THE SYSTEM

- *Eclipse Phase* uses a d100/percentile system. It's fast, simple and streamlined so players can immerse themselves in the setting without being burdened by complex rules.
- Characters are skill-based, with no classes, but customizable templates provide recognizable roles and sample builds for new players.
- A unique set of psi rules strongly tied to the storyline provides subtle but potent enhancements for some characters.

FOR PLAYERS

- Join Firewall, a cell structure conspiracy that seeks to save transhumanity—at any cost. Alternately, play a character with their own agenda.
- Switch your body at need, from genetically-modified transhumans to synthetic robotic shells, optimizing your form for specific missions.
- Back up your character's mind and be restored from backup in case of death—a built-in system of "save points" and near-immortality.

FOR GAMEMASTERS

- The setting is our solar system in the post-Singularity future. Challenge your players with deadly political intrigues on Venus & Mars, high-tech dungeon crawls aboard derelict space stations, mind-scarring encounters with alien enigmas, and dangerous exploration of worlds beyond our system via wormhole gates.
- Build stories with an eclectic assortment of intriguing factions, from techno-anarchists to ruthless hypercorps, from soul-trading criminals to uplifted animals.
- Choose from a range of NPC antagonists, including rogue AIs and their mechanical servitors, vicious posthuman factions, alien merchants with an unknown agenda, and transhumans infected and transformed by the virulent Exsurgent virus.

ECLIPSE PHASE

I'm transhuman. Last week I was clanking around in a reaper combat synth geared up with plasma weaponry and a mean yen for particle beam gunplay. Next week I'll be downloading into a covert ops body with lidar vision and gills for a mission in the dark subcrustal seas of Europa. Tonight I'm hitting a gala in a sylph body with eidetic memory and perfect breasts. My bodies are customizable; just another tool in my arsenal.

I'm transhuman. I own a flying car, I can access any network in the solar system with a thought, I can overlay reality with any skin I please, and my best friend is my personal AI muse. I don't worry about death, because my ego is backed up and insured. I don't care about my bank account, because who needs money when you can nanofabricate anything from the molecules up? What my network of contacts thinks of me is far more important than any balance sheet.

I'm transhuman. I live in a time half an hour past transcendence, five minutes shy of extinction o'clock. I survived the ecological destruction, the water wars, the breakdown of old nations in the face of the new. More, I survived the singularity: the renegade AIs, the autonomous war machines, the forced uploads, the death cries of billions.

I'm transhuman. I was there when we ceded Earth to whatever-it-was that our technology awakened. From the glittering sprawls of the Martian canyons, to the cloud cities of Venus, from the deep space metropoli of the Trojans to the exoplanet colonies reached via wormhole gates, I've mastered the physical universe. But that which nearly destroyed us, a tumor in the fabric of reality, persists in an ominous eclipse phase like a bomb with an unseen timer. If we're to survive, it must be sought out, understood, and eliminated. The alternative is extinction, final and certain.

I'm transhuman, and I'm living on borrowed time.