

# BLOOD SPACE GAZETTEER TOR



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# BLOOD SPACE GAZETTEER

## TOR

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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>! 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](http://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](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: TOR!* 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 Tor, a formerly verdant world conquered by the Radiant Imperium long ago, choked by poisons emitted by the empire's war machine.

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.





# TOR

"If there is any hope for the future of the Radiant Imperium, it must be forged on Tor. Let us rekindle the spark of civilization, stoke the fires of industry, and call forth the citizens to raise their hammers. Though our differences are many, our pains are the same, and this planet's great cities shall remind us that we are greater together."

- Archchancellor Gustinian Prax



# TOR THE ANVIL

<b>Diameter</b>	x1
<b>Mass</b>	x1
<b>Gravity</b>	x1
<b>Atmosphere</b>	Toxic
<b>Local Day</b>	30 hours
<b>Local Year</b>	400 days (Azan standard)
<b>Population</b>	1 trillion (35% human, 20% kitsune, 15% dwarf, 10% mechanoi, 20% other)

Tor is a highly technological planet dominated by the engines of production and the artifice of war, its once-green continents badly damaged by millennia of industrial pollution. Since the first days of the Radiant Imperium, Tor's resources have been exploited and its people worked hard to serve the interests of imperial military dominance. While this rampant industrialization raised up great factory-cities and made Tor a reliable forge for the necessary machinery of imperial civilization, the same activities that made Tor formidable have poisoned its lands, seas, and skies. The Radiant Imperium historically regarded Tor as a second-class world, never imagining that the day might come when the habitability of Tor could determine the very survival of the empire and its citizens. During the Nova Age, that impossibility became reality. The Regicide saw the dozens of worlds and moons suddenly become inhospitable to its citizens or destroyed outright, none more notable than the annihilation of Azan, the imperial home world and seat of the Radiant Imperium's power. Without anywhere else to turn, Tor became the most viable option for the Radiant Imperium to regroup despite centuries of misuse and neglect, so what remained of the Radiant Imperium declared Tor to be its new home world and the mega-city Metroheim its new capital.

Today, Tor is hopelessly overcrowded and polluted, boasting a population that just broke a trillion souls. Despite Tor's smog-choked skies and skyward poverty and unemployment rates, the ritzy trillionaires who call Tor home see no reason to invest any money in cleaning the planet or assisting the billions of derelicts forced to call the Anvil home. Rather, Tor has found itself the unwitting recipient of a cultural Renaissance, as the wealthy elite hurry to invest in extravagant resorts, posh restaurants, and similarly luxurious accommodations. Nowhere is this abhorrent practice more noticable than on Metroheim's Toran Strip, where the rich and famous can waste away millions of credits in a single

night just blocks away from impoverished familiars struggling to fill their bellies for a single night. Struggle as socialist activists may to advocate for systemic redistribution of the Imperium's wealth, many know that such hopes are but a dream as the Imperium descends a bit more every down the slippery slope towards fascism.

## GEOGRAPHY

Tor's surface is 50% water, with a rough patchwork of oil-slicked equatorial seas dividing its landmasses into one northern supercontinents and two southern ones. Other than at its furthestmost poles, the climate on Tor is warm to hot, with most of the planet sweltering under a perpetual haze of smog and greenhouse gases. The Anvil is covered in mega-cities so large they long overgrew and eclipsed the boundaries of nation-states, making the landscape one heavily industrialized, nearly-continuous carpet of urban sprawl from coast to coast. Even the waste-choked seas are dotted with oil-drilling platforms and remote research-and-development facilities. Only in the frozen glacier-mountains of the polar ice caps is one likely to find any undeveloped stretches of land, and these days even the snowy tundras of the north and south are far from pristine.

Long before the Nova Age, before the Radiant Imperium seized control of Tor, records indicate that the Anvil was once a pristine natural wilderness devoid of sapient life save for roaming fey who occasionally visited the planet via Tor's natural pathways into the Faerie Realms. Wild animals and alien life forms unheard of anywhere else in the Xa-Osoro System frolicked through mushroom fields and grassy forests while trees as tall as mountains loomed overhead. Today, Tor looks nothing like the fairy tale world of old, its lands and water almost universally polluted and its natural wildlife effectively eradicated off the face of the planet to be confined massive industrial greenhouses that are little more than glorified zoos. Even these artificial conservatories fail to break apart the endless swaths of industrial-grade asphalt, concrete, and steel that choke Tor's surface, however, as they must be roofed with acid-resistant translucent concrete, meaning even Tor's so-called "farmland" looks gray and artificial from above.

While Tor has mountains, valleys, and other natural wonders, most have been defiled beyond recognition by capitalistic pursuits and built over with shanty towns or filled with refuse. Many of Tor's majestic mountains were levelled into mere molehills in this fashion, their stone quarried and their rare metals excavated and sent through the Toran industrial machine. Tor's seas are similarly clogged with trash and refuse while its once splendid forests have been long since logged into uninhabitable wastelands, with many of these decimated regions inevitably doomed to being gobbled up by one of the Toran mega-cities. .. Reclamation efforts over the past three centuries have begun to mitigate pollution in small, contained areas, but these tiny gardens of hope are by far the exception the rule. Far more common are refuse-choked plains and entire lakes stained black by oil and ash.



## RESIDENTS

Despite historical records indicating that Tor had no native sapients prior to the Radiant Imperium's conquest of the planet, modern Tor has a diverse population comprised of dozens of populous species who inhabit it. Humans are by far the most populous species on Tor and can be found in all echelons of Toran society; rich and poor alike. Most of Tor's oldest and most powerful families are human, scions of military heroes who survived Azan's destruction during the Nova Age and now dominate the highest rungs of the Imperium's military-industrial hierarchies.

A common human saying on ancient Azan was, "Where humanity treads, foxes follow," and this is certainly true in the case of kitsune. Like humanity, kitsune once called the planet Azan home, but the majority of kitsune who lived on Azan died on Azan when the planet was destroyed. Instead, the ancestors of the kitsune now native to Tor immigrated there not long after the Radiant Imperium annexed the planet to escape human persecution. Legal documents dating thousands of years depict an Azan where many of the planet's human civilizations had laws that actively oppressed kitsune populations for using their shapechanging powers, demanding that they present in their true forms at all times all while treating known kitsune as second class citizens. Much of this original stigmatization stemmed from the fact that couplings between kitsune and humans always results in kitsune children, leading many to view the entire species of vulpine shapeshifters as a pox on pure-blooded humans.

Seeing as punishments for shapeshifting "crimes" included bodily disfigurement, imprisonment, and death, its of little wonder than many kitsune abandoned Azan for Tor as soon as starflight became commercialized and immigration legalized. On Tor, kitsune were free to be as they would, as the socialites of the Radiant Imperium cared little for the happenings of the Forge. That is, until Azan was annihilated and both species found themselves prominently sharing the same world once more. Though many kitsune who had the means chose to leave Tor behind and settle on Bantosian or Eogawa, where blood space's presence made prolonged occupation extremely risky for most humans, the overwhelming majority of Toran kitsune were (and still are) working-class folk who couldn't afford an interplanetary voyage immediately following a system-wide apocalypse. Hate crimes against kitsune immediately soared, with the most common being a practice called gouging, wherein a perpetrator gouges out a known kitsune's eye so that they become permanently marked as shapeshifters in both their forms, as kitsune shapechanging can't heal ruined body parts.

Since the end of the Nova Age, life has steadily improved for kitsune throughout Tor, however. Kitsune activists protesting discrimination fought diligently against systemic oppression for over two centuries, culminating with the passing of the Kitsune Rights Act of 247 A.N. that formally made hate crimes and discrimination against kitsune

illegal, dramatically reducing kitsune poverty. Despite these measures, kitsune on Tor are overwhelmingly forced to work illicit professions to make ends' meet and still face many of the same persecutions as their ancestors—the perpetrators are simply less overt with their bigotry. Still, the recent revelations that one of the Reclamation's bickering factions is led by Hytorshi Hitoru, a young kitsune born a bastard of the former Radiant Emperor, leaves many kitsune with hope that their people's future could, in fact, be bright.

Tor likewise has the largest population of dwarves outside of their colony ship, the *Ravnopolis*. Nearly all of the dwarves who call the Anvil home descend directly from passengers from the Ravnopolis and most can name a few family members still dwelling within the starship's Cyberscape. In many ways the dwarves of Tor embody the traditional values of their people's culture in ways that their digitized brethren simply don't—they practice time-honored crafts and trades all while valuing family and hard work above all else. As immigrants to the Xa-Osoro System, few dwarves have managed to navigate their way into the heights of imperial society, but likewise they have disproportionately fewer impoverished families among their number thanks largely to clan policies. Each dwarf family is expected to contribute a fair share of their wealth to their clan's treasury, and the clan uses the money to host extravagant family events and support impoverished clan members during tough times. Several smear campaigns have been directed towards the dwarfs and their socialistic traditions since the end of the Nova Age, and harmful stereotypes about dwarf gruffness and presentability have taken root over the centuries. Younger, more liberal dwarves contest these notions vehemently, angrily working to undermine a system of power that loathes dwarf resiliency against capitalism.

A surprising number of liberated mechanoid make their home on Tor, many sold by their creators in 1010 Robotics largely because the sapient constructs have little to fear from the harshest effects of the rampant pollution choking Tor. While few mechanoid are owned by individuals, over 90% of the mechanoid population on Tor are owned by one of the various industrial mega-corps that do business on the Anvil, and they're often treated inhumanely on account of the fact that unlike flesh and blood employees, whose lives are owned figuratively by the mega-corps, mechanoid lives are owned literally and are often of a lower quality of life. Within the past 50 years, however, the legality of owning mechanoid has become hotly contested as android abolitionist groups have started to campaign for the mechanoid's freedom. Time will tell whether or not the abolitionists will succeed in freeing all mechanoid from capitalistic greed, but in the meantime many assist the mechanoid in escaping Tor for any number of construct sanctuaries in the Xa-Osoro System and beyond, such as Whitegear in the Icepeak Alliance of Ulo.

A robust population of nuar dwells on Tor, living primarily in the labyrinthine bowels of the city located just underneath



the mega-cities' streets. Like elves and dwarves, nuar are not native to the Xa-Osoro System, and although the nuar of the Xa-Osoro System's own records indicate that they migrated from the Hyperspace Station System sometime during the Nova Age by means of an occult ritual that enabled them to navigate through a plane called the Byways, why they left or how they managed to traverse the vast reaches of space is a secret swallowed by the fugue surrounding that age of mystery. Even more curious, nuars are found in far greater numbers in the Xa-Osoro System than on their ancestral home world, the titular Hyperspace Station, leaving many to wonder if conditions on the space station soured to the point so many felt it necessary to leave their homes via such a dangerous and unpredictable method. Regardless of why or how they left, the Radiant Imperium has welcome the nuar with open arms, and they often occupy important positions as industrial workers, bodyguards, and soldiers throughout Tor and beyond.

Numerous other populations call Tor home; so many so that naming them all is an exercise in frustration. Generally speaking, if a species is native to the Xa-Osoro System, they can be found somewhere on Tor with a population of at least a few hundred million, and if a species is starfaring at all they're probably at least a few thousand members living somewhere in one of Tor's mega-cities. Among the most notable of these residents are populations of Toran fey, the very same beings who originally inhabited Tor prior to the Radiant Imperium's occupation of the planet. Tor's once robust ecosystem once supported dozens of different fey cultures and numerous primitive civilizations of sentient fungal and plant creatures, but all were viewed as monsters by the invaded soldiers and scoured from the face of the planet. Records indicate the presence of diminutive, flesh-eating humanoid fungi, shambling floral mounts able to drink laser blasts like sunlight and emit electromagnetic pulses, and far stranger plants once roamed freely across Tor's surface, but haven't been seen in centuries. Despite the government's best attempts to stifle word about the calamity, since the end of the Nova Age the spark of life has seemingly been rekindled on Tor, as the planet's once-dominated plant-beings have suddenly begun attacking the fringes of Tor's mega-cities as flourishing jungles immune to Tor's toxic atmosphere have begun suddenly erupting in fringe communities on the outskirts of Tor's mega-cities, consuming entire populations in the process. Try as they may, the Radiant Imperium has had little success in beating back these invasions, as the splinted faction seemingly can't muster the forces needed to fight back against the encroaching wilds and their deadly guerilla tactics. Survivors seem unsure regarding whether or not the plant creatures are sapient on their own, but unquestioningly agree that the resurgent plants have seemingly allied with disgruntled fey and disgraced oni spirits formed from kami who long ago failed to protect Tor's natural world from the Radiant Imperium and seek little else but the absolute destruction

## POLLUTED ATMOSPHERE

Archaeological evidence indicates that Tor's atmosphere was once oxygen-rich and well-suited for most forms of humanoid respiration. That, of course, was well before the Radiant Imperium transformed Tor into a forge for its engine of war, and like any engine Tor's industrialism spewed exhaust into its skies and pollution into its lakes, rivers, and oceans. Pollutant emissions quickly exceeded hundreds of millions of tons per year, and in time the atmosphere itself became so saturated with toxic substances and chemicals that the air was unbreathable. Rather than invest in the technology to cure the dying planet, however, Imperial capitalists saw more profit to be made erecting massive domed conservatories, effectively transporting all of the planet's animals and plants into privatized zoos while allowing the rest of the planet to wither and die.

Today, it's impossible for most creatures to breathe Tor's atmosphere without risking illness, which manifests as a poison wryly called Imperial air. A single minute of unfiltered exposure is enough to cause illness in most air-breathing creatures. Fortunately, the environmental protections of any sort of armor is sufficient to filter out Imperial air, though many with the means pay handsomely for rebreathers for additional safety and security.

### IMPERIAL AIR

LEVEL 1

**Type** poison (inhaled); **Save** Fortitude (DC 12)

**Track** Constitution; **Onset** 1 minute; **Frequency** 1/minute;

**Cure** 1 save (victim must breathe only clean air, including air filtered by a suit of armor, for 1 hour to attempt a save).

of the Radiant Imperium, forming a radical, militant terrorist group that calls itself Greenscar.

## SOCIETY

Since emerging from the fugue of the Nova Age, Tor's population has concentrated even more heavily in the dense urban centers of the planet's multiple mega-cities, clustering around the precious and deceptively-fragile filtration and foodstuff facilities that make life possible amidst its ruined environment. Whether referring to wealth, resources, or any thing of value, it is a widely accepted principle on Tor that good stuff rises up, and everything else drops down. Wealthy elites and pompous generals occupy the loftiest towers and spires, flitting about in swarms of hovercars without ever gazing down through the smog-choked haze towards the masses beneath them. In the middle class laborers and bureaucrats toil in billions of businesses, operating the machinery of civilized life. On the ground and in basement slums, the poorest scavengers scrape by in savagery, fighting for scraps. Crime and violence permeate every level



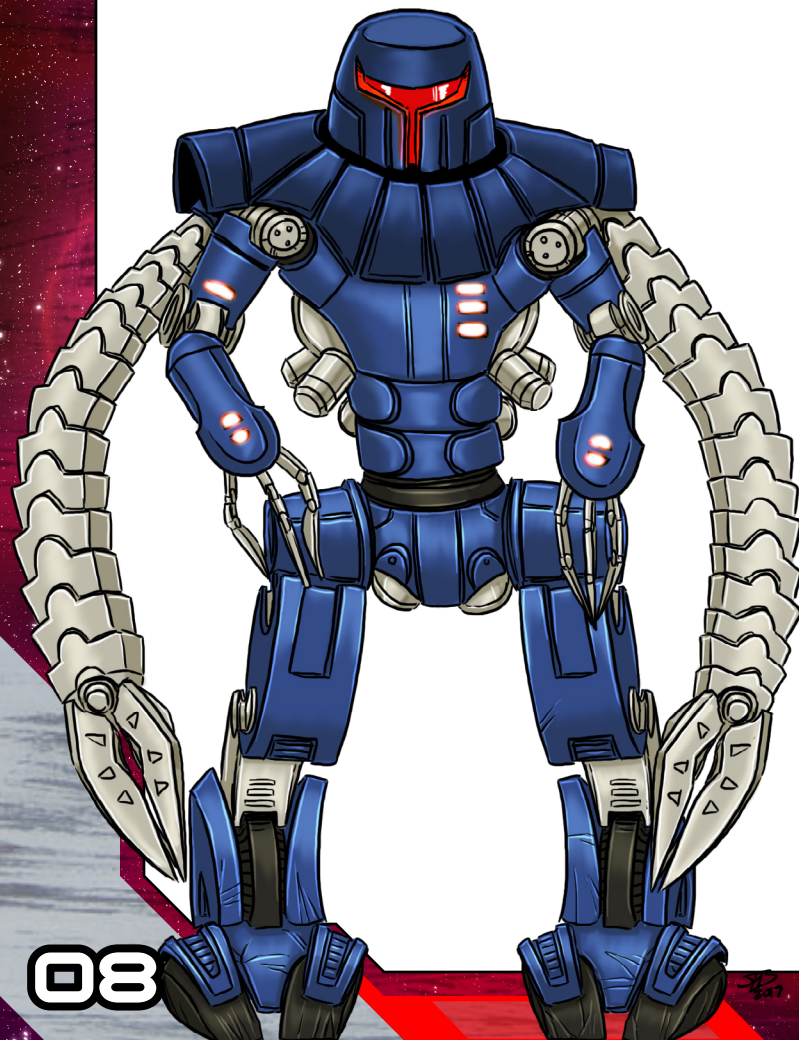
of life on Tor, barely held in check by the often brutal imperial police. The imperial regime that rules Tor and the rest of the Radiant Imperium prefers cracking skulls to promoting civic value and virtue, causing every niche and echelon of Tor's society to suffer from the taint of corruption. Its nearly impossible to navigate any level of Tor's government without gratuitous bribery and mega-corporate bureaucracies take the place of nation-states across the planet and its colonies.

Conditions on Tor are harsh and life is grim. Virtually all of the planet's natural resources are tainted by centuries of rampant pollution, making it virtually impossible to acquire safe food, clean water, or decent shelter without dealing with one of Tor's mega-corps, begging for aid from one of the Radiant Imperium's overburdened assistance facilities, or stealing from someone else. While its true that the innumerable factories, minds, and industrial businesses require billions of workers, most jobs offer only the barest of wages with no benefits and even they aren't sufficient to provide work for the staggering number of people who call the Anvil home. For the average citizen, work is dangerously under regulated and wages are low enough to keep workers trapped in Tor's industrial machine for the entirety of their lives, with what few options exist for a better life available but just out of reach. Education that would allow an impoverished person to perform less hazardous work is expensive and was disendowed by fascists long

ago, and relocation to another world is costly. As a result, Tor's lower class are constantly plagued by food shortages, riots, and health crises and competition for resources and jobs is fierce. For the bottom half of those dwelling on Tor, life is a constant, bitter struggle and all but Tor's wealthiest military officers and corporate elites live day to day knowing that they too are just one bad day from a life of destitution themselves. These obvious inequalities make class warfare a constant source of civil strife, though the wealthy elites perpetually attempt to distract and deflect the anger and resentment of the masses in other directions using media outlets. Since the end of the Nova Age, Tor's constant boil of civil unrest has only gotten worse as tensions escalate throughout the planet's mega-cities. Swarmed by waves of refugees fleeing from the system's outer colonies that have been ruined by war and blood space, millions of desperate asylum seekers have migrated to Tor every year for centuries. Agitators often blame these immigrants as scapegoats for systemic problems with the planet's government that have persisted far longer, adding hateful xenophobic rhetoric to Tor's already troubled public discourse.

The remnants of the Radiant Imperium dominates Tor's government, enforcing a rigid system of heavily-armed bureaucracy that has stubbornly persisted despite the empire's collapse elsewhere in the Xa-Osoro System. On Tor there is no separation between the military leadership and civilian government, as the generals and commanders of the imperial legions also serve as planetary governors and regional overseers. Martial law is the rule rather than the exception, with imperial legionnaires regularly policing the populace as heavy-handed enforcers. The only figures of power who rival the generals themselves are the Highrisers, a term for the well-connected owners and executives of Tor's mega-corps who run their corporate holdings like private fiefdoms, usually free from any meaningful oversight. This harsh system has inflicted widespread oppression on Tor's lower classes for ages, fomenting a steady boil of workers strikes and uprisings that have kept Tor's history bloody despite continuous imperial rule.

Tor is a tough and dirty place, its mega-cities hungry for constant streams of revenue and investment. As a result, money talks on Tor and there are few doors that can't be opened by a valuable gift or bribe. Over 95% of Tor's land is heavily urbanized and tailored for humanoid habitation, ready to receive off-planet visitors at any number of spaceports and rooftop landing pads. Personal air filtration is necessary on Tor save in the sealed-atmosphere towers of the planet's elite, so rebreathers are necessary for most citizens to avoid ruining their lungs on Tor's atmosphere. Visitors can survive on street food, though off-worlders with delicate stomachs had best avoid Tor's widely popular yet digestively-aggressive laser-roasted smog-bat. Newcomers can blend seamlessly into the massive throngs of people that pack most of mega-cities, though the deeper one gets





into the lower layers of any mega-city the more insular the block neighborhoods and cultures tend to be.

Gang culture on Tor is everywhere and ever-present, ranging from the lowliest street gangs to elite corporate syndicates which rival the mega-corporations in scope and influence. While the mega-city governments and their military police-state officially denounce gang membership in all its forms, as a practical matter everyone on Tor recognizes that such ties run deep and often mean more to a citizen than any other facet of social identity. As such, the military police tend to turn a blind eye to most gang activity that falls within societal norms, saving their enforcement efforts for violent crackdowns against the most unruly malefactors. This, in turn, encourages the average citizen to handle their own personal disputes 'on the street', leading to a rich albeit violent culture of extra-judicial dispute resolution, including millions of variations on honor-dueling, blood debts, ceremonial revenge, proxy battles, neighborhood tribunals, and appeals to local bosses in lieu of the courts. Flashy hover-cycle gangs often garner an outsized portion of media attention due to their rebellious antics and dramatic costumes, though their high-velocity hooliganry is rarely impactful; the military police enjoy chasing the gangs as a show of police theater, and those in power welcome the distraction the ruffians provide from real crime and corruption.

## POINTS OF INTEREST

The following are just a few of the notable points of interest on Tor.

### GREENSCARS

Deep beneath Tor's surface slumber thousands of pockets of fungus and subterranean vegetation, the remnants of a powerful natural force that still clings to life despite the overwhelming pollution that grips the planet. Denizens of Tor refer both to these verdant anomalies and the creatures that spill forth from them as "greenscars," as they ooze gigantic plant creatures, vengeful fey, and hordes of angry flesh-eating fungus people like pus from a wound. Despite Tor's media presenting the greenscars as a peculiarity, the creatures who call them home are in fact refuges of several different arboreal and fungoid species who called Tor home prior to the Radiant Imperium's conquest of the planet.

Each greenscar is a filled with great mystical power born from verdant magic and long-simmering rage that not only produces countless soldiers and bio-weapons of incredible power, but also shields their occupants from most forms of divination. Like tumble weeds, the greenscars roam Tor's subterranean depths, striking anywhere and making military counterstrikes against them costly and difficult. Only one military operation enacted by the Radiant Imperium has ever successfully neutralized a greenscar and of the souls who ventured into the greenscar only one survived, the rest having sacrificed themselves to end a siege upon the mega-city New Citadel. Although considered sketchy at best, the survivor's report claimed that

each greenscar offered womblike protection to its denizens, which included powerful fey masterminds and deadly oni combatants whose careful actions are seemingly aimed at reclaiming the entirety of Tor from humanity's iron grip.

When greenscars strike, they most often come into conflict with nuar enclaves dwelling in Tor's labyrinthine underground. Lately, citizens of multiple mega-cities' lower levels have been disappearing without trace as the greenscars have begun more frequent attacks against the mega-cities, overturning countless subbasements and miles of underground tunnels. A growing fear among Torans is that war might be coming to their very doorsteps from below, and when it does the question might not be where the greenscars strike next, but rather where is truly safe from their fury.

### HYPERBORZA

One of the famous White Horn mega-cities of Whitenorth, Tor's northern continent, Hyperborza specializes in the teaching and construction of transportation technologies. Many of the greatest feats of transportation engineering were devised in Hyperborza, and the settlement includes many of Tor's most esteemed shipwrights and the mega-corps that employ them. The best-known creation of Hyperborza is the electromagnetic passenger and transport tube, or EPATT. Resembling an archaic train, these tubes are designed to manipulate electromagnetic waves at incredible frequencies, launching a tube filled with cargo and passengers through the Material Plane and into hyperspace for mere milliseconds, allowing for impossibly fast travel around the White Horns and most of Tor itself. The technology itself is nothing short of a marvel, pioneered by renowned dwarf professor of technological engineering, Ekra Battlepistol, and her kitsune assistant, Vel Snowtrail. By all accounts the technology shouldn't work; the likelihood in successfully transporting passengers using EPATT was thought to be akin to tossing a needle towards the edge of a building and having it balance perfectly on its head, but the EPATT stations utilize numerous hyperspace beacons like interplanar magnets to pull vessels into the correct landing bays. Of course, the technology is still new and accidents have happened, including one particularly messy incident where half of a vesk passenger's matter was accidentally left behind in hyperspace, leaving her approximately four inches tall (but otherwise fit and healthy) upon arrival.

### HYPERBOZRA

#### LN mega-city

**Population** 12 billion (35% dwarf, 20% human, 20% kitsune, 15% mechanoi, 10% other)

**Government** empire (Radiant Imperium)

**Qualities** academic, polluted, technologically advanced

### IMPERIAL WAR COLLAGE

Located in Metroheim, the vast campus of the Imperial War



College is a city unto itself, filled with thousands of impressive buildings and immense facilities that train the soldiers of the Radiant Imperium in the art of war. The original Imperial War College was located on the Imperium's home planet of Azan, now destroyed, so in a sense this reformation of the college on Tor is relatively new with a history stretching back only a mere three hundred years. Though its resources are sorely overtaxed by the titanic needs of the imperial military, the college's facilities are highly advanced, funded by the deep pockets who desperately hope that a strong military will enable the Imperium to reform and restore order to the shattered empire.

The activities of the college are diverse; while some facilities are devoted to the training and physical modification of new legionnaires, others pursue intelligence gathering, logistics, and research and development of every aspect of the Imperium's vast war machine. Despite the heroic efforts of those calling for unity, the college's internal conflicts mirror those across the shattered Imperium. Ideological divisions and political proxy wars threaten to tear the institution apart, especially as intolerant purity-movement factions try to exclude so-called "aliens" from the Imperium's future despite the empire's inarguably cosmopolitan history. Based on legionnaire tradition (and to meet their ravenous recruitment needs), the Imperial War College accepts enlistments in-person right off the street, though it is not uncommon for walk-ins to fail to survive their first day of training.

#### INVANTIS

Unique among Tor's mega-cities, Invantis was constructed in the middle of the Invantic Ocean long before the Nova Age using hydro-powered force field generators that hold the immense weight of the ocean at bay, placing Invantis's lowermost levels directly upon the ocean floor and its sprawling subterranean labyrinths in oceanic bedrock. Invantis's primary export is energy, as surges of water crashing over the edge of the massive force fields that form its borders are funneled through hydraulic turbines whose motion generates electricity and geothermal pumps built into the seabed's hydrothermic vents. Despite the fact that Invantis generates enough power to fuel the energy needs of the entirety of Tor, however, inequity is rampant in the so-called Seabed City. Because natural forces like gravity and geothermal vents do most of the work generating power, there are few opportunities for employment in Invantis, as the corporate leaders who run the city would rather make the cash cow they already have more efficient than invest in new ways to make use of the unemployed. What few jobs do exist are either incredibly dangerous, incredibly low-paying, or require an amount of education not available to the masses. For most, this means choosing between working over a hundred hours a week at menial-paying jobs or taking on employment in professions like scum-diving, wherein a diver descends into a hydraulic turbine in order to unclog it of trash and other pollutants.

Much like Metroheim, Invantis is a hot bed of rebellion and resentment towards the Radiant Imperium due to the terrible living conditions present throughout the city. Gang violence is on the rise as squads of Imperial soldiers are dispatched to maintain order within the suboceanic city. While there are no openly organized protestors in Invantis, a string of recent "accidents" throughout various mega-corp holdings has sparked rumors of a vigilante insurgency sweeping the city.

#### INVANTIS

##### LG mega-city

**Population** 49 billion (34% human, 26% kitsune, 10% dwarf, 10% mechanoi, 20% other)

**Government** empire (Radiant Imperium)

**Qualities** bureaucratic, insular, notorious

#### KARKAGHOV

The oldest and largest of the White Horn cities that decorate Tor's northern continent, Whitenorth, Karkaghov was originally founded as a simple scientific outpost designed to monitor global weather patterns and assess the effects of climate change on Tor as greenhouse gases filled the air and pollution tainted the soil. The city was built with numerous facilities to help preserve Radiant Imperium culture and data in the event of a planet-wide apocalypse, so its only natural that Torans flocked to Karkaghov during the Nova Age after blood space exploded forth from Osoro and annihilated Azan. Today, Karkaghov is a seat of imperial learning unlike any other in the Radiant Imperium, home to dozens of academies, museums, and other institutions. Philosophers debate openly in fantastic monuments to higher learning and quality education is given freely to all home-owning residents of the city. Karkaghov puts most of its enlightened population to work performing research and development for various institutions, and mega-corps compete fiercely to snatch up the brightest young mines from the city's universities to mold into obedient little thinkers capable of churning out profitable intellectual properties for Tor's elites. But for every student who succumbs to temptation for a cushy corporate lifestyle, two more devote themselves to studying the many disasters that have befallen Tor and the Xa-Osoro System as a whole, searching for ways to save their system from the multitude of problems that their elders have so brazenly ignored for the past 300 years in pursuit of profit. In spite of the city's antiquity, Karkaghov is a young city with a rebellious streak where everyone believes that they could save the world, and they might very well be right.

#### KARKAGHOV

##### LG mega-city

**Population** 21 billion (27% dwarf, 22% kitsune, 18% human, 13% mechanoi, 20% other)

**Government** empire (Radiant Imperium)

**Qualities** academic, cultured



## THE LABYRINTHS

Countless labyrinths stretch beneath each of Tor's mega-cities, underground urban mazes built from twisted steel and convoluted concrete passages that form the very roots of Toran society. Built entirely by happenstance, millennia of expansion has seen the cultivation the Labyrinths into an essential part of Tor architecture. Although anyone can dwell within the Labyrinths if they so choose, their most prominent occupants are the minotaur-like nuar whose natural affinity for mazes enables them to perfectly navigate the subterranean passageways. In the centuries since their arrival on Tor, the nuar have integrated their inscrutable maze-core technology into the very walls and passageways of Tor's Labyrinth, enabling entire blocks to twist and adjust their routes, entrances, exists, even their very function. Pedestrian walkways might suddenly shift into high-pressure sewer lines or an array of holding cells might transform a crematorium for the interred. Although the nuar insist that there are methods and limitations to their maze-core structures, to the average citizen such transformations appear as nothing short of reality-twisting magic and these hazards, combined with the maddening complexity of the labyrinths, are a powerful deterrent to trespassers. While the degree and sophistication of maze-core integration varies from area to area, some zones of the labyrinths are so ingenious and convoluted they are considered by many to be unnavigable by non-nuars without uncanny insight or a nuar's explicit permission and guidance.

In recent decades, the nuar's labyrinths have come under worldwide attack from below, as the primal greenscars blossom up from even deeper within Tor's crust. While nuar maze-core technology has enabled them to out-manuever the fungal terrors and rabid fey that spew forth during a greenscar attack, the boundaries of nuar territory limit their evasive maneuvering and capacity to avoid attacks. Forced to defend their territory against overwhelming as the unwitting vanguard of the Radiant Imperium's Toran holdings, the nuar have taken to expanding their labyrinths up higher into the strata of the mega-cities, in turn coming into conflict with Tor's urban citizenry who accuse the nuar of not only encroaching upon their homes, but leading the ire of the greenscars above the surface.

## MALL GALACTIC

The flagship retail outlet of the mega-corporation XianLong Galactic (often abbreviated as XLG), Mall Galactic is the largest and most comprehensive shopping destination in the Xa-Osoro System, if not the entire galaxy. The mountainous structure is the size of a large city, containing millions of stores and occupying the entire length of the Hammerweld peninsula, which juts out from Metroheim's southern, tropical coast. Mall Galactic was designed make apparent it's designer's intent: to create a perfectly manicured, self-contained arcology. Visitors to Tor often remark that Mall Galactic's vast interior spaces seem

## THE WHITE HORNS

Four great mega-cities encircle Tor's north pole, separated by vast swaths of tundra and glacial ice yet interconnected by a lightning-fast ring of hypertubes. These cities—Hyperborza, Karkaghov, Mont Lumina, and New Citadel—were collectively dubbed 'the White Horns' because each one clustered around an enormous snow-capped mountain. Over generations, all but one of the White Horns was undermined and scraped flat, their stone and ore used as building material elsewhere across Tor. Mining operations continue today in massive craters where the mountains once stood, the pursuit of untapped veins descending all the way to the planet's mantle. Of the four White Horns, only Karkaghov still focuses on mining and manufacturing; scientific innovation is the driving force for the other mega-cities, and all are home to numerous universities and corporate labs looking to rescue Tor from its present disasters or profit off of them. Several White Horn corporations have grown obscenely wealthy by mass marketing vital filtration and ecological rehabilitation technologies, much to the chagrin of their fellow citizens.

The White Horns are predominately cosmopolitan, although dwarf clans hold a surprising amount of corporate and military power in each of the cities when compared to more traditional Toran mega-cities like Metroheim. Beneath the veil of daily business, the White Horns have become a hotbed of political intrigue among the various post-imperial factions; plans are already underway to unify the four White Horns into a single mega-city the likes of which to rival Metroheim itself. With their combined resources, these elites look to establish this unified city, White Horn, as the new capital of Tor and, by extension, the entire Radiant Imperium in order to oust the corrupt bureaucrats, squabbling royals, and ineffectual senate currently based in the decadent squalor of Metroheim from government once and for all.

thousands of miles removed from the polluted slums of Tor which surround it, and indeed, some of the mall's zones are environmentally and gravitationally tailed for the comfort of beings with specific biologies in an effort to afford shopping opportunities for aquatic, gigantic, miniature, silicon, and even more bizarre visitors. Millions of potential customers visit Mall Galactic on-property each day, but billions more haunt its streets as digital avatars using XLG's advance avatar projection interface, or AAPI for short. AAPI allows long-distance shoppers to visit Mall Galactic using a combination of virtual reality tech and holo-projectors that allows customers to interact with the goods and wares of Mall Galactic before having their purchases shipped to them using XLG's galaxy-spanning fulfillment network.

Thanks to dozens of trade agreements and bribes from the



Toran government, XLC's authority over their sprawling property is absolute and the mega-corporation's private security force is the rival of the most elite military units. Despite XLC's top-notch security, the mall is not without conflict, as radical anti-corporate insurgents often attempt to disrupt commerce with attacks and protests against what they rightfully perceive as massive symbol of materialistic excess and capitalist greed. Valuable merchandise and the trillions of credits flowing through the mall's registers are always a tempting target for thieves, though XLC is notorious for repelling such ill-considered capers with lethal force. In recent years XLC has aggressively advertised the paradise-like Mall Galactic across the system, staging dramatic giveaways of huge fortunes in coupon-credits, challenging the recipients of these windfalls to race to the Mall Galactic at breakneck speeds to redeem their prize.

#### METROHEIM

Metroheim is one of Tor's most populous mega-cities, serving as both the planetary capital and a major spaceport facilitating off-world trade. Dominating the vast swath of the southern coast of Tor's northern supercontinent, Metroheim is packed with a seemingly endless grid of churning factories, towering skyscrapers, and self-contained habitation blocks. As the planetary capital, Metroheim often gets first pick of resources and life-support technologies necessary to live on Tor, meaning that its affluent areas are quite advanced despite light-years of disparity between the haves and the have-nots. Merely a hundred floors below the penthouses and helipads of the elite, the underbelly of the mega-city teems with poverty, resentment, and desperate savagery. The center of Metroheim is the Imperial District, where the military pontiffs have carved out an island of iron-fisted order and the factious imperials vie against each other for control of the empire's future.

#### METROHEIM

##### **NG mega-city**

**Population** 350 billion (35% human, 20% kitsune, 15% dwarf, 10% mechanoi, 20% other)

**Government** empire (Radiant Imperium)

**Qualities** financial center, military center, notorious, polluted

#### MOUNT LUMIA

Of every mega-city comprising the White Horns, Mount Lumia is the furthestest north, located virtually in the center of the continent of Whitenorth directly atop its true north pole as well as its magnetic north pole. Named for its mountain, Lumia, Mount Lumia is notable among the White Horns in that it's the only one of the four mega-cities that didn't completely excavate its namesake mountain; Mount Lumia is just as tall and splendid as the day the city was founded long before the Nova Age. Compared to every other city on Tor, Mount Lumia is a place where the smog seems less thick and the snow seems a touch whiter, and that's largely due to the citizens of Mount

Lumia's dedication to the beautification of their home. Mount Lumia is a place of spirituality, and the mountain has been sacred to kitsune since their people's first waves of immigration to Tor. As a result, much of Mount Lumia's industry is based around environmental engineering and eco-friendliness despite most other mega-cities seeing little value in such works. Perhaps coincidentally, Mount Lumia is also the only mega-city on Tor to have never suffered a greenscar attack, but whether that's because Mount Lumia's proximity to the magnetic north pole interferes with the greenscar's own electromagnetic traits or because the citizens' actions honor the nature spirits who guide every greenscar's actions is both unknown and of little importance to the Radiant Imperium as a whole.

#### MOUNT LUMIA

##### **NG mega-city**

**Population** 2 billion (35% kitsune, 20% elf, 15% dwarf, 10% human, 2% mechanoi, 18% other)

**Government** empire (Radiant Imperium)

**Qualities** cultured, devout

#### NEW CITADEL

Founded by dwarves in 15 A.N. by dwarven explorers setting forth from the Ravnopolis, New Citadel is the youngest of Whitenorth's White Horn mega-cities, the only one among them founded since the end of the Nova Age. Built into the side of Mount Karvahaem, New Citadel is named for the *Ravnopolis's* starship class and represents a bastion of dwarf culture and traditions in the Xa-Osoro System, uncorrupted by the new ways of the Cyberscape dwarves. In New Citadel, the dwarfs work millennia-old trades the traditional way, producing much of Tor's finest metals despite the ancient techniques that they use. Although modern production is used, dwarf techniques are unquestionably slower than the mass production methods used by most other foundries on Tor, so much of New Citadel's produce is viewed as luxury produces beloved for their craftsmanship and durability. Compared to Tor's other mega-cities, New Citadel is something of a hotbed for revolution, as the dwarf population of the city is outspoken against the Radiant Imperium's steady decline into fascism. Suspicions have led the Radiant Imperium to build dozens of outposts throughout the city in an attempt to force compliance, but this has only led to more smiths secreting supplies and weapons to rebel forces hoping to push the Radiant Imperium out of New Citadel and eventually off of the planet altogether and into the history books.

#### NEW CITADEL

##### **NG mega-city**

**Population** 4.5 billion (35% dwarf, 20% human, 20% kitsune, 5% 20% other)

**Government** empire (Radiant Imperium)

**Qualities** cultured, insular, martial law, rebellious



### ZONE ZE-43

Designated an urban wasteland by government officials, Zone ZE-43 is a region of approximately 400 square miles located in the hinterlands of the continent of Rul, one of Tor's southern continents. Officially, accounts state that 35 years ago an anti-imperial terrorist detonated several high-caliber explosives in a mega-city called Steelglade, targeting chemical and power plants. The Radiant Imperium evacuated and quarantined the region in anticipation of decades of decontamination, ultimately deciding to sell the city to Black Laser Industries, a mega-corp focused on espionage and weapon development. In partnership with the Radiant Imperium, Black Laser Industries levelled a 10-mile ring area surrounding Steelglade and transformed what remained into a prison city designed to contain the very worst criminals in the Xa-Osoro System. With the government's blessings, Black Laser Industries was permitted to use their new asset and its criminal occupants to train black-ops combatants and test devastating new forms of weaponry in a "realistic urban warfare environment;" so long as they agreed to provide otherwise humane conditions to the prisoners within the city.

Prisoners exiled to Steelglade are typically parachuted in to avoid the chance of criminal occupants attempting to seize control of the criminal transport vehicle. Life for a prisoner in Steelglade is dishearteningly comparable to the life of a destitute anywhere else in mega-cities like Metroheim, only everyone is destitute. Black Laser Industries schedules supply drops for the prisoners at random coordinates within the city grounds based on the type of training or research they're looking to conduct, but they always note the location of a weapons depot with bright, flashing lights and sirens visible anywhere in the city approximately 30 minutes before the drop is scheduled. This encourages desperate prisoners to race towards the designated area, squabbling and attacking each other along the way. Once the drop is initiated, supplies are lowered by drone throughout the designated area, their locations specifically targeted to place prisoners within areas where black-ops training and weapons testing are to be conducted. Prisoners find themselves unwittingly targeted by both as they race to collect what meager supplies are afforded to them by Black Laser Industries. For the fortunate who manage to acquire supplies without dying at the hands of Black Laser Industries employees, a robust system of bartering exists within Steelglade, although crime is rampant and nearly all transactions must go through the Steelglade Society, a mafia run by renowned criminal Asterton Howells, a human mob lord associated with Tor's infamous Phantom's Fair (*Pop Culture Catalog: Vice Dens*).

The average citizen is unaware of the atrocities inflicted upon prisoners of Black Laser Industries, but numerous holes in the official account lead many to suspect that the Radiant Imperium's official account is a half-truth. Five years ago, a conspiracy theorist by the name of Danel Ezrith published a report claiming he snuck into Zone ZE-43 and reported

much of the information detailed above, finding that Black Laser Industries now used the crumbling, post-apocalyptic city to train black-ops combatants and test experimental weaponry in a "realistic urban warfare environment," and that not all of the citizens of Steelglade were evacuated. Shortly after the report went live, the journalist made a public statement dismissing his report as a hoax and committed suicide shortly thereafter, the official record stating he was mocked relentlessly by peers and coworkers regarding the fallout of his report.

### STEELGLADE

#### CE mega-city

**Population** 100 million (35% human, 35% kitsune, 30% other)

**Government** anarchy (Black Laser Industries)

**Qualities** martial law, notorious, prison state, technological underdeveloped





# TENGU-HOLME

## THE OUTCAST

<b>Diameter</b>	×1/3
<b>Mass</b>	×1
<b>Gravity</b>	×1
<b>Atmosphere</b>	Toxic
<b>Local Day</b>	12 hours
<b>Local Year</b>	45 days (Azan standard) to orbit Tor
<b>Population</b>	457 million (65% tengu, 20% orc, 5% human, 10% other)

The sole lunar body of the planet Tor, Tenguholme is a lush, lively world that by most records is as habitable as splendid Azan, the former heart of the Radiant Imperium, was. Tenguholme's proximity to the Empress ensures warm climates and steamy oceans year-round, and the moon has several unique agricultural crops and fauna enjoyed throughout the Xa-Osoro System. Yet despite this, Tenguholme's history of civilization is still relatively young, beginning with the people for whom the moon was named—the tengu.

Originally called Desprite, Tenguholme was largely avoided by the Radiant Imperium during their grand age of colonialism. Early explorers deemed the moon completely and utterly cursed, for those visiting Desperez suddenly and randomly suffered strange bouts of vertigo, causing them to randomly and sporadically fumble about. Records imply that these strange, sudden onsets of vertigo occurred so frequently and so frequently during the worst possible moments that many believed Desperez was cursed, that merely walking upon its surface afflicted travellers with unluckiness. Eventually a team of doctors studied Desperez and proved these claims false, noting that the bouts of vertigo were caused by unusually high levels of a strange compound unique to Desperez's atmosphere dubbed vergonium-carbonate dust. Upon entering most creatures' ears, vergonium-carbonate interferes with motor perception, almost instantly causing dizziness that transforms into vertigo accompanied by crippling nausea, the source of the so-called "Desperez unluckiness." Rather than learn to deal with this challenge, most businessmen chalked Desperez as an economic loss and ignored the planet and its resources, declaring it the "Outcast" and redoubling efforts to extract resources from Tor, as the Anvil was viewed as being far more exploitable due to its rich resources and the lack of vergonium-carbonate in the planet's atmosphere.

Records suggest that interest in Desperez increased

about a century before the start of the Nova Age, when a tengu named Imijol River rallied thousands of tengu living in destitution on Azan. Imijol River claimed to be a prophet cursed with portents of worlds burning and the unfortunate end of society as her people understood it. Imijol didn't rely on her portents to sway her people to her side, however. She argued that tengu were already on the bottom of Azan's pecking order, constantly suspect of being thieves and criminals with no real opportunities to further their lot in society. The people of the Radiant Imperium offered no favors to the tengu, she argued, so why should they wallow in human slums at the very bottom of the Radiant Imperium's pecking order. Convinced by prophecy, philosophy, or perhaps a bit of both, Imijol and her followers left Azan behind in a mass exodus for Tenguholme. Imijol knew about the planet's debilitating vertigo, but also knew that the Radiant Imperium had never formally conquered the moon and planned to have her people live in filtered habitats until techniques could be developed to manage the so-called Desperez unluckiness. When the tengu arrived, however, they discovered that they suffered no such vertigo while on Tenguholme, as the dust's particles were sufficiently large that their feathers effectively screened it from the air, preventing it from entering their ears and causing vertigo. This happenstance convinced Imijol River's followers; they were meant to dwell upon their new home. They renamed Desperez "Tenguholme" and requested formal admission into the Radiant Imperium, which the Imperium denied until some point during the fugue of the Nova Age.

### GEOGRAPHY

Tenguholme is a small but dense world, its size made all the more apparent when compared to other moons like Bantosian. Land on Tenguholme is something of a commodity—roughly 80% of the moon's living space is ocean, its major continents numbering fewer than five. The world's only recognized ocean is the Vast Sea, tengu having little care for human eloquence when it comes to naming things that aren't valuable. Most of Tenguholme is temperate, and features large mountains of dense stone inhabited by dangerous megafauna.

### RESIDENTS

Tenguholme's most populous residents are its titular tengu, a species of avian humanoids whose bodies resemble that of ravens. Originally from Azan, the tengu have completely distanced themselves from their ancient home world, instead viewing the splendor of Tenguholme as something their people earned through hardship and hard work. Notoriously eccentric and prone to appropriating the thoughts and traditions of others without much thought, the tengu have something of a hodgepodge culture that is constantly evolving and changing as they encounter new ideas and new peoples from beyond the Xa-Osoro System. Despite

being directly in orbit about the Radiant Imperium's new home world, the empire interferes very little with the tengu, perhaps due to a combination of a general underestimation of the tengu and their abilities coupled with a desire to avoid stepping foot on the moon very often. Regardless, the tengu have thrived in spite of (some even say because of) the Radiant Imperium's hands-off attitude, and rebels across the system often cite the tengu's success as justification for why dismantling the empire is in everyone's best interest.

Tenguholme's population of non-tengu is surprisingly small given the planet's verdant biomes and overall pleasant weather. Largely, this is due to the presence of vergonium-carbonate in the moon's atmosphere. Despite the fact that inexpensive over-the-counter drugs exist that render the effects of vergonium-carbonate nonexistent, most mammalian humanoids avoid Tenguholme due to stories circulated by those who have experienced vergonium-carbonate's effects. In fairness, most agree that none of the stories told about vertigo inflicted by vergonium-carbonate come close to how awful it actually feels to be afflicted by the poison, and using medicine to bypass vergonium-carbonate isn't particularly glamorous. Vergonium-carbonate's presence turns the user's earwax bright green, however, and causes it to build up quickly, something many find embarrassing. For this reason, most humans and other species found on Tenguholme stay only temporarily, with only those most devoted to living in a place where the Radiant Imperium has little sway locating there permanently.

## SOCIETY

To the untrained eye, one might assume that Imijol's grand experiment failed in Tenguholme. Many live in slums or barrows, with only small stretches of the city being developed to human standards. Yet this isn't the case. Tenguholme's persistence against naysaying politicians from throughout the Radiant Imperium ultimately hints at the heart of the tengu spirit—strict determinism and survival instinct in the face of certain doom. The people of Tenguholme quizzically keep their secrets to themselves, but share and borrow everything they learn from others to better themselves and their young civilization. The dozen great hub-cities that make up most of Tenguholme's civilized populace are a hodgepodge of ideas and customs as a result, often taken for the sheer joy of incorporating new ideas into a greater whole, even if the natives don't truly understand their purpose or significance.

Collectively, the people of Tenguholme are somewhat maniacal and crude, caring more about the hustle and bustle of daily living than some greater cause or purpose. Traditionally criminal or illicit activity is common in the bad parts of Tenguholme, which most consider to be three (sometimes four) of the moon's seven cities. Tenguholme wasn't an economic powerhouse before the Nova Age, and despite escaping Osoro's collapse relatively unscathed, it didn't prosper any differently than it had prior to this system-

changing event. Likely, this happened because its majority citizens, the tengu, care very little about interplanetary affairs even when they directly concern Tenguholme's well-being—other races have traditionally shunned tengu, and so Tenguholme sees little reason to go out of its way to interact with the other worlds of the Radiant Imperium. Instead, Tenguholme policies are somewhat insular, seeking self-sufficiency over planetary trade and mingling. Most visiting Tenguholme are wary of pickpockets and charlatans despite few tengu caring for the effort that mugging even a lightly-armed foreigner would require. As a result, most visitors to Tenguholme's major settlements are safe, but tense nevertheless. Many are the stories of Tenguholme's megafauna, colossal avian and reptilian creatures that grow to impossible heights by some poorly understood quirk of alien biology. These apex predators are difficult to kill and fear only the large artillery batteries sported by Tenguholme's larger settlements, making smaller settlements uncommon. Monster hunters are paid top credit on Tenguholme as a result, though the job is extremely risky and often proves fatal for all but the most grizzled folk.

Life for most visitors to Tenguholme is straightforward enough, provided one has access to the drops needed to withstand the crippling effects of vergonium-carbonate poisoning. The best-known medicine of its class is Vertigone, a bottle of which costs 5 credits for roughly a week of use. Essential for nearly any mammalian race who adventures on Tenguholme's surface (including dwarves, humans, and kitsune), these medicinal drops prevent vergonium carbonate from accumulating in the user's ears by triggering a chemical reaction within the outer ear that transforms the vergonium carbonate, the Vertigone solution, and trace amounts of the user's earwax into a waxy green substance. The embarrassment experienced by those who effective have their ears turned green from staying on Tenguholme is greatly mitigated by the disappearance of the crippling bouts of vertigo that otherwise plague such creatures while traversing the surface of Tenguholme, but nevertheless Tengu native to Tenguholme often call visitors to the moon "green ears" for this very reason. Vertigone solution is affordable enough, but those who adventure out into Tenguholme's wilds without a proper supply of the solution can find themselves as helpless as a babe, struck with inability to see, speak, or even stand for long periods of time from vertigo.

## POINTS OF INTEREST

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

### CAZGAMAHN

The oldest and largest of tengu settlements on Tenguholme is called Cazgamahn, named for an ancient tengu trickster from tengu folklore. Cazgamahn is large and sprawling as



any other major metropolis in the Xa-Osoro system, but what makes Cazgamahn unique is its tight streets and strange rail-based system of public transportation. Rather than use automobiles, thick magnetic cables create magnetic "roads" across the city that are capable of zipping magnetic automobiles (magnobiles) along prestrung courses at surprising speed. The cars themselves are also magnetized against one another, making collusion virtually impossible. For more pragmatic visitors, however, the eccentric city does possess a well-maintained subway system that connects key points across Cazgamahn to other settlements across the continent of Imjolica. The tengu of Cazgamahn are eccentric and wired, often obsessed with quickness and efficiency in their work and lives, and off-worlders usually find life in the City of Speedsters frantic and stressful after a short while.

## CAZGAMAHN

### **CN metropolis**

**Population** 100 million (85% tengu, 15% other)

**Government** council (Senate)

**Qualities** notorious

### COLOSSUS'S FALL

Far to the west of Cazgamahn at the north of the Burning Wastes lies one of the wonders of Tenguholme—a colossal skeleton of vaguely humanoid shape unclaimed by the desert sands. These remains, known simply as 'The Colossus' are a subject of constant study by archaeologists and biologists, as they suggest that the now-dead creature was once the largest being ever to live in the Xa-Osoro system. Little information has been gathered thus far, however, as very little organic material remains with which to perform genetic tests and experimentation. What has been gathered is that the colossus's bones are surprisingly light-weight despite their size, weighing approximately 1/256 the weight of human bone without sacrificing toughness or strength. Small camps devoted to studying the Colossus have sprung up around its remains, where some of the system's most brilliant minds study it around the clock.

### DESPIRITE'S CATHEDRAL

Most of Tenguholme's pre-tengu civilizations are little more than ruins, but one of the few places that have stood the test of time is a haunt known as Despirite's Cathedral. Located far to the south of Cazgamahn on a massive island, Despirite's Cathedral is named because the immaculate structure is believed to be a temple devoted to the moon's god, Despirite. Built from a strange, black slate and unusually rounded structures that defies conventional geometric architecture, the cathedral is ominous in appearance, to say nothing of the strange, fish-like being with a multitude of tentacles and eyes that are etched into each of its walls. Many believe that these etchings are warnings from ancient prophets, as a strange symbol resembling three stars dramatically converging, their

trails forming wing-like clouds of fire and blood. Conspiracy theorists across the Xa-Osoro system flock to Despirite's Cathedral in hopes of understanding the dangers that the system may face, and while many believe that the etchings have come true in the creation of Blood Space, the existence of a third star worries many, leading them to believe that an even greater danger lurks within the void of space.

## GRUNGEWIDDLE

Built upon Saltmurk Isle, the largest of the Salted Islands, Grundwiddle is the second-largest settlement on Tenguholme despite its inopportune location. Exactly why the local tengu would build such a prominent city in a half-sunken marsh that is prone to flooding isn't clearly understood—some speculate that the swamp gas and vile terrain discouraged megafauna from attacking the settlement, while others believe that the city's founder, the titular Alvoss Grungefather, was mad. Whether the case may be, life in Grungewiddle is both interesting and unpleasant. Due to constant flooding from the Vast Sea, many modern technologies are impractical in Grungewiddle, especially those that rely on technology or require clean, murk-free streets. Instead of relying on hi-tech means of transportation like enercycles or hover boards, most folks simply plod through the murk on-foot or rely on domesticated animals called murkglders for transportation because its less time consuming then trying to rip a cycle free from quicksand. As a result, clothing in Grungewiddle is usually darkly colored and easy to roll up, and natives wear open-foot sandals if they wear shoes at all. Many folks ask why anyone would live in a place like Grungewiddle, and the simple response involves a strange profession called siltsifting. Because of the constant floods, trace particles of rare materials crucial in the formation of UPB wash across Grungewiddle constantly, making the city the leading exporter and manufacture of this essential material. As a result, while the people of Grungewiddle look brackish and backwards, the city boasts one of the highest qualities of life found in the Xa-Osoro system and plenty of people are willing to tolerate poor fashion and murk for a hefty salary in credits.

## GRUNGEWIDDLE

### **N metropolis**

**Population** 75 million (85% tengu, 15% other)

**Government** council (Senate)

**Qualities** financial center, notorious

### THE ORCISH KINGDOMS

The tengu are not alone on Tenguholme—long before they ever arrived on the errant moon, a bustling civilization of orcs existed far to the north of the Burning Wastes in a once-verdant paradise they called Thok'rogol. With no other humanoid races on Tenguholme to war with and massive apex predators all around them, the orcs of Thok'rogol banded together for mutual survival, ultimately building

themselves into a militant power to rival that of the Radiant Imperium despite their significantly smaller size. After they had drove all of the colossal beasts living in their kingdom to extinction, however, the kingdom of Thok'rogol splintered apart from infighting and competition of resources, leaving a number of smaller tribes in its wake. The orcs might have ended up driving each other to extinction, had it not been for the timely arrival of a new people to war with—the tengu. Today, the orcish kingdoms of Thok'rogol are slowly piecing together the shattered remains of their broken civilization, their eyes firmly fixed upon Cazgamahn to the southwest. That the orc's relocation to Tenguholme was forced millennia prior to the Regicide by a powerful sorcerer only adds fuel to the fires of their rage, and while only skirmishes have broken out thus far, it is only a matter of time before they develop the technology to drown the Xa-Osoro system in fire and blood.

### PEZROH'S PEAKS

Although Tenguholme is known for its destructive megafauna, there is one landmass where such creatures don't exist—Pezroh's Peaks, which are named for the early Tenguholme explorer who discovered and charted the continent. Quite the contrary, those who've travelled to Pezroh's Peaks have found the land inhabited by miniscule versions of creatures that live elsewhere on the moon, diminished to as little as 1/256 their usual size. Creatures normally the size of men fit comfortably in a human's hands, while those normally the size of skyscrapers are scarcely 10 feet tall. To date, no one has encountered salient life on Pezroh's Peaks, though there have been few opportunities to do so. Early in Tenguholme's settling, explorers learned that those visiting Pezroh's Peaks who remained more than 48 hours vanished into thin air, never to be seen again. Pezroh herself disappeared in this fashion, and even drones and other types of technological surveillance systems have been unable to explain what happens to those who go missing thus far. Instead, visitors to Tenguholme learn what they can quickly before quickly leaving before history—and Pezroh's Peaks—causes them to vanish into history.

### THE ROMPING LANDS

Although megafauna can be found just about anywhere on Tenguholme, their distribution favors lands with wide, open spaces and plenty of game for hunting. Thankfully for the tengu settlers, the continent of Imijolica where most of their settlements are located are mostly rocky, limiting the megafauna presence somewhat. But across the Vast Sea lies a flatter, lushier continent that the tengu call the Rumping Lands for the large number of massive creatures that call the continent home. The presence of these massive creatures make inhabiting this continent impractical—why build a settlement when a herd of stories-tall herd animals can trample through and reduce it to rubble in a matter of minutes? Off-worlders have tried and failed several times to colonize the Rumping Lands, but every time

## VERGONIUM DUST

Naturally occurring within Tenguholme's crust, vergonium-carbonate induces crippling vertigo upon creatures when it becomes lodged within a creature's ear canals, as its presence interferes with the afflicted creature's vestibular system, the region within many creatures' inner ear that works with the visual system to keep objects in focus while the head is moving. Vergonium-carbonate's presence causes most mammalian creatures to experience extreme bouts of crippling vertigo within a few hours of its exposure, to the extent that afflicted creatures are completely unable to stand or move much without feeling nauseous. Coincidentally, an avian creature's feathers screen out vergonium-carbonate from the atmosphere.

### VERGONIUM-CARBONATE LEVEL 1

**Type** poison (contact); **Save** Fortitude (DC 20)

**Track** Dexterity (special); **Onset** 1 minute; **Frequency** 1/minute

**Effect** progression track is dizzy—unsteady—vertiginous. At the dizzy state, you are off-target and sickened. At the unsteady state, you use your Dexterity bonus to your Armor Class and must attempt an Acrobatics check each time you move or fall prone (DC = 10 + the number of minutes you've been unsteady, up to 10 + 1-1/2 × your level). At the vertiginous state, you are nauseated and cannot stand, immediately falling prone. Vertiginous is the end state. Feathered creatures are immune to vergonium dust.

**Cure** 1 save (victim must be in an environment that lacks vergonium dust for 8 hours or spend 1 hour thoroughly decontaminating themselves to attempt a save).

those settlements ultimately end up demolished. Despite the danger, a number of small waystations do exist in the Rumping Lands, however. Usually these waystations are hidden in caves or built underground, and are mostly used as scientific outposts where scientists study the alien anatomy of these monstrous and mysterious creatures.

### THE SUNKEN CITY OF REU

The tengu weren't the first advanced race to settle on Tenguholme—long before the world was called Desprite, the moon that would be Tenguholme was home to an advanced humanoid race called the pra. Few records of these creatures exist, but in the few depictions that archaeologists have found, they appear eerily human with elongated heads and ears, with thin, spindly bodies. No one knows for sure what happened to the pra, but mysterious ruins litter the landscapes of Tenguholme, the best-preserved of these findings being the Sunken City of Reu. Located in the middle of the ocean between three of Tenguholme's largest land masses, mystics fear that the site might be cursed or worse, as anyone who investigates the site mysteriously disappears, never to be seen again.



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## NEXT TIME

The third installment of the *Blood Space Gazetteer* will feature the Empire's Court! A colloquial name for the system's binary stars, the artificial 1010 SuperRing, and the Belt of Azan, the Empire's Court is littered with reminders of the tragedy of the Regicide. In addition to full write-ups regarding these locations, this product also includes a detailed description of blood space, the red nebula that hangs over the system best known for inflicting terrible diseases, possessing the unwary, and warping them into blood maddened monsters.