is a bystander when it comes to the conflict between Zemlyaks and Woyins. For him Kopachis and Streltsys are the same, just doing different things for the city. This would serve as a good foundation for Orest to build trust upon. He does not have the influence that Ivan does. To be able to solely rally enough resources and men to change the settled way of living, he would need the support from the leaders among the rival parts of the clan. He needs to gain support or ask favors from old allies.

Prokhor has enough authority to influence the Woyins, Orest has heard lots of stories about the old Sovral, both good and bad. He was the most efficient commander in the city for almost three decades and Orest can tell that the religious zealotry of the commander is a veneer hiding a quiet intelligence. Orest knows that nothing is lost with Prokhor, the old man just needs a good push to get started once again.

Away from The Station, Orest knows that some of the Zemlyaks are preparing something against the Woyins. He doesn't have enough information to find the leader, but he feels like they are a force to be reckoned with. They can change the city on their own but Orest needs to have his hand in that.

With both an insiders and outsiders view, Orest can find a way to navigate and maybe even mend the disputes between the clan. Maybe not. There is always another way to take part in the conflict - not to support either. Let the bears fight each other or trap them just before the bloodshed starts. Diplomacy or espionage... Orest has a broad network of contacts across all of the Pollen and even into Borca. Someone may be interested in aiding the choking city of Nikopol.

## PROFILE

**ARCHETYPE:** Pollen, The Mediator, Rarogi, Rank: Korshun (4)

**ATTRIBUTES:** BOD 3, AGI 5, CHA 5, INT 4, PSY 4, INS 4

**SKILLS:** Athletics 7D, Brawl 5D, Force 6D, Melee 6D, Stamina 7D, Toughness 5D, Crafting 6D, Dexterity 9D, Navigation 9D, Mobility 8D, Projectiles 8D, Stealth 9D, Arts 7D, Conduct 9D, Expression 9D, Negotiation 10D, Engineering 6D, Focus 7D, Legends 5D, Medicine 5D, Cunning 7D, Deception 8D, Domination 5D, Reaction 7D, Willpower 7D, Empathy 6D, Orienteering 7D, Perception 8D, Survival 8D

**BACKGROUNDS:** Allies 2, Authority 3, Network 4, Renown 4, Resources 3, Secrets 1

**SPECIAL:** -

**POTENTIALS:** Danger Sense 2, Living Fungicide 3

**INITIATIVE:** 7D/14 Ego Points (Focus)

**ATTACK:** Revolver, 8D, Damage 10, Distance 10/40; Knife, 7D, Damage 4, Smooth Running(2T)

**DEFENSE:** Passive 2; Melee active (Block), Melee 7D; Ranged active, Mobility 8D; Mental (Willpower) 6D

**MOVEMENT:** 7m

**ARMOR:** Expedition suit, Armor 3, Sealed(+6S)

**CONDITION:** Spore Infestation 6/16, Flesh Wounds 8, Trauma 7

**SPECIAL EQUIPMENT:** Documents with Spitalians' estimations on Spore Wall growth;

## ROLE PLAY

People know Orest as a good guy that helps those in need when he is in town. He trusts his clan and especially Postachi even if they say that he won't ever be welcome among them. From their point of view he forgot his duty as a diplomat and preferred to stay in the luxury of The Founders' Square.

Even though he prepares the clan to leave the city, he still wants to find anything that will save his homeland. He may not realise that with some wits and confessions he would begin the greatest operation to save the city.



## BOGDAN "DETINA"

Bogdan was one of the strongest Streltsy in The Station until he was rapidly demoted to a Kopachi after one conflict with a Sovral. The fight started when the commander decided to leave Bogdan in the back lines during an assault of Leperos, Rage took over Bogdan and he beat the Sovral within an inch of his life.

Shortly after, another Sovral with a couple of Streltys arrested Bogdan. They announced that Detina is demoted down to a Kopachi without a possibility of entering The Station again. Bogdan was outraged by their decision, why would a good commander refuse a good soldier? Bogdan's "redeployment" and "disciplinary penalty" only resulted in more dead Streltys. He wanted to show these unworthy commanders their place.

After being forced to become a Zemlyak. Bogdan started to search for any opportunity to have his revenge on the Sovrals who did this to him. The search brought him to the Old Mines where he was captured by Vira's rebels. After several weeks of being held as a prisoner and interrogated Vira convinced Bogdan to join them. Only with her help would he return to The Station and change the old ways of warfare. With or without the help of his former comrades.



## BITTER FEELINGS

Bogdan was a proud Streltsy and the demotion hit him hard. His hatred was followed by lasting bitterness. He is no longer among his Woyin comrades fighting for a greater purpose, all the good memories about The Station are drowned in liters of alcohol. While he was a streltsy almost every shift ended with a visit to the local bar. Now he has a new purpose with Vira and her compatriotes. Among the rebels he is known as a good drinker. No longer as moody, but just as prone to distillate.

## PROFILE

**ARCHETYPE:** Pollen, The Destroyer, Rarogi, Rank: Kopachi (2)

**ATTRIBUTES:** BOD 5, AGI 4, CHA 2, INT 2, PSY 5, INS 4

**SKILLS:** Athletics 7D, Brawl 9D, Force 10D, Melee 10D, Stamina 9D, Toughness 10D, Dexterity 6D, Navigation 5D, Mobility 7D, Projectiles 8D, Legends 3D, Medicine 3D, Domination 11D, Reaction 9D, Willpower 9D, Orienteering 6D, Perception 8D, Primal 9D, Survival 6D

**BACKGROUNDS:** Allies 1, Authority 2, Renown 2

**SPECIAL:** Has a chance to prove himself worthy of wearing the Bohatyr armor

**POTENTIALS:** Tough As Nails 2, Unyielding 2, Could Be Worse 2, Goliath 1, Living Fungicide 2

**INITIATIVE:** 9D/18 Ego Points (Focus)

**ATTACK:** Piercer, 8D, Damage 8, Distance 2, Demolish(2T, 10)

**DEFENSE:** Passive 2; Melee active (Block), Melee 8D; Ranged active, Mobility 7D; Mental (Willpower) 9D

**MOVEMENT:** 7m

**ARMOR:** Thick Clothes with metal plates, Armor 3;

**CONDITION:** Spore Infestation 4/14, Flesh Wounds 10, Trauma 7

**SPECIAL EQUIPMENT:** -

## ROLE PLAY

Bogdan prefers to resolve conflicts with threats, but if they don't work - somebody's face will soon be caved in. Nowadays most of his failed negotiations were with Streltys who tried to mock him for the demotion.

Anything that can't be resolved by these means is not worth his time. All these talks, manipulations and political games are not worth a single thought... if they don't change anything. Actions speak louder than words.

A GRATEFUL  
SLAVE DOES **NOT**  
SEE THE CHAINS

[ANTON DERZHYN]

# SMALL TALKS

Rarogi are reserved people and if a player wants to do something deeper than trading - they need to earn their trust. Simple errands and tasks might help break the ice.

Most Rarogi may not even bother talking with players, casual conversation is reserved for friends or family and not-strangers or outcasts. Nobody knows if the newcomer is a thug or a thief, so locals are always cautious about fresh faces.

At the discretion of the GM Interactions with Rarogi should start off pretty passive. Weigh the player's interactions with Woyins and Zemlyaks. Naturally foreigners will have a malus of -3D or -2D (if they are polite and greet them in the proper way...)

Once characters earn some trust from people, learn the proper salutes, handshakes and bows, the Rarogi will start to open up. Bribing a citizen of Nikopol is easy, foreign goods and food are preferred, something useful, money will only give so much information and after all aren't the Rarogi worth something more meaningful.

Every citizen will have their predispositions and individual opinions that they will share along with any valuable information. Everything from tensions between Woyins and Zemlyaks and opinions of the Elders to meaningless dribble of gossip and jokes.

Successful rolls of INS+Empathy (2), PSY+Cunning (2), or CHA+Conduct(2), the characters can obtain detailed information about recent events in the city or personal stories which they can extract additional information from. A GM could consider the Rarogi to have a miniature Renown counter for the players, it should fluctuate just like any other Background. Bad gas travels fast in a small town.

Use the table "Impressions" as examples for Rarogi chatter. The table is divided into three sections corresponding to characters that may be encountered belonging to either Woyins, Zemlyaks or neither group.

## IMPRESSIONS

### WOYINS

- ◆ **RAYINA, THE RARE GUEST:** "Have you seen the steel that's made here? I bet you 20 dinars this shit's better than whatever comes out of Borca. Buy some of them while there is a chance to bargain with the Woyins. The steel is a hidden gem in the region, trust me."
- ◆ **PAVLO, THE SLACKING STRELTSY:** "Spring is always cold here, summer less so.. I'll be damned, but I'd prefer to stay with those "holy guardians" and mop the floor of the Square than patrol in the autumn or winter. Those Sovrals say that the weather is "optimal" for our suits, yet they still bundle up against the frost. Pff, and they still call me lazy..."
- ◆ **ROSTIK, THE ENTERPRISING KMET:** "Yes Sir, here filters clog fast. Good ones 'll last from sunrise till sunset, If they're bad it'll last only a couple of hours. We have plenty of filters to supply our guys, and you too should buy some here - just 13 Drafts or Dinars a piece. We clean filters for free, but if you pay a little you'll get yours back first!"
- ◆ **HAVRYLO, THE UNLUCKY PORUCHNIK:** "Some people say that every problem is just an obstacle on your path, nothing more. For me it's more like a damn endless row of concrete walls. First my welding torch exploded in my hands. Hand was useless for weeks and almost took my eye with it. Then on a walkabout a fucking pack of Gendos chased me for two days straight. I made it to the forest and it's a good thing that I'm good at climbing. 'Cause if not, I'd be dog meat."
- ◆ **STOJAN, THE VETERAN:** "Yes, yes. That was a long-long time ago. That time when the Spore Wall was further and Ivan was an Elder for just 20 years old. I remember big lines of guys like you waiting to enter the city. Scrappers sold their artifacts, Anabaptists tried to make Nikopol their outpost for so-called "crusades". Hah! Those were better times, yes..."



## ZEMLYAKS

- ◆ **PANAS, THE DRUNKARD:** “Ya dink those tradition-ash-defendersh in da Station shave ush? They’re tyrantsh that leech on ush coverin’ it wit that with deir idiotic dogma. Yer ancestorsh betrayed our religion, dey say. Why da hell am I involved in somethin’ I ne’er did?”
- ◆ **KUZMA, THE EVER-TIRED KOPACHI:** “Night shift, sleep, day shift, rest, repeat. We’re like a bunch of squirrels in a wheel. Can’t rest until the new shift comes and even after you get some time to sleep, it’s still shit, eat, rinse and repeat. I hope someday it will change.”
- ◆ **YAKIV, THE STORYTELLER MINER:** “...And that’s how I got this scar. So be careful here and especially in the mines! But that’s not the most important thing. Did you hear about that time I stepped in the centipede nest during the shift swap? Sit down, that’s a long one.”
- ◆ **SAVA, THE INGENIOUS SERVICER:** “Look at this Piercer. It’s perfect! You can’t make something simpler than that and punch through ore slabs! A spear and a gun all in one! But damn it’s loud! Your ears will be ringing for quite a while after firing!”
- ◆ **GRISHA, THE KID OF THE TUNNELS:** “Hey Mister, you look like you’re new here.. If you wanna know more about the tunnels I can show you. Shortcuts, abandoned sections and great hiding spots. Give me a dinar or three and I’ll show ya. No, I don’t like paper money. Got any food? Here, this way!”

## OTHERS

- ◆ **EMRAH, THE BLIND FAMULANCER:** “Yeah... The whole campaign was doomed from the beginning. I suppose I am lucky that I returned from the bloodshed in one piece. Hah, not counting my eyes... Part of me is afraid that Jorn will leave me here. Like he did the others. I can still do things even without looking! Bandaging wounds? Sure, just lead my hand to the wound and I’ll take care of it. Just don’t let him leave me here, alright? Are you still there?”
- ◆ **KEEL, THE BALKHAN FOX:** “Good thing I’m the only Scrapper here. I can’t imagine what could’ve happened if there were other guys scavengin the area. Local ruins are scarce and have close to nothin’ in ‘em. And that thin o’ yers, d’ya need that metal bit? I’d buy it off ya, it would be quite handy for my rig. No? Well, if ya change yer mind - ya know where to find me. I’ll stay here for some time. Kmets are cleaning my filters.”
- ◆ **YOVO, THE CHARITABLE ELYSIAN:** “...That oil should help your wound, apply it every time you feel that you can’t bear the pain. Use it wisely, I don’t think that I’ll have enough to help you next time. Hmm... I may have something for you too, traveler. Here, rub it in and you’ll feel better. This oil will seem to make things worse because of the noise, but you’ll get used to it after a couple of minutes. No, no need to pay me, you’ll break the beautiful cycle of altruism.”
- ◆ **COUNT, THE TRADER:** “Ay, bud. No money, no honey. So you’d better put it where it was, this is no charity! I’m no damn Anabaptist to allow such liberties. Firstly put the payment on the barrel and we’ll discuss what you need. Ooo... Paper money. I think I got something for ya. A Piercer! It will do it’s work, just buy some powder with it and it’s yours!”
- ◆ **ERNES, THE GATHERER:** “Have you seen a boy, Grisha? He lives in the abandoned sections. I’m trying to find him and he’s nowhere to be found. His parents died and I don’t want him to get into any trouble, right? I’m not his uncle or something like that. I’m just a good samaritan. I’m just trying to help, that’s all. Alright?”
- ◆ **MAGPIE FROM ST. MARY:** “Yes, the dots got covered up with this new tattoo. No, I don’t miss it! I’m done talking about that, it’s all in the past. So what brings you to this hellhole? Me? Jealous suitors, just wait here for a winter and they’ll find some new dove to fawn over. You don’t look all that boring, say... care to warm each other up?”
- ◆ **NISKA BOMGARD, THE VILLAGE DOCTOR:** “I’ve been here for close to a decade. Yes, the Rarogi are stubborn, yes they are consistently dirty. Do they listen to my advice? No... I still don’t understand their faith, their accent and after as many venereal exams I’ve done, trust me, don’t marry one. I’m basically an undignified drug lord, it has its perks though, I’ve been accepted into some of the communities, we play cards on Thursdays.”
- ◆ **BUDZISLAW, THE STORSKIS MECHANIC:** “What do I think about Rarogi? Eehhh. They are great people but bad mechanics. Every now and then they want some oncoming train to drop off guys like me to teach the Kmets a thing or two and stop breaking everything. We would, but they’re stubborn and don’t want to learn. Aggh and their southern accent makes it even worse!”



FROM





HELL





# RUBILO AND ZUBILO

Many dark winters ago a centipede emerged from the ground. It scoured for food to bring back to its nest but then thunder approached. During the lightning and the madness it bore its head into the wedge of an axe. Culling the conflict in its mind through Trepanation. The axehead splits the skull, separating it into two halves, but the insanity remains. Further and further down it dragged the axeblood through its trunk.

After the thunder and commotion the axe was taken away, the centipede partially split and writhed on the ground. Its carapace grew back, legs sprouted from the malformed trunk and the skull flattened and reformed. One mind joined at the tail, a forked connection to the Earth Chakra, a Polycephaly of the Soul.

This creature could not move without the other half, each half will push in one direction and the other will then fight the pull of its twin. But they learned. They would move seamlessly in tandem, rebuild their nest together, hunt and feast as a pair, strengthening themselves and then their nest. One mandible pierces the other servers.

## BRAINWAVES

Rubilo and Zubilo hear the echoes of the ether call of a Biokinetic Resident. His anguish was felt hundreds of leagues away. Wanting to know what had happened, they hunted their way down to Nikopol searching for the fallen. The desecrated matter of their kin lies in the clutches of one of the masked ones. They will return him to where he belongs the only way the pair knows how. Bait.

## COUNTING HEARTBEATS

Rubilo and Zubilo's hearts beat in perfect rhythm. Their actions are synchronized, always knowing precisely what other will do in the next moment. Zubilo and Rubilo can trade the results of their PSY + Reaction rolls when rolling for initiative. Any extra actions will be traded as well.

## ROLEPLAY

Rubilo and Zubilo are siblings that have had decades to compensate the other. An error in their genetic programming has split a singular Biokinetic into two bodies after a Cusping. Effectively, clones, who have differing experiences and have developed a few individualities. Their method of hunting is murderous. Traps, night attacks, finding small groups or individuals to capture and then they fuse with their victim(s.) A small amount of experiences are gained by absorbing the prey. So their hunt for nourishment is also a hunt for knowledge. How much information could be gained from a fusion with Psychonaut Biomass?

## PROFILE

**ARCHETYPE:** Pollen, The Traveller (Zubilo), The Abomination (Rubilo), Biokinetic, Migrant(s)

**ATTRIBUTES:** BOD: 6 (5, Zubilo) AGI 5 (6, Zubilo) CHA 1 INT 2 PSY 5 INS 5

**SKILLS:** Athletics 10D, Brawl 10D, Force 10D, Melee 11D, Stamina 10D, Toughness 11D, Mobility 9D, Stealth 7D, Domination 8D, Reaction 10D, Willpower 10D, Orienteering 7D, Perception 10D, Primal 11D, Survival 7D

**SPECIAL:** Swarm Strength 6, Skin Bags 6

**PHENOMENA:** : Lord of the First Plague, Spider Bite, Nettle Hairs, Renewa, lAbsorption, Fusion, Cusping, Caustica (Rubilo), Crusader's Bane (Zubilo)

**INITIATIVE:** 10D/ 22 Ego Points (Primal)

**ATTACK:** Bite, 9D, damage 1D+3, range 1 m, smooth-running (2T), possibly "Spider bite" Phenomenon; Nettle hairs, 6D, see Phenomenon (Zubilo) heavy axe, 9D, damage 14, range 1m, impact (2T); (Rubilo) Looted Splayer, 11D, Damage 7, Range 2m, Poisoned (5C, -1D Ego)

**DEFENSE:** Passive Defence 2, Active Melee (11D), Active Ranged Defence (sidestepping) 9D, Mental 10D (no effect in the Primal Phase)

**MOVEMENT:** 14D

**ARMOR:** Ossified exoskeleton and scaled body, Armor 4

**CONDITION:** Spore Infestation 16 / 20, Fleshwounds 30, Trauma 16

## PHENOMENA

### CRUSADER'S BANE (ZUBILO)

#### PHENOMENON STRENGTH: 6

The ulna bone splinters and juts outward pulling the skin back and letting the protruding bone catch an incoming attack. Zubilo uses his offhand to gather and entrap the blade or the edge of an attacker's weapon.

In addition to adding (Overload) to Zubilo's active defense rolls, when a defensive roll is successful against a melee attack the attacker's weapon's damage is reduced by one, until repaired.

**RULES:** If succeeding in a BOD+Melee Active Defense against an opponent using a bladed weapon, Zubilo can attempt to disarm his foe with this phenomena as a free action.

If Zubilo achieves 4 or more triggers on his active defences he can trade a possible counterattack to simply break the weapon irreparably. This phenomena lasts for 4 active defense maneuvers.


## PHENOMENA

### CAUSTICA (RUBILO)

#### PHENOMENON STRENGTH: 5

The esophagus secretes an acidic mucosae and the abdominal walls and diaphragm clench ferociously. The bloody liquid that spews from the mouth of Rubilo easily melts through organic material. Rubilo's preferred method of using this phenomena is by grappling his target, removing any mask or protective gear and regurgitating onto their face.

**RULES:** In a combination with the activation roll Rubilo can use either BOD+Brawl when grappling or AGI+Projectiles for making a ranged attack up to 2m + Overload. This attack deals 4 + Triggers Damage, ignoring armor unless it has the Sealed quality. The target may then need to roll BOD + Toughness (Overload) to resist becoming blinded from the contents of Rubilo's stomach.



# PILOTT HOOOK







# INTO THE FRAY

This faraway region hides lots of secrets and the GM may unfold some of the details to the players to get them interested in the city. If they want to get to Nikopol, then it's just a matter of time and effort, be it by train, by caravan or by old fashion foot. NPCs' motivations and goals are linked to multiple underlying timelines and events that may happen during the campaign. Part of your job as a GM will be to personalize and ensure that this supplement fits your campaign, add some extra details, change some of the existing facts of nikopol, NPC's or the relations of the city to the players to suit the actual play.

Nikopol is an outpost bordering a living natural disaster on one side and a barren wasteland on the other. A player would end up here for one of three reasons: they were sent there by an authority, they were escaping from obligations or a bounty, or they hate themselves. Nikopol is one of the more harsh regions of the world of Degeneration.

These are some facts that may be used by the GM to introduce the region to the players.

- ◇ Nearby ruins of the "Red Star" are rumored to be avoided by locals for some reason. This place is cursed, the ruins itself are alive with a slow and cold vengeance. At the first glance it might look like a couple of walls built off of a crag. Lots of Scrappers' marks can be seen on every wall reaching up to two meters up the concrete building. Up the walls there are half-collapsed concrete platforms. After enough searching one can find a ladder or if they're small enough squeeze through some rubble. The layers closer to the surface have been picked clean. Further down there is supposedly loot. But this place is haunted, some of the rooms are filled with corroded electronics and withered skeletons. Electronics will malfunction, turn on and off randomly or burn out; this includes the remnants of the security systems in the ruins. Local legend says that anyone who will try to enter its heart will die a horrible death, they disturbed the ancient derelict and its misanthropy, and their soul will remain wandering the halls. Superstition or not, there are those who venture too deep and who do not return, and there are those who seem to carry some sickness with them, many who return show burns on their hands or something akin to tuberculosis. What hidden treasure could be in exchange for this unseen risk, can such a curse be lifted?







- ◇ A Spitalian platoon ventured to Nikopol to use as a base to hunt Biokinetics, but rumors outside of Nikopol say the corp was almost exterminated. The Consultant of Danzig is concerned about the state of the expedition and solicits anyone interested in confirming its condition. Spitalians in the north hope for rumors to be false, exaggerated or at the very least partially true. Any retrieval of equipment, field notes, specimens or personnel will be lauded, and those who complete the journey would be rewarded for their trouble. There was a deal made between some clanners and the Spitalian contingent in Danzig; the doctors guaranteed passage to Nikopol on one of the Storski's trains. A return ticket requires results.

- ◇ Bounties for Lubos and Rayina have popped up all across the Protectorate shortly after their disappearance. Nine thousand drafts and guaranteed citizenship papers for both of them alive and half the amount of drafts dead with proof. Clues litter the path of the Steel Masters and their escorts. Either stumbling onto the wanted poster or being deliberately sent to find these two, it will quickly dawn on the hunter that this job is leading them ridiculously far east. Why?

### EXAMPLE CLUES FOR STEEL MASTERS

- ◇ In Mulhouse there was an altercation between a blacksmith and some foreigner that led to fists. Something about "you're doing this wrong, you should use a ball-something hammer." The fight was broken up by some group of apocalyptics beating the blacksmith black and blue, he only has half his teeth and he won't stop complaining.
- ◇ In Roppen some strange looking Borcan guy started asking lots of questions to the Grenadiers about how their weapons were made and especially about their armor, something about spirits and elements. "He acted like he didn't even know who he was talking to!"
- ◇ A strange looking guy with almond shaped eyes introduced himself as an "craftsman of sorts" and asked to be led to the Corporal. Soldiers talk and joke about the poor guy and how he tried to give "professional tips"

to the Corporal to improve the journey through the Hard Path. Needless to say he was laughed off.

- ◇ Around Leipzig a group of strangers were looking for Storskis with two of what looked like unwilling companions, however they offered enough money to the pathfinder so she didn't ask questions. Every time Blanka tried to talk to the couple she was shot down. She never learned why the captors were so adamant on them not talking.
- ◇ In Promethium, after a short visit in the needle tower, the Storskis of the region capitulated to all the demands of the group's leader, supplying them with food, gear, clothes and a ride on their trains. No one refuses a Needle's wish. They headed east into the jaws of the Spore Wall.

## POSSIBILITIES

This supplement doesn't have a set plotline or order of how events unfold. There is no canon or "right way." Some characters can stay out of focus or not be used at all. Use this booklet as an inspiration.

As the players reach Nikopol and start to solve the city's mysteries, some events may unfold without the players' participation or they may unravel just when the players have figured it out. The web of characters and their agendas don't need to be simultaneous, this location can absolutely be strung together and played in several acts. It could culminate in Jorn's expedition, or the struggle between Vira and Ivan, or even Orest's vision.

The GM may create his own variation of how events unfold and how the city will change according to them. You may use the events we have created for your campaign to get the ball rolling and decide the fate of Nikopol. Or just do you.

Rumors about bounties on Lubos' and Rayina's heads have reached Sokolov's ears and the sudden Spitalian return helped him decide what to do. How could he have known that his move would destroy what Hector has assembled.

Sokolov will ditch the region in a blaze, there's no home for him here. His historical separation from the city will ensure that he's not seen as an obvious threat. In Nikopol his honed skills will be exactly what he needs to infiltrate the city. He will probably be unnoticed, but when he does find the Steel Masters - anything in his way will burn. Every possible dirty trick up his sleeve will be used, no mercy will be shown to those who try to stop him. He is sure that if he captures the pair of Steel Masters and brings them to Justitian he will redeem his previous mistakes.

Surrender is not an option. Say he manages this impossible task, rescues the Steel Masters and makes the thousands of kilometres back to the protectorate, will the



Carriion Birds welcome him back with open arms? Will the Hector forgive this walking fuck up?

It's been almost a full month since groups of Postachi had stopped returning from their missions. Those who were lucky enough to return and stay in The Station refuse to leave the city until things clear out.

Railroad maintenance is paralysed and all the Elders but Ivan voted to place a high bounty on solving these disappearances. Jorin volunteers and is paid to lead the hunt and he, knowing what they could encounter, looks for anyone strong both mentally and physically to help him.

Now that he's in charge he needs to prepare, his plan is more sophisticated than just marching into death's grasp. He requests metal from Servicars, gunpowder and Piercers from Shtukars and liters of antimycotics from local tanks. His plan is to lure the Biokinetic out by poisoning one of the spore fields with the agent and ambush the aberrant itself.

It is several days march north and the land becomes more and more desolate the closer to the spore wall the group gets. Within the first day of the expedition's travels the group will be watched. The twin Biokinetics catch their scent and study their prey. There is something in this group that fascinates them.

Lubos and Rayina had finished assembling the last parts for the automatons. Now the project is complete. The goal of Ivan's life is at his fingertips. The finale begins with genocide.

Early in the morning, following the shifts of the miners, Founders' Square Streltsys round up families and the citizens of Nikopol reluctantly marched outside. Over a day and a half, the Zemlyak population is forced into the Old Mines. Ceremonial Guards reassure the other Streltsys that this is part of The Council decision. The rebels who are holed up in the old mines are awoken by the sounds of panic and wailing. Citizens are beaten and dragged into the shafts.

The gates and doors of the mine are shut and locked. Vira will gather her forces to calm the Zemlyaks and to break through the barricaded doors. Something has gone horribly wrong, and she prepares for the worst. Her goal is to punch through whatever waits for them.

Vira's schedule has been altered. After the escape from the Old Mines, the group finds nothing. The outside is barren, there is no fight going to coming from The Station, the entrances to Nikopol are open. Slowly the Zemlyaks will trickle back into their homes. Nikopol itself became a ghost town, with the tunnels to The Station barricaded and unresponsive.

Vira positions the rebels near The Station and prepares for the firefight. Shortly after the Zemlyaks had entered the city, Ceremonial Guards, who were camouflaged or hidden, will close the doors from the outside. In The Station, the pump engines are sabotaged to work on their full power, with their exhaust pipes pointing down. Burning as much fuel as the loyal Kmets can put into the mouth of the engines.

Carbon Monoxide and ash is breathed into the maze of Nikopol. Asphyxiating black smoke fills the underground city, choking and poisoning every living creature that doesn't have a breathing apparatus or at the very least a gasmask to

prolong the struggle. Zemlyaks, the unfaithful majority of the once great city, are suffocated en masse.

Their labour is now of no need, they are soon replaced with cold metal and soulless machines. For Streltsys they are presented as a necessary sacrifice that doesn't need to be mourned.

Rebels had sharpened their blades and prepared for winters, now it's time to overthrow the Elders.

The first step will be to move all the necessary equipment quietly into selected points within Nikopol. Then during the day secure the Residential area with as little fighting as possible ensuring that the rest of the Zemlyaks either aid the rebels or aren't standing in their way. Then they'll split, Vira with Latniks will rile up the Zemlyaks and convince them of their cause, and a small group of selected rebels will try to capture Lubos and Rayina and then capture anyone who is in the forbidden areas.

This operation is half information gathering and half coup d'etat. They have to do it quickly before Streltsy will realize what is going on.

Eventually the Woyins will regroup in their bases of operations. Vira has to launch an assault on The Founders' Square. Latniks and other rebels will use every piece of knowledge they have about tunnels to ambush Streltsys on their way to The Founders' Square.

After the victory the rebels will announce their ultimatum - "Either we will make the whole Station red from blood or the Elders will surrender and be judged for their crimes." The rebels will allow the Elders time to deliberate before they must respond to the ultimatum.

The Elders will not see the new Nikopol. They either give in or struggle in futility. Tyranny or democracy. Sorrow or hope. Past or present.

"Listen to me! I am telling you the truth! It is possible to save Nikopol, our homeland, from the oncoming Spore Wall! The Founders will not save us if we do not struggle for our future!"

A man in an old expedition suit wanders and shouts his "truth" about the ever-present problem. Streltsys will ask newcomers to deal with him for a simple reward. The man will appear to be one of the Elders, Orest. He will try to convince characters that the city can be saved if it becomes the "Destructive Fortress No.6".

All the prerequisites are here - they have infrastructure to support the mechanisms, railroad communication is already established and now they just need the organized craftsmen to assemble the foundation. He promises great rewards: various artifacts, old weaponry and even Drafts from older times. They just need to convince the Woyins and Zemlyaks to follow his idea. Salvation is near, but who will listen? How much is Orest willing to sacrifice to bring the Spitalians here?









THE HERITAGE IS NOT LOST



DEGENESIS