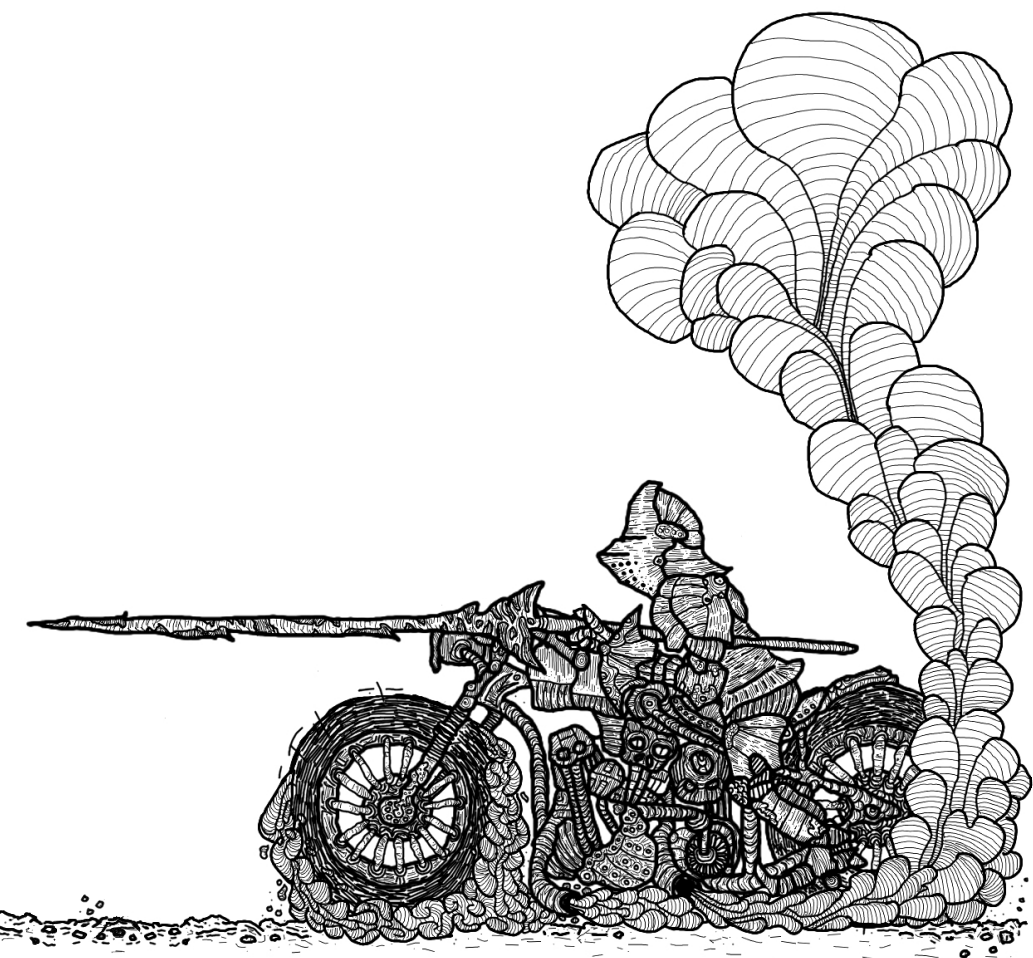


# Extinguish the Sun vol. 1



# The City in Chains

**T**HE KING ETERNAL watches from his sealed tomb, as his country rots, decays, and falls apart, separated from the rest of the world by an impenetrable wall. The farmers toil ever harder under the onerous yoke of the Taxmen, required to stuff the gluttonous maws of the nobility with custards and marzipan. The jobless and the poor eat the slime they can scrape off of the buildings, relishing the memory of the scent of meat. Death is no longer a relief when your corpse is made a machine by the corrupt clergy and sent to toil in the fields or in the factories or in the mills, mindlessly following orders until the city's rot spreads to your bones. Even then nothing of you is wasted, as you are used to fertilize the plants that farmers work countless hours to grow. The City is a meat grinder, sentencing the poor to a lifetime of servitude and gnawing hunger for the crime of poverty, and nothing you will ever do or could ever do will make a difference.

## How does the City survive?

**E**VERY SQUARE INCH of dirt is farmed for the benefit of the generals, while every square inch of brick and concrete is covered with moss and fungus, made into stew for the vast dregs of society. Even so, many of the especially poor cannot even afford their daily bowl of watery stew. They are normally the ones who sell their children into bondage for their next meals, or work for days on end, hoping the sharp pain will help them ignore the constant pangs of hunger, or look down from the rooftops and hope the cold street will solve their problems. The default state of the City is one of hunger. Hunger is a ball-and-chain around the ankle of every citizen of the City, from the mewling babe to the scrawny, elderly woman too old to work, save for the generals, for they are the gaolers, and the people who catch scraps from the generals' table. But the generals too are trapped inside their own prison.

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Published by **APOLLYON PRESS**  
[apollyon.press](http://apollyon.press)

## Where is the City?

**T**HE CITY IS IN THE heart of the empire, purposefully overlooked and ignored everyday. It is too hard to break down the wall, and surely the conditions can't be as bad as they say, so the wall remains up, and the City a living catacomb for the hundreds of thousands born there and fated to die there. When asked, the most noble of paladins from outside the City's walls will shrug and feign ignorance, as the City is forgotten as easily as a bad dream, and three times as quickly. It's just as well; they wouldn't do anything about it anyway.

## How can we get there?

**Y**OU WILL HAVE TO remember it; you have to think about it. The memories will fall through the cracks in your brain like sand through your fingers, and soon you'll be asking why you're not sleeping in a tavern's warm bed. Once you remember it, and think about it, you have to find it. Your eyes will slide past its walls, and the City isn't on any maps. You will have to find a guide, someone who has been there before. You will have to walk to the gate without looking at it, and wait for someone to let you in. If someone does open the door, you have to ignore every bone in your body screaming, yelling, pleading for you to turn back in order to walk through the door. Now you're in the City.

## The Chefs

**T**HE CHEFS ARE THE generals' favored people, preparing meal after meal, each one having to be different than the last. The generals had them blinded long ago, hoping to stop any poisons from accidentally finding their way into the meals. Now the kitchen is filled with the sound of fingers scrabbling on the countertops, forced to prepare beautiful meals through touch and smell. Their fingers are blistered, reminding them of every time they needed to boil water and couldn't tell if the water was boiling, and covered with scars, each scar a memory of a knife they didn't, couldn't, know was there. But at least none of the generals have died enjoying a tart or pudding.

Surely that makes up for every day of the chefs' lives being a struggle, for every time they tripped, for every bruise.

Surely it does.

## The Engineers

**T**HE ENGINEERS ARE craftsmen and psychopaths who spend their time designing weapons of war and siege engines for the generals. Unlike most of the guilds in the City, becoming an engineer is relatively straightforward. You must design an original weapon of war and use it to kill one of the sitting members. There are only around twenty engineers at any one time, and they spend most of their time holed up in their workshop, with traps and thick walls protecting them from any wannabe engineers.

If an engineer ever dies of natural causes, the ranks of the engineers is permanently decreased by one, meaning that over the past several decades, the number of engineers has dwindled from one hundred to the current number. A large percentage of this decline is due to engineers springing their own traps or making their workshops so secure that no air can get in or out, and subsequently asphyxiating.

The few engines of war that an engineer does manage to make before being replaced are often some of the most deadly machines in the known world, but are almost inevitably fated to decaying in some warehouse somewhere.

## The Generals

**T**HE GENERALS ARE the nobles and current rules of the City, having taken over through a silent coup after the king's death. Each of the seven generals has a sprawling estate along with a claim to one-seventh of the territory inside the City's walls. The Taxmen are the agents of the generals, enacting their will and extorting the serfs for the gain of the generals. Whenever something requires the agreement of all seven generals, they convene a council, at least in theory.

Nothing has ever happened that was so important as to require a meeting of all seven, so most of the meetings between generals that do happen are to make or break alliances and are between only two generals, if they don't send out an envoy to meet for them.

Decades of decadence and vice has made the generals inured to excess. Only the most heavenly foods even make them interested anymore. If a master chef promises a dish the likes of which a general has never even heard of before, they will most likely be granted an audience, but certain death awaits if the dish is overhyped.

## The King Eternal

**T**HE KING ETERNAL is the ostensible ruler of the City, despite having been dead for over twenty years. His entire palace, as ostentatious as the Imperial Palace and half as deserved, was turned into a mausoleum, somehow without ever acknowledging his death. Upon his death, every servant, one-by-one, was fired, met some manner of unfortunate end, and never replaced, with the entire palace being declared sacrosanct land, with any trespassing on it being treated as a 1st Degree crime, punishable via the death of the trespasser and the death of everyone related to the trespasser, as well as any particularly close friends.

Since that date, no one has ever stepped foot into the King Eternal's palace. It currently collects layer after layer of dust, while the skeleton of the King Eternal still sits on his throne.

However, the peasants are kept in the dark as to the death of their beloved king, and it is not a rare sight for one of the farmers to still have a locket with their beloved King Eternal's likeness inside it, even now.

## The Militia

**T**HE MILITIA IS A remnant of a more dignified time, when mothers would be proud to see their sons march off in brightly colored uniforms to go fight enemies overseas. But now the entire country is walled off from all foreign threats and allies, and the militia stand solemnly in their faded colors, all silently hoping that something, anything, would happen to distract them from their dead-end career.

But nothing ever does, and generation after generation of soldiers stand behind the wall, holding their rusty, useless firearms that they have no idea how to use, dreaming of excitement and a break from the boredom.

The truth is, really, that if a foreign country was to attack the City, the Militia would be massacred; but at least they would get a break from the day in, day out tedious nature of their job.

## The Priesthood

**T**HE PRIESTS ARE THE ones who comfort the oppressors in their gilded palaces until they can sleep easily.

It is unclear what god would grant them any authority or divine power, and on cold nights, with naught but words to warm their bones, some farmers proclaim the priests are not granted power but siphon it away from some true god. Of course, it is never long before a Taxman hears this and the farmer is hauled off for Treason, 2nd Degree.

The priests who do not comfort the vain nobility are relegated to creating engines for the industrial machine, desecrating bodies for a quid a day. No one really knows how the priesthood inducts new members into its ranks, as there are no tales of people joining it. The most likely theory, perhaps, is that the priests take babies from the arms of their mothers under the cover of night and steal them away to secret seminaries, where they are taught the ways of the religion. But there are no tales of mothers missing their babes, so this tale still cannot hold up to real scrutiny.

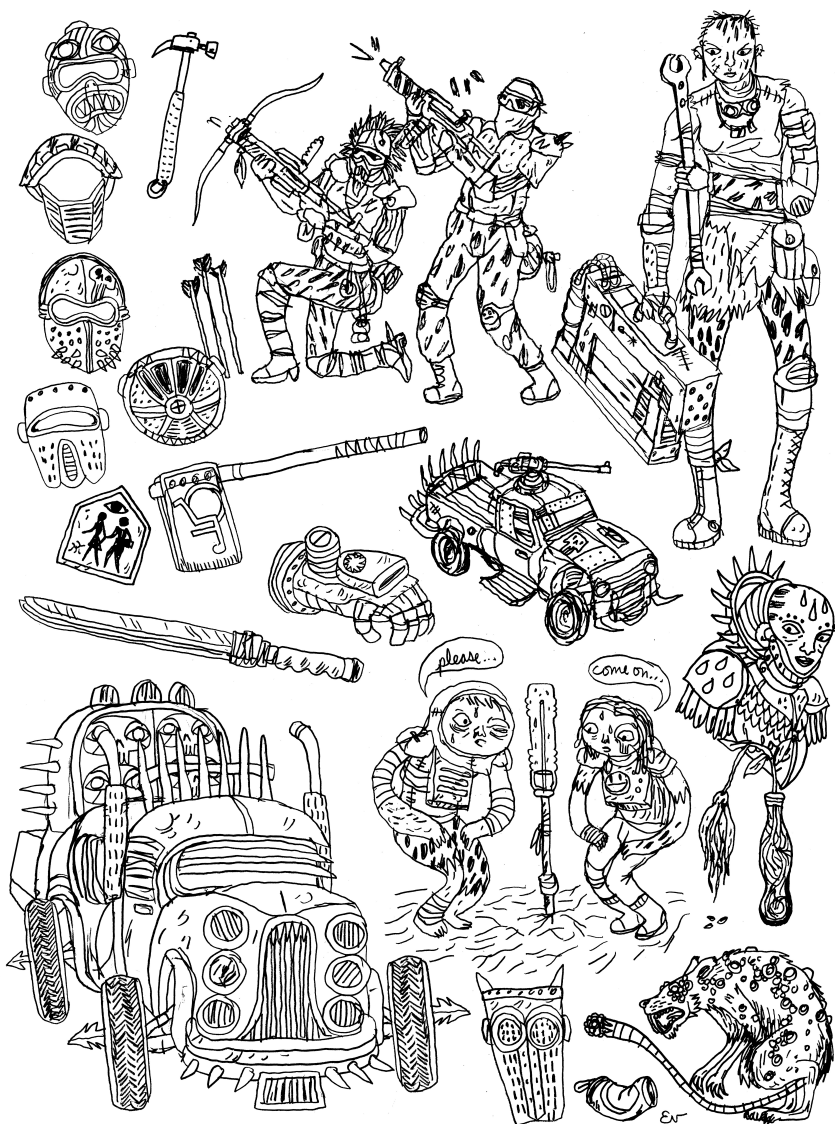
## The Taxmen

**T**HE TAXMEN ARE THE vicious executioners, the police, and the almighty judges. They are in charge of greasing the cogs of the machine, of feeding the fruit of the poor's labor to the rich. They creep through the night, their noses constantly sniffing, their spindly fingers ever twitching, as they search for the sign of a peasant above their rank—a warm meal, a blanket without holes, a face not contorted by pain and suffering. When they find a target, they strike suddenly and without warning, like a mantis shrimp.

Their woolen slippers absorb the sound of their constant lurking, to many an aspiring member of the middle class' detriment. Their uniform is woven from the sorrows of those they've abused and mistreated, and the tears of those that their victims left behind. Yet the Taxmen are just the intermediaries between the poor and the rich, each one a leg of a much more powerful, much fatter, and much richer spider. They will state 'twas just their job; their sadism clearly shows it was more than just a job.

# Knights of the Road

**T**HE WORLD FELL, AND EVERYONE FELL WITH IT. Some say that the gods threw lightning bolts down from the heavens to punish mankind for its avarice; others say that mankind brought this upon itself; others have said that this was not the effect of any divine or mundane assault, but a very unfortunate natural disaster. Which one of these is right is impossible to say, and may never be known. Now all that people know, or really care about, is the present. The world is a desert scarred by the wounds of its past, and the survivors only believe in the power of the car and the gun.









# The Librarian

**REQUIREMENTS:** Minimum WIS 9

**PRIME REQUISITE:** INT

**HIT DICE:** 1d6

**MAXIMUM LEVEL:** 14

**ALLOWED ARMOR:** No armor fits over your thick coat of books; and what if it scratched them?

**ALLOWED WEAPONS:** You can use any weapons.

**T**HE SECRETS OF reading were lost when civilization fell. The histories of the world have been burnt for warmth and comfort, the books that would let people rebuild their civilization are impenetrable tomes, and you are the only one who understands what books could do for the world. If only you could read. But you will eventually find someone who has cracked the cipher of letters and numbers and can turn the books into guides for the revival of society. But you can't let the books be destroyed before you meet the right person, so you carry them around your body so that they can never be stolen. If they were stolen, you would have lost the one tie between you and the thing that you dream of every night, of the thing that drives you forward and stops you from falling apart.

## Abilities

**COMBAT:** Librarians cannot use any armor due to their library, but can use any weapons

**COAT OF BOOKS:** Your thick books form makeshift armor, protecting you from physical threats. This is as effective as chain mail. However, if you are successfully attacked with any fire-based attack, you take double damage as you are forced to ignore your personal safety to protect your books.

**SCENT OF PAPER:** At 4th level, you can easily recognize the scent of aged paper. If you pass within ten feet of a book, you automatically notice its scent and can find its approximate location if it is hidden.

**EXTREME FOCUS:** At 10th level, you have a 5-in-6 chance of passively seeing any secret doors.

## Reaching 11th Level

At 11th level, a librarian can found a library. A library is a center of learning and knowledge, a pocket of civilization in the uncivilized wasteland. 1d12-1 level 1 librarians will arrive to study under the librarian.



NAME

LEVEL

EXPERIENCE

ALIGNMENT



Strength			Death Ray
Intelligence			Magic Wands
Wisdom			Paralysis
Dexterity			Dragon Breath
Constitution			Spells
Charisma			

LEVEL	EXP	HD	AC 0	SAVING THROWS				
				DR	MW	P	DB	S
1	0	1d6	19	16	13	14	13	15
2	1,200	2d6	19	16	13	14	13	15
3	2,400	3d6	19	16	13	14	13	15
4	4,800	4d6	19	16	13	14	13	15
5	9,600	5d6	19	16	13	14	13	15
6	20,000	6d6	17	14	11	12	11	12
7	40,000	7d6	17	14	11	12	11	12
8	80,000	8d6	17	14	11	12	11	12
9	160,000	9d6	17	14	11	12	11	12
10	280,000	9d6+2	17	14	11	12	11	12
11	400,000	9d6+4	14	11	8	9	8	8
12	520,000	9d6+6	14	11	8	9	8	8
13	640,000	9d6+8	14	11	8	9	8	8
14	760,000	9d6+10	14	11	8	9	8	8



# The Marksman

**REQUIREMENTS:** Minimum DEX 9

**PRIME REQUISITE:** DEX

**HIT DICE:** 1d8

**MAXIMUM LEVEL:** 8

**ALLOWED ARMOR:** Marksmen cannot wear armor; it interferes with their delicate precision.

**ALLOWED WEAPONS:** Marksmen can use any weapons, but are especially adept with firearms.

**P**EOPLE AREN'T USING swords and bows to kill each other anymore.

They've moved on to much more deadly, and much more effective, weapons— firearms. You are a master of firearms, capable of making impossible shots that lesser soldiers couldn't dream of making. Your gun is as much a part of you as your leg or your arm, and much more useful.

## Abilities

### **ANCESTRAL FIREARM:**

Marksmen have inherited a special firearm from their ancestors. They begin play with one firearm of their choice for free; this is their ancestral firearm.

**STUNTS:** When using their ancestral firearm, marksmen can treat their attack roll as a specific number of points lower than their actual roll to perform a stunt.

A stunt must be announced before the attack roll and the penalty is taken regardless of whether the stunt is successful. Potential stunts are listed below, but you are recommended to create more.

*Sharp Shot:* You focus your entire body on the single shot. You take a -1 penalty but the maximum range for your shot is doubled.

*Headshot:* You aim directly at your target's head. If you roll a natural 20, they must make a saving throw vs. Death or die instantly. You take a -1 penalty on your attack roll.

*Ricochet:* The bullet ricochets off of a wall or nearby building. You ignore any cover your target has but you suffer a -2 penalty. You can only use this if there is something for the bullet to ricochet off of.

*Rapid Fire:* You have practiced with your ancestral firearm so much that you can fire, reload, and fire again in one swift action. You take a -3 penalty on your attack roll but you roll twice and attack twice. If you use other stunts, their effects also apply to the second attack, but so do their penalties.

## Reaching 9th Level

At 8th level, a marksmen can found a lodge. Lodges are groups of marksmen that gather together to compare skill and swap tricks that they have found through countless years of practice. 1d6 level 1 marksmen will gather at a lodge to train under the marksman.



NAME

LEVEL

EXPERIENCE

ALIGNMENT



Strength

Death Ray

Intelligence

Magic Wands

Wisdom



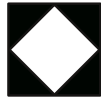
Paralysis

Dexterity



Dragon Breath

Constitution



Spells

Charisma

LEVEL	EXP	HD	AC 0	SAVING THROWS				
				DR	MW	P	DB	S
1	0	1d8	19	13	10	12	8	9
2	2,000	2d8	19	13	10	12	8	9
3	4,000	3d8	19	13	10	12	8	9
4	8,000	4d8	17	10	8	10	6	7
5	16,000	5d8	17	10	8	10	6	7
6	32,000	6d8	17	10	8	10	6	7
7	64,000	7d8	14	7	6	8	4	5
8	120,000	8d8	14	7	6	8	4	5

# Firearms

**F**IREARMS ARE THE BREAD AND BUTTER OF EVERY SURVIVOR in the wasteland that hopes to live to see the next full moon. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, black powder is as rare as it could possibly be, because only one tribe has mastered its creation.

ITEM	DAMAGE	RANGE		ENC		NOTES
		S/M/L	GP	(CN)		
Arquebus	1d12	40/80/120	50	100		a, m, 2h, L
Cannon	2d8	30/60/90	200	300		m, 2h, L
Hand Cannon	1d8	20/40/60	35	75		a, m, HH, M
Musket	1d10	50/100/150	75	125		a, m, 2h, L
Pistol, Flintlock	1d8	40/80/120	125	55		a, m, S
Pistol, Matchlock	1d8	40/80/120	100	50		a, m, S
Rifle, Flintlock	1d10	100/200/300	150	160		a, m, 2h, L
Rifle, Matchlock	1d10	100/200/300	200	150		a, m, 2h, L
Shotgun	2d6	30*	150	120		a, m, s, 2h, L

*\*Shotguns fire in a 90° cone with a 30' maximum range.*

WEAPON	TYPE OF AMMUNITION	STANDARD LOAD (# OF SHOTS)	COST (GP)	ENC (# OF
				SHOTS/CN)
Cannon	Cannon balls	1	5	20
Firearm (any)	Bullets	10	5	25
Firearm (any)	Powder horn	50	50	50

# Vehicles

**C**ARS ARE KING IN THE WASTELAND. They are your salvation, your deliverance, and your only friend. Everyone's car is different, an expression of their individuality and their creativity.

**DRIVING CHECKS:** When making a driving check, you roll a d10 and add your Dexterity adjustment. The target number for the check is based on several factors that can be referenced on the following table:

CONDITIONS	SPEED		
	SLOW	MEDIUM	FAST
Off-road	5	6	7
Flooded	6	8	10
Sand	4	6	8
Snow	5	7	9
Poor road	5	6	7
Normal	3	4	5

You only need to make a driving check when you are attempting a special maneuver or have to drive in combat, not when you are driving under normal conditions. Fast speed is going your maximum speed for your vehicle. Medium speed is going anywhere between one-half and just below the maximum speed. Slow speed is going anywhere between not moving and one-half of the maximum speed.

**MANEUVERS:** Maneuvers are specific driving tricks used in combat that require driving checks. You will also have to make a driving check whenever you attempt to do something that is not specifically a maneuver, but is excessively complicated.

*180° Turn:* You turn 180 degrees. It takes driving thirty feet to make the full turn and if you don't have enough movement left in the turn, you can't turn.

*90° Swerve:* You turn 90 degrees. It takes driving fifteen feet to make the full turn. If you don't have enough movement left in the turn, you cannot complete the swerve.

*Complete Halt:* You slam on the brakes and stop in your tracks. You will not continue moving next turn.

*Controlled Skid:* Your car turns ninety degrees in a few seconds, and you count on the friction to counteract your inertia. You stop forty feet later facing 90 degrees to the right or left.

**BUILDING YOUR VEHICLE:** Vehicles are divided into four size categories: bike, compact, regular, and large. These size categories affect the number of upgrade slots, the base speed, the cost, and the number of hit points, as per the following table:

SIZE	UPGRADE SLOTS	BASE SPEED	COST	HIT POINTS	SEATS
Bike	2	200'/turn	100gp	5	1
Compact	4	175'/turn	300gp	9	4
Regular	6	150'/turn	500gp	13	8
Large	8	125'/turn	700gp	17	16

Once you choose a size for your vehicle, you then purchase upgrades. Upgrades take up upgrade slots and cost money. You cannot have more upgrades than your upgrade slots allow.

**AUTOPILOT:** The vehicle has a basic system that enables it to continue moving in one direction and avoid any obstacles without direct human input.

*Cost:* 400gp

*Upgrade Slots:* 3

**BARE MINIMUM:** The vehicle only has the bare minimum for it to be considered a vehicle, allowing you to fit more upgrades on it. This can only be taken once.

*Cost:* 0gp

*Upgrade Slots:* 1 additional

*Special:* The vehicle has 3 less HP

**BULLETPROOF:** Your vehicle is completely resistant to bullets. It can only take damage from melee attacks.

*Cost:* 500gp

*Upgrade Slots:* 3

**EXTRA SEATS:** The vehicle has an additional seat and can fit one more passenger.

*Cost:* 50gp

*Upgrade Slots:* 2

**FIRE EXTINGUISHER:** The vehicle has a fire extinguisher that you can use in case of a fire-based attack by another motorist.

*Cost:* 35gp

*Upgrade Slots:* 1

**JALOPY:** The vehicle is in awful condition. Maybe you made it yourself after a four-day bender or you just couldn't find any of the proper pieces for it. Regardless, it's cramped and much harder to fit in any of the upgrades you wanted, but at least it's cheaper.

*Cost:* -50% of vehicle cost

*Upgrade Slots:* 2

*Special:* The vehicle has two less HP

**MOUNTED CANNON:** You permanently affixed a cannon onto the roof of the vehicle.

*Cost:* 300gp (includes cannon)

*Upgrade Slots:* 2

**PREMIUM SCRAP:** The vehicle is made of the highest grade parts you can scavenge in the wasteland. It has an additional 2 HP beyond the base hit points for its size.

*Cost:* 100gp

*Upgrade Slots:* 1

**SOLAR-POWERED:** Your vehicle runs entirely on the harsh rays of the desert; you don't need to refuel.

*Cost:* 500gp

*Upgrade Slots:* 2

**SPIKES:** The vehicle looks rockin'.

*Cost:* 10gp

*Upgrade Slots:* 1

**STORAGE COMPARTMENT:** The vehicle can fit up to 200cn of equipment in a compartment.

*Cost:* 25gp

*Upgrade Slots:* 1

**STORAGE COMPARTMENT, SECRET:** The vehicle can fit up to 200cn of equipment in a secret compartment. You cannot find this compartment without an in-depth search of the vehicle.

*Cost:* 50 gp

*Upgrade Slots:* 2

**SUPERCHARGED:** You have supercharged the vehicle's engine. It moves an additional twenty-five feet per turn. You can only take this upgrade twice.

*Cost:* 50gp

*Upgrade Slots:* 1

# Apollyon Press

