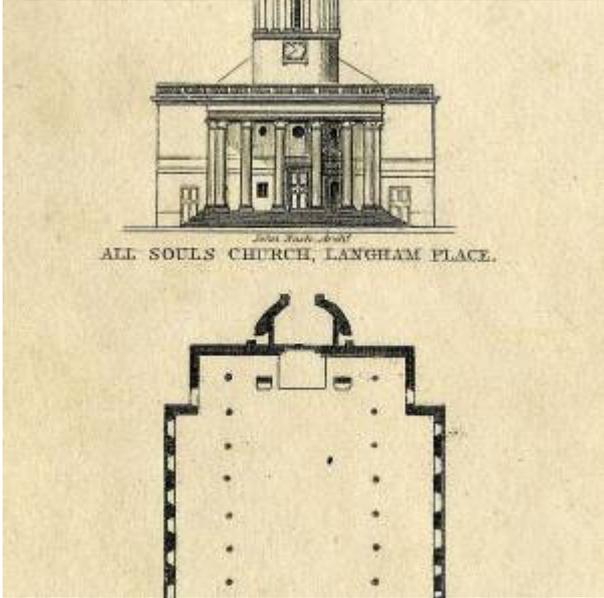


Images

Portraits and images for Paradox Diaspora

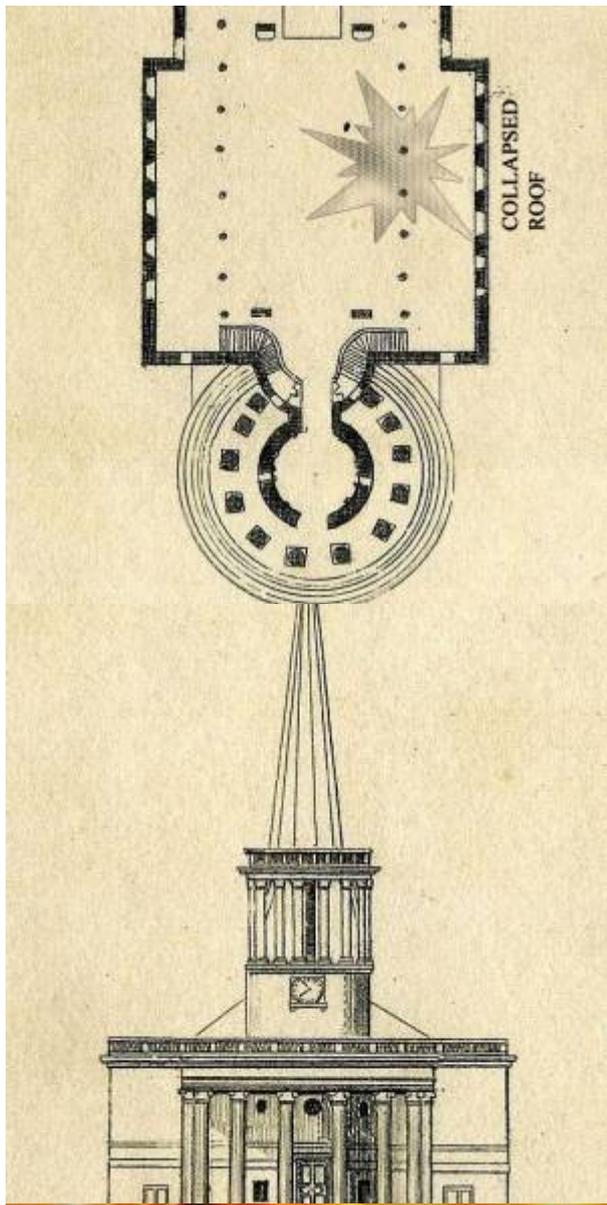












GADGET: SONTARAN MEZON GUN

Consisting of two black metal pieces joined in a T-Shape with a yellow plastic nozzle. Mezon Gun is designed to comfortably fit the three hand of a Sontaran.

Age: [ALL]
Type: Restriction: Slow



STORY POINTS 1

GADGET: SONIC PROBE

I made it. And it's a sonic probe.

Trails: Scan, Open/Close, Restriction (doesn't work on deadlock seals)



STORY POINTS 2

GADGET: SONTARAN COMMUNICATOR

Consists of an oval-shaped or ear phone. It is held and used in the large of a Sontaran and wears on the back. The control side is protected by two thin light beams.

Age: [ALL]
Type: Restriction: to other Sontaran communicators within 1 AU



STORY POINTS 1

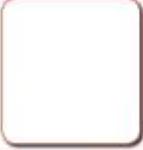
GADGET: SONTARAN TRANSLATOR

A silver-black box worn on the belt that has one button, to turn it on or off. Translates known languages in the vicinity.

Trails: Translate



STORY POINTS 1

<p>GADGET: BIODATABASE</p> <p>Storage: Holds unlimited biographic subjects in a given period. Action: Correct biodata in order to retrieve information. Note: If a roll fails with a Blast or astra, the information retrieved is random.</p>  <p>STORY POINTS 2</p>	<p>GADGET: BIODATA PROBE</p> <p>Biodata contains information on a person's history and timeline (like temporal DNA). If you could manipulate a person's biodata you could alter their entire time stream. Traits: Repair, Restriction (only on biodata)</p>  <p>STORY POINTS 2</p>
<p>GADGET:</p>  <p>STORY POINTS</p>	<p>GADGET:</p>  <p>STORY POINTS</p>
 <p>CRASHED SHIP</p>	 <p>GRAVEYARD</p>
<p>Paradox Diaspora</p>  <p>CONSOLE ROOM</p>	<p>Paradox Diaspora</p>  <p>OUTSIDE CHURCH</p>
<p>Paradox Diaspora</p> 	<p>Paradox Diaspora</p> 
 <p>2- Movers</p>	
 <p>3- Doers</p>	





for sorrow
 for joy
 for a girl
 for a boy
 for a letter
 for gold
 for a lie
 for a wish
 for a kiss
 for a surprise
 for a fight
 for health
 for wealth
 even beware it's the devil himself.

Let's be honest: it's one stupid question in one that get the best answers. For example, here's some history for you. See what you make of it.

On September the fourteenth, 1752, the English lost eleven days out of their calendar. It had to happen, sooner or later. England's calendar was eleven days out from the rest of Europe, so the great thinkers of the day... that'll be the philosophers and the civil servants, you know the type... they decided to put the date forward by a week and a half. The people went to bed on September the second, and when they woke up it was the fourteenth. Simple. So, the obvious question - the stupid question - is: what happened to the missing eleven days?

Those great thinkers I mentioned probably wouldn't have had an answer to that, which is a shame, because the answer's this: The missing days were taken by Faction Paradox.

Well, that's not really a big surprise, is it? Out of all the Great Houses... the Great Houses being the ones who've made it their business to look after space-time in general, the ones who've insisted on running history behind the scenes since before us poor human sods crawled up out of the oceans... out of all the Great Houses, Faction Paradox was the only one that really knew how to step over the line. I mean, while the others were all busy with their time machines and their nice shiny bits of technology, the Faction was busy calling on the spirits of eternal darkness and sacrificing raw virgins, just for a laugh. So when the Faction's people got themselves thrown out of polite society and kicked off the old homeworld, they needed somewhere else to set up shop. Which is why they took those eleven days out of English history, and locked them in a little bubble of time outside of the rest of the universe, where almost nobody else could get at it.

And of course, that was where we all lived. In the Eleven-Day Empire. In a little ghost-city that - back in the real world - would have been called London. In a time when all the numbers, whether they

I don't intend to argue, it's not in my nature to be discovarian, certainly not to Godfather Morlock, but I don't understand. I don't understand why I haven't already been punished.

I was sent on a mission once before. Shortly after I became a Cousin. The nature of the mission isn't something I wish to dwell on, but... I failed in my duty. I've been assured that it wasn't my fault, that it was the other Houses who sabotaged matters, but a failure is still a failure, surely? Father Sanjira... he was my guardian, when I first joined the family... Father Sanjira failed in his duty as well, and he died for that failure. He sacrificed himself to the spirits. I told Godfather Morlock this, and he informed me that the faction doesn't kill its children for making mistakes. If the spirits told Father Sanjira to kill himself, then he must have wanted to die. He must have secretly desired his punishment. But I still don't understand. The Godfather tells me failure is good, and that we need failure in order to learn, but... if we punish ourselves for our mistakes, and only if we want to be punished, then will I destroy myself too?

I don't think I understand what the House sees in me. Unless it just wants my blood.



The Paramenon buildings never cease to astound me, the shadows they cast through history just consider: all those layers of the past, waiting to be dissected. One day, our tracking-knives will be able to take apart architecture as keenly as they can take apart flesh, and the secrets these buildings could give up are beyond even my imagining.

Well, maybe not mine.



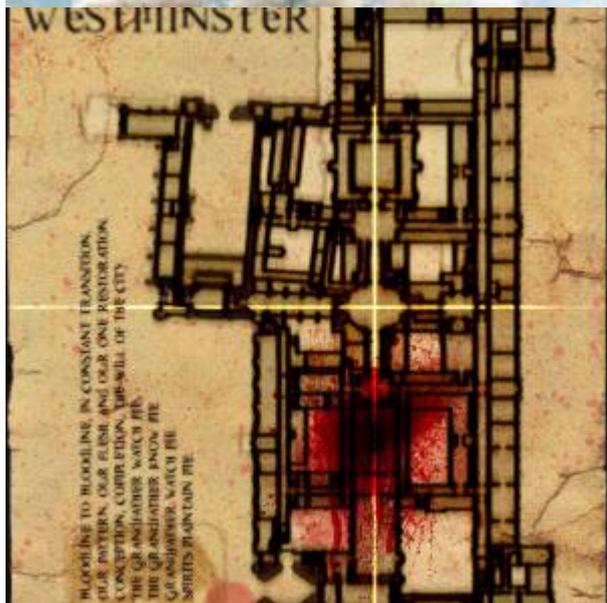
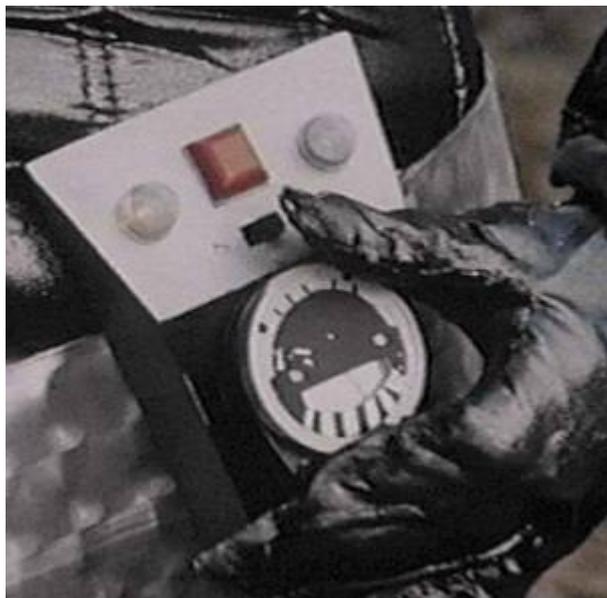
Although the operation was a success, certain factors should be brought to the attention of the Assault Corps' tactical division. Most crucially, we have not been fully informed of the weapons capability of Faction Paradox. Those troops who fought the Faction's boarding-parties report that their scanners detected no weaponry concealed in the boarders' armour; yet several Sontaran bodies were found cut in half. Three of our troops report that although the enemy carried no weapons, they saw the shadows of the faction's soldiers carrying an assortment of blades, guns, and other side-arms. One of our defenders has told us that his leg was severed by a female whose hands never moved during combat, but whose shadow took on a life of its own and cut him down before he could open fire. Naturally, such claims are not to be taken at face value. Although Faction Paradox might feasibly possess invisible weaponry - weaponry clearly in breach of our own code of honour - invisible weapons would not account for the phantom shapes seen by our defending forces. The suggestion that the shadows of Faction Paradox are dangerous in themselves is obviously ridiculous. We do not intend to spend this campaign fighting ghosts.



Now, observe this armour. As new members of our family, this is the uniform you are expected to wear on ceremonial occasions, or, heaven forbid, if you ever have to go into real-life combat. It's the best protection you're likely to possess, and I should know, because I designed most of it. I'm sure you'll all have noticed the hardwired bio-kinetic system and the airtight layer of artificial membrane, while the more observant among you might also have spotted that the armour's framework looks a lot like bone. There's a reason for that, of course. It's because the whole suit's made out of a skeleton. You don't need to know what it was the skeleton of, but let's just say that if you run into something that's six foot three and covered in chitinous plating then you might want to think about leaving the room before it notices you're wearing one of its ancestors. It's enough to know that these are the bones of one of the toughest humanoid species known to the family, and if sympathetic magic's what it used to be then some of that strength should rub off on you.

Of course, now you'll be asking yourselves the obvious question. If these things are so tough, then how did we manage to kill them for their skeletons in the first place? Not that I want to reduce your confidence in your armour.





BLOODLINE TO BLOODLINE IN CONSTANT TRANSITION,
OUR PATRONS, OUR FLESH AND OUR ONE RESTORATION,
CONSPIRACY, CORRUPTION, THE WILL OF THE CITY
THE GRANDFATHER KNOWS THE
THE GRANDFATHER KNOWS THE
GRANDFATHER KNOWS THE
SPIRITS BEHIND THE

From:
<http://curufea.dreamhosters.com/> - **Curufea's Homepage**

Permanent link:
<http://curufea.dreamhosters.com/doku.php?id=roleplaying:paradoxdiasporaimages>

Last update: **2014/01/09 15:28**

