

In-Game Flavor Text

Unlockable Level-Up Flavor Text

Context: Within the *Concord* galaxy, a group of mercenaries for hire called "Freegunners" share a compendium of knowledge about planets, people, and secrets called "The Galactic Guide." The Guide was presented to the player as an interactive encyclopedia that unlocked lore and provided insight into the many factions, individuals, and cultures in the galaxy as they leveled up. Each new level would unlock a rule from the "**Freegunner Code**" , a loose set of rules that all Freegunners (supposedly) follow while on the job, and a related quote or anecdote that fleshed out the galaxy.

Freegunner Code Unlock: Want a Payday? Earn it.

First crew to deliver the goods to the client gets the payday. No premade agreements, no calling dibs, and NO whining. Either you deliver or you don't. End of story.

// DISPATCHER ECHO //

Lennox - If you're reading this, I got here first, and that means no more cargo for you and your little crew. And THAT means you're not as good as you think you are. Maybe you're getting slow in your old age. Take care of my gun for me.

// TATTERED NOTE, SIGNED "YEVA" //

I don't care what 'job' they think they're doing. If those Freegunner scum come into my jurisdiction to stir up trouble, they'll be lucky to walk out alive. Don't believe it? Go on and test me.

// BOOSTER WRATHBERN, STAR MARSHAL //

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Freegunner Code Unlock: No Snitching to the Guild

The Guild controls commerce and travel in the Wilds. If you're carrying contraband, harboring criminals, or using illegal equipment, we'll find you. We have mandatory checkpoints at every intersection. We patrol every spacelane. We are everywhere.

// HIGH COMMANDER HARTH //

Freegunners? Please. Those filthy scavengers aren't capable of planning a heist like this. So explain to me again where my arms shipment went... this time without using that ridiculous F-word.

// TUZAN BRACKISH, SALT LORD OF GLANCE //

Dispatchers are parasites. Haven't worked with one in years. Peace of mind's nice and all, but it's not worth ten percent off the top.

// CAPTAIN OF THE RED NOVAS //

GUILD BOUNTY

WANTED: Criminal Freegunners involved in the destruction of bone excavation sites on Akkar. Massive damage to property incurred. Will pay handsomely for any information leading to an arrest.

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Freegunner Code Unlock: Keep Your Trouble to Yourself

Don't sneeze on me. Don't sell me contaminated goods. Don't pull into my station with a radiation leak. And DON'T come running to me when you've got a Guild warship on your tail.

// XASHA BOONE, MANAGER OF THE HOX REFUELING STATION //

*** SHIPWIDE COMMS ***

I let all of you out on the Rook for an hour, and I come back to chaos! The stationmaster's screaming at me to pay for damages. All shore leave is canceled until you've worked off what we owe.

// CAPT. LOOMIS CAPELLA OF THE JAGGED FANGS //

The amphibious bore weevil lives in shallow pools. It burrows into soft tissue (usually between toes), migrates to the circulatory system, and spreads its larvae through its host's exhalations. Contain immediately.

// DAVEERS'S CRITTER COMPENDIUM //

Did you even check these statues you shipped from Gloom? They were infested with some sort of mold spore! How dare you sell his Excellency tainted artifacts? I will have your Freegunner hide for this!

// QUIN, SALT LORD'S FLUNKEY //