

Worldbuilding - Mech Game

Game takes place on a newly settled planet on the edges of human explored space.

15 years ago humanity discovered the first world within our reach in a Goldilocks orbit. Preliminary scans and deep space photography indicated a world lush with vegetation, covered with signs of roaming and low level predatory fauna. Over the next year, with ample data from persistent testing, humanity launched efforts to reach and settle the planet. Naming the planet Janus, Roman god of beginnings and endings, the humans set off for the first planet they could make their new home, and the last planet they hoped to need to find.

The ensuing two years were a land grab of planetary proportions. Humans settled the planet in every direction. Arboreal colonies were built among the trunks and branches of Janus's sprawling forests. Low-lying desert-crawling colonies were built in vast tracts of arid desert. Coastal colonies were forged from the stone facades of Janus's deep blue seas. The fever for exploration was palpable. Technologies were built, communities erected, industries bellowed into existence, trade routes carved into virgin land. For these two years, humanity thrived in the boom of mystery. But eventually, as always occurs with humans, they ran out of room to expand without encroaching on other settlers. Massive corporations, existing long before the planet's settlement, sought to capitalize on a world full of untapped resources. Small conflicts began to flare up along borders, at mineral sites, along fuel deposits.

Fueled by their greed and the not-so-gentle push of power and resource hungry corporations, the Janusian settlers began forging battle lines, carving their name into the earth beneath them and building the war machines of old again. Fury renewed.

4 years after the first settlers landed on Janus, the Progenitor Wars began. Colonists fought each other, the corporations sat in the back ground and pulled the strings, supplying multiple sides of the conflicts. Factions arose, treaties were scrawled. The largest continent of Janus, Volkrea, was split in two as the coastal colonies banded together. Island colonies lent their war-aged to the lines, hoping to support the future ruling faction. The neighboring continents (Daniscea to the east and Eutrea to the west) fought within themselves, but the lines were never clear. Mother turned on son, father on daughter, relative against relative.

For 6 years the Progenitor Wars raged. Unable to until I end nuclear arsenals, for fear of poisoning their new home, humans had to return to war as it once was. Great machines of destruction were built. Steel Striders and Thunderguns lumbered and lunged across the plains. Striders and Lungewalkers danced through the forests. Spiderfoots and Armordillos scaled and tumbled in the dust. Warfare had never seen war machines on this level, and the great mechs of the Prog Wars razed the surface of Janus with brutal efficiency.

There were no winners when the closing shots were fired. Many colonies had levied their entire wealth into the fabrication of War Walkers. In the end, most settlements were abandoned, their populations diminished, leveled by encroaching conflict, or stripped for easy access resources. As the Wars dragged on, the corporations standing by, watching from orbit, became more and more involved. Raising their own PMC's they began putting their fingers on the scales of war until, before long, the people of Janus grew wise to their true enemy. To survive, the people of the warring factions of Volkrea, seeing this true enemy emerge, banded together and built the monolithic Bastion City of Orthos. A high-walled, circular city, Orthos' completion marked the end of the hot conflict. The Janusians, banded together as one, proved to be resilient for the corporations to erase. In the final months of the conflict Orthos powered its defenses, and the combined minds of the settlers demonstrated their will to survive. Suffering losses untenable to the management of these corporations, they pulled back from Orthos, establishing bases in the countryside surrounding the city, but far enough away to remain safe from its guns.

As the conflict ended, more entered a Cold War, the corporations sought to erase their actions and establish trade with Orthos and its allied cities. More often than not, these negotiations fell through. The Janusians weren't naive enough to allow the devil back into their beds. But some shaky partnerships were founded. A few for raw materials, a few for resources.

Today Orthos, though in a time of relative peace, remains a city besieged. Within the walls an amalgamate community, cross-stitched from threads of refugee and warrior, thrives. Without the walls, settlements vie for security, fighting off encroaching industrial monsters and harsh terrain.

Two years ago, a vanguard was established in Orthos: The Donner Combine. Repairing and repurposing mechs from the Prog Wars, they venture out from Orthos's towering walls to gather resources from the countryside, salvaging hulking wreckages, collecting raw materials, and defending embattled settlements from moralesless corpos, patrolling the countryside. You are a new recruit of the Donner Combine. Your work will ensure the safety and persistence of Orthos. Welcome to the Combine, Jockey.

Corpos

Tonnewald

An odd mistranslation of the German for Tons (tonnen) and Forest (wald), Tonnewald is embodied by their motto: An Iron Forest Shall Rise. Manufacturers of fast-fab domiciles initially, they repurposed their factories to fabricate modular armors for War Walkers during the Prog Wars. They would go on to outfit dozens of mech manufacturers with high quality defensive plating and hardpoint research for dropships, armaments, and Infantry Protective Suits (IPSs).

Kavak Tek

Originally Kavak Med Tek, Kavak was a bio-organic research lab that specialized in environment-hardy crops and other edible vegetation, as well as pioneers of exploratory

medicines. They quickly found a place in the Prog Wars, selling battlefield medical solutions and providing formulas for cheap-fab battlefield rations designed to deliver essential nutrients at the lowest cost. The rations were not tasty, but they did the job.

Maruscian Munitions

Imagine a munitions company given the opportunity to sell its death dealing wares to any and every bidder. Maruscian found itself producing mining technology for centuries while humanity shied away from open warfare, though there are rumors that their R&D department would still sell prototype munitions to insurgents and rebels on the black market. When the Prog Wars started they transitioned from mining and exploration with frightening swiftness. The War Tech that they would go on to produce during the war would prove to be some of the most efficient and destructive hardware ever made in human history. Their most notable mech, the Maruscian Berserker, would be utilized by nearly every major faction in the wars. So coveted was their tech that Synestika would develop point-of-contact hardware, packed with puppet-malware, that the less monetarily privileged factions would use to hijack and commandeer Berserkers on the battlefield. The Berserker was a horrifying sight to behold, and they endlessly search for the few Berserkers that ever fell in combat.

Gorum Mechanics

Average Joes, if there really were such a thing in the field of MegaCorps. Gorum Mechanics are the Everyman of mechanical engineering companies. Producing everything from mechs to bomb shelters, from warheads to blankets. Gorum exists on an ethically blurry plane of existence, providing for the refugees with one hand, and selling data and war machines with the other. There were reports during the wars that they would sell the logistical information from orders of bedding, cheap-fab furniture, and pop-up housing, to the factions pursuing the very refugees the materials were sent to. The most unimpeachable report detailing the otherworldly scouting, locating, and subsequent massacre of the refugee camp at Mordred Peaks by the West Volkrean Army, one of the darkest moments of the Prog Wars.

Synestika

The answer to the awful question, “what would it look like if Apple were to build a war machine?” Synestika is a tech giant turned war dog. Notable for their incredibly reliable suite of soft- and hardwares, Synestika built some of the most morbidly beautiful mechs and armaments. Most notably the Locust and the Finch, two of the fastest mechs to grace the battlefield, furnished with the most sophisticated suites of software while sporting the sleekest of hardpoint tech and Reciprocal Impact Plating. Their fabrications were stunningly minimalistic and complex, a fact that could only be offset by the realization of their potential for swift and terrific destruction. Synestika also made a name for themselves by manufacturing Command and Control tech, most notably the Berserk-Jack, famous for being capable of cracking the impressive suite of software in the Maruscian Berserker while on the battlefield. In the Battle of Blood Valley, the Eastern Valkrean Defense Force lost an unfathomable 3 Berserkers to a contingent of infantry and small arms mechs from the Kirilisch Isles. The ensuing chaos would push the EVDF out of Blood Valley, not returning for years.

Characters

Mechanic

Fino Sisic

Donner Combine Blackhand and one of the best technical minds in your depot, Sisic is at peace welding and soldering, hammering and riveting, linking and updating War Walkers for the Combine. In his late 50s, Sisic fought in the wars for a decade as part of the Kirilisch Militia, a small detachment of Blackhands and Jockeys that loaned their services to the West Volkrean Army. Sisic was there when the KirMil took 3 Maruscian Berserkers from the EVDF. He still knows where one of those mammoth machines lies in hiding. Getting to know him could mean acquiring one of the most powerful tools for Orthosian independence.

Features

58

6'1"

175lbs

Salt and Pepper hair

Missing two fingers from right hand, ring and pinkie

Personality

Gruff but loveable

Dry sense of humor

Deep emotional connection to his Walkers

Father of three, oldest seven.

XO

Commandant Conrad Voight

Comdt Voigt is what one would conjure in their mind if they were prompted to imagine a stone sculpture brought to life. He is tall, broad, chiseled, and weathered. He runs Depot 36, the Donner Combine depot that you will be running missions out of. An experienced tactician, Voight led the 75th Ambulatory Battalion for the WVA during the Prog Wars. His battalion's service record was a sight to behold: over 200 operations, 189 successful, more than 30 liberated cities, over 400 enemy Walkers downed, thousands doomed. Unfortunately for the WVA they couldn't hold the ground he took, so many of Voight's missions led his soldiers back to battlefields they had already fought, often having to fight from the exact opposite direction they first fought. Near the end of the wars, so loyal were his men, that when word came of the Massacre at Mordred Peaks, now disillusioned of the conflict at large, the 75th AB splintered off and became its own PMC. He ended the wars fighting his former comrades, unable to

stomach their moral flexibility. He is a ruthless War Commander, but a compassionate and stern leader. Always seeing that his soldiers are taken care of and that non-combatants are protected.

Features

65

6'4"

220lbs

White hair, high and tight

Impeccable posture

Personality

Stern

Carries an air that absolutely demands respect

Claims he has sense of humor but no one has seen him laugh

Husband was paralyzed during wars, no children

Log. Officer

Oscar "Ozzie" Franco

Ozzie Franco is Depot 36's Logistics Officer. Responsible for tracking and logging recovered materials, outgoing materials, incoming materials, and human resources, Franco is an extremely attentive, detail oriented man. Jockeys groan when they have to deal with him generally. Franco is known to complain that nearly every haul of RecMats has something wrong with it. No one is sure if there is actually anything wrong with them or if Franco is critical to prompt Jockeys to be more vigilant and careful when gathering resources beyond the walls of Orthos. Ozzie was farmer before the Bastion City of Orthos was built. He lost his land in the last days of the conflict and became a resident of Orthos to avoid harassment from the ever encroaching Corpo armies now beyond the walls. Unmarried, the only surviving family he has is his brother Rogelio, who insists Ozzie has always been a detail oriented stickler.

Features

41

5'9"

180lbs

Black hair, long

Wears glasses with telescopic tertiary lenses

Personality

Picky

Smarmy

Wisecracking

Diligent and punctual

Rival/Vet

Farrokh Namazi

Farrokh Namazi is the kind of Jockey that every Jockey dreams to be, and he knows it. Think the Red Baron of Walker Jockeys and your in the right category. With a Walker kill count of an unfathomable 157 and hundreds of soft target Kills, by the end of the wars, when enemy intelligence could confirmed Namazi's presence on any particular battlefield, they gave up on sending all they could at him and began pulling valuable assets back. Namazi took this personally, and led a team of Walker Hunters that would deploy behind enemy lines to wreak havoc and exfiltrate. Now, after the end of the wars, Farrokh continues to lead surgical expeditions in his highly modified Synestika Finch, callsign Lammergeier. He pushes new recruits to better themselves at every chance. He is hard to impress, as as you will surely discover.

Features

35

6'2"

195lbs

Black hair, long, often in messy bun

Thick full beard, well manicured

Scar from right temple to right jaw

Single

Personality

Ace jockey

Confident, not cocky - though often borderline

mentor/rival to new Jockeys

Machinist

Sylviette Osjwahl

Finding a good Machinist after the wars ended is no small task. Many joined Corpus, knowing that they were in high demand, would be stationed offworld, and could negotiate obnoxiously high salaries. Sylviette was born on a colony ship en route to Janus. She grew up surrounded by the machines of colonization. Agricultural behemoths, constructors, irrigation coils, and later became deeply familiar with War Walker technological physiology. Fascinated by the machines, but apathetic to the wars themselves, Osjwahl earned her keep during those years developing cutting edge heat sheathing, reflective plating, and bespoke power supplies. When the conflict ended, not wanting to betray her ideals and join a Corpo looking to leach the only planet she has called home, she made her way to Orthos and volunteered at Depot 36. She is young, imposing, and brilliant. Never outmatched by a prototype schematic, multilayered software suite, or quantum nuclear algorithm, Sylviette will be responsible for your upgrades. She, and she

alone, can turn the Walker you are given upon enlistment and certification, into something that might someday rival the Lammergeier.

Features

25

6'2"

180lbs

Blonde, short, fauxhawk

Intricate schematical tattoos

Relationship status unknown

Personality

Scientific genius

Accomplished hand to hand fighter and instructor

Tight friends with other Orthosian Machinists

Collaborative and voraciously curious

Does not suffer fools

Politician

Warden Tessalyn Aescepia

Warden Aescepia is the best thing that ever happened to Orthos and the Orthosians. A fearless leader and guerilla resistance mastermind, she led the what was the Orthosian Coalition before they laid claim to the land that Orthos stands on and built the Bastion City. A Political Science and Anthropology dual doctorate, Warden Aescepia understands people. An accomplished orator before the wars broke out, she sought to unite the Valkrean people in the heated moments that lead up to the Prog Wars. Made a persona non grata after the conflict began in earnest, she hid in the homes of those who believed in her vision. Seeing the wars progress she began to assemble a resistance, but not with a singular enemy. The Orthosian Coalition fought on ideological terms, defying the warmongering factions at every turn. As the WVA and EVDF began to lose form she capitalized on the crumbling power structures and acquired the resources that would prove to be essential to founding Orthos. Nearly universally loved, Warden Aescepia and her daughters Valia and Lysis lead the Orthosian people into a difficult but bright future.

Features

49

5'7"

135lbs

Salt and pepper, shaved sides, pulled back in a bun

Commanding steel blue eyes

Personality

Genuine and capable

Not vulnerable to what she calls “political bullshit”

Lost Husband during Prog Wars, while a refugee

Raised daughters with her mother Genecia, passed 3 years ago

Fiercely defensive of her people