

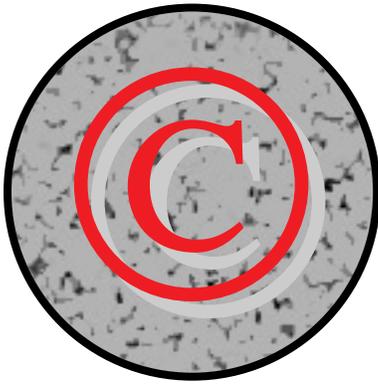
CORPS

Apocalypse™

The time of reckoning is at hand...

 **BTRC**

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CREDITS

Apocalypse™

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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.

