

# **The Players**

**🌟 THE MAJOR PLAYERS OF  
THE BAD EDEN (Frontier  
Formerly Known as Texas)  
(A Brief Field Guide For Those  
Who Wish To Live Long Enough  
To Regret Their Choices)**

**By: Mal the Nonexistent,  
Certified Narrator, Uncertified  
Everything Else**



## **The Avuncular Order**

“The Big Good. The Shining GenPop. The neighborhood dads and mothers and zaddies of the apocalypse.”

The Avuncular Order is the de facto success story of the post-Shattering world.

They are:

- inclusive,
- idealistic,
- annoyingly competent,
- and somehow still functional after several centuries of nonsense.

They carry the torch of “Let’s Fix Things Together,” and for once in human history, they actually mean it.

**Led by:**

*Avuncular Joans* — Strategos Supreme, trans icon, living symbol of Mercy-with-a-side-of-Gevurah discipline. Joans radiates the sort of intentionality that makes hexes align just by being near her. If destiny had a spokesperson, it would be her, and she would absolutely make it fill out the proper relationship disclosures.

**Core Vibe:**

They run on Soft Power, Diplomacy, and high Morale.

Their hexes are the prettiest.

They host the best potlucks.

They are deeply exasperated by everyone else.

They want the Great Work to succeed.

They are trying their damnedest.

And if they have to drag the rest of the world into enlightenment kicking and screaming, they absolutely will.



## The Attaccountants

“Statistical war shamans. Number-witch berserkers. The IRS if it was a wandering death-cult.”

No one really remembers where the Attaccountants came from.

Best guess: a bunker full of actuaries, MBAs, and data analysts all mutated during the Shattering into something... collectively empowered.

Attaccountants wield numeromancy: the sacred art of weaponized statistics.

- They can turn averages into blades.
- Standard deviations into force shields.
- An audit into a literal curse (“You are found... wanting.”)
- A bar graph into a battle standard.

**Battle Cry:**

*“Attaccountants on the LEFT! The Audited on the RIGHT!”*

*They’re always reviewing leadership.* Their leadership is always under review. Being in charge is a quantum state; someone is always leading, but who it is at any given moment is unclear, disputed, and awaiting final signature.

**Core Vibe:**

Violence + Intrigue synergy

Semi-mystical

Mildly insane

Very effective

Terrible bedside manner

They like the Avuncular Order. They respect California Tennessee.

They do not trust the Circuit Riders (“Robots are notoriously resistant to audits”).



## Monodynamic Industries, LLC

“Late-stage capitalism became sentient, burst into flames, and now runs a war-empire.”

Remember corporations?

Remember CEOs?

Remember the pantheon of Business Deities?

Try to forget.

Monodynamic Industries is one of the few entities that made it out of the Shattering more evil than before.

**Led by:**

Mr. Monocle, the Five-Headed Cyclops.

Each head specializes in one of the classic corporate “ideals”:

- Synergy
- Scale
- Growth

- Compliance
- Monocle (pure aesthetic)

*Mr. Monocle can:*

- breed new mergers by mating corporate entities like livestock,
- rewrite organizational charts with Yesodic willpower,
- and enforce NDAs through direct psychic assault.

**Core Vibe:**

Qliphothic avarice

Violence-through-economic-pressure

Hostile takeovers both literal and metaphysical

The big bad behind the Valhaulans

The Darkness Track loves these guys

Their workers—*Junior Savage Account Executives, Sales Barbarians, PowerPoint Warlocks*—are all indoctrinated from birth in the divine art of Monetizing Everything That Breathes.

They are, in short, a nightmare.

Please keep your receipts.



## Threnadonian Sovereign Airspace

“Dragonrider isolationists who have entered their ‘We’re Not Getting Involved’ era.”

Threnadonians live in cliffside rookeries high above the wastes, astride dragons with wingspans larger than shopping centers.

They are not evil.

They are not good.

They are simply busy.

**Led by:**

Jearagun, an ancient dragon with more important things to do than your petty mortal nonsense.

If you seek him, you will get:

- A polite scheduling refusal
- A gust of wind from his wings
- Possibly a lightning bolt

**Core Vibe:**

Sky sovereignty

Dragon diplomacy (“No”)

Harsh but fair isolation

Sometimes help, but only if the vibes are right

Hoarders of knowledge but unwilling to share

Their refusal to join the Great Work is a major thorn in Joans’ side.

California Tennessee insists they just need “a really good brunch meeting.”

## ◆ The Free Peoples of Underground Montana

*“The bunker elite who survived everything except their own expectations.”*

Once the wealthiest earth-diggers, these bunker lords thought they’d outwait the apocalypse.

They didn’t realize:

- Reality wasn’t respecting bunkers
- Physics was taking a gap year
- Dragons were real
- The world outside got cooler than in their HOA-regulated vaults

Over time, they mellowed.

They became allies.

They embraced Aboveground Life™ again.

**Led by:**

California Tennessee, a dragon of phenomenal charisma, who moonlights as a very dapper, very stylish man of African ancestry. His human glamor is impeccable. His vest collection is legendary.

**Core Vibe:**

Diplomacy / Economy synergy

Old-world tech knowledge

New-world humility

Genuinely trying

Constantly shaking their heads at their ancestors' hubris

Their alliance with the Avuncular Order is one of the reasons civilization exists at all.

## The Church of We're Tired of Waiting

"Where the hell was Jesus? Where's Arthur? WHERE IS EVERYONE?!"

This faction is built from spiritual exhaustion mixed with cosmic impatience.

Their theology:

- Jesus is late.
- Prophets ghosted humanity.
- King Arthur didn't return.
- Therefore: Summon them.
- Talk.
- Maybe pen a Yelp review.

They perform ritual summoning circles in abandoned Walmarts.

They use knockoff holy relics purchased from a pre-Shattering novelty outlet mall.

They have a lot of questions, few answers, and enormous magical potential because of the sheer force of their irritation.

**Led by:**

Simon Sirene, smarmy, charismatic, slippery as a buttered eel.

He wears a bootleg Shroud of Turin that absolutely works and absolutely should not.

**Core Vibe:**

Faith + Intrigue vibes

Tired of your shit

Tired of God's shit

Ready to take matters into their own hands

Their summoning magic is shockingly effective, which is both amazing and worrying.



## The Circuit Riders

"A robot, some robots, and a giant robot, none of whom are actually robots."

Captain Robot is NOT a robot.

He is a man in a robot suit.

No one knows this.

Especially not his crew of actual robots, who believe wholeheartedly in their father's metallurgical divinity.

They discovered the giant fighting robot Legansus Tal, half-buried in rubble, and reactivated it.

Now they roam:

- cracking bunkers,
- saving strangers,
- terrorizing strangers,
- looting strangers,
- asking for directions to any functioning RadioShack.

### **Core Vibe:**

Violence + Intrigue mix

Mecha shenanigans

Good intentions, poor execution

Deeply earnest delusion

Their giant robot footsteps shake multiple hexes

They are headed Thatwards because rumor says "a bunker with old firmware" is there.

They LOVE firmware.

## The Valhaulans

“Aerial techno-Viking pirates with a flexible relationship to morality.”

The Valhaulans are:

- sky marauders
- knot-tying champions
- semi-professional plunderers
- and part-time ride-share pilots (“ValLyft”)
- sponsored (secretly) by Monodynamic Industries

They have airships patched with dragon hide, sheet metal, and unconvincing optimism.

They raid, steal, trade, vanish, return, apologize, steal again, and then sell you your own stuff back.

### **Led by:**

Sklar Bjornholdt, a Valkyrie with impeccable leadership skills and middling business acumen. Charisma rating: through the roof.

Impulse control: nonexistent.

### **Core Vibe:**

Mostly Violence

Some Diplomacy

Zero Accountability

Boundless enthusiasm

They currently occupy the Bunker of Great Narrative Importance™, where your campaign intro leads.

## That 90's Faction (The Tanneritos)

*“The Mall-Rats Who Inherited The Earth.”*

These folks built their entire culture upon:

- a stack of magical VHS tapes,

- a fragment of the Collective Teenage Dream,
- a mall they refuse to abandon,
- and the undying spirit of “Whatever, man.”
- They ride giant attack skateboards.  
They duel with neon batons.  
They worship a mythical figure known only as The Assistant Manager.

Leadership changes constantly, usually due to:

karmic irony,

sick grinding accident,

or someone discovering a new VHS tape containing forgotten rituals such as “Training Montage” or “Unexpected Dance Break.”

**Core Vibe:**

Soft Power + Intrigue

Perpetual adolescence

Radical chillitude

Hella dangerous in packs

Nostalgia-based spellcasting

They think you’re cool.

Or lame.

Or both.

At the same time.

 The Jackalopes

*“You don’t see us arrive. You notice prices change. Then you hear the ground breathe.”*

Nobody is sure where the Jackalopes actually came from.

Texas folklore insists they were always here.

Post-Shattering maps disagree.

The Jackalopes don’t comment.

They are traders, wanderers, fixers, and quietly terrifying logistics experts. If something moves through the region faster than it should, cheaper than

expected, or without leaving tracks—odds are good the Jackalopes touched it. Briefly. Professionally.

Their caravans appear where roads don't connect. Their goods are always just what a settlement needs, and never what it can comfortably afford to lose. When asked how they travel so quickly, Jackalopes smile, adjust their packs, and change the subject.

The rumors, however, persist.

Beneath the land lies a lattice of underground tunnels, older than most factions, threaded with strange ley-energies that hum like buried wind. The Jackalopes move through these passages with impossible speed, emerging days—or weeks—ahead of where they should be. Maps fail to capture it. Digging teams rarely return. The tunnels are not discussed with outsiders.

They call it “the fast way.”

### **Leadership — The General**

The Jackalopes are led by a figure known only as The General. He is not a Jackalope.

The General is a *Furrykin*, tall, scarred, and unsettlingly calm. He does not explain how he came to lead them, and no Jackalope will answer questions about it directly. What is known:

He does not use the tunnels himself.

He knows exactly where they go.

He has never been wrong about when to move.

When The General speaks, the Jackalopes listen. When he stops speaking, plans are already in motion.

### **Core Vibe**

Economy + Intrigue dominance

Nomadic, pragmatic, deeply local

Folk-myth aesthetics with hard logistics

Friendly until they aren't

Smiles that mean contracts are being revised

### *Cultural Notes*

Jackalopes believe speed is a moral good.

They value preparation over bravery.

Debt is remembered longer than blood.

Leylines are treated like roads, not miracles.

Reputation

Loved by frontier settlements

Feared by monopolies

Distrusted by anyone who needs borders to matter

They are on good terms with the Avuncular Order—businesslike, respectful, cautious.

They trade freely with Port Kudzu and Farrier's Fixit Farm, both of which quietly rely on Jackalope logistics more than they admit.

They do not trust the Circuit Riders.

“Anything that can’t feel the ground doesn’t understand distance.”

Jackalope Saying

*“If you can see us, we’re already late.”*