

An Eternal Pizza Party Production

Wyrd

A Retropocalypse Live Action Role-playing Experience

“Be a light in the darkness”

Lorebook 1.5

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With Thanks To

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And to everyone who believed in this project

Editor's Note

Hi all! And welcome to the Wyrd Beta Lorebook. Please keep in mind that we are currently in a testing phase and anything in this lorebook can be added or changed, we absolutely value your input on this as well! Thank you for being apart of the testing process.

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Setting Summary

Welcome to the world of Wyrd, a bizarre apocalyptic urban fantasy/sci-fi setting. An indiscriminate number of years ago, the world as everyone knew it ended. No one truly knows how long ago that was, as that time has been all but forgotten. All that has been left to those who inherited the world is corruption, pollution and changed landscape, and the Wyrd. No one knows where it came from or too much about it, except that it has been growing in strength and size. What is known about it, it has brought about a fundamental **change** in the planet. Strange new flora and fauna grow and “prosper” all over the planet, the oceans of the world have turned into an inky black, unnavigable ocean, storms of Wyrd energy cover up parts of the globe, brought new species into being, and many other strange phenomena.

The ecological pollution of this world with it's taint, combined with the damaged caused by the old wars has put the planet into a downward spiral, as it's people cling to survival, the world around them toxic, a world wounded and crying out in pain. The Wyrd also seems to

bends reality itself. Strange things happen all the time that cannot be explained, rumors of people with strange abilities and magic.

Tall, glowing neon cities called Neo Cities jut out of the landscape, led by Neo Corporations which dominate the world from within their concrete jungles, hoarding resources, knowledge and technology. They exploit those in the Undercity and also in the Wastelands for personal gain.

The world that you enter is of fire, blood, poison and death. Will you mold it into hope or cling to its death throes?

Technology, and Influences

Wyrd is intended to be a very anachronistic game, a world stuck in its death throes, both a post-apocalyptic, and apocalyptic game. The world before has died and ushered in a new one, yet the dangers remain, along with new dangers. Its technology varies and you may see things from laser rifles to references to music from various timelines. Keep in mind this is intended and adds to the variety flavor of the game.

If a hometown or race does not specify a time period it's dressed in, the default time period of dress and music is mid to late 80s, early 90s. Some of our direct influences include things as *Mad Max*, *Judge Dredd*, *Tank Girl*, *Akira* and more, to give you an idea of the aesthetic we are going for how the world is.

The game takes place in the town of Tranquility, smack dab in the center of all the known world, including the Wastelands, the Neo Cities and more. It is a neutral trading center and a seemingly hotbed of activity.

Races

Humans

The most numerous race in the world. Adaptable, resilient and with the uncanny ability to always come on top. It is a miracle that through all of the corruption and pollution of the Wyrld, that the human race came out unscathed. While that is true for the most part, there are large groups of former humans, called **Mutants**, which have been corrupted by the Wyrld and live in the fringes, in the Wastelands with the **Accursed** and **Samhainkind**.

Samhainkind

The Samhainkind are a strange, fascinating race of people.. Studies have shown that they are indeed **Humanoid**, but are far away from **Human**. They claim to be from The Pit in a town called Hallowvale, located somewhere in the Wastelands. They along with the other non-human races, are very rarely if not ever welcome outside of the Wastelands except at town of Tranquility. When a Samhain child becomes twelve, they are thrown into the Pit in which they endure untold horror until they pull themselves out, after which they gain their mask. It is not told what a Samhainkind looks like under their mask, and no one has lived to tell.

Lupine

Man's best friend was not immune to the changes of the Wyrld. Whether it was the diversity of their DNA or their perseverance, they successfully changed with it. Now fully anthropomorphic creatures, they live alongside humans and others in the bizarre landscape of the dying future. They are a very communal society at heart, as they know which of their different "breeds" are suited for different tasks. Lupine are known as some of the most dangerous trackers and hunters in the Known World, and extremely loyal, which makes them some of the most efficient mercenaries in all the lands. Unfortunately, the world's view

of them is very different, as through some texts it was learn that they were once on all fours and were pets to humans, some do not take them seriously.

Ordovician

As almost a strange duality to the Flustra, the Ordovicians are a fish-like species who instinctively hatch from their strange eggs not only fully grown, but with a basic understanding of language, social fundamentals and how to defend themselves. Ordovicians tend not to call anywhere particular home, as clutches of Ordovician eggs are found in deep, dark caves everywhere in the Wastelands.

These small clutches are called a Shoal, and they do not usually become larger than twenty five to a hundred. Their social structure is imparted on them on birth depending on the symbol imprinted on their forehead, and it is with this that determines what caste they are and what role in Ordovician society they will fulfill.

Flustra

Flustra are what appear to be plants that have taken human shape and sentience. It's suspected that the Wyrld caused this phenomenon to happen, however this is mere speculation as when any of the Flustra are asked where they come from they reply with they simply awoke one day. Flustra show characteristics that resemble blooming plants like flowers, with vibrant petals or streaks of color in what looks to be hair equivalent with skin as green as the forests within they reside. No one knows for sure how they are "born" as they are usually found quite puzzled, often scared, and rather "naked" (they do not need to wear clothes but will often choose to do so in hopes of solidarity with other races).

Hometowns

The Wastelands

A large swath of the Known World is covered in a variety of deserts, barren forests, mutated fauna, and barely habitable terrain. These are known as the Wastelands, those that live here and survive here live an extremely harsh life, and envy those in other lands, yet they continue to live there, sometimes proud of their achievement of eeking out a living. The hometowns and locations here are part of the Wasteland. No one has really explored outside these hometowns and locations, it is up to you to bring light to the dark corners of this new Earth.

Hallowvale

System of Government: *Monarchy (The Creep)*

Head of Government: *The Creep*

Aesthetic/Dress: *Punk and Psychobilly fashion*

Cultural Beliefs: Fear and the Creep himself

Summary:

Deep in the woods that was once the northeast countryside lies a grand encampment in the middle of a huge crater surrounded by burnt ash-ridden trees, the land is constantly covered by falling ash and an eerie fog. It is here you will find the town of Hallowvale, A duct taped mangled together street sign will welcome you reading "Welcome to Hallowvale" as you find your way through the disorienting landscape. Once you enter the encampment laden with old Halloween decorations, houses made out of rusting shipping containers and hundreds of bonfires, you will find amidst the loud horror punk vibe there is a sense of community and welcoming. Even at Hallowvale's darkest center were the vile pit resides, the place that so many Samhainkind prove themselves before crowning their mask or unfortunately losing their lives. You get a sense that everyone wants whoever enters there to succeed. Grab some spiked apple cider, dance around the bonfire, tell scary stories and most of all don't forget to embrace fear

History:

No one quite knows where the Samhainkind and Hallowvale originate from, but most know it to be very old, possibly from the old world. Hallowvale legends state that the when the Wyrd arrived and the world went to hell, the barrier between the world of spirits and the world of

the living began to weaken, allowing spirits from the other side to creep through. The first of these was the Creep, and inheriting a body of straw and pumpkin, he dug the great Vile Pit, filling it with masks that the other spirits could inhabit. From here, the first humans were drawn to this pit, to embrace their fear and join with these spirits. The first people who found these masks danced around the great pit for what is told days on end in a ceremony, after which they were instructed by the Creep to construct the great Hallowtree. After this, legends and stories mostly entail horror and ghost stories, or tales of great Samhainkind deeds.

Beachcomber

System of Government: *Elected Mayor and Council from the Surfer Gangs*

Head of Government: *Mayor Trent Ruane*

Aesthetic/Dress: *1950's Surfer/Tiki Culture*

Religion: *Majority: Heiau, other worship accepted/found.*

Summary:

Famous for its vast oasis that supplies water to the Wasteland, and for their distilleries that supply a good deal of liquor. Beachcomber is a large oasis populated by people who live a more relaxed, free lifestyle. It was founded years ago by some “tubular dude” named Don Shaka when he united several of the Waste Surfer gangs, people who modify older surfboards to not only travel on water, but on wastelands.

These people now follow a lifestyle and belief system called Shaka that focuses on “tubular, radical and gnarly”. These gangs still exist, but in a much more peaceful and far out fashion. Most of the locals believe that the world ended in the “Big Kahuna” and that life is circular, that it would return and they’d be able to ride the big one into the afterlife.

When stepping into the town, one can see the town walls, inside buildings and almost everywhere are marked by handcarved “tiki masks”, carved by the Priesthood of Heiau, it is said that they ward off the evil and corruption of the Wyrd, as well as protect it from the physical dangers of the Wastelands.

History:

Years before the founding of Beachcomber, and during the Dark Times, there was quite a lot of discord. People were consistently preyed upon by slaver gangs and other dangers, some of the first settlements were beginning. A man named Don Shaka stated he received a vision from “Aumakua” of an oasis where he could settle and create a haven from the dangers of the Wastelands. No one knows where Don Shaka came from, but most people know him as a truly radical dude. With his vision and strength of personality, he united some of the local “Surfer Gangs” and used their now focused efforts to build Beachcomber.

They built a unique system of pumps and filtering that turns the oasis water into clean, drinkable water, an effort that has saved quite a few lives. It wasn’t before long that the Neo Corporations inside the Neo Cities were interested in the technology that was being used at Beachcomber, along with the water, they waged a small conflict against Beachcomber, but through sheer perseverance and through the assistance of other of the free cities of the Wastelands, they were victorious.

Afterwards, the corporations of the Neo Cities have very rarely interfered, with the primary dangers to Beachcomber coming from the Slaver Barons, mutants and mutated creatures from the Wastelands.

The Surfer Gangs:

The Beach Trash

The Red Cobras

The Bel-Airs

Critical Radicals

(Note: These are the four major gangs, you are more than welcome to create your own minor gang and submit it!)

Organizations:

The Priesthood of Heiau

A group of Wyrd Shamans who spread the teachings of Don Shaka and Aumakua. There are a few main tenants of the faith. The first one is “Be excellent to one another”, promptly followed by “Leave the land as you left it.” The faith is that of peace and tending of the land and seas. The tale of the end of the world, the “Big Kahuna” is well known, but there is another prophecy that when the chosen of Aumakua find the promised waves, it’s cleansing waters will cleanse the corruption of this world.

Lifeguards

An organization of sawbones in Beachcomber which have taken an oath to guard the life of their people and the helpless. Once you graduate from Lifeguard Academy, you are given a symbol of your station, a piece of a flotation device and given a permanent white paint on your nose.

La Catrina

System of Government: *Theocratic*

Head of Government: *High Priest Valentina*

Aesthetic/Dress: *Cowboy/Bandito culture, Mexican Santa Muerte culture (Day of the Dead)*

Religion: *Her Dark Majesty of Death to some, Madre Muerte to others*

Summary:

Founded in the ruins of an abandoned “Wild West” town, the denizens of La Catrina have turned it into a strange look into the past and a way of living that is much simpler. With less reliance on some of the more advanced technology that makes it way into the Wastes. This gives the town a little more resilience to the common malfunctions and issues that arise with more of a reliance on technology in the Wastes.

What seems to stand out the most to the visitors of this town are that the citizens worship a goddess called Her Dark Majesty of Death, but also more commonly Madre Muerte, a living personification of death. Death is not feared, but revered in this culture. Madre Muerte is also regarded as a goddess of justice, protection and healing.

One of the biggest threats to La Catrina, is the Dead Eye Gang, a gang of seemingly undead bikers. They are have said to have found a book written by an evil trickster named Nelitha who tricked Madra Muerte into divulging the secrets of eternal life and undeath.

However, in the ultimate turn of irony, in order to continue their eternal life, they suffer near constant pain and must consume living flesh to survive.

History:

As stated previously, La Catrina is built into the remains of an old world Wild West town, whether this was an amusement park attraction or historical site no one really knows, but it was founded by those who sought refuge from slavers and raiders. Due to the initial flimsiness of the town, during the winter a plague broke out amongst the town, with most on their deathbed.

The first High Priest, Oaxaca, witnessed Madre Muerte as a kindly and gently motherly spirit watching over some of the people who had taken to the plague, whispering a sweet music to them as they drew their last breaths. He claims to have also witnessed their spirits taking a physical form, dancing around the spirit of Madre Muerte as she led them off.

From there, he began to worship her and the faith spread through the town, with shrines, fetishes and decorations everywhere for her. The whole town was dedicated to her worship, and it is said through this worship, the town came out of it's plague with most of their people intact, and those who were claimed by it, were to join Madre Muerte in her eternal battle against her enemy, and to shepherd in the dead themselves.

Paradise City

System of Government: *Decided through a yearly Battle of the Bands; Currently The Wasteland Cherubs*

Head of Government: *Frontwoman Starr Benata*

Aesthetic/Dress: *60s-80s Rock/Punk/Metal Band T-Shirts, Denim, Leather, Spandex, etc.*

Religion: *Nothing is expressly enforced, but generally everyone in Paradise City revere creativity and music; the Elyneekos Commune have a special spirituality to themselves*

Summary:

A large collection of rockers of all sort bonded through a shared love of music, and their society thrives because of it. Performers of all sorts tend to either come here for the community, or leave to share the joy that their music brings with the world. The decrepit buildings in the center of town are used to promote the creativity of the inhabitants as well as house the current leader in the Oddhouse, a large pyramid-shaped building where faded photos and names hang above cracked and fragmented frail discs. The town is very welcoming of various people of even more various walks of life, and the people that venture outside of the town exude that very well. However, crossing someone from Paradise City will be the last thing you ever do. They are very hospitable, but loathe their hospitality being taken advantage of.

History:

Some time ago, there was a band named Engine Blok. They outgrew the terrible acoustics of their parents' basements, and decided to tour the world, which is a little hard to do when the world itself is wastes. The members had been warned about raiders and marauders, but believing it was their chance to fight for their right to party, they set off in search of a new venue to jam, where they'd be able to find what they'd deem a sound pure enough to be considered worthy of their tunes.

Engine Blok's members happened upon a large, odd, pyramid-shaped building, and decided that would be a good place to rest for the night. Upon investigating the building, they saw the walls were adorned with faded photographs of what looked like bands, and old vinyl records with names above them, some or them being scuffed or smudged. Inspired by their surroundings, the band unpacked their instruments and jammed for a bit, only to discover that this was the sound they were looking for. They called they dubbed their new digs "The Oddhouse"

After some time of jamming themselves, they began to wonder how other people's music would sound in the Oddhouse. They found an old radio tower nearby and sent out the following message:

"Him with ears, listen! We have found the pure sound! Get your asses here and listen for yourself"

Soon after, bands from all over started to pour into the area surrounding the Oddhouse. The House couldn't conceivably fit all of them, so the bands that arrived camped outside it's fence for a while. Days turned into weeks, weeks, became months, and eventually permanent structures started to spring up. What started as a Venue, grew into a small city.

Engine Blok certainly weren't oblivious other what they'd created, and decided that this city built on rock n' roll needed a name. Their Keyboardist, Scarlet Richley happened to notice a sign hanging above one of the records on the wall, called "Paradise City". The news spread around the city of their new name, but quickly another question arose: "Just who's runnin' this joint anyway?" That question would be answered in what would be known as the first Battle of the Bands. The winner would receive exclusive use of the Oddhouse at their discretion, as well as the responsibility of leading the city and bragging rights for the year. Unsurprisingly, the first year's winners were Engine Blok. From then on, a yearly Battle of the Bands would be held in lieu of a traditional election.

Groups:

Elyneekos - A commune of formally nomadic humans that centers themselves in Paradise City. They look to personal growth and revere individuality, whilst sharing their experiences. They regularly indulge in psychedelic drugs coupled with music to open their mental third eye and attain a deeper understanding of the world. Outside the commune and city, they are scavengers, taking the phrase "reduce, reuse, recycle" to the extreme. A common misconception is that they're "Peace-lovin' pacifistic hippies", but the reality is that while they strive for peace, they will fight to attain that peace.

The Wasteland Cherubs - 5 Time Champions of the Battle of the Bands, lead by the almost unearthly selfless Starr Benata. They are very popular amongst the people of the city, but Starr seems to grow tired of her position as Frontwoman of Paradise City, but with everyone singing her bands' hits, it doesn't look like anyone in the City is terribly eager to dethrone her.

Children of Brütal - Rumors spread around the city of a band that was exiled from the most recent Battle of the Bands for treating it like a literal battle and trying to kill all the other competitors. That band grew into a dangerous cult, with no coherent motives to discern, just overall brutality. No one knows about their inner workings, but it is said that they revere certain musicians as Gods and Goddesses.

Port Sombre

System of Government: *Council Collective*

Head of Government: *Council of Gang Barons*

Aesthetic/Dress: *Early 1900s Louisiana Bayou/Rum Runner dress*

Religion: *Worship of Leyon, the religion of Leyondu*

Summary:

The thick, intense heat of the southern swamplands sticks to your skin as you walk the rotted wooden walkways between housing on stilts. The whompings of boat motors surrounds you, marked with gunfire. An otherworldly scream echoes off into the distance. This is the daily life of those who live in Port Sombre, a dangerous bayou town. It's life is marked by dangerous incursions from the Wyrd, as there is a persistent Wyrd storm off the coast of the town, and constant gang conflicts between the different gangs that make up the town.

Each gang worships their own Leyon spirit, or which they consider their Leyon, and considers it it's patron spirit, and each gang is led by a Gang Baron. Conflict between the gangs has recently however been at a recent all time low, as there has been a peace treaty between them as the attacks from creatures from the Wyrd and the beyond have come at such an increasing frequency that it has become a priority to defend against those.

Lastly, a major export of Port Sombre has been referred to as "gloom roux", a bubbling black oily substance pumped from the swamps that when bottled and mixed with alcohol, gives powerful, yet fleeting, benefits such as increased speed, the ability to control fire and

more. Though there are recent concerns of what the drawbacks of this substance are, it has been kept under wraps by the gang barons.

On Leyondu and Leyon:

The people of Port Sombre are the primary practitioners of a religion known as Leyondu. The religion believes that there are a Leyon, or a spirit, of everything. These spirits act as a mediator, and a go between to the cycle of dark and light. There are dark and light aspects of everything.

There are Leyon of life, death, love, sadness, even things such as trees and other physical objects. Some even worship their deceased ancestors as Leyon. There is a large section of the practitioners that believe that the Gangs have perverted the Leyon, and have disrupted the balance that Leyondu represents. There is growing sentiment of antagonism to them.

Great Esoteric Society of The Garden

(Known as The Garden)

System of Government: *Esoteric Council*

Head of Government: *The Five Lords of the Garden*

Aesthetic/Dress: *1920's Flapper and high society, strange black clothing*

Religion: *Banned. Smaller esoteric, occult societies exist within the nooks and crannies.*

Note: Those who come from this land can no longer go back, as they are exiles, and can come with a price for escaping. This is a high roleplay hometown, as the manipulation that has been done to your mind and psyche came at a high toll. Or one can choose to play a Fisherman, a begrudging group that supplies food to the town in return for relative freedom.

Summary:

The town simply known as the Garden is tucked away from the hectic nature of the Wasteland, obscured by mystical means. What those on the outside know of it's dark, strange nature of a strange occult centered town within a small valley. The denizens that migrate from there tell a tale of a scenic fishing village which borders a massive lake,, but the world outside knows this is a lie. Those that escape into the Wastelands tell a tale of magical experiments, mental manipulation and bizarre occult practices.

The Garden is led by a council of occultists who use the town as their own personal playground. They know that those who would seek to topple their rule can not, as the resources do not exist in the Wastelands to conduct so, and the mystical obscurement over the town prevents incursions. Those few souls who laid eyes upon the tale and lived to return tell of the odd nature of it, often reporting nothing wrong and simply it is a fishing village, leading to believe they have been manipulated too.

History:

No one knows where this town came from, how it originated or how it will continue to operate. The massive amount of mystery that surrounds it prevents anything from being learned from it.

However, a group calling themselves the Fishermen distance themselves from the town in a begrudging pact with the Lords of The Garden. They remain free of the manipulation effects of the Lords, in return for providing food for the town by braving the strange lake and the surrounding area for it's dangerous amount of creatures and Wyrd energy. Rumors are the reason why the Lords can not control the Fishermen is that they are protected by something called the Fisher King, but it is not powerful enough to entirely repel the Lords, thus they are locked in a strange parasitic relationship.

Junktown

System of Government: *Military Council*

Head of Government: *Council of Military Societies*

Aesthetic/Dress: *Rugged, basic clothing, of various eras, usually carrying utility belt/backpack/weapon at all times*

Religion: *The Great Spirit*

Summary:

Home of the Lupine, Junktown is a fortress-like compound built into a massive dump and junkyard. From the outside, it looks like a simple junk heap surrounded by scrap battlements, but when entering, it is a very complex series of bunkers and tunnels built into the settlement. The culture, like Lupine culture, is extremely survivalist and militaristic. Under constant threat from Slaver Barons, Mutants and all sorts of over brutalities, as this settlement borders on where it turns from unsafe to downright suicidally dangerous.

Every man, woman and child is taught from birth how to wield a weapon and shoot a firearm. On their coming of age, they work with a blacksmith to have a weapon forged specifically for them. They are then assigned to one of the six military societies, and their society membership dictates their last name. These responsibilities include home defense, scouting, hunting and scavenging, raiding and training. Every year, they cycle responsibilities and decide on methods of action for the upcoming year.

Through this harsh lifestyle they live, the people of Junktown are extremely loyal and value life more fully than people would assume. Children can be seen playing throughout the

tunnel systems and music fills households. Most of those who live in Junktown worship a deity called the Great Spirit, whom they believe inhabits everything, they believe the planet itself manifests this spirit to be their watcher and guardian, and to oppose a great evil called the Adversary. Primarily Lupine, but also those in Junktown who are non-Lupine, believe that the agents of the Adversary lie everywhere.

History:

The history of the Lupine and Junktown are somewhat lost to history due to the nature of their origin story. It is thought by those priests who follow the Great Spirit that they were called to Junktown for protection, in which they were turned into warriors against the Adversary against the Great Spirit.

The years after turned them into the militaristic society they are today, as a harsh living coupled with near constant attacks by raiders and dangerous creatures, and preparing for a war against the Adversary made them either tough up or get wiped out. Over the previous few years, they have developed their military societies into a very efficient way of handling their defense, and Junktown is at the forefront of fighting against injustice, tyranny and corruption in the world.

Six Military Societies:

Watch Society led by Rizos Watch

Shield Society led by Mulsoono Shield

Guard Society led by Ledeen Hightower

Companion Society led by Athar Companion

Tender Society led by Shepird Tender

Toil Society led by Ethos Toil

Techno-Tribes of Navox

System of Government: *Tribal Union of Tribal Chieftains*

Head of Government: *None, Tribal Heads*

Aesthetic/Dress: *Mish-mash of technology, old world items and scrapped technology (Mad Max/Borderlands esque), Techno-barbarism*

Religion: *Navox and the Machine Spirits*

Summary:

While not quite actually one place, the Techno-Tribes of Navox are a group of, to those who live outside, a group of brutal, barbaric people who live on the fringes of society, distanced from the Slaver Barons and consistently in conflict with them, but also close enough to the Poisoned Cities and other dangers where they can raid for the technology they worship. Their belief is in a deity called Navox, and that his spirit is separated throughout the technology of the world, and reuniting him with specific technology will unlock his visions to them and bring him whole again.

They live in tribal collectives, led by usually the strongest, one who possess the most technology or one who has created the most deadliest weapon to use on his competitors.. Quite a few of the new “inventions” that are essentially dangerous combinations of old and new technology have come from the Techno-Tribes such as the chainsword or the buzzsaw wrist launcher. Some tribes are known for their more violent inventions, while more have actually taken to a very beneficial approach to inventions, as bringing things such as medical auto-injectors and better car engines to the world.

While eccentric, and addicted to technology, the Wastelander Barbarian Tribes are not evil, or dangerous, they are a constant thorn in the Slaver Barons and other dangerous factions side as they value their freedom and free use of technology of all, and disgust any forms of tyranny or oppression.

History:

The tribes were formed by five siblings who discovered a complex machine somewhere in the Wastes, and this being itself Navox, and with this it delegated to the brothers that technology will save them from the great evils and corruption that plagues this land. The more technology they attach to them, attach to themselves and collect, the better the world

may become. It was from here that the first five tribes were formed, by no means is there a limit to the tribes as there are quite a few minor tribes, but these are the major tribes. The siblings natural charisma and hope attracted more followers to Navox and the barbaric lifestyle they live in the fringes of society, and from there the rest is close to current history.

Tribes:

Each tribe has it's own strange/bizarre practices in addition to their lifestyle of freedom and worship of Navox, there are minor tribes in addition to this that players may create if you wish!

Duskgrinder Tribe

Electrodebrain Tribe

Chainripper Tribe

Bizarrobuster Tribe

Tankshredder Tribe

Navox:

Navox is made up of a collection of scrap heaps, electronics and a centralized VHS/DVD/image disk player in which it is fed these in order to receive their visions and directions. An offering is made in mid-September of every year of anything gold or media related to Navox, in return for a grand vision bigger than the rest recovered from forms of insertable media. His consciousness and visions are said to have given the Techno-Tribes their ideals of freedom, hope, unity and restoring of technology to the world at any cost. He has given them visions of a great enemy that has corrupted the world they said, but this vision has been kept under wraps by only the chieftains themselves.

Salonica

Government: Collective, led by Elders

Leader: Simply known by all as “The Elders”

Cultural Dress: Simple clothing, as the Flustra do not normally need clothing but usually do so to “fit in”

Religion: There is no true religion and it's more on a person-to-person basis. The only unanimous reverence is towards the Great Willow

Summary:

Created by a chance encounter, Salonica was made to be the Haven for newly “born” Flustra. The original few would hide within the branches of the Great Willow to observe any incoming foreigners. As a safety precaution they built off the ground using various hidden locations and climbing to get to higher ground and the upper hand on anyone attempting to sneak up on them during the later hours of the night. As the amount of people residing grew, the trees became overcrowded and bark bridges made of thick vines to preserve the original notion of unity.

Salonica is mainly home of solely Flustra, however many of them are more than accepting to newcomers who wish to join them in the trees. Those that are not Flustra are under constant watch by their peers, however, as there are small groups who are both secretly and not so secret about their distaste in outsiders' presence within the haven created specifically for them. Normally, Flustra will not be hostile towards one another, but should tension arise over “outsiders” the best of companions can turn on each other in an attempt to slaughter/save both the outsider and the opposition.

History:

The city was accidentally founded by a small group of flustra wandering to the tallest tree of the forest. As more came to the area, the need for city growth became obvious. There is not much history that was written about Salonica until the peoples foreign to them were introduced. Before them it was all word of mouth. So long as they weren't hostile or

threatening the Great Willow, they were welcomed with open arms by the Elders and many of the people. Unfortunately there are some who feel the city itself should stay strictly Flustra as they created it to be a haven for themselves, not for others. Currently there is underlying tension between the foreign townsfolk and the Nadiva.

Groups of Interest:

The Elders: Thought to be the oldest Flustra they maintain the order and act as the welcoming arms for the “newborns”. Make tough decisions when needed to should they not be able to come to unanimous decision altogether.

Nadiva: Flustra who believe that Salonica was a haven made solely for their race as “the other races have destroyed their own world, and will surely do the same to theirs”.

The Neo Cities

System of Government: *Corporate Empire and Corporate Feudalism*

Head of Government: *Corporate Emperor Mirzud Timurid*

Aesthetic/Dress: *1980's Cyberpunk/Cassette Futurism/Anime*

Religion: *No official state religion, various faiths worshipped in back alleys.*

Note: You may only play from the Undercity, or as a disgraced member of high society

Summary:

A collection of futuristic cities that stand out among the Wastelands, it represents both the best and worst of humanity. Large, neon cities that jut out from the bizarre landscape, connected by reinforced tunnels. They do not allow anyone not human inside, but they do allow those who reside inside to travel outside into the Wastelands to trade and explore. Sometimes these are marked by “hunting trips” where the rich go out to hunt mutants or other creatures. Lastly, the city is dominated by the Neo-Corporations and their Corporate Empire leader, Mirzud Timurid.

The higher echelons of society, with the more money you have and power, live in paradise as people tend to live next to forever, and have the capacity to clone themselves. Their high living comes at the price of anyone who lives below them in rungs, and beneath them, even more suffering.

The Neo-Corporations are similar to Houses from the Old World Medieval Era, as they do not recognize voting on successors to the company, all positions are lifetime and hereditary. Wars are fought between hired Corporate Knights and hired mercenaries while the people who have no credits to rub between two datapads suffer in the rungs below. They are forced into essentially slave labor by making those who live in the cities rent their citizen chip, and the corporations pay just enough to keep it active, eat and live.

The last rings of living in the Neo-Cities is a place called the Undercity, which are a collection of poor blocks of living apartments, abandoned buildings and bazaars where you get all sorts of goods. The NCCPD for the most part stay out of these locations to let the people fend for themselves, and it is ruled by various gangs, biker or otherwise.

History:

No one knows how the Neo Cities were founded, and if it is ever discovered, it's usually scrubbed from existence, courtesy of a visit from the Neo City Corporate Police Department, or NCCPD. What people do know, as it has happened within the past twenty five years is the Neo-Corporations were forced into subjugation by the largest Corporation, Timurid Heavy Industries. The CEO of that corporation, Mirzud Timurid had declared himself the Emperor of the Corporate Empire. Forced to bend to the Timurid Heavy Industries vast armies of Corporate Knights and financial resources, the rest of the Neo-Corporations have sworn fealty to the Conglomeration Empire, however, that does not mean that in secret, they plot for either his death to bring about a new revolution, or to usurp the Corporate Throne for themselves.

The Undercity:

As mentioned before, the Undercity is a lawless place where one can find a variety of crime syndicates and biker gangs running it. Used as a partial prison for those who commit crimes in the city plates above, it is also a place where those who are too poor to even exist in the upper plates to live. The Undercity is also used as a recruiting ground for the Neo Corporations to sabotage and fight each other underhandedly, and used by some of the more seedier corporations to find people for experimentation, whatever that means.

Those who wish to sneak into Neo Cities can sometimes find ways or passage in through the Undercity, to find some of the advanced technology found in the upper plates.

The Major Corporate Houses:

(All of these have their own private corporate militaries, and expansive R&D)

Kamoshida-Wallace BioChemical

Zabruder Sanitation and Agriculture

Mirzud Heavy Industries

Weller Consumer Products

Valentine Electric and Power Company

AmaterasuTech

Eternal Sun Media Inc.

Non-Playable and Other Locations

Slaver Baronies

One of the most lawless, oppressive and brutal parts of the Known World, the Slaver Cities comprise of a collection of squabbling warlords and tyrants who are the origination of all of

the slave trade in the Known World. Currently dominated by Baron Ripgore and his Warwolves, these cities launch raiding parties into the Wastelands and even further in towards the Neo Cities and others, to steal people for the slave trade and technology to fuel their war parties. They care nothing for the decay of the world, and in fact thrive in it. The Slavers worship a strange religion of blood, sacrifice and cannibalism, everyone calls these brutal oppressors **Sharkies** as they are known to file their teeth into a shark-like grin to gnash flesh much easier.

The largest of these Slaver Baronies strongholds is called the Den of Wolves, and it is from where Lord Ripgore resides. A fortress jutting out from the mountainside, it is what seems to be a former military based, with high walls, fences and gun emplacements. Rumors of magical and scientific experiments conducted within the deep recesses of this fortress, where the Warwolves were first created.

The Strange, Frozen North

No one knows much about the north of the Wasteland, except that it suddenly turns to deep chilling ice as you get closer, and there have been strange rumors of the creatures that inhabit this area, not much is known except the Tillinghast Expedition four years prior to the start of the game, and it has been lost to time. There are rumors and whispers that there are indeed civilizations up past, but due to the extremely cold and lost expeditions, no one has mounted an attempt to pursue going up that way.

The Compound

Part meeting ground, part battle ground, part abandoned-and-lawless municipal complex, that's The Compound. The Neo-Cities frequently dump their prisoners there due to overpopulation where they expect them to fight to the death until only one prisoner remains. Sometimes companies will donate weapons to the cause to expedite the process. Prisoners will often be told they're fighting for their freedom, but realistically they are just fighting to be the one prisoner that's put into the next gauntlet of prisoners. In times of lull, The Compound is used to handle certain deals and rendezvous that are typically "less than legal", but no one goes into the compound of their own volition without keeping some kind of

weapon on them in case things go screwy. Some meetings have even managed to find themselves in one of these Neo-City prisoner brawls, but if they survive they end up in a Neo-City prison, under the premise of "Trespassing on a private event".

The Skittering Forest

Nestled south of Hallowvale is a strange forest made up of crystalline, violet trees. No one has traversed the entirety of the inside of it, only to be lost forever when inside. It's name comes from those who have explored parts of it were tortured with skittering noises from all around them. It is said that strange purple, crystal spiders the size of a bear roam here, looking for victims to spin into their webs to consume them, or worse. Local folktales have been spread that within the forest lies a strange structure that drives anyone who looks at it insane, but if you have the mental willpower, it can give you immense power.

The Pallid Moon

One of the confusing and strange oddities of the Wasteland, and that's saying something! A large tawny colored moon-like structure that floats close to the surface. Defying known knowledge of planetary bodies, this moon has been seen all over the Wastelands and nobody's the wiser on what it is. Attempts to scry knowledge on it have failed, and attempts by anyone to shoot at it or attack it have found it has no affect. Whatever it is, it has brought about a variety of theories on it, some of which say that it is a creature from a Wyrd portal, an illusion, or that it is a bad omen. It has been seen much more recently than in previous years.

Wyrd Storms and Portals

The Wyrd isn't just the effect that has crippled the world. The Wyrd seemingly manifests itself within massive storms of energy, that bring with it massive destruction and ripples of reality. They are rare, but the change they leave behind is dangerous. The only current known Wyrd Storm is south of Port Sombre, and has solidified itself as a permanent Wyrd Storm, much to the chagrin and paranoia of those who live in Port Sombre.

Other than the Storms, are portals that open up to other 'worlds'. None of these worlds have been truly explored, as only until recently have those who know magic have learned how to open portals themselves, or return back to Earth after adventuring through them. Whispers of entire dimensions of pitch black void, or filled with fire and brimstone have been heard. What is known is that there are several creatures that have been spotted coming from them, and areas that have had their plant and wildlife changed, most likely had a Wyrd portal open up there.

Rook City

In an interesting comparison to the Compound, the Rook is a decently sized island in the middle of a lake of strange acidic liquid. On the island, is the torn out remnants of a city from the old world. This is where the Neo Cities puts their undesirables that are either too dangerous, or have committed far too heinous crimes to put at the Compound or in a Neo Cities game show. There has never been any escapes, as it is regularly patrolled all around by Neo Cities Corporate Police. Some say there is a Duke of Rook City who rules there, and plots to one day escape with his army of gangs.

Other Locations

Outside of these locations, there are many other that exist, and some that are not known and ready to be discovered, the goal of Wastelanders up until this point has been to survive, not to explore, but that could change and there are many more things to find and discover!

Magic

Magic indeed exists in the world of Wyrd, but it is strange and mystical. The major known users of magic are those known as Wyrd Shaman and Occultists, Wyrd Shaman seem to

tap into the very Wyrld itself, which people have theorized to possibly be magic in order to empower themselves and others, while Occultists “bargain” with **something** in order to gain power.

There are other ways to acquire magic possibly and there may be discoveries tied to magic, but magic has been something to be feared and Occultists and Wyrld Shaman are highly untrusted in societies outside some of the hometowns as their powers tends to attract unwanted guests.

Corruption

When the Wyrld arrived, the environmental effects have taken a deep root within the fabric of the planet. People and nature are all corrupted by a **Corruption**. The long term effects haven't been known, but increases in this **Toxic Corruption** have caused people to have increased aggression, regressed mental state and sometimes even mutate. In the wildlife and natural world, it causes similar behaviors. There are currently no known ways to remove this **Corruption**.

All players in game start with Corruption of 5. This may increase in the course of the game, and there could be ways of discovering how to remove it in game as well. Simply being at 5 represents the poisoned, looming doom of the world and humanity as it has been bathed in virulent poison.

Aetherial Space

Aetherial Space is a location in the Wyrld world that was discovered soon after the End by the progenitors of the Neo Corporations. Also called “the space” or “Cyberspace” by some, it is a place where specially designed computers can access, store data, host applications

and more. With specifically designed helmets that pump the drug cocktail required for human consciousness to access the Aetherial Space, people may interact with it in some sort of “virtual reality.”

It is a vast place, where entire cities and locations exist, created by Aethermancers, people who are imbibed in the cocktails and dunked in sensory deprivation chambers to hone their consciousness to be able to manipulate and create within this world. These are regulated by the Corporate Empire in how they can behave and act, after a rogue Aethermancer destroyed tons of zettabytes of data.

Organizations and Orders

The Ancient Order of the Sentinels

Summary:

In the south of the Wastes lies a great citadel of alabaster and metal, the Alabaster Citadel, where the Ancient Order of the Sentinels reside. It is from this fortress that they try and organize their efforts in the world. The Order of the Sentinels is an order as old as the world itself from what the Elders say, that has always tried to combat evil, tyranny and oppression anywhere it can. It is through their belief in their saints and their righteousness, that their abilities are fueled.

They are organized into ranks, and specific chapters to handle different tasks. From their tattered pages and archives, they also store some history of the old world, as well as record and document current history so that it is never lost. The Order of the Sentinels is not just a bastion of hope and freedom, but that of civilization and order. They are keen on finding lost technology that has been either hoarded by rich and powerful in the Neo Cities or by the dangerous groups in the Wastes. The chapters are as follows: **Battle, Archives, Recon, Support, Research.**

Joining the order is simple, but the training process takes time to not only weed out applicants who can not commit to a life of servitude to their values, but to ensure survival, as the Order of the Sentinels and their conflicts have a very high casualty rate. After they succeed, they are either assigned back to their homeland in order to protect it and join the other Sentinels there, or be assigned to the main mission in the Alabaster Citadel.

Ranks (all Sentinel players are Sentinel rank): Squire, Initiate, Sentinel, Sentinel-Sergeant, Sentinel-Lieutenant, Sentinel-Captain, Sentinel-Commander

Saints:

Saints are people who have been lauded to this status by the Order, and it is their belief in these men and women of greatness that they believe their power is derived, a Saint needs to be approved by plot if it is added to the game, and there is only semi-knowledge of that person's history. There are also sample Saints that are not historical figures.

Example Saints:

Saint Horus - Fallen in battle against Lord Riggore, fed the poor and rallied the weak, it was him and four Sentinels that defended against Lord Riggore's army long enough to allow civilians to escape

Saint Margaret - Fallen in battle against Lord Riggore, it was Saint Margaret's scientific discovery of old medicines that has saved countless lives, and it was through her solitary defense of Kaluga Pass against Riggore's Warwolves that halted their advance two years ago. Cunning and decisive thinking allowed her to trap countless of his soldiers.

Tian-Shi

Summary:

The Tian-Shi are a group of martial artists who train together, and then separate from each other in order to wander the Wastelands to protect it. They have learned to hone a mystical power known as ki to enhance their bodies and their martial arts.

They meet together in the Hanged City, a mystical city carved into a mountain side, twice per year to meet, train, and learn new techniques. These techniques blend between different martial art styles, and while a martial artist from say La Catrina may vary from a martial artist from the Neo Cities Undercity. All styles are respected as long as they follow the tenets of Tian-Shi.

Motivation: have the desire to succeed

Confidence: believe in yourself

Discipline: follow directions

Perseverance: keep working for what you believe in despite hardship

Respect: willing to respect yourself and others

Community: caring for and being positive with others

Righteousness: do the right thing

Tolerance: do not allow emotions to overflow and affect character

The Reclaimers

Summary:

Founded by Professor Harrison, it has arisen as a direct opposite to the Collectors, an evil organization bent on collecting magical and occult artifacts for nefarious gain, the Reclaimers are an organization bound and committed to the recovery and research of lost knowledge and artifacts of times previous. It is also primarily to keep it out of the hands of people who would wish to use it for evil, to keep the world in darkness.

Their base of operations is an abandoned vault complex near the town of La Catrina most likely used for a bank in years past, that has now been modified to be able to contain a variety of objects and book collections. The magical wards and security measures used to secure this vast collection is astounding, and no one has ever been known to break into the Reclaimers vault to steal anything once it has been placed inside.

Their members have recently begun a dig site outside the town of Tranquility to find ancient technology nearby, and they are always hiring people to help them in their quest to restore knowledge and technology to the world.

Skullospectre

Summary:

The organization known as Skullospectre was supposedly founded by a Samhainkind Rhiner named Skullospectre years before. An extremely powerful Rhiner, he was sought out by many parties attempting to recruit or kidnap him, and all the offers were turned down or driven away. Not long after this, he disappeared, no one quite knowing why.

The years following, Rhiners who were on the run from Slavers or other nefarious parties suddenly disappeared from their tracks, unable to be found. Young Rhiners who found their powers were receiving training to hone this power.

Whispers of the organization called Skullospectre were tossed around. An organization designed to rescue, train and save any Rhiners being hunted down to be used or slain. The very few members of this organization who have been captured only state that their are called Skullospectre themselves, thus making it impossible to find the original leader or even current leader.

There's no way to contact the Skullospectre, they only contact you.

The Society for the Study of the Arcane and Occult

Summary:

Shortly put by most of its members as “The Society”, this group was founded by a Lupine Occultist named Capricus Ivey some years ago. It’s devotion to the study of all things Arcane and Occult, to determine why and how magic returned to the world, and lastly, to govern its use properly. Dangerous and foul magics are used all over the Wasteland, and the Society frowns upon it, yet however in recent years has been able to become strong and learned enough that they have a special collection of members, called Ordo Silentium, to hunt down practitioners of dangerous magic. The location of their meeting house consistently changes, due the highly prized collection of texts and tomes contained within.

There are those who oppose their method of “governing” magic, and not every Occultist or dabbler in the arcane arts is willing to join in organization such as them. A lot believe that the free form use of magic is how it is intended, or that the Society is selfish in it’s self-learning, and that magic can be used to better lives within the Wasteland instead of playing wizard within a tower.

Nonetheless, those in the Wasteland can not deny the power of a member of the Society, and many arcanists and Occultists beg for the opportunity to peak at their collection or learn from a higher master.

The Predators

Summary:

You want a bounty hunted? A person tracked and found? A mercenary? You call the organization known as the Predators. Founded by a mysterious individual named Kilrak, who keeps himself hidden within a variety of cloaks and coats, with only a single ruby red eye shining from beneath. They are mostly benevolent mercenary organization set around a few rules against jobs that they take. They don’t do assassinations of anyone not a proven

criminal, they don't do women and children, and for the most part, members of the Slaver Baronies are free. Their ferocity, intelligence, and cunning make them fantastic at their job, and terrifying in it's execution.

Many law enforcement agencies who don't have the manpower or ability usually hire the Predators to do their dirty work, or groups wishing to explore strange ruins or areas, and need a good gun or knife to guard their back. The organization usually consists of Scouts, Street Samurai, or Militiamen but it is not unheard of other professions being apart of them.

Their are organized by Squad, and each company is attributed to a specific predatory animal such as Wolf, Tarantula, or Bear. The most notorious of them is Wolf Squad, which contains only six members, named only by their number. Wolf Squad has never had a failed mission in the history of the organization.

Chasseurs de Tenebres

Summary:

The world's changed, magic has returned, the face of the landscape has changed, and man who once conquered the dark, empty night must now fear it once again. Founded in Port Sombre by a Flustra named Alexandre Bisset after witnessing the first attack on Port Sombre from the Wyrd Storm right on it's border, this organization rewards those who hunt the creatures who prey on the innocent at night.

The organization is loose in structure, as it mostly has a few operations around the Known World to pay out bounties and keep a repository of knowledge about their targets. Due to the dangerous life that they lead, it is a profession where the lifespan is not very long, and those hunters who reach old age, are scarred forever by the things they hunt.

Some examples of creatures are Night Bats, large winged creatures who's camouflage matches the night sky, and can smell the faintest hint of blood a large distance away. When these slain, a piece is brought to a central office nearby, or a Master Hunter, which is

rewarded with not only a physical reward, but some status within the group. The more bounties you bring in, the more access you have to the knowledge troves and skills of them.