

## **David's memories**

You don't remember how you died exactly, but you have vague recollections of a car accident of some sort. What is more important is the years spent in the City (see notes).

You have spent the last couple of hundred years in the City, being an outstanding citizen - which is why you were amongst the final applicants for this mission.

You know of Time Lords and Gallifrey. There are (or were) rumours about the Secret Architects - the unknown persons/beings/organisation that created the City, that the reason why they saved Humanity is because they were all wiped out in The War. There was an attack on the City by a splinter group of the Time Lords, called the Celestis (the CIA who became a renegade group in their own pocket universe).

You're not a member of the council so weren't aware of the politics behind this rescue mission. You were briefed on the Faction so any questions put to you (or if you have any), just ask the GM.

## ***The Mission***

Given to you by the rulers of the City, you are to enter the Eleven Day Empire and lead the people out. Unless they escape, they can't be "saved" - a terrible loss to the City, which wants to save all of Humanity in all its forms.

You were sent through a specially created "Crosstime Gate" at this particular time in the Empires history as it has recently suffered a catastrophe of epic proportions taking it out of time.

The advice given to you was - find the folks in charge, lead them out and back to the real universe, here's a navigation device disguised as a common item that only you can use (it's one of the things in your pocket that you forgot about when you were shot on arrival). The device is meant to point the way out.

You are to return immediately to the City after completion of the mission through the "Uptime Gate".

## ***Complications***

There was some woman from the Faction. She said she was a representative of the Rump Parliament, Cousin Shuncucker. The council had not contacted the Rump Parliament at all about the mission - knowing that the Faction would create problems. This is just the kind of time paradox they like fiddling with. She was not meant to go through the gate - but she somehow managed to get through before it shut. She shot you, and using some invisible bladed weapon, cut up the columns of the church, trapping you under the rubble. For some reason you remained immortal on this side of the gate, and not just in the City (in all other cases where a citizen leaves back to the normal universe, they become mortal again, there must be something odd about this place)

Shuncucker undoubtedly has plans that conflict with the goals of the City and is not likely to ever return to the City. You could defer your return until after you get Shuncucker to return as well. However, communication with the City isn't easy and you would need to find the Uptime Gate in order to tell them about Shuncucker.

## **Caroline's memories**

You were a Space Security Service agent by the name of Sara Kingdom who turned against Mavic Chen, the traitorous Guardian of the Solar System, to join the Doctor and Steven Taylor to help defeat Chen and his secret allies, the Daleks. You are the sister of Bret Vyon, a Space Security Agent, whom the Doctor came across on the planet Kembel. You were born on Mars Colony 16.

When the Doctor first met you in an experimental testing facility on Earth, you had been told by Chen that your brother had turned traitor. You found the Doctor and Steven Taylor with your brother, and killed him, still believing what Chen had told you despite his protestations. You would have done the same to the Doctor and Steven, but all three were transported from Earth to Mira by accident using a cellular transportation device. On Mira, you learned that your unquestioning obedience had not only led to the unjust killing of your brother, but also that by doing so you had prevented him from warning Earth of the Dalek plot. You subsequently joined the Doctor in his efforts.

The three of you returned to your struggle against the Daleks on several worlds and in different time periods. The Daleks turned against Mavic Chen (who intended to betray them) and killed him. The Doctor returned to Kembel to activate the Time Destructor to stop them and ordered his companions back to the TARDIS for their protection. However, you followed him, not knowing the nature of his plan but concerned that it might fail. You were caught in the field of the Time Destructor and, being Human, aged to death.

Since your resurrection in the City of the Saved (see notes), you have put your past behind you, endeavoring to lead a new life under a new name. You now call yourself Caroline and have vowed to never again make the same mistakes.

You have spent the last couple of hundred years in the City, being an outstanding citizen - which is why you were amongst the final applicants for this mission.

### ***The Mission***

Given by the rulers of the City, you are to enter the Eleven Day Empire and guard the City's ambassador - a fairly average human by the name of David. He's not what you would call an over achiever and you weren't impressed that he was given the job.

You were sent through a specially created "Crosstime Gate" and are under strict orders not to reveal to anyone (the Faction especially) how you got into the Empire, where you are from, and why you are here. That's for David to reveal to the appropriate people later. David is to lead the Faction folk back out of the Empire into the normal universe (and not into the City as that would cause chaos). David possesses the means to lead folk out the Empire (why they didn't trust you with it, you don't know).

You are to return immediately to the City after completion of the mission through the "Uptime Gate" or failing that, kill yourself.

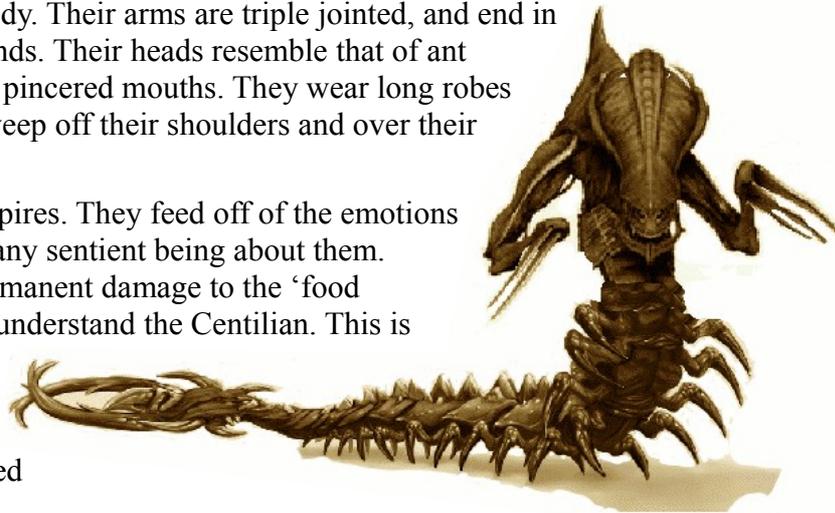
### ***Complications***

There was some strange woman who turned up as the gate was opened. She somehow managed to get through before it shut behind you. Using some kind of invisible bladed weapon, she attacked, destroying much of the building the gate opened into, trapping you under the rubble. She had some kind of gun as well that she shot you with - right in the head!

## Jim's race

A Centilian is a small alien standing no more than 1 Meter in height. They are vaguely centaur like in that they have the lower body that resembles a centipede, with an upright humanoid upper body. Their arms are triple jointed, and end in three fingered dexterous hands. Their heads resemble that of an ant including the antennae, and pincer mouths. They wear long robes of dark, rich colours that sweep off their shoulders and over their lower bodies.

Centilian's are psychic vampires. They feed off of the emotions and psychic emanations of any sentient being about them. Although this causes no permanent damage to the 'food source' many loath and misunderstand the Centilian. This is not aided by their true appearance. Seen as parasites they are persecuted, hunted, and hated across the Universe.



They are loners and do not live with other members of their species. Instead they travel the universe as individuals. They are hermaphrodites, and when meeting others of their race, mate and at the same time swap psychically any knowledge and/or information they have learnt. In this way they have become a technologically adept race. Centilian's are born from eggs, and although a normal clutch of eggs numbers in the hundreds it is likely that only one or two survive. Knowledge is also transmitted at birth, although the young do not come into this knowledge until making it to adult hood (about 14 Earth years). Centilian have no parental instinct and leave their young to fend for themselves.

## **Jim's memories**

### ***Detailed Background***

It was a bad choice, in the end. As a homunculus race, blending in as yet another of the countless clones was not a problem. It seemed wise as the rumours had already well established their next destination as the ideal location to go for a emotovore: A huge pre-industrial metropolis without any kind of organised policing force. Teeming millions in close proximity, an ideal location for strong emotions.

They had extensive research in their computer archives, and it was fairly easy to access. The military mind: once part of the hive, you are mistaken as a legitimate drone.

The Sontarans are well known to research any threats to any plans they may have - they've also been known to use tight computer security. However, the Rutans have exploited shape changing to infiltrate Sontaran society before and it was fairly easy to just ask another "fellow Sontaran" for pass codes

You were able to learn all about the Earth, and in particular the British Empire, as though you had actually been born there.

Circumstances and a native precaution kept you away from the command and control areas of the ship during the journey. In hindsight - safety was not the best priority to go with, as you were not aware that the ship became part of a fleet, nor that it was part of an invasion force. Sontarans send one or two as scouts and have no interest in actually invading backwater planets that have no strategic value. On the face of it, you were sure it would only be a scouting mission from which you could easily wander away: the ship you were on, was a scout ship, the planet a backwater.

The good news about the invasion was, you were able to get away. The Sontarans did send their scouts in first before the fighting began and you were able to slip away into the shadows.

The bad news was - this wasn't the London you was expecting. It doesn't smell as bad, there isn't as much fog, some of the buildings look more modern than they should. Worst of all - there seems to be no one living there! No hordes of uneducated Humans lining the streets or cowering in buildings. The scout ship landed far from the city centre, certainly - but still there should be some humans about.

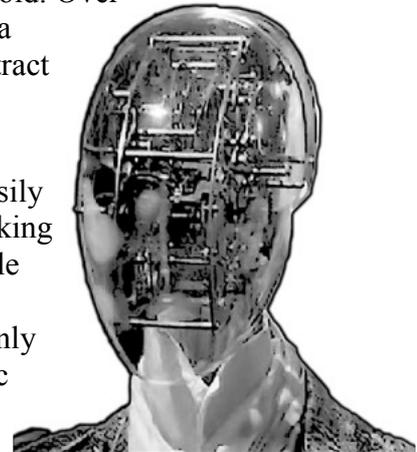
The sky went wrong - it should be blue, the Sontaran invasion fleet was driven off by flying machines and strange energies that the Humans should certainly not have had. Then the universe turned inside out and you lost consciousness.

Waking up, you wandered around until you heard movement. Entering a church you beheld a weird gate-like arch from which came some humanoids - one of which was dressed in armour made of bones. She appeared to suprise the others and attacked them, waving her arm around as though she held a weapon. Parts of the building started collapsing, but the other humanoids were'nt damaged. She mumbled something, appeared to drop something and grab something else then she saw you and gestured at you as though she had a gun. You collapsed.

## Sylar's race

The Komvos Banausic are an advanced form of clockwork android. Over the ages, they have been continuously improving themselves in a process analogous to evolution. Through this they mastered abstract thought, emotions and eventually, self-awareness.

Komvos Banausic have basic humanoid forms encased in transparent toughened plastic. Their gold and brass gears can easily be seen ticking away when they are uncovered. The constant ticking sound they make is audible, but faint. It is usually only detectable when all else is quiet. While it might seem a step backwards in design, using clockwork has several advantages. They require only the occasional winding up, something that the Komvos Banausic usually get other species to perform (to avoid breaking the laws of conservation of energy). This has the advantage of not draining or relying on local power supplies.



As the Komvos Banausic have no conventional computer systems, their brains are based more on the clockwork computer theories of Charles Babbage and Ada Lovelace. 51st century technology has refined the system so their clockwork minds can process and store enough data to carry out complex tasks, and self-modification has evolved their minds to human-level intelligence and self-awareness.

The majority of Komvos Banausic that interact with other intelligent species adopt a flesh-like mask. Even though most species can see through the disguise, the Komvos Banausic find that they are more accepted as intelligent beings when wearing such masks, rather than being treated like mere machines.

The Komvos Banausic have numerous models which specialise in various functions. However, the most common model, model Gimcrack, is also the only model that has no specific speciality. They are, however, the most versatile of all the models. The Gimcrack are equipped with a short range teleporter, and a technology scanner. They can also heat themselves up if they get frozen and empty unwanted fluids out of their system. They are very inventive, and are able to repair themselves in a pinch with just a few spare parts.

The rulers of the Komvos Banausic are known as The Great Intelligences. These are the most intelligent of all the Komvos Banausic. They achieve this through a high level of self-modification. Unfortunately, this invariable leads to a number of mental conditions, ranging from minor eccentricities to major psychoses. However, these conditions tend to be overlooked by the Komvos Banausic population due to the advantages gained by having such intellectuals as their leaders.

## **Sylar's memories**

### ***Detailed Background***

Being an emissary for the Komvos Banausic to the Great Houses of Gallifrey is both an honour and a terror. Terror that it should come to this. There should have been specific diplomatic class mechanicals for this task, not just Gimcracks like Sylar. There should have been many castes of mechanical, each specialising in areas needed by the society as a whole in order to fulfil the tasks assigned to them by their masters.

There should have been missions from their masters that succeeded. There should have been more missions. Someone had been altering the past of the Komvos Banausic. Their masters were baffled - they made it a point of never approaching anywhere close to time capable technology or they would incur the wrath of the House Military.

But someone had been maliciously altering the Banausic timeline.

The Time Lords themselves, or at least a representative from a House (probably not a Great, but a Minor or even one of their so called "New Blood" Houses) had communicated and had provided irrefutable proof that the Banausic were greater than they currently were, that all their many successful missions had been retro-actively removed from history.

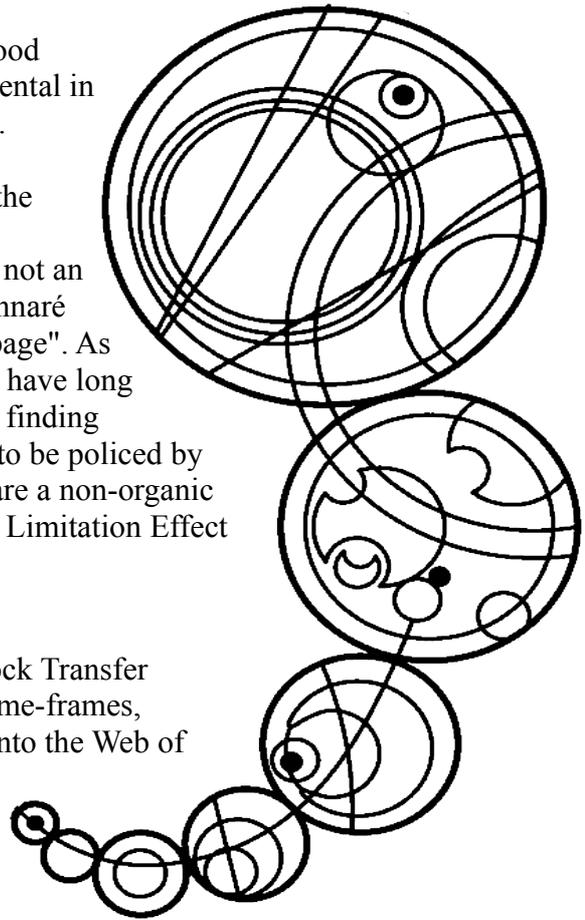
And so, Sylar is here, deep in the bowels of the "Homeworld", Gallifrey to plead with their leader, their "War King" to come to a meeting with the Great Intelligences that rule the Banausic. He doesn't know much about the politics occurring around the Gallifreyans, but just from the names of the levels the elevator passes down through he can tell they are on a war footing. You recorded the meeting in your memory banks (ask GM for "Sylar's Intro")

Finding yourself in this strange city, you investigated what sounded like some kind of fight nearby. It stopped before you got to the church, but then there was a weird sound like an energy blade passing through water, and parts of the building started collapsing. Rushing forward to help anyone inside, you were surprised by a woman coming out, dressed in armour made of bones. She gestured at you and you collapsed.

## Sylar's new history

As a servitor slave race to a major house of the Blood Coteries, the Komvos Banausic have been instrumental in the thwarting of many Faction Paradox stratagems. House Kine of Castello Nieva Risa on the planet Siloportem have had a particular vendetta against the Faction ever since a survivor of the destruction of Dronid, the Faction homeworld, a single survivor- not an army or a legion - laid waste to thousands of legionnaré in what can best be described as "a psychotic rampage". As an aristocratic crime syndicate, the Blood Coteries have long worked around Time Lord technology restrictions, finding inventive ways to use the Vortex that don't appear to be policed by Gallifreyans. The Komvos Banausic in particular are a non-organic lifeform often capable of bypassing the Blinovitch Limitation Effect to heal paradox damage.

Memeodermal Defence Engraving are stylised Block Transfer equations which merge perceptive and universal time-frames, negating many intrinsic side effects programmed into the Web of Time by the Grandfather of Faction Paradox.



# Octavian

## ***Detailed Background***

My main task is to act as bodyguard to the governor, Lucius Alfenus Senicio, and I'm also one of the public executioners.

These days I have a set of new duties now that we've overseen the building of the stone city wall and have moved out of the stone fort in the northern settlement. They've already dismantled the fort – shame! Now that's what I called a fort - somewhere any soldier seconded to Londinium would understand.

Now we're all billeted south of the river, all over the place, with our headquarters – it's that fine building overlooking the river – that's where we have to report to our centurion.

This morning's early duties were the usual – cleaning out accommodation, checking and cleaning kit ready for parade. I needed to see the armourer as I had lost some belt mounts and my lucky mascot that I have fixed on my belt. Must have been that bit of trouble we encountered last night! I have left a gift to the gods for the return of my brass phallus mascot – it brought me luck with the ladies, if you know what I mean!!

We accompanied the governor who was attending a court case at the Basilica - he rarely goes anywhere without his bodyguard. Time was spent standing to attention while a lot of legal talk went on – we're trained not to listen but it resulted in some criminals being condemned to death.

After a noon-time bite to eat, we marched the same criminals from the lock-up to the amphitheatre – we carried out their death sentences in the arena. Public executions don't bother me – they've committed crimes and deserve to die. How else can we maintain law and order?

Off duty, I've built up quite a thirst and appetite and went to meet up with my comrades, Celsus, Dardanius Celsor and Probus at a local hostelry when I came across the biggest raven you ever saw! Right where the dirt of the road seemed to be paved with stones. Paving? Here?

## ***Notes***

Octavian is a speculator (military policeman) of the 2nd legion Augusta Antoniniana. He lives in Londinium and encountered the raven in 208AD.

You are currently stuck in a time loop and unable to interact with the world until the other players rescue you.

## **Little Sister Amelia**

### ***Detailed Background***

Amy is trapped in a quarantine facility for victims of an alien plague which could kill the doctor in minutes if he were to catch it.

When Rory gets into the quarantine facility he faces Amy once again, but he faces her 36 years into her future. Old Amy is mad at the Doctor for making her wait yet again and refuses to save her past self. She selfishly asks Rory to take her with him instead of the younger Amy, but he couldn't do that.

As older Amy fights them, Rory and younger Amy make a run for it. However, younger Amy is knocked unconscious by a handbot and Rory carries her inside the TARDIS. Older Amy is heartbroken when she sees the tenderness which Rory shows to her younger self, but her survival instincts win out and she runs madly towards the TARDIS.

Before she can enter, however, the Doctor shuts the door of the TARDIS in her face. He explains to Rory that he lied about being able to save them both and that there can only ever be one Amy in the TARDIS. In order to save older Amy they will have to leave younger Amy behind. The Doctor gives Rory the choice of which one to save. As they talk through the TARDIS door Amy and Rory express their love for each other and Amy urges him to keep the door locked, because if he doesn't she will not be able to resist entering the TARDIS. As the TARDIS dematerializes, older Amy allows herself to be anesthetized by the handbots.

Sometime later she woke up in the Eleven-Day Empire. Apparently since her biodata was sampled at Demon's Run the Faction have been taking a keen interest in her.

Realising she will never be with Rory, and has been abandoned by her saviour, the Doctor, she became rebellious and independent. Ideal Faction recruit material. She now goes by the name Amelia and wishes she had never met the Doctor. She has even wondered with Faction help, if this could actually be achieved

After the quick intro into "What is the Faction" and an even quicker induction ritual, Amelia was free to wander the Empire. Needing time to think she wandered off into the outskirts.

And now she's lost. Alone in a weird London.

Typical.

### **Notes**

Little Sister Amelia has not been a member of the Faction for very long. She over-qualifies to be a member, as she is not only disenfranchised and a time traveller, but also an orphan from the Web of Time who would cease to exist unless the Faction intervenes.

She has undergone the induction ritual and knows some of the things the Faction does, but finds it all a bit creepy and weird. She's not a fan of all the voodoo supernatural stuff and prefers to just get on with things. However, she knows that these folk are her last remaining hope of continued existence.

## **Little Brother Williams**

### ***Detailed Background***

*“Well, I died and turned into a Roman. It's very distracting.”*

One of the Auton soldiers in the Pandorica Alliance's army was a duplicate of Rory Williams, created by the Nestene as one of its replica Roman soldiers using psychic residue taken from Amy Pond's home. Managing to resist the commands of his Nestene masters, this version of Rory rescued the Doctor from his imprisonment in the Pandorica. When Amy was placed in the Pandorica to save her life after Rory's Auton conditioning forced him to shoot her, Rory stood as guardian over the box for 2000 years, until Amy re-emerged in 2010. During that period he became the legendary figure known as the Lone Centurion, protecting the Pandorica throughout history. The Auton Rory disappeared when the Universe was rebooted by the Doctor, replaced by the real thing.

Unknown to Rory, the Doctor and Amy, Faction Paradox recruited his Auton duplicate before it ceased to exist. Adopting his surname as his Faction name, Little Brother Williams has put aside his obsession for Amy. Realising he will never be a substitute for the real Rory Williams, and will never be able to marry her he has become rebellious and independent. Ideal Faction recruit material.

After the quick intro into "What is the Faction" and an even quicker induction ritual, Williams was on his way to the Empire. His mentor, Cousin Sandalphon was taking him into what appeared to be a really, really old version of London at night when he was suddenly shot. There was all this noise and confusion, explosions and energy bolts straight out of a science fiction movie.

And now he's lost. Alone in a weird London.

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