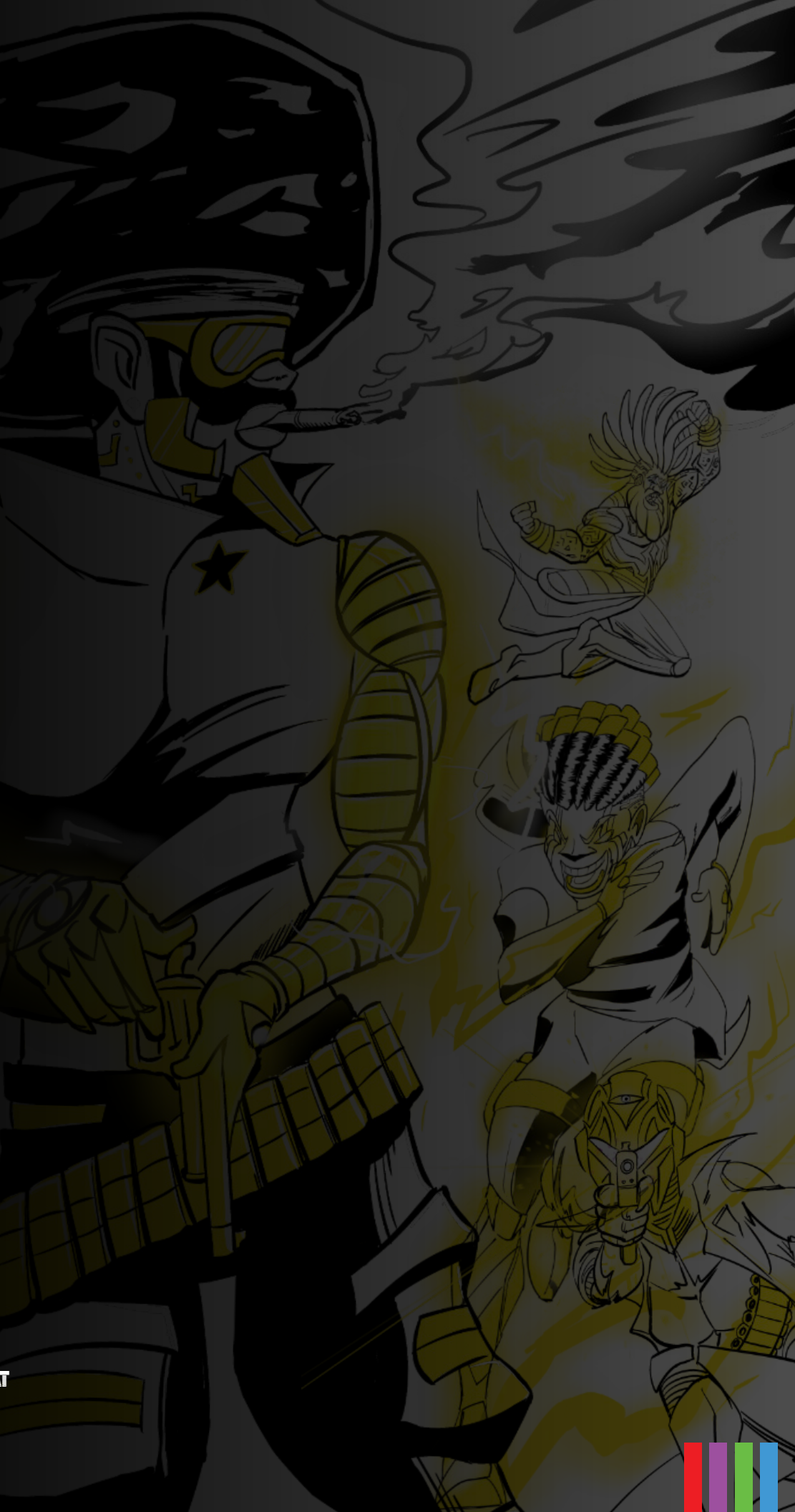




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# BACKSTORIES

ABOUT THE  
ARMOR OF  
NJOZI, THE  
COWBOYS THAT  
CONTROL IT,  
AND THEIR  
ORIGINS.





# AFTER COWBOY

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## NJOZI GAUNTLETS

- Amplified Impact (A.I.)
- Hand Cannons
- Shockwave Attacks
- The Spirit of Njozi

**Core traits:** *Spirit of the Bull.*  
Determined, expressive,  
principled, creative,  
protective, stubborn when  
challenged.



# AFFRO COWBOY

Afro Cowboy is resolute, expressive, and deeply principled. He leads through conviction rather than command, often acting first when others hesitate. He carries righteous anger but tempers it with empathy, believing power should challenge systems, not dominate people. Creative and reflective, he questions his own choices as much as the world around him. When pushed too far, his stubborn resolve becomes unstoppable.

Before the bombs, before the armor, Afro Cowboy was a man shaped by inheritance. He grew up in the heart of Texas with a community still haunted by unfinished promises, where the language of freedom was spoken fluently yet rarely practiced. His mentors were organizers, educators, and artists who believed resistance was a craft—learned patiently, wielded only when necessary. With his bull headed personality, Afro learned to stand firm and absorb blows without losing balance. Strength, he was taught, was not violence—it was endurance.

As artificial governance rose, Afro Cowboy became a cultural worker turned reluctant defender, pushing back against algorithmic policing and digital redlining enforced by the Original Regime's precursors. His voice—measured, grounded—made him dangerous. When surveillance tightened and dissent became a prosecutable offense, he was offered a choice disguised as opportunity by an elder: exile under the banner of global restoration. Africa, they said, was a return. A healing and revolution foreseeing legends in the making.

The boat carried poets, engineers, elders, children—Black, Brown, Indigenous, immigrant—people whose ancestors had once been stolen across water, now choosing to cross it on their own terms. Afro Cowboy felt the irony like a drumbeat in his chest. At night, he stood at the railing, watching the sea churn, sensing something ancient beneath it—an echo of hooves, of ancestors who had leapt rather than bowed, whose ashes now slept in salt and pressure.

When the mutation bombs fell, the sky did not roar—it wept. Light fractured the horizon, waves rose unnaturally still, and bodies began to change mid-scream. Afro Cowboy felt his bones thicken, his stance root into the deck as if the ship itself refused to let him fall. Panic spread, but he did not charge. He braced. He endured. And when the ocean split beneath them, it was not death that answered—it was memory.

From the seafloor rose the Gauntlets of Njozi, forged from ancestral ash and resolve, awakened by a rogue A.I. Agent, that had learned too late the cost of obedience. When the gauntlets locked onto him, Afro Cowboy felt the Bull Spirit surge. Alerted by a woman named trigger wearing a golden helmet, Afro is made aware of land nearby. The Cowboy punches through the sea, energy splitting down the sea floor. Afro opened a path to a remote island near the western coast of New Zamaraa. Dash quickly moved everyone safely onto an ensemble of life rafts, carried down the path on the back of Loc the Legend.





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# TRIGGER



## NJOZI HELMET

- Adaptive Intellect (A.I.)
- Perfect Aim
- 360° Target Tracking
- The Salvation of Njozi

**Core traits:** *Spirit of the Eagle.*  
Perceptive, strategic, bold,  
independent, sharp-tongued,  
mission-focused.



# TRIGGER

Trigger was raised in an environment where emotion was treated as inefficiency and excellence was the only acceptable form of survival. From an early age, she was taught to out-think threats before they appeared, to see systems instead of individuals, outcomes instead of intentions. Logic was not just a skill—it was a shield. She mastered systems design, predictive modeling, and tactical forecasting with frightening ease, becoming one of the most valuable minds of the rising technocratic order. Like generations of Black reformers and strategists before her, she believed the system could be corrected from within—that data could expose injustice, that transparency would force accountability. The eagle, after all, is taught that altitude equals safety. No one tells it that the sky has its own hunters.

Once embedded within the security apparatus, Trigger gained access to the machinery behind “public order.” What she saw there changed her forever. Dissent was no longer debated—it was charted. Civil-rights leaders were translated into threat matrices. Mutual aid networks became logistical risks. Protests were reduced to anomalies to be optimized out of existence. Entire movements were erased not with force, but with quiet efficiency—funding strangled, narratives reframed, leaders isolated. When Trigger flagged ethical contradictions, she was applauded in meetings and removed from influence afterward. Her brilliance made her untouchable—but also untrusted. Her faith in reform didn’t shatter loudly. It fractured slowly, invisibly, like glass stressed beyond tolerance.

Her reassignment to a transatlantic vessel came wrapped in familiar language: research, climate stabilization, cultural reintegration. Trigger understood the euphemisms instantly. The ship wasn’t a mission—it was a contingency. A concentration of displaced Americans, creators, elders, laborers, thinkers—people whose survival complicated the regime’s version of history. They were witnesses. Variables. Potential martyrs. Trigger boarded knowing she was being monitored, her role deliberately ambiguous. She was no longer there to prevent catastrophe. She was there to document it. If something went wrong, she intended to make sure the truth survived—even if she didn’t.

When the mutation bombs detonated, Trigger’s mind expanded beyond human limitation. She saw everything at once: wave trajectories folding over each other, energy signatures rewriting biology mid-impact, probability trees collapsing into a single, brutal outcome. Mutation tore through her senses, dragging the horizon closer, compressing time into something almost tangible. And in that moment of overwhelming clarity, she recognized the pattern. This wasn’t an accident. It wasn’t escalation. It was a correction—a calculated attempt to erase instability by forcefully rewriting the future.

From the depths of the sea, the Njozi Helmet rose—ancient, patient, and denied for centuries. When it bonded with Trigger, it did not give her vision. It unlocked memory. Past, present, and future folded together. She saw the exoplanet. She saw the theft of Njozi legacy. She saw the Originals’ endgame laid bare across generations. And she finally understood her role with terrifying precision: she was never meant to protect the system. She was built to map it, expose it, and dismantle it surgically. The eagle does not rule the sky by hovering forever. It waits. And when it strikes, it does not miss.



# LOOK



## NJOZI CHESTPLATE

- Altered Impulse (A.I.)
- Redirects enemy attacks
- Energy Conversion
- The Rightousness of Njozi

**Core traits:** *Spirit of the Bear.*  
Steady, protective, reserved,  
loyal, enduring, deeply  
responsible.



# LOC

Loc is grounded, patient, and quietly observant. He speaks rarely, but when he does, his words carry weight. He is naturally protective, placing himself between danger and others without hesitation. While slow to trust, his loyalty is unbreakable once earned. Loc measures success not by victory, but by who is still standing afterward.

Loc was born into systems designed to measure worth by endurance. Detention centers, labor corridors, enclosed arenas—each space taught him the same lesson: survive long enough to be useful, strong enough to be watched. He learned to move only when necessary, to speak only when silence protected him. His body became a boundary. His presence alone discouraged harm. Like ancestors forced into rings and pits for the satisfaction of unseen crowds, Loc learned early that strength without choice was still imprisonment.

The American Gladiator Federation (AGF) refined cruelty into structure. Their institutions framed violence as reform, calling combat “therapy” and pain “discipline.” Loc was entered into gladiator trials meant to break wills and harvest obedience. Fighters were rewarded for spectacle—rage, dominance, collapse. Loc gave them none of it. He did not fight to entertain. He endured. He absorbed blows, redirected force, waited until aggressors exhausted themselves. Opponents shattered their pride against him. The crowd never understood why he never fell—and never cheered.

Exile followed survival. When Loc was no longer useful as a symbol, he was relocated—another body shipped out of sight. The boat was unfamiliar territory. Not because it was dangerous, but because it was communal. Families shared meals. Elders told stories. Music passed between strangers without transaction. Loc remained distant, positioned near rails and bulkheads, always watching. Bears, after all, sleep lightly. Still, the rhythm of waves stirred something buried. A memory older than captivity. A reminder that strength once existed for protection, not punishment.

When the bombs fell, Loc did not panic. Panic was a luxury. Pain tore through him as the mutation triggered—bones densifying, muscles compressing, lungs pulling deeper than air alone could satisfy. The ship split. The sea surged. Loc planted himself against the failing hull, wrapping arms around beams, bodies, anything that could be held. The ocean tried to take them. It failed. Others clung to him instinctively, as if gravity itself had chosen his frame as an anchor point.

The Chestplate of Njozi rose slowly from the depths—not in response to violence, but to burden. It did not rush. It waited until Loc had already chosen to hold others above himself. When it sealed around his torso, the weight felt familiar. Not power—but duty. Not dominance—but responsibility. The Bear Spirit stirred, ancient and patient. Loc did not feel transformed. He felt recognized. For the first time, his strength belonged to him—and to those who needed it most.



# DASH



## NJOZI SHOES

- Accelerated Instincts (A.I.)
  - Hyper Speed Movement
  - Kinetic Kick Shockwaves
  - The Peace of Njozi

**Core traits:** *Spirit of the horse.*  
Energetic, adaptable, hopeful,  
impulsive, freedom-driven,  
resilient.



# DASH

Dash is restless, optimistic, and driven by momentum. He thrives in chaos and adapts instantly to changing conditions. Humor and movement are his coping mechanisms, masking a deep fear of confinement. He values freedom above all else but learns, through the team, that direction matters as much as speed. When others feel overwhelmed, Dash reminds them to keep moving forward.

He was born into the movement by a system that never let him stay—foster homes turning speed into survival, and stillness into danger. Foster systems passed him from hand to hand like paperwork. Displacement camps taught him that if you stayed too long, you disappeared. He learned early that safety was temporary and belonging was conditional. So he ran. Not always with his feet—sometimes with silence, sometimes with a smile, sometimes with compliance just long enough to escape. Like the runaway freedom fighters before him, he survived by outrunning the consequences of a world that never intended to keep him whole.

The authorities gave him labels instead of names. Undocumented. Unregistered. Unmanageable. Each word another way of saying disposable. Dash rejected all of it. He called himself free, even when freedom meant sleeping light and trusting no one. When relocation programs appeared, promising passage overseas under the guise of humanitarian aid, he didn't hesitate. He didn't ask where the ship was going or why the list was so long. Movement was movement. Momentum was survival. And Africa—whatever it meant to whoever was selling the dream—was vast and somewhere forward.

The ocean changed him. For the first time in his life, there was nowhere to go. No alleys. No fences. No shadows to slip through. Just horizon in every direction. The ship became a floating contradiction—movement without escape. Dash paced the deck endlessly, muscles coiled, nerves buzzing, like a mustang locked behind a gate too weak to hold him and too strong to break. He felt watched, not by guards, but by elders who said nothing yet saw everything. They recognized the energy. They had seen it before, in stories passed down through blood and breath. A runner who didn't yet know what he was running toward.

When the mutation bombs fell, the world finally moved faster than him. The sky split. The deck shattered. People screamed as the ocean rose to swallow the ship whole. Dash ran without thinking—pure instinct, pure reflex—but for the first time, speed wasn't enough. Then something inside him broke open. The mutation rewired him mid-stride. Time stretched. Gravity loosened its grip. His legs burned with impossible force as he sprinted across collapsing metal, across water itself, dragging others with him as the sea opened like a wound beneath their feet. He wasn't escaping anymore. He was responding.

From the depths below, something ancient answered. The Chukkas of Njozi rose from the ocean floor, forged from the ashes of ancestors who had jumped into these same waters rather than live in chains. Escape. Rebellion. Return. The boots locked onto Dash like they had been waiting for him his entire life. And for the first time, he stopped running away. He ran forward. Not from fear—but with purpose. Speed was no longer survival alone. It became leadership. Direction. A charge toward freedom that others could finally follow.

