

CREDITS

Apocalypse™

©1999 by Ed Rice

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Intro

This is the .pdf version of **Apocalypse**, etc. It is formatted much the same as BTRC's other hypertext documents, though we're constantly evolving the "look" to make it more user-friendly. For instance, the grey headers and text bars are easier on those of you who use ink-jet printers. Text in **red** is normally a hyperlink that provides more info on the item in question. Areas blocked out in color are general information, the same as the regular **CORPS** rules. This document is also bookmarked and thumbnailed if you want to use it that way. Naturally, it also prints perfectly on regular size paper. It's designed to be a lower cost alternative to traditional game supplements, and we hope you find the 120+ pages to follow worth the price of admission.

Author's notes

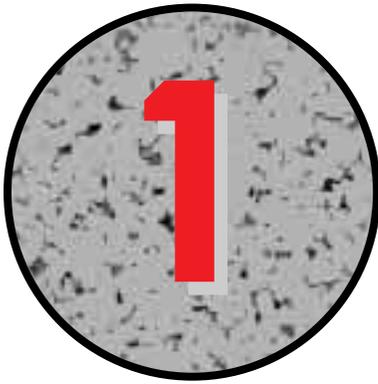
Apocalypse is more than a simple work of fiction for me. The concept of this oppressive world was born in my nightmares. For too long I ignored my dreams, not wanting to give them life in my conscious world. Then, one day someone convinced me to be creative and share my nightmare with the rest of the world. The rest is history. All I can say is...*you people are really sick*. I've been avoiding these nightmares for years and now you're ready to dive right into them. Good luck! You'll need it.

I'd like to thank several groups of people who helped bring this nightmare to life. First there is Greg Porter and the BTRC team who really brought it to life. Next, I'd like to thank those few people who actually believed this would finally be completed (my faithful gaming group and my kids). Finally, I'd like to express my appreciation to all those who doubted **Apocalypse** would ever make print for one reason or another. The need to communicate my overwhelming desire for you to kiss off has been a driving factor in the book's completion. Last but not least; Red, this one's for you.

This *isn't* your ordinary role playing game. There are no cute fairies hanging around and looting, pillaging, and hoarding treasure won't make your characters superhuman rulers of the planet. Your only goal will be *to survive*. You don't have to go looking for trouble. It will find you. You can't take the easy way out and kill off your character either. If your character dies, you're still stuck with them, only the rules have changed; you're no longer the hunter, but the hunted.

Sure this world is oppressive and terrifying. It was born of a nightmare. What do you expect? The challenge of **Apocalypse** is trying to become something other than one of the horrified, depressed masses. Rise above the rest of the cattle. Take control of your destiny. Become a tyrannical Alferi herzog, lead the humans in revolt against the Lunarri, seek a way out of this nightmarish world, or explore its unknown dangers. Prove you are a step above the average gamer. Show us what you've got. We're ready and waiting.

- Ed Rice



INTRO- DUCTION

"These are the words of the Lord Almighty: Your house is abandoned. I will toss you away like straw before the wind...I will hand over your home to a people soon to come..."

2 Esdras, v.33-35

Welcome!

Apocalypse explores a theme that has gained popularity as the end of the millennium approaches, that of global disasters of shall we say, Biblical proportions. **Apocalypse** is about an alternate history, using figures from myth and legend to create an apocalyptic nightmare world of wheels within wheels. Disaster, war, pestilence and horror are the norm. Most seek just to survive, but a few see a larger hand at work, and seek either the salvation and redemption of humanity, or its final damnation by its own hand.

Apocalypse deals with dark themes. Some parts of the game world you may find disturbing, not because of some aspect of eldritch horror, but because humanity has already shown itself capable of the deeds portrayed, and players will have to confront those issues on a much more personal level than seeing it on the news.

Regardless, prepare to enter a world without fancy high-tech gadgets, where you live or die by your wits, talents, and a little bit of luck. You'll need it...

The Nightmare

From his sanctum deep within the bowels of the earth, accessible only through a vast maze of mystically warded passages, the Dark Angel gazed at the images which formed before him. Here he viewed the world above, occasionally dipping his hand into the images and imbuing mortals with his favor or wrath. There were no set plans which he followed in order to ensure a grand scheme was completed. Rather, he acted chaotically, allowing his whim at the moment to govern his actions. Here he resided alone, the last of the Fallen, for he, and he alone, had not succumbed to the damnation that was their punishment, the Sleep of Ages. He had spent almost an eternity far removed from the world of mortals, caring little what befell the Almighty's final, greatest creation. Unfortunately for mankind, the Dark Angel had become bored. This state of mind, intermingled with the entity's already psychotic and unstable personality, could only spell disaster for the Earth and all of its inhabitants.

In the beginning there had been the Almighty.

The first of the Almighty's creations were the **Empyreals**, celestial beings to whom would be given the task of governing and maintaining the universe. They were perfect, holy, and pure. Then, eons before the creation of mankind, the Great Rebellion ravaged the heavens. For both an eternity and yet, but a single moment, a devastating war was fought between the Eternals, who had separated into three distinct factions: Empyreals, those who maintained their loyalty to the Almighty; **Diaboli**, those who did forsake their oaths and rebelled against the Almighty and the Empyreals; and finally the **Fallen**, those who allied themselves with neither side, but chose to remain neutral.

Only those who kept their covenant with the Almighty retained the title of Empyreal. The others would no longer have that honor, but be referred to generally as Eternals.

Of the outcome of the Great Rebellion there is no doubt, for countless versions have been recorded in the annals of mortal history. The rebellious faction, whose numbers shall henceforth be known as the Diaboli, was forcibly cast from the heavens, falling into the pits of the Abyss. They are often referred to in mortal writings as either demons, devils, or pit dwellers. The continual warfare between the empyreals still dwelling in the heavens and the Diaboli has been well documented already and needs no further explanation.

Finally, there were the Eternals who did not swear allegiance to either of the other two factions. Theirs was a crime of pride and arrogance, for they did willingly forsake their oaths of fealty and servitude to the Almighty, waiting to see which side would prove victorious in the heavenly war. Their punishment was to be their continued existence; cast out of the heavens, stripped of most of their powers, and cursed to remember their past glory. Amongst the other Eternals these fallen Empyreals became known as the Fallen. As Fallen have ethical views ranging from pious and holy all the way to evil and nefarious, it is not uncommon for them to have occasional dealings with either the Empyreals or the Diaboli. Those fallen who favor the ethos of goodness and neutrality may be referred to as celestials, while those practicing diabolical behavior are also known as infernals. They may also be seen as lords of order and chaos, but their true nature is shrouded by the limits of human understanding.

Over the course of the millennia that followed the Great Rebellion, the Fallen witnessed the creation of mankind, man's rebellion and destruction at the hands of the Almighty, and their forgiveness and resurgence across the face of the earth. When encountered by humans, the Fallen were often times thought to be gods and were worshiped by the overwhelmed and fearful humans. The Fallen reveled in this new found glory, basking in the praise of their mortal worshippers. Through this "godhood" they found a small reprieve from their eternal punishment.

Yet, the justice of the Almighty was not to be denied. The human masses were enthralled by the words of the Almighty's prophets warning against paying homage to false gods. Worship of the Fallen among mankind dwindled. Finally, the Fallen withdrew altogether, secluding themselves in specially prepared sanctums and abandoning mankind. Overcome by their abandonment by the Almighty, the Fallen succumbed to the Sleep of Ages; a deep, nightmare filled slumber from which only a major psychic phenomenon could awaken them.

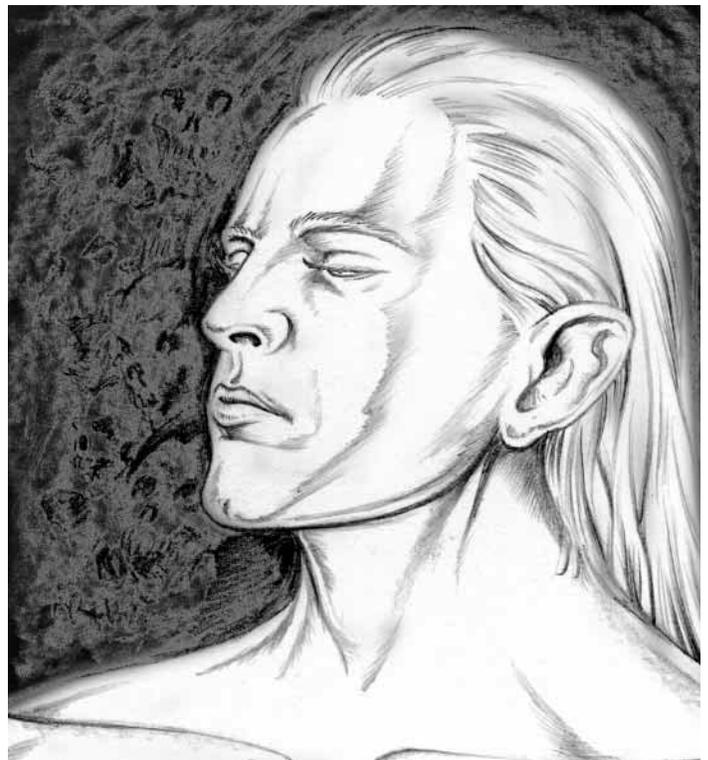
The Dark Angel, however, did not choose to partake in the other Fallen's self pity or the Sleep of Ages. He was the strongest of the fallen Empyreals. If any of their number was to break the punishing curse of the Almighty it would be him. He viewed the world from deep within his sanctum, patiently awaiting the day when mortals once more would ply him with their adoration and worship.

But, alas, that day never came.

But, from some far away place, voices cried out in agony and despair. He had heard many different voices inside his head over the eons. Was his mind once again playing tricks upon him, or were the voices real this time? Could this be the opportunity for which he had waited so long, a reemergence of the "new gods"? Or, was this a trap laid for him by the Almighty, intended to use his arrogance and vanity to lure him into an ambush of Empyreals? He would have to take that chance.

With but a thought, the Dark Angel dispatched a portion of his essence to the world above. The avatar surveyed the war that threatened to overwhelm the globe with an avid interest. Having carefully studied all the circumstances at hand, the avatar leapt into action, traveling at a tremendous speed toward an island empire engaged in a war they had no hope of winning...without his assistance, that is.

As the Emperor of the Isle of the Rising Sun knelt upon an elaborate prayer mat attempting to contact his ancestors for guidance in matters of state, a celestial fanfare engulfed him. Suddenly, appearing from nowhere, the avatar of the Dark Angel stood before him. His body was slender, yet well muscled with skin the color of bronze and hair of pure gold. His features were sharp and angular. The avatar's deep, brown eyes bored holes straight through to the Emperor's soul. With but a minute exertion of his power and boundless charisma the Emperor fell victim to the Dark Angel's will and became his first devotee in over 1,500 years. As the Emperor's enigmatic new advisor, the Dark Angel's very presence began to corrupt not only the Imperial court but the entire populace of the Empire of the Rising Sun. Thus began the Revelation.



The Revelation

7 December, 1941

Acting upon the orders of the Emperor's advisor, the Dark Angel, the Imperial Fleet attacks the American Naval base at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, inflicting horrible damage upon the ships of the Pacific Fleet stationed there.

8 December, 1941

The U.S.A. declares war upon the Empire of the Rising Sun, officially entering the Great War.

7 May, 1942

The Battle of the Coral Sea. In the first battle fought entirely by aircraft carriers, the Imperial Fleet suffers an apparently crushing defeat and is forced to retreat.

4 June, 1942

The Battle of the Midway. In another major conflict of the war, the U.S. Navy surprises the retreating Imperial Fleet off the island of Midway. An enormous battle erupts. Both sides suffer heavy casualties, but again it is the Imperial Fleet which retreats.

19 June, 1942

The Battle of the Philippine Sea. The United States Task Force 58 downs 219 Imperial fighter planes and sinks 3 aircraft carriers. Once more the Imperial Navy retreats.

23 October, 1944

The Battle of Leyte Gulf. The Imperial Fleet suffers a crippling defeat, losing 26 ships, including the giant battleship, the *Musashi*. The battered remnants of the Imperial Fleet retreat in shame.

16 March, 1945

United States Marines secure Iwo Jima.

7 May, 1945

The Fatherland, the last ally of the Empire of the Rising Sun in the Great War, surrenders to the Allied Forces.

21 June, 1945

Okinawa is taken by the American forces.

1 August, 1945

With the hopes and intentions of finally destroying the Imperial Fleet, General Douglas MacArthur, Commander in Chief of the Allied forces in the Pacific, disregards orders from President Harry S. Truman and presses the U.S. Fleet onward toward the Isle of the Rising Sun. Upon reaching the Isle of the Rising Sun the U.S. Fleet is surprised by a gigantic Imperial Fleet, composed of newly constructed battle ships and aircraft carriers, as well as the scarred wreckage of ships that had already been sunk, still manned by their dead crews. In the ensuing battle, the U.S. Fleet is decimated by the Imperial Navy.

6 and 9 August, 1945

The U.S.A. drops an atomic bomb on the Imperial cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Damage caused by the bomb blasts is catastrophic, inflicting massive casualties.

17 August, 1945

The titanic Imperial Fleet, led by the *Yamato* and the *Musashi*, both of which had been previously sunk along with their now dead crews, sets sail for the U.S. mainland to retaliate for the atomic attacks on Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

30 October, 1945

American citizens watch in terror as the enormous Imperial Fleet anchors off the California coast. The deafening thunder of 5,000 fighters fills the air as the horror of the attack manifests itself. Destruction rains down upon the American West Coast. Tidal waves, which do not harm the Imperial Navy, crash upon the shores, while earthquakes reduce the buildings that remain to piles of rubble. Fires spread unchecked across the countryside.

As if this supernatural onslaught of destruction was not enough, the nightmare worsened. The winds roared and storms pounded down upon the lands. Horrific creatures, denizen of humanity's nightmares, began to emerge from the storm. They crawled forth from the fissures, swam out of the sea, swept down from the storm-filled skies, and burst out of the inferno of the wild fires. The Earth had become their feast hall and mankind their feast, upon which they fed and gorged themselves to the point of bursting. The **Juxtaposition** of the natural and supernatural by the Dark Angel would have side effects greater than he anticipated.

Satisfied that the Americans would be destroyed by the supernatural destruction they had loosed upon them, the Imperial Fleet ceases all attacks and set sail for the Isle of the Rising Sun. The supernatural phenomenon initiated by the Empire of the Rising Sun was not to be isolated to the Western Coast of America, however, for the storm winds grew more fierce and the destruction was spread across the globe like a contagious disease.

31 October, 1945

Weakened by the unheard of supernatural forces unleashed on this side, The Great Barrier, the impenetrable boundary that separated *this* earth and *this* time from other realities, is broken and several apertures form upon its surface. From these apertures the sub-races of the **Alferi** emerge upon the Earth. Aware of the impending dimensional rift, they prepare for it and burst unchecked across the landscape, each sub-race unaware of the other's presence at first.

1 November, 1945

The beginning of the **Lunarri** Blitzkrieg. From their entry point near Berlin, Germany, the organized, militaristic forces of the silver Alferi swoop down upon the war-torn European continent like a ravenous bird of prey. Their armies callously exterminate any human who refuses to bow down before them in the shackles of slavery.

31 December, 1945

Back upon the Isle of the Rising Sun, the Dark Angel introduces the **Solarri** (gold Alferi) to the Emperor and his subjects. The Dark Angel makes immortals aware of his fallen Empyrean existence by virtue of a display of raw power. wherein he destroys the previously sunken ships and their living dead crews.

The gold Alferi are henceforth regarded as incarnations of the spirits of their ancestors and the Dark Angel as the Great Power of Preservation. The human Emperor abdicates his throne and empire in favor of the gold Alferi ruler. Thus is born a new nation and religion upon the same day. The Dark Angel withdraws to his underground sanctum to observe the repercussions of his actions, while the Empire of the Rising Sun retreats within its much enlarged borders and ceases all communication with the outside world.

1 January, 1946

The silver Alferi Kaiser accepts the unconditional surrender of humanity and proclaims the conquered European continent to be the Empire of the Fatherland. The Kaiser also announces plans for the construction of the Great Border, an enormous, defensible wall to be built around the Fatherland by the human slave population.

13 March, 1946

Huge masses of the dead arise from their final resting places. For three days they stand still upon the land listening to a voice only their dead minds could hear. On the end of the third day, the millions of undead issue forth a soul wrenching scream heard around the world. While many of the animated corpses crumble into dust, the vast majority are left whole. The **living dead** then descend upon mankind and Alferi alike, gaining some comfort and relief from their tortured state of mind by terrorizing and preying upon the mortals. Any mortal who succumbed to death was assured of joining the ranks of the dead, unless their remains were consumed by fire or otherwise completely destroyed.

This uprising of the dead was the final and unexpected side effect of the Juxtaposition initiated by the Dark Angel. The Great Barrier between dimensions had healed enough to prevent any more mass dimensional coalescings. The damage had already been done, however. Numerous "gaps" still exist in the Great Barrier that allow for passage to and from other dimensions, assuming these apertures can be located, that is.

1 January, 1961

The Great Border is finally completed and is officially recognized during the ceremonies commemorating the 15th anniversary of the birth of the silver Alferi nation. The Imperial Psyche Korps announce the creation of a Foreign Legion and the Imperial Affairs Agency; the former to protect, defend, and monitor their human subjects dwelling in Africa and abroad, and the latter to police the Legion itself.

4 April, 1961

The first cases of "the rot" are reported among the human population residing in the P.I.T. (Polezei Imperialis Territorium, the lands of Northern Africa where humans live, work, and die for their silver Alferi overmasters). The "rot" is a disease that encompasses all the fears of leprosy, but manifests them faster. The affected person's body becomes covered with festering lesions. Body parts slowly rot away while the internal organs fight to stay functional. Eventually, the rotted one dies and is immediately transformed into one of the living dead.

While humans suspect the silver Alferi are somehow responsible for the rot, they have not been able to find any evidence linking them to the disease's creation. It is a coincidence, of course, that none of the Alferi races is susceptible to the effects of the rot.

17 August, 1961

The silver Alferi announce the discovery of an antidote to stave off the effects of the rot among the humans. All humans may receive the antidote by either purchasing it or enrolling in the Alferi labor camps to earn the right to receive the antidote. Any slave or human laborer showing any outward signs of possessing the rot are forcibly expelled in the African or Asian badlands.

19 December, 1969

The Fatherland launches several Imperial expansion expeditions. These expeditionary groups are dispatched into the African and Asian badlands, as well as across the Atlantic Ocean to the ruins of the North American continent. A second naval expedition is launched to reestablish ties and treaties with the Empire of the Rising Sun.

22 April, 1970

The wild Alferi, also known as the **Indomitarrri**, begin raiding the P.I.T. and attacking the Great Border. The silver Alferi, once made aware of their enemy, begin forays into the Asian badlands to eradicate the Indomitarrri. None of these are successful, however, and constant warfare between the two sub-races of Alferi becomes a normal feature of everyday life in the Badlands.

7 March, 1971

One member of the African expeditionary force returns. Apparently, the group encountered another sub-race of alferi, the **Obscurarri**, or dark Alferi. These Alferi were even more brutal than their Lunarri cousins, for they view any non-Obscurarri as an enemy, fit only to become sacrificial victims upon the altars of their dark gods. The dark Alferi also prove to be practitioners of the dark art of necromancy, raising their sacrificial victims from the dead to serve as their protectors and slaves. The expedition survivor was forced to bring back the animated, living dead heads of his fellow explorers. After having compiled all the information on the Obscurarri that he possessed, the surviving member of the expedition developed the rot and was exiled into the African Badlands.

17 August, 1988

A contingent from the Americas expedition returns to the Fatherland with news on the newly settled colonies. Apparently, the American continents are the home to many millions of wild Alferi, who bear open animosity towards the silver Alferi and care little whether humans live or die. They have viciously defended their homeland against the silver Alferi invasion force.

Seeing this rediscovered continent as the perfect expansion state for the Fatherland, the Kaiser attempts to enlist humans into various labor contracts and land development programs for the far-away Americas. When few humans actually volunteer, many missing person reports are suddenly filed with the Imperial Foreign Legion in the P.I.T. None of these missing humans are heard from again.

21 August, 1989

New expeditions are launched to reach the Empire of the Rising Sun, the Obscurarri-controlled African badlands, Antarctica, the Indomitarrri-ruled Asian badlands, and Australia.

4 February, 1992

Members of the expedition to the Empire of the Rising Sun return to the Fatherland, victorious in their mission. They have brought with them a Solarri ambassador of the Empire's whose mission it is to forge a treaty of cooperation with the Fatherland. Negotiations begin, but no foreseeable agreement is in sight.

1 January, 1996

Large cadres of the living dead have been repelled of late. Scouting reports indicate several of the cadres advancing towards the P.I.T. from the African badlands, while several more approach the Great Border of the Fatherland from the Asian badlands. Monstrosities and mutations have been appearing in the Fatherland, attacking any living creature that comes within reach. Furthermore, powerful storms have been assailing the European continent, rolling inward and on through Asia without ever dissipating. A human rebellion looms in the air and the Indomitarrri have stepped up the frequency and ferocity of their attacks, adding to the ever-present woes of the Lunarri.

No word has been received from any of the last expeditions that were sent out. The Kaiser is recruiting more explorers and workers for sea voyages to the Americas, Antarctica, and Australia. Rumors of a secret trade agreement between the Obscurarri and the Lunarri have the humans in the P.I.T. fearful for their lives and souls.

The Juxtaposition

The Juxtaposition was a time of coexistence of several different realities upon the Earth brought about by the energies released by the Dark Angel. These realities were of opposing natures; magic and science, life and death, order and chaos, and the future and the past. When the opposing forces met, disaster ensued. When the Great Barrier was able to reassert its presence once more, a boundary was uplifted preventing the dimensional overlap. But, many creatures and powers had already made their way to the Earth and had no will or way to leave it.

An infinite number of planes of existence border the universe, our reality of existence. Each is a separate reality which has followed a different course through the river of time, many similar to our own reality, others completely different, each with different environments and inhabitants. One of the conditions of the Fallen's punishment was that they were not able to venture beyond our single reality, a horrid curse for creatures of a multidimensional essence. There was no stipulation that others could not be brought through the Great Barrier to them, however.

Mythology and legends speak of such creatures both good and evil who were transplanted here by the fallen Empyreals.

The Dark Angel decided to take this summoning process a step further. If he could not venture to other dimensions, then he would bring those dimensions to him here on Earth. The feat would require many sacrifices of human life, both voluntarily and involuntarily made, as well as massive, concentrated expenditure of mundane energy. The atomic bombing of the Empire of the Rising Sun and the subsequent Imperial counterattack on the American West Coast provided him with all the necessary elements of the Juxtaposition dweomer.

As the Imperial Fleet attacked the American coastline, the Dark Angel finished the incantation of the Juxtaposition. The Great Barrier between the dimensions was torn asunder. Strange creatures, fantastic and horrible, poured forth from other dimensions through the rents in the dimensional barrier. The storms, wild fires, and natural disasters intensified, seemingly taking on a life of their own. America would surely perish, for even the elements had turned against her.

The storms and natural disasters were not confined to the American continent, however. The Earth poured out her wrath upon the mortal fools who had enabled the demented fallen Empyrean to cause such destruction. The Dark Angel no longer controlled the Juxtaposition. He, like mankind, was now nothing more than a spectator.

The storms of the Juxtaposition not only allowed other worldly creatures passage to Earth, but it freed those dangerous beings already here who had been confined by the Empyreals earlier. First came the Diaboli, crawling up out of their pits to ravage all living beings. Next, the Fallen awoke, turning their attention once more towards mankind and designing plans of glory for both mankind and themselves. Finally, the new mortal masters of the world strode forth from the storms, the Alferi. These fearsome and domineering creatures were to become the bane of all human kind.



The Races of Apocalypse

Casablanca is a dangerous place to be regardless of what race you hail from. Yet, this was where the Reverend would find the contact he sought. No one seemed to take notice as he and Sister Antoinette made their way across the crowded bar room. Why should they? After all, no man or alferi owned this city.

The room was filled with a wide range of cutthroats and vagrants. The wary Lunarri Psyche korpsman sat in the corner of the room, pretending to drink large quantities of liquor while waiting for his contact to arrive. Human sailors, all of whom claimed to be merchants but were most probably pirates, lined the bar proper. Seated around a table comparing war scars and smoking a strange pipe, was a group of fierce Indomitarrri horsemen.

A party of Obscurarri warriors eyed them with evil intentions from across the room. Even a Solarri magi sitting alone at a corner table, self absorbed, gazing into a crystal orb was to be seen here. Only the living dead and the rotted ones weren't represented here, for rather obvious reasons.

Reverend Edgar Riess made eye contact with the Lunarri Psyche korpsman. The Alferi gave him a slight nod. The contact had been identified. Now he could get to the matter at hand. With that the Reverend threw open his trenchcoat, pulled his sawed-off shotgun out, and calmly unloaded both chambers into the Korpsman. The Alferi slumped to the floor. Riess reloaded and holstered his weapon. Hands went back from holsters to drinks. No one else was involved, so no one else cared. Life, such as it is in Casablanca, went on as usual.

The world of **Apocalypse** is home to several different species of intelligent living and unliving beings. Each of these species has a geographical center of control, as well as outposts in other areas. We will use the following section to detail the races, and sub-races there in, that populate the planet. We will only give you a very general idea of the race's or sub race's mindset. We will primarily give a physical description of the race or sub-race and detail ability and skill **Ads** and **Disads**. A more complete description of the society of the below listed races will appear in the section detailing the **various geographical areas** and their inhabitants.

i All of the races are *not* created equal. The Alferi are in fact superior overall to humans, a fact which tends to generate even more resentment in the human population towards the Alferi, in addition to the fact that the Alferi *know* they are better, and tend to act the part.

The Alferi

The Alferi are a humanoid race, very much resembling that of mankind. The average height of an Alferi (this is both the singular and the plural pronunciation) is approximately equal to that of a human of the same sex, although they have a much slighter build. This thinness should not be mistaken for fragility, however, for the Alferi are, as a whole, very muscular and fit. Alferi stamina is approximately equal to that that of the average humans' of the same sex, while their strength is somewhat less.

The Alferi are divided into four distinct races. Other species identify the various types of alferi by their coloration, while the Alferi each have their own name for their sub-race. The sub-races of Alferi are: the gold Alferi, also known as the **Solarri**; the silver Alferi, identified amongst themselves as the **Lunarri**; the dark Alferi are the feared **Obscurarri**; finally, the **Indomitarrri** are recognized by the rest of the world as the wild Alferi. Any creature other than an Alferi of the same sub race who refers to Alferi by their native name (Solarri, Lunarri, etc.) is likely to be engaged in a fierce and brutal melee, as this is considered a great insult. The name Alferi was thought to originate from the old Anglo-Saxon word Alfar, meaning elves. This notion has since been abandoned, for evidence suggests the origin of the name and the race predates the Norse culture by several thousand years.

i Alferi are called "gold", "silver", etc. by the human races much as they call each other "yellow", "red" or "black". It denotes a tinge of coloration that sets them apart. Their skins do not look metallic.

Origins

Alferi and human once shared the same world, some thousands of years ago, distant enough to be legend rather than history. Alferi were much as they are now, and for thousands of years ruled over humanity with the paranormal powers that were their heritage. They did not follow the distant and silent Almighty, but the Fallen and Diaboli, while the oppressed humans largely put their faith in the silent Creator.

While Alferi were physically and mentally superior in most respects, humans were more prolific, and gradually pushed the Alferi back, until they were isolated on a single island continent, the homeland of Alfar. There they remained isolated and secure until the island was wiped out in the wake of meteor strikes upon the earth, strikes felt by the humans as the wrath of the Almighty. Earthquakes rocked faultlines, and tidal waves inundated coastal cities across the world. The skies were blackened and bitter rain fell for months before the skies cleared and the waters receded. Of Alfar, and the Alferi, there was no sign. They were gone.

APOCALYPSE

Pistols	Caliber	DV	Initiative mod	Range mod	Size	TL	Mass	Extra clip	Rate of fire	Clip	AV	Cost	Origin
Browning Hi-Power	9mm	6	+1	2	3	9	1.1kg	.2kg	4	13c	6	630	USA
Colt .45	.45ACP	5	+1	1	3	9	1.4kg	.3kg	4	7c	7	280	USA
Derringer	.22LR	3	+2	-1	1	9	.3kg	-	2	2i	5	85	P.I.T.
Lebel 1892	8mm	4	+1	1	2	8	.8kg	-	3	6i	6	120	France
Luger	9mm	6	+1	2	3	9	1.1kg	.2kg	4	8c	7	600	Reich
Nambu 1925	8mm	4	+1	1	2	8	.9kg	.1kg	4	8c	6	250	Ris. Sun
Sawed-off shotgun	12ga	9	+0	-1	7	9	2.7kg	-	2	2i	7	180	P.I.T.
		3(+0)		-1									
Tokarev TT-33	7.63mm	5	+1	1	3	9	1.0kg	.1kg	4	8c	6	290	USSR
Walther P-38	9mm	6	+1	2	3	9	1.0kg	.2kg	4	8c	6	660	Reich
Walther PPK	7.65mm	3	+2	0	1	9	.6kg	.1kg	4	7c	6	250	Reich
Webley .455	.455	4	+1	1	3	9	1.1kg	-	2	6i	7	130	England
Zip gun	9mm	5	+2	-2	1	9	.7kg	-	1	1i	5	10	P.I.T.

SMG's	Caliber	DV	Initiative mod	Range mod	Size	TL	Mass	Extra clip	Rate of fire	Clip	AV	Cost	Origin
MP-40	9mm	6	+0	1	9	9	4.5kg	.5kg	8	32c	7	240	Reich
Sten Gun	9mm	6	+0	0	10	9	3.5kg	.7kg	9	32c	7	110	England

Rifles	Caliber	DV	Initiative mod	Range mod	Size	TL	Mass	Extra clip	Rate of fire	Clip	AV	Cost	Origin
Arisaka 1905	6.5mm	15	+0	4	13	8	4.2kg	-	1	5i	9	360	Ris. Sun
Carcano 91/41	6.5mm	15	+0	4	11	8	3.9kg	-	1	6i	9	340	Italy
Hunting shotgun	12ga	9	+0	2	15	8	4.3kg	-	2	2i	8	360	Any
		3(+0)		1									
Enfield No.4	.303	15	+0	4	11	9	4.4kg	.3kg	1	10c	8	380	England
Karabiner 98K	7.92mm	19	-1	4	13	9	4.4kg	-	1	5i	9	540	Reich
M-14	7.62mm	17	-1	4	15	9	5.1kg	.7kg	11	30c	8	800	USA
MAS 1936	7.54mm	18	0	4	13	9	4.1kg	-	1	5i	8	480	France
RSC 1918/35	8mm Lebel	17	-1	4	13	9	4.8kg	-	4	5i	8	620	France
Sturmgewehr 74	8mm Kurz	13	0	4	11	9	5.2kg	.6kg	9	30c	8	490	Reich

Other	Caliber	DV	Initiative mod	Range mod	Size	TL	Mass	Extra clip	Rate of fire	Clip	AV	Cost	Origin
Bow (STR 4)	-	2	+1	2	9	5	.9kg	.1kg	1	1i	4	60	Badlands
Bow (STR 5)	-	3	+1	2	9	5	1.2kg	.1kg	1	1i	4	75	Badlands
Bow (STR 6)	-	4	+0	2	9	5	1.5kg	.1kg	1	1i	4	100	Badlands
Crossbow (STR 8)	-	8	-1	3	13	5	3.2kg	.1kg	1	1i	4	360	Badlands
.30 BAR	.30-06	19	-1	4	16	8	9.5kg	.7kg	9	20c	8	980	USA
MG-34S	7.92mm	19	-1	4	18	9	15.5kg	5.5kg	12	200e	8	1040	Reich
Flamenpistole ¹	20mm	3	+1	0	3	10	.8kg	.3kg	4	10c	5	480	Reich
Grenade (frag -1)	-	9/2E	+1	-1	1	9	.6kg	-	1	-	4	5	Reich
Panzerschreck 2	66mm	336/6E	+0	2	9	10	4.6kg	2.3kg	1	1i	8	170	Reich
M20 Bazooka	89mm	420/7E	-1	1	22	9	9.6kg	4.1kg	1	1i	9	150	USA
Mortar	81mm	10E	-1	2	15	9	16.8kg	3.4kg	1	1i	9	500	Any
Recoilless rifle	57mm	362/5E	-1	3	15	9	7.4kg	1.6kg	1	1i	9	640	Reich

Melee weapons (skill modifier)	Damage	DV	Initiative mod	Length	Size	TL	Mass	Prim.	Sec.	Tert.	AV	Cost	Origin
Knife (+0)	lethal(c/p)	+1/+0	+0	2	1	5	.3kg	Melee	Knife	-	4	40	Any
Short sword (+0)	lethal(c/p)	+2/+2	-2/-1	4	4	5	1.1kg	Melee	Sword	-	10	150	Any
Broadsword (+0)	lethal(c/p)	+3/+2	-2	4	5	5	1.6kg	Melee	Sword	-	10	200	Any
Katana (+1)	lethal(c/p)	+3/+2	-2/-1	4	6	5	1.3kg	Melee	Sword	-	10	1800	Ris. Sun
Rapier (+0)	lethal(c/p)	+0/+2	-1	4	5	5	.7kg	Melee	Sword	-	4	120	Reich
Billy club (+0)	comb.(b)	+1	-1	3	3	5	.3kg	Melee	Club	-	2	60	Any
Club (-1)	comb.(b)	+3	-2	4	5	1	1.4kg	Melee	Club	-	5	50	Badland

1.Does a point of lethal fire damage per turn for 10 turns, reducing flammable armor on location hit by 1 per turn