

USE THIS POINT TO VERIFY THAT YOUR PRINTED FRONT MATCHES ITS PRINTED BACKSIDE BY HOLDING BOTH PAGES AGAINST A BRIGHT SOURCE OF LIGHT. IF YOU SEE ONLY ONE BLACK POINT, THE PAGES WERE PRINTED CORRECTLY.

THESE LINES INDICATE WHERE TO CUT (removing a little of the edges is intended)



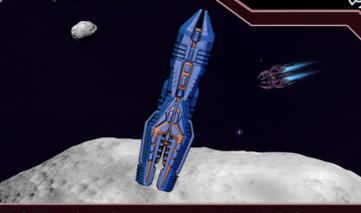
At first, these Lemcor only advertise their Moldmatter, almost extolling it. Yet, when they learn of our journey, they offer to sell us weapons instead. "Prepare yourself", they say.

1G →  or 

2G → 

**Lemcorian Plasma Gun**  
+1 Combat Strength

V · N · - · + · : · = · - · X · || · > · < ·



The Hashrin have a saying: "To truly know a species, one must learn what they despise". It speaks volumes about these people, always measuring provocations, counting grudges. Their calculus is an eternally ruthless one. They will never bask in Goyum's glory.

No Caste-Trader would dispute the high quality of their merchandise though, available in the few places they have opened to others.

1G →  or 



A visit to a Lemcorian dwelling is sure to bring joy to any Caste-Trader's hearts, as their way of living is so much like our own. Void-born, just like us, they live as a Blessed people.

However, this particular settlement's constant widebeam-songs praise its marketplaces to everyone within a ten unimetra radius. Despite our apparent similarities, their vanity seems as boundless as the stars themselves.

2G ↔  or 



Our people have traveled the galaxy for eleven cycles now, almost double the time the Lemcor are even in existence. Yet they have traveled farther than even our boldest clans, encountering civilizations of which we hear faint songs of unknown design at best. We have truly grown far too complacent.

But for all their accomplishments, the Lemcor remain blind to the universal truth of Goyum.

2G ↔  or 



The astrogator of this Zadric freighter offers to sell us some of his more "exclusive" goods. His tightbeams even sing of a Mbo Servitor, befit for a wealthy trader of aeons past.

1G → 

4G → 

**Mbo Cargo Servitor**  
+1 Action per Turn

≠ V · · · || / · + · - · / × < · = > | ×



When the ancient Mbo first established the Galax-Network in a futile attempt to bring order into their fracturing confederacies, they probably never imagined a trade hub such as this one. Cycles after their extinction, their invention still fuels all of galactic commerce, spread into the spiral arms by the Zeudum and adopted by all species known to our clans.

 → 3G

 → 4G



A Caste-Trader simply throws any illegal cargo into a recycler if a patrol vessel such as this one is sighted, loosing a few nano-cycles of acceleration while their crews search our ship. For us travelers, these inspections are but a nuisance. But for countless other Hashrins on their homeworlds and habitats in Slowtime, the interception alone takes a quarter lifetime.

They patrol in the names of the long dead.

**Immediately loose any contraband unless you have the Envoy Mark.**





The presence of short-range carryall indicates that a worldvessel must be close by, probably traveling on a semi-parallel trajectory just some tens of unimetras away at half speed.

We receive only a limited tightbeam-song, a painful rejection stating that "they wish no contact whatsoever with casteless filth".

In the end, they will understand. Steel your hearts, for we must press on.

**No interaction possible.**  
Reveal this card in your travel log without spending an action.



We overtake one of our worldvessels and it stirs painful memories. Many among us had to leave partners and childlings behind to follow their faith. Understanding eluded far too many. Now, they deem us casteless. They curse us clanless.

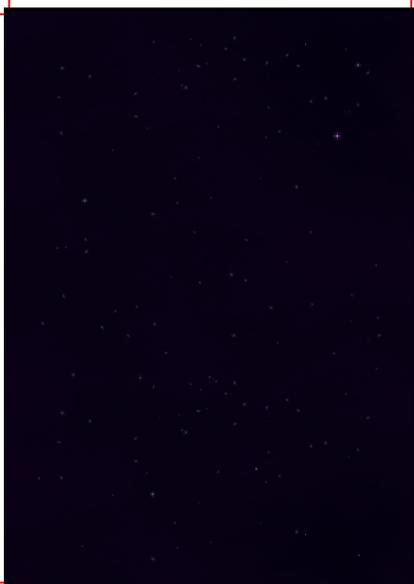
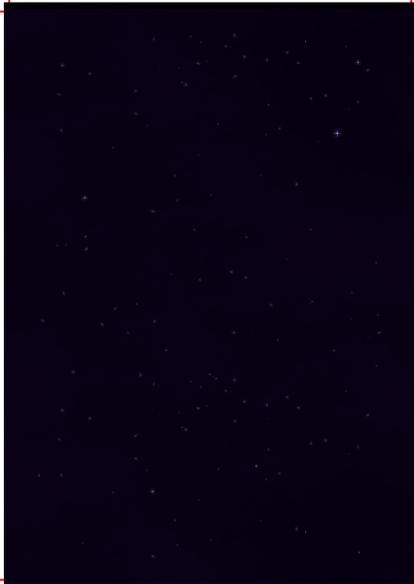
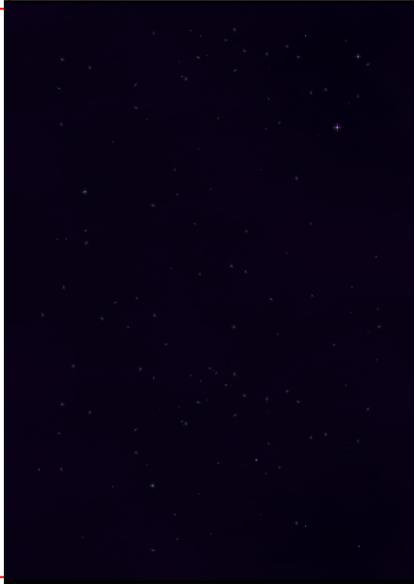
They are wrong. We have overcome their ways. Goyum knows of our sacrifices.

**No interaction possible.**  
Reveal this card in your travel log without spending an action and discard the card after traveling.

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Precisely every 15.938 picocycles, the trade hub's widebeam hits our ship as we approach. Its song lists a near endless set of regulations, rules and mandatory procedures.

The Hashrin's bureaucracy is easily ignored, even by their own kin. The planetbound below have appetites not sanctioned by their laws.

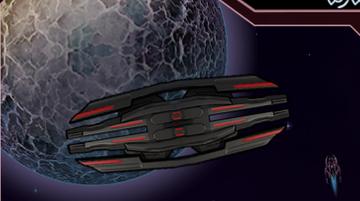
 → 3G  
 → 4G



Calling themselves "Humans", the species first appeared during this cycle, traveling in fragile constructs powered by dangerous antimatter. These vessels can barely maintain half speed, never fully escaping the shackles of Slowtime.

This particular vessel's crew enforces a thinly veiled investigation of our drive, a spying attempt disguised as a cargo inspection. Of course, they learn nothing of use.

 Immediately loose any contraband unless you have the Envoy Mark.



Any rivalries between our clans and the Nistri in cycles past became irrelevant when the Lemcor spread through the voids, rendering our conflict obsolete by their successes.

And yet the sensor readings of their black dwellings still conjure up unpleasant memories for all the elderly among our faithful.

2G ↔  or   
 → 3G



They say that the Nistri forge their alloys from cooled stellar core fragments. Whatever the truth may be, their technology is intriguing, as are the trades this vessel's tightbeams offer.

1G →   
 2G → 

 **Nestic Phasebolt-Cannon**  
 +1 Combat Strength



The Nistri inspectors' search of our vessel is quick and professional. Afterwards, one of the officials makes a rather clandestine proposal: She offers us diplomatic immunity, for a price.

 Immediately loose any contraband you have.

6G → 

 **Envoy Mark of the Nistri**  
 Contraband is allowed



Once a rare sight, the Anzati have appeared in alarming numbers in this cycle. With the Myrmida Monarchy and the Zeudum Tribes locked in bitter war, they see their chance to expand into new spiral arms unopposed.

Once we detect the raiding vessel, we begin altering our trajectory immediately. With so little effective engagement time, their odds of inflicting crippling damage are close to zero.

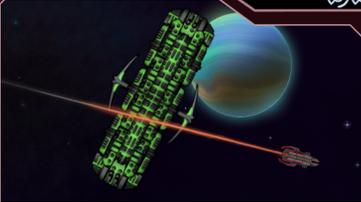
 **Resolve Combat now!**  
 If defeated, take damage and stop traveling.



Raw materials are abundant in the galaxy, as Goyum has willed it. Therefore, synthesising any desired item is simple, as long as you have access to base materials and enough energy. Lacking both while traveling at speed, a vessel requires Moldmatter to satisfy its needs.

Although we never reached their mastery, our civilization was born when our Caste-Shapers learned of Moldmatter from the Hashrin.

1G →  or 



Widespread through all the spiral arms, the syndicates of the Lemcor offer trade, service and their goods to all who can pay in Galax. Their most lethal weaponry is no exception.

2G ↔  or   
 4G → 

 **Lemcorian Plasma Gun**  
 +2 Combat Strength



The incoming freighter sends a tightbeam, boastfully offering to sell us navigational data which chart the voids ahead, regions utterly unfamiliar to our clans. Once, we would have made that offer. Now, the Lemcor eclipse us.

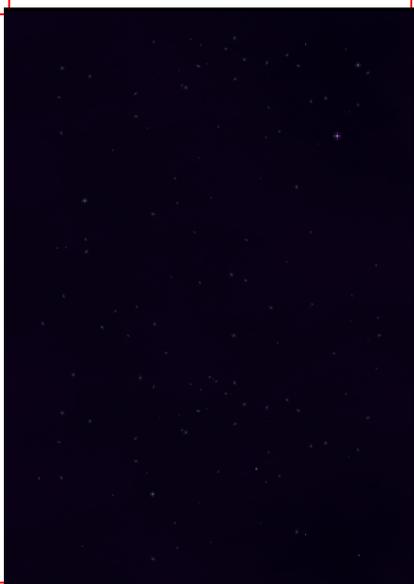
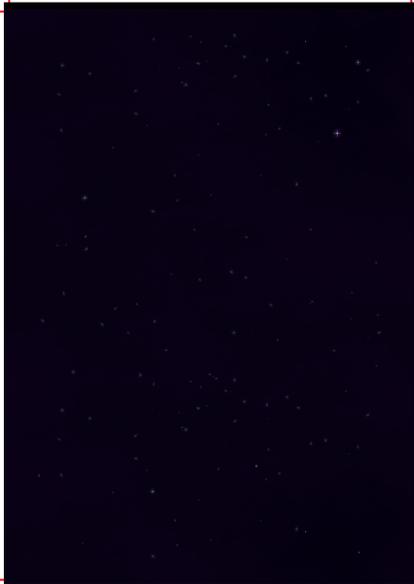
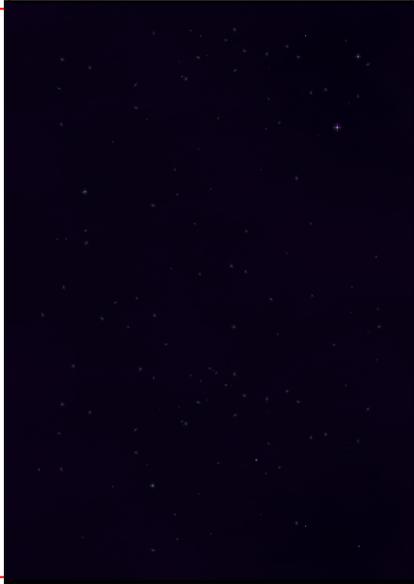
1G → 

Exchange this card with an upcoming one and interact with the new card instead.

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PAGE 3 - FRONTS



Our drive-signature arouses their shipbarons' suspicion at first. But after the freighter's crew confirms that we are not of Zeudum origin, he even offers to sell us military surplus from their cargo holds, among it deadly weaponry. With the Myrmida's defeat in the war looming near, their barons now prioritize their own gain.

1G → 

**Myrmidic Mass Driver**  
+1 Combat Strength



N·I·>X·I· ≡I·Y· ✕·=·Z·:·-·Z



Officially speaking, the Zadri Tribes remain a neutral party in the Zeudum's conflict with the Myrmida. In practice though, they supply their cousins and everyone else who pays enough.

2G →   
3G → 

**Zadric Voidlance**  
+1 Combat Strength



N≠>I·-I·≡A· <Z·:I·>I·≠X·



The Zadri were Void-born long before our people ever reached for the stars. They are the very definition of a Blessed species and their technology is envied by a dozen others.

2G ↔   
5G → 

**Predictive Voidsensorium**  
Look at added Cards



N×A·K·<· N≡A·V·I·<·:· ≡I·Y·

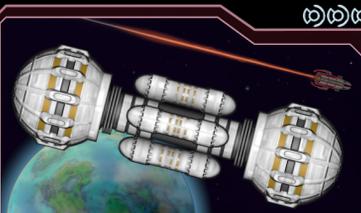


Flailing around like childlings in a cradlebox, the Human species has begun its own feeble attempts of industrializing the voids. In places like this one, they produce the dangerous antimatter which powers their technology.

When our tightbeams sing of Goyum, they fail to understand, even dismissing its holy calling as a mere radio signal. They blaspheme despite being aware of their own primitivity. Goyum will have to be so very patient with them.

**No interaction possible.**  
Reveal this card in your travel log without spending an action.

(2)(2)(2)

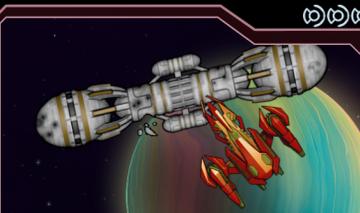


Approaching any Human dwelling is always a risk, considering that they use antimatter to power their vessels and habitats. Our clans have detected multiple annihilation events in this spiral arm in the last millicycle alone.

Despite all that, this habitat is a thriving market place. Apparently, nutritions designed and grown by real humans are the newest fancy of the Myrmida nobility. Consuming sustenance imported from other star systems many unimetras away, it is utter madness.

1G → 

(2)(2)(2)



The Anzati raiders who have violently assumed control over this habitat offer to sell spoils of their past conquests, including humans from their latest prize. Their barbaric customs aside, one item is indeed of interest: A cargo module, likely looted from some Caste-Trader's vessel. A vessel just like our own.

4G → 

**Additional Cargo Hold**  
Carry up to 3 Cargo



>×A· <I·<I·Y·-

(2)(2)(2)



Before receiving their tightbeam, not one among our faithful would have recognized these people as our own. Their old vessel has been modified beyond recognition, its very drive signature altered by foreign technology. Requiring Moldmatter, these casteless propose to trade us one of their empty cargo modules.

2x  → 

**Additional Cargo Hold**  
Carry up to 3 Cargo



>×A· <I·<I·Y·-

(2)(2)



This vessel belongs to one of the rumored Lemcorian Alltraders who conduct business exclusively in the anonymity of the voids. Its tightbeams sing of goods both rare and exotic.

1G →   
5G → 

**Mbo Cargo Servitor**  
+1 Action per Turn



≠V·:·I·I·I·/·I·-·/·X·<· ≡I·Y·X·

(2)(2)(2)



Over the last quartocycle, this Lemcor has been trading with the Zeudum close to the Core and is now travelling rimwards. While she fails to understand our holy mission, the trader is willing to sell her navigational data. The voids ahead have not been visited by our clans in recent cycles and her offer is fair.

5G → 

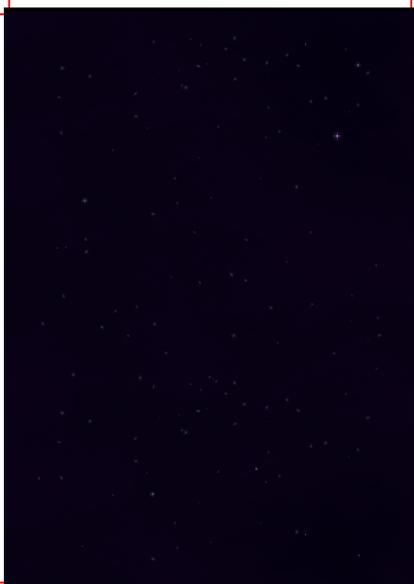
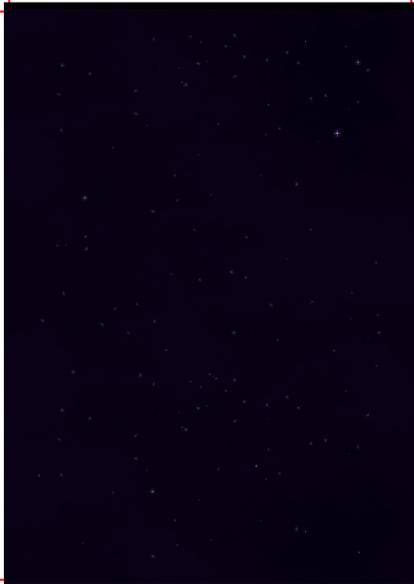
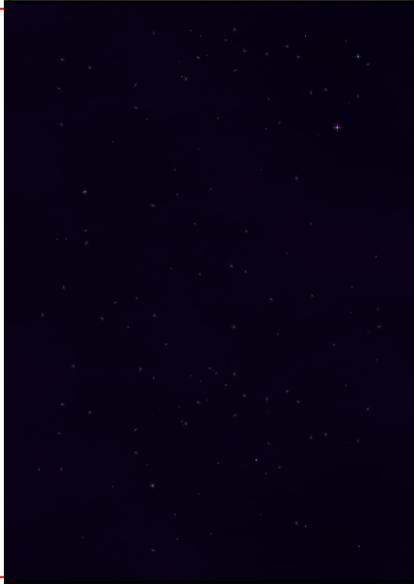
**Look at one Goyum Card in secret, then put it back.**

(2)(2)

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PAGE 4 - FRONTS



With every unimetra traveled, the stars grow more numerous, as do the faint songs we receive of other civilizations. Our clans seldom encounter the Myrmida since they began their war but our travels take us through their voids.

2G ↔  or 

 → 3G

 → 4G



There is no way one can enforce control over a domain so vast as an interstellar one. Like so many other planetbound, the Myrmida refuse this obvious truth. Perhaps these inspections serve as a reassuring gesture for their populations first and foremost, a signal that the Imperatox remains in control.

The Monarchy will fall before the end of this cycle, a fact unchanged by a show of force.

 Immediately loose any contraband unless you have the Envoy Mark.



The Anzati freighter's captain seems eager to trade and offers us both his goods as well as his artificers' help in upgrading our inertia suppressors. Considering the vessel's uncanny acceleration potential, their skill is evident.

2G → 

5G → 

**Flip your vessel card.**  
(This provides an upgrade. You can never repeat this effect.)



In cycles past, the thought of a Myrmidian trade hub with not a single Zeudum vessel docked would have been unimaginable. None are present now and the hub's widebeams only sing ill tidings of the ongoing conflict.

2G ↔  or 

 → 3G

 → 4G



The Zadir Tribes' factories produce sheer endless amounts of Moldmatter and their freighters roam every spiral arm of the galaxy. And yet, it has become much more valuable due to the war and their astrogator knows this.

3G → 

1G → 

**You will lead the next turn.**



This dreadnought's shipduke contacts us via tightbeam, hoping to purchase Moldmatter from us. Alternatively, he is willing to barter enemy weaponry obtained from their last kill.

 → 2G

 → 

**Zeudum Disruptor**  
+2 Combat Strength

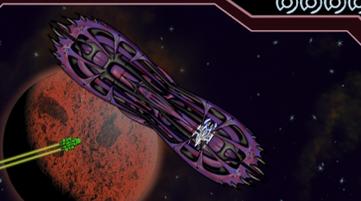


These Zeudum board our vessel to verify that we are not carrying any Myrmida. When they learn of our goals, they offer to overhaul our inertia suppressors if we provide the materials.

Immediately loose any contraband unless you have the Envoy Mark.

 or  → 

**Flip your vessel card.**  
(This provides an upgrade. You can never repeat this effect.)

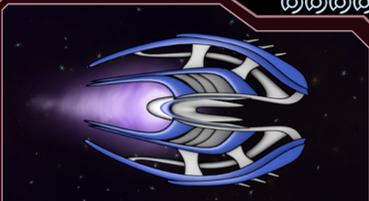


The Zadir's superior sensor technology would surely detect any action taken by the Myrmida against this factory. Stopping their support of the Zeudum fleets is therefore too great a risk.

2G ↔  or 

6G → 

**Zadic Recuperator**  
Damage Protection



We receive a tightbeam, singing the request for Moldmatter. In return, these Zeudum are prepared to pay either in Galax or to barter enemy weaponry obtained from their last kill.

 → 2G

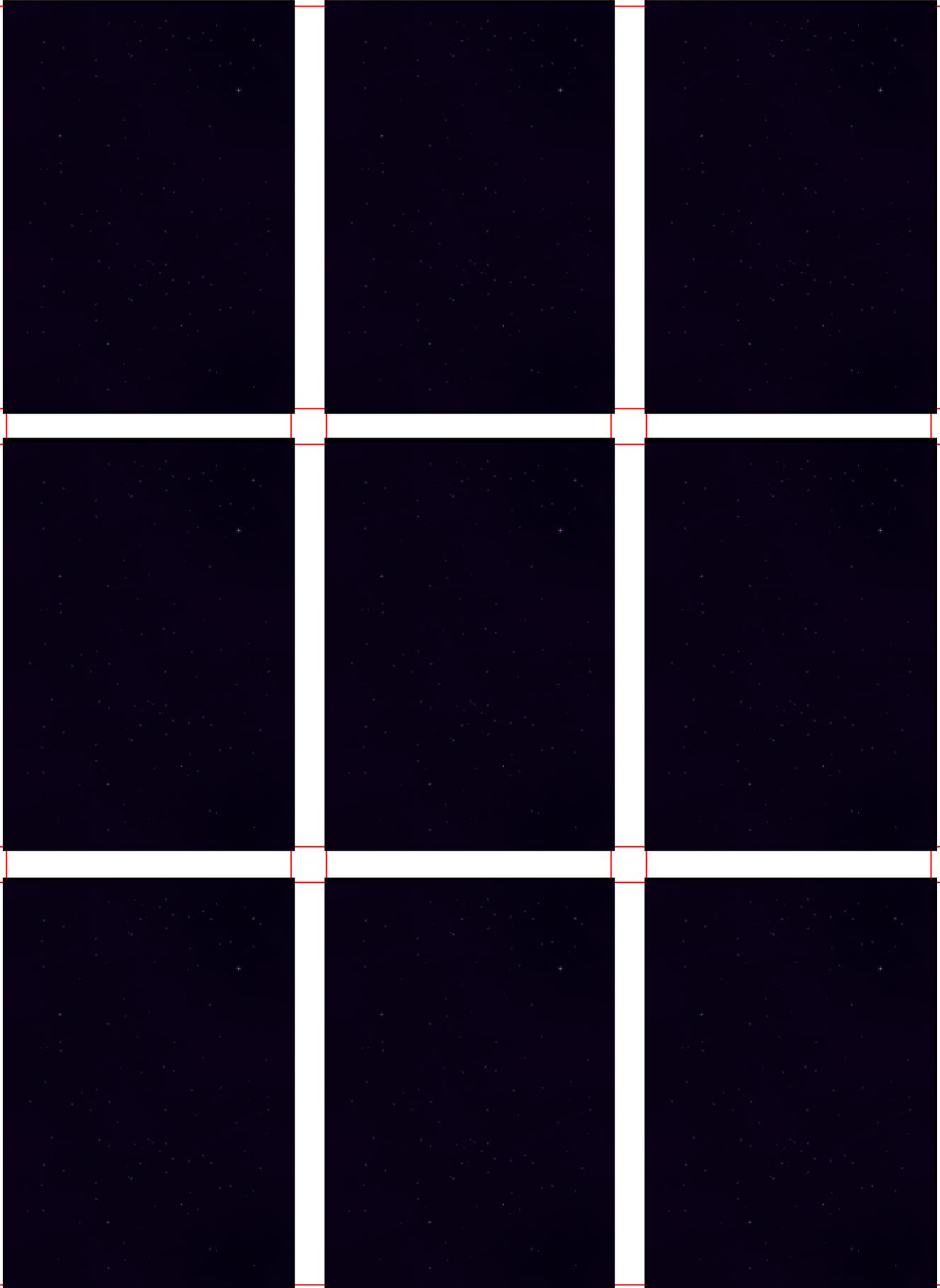
 → 

**Myrmidic Mass Driver**  
+2 Combat Strength

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Despite the threat of worldcrackers traveling at speed, many Myrmida including their nobility have chosen to remain planetbound on their homeworlds, terribly vulnerable.

Each millicycle, one more world is ripped open and yet they remain stubborn. And Goyum can only weep for the loss of its childlings.

1G ↔ [Myrmida] or [Zeudum] → 3G

[Starburst] → 3G



When the ancient Mbo layed the foundation of the Galax-Network, the Tribes of the Zeudum and the Zadir were the first to join. This Zeudum trade hub alone is older than the very first cell which birthed our people.

2G ↔ [Myrmida] or [Zeudum]

[Myrmida] → 3G

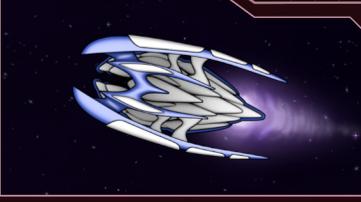
[Eye] → 4G



During our approach, there is a moment in which all widebeams received from the system suddenly cease to sing. Due to Slowtime's effects, they quickly resume, reporting that Myrmidian fleets have repelled the attackers at great cost and that salvage is now for sale.

1G → [Starburst]

When this card would become an upcoming card, discard it instead.



Propelled by principles unknown to us, the elegant freighters, haulers and transports of the Zeudum brought works of art and wonder to a dozen species, including our own. Even now, with the oldest among all Blessed being forced to fight in a bloody conflict, their vast knowledge of the voids knows no bounds.

6G → [Red cube]

Look at one Goyum Card in secret, then put it back.



We reach a large Zeudum trade hub offering a plethora of services. Dwellings like this one could be found in all the spiral arms until the Myrmida destroyed multiple habitats two cycles ago in the opening stages of the war.

2G ↔ [Myrmida]

3G ↔ [Zeudum]

[Eye] → 1G



Likely intending to prey on Zeudum supply vessels leaving the center of their territory near the Core, these Anzati raiders alter their trajectory the moment they detect us. We imagine they are disappointed when their instruments reveal that we are not Zeudum. Given their superior acceleration potential, the only reason why the probability of our total destruction remains low is that they expected to attack a transport journeying rimwards.

[Starburst] Resolve Combat now! If defeated, take damage and stop traveling.



This region of the voids has a high density of stellar bodies, hindering navigation even at only half speed due to their utterly erratic trajectories. Our sensor readings of this region might even fetch a good price later on.

The scriptures spoke of this moment, for "to reach holy Goyum, thou shall endure the wall of suns and its brilliant radiosity".

We near our journey's end.

[Starburst] Immediately increase your funds by 1 Galax.



The beauty of the Zeudum Voidcities has been described in many a song over the cycles but not even our Caste-Coryphs of old could claim to have seen such a wonder with their own eyes. We have almost reached the Core.

2G ↔ [Starburst]

3G ↔ [Zeudum]

[Eye] → 1G



This region of the voids has a high density of stellar bodies, hindering navigation even at only half speed due to their utterly erratic trajectories. Our sensor readings of this region might even fetch a good price later on.

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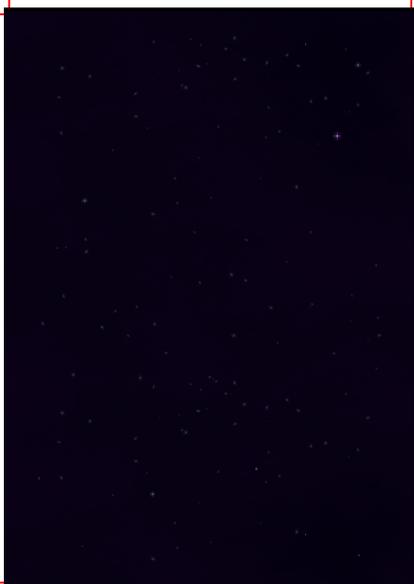
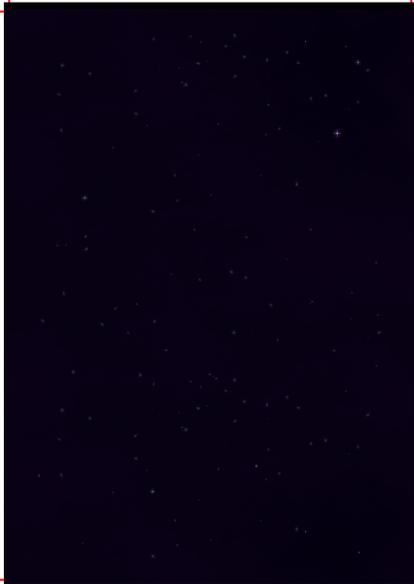
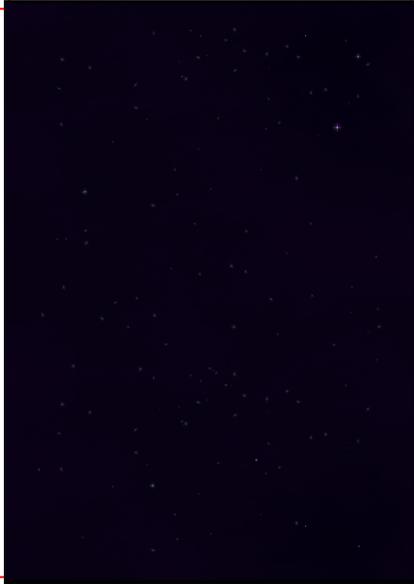
We near our journey's end.

[Starburst] Immediately increase your funds by 1 Galax.

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GOYUM BECKONS!

*We have heeded the signs. We are here. The faithful commune on the observation deck and gaze upon its holy magnificence. One among our believers, a Caste-Shaper long ago in a society we left behind, receives a divine vision. It speaks to us:*

AS YOU MOLD THE WILLING MATTER, I SHALL REMOLD MY CREATION WHOLE.

2x  → END THE JOURNEY

GOYUM BECKONS!

*When the presaged time came, we did not falter. We sacrificed all to heed its call. Now, we gather and observe the most holy. One of us who was once a Caste-Gardener, long ago when we were with our clans, receives a divine vision. It speaks to us:*

ONLY LIVING THINGS CAN SERVE AS THE CATALYST OF YOUR TRANSFORMATION.

2x  → END THE JOURNEY

GOYUM BECKONS!

*When it called, we boarded this vessel, freeing us of all past shackles and demands. And now, our faith has been rewarded. Together, we look towards its holy guise. One among us, a Caste-Crafter so terribly long ago, receives a divine vision. It speaks:*

I WILL BIRTH NEW LIFE FROM INERT MASS, FOR LIFELESSNESS IS THE ORIGIN OF ALL.

2x  → END THE JOURNEY

*The vessel is of unknown design and sings no answer after we direct our tightbeam towards it. Aside from detecting the usual energy spikes that occur when a vessel hits a random atom while it travels at speed through the voids, we fail to pick up a single emission from the craft, not even a drive signature or some sparse thermal radiation. Their trajectory remains non-threatening.*

*We find comfort in the knowledge that all beings are true childlings of holy Goyum. It shelters all forms of life, known to us or not.*

No interaction possible.

*When we identified the widebeam's song as being Hashrin in origin, we could scarcely believe it. None knew that members of that species had ventured out so far corewards.*

*Judging from the amount of vessels present, this dwelling seems to be thriving market place, attracting the interest of many a trader.*

2G ↔  or 

3G → 

GALAX


VESSEL UPGRADES:

GOYUM

DISCARD:

GALAX


VESSEL UPGRADES:

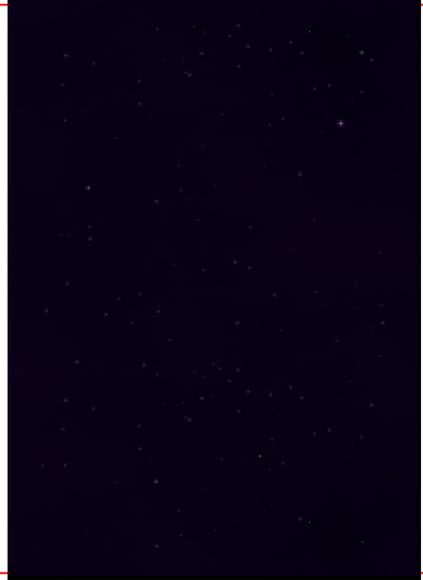
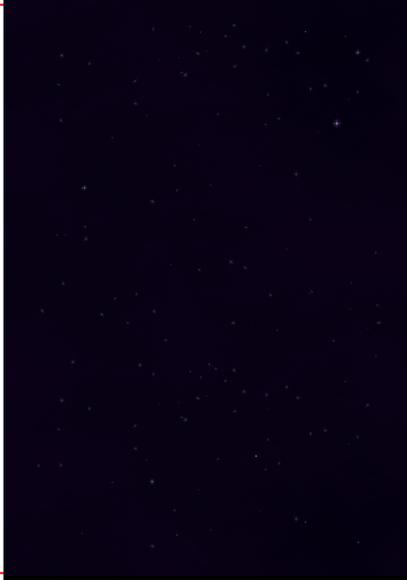
GALAX


VESSEL UPGRADES:

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GALAX

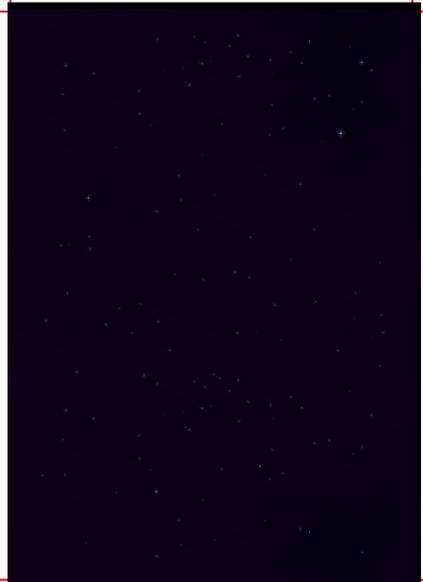
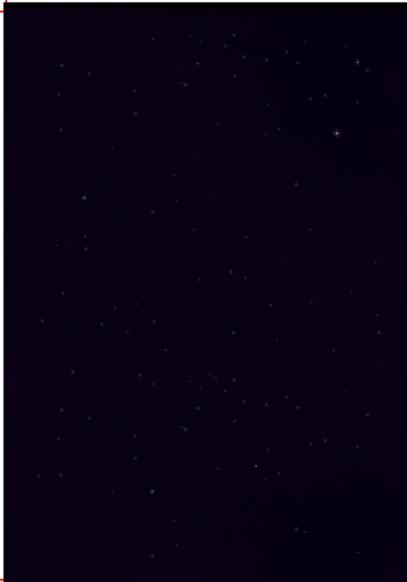






**VESSEL UPGRADES:**  
*Tuned Inertia Suppressor*  
1+ Card each Turn

>+N<- P±X FHV≡H



GALAX







**VESSEL UPGRADES:**  
*Tuned Inertia Suppressor*  
1+ Card each Turn

>+N<- P±X FHV≡H

GALAX







**VESSEL UPGRADES:**  
*Tuned Inertia Suppressor*  
1+ Card each Turn

>+N<- P±X FHV≡H

