

Lords of Gossamer & Shadow

Gossamer Worlds: Incursion Earth 626



by Matt Banach





Rite Publishing Presents:

Gossamer Worlds: Incursion Earth 626

Explorer (Author): Matt Banach

Seeker (Editor): Steven D. Russell

Searcher (Cover Artist): David Revoy

Trailblazer (Interior Artists): Tarakanovich, Wataboku,
Michael Richards, David Revoy, Justin Nichol,
J.J. Tarujärvi

Pioneer (Trade Dress): James “Devin Knight” Hazelett

Lost Boy (Layout and Publisher): Steven D. Russell

Special Thanks to Jason Durall for his help in developing this.

Based on Lords of Gossamer & Shadow by Jason Durall

Gossamer Worlds: Incursion Earth 626 Copyright © 2015 Steven D. Russell All rights reserved. Lords of Gossamer and Shadow Copyright © 2012-2013 Steven D. Russell All rights reserved. Erick Wujcik's Diceless Role-Playing and associated marks and logos are trademarks of Diceless by Design Publishing, LLC, and are used under license. See http://Rpg.drivethrustuff.com/product_info.php?products_id=1447 for more information on Erick Wujcik's Diceless Role-Playing. All Illustrations except page 7 of the PDF, banners, and traddress are licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-No Derivative Works 3.0 License. <http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nd/3.0/>

Incursion Earth 626

“A short spiral staircase wound down to the next-lower floor of the tower of boiling brass, with air just as steamy and rounded walls just as sizzling-hot as the last floor. The Door on this level was plain and white with a metal knob, like the perfectly average door to somebody’s perfectly average apartment. A... something... was affixed to the door in small brass numerals, though out of the corner of my eye I thought I saw the numbers tilting, as if twisting on their nails. Steeling my mind against the uncomfortable psychic pressure I’d been warned to expect, I opened the Door to the sounds of a city street bustling with zooming motorcycles, shouting people, and the ominous whir of Incursion hover-drones.” - Yaeger’s Travelogue

Description

Across the multiverse, there are infinite Earths. After traveling the Grand Stair for long enough, you come to recognize these Earth-worlds by their themes and differences, distinguishing them from whichever version you first encountered long ago which set your expectations for what an 'Earth' should be. Maybe World War II has to be won by a particular nation-state for it to feel right, or maybe you're only familiar with the popular timeline up to the 26th century and anything after that seems like some bizarre fever-dream. Personally, I didn't



grow up on an Earth and I've never picked a favorite, but I like visiting them in general and I've traipsed up and down the Stair long enough to know where Incursion Earth 626 seems to fit.

Up until about thirty years ago, this Earth was fairly “standard”. Then, in their year 1985, reality cracked. It wasn't the humans fault – at least not this time. What happened was this: the pan-dimensional scientific collective known as the Incursion used their hyper-advanced planar tunneling techniques to bore a hole into this gossamer world from a nearby reality. If you're not familiar with the

stories of the legendary IncurSION, I'll refer you to Lucien's ostensibly-reliable scholarship on them... but in case you've given up on the old librarian's work in favor of livelier analyses, I can summarize: the IncurSION are a vast armada of hyper-intelligent technocratic overlords with holdings across thousands of gossamer worlds, intent on expanding throughout the multiverse with the patience and inevitability of an invasive species of weed. Weeds with super-science and space marines, that is. The IncurSION are neither infinite nor all-powerful, but they're terribly shrewd and relentlessly methodical, not to mention steadfastly determined about their mission of inter-dimensional expansion. And so, about thirty years ago, without warning, these invaders in x-ray-goggles and armored lab-coats pushed the right buttons to tamper with the fabric of the cosmos, forcing open a Door... and breaking something in the process. I have no idea how to explain what exactly they did, or what they thought they were doing – I'm not the scientist, nor am I so well-versed in hoary mystical metaphysics to spout some sorcerous explanation that would probably be equally nonsensical. I highly suspect that the IncurSION don't even know what exactly they did or how it happened – because if they did, I reckon they would've done it somewhere else before or somewhere else since and, as far as we know, the psionic event of IncurSION Earth 626 remains unique. The 1985 event resulted in an unprecedented upsurge in ambient psychic energies – a



veritable flood of raw psionic power suffusing the entire gossamer world. The world hasn't been the same since, and will never be the same again.

The moment the IncurSION broke through (via their ill-made Door onto the surface of Saturn's moon of Titan) and reality cracked, previously average humans found themselves plagued with psychic phenomena – uncontrollable telekinesis and unwanted telepathy, possessions and poltergeists, spooky

visions and spiritual violence. The first few years of this catastrophically sudden psychic renaissance were chaotic and traumatic for the people of Earth, as confused, untrained psychics with uncontrolled abilities ravaged their communities – most by accident or out of fear, some on purpose. An entire town in rural Sweden went insane when a young telepath couldn't help but read and re-broadcast the thoughts of every living being within five miles. New York City nearly burned to the ground as telekinetic psi-actives hurled taxi cabs at SWAT teams and started a firestorm by rupturing every gas main in the Bronx. Switzerland closed its borders and initiated a complete lockdown in hopes of weathering the apparent apocalypse, but when U.N. investigators re-entered the country in 1987 the entire population was dead – every person who hadn't died of a fear-induced heart attack had either committed suicide or been ripped apart by somebody else's bare hands. By 1988 the world governments and a precious few clear-thinking psi-actives developed responses and brought the worst of the situations under control, though everywhere it was a little bit different.

Some cultures made sense of these new troubles through the old lenses of spiritualism and folk-magic, as ancient superstitions suddenly seemed relevant. In many places psi-actives were burned as witches, revered as gods, or both. Several governments – the United States, United Kingdom, Japan, and the still-extant



Soviet Union especially – pounced on opportunity and “enrolled” the more (relatively) tractable psi-actives in rigorous, highly secretive government training programs. Those psi-actives who didn't submit to the yoke of these shadowy government keepers were either killed or driven into hiding.

As if the great psychic upheaval weren't enough to turn the world on its head...

In 1991, the Incursion invaded Earth. The Incursion had taken the previous seven years on Saturn's moon Titan building their fleet of intra-solar spaceships and landers – since (thankfully) not even the Incursion has



mastered a convenient way to squeeze a fully-assembled starship through a person-sized Door. The IncurSION fleet arrived in terrestrial orbit all at once, instantly crippling Earth's primitive satellite network. The U.S. and U.S.S.R. launched nuclear strikes early on, but the all-too-prepared IncurSION effortlessly reprogrammed missile guidance systems with their vastly advanced technological know-how, vaporizing Washington, D.C. and Moscow with their own devices. Orbital landers and swarms of hovercraft

descended, looming ominously above other capital cities as they made a deliberate show of eradicating any and every fighter jet, helicopter, or rocket which left the ground. With humanity shocked and demoralized, gigantic holo-screens lit up over every major city on the globe and the intimidating, helmeted visage of the IncurSION strategos told everybody left how it was going to be.

The full story of the invasion and conquering of this Earth is much longer

and harrowing than what I'm skimming over now. For the past twenty-five years humanity has been struggling against the Incursion, fighting back when they can and playing possum when they must.

Earthlings have always been a terribly tenacious species, and this world is no different.

Psionics vs. Sorcery

In this gossamer reality, psychic power and psionics take the place of magic and sorcery. Visiting Gossamer Lords and Ladies shouldn't lose their hard-won Powers upon stepping through the Door, but some effort should be made to emphasize the dominant paradigm (psionics instead of magic) and encourage characters to use their mojo 'like the locals do'. There are a few different ways to adjudicate this concept, and Game Masters should choose whichever method best fits their campaign:

1. *Impromptu Psionics.* Run Psionics as per the rules for Impromptu Sorcery (*Lords of Gossamer & Shadow, page 45*) – psychics draw psychic energy from their surroundings and personal reserves, rapidly and recklessly creating powerful effects; this process is physically and mentally taxing on the psychic (e.g., experiencing headaches, nose bleeds, fainting or worse) and disrupts the surrounding environment (e.g., lights flicker, rooms shake, glass shatters), with greater consequences accompanying greater effects. Standing in place while gathering one's power, screaming names into the swirling winds, is appropriate and highly encouraged.
2. *Sorcery by any other name.* Run Psionics the same as Sorcery, with psychic preparation taking the place of lynchpins, etc., making the difference between largely cosmetic. This approach may maintain the most 'game balance' between Psionics and Sorcery as Powers, but at the expense of psionics' inherent danger and spontaneity.
3. *Apples and oranges, fast and loose.* Run Psionics and Sorcery as two entirely different disciplines. Characters with Sorcery just have to deal with a world where their psychic opponents produce swift, devastating effects under a completely different set of rules, and the game isn't going to grind to a halt while we debate the mystical physics of what is actually taking place when little girls flip over tanks with the power of their minds.



Typical Denizens

Humanity is caught between a rock and a hard place, fearful of the unexplainable psychic phenomena emanating from their midst while simultaneously living in the shadow of otherworldly conquerors. Still, despite the terrors and the strangeness, the masses strive for normalcy. Having weathered the Incursion occupation for over two decades, most people have given up the notion of rebellion, grimly grateful they still have cubicles in which to work and shopping malls in which they can buy the latest phones and fashions. You see, after

the shock and violent spasms of the initial invasion, the Incursion made it clear they had no designs on micromanaging the daily lives of average citizens; while presidents and generals were hobbled, the regular folk of the world were left alone so long as they threw no stones. Nowadays, people still live in cities and suburbs, going to school and buying groceries, desperately pretending everything is okay even though they shudder at the buzz of Incursion drones overhead and whisper suspiciously about whether their neighbor's kid is showing signs of being 'one of those freaks'. Many people have given up and given in, resigned to dull, gray lives they pray are safe from the



terrors all around. Others have retreated into superstition, calling upon ancient ways to ward themselves against evil and reckon with the spirits which now encroach upon the Earth from below as assuredly as the alien overlords have descended from above. Many young people rebel in other ways, joining costumed motorcycle gangs, listening to dark “psi” music (supposedly composed by psi-active virtuosos), and retreating into immersive virtual reality video games. Human figureheads complicit in the occupation run local governments under martial law, enforcing day-to-day order with militarized human police forces – a strategy the figureheads maintain is necessary to keep heavy-handed Incursion troopers from having to step in, which wouldn't be good for anyone. Fear and distrust run rampant, with occupation propaganda constantly offering rewards for people to report

insurgents and/or anyone suspected of being a psi-active. Psi-actives, they say, are dangers to the public peace which must be contained and registered with the occupation government (who, once they've sufficiently disappeared them from public view, will secretly render the psi-actives over to the Incursion for experimental research upon request).

Psi-active humans have difficult lives. As if it weren't bad enough to be cursed with terrifying powers which strain your sanity and endanger those around you, it's worse to be shunned and hunted for those powers by an omnipresent and seemingly omnipotent alien force. Most psi-actives take great pains to hide their gifts, numbing their minds with drugs and booze when they can't cope and training in secret with other psi-actives if they're lucky enough to find a friend. Highly secretive networks of psi-actives do exist,

run by brilliant psychers who are also the backbone of the human resistance, but these underground railroads and safe havens are notoriously unforgiving of internal strife; after all, a single phone call by a suspicious bystander can bring down a hard rain of dozens of jack-booted IncurSION thugs with designs on turning anyone with psionic talent into an expendable lab rat.

The IncurSION occupiers remain largely a mystery. Despite two decades of contact, precious little is known about the IncurSION, as they take great pains to control what information humanity might be able to learn about their physiology, technology, tactics, or internal structure. IncurSION forces remain sequestered inside their ships and hovercraft whenever possible, relying on drones, androids, and human pawns to carry out ground operations. When IncurSION soldiers do venture out they're encased from head to toe in their trademark armor, complete with fully enclosed helmets and life support systems, so it's tough to get to know them. A few IncurSION troopers have been killed and examined over the years; one account described the creature inside the armor as some kind of bipedal lizard-man, while another dissection found a horrific black-skinned monster with needle teeth and six eyes. Oftentimes the troopers are non-living androids with nothing inside the armor but metal and wires, and there's one tale of finding a cybernetically-augmented human inside. Few records



survive of these discoveries and dissections because the IncurSION makes it an operational priority to eradicate the remains of their fallen or captured, either through self-destruct failsafes, merciless clean-up crews with superior firepower, or orbital bombardment if necessary. Personally, I suspect this particular IncurSION expeditionary force is made up of multiple different species – or at least their grunts are – so all the stories are true to some degree, though that doesn't help much in discovering some universal weakness in hopes of breaking their iron grip on this Earth.

Threats

Psychers are the movers and shakers of this gossamer world – psi-active humans who don't just have psychic powers – they have *a lot* of psychic power. While a lesser psi-active telepath might be able to listen to someone's surface thoughts, or speak wordlessly across a room, a telepathic psycher can download, rewrite, and reinsert a village's entire mental existence in an instant, or broadcast their whims across half the planet as easy as breathing. Where a novice telekinetic might be able to throw chairs around a room, or break glass by looking at it funny, a telekinetic psycher can hurl mountains or drop their crushing will on an entire city with the force of a 50-megaton bomb. A pyrokinetic psycher, should such a terrible thing even exist, would probably be more elemental than human, liable to ignite the atmosphere and burn the Earth to a cinder. How these unstable demigods have not yet inadvertently destroyed the planet is either insane luck and/or a bit of a mystery; part of it is that the Incursion hunts down and captures psychers with scientific diligence, subjecting these ultra-powerful psi-actives to rigorous (and usually fatal) testing; the other part is that many psychers have taken it upon themselves to look out for one another, forming a network of super-humans with little in common other than their shattered lives, strained minds, and fervent desire to repel the Incursion and liberate Earth. Most psychers are little more than children – tortured teenagers



Psychers and Superpowers

The most powerful Psychers have mental might rivaling that of a Gossamer Lord, so feel free to create psycher characters with a Psyche ranked on the Attribute Ladder. Likewise, a psycher may be able to do the equivalent of Deadly Damage (or worse) depending on their particular powers. Don't be shy about showcasing the devastating potential of these very special, very dangerous people.

and maladjusted adults pushed to and past their breaking points by powers they can't control, given to them for reasons they can't understand, in a world under siege they can't hope to save. Well-traveled Gossamer Lords and Ladies might be used to encountering psyches full of reality-rending power, but I'll caution you: psychers are extremely dangerous. This gossamer reality is supercharged with psychic energy in the same way a log cabin might be soaked in kerosene; this is not a stable situation, and just because the world hasn't ended yet is no guarantee that it won't.

Incursion Strategos Tau-Psi-5 is the leader of the Incursion expeditionary force which presently dominates this gossamer reality. Like the rest of the present Incursion forces, Tau-Psi-5 arrived in this world thirty years ago through the Door on Saturn's moon Titan. At that time Tau-Psi-5 was only second-in-command of the Incursion fleet, but upon realizing the transcendent potential of psychic power possible in this gossamer world – and his own talent for the same – he chose ambition over protocol and slew the over-cautious, by-the-book former strategos in a brief but brutal mutiny. How exactly this heretical little coup went over with Incursion high command (wherever that is) is unknown, but the practical reality is that Tau-Psi-5 seems confident in his local power... though he isn't interested in stepping back onto the Grand Stair any time soon. Nowadays, commanding through loyal lieutenants

and strength of personality backed by the implicit threat of his terrifying psychic abilities, Tau-Psi-5 directs the Incursion toward the goal of further research into and complete mastery of psionics. While he probably wouldn't otherwise bother with the villainous cliché of conquering the lesser beings of some backwater planet, domination of the Earth is an essential tactical step in securing access to humanity's psi-active population and the rich experimental resource they present. A bit of a showman, Tau-Psi-5 takes sinister glee in playing conquering overlord as the years tick by and Incursion scientists inch ever closer toward a complete understanding of this gossamer world's psychic phenomena... and how they might be replicated elsewhere on the Grand Stair and beyond.

Incursion Strategos Tau-Psi-5

Attributes

Psyche – 45 Points
Strength – 15 Points
Endurance – 20 Points
Warfare – 50 Points

Powers

Sorcery (Psionics) [15 Points] – Tau-Psi-5's psionic abilities mimic the Sorcery Spells of Mind Touch, Quell, Death, Immobility, Weaken, Barrier (telekinetic shield), Psychic Ward, Bolt (pyrokinesis), Environmental Attack (pyrokinesis), and Teleport.

Cantrips (Psionics) [5 Points] – Focus, Fracture, Grasp, Pain, and Stun



Artifacts & Creatures

Incursion Expeditionary Force 626
[44 Points] – Strategos Tau-Psi-5 commands a moderate-sized fleet of spacecraft, orbital landers, scout ships, and assorted hover-vehicles manned by thousands of disciplined and highly trained Incursion operatives, overseers, pilots, soldiers, scientists, etc.

- Double Vitality [2 Points]
- Combat Reflexes [2 Points]
- Hardened [1 Point] (*Double Damage for heavy artillery*)
- Superior Stamina [1 Point]
- Resistant to Normal Weapons [1 Point] (*Resistant to Firearms for heavy artillery*)
- Psychic Resistance [1 Point]

- Pass Through Door [1 Point] (*when outfitted with functioning Incursion dimension-tech*)
- Rapid Healing [2 Points] (*medical nanobots injected into the bloodstream, can be disrupted by strong electromagnetic fields*)
- Worldwide [x4 Points]

Tau-Psi-5's Helmet & Armor [8 Points] – While it appears to be standard-issue Incursion equipment, Tau-Psi-5 has poured significant resources into making his souped-up personal armor the pinnacle of Incursion technology.

- Invulnerable to Conventional Weapons [4 Points]
- Psychic Barrier [4 Points] – the helmet's psychic barrier functions only when worn, so Tau-Psi-5 is obliged to

remove it if and when he wishes to use his own psionics.

The Big Gun [8 Points] – Pulled from the business-end of an Incursion battleship, Tau-Psi-5's enormous graviton-stabilized, shoulder-mounted antimatter beam cannon can punch a hole through a moon, and the targeting system wired into his helmet can pinpoint a target the size of a car from over seven miles away.

- **Deadly Damage** [4 Points]
- **Limited Mold Gossamer Reality** [2 Points] – originally designed to be powered by a starship reactor, The Big Gun has been modified to convert and run on psychic energy – either drawn from its wielder, or drained from nearby victims.

Stuff

Bad [+2 Points]

Yokai are hybrid monstrosities – psi-active humans infected and corrupted by ancient bodiless psionic entities which, for lack of a better description, we might as well consider to be evil spirits. Before the Incursion breached this gossamer reality and all hell broke loose (literally), these Earth-native evil spirits were the mostly-dormant subject of folklore and myth – ghosts, poltergeists, and demons who had long ago retreated from the light, relegated to forgotten shadows and rare nightmares. But when reality cracked and psychic energy levels went through the roof, these intangible boogiemens took the opportunity to re-assert themselves in the modern world, feasting on super-psyched fear and possessing the bodies of traumatized psi-actives. Yokai have physical deformities which signal the possession of a host, such as demonic features (red skin, bulging eyes, tusks) or additional body parts (elongated necks,



extra mouths, vestigial twins), or animalistic features ranging from the cosmetic (furry ears, tails, forked tongues) to the extreme (human heads atop the body of a giant spider, scorpion, or serpent). Though the yokai hate the interloping Incursion, and the-enemy-of-my-enemy and all that, even their unholy harassment of Incursion forces is small consolation compared to the terrifying prospect of being left alone with the yokai should the Earth ever be liberated. Unsurprisingly: super-psychics + evil spirits = awful crazy badness, so beware. Cue the giant scorpion-person-thing in a kabuki mask vomiting mind-napalm directly into your brain, followed by some creepy little schoolgirl with cat ears giggling as she telekinetically vivisects the one teammate who let his guard down. Ugh. I'd rather face the alien overlords.

Notable locations

Occupied Tokyo is one of the largest mega-cities on Earth – and a stronghold of the Incursion-controlled occupational government. While the glitzy, overbuilt sprawl of concrete and steel is still a massive population center and a bustling hub of industry, the marks of Incursion influence are everywhere. Gargantuan holo-screens float above the skyline like freaky jellyfish-looking blimp-TVs, broadcasting propaganda, public service announcements, and the occasional not-so-subtle threat by a helmeted overlord. Docile citizens shuffle the sidewalks in quiet but constant anxiety, burying their

heads in the fashionable glow of the latest In-Phone (another victory of insidious Incursion infiltration, simultaneously monitoring and placating the population with high-end consumer electronics; this one even has a built-in app for detecting and reporting psi-active disturbances).

Incursion medical towers gleam like smooth white tusks amongst the conventional skyscrapers, treating, healing, and converting millions of suffering people each year with miraculous Incursion-developed cures for everything from cancer and rare diseases to impotence and depression. With the occupation propaganda machine and incentive programs in full swing, positive public opinion of the occupation is higher in Tokyo than any other major city on Earth, but a significant percentage still resist. Human insurgents plot the assassination of traitors in the occupational government, surveil Incursion positions for any hint of weakness, and stockpile artillery in the faint hope of one day striking back.

Criminal motorcycle gangs are a nuisance on the city streets and super-highways, but the relatively juvenile trouble they cause – robberies, street racing, and property damage – is mostly just a headache for the government police and a useful scapegoat for the headlines of occupation news programs. The black-clad, militarized occupational police force stomps around the city, raiding the hideouts of alleged troublemakers and



swarming over reports of rogue psionic activity, but the real fear is palpable when IncurSION drones and hover-ships fill the air. Far below the gleaming skyscrapers and neon-lit streets, the Tokyo underground is rife with the secret predations of the yokai; drawing desperate to-be-hosts to profane shrines in dried-up sewers and abandoned subway tunnels, these ancient boogeymen in stolen bodies are steadily building an unholy army of their own. A Door to this gossamer world opens into a bustling subway stop directly below the heart of downtown Tokyo, right next to a shabby news (read: occupation propaganda) stand that always smells like burnt plastic to me.

Half a mile below the blasted ruins of the Pentagon in Arlington, Virginia, an ultra-secret cabal calling itself “Uncle Sam” bides its time, training a highly gifted cadre of psychers for an inevitable counter-offensive against the invading

alien force. Shielded (or so they hope) from IncurSION sensors by the residual radiation which still saturates the surface due to the nuclear bombing of nearby Washington, D.C., this highly organized group is the best of what remains of the United States' armed forces and intelligence services, doggedly analyzing every possible method of repelling the IncurSION. Uncle Sam's massive underground facility is a sprawling maze of laboratories, bunkers, and sub-basements which connects to a water-logged natural cave system riddling the bedrock deep below the irradiated Potomac River. While this might seem like a safe place to duck some heat from the IncurSION, I can tell you from experience that the human defenders of this facility (highly trained special forces units paired with government-raised psychic hunter-killers) are even more ruthless than their otherworldly foes. If you don't have an extremely convincing cover story and a good friend with a very high security



clearance to vouch for you, best to avoid this place... unless you enjoy getting riddled with depleted-uranium rounds while your brain gets scrambled like an egg.

Irkutsk, Siberia is the location of Camp Shima, the Incursion's largest and most notorious ground-based psi-active containment and experimentation facility. While a great deal of research into psi-actives is undertaken on Incursion ships in orbit, there's something to be said for *not* poking dangerous psychics with probes inside valuable spaceships that tend to explosively decompress if a wily telekinetic happens to rupture the hull in

a fit of pique. Hence, the Incursion claimed the entire city of Irkutsk in 1995, driving away most of the city's citizens and using those who remained as fodder for psionic experiments. Nowadays Irkutsk is a vast ghost town pock-marked with detonation craters and burnt buildings – scars wrought from twenty years of psychers overloading and/or the Incursion containment responses which put them down. Heavily shielded observation bunkers connected by underground tunnels dot the landscape, providing Incursion scientists with cloistered vantage points from which to watch their test subjects respond to staged stimuli and navigate the dilapidated city

like rats in a maze. Champ Shima is itself surrounded by hundreds of miles of the densest security the Incursion can muster – hover-tank patrols, radar, sensors, force fields, anti-aircraft lasers, multiphasic psionic jammers, you name it; absent clever magic (which a canny Gossamer Lord may indeed have), it's one of those places you can probably only get into if the Incursion brings you there. Evil overlord and Strategos Tau-Psi-5 makes regular visits to Camp Shima to test his own psionic prowess against captive psychers, moving slowly but inexorably toward the day when Incursion mastery of psionic technology is complete and they can move on to conquer the next world.

Final Thoughts

Incursion Earth 626 is place with plenty of problems, but amazing potential. Beware its dangers – the Incursion haven't conquered entire expanses of the Grand Stair by luck or lack of opposition alone, and that wily bastard Tau-Psi-5 isn't afraid to get unorthodox and diabolical in order to maintain control. The heady, practically intoxicating power of the psychic energies which saturate this gossamer world is a potent lure for any traveller of the Grand Stair, so it's a uniquely advantageous place to stretch one's psyche – just make sure not to snap it.

~ Yaeger Zane

Incursion Earth 626 Domain Table

| | |
|---------------------------------|--|
| Technology Level: | Electric (Earth) / Fusion (the Incursion) |
| Magic Level: | Magic is Unknown (but Psionics are Known and Believed) |
| Security: | None (though the Incursion does monitor all known Doors) |
| Type: | Personal Domain [1 Point] (current owner: the Incursion) |
| Control: | Control of Contents [1 Point] |
| Influence on the Powers: | Eidolon – Average Umbra – Average Wrighting – Average |
| Special: | <i>The Mind Unleashed</i> – Psionics are the predominant form of supernatural activity on Incursion Earth 626, with a recent and precipitous increase in latent psychic energies. While within this gossamer reality, Gossamer Lords and other visitors from the Grand Stair treat their Psyche score as 5 ranks higher on the Attribute Ladder (or the next-higher rank if they possess only an Average- or Superior-ranked Psyche). See also <i>Psionics vs. Sorcery</i> . |

How to Use IncurSION Earth 626

- The character's mentor suggests they develop their mental prowess (Psyche scores) by taking advantage of IncurSION Earth 626's super-saturated psychic environment. Training begins at one of the mentor's secret safe houses, but the location is revealed to be not-so-safe when a harried telepathic psyker lands on the characters' doorstep with an IncurSION capture team in hot pursuit.
- The IncurSION is on the move elsewhere on the Grand Stair, and the player characters are tasked with gathering intelligence on this threat and retrieving a sample of their technology. IncurSION Earth 626 is a convenient world upon which to approach the mysterious technocrats; a captured IncurSION trooper would make a fine prize for study, and it'd be ideal if the characters could beg, borrow, or steal massive data files on the topic from the human resistance based deep below the irradiated ruins of the Pentagon.
- A psionic spirit – the type to create a yokai – has escaped from IncurSION Earth 626 onto the Grand Stair. Desperate for a body, the spirit attempts to possess a character or ally, and whether successful or not eventually explains where it came from – and begs the player characters to help save its home from alien invaders. The spirit makes itself sympathetic at first, but once the characters reach the world and come to understand the sinister nature of the yokai, they realize that this gossamer Earth needs to be saved from not just one threat, but two.
- There is a prophecy that a god-like psyker from this gossamer world is destined to become a Gossamer Lord – or at least attain the vaunted power of one – and soon there will be a critical moment where their path toward good or evil will be decided forever. The player characters aren't the only ones with this knowledge, or an interest in directing the way this person's fate turns.

