

UMBRA

LUMOUS

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UMBRA LUMOUS

YEAR 4980 – THE AGE OF DIVERGENCE

By 4980, humankind has colonized dozens of star systems, reshaping entire species through centuries of controlled evolution. Wars over resources, technology, and territory have given way to uneasy treaties enforced by **Factions**. Genetic lines have splintered into purpose-driven castes, each adapted to survive and serve in hostile environments across the galaxy.

No one is *purely human* anymore.

FORGED FOR PURPOSE

Gene-editing became the new arms race.

Some were designed for strength and radiation resistance; the Forgeborn, miners and engineers born to crack planets open. Others, like the Helix were sculpted for intellect, adapted to lab-life and neural processing. Entire sub-species now serve the roles they were made for, united under Faction banners.

Each Faction believes it is humanity's true future. That belief is often enough to kill for...

STATION UMBRA LUMOUS

On paper, this was the closest thing the universe had to a miracle; a cutting-edge research station built by the **combined effort of every major Faction**. An uncharacteristic show of unity that made many people wonder what could possibly be important enough to make lifelong rivals share a table.

It hung in a slow, watchful orbit around Umbra Lumous, a dying star, one which was unlike any that had been discovered before. Official statements talked about "a new frontier of understanding,". Station Umbra was where the smartest minds went to argue, cooperate, and gamble with the unknown.

And then, one day, it went dark. No broadcasts. No traffic. No status pings. Just silence... an expensive, impossible silence, hanging beside a dying sun.

You are aboard Station Umbra. You only remember your Factions' missions, your home planet, why you were chosen to come here, and only brief glimpses of where it all started to go wrong...

You awake from cryopods and find yourself in the cafeteria, a strange place to wake from cryosleep... The systems are failing, power is intermittent, the logs are fragmented and corrupted.

Worst of all, something is *wrong* with the star.



What is Umbra Lumous?

Umbra Lumous is a home-brewed sci-fi horror setting. The main goal of the game is to create a politically interesting world, where different Factions compete with each other for some greater goal. This is all set behind a backdrop of eldritch horror, of science that should have been left as theories... It is heavily inspired by the World of Darkness (WoD), Call of Cthulhu (CoC), and Mothership.

It was designed with the intention of playing it as a LARP (see below) but there is no reason why it couldn't be adapted to any role-playing format.

What Is a LARP?

Live Action Role Play (LARP) is a form of collaborative storytelling where you *act out your character's choices, emotions, and actions*.

Think of it as a mix between improv theatre, Murder Mystery, and Collective Imagination.

Everyone plays a *Role*, a character with their own goals, personality, instincts, and secrets. You step into their shoes and interact with the world as them, responding naturally to whatever situations unfold. There are no scripts, only prompts, scenarios, and your own creativity guiding the moment.

The story emerges from your decisions and the decisions of those around you, with the hope that together we will make emotional and memorable stories together.



GAME MECHANICS

Character Creation Steps

In order to play the game, you will need a **character** (don't worry though this is an easy process!). Just follow these steps, and if you need further help, see the next page for an example step-by-step.

STEP 1: Explore the Factions

Look through the Factions to get a general idea of the setting and what roles are available. (See Page 16)

STEP 2: Assign Attributes

Attributes represent the character's innate talents. For example, a person might be naturally stronger or more quick-witted than most.

You get to assign your **Attribute dots** as follows:

- **One Attribute at 3 dots**
- **Three Attributes at 2 dots**
- **Five Attributes at 1 dot**

Each faction also gives you a **+1 bonus** to one of two possible Attributes.

EXAMPLE: The Forgeborn Union gives +1 Strength or +1 Stamina.

STEP 3: Assign Skills

Skills represent training. Although you might be lucky enough to have the talent to become a Doctor, unless you spend time studying and training, the skill will never flourish.

Distribute your **Skill dots** as follows:

- **Two Skills at 3 dots**
- **Three Skills at 2 dots**
- **Four Skills at 1 dots**

STEP 4: Define Your Character

Once you start to get a feel for who your character is:

Choose one word to describe their **Virtue**. E.g. **Courage**, **Wisdom**, **Fortitude**

Choose one word to describe their **Flaw**. E.g. **Corwardice**, **Foolishness**, **Faintheartedness**

The **Virtue**, and **Flaw** will help both you and the Game Masters pilot or direct your character, although some examples are given above, truly feel free to pick any word.

Character Creation Example

STEP 1:

My name is Chris, and after looking through the Factions, I've decided to make a Forgeborn Union character called Drann.

STEP 2:

I feel like Drann might be a strong and tough type of character, so I put my highest Attribute into *Strength*...

Physical	Social	Mental
Strength: 	Charisma: 	Intelligence: 
Dexterity: 	Manipulation: 	Wits: 
Stamina: 	Composure: 	Resolve: 

...then I put my three 2 dots into *Stamina*, *Composure*, and *Resolve*...

Physical	Social	Mental
Strength: 	Charisma: 	Intelligence: 
Dexterity: 	Manipulation: 	Wits: 
Stamina: 	Composure: 	Resolve: 

...that then means the rest of my Attributes are at 1 dot:

Physical	Social	Mental
Strength: 	Charisma: 	Intelligence: 
Dexterity: 	Manipulation: 	Wits: 
Stamina: 	Composure: 	Resolve: 

...and that completes my Attributes. I then start to think about my Skills:

STEP 3:

Since I'm leaning on the tough guy archetype, I pick *Melee* and *Survival* as my 3 dot Skill:

Melee:	◆◆◆◆◆	Insight:	◇◇◇◇◇	Investigation:	◇◇◇◇◇
Firearms:	◇◇◇◇◇	Intimidation:	◇◇◇◇◇	Medicine:	◇◇◇◇◇
Larceny:	◇◇◇◇◇	Performance:	◇◇◇◇◇	Occult:	◇◇◇◇◇
Stealth:	◇◇◇◇◇	Persuasion:	◇◇◇◇◇	Science:	◇◇◇◇◇
Survival:	◆◆◆◆	Syndicate:	◇◇◇◇◇	Technology:	◇◇◇◇◇

I want to also have a softer side, so I pick *Medicine*, *Insight*, and *Investigation* as my three 2 dots...

Melee:	◆◆◆◆◆	Insight:	◆◆◆◆◆	Investigation:	◆◆◆◆◆
Firearms:	◇◇◇◇◇	Intimidation:	◇◇◇◇◇	Medicine:	◆◆◆◆◆
Larceny:	◇◇◇◇◇	Performance:	◇◇◇◇◇	Occult:	◇◇◇◇◇
Stealth:	◇◇◇◇◇	Persuasion:	◇◇◇◇◇	Science:	◇◇◇◇◇
Survival:	◆◆◆◆	Syndicate:	◇◇◇◇◇	Technology:	◇◇◇◇◇

...I then take four 1 dots in a few other skills:

Melee:	◆◆◆◆◆	Insight:	◆◆◆◆◆	Investigation:	◆◆◆◆◆
Firearms:	◆◆◆◆◆	Intimidation:	◇◇◇◇◇	Medicine:	◆◆◆◆◆
Larceny:	◇◇◇◇◇	Performance:	◆◆◆◆◆	Occult:	◆◆◆◆◆
Stealth:	◇◇◇◇◇	Persuasion:	◆◆◆◆◆	Science:	◇◇◇◇◇
Survival:	◆◆◆◆	Syndicate:	◇◇◇◇◇	Technology:	◇◇◇◇◇

And that's Skills done!

STEP 4:

Now all I need is to choose a **Virtue**, and a **Flaw**:

Faction: Forgeborn	Player Name: Chris
Virtue: Hard Worker	Character Name: Drann
Flaw: Hot Headed	Adventure: Umbra Lumous

And now I am all set to play the game!

HOW TO PLAY

Like any role-playing game, there is no right or wrong way of playing. You simply act how you think your character would act in different situations. Some players can find this tricky, but you can always fall back to what you as a person would do in a situation.

For example, Drann, from the character creation example, finds out that there is a limited oxygen supply. Deciding his Forgeborn brothers and sisters have more right to it than everyone else, he will start working towards collecting oxygen tanks and hiding them. Only telling his Faction about this possibly evil action.

Perhaps Drann is actually a big softie, and despite knowing the other Factions might not do the same, he informs everyone on the station about the soon to be major oxygen problem. This might allow other players to find a solution, or maybe they will try and use it for their nefarious plots.

Or any other possible reaction to the event.

CONTESTS

The game system for contests is based on your characters **Skill** dots, and the classic game rock paper scissors (RPS). Since the main setting for this game is a LARP we do not roll dice but instead we play RPS, but in theory you could adjust for dice rolling as well using the WoD system.

When you wish to do an action against the environment, like hack a computer terminal, investigate a cryopod, or when two characters directly oppose each other, fighting, persuading, etc. we use the following rules:

1. Equal Skill

If both characters have the **same** number of **Skill dots**, they just play RPS:

- One throw;
- Winner succeeds; or
- A draw means you simply throw again.

2. Higher Skill Advantage

If one character has **more Skill dots** than the other, the higher-skilled character gains a small edge:

- They **win** on a **draw**;
- Everything else functions normally.

3. Double Skill Dominance

If one character has **double (or more) Skill dots** than their opponent, they gain a **strong advantage**:

- They still **win** on a draw, and
- They may lose once and **immediately replay** a second round.
- If they win the second round, they succeed.

This reflects overwhelming training or natural ability. One character is simply better.

Against the Environment, the Game Masters (GMs) will pick a suitable number for a task and that will be what you are comparing your skill dots too.

Not concrete but to give an idea of the levels of tests against the environment, here is an example of some tests.

- **Easy Tests: 1-2 dot**
- **Medium Tests: 2-4 dots**
- **Hard Tests: 4-7 dots**
- **Extreme Tests: 8+ dots**

Against the environment, you may be able to **team up** with other players to **combine your stats** to have a better chance in succeeding

Downtime

Time is a major mechanic in Umbra Lumous, and the main way this comes up during the game is **Downtime**. Between sessions, there is “Downtime” in which the characters the players play have time to themselves to do whatever they wish. To organise these, each Downtime is split into an **Action** and a **Goal**.

These can be as creative as you like, some examples are:

ACTION: I want to spend some time looking into the weird nano-bots in the blood of an android we discovered in the sessions.

GOAL: I want to see if any particular faction has control over the nano-bots.

ACTION: Now my faction controls the bio-science lab, I want to start researching this weird fungus we found last downtime. I want to go via hallway 1a to bio-science to do this.

GOAL: I want to see if it can be turned into some kind of bio weapon.

ACTION: I want to get to 1d and claim it for my faction.

GOAL: I want to control 1d so we can get to medical next downtime.

It is recommended to Game Masters to allow the players at least 2 Actions worth of Downtime between sessions, but naturally it is up to them how they want to run their game.

In the Umbra Lumous larp, each player that attends a session gets **2 Actions** during their Downtime.

Downtime Example

In the Umbra Luminous larp, Downtimes are submitted via google forms, below is a filled in example of what that might look like. After you submit a downtime the GMs will look at them together and then decide a logical narrative for what might happen to your character. You will then receive the results in a pdf document up to a few days before the next larp session.

Player Name *

Chris

Character Name *

Drann

Action 1 *

I want to spend some time looking into the weird nano-bots in the blood of an android we discovered in the sessions.

Goal 1 *

I want to see if any particular faction has control over the nano-bots

Movement

As Time is a major mechanic, moving around the Research Space Station Umbra, needs to be tracked. Each Action in Downtime gives the players 4 points of movement.

By default, each marked location costs 4 movement. For example, Traveling to the corridor 1a from the cafeteria, costs 4 movement.

If a Faction claims and controls a marked location, and is uncontested the next Downtime, the cost of moving through that marked location goes down to 2, then after another uncontested Downtime to 0.

A Faction can allow passage through their claimed territory, allowing other players the reduced movement cost benefit if they chose to do so.

For example...

If None contests:

Drann claims 1a for the Forgeborn Union as his Downtime Action. During this time the cost of moving to 1a is still 4.

The following Downtime, none contests the Forgeborn Union's control of 1a. Now that there has been established control of 1a, for Forgeborn Union players, the cost of moving to 1a is now 2.

The third Downtime in a row, none contests again, and now the cost for Forgeborn Union players to move to 1a is now 0.

If Someone contests:

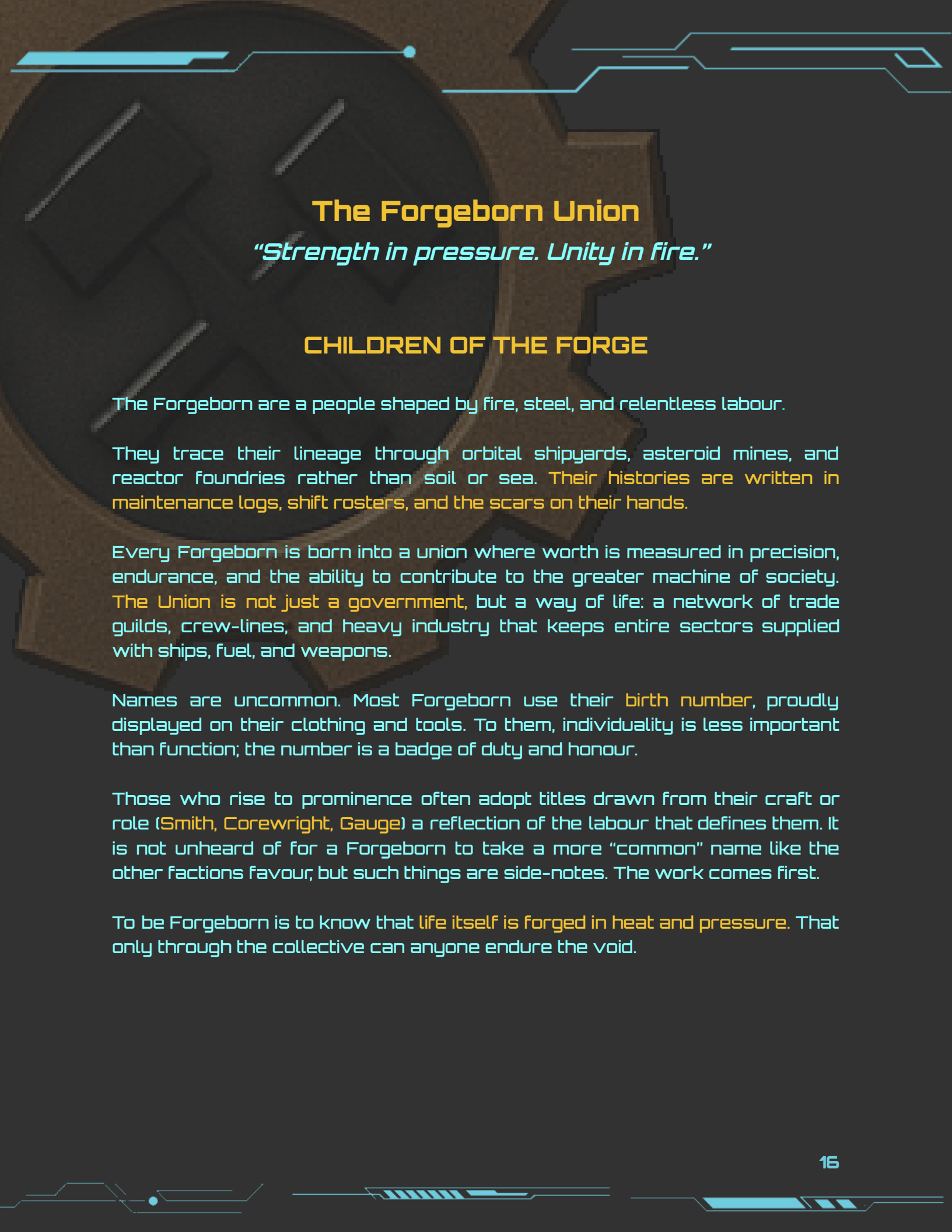
Drann claims 1a for the Forgeborn Union as his Downtime Action. During this time the cost of moving to 1a is still 4.

The following Downtime, someone contests the Forgeborn Union's control of 1a. The state of 1a is now unclear, so for the Forgeborn Union the cost of moving is still 4



THE FACTIONS





The Forgeborn Union

"Strength in pressure. Unity in fire."

CHILDREN OF THE FORGE

The Forgeborn are a people shaped by fire, steel, and relentless labour.

They trace their lineage through orbital shipyards, asteroid mines, and reactor foundries rather than soil or sea. Their histories are written in maintenance logs, shift rosters, and the scars on their hands.

Every Forgeborn is born into a union where worth is measured in precision, endurance, and the ability to contribute to the greater machine of society. The Union is not just a government, but a way of life: a network of trade guilds, crew-lines, and heavy industry that keeps entire sectors supplied with ships, fuel, and weapons.

Names are uncommon. Most Forgeborn use their birth number, proudly displayed on their clothing and tools. To them, individuality is less important than function; the number is a badge of duty and honour.

Those who rise to prominence often adopt titles drawn from their craft or role (Smith, Corewright, Gauge) a reflection of the labour that defines them. It is not unheard of for a Forgeborn to take a more "common" name like the other factions favour, but such things are side-notes. The work comes first.

To be Forgeborn is to know that life itself is forged in heat and pressure. That only through the collective can anyone endure the void.

THE UNION IDEAL

The Forgeborn Union teaches three simple truths:

PRESSURE REVEALS STRENGTH

Hardship is not an aberration; it is the natural state of existence. Steel is made strong by strain. So are people.

NO MACHINE RUNS ON A SINGLE COG

Individual talent is respected, but never allowed to overshadow the crew. A genius who will not share their methods is as dangerous as a cracked fuel line.

LABOUR IS LEGACY

Where other factions build monuments to rulers and saints, the Forgeborn point to orbital rings, functioning reactors, and ships still flying after a century and say: that is heritage.

A common prayer the Forgeborn will recite when they start a difficult job, is the one they were taught since birth.

Strength in pressure. Unity in fire.

With these hands built, by these hands reclaimed.

Your voice echoes with millions. Together we cannot be ignored.

Pay no heed to the words of the weak.

We are the unthanked gears. Join the machine.



APPEARANCE & AESTHETIC

Forgeborn favour **practical clothing**: heavy-duty jumpsuits, reinforced boots, and tool-harnesses that keep everything within reach. Patches denote line and guild affiliation. Rank is often shown through the quality of gear rather than ornate insignia: a Chief's plasma cutter will be customised and meticulously maintained, their gloves perfectly fitted and patched.

COMMON ADORNMENTS

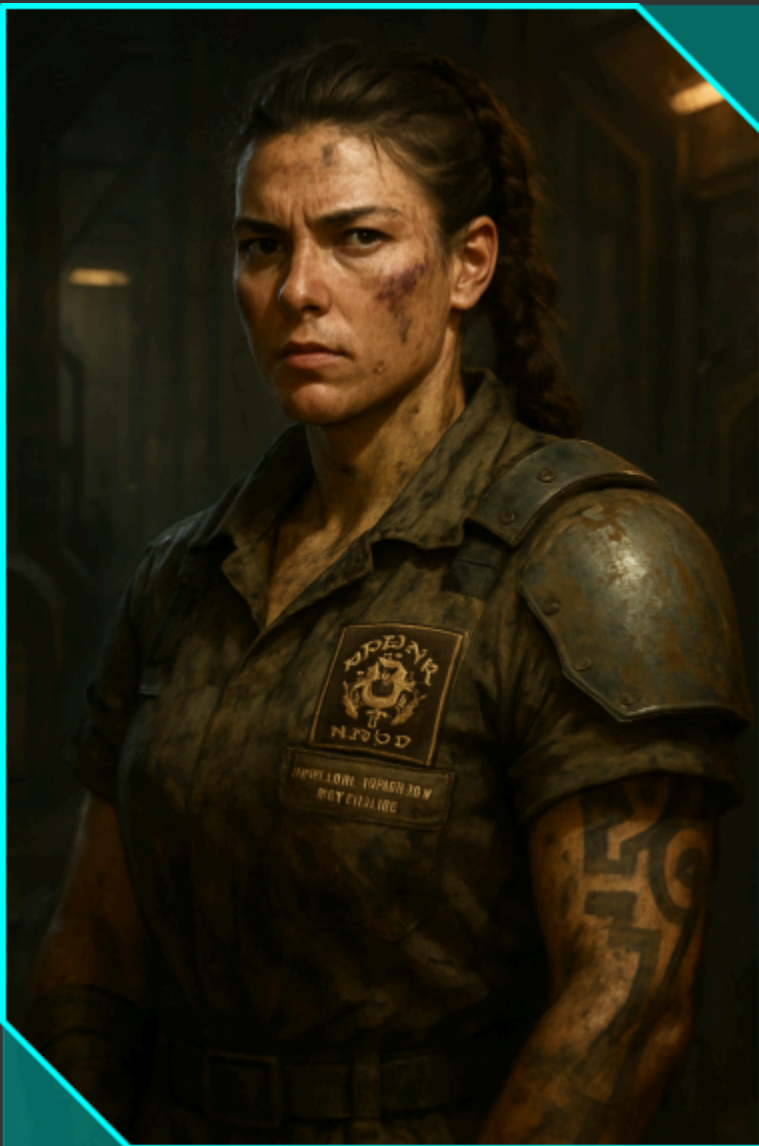
INCLUDE:

Metal or composite plates riveted to the chest, shoulder, or belt, stamped with their designation.

Forge Charms – Small pieces of scrap metal, fused glass, or worn-down tool parts worn on chains or cords. Often taken from a significant job or salvaged from a dangerous site.

Scar Tattoos – Some Forgeborn choose to visually highlight scars from work-accidents, tracing them with ink or metallic inlays to mark lessons learned.

Civilian wear, when they are off-shift or away from Union space, tends to be a more relaxed version of work clothing: lighter fabrics, fewer hard edges, but still dominated by pockets, loops, and reinforced seams. Even in a formal gathering, a Forgeborn is never far from their tools.



HOME SYSTEMS OF THE FORGEBORN

The Forgeborn Union did not arise on a single cradle-world. It coalesced gradually, as scattered industrial communities discovered they had more in common with each other than with the distant elites they served. Still, there are key places that every Forgeborn child learns about.

KALYX-ORBITALS - BIRTHPLACE OF THE UNION

Kalyx was never meant to be a home, just a strategic planet with rich helium-3 reserves. Around it, a chain of extraction platforms and processing stations—collectively known as the Kalyx-Orbitals—grew fat on fuel contracts.

Work conditions were lethal. Rotating corporate owners cut maintenance corners and paid bonuses in hazard pay and sealed caskets. In response, the workers began coordinating across platforms, sharing safety data, staging walkouts, and sabotaging unsafe equipment until repairs were made.

The first declaration of the Forgeborn Union was transmitted from a jury-rigged broadcast tower on Kalyx Station 3A, a refitted comms rig that had once spammed advertisements and was now repurposed for solidarity. That transmission is replayed on Union Day each cycle:

"We are the ones who keep your engines lit, your ships flying, your stations breathing. You will treat us as more than replaceable parts. We are the Forgeborn Union, and we will not be ignored."

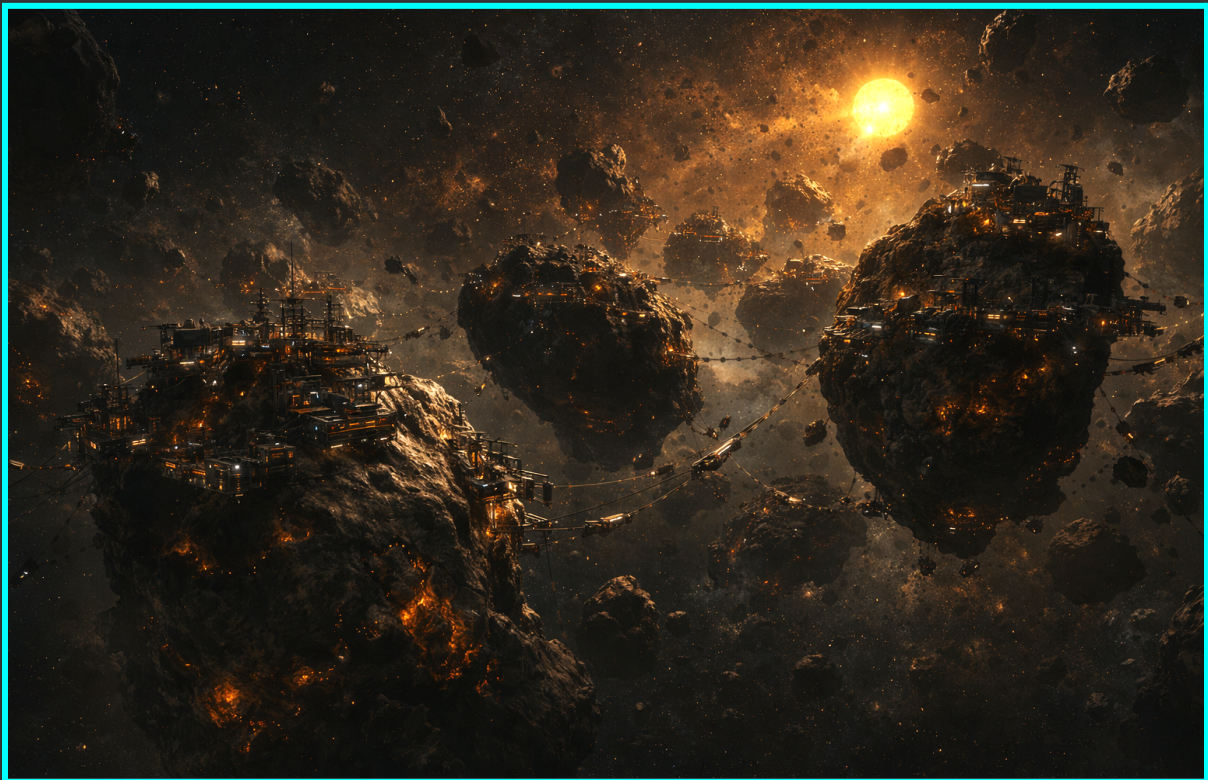
Today the Kalyx-Orbitals are considered Union Heartland.

Apprentices dream of serving a cycle there, though the work remains as dangerous as ever.

THE CRUCIBLE BELT

A dense cluster of metal-rich asteroids and shattered proto-planets, the Crucible Belt is one of the Union's primary sources of raw material. Here, entire lineages work as microgravity miners and ore-refiners, passing down traditions and equipment the way others might pass down heirloom furniture.

Habitat-hulls cling to asteroids like barnacles, linked by cables and transit



Pods. Families might not set foot in a standard gravity well for generations. Life in the Crucible produces a particular kind of Forgeborn: lean, wiry, with a near-instinctive sense of trajectory and momentum. Many of the Union's best riggers and hull-walkers come from the Belt.



VARRON YARDS

If Kalyx is where the Union began, Varron Yards is where it flaunts its strength.

Varron is a mid-sized world with a thick atmosphere and relatively low gravity. Around it hangs a lattice of shipyards: kilometre-long gantries, rotating rings for hull assembly, and vast drydock-lattices that can hold cruisers in skeleton form.

Here, Forgeborn master shipwrights oversee the construction and refitting of vessels that will carry Union influence across the stars. Varron ships are known for their ruggedness and ease of maintenance. They might lack the sleek lines of Solarrii designs, but they rarely fail in the field.

Within Union stories, “going to Varron” is shorthand for both ambition and responsibility. You do not earn a place on the yards unless your work is flawless.

FORGEBORN ABROAD

While most Forgeborn live and die within Union territory, many work off-contract in foreign ports and frontier stations. They travel where there is need for repair, construction, or salvage.

Outside the Union, Forgeborn are often stereotyped as:

- **Gruff and humorless** – until you earn their trust.
- **Blunt to the point of offense** – they rarely see the point in polite lies.
- **Reliably competent** – if they take a job, they intend to finish it well.

Union law follows its citizens. A Forgeborn who breaks an oath in foreign space may return home to find their number under review. Conversely, a foreign station that mistreats Union workers will discover how quickly contracts dry up... and how fast their maintenance schedules start slipping.

PLAYING A FORGEBORN (OUT OF CHARACTER NOTES)

Although like in real life there can be many different individuals in a nation of people, some possible ideas for a Forgeborn character are:

- Introduce themselves by number first, and only later share a personal nickname or title.
- Treat tools, machines, and safety protocols with near-religious seriousness.
- Value collective success over personal glory, but still take quiet pride in their craftsmanship.
- See other factions' luxuries as suspicious or wasteful.
- Have at least one specific accident, failure, or near-disaster in their past that shaped them.

THE HELIX DOMINION

"To the unedited, we offer mercy. To the resistant, we offer obsolescence. We are the next step."

DOCTRINE OF THE DOUBLE HELIX

The Helix Dominion stands as both a nation and a doctrine: a civilisation built on the pursuit of genetic perfection and the cold logic of biological ascendance.

Where other factions built themselves around territory, industry, or faith, the Helix built themselves around a single conviction: that the raw genome is not a sacred inheritance but an unfinished draft. They believe that evolution should not be left to chance or nature, but guided by intellect and precision. To the Dominion, flesh is code, and the genome is scripture.

This worldview colours everything. Illness is a solvable error. Ageing is a design flaw awaiting correction. Even personality is, in theory, subject to edit. Where others speak of souls, the Helix speak of patterns, and of the responsibility to refine those patterns, generation after generation.

In their own words:

"We are the next step.

*Not because we are destined,
but because we chose to be."*

IDEAL OF THE HELIX: THE BIOTECH PRIESTHOOD

The Helix Dominion is highly intellectual, cold, and ruthlessly hierarchical—something like a biotech priesthood draped in lab whites and surgical steel.

They organise themselves not merely by wealth or ancestry, but by gene-line, cognitive profile, and proven contribution to what they call the Grand Sequence: the ever-evolving master design of their species. Their leaders do not preach from pulpits; they publish from sequencing halls and vaulted laboratories.

Their core creed is simple:

EVOLUTION IS A TOOL, NOT A FATE.

Natural selection is too slow and too brutal. The Dominion insists that intelligent species have a duty to take control of their own evolution, just as they took control of fire and orbit.

THE UNSHAPED GENOME IS A WEAPON POINTED AT ITS OWN BEARER.

Every inherited flaw, every latent disease, every tendency toward instability is seen as a loaded gun embedded in the body. Leaving such traits untouched is, to them, negligence.

THOSE WHO REFUSE REFINEMENT CHOOSE DECAY.

Individuals, families, or entire cultures that reject improvement are judged as willingly walking toward extinction. The Helix may offer them “uplift” once; refusal marks them as obstacles, not partners.



APPEARANCE & AESTHETIC

Helix citizens tend towards a striking, post-human grace. Their bodies are curated as carefully as their laboratories: precise, sterile, and intentional. Every visible trait, skin tone, posture, even how fabric hangs, is a design choice, not an accident. To a Helix, the body is a living declaration of loyalty: a canvas to display precision, not personal whim.

COMMON ADORNMENTS INCLUDE:

Pristine coats and garments – Lab coats or tailored overcoats in sharp, monochrome palettes, cut clean and close to the body.

Holo-visors and cranial bands – Worn for neural interfaces, constant data feeds, and augmented perception.

Etched helix patterns – Fine lines along the jaw, temples, or wrists, only visible up close or under certain light.

Gene-key pendants – Small devices or charms encoded with fragments of their lineage or personal edit-history, worn as both identification and quiet pride.





HOME SYSTEMS OF THE HELIX DOMINION

The Helix Dominion arose not from ancient homelands, but from sterile, AI-run worlds designed as laboratories first and “societies” second.

CHIRAL PRIME

Often cited as the “first true Helix world”, Chiral Prime is a superstructure built around a once-barren rock. Its surface is sheathed in gleaming alloys and adaptive bioceramics; its atmosphere is thin, artificial, and tightly controlled.

Here, the earliest Architect-Caste perfected the first stable gene-castes, using AI-assisted modelling to refine every generation. Deep beneath the surface lie the original Prime Vaults: libraries of genetic baselines, including carefully isolated samples of unedited humanity.

The Synod rotates through Chiral Prime regularly, refreshing themselves in its rarefied sterility.

THE LYSIAN GLASS MOONS

Orbiting a gas giant deep in Dominion space, the Lysian Moons are enclosed habitats where entire ecosystems have been rewritten.

On these worlds:

- Predators and prey follow tightly-regulated genetic scripts.
- Plants grow in mathematically precise fractal patterns.
- Weather systems are tuned to provide optimal stress gradients for desired evolution.

Helix field teams run long-term simulations here, testing new edits at ecological scale. Variants that thrive may be elevated to full clades; those that fail are catalogued, archived, and erased.



VECTOR SPIRES OF HELION-THETA

Helion-Theta is less a world and more a network of orbital platforms and habitat-spires dedicated to external operations.

Here, Vector-Caste Helix train to operate in the chaotic, “dirty” environments of other factions: port cities, mining belts, frontier stations. Helion-Theta’s lower decks house simulated slums, lawless docks, and complex social models to prepare Vectors for negotiation, manipulation, and observation.

Many Helix encountered on neutral ground, such as the station in your game, were trained or conditioned on Helion-Theta.

THE HELIX ABROAD

Helix Dominion citizens rarely *visit* foreign space; they are assigned there. When a Helix appears on a mixed-faction station or colony, it is almost always with a purpose and a portfolio: as a **resident medical officer**, **geneticist**, or **xenobiologist**. Seated near the top of some administrative chain, their exact authority unclear but their influence unmistakable. To outsiders, the Helix are often stereotyped as:

- **Cold and clinical** – prioritising data over feelings.
- **Politely contemptuous** – especially toward unmodified or “crude” bodies.

The Helix may offer aid, but seldom without strings. A cure, an enhancement, a necessary surgery, a discreet piece of advice at just the right moment... Such acts enter a ledger that is not measured in credits but in obligation. The Helix rarely call those debts in directly. Those who accept Helix help often discover, sooner or later, that they are now part of a pattern the Dominion has already mapped.

PLAYING A HELIX DOMINION CHARACTER (OUT OF CHARACTER NOTES)

Although like in real life there can be many different individuals in a nation of people, some possible ideas for a Helix character are:

- They see people as patterns: strengths, flaws, potential edits.
- They are deeply uncomfortable with chaos, dirt, and uncontrolled change.
- They give advice as if issuing medical reports. Factual, sometimes brutal.
- They may perform small, unobtrusive tests on their allies (with or without consent).
- Do you fully believe in Helix doctrine, or harbour secret doubts about “guided perfection”?
- Have you ever broken protocol? Saved an “unworthy” life, concealed a mutation, shared restricted knowledge?



THE SOLARII ACCORD

"By order of the Core Worlds."

CHILDREN OF THE CORE WORLDS

The Solarii Accord traces its authority back to the oldest, richest worlds humanity ever claimed, the Core Worlds that watched empires rise and fall from orbit while frontier colonies burned out like sparks in vacuum.

Where the Forgeborn were shaped by labour, and the Helix by laboratories, the Solarii were shaped by continuity. They are the descendants of those who controlled the old planetary governments, the pre-collapse megacorps, the first interstellar charters. When everything else fragmented into unions, dominions, covenants and cults, the Solarii Accord insisted that someone had to remember how to run a civilisation.

They pride themselves on being *unaltered* in the genetic sense. "Baseline" stock, untouched by wholesale gene-forging. But they are anything but primitive. Cybernetic enhancement, training regimens, cognitive conditioning, predictive AIs woven through their institutions: these are their tools. Flesh may be familiar, but the mind and its machinery are sharpened for power.

To the Solarii, law is not just a set of rules. It is an infrastructure, like a jump gate or a power grid. Someone must design it, maintain it, enforce it. Someone must sit in the rooms where borders are drawn and resource rights negotiated. Someone must ensure that Forgeborn shipyards, Helix research facilities, Verdant preserves, and a hundred minor interests don't collapse into open war.

They have chosen themselves for that role. Ask them who gave them that authority, and they will answer, without irony:

"History did. We are simply the ones who accepted the burden."

IDEAL OF THE SOLARII ACCORD

The Solarii ideal is not heroism, purity, or harmony. It is stability.

They believe that without a central, civilising force, human space devolves into firestorms, industrial tyrannies, and rogue genetic cults.

Their quiet creed runs along three lines:

ORDER IS THE FIRST MERCY.

Chaos kills more people than any tyrant. Famine, plague, civil war. These flourish when no one is in charge. A functioning bureaucracy, clear chains of command, predictable rules. These are the foundations on which all other rights stand.

POWER MUST BE CENTRALISED, OR IT WILL BE STOLEN.

In Solarii thinking, dispersed authority is simply a buffet for whoever is most ruthless. Better that power be gathered into accountable institutions, The Accord, its councils, its chartered businesses, rather than left for opportunists to seize without oversight.

LEGITIMACY IS BUILT, NOT INHERITED.

Though many Solarii come from old dynasties, the Accord insists that *competence* and *service* are what justify rule. Years spent navigating crises, balancing hostile factions, and keeping the trade lanes open are their proof of right to govern.

They are not blind to their own privilege, but they interpret it as obligation rather than guilt. Wealth and access exist so that Solarii officials can be everywhere they are needed: in orbital council chambers, in war rooms, in the back offices where contracts are reworded to avert catastrophe.

"Someone has to be in charge.
Better that it be us. As we know how."

APPEARANCE & AESTHETIC

Solarii style is designed to send one clear message: *we are the ones in control.*

Their presence is crisp, deliberate, and just a little ostentatious. Even in informal settings, Solarii carry themselves like officers walking through their own command deck. Backs straight, movements economical, eyes always measuring.

COMMON FEATURES INCLUDE:

Baseline human physiology – Few obvious gene-edits; they favour the “old normal” body as a symbol of legitimacy.

Controlled expression – Faces schooled to neutrality, with smiles and frowns used like tools rather than reflexes.

Uniforms and tailored suits – High-collared jackets, immaculate lines, often in deep blues, blacks, or whites, accented with gold or brass. Military-cut even when technically civilian.

Golden insignias – Pins, badges, or braided cords showing rank, department, and jurisdiction. The sigil of the Accord (a stylised sun or starburst) is almost always visible.



Visible neural links – Discreet ports behind the ear, fine data-filaments along the neck, always integrated, never messy.

HOME SYSTEMS OF THE SOLARII ACCORD

The Solarii Accord's heart lies in the Core Worlds. Old, heavily-developed systems with long histories, dense populations, and infrastructure that predates many frontier factions.

HELIOS PRIME

Helios Prime is both a world and a statement. Once Earth's proudest off-world colony, it has grown into a sprawling globe-spanning arcology: continent-sized cityscapes threaded with transit rings and orbital elevators.

From Helios orbit, the Accord governs. The Helios Crown Array, a lattice of fortified stations and comm-relays, acts as the central hub for diplomatic traffic and high-level military coordination. Vast archives of precedent, treaties, and administrative law are stored here, updated daily.

Most high-ranking Solarii spend part of their careers on Helios Prime, learning how to think at the scale of sectors rather than stations.

THE AURELIAN SPINDLE

The Aurelian Spindle is a megastructure in deep space, part gateway, part fortress, part symbol. It sits at the intersection of several major trade routes, a rotating column of docks, embassies, and fortified chambers.

The Spindle was built as neutral ground: a place where Helix, Forgeborn, Verdant, and a dozen lesser factions can send delegations under Accord guarantee. It has hosted ceasefires, peace talks, trade congresses, and the occasional failed summit that ended in explosive decompression.

For Solarii, service on the Spindle is a crucial test. Those who can manage its constant, simmering tensions without letting the station tear itself apart earn fast promotion.

CONCORDIA-III

Concordia-III is the Accord's showpiece: a temperate world where the worst scars of early industrialisation have been painstakingly healed, leaving behind carefully planned cities, vast green belts, and oceans kept within strict ecological parameters.

Here, the Solarii demonstrate their preferred order: not Verdant wildness, not Forgeborn austere industry, not Helix sterile control, but a balanced, regulated prosperity. Concordia's citizens enjoy safety, education, and culture—so long as they accept the Accord's authority in return.

To Solarii propagandists, images of Concordia-III answer the question, *"What are we for?"*



THE SOLARII ACCORD ABROAD

Away from the Core Worlds and grand stations, Solarii bring with them charters, regulations, and a frightening amount of precedent. Where a Forgeborn sees a broken reactor, and a Verdant sees damaged ecosystems, a Solarii sees competing contracts, and the opportunity to bind everyone into a new, controlled framework.

To others, Solarii often come across as:

- **Polished but distant:** Courteous, impeccably mannered, but operating at a level of abstraction that can feel cold.
- **Quietly entitled:** They walk into rooms as if they already own the air, and are often surprised when this is challenged.
- **Alarmingly competent:** When disaster hits, they somehow already have contingencies filed in triplicate.

PLAYING A SOLARII ACCORD CHARACTER

Although like in real life there can be many different individuals in a nation of people, some possible ideas for a Solarii character are:

- Speak like someone used to being listened to: calmly, clearly, with an expectation of response.
- Use precise terms for relationships: ally, subordinate, peer, client
- What rank do you actually hold? Are you a minor attaché, or a seasoned governor displaced to this nowhere station?
- Do you genuinely believe in the Accord's mission to keep the peace, or are you mostly out for your line, your career, your comfort?
- What was the hardest decision you made for "stability's sake"—and do you still think you were right?

THE VANTA WARDS

"Silent in the Void. Unseen in the Dark."

KEEPERS OF THE BLACK QUADRANTS

The Vanta Wards were not born under open skies. They were made for places where light fails.

Engineered for survival in low-light, hostile frontier zones, the first Vanta were built as expendable assets: scouts, assassins, and pathfinders sent where sensors faltered and drones disappeared. They were designed to see in spectrums cameras couldn't parse, to move through ruins and dead stations without a sound, to slip between warring factions as if they were simply part of the dark.

It did not stay that way.

The Wards learned. They watched the briefings that lied, the commanders who discarded them, the missions that were never meant to be survivable. In the silent corridors and uncharted asteroid fields, they began to turn their own skills inward, toward survival, toward secrecy, toward *each other*.

What emerged from those black operations was no longer anyone's disposable unit. It was a culture.

Today, the Vanta Wards are a loose but fiercely loyal network of clans, cells, and shadow-fleets: a faction that specializes in the spaces between other factions' lines. They rarely hold territory in the traditional sense; their "realm" is the void itself, uncharted routes, forgotten listening posts, dead satellites hijacked and repurposed as eyes.

Ask them what they are and you'll get a simple answer:

"We are the ones on the edge.
If we fail, you never even see what killed you."

IDEAL OF THE VANTA WARDS

The Wards don't preach doctrine in public squares. They pass it quietly, in clan briefings and whispered oaths before a darkened viewport.

Their ideals are layered, but they can be cut down to three core principles:

SEE FIRST, OR DIE SECOND.

Information is life. The one who sees the threat first owns the outcome. Vanta children are raised on tales where ignorance kills faster than bullets.

THE SHADOWS ARE A SHIELD *AND* A KNIFE.

Stealth isn't just a way to strike; it's how they protect the people who never even know they're in danger. If the enemy never finds the convoy, the convoy never needs to fight.

NO ONE WATCHES THE WATCHERS, EXCEPT US.

Wards trust their clans, not the powers that hire them. They audit their own leaders ruthlessly. A commander who wastes lives or sells out a Ward cell will find that shadows can just as easily swallow a superior as they do an enemy.

"If you can see us, we've already decided you're allowed."

Internally, they see themselves less as soldiers and more as wardens: guardians of thresholds, between known and unknown, safe and lethal, inside and outside. Their name is no accident.

APPEARANCE & AESTHETIC

The Vanta Ward look like they were carved out of the spaces no one else pays attention to: narrow gaps, blind corners, the strip of nothing between two cones of light.

A lifetime of low-light operations leaves its mark. Their bodies are lithe, compact, built for climbing through service shafts and holding still in cramped hideaways. Their skin is often pale or ashen from long stretches away from natural light, contrasted by the darkness of their gear, giving them an almost vampiric sharpness.

COMMON FEATURES INCLUDE:

- **Striking eyes** – Augmented for night vision and low contrast, wide pupils, faintly glowing irises.
- **Quiet voices** – Habitually low, as if they're always half a step from a stealth op.
- **Matte black uniforms** – Coats, bodysuits, and harnesses that swallow light rather than reflect it, often broken with minimal grey or dark red accents for clan markings.
- **Integrated gear harnesses** – Knives, pistols, climbing lines, breaching spikes all kept flush to the body for silence and minimal profile.



HOME SYSTEMS OF THE VANTA WARDS

The Vanta Wards don't have a shining capital. They grew out of black sites, dead zones, and systems other factions either never wanted or wanted to forget.

UMBRA REACH

Umbra Reach is a dim system on the edge of mapped space, its primary star a sullen red ember. Debris clouds and a thick asteroid belt turn the region into a maze of shadow and stone.

Here, hidden among shattered moons and hollowed rocks, lies one of the oldest Ward training grounds: Reachhold. Caverns lightless as a closed coffin, voidwalk circuits through minefields and debris, sims of silent boarding actions run over and over until even the youngest recruits can navigate blind with only a hand on the hull.

Umbra Reach is less a home than a crucible. Those who survive it call themselves true Wards.

K-12: BLACKGLASS

Once a mining moon stripped nearly to vacuum and fused into obsidian plains by reactor accidents, K-12 was written off by its owners as a total loss.

The Wards claimed it.

They turned the fractured tunnels and polished plains into a proving ground for surface stealth: shadow against starfield, movement against mirrored ground. Beneath the glass: buried bunkers, command caverns, and secure caches of gear and intel.

Blackglass as known by the Wards, serves as a clanhold and rendezvous point. If Wards need a place to vanish between contracts, they vanish into K-12.



THE WARDLINE ARRAY

The Wardline Array is not a single place, but a chain of covert stations and relay buoys stretched like a spiderweb along the frontier.

Some are old military listening posts, officially decommissioned. Others are “lost” survey platforms, quiet habitat wheels with their transponders spoofed. All of them feed data (comms traffic, ship movements, anomalous readings) into encrypted Ward networks.

Wards born on Wardline stations grow up with maps instead of picture books, ship silhouettes instead of lullabies, and the constant awareness that somewhere out there, something big and hostile might already be on its way.

THE VANTA WARDS ABROAD

Away from their home systems, the Vanta Wards are the uneasy guests that stations both fear and are glad to have. Other factions tend to see them as:

- **Unnerving** – They appear in doorways without being noticed.
- **Paranoid** – Always checking sightlines, asking about backup power, wanting to know who controls the sensors and cameras.
- **Quietly loyal** – They'll take contracts, but everyone knows their deepest allegiance is to their own clans.

There are often stories floating around stations with Wards on board and they rarely deny these stories. They let the myths work. Myths are a kind of armour.

PLAYING A VANTA WARD CHARACTER

Although like in real life there can be many different individuals in a nation of people, some possible ideas for a Vanta character are:

- You speak quietly and don't repeat yourself. If people miss it, that's on them.
- In social scenes, you're not always at the centre, but you're always listening and occasionally dropping one pointed question that changes the mood.
- Which clan or Wardline are you from? Are you proud of it, or trying to escape its shadow?
- What was your first mission into the dark that *didn't* go to plan. What did you learn from surviving it?
- Are you still fully loyal to Ward doctrine, or have you seen something (or someone) out here that makes you question what you were taught?

THE VERDANT COVENANT

"We are never alone."

CHILDREN OF THE LIVING WORLDS

The Verdant Covenant did not grow from cities of steel or stations of alloy, but from worlds that tried to kill them and then chose to keep them.

Their earliest gene-clans were seeded on lush, biohazard-heavy exoplanet-worlds where the air shimmered with spores, the soil crawled with microscopic predators, and every drop of water was a chemical gamble. The first settlers should have died there in days. Instead, they adapted.

They did not merely build domes and filters and walls. They opened themselves. Slowly, deliberately, they began to invite the alien biologies in: curated pathogens, tamed symbiotic fungi, rewritten plant-viruses. They shaped themselves to the ecosystems and, in turn, allowed the ecosystems to shape them back.

Over generations, Verdant lineages bound themselves to their adopted worlds in pacts of shared survival. Bloodstreams threaded with engineered chloroplasts. Nervous systems crosswired with mycelial partners. Gut flora that could digest toxins into nutrients and whisper danger to their host.

The result is neither baseline human nor simple hybrid, but something in-between. A living treaty between person and planet.



IDEAL OF THE VERDANT COVENANT

The Verdant Covenant does not worship nature in the abstract. They honour *relationships*—the invisible threads between organisms and their environments.

- Nothing lives alone. Every being is a network. Even the “solitary” creature carries innumerable unseen companions. To deny that interconnectedness is to live a lie.
- Host and habitat must both survive. The Covenant rejects the idea of conquest of a species or culture stamping itself on a world without changing in turn.
- Every wound can grow into something new; scars, plagues, burned-out forests, ruined stations. These are not endings, but beginnings for different forms of life. Regrowth may be slow, strange, or unsettling, but it is always possible.

In their own teachings, the Covenant speaks of three duties:

TEND THE ROOTS

Protect the foundations of life: water cycles, soil webs, pollinators, keystone species, microbial ecologies.

PRUNE THE ROT

Remove or transform that which destabilises the balance. Invaders, corrupt industries, uncontrolled toxins, or even their own that have grown out of harmony.

SHARE THE GREEN

Offer resilience and healing to those willing to accept it, whether that means grafting symbionts into their bodies or restoring dead zones to living ground.

“If you breathe, you are already many.”

“We do not own the world. We *negotiate* with it.”

APPEARANCE & AESTHETIC

Verdants carry their history on their skin. They are living testaments to the bargains their ancestors struck with alien ecosystems. Part person, part garden, part walking petri dish.

To an untrained eye, a Verdant might simply look like a hardy spacer, tanned or earth-toned from time under real skies. Look closer, and the strangeness emerges: the faint shimmer of photosynthetic cells beneath the skin, vines that curl and tightens when they're startled, the moss on their collar that tilts toward a light source.



COMMON FEATURES INCLUDE:

- **Subtle plant or fungal traits** – Vein-like green or gold marbling under the skin, small nodules, patterned “birthmarks” that are actually stable colonies.
- **Resilient, scarred bodies** – Signs of old injuries seamlessly overgrown: bark-like calluses, smooth regrowth where others would have pitted scar tissue.
- **Living accessories** – Glowing vine-strands used as belts, climbing aids, or soft lanterns; seed-pods clipped to belts that can burst into useful growth on command.
- **Reclaimed textiles** – Cloth dyed with natural pigments, reinforced with fibrous growths, patched instead of replaced.

HOME SYSTEMS OF THE VERDANT COVENANT

The Verdant Covenant does not claim a single cradle-world. They remember instead a constellation of overgrown refuges—worlds written off by other factions as death-traps, then quietly adopted and tamed.

NADIR-IX

Nadir-IX was once a failed corporate terraforming project: a world where introduced fungi and algae ran out of control, blanketing continents in choking mats of biomass. The air clogged filters. Engines fouled. Entire research domes were swallowed over the course of a single storm season.

The first Verdant gene-clans were dropped here as a desperate experiment: modified settlers designed to withstand biohazard overload. They not only survived, they learned to read the cycles of overgrowth and collapse, to seed corrective species, to walk the treacherous mats as others walk city streets.

Today, vast “mat-cities” ride the surface of Nadir-IX like slow, living ships, anchored to particularly stable nexuses of fungal growth. Generations of Covenant have grown up listening to the soft thunder of spores against the hull.

THE CANOPY WORLD OF KORO'LUME

Koro'Lume is a vertical world: its surface too hostile for long-term habitation, its life concentrated in towering, sky-straddling forests. Trunks the size of skyscrapers rise from toxic lowlands, their crowns braided into a continuous canopy hundreds of meters above ground.

Verdant communities here live in woven platforms, hollowed boles, and cluster-nests grown where the living wood is thickest. Rope-vines and gliding membranes replace roads. Rivers run through the branches in suspended, root-lined channels.

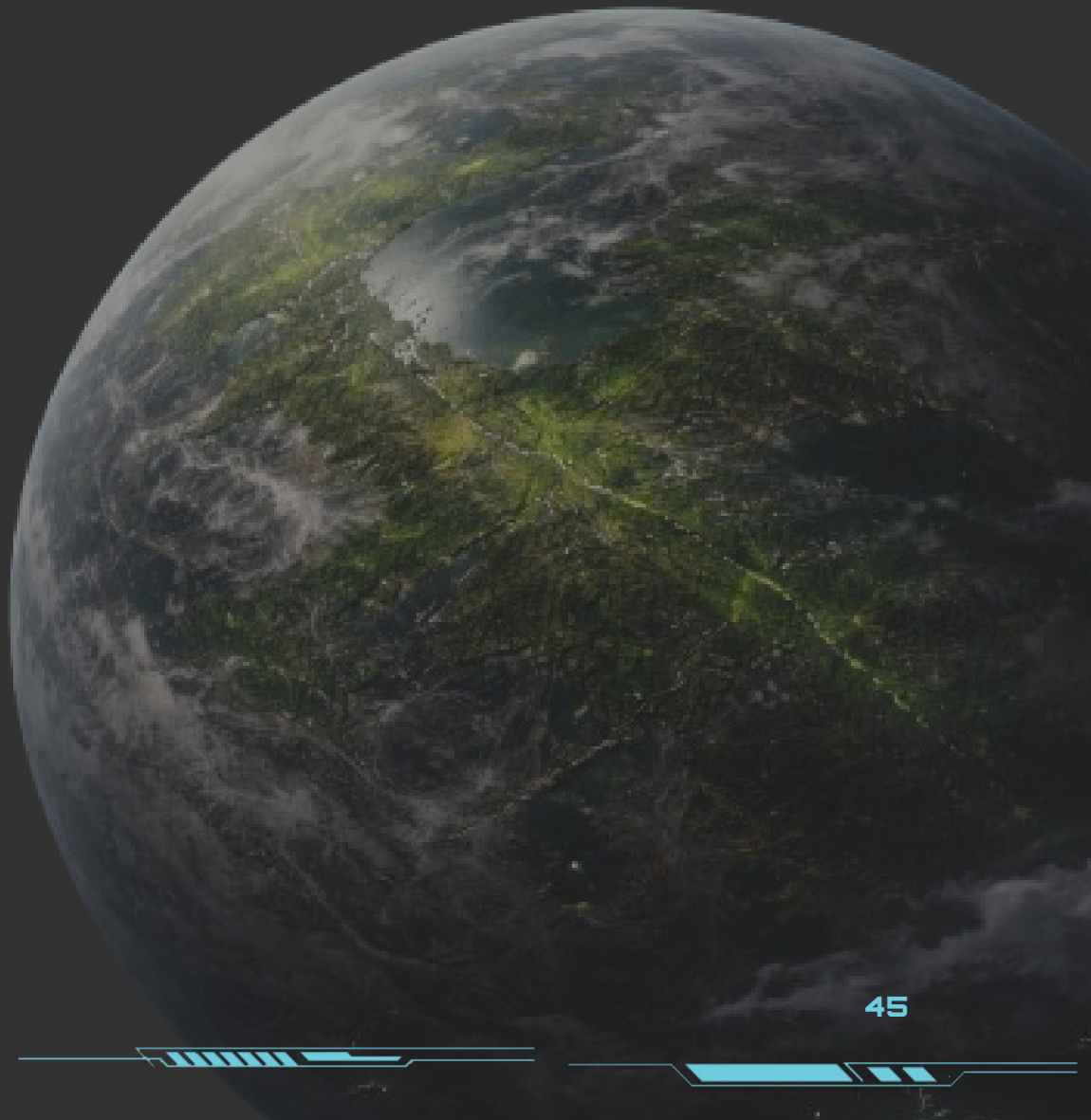
Koro'Lume is where the Covenant perfected long-chain symbiosis: entire lineages bound to particular tree-clusters, each clan's biology tuned to a slightly different mix of canopy pollen and leaf-chemistry.

THE REGROWTH FIELDS OF BLACKSTONE 359

Blackstone 359 was a war-grave, a husk of a mined-out planet, abandoned by the Forgeborn. Its biosphere burned, its oceans slick with chemical residue, its sky a permanent haze of ash and metallic dust. The Verdant Covenant claimed it not as a home, but as a *promise*.

Generations of Verdants have worked Blackstone 359 as a long-term project: slow neutralisation of the soil, seeding hardy pioneer species, coaxing shattered water systems into circulation again. Lead by The Fronds That Drink The Raging Tempest, entire clans dedicate themselves to the art of *undoing* catastrophe.

To Covenant children, images of “First Blackstone”, a grey ball wrapped in storm, are bedtime stories. Images of “Now Green Scar”, patchwork green creeping across continents, are a reminder that even the worst wounds can heal if given time, care, and the right roots.



THE VERDANT COVENANT ABROAD

Away from their overgrown worlds and living cities, Verdants feel... thin. A lone Verdant aboard a metal station or in a sealed habitat will often cultivate small “pocket biomes”. Trays of soil under bunks, vines coaxed along rafters, little terrarium shrines fixed to bulkheads. They talk to these spaces, tend them, and listen as if something is speaking back.

Other factions tend to see them as:

- Worryingly excited in the face of infection or decay.
- Disconcertingly plural, speaking of “we” when no one else is in the room, pausing mid-conversation as if listening to something only they can hear.

Playing a Verdant Covenant Character

Although like in real life there can be many different individuals in a nation of people, some possible ideas for a Verdant Covenant character are:

- Speak in the plural when it feels right. “We don’t like this air. It tastes of old metal and fear.”
- Treat environments as people: you don’t just walk *through* a station; you *meet* it, assess its health, form an opinion.
- Which homeworld or project shaped you most?
- What lives inside you? Is your symbiosis more plant, fungal, coral-like, or something stranger? Or are you missing something, and have a desire to find it and cultivate it.
- Do *all* of you agree with the Covenant’s ideals, or are there dissenting voices in your shared self?



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