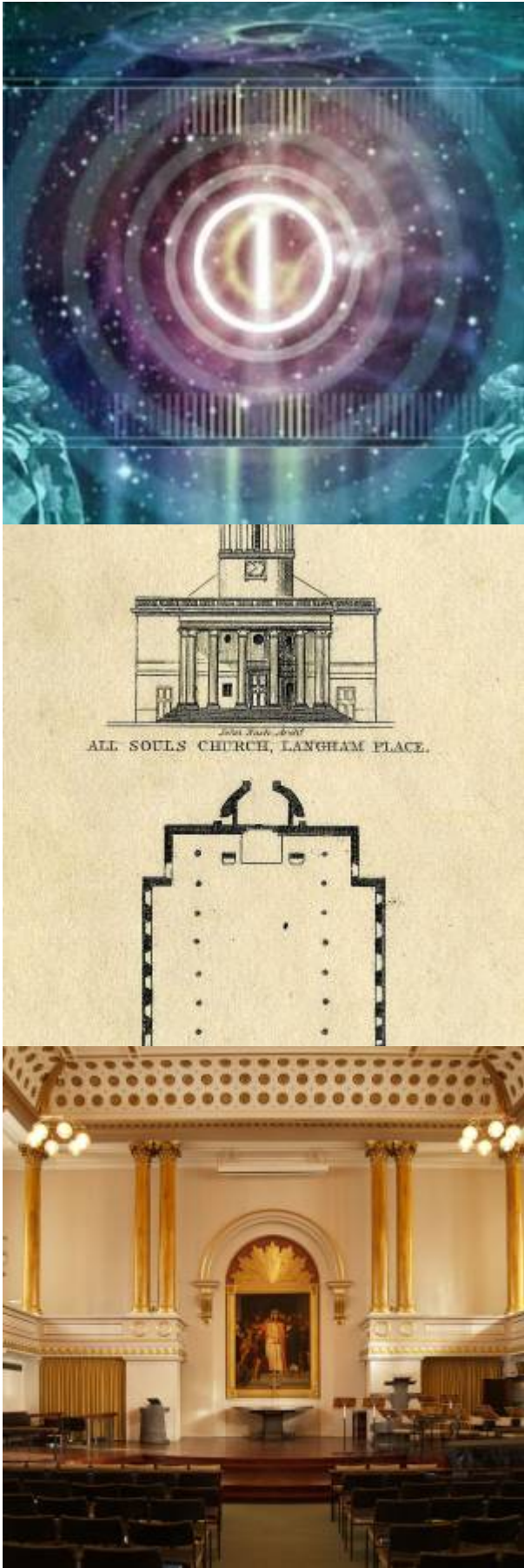


Images

Portraits and images for Paradox Diaspora











GADGET: SONTARAN MEZON GUN

Consisting of two black metal tubes joined in a T-Shape with a yellow plastic nozzle, the Mezon Gun is designed to be used in the three red hand of a Sontaran.

Age: [ALL]
Type: [Gun]
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

It is a small white device with a red button and a small screen. It is used by Sontarans to communicate with each other. It is a small device that is used by Sontarans to communicate with each other. It is a small device that is used by Sontarans to communicate with each other.

Age: [ALL]
Type: [Communicator]
Restriction: None

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

GADGET: BIODATABASE

Storage: Holds unlimited
any subjects in a given
period.

Warning: Corrupt biodata is
not to retrieve information.

Notes: If a roll fails with a Blast
radius Result when trying to
 Biodatabase, the information
ret is random.



STORY POINTS 2

GADGET: BIODATA PROBE

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)



STORY POINTS 2

GADGET:

STORY POINTS

GADGET:

STORY POINTS



CRASHED SHIP



GRAVEYARD

Paradox Diaspora



CONSOLE ROOM



OUTSIDE CHURCH

Paradox Diaspora



Paradox Diaspora





2- Movers



3- Doers

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for sorrow
for joy
for a girl
for a boy
for heaven
for gold
for a devil never to be told.
for a wish
for a kiss
the price of joy paid his price
for health
for wealth
even beware it's the devil himself.

Let's be honest: it's one stupid question in one that gets 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 is 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 out of 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 limbo, all its own, where the

I don't intend to argue. It's not in my nature to be disagreeant, 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.



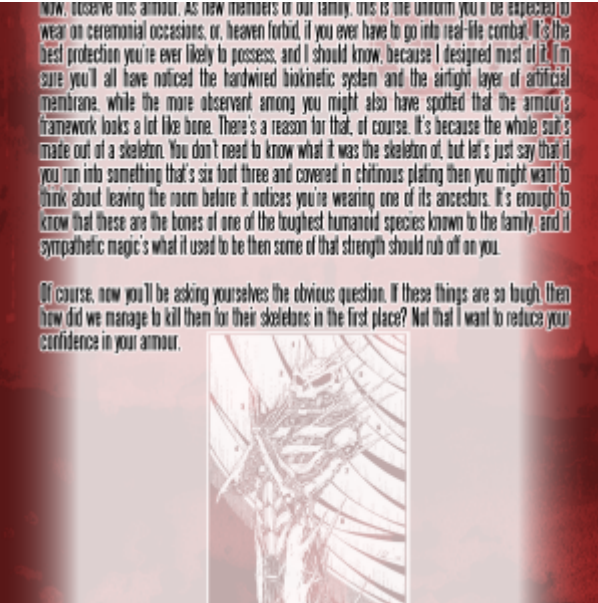
The Parliament buildings never cease to astonish me. The shadows they cast through history must consider all those layers of the past, waiting to be dissected. One day, our tracking-knives will be able to take apart architecture as keenly as they can take apart flesh, and the secrets these buildings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

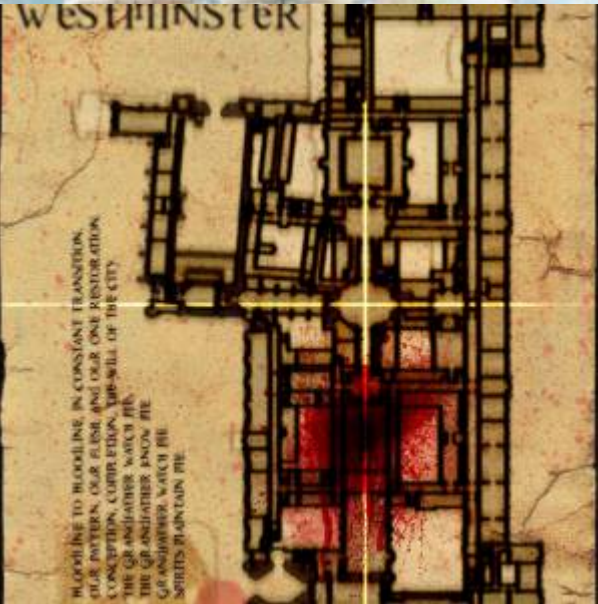
Well, maybe not mine.



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.







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