

# DEATH IN THE THRONE ROOM



VIOLENCE AND INTRIQUE IN GALACTIC HIGH  
SOCIETY.

**Death in the throneroom.**

**Written and illustrated by Nicola Evans.**

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***The cry has gone up across the galaxy-  
The emperor is dead, long live the emperor!***

***That the emperor hasn't actually died yet doesn't seem to be of any real concern to anyone, with the exception of the soon to be late emperor who, all things considered, won't be in a position to complain about his premature demise for much longer.***

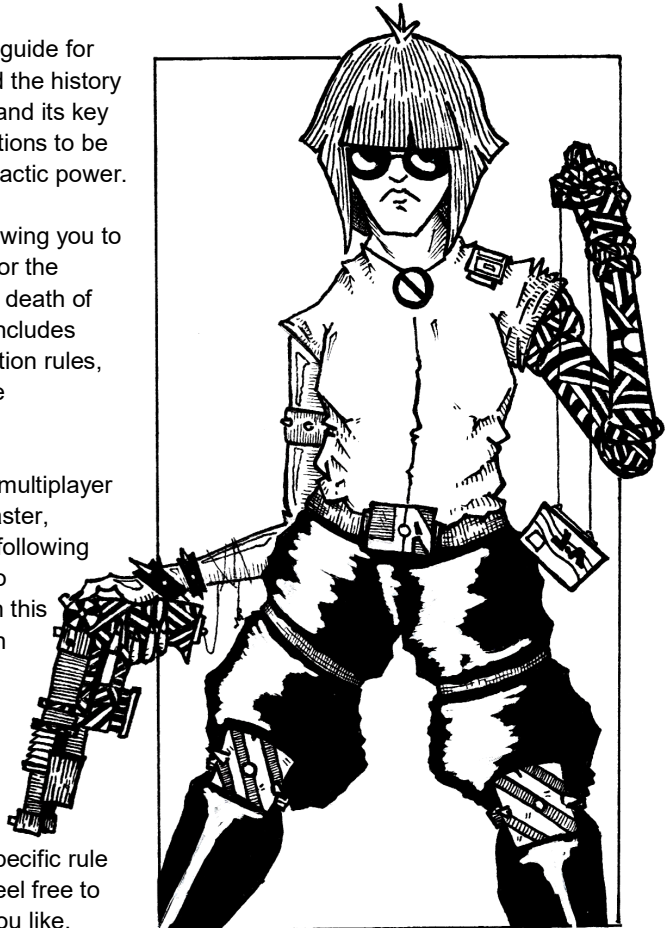
***But with the throne as good as empty, the question remains - who will claim the imperial crown and reign supreme over the greatest force the universe has ever seen? The emperor's rightful heirs rally their loyal troops, sharp elbowed minor royals get ready to state their claim, and those seeking to overturn the political order of the universe begin gathering allies. From those seeking to claim the throne itself, to those simply seeking to advance their station (or lower their enemies!) there is no one within the imperial court ready to let the succession pass peacefully. It's a good old fashioned palace coup, and no one is getting out without a little bit of bloodshed...***

*Death in the throneroom* is a setting guide for Planet 28. Within this book you'll find the history and structure of the galactic empire and its key figures, as well as details of the locations to be found on Neo-trantor, the seat of galactic power.

You'll also find a additional rules allowing you to play out the back stabbing struggle for the imperial throne brought about by the death of the reigning galactic emperor. This includes a map based campaign system, Faction rules, and advice on running a *Death in the throneroom* campaign.

The following rules are best used in multiplayer games in the presence of a gamemaster, however there is no reason that the following rules cannot be used to create a solo campaign. Likewise all of the rules in this book can be used to create your own campaigns beyond the high society confines of Neo-trantor.

The most important rule when using this book is to treat it as your own. Should you decide that a rule would work better in a different way, or a specific rule should be ignored then you should feel free to change, disregard or add anything you like.



**Imperial assassin (featuring official I.D)**

# THE EMPEROR.

His glorious majesty emperor *Constantin-Alberto-Latham-Penone-Psydrik-Ono-Claudel*, seventy third of his name, Master of the stars and lord protector of ships.

Father of humankind, lord of the galaxy, conqueror of the known universe and saviour of the souls of all. Immortal guardian of the imperial throne, eternal hierophant of the royal court. Prince conqueror of the thousand moons. Despot of the Vantus reach.

Dictator supreme of long lost earth (may its memory endure!) and beloved archduke of the Hyperion sector. Bringer of the age of unending peace.

Patron undying of the imperial army, The imperial void fleets, the guild of imperial psychics, the guild of the royal assassins, commander in chief of the royal guard, and vice president of the Lychester VII model boat society.

Or *Calppoc*, as he preferred to be called.

The emperor has ruled for a historic 137 years, surviving no less than 49 assassination attempts, 13 coups, 6 civilian revolutions and 3 court summons for public indecency.

And yet now the emperor lies dying, laid low by old age where all his enemies have failed. Even an emperor can only hold back death for so long, and after thousands of rejuvenation treatments, organ replacements, skin cloning's and brain matter transplants, it is now only a matter of days before the master of the galaxy breathes his last breath and, as is tradition, is ground into dust and spread into the ventilation systems of the imperial palace, enriching the air with his final blessing.

In these final days, the emperor has been confined to his bed. His chambers are heavily guarded by the royal guard, with a regiment of imperial army spec-ops on stand-by and the imperial flagship, *Fission Queen*, at full battle readiness in high orbit. The emperor for his part insists he is perfectly well and that the recent coughing up of his own liver is merely due to a mild cold.

# THE GREAT PEACE.

The emperor was responsible for a period known as the great peace, or the blessed peace of his imperial diplomatic majesty.

During this period the empire did not declare any new wars for an unprecedented 17 days. This beat out the previous record set by emperor Shachabrang the peaceful some 600 years earlier by a massive 6 days and 13 hours.

In honour of this astounding stretch of military restraint, the people of neo-trantor held parades and celebrations, diplomatic envoys from across the galaxy sent gifts in their millions to the Palace, statues of the emperor peace bringer were erected and a new galactic holiday, peace day, was established.

The emperor himself celebrated by declaring War on the planet Gerua prime, much to the delight of his subjects.

# THE GALACTIC EMPIRE.

The galactic empire is vast.

Some say it goes beyond vast, but as no one can quite agree just how far it goes, no one has settled on a suitably grand descriptor. As a result, vast remains the official go to for most who live within the immeasurably huge, fantastically massive, really quite large empire.

The empire was founded millennia ago, when humanity first left long lost earth (may its memory endure!) and spread out among the stars. Initially each new world was its own separate realm, with its own governments and political systems. Over many centuries these disparate worlds began to join forces - guilds and leagues, coalitions and unions, all manner of political bodies formed to ensure the survival of the fledgling human race against the hostile void of space.

The empire was merely one of these myriad unions, a ragtag band of worlds held together by a family of petty warlords. It would have stood out little from its more democratically inclined neighbours were it not for one subtle difference. Where the other human settlements sought growth through peace, The newly formed empire found atomic bombardment far more expedient.

Within mere decades the empire had subjugated half the settled worlds of the galaxy, with the other half soon deciding that it was probably easier to just join them and hope the whole thing blew over in a few more years. This turned out not to be the case, much to these worlds annoyance.

After a few more centuries of brutal conquest and oppression no one could remember anything else, and so it was that this rag tag empire became the galactic empire, and the atomic warlords of those early days became the first in a long line of imperial majesties.

## THE IMPERIAL THRONE.

Much debate continues to be had as to just how much power actually rests in the hands of the reigning emperor. Opinion is split between "None at all" and "all of it" with moderate opinion falling somewhere in the range of "A lot".

In truth the matter is really quite simple - the emperor has as much power as they choose to have. Under the imperial system, Laws are made and enforced at a local level with planetary overlords deciding what goes. These overlords are chosen by the imperial parliament who act in the emperor's name. The parliament is both made up of, and responsible for the choosing of, planetary overlords - meaning only the friends and relatives of existing lords can hope to gain any advancement.

*(this of course makes it the most democratic part of the entire imperial government.)*

On a day to day basis the entire running of the galaxy is managed by the parliament - they can command the armies, fleets and organizations of the empire as they see fit.

This then is where the "no power at all" argument comes from - the emperor is not needed for the most part and seems, on a good day, to hold only symbolic power.

This argument falls down somewhat however when one remembers that the emperor also has personal command of the entire imperial military, fleet and legal system and can, at any time, for any reason, command it to do whatever they like. In the past this has included bombing a black hole with flesh eating bacteria (*just to see what would happen*), having the entire imperial household assassinated (*out of boredom*), or simply dissolving the entire political structure of the galactic empire in order to avoid having to do any paperwork. (*an event that most historians know as the great anarchy, but which the imperial records refer to as sensible age of unrelated warfare*)

This then is where the "As much as is physically possible" argument comes from - The emperor commands as much as they see fit, with every single part of the machinery of governance subject to their whims.

So it is that in times of weak emperors and strong parliament the throne has been little more than ceremonial, and in times of strong emperors and weak parliament, it has been little less than nightmarishly tyrannical.

This ultimate power, available on a whim without responsibility or accountability, is what makes the throne worth fighting, poisoning, revolting, stabbing, torturing, lying, waring and even, just occasionally ,asking nicely for.

## NEO-TRANTOR.

At the heart of the empire sits the world of neo trantor, The emperor's personal residence, pleasure garden and gallery. Although technically considered the emperor's private domain, The world of neo trantor has a population of nearly 12 billion. These teeming masses are made up of imperial officials, workers, archivists, soldiers, naval personnel, household staff, pilgrims supplicants and courtiers, not to mention a healthy contingent of liars cheats and charlatans who have managed to

carve out a niche for themselves in the worlds strange social scene.

The world itself is made up entirely of palace, its surface crusted thick with a hundred million marvels of human history; vaulted galleries house priceless artworks next to highspeed transit lines, sewage treatment plants sit next to boating lakes filled with rare vintage liquor, and private hunting grounds stocked with the galaxies most dangerous predators blend seamlessly with the rolling hills of the public pleasure fields.

At the heart of it all sits the imperial penthouse - a vast cathedral of gold and concrete, carved marble and atomically fused glass, a congregation of all mankind's myriad architectural styles. Brutalist caverns but up against baroque spires topped with minimalist glass apartments, flying buttresses drift off into space, ending in spiralling ironwork and holographic suspension rigs. *(Everyone agrees that the penthouse is the greatest work of architecture history has ever seen, with the exception of actual architects who continue to describe it as the ugliest thing ever built. The continued desire of many architects to state this opinion has led to a decrease in the overall popularity of the occupation owing to the ever present threat of execution for treason.*

*Why the architects don't simply lie is a source of much speculation, but no one is brave enough to enrol in architecture school in order to find out.)*

Within the city sized complex that is the imperial penthouse lives the imperial family, made up of the emperors many heirs, courtiers, friends and advisors, as well as permanent representatives of the major institutions of government - the parliament, the army, the fleet and the church.

It is here that we also find the courtier punks...

## COURTIER PUNKS.

Every noble worth their title is expected to maintain a presence at court, to be seen in the presence of the imperial family and, if they are very fortunate, to be given personal favour by the emperor. Should the emperor call for an audience and the noble in question not be present, the repercussions could be unpleasant...

Unfortunately the day to day job of actually running a vast, huge, incredibly massive empire often requires those in positions of power to do something other than sit around and wait for the emperor to notice them. In answer to this dilemma, the courtier punks emerged.

No one quite knows who had the idea first, but it didn't take long for others to pick it up. The idea was simple - The emperor meets so many people every day that he surely couldn't remember what everyone actually looked like, so as long as someone was there to represent them, the nobles could just pay anyone to hang around for them on the off chance they were called upon.

In order to ensure they are always present at court whilst still going about their business, nobles began picking up vagrants from the slums and back alleys of the galaxy and paying them to act in their stead. These newly elevated *(and often very confused)* vagrants are given hefty sacks of cash and the finest clothing and told, in no uncertain terms, to hang around and be seen.

Over decades these courtiers formed their own alliances and gangs, created their own internal politics separate from the real goings on of their masters - of whom the punks often had no real knowledge.

The combination of sudden wealth, extravagant surroundings and nothing to do soon combined to create a unique style - High fashion meets gutter gang culture.

priceless ballgowns and industrial work suits were worn together, psychoactive jewellery and prison tattoos jostled for space under suits of transparent synth fur and discarded newspaper - a wild and extravagant culture unique to the imperial penthouse. Whilst many senior courtier punks know they will likely never be needed and

so take their chance to indulge in every opportunity available to them, the younger punks, fresh from the cutthroat life of the underworld, are fiercely loyal to their masters. It is from these ranks of young decadents that the imperial family often recruit their spies, servants, thugs and assassins...



# THE IMPERIAL FAMILY.

The imperial family is as sprawling as the palace that contains it. At present it numbers just under 3000, but in truth only a handful of these ranks are of any real consequence. The rest are of little use beyond the occasional public appearance or morale boosting military sacrifice.

The vast majority of the imperial palace is made up of the emperor's gene-scions, children grown in the imperial lab in order to ensure a viable heir to the throne in the event of some catastrophe wiping out all the actual important family members.

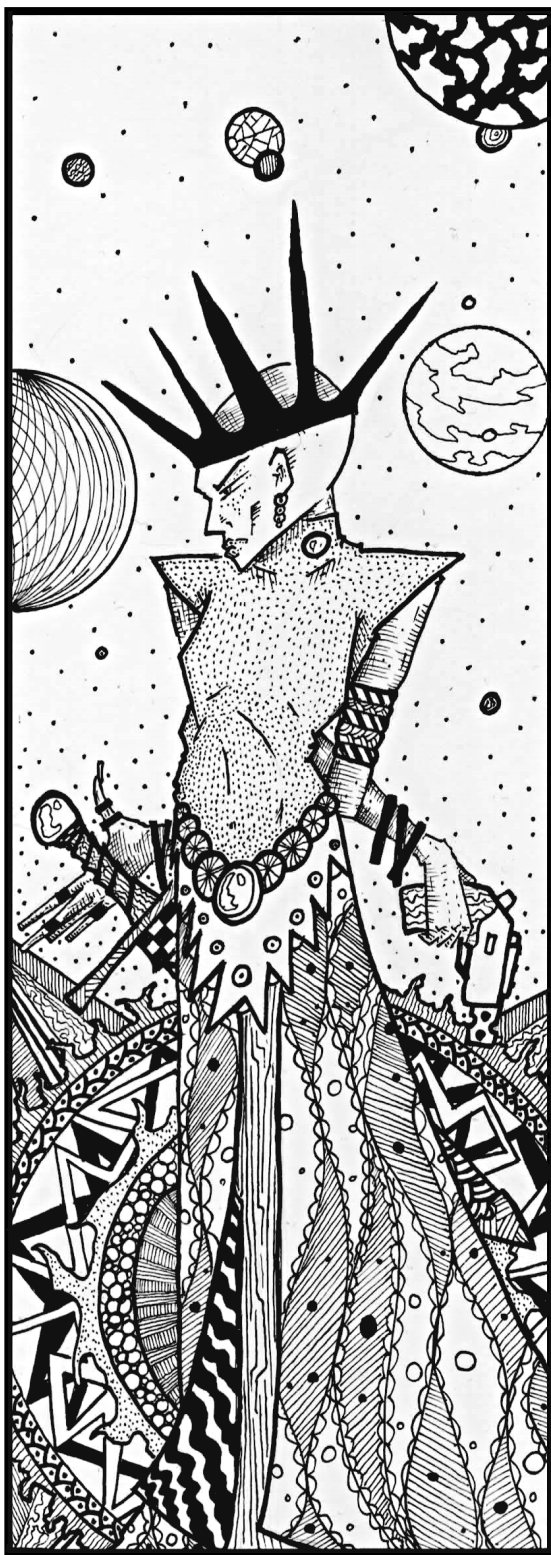
## CONTENDERS TO THE THRONE.

At present there is one true heir to the throne, the emperors eldest and most competent daughter, princess Josephine-Bois-Lewitt. As the emperors named successor, the princess has the easy job of simply eliminating anyone that tries to oppose her in order to claim the throne for herself. Her rivals meanwhile have the somewhat more enviable task of not only defeating the princess, but each other, and on top of that have to do so in a way that makes them seem legitimate, strong, stable and above all, regal.

The list of claimants and conspirators is immense, with thousands of petty nobles and delusional lords all gathering their little warbands for a crack at the crown. Of all these would be tyrants only 4 have what it might take to challenge the princesses claim to power, These are:

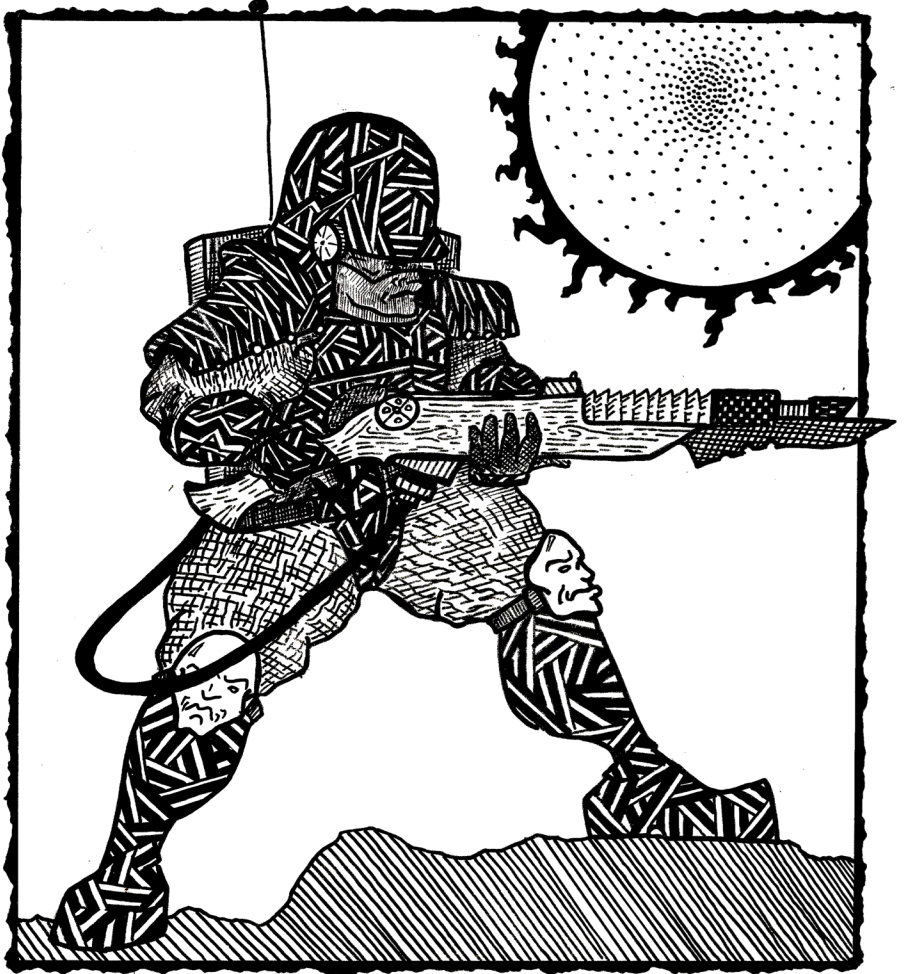
- **The high priest Boniem Razp'tuin**
- **General supreme Neville Shunt**
- **Baron Thaddeus Charalchracht Gregarious Caesar**
- **The revolutionary forces of the trantorian peoples front.**

When the dust settles, one of these five major contenders will control the galaxy...

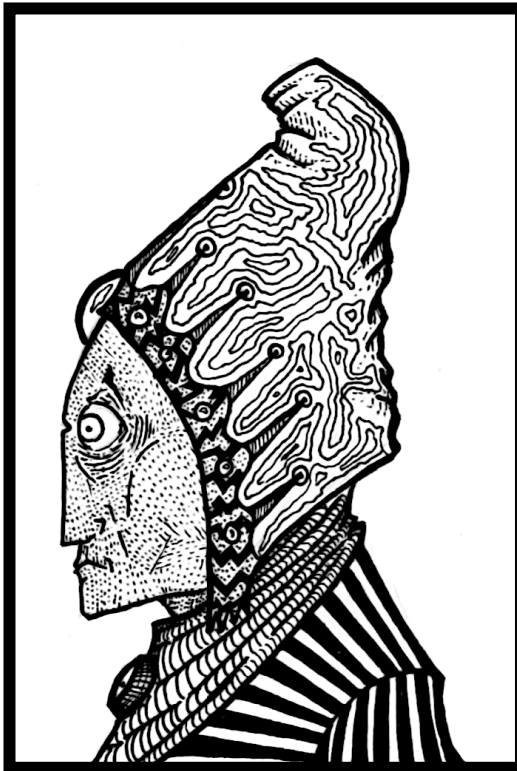




# DRAMATIS



# PERSONAE



## High priest Boniem Razp'tin, Prophet of the convergence.

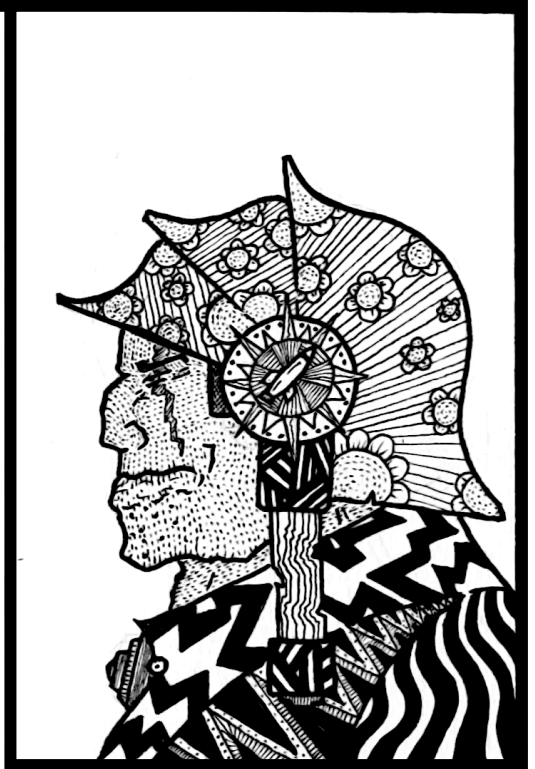
The church of the universal convergence is an odd faith. Adapted from a mixture of ancient alien Inscriptions, long lost old earth religions, and bureaucratic busy work from the depths of the imperial administrative system, it preaches that at short, irregular intervals, a saviour will arrive to lead the faithful to paradise. That these saviours almost always seem to be members of the royal household and almost always arrive whenever the previous saviour dies is merely a happy coincidence. Few in the clergy actually believe any of the faiths teachings, with the more "enthusiastic" members being kept safely away from holding any real power.

Unfortunately being the spiritual leader of an entire galactic empire does tend to go to even the most level of heads. And so it is that High priest Boniem Razp'tin has come believe that he is the ultimate and final prophet of the convergence. He now believes wholeheartedly that he alone is fit to rule the empire as both emperor and, weather permitting, god. Razp'tin has gathered courtier punks to his cause, but has also been shipping in some of the more temperamental of the clergies younger members to "persuade" people of his divine message.

## General supreme Neville Shunt.

A man of simple conviction, General Shunt has suffered greatly under the rule of his most peaceful majesty emperor Callpoc . As high commander of the imperial fleet and armies, Shunt feels that every day without a new declaration of war in a personal insult. Fearing that the next ruler of the galaxy may seek to follow in the late emperors footsteps and that the empire might lose its way, General supreme shunt has decided that a good traditional military junta should get things back on track. Shunt has his supporters in court - ex military types and doughy fantasists alike have pledged to back him should he bring his forces to bear and seize the imperial throne by force.

For now however Shunt will follow the official and accepted methods of espionage, assassination and gang violence. If these polite methods fail he will either fall in line or, should the new ruler not be to his liking, unleash a firestorm of atomic destruction - Whatever takes his fancy really.



**Princess Josephine-Bois-Lewitt, eldest child of the emperor, Heir apparent, mistress of the imperial household and overlord of ceremonies.**

In a rational universe, Princess Josephine would have been declared ruler of the galaxy the moment her father was declared "dead". Luckily for the princess this is not a rational universe, as a rational universe would also not have let her ancestors establish such a silly thing as a galactic empire. Despite this, Princess Josephine has the most backing and the only real claim to the throne, and so commands not only a host of courtiers and assassins, but also the loyalty of the imperial household and its many guards, soldiers and other associated killing machines. Ruthless and efficient, The princess is a proven political master - in her time she has negotiated the surrender, punishment and vaporisation of at least three armed uprisings and was personally responsible for no less than 13 of the attempts on her fathers life.

The princess has waited decades for her shot at power and about to let herself be outmanoeuvred by any pretender.



**Baron Thaddeus Charalchracht Gregarious Caesar XVIII AKA "the hero of the people" AKA "the loon."**

Baron Thaddeus is, for want of a better word, stark raving mad. Some say he was kicked in the head by a grav-horse, others say he lost his mind after gazing into the void at the edge of space whilst coming down from a particularly nasty hangover. Whatever the reason, the baron is utterly deranged.

This may present an obstacle to some men: it can after all be rather hard to find support for ones attempts to overthrow the crown when one is just as likely to lose interest and declare war on the concept of brunch as they are to stick to their plans.

The baron however has something many aspiring tyrants do not - A fortune beyond counting. The baron is, through inheritance and a financial canny that defies his eccentricities, one of the wealthiest people in the universe. As such he has the support of a great number of politicians, generals, minor royals and, thanks to his generous habit of hurling cash into the streets, vast swathes of the general populace, Who has come to think of him as a hero/cash machine, depending on how cynical they are. That many of his more senior supporters see him as a tool by which to attain power for themselves has either not crossed his mind, or is simply of no concern to the baron. For the time being he wants to be emperor, and so he'll keep spending until he gets crowned, bored, or dies. whichever comes first.

## The Trantorian peoples front.

Outside of the rarefied atmosphere of imperial court life, Neo trantor is a grim place - Billions toil to provide the luxuries of the ruling classes. From the lowliest rat catcher, to the filthiest sewage reclamation officer, to the millions of bored and directionless administrative officials, the working masses of the planet are constantly on the verge of going from merely annoyed to well and truly fed up.

From these innumerable ranks the Trantorian peoples front has arisen. A militant revolutionary group committed to doing something about it all. What that something is no one, not even the front itself, is quite sure - But when they figure it out there'll be trouble! At present the front's goal is simple - Destroy the entire political infrastructure of the entire galactic empire and place one of its own representatives in command, then restructure the economic, political and social framework of the entirety of civilization. Easy stuff. Or at least it would be, were it not for the splitters...

In order to ensure maximum recruitment potential, the front has no clear message, aside from the whole "take control of the galaxy" thing. As a result it has as many factions as it has members, with each of its millions of secret supporters each believing that their ideology is better and that only they are smart enough to take power once the empire is crushed. As a result, the front is almost always engaged in some ideological civil war or another. Luckily for the front these breakaway factions soon fall apart, quickly arguing about whose version of their own ideology is the best. Were the front able to agree on a general plan of action for a single day it would surely overpower the pro imperial forces that guard the imperial palace. As such, the empire is safe for the foreseeable future.

As a result of their "decentralised" organizational structure, the front has no known leaders or figureheads, with each of its cells acting independently. It is not uncommon for multiple front cells to come into conflict with one another whilst working to achieve the same goal, for no other reason than neither is willing to compromise on some minor ideological difference.

The only consistent point upon which any member of the trantorian peoples front (or the peoples front of trantor, the trantorian popular front, or the popular front of trantorian people...) can agree on is their symbol - a raised fist, in which is clutched the

**WANTED  
DEAD/ALIVE/OTHER**

**LEADER OF PROSCRIBED GROUP**

**"Trantorian  
peoples front"**

**CRIMES:**

- Treason
- Terrorism
- Attempted murder of royal court members
- Minor traffic violations.

**AGE: unknown**

**APPEARANCE: unknown**

**NAME: unknown**

**LOCATION: unknown**

**REWARD: Additional holiday allocation of 1  
(one) hour, to be taken over a period of 120  
days.**

rocket and sun of the galactic empire. This symbol can often be found sprayed onto governmental buildings, carved into the underside of tables to mark a space as sympathetic to revolutionaries, and even worn openly as a piece of high fashion by the more romantically minded of the wealthy aristocracy. As a result of its wide spread, some have begun to suspect that the symbol may have lost its former potency, with many of the younger generation viewing it in much the same way they would view a stop sign or mandatory brain scan booth - just part of the everyday architecture of their lives. Many proposals for a replacement symbol have been put forth but as with everything else, no one can agree on one.



# RULES.

The following pages contain a host of optional rules for you to use in your planet 28 games. Although created to better reflect the factional warfare between claimants to the imperial throne, these rules can be used in any game of planet 28.

## FACTION RULES.

Before embarking on a Death in the throneroom campaign, Each player must declare which of the key claimants to the throne they are fighting for. Each claimant bestows certain additional bonuses and setbacks on your warband.

Unless stated otherwise these faction specific rules are always in effect. You may find that you have multiple players pledging their allegiance to the same claimant, but don't worry, the complexities of place politics are such that it's common for two people in complete agreement to end up fighting each other, players may either choose which claimant they wish to fight for, or roll a dice to decide who their warband is backing.

1D10 roll	Claimant	Rules
1-2	Princess Josephine	<p><b>The throne is mine!</b></p> <p>Any warband that pledges their loyalty to the princess automatically controls the throneroom on the campaign map at the start of a campaign. This warband may also use the throne room as their starting territory for the campaign.</p> <p>(If multiple competing warbands support the princess, you'll have to fight for it...)</p> <p><b>Royal guard.</b></p> <p>Warbands allied to the princess may equip one character with power armour for free when creating their warband.</p> <p><b>Let them eat cake.</b></p> <p>At the start of a game, roll 1D10. On a roll of 10 the princesses supporters have been accosted by starving citizens desperate for a bit of mob justice. For each character in the warband roll 1D10. On a 10, that character may not take part in this game as they are swept up in the mob.</p>
3-4	High priest Boniem Razp'tin	<p><b>Faithful servants.</b></p> <p>Every member of this warband gains the <b>Zealot</b> trait for no extra cost.</p> <p><b>Miracles!</b></p> <p>Warbands dedicated to the high priest are well versed in the art of psychic meditation. As such, members of this warband do not take any damage from failed rent asunder rolls.</p>

<p>3-4</p>	<p><b>High priest Boniem Razp'tin</b></p>	<p><b>Siblings of the convergence.</b></p> <p>As faithful devotes of the church of the universal convergence, the members of this warband feel a special bond with one another, each of them believing that they are part of the great collective consciousness of humanity.</p> <p>As you can imagine then, seeing each other blown to smithereens doesn't do wonders for their mental health.</p> <p>Whenever a character from this warband is removed from play, EVERY member of the warband must take an immediate break test.</p>
<p>5-6</p>	<p><b>General supreme Neville Shunt</b></p>	<p><b>Troops of tomorrow.</b></p> <p>The general might not be popular with...well anybody outside of his staff, But he does have command of the imperial armies. As a result he can draw on the near endless supplies if raw recruits to fight for his cause whilst avoiding that pesky "no invading the palace" rule.</p> <p>Half of this warband may be made up of imperial recruits. Recruits shooting and fighting skills start at 2, rather than 1.</p> <p><b>Nuclear bombardment.</b></p> <p>Once per campaign, you may call in a small scale nuclear bombardment. Although these kind of mini nuclear bombs are normally used for pest control, they can be useful in a tough fight.</p> <p>Choose a spot on the battlefield. All terrain within <b>3D20+10cm</b> is immediately destroyed. All characters within this space take 1D20 damage. All characters within this space gain the Foul Aura trait for the remainder of the campaign as a result of radiation exposure. Damage taken from a nuclear bombardment can only be stopped by living armour or power armour.</p> <p><b>Toy soldiers.</b></p> <p>Any member of this warband that is NOT an imperial recruit must take a break test whenever they take damage.</p>
<p>7-8</p>	<p><b>Baron Thaddeus AKA The loon</b></p>	<p><b>Mad or greedy.</b></p> <p>The baron is not what one might call "built for leadership". As a result his supporters are a mix of the delusional and the opportunistic.</p> <p>Once you have created your warband, Roll 1D10 for each character. On a 1-5, that character is mad. On a 6-10, that character is greedy.</p> <p>At the start of a game each mad character must roll 1D6. If the result is even, this number is added to that characters skill values for the duration of that game. If the result is odd, this number is removed from the characters skill values for the duration of the game.</p> <p>At the start of each game each greedy character must roll 1D10. The player must spend that many credits to pay the character to fight in this game. If the player cannot afford to pay, or simply decides not too, then that character takes no part in the current game.</p>

7-8	<b>Baron Thaddeus AKA The loon</b>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Money to burn.</b></p> <p>At the start of a campaign any warband fighting for the baron may roll 6D20. The player receives this many additional credits to spend on weapons, armour, and equipment for their characters. Any unused credits are considered destroyed (or more likely spent on something useless and expensive)</p>
9-10	<b>The trantorian peoples front</b>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Splitters.</b></p> <p>Before each game, every player with a warband fighting for the trantorian peoples front must roll 1D10. On a roll of 10, that player's warband has been torn apart by a small ideological disagreement.</p> <p>Divide the warband into two equal smaller warbands - it is up to the controlling player how they divide their warband, provided that both warbands have the same number of characters (With any left over characters remaining with the original warband). These warbands now act as independent warbands, treating each other as enemies during games. The player may still field both warbands during a game, but must treat each one as a separate entity. The new warband controls no territory and is considered a completely new faction in any ongoing campaign.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Bare in mind that as each warband is a distinct force.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>Endless ranks.</b></p> <p>The trantorian peoples front is never short on volunteers, even if those volunteers aren't actually sure what it is they've volunteered for. When playing with a TPF warband, Each new character has a starting cost of only 5 points.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>I may be poor but at least I'm happy...ish.</b></p> <p>A TPF warband is made up of the poor, the downtrodden, and those pretending to be poor and downtrodden to look cool. As such any weapon with a cost of 50 credits or more gains the Volatile rule special rule without any change in cost.</p> <p>Additionally only 1 member of a TPF warband at any time may wear living armour or power armour.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>Guerrillas.</b></p> <p>A TPF warband may choose which edge of the board to set up on at the start of a game.</p>

## MAP CAMPAIGNS.

The imperial throneroom might be the literal seat of power, but holding it is no use if you haven't also got control of the imperial palace. A potential usurper would quickly find themselves besieged on all sides were they to simply walk up and sit themselves down on the throne without first ensuring the spaceports were secure, the barracks were on lockdown, and the pleasure gardens and galleries were suitably staffed to ensure the nobility weren't in any way inconvenienced. That's why any warband looking to put their patron on the throne needs a firm plan of action. what they need it a map!

Map campaigns allow you to gain control of unique territories, each of which bestows specific benefits on your warband as you progress through a campaign.

All map based campaigns use the same rules.

- Firstly each warband must choose a starting territory. Unless stated otherwise, this territory must be one of the outermost hexes of the campaign map, with the exception of the spaceports which may not be chosen.

- Each player then rolls 1D10, adding the amount of territories they currently control. The player with the highest result may then choose a territory adjacent to one they already control to conquer.

- Each opposing warband may then decide whether to contest the territory or not. If no one wishes to contest the territory, then that player simply adds that territory to their existing controlled territories.

If a player contests the conquest, then they begin an immediate game for control. The victor of that game determines who gets control of the contested territory. Note that every player that contests a territory must fight in that game. *(so if you want to start forming alliances or bargaining for help, now is the time to do it!)* If the contested territory is not already occupied, then the game is set up as outlined in the planet 28 core rules.

- If the territory being contested is already controlled by another player then the current occupier may choose where each warband sets up at the start of the game.

- In order to claim control of the entire map and thus claim victory in the battle for the throne, a player must control  $\frac{1}{3}$  of the total territories on the board AND the throneroom.

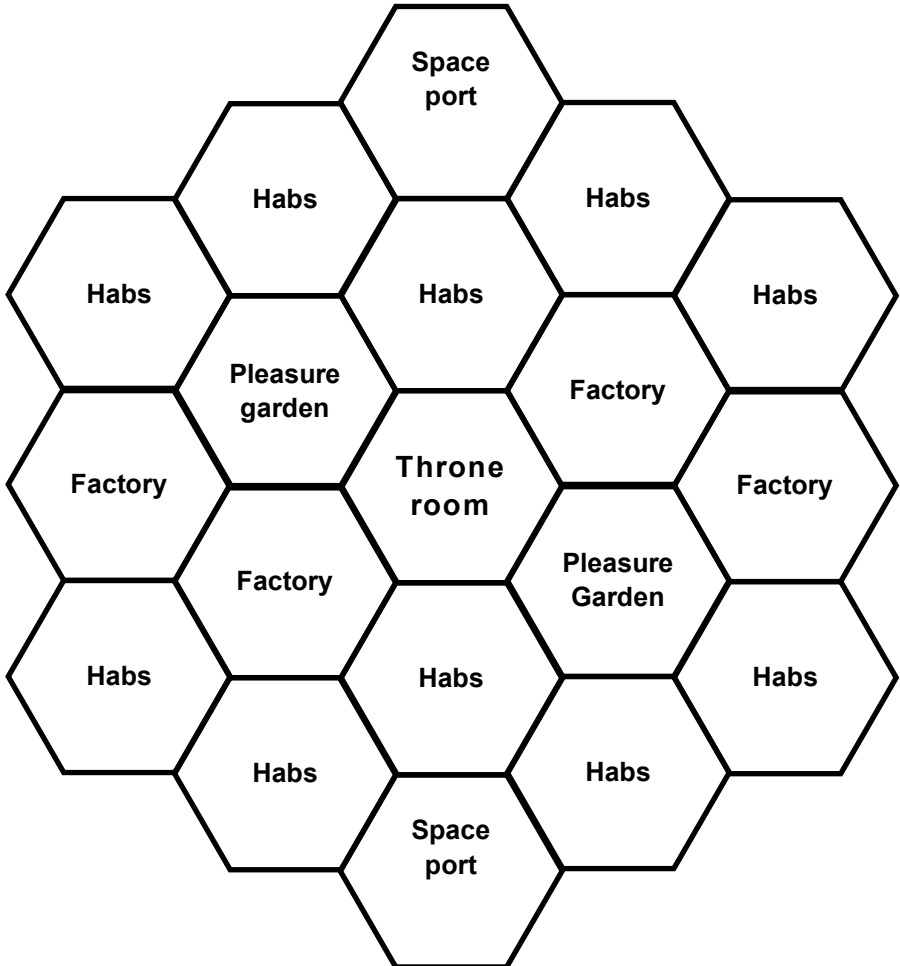
## TERRITORY TYPES.

Territory	Bonus
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>The throneroom</b></p>	<p>Holding the throneroom bestows no bonus, but it is essential for anyone wishing to rule the empire. If the current controller of the throneroom controls <math>\frac{1}{3}</math> or more of the territory on the campaign map, they have successfully taken control of the empire and this campaign is over! (of course it's very possible their enemies might have something to say about that, but that's a matter for another campaign...)</p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>The spaceport</b></p>	<p>The spaceports are of the utmost tactical importance for a would-be emperor. When selecting territories to conquer, a player in control of a spaceport may attempt to conquer any territory regardless of whether or not they control an adjacent territory.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Factory</b></p>	<p>After each game a player in control of a factory territory may replace 1 weapon in their warband with any weapon of their choice from the planet 28 character weapons chart for free.</p>



<p><b>Pleasure gardens</b></p>	<p>Everybody needs a nice rest and get a bit of quick cash, So a relaxing walk in the pleasure gardens followed by the illegal sale of some priceless art objects is always helpful.</p> <p>A warband in control of a pleasure garden receives +1 to their psyche skill when making break tests. Note that this is an accumulative benefit, so controlling 2 pleasure gardens provides a +2 to your psyche tests.</p> <p>Between each game a warband in control of a pleasure garden may opt to sell some of the artworks from the garden - to do so roll 1D10 and multiply the result by the number of territories you currently control. You receive this many credits.</p>
<p><b>Habs</b></p>	<p>The habs hold the massed population of servants and supplicants that keep the imperial palace in working order. Holding a hab offers no real bonus, nonetheless they represent vital ground to be captured and held.</p>

## IMPERIAL PALACE MAP.



# GAME MASTERS TIPS.

A death in the throneroom campaign works best with a gamemaster to add in some unexpected action, keep track of who's secretly working with who, and throw some surprises at any warband that gets a little too far ahead of their opponents.

The events of this campaign take place in a rich and ostentatious environment, so be sure to match the terrain accordingly. Battles taking place in the luxurious pleasure gardens and throneroom of the imperial palace should be filled with rolling fields, strange abstract sculptures, giant monuments and shimmering architecture. Battles taking place in the factories and hubs of the working population should be filled with crowded slums, grinding machinery and precarious walkways. There is really no limit to the kinds of environment one might find within the palace walls - Gladiator pits, tropical forests, rivers filled with luxurious alcohol, seedy nightclubs packed with vice, Recreations of historic architectural wonders - all of these would be perfectly at home on the mish mash world of Neo-Trantor.

As with the terrain, there are no end of strange and dangerous characters loitering around the palace that can be thrown into a game to add some spice or provide extra challenge to a warband on a lucky streak. Assassins from minor some unknown claimant, Escaped zoo animals, protestors or just good old fashioned mutants could all be found dwelling in the depths of the palace.

The same goes for off table roleplay. Between games there is plenty of opportunity for players to form alliances, bargain with each other or explore the environments of the palace. The palace is full of strange antiquities that could provide ample opportunity for warbands to spend their spare credits. What these artifacts do, if anything, is up to you!

Likewise there are many unsavoury types hanging around - muggers, drug dealers, gang bosses - throwing in some random encounters in which a player must fight a smaller battle against some new unknown can be a good way to add variety to a campaign, or provide a struggling warband with opportunity to catch up to their rivals.

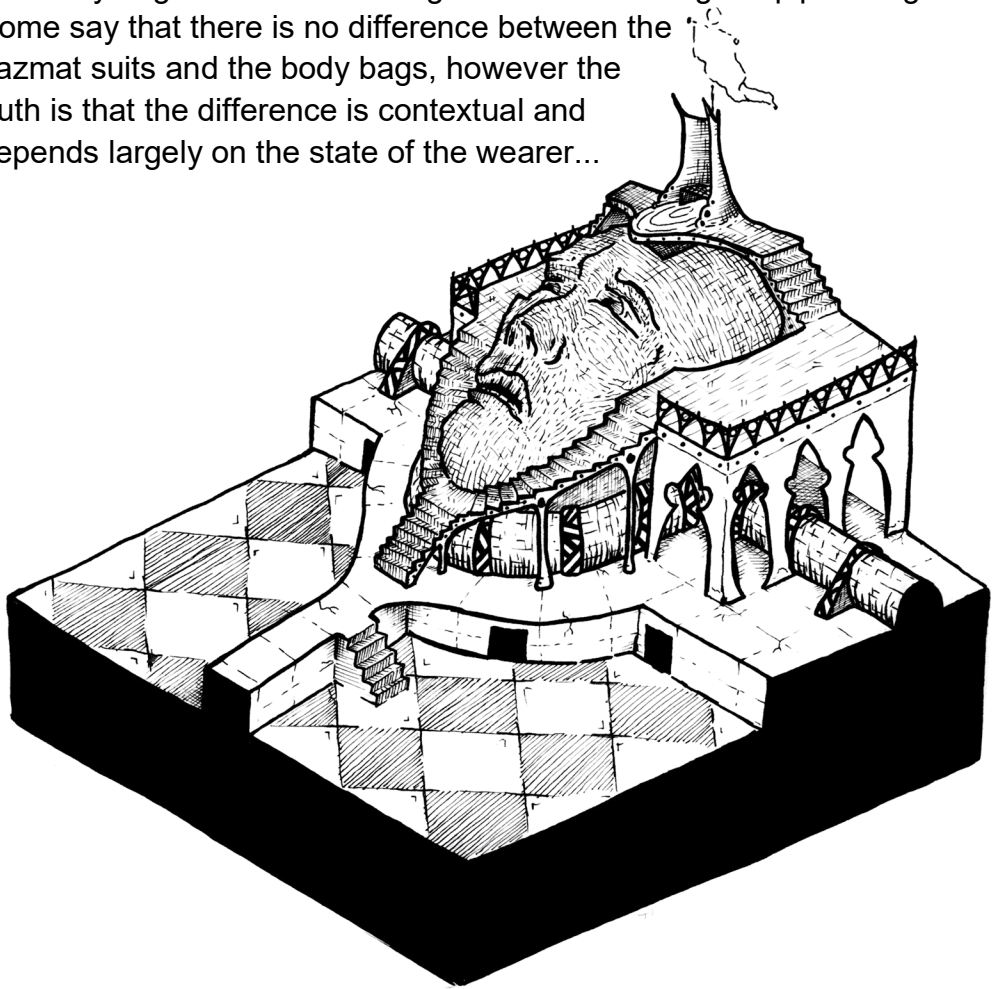
Where possible you should encourage your players to take on the roll of their prospective claimant. Political backstabbing, dirty dealing, supply and demand agreements or simply ganging up on a powerful rival are all great ways to inject some extra narrative flair into your campaign.

Although each game is being played for control of territory on the campaign map, that doesn't mean every game has to be a simple fight to the death - you may find that setting new objectives such as the capturing of a specific building or the slaying of a specific enemy character can help vary the gameplay from one game to another.

Remember that the warbands in this campaign are made up of eccentric court punks fighting for a master they have very little real understanding of, religious zealots, drafted in raw recruits, and simple opportunists. As such you shouldn't be afraid to interfere with a character's warband. At any time feel free to declare that a certain character may have their own goal to pursue during a game—It may be robbing a new luxurious jacket from a bombed out boutique, or getting to the highest point of the battlefield in order to have their prayers heard better - as game master you can set new and frustrating objectives for your players to work around.

An example of the kind of terrain one might find in the imperial palace - This map shows a simple admin office and waiting area, with the customary flags, marble slabs, and of course mandatory solid gold bust of the emperor. This room is a very low status place, lacking the finery and ostentatious trappings of some of the deep palace.

Running through the room is a nuclear heating array, common throughout most large buildings the galaxy over. At regular intervals throughout the day, thermonuclear explosions are set off at the centre of the pipe network, and the resulting supernova is piped through the system to provide a steady flow of warm air in the drafty halls of the palace. On the rare occasion that the pipe network leaks, hazmat suits and body bags are located at regular intervals along the pipes length. Some say that there is no difference between the hazmat suits and the body bags, however the truth is that the difference is contextual and depends largely on the state of the wearer...



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