

BLOOD SPACE GAZETTEER ULO



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BLOOD SPACE GAZETTEER

ULO

Author: Alexander Augunas, Matt Banach

Cover Artist: Jacob Blackmon

Development: Alexander Augunas, Owen K.C. Stephens

Interior Artists: Jacob Blackmon, tk769

RGG Consigliere: Stan!

RGG Webmaster: LJ Stephens

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ABOUT EVERYBODY GAMES

Everybody Games began as the blog of Alexander Augunas in January 2014 under the name Everyman Gaming, where he wrote about *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game* tips, tricks, and techniques for both players and GMs. In May of 2014, Alex transformed Everyman Gaming into the company it is today so he could begin self-publishing his works. In 2016, he teamed up with Rogue Genius Games, and in 2019, the company's name changed to Everybody Games in order to reflect our mission to get everyone gaming.

Want to check out a full listing of Everybody Games' products and stay up-to-date with Everybody Games' announcements? Visit [http://www.everybodygames.net!](http://www.everybodygames.net) You can also follow Everybody Games on Facebook at <https://www.facebook.com/ttrpgeverybodygames> or on Twitter using our handle, [@EBGamesLLC](https://twitter.com/EBGamesLLC).

ABOUT ROGUE GENIUS GAMES

Rogue Genius Games was founded in 2013 by Stan!, LJ Stephens, and Owen K.C. Stephens as a spiritual successor to Super Genius Games. Rogue Genius Games focuses on creating fast, simple games such as *Gingerbread Kaiju* and expansions for Open Game License compatible games like *Mutants and Masterminds*, *Pathfinder* 1st and 2nd editions, and *Starfinder*. Rogue Genius Games also writes OGL material for other games, such as 5th Edition.

You can learn about Rogue Genius Games at <https://www.RogueGeniusGames.com>, or Lead Genius Owen K.C. Stephens' blog, which can be found at owenkstephens.com. Owen regularly engages with his fans on Facebook at <https://www.facebook.com/OwenK.C.Stephens> and on Twitter at https://twitter.com/Owen_Stephens. He also offers exclusive content to Patrons (<http://www.patreon.com/OwenKCStephens>).

ACCESSING: GAZETTEER...

ACCESS: GRANTED.

Welcome to the *BLOOD SPACE GAZETTEER*, brought to you by Everybody Games and Rogue Genius Games. We know you have tons of questions regarding our shared campaign setting, Blood Space, and we're here to answer them for you! From entire worlds to corporate interests and plots, Everybody Games and Rogue Genius Games are committed to giving you everything you need to run a campaign in the Xa-Osoro System (or live in it, if you're a player).

The Blood Space campaign setting is the brain child of Alexander Augunas, Matt Banach, Matt Morris, and Owen K.C. Stephens, and builds off of ideas that Everybody Games and Rogue Genius Games have seeded throughout the first two years of the *Starfinder Roleplaying Game's* existence. We hope that your appetite has been whet waiting for the Blood Space Gazetteer, and that this product satisfyingly meets and exceeds your expectations. Rogue Genius Games and Everybody Games firmly stand by the Blood Space campaign setting as an interesting place to live and adventure. It's a place where society has clearly progressed, but the world itself has been wracked by cataclysm and tragedy for over three centuries. The Blood Space campaign setting needs heroes to help them claim their rightful place in the galaxy—heroes like you!

– Alexander Augunas, Publisher of Everybody Games
– Owen K.C. Stephens, Publisher of Rogue Genius Games



ACCESSING ARCHIVES QUERY: XA-OSORO SYSTEM

Hello, and thank you for purchasing *BLOOD SPACE GAZETTEER: ULO!* The Blood Space campaign setting is an effort between Everybody Games and Rogue Genius Games to create a shared campaign setting to lend context to our *Starfinder Roleplaying Game* products. Blood Space has existed for as long as both companies have been producing third-party *Starfinder* content; our best-selling, first-ever product, the *Starfarer's Companion* has the very first inklings of this campaign setting sprinkled throughout its races entries, and we've been growing it ever since in nearly every Everybody Games product for *Starfinder* as well as in an assortment of Rogue Genius Games products. After over two years of tantalizing hints and tidbits of information, we're happy to finally bring YOU the Blood Space you deserve with our newest product line, the Blood Space Gazetteer. Each issue will focus on a specific part of the Blood Space campaign setting; usually a planet and its surrounding satellites. This issue spotlights Ulo, a supermassive ice giant that's swarming with corporations looking to use and abuse its abundant resources in wake of the Radiant Imperium's collapse.

Here are some things you should know about the Blood Space campaign setting when reading this entry.

- » **Azan** is the former home world of humanity and several other races in the Xa-Osoro System. When Osoro went supernova during the Regicide, the planet was blown apart and its sundered ruins became an asteroid belt.
- » **Blood Space** is a supernatural nebula that permeates the Xa-Osoro System. When the star Osoro went supernova following its collapse into a black hole, much of its matter was expelled outward in a wave of red clouds with horrifying mutative effects called blood space. Blood space's strange emanations have cursed many planets and moons with horrific afflictions, most notably a corruption called blood madness.
- » The **Nova Age** is the Xa-Osoran term for a phenomenon resulting in mass societal fugue experienced by everyone living in the Xa-Osoro System. As the Xa-Osorans made contact with other worlds, they've come to find that this fugue seems to have affected nearly every society in the galaxy to some capacity.
- » The **Radiant Imperium** is the central governing body of the Xa-Osoro System. Originally from Azan, they formed a system-spanning empire before the Nova Age. In wake of the Regicide, the Imperium nearly collapsed, split into numerous rival factions vying for control of the empire's resurrection.
- » The **Regicide** refers to the death of the star Osoro, one of the Xa-Osoro System's binary stars (the other being Xa). The Regicide occurred at some point during the fugue of the Nova Age, though its cause and culprit remain mysterious and hotly debated by scholars.



ULO

"To live in orbit around Ulo is to live in the shadow of fear. Sometimes I look up at its immensity and go numb, frozen in place by the sight of storms that could swallow entire worlds. But what keeps me up late at night is the knowledge that even in its fury, this giant is merely sleeping. What, I ask you, will happen when it awakens?"

- Regina Bosch, Chief Operations Officer, Lunox Port Authority

ULO THE TEMPEST

Diameter	x10
Mass	x325
Gravity	x3
Atmosphere	Toxic
Local Day	12 hours
Local Year	3,650 days (Azan standard)
Population	6.7 billion (39% ulozi, 21% human, 12% nuar, 10% djinrazi, 9% mechanoi, 2% kitsune, 7% other)

Ulo is the great blue titan of the Xa-Osoro system, orbited by dozens of moons and practically a system in its own right. Often mistaken for a gas giant due to its colossal size and stormy appearance, Ulo is more accurately classified as a supermassive ice giant planet due to the increased presence of heavier “ices” such as water, ammonia, and methane. The high albedo of Ulo’s ice and light blue atmosphere allows the Tempest to reflect an appreciable measure of sunlight to its dozens of moons, improving their habitability despite their significant distance from the system’s remaining bright star, Xa. Living clouds of glittering silver and entropic black streak across Ulo’s skies in majestic bands that paint the planet with an ever-changing labyrinth of storm lines. Centuries-old super massive hurricanes storm incessantly, producing winds that rip across the planet in excess of 1,000 miles per hour. It is for these ever-raging storms in particular that Ulo is known as the “Tempest”.

Although Ulo has a solid surface deep beneath its voluminous atmosphere, the landscape is all but permanently frozen due to the density and reflective properties of the planet’s atmosphere. Furthermore, Ulo’s surface is subjected to overwhelmingly intense atmospheric pressure that leave few creatures able to traverse the planet’s surface without becoming instantly crushed. These punishing conditions make the planet’s surface extraordinarily difficult to explore, as careless descent into the gnashing teeth of Ulo’s storms can tear apart the hull of the most advanced starships if even the opportunity while its windstorms sorely test the skills of even the best pilots. Provided a crew survives the descent to Ulo’s dimly light surface, the average temperature of Ulo’s surface is a frigid -385°F , its atmosphere is unbearably thick for most creatures and is poisonous due to its high levels of nitrogen gas, and its gravity is three times stronger than the Azan standard. However, those able or willing to brave Ulo’s

extreme environments are often rewarded with a pristine landscape whose wonders fetch a hefty price sufficient to retire on—provided one brings the right wonder to the right buyer. Moreover, Ulo’s hazardous environment ensures that the creatures dwelling upon the planet’s surface enjoy an uncommon degree of privacy from outside interference, a prize both the righteous and the wicked alike benefit immensely from.

GEOGRAPHY

Ulo is best understood as a world divided into two distinct zones: one that floats overhead upon storm-wrecked clouds and the frigid, sunless one far beneath. For the majority of Xa-Osoro’s residents, the hundreds of floating cloud cities and immense hover-platforms that dot Ulo’s storm-ridden clouds are all of Ulo that matters. These islands, each constructed by residents of the Radiant Imperium, are designed with livable conditions for the Radiant Imperium’s races and often serve as bastions of civilization and technology in an otherwise empty expanse. While the swirling clouds and great bands of differentiated gases are impermanent and transitory by nature, major storm systems can persist for hundreds of years, becoming landmarks in and of themselves. Hundreds of thousands of technological satellites orbit Ulo at any given time, constantly broadcasting comm data that makes it possible for ships to establish coordinate-based locations and ascribe a “where” to the ever-shifting stormscape. However, the super-storms constantly disrupt such navigation-enabling signals, making it entirely possible for even a well-crewed ship to get terribly lost in the middle of a big, cloudy sky.

Below the storms, Ulo’s surface is a jagged jumble of frozen rock and shifting glaciers constantly buffeted by hurricane-force winds. Comprised of water mixed with ammonia and methane, Ulo’s ice is opaque and sturdy, and while liquid water exists on the planet, it is typically found deep below the surface, as the planet’s chill instantly freezes nearly any liquid exposed to the planet’s atmosphere. The exception is the large, migratory lakes that cover approximately 15% of the planet’s surface, a phenomenon caused when hydrothermal vents spout geothermally-heated water up from pockets nestled close to Ulo’s hot inner core. These watering holes reveal entire cross-sections of Ulo’s indigenous biomes when they spring up, as phosphorescent cryofungal blooms trigger massive ice-worm spawnings, which are hunted by terrifying remorhazes and massive zelaphanta. The steaming waterways produced by these vents are fleeting, however, and within a single rotation a surging river or vast lake system can freeze over, reverting the terrain to an icy wasteland and flash freezing anything unfortunate enough to have been traversing those waterways when the temperatures dropped. The frequency and unpredictably with which terrain on Ulo changes makes mapping the planet’s surface incredibly unreliable, as all but the most prominent and eternal landmarks can disappear

overnight as icy fields melt into temporary lakes and mountains crumble beneath the planet's incessant winds. What few permanent settlements exist on Ulo's surface are usually situated on higher elevations, perched atop bedrock plateaus or nestled in the crags of mountain ranges. The most successful settlements are built near caverns that tunnel deep into Ulo's crust, where warmer temperatures allow the farming of bioluminescent fungi native to the planet for food.

RESIDENTS

Ulo's most populous residents are the native ulozi, hulking rime-covered humanoids that the people of the Free Cities of Ulo colloquially call "frost giants", a reference to a similar species of legend said to have been native to lost Azan likely grounded in the ulozi's hulking 15-foot frames that weigh an average of 3 tons. Not only are these behemoths capable of breathing Ulo's thick, toxic atmosphere, their bodies are also well-suited to its crushing pressure, skin-flaying winds, and frigid environments. Originally in possession only of archaic tools, at some point during the Nova Age the ulozi acquired advanced Radiant Imperium technology and underwent a technological renaissance, rapidly developing into an advanced civilization of pirates and warmongers, frequently targeting Ulo's Free Cities with acts of piracy and aggression.

Ulo's second most prominent race are the humans of the Free Cities, having constructed the magnificent cloud cities approximately a century after the end of the Nova Age. Although the first human residents of Ulo likely relocated to the Free Cities to evade taxation and governmental oversight by the slowly reemerging Radiant Imperium, today humans flock to the Free Cities because of their status as havens of technological advancement and trade.

Nuars are also surprisingly prominent among Ulo's Free Cities, likely finding a measure of solace and comfort in the planet's endlessly shifting labyrinth of colors and clouds. Nuars flock to the Free Cities, seeing them as technological sanctuaries and havens where their love of science and research are aptly rewarded. The Free Cities have benefited greatly from their burgeoning nuar population, as their technological genius has allowed them to optimize the energy and spatial demands of the Free Cities, making each more energy and personal efficient than ever before.

Significant numbers of mechanoi flock to the Free Cities of Ulo, both as free individuals and as the robotic servants of corporations, primarily 1010 Robotics. Free mechanoi living in the Free Cities of Ulo often chose to do so as a means of carving out a new life for themselves and are eager to discover life's joys and forge new traditions of constructed life for themselves. Ironically, both free and indentured mechanoi tend to perform similar jobs across the Free Cities, those that take advantage of the fact that mechanoi are unaffected by Ulo's toxic atmosphere and frigid winds. Whether the mechanoi of a given Free City are truly free or indentured

largely depends on the policy of each individual city, and in recent years a political divide has slowly begun to surface between the Free Cities who champion mechanoi abolition and those who support mechanoi servitude, driven largely by increased contact with the androids of the Hyperspace Station System.

Ulo's storms literally have a life of their own. The silver and black clouds that paint Ulo's upper atmosphere are actually vast competing colonies of psychic nanites that call themselves the ulzaa. These microscopic, hive-minded machines exist in such staggering numbers that their swarms can swallow starships, blot out the sky, or churn on such a massive scale that they alter Ulo's weather patterns. Despite their unimaginably destructive potential, the ulzaa usually mind their own business, which seems to involve wafting along in great stratospheric bands, soaking up sunlight, and harvesting rare elements while linking themselves together in neural nets the size of continents. Apocryphal tales tell of the ulzaa making things: howling faces, experimental machines, and even colossal alien statues that stand sentinel on Ulo's surface. Thus far every captured ulzaa specimen separated from its parent colony has fused into useless dust, making it difficult to study the mysterious nanites or learn their true motives.

Perhaps the strangest of Ulo's native inhabitants are the djinrazi sentient golems forged from Ulo's rocky crust and animated by genie souls, making them something akin to genie androids built from stone and magic rather than technology. Originally discovered by the ulozi, the djinrazi were kept as pets by the brutish frost giants until shortly after the Nova Age, when the ulozi learned of the sky-cities far above their home. While the ulozi raided and pillaged, the djinrazi sought sanctuary within the Free Cities of Ulo, and attempt to assist their kin in escaping from the ulozi's grasp to the Free Cities whenever possible. Outraged, it isn't uncommon for a ulozi warlord whose favorite djinrazi pet escaped to the "skyfarers" to mount an attack upon the Free Cities solely to attempt to retrieve their disobedient golem, with unimaginable torment awaiting the offending djinrazi if they succeed.

SOCIETY

Ulo's indigenous societies were relatively undisturbed by the calamities of the Nova Age, standing in stark contrast to most other worlds in the Xa-Osoro System. Even during the height of its former power, the Radiant Imperium barely skimmed the surface of Ulo's cloud-tops, so when the Imperium collapsed and splintered following the Regicide Ulo's residents dwelling beneath the storms hardly noticed. Stranger still, some aspect of the Tempest seemingly repels the mutative touch of blood space from affecting the planet, be it a physical or mystic anomaly. Unfortunately, the same phenomenon that spared Ulo seemingly damned its moons, for blood space regularly refracts off of the Tempest and

onto surrounding space, causing transformations more horrifying and radical than seen almost anywhere else in the Xa-Osoro System. Ulo's unique protections against blood space has caused the planet to experience a boom of activity since the end of the Nova Age, attracting advanced civilization and all its problems to what was once regarded as a primal and eternal place.

A great deal of the Free Cities of Ulo's society revolves around the booming cloud mining industry and the trades which support (or scavenge from) it. Ulo's hydrothermal vents and deep-carving winds constantly churn up matter from Ulo's rocky core, lofting veins of precious minerals and other elements into the clouds where they dance about upon rare gases and other buoyant resources. Innumerable floating cities and smaller facilities float above the incessant fury of the storms, providing cloud-miners with lofty roosts from which they can descend to pan treasures from Ulo's atmosphere. Though lucrative, cloud mining is also incredibly dangerous. Mining ships must evade uncaring natural phenomena powerful enough to rip apart even the sturdiest starships in mere moments and cunning aerial predators alike, and the smallest mishap leads to a fatal plunge into the lethal storms and crushing depths below. Sky-pirates and common hijackers are a rampant nuisance for the industry, eager to let honest prospectors take the greatest risks and then rob them of the fruits of their labor on their way back to market. As such, greed and mistrust drive a great deal of conflict in Ulo's skies.

Commerce on Ulo occurs primarily within the Free Cities, which are located safely above most of Ulo's destructive weather patterns. Most of the Free Cities and their surrounding stations are owned by XLG, though the mega-corporation's liberal (albeit expensive) licensing agreements allow hundreds of subcontracting outfits, scientific groups, and other third-party enterprises to stake out their own patches of sky. These high-altitude enclaves receive transports and supply shipments just like any settlement, though their delicate buoyancy and insular nature tend to make their denizens highly risk-averse, if not downright paranoid. Unexpected visitors are often greeted with skeptical comms traffic, fighter escorts, and maybe even missile fire if they don't make a good first impression. Danger hardly abates once one is aboard a floating city, since getting thrown overboard into the stormy abyss is just as bad as—if not significantly worse than—getting tossed out an airlock. As such, one's behavior in the Free Cities of Ulo is often a life-and-death exercise in manners. Adding to the tension and danger of any encounter on Ulo's surface is the simple fact that, if dealings turn sour and things go violently awry, there are no authorities to which to turn and no law to which to appeal. In a solar system that has known civilization and order for countless millennia, great Ulo is still a dangerous wilderness.

Creatures native to Ulo's surface are as hardy, puissant, and uncompromising as Ulo itself. Determined to survive

THE FREE CITIES OF ULO

Although the term "Free City" refers to all habitable bastions of civilization on the planet Ulo, originally it referred to five specific settlements: Karthas, New Annwyn, Redemption, Whitegear, and Zaradad. The oldest of Ulo's Free Cities, these original enclaves were constructed into the very bedrock of Ulo's surface and outfitted with heavy shielding comprised of advanced technology and powerful magic alike. Built during the Nova Age by a mysterious messianic figure calling himself the Shepherd, the original Free Cities were built to serve as a refuge from the madness and oppression of the wide, woeful universe beyond Ulo's dense atmosphere. Today, the inhabitants of these original cities are varied, as is the environments their respected cities are designed to replicate.

For as long as XLG has existed, its enigmatic founder, Xotolu, has attempted to open commerce between the original Free Cities and the greater Xa-Osoro System for reasons unknown to any but him. Some say that the first of Ulo's cloud-sailing cities, Skytop, was constructed specifically to allow Xotolu to pursue this agenda and as more cloud cities were built alongside his, he actively promoted calling them all "Free Cities" as an act of solidarity to further his schemes. In response, Karthas, New Annwyn, Redemption, Whitegear, and Zaradad banded together into the Icepeak Alliance, further distancing themselves from Xotolu and his army of lobbyists. Each leader of the Icepeak Council has their own reasons for keeping the vortex dragon's scaly claws at bay, but those reasons erode with each passing cycle as XLG lobbyists are authorized to offer increasingly ludicrous bribes in exchange for the trading rights Xotolu so desperately seeks.

by any means necessary, ulozi culture is harsh, cold, and xenophobic thanks to generations of isolationism due to the difficulty inherent to penetrating Ulo's storm-covered skies. While the ulozi possess an almost innate impulse to eradicate any perceived threats as soon as its encountered, such instincts are often suppressed by their curiosity and earnest wonder when "skyfarers" drop down from the skies to traverse their frozen homeland by foot. This curiosity is seldom anything but peaceful, however. In ulozi society, one's status is measured by the quality of one's saga song, a melody sung by the ulozi and those sworn to them. Traditionally, the saga song was to be sung to the lamentations of the conquered, traditionally consisting of captured djinrazi and beasts trained to wail to the ulozi's song. Since the presence of skyfarers have made themselves known to the ulozi, however, it has become something of a status symbol to add off-worlders to one's choir, their sampled voices seen as interesting and exquisite when added to an ulozian saga song. As a result, ulozi often try to capture whomever they can when raiding the Free Cities

of Ulo, keeping them in environmentally-adjusted cages of force like canaries. Once brought back to Ulo's surface, the ulozi "sample" their new captives's songs and screams for interesting sounds to add to their saga song.

As a result of the ulozian depravity, the djinrazi have a culture focused around hiding and hoarding, keeping themselves safe from harm simply by avoiding detection. The djinrazi are ancient, having been born from ancient genies who inhabited Ulo long before the Nova Age. Although the genies' empire has long disappeared beneath Ulo's endless, icy expanse, the djinrazi endured and are walking repositories of ancient lore that they are willing to share with others, provided they're deemed worthy of the secrets they possess. Djinrazi are notorious for their uncompromising politics of construct emancipation, and seek to not only free those djinrazi still held in captivity by the ulozi but also demand that the people of the Radiant Imperium likewise emancipate the mechanoi. Radical djinrazi sometimes apply this logic to all forms of artificial intelligence—including all kinds of drones and robots—but the majority of djinrazi concern themselves only with technological constructs in possession of a soul, such as androids and mechanoi. To their allies and friends, the djinrazi tend to be the most welcoming and gregarious hosts, desperate for fresh conversation and eager for news and gossip from the world

beyond Ulo's clouded skies.

For most, life on Ulo is defined by one's relationship with the juggernaut mega-corporation XianLong Galatic, commonly known as XLG. Although little is known regarding what transpired during the Nova Age, XLG has been aggressively expanding its assets and influence in wake of Azan's destruction and the Radiant Imperium's fracturing, their influence over Ulo and its moons growing steadily with every cycle. The single most prominent personality associated with Ulo is Xotolu, a great wyrm vortex dragon and XLG's eccentric founder. The famously well-traveled Xotolu is often away on business throughout the galaxy, but many have noticed that the dragon lists Ulo as his planet-of-residence in corporate filings. XLG propaganda claims that Xotolu rules Ulo like some sort of executive dragon-king, but this puffery is a merely a boast pushed by XLG's colossal marketing department, intended to increase the prestige of their brand and ward off business rivals. In truth, on Ulo even the legendary Xotolu is merely one great being among many. Nevertheless, XLG warships diligently patrol the space around Ulo, acting as gatekeepers to the planet despite the fact they have little practical control over anything that occurs beneath low orbit.

POINTS OF INTEREST

The following are just a few of the notable locations and settlements on Ulo.

CLOUDHOPPER STATION

Cloudhopper Station is an independent gas-mining facility struggling to compete against XLG's monopolistic mega-corporate business practices. A cooperative board of grizzled old prospectors runs the floating station, proud to provide a safe berth for anyone coming to do honest business, no matter their reputation. Rough-and-tumble by nature, there's no better marketplace on Ulo for selling goods to off-world buyers or shopping for innovative equipment that isn't available from XLG's standardized retail catalog. Propped up by security assets and financial support from the kobolds of the Dragonheir Concordance, Cloudhopper Station remains an open marketplace thus far, though every cycle brings additional pressure to sell out. Rumors abound that XLG operatives have infiltrated the facility, and every equipment malfunction or deadly mishap brings up fresh worries as to how far the mega-corporation will go to sabotage the station and silence its dissident voice.

CLOUDHOPPER STATION

N small city

Population 250,000 (75% kobold, 15% human, 5% djinzari, 10% other)

Government council (coalition appointed by the Dragonheir Concordance)

Qualities free-trade center, technologically average



GALACTIC 1

The orbital space station known as Galactic 1 serves XianLong Galactic as a spaceport, warehouse, and regional shipping hub. Manufactured goods of every conceivable type flow through Galactic 1's order-fulfillment bays on their way to distribution hubs on the nearby moon Lunox and from there to XLG retail outlets all across the system. While the station is rarely the site of high-profile meetings or grand intrigues, it is under constant threat from pirates and other desperate sorts who would love to raid one of XLG's biggest breadbaskets. Galactic 1 is also the site of the completely unauthorized and irregularly-scheduled "Super-Station Sweep", a high-stakes scavenger hunt organized by an unofficial committee of anti-corporate daredevils who delight in trespassing aboard XLG's prized station and then broadcasting their mischievous exploits across the system. To protect their property – and, more importantly, their brand's image – XLG has quietly added several brutal mercenaries and mega-corporate assassins to Galactic 1's already robust security force, in hopes of making the next Sweep the very last.

ICE STATION XANADU

Nestled beneath the watchful eye of Skytop and buried within the permafrost of Ulo's north pole, Ice Station Xanadu is an underground research and development facility for XianLong Galactic. Originally proposed to the Icepeak Alliance as a humble weather-analysis outpost designed to help the people of Ulo learn to accurately predict Ulo's unpredictable weather patterns, just five years after its completion a massive number of files were seemingly leaked from the station that claimed it was actually an underground research and development facility for XLG ripe with highly sensitive and potentially scandalous experimentations. According to the documents, Xanadu employs over five hundred highly qualified scientists and mystic consultants in the pursuit of nearly a dozen active projects studying post-Nova mutations, cognitive uplifting in bestial species, artificial intelligences powered by negative energy, and an unusual project referred only as "applied hyperspace mortality dynamics". Although dismissed as a farce by XLG, conspiracy theorists find it peculiar that a mega-corporation would go to the trouble of installing state-of-the-art shields, sensor jammers, and extradimensional incursion scramblers to protect a weather analysis station. XLG representations point to the weather station's unusually high body count as the reason for these measures, stating regular ulozi raids as a logical—if somewhat macabre—reason for the heightened security.

KARTHAS

Grandest of Ulo's original Free Cities and the crown jewel of the Icepeak Alliance, Karthas is the cosmopolitan heart of the free peoples of Ulo, located in the eye of the

super hurricane that protects the Alliance from outside incursion. Consisting of a series of tiered platforms that reaches towards the top of the dome that shields the city from Ulo's environment, Karthas is bustling hub of activity as visitors constantly enter and exit the city through the hypertube network that connects the Icepeak city-states. It is extremely dangerous for visitors to travel to Karthas directly due to the hurricane that has raged above it for the last three centuries, and off-worlders looking to visit Karthas must dock at a landing terminal in Redemption and take a hypertube, docking at Zaradad along the way. Archaeologists visiting Karthas claim that the city-state's architecture and environment is uncannily similar to how the ancient city of Lustrous, capital of the Radiant Imperium's seat of power on lost Azan, is depicted in pre-Nova texts. The people of Karthas are skilled magicians and engineers, their technology having kept in remarkable stride compared to the rest of the Xa-Osoro System thanks to their heavy use of magitech. The people of Karthas credit the survival of their city to a mysterious relic kept at the heart of their city known as the Emperor's Tear that they believe protects the city from intrusion. Spellcasters attempting to sense magical auras within the city risk being blinded by the relic's power wherever they travel, though none have surmised just what purpose the relic serves, if any.

KARTHAS

LG large metropolis

Population 1.5 billion (45% human, 30% kitsune, 10% tengu, 15% other)

Government council (the Icepeak Alliance's leaders)

Qualities devout, magical center, technologically advanced

NEW ANNWYN

One of the two Icepeak City-States that forms the nation's "inner wall" alongside Zaradad, New Annwyn is located just beneath the inner wall of the eternal hurricane that rages above the Icepeak Alliance. A verdant oasis of greenery upon a world otherwise suffocated in ice and snow, New Annwyn is a mesmerizing wonderland of natural beauty, ranging from verdant forests and jungles to ice capped mountains and rolling plains. Although its urban centers are among the smallest in the Icepeak Alliance, its wilderness accounts for more space than all other Icepeak City-States combined. New Annwyn is a safe haven for fey, kami, and all manner of creatures who find a oneness with nature. Roaming the hills and highlands of New Annwyn are a remarkable array of creatures found nowhere else in the Xa-Osoro System, from alien wonders found only in first-hand recollections of deep space travel to creatures native to lost Azan thought to have become extinct during the Regicide. New Annwyn is home to all manner of fey creatures that are xenophobic even to other residents of the Icepeak Alliance, though they permit the use of their City-State for

agricultural purposes provided the farmers meet a dizzying array of requirements and follow strict rules and regulations. Those who fail to comply often find themselves at the mercy of the fey's transmutative whims, and New Annwyn is strictly off-limits to visitors primarily for their protection.

NEW ANNWYN

N small city

Population 500,000 (30% humans, 45% kitsune, 25% other)

Government council (the Icepeak Alliance's leaders)

Qualities bureaucratic, technologically underdeveloped

REDEMPTION

One of the Icepeak Alliance's two outer city-states, Redemption is located just beyond the outer wall of the hurricane that rages above the Icepeak Alliance, and offers skyport services to those seeking entry to the city-states. A place of devout righteousness, Redemption has served as a place for the irredeemable to find redemption for three centuries, a place where even the most vile of villains can find a new start within the Icepeak Alliance. Outfitted to handle most humanoid races native to the Xa-Osoro System, Redemption extols its promise of a fresh start through a series of steps designed to help visitors conquer their sinful natures, be it lust, envy, greed, or wrath. Many of the best therapists the galaxy over reside within Redemption, and for the most unrepentant a special procedure designed to wash away one's sinful nature exists, though such rites are used sparingly since they reduce their benefactor to a young child stripped clean of their sinful behaviors and memories. No matter how redemption is achieved, however, those who undergo Redemption's procedures are admitted as citizens to the city-states in celebration of their rebirth as vessels for good.

REDEMPTION

LG metropolis

Population 500 million (39% samsaran, 25% human, 25% kitsune, 11% other)

Government council (the Icepeak Alliance's leaders)

Qualities devout, magical center, technologically average

SKYTOP

The oldest and most prominent of Ulo's floating cities, Skytop was founded by XLG's founder, Xotolu, shortly after the vortex dragon created XianLong Galactic. Hovering high in the atmosphere above Ulo's north pole, Skytop acts as a large comm unit satellites, broadcasting data across Ulo and directing starship traffic across the planet and its moons. Skytop is a major hub for XLG activity, both on Ulo itself and across the galaxy. Vigorously patrolled and heavily defended, security at Skytop rivals that of a Radiant Imperium palace, making it one of the most difficult places in the Xa-Osoro System to infiltrate and with good

reason. XLG's executive board meets regularly in-person at Skytop, with some claiming that the corporation's elusive and eccentric CEO, Xotolu, makes his lair somewhere in the bowels of the city. The decisions made by XLG's heads affect the lives of billions across the system each day, giving many the sense that nearly anything is possible at Skytop if one has enough credits to spend or a knack for bureaucracy.

SKYTOP

N large metropolis

Population 1.9 billion (30% dragonkin, 25% humans, 15% kitsune, 10% wyvarans, 20% other)

Government council (XLG's board of directors)

Qualities bureaucratic, financial center, technologically advanced

THE TWISTING EYE

For millennia, a super-storm over a thousand miles wide has raged across Ulo's surface, a curious circle of dueling black and silver clouds prominent at its center. Known as Ulo's Twisting Eye, this super-storm is comprised almost exclusively of ulzaa nanites—half glistening silver, half entropic black. Within the storm's perpetually-swirling clouds are free-floating solid structures, physically linked architecture crafted from the nanites' own bodies. Within the very heart of the storm is a massive object the size of a space station, apparently composed of a rare mixing of silver and black ulzaa. It remains unknown whether this strange object is a formation for higher-level consciousness of the hive mind, a locus for their macro-scale experiments, or perhaps an open invitation for contact with beings larger than themselves.

VOZ ULGOH

One of Ulo's only unyielding landmarks, the narrow plateau called Voz Ulgoh is located along the planet's equator in a region rife with hydrothermal eruptions and shifting flash-lakes of boiling and refreezing meltwater. Deep sensor scans of Ulo's surface conducted by scientists at Ice Station Xanadu indicate that Voz Ulgoh may in fact be an artificial object caked over with thousands of years of permafrost, but this has yet to be confirmed via scientific analysis or investigation. On nights when one of Ulo's moons eclipses the Empress however, Voz Ulgoh thrums with strange vibrations, emitting a permeable force field that reduces Ulo's hurricane-force winds to gentle breezes. During this time the native ulozi flock to Voz Ulgoh where they perform mystic rituals as they raise their voices (and those of their captives) to sing their saga-songs in harmony with the plateau's vibrations. Ulozi law strictly demands nonviolence during these rites, and brave expeditions of traders and xenobiologists take advantage of these gatherings to learn more about these sightless titans, though such expeditions must be prepared to leave before the ceremony ends and the ulozi turn their unrestrained aggressions upon them.

WHITEGEAR

The second of the Icepeak Alliance's outer city-states alongside Redemption, Whitegear is similarly located just beyond the outer wall of the Alliance's raging hurricane and serves as a skyport for those seeking to enter Icepeak Alliance territory. True to its name, Whitegear is a constructed paradise of churning gears and mighty machines that serves as the industrial heart of the Icepeak Alliance, mass producing most of the goods used throughout the nation on a daily basis. Whitegear is a djinzari paradise, the only place the genie-powered constructs can call home. Within the past two centuries, the djinzari have opened their newfound home to all manner of constructed beings seeking freedom from enslavement and prosecution, from androids fleeing the Hyperspace Station System to mechanoi fleeing from their creators in 1010 Robotics. This mass immigration has transformed Whitegear into a haven for constructed creatures and abolitionist groups seeking to end their abuse. This also has the unintended side effect of making Whitegear the first stop for bounty hunters seeking escaped personnel, though they seldom find the city's civilians or law enforcement agencies to be of any meaningful assistance, often actively going out of their way to impede anyone who even loosely identifies as a bounty hunter.

WHITEGEAR

N large metropolis

Population 900 million (55% djinzari, 20% mechanoi, 15% android, 10% other)

Government council (the Icepeak Alliance's leaders)

Qualities financial center, insular, technologically advanced

ZARADAD

More so than any other city-state in the Icepeak Alliance, Zaradad is a city of history and mystery. The second of the Alliance's inner cities, Zaradad is located along the inner wall of the eternal hurricane that roars above their nation, same as New Annwyn. Unlike the latter, Zaradad is fully accessible to the citizens of the Icepeak Alliance, inhabited primarily by genies and their planar scion children. Air genies are the most populous of Among Zaradad's residents, though water genies and earth genies are numerous as well. Curiously, the genies of Zaradad speak nothing of those occupying the planet Halameth, and actively deny having any knowledge of the sultans or their schemes. That the genies of Zaradad have remained on Ulo for thousands of years certainly helps absolve them of their brethren's travesties against the Radiant Imperium, a stance the Icepeak Alliance adamantly defends. Furthermore, teams of air and water genie pilots—collectively known as tears—are the best equipped for ferrying passengers from the cloud-born Free Cities of Ulo to those of the Icepeak Alliance below the Tempest's clouds, making them crucial to the Icepeak Alliance's ability to contact the outside world and the Radiant Imperium's ability

CORPORATIONS OF ULO

Ulo's skies are home to the corporate headquarters of dozens of different corporations, who see the opportunity to construct one of the planet's famous cloud-cities as a display of wealth and power. The following are three of the better-known corporations active on Ulo.

» **Dragonheir Concordance** Operating mostly across numerous outposts in Deep Space, the Dragonheir Concordance is a kobold-run organization that specializes in mining asteroids for rare minerals and metals, as well as water and other resources needed by citizens of the Radiant Imperium. Founded during the Nova Age, nearly all kobolds native to the Xa-Osoro System work, have worked, or have ancestors who worked for the Dragonheir Concordance simply because the Concordance was the primary off-Azan employer of kobolds prior to the Regicide, so the majority of kobolds who survived Azan's destruction did so because they were off-world mining in Dragonheir Concordance mines.

» **Icepeak Excavation Industries** Also known as the IEI, Icepeak Excavation Industries is among the wealthiest corporations in the Icepeak Alliance, and while their capital doesn't compare to the funds of mega-corps like XLG or 1010 Robotics, their resources are substantial thanks to the company's near monopoly on mineral and gas excavation on Ulo's surface. Much of the Icepeak Alliance's wealth enters the nation through bargains made by the IEI with outsiders.

» **XianLong Galactic** Known more commonly as XLG, XianLong Galactic is draconic corporation in every sense of the phrase. Founded by a vortex dragon called Xotolu, XLG is the most influential corporation in the Xa-Osoro System, possessing trillions of credits in assets and numerous operations across the galaxy. XLG dabbles in almost every legal business imaginable, from groceries to gunships, and they act in many ways as a super-provider of goods and services to much of the Xa-Osoro System.

to access Ulo's resources safely. That having been said, the possibility of an enemy genie from Halameth recruiting from the Icepeak Alliance remains a very real threat to the Radiant Imperium, and the Imperium maintains a close watch over in Zaradad from their embassy. The Radiant Imperium's suspicions are public knowledge in Zaradad despite there being no official inquiries from the Imperium regarding the matter.

ZARADAD

N large metropolis

Population 1.2 billion (22% planar scion, 17% air genie, 17% earth genie, 17% fire genie, 17% water genie, 10% other)

Government council (the Icepeak Alliance's leaders)

Qualities academic, insular, technologically average

BANTOSIAN THE MENAGERIE

Diameter	x1
Mass	x1
Gravity	x1
Atmosphere	Corrupted (Degeneration)
Local Day	27 hours
Local Year	147 days (Azan standard) to orbit Ulo
Population	3.2 billion (55% catfolk, 10% kitsune, 10% gripli, 25% tengu, 25% vanara, 20% other)

Of Ulo's dozens of moons, Bantosian is both largest and closest in proximity to the Tempest. Though far from Xa's warming light, Bantosian's thick atmosphere coupled with its proximity to Ulo's reflective storm clouds allows the verdant planet to maintain year-round tropical temperatures, allowing the moon to easily trap both light and heat like a massive green house. On Bantosian, the air is breathable, the water pure, the surface sunny and seas warm. Yet for all its perceived luxury, Bantosian is a forbidden fruit to most residents of the Xa-Osoro System, for in addition to reflecting Xa's radiance Ulo's storm clouds also reflected Osoro's viscera—blood space—onto Bantosian, infecting the planet's atmosphere with a degenerative contagion that causes sentient creatures to devolve into primitive mockeries of their former selves with little hope of regaining their senses. A small tear in one's environmental protections or a single mouthful of tainted air, water, or food is all it takes to utterly corrupt an individual beyond redemption on Bantosian.

GEOGRAPHY

Bantosian's surface is over 70% ocean and sports five continents: Owlsama and Alika'vali to the East, Bwarsafa to the West, and Norstafa and Soustafa at the north and south poles, respectively. Bantosian's landmasses are lush, covered in tropical rainforests that dominate all but the coldest reaches of Norstafa, where the tropical rainforests give way to thick taigas with towering trees. In contrast, Soustafa is a boreal tundra all but devoid of plant life. Most of Bantosian's larger settlements are found within the planet's tropics, as the planet's equator is unbearable hot for many.

Bantosian's most notable geographic feature, however, is its atmosphere. Following the Regicide, Bantosian was bathed in blood space on two fronts as Ulo's stormy atmosphere rebounded much of the viscera intended for it onto the nearby moon. Blood space's corruption has made Bantosian all but

inhabitable for many of Xa-Osoro's races, for when the nebula thinned, the moon's inhabitants were fundamentally changed. Dozens of species of Bantosian's flora and fauna were uplifted, gaining humanlike sentience while remaining physically the same. The native bantosiai were likewise mutated, with every individual born with strange, almost random conglomeration of feline and humanoid traits that continues to affect all catfolk who take in a single breath of Bantosian air following the moon's plunge into Blood Space. Worse of all, however, is the fate that befalls those unfortunate off-landers who breathe Bantosian's corrupted atmosphere. Such unfortunate souls devolve both physically and mentally in an instant, becoming brutish beasts incapable of sapient thought. Bantosian's atmosphere retains these properties even to the present day, though strangely, only foreigners of certain races seem affected by the dangers of Bantosian's atmosphere. Some races are able to breathe Bantosian's atmosphere without any adverse effects: gripli, kitsune, tengu, vanaras, even foreign vesk and ysoki. This immunity doesn't seem to simply apply to all bestial folk, however, as both nagaji and vishkanya devolve when exposed to Bantosian's atmosphere. Some theorize that the supposed human ancestry of these races is the cause of their kind's susceptibility to Bantosian's corruption, but few are willing to test such theories. Like many of Blood Space's adverse effects, there is no simple cure for devolution or mutations caused by Bantosian's atmosphere, ultimately necessitating the use of space suits and similar system when traveling to the aptly-named Menagerie.

RESIDENTS

Bantosian's native residents are the bantosiai, known colloquially as catfolk. The bantosiai lived in harmony with their home world for generations until the day the Radiant Imperium made first contact, long before the Nova Age. When the Radiant Imperium first discovered that Bantosian was vibrant and lush, they landed and quickly established camps dedicated to surveying the land and extracting its resources, egged on by their deoxyian allies. A planetary war quickly erupted after the Radiant Imperium discovered precious bantic crystals buried deep in the moon's crust. These crystals, formed from the sap of the great Fu'tifka, naturally absorb eldritch power from Bantosian's ley lines—a single man-sized crystal houses immense amounts of power and are common components in starship power cores. Despite their technological inferiority, the bantosiai waged a war of attrition against the Radiant Empire, utilizing hit-and-run tactics and superior mobility across the planet's thick rainforests to avoid imperial pursuit. Within a few short years, the war had become so costly and so unpopular that treaties were signed between the two peoples, formally inducting the bantosiai into the Radiant Imperium and placing many sanctions against the harvesting of Bantosian's natural resources that are regulated by the bantosiai themselves.

Surprisingly, Bantosian is one of the few worlds still under

Radiant Imperium control where humanity is not a significant population. However kitsune, sometimes dubbed humanity's shadow, are. This is largely due to the fact that unlike humans, kitsune can breathe the air and partake in the bounty of bantosian without succumbing to corruption. Precisely why kitsune, an off-worlder race, are unaffected by Bantosian's mutative properties when the planet's natives have no same luxury is baffling to philosophers and scientists alike, but the fact that kitsune can live on Bantosian safely and peacefully makes it a popular choice for kitsune immigration within the Radiant Imperium.

Although far from as numerous as the bantosiai, Bantosian hosts the largest native population of grippli in the entire Xa-Osoro System. The grippli of Bantosian, who call themselves the Futakin tribe, have settlements in nearly all of Bantosian's lush jungles and spent much of their time living in harmony with the native wildlife before the Nova Age. Following Bantosian's transformation, however, the Futakin tribe found themselves affected by blood space much as the bantosiai were, but many mutations were lethal. Conservative totals estimate that almost 900 million grippli have died of mutation since the end of the Nova Age, and those totals continue to climb as grippli laid on Bantosian continue to suffer these mutations, warping their embryonic states to the extent that the youngling dies before it hatches. Those grippli who survive blood space's taint vary dramatically in appearance, possessing anything from major, crippling mutations to slight cosmetic mutations to no mutations at all. The danger inherent to raising a grippli family on Bantosian has inspired many of the Futakin tribe to migrate to Eogawa and merge with that world's native Cavanti tribe, leaving only the grippli most devout towards preserving their tribe's traditions and life on Bantosian behind on the Menagerie.

SOCIETY

Collectively, the peoples of Bantosian tend to be fair and generous towards others but also understand all too well the greed that lurks in the hearts of mortals. This understanding makes Bantosians distrustful of bureaucracy and big government in general. Following the Radiant Imperium's collapse, many bantosians motioned for their world to secede from the hobbled government, though the planet's council ultimately decided that continued membership was in the planet's best interest. After all, remaining key members in the reforming Radiant Imperium makes it easier for the bantosai and their allies to enact political sway over the policies of the new Imperium and that their old treaties remain honored. After all, to secede could give the Radiant Imperium motivation to conveniently ignore or mishear their people's voice on the stellar stage.

Towards others, the people of Bantosian are well-mannered by necessity, but wild and untamed at heart. The planet's culture extols freedom and leisure, and while hard work is as important an ethic on Bantosian as it is anywhere else, on Bantosian work is expected to be purposeful and fulfilling.

As a result, labor laws on Bantosian lean further in favor of the worker than the corporation than anywhere else in the Xa-Osoro System. Although this provides good-paying jobs and worker's benefits to those living on Bantosian, the difficulty for foreigners to operate there due to the need to import breathable air combined with the additional costs and regulations has left Bantosian relatively free from influence of many of the larger corporations—it's simply too costly for many of them to do business there. As a result, Bantosian has a wide array of smaller companies unique to it that provide many of the services that people come to expect in a civilized world. Although they dominate Bantosian's market, the competition off-world is usually too fierce for them to gain much of a foothold anywhere else in the Xa-Osoro System.

POINTS OF INTEREST

The following are just a few of the notable locations and settlements on Bantosian.

THE BLOODTANGLE

Although all of Bantosian is covered in thick foliage, the jungles are thickest in southern Bwarsafa, in a region where even local catfolk dare not settle. Called the Bloodtangle, the trees in this section of Bantosian are backed so tightly together that not even a meager ray of sunlight reaches the undergrowth, creating a lifeless land of eternal night at the forest's feet. This lightlessness makes the Bloodtangle a haven for fungi, and the Bloodtangle gets its name from the plethora of deadly fungi that inhabit its lower reaches. The fungi of the bloodtangle are notoriously poisonous, secreting everything from insignificant irritants to deadly neurotoxins and alpha-amanitins. Some even say that legendary breeds of fungi capable of supernatural feats exist, such as the legendary skullcap toadstools which animate corpses into shambling mounds. As a result, the people of Bantosian warn off-worlders to stay clear of the Bloodtangle, but as much as they'd like to, it appears the forest itself seeks victims. Scientists studying the Bloodtangle and the strange flora and fauna that call it home have noted that the forest is prone to bouts of spontaneous growth; full-sized trees seemingly appearing overnight where none were planted before. This has left some to wonder whether the Bloodtangle is a mere forest or a sentient, sapient organism in its own right.

CHESSIMIRE CAVERNS

Located in the far east of Owlsama, Bantosian's second-largest continent, are a complex of mysterious rounds that the local bantosiai simply call "Chessimire," a word that means, "Pandemonium," in Bantosianese. Extending for hundreds of miles above and below the moon's surface, the Chessimire Caverns are a place where life has evolved separate from the rest of Bantosian, complete with its own ecosystem and fauna comprised primarily of different species of fungi. It is the home of the mysterious mycanguuls, a race of vaguely humanoid



plants comprised of dozens of interdependent species of fungus that collectively act as a single thinking creature. These beings dwell amidst countless other species of fungoid fauna dwelling within caverns populated with strange and alien flora, including capped mushroom groves hundreds of feet tall to neigh-invisible coatings of spore-producing molds. But these oddities aren't what give the caverns their sinister name. Instead, dozens of species of mushrooms with spores capable of everything from hallucinogenic to polymorphic effects exist within the caverns, striking the uninformed quickly and without mercy. While rare, it isn't unheard of for a foolhardy catfolk youth to adventure into the caves, only to emerge transformed into a horrible fungal monstrosity, having shrunk to a mere 1/16th of their usual size, regressed into a mere kitten, or worse, making the Chessimire Caverns a place most bantosiai avoid at all costs if only as a precaution.

EVALLI

Located along Bantosian's equator, Evalli is the largest tourist hub on Bantosian, famed for its white sand, crystal-clear waters, and vibrant rainforests. Although the city boasts dozens of resorts, by far the most famous is Sarvatoga Springs, which is located on a small island just south of mainland Evalli situated on an active volcano. What makes Sarvatoga Springs so special isn't that its a resort, but that the architects and engineers behind the resort have managed to construct a forcefield dome around the entire island that manages to filter out the corruptive blood space, allowing vacationers to relax without being forced to wear filtration masks and decontaminate their food. Many hope that someday this technology can be applied to Bantosian at large, freeing the

planet from blood space's corruption.

EVALLI

N large metropolis

Population 125 million (27% catfolk, 12% grippli, 10% kitsune, 8% human, 5% tengu, 2% vanara, 50% other)

Government autocracy (democratically elected mayor)

Qualities financial center, technologically average, tourist trap

FU'TIFKA

Located within the heart of Bwarsafa's dense jungles is a tree of massive proportions, towering above the surrounding landscapes like a mountain towers over nearby hills. In the native catfolk's tongue, this tree is called Fu'tifka—the Mother of Roots. Catfolk attribute great religious and spiritual significance to Fu'tifka, claiming that it was planted on Bantosian by the deity of the same name, and as long as Fu'tifka's roots are healthy and its branches sturdy, the Wild Prince will continue to roam the great jungles of the Outer Planes. Although none are certain whether the old myths are true, Fu'tifka has another undeniably special power that has made it the center of foreign attention over the millennia—it is the source of the fabled bantic crystals, gem-like crystals formed when rare minerals within Bantosian's crust are captured and united by Fu'tifka's sap. In processes poorly understood even by the leading authorities on the Mother of Roots, these crystals are capable of absorbing magical energy from within Bantosian's ley lines, supercharging them with unimaginable power. This power has attracted the eyes of everyone from lowlife scoundrels to the Radiant Imperium itself, and the Imperium's war with the then-primitive peoples

of bantosiai was over their attempts to mass harvest and study Fu'tifka to better understand the secrets of the bantic crystals. In wake of winning that war, the tribes of Bantosian agreed to provide the Radiant Imperium limited access to Fu'tifka, provided those who wished to study it passed the same trials that the bantosiai place upon their own before allowing them passage to the Mother of Roots. Now, thousands of years, the Radiant Imperium understands much regarding the strange properties of the Mother of Roots and how to apply its crystals to various technologies, but is still no closer regarding their creation and the origin of Fu'tifka itself.

MOUNT KAAVI

Located in the center of wild Aliká'vali, Mount Kaavi is the largest peak on Bantosian. Like many of the planet's natural wonders, Mount Kaavi holds significant spiritual significance to the native bantosiai; in their legends and songs, Mount Kaavi is connected to the Perished's Way, a metaphysical river of souls from which the dead step off Bantosian and into the stars, from where they join the great bantosiai leaders of the past in observing and guiding those that survive them. For this reason, the land within one mile of Kaavi's peak is thought to be the dominion of the dead, and bantosiai believe that it is bad luck to dwell within this area. As a result, Mount Kaavi is mostly untouched wilderness, home to free-roaming beasts and monsters. Despite the dangers, many catfolk seek permission from their spiritual leaders to make pilgrimages to the mountain's summit, often with the hopes of communing with departed loved ones for guidance or comfort.

PROVASTOSIA, THE SHINING CITY

Shining Provastosa is the oldest settlement on Bantosian, its history spanning thousands of years. According to catfolk legends, Provastosa was the grounds upon which the deity Bantosian communed with their people for the first time, upon where he declared the catfolk to be his children (the bantosiai) and decreed that they build a grand city with a temple to Bantosian himself at its heart. Legends claim that the catfolk obeyed, and while it remains up to speculation regarding whether Bantosian ever commune with the catfolk in this manner, the sprawling temple that sits at the heart of Provastosa certainly adds a measure of truth to the tale in the eyes of many. For obvious reasons, Provastosa is the center of Bantosian's worship in the Xa-Osoro System, his clerics meditating on the many teachings of the Beastlord while constantly striving to better themselves physically and mentally. As Bantosian's oldest city, Provastosa has a rich cultural heritage that suddenly found itself with a millennia-long gap as a result of the Nova Age. The generations of culture and history that have mysteriously vanished in the wake of the Nova Age have left many bantosiai reeling as a result, though from this loss grew a new appreciation for their people's history and a fiery determination to reclaim what has been lost. As a result, the Reclamation has found Provastosa to be an easy place to

establish one of their many headquarters, though the fact that many in their rank are susceptible to the devolutionary effects Bantosian's atmosphere mandates that their headquarter's environs be strictly regulated for fear of losing many prominent agents to feeble-mindedness.

PROVASTOSIA

N large metropolis

Population 900 million (55% catfolk, 20% kitsune, 15% kobold, 10% other)

Government council (democratically elected by its citizens)

Qualities devout, insular, technologically average

UL CITY, TOMORROW'S JEWEL

When the Radiant Imperium first landed on Bantosian prior to the Nova Age, they formed a base camp on a small island situated near the moon's northern pole. Originally intended as a science station from which Radiant Imperium scientists could study Bantosian, the discovery of bantic crystals led to a rush of crystal miners, adventurers, and bureaucratic types. Overtime, the science station swelled into a frontier town, which eventually became a military outpost and, following the Radiant Imperium's surrender and the subsequent annexation of Bantosian into the empire proper, a thriving metropolis. Generations ago, bantosiai were wary of venturing into the "offworlder" city of Ul, named for the continent it was built upon, but today Ul City has become a thriving metropolis of ingenuity and innovation, by and far the most industrialized city on Bantosian. Dealing mostly in medicine and agricultural science, Ul City is on the cutting edge of post-Nova living, with many of its companies and corporations dedicated to finding ways to undo the damage wrought by the Regicide across the Xa-Osoro System and overcome resource shortages. Despite its image as a shining beacon of tomorrow, the remoteness afforded to Ul City by Bantosian's tainted atmosphere makes Tomorrow's Jewel a favored hangout for criminals and thugs looking to operate in places where the Radiant Imperium and its allies are hesitant to follow. Crime lords wage shadowy wars with their rivals over patents for Ul City's innovations behind closed doors, and deranged scientists perform terrible experiments that would be condemned elsewhere. Some rumors claim that an undisclosed corporation is using Ul City as a base to try and isolate the compounds within Bantosian's atmosphere in order to weaponize it, but such rumors have been vigorously denied by authorities and law enforcement alike.

UL CITY

N large metropolis

Population 872 million (25% human, 18% kitsune, 13% mechanoi, 12% catfolk, 8% tengu, 5% vanara, 5% ysoki, 4% elf, 15% other)

Government autocracy (democratically elected mayor)

Qualities financial center, notorious, technologically advanced

EOGAWA THE PLAGUED

Diameter	x4/5
Mass	x2
Gravity	x1
Atmosphere	Diseased (Therianthropy)
Local Day	24 hours
Local Year	175 days (Azan standard) to orbit Ulo
Population	3.2 billion (55% vanaran, 30% therianthrope, 14% skinwalker, 1% other)

Eogawa is one of Ulo's dozens of moons, second only to Bantosian in terms of size. Although nowhere near as verdant as its brother, Bantosian, Eogawa is nevertheless lush and hospitable to life. Also like Bantosian, Eogawa's atmosphere was caught in the same gout of Blood Space that erupted from Osoro following the Regicide. This resulted in the creation of a horrifying contagion that permeates Eogawa's atmosphere, an extremely potent strain of airborne therianthropy that transformed nearly all of Eogawa's humanoid inhabitants into monstrous werecreatures.

Before the Nova Age, Eogawa was the racial home of the vanaras, simian folk who thrived in the moon's temperate environment. As with the catfolk of Bantosian, the Radiant Imperium made first contact with the vanaras, their scientists having sent dozens of probes to the moon before finally landing on the planet proper. The vanaras quickly determined that they would soon have off-world visitors and prepared to politely host their guests. Much to their relief, the scientists of the Radiant Imperium were thrilled to have so quickly made contact with intelligent life and the two populations quickly began learning what they could from one another, including language. Unlike the blood-soaked conflicts that resulted from the Radiant Imperium's activities on Bantosian, the Radiant Imperium was welcomed graciously on Eogawa and in turn Eogawa, then called "The Wise" was quickly inducted into the Imperium, making its pact with the people of Azan the first coalition of worlds in the Xa-Osoro System. In the centuries since Eogawa joined the Radiant Imperium, the moon quickly grew to boast one of the largest populations of humans outside of Azan, becoming a center of trade and learning across the system. That quickly changed with the coming of Blood Space.

Today, modern Eogawa is far from the idyllic world of wisdom and learning that the Radiant Imperium original discovered. Nearly all of Eogawa's human population

contracted therianthropy in wake of the Regicide, fueled not by the phases of the moon as was on the now-defunct world of Azan, but by the unending refraction of light from Ulo's stormy skies. As a result, those who contract therianthropy on Eogawa never leave their frenzied, maddened state unless removed from the planet's surface, a task deemed almost impossible thanks to the relative powerlessness of the Radiant Imperium following Azan's destruction. Furthermore, while the contagion no longer permeates the entirety of Eogawa's atmosphere, the pathogen is still airborne and spreads rapidly. Unlike those early days, vaccinations for Eogawaian strains of therianthropy exist, but many of those originally infected have sired natural therianthropes immune to such inoculations who are little more than wild, raving beasts in mind.

GEOGRAPHY

Roughly 85% ocean, Eogawa's surface is concentrated into three major continents: Gralgavar to the East, Piecvaaldi to the West, and Northspire to the North. Countless islands, some of which are large enough to be considered pseudo-continents of themselves, break defiantly from the planet's oceans, the largest being V'Bata. Unlike other worlds, which divide their planet's water into distinct oceans and seas, the vanaras simply refer to any ocean as "Wavian" and any large body of water that isn't part of an ocean as "Nuwavian," which translates loosely to "Not Wavian." This is part of an Eogawan philosophy that all things on any given planet are connected, and that mortals divide them into smaller parts for no reason other than to supplement their own limited capacity for wisdom. Eogawa's land is largely temperate and grassy, with trees hundreds of feet tall and over 50 feet wide jutting abruptly from the fertile soil like living mountains. The exception to these standards can be found in Dwalligi, which is mostly lush rainforest and in Dalhara, a vast, hot desert that covers most of southern Gralgavar.

Despite its beauty, life on Eogawa is difficult and dangerous. Though the air is no longer as stifled by airborne therianthropy as it once was, deadly therianthropic monsters in every size imaginable prowl every corner of Eogawa, from the tallest mountains to the deepest oceanic trenches. And unlike Eogawa's air, the bites and breath of such therianthropic creatures remain contagious, capable of permanently rendering an sapient being into frothing, raving beast or beast-hybrid. To make matters worse, Ulo's peculiar atmosphere constantly refracts the Empress's light upon Eogawa in such a way that triggers therianthropic transformation at all hours of the day every day, binding those afflicted with therianthropy in their bestial states indefinitely. Still, Eogawa's civilized areas are as safe as any in the Xa-Osoro System and their food and water remains uncontaminated by therianthropy in most places, making the moon's cities a haven from an otherwise dangerous wilderness that claims many.

RESIDENTS

Eogawa boasts several native species of sapient life, the most well-known of which are the vanara. Split into two distinct subspecies, the lithe longtails and the stout whitecapes, vanaras of Eogawa had constructed an advanced society of artisans and philosophers long before visitors Azan arrived on their cosmic doorstep, and upon making first contact the vanaras quickly forged an alliance with their off-world visitors that would blossom into the early Radiant Imperium. An alliance with the people of Azan afforded the vanaras with a level of military security they had little prior experience with, as the vanaras practiced a doctrine of harmony and nonviolence for countless centuries, even going so far as to avoid the consumption of non-synthesized meat. This practice changed with the advent of the Nova Age, however, which plunged Eogawa into blood space. In a short while, blood space's tampering resulted in the mutation of a persistent airborne strain of therianthropy that quickly gave rise to their greatest enemies—the therianthropic allegiance that is Dwhalli-Gor.

Although not truly a species proper, the Dwhalli-Gor are a coalition of afflicted therianthropes that have banded together in wake of their corruption at the hands of blood space. Fiercely intelligent and infinitely cruel, the Dwhalli-Gor consist of a hodgepodge of races that have been afflicted by over a dozen different strains of lycanthropy—from weresharks to wererats and far stranger. Although a minority among the afflicted, Dwhalli-Gor is headed by Valistia Lumiere, a centuries-old semi-mythical figure among the Dwhalli-Gor claiming to be a lost descendant of the ravaged royal family of the Radiant Imperium. Known as the Prime Radiance among her therianthropic subjects, Valistia has dramatically outlived her mortal lifespan by transplanting healthy organs from her jubilant subjects into herself, and is known as She of Many as a result. Dwhalli-Gor asserts that the Prime Radiance is the rightful heir to the Radiant Imperium's long-vacant throne, an assertion that Imperium bureaucrats have been painstakingly slow to investigate due to Valistia's birth records having vanished during the Nova Age, assuming her claim is legitimate at all. Dwhalli-Gor lobbyists flood the Radiant Imperium's offices across the system while their soldiers wage war on the vanaras, believing that the Prime Radiance's claims would be legitimized by absolute conquest of Eogawa.

SOCIETY

Natives of Eogawa value wisdom and experience over brute force, but recognize that such values are a luxury that often cannot be afforded during tumultuous times. The fight to eradicate therianthropy off the face of Eogawa has been taxing both in casualties and spirit, but all recognize that such war is a necessity to preserve the planet's very soul and prevent a plagued menace from pouring into the Xa-Osoro System at large. Despite the dour circumstances in which most natives live, Eogawanese people are creatives and philosophers first and foremost, dedicated to the cultivation and circulation of ideas.

All are expected to indulge themselves in intellectual or spiritual pursuits and do so with an eagerness that many thought lost to a stellar system ravaged by corruption and tragedy, giving Eogawa a reputation as a spirited if somewhat grim world.

The natives of Eogawa have long welcomed others to their home world, and most abide by such traditions to the present day, seeing travel and trade with others as a conduit from which ideas intermingle and form from the aether of collaboration. Many view actions and communities at a cosmic level, ever concerned with what consequences their actions will have on the stellar stage. The extremity with which Eogawanese folk look to the future is both a blessing and a curse, for it's often said that the Eogawa government is one step ahead in vision but two steps behind in action. It's not uncommon for politicians to become embroiled in philosophic debates for months on end over minutia, and in some situations the length of such debates has spelled disaster for the very people that the government claims to protect. That Eogawa culture encourages the masses to know and understand their laws likewise provides additional challenges—while the people are often well-informed and in touch with the machinations of their government, the populace's knowledge often interferes with political-level discourse as a result of the masses polarizing behind specific policies and demanding that those policies be made law regardless of any number of unintuitive factors that make many such demands less than ideal.

Eogawa's ongoing plague of therianthropy has greatly impacted the culture and practices of the Eogawanese people, often in ways that seem alien or downright restrictive to people from other worlds. Particularly, several laws known collectively as the Therianthropic Quarantine Acts or TQA have been designed with the intent of limiting potential exposure of uncorrupted individuals to therianthropic contagions. First and foremost, the government places a strict curfew of sundown on all civilians, even those dwelling in otherwise protected cities. Along similar lines, the law dictates that all civilians' place of residence must meet a number of safety standards designed to protect them from potential therianthrope attacks, and this law in particular has come under fire for essentially making homelessness illegal, as those without available housing are incarcerated nightly. The third most infamous law among those in the TQA are a series of regulations that prevent economic inflation of silver, as well as several that heavily penalize both corporations and individuals for carelessly discarding even trace amounts of silver.

Eogawa's primary exports to the larger Radiant Imperium are agricultural products, as it remains as one of the Xa-Osoro System's most fertile worlds in the aftermath of the Regicide. That the world wasn't originally used for agriculture poses some small problem for the industry, however, as there is a constant shortage of farm workers in no small part due to the fact that foreigners brought to Eogawa to work tend to disappear when they disobey the laws set in place by the TQA, chow for packs of therianthropes at best



and turned into corrupted monsters themselves at worse. Hired guns are a common sight on Eogawa for fighting the therianthropic menace, as are green soldiers sent by the Radiant Imperium to earn their teeth by fending off rabid monsters and therianthropic creatures alike.

POINTS OF INTEREST

The following are just a few of the notable locations and settlements on Eogawa.

DWALLIGI

Once the name of a Pre-Nova Age city founded by ambassadors to Eogawa from the Radiant Imperium, Dwalligi is now the seat of power for the Dwhalli-Gor, a coalition of therianthropes ruled by individuals claiming to have descended from prominent members of the Radiant Imperium who contracted therianthropy in wake of the Regicide centuries ago. Unlike many of the feral therianthropes roaming Eogawa, the Dwhalli-Gor are intelligent and fierce, using their immunity to therianthropy to capture and tame renegade therianthropes for use in their military campaigns both as warbeasts and biological weapons. Between these relentless soldiers and the tenacity with which the Dwhalli-Gor patrol the air above their capital, few outsiders know what lies within Dwalligi. In seedy taverns and other vile haunts across Eogawa, representatives from Dwalligi often try and recruit citizens of the Radiant Imperium who appear dissatisfied with their mundane lives to the Prime Radiance's cause, espousing that lycanthropy no disease, merely the next phase in humanity's evolutionary

path. Whether by capture or coercion, however, no one brought to Dwalligi ever returns from its walls unchanged.

DWALLIGI

N small metropolis

Population 785 million (38% vanara, 22% human, 10% elf, 5% dwarf, 25% other)

Government dictatorship

Qualities devout, insular, technologically average

FIELDS OF REFLECTION

Located in north Gralgavar, the Fields of Reflection are, as their name implies, a vast stretch of grasslands that blanket much of the landscape. In ancient times, vanaras from the city of Sevisuuli would stride north from the Vangul Peninsula into the fields for meditative and contemplative purposes—thus the name stuck. Today, the fields of Reflection are the agricultural hub of Eogawa, well-tended lands where most of the world's food is grown. Employing technics perfected over millennia, the farms who till the Fields of Reflection are masters of their craft, and their bounties are sufficient to export high-quality grains, fruits, and other essentials throughout the Xa-Osoro System. In recent decades, a measure of strife has come between the farmers of Eogawa, who unionized three centuries prior into an organization called the Contemplative Tiller's Association, and various off-world corporations, Helix chief among them. Despite countless petitions requesting otherwise, the CTA refuses to allow crops and herd animals outside of those native to Eogawa to be raised on their lands, which are among the most fertile left in all of Xa-Osoro following the

tragedy on Halameth during the Regicide. Helix has spent millions of credits in petitioning the Eogawan government into overruling the CTA's ban to no avail. In the past few years, however, preventable accidents and negligence have begun cropping up across the Fields of Reflection, with fault largely placed at the feet of the CTA. Locals accuse Helix of shady practices, claiming that the deoxyian company hires third-party agents to sabotage the CTA to discredit them. Helix has publicly refuted these claims and places the blame squarely at the feet of the vanaras' own admittedly dated agricultural technology and techniques, yet the people of the Fields of Reflection feel convinced that corporate sabotage is afoot, and eventual conquest at the hands of Helix is inevitable.

HELL'S MAELSTROM

Thousands of years ago, an asteroid collided with Eogawa, crashing in the southwestern section of the Wavian Ocean. So great was the asteroid's impact that it crashed directly into the ocean's floor, sending up a massive spout of water that could be seen even from the shores of Precvauldi. While some of which managed to break free of the moon's orbit and was lost to space, most came crashing down onto Eogawa's surface, flooding the land and creating a massive whirlpool nearly a hundred miles in diameter. Despite near impossible odds, the whirlpool churns in such a way that its current constantly revitalizes itself, and persists now millennia later. Known as Hell's Maelstrom, the whirlpool wreaks havoc on otherwise easily predictable regional weather forecasts, for the churning currents constantly pull hot, sticky air from Eogawa's equator into the region, creating a lush, tropical environment despite the region's distance from the equator. Today, Hell's Maelstrom is a favored tourist location on Eogawa, is large enough to be visible even from orbit, and is reportedly teeming with colonies of weresharks and other saltwater therianthropes, some of which are intelligent enough to have created their own small-scale pirating organizations that operate on both a terrestrial and interstellar level.

MOUNT SOVI

Located in the heart of Gralgavar, Mount Sovi is a place of spiritual significance to the vanaras of Eogawa, for it is here that their ancestors have built the largest, most splendid temple to their world's namesake, the goddess Eogawa. Rather than merely being built upon the mountain, as is the case with human architecture, the vanara temple is integrated into the natural caves and footholds of the mountain, designed specifically as if the goddess herself had laid the groundwork for her children's works when she originally sculpted the planet from soil and stone. Known as the Sovigran, or Grandness Temple of Sovi, the temple is the center of Eogawa's spiritual worship across the Xa-Osoro System and the home of Valtu of Murch, a skinwalker girl who is the current Sovi'Dlie of Eogawa's faithful. The Sovi'Delie is a spiritual leader much like a high priest who is believed to reincarnate through the ages, and four years ago when Valtu was merely a babe, the

Council of Sovigran named her the new Sovi'Delie following her predecessor's death on the eve of her birth. This marks the first time that a non-vanara has ever been named Sovi'Delie, and even now years later tensions run high about the choice, with many faithful doubting the council's decision. In Valtu's stead, an old vanara named Trenzo acts as the regent of the faith, and while he is well-liked, there are many who wish that the popular regent would simply usurp the church from his young charge, something that the honorable vanara would never consider even for a moment.

SEVISUULI

Located on the Vangul Peninsula on eastern Gralgavar, Sevisuuli is the largest city on Eogawa, home to the largest number of vanaras and off-worlders alike. Although a modern city by all standards, Sevisuuli is best known for the massive walls that surround its borders with the Fields of Reflection to the north, a relic of a now bygone age when packs of lycanthropes stormed the countryside following the Regicide. Now, 300 years later, the packs of lycanthropes have abated, migrating away from Sevisuuli and towards Dwalligi and the Fields of Reflection, yet despite this the City of Shields stands stoically against all potential invaders. As the largest surviving vanara city on Gralgavar, military academies and research and development facilities dedicated to war dot the city, training both vanaras and off-worlders alike in the arts of war in hopes of scouring the Dwhalli-Gor off the face of Eogawa. Despite their zeal, these academies are eager to bring off-world money onto Eogawa's surface both to invigorate their war efforts and import a bit of luxury to the planet on the side. As a result, Eogawa also trains would-be mercenaries, and most legitimate mercenary groups have at least some working relations with the academies of Sevisuuli, especially those who value stealth, espionage, and geurilla tactics.

VESTPALA

Known as the Heart-City, Vestpala is smaller than its sister, Sevisuuli in sheer size, but it is far more densely populated, averaging hundreds of millions of people in an area just five square miles in size. Home both to vanaras and off-worlders, Vestpala features a grand space elevator for docking and supplying starships, as well as countless theaters and art galas. Far removed from the war efforts of Sevisuuli against the Dwhalli-Gor, and in recent decades a growing movement aimed at making peace with the lycanthropic citizens of Dwhalli-Gor has arisen, much to the chargin and disbelief of those vanaras living in Sevisuuli and on Gralgavar at large.

VESTPALA

N small metropolis

Population 1.4 billion (52% vanara, 14% skinwalker, 10% human, 24% other)

Government democratically elected council

Qualities cultured, technologically average

LUNOX THE GREYROCK

Diameter	x1/4
Mass	x1/80
Gravity	x1/6
Atmosphere	Severely thin
Local Day	22 hours
Local Year	147 days (Azan standard) to orbit Ulo
Population	191 million (25% human, 15% kitsune, 15% ysoki, 10% android, 5% dwarf, 5% mechanoi, 5% vesk, 10% other)

Lunox is one of Ulo's dozens of moons—a cold, gray rock marred by millions of ancient craters and covered in shallow dune seas of fine gray dust. Lunox's orbit is close enough to Ulo that the supermassive world looms in the sky like an icy blue sun, its clouds reflecting much of the light that serves to illuminate life on the Greyrock. The planet is barren with few native inhabitants—creatures that call Lunox home are often starfaring animals and aberrations that wander the void for food rather than sapient creatures.

Historically, the people of the Radiant Imperium dismissed Lunox as a barren, lifeless moon with little use beyond serving as a rendezvous point for the occasional smuggler or as a remote outpost for Radiant Imperium forces patrolling near Ulo. As a result, Lunox was largely ignored by the Radiant Imperium until three centuries ago just a few years after the end of the Nova Age when the eccentric dragon Xotolu offered to pay the Radiant Imperium an astronomical sum of credits for zoning rights to terraform the moon. It was public knowledge how desperately the Radiant Imperium required funds in those days, and the Imperium's regent lord at the time eagerly signed Xotolu's contract. True to his word, Xotolu invested significant resources in growing Lunox's atmosphere and promoting biodiversity across the fledgling world, which has blossomed into an interstellar trading hub. Despite the prosperity that XLG's influence has brought to Lunox and the Radiant Imperium as a whole, dozens of clauses squirreled away within the centuries-old bargain between Xotolu and the Radiant Imperium have enabled XLG to spearhead countless projects of questionable efficacy and ethicality which range from terraforming plans designed to someday transform Lunox into a verdant world to weapon production facilities that have enabled XLG to essentially become a paramilitary organization. Furthermore, XLG essentially has carte blanche to act however they please on Lunox, their will superceding the Imperium's due process.

GEOGRAPHY

Despite XLG's impressive work terraforming Lunox, nearly 99% of the Greyrock's surface is a desolate, crater-pocked wasteland covered in mile upon mile of dull gray dust. Utterly devoid of natural surface water, the moon has no oceans, lakes, or rivers. In their place, large regions are covered by vast dune "seas" of dust that flow and shift about in the ever-increasing winds of Lunox's gradually thickening atmosphere. The largest of these dust seas is called the Gray Sea for obvious reasons and is fed by rivers of dust and sediment dragged into its churning "deeps" by Lunox's developing jet stream, which is free to push around loose dust and dirt due to the planet's lack of rooting planets.

Landmarks are few and far between on the Greyrock, most having been destroyed by collisions with interstellar objects long before anyone ever tried to give the moon an atmosphere. Those with particularly keen eyes are able to distinguish the moon's many craters apart from one another, and many are named for the first person to ever step foot in them. Most people living on or visiting the Greyrock care little for the names of glorified holes, however. For this reason, the only landmarks that many care about on Lunox are the robust trading centers that can be found across the moon, standing defiantly as bastions of civilizations amidst an otherwise barren rock. Among these civilizations the most prominent is Dust City, a sprawling city and spaceport that is unquestionably the most prominent geographic landmark on Lunox, with the long, twinkling lines of starships traveling to and from the city visible across nearly half the moon. Besides Dust City, civilization on Lunox consists of little more than small outposts, tiny settlements, and XLG's atmospheric production plants.

Despite appearing frozen in time, XLG's activities on Lunox ensure that the Greyrock's environment is one constantly in transition, experiencing incremental change as a result of titanic terraforming efforts financed by XLG. The vast majority of the moon's surface is still dusty and undeveloped, devoid of shelter, potable water, or edible vegetation. Until very recently, the moon had no breathable atmosphere at all, but now XLG's transmutation engines have produced enough oxygen and other gases to upgrade the quality of Lunox's atmosphere to 'severely thin'. While the air on Lunox is thin, cold, and dusty, it is generally non-caustic, meaning that most humanoids can walk around on the lunar surface with little more than basic rebreather units, goggles, and light protective clothing. The moon receives some of its warming light from the star Xa, but a significant portion of Lunox's illumination comes from sunlight reflected off of nearby Ulo's brilliant cloud tops. Gravity on Lunox is low compared to most planetary standards, creating a bouncy experience for most visitors. Inside most of Lunox's self-contained settlements, and especially within the domes of XLG's sprawling Dust City spaceport, life support systems typically provide standard gravity, more comfortable temperatures, and fully breathable air.

RESIDENTS

The metropolis of Dust City, Lunox's major population center, holds an ultra-diverse array of civilized sentient species, thanks in large part to XianLong Galactic's extremely broad business footprint, which draws in employees, customers, and affiliates from civilizations and far-flung worlds all across the galaxy. Most of Lunox's residents are employee-citizens of XLG, completely dependent upon the mega-corporation for their livelihoods. Those residents who aren't direct employees are usually traders, consultants, or other professionals affiliated with one of the mega-corporation's innumerable subcontractors or other business partners. Lunox also has a well-deserved reputation as a hub for interstellar travel, exchanging a constant flow of pilgrims, explorers, and fortune-seekers of all types. More than a few residents of Lunox were once on their way to somewhere else, but through happenstance and fortune their supposedly-temporary pit stops on Dust City became their new way of living – some for the better, some for the worse. Several businesses based in Dust City specialize in recruiting and outsourcing, creating a perfect environment for assembling crews for any type of job imaginable.

Despite a common misconception that Lunox's surface is nothing but lifeless dust, the moonscape does sustain multiple forms of indigenous life specially adapted to the moistureless environment. While Lunox does not have green plants as may appear on other worlds, the moon does have several varieties of rigid fungal flora that grow like tall grass among the dunes, often razor-sharp and ranging in color from translucent to black to luminous ultraviolet. Crater moulds form colorful rings across the moonscape under the right conditions, aggregating nutrients. Spiny, eel-like predators known as silt sharks burrow through the rolling dune seas, occasionally bursting forth from the dust to drag down unsuspecting warm-blooded prey. Central to Lunox's ecology are the moisture-sucking hydrophagic wisps – floating gray puffballs that may appear cute to some but are highly dangerous to living creatures, capable of flash-desiccating humanoids with water-based physiologies in mere moments. Some xenobiologists theorize that millions (or maybe even just thousands) of years ago Lunox might've had an entirely different ecology before the hydrophagic wisps appeared and literally sucked the life out of the entire biosphere. Seismic sensor readings suggest that, deep beneath the lunar surface, enormous beings worm their way through Lunox's bedrock, though at present it remains undetermined whether these readings are "merely" indicative of silt sharks of prodigious size, or if colossal creatures of an entirely different nature lurk beneath the moon's crust.

Several nomadic tribes of sylphs, collectively referred to as the Shanoxi, inhabit the dusty wastes. Descended from humans with ancestries touched by elemental air, these lithe gray humanoids did not evolve on Lunox but have nevertheless made the moon their home for thousands of years, forming an indigenous culture that has existed on Lunox since well before the Nova Age. Perfectly adapted to living in harmony with

Lunox's breathless, ultra-arid environment and its creatures, the Shanoxi's way of life is in dire peril and could soon collapse entirely if the terraforming of Lunox progresses further. As such, many Shanoxi have taken to aggressively resisting the terraforming process by sabotaging atmospheric plants, provoking massive silt-shark attacks, and raiding poorly-protected outposts. Though the Shanoxi historically were technologically primitive, preferring a harmonious druid-like existence, in response to recent threats they have quickly accustomed themselves to the use of advanced weaponry seized during their raids, and have become a formidable fighting force.

SOCIETY

When the Xa-Osoro system was first emerging from the chaos of the Nova Age, the other powers in the system barely noticed, much less resisted, XLG's sudden expansion of activities on this dusty, supposedly worthless moon. Seemingly overnight, what was once a desolate dustball became a bustling hub for interstellar trade, and Dust City spaceport grew from a remote outpost into a sprawling lunar city with a population of millions. For all practical purposes, XLG has laid claim to all of Lunox, enabling its business to grow there beholden to no government or laws other than its own business model and internal regulations. Always mindful of its brand, XLG has continued to put its best face forward in most dealings on Lunox, portraying themselves as benevolent governors and touting the moon as an up-and-coming commercial paradise. While the spaceport business overall is undoubtedly booming, most profits are sucked up by the mega-corporation and a minority of elites, while millions of workers toil just to earn enough to pay the mega-corporation back for their room and board. The economic disparity between the lowliest workers and ultra-rich businesspeople is vast, though XLG mindfully attempts to minimize the visibility of such disparity by segregating Dust City's self-contained domes by economic class. Lunoxian residents living in a relatively humble economy-class dome might think themselves as well-off, never realizing the luxurious amenities of an elite executive-class enclave just a few domes over. Similarly, since spaceport authorities tightly control travel in between Dust City's multitude of interlinked domes, they deliberately restrict customers to options within their economic means, making it very difficult to intermingle above one's credit score.

Due to Dust City's rapid expansion, Lunox's internal societies and local culture are in a constant state of flux. Advertising across the system regularly draws in shuttles full of hopeful pilgrim-employees, many of whom find work in XLG's terraforming plants and out on the dusty frontier as part of low-gravity construction teams. Some view these "bouncers" as homesteaders staking a claim on land that'll be newly green someday, but others figure those who don't die of gray-lung or in workplace accidents will end up indentured servants, forever in debt to the company store. All of this growth has social and political consequences, with XLG's security forces



cracking down hard on underground workers-rights groups, and religious radicals taking advantage of a burgeoning lower-class population looking for guidance and their own hopes for the future. Thus, while Lunox is undoubtedly commercially prosperous and growing by leaps and bounds, it is not nearly as pleasant and stable as XLG's propagandist messages portray. Well aware of the turmoil brewing in their domes, XLG executives and the operatives who do their dirty work have been increasingly willing to employ sinister and lethal tactics in order to suppress dissent and silence troublemakers.

Adventuring on Lunox is possible for even the most humble of starfaring explorers, and the moon presents many options for fledgling crews to find adventure either on its semi-desolate surface or in the bustling Dust City spaceport. XLG maintains rigorous control over all inbound and outbound space traffic from Dust City, though their overriding interest in doing so is to extract docking fees and orbital surcharges from incoming craft. While these charges can seem onerous, XLG has meticulously engineered their pricing tables to ensure that fees are rarely more than a particular class of starship can actually pay. After all, XLG desires new trade and new customers for the spaceport's markets, so long as XLG gets a cut of the transaction one way or another. As a growing business XLG is quite liberal with its advertisements and promotional incentives, often sending encrypted coupon codes and limited-time offers out across the system in order to lure in new customers they hope to do business with for life. Out beyond Dust City's specific approach vectors, XLG's efforts to actually enforce space-traffic control diminish, making it relatively easy for cheapskates – or those who prefer not to leave a record of their travels – to land out in the wilds of the lunar surface, conducting their business surcharge-free... and taking security into their own hands.

Living in Dust City means dealing with the ever-present mega-corporate bureaucracy of XLG. Thankfully, the mega-corp has very little interest in policing the minutiae of daily life, so long as the shuttles run on time, business isn't disrupted, and XLG profits one way or another. For most disruptive conduct, XLG would rather fine offenders than incur the cost of detaining them, so petty violations and even some moderately-serious crimes can be dealt with by paying a stiff fine after a brief cooling-off period in the brig. Security bots can even charge an offender's fines directly to a grounded starship's docking fees, ensuring payment under threat of losing the entire boat to impound. Particularly destructive acts can put an entire crew on XLG's banned list, or simply targeted for "cleanup" by mega-corporate assassins without trial or appeal. For those who dig themselves too deep a hole, the shadowy operatives of the XLG Exceptional Resources Group (XERG) are all-too-happy to wipe away an adventurer's debts in exchange for performance of a particularly hazardous off-the-books mission.

POINTS OF INTEREST

The following are just a few of the notable locations and settlements on Lunox.

DUST CITY

Dust City spaceport is by far the largest settlement on all of Lunox, sustaining a population of millions and serving as one of the largest non-planetary spaceports in the entire Xa-Osoro star system. The denizens of Dust City are varied and cosmopolitan, reflecting the impressive diversity of XLG's employees and customer base, composed of dozens of races from all across the system and beyond. The city itself is composed of hundreds of translucent domes, ranging in

size and stature from humble economy-class business parks to ultra-secure private paradises. Each dome is designed to be sealed and self-sufficient in case of an emergency, though most of the domes are connected via underground air-locked concourses that permit travel of personnel and machinery from one to the next. Inter-dome travel is carefully restricted by XLG for both financial and security reasons, making each dome a fiefdom in and of itself, with the experience in a particular dome typically tailored to the economic class and business purposes of that dome. As a spaceport and hub for interplanetary trade, Dust City is wildly successful and always very busy. A never-ending flow of ships come and go at all hours to drop off cargo, conduct business, and depart for destinations all across the system. Overall the city is governed by multiple layers of XLG's faceless mega-corporate bureaucracy, though day-to-day operations in the medium-sized and smaller domes are overseen by a Chief Operations Officer who serves the roles of both mayor and sheriff. General peace-keeping and emergency response tasks are normally handled by XLG's inexhaustible army of security bots, though it is an open secret that serious problems are addressed (and silenced) by an elite and merciless corps of XLG operatives.

DUST CITY

LN bubble-city cluster

Population 190 million (30% human, 15% kitsune, 15% ysoki, 10% android, 5% dwarf, 5% mechanoi, 5% vesk, 15% other)

Government mega-corporate bureaucracy (XLG)

Qualities bureaucratic, financial center, technologically average

THE SEA OF MORTU-ZEEN

The Sea of Mortu-Zeen is Lunox's largest dune sea, covering over a third of the moon's southern hemisphere in a wide pool of ever-drifting gray sediment. Blown about by harsh winds and shifting under the tidal pull of nearby Ulo's powerful gravity, the dunes pile up hundreds of feet or more above the lunar bedrock. Providing next to nothing in terms of solid, stable ground upon which to build permanent foundations, the sea is desolate and wild even by Lunox's standards. Even in this environment, life endures. Nomadic tribes of Shanoxi – light-as-air sylph with sparking eyes – glide across the moonscape like mist, living in unlikely harmony with deadly hydrophagic wisps and mastering the thin-but-increasing atmosphere. A grim faction of ascetic solarrians called the Weightless Souls also call the dune sea home, levitating in meditation mere microns above terrain where others might sink to their doom. Dust sharks of immense size make the dunes a highly dangerous place to get stuck, capable of dragging down any ground-traveling prey and even leaping up to snatch at low-flying hovercraft. Notable landmarks of the sea include the legendary Colossi of Mortu-Zeen – obsidian monoliths protruding from the dust in strange shapes and at odd angles, miles apart from one another and resembling neither natural

formations nor any sensible architecture. Popular theory is that the Colossi are the barely-exposed tops of multiple buried objects of enormous size and similar origin, or perhaps even a single object of truly epic proportions.

SITE X-D-227

Hidden under a field of craters near Lunox's south pole, Site X-D-227 is a secret XLG detention facility known only to the mega-corporation's highest-ranking executives and operatives. Extending down dozens of floors beneath the lunar surface, the subterranean prison was designed to hold subjects highly dangerous to XLG's operations, but who can't be killed – or at least, not yet. The place is full of captured industrial spies, pro-union agitators, and even a few detainees XLG is holding on contract on behalf of others who don't want their hands dirty.

TOWN ZERO

Two hundred miles to the west of Dust City, an odd, ramshackle settlement stands in stark contrast to the glitz of XLG's polished commercial domes. Built up around the ancient husk of crashed alien starship of enormous size, this settlement, called Town Zero, includes eclectic structures like grounded shuttles, tube-linked cargo containers, and clusters of emergency shelter-domes modified for permanent use. Originally founded 75 years ago by ysoki scrappers from the Hyperspace Station System, Town Zero rapidly festered into a refuge for outcasts and misfits—be they rogues, refugees, disgruntled former employees of XLG, or simple drifters running away from a storied past. On its surface, Town Zero doesn't look like much more than an interesting place to lay low on the cheap, but beneath its patchwork appearance lays highly sophisticated (if unorthodox) technology that is rife with eccentric genius and eager entrepreneurs complimented by spycraft and skullduggery, all facilitated by broad and powerful interference fields that disrupt sensor scanning across the region. Despite many eager XLG trustees wanting nothing more than to stamp Town Zero off of Lunox with the corporation's deadly armada of tactical nukes, this interference field makes outright assault on the small town dangerous—the last company ultranought to try accidentally detonated its payload before any of the missiles could launch, leading to extreme casualties and the destruction of several billion credits in company property. None are entirely sure what produces this powerful scrambling signal, and theories blaming fallout from the Regicide to the strange devices located in the mysterious craft that Town Zero is built upon exist. XLG has taken little action against Town Zero despite being an obvious haven for unionists and agitators.

TOWN ZERO

CN trading post

Population 9,500 (30% human, 30% ysoki, 10% dwarf, 10% kitsune, 10% mechanoi, 10% other)

Government anarchy

Qualities notorious, technologically advanced

URAMESH THE DEAD

Diameter	x1/4
Mass	x1/80
Gravity	x5/6
Atmosphere	Thin
Local Day	20 hours
Local Year	54 days (Azan standard) to orbit Ulo
Population	63 million (60% undead uramae, 30% dhampir, 1% living uramae, 5% deoxyian, 4% other)

Uramesh, once a vibrant and verdant world, is dead. The planet died long before the Nova Age during a political schism between its primary inhabitants, a race of violet-hued digitgrade humanoids called the uramae. Ever a people who strived towards innovation and invention, a growing coalition of uramae who believed that their kind was destined to live amongst the stars began taking dramatic steps to engineer the destiny they saw for their people. Over several decades, like-minded uramae seized control over the planet's democratic system and orchestrated the complete extraction of Uramesh's resources, using them to construct the Xa-Osoro System's first starcraft, the *Evolution*, and jettisoning the rest into space with them. Those uramae who left Uramesh in shambles to live amongst the stars would eventually bioengineer themselves into the first deoxyians while those who remained behind were forced to mummify themselves to survive, transforming into undead creatures who didn't need food, water, or air to survive.

Since the "death" of Uramesh, the uramae who continue to live there have slowly but steadily begun to rebuild their defiled planet. Through partnerships with corporations like the Dragonheir Concordance, resources extracted from wandering asteroids and comets are routinely brought to Uramesh by order of its ruling Council of Viziers. Resources like raw hydrogen and crystallized oxygen are chemically reformed into breathable water and air that fills many of the world's domed cities with the goal of slowly integrating these commodities back into the planet's general ecosystem while also recovering fossilized DNA from the bones of the planet's dead animals in an effort to bring entire species back from the dead via cloning, ironically using much of the gene-splicing technology pioneered by the loathed deoxyians to do so. So far, the machinations of the undead mumiyah have resulted in artificial pockets of life sprouting up across the planet like verdant warts that swell in size every year.

GEOGRAPHY

In many ways Uramesh is a planetary ossuary—outside of its domed cities and eco-domes, the planet is scarred by mass extinction. Corpses from animals and planets litter the landscape, unable to rot or decay because so little atmosphere remains that there isn't enough bacteria to cause the corpses to biodegrade. Abandoned cities and homes stand in various states of disrepair from thousands of years ago, unable to collapse because Uramesh has no weather patterns to erode them and no nature to reclaim these monuments to a civilization that long departed from its ruined home. This, of course, isn't to say that Uramesh is desolate outside of its domed cities. The undead uramae who call the planet home are more than capable of subsiding in the wastes and often do so, building small homes for themselves so they need not spend excessive amounts of time among the living. Dozens of animals and plants have likewise succumbed to undeath, often doing so not because of the rituals performed by the uramae but because of trauma from dying via starvation or suffocation. Marooned ones are common on Uramesh, formed millennia ago when those uramae who didn't mummify themselves watched in horror as the *Evolution* left the planet's orbit with nearly all of Uramesh's resources, as are nihili. Common zombies and skeletons litter the planet alongside vengeful undead fey and terrifying oozes that have no need for air or water—only consumption.

Within Uramesh's domed cities, however, life has clung stubbornly to the dead world. Built in the architectural style of civilization in its prime, the domed cities are eerie in appearance, more like a historic reenactment than an actual lived in place. Despite the quality of their accommodations, living sentiments often describe feeling as though they live in a zoo of sorts, as mumiyah uramae often go out of their way to provide as much assistance as they can to their living guests by day before leaving the cities at night, returning to their own homes on the planet's desolate and uninhabitable surface. While the uramae don't try and stop their living guests from leaving the domed cities to explore the ravaged surface, the fact that a living person is reliant on water and air resources from them effectively means that living visitors can't wander far from these designated "living sanctuaries", further adding to the sensation of being in captivity. If one can look past the limitations of being alive on Uramesh, the planet's living sanctuaries are wondrous to behold. Planet species from across the planet thought to be long-extinct flourish under the uramae's meticulous care, including breathtaking spiralleaf trees and fragrant smilelillies, which are among the most beautifully-smelling flowers in the Xa-Osoro System. While one might assume that a population trying to claw it's way from the brink of extinction might be protective of such natural treasures, the uramae display them proudly and offer seeds and samples to any who visit, viewing the preservation meaningless if the living or unable to appreciate the wonders of their home both past and present.

RESIDENTS

Sapient life on Uramesh takes one of three forms—the undead mumiyah uramae, the living wsjr uramae, and the off-world foreigners who either choose to visit Uramesh or have ultimately settled there since the Council of Viziers formally opened its first domed city in 75 P. R. Among these groups, the mumiyah are by far the most populace, consisting of the uramae who chose to mummify themselves in order to preserve their way of life after the deoxyians absconded with their planet's resources. While the mumiyah's precise ages vary, two important principles unite all mumiyah uramae—none were mummified without consent and none will rest until their beloved home world has been restored. To this end, the mumiyah spent over two millennia drafting a plan to restore Uramesh, which included building the first and oldest of the domed cities, Varganth. Despite persistent activity on Uramesh's surface, the Radiant Imperium didn't make contact with the mumiyah until after the end of the Nova Age in 5 P. R., as they were assured by their deoxyian allies that no life could have possibly survived on Uramesh. Shortly after first contact was established, the enfeebled Radiant Imperium gladly welcomed the surviving uramae into their ranks, resulting in a complete overhaul of the uramae's millennia-long plan to restore life to their world. By catering themselves to living tourists and bringing their credits to the world, the uramae have been able to spend billions on bringing off-world resources to Uramesh, restoring their planet more in 300 years than they managed within thousands prior.

Among the greatest advances on Uramesh was the ability to technologically grow new living uramaes from the genetic material of the undead. Born in vats infused with necromantic and transmutative energy, this new generation of uramae, the first to be born in thousands of years, are called wsjr by the undead. As this process has only be available for about 30 years, the wsjr population is overwhelmingly young with the eldest among them aged in their early 30s. While the undead mumiyah are understandably protective of the wsjr, there are many difficulties in being undead with living children. Young wsjr often shudder at the mumiyah's touch and the mumiyah struggle to provide their young with physical or emotional warmth, as much as it pains them to admit this. As a result, the Council of Viziers offers monetary incentives for living off-worlders to relocate to Uramae's domed cities to specialized child-rearing facilities where younglings can be raised and educated before being permitted to meet their gene donors around adolescence. While older wsjr are fully acknowledged as adults by uramae society, the government actively tries to dissuade them undergoing the old rites of mummification despite many wsjr claiming that their undead progenitors for treating them like eternal children or pets rather than full members of society. The Council of Viziers has dismissed such accusations as naivety, but do not keep those who demand mummification from that gruesome fate.

Off-worlders of every notable species within the Xa-

Osoro System and its allies can be found on Uramesh in equal numbers; not only does the Council of Viziers offer opportunity equally to all sentient species, but no particular populace is more likely than the next to mass exodus to a dead planet. Many off-worlders who visit Uramesh find the planet surprisingly charming despite it's inhospitable conditions—the undead are surprisingly pleasant and the government more than accommodating. Merchants from other worlds are often offered great deals to set up shop while those willing to call the planet home are given preferential treatment. While the uramae's hospitality is genuine, it also has an alternative motive—living creatures living on a world necessitate the importation of food, generate waste, and serve as breeding grounds for a variety of bacteria that are essential to the composition of healthy soil. For this reason, the uramae cater heavily to industries that get living creatures to visit even for a short while.

SOCIETY

Uramesh's society is a relic of a bygone era trying desperately to adapt and evolve to the modern age. Collectively, the people of Uramesh are wistful for a return to the yesteryear of their world's prime. They view the deoxyians' decision to abandon Uramesh with most of the moon's natural resources as a colossal mistake and seek to undo the idleness of their ancestors (or themselves, for particularly old mumiyah uramae). Yet despite this seemingly noble goal, some claim that the uramae's vision has become twisted by undeath. The uramae are more than willing to instantly harvest resources from the slain, be they living or undead, and reconstitute undesirables into usable materials without second thought. To be deemed a prisoner, criminal, or undesirable person on Uramesh is to almost certainly find oneself eagerly sentenced to a gruesome death simply so the damned's body can be decomposed into compost or broken down into base elements such as hydrogen and oxygen for molecular engineering. Some tales claim that such individuals are sent away to secret farms where their biological functions are exploited by the uramae in an effort to further the repair of their shattered home world. Equally distressing is that the mumiyah usually treat the living, even their own young, as inferior beings and have little empathy or concern for them, seeing only the grandness of their own vision for Uramesh's future. For this reason, only the most daring, desperate, or foolish individuals try and carve out a living on Uramesh despite the Council of Viziers' generous attempts to sway outsiders to inhabit the moon.

POINTS OF INTEREST

The following are just a few of the notable locations and settlements on Uramesh.

LASTLAKE

Uramesh was once a verdant world much like its celestial

siblings, Bantosian and Eogawa. However, that changed when its native urame gathered up most of the planet's resources and blasted off into space with them after completing the construction of the first deoxyians world-ship, the Evolution. The then-urame left very little of value behind on Uramesh; so thorough was their grab for resources that they even drained most of Uramesh's nine seas of their water, leaving hardly any behind. What little water remained collected in a single location, the deepest depression of Uramesh's former oceans. This single body of water, the last of its kind on the planet, became known as Lastlake. Befitting an undead world, Lastlake's water is hardly sufficient for sustaining life on Uramesh. The water is highly acidic, and contains such high levels of salt and other mineral deposits that it is said that the water's consistency is more like quicksand than actual liquid. Still, Lastlake is the only major body of water on Uramesh, and the locals protect it fiercely. After all, magic is sufficient for nourishing living visitors, so why waste Uramesh's precious resources on them?

LAUNCHPOINT

After Uramesh allied with the Radiant Imperium following the Nova Age, they were quick to bring in as many off-world corporations as possible, attempting to give the dead world an economy again. Few took the Council of Viziers up on their many diplomatic proposals, however, until 1010 Robotics stepped in suddenly. With the help of this corporate giant, a bustling metropolis for the living was established off the edge of Crumberise, a city very aptly named Launchpoint, for the city's primary function was to offer a convenient place for 1010 Robotics's deep space starships to privately land their shuttles for refueling before carrying out the final voyage to their SuperRing. In time, however, Launchpoint became something more. Businesses flocked to 1010 Robotics's private airfield to offer comforts and vices to the weary pilots, and in time the city grew.

Today, Launchpoint is still technically owned by 1010 Robotics and the corporation's CEO acts as the city's mayor, but because the city was constructed in territory technically outside of the Radiant Imperium, their laws have little power in Launchpoint and many compare the city to a massive black market. Within the past decade, 1010 Robotics has constructed a massive R&D facility just outside of Launchpoint, and many of the company's recent technological marvels are said to come from there. More recently, rumor has it that the massive warp rings employed by 1010 Robotics in the Belt of Azan were originally developed in Launchpoint, and that 1010 Robotics is looking at using the original prototypes of these rings to translocate elemental matter from the elemental planes to Uramesh to rapidly revitalize it. For a nominal fee, of course.

LAUNCHPOINT

N domed city

Population 50 million (45% mumiyah uramae, 25% wsjr uramae, 20% human, 5% vesk, 5% other)

Government anarchy

Qualities financial center, notorious, technologically advanced

MINER'S FOLLY

The urame who would become the deoxyians stripped their world of much of its mineral and metallic resources for use in the Evolution, the very land bearing countless scars of this wanton act of defilement. The largest of these abandoned mines is known as Miner's Folly, located far to the north of the broken continent now known as Crumberise. Miner's Folly was once a massive off-shore mine that jutted from living Uramesh's southernmost continent, Risieron. Several years before the urame left their homeworld, the mine that would become Miner's Folly suffered a catastrophic structural failure that allowed the sea to breach into the mines, flooding it with water and killing thousands. Ultimately, the mine and many of its supplies were condemned, the effort needed to unseal the tunnels deemed far too resource intensive for a people so desperately trying to escape their planet's surface. Today, the tunnels lay mostly unexplored, the Council of Viziers being largely uninterested in opening old wounds. Some claim that countless deposits of ancient ore still lay trapped within the minds, while others believe something far worse—that the miners of old disturbed something terrible and ancient as they plunged deeper and deeper into Uramesh's depths, and that creature's fitful tossing and turning is what breached the ocean floor, drowning all within. Those who cling to this theory are often ridiculed, yet no one dares travel too close to miner's folly, be it for fear of monsters or respect for what is essentially a massive crypt.

THE SCAR

To the east of the decaying continent Crumberise lies a massive scar upon the land. When Uramesh was living, this "scar" was the deepest point in its eastern sea, a place known as Gulgaron, or Ocean's Scar in the common tongue. With the removal of most of the planet's water, this massive scar was uncovered, an oceanic trench never meant to see the Empress's light. Like much of Uramesh's unearthed ocean floor, few willingly travel to the Scar, for its desolate nature offers very little to all but the most learned of scientists. These learned mines have established a number of scientific lay stations out along the Scar, and from their research they have recently confirmed something that physical scientists on Uramesh have theorized, but dreaded confirming—the absence of Uramesh's water may have wreaked havoc on the planet's ecosystems, but it has done nothing to halt the planet's tectonic moment. The tectonic plates that comprise Uramesh's surface continue to grind up against each other, conducting and subducting as they move, yet as the plates move away from one another at the Scar, the lack of water on the planet's surface means that the exposed magma can't cool quickly enough, causing lava to rapidly fill the trench inches at a time. Scientists believe that within

two centuries, the trench's floor will rise to meet the ocean floor, at which point volcanic eruptions across the trench will become significantly more likely. Geologists across the planet debate about what would happen should the fault lines seal in this manner, as well as whether or not the phenomenon described is geologically possible without some external magical force acting as well, but geologists who ascribe to the theory worry that by the time the Council of Viziers comes to a conclusion, it may already be too late for the citizens of Uramesh, living and undead.

VARGANTH

Shortly after the urame left Uramesh for the stars, the settlement of Varganth was founded. Inhabited mostly by those urame who chose to stay behind, it was named for the leader of the defectors from the urame's star-sighted plans. It was Varganth who turned to mummification to preserve his ideals and his people when the reality of their home's condition became apparent, and for his role he was honored with the title of Bandaged Pharaoh, a title that now is ceremoniously given to the leader of the Council of Viziers. Although Varganth ultimately decided to give his matter back to Uramesh when he felt his work completed, his legend lives on in his namesake, now a bustling metropolis that lies at the heart of the Council's power. Varganth is the cultural center of Uramesh, catering to both the living and the dead. A great dome hundreds of miles high at its apex keeps most of the breathable air of Uramesh in one place for the planet's living guests, as does a complex system of aqueducts and sewage treatment centers for its water. In Varganth, simulated weather and sunlight give the impression of a normal, habitable world and a grim echo of the place that Uramesh once was. Yet still grim reminders of the world's reality sulk the streets. Undead urame wrapped in bandages make up most the city's population, and most businesses cater to the dead rather than the living. In many respects, Varganth is a city of monuments to a bygone error, a beacon of nostalgia representing all that Uramesh has lost, and how far the people must continue to struggle if they are to rebuild their world to yesteryear's splendor.

VARGANTH

LN domed metropolis

Population 900 million (35% mumiyah uramae, 25% wsjr uramae, 15% human, 10% kitsune, 5% kobold, 5% vesk, 5% other)

Government council

Qualities cultured, insular, technologically average

VESPERGONE

The city of Vesper was one the shining jewel of Uramesh, a beautiful utopic paradise where the urame conducted great scientific research and philosophic debate. It was the home of the ruling class of the urame and the very epicenter of

urame culture. And just two years before the urame would complete the *Evolution* and leave Uramesh for good, the city was uprooted from the very ground and placed into the ship's heart. The urame who would become the deoxyians took their great city with them into the stars, and the urame who stayed behind have never forgiven them for this travesty. Today, a massive crater remains behind where the city of Vesper once stood, a bleak pit that the undead urame who live on Uramesh call Vespergone. To them, Vespergone is a grave, a bleak pit where the corpse of their people's history and legacy now rests. All that remains of the city of Vesper is its sewers and catacombs, a network spanning hundreds of miles both above and below the surface. Recently the Reclamation has sought permission from the Council of Viziers to enter Vespergone in hopes of discovering ancient secrets and information about Uramesh's past that vanished during the Nova Age, but until 5 years ago the Council has been reluctant to offer such permission. The Council's decision to allow the Reclamation to explore Vespergone was sudden, and some wonder just what the eager explorers offered to change their mind. Nevertheless, the Reclamation has spent the past five years dutifully establishing base camps around Vespergone and have only scratched the surface of what wonders—and horrors—may be hidden within the city's crypts.



LESSER MOONS

The gigantic planet Ulo is wreathed by approximately two dozen moons. While the major moons of Ulo have the prominence and permanence of any other planet of the Xa-Osoro system, the so-called lesser moons of Ulo are much more varied and less certain. The lesser moons changed names and ownership so often in the centuries before the Nova Age that the Radiant Imperium barely bothered keeping track of the details of these whirling hunks of rock. In the present age the lesser moons of Ulo present diverse and unique opportunities, with several of the more obscure moons practically 'up for grabs' to the highly motivated. Some of the lesser moons of Ulo are detailed below, but the remainder of the full two dozen are open for definition to suit the needs of any adventure.

AEGO, THE FALLEN GARDEN

Diameter $\times 1/8$; **Mass** $\times 1/40$; **Gravity** $\times 1/8$; **Atmosphere** Thin, Toxic

Exceptionally small among Ulo's moons, Aego is the home world of the Xa-Osoro System's elves. Immigrants both to Aego and the Xa-Osoro System, the first elves arrived on the Fallen Garden millennia before the Nova Age via an intricate system of magical interstellar gates, though the intricacies of the network made travel infrequent even by elven standard, with many claiming that the gates stopped working generations ago. Few can say for certain whether the gate's inoperability is due to broken technology, cosmic misalignment, a deliberate sealing from the other side, or something far worse, but whatever the case may be the elves found themselves stranded on Aego. By the time the Radiant Imperium took to exploring Ulo and its systems, the Aegoan elves faced numerous crises including food shortages and overpopulation. Weakened and desperate, the elves quickly forged an alliances of necessity with the eager imperials. Thus the Aegoan elves entered a golden age of prosperity; they slowly terraformed their home by constructing numerous domed cities filled with beautiful flora and exotic fauna that were carefully cultivated over thousands of years, an artificial wonder to rival the greatest of human accomplishments.

Today, Aego is broken—a shadow of the splendor the moon once commanded during the Radiant Imperium's height. The Radiant Imperium's shattering after the destruction of Azan in wake of the Regicide shattered most of Aego's domed cities, causing the instant deaths of untold billions. Most of the moon's population dwells underground in bunkers and air-locked cave systems while animalistic blood space mutants roam Aego's frigid, unprotected surface and lurk within the wreckage of the elves' once pristine home. Aggressive and hungry for flesh, they display uncanny amounts of intelligence in small groups, making

their infrequent raids a harrowing ordeal. Without the domes, Aego's atmosphere is thin and highly polluted, so much so that it's considered unbreathable.

Elves still make up the majority of Aego's surviving population, and while the moon's structural origins as an elven colony are evident throughout all avenues of life, societally Aegoan elves are quiet different from their counterparts in other systems. Rather than wall themselves due to the fugue imposed by the Nova Age's temporal meddling, they embrace foreigners and their culture. As a result, large populations of humans, kitsune, and well-accepted half-elves dwelled on Aego even before the Nova Age shattered most of the world's life support systems. Where those systems still function, the resource-conscious residents of Aego maintain an ever-dwindling supply of breathable air, a gravity slightly lighter than standard, and ambient temperatures which most visitors find chilly yet perfectly tolerable with proper clothing. While civilization persists on Aego within hard-won pockets of stability, traumatic losses and the strain of these unrelenting threats have pushed many on Aego into lives of constant battle-readiness. While many survivors of Aego's various calamities have fled the moon over the past century, a large number still remain in residence, determined to protect their home from what the long-living elves still consider a recent incursion. Monster-hunting has resurged as an honored and necessary profession on Aego, and the moon's residents are usually grateful to welcome competent newcomers into their perpetual battle for survival.

IADDAH, THE WANDERLING

Diameter $\times 1/4$; **Mass** $\times 1/35$; **Gravity** $\times 1/16$; **Atmosphere** None

Often forgotten about even by the Xa-Osoro System's most renowned astro-cartographers, Iaddah's elongated orbit that runs perpendicular to Ulo's own make the planet's position so easy to overlook that it's inclusion is often neglected or knowingly declined from the long list of Ulo's other natural satellites. The Wanderling's low profile and relative obscurity are further enhanced due to an unexplained phenomenon that garbles Iaddah's electromagnetic emissions, making it unexpectedly difficult for even the most accomplished science officers to detect via long-range sensors.

Those who've observed Iaddah describe it as a lifeless hunk of black-colored rock without an atmosphere and low gravity. Iaddah lacks any meaningful civilized presence on its craggy, crater-pocketed surface due to the inherent difficulty in tracking its location with starship sensors. The moon's most harrowing features stand testament to this—numerous, moon-spanning starship graveyards ranging from recent wrecks to those hundreds of years old. As a result, whatever happened that transformed the Wanderling into a starship sepulcher likely happened during the Nova Age, making the Iaddah a tempting curiosity for Reclamation missions despite the difficulty in safely landing there. No one is certain

whether the sea of ruined starships that cover the planet are the aftermath of a single cataclysmic battle, a series of bizarrely repeated catastrophic events, or something even stranger. Most posit the idea that ancient starship senses were completely unable to detect the Wanderling's passage, and so many of wreckages found on the planet are from starships who crash-landed on the planet's surface and slowly suffocated, unable to radio for help due to the planet's unusual electromagnetic properties. Regardless of the reason, Iaddah is a scrapper's paradise for those who know of the moon's existence and are skilled enough to land there without adding their vessel to the moon's wreckage.

Recently the Reclamation managed to successfully establish a forward outpost on Iaddah, building a lavish base of operations within the hull of a crashed dreadnaught starship along the moon's equator. Since radio emissions from the moon are scrambled by electromagnetic interference, the Reclamation sends biweekly transport ships to drop off supplies and receive reports from the agents stationed there. Recently ships arriving at the base, called Outpost Null, found the base to be completely deserted, it's occupants vanished without a trace. Whispers within the Reclamation say that the higher-ups are currently embroiled in an ethical dispute regarding whether or not to investigate the incident, but at least half of the council favor outfitting a recon team with some mercenary-types to investigate what became of the missing agents.

SKARN, THE BLOODIED

Diameter x1; **Mass** x1/35; **Gravity** x1/16; **Atmosphere** Blood space

Before the Regicide the moon known as Skarn was a thriving lunar colony of the Radiant Imperium, established hundreds of years prior when the people of the Xa-Osoro System first took to the stars and began investigating habitable space within their home system. In those days Skarn was called "The Jewel" and it's beauty was without equal. Tranquil, naturally forming gardens, pristine rivers, and delectable fruit made Skarn one of the most popular tourist and vacation destinations in the Radiant Imperium, and the wreckage of 5-star hotels and other luxurious amenities still litter the landscape today.

Skarn's days as a posh vacation world ended abruptly during the Nova Age when Osoro, the Emperor Star, suddenly imploded into a miniature black hole while unleashing billowing clouds of blood space, an event known as the Regicide. Of all Ulo's moons, Skarn was hit the hardest by blood space as not only was the moon in the direct line of fire of blood space when it happened, but Ulo's reflective clouds rebounded much of blood space's supernatural radiation back onto the Jewel after it had already been contaminated. Blood space washed over Skarn like a red tide, giving the moon its new nickname, the Bloodied. For a fortunate few, the corruptive effects of blood space were drastic and merciful, resulting in the instantaneous death of those affected. Most, however, became afflicted with a

devious corruption called blood madness. In some, blood madness manifested as horrific bodily mutations. In others, the effects were much more subtle, coloring the person's attitudes by making them aggressive and violent.

Today, nearly all of Skarn's native population is afflicted by blood madness in some capacity and those who find themselves on the Bloodied risk corruption with every breath of air and every bite of food. During the indeterminate fugue of the Nova Age and the 300 years since it ended, Skarn has become a haven for pirates, gangs, mercenaries, and all manner of scum and villainy. Though the planet remains sufficient infrastructure and technological facilities to support life, few places offer true respite from the blood space that haunts the planet's ecosystem and stains its skies blood-red with a thin and patchy haze of blood space clouds that encircles the planet like blood oozing from an interstellar wound, caught in the moon's gravity.

By all accounts, Skarn is a world gripped by anarchy and a cutthroat reverence for those strong enough to impose their will upon others. It acts as a base of operations for much of the system's criminal activity, especially piracy and the illegal slave trade. The infamous Blood Skulls pirates make their home on Skarn, and their foreboding reputation is enough to make even seasoned veterans of the Radiant Imperium's military take pause. Over the centuries the residents of Skarn have taken numerous steps to make their world as deadly to law enforcement as possible, the starkest example being the net of artificial satellites littering Skarn's atmosphere. Numbering in the trillions, Skarn boasts a miles-deep screen of orbiting satellites and space junk that is partly concealed by the moon's halo of blood space. Starships attempting to enter Skarn's atmosphere without up-to-the-second telemetry updates from the Blood Skull's landing towers are torn asunder by this debris field, as the screen is nearly impossible to detect or navigate without assistance. As a result, it's not uncommon for an imperial patrol vessel or an XLG security frigate to chase a Skarn-bound starship up to the moon's gravity well, only to pull off at the last moment to avoid entering this dangerous scrapyards minefield.

Though Skarn is no place for the inexperienced, scoundrels who've travelled to Skarn are fond of spreading tall tales of their exploits and of Skarn's supposed evil, leading to exaggerated beliefs about the moon's dangers. While it's true that a few of the moon's marauding pirates are fully "blood mad" due to their exposure to blood space, most far saner and merely play-act at being slaving mutant cannibals as a melodramatic show put on for the sake of intimidating their victims and enemies. The pirates of Skarn almost never act as a single coordinated force, operating instead as a chaotic gaggle of separate crews, shifting gangs, and short-lived partnerships. Anarchy reigns on Skarn, though warlords sometimes attempt to unite the unruly mob. Most Skarn residents have an us-versus-them mentality that sometimes inspires their otherwise chaotic populace to rise up together in defense of their home, often to repel outside

invaders. During these terrifying battles, the people of Skarn take to the skies in an angry swarm against outsider ships threatening their local space.

Beneath its veil of notoriety, Skarn's surface does hold a degree of habitability and civilization that's greater than the moon's awful reputation would suggest, though not by much. Rather than marauding or scavenging in nearby space, most of the moon's common residents try to eke out an existence on Skarn's hardscrabble surface. Skarn had been fully terraformed by the Radiant Imperium just prior to the onset of the Nova Age, giving the standard-gravity moon a breathable atmosphere and a moderate climate that was intended to be ideal for crop farming. However, these days pollution is rampant, and Skarn's viable farmlands shrink and shrivel with every passing year. Skarn is also a haven for the outcast and unloved, and many of its more average citizens call it home because they don't have anywhere else to go or don't feel welcome anywhere else. Many religious followers of Osoro the Emperor believe the Emperor's supernova explosion was merely a transformation, not a death; derided as cults elsewhere, these followers flock to Skarn as a place to commune with blood space, seeing the viscera as the literal bloody remains of their god. Whether religious or not, mutants and so-called "freaks" of all types are welcome on Skarn, where everyone has their own troubles and very few have the gall to brand anyone else as 'unclean'. Most dwelling on Skarn

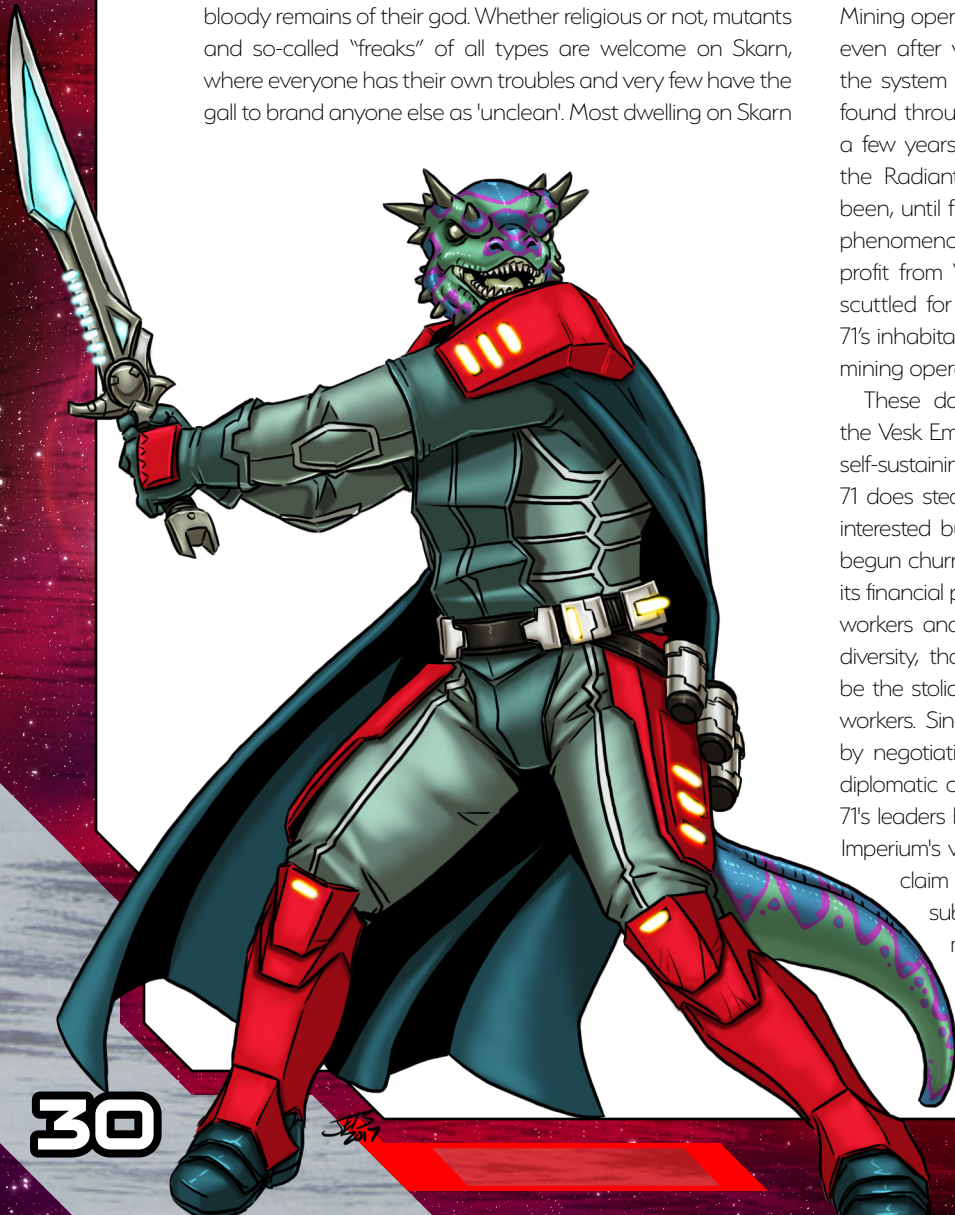
are simply there to make some credits, however. The local economy receives regular influxes of goods and technology thanks to pirate raids, and Skarn's black markets are brimming over with stolen merchandise and hard-to-find items that are highly illegal elsewhere. And while Skarn may have lost most institutions of higher learning which could train new engineers and other professionals when the moon was bathed in blood space, the pirates and gnoll slavers who call it home have never been hesitant to bring in new workers against their will.

VESK-71, THE SCALE

Diameter x1/4; **Mass** x6; **Gravity** x1.5; **Atmosphere** None

When the Vesk Empire made first contact with the Radiant Imperium in 28 P. R., the Imperium offered the vesk all the resources of the mineral-rich moon of Zyccho in exchange for the secrets to hyperspace travel. Vesk diplomats greedily accepted this bargain, renaming the moon Vesk-71 in adherence to Vesk Empire naming protocols. At the time, the Vesk Empire sought to conquer the crippled Xa-Osoro System to add its resources to their ongoing war effort against the Hyperspace Station System and authorized the construction of a secret military base beneath the supposed vesk embassy. Mining operations began immediately and remained in effect even after vesk officers soured on the idea of conquering the system once the extent of the blood space corruption found throughout the system became clear to them. Within a few years the vesk halted all plans to wage war against the Radiant Imperium, as trivial as conquest might have been, until further study could be made of the blood space phenomenon. Instead, the Vesk Empire focused on reaping profit from Vesk-71. Though plans for conquest have been scuttled for nearly three centuries, the hard work of Vesk-71's inhabitants has evolved into the lifeblood of a successful mining operation and heavy industry.

These days, Vesk-71 operates as an embassy between the Vesk Empire and the rest of the Xa-Osoro system. Mostly self-sustaining and backed by the riches of the vesk, Vesk-71 does steady business selling ore and refined metals to all interested buyers, and the moon's high-tech shipyards have begun churning out shiny new starships at a brisk pace. With its financial prospects on the rise, Vesk-71 has begun to attract workers and businesspeople who add to its ever-increasing diversity, though the majority of its population continue to be the stolid vesk and their over-eager skittermander helper-workers. Since the acquisition of Vesk-71 was accomplished by negotiation, not conquest, the moon still maintains solid diplomatic contacts with the Radiant Imperium though Vesk-71's leaders have refused to take sides between the fractured Imperium's various rival factions, preferring to play dumb and claim they see no real difference between the various sub-groups. Due to the cultural, diplomatic, and military exchanges that have gone on over the past few hundred years, vesk warriors have begun to appear within the ranks of the imperial



legions. While the vesk are well-suited to the heavily-armored legionnaire style of military operation, such intermingling of resources is still kept to a minimum, as both sides realize that the option of a vesk invasion of Xa-Osoro is never truly off the table.

Vesk-71 is a small but extremely dense moon with a breathable atmosphere, slightly-higher-than-standard gravity, and a hot, moist climate. Vast expanses of the moon's surface are covered in primordial rain forests and sprawling swamplands, and thin, jagged mountain ranges give the moon a series of spiny crests. Only at the moon's north and south poles does the temperature regularly sit low enough for water to freeze, making the arctic regions snow-capped and relatively tiny. Prior to colonization the moon had no indigenous civilized life forms, though its forests and subterranean hollows do contain several species of giant insect-like beasts which act as apex predators. These cunning, ultra-dangerous bugs are the reason why the Radiant Imperium never previously settled Zyccho themselves, as they are horrifically lethal to the average humanoid. However, during the height of their power the imperial legions used bug-hunting as a test of prowess, pitting aspiring officers against the beasts to weigh their mettle. It is this martial tradition which gave rise to Zyccho's nickname, "The Scale", which ironically predates the lizard-like vesk's arrival by millennia. The current residents of Vesk-71 are undaunted by the regular necessity of fighting off the lethal insectoids, and many vesk are grateful for the military rigor it lends to daily life.

WORVENIA, THE SNOWBALL

Diameter $\times 1/10$; **Mass** $\times 1$; **Gravity** $\times 1$; **Atmosphere** Normal
Snow-covered Worvenia is the smallest of Ulo's many moons, though it exerts an outsized influence on system-wide culture thanks to its long-running use as a popular vacation destination. Since the ebb of the Nova Age, the company Worvenia Snowsports has spent a fortune to completely renovate the once-desolate moon, terraforming its terrain and climate into an ideal haven for winter sports. Complex machines and orbital realignment technology have enabled Worvenia's managers to increase the tiny moon's gravity to a comfortable standard, as well as regulating the climate to a range of habitable chilliness, creating a perpetual winter wonderland. Covered with snow-capped mountains, frozen lakes, and genetically-engineered evergreen forests, Worvenia is an ideal location for skiing, snow-boarding, and alpine hiking, but also offers more esoteric diversions such as laser-luge, skitterball, and a bone-crunching style of full-contact curling popular amongst vacationing dwarves and vesk.

While most of the moon's surface is covered in snow-capped mountains and beautiful arboreal wilderness, impressive metropolitan cities and their amenities occupy the moon's north and south poles. The northernmost settlement, Northington, is a festive year-round homage to various winter holidays adopted from hundreds of diverse cultures and species. The southernmost settlement, Southington, is covered with sprawling sporting venues and massive arenas

for hosting some of the Xa-Osoro System's most prestigious athletic competitions. Collectively known as Rington, a diverse array of shopping meccas, habitation domes, and resort-style lodging facilities loop around Worvenia's equator, serviced by a massive railway and transit-tube system which provides the moon's visitors and inhabitants with swift transportation between lodging, attractions, and recreational sites.

Worvenia's corporate managers have gone to great lengths to craft the moon's image as a carefree vacation destination, offering a welcome respite from the terrors and turmoil roiling everywhere else. However, twinges of red can sometimes be seen staining Worvenia's perfectly-manicured slopes, as the taint of blood space threatens to rain down despite the moon's carefully-engineered protective shields and radiation-deflection efforts. Some ecologists worry that Worvenia's genetically-engineered flora and fauna are at particular risk of corruption, and there are rumors of abominable blood-mad mutants shambling down from the highest peaks. Adding to local troubles, the mega-corporation XLG has long had its greedy eyes on the small resort-moon's pristine facilities and impressive cash flow, and a hostile takeover of Worvenia Snowsports and all their holdings may be brewing.

ZERO ONE ZERO, THE GHOST MACHINE

Diameter $\times 1/8$; **Mass** $\times 8$; **Gravity** $\times 1$; **Atmosphere** Normal
Zero One Zero is a technological marvel, renowned as home for rogue mechanoi, androids, and other technological beings. This tiny moon was settled by mechanoi who rebelled against the mysterious hierarchy of 1010 Robotics and fled the 1010 SuperRing in favor of forging their own destiny. Thanks to technological transmuters and nanite matter-converters most of the moon has been transformed into a living machine, capable of shifting its form and function to suit its residents' needs. Experimentation and innovation are rampant across Zero One Zero's surface. The tiny moon's ultra-dense core gives it a standard gravity, and its residents have engineered a breathable atmosphere for the benefit of its occasional visitors, though they keep the temperature perpetually chilly.

Zero One Zero didn't always used to be a technological paradise. In the millennia before the Nova Age the moon was lush with life, operating as a resource-rich colony of the Radiant Imperium. However, the cataclysm of the Emperor's supernova blasted all life from the moon's surface, eradicating its residents in a catastrophic wave of solar fire. These beings did not pass quietly into whatever afterlife might have awaited them. Rather, million of souls lingered, trapped on the moon and haunting it to its core. Now, in the present day, the population of Zero One Zero by a vast influx of technological beings brings strange new opportunities for both the mechanized and the immortal spirits. Here, androids can find themselves reincarnated with multiple new souls at the same time, and drones and mechanoi have the potential to ascend to heights of consciousness never before dreamt of, by man or machine.

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NEXT TIME

The second installment of the *Blood Space Gazetteer* will feature Tor, the Anvil! The industrial powerhouse of the Radiant Imperium, Tor's environment was spoiled beyond reasonable repair long before the Nova Age and its subsequent Regicide ravaged the Xa-Osoro System. In an ironic twist, Tor was spared the worst of Blood Space, forcing many of the Radiant Imperium's refugees to seek shelter in Tor's densely populated megacities. This 8-page supplement also includes a write-up of Tor's moon, Tenguholme.