The eternal night is illuminated only by vagrants' fires, the streetlights long having been shattered. The streets constantly reek of gasoline. Despite the overwhelming advances in technology, nothing could be done to clear up the perpetually dark skies that loomed overhead, a constant reminder of the previous generation’s tremendous breakthroughs in industry. Even now, smog emits from one lone factory, mocking the scientists’ work for sunlight.

Some say that the remnants of dark, ancient magic are the key to restoring nature’s power, but those few are rarely heard from for very long. It is thought that the Legion, those officers of order who patrol these desolate streets, removes these individuals, perhaps for their knowledge, and perhaps for their silence. But those who are close to the Legion know that the corruption of those few that function as government over The City doesn’t quite stem to that level.

This is The City. It had another name once, long ago, but it was lost with the privacy of its citizens. Each citizen is permitted (and mandated by law) to carry their access card with them wherever they go. This access card states a citizen’s identity, determines what buildings and infrastructure a citizen has access to, level of care upon hospitalization, managers credit transactions, and, of course, makes it oh so very easy for agents of the Legion to track the movements and locations of those whom they protect.

Long since bankrupt, the city is completely independent from the rest of the land. Travel is limited–any cars have long since been stripped for metal, and only the Legion has hover cars, short range vehicles whose movements are very strictly watched.

Recently, Cybernetic Modification, endearingly called CyMod by those rich enough to afford it has swept through the barren city. Agents of the Legion were among the first to gain access to this luxury, but more and more denizens claimed the chance to change their genetic makeup. Reactions were as varied as the modifications–Those who improved their eyesight or ability to taste often resorted to pain killers to dull the sharp and throbbing pains which had become constant, while those who strengthened their skeletons or enhanced their lungs turned to self-inflicted injuries and uppers, just to feel something again.

Those too poor for CyMod didn’t see these downsides. They saw the future, and they smelt salvation. And they weren’t getting their fair cut. Riots have become increasingly common in The City, along with rampages from CyMod patients whose brains haven’t taken the modification perfectly. The Legion has had their hands full.

**Skills**

Acrobatics (Dex)

Alteration (Wis) (With DM permission or feat)

Athletics (Str)

Augmentation (Con or Wis, DM’s Choice) (Replaces Religion, consider using with Discipline for biological rejection)

Biology (Int)

Block (Spd)

Chemistry (Int)

Computer Programming (Int)

Computer Use (Int)

Craft (Dex)

Discipline (Wis)

Engineering (Int)

Endurance (Con)

Escape (Dex)

First Aid (Wis)

Heavy Armor (Con)

Interaction (Cha)

Knowledge (Int)

Language (Int)

Light Armor (Dex)

Melee Weapon (Str)

Perception (Wis)

Pickpocket/Slieght of hand (Dex)

Ranged (Dex)

Ride/Drive (Dex)

Security (Dex)

Sense Motive (Wis)

Stealth (Dex)

Unarmed Combat (Str)

**Common Equipment**

Taser

Laser Gun

Flint Pistol

Blunderbuss (Brought into common use after insulated body armor provided too much resistance to electrifying and laser burn attacks)

Knife

Electric Knife

Sonic Grenade (used by the Legion for crowd control)

Baton

Rubber body armor

Gas mask (small enough that it just covers the face, providing protection and privacy. Issued by the Legion a number of years ago to combat the smog)