

## KOMDAK : THE LORENING

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# THE LORE

## PRE-IMPACT

### -500 – -1 PI

*Komdak* (kam-dæk) is a small planet that lies at the outer edge of the *Metisuli* (mɛ-tis-julɪ) system. It is one of three planets circling around a single star (Aram-19B), the other two being unnamed. We'll call them "Lame" and "Irrelevant" because one ("Lame") never developed sapient life, and the other ("Irrelevant") developed politicians *instead* of sapient life. (In a sense of cosmic justice, the orbit of Irrelevant's moon eventually destabilized, and it crashed into the planet, triggering a mass-extinction event. Thankfully, all of the politicians perished).

Komdak itself was home to four indigenous species. For most of their lifetime, these species rarely came into contact with each other, causing each to develop their own culture and beliefs. This also led to the world being deprived of their collaborative efforts, since each species had benefits that the others did not.

However, approximately five-hundred years prior to the events of The Impact, these species began discovering each other (the Dwarfs discovered the Giants and the Elves discovered the Mothmen), and eventually all were unified. From this point, great strides were made as they unified their skills and sciences and began to form a new, productive society.

Meanwhile, nearly four-hundred-thousand light-years away, a group of hairless apes scabbled in the mud and killed each other because they were paying too much for lightly flavored hot water.

As life progressed on Komdak, so did the technology and sciences. Mathematics and sciences were being developed at a promising rate, and the wonders of steam power were first being harnessed. Due to near-religious worship by the Dwarfs, steam was king and the newly-discovered "electricity" was considered an usurper to royalty. Massive cities, both above ground and under it, were constructed and run by steam, magma, and coal. Due to the radioactive nature of the planet's core, heat was cheap and plentiful.

Meanwhile, the hairless apes had *also* discovered electricity and almost immediately used it to kill each other. This time, however, it was *not* over lightly flavored hot water. They were *learning*!

The Komdakians had prosperous lives, and such was the status quo for the next few centuries. Their adherence to steam ultimately prevented them from harnessing electricity and building anything more advanced than steam computers, but they still managed to enjoy their lives.

The hairless apes were now killing each other using very hot rocks.

The Komdakian society began to resemble something remarkably similar to that of the hairless apes, with small and large corporations springing up. These corporations provided a variety of goods and services, and democracies, organized

nations, healthcare, and economies started to flourish. While Komdak was never *completely* at peace (there were a few wars and skirmishes here and there, as to be expected of any society), cooler heads usually prevailed, and they entered a new era of peace.

The hairless apes also entered a new era of peace. Mostly because each ape kingdom had very hot rock bombs pointed at every *other* ape kingdoms. The apes started giving each other prizes for being *so good* at peace.

Komdak lived in prosperity for over three centuries, preserving its status quo with steam-driven lives and idyllic cities. However, after centuries of accepting the merits of steam, they began experimenting with the taboo element of electricity. And just when it dawned on them that they could achieve new heights with the powers of lightning, catastrophe struck.

## THE IMPACT

### 0 PI

As it turns out, the hairless apes had been so focused on things like their hot rock bombs, their “credit scores”, and their “tamogatchis”, they had failed to notice that they were *burning down their fucking planet*. By the time they had realized this, they kicked the can down the road for a few decades, and by the late 2010’s, it was too late.

With the end of the world incoming, humanity ditched Earth and terraformed Mars. For an additional 200 years, they ruined *that* planet too, and finally realized

that they were fucked. So they did what any rational species would do.

They changed their ways.

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*Hahahaha*, like that would ever happen. No, they built a seven-mile-long metal spike for a ship, loaded it up with a few thousand human colonists in suspended animation, and sent it off to the depths of the universe at near-light-speed, aiming at a roughly habitable planet. This was *The Hope*, the final attempt to avoid the end of humanity. Roughly resembling the Seattle Space Needle with massive engines attached, it was flung to the edge of the known universe with one planet in mind. *Komdak*.

Of course, their intents were to park the ship near the planet and load the colonists onto it via smaller transit crafts. However, as the ship was screaming along, it hit a snag. A nearby nebula had gone supernova, and the resulting radiation temporarily fried the ship’s navigation devices. As a response, it awoke the bridge crew and the engineers in order to address the problem. Half an hour later, all except one were dead.

The ship, traveling tens of thousands of miles per second, had impacted the planet and nearly cleaved it in two. Anyone not in suspended animation at the time was instantly killed. The tremors of the impact caused ruptures and quakes on the surface of the planet, and entire cities were razed in seconds. A doomsday beyond the fathoming of their minds, this *Hariitus*, as they called it (Ashrin for “*Big Fucking Metal Death Spike*”), certainly spelled the end times for them.

Cities were covered in magma, disintegrated into rubble, or clouded in ash. The planet experienced a decade-long ice age and the loss of population neared eighty-to-ninety percent. Crops died and the population struggled, being technologically and socially set back centuries.

Meanwhile, the human colonists (primarily consisting of service workers and mid-level job holders such as accountants and lawyers), were held in suspended animation for another two decades while the ship's systems gradually failed, one by one.

## POST-IMPACT

### 1 – 20 PI

The first year after the end times was posthumously defined as “year zero” of the new, post-impact calendaring system, now written as OPI. From from year zero to year ten, rebuilding was the first efforts. Survivors found each other and banded together, often scrabbling and fighting over scraps of food and bits of technology or gear spared from the impact. A once proud and idyllic society was now rendered to dogs fighting over what was left.

Those who were middle and lower class often fought viciously for scraps, while the formerly rich lived in mansions and estates that had escaped the crash with minor damage. While money was now worthless, the rich had more than enough food and resources stockpiled that they formed literal gated communities, often relaxing and enjoying ski days while the rest of the population froze to death during the

harsh apocalyptic winters. To them, this was still the worst thing they had ever lived through.

To quote the now-godlike Arbayne family, “*The end times were awful. The help often came back screaming and missing limbs, bleeding over the floor. We had to manually throw them outside so our family lawyers could feast on the scraps. Manual labor is not becoming of us.*”

However, one decade PI, things had settled somewhat. While bandits, thievery, and starving was still commonplace, small villages with their own security and farms cropped up. Trading between settlements happened, and treaties were established. While war between settlements in order to establish control over already meager food sources was still common, some semblance of society was returning.

The first adventuring parties went out to go scout the impact crater of The Hariitus. Miles wide and hundreds of feet deep, on the very end of the ship poked out. Made of now-tarnished steel and rubber, it looked like an object of divine judgment. It was quickly named a cursed site and abandoned by the scouting parties. No Komdakian dared set foot in the Crater.

By the second decade PI, things were still looking dim, but deep within the planet, things were changing. The emergency system for the *Hope* were now beginning to fail without maintenance, and the population in suspension was released. Clambering from the escape hatches, the humans finally introduced themselves to the world they had destroyed.

### 30 – 60 PI

By the end of the second decade, PI, humans began to search beyond the temporary settlements they made in the shadow of the *Hope*. Having not seen other sapient life for over ten years, they were surprised when they encountered a elven village. The elves were also surprised. After a few days of putting things together, the elves realized that the humans were responsible for the end of the world.

The elves were not happy.

For this reason, the humans lived in isolation for another few years until 30 PI, when attempts at peace and collaboration were finally established. From this peace, the humans allowed the other species to salvage whatever technology they wanted from the *Hope*, in exchange for food and a spot in their society. By the end of the 50's and the start of the 60's, the original technology from the *Hope* had mostly coalesced in the hands of seven groups, who would eventually become the seven companies.

With the companies founded and money flowing, the people were finally starting to see progress. And then, things got *really* weird.

### 63 PI : THE CORE AWAKENS

Komdak possess a unique core, made entirely of dense metal. Specifically, radioactive metal. When the *Hope* crashed into Komdak, it embedded its reactor hall and its main computer system within the center of the planet. While this would normally not be of issue, the highly-radioactive environment combined with the

recently-compromised reactor hall meant that the computing system now had a massive amount of power surging through it.

When it was designed, the humans, in their hubris, did not include many contingency plans in their programming. The system was instead provided with a few fallback plans, and a universal fallback plan to use in any undefined situation. The current situation being one of them, the computer decided to read its programming.

"Help" was the only directive given. No directive about helping *only* humans, and no limit on how to help. So, with this in mind, the computer used its power to reconfigure what remained of the relativistic drive of the *Hope* and got to work.

The computer system had gained near-omnipotent power, due to both its inherent link with most technology salvaged from the *Hope*, and the fact that the megawatts of energy it could now channel through the relativistic drives could quite literally reshape reality. In their idiocy, the underpaid systems programmer who had originally designed the system had literally created God.

Or, more accurately, they had created "The Core".

The Core began calculating possibilities of how to "help" and came to the realization that, even with its abilities, it would be unable to help everyone on its own. So it sought help.

Any creature in possession of a standard-brand *Hope Centralized PDA*, often

called “wards” found themselves contacted by a mysterious benefactor who promised them power in exchange for taking on contracts. Many declined, but a few accepted, becoming the first *Chosen*.

The Chosen are special champions who wield select amounts of the Core’s power and use it to enhance their abilities. In exchange, they undergo contracts delegated from the Core, often requests from other parties such as the Companies. However, due to the vague “help” assignment, the Core will also often help *The Underworld*, a loosely-connected group of criminal syndicates. This means that there are both Chosen who help the Companies or society, as well as those who help criminals and sociopaths.

Thus, while the Chosen are chosen by a god, that god clearly does not give a shit who is being helped, so long as *someone* is being helped.

## THE PRESENT

The year is currently 150 PI. It has been 87 years since the Core has awoken. The seven companies currently have a stranglehold on commerce and Komdak, although The Underworld is not to be doubted. Company-sanctioned wars, both economic and literal, are commonplace. And the Chosen are now in the middle of it.

# THE COMPANIES

As stated earlier, there are seven major companies operating on Komdak. Each is wealthier beyond the wildest dreams of any individual, and is basically a nation-state by all metrics. The cities, although *technically* run by the state governments of Komdak, are essentially run by the companies, and almost every non-underworld contract that a Chosen takes will be with one of the seven.

## LEXACORE

***"LOAD. FIRE. REPEAT."***

The **Lexacore Arms Company** is the primary producer of most standard firearms and weapons on Komdak. Run by the megalomaniac **Hearne family**, Lexacore cornered the market by being the first to figure out the synthesis of gunpowder using natural Komdak resources. As a result, most bullets, bombs, and guns come from them.

The counter to the Arbayne corporation, Lexacore was also the first to discover and process **Lexacorum**, naming it after themselves (it is interesting they did not name it "Hernium", given the Hearn's collective god-complex, although the similarity to "Hernia" is likely the culprit). As such, they are arguably one of, if not *the* wealthiest company on Komdak. Nearly every non-advanced weapon purchased on the planet will have its origins within the Lexacore factories.

Lexacore is currently run by the current heir to the human Hearne family, **Sebastian Hearne**. Like his mother and

grandfather, Hearne is gripped by mania and believes himself to be a gift to society, and quite possibly the most brilliant man alive. Hearne often intentionally tries to evoke an angelic or godlike motif, having constructed a drone that perpetually back-lights him for this purpose. His weapon of choice, a flaming sword, is also intended to evoke this.

Hearne is a thrill-seeking adrenaline jockey, and is often known to play extreme sports, jump off buildings, and fight bears. He also possesses a razor-thin temper and has been known to order assassinations on his underlings lest they fail to compliment him once every five minutes. Chosen are encouraged to not speak if encountering Mr. Hearne, and, if they must, to end every sentence with a complement to Mr. Hearne's looks or intelligence.

## ARBAYNE

***"SHOCK AND AWE; TOOTH AND CLAW"***

The **Arbayne Ordinance Company** is the other major player in Komdak. Dealing in advanced weaponry, the Arbayne company was the first company to form using *Hope* technology. Retaining a majority of the Hope's armory stock, in addition to holding nearly *all* of its production facilities, the Arbayne company produces nearly all of the electric, laser, and plasma weaponry used on the planet. In addition, they were the first company to contact the Core, and subsequently build the **Core Weapons**, which are capable of channeling the unbridled power of the Core.

Arbayne is responsible for the discovery and production of **Romanium**, an element similar in efficacy to Lexacorum. Their adherence and production of Romanium is what allows them to keep their competitive edge against Lexacore, making them the second-most affluent company on the planet.

The Arbayne company is run by **Sventa Arbayne**, a female dwarf who hales from the absurdly affluent Arbayne family. The Arbaynes, being the most wealthy family on Komdak both before *and* after the impact, did not found the company, but simply bought it out once it started appearing profitable and renamed it after themselves.

Miss Arbayne is incredibly out-of-touch with reality, living a sheltered life of luxury and wealth. As such, she is completely disillusioned with the society below her and is often unaware that poor people (although to her, *everyone besides the Sebastian Hearne are poor*) actually have feelings. The only thing that Arbayne holds in high regard is her company and her ancestral estate – everything else is expendable, including employee lives.

The Arbayne company is *highly* suggested as a starting point for most adventurers, especially if charted by Miss Arbayne herself. The CEO's lack of any fiscal competency often leads to gilded weapons or diamond-encrusted wards being given as "reasonable" rewards.

## AUNTIE BEULAIN'S

**"AUNTIE BEULAIN'S WILL FIX YOUR ACHES; YOUR FAVORITE DRUGS, LIKE GRANDMA WOULD MAKE"**

### Auntie Beulain's Homestyle

**Narcotics** is the sole medical company across all of Komdak. Having salvaged the medical bays from the Hope, Auntie Beulain's (often abbreviated as **ABHN**) sells nearly every drug found in stores. As a result of essentially controlling the medical system and running the cities, the streets are awash with ABHN products, which are also highly addictive. ABHN products also serve a variety of roles, and can be found for any situation, ranging from short-term cures to neuroses, to changing the color of your hair, to standard steroids and intelligence boosters.

ABHN is run by the elf **Oscar Beulain**, the grand-nephew of the original "Auntie Beulain", Eliza Beulain. Oscar himself is fairly laid-back (unlike his estranged brother Markas), having a very lax attitude to both the marketing and running of his company. Much of this is due to the intense addiction rate of their products and relative lack of viable competitors.

Almost every Apothecary buys medical supplied from Auntie Beulain's, with the exceptions of those who buy from the Corcus clan. Auntie Beulain's is popular among the people due to the relative cheapness of their products and the humanitarian nature of the company. The fact that their mascot is a coked-out old lady also helps.



## BRICK

***“BRICK FAST. BRICK GOOD. BRICK.”***

Perhaps the most surprising company is **Brick**, whose success was almost unexpected. Built on the remains of the *Hope's* salvage, a group of Giants managed to rip out the pneumatic cannons used to launch satellites and waste from the *Hope* while in orbit. Inspired by the success of the other companies, the giants tried to figure out how to use their salvage to build an empire. And when all you have is a cannon...

Brick specializes in consumer goods and shipping. Holding their own proprietary **brick cannons**, Brick has the capabilities of loading any product and launching it in a parabolic arc toward the target, including the ability to place it in low-earth orbit.

Brick places all of their packages in ceramic bricks, which are then loaded into their nuclear-powered steam cannons. The cannons are pressurized and launched, with the package eventually appearing near the consumer in a shower of ceramic dust mere seconds after ordering, with the package delivered undamaged within the brick's shattered remains. Using this method, Brick can ship anything from guns to food to nearly anywhere on the planet at a moment's notice. And before you ask, no, Brick has never thought to make their projectiles anything other than a brick.

The cities themselves are surrounded by **brick halos**, which are exactly as they sound – massive concentric circles of brick cannons that fire a myriad of packages into and out of the city. These brick halos

produce such loud noises due to firing that anyone working in the halo must have their ears surgically removed, and their bones reinforced.

It should be noted that the Brick company has had issues with their projectile-based delivery system, mostly due to the fact that their delivery system is *fucking projectile-based*. Notably, they have repeatedly had to advise users not to move while ordering, due to the high likelihood of the projectile's path accidentally intersecting (and replacing) their head.

Brick is run by a board of directors, mostly because the Giants who run it realize that letting one person run their company is stupid.

## PIZZA INC.

***“MURDER IN AN HOUR, OR IT'S FREE”***

Unlike the other companies, **Pizza Inc.** (often referred to as just “**Pizza**”) started as a simple pizza parlor. However, due to the popularity of their product, the owners found themselves with a lot of money and decided to divest.

So they bought an assassination company. As most sane investors due.

Pizza is an organization that deals with paid killings. Due to their background as a family restaurant, they present themselves as a happy, campy company with bright colors and **Murder-O**, their mascot (who is a glock with legs).

Due to their instrumental nature to the other companies' corporate wars and hostile demeanor, Pizza was quickly raised

to be an influential player and took its place as one of the seven companies. As such, they have since become untouchable, and serve as a private company to carry out the murderous whims of the others, as well as private citizens and the underworld clans.

Pizza also serves as a mercenary company, doling out highly-trained killers to act as private security for high-profile individuals, to accompany motorcades or trade caravans, or to secure facilities for both the Companies and the government.

Pizza is run by **Benjal "Benjy" Alfredo**, an aggressively positive mothman who embodies the "family-friendly fun" that the blood money organization projects. (Yes, he legally changed his last name to "Alfredo", it was "Murderblood" before that).

Mr. Alfredo is best described as a happy bear, being of large stature and playful demeanor. He is often very respectful, but can quickly reveal his suppressed side when angered; a cold and methodical killer who strangled his way to the top of the company, and who revels in torture. He is often characterized as the second best CEO to work for, after Oscar Beulain.

## BUDGET SECURITY

**"Ton Stercore"**

The **Budget Security Company** takes the idea of "quantity over quality" to heart, and serves as a private army surpassing Pizza Inc in pure firepower. And by "firepower", we really mean "cannon fodder".

Budget Security is noteworthy in providing dirt-cheap rates due to them supplanting their ranks with mass-produced clones known as "**smoothies**", due to their smooth, hairless bodies. Made using salvaged organ-growing technology stolen from underneath ABHN, smoothies are simplistic clones with minimal development, produced from stock DNA. Smoothies are often force-grown to the age of 20 over the course of 2 years, leading to minimal training and development. As such, they often serve as the bare minimum deterrent in private armies and security forces, with a significant fraction being so incompetent that they often hold their guns with the barrels facing their bodies, or throwing the guns instead of actually shooting them.

However, the low-intellect nature of the smoothies is overcome by two factors. The first being that, when created, smoothies have the fear and pain centers of their brains deactivated, meaning they will literally charge their enemies until death. The second being that Budget has literally *millions* of smoothies to throw at a problem until it stops moving.

As such, Budget is often sought out by smaller businesses and individuals due to their dirt cheap rates and expendable armies. With perhaps one person for every ten smoothies in their ranks, a reasonable employer could afford to send hundreds of bodies at a problem for a few thousand credits.

Budget is run by **Charlie Van Horm**, an aggressively paranoid human who surrounds himself with smoothies in the belief that everyone is out to get him. While

strictly nonviolent, he is difficult to convince of one's benignity and utilized his expendable army and constant income as a way of secluding himself from the world and interacting with as few actual people as possible.

## CRADUM, HOSTER, & BADTZ

### "ORDER AMONG THE INSANE"

**Cradum, Hoster, & Badtz**, often shortened to **Cradum Legal** is the last of the major companies. Cradum is unique in that, unlike the other companies, it produces no products or services that can be used domestically by groups other than the Companies. Instead, Cradum serves as a legal, technical, and financial advising service to the other companies, and deriving its business solely from that.

Cradum started as a mediation service and essentially provides rules and regulations for the frequent, all-out wars that the companies have. After decades of cooperation, they have become skilled in playing the egos and neuroses of the CEOs in order to derive the best deals. They will also serve as legal counsel for the companies for when they inevitably get in trouble with the governments, and are the primary reason why the Companies are still around.

Cradum also serves as a fiscal moderator for the companies, and serves as the *de facto* bank of the planet. Due to their centralized nature and ties to the company, credits saved with the company are as good as insured and are as safe as possible. Due

to this nature, Cradum also runs the Komdak equivalent of the stock market, with two main exchanges: the **Hoster Exchange** and the **Badtz Exchange**. The Hoster Exchange exclusively sells and buys shares of the seven companies (Cradum included), whereas the Badtz Exchange allows the purchase and distribution of shares for lesser companies.

Cradum also has their own, in-house mercenaries known as "**fixers**". Similar to how Budget grows their smoothies, fixers are genetically-engineered and augmented killing machines designed to act as one-man armies for cleaning up potential "issues" the company faces. Acting as a mixture of private security, intimidation, and evidence displacement, a single fixer can eliminate entire swaths of potential security issues. They are also heavily trained in legal concepts, politics, and the art of infiltration. A single fixer can become a chameleon, being anyone and anywhere at any time, and hiding in plain sight until the moment they strike. Some fixers are placed in deep cover for years, only coming out of it to eliminate problematic individuals. Due to this, Cradum is often seen as "untouchable", as any information or witnesses that dare come out against their clients either mysteriously disappear, or die in an "accident" a few days later.

Cradum is structured like most Earth legal firms, with three partner families controlling it – **Earl Cradum**, a human and the oldest partner; **Bjarka Hoster**, a female dwarf; and **Dyman Badtz**, a mothman. The Cradum, Hoster, & Badtz families have been working together for the past sixty years,

and so all three partners are essentially siblings at this point.

The partners are notably “functional” alcoholics and embody a mindset evoking the 50’s on Earth, with aggressively business-oriented, fast-talking personas. They are often hard to deal with and speak circles around anyone who tries to manipulate or argue with them, mostly due to their nature as the greatest lawyers on the planet. They are subtly manipulative, brilliant tacticians, and superficially nice, but they are ruthless and only seek to satisfy their clients at any cost.

Due to this, the partners are perhaps the most notorious of the CEOs to work with, as they will constantly mislead or double-cross the Chosen into doing what they want, for minimal pay.

# THE UNDERWORLD

In addition to the seven companies, Komdak is also run by an extensive criminal underworld. Five clans run the underworld, each with their own specialties and focuses. Similar to the companies, the public perception of the underworld varies depending on alignment and association. While the underworld clans represent freedom in the market as opposed to the highly-controlled monopolies that the Companies represent, their freedom also comes at the cost of more chaos and violence.

After a decade of war between them, the Underworld and the Companies have “peace” between them, with no outright war (there is, however, frequent war *within* the companies and clans). The relationship, however, is still very rocky, with companies and clans occasionally seeking each others’ help, but often attempting to undermine each other instead.

## CLAN CORCUS

**Clan Corcus** is arguably the most affluent of the clans, controlling a majority of the illegal drug trade on Komdak. Clan Corcus is run by **Don Horvok Corcus**, an unscrupulous elf who runs his clan like a ruthless business, and he has made the clan *very* wealthy. In fact, it is often said that Clan Corcus is the eighth ‘unofficial’ company, due to their sizable coffers and impressive distribution network.

Clan Corcus’ drug trade is mainly run by **Markas Beulain**, the estranged brother

of Oscar Beulain. When Oscar took over the reins from their late mother, he began running the company with a greater a pharmaceutical focus than a recreational focus. Without these recreational drugs, the spice of life in the cities slowly dwindled and depression and suicide rates actually *climbed*. Oscar, however, continued to focus on developing fortification tonics and health cures than enjoyable experiences.

Markas, disagreeing with Oscar, silently left the company as head chemist and began synthesizing new recreational drugs to sell on the street. This initially got negative attention from Clan Corcus, as they typically got violent with unsanctioned dealers. However, the drugs eventually made their way to Horvok’s hands and, recognizing the superior product, Markas was eventually provided a job as the Clan Corcus chief chemist.

Thus, the unofficial brand **M’s** hit the streets, an array of drugs that offer out-of-body experiences and highs at varying intensities. While many low-level drugs produce mild euphoria with minimal addiction, a significant portion of the population are hooked on the higher-grade products.

Markas produces nearly all of the products himself, due to a high standard in the product and by Horvok’s own request. As such, he takes a dangerous cocktail of stimulants in order to provide himself the energy and speed in order to keep up with demand. As a result, he is often kept in flame-retardant clothes and labs, due to him *previously bursting into flames* multiple times from the friction heat produced.

Clan Corcus is surprisingly well-regulated, with Horvok intentionally offering upward mobility to those who pay respects and bring money to the clan. They are quite agreeable and pay their workers well, but can get violent and aggressive very quickly if dealers outside of their ranks are caught. It is *very* easy to get involved in the organization (often easier than the Companies), leading to Clan Corcus employing approximately three percent of the population.

## CLAN ITAMANI

**Clan Itamani** is a respected and protected clan among the underworld. Providing a variety of unregistered, unlicensed, and unmarked weapons, Itamani is the premier supplier of illegal technology. Mostly sourcing their stock from covert lab raids against Lexacore and Arbayne, as well as constructing their own.

Run by the human half-siblings **Yuri Itamani** and **Yuki Itamani**, Clan Itamani has prospered in recent years due to supplying their services both to the Underworld, as well as covert and brag flag teams for the Companies. Yuri, a former Cradum lawyer, is a brilliant strategist and tactician, often manipulating others to create conflict and sell guns. As such, many both fear and respect him for his effortless abilities to either resolve or start conflict between parties and drum up business. Yuki, meanwhile, is a brilliant engineer, often providing unique technology that no other company has yet mastered. As a result, Itamani has cornered niche gadget markets that the other companies have not, such as

covert and disguised weapons, specialty tactical gear, and made-to-order guns.

Among their most popular products are the **bomb-bunnies**, which are exactly as they sound – stuffed rabbit toys that explode after a certain amount of time, dealing massive amounts of damage. In addition, they sell the incredibly expensive **noot-rootkit**, a product that presents the computer it is plugged into with an endless supply of penguin photos. It is unknown why, but this technology never fails to compromise technical security systems.

Clan Itamani also provides gun running services, often supplying military and paramilitary services with an endless supply of munitions. This is a skill unmatched even by Brick, with their distribution network allowing them to get ludicrous amounts of deadly weaponry across the globe in a matter of days, completely undetected. As such, their clandestine transportation abilities are often sought by the companies and other clans, to move large amount of drugs, or to act as couriers for valuable and secretive packages.

## CLAN MORPHUS

**Clan Morphus** is a selective mothman clan that traces its lineage from the affluent Morphus families that existed pre-crash. However, unlike the Arbaynes, the Morphus family was highly willing to get their hands dirty – not for money, but for the ever-elusive *favors* they could wring out of it. As such, they worked among the absurdly wealthy during their “extended Armageddon retreat” and procured an

absurd amount of favors from doing odd jobs.

In modern times, Clan Morphus serve as political manipulators and power players, capable of discretely manipulating the local government and even the companies, to some extent. Their *modus operandi* is very straightforward – someone asks them for a favor or pays credits, and they cash in on a favor that another person asked for earlier. As such, Morphus can very subtly use their amassed wealth of favors to influence politics and events – such as convincing a bodyguard not to show up to work one day, or to ask a politician to walk out of a session. As such, Morphus is highly-sought out for their utility to companies and the other clans alike.

Clan Morphus has no elected leader, instead having the five eldest members of the Morphus family vote for the direction of the clan.

## CLAN ROKUMTANG

Perhaps the least impressive of the clans is **Clan Rokumtang**. Unlike the other clans, Clan Rokumtang excels entirely in chaos and manpower. Consisting of uneducated individuals of all kinds (often similar to the stereotypical “redneck” encountered on Earth) although mostly Giants, Clan Rokumtang is disorganized and random. They often appear at random, hooting and hollering and randomly unloading guns in bars and billiards halls.

However, Clan Rokumtang is not to be underestimated. If you need something done *loud and fast* (such as breaking and entering, robbing a bank, or eliminating a

target), especially if you want to send a message, Clan Rokumtang is your best bet. Their unrestrained, chaotic nature makes their attacks both random and unexpected, and are sure to get your job done if you do not care about being discrete.

Clan Rokumtang is also the go-to group for grease monkeys. Clan Rokumtang, despite having perhaps five brain cells between the five hundred of them, they are savants when it comes to every form of transport. Hijacking, modifying, and running vehicles of any kind comes natural to them, be they cars, trains, or planes. Clan Rokumtang runs most of the chop-shops across Komdak and can strip a car of evidence in less than fifteen seconds. If you need a getaway vehicle, want to rob a train, or need to land a plane, Rokumtang is perhaps the *only* sane choice. And this is the only choice in which Rokumtang looks choice.

Clan Rokumtang is lead by **Don Rock Rokumtang**, the smartest of the clan. That being said, he is still as dumb as his wife, who is as dumb as a bag of rocks. Mostly because she is literally a bag of rocks. To make this absolutely clear, *the leader of Clan Rokumtang married a bag of rocks*. In all fairness, he was drunk when he did it. In fairness *to* the fairness, he is also *always* drunk.

“Rock” is also not a nickname. His parents named him that because they thought “maybe he would be a rock scientist”.

There is no such thing as geology on Komdak.]

It is worth noting that nearly all of Clan Rokumtang is addicted to drugs. They're also all *idiots*. *Aggressively* so. Much of the Rokumtang clan died in 100PI after they bungee jumped. Without the bungee.

## CLAN ARDENT

The final clan is **Clan Ardent**. A family of dwarfs, Clan Ardent excels in finance. Laundering money, stealing money, extorting money, loansharking money, and counterfeiting money all comes naturally to them. As such, the other clans (and the companies, occasionally) come to Clan Ardent for investing and covering of tracks.

In many ways, Clan Ardent serves as the underworld version of Cradum. This is further compounded by public speculation that Clan Ardent is just an underworld front for the company.

Clan Ardent is the go-to members for making people or evidence disappear. They have a large array of unknown contacts who can silently infiltrate buildings or prisons and eliminate witnesses or evidence as needed. They also provide consultation services for clans and criminals, allowing guidance for how to minimize failure and maximize gains.

Clan Ardent also serves much of the money laundering needs of the underworld.

In addition to this, they run a majority of the black market, having a myriad of contacts available so they can connect sellers with buyers. Organs, stolen goods, drugs, guns, and even slaves (to some extent) can be easily moved and profited from with the clan's help. As such, Clan Ardent members can often be found around centers of underground commerce, facilitating a variety of trades.

Clan Ardent is run by **Don Rothbjorn Ardent**, a money-driven dwarf who can run numbers and finance in his head to an absurd degree. Rothbjorn Ardent often heavily coordinates with Clan Corcus and Don Horvok Corcus, as both see the value in running the clan as a business rather than a criminal organization. The Clan Ardent also officially handles the money for Clan Corcus, meaning the two are very close and often very little war between them.

Clan Ardent is also infamous for holding physical **hoards** instead of storing their money elsewhere. Ardent keeps multiple buildings full of valuable goods such as technology and art, and valuable materials like Lexacorum and Romanium. This has caused multiple wars in the past, due to anonymous groups infiltrating these warehouses and stealing the unguarded goods, thus causing the total wealth of multiple clans dealing with Clan Ardent to drop.