

Nobles  
Priests  
Aliens  
Knights Nobles

It is the dawn of the sixth millennium and the skies are darkening, for the suns themselves are fading. Humans reached the stars long ago, building a Republic of high technology and universal emancipation - and then squandered it, fought over it, and finally lost it. A new Dark Age has descended on humanity, for the greatest of civilizations has fallen and even the stars die. Now, feudal lords rule the Known Worlds, vying for power with fanatic priests and scheming guilds.

From the original developers of White Wolf's *Vampire*® and *Werewolf*®, comes a saga of humanity's fate among the stars...

Starships  
Psychics  
Lost Worlds  
Ancient Artifacts

## FADING SUNS

SECOND EDITION

[www.fading-suns.com](http://www.fading-suns.com)

FS #202      \$34.95

ISBN 1-888906-18-9



[www.holistic-design.com](http://www.holistic-design.com)

© 1999, Fading Suns™ is a trademark of Holistic Design, Inc.  
Vampire® and Werewolf® are registered trademarks of White Wolf, Inc.



Science Fiction Roleplaying

Sample file

by Bill Bridges & Andrew Greenberg

# FADING SUNS Second Edition

## Credits

**Game design:** Bill Bridges and Andrew Greenberg

**Additional design:** John Bridges, Ken Lightner, Ed Pike

**Development and typesetting:** Bill Bridges

**Writing:** Bill Bridges, Brian Campbell, Andrew Greenberg, Robert Hatch, Jennifer Hartshorn, Chris Howard, Sam Inabinet, Ian Lemke, Jim Moore, Rustin Quaide

**Editing and proofreading:** Bill Bridges, Andrew Greenberg, Jennifer Hartshorn (first edition)

**Art direction:** John Bridges

**Art:** John Bridges, Mitch Byrd, Darryl Elliott, Jason Felix, Sam Inabinet, Mark Jackson, Jack Keefer, Andrew Kudelka, Brian LeBlanc, Larry MacDougall, Alex Sheikman, Ron Spencer, Joshua Gabriel Timbrook

**Cover art, Jumpweb map and logo:** Rob Dixon

**3D starship models:** David Sweet, Jeff Toney

**Jumpgate sculpture:** Jay and Dave Marsh

**Jumpgate photography:** Karl Hawk

**Thanks to all the first and second edition playtesters:** Enrey Barnes, Forest Black, Milo Blue, John Bridges, Bernie Clark, Ian Cooke, Neal Sainte Crosse, Suzanne Sainte Crosse, Gary Deariso, Rick Denning, Brad Freeman, Amelia G, Stephen Gilliam, Garner Halloran, Andy Harmon, Jennifer Hartshorn, Debbie Hoppe, Chris Howard, Daniel Landers, Ian Lemke, Ken Lightner, Jim Miller, James Moore, Bonnie Moore, Matt Moses, Bryce Nakagawa, Dave Parrish, Ed Pike, Todd Shaughnessy, Stephen E. Smith, Joshua Gabriel Timbrook, Chris Wiese.

Special thanks to Andy Harmon and everyone on the **Fading Suns** electronic mailing list for their ongoing input and critiques!



Holistic Design Inc.  
5295 Hwy 78, D-337  
Stone Mountain, GA 30087

©1999 by Holistic Design Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction without written permission of the publisher is expressly denied, except for the purpose of reviews. **Fading Suns** is a trademark and copyright of Holistic Design Inc.

The mention of or reference to any companies or products in these pages is not a challenge to the trademarks or copyrights concerned.

Printed in Canada



# FADING SUNS

## Contents

Prologue: Alustro's Quest	4
Introduction	10
Chapter One: The Universe	14
Chapter Two: Races	64
Chapter Three: Characters	74
Chapter Four: Traits	100
Chapter Five: Occult	138
Chapter Six: Combat	174
Chapter Seven: Technology	198
Chapter Eight: Gamemastering	252
Chapter Nine: Planets	280
Appendix: Pandemonium	297
Index	307
Character Sheet	311





Sample file

BRIDGES 97



# Prologue: Alustro's Quest

*To: Archbishop Marcus Aurelius Palamon, Cathedral of Saint Maya,  
Holy City, Galatea, Byzantium Secundus*

Dearest Uncle,

It has been long since I last wrote you. I apologize for not doing so sooner, but the dangers involved were too great. I'm sure you will scoff at such a remark, but I tell you it is true. How dangerous, I hear you ask, to write to the Archbishop of Byzantium Secundus? No one would dare delay delivery of such a missive, and none would dare break its seal to read it.

As you know, trusts and confidences can be betrayed under intact seals. My liege, Erian Li Halan, has many enemies, not the least of which is her brother, a hateful man bent on destroying her. To that end, he has enflamed many of his allies against her, some of whom are involved in the highest levels of information gathering. I could not risk even a letter to you, lest it reveal our whereabouts before we had moved on.

Such cloak and dagger lives disgust you, I know. I wish I could live otherwise. I yearn for the life of simple contemplation I left behind on Midian when I eagerly joined Erian on her mission to the stars. My hunger for new sites and experiences could not be sated, and the cold walls of the monastery seemed a prison. Ironic that it now seems a warm den of rest and safety, after so many years on the roads between the stars.

But I am not writing for pity or justification. I simply explain my situation so that you understand the long years between correspondence. I wish so much to speak with you in person, to walk the corridors of your great cathedral and hear you orate the virtues of the Prophet's disciples again, in your commanding voice that was once a pillar of faith for me. It matters little that I betrayed your own faith by joining the Eskatonic Order rather than the Orthodoxy — the words of the Prophet are shared by both our sects.

I digress. I must put aside reflection and state the matter about which I write. My liege readies to travel again, this

time on a new path, one full of possibility and danger. I am to go with her, for our fates are one. I am her confessor, and spiritual guide besides. No longer is this role just in her service, however — it is also in mine, for I have been gifted with dreams and visions leading me toward an uncertain but important future.

I wrote of the Gargoyle of Nowhere in my last letter, that monolithic relic left behind by the Anunnaki, they who wrought the jumpgates and tamed the heavens before our kind was raised from the muck by the hand of the Pancreator. The vision it gifted us then — the maddeningly vague clues which lead us from world to world in search of ever more clues — only now begins to take shape.

To explain this shape, I must first explain where we have been and what we have seen. The Known Worlds are huge, sprawling across the nightscape of the dimming stars forty worlds strong. While this is a paltrey sum compared to the hundreds of worlds once known to the Second Republic, it is still a testament to humankind's unity that even so many worlds as these have stayed together, connected through the jumpweb now under the rule of Emperor Alexius.

I have been to many of these worlds — nearly all of them, in fact. How many people can claim that? Most never leave their hovels, let alone their provinces — and to leave one's very planet is a momentous step indeed. From there to travel to more than three worlds is a jaunt even most Charioteer star-pilots never achieve. But to travel like Erian and her entourage — unimaginable.

And yet we have done so. We have broken all bonds of place and come and go from hither to yon as birds migrate through the seasons or as leaves travel the aether or float along the stream. What's more — we are not alone. More and more people of brave will and good constitution awaken from a long night of captivity on their homeworlds to escape gravity and go outwards, to worlds once known only to their grandparents or more distant ancestors in the past. The Emperor Wars kept everyone penned in, trapped behind