

OVERVIEW

Welcome to the Lost Age! Here you will enter the mythic land of Khem, an untamed world where belief shapes all things, strange new creatures dwell, and the legends of new heroes wait to be forged.

Players will take on the role of a hero fighting strange creatures, discovering forgotten lore, exploring lost places, and building their legend.

Game Masters (GMs) will command a world with all the building blocks to create mysterious monsters, exotic locales, and adventures worthy of myths. Together, players and GMs will embroider upon the world of the Lost Age, where every setback and triumph adds to the tapestry of the world and makes it their own.

Using this book

The easiest way to learn the game is to create a character. Continue reading to character creation and look up rules and concepts in the sections as they occur. To jump to the rules, finish this overview then read the Basic Rules, Combat Rules, and Equipment sections. Both types of magic build on the preceding chapters and should be looked at after understanding each chapter. GM's should also review Running the Game, Magic Items, and Enemies section before playing. To learn more about the setting read the Gods, Land, and History of Khem sections.

Additional resources are available at TheLostAgeRPG.com including character sheets, six pre-generated iconic characters, and an adventure for those who wish for a more guided experience.

Things You Need

- 6-sided and 10-sided dice (d6 & d10).
- pencils & paper
- a game master (GM)
- 4–6 players
- miniatures or tokens
- hex or grid play mat

The TEN System

The heroic characters of the Lost Age are brought to life by the TEN system which emphasizes resource management, tactical choices, and character progression. Players will take on the role of heroic characters who are a cut above the average. They will be rolling dice, spending resources,

and tracking points. All the while, the GM strives to create engaging encounters that require players to make meaningful choices, solve interesting tactical puzzles, and craft evocative roleplaying situations.

In other games have you ever felt like fighting colossal dragons or skilled swordfighter boiled down to beating on a giant sack of hit points for two hours? The TEN system brings the magic back to these tense set piece combats where tactics and communication between players is important. It features fluid rules for movement and attacks, as well as robust systems for attacking specific locations known as called shots.

The World

The Lost Age, is set on a mythic planet, called Isspera. Isspera is a place where belief creates power and gods vie for every worshipper and wage an unending struggle to convert and keep those of their faith.

The Land of Khem

Khem is similar to our own ancient Middle East and is filled with mystery and legend. Ancient ruins are built around places of power, where the boundary between the realm of mortals and the realm of the gods is thin. Great miracles and twisted creatures issue forth from these places, and both are sought out by god and man alike.

The People of Khem

Three great cultures stand on the bones of an ancient empire. The human Thakir (Tha-keer) sail out from their great cities in search of knowledge and trade. The bat-like Kah (Kaw) seek to preserve their ancient heritage and confront their dark kin. The animalistic Bwuhir (bw-uh-here) pursue balance in nature and civilization, while taming their wild homeland.

The technology available to the people of Khem is like that practiced between the late Bronze Age (1,100 BC) and the early Iron Age (600 BC). The gods bend the laws of physics for their followers, enabling them to create and build well beyond their own knowledge.

Magic

The gods rely on their worshiper's belief for their power. In return, devotees of a god are granted spells to inspire

others to convert. Additionally, some gifted philosophers use their education and will to create spells without the aid of any god.

Characters

Each character has their own motivations, background, and approach to solving problems. As a hero, you will have goals that will further flesh out your character and provide you with unique ways to gain experience and skills. As you increase in level you will gain new goals or reinforce old ones. This allows players and GMs to shape both the characters' and campaign's objectives for best effect.

Key Concepts

Time

The Lost Age is tactical role-playing game. As a group you may skip over large chunks of time while travelling, roleplay in real time with non-player characters (NPCS), or slow down time during combat encounters.

Success Checks

Players will roll a d10 whenever determining actions under stress. You must meet or beat a target number to succeed. Target numbers (TN) are set by the GM, with 7 as a rough starting TN.

Levels

Levels are how experienced and powerful a character is. Each level characters receive points to increase their traits and skills. Every 5th level they achieve a milestone, which grants additional benefits.

Traits

Traits are a measure of your character's physical and mental capacity. Each of the five traits grant bonuses to related activities and corresponds to a location on the body. Each is also made up of trait points. Damage is taken from these points or spent to provide additional bonuses and activate skills.

Daring

Daring is grit, chutzpah, or heroic intent. You may use Daring to reroll a failed Success Check.

Skills

Skills can be training, special abilities, and magic. Skills are linked to a trait which they cannot exceed.

Sample Skills

Taunt—Enemies receive a penalty to hit anyone but you.

Devotion (Mu)—Grants the Life and Stout magic Spheres

Talents

Talents are experiences or knowledge that require special circumstances to increase.

Environment—Places you have inhabited. Grants bonuses in those places.

Vocation—Training and life experience. Grants bonuses doing those things.

Ranks

Every ten points in a trait, skill, or talent is a Rank. A Rank is a plateau of power. All three grant situational bonuses or unlock activated powers.

Action Points

Action points (AP) represent how fast you are. 1 AP equals one meter (1m) of movement. All measurements are derived from 1 AP.

Miscellaneous

Rounding—During calculations, round down whenever possible.

Rule Conflicts—General rules are trumped by specific rules, such as those in skills.

Measurements—All measurements are presented in metric.

Example

1 cm = 0.4 inches

1 m = 1 yard

1 km = 0.6 miles

1 AP = 1m

1000 AP = 1km

Sorme's Tale

Sorme arrived home early from her studies with Mardokh, master rhetorist and Grand Channeler of Relang. She was proud of herself for mastering the lesson early, and she was excited to share her success with her father. Bardisan was the Archon of Relang and, like his daughter, rarely had a moment to spare in the evening, attending to civil matters late into the night. To her surprise, he was not in his study, but she could see the flicker of lamplight under the curtained door to the sitting room.

Pushing through, she felt suddenly ill. There was a faint, unpleasant smell, like spices and spoiled meat. Lying on the ground was a sputtering lamp resting on its side in a pool of oil. It was only luck that the room wasn't already aflame. Sorme quickly righted it, stepping past. She could hear whispers in a crude, unfamiliar dialect of the kah. Punctuating these utterances were horrid, wet ripping noises. Sorme flung the door open and recoiled.

Inside, spread about the room, was meat. Red and wet and fresh, it was all neatly sectioned and portioned out, some wrapped in little cloth bundles. In the corner of her father's bedchamber crouched two fowl beings, whispering conspiratorially. They were kah, but of a sort she had never seen, with cruel maws of sharp, ripping teeth bedecked with bone and hands ending in long, precise talons. These had clearly been used to dissect her father.

The larger, more muscular of the two was clothed in an intricate pattern of interwoven hide bands decorated with grizzly trophies and was cradling what remained of her father—his torso and head—in his sinewy arms. The shorter of the pair appeared older, gaunt, and female, draped in robes of tattered cloth covered in whorls of hand-painted symbols and festooned with obscene bone fetishes. She was calmly feeding slices of meat and bone into the flames of a small brazier erected upon the stone of the floor.

Taking this in, Sorme reeled through emotions in blinding succession. Fear. Terror. Grief. This gave way to an almost uncontrollable, burning rage. These creatures were kah, but they were no cousins of hers. These were the Ashkin, the Sum-Kah. Murderers.

As Sorme entered, their heads snapped simultaneously up to regard her, glaring. Suddenly, the larger of the two reached into the brazier with bloody hands, gathering ash and wiping

the mixture across his chest and face in a simple pattern and rising. They both strode toward her, sneering and mocking with a predatory, chattering laughter. The larger unlimbered his bone hatchet.

Sorme wanted to let go. She had never felt anger like this, and she wanted to unleash its raw fury upon the beasts that had done this terrible thing. A fire began to crackle within her. At the last moment, though, she remembered the words of Master Mardokh, "For the rhetorist, any emotion can be a trap. Once you have learned to use logic to enact your will upon the world, losing control can mean disaster, both for you and those near you." She would mourn her father, but in private, once the matter of the Ashkin was dealt with. She compressed all her whirling emotions into a fine, brilliant mote deep inside, just as Mardokh had taught her.

In the void left behind by her now-condensed emotion, there was no time. Time seemed to drag. She affirmed that her will was her intent. In her dispassion, she remembered the fallen Ashkin, noted now the strong smell of lamp oil in this chamber, contrasting against the smell of blood. Her gaze flicked down to the hem of the female Ashkin's robe and saw a dark oil stain there. She reached out to the space between things, where all potential waits and pronounced her irrefutable will, feeling its echoes reverberate outward. The liquid instantly began to agitate, and what came next was only logical: in one instant there was a robed figure, and the next an inferno of burning oil, robes, and flesh.

The Ashkin flung itself away from her, maddened shrieks giving way to plaintive gurgles as it reached toward its companion, before its ruin came to rest upon the floor as its body quickly burned away to scattered ash and greasy bone. Sorme was yet in her emotionless trance, unable to enjoy her victory. Her cold gaze rose to regard the remaining intruder. It must have sensed her intent in that gaze, because it turned toward the window, quickly gathering up the bundles of flesh and fled, leaping with graceful ease out into the benighted city.

Sorme calmly launched herself from the window, reaching out again to the space between. Pulling the molecules of water from the air to freeze solid beneath her feet, her momentum turning into a brisk jog across previously empty air as ice rained to the streets below in her wake. She could see the

Ashkin a building ahead. Impossibly fast, its sinuous body bent forward as it loped along on all fours, climbing, and running at once, its claws catching every crack to outdistance her. Even in her loathing, she was awed by this grace in motion. She darted after across the flat, worked stone rooftops of Relang, expanding her icy bridge as needed.

Quickly she realized she would never catch it unaided, so she reached out once more, thinking to mire it in ice. But she had nothing left and felt a vast weight replace the comforting numbness she had surrounded herself with. Her body felt drained and sluggish, her muscles barely obeying her. She despaired as she saw the Ashkin reach the edge of a distant building, its form was just a black outline as it passed over the lip of a far rooftop, fading into the dark of night.

There, alone, Sorme finally allowed herself to cry. Once she regained some semblance of composure, however, she knew what she must do, and moved with all haste toward the temple.

Brilliant moonlight casting his craggy features into deeper relief and emphasizing the exhaustion of being awoken suddenly in the night, High Priest Ēnu listened patiently to Sorme's breathless tale.

He finally spoke, "The Sum-Kah are often treated as bogey men for children, but as you now know they are very real. I have heard the tales of corpse theft and butchery, but never within the walls of the city. Someone directed this assassination. By your leave, I will accompany you to the oracle of Deep-Nerah, hidden in Essith, the first forest. I will call upon Hanu the swordsman. He is reliable and, most importantly, he owes me a favor. We will depart with the rays of the sunrise. Come, there are many preparations to attend to."



KONIK CHARACTERS

The incense and chanting of the Sirith swirled around the top of the chamber where Dal knelt, blurring his vision, and turning his limbs to stone. As the ritual continued a priest in an ornate serpent's helm and a brilliant dagger emerged from the gloom...

Abandoned in the Thana wastes as a child, Dal spent his early life fighting and scavenging. As he grew in strength and determination he became self-sufficient but longed for friendly contact. Bereft of the gentling influence of others Dal has grown into a hard, sullen man. Around others he is constantly vying to display his strength and prowess, even when unnecessary. Dal is deeply concerned with protecting others he sees as weaker than himself. Although he believes everyone is weaker than he is.

Dal is impressed by those who practice magic, as they appear weak but are quite mighty. He is not pious but worships Ergol, the god of war and strength, in his own way.

Dal wields an ancient Sirith sacrificial dagger and wears a matching ceremonial helm. Otherwise his equipment is scavenged, mismatched, and handmade. He has extensive knowledge of the Thana wastes and has learned to survive in the difficult desert environment. Dal has been sharpened by his hard life. He has seen strange sights and stranger creatures in the wastes many of which he has taken as trophies of his victories.

Dal Da-ior

After hunting down the raiders for three days he finally found their den. The collapsed ruins of a great beast with a crumbling temple built around it. Entering was not an easy matter for foul creatures had taken up residence where the raiders had not. But he had reached the upper tier of an eldritch ritual chamber and saw the captives several floors below. They were bedraggled, trail weary, and cruelly bound.



Eirene

Eirene whispered a prayer to Mu as she peered into the meeting hall of her small village. Her eyes misted with tears as she saw the three raiders binding her friends and neighbors. Drawing her whip, she burst into the room. The first cracks disarmed two henchmen, the third disarmed O-lana, the traitorous kah who lead the raiders...

...O-lana gasped as she jerked awake. Eirene held her gently but firmly down. "Don't move, that fall nearly killed you stranger. I've splinted your leg and prayed to Mu for your recovery. You are lucky I was here to minister her blessings."

...Eirene swung with her twin daggers as she screamed "What you have done here is unforgivable O-lana! I will not have my people enslaved and murdered.

...O-lana held her hand as they embraced. Eirene was happy. O-lana was mended and her own heart had grown full as well. Their future together looked bright.

...She placed the six tablets flat upon the ground. Each bearing a name and an invocation to Mu. placing the last tablet Eirene whispered a prayer, knelt, and kissed the name etched there. "O-Lana".

Eirene grew up in the shadow of Mt. Sirgo and found purpose in the teachings of Mu. As she grew wise in the way of the world she practiced the warrior's arts to better protect those under her care.



She is filled with a sense of purpose and cares deeply for those that are abandoned or enslaved. Eirene enjoys befriending those she meets and when confronted with wickedness she first attempts to parlay before resorting to more savage means.

In combat Eirene wields two twin daggers or her signature whip, which she uses to disarm the unwary. She also wears a relic of green stone around her neck that is dedicated to Mu.



El-Ondra

They called me 'great horn' when I first joined the Cerulean Sails. I don't think they understood I was a woman. Haha! They didn't seem to care much either way once the arrows came flying or the archne hawks attacked. My shield was always in need back then. They were good times for the company and good times for me. But good times can't always last, that's what Gun-Ragar teaches anyhow. And they didn't.

When I returned home with a fat purse and stories to tell, all I found were burned-out husks of what used to be my home and family. The terras burned it all.

Oh of course I found them. That's when I lost my horn. It took nearly two weeks and most of my coin hiring some stout hunters and trackers, but I found them... I can still hear the crackling. Like Gun Ragar teaches, the lowest flames have the fiercest heat. I'm like that.

El-Ondra is a doughty nalar warrior who has seen several great battles and guarded the lifes of many important people. She started her long career as a mercenary in a free trading company out of Yasa but when she returned she was greeted by her home destroyed and her friends and family dead. After taking vengeance on the terras who were responsible, she moved from employer to employer as a bodyguard, protecting those that needed it or were too weak to do so for themselves.

El-Ondra is stoic in demeanor but from time to time will surprise her companions by producing a surprising anecdote or bawdy joke. She is slow to anger but will challenge anyone to an honor duel if the slight to her or her friends is great.

El-Ondra wields a simple club and a massive shield using both to batter foes. She also wears a pounded iron disc dedicated to Gun Ragar. A sign of her dedication to her chosen god.

Kengu

*I call them my people,
but did I choose them?
No. But I prayed for
something better.
Better than the
sweltering desert.
Better than the
stinking gladiator pit.
Better than rituals
to a lifeless god. She
heard my prayers and
delivered me from
Kufiss.*

*We always knew the
depths of the Singers
blood lust. Most rarely
felt it. They reserved
that for those we
captured and brought
back to the great
slaughter pits. One
death as necessary as the
next and all was for the
revival of Sum.*

*Some said I was the
best warrior, but the
Singers didn't say
so. They saw only a
ritual executioner.
One victory as good
as another to cull
weakness from the
Sum-Kah. Or so they
said after culling my
tribe.*

*I was finished with the
defilement. So I set those to be sacrificed
free. We ran to the forbidden rivers edge in the shadows of
the great ziggurats. I prayed and my Lady Jueera answered.
With her aid I smote those the Singers sent to kill us and we
escaped, borne to safety by the currents and a strange priest
named Chiriff.*

*I cut away the tattoos of my victories and cleansed them with
the salt water of Jueera. I found peace, and I know it is my
destiny to bring peace to my people. So they too may pray for
something better.*



Kengu is a calculating leader and patient fighter. He excels at feathering his enemies from afar with his bow or closing to personally deal death with his bronze dagger.

His scarred exterior belies his serene attitude and steady conviction. Kengu is convinced he is destined to begin the reconciliation of the Sum-Kah with the rest of Khem. He is firm when tested and eager to speak of his life among the Sum-Kah, to better exhibit their plight.



Merlath

If you ask about me at my old lyceum they'll tell you I couldn't comprehend "the deeper mysteries." What a load of Keras dung. See, I understand the greater truth. They went in the wrong direction, thinking that bending the elements was The Way.

Dal, the real truth is that this world has rules. Rules about living and dying, gods and mortals. And I intend to bend those rules to my will for keeps.

You know they already consider me a god in that little town outside Lidon? I rubbed some sticks together and threw around some flash powder. I convinced 'em I was the Bwubir god of trickery re-risen. Amazing what a little applied science can produce, huh?

I mean anyhow they aren't far wrong. Near as I can tell, I'm halfway there. Becoming a god is one part convincing yourself you can and the other is convincing everyone else. Work the angles right and people start doing that on their own!

See Dal, your problem is your too stern, you've gotta be like me. Talk to people, introduce yourself, you know be personable.

Smile more at least would ya?

Merlath is a fast talking prindu who isn't afraid to fight with his javalins, but prefers to get others to dirty their hands for him. He has an appearance of ragged finery, dressing as a learned scholar fallen on hard times. His dress and manner disguise confidence and a resolve of iron.

Merlath experienced a profound realization in his studies: no act of creation would ever be wholly attributed to its creator and that a god would always share the spot light. He is convinced that to create and inspire those after him, he must ascend to godhood. He uses his philosopher's education to create powders and special effects to awe and confuse at need. He is also quite good at orating and convincing others of his "correct" position.



Zee-la

I don't know why she failed the test of Fa-Shuk, we groomed her for success. She had all the best teachers, attended every service to Mu, and kept immaculate faith with her. Yet she turned from Mu and left for the lyceum, on Gurn of all places. She returned only once after years of study at the knees of the philosophers. She showed me what it is they teach in the so-called Logisticians Order: perverse magic and control over the elements of the earth, not even gifted to the most pious of Mu's followers.

How she could have chosen this route for herself is beyond me... Of course, a Mata is not without compassion, especially for her daughter kin, and assuredly not without resources. I have sent hunters and hired mercenaries to follow her and keep an eye on her. Both for her protection and to protect our good name. Do not worry daughter, your sister will come around in time and see that she need only come back to Mu and the Deep, then all will be forgiven.

Zee-La is a driven woman, strong willed and well educated in all subjects and quite capable with bow and spear. She is respectful to the gods but keeps her distance, sure in what she wants and willing to work and sacrifice to achieve those ends. Winning praise in her younger years from her teachers, Zee-La was raised from an early age to become a Mata of high station among her people but failed the vision quest to anoint her as a leader of her people and left her home to study esoteric philosophy.

CHARACTER SHEET


Character sheets in the Lost Age are built to be folded in thirds. Looking at the Lost Age logo, fold both flaps back along the dotted lines. This allows you to keep the important information handy by opening and closing the flaps. Fold the goals and vocation flap on top of the weapon and armor flap for “adventure mode”. You will be able to see all of your traits, goals, and talents when you are out of combat. Fold the skills flap on top of the background flap to list out your magic skills and spells.

A character sheet is available for your personal use at the back of the book, or online at TheLostAgeRPG.com.

It is recommended to create a character and read the rules in tandem. Reading about mechanics as they come up during character creation.

Back Page

1. Use this section to track information about your character, including name and race. You will also use this section to track information from character creation and the characters background. Use the fellow heroes section to list out relationships to the other characters in your group.
2. Use the Goals section to keep track of the changing list of goals a character will have throughout their career. There is also space to list talents, money, and XP.
3. A section for specific equipment you have. Keep in mind vocation kits contain a grab bag of items your character happens to have. List out your spells and which relic they are stored in if needed here. If you have any

Goals 2	 Name: _____ Player: _____ Race: _____ Gender: _____ Age: _____ Description: _____ Early Life: _____ Starting Traits: _____ Starting Archetype: _____ Calling: _____ Upbringing / Background 1	Equipment 3				
Vocations Score _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ Environments Score _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ Renown Score _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____	Fellow Heroes Relationship: _____ Character: _____ Relationship: _____ Character: _____ Relationship: _____ Character: _____ Relationship: _____ Character: _____ Relationship: _____ Character: _____	Spells / Relics Rank _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ Racial Bonuses / Notes _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____				
<table border="1" style="width: 100%; text-align: center;"> <tr> <td style="width: 25%;">Money</td> <td style="width: 25%;">Coins <small>100C Noors (Gold)</small> <small>10C Girigs (Silver)</small> <small>1C Sals (Copper)</small></td> <td style="width: 25%;">Level</td> <td style="width: 25%;">XP</td> </tr> </table>	Money	Coins <small>100C Noors (Gold)</small> <small>10C Girigs (Silver)</small> <small>1C Sals (Copper)</small>	Level	XP		
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racial bonuses or other important notes use the space at the bottom.

Front Page

4. Track your total Action Points here and use the bar on the left to help you quickly calculate your AP in combat.
5. Daring and rests are tracked by checking these boxes.
6. Insert the number of Second Winds and wound penalties in the boxes connected by the gray line. Use check marks to record second winds and wounds.
7. Use the small box with the plus sign to record your trait bonus. Record your current trait / max trait in the trait box.
8. At the bottom there are tooltips regarding spending traits, attack options, being attacked, and weapon type bonuses.

9. Contains 2 melee weapon and a ranged weapon section. Use the connected attack notes to mark down the types and cost of attacks you'll use with each weapon.
10. Mark down your evasion and note the tooltip regarding critical evade actions. Use the box for max burden and the anvil for the current burden from your armor and shields.
- Shields have their integrity listed as current / max. Use the shield anvil to track shield burden.
11. Each piece of armor is in line with the trait that it protects. Place the armor's burden value in the armor anvil. Remember the highest armor burden is used when calculating burden.
12. Track your skills, their score, the associated trait, and additional info in the skills section. Use the notes section at the bottom to track anything important for your skills

The image shows a character sheet template with the following sections and details:

- Name:** _____ **Player:** _____
- Size:** _____ **Base AP:** 4 **Base Reach:** _____
- AP:** A vertical scale from 30 to 1. A green star icon labeled 'AP' is at 30. A bar on the left shows AP levels.
- Daring:** A row of 10 checkboxes, with the first one checked.
- Rests:** 'Short Rest' (+5 Trait Points, +1 Daring) and 'Long Rest' (+1 Daring) checkboxes. A '5' is written in the background.
- Second Wind Bonus:** A bar with a '+' sign.
- Wound Penalty:** A bar with a '-' sign.
- Traits:** Strength, Mobility, Fortitude, Acumen, Willpower. Each has a 'Second Wind' box and a 'Wounded' box. A vertical gray line connects the 'Second Wind' boxes. A '6' is written in the background.
- Attacks:** Three rows of attack cards. Each card has fields for 'Attack AP', 'Mentee', 'Type', 'Damage', 'Critical Dmg', and 'Attack Bonus'. A '9' is written in the background.
- Being Attacked:** A list of 5 actions: 1) Evasion Check, 2) Check Trait / Location, 3) Activate Shield, 4) Apply Armor DR, 5) Apply Damage to Trait.
- Weapons:** 'Evasion' and 'Critical Evade' (Move 1 Space, Basic Action / Attack, Grapple & Option, Reload Weapon) checkboxes. 'Max Burden' and 'Burden' boxes.
- Shields:** 'Block' checkbox, 'Shield: 10' (Integrity), and 'Sundered' checkbox.
- Armors:** 'DR' (Damage Resistance) boxes for Arms, Legs, Torso, Head, and Face. Each has a 'Sunder' checkbox and an 'Armor' anvil icon. A '11' is written in the background.
- Skills:** A table with columns 'Score', 'Skills', and 'Trait'. A '12' is written in the background.
- Notes:** A large box at the bottom for notes.
- Spending Trait Points:** A box with a '8' and instructions: Success Check Bonus, Attack / Evade Check Bonus, Gain Extra AP, Deal Extra Damage.
- Attack Options:** A box with instructions: Aimed Attack: +2 to Hit, Critical Attack: Crit on 9 & 10, Called Shot: Target Location, Sunder Item: Target Item.
- Weapon Bonuses:** 'Precise' (+2 Dmg on Critical Attacks), 'Balance' (+2 Dmg vs. Traits), and 'Savage' (+2 Dmg vs. Items).