

# THE PELOSIANS

## Empire of Man

"No! No! No! I said one part Sulio, three parts Vizupari! Are you deaf, or just an imbecile?" The ancient alchemist's rant was cut off by a fit of coughing, but he still managed to wave violently at his young apprentice, while the boy, an initiate of the Holy Order of Pelo, frantically juggled chemicals. "Don't mix it with a measuring spoon! It could have anything on it! Use the boiled glass rods! That's what they're for, for Pelo's sake. What's wrong with you today?"

"Sorry Master." Mumbled Juno, Master Fodorio shuffled closer, and the pair leaned close to the mixing jar. Juno could hear the old man's excited wheezing.

"Look at it..." Fodorio whispered. "Is it not wonderful? Who knows what secrets of the universe lie within the most humble-looking of compounds?"

"Truly, God is wondrous." Said the young monk.

"God may have sowed the seeds, but by the grace of Pelo, it is man that reaps the bounty. That is the wonder; that we are permitted to unlock their secrets. One day, humanity will stand beside God, sharing in his knowledge!"

"As usual Master, you go too far." Said the young monk, urgently. "You must be more cautious in your words..."

"Nonsense. I will not be shackled! Take this compound; a little Vizupari, a little Lux; mix it with inverted Geddian of all things, and suddenly, true regeneration is within our grasp. Imagine it, soldiers who cannot be killed, patients who would never die beneath the Kirurgeon's knife. This potion is mankind's first step towards a superior physical form."

Suddenly, the door to Fodorio's chamber burst open, revealing the tall, black-clad forms of Proscriptum soldiery. Glassware shattered as they bustled into the chamber throwing buckets of sand and water over the fires polluting the half finished compounds scattered around.

Fodorio himself was apoplectic with shock, but swiftly overpowered. Weak and coughing, his stream of protests cut short by the drugged rag forced into his mouth. Soon, the elderly alchemist was unconscious, and dragged unceremoniously from the room.

It was only then that the priests of the Proscriptum entered and began collecting Fodorio's books and scrolls. Young Juno merely stood silently in shock. He bowed and made the Holy Sign as the Scrutor, their leader, approached him.

"Acolyte. You have done well. This enemy of the True Doctrine will threaten the Empire no more." Turning briefly to survey the dismantled room, the Scrutor looked back at the monk. "I shall observe your progress, young acolyte. Continue such services as this, and you may have a home within our ranks." With that, the priest and his soldiery quickly departed, leaving Juno standing, bowed head and silent in the wreckage...



### Geography

Pelosia is a land of rolling savannah and low hills, fertile rivers and sun-drenched coastland. Spread across the countryside are small villages, monasteries, and 'aggorio' (huge civic farms), each owing allegiance to a massive theocratic city; powerful & virtually autonomous realms united by faith, philosophy and trade.

Raised roads criss-cross the grasslands between the major settlements. Pilgrims, patrols, and merchant caravans ply the Campomari – the 'Grass Sea' between isolated communities. Settlements in the interior must use deep wells or live under the constant threat of drought.

### Morphology

Pelosians are average height and bronze-skinned. Their hair is generally thick and dark, with lighter shades uncommon and considered unlucky. Pelosians are (usually) an intelligent, hard working, and industrious people, whether pursuing business or pleasure.

### Personality

To be Pelosian is to be part of the Enlightenment – a quest to achieve ever higher pinnacles of reason and civilization, the defeat of daemon and heathen ignorance, the unit the world behind Pelo's banner. They value intelligence and self-control. Etiquette demands politeness, reserve, and intellectual detachment, marks of both a reasoning man and spiritual harmony. Mercy is considered an emotional rather than reasoned response, clemency is acceptable, since it shows intelligence & wit, but mercy to no obvious purpose is thought of as a weakness.

"Look to Pelo, for his strength is the wisdom of the divine.  
Look to the Citizen, for he has proven his worth.  
Look to science for it is the undoing of fiends"

## Sociology

Pelosia is a theocracy, united by belief of a beneficial but impersonal divine force (the Theus) and the philosophy of Enlightenment – but often little in common beyond that. It is ruled by a great conclave of priests, lead by the Theocrat and assisted by the Lord Ultor, who heads Pelosia's famous legions. Each generation, power waxes back and forth between these two poles.

Each great city state was founded by Pelo's faithful acolytes, and the sects they founded dominate society. Cities are strictly divided into pious and impious districts, and only those who prove themselves committed to the cause are granted the privilege of Numaré. But Pelosia is also a meritocracy, where a pious and hardworking man can rise to overcome any familial disadvantage.

Pelosia is also famous for its learning. Art and invention are lauded as holy works and throughout the realm competing schools and scholars teach alchemy, kirurgery, astronomy, and mathematics alongside experimental philosophy and learning of all wholesome kinds. Yet Pelo's Proscriptum is an ever-watchful presence; seeking for signs of daemonology, false gods, and science that contravenes Pelo's law.

However, Pelosia is also a land divided. Two great cities are in virtual revolt: Proetiom and Benestiom are more flamboyant and tolerant than the heartlands, and even dare to trade with the Daemon City of Nostapyrax. Known as the Magdelaine States, they have their own legions and Lord Ultor, but thus far claim, to still honour the Theocrat.

## Economy

The great cities trade goods between each other in an endless cycle and most have a speciality or two, from the armour smiths of Mazaraintiom to the herbs and medicines of Florenta. The cities of Proetiom and Solius-about-the-Mountain are centres of import and export – although this is highly controlled thanks to unstable relations with both Dummonii and the Daemon City of Nostapyrax.

Pelosians can be found in most corners of the world, their merchant ships ply all the known seaways and their scientific and military skills are in demand across Uma.

## History

In ancient times Pelosia was a very different place, a hegemony of regions known as Agray; a land of foul magic and bloody sacrifices, ruled over by brutal Daemon-princes with mankind as mere chattel.

Then near half a millennia ago, out of the wilds came Pelo the redeemer, and his eight acolytes. With the power of Gods plan to bolster them, they slew or drove out the wicked Daemon-princes and reformed the nation.

Directed by God, Pelo and the acolytes did much good work, rebuilding and improving the lands, and in rooting out the vestiges of the old order. Science and the advancement of human understanding were promoted over dabbling in the arcane, and the Legions were formed to provide protection for the future.

After a century Pelo declared himself satisfied and abdicated his authority to the church, before leaving on pilgrimage into the Acerb Orta. However in his absence men less wise were unable to stop matters at the troubled border with Dummonii inflaming to the first of many wars.

Barring the aggressions of the forest-folk, the new Empire has enjoyed a long steady expansion, marred only by the twenty year rule of Ultor Cardoza the Mad (until he was ousted by the efforts of the Proscriptum).

However recently more liberal ideology has forced a deep divide through certain quarters of Pelosia and eight years ago the City states of Protium and Benestiom signed the Magdelaine charter, ceding themselves from the the main church and even issuing new doctrine of their own...

## Glossary

**Archon:** Pelosian nobility, administer the nation.

**Bactureon:** Ceremonial staff topped with a reliquary. Essential symbols of officialdom.

**Basaedo:** Superior quality thrusting sword.

**Custode:** Volunteer police force of local Numaré. Known by their caps, made from a polished chelys shell

**Harmostai:** 'Special operation legions' renowned for their efficiency and brutality.

**Numaré:** Voter (literally 'those who are counted'), a respectable citizen. The ferros (shortsword) is their symbol of rank.

**Perrioché:** The Multitude, lower classes. Inherently impious, disreputable or unreliable – at least according to the Numaré and the law.

**Phrataeriat:** Legally recognized alliance with common goals. Found throughout Pelosian society.

**Proscriptum:** Branch of the church of Pelo charged with finding and punishing heretics and proscribed material.

**Ser/Sera:** Respectful term of address (Sir/Madam).

**Servile:** One who has lost the right of freedom. Slavery dispensed by the courts as punishment for misdeeds.

## Métier

To have Pelosian in your métier is to be part of something: A faith and philosophy be it army, church, academy or conclave of citizens. It denotes an upbringing with all the boon & bane of civilisation.

Pelosians are usually well educated and intelligent Magic makes them uncomfortable, but science is in their blood.

Dummonii & Pyraxians may hate them... many Pelosians return the favour.

