“HUMANKIND WAS BORN IN THE SEAS AND IS NOW COMING BACK HERE TO DIE.”

— VULRICK THE MAD

FREE PDF
QUICK PREVIEW: Universe
**Attributes (8 CP)**

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**Secondary Attributes**

- **Luck**: 13
- **Melee Damage Modifier**: +2
- **Reaction**: 14
- **Damage Resistance**: -2

*N.A. stands for Natural Abilities*

**Equipment**

- **Savings**: 8,800 Sols.
- **Personal Gear**: Dagger, Heavy pistol, Kevlar vest (Body), Light assault rifle.
- **Accessible Gear**: Armors and protections, Exo-1 diving armor or small underwater vessel (on credit/the due sum for this ship is reduced by 1 to 5% for every year spent in this Profession), Standard gear, Weapons.

**Skills (12 CP)**

- **Physical Abilities**: Athletics (5+4) 9; Endurance (5+5) 10.
- **Combat (melee)**: Armed combat (5+5) 10; Hand-to-hand combat (5+5) 10; Martial arts (Defense techniques) (6+2) 8; Martial arts (Offense techniques) (6+6) 12; Martial arts (Wrestling) (6+1) 6.
- **Combat (shooting)**: Automatic weapons (3+8) 11; Handguns (4+9) 13; Shoulder-fired weapons/Rifles (4+11) 15.
- **Soc. Relationships/Communication**: Intimidation (3+5) 8.
- **Knowledge**: Knowledge of a nation (Equinox) (0+3) 3; Knowledge of a nation (Mediterranean Union) (0+5) 5; Knowledge of organizations (Mercenaries) (0+5) 5; Tactics (Special ops) (3+7) 10.
- **Stealth/Subterfuge**: Camouflage/Concealment (4+0) 4; Stealth/Silent movement (4+5) 9.
- **Languages**: Foreign language (Oceanian) (0+1) 0; Native language (Neo-azuran) (Special) 7.
- **Survival/Outside**: Observation (4+2) 6; Orientation (4+2) 6.
- **Techniques**: Explosives (3+2) 5; First aid (3+2) 5; Traps (1+4) 5.

**Background Information**

There is always a need for someone stronger, or rather someone ready to do the dirty job for those who want to keep their hands clean.

Good, that’s why you’re here. War and combat are in your blood, a godsend in a world inundated by a state of permanent war. There are constant threats that need to be taken care of: pirates, looters, sworn enemies, and raiders who get a little too greedy. Constant threats and never enough warriors—that’s why mercenaries have become a veritable institution, led by firms powerful enough to have become true factions.

Maybe one day you’ll come across someone stronger than you. Underwater nations sometimes have to fight against problems more serious than a simple attack by enemy soldiers. There is no shortage of threats: Burrowers, mutant horrors, underwater monsters. The world is full of inconceivable things. When threats like that occur, you need to be able to count on a good amount of fire-power, a good plan, and good leadership.

Ah, and good pay too. Hard work deserves a reward.
The Polaris RPG is set in a far future where the world aboveground has become uninhabitable for the human species. Human beings have found refuge in the depths of the ocean, where they try to somehow survive in spite of the many difficulties they encounter in this hostile environment. The species' degeneration (characterized by the increasing number of sterile individuals and various genetic mutations), the perpetual wars that have ravaged entire colonies, the monsters, and, above all, the difficulty of exploiting natural resources are the immediate problems encountered by this civilization.

Meanwhile, they will have to fight against all odds and gear up as best they can, buying precious breathing mixes or fluids. They will need to tinker, patch up, and stitch together their ships. Luck may smile upon them when they discover brand-new equipment or one of the stashes left behind by the ominous Empire of the Geneticians. Their fate will be much darker if they happen to stumble upon raiders or pirates. Adventurers will, however, get a chance to gain fame and even influence the world's destiny through their actions and discoveries. Humankind is in need of heroes, and empires can sometimes be born from simple ideals.

All these elements and many others make up the backdrop of this universe in which one great mystery prevails: the Polaris Flux (also called Flux or Polaris Effect).
Humankind was forced to flee from the surface and find shelter in the seas. Why, you ask? We can’t exactly answer that anymore. It seems our exile has affected our memory in some way. What we know for sure, is that the world we came from was ravaged by a war and a climatic catastrophe, and was forever changed. Water engulfed huge parts of the dry lands; 12-mile-deep faults opened at the bottom of the sea; the surface became uninhabitable.

Over centuries, we learned how to live in this new and utterly hostile environment. We succeeded thanks to the intervention of some mysterious beings, the Geneticians, who offered us the technology we needed to survive. There was however, a price to pay—the price of servitude. We eventually rebelled against these enigmatic masters, and the Azure Alliance overthrew their empire. We accomplished great deeds after the rebellion, and we even found ourselves dreaming of a better future. However, the dreams of men are often short-lived. Our quarrels smashed our union to pieces, and very soon our personal interests were taking over again. The Alliance had crumbled, and, from the chaos that ensued, a myriad of small communities were born, each of them with their own objectives.

Powerful nations were established: the Hegemony to the east of North America; the Red League to the west of South America; the Coral Republic around former Australia; the Polar Alliance to the north of former Russia; and the Mediterranean Union to the south of Europe.

Conflicts and rivalries once again brought humankind to the brink of extinction, until the Flux and its terrible destructive power appeared. The Cult of the Trident was born with the discovery of this strange energy, originating from a nearby dimension. What this energy is exactly, I do not know. Some talk about a psychic force, a sort of universe made out of pure energy and radiation, an intangible manifestation of all that lives. It remains a mystery. It is a fact however, that some individuals are able to see and manipulate what we call the Polaris Effect.

The Priests of the Trident had kept the peace.
According to an old Hegemonian saying, it is in the ocean’s darkness that you can really measure the courage of a man . . . Another proverb, from a forgotten author before the time of the Exodus, says “when you gaze into the depths of an abyss, the abyss also gazes into you”.

for years, with the help of a multinational task force, the Watchers . . . But once again, the thirst for power and scheming overcame the will for peace. While an enemy known as the Conscience effectively beheaded the Cult of the Trident, fleets from the Coral Republic overwhelmed the other nations of the underwater world. Devastated by civil war, the Hegemony, once the most powerful nation, resisted the invader by throwing all its forces into the fray. This led to a simmering conflict that, to this day, still pollutes diplomatic relations. The tensions between nations have never been as strong as they are now. Although from time to time a few voices are raised to try and find a solution to this crisis, no one knows what will happen. This conflict has bled the underwater nations dry. Many resources have been destroyed, and the great fleets of vessels that the nations could once muster are now wrecks resting at the bottom of the ocean. Military forces are all but exhausted. The Watchers are deeply divided and weakened . . . Never have the communities from the deep been as isolated as they are today. Furthermore, other protagonists have revealed themselves during this crisis. Contrary to what we had believed, the Ge- neticians have not disappeared. They still work secretly to implement their arcane projects. Strange beings known as Ternai- sets conspire against humankind from their abysses. And on the surface, a mysterious organization, the Iron Enclave, attacks the interests of the underwater states. And there is worse . . . What I have seen in the Flux . . . The things that lurk there . . .

May the Trinity have mercy on us.

— DEMETER Master of the Cult of the Trident
The vast underwater realm that is now home to what is left of humankind consists of a multitude of states, most of which are very small in size. They try to establish their idea of civilization and to participate, on their own level, in the rebuilding of a world in utter chaos. There are enormous differences between the communities. The most powerful ones have access to huge production factories and cutting-edge technology. The weakest, in other words, 99% of them, have to settle for tinkering and bartering to survive. While the Hegemony can produce gigantic ships like the Atlantis, small states have to use all kinds of tricks to maintain two or three half-rusted cruisers in working order and carry out the upkeep of their underwater microstations. This is a world of many contrasts, where the high technology mastered by a few is contrasted with the arts of tinkering and makeshift repairing imposed on the great majority.

“When I watch our majestic vessels cruise above stretches of immaculate corals, shoals of dolphins playing amidst Azuria’s structures and all the marvels the oceans offer, I do not miss the surface world. Let it burn, I don’t mind. Oh! Admittedly there are wars, but at least down here, they have the advantage of being silent.”

— MELIA TARCIS, resident of Azuria, Coral Republic
ARCHETYPE / TECHNICIAN

BACKGROUND INFORMATION

Technology is great, as long as it’s working properly.

And that’s what your job is about. You are one of the most respected people under the seas. Most people make do with secondhand gear and breakdowns can have dreadful consequences. Most of the time, nobody pays attention to you, but at the first hiccup, you become a living god. You’ve got to admit it’s pretty cool!

You have chosen to be a naval mechanic. Of course, you’d rather work on new gear and seeing it damaged pisses you off. However, you have no choice: like everyone else you have to salvage, fix, patch up... Nothing is lost and you turn into a true scavenger as soon as you come across a wreck to salvage the spare parts you need so badly.

It’s best not to get stranded in the middle of nowhere without being able to repair.

ATTRIBUTES (6 CP)

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SECONDARY ATTRIBUTES

| LUCK | MELEE DAMAGE | MODIFIER | REACTION | DAMAGE RESISTANCE | 13 | 0 | 14 |

* N.A. stands for Natural Abilities

SKILLS (14 CP)

- **Knowledge**: Education/General knowledge (6+9) 15; Finding information (6+7) 13; Knowledge of a nation (Equinox, orig.) (6+4) 10; Specialized knowledge (Weapons/Weapon systems) (6+7) 13.
- **Languages**: Native language (Neo-azuran) (Special) 19; Specific language (Neolan) (6+7) 13.
- **Piloting**: Piloting (Ground vehicles) (4+4) 8; Piloting (Light ships) (6+1) 7.
- **Techniques**: Armory (6+8) 14; Computing (6+7) 13; Electronics (6+7) 13; Mechanics (Exo-armors) (6+8) 14; Mechanics (Vessels/Fighters) (6+11) 17; Mechanics (Generators/Life Support Systems) (6+7) 13; Security systems (6+3) 9.

EQUIPMENT

- **Savings**: 8,000 Sols
- **Personal Gear**: Computer (personal assistant), Electronic toolkit (+0), Mechanical toolkit (+0).
- **Accessible Gear**: Standard gear, Gear related to the Character’s Profession.
Equinox is a city whose proportions are truly colossal. The city is 4,000 meters high. It’s a huge octahedron, the central level of which is a square of four kilometers by four kilometers. The whole structure fluctuates in depth depending on the variation of the flow. Its base may reach a depth between -4,200 meters and -6,200 meters, and its top between -200 meters and -2,200 meters. This fluctuation can be felt inside the city through vibrations and the regular buzzing of the huge machinery that moves the city and ensures its stability. The first time someone comes to Equinox, they need a certain amount of time to get used to the constant background noise.

Over 70% of the population of Equinox are huddled together in the 13 levels that make up the Great Bazaar. It is the largest existing market in the world. You can find pretty much anything and everything on sale there.

"You have got to see this city at least once in your lifetime, to be crushed by its majesty. This gigantic structure seems as if it fills the entire ocean, illuminating the water with its thousands of spotlights. It looks like a golden beehive with hundreds of ships and majestic mammals buzzing around it. When the currents that surround it unleash their immeasurable power, it appears as a ghost city adorned with lightning bolts, an underwater city veiled with mysteries and intrigues."

— Statement from a League diplomat, during his first visit to Equinox

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