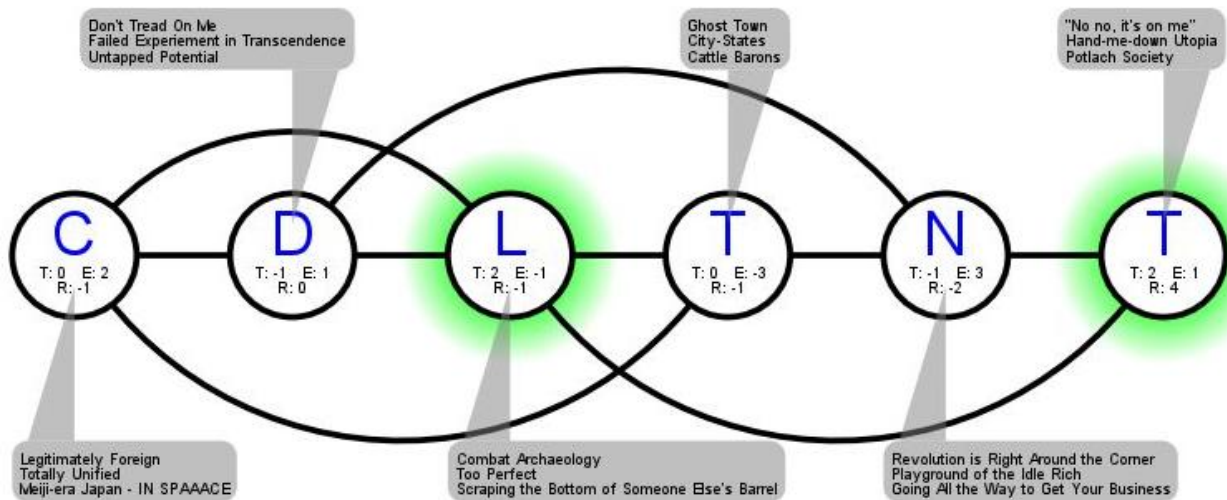


the fathers' children

The Fathers' Children are a cluster of human systems defined primarily by their relationship to a long-absent race. At some point in the past, this race ascended past the boundaries of known human existence. But "the Fathers" continue to be present in the lives of those who remain through all that they left behind.

Cluster Aspect: Legacy of the Fathers

cluster map



lord carnavaon

T:2 E:-1 R:-1

It seems nice enough. Air's alright, suns aren't too bright (a little heavy in the UV spectrum, but nothing a little melanin tweak can't handle). It's got a slightly different version of the same ecosystem all Fathers' Kids have (not like those left-handed freaks from Combine). And the houses they left - even when the household AIs followed the Fathers into Forever, the walls and floors and furniture and everything still work perfectly; still change themselves to stuff you didn't know you wanted them to change into, but damn if they don't guess right, every time.

Maybe that's why it's so horrible here.

Smart Diggers don't squat in the Old Manses. Smart Diggers truck in their own food, too. Smart Diggers wear blinders and earphones and nose filters, and basically do everything they can to stay as separated from this place as they can.

Poke around, try and find something useful, then drug yourself to sleep every night until you can buy your way back offworld.

Combat Archaeology

Too Perfect

Scraping the Bottom of Someone Else's Barrel

the lester strand

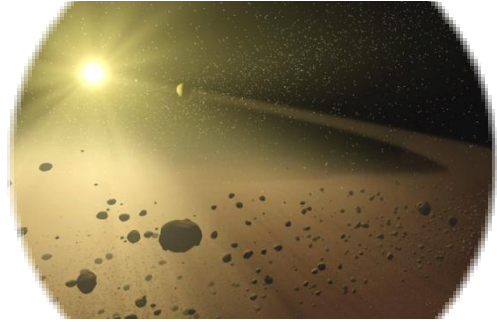
T:0 E:3 R:-1

The Strand is the used up, burned-out system used by the Fathers to fuel their society. It's a string of desolate asteroids left over from the strip-mined and nibbled-to-pieces remnants of a once-rich collection of planets.

Now, these lifeless hunks of rock are controlled by warring families who have their hands in all aspects of life here. Lack of indigenous food, water, and other resources have opened the door for the Families to become the black market and money-laundering system of the Cluster. There are no rules here, but nothing happens without one of the family's blessing or knowledge.

You can always get anything you want in the Lester Strand, but it'll cost you.

Ghost Town
City-States
Cattle Barons



new eden™

T:-1 E:3 R:-2

A trio of paradise worlds orbit a glorious yellow star in this system. The worlds themselves are the result of precise terraforming by the Fathers, but are now each controlled by competing corporations out to exploit their natural resources, both human and otherwise, to turn a profit.

Life is cheap here, unless you are an executive in a corporation or a visitor at one of the resorts. The population grows weary of this exploitation, but currently lack the leadership and coordination to do anything. For now, visitors see only the pretty face of New Eden™, which promises to do anything, and they do mean anything, to keep their business.

Playground of the Idle Rich
Going All the Way to Get Your Business
Revolution is Right Around the Corner



tellos

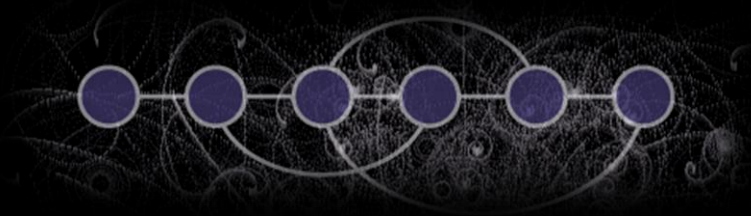
T:2 E:1 R:4

"Nothing is too good for my guests," is the philosophy of Tellosian culture. Tellos is the world where the Refusers (the remnant who chose to refuse ascension) came after the Fathers went into Forever. It is a system crafted to the point of perfection, stocked with the resources from a dozen or more worlds, and terraformed into a veritable paradise.

Being blessed with an unlimited supply of everything and wanting for nothing, a society has developed where humility is the ultimate hubris. Elaborate systems of gift-giving and ceremony have evolved over the years, in which the highest status is granted to those who give away the most.

Drive and ambition have been eradicated in the face of staggering plenty, and society has become paralyzed as a result. Were it not for the decaying but still-functional technology protecting the planet, Tellos would be a fruit ripe for the picking by a more *motivated* society.

"No, no – it's on me!"
Hand-me-down Utopia
Potlatch Society



deseret

T:-1 E:1 R:0

Before the Fathers ascended into Forever, experiments were performed to refine the process. On New Eden™, the world was perfected. On Deseret, however, the Fathers were not quite as successful in perfecting the people.

The "Chosen" of Deseret (as they call themselves) are subtly different. It's not something that you can necessarily put your finger on, but most off-worlders tend to feel on edge when looking at them directly. But few strangers ever have cause to encounter one of the Chosen, since they jealously protect their world from all outsiders... with atomic force if necessary.

The Chosen are unified by a benevolent theocracy, who worship and revere the Fathers in a constant plea that they return and take their left-behind children with them into Forever.

Among the Chosen, life is precious. Only one in three females are fertile, and motherhood is venerated to the point of worship. A long lifespan (200-300 years) and entrenched, matriarchal religious leadership breed a stagnant yet fanatical society. But if someone ever discovered the potential within their genetically-crafted genes, that could all change...

Don't Tread On Me
Failed Experiment in Transcendence
Untapped Potential



combine

T:0 E:2 R:-1

We called it Combine, after the generations of strife were over and we were all finally in agreement on everything important.

Now able to look outward after centuries looking in, we began to re-explore our system. Finding remnants of our former glory didn't surprise us - but finding the Slipstream beacons of the Fallen Ones did.

Their hubris destroyed them, and their children are too enervated, or too corrupt, or too complacent, to do anything more than play with their dead Fathers' abandoned toys - the same toys that killed them.

We won't make their mistakes. We learned their foreign tongue, are learning to eat their poison food, but we'll find our own way up the ladder. When we climb to the final rung, we won't be indebted to these vultures.

Legitimately Foreign

Totally Unified

Meiji-Era Japan – In Spaaace