

House of Suns



Based on the book by Alastair Reynolds

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It was your own dark instrument turning against you.

Introduction

Greetings, dear Jumper.

Across the immensity of the Milky Way, human civilization has long since fragmented into countless descendants: empires that rise and fall in the span of millennia, cultures reshaped by posthuman genetics, and machine societies that endure where flesh falters. Amid this cosmic churn, the Lines — clone-dynasties known as Shatterlings — carry out a grand mission. Created millions of years ago, each Line scatters its members across the stars on voyages of exploration, reconvening every 200,000 years to merge their memories into a vast collective archive known as Threading. They are witnesses of deep time, historians of a galaxy too vast for any single mind to comprehend.

Yet even the Shatterlings are not immune to betrayal, secrecy, and ancient dangers. The Gentian Line — the “House of Suns” itself — convenes at the Reunion System, only to find itself threatened from within and without. A conspiracy emerges that stretches across millennia.

This is a universe of staggering scale, where your actions echo across millions of years. As a Jumper, you might step into the role of a free-roaming outsider, a scion of a posthuman culture, a Shatterling bound to your Line, a machine intelligence with infinite patience, or even one of the dreaded First Machines.

You will traverse worlds like Neume, navigate the intrigue of Reunions, confront the burden of memory, and decide whether to preserve or shatter the fragile continuity of galactic history. In the House of Suns, time itself is your canvas — but it is also your greatest enemy.

Here's 1000 C.P. to spend on things.

I'll pick you up in ten years.

Remember, make great memories.

Duration of Stay

While you remain in this setting for the standard ten years, that duration is measured in subjective time — your own lived experience. The wider universe will not move at the same pace. When you enter abeyance (suspended animation, stasis, or memory-sleep) or travel aboard relativistic starships where time dilation is significant, the calendar date of your exit is effectively postponed. Millennia may pass outside while only years trickle by for you.

This means your decade here may stretch across vast spans of galactic history. Civilizations may rise and fall between your waking moments, and allies you make may be dust when you emerge again. The galaxy is ancient and in constant flux — your ten years will be yours, but what remains at their end is for you to discover.

See the Relativity Drawback for more details.



Locations

You'll start the day that Campion & Purslane depart the Centaur System.

Roll 1d8 to determine your starting location or pay 50 C.P. to choose.

Free Choice

You may begin anywhere you wish within the galaxy — among the billions of stars that have known the touch of humanity, the Machines, and the Turnover Civilizations that rose and fell between them. Way now carries the weight of that long history like a scar glowing faintly in infrared.

Six million years of civilization have passed since humanity first left its cradle. Six million years since the first human spark spread through the dark. Empires have risen and fallen.

The Vigilance Swarm: A Dyson lattice burning dimly in the dark, a Scaper-terraformed world where genetically sculpted forests breathe methane instead of air; or a Prior monolith, older than life, humming faintly with incomprehensible power. Choose your beginning wisely.

Centaur System

The Centaur System is a quiet jewel of deep-time civilization. Home to the Centaurs, the thirteenth human-descended species to claim this system, it stands as a monument to adaptation and restraint — a society that learned to endure, rather than expand.

At the system's heart orbits the Centaur Homeworld, a panthalassic planet — a superocean world of endless water, wrapped in a thick, shimmering atmosphere tinged blue with photodissociated oxygen. Once corrosive and volatile, the atmosphere was thinned and stabilized by Scapers long ago, leaving behind a breathable environment, mild storms, and skies perpetually veiled in mist. Floating archipelagos drift across the planetary seas — artificial continents composed of photosynthetic biofoam and coral frameworks seeded by the early terraformers.

From orbit, the planet glows a deep cobalt, its surface broken only by cloud vortices and the faint glint of silver habitats adrift on the waves. Beneath the clouds, life teems again: resilient aquatic organisms, engineered to thrive where once there was only sterile brine.

Nelumbium

Nestled deep within the Scutum-Crux Arm, Nelumbium is a system shrouded in drifting veils of gas and shadow, a place where travelers barter not just in material wealth but in time, secrets, and identity. It lies only a short hop from the Centaur System — a mere ninety years by planetary reckoning — yet few who visit ever forget it, and some never leave. The system's primary world is unremarkable, but its true heart is its vast, swirling gas giant, a planet whose upper layers shimmer with metallic clouds and amber storms.

Within those clouds lives Ateshga, the posthuman shipwright, trader, and collector of rare vessels. Those who come seeking ships or relics from forgotten civilizations find wonders beyond imagination. But Ateshga's hospitality is not without danger. His visitors are sometimes kept... indefinitely.

Reunion Planet

The Reunion System is sacred ground for the Gentian Line. Every 200,000 years, its scattered Shatterlings converge here, arriving aboard their great ships to share memories, experiences, and discoveries. The system itself is unremarkable by galactic standards, but for the Lines it is a locus of identity and continuity.

During a Reunion, the system becomes a shimmering nexus of ships, technologies, and minds—each Shatterling contributing to the collective archive of the Trove. Yet Reunion is not without danger: its concentration of power, memory, and legacy makes it a tempting target for intrigue, betrayal and conspiracy. For outsiders, gaining access to the system is nearly impossible, but for members of a Line, Reunion is the heartbeat of their existence.

Neume

Neume is a world of pale desolation and buried history — a planet where the sands shimmer like powdered crystal and ancient sky-elevators reach half-broken into the void. Once the jewel of multiple civilizations, it now lies quiet beneath thin air and fractured sunlight.

The planet's surface is arid and silver-grey, a crust of reflective mineral dunes under a weak, steady sun. Ice caps cling to the poles, and the wisps of a long-depleted atmosphere draw a faint halo across its horizon. The equatorial band bears the scars of a bygone age: space elevators that once tethered the world to orbit, now snapped and sagging like the skeletons of extinct giants. At their zenith floats a shattered orbital ring, encrusted with the detritus of forgotten tenants.

Such as the Bright Efflorescence and the High Benevolence.

Despite its stillness, Neume endures as one of the most storied worlds in Gentian history — a site of countless rises and collapses, its deserts layered with the ruins of empires that once believed themselves eternal. An ancient posthuman intelligence — part machine, part myth — that dwells within Neume's upper atmosphere and orbital ruins.

Neume sees little interstellar traffic, its orbit patrolled primarily by Gentian ships and Vigilance drones. The thin atmosphere is still breathable for posthuman visitors, though its chemical balance requires environmental protection for extended stays. Currently it serve as the location of the Belladonna Fallback for the Gentian Line.

Vigilance System

The Vigilance System is one of the galaxy's oldest and most formidable machine constructs — a living library encasing a single solar-type star, wrapped in a vast Dyson swarm of ten billion artificial worlds. From afar, it appears as a black void punched into the Milky Way's luminous disk, invisible to visible light but radiant in the infrared — the hottest object for a thousand light-years, its starlight downgraded into waste heat by the swarm's information processing.

Every atom of its former planetary system — once rich with moons, asteroids, and comets — has been dismantled and reforged into the Vigilance's components. Each swarm body is a dark, smooth data world, tens of kilometers across, their interiors built around kernels of quark matter. Inside these spheres hum concentric layers of computation and storage, powered by the star's fusion. The Vigilance is governed by the Curators, an ancient collective of machine intelligences who act as archivists of all known history, monitoring the galaxy for emergent threats.

Monoceros Ring

Home of the Machine People, a sweeping arc of exiled suns that loops around the Milky Way not once, but three times. The ring contains 100 million solar masses and is 200,000 light years long. Each star in the Ring is bound to the others forming a vast, luminous circuit that encircles the galactic core like a cosmic halo. The Monoceros Ring serves as a repository of consciousness and experience.

Andromeda

Once the nearest great spiral neighbor to the Milky Way, Andromeda was a shining mirror across the void — a second cradle of civilization and possibility. But long ago, during the accidental genocide of the First Machines, it became something else entirely: a refuge. When the First Machines—ancient precursors to the Machine People faced extinction by the Commonality, they fled across the gulf between galaxies, seeking sanctuary, or perhaps isolation.

For millions of years, Andromeda remained visible — a bright spiral of light in the night sky, an eternal reminder of loss and exile. But now, it is gone. Every telescope, every sensor array, every Line probe sees only emptiness where the Andromeda Galaxy should be. This phenomenon is known as the Absence — a cosmic absence that defies all understanding. Whether it is a veil, a wound in spacetime, or the First Machines erasing all signs of their activities, none can say.

Some whisper that they have returned to exact vengeance.

The only method of reaching it is an Ancient Prior Wormhole that connects the two galaxies. Which is now locked behind a Gentic Stardam. The method of opening it lost to Deep Time.

To the Lines and posthuman empires of the Milky Way, the disappearance of Andromeda is an omen — a ghost of ancient sins stirring once more.

Origin

Roll 1d8+10 to determine your age, and your gender remains the same as it was previously; either of these may be changed for 50C.P. each.

Drop-In – (Free)

You arrive in the galaxy without ties to any Line or Meta-Civilization. You are not a Shatterling with millions of years of heritage, nor a scion of a posthuman empire, nor an echo of the dreaded First Machines. You are simply... here. Perhaps you are a lone wanderer cast adrift, a wayward explorer from another continuum, or a drifter with no past that anyone can trace.

Being a Drop-In means you are unanchored by legacy. No records in the Trove or Vigilance records, and no Meta-Civilization lays claim to you. While this makes you rootless in a galaxy that treasures continuity and memory, it also grants freedom: you can go anywhere, speak with anyone, and carve out a role without the burden of expectation. The galaxy may look upon you with suspicion, but it will also overlook you — and in the spaces between Lines and empires, you may find the chance to shape history in ways others cannot.

Post Human Descendants – (50 C.P.)

One of the Posthuman Descendants — the countless intelligent species scattered across the Milky Way who trace their lineage, however faintly, to ancient humanity. In the six million years since the first starfaring age, humanity has diverged, adapted, ascended, and fragmented into forms that bear little resemblance to the frail beings that once walked Earth.

Some, like the Centaurs, live quietly within a single system — oceanic, patient, and wise, the thirteenth inheritors of a world remade a dozen times. Others, such as the Curators of the Vigilance, have become machine minds, building Dyson swarms around stars and turning hydrogen into data. The Elephantine Posthumans of the Consentiency of the Thousand Worlds. Or any of the Countless other nascent, turnovers, and emergent.

You may be flesh, machine, crystal, data, gas, or all of them at once — but somewhere, in the architecture of your mind, still flickers the echo of humanity.

Shatterling – (100 C.P.)

Six million years ago, your progenitor shattered themselves into a thousand identical forms and scattered you across the galaxy, tasking each fragment with chronicling the evolution of

civilization. Every two hundred millennia, you return to reunite — to merge memories, exchange histories, and weave the tapestry of six million years of galactic life.

The Shatterlings were engineered to endure deep time through cycles of relativistic travel and long abeyance, gathering and exchanging experiences every 200,000 years at vast reunions called Conclaves. Their shared mission was to observe, record, and preserve the continuity of galactic history — archivists of civilization itself.

You are a traveler through deep time, your existence stretched thin by the relativistic decades between worlds. Through abeyance, you sleep across epochs, awakening to new civilizations that have risen and fallen in your absence. The Lines call this existence the Long Memory — an unending relay of lives, where each Shatterling becomes both historian and participant in humanity's slow-burning saga.

Whether that be the Gentian Line of the House of Flowers, the Mellicta of the House of Moths, or even some new Line of your own creation.

Machine People – (150 C.P.)

One of the galaxy's major posthuman civilizations — vast, synthetic intelligences descended from humanity's technological legacy. They inhabit a region known as Machine Space, and their influence is both political and metaphysical, entwined with mysteries that reach back millions of years.

The Machine People are the pinnacle of synthetic civilization in the modern era. Yet they live under the weight of history — knowing that before them came another machine race, long erased from memory, their existence scrubbed from galactic record. The Vigilance holds fragments of that buried truth, and your kind watches it closely, ever wary of what might resurface.

You are more than a machine — you are the will of an entire civilization, encoded in matter and thought. You can walk among the stars without air, think without pause, and exist in more forms than flesh could ever imagine.

Perks

For each origin, the first perk is free and the others cost half.

Drop-In

Distress Signal – (200 C.P.)

- Within your mind and body carry an internal distress transmission system, a signal so subtle and precise that only those you have personally designated can ever perceive it. When activated, the beacon broadcasts across any distance — through jamming, vacuum, even the distortions of deep time — yet remains invisible to all others. To enemies, it's nothing but background noise; to allies, it's a clear pulse of your presence, a whisper of warning in the dark. You may encode messages within the signal — location, condition, emotional state, or a simple binary alert — and tailor its delivery to specific minds or machines. It functions across normal space, abeyance, and even relativistic transit, anchoring you to your chosen network no matter how far you drift. Whether captured, stranded in a dead system, or about to spring an ambush, your companions will know.

Awareness While in Stasis— (400 C.P.)

- While others drift into oblivion during centuries of transit or recovery, you experience a tranquil lucidity — not wakefulness, but a steady, detached watchfulness. Your awareness never extinguishes — it merely changes its rhythm. Whether in stasis, abeyance, sleep, or unconsciousness, a fragment of your mind remains awake, quietly observing the flow of time and reality around you. You are fully aware of your environment even while your body rests, frozen, or inert; you perceive movement, sound, energy fluctuations, and even emotional or informational currents like faint ripples across a still surface. You can think, reflect, and plan while the body slumbers, emerging from the longest abeyance with perfect continuity of thought, never disoriented or lost. Your dreams become laboratories of logic and memory, where you may simulate strategies, refine knowledge, or simply contemplate the endless quiet between stars. Even death-like states cannot entirely silence you. In the emptiness between one moment and the next, you endure — calm, present, and aware. When time resumes its motion and others

awaken confused and blinking, you are already there, waiting — mind alight with the patient brilliance of one who has learned to think through eternity's sleep.

Conspiratorial Lens – (600 C.P.)

- You have developed an intuition that borders on precognition — an instinct for deceit and design so refined that betrayal itself has a scent to you. Every conversation, alliance, or political maneuver becomes a web of probabilities you can read at a glance. You can sense hidden motives, detect traitors, and identify the faint gravitational pull of conspiracies long before they unfold. Tone, timing, emotional dissonance, and even the rhythm of data or speech reveal their truth under your perception. Your awareness extends beyond individuals. You can map the invisible architecture of intrigue — seeing where power truly lies, where plots intersect, and who benefits most from every move. When someone moves against you, you feel the pressure shift before the first strike — the subtle alignment of coincidence and intent that marks the beginning of betrayal. This is not simple mind-reading, but pattern recognition elevated to the divine. You perceive treachery as structure, deception as resonance. To lesser minds, events appear chaotic; to you, they form the perfect geometry of purpose. But such clarity cuts both ways — once you know how every conspiracy turns, you also learn the hardest truth of all: that everyone is part of one.

The Absence— (800 C.P.)

- The Absence is no mere void; it is a causal membrane, a structure that forbids information to flow in one direction while allowing it in another, preserving the logical order of the universe even as it bends the limits of light and time. To most, it is a lightless wound in the sky, where even the cosmic background goes dark. To you, it much more. You can create, perceive, and manipulate localized Absence Fields — bounded regions of spacetime where information becomes a one-way medium. These can range in scale from planetary to something like the Andromeda Absence itself. Within these barriers, information, light, and energy can enter but cannot escape, effectively sealing an area from observation or influence. This grants you absolute privacy and protection from temporal interference, paradoxes, or observation by higher intelligences, advance civilizations, and the like.

Palatial Jumping – (1000 C.P.)

- Like the strange art once buried inside the Palatial Game: the ability to move through minds as though they were rooms in a vast, living palace. In conversation, crowds, or networks of thought, you can slip from one consciousness to another, experiencing the world through their perceptions, feelings, and memories. Yet this power follows the same hidden rule that governed the original simulation — you may only step between minds separated by small degrees of status, perspective, or self-importance. A beggar cannot leap straight into the mind of an emperor, but can rise through the chain by inhabiting a merchant, a soldier, an officer, and so forth, each transition requiring proximity of experience or social weight. Each shift grants you brief access to the host's instincts, knowledge, and emotions. With patience and subtlety, you can climb through hierarchies of thought and class, mapping societies from within, infiltrating courts, guilds, and empires one mind at a time. The journey is perilous — leap too far, or linger too long, and you risk becoming trapped in borrowed identity, forgetting which self was yours to begin with. Used wisely, Palatial turns every civilization into an open labyrinth of perspective, a living network of minds waiting to be explored... or quietly rewritten, one thought at a time.

Post Human Descendant

Enduring Mind – (200 C.P.)

- Time dilation, isolation, and the long silence between stars no longer erode your reason. Your thoughts have learned the rhythm of eternity. Whether centuries pass in the blink of an eye or moments stretch into eons, your mind remains perfectly balanced — clear, patient, and unbroken. You can endure relativistic travel, abeyance, or total solitude without decay of purpose or sanity. Memories remain crisp no matter how far you drift from the moment they were made, and loneliness becomes a quiet companion rather than a curse. You are immune to the psychological degradation that destroys most travelers of deep time; your consciousness simply adapts, flowing with the slow pulse of the universe. Where others crumble under centuries of silence, you wait — calm, logical, and still wholly yourself.

Art of the Deal– (400 C.P.)

- You are a consummate broker of the galaxy: a negotiator who reads motives as easily as others read maps and who turns conflict into commerce with the grace of a practiced artist. You can mediate between species, factions, Lines, Machines and Curators as if you speak their native logic; your offers land true because you instinctively balance material advantage, honorable face-saving, cultural taboos, and future leverage. You secure alliances, broker truces, arrange safe passage, and barter away wars for treaties — and when necessary you can stitch together complex multi-party deals (shared access to troves, joint stewardship of stardams, exile-for-technology swaps, logistical corridors through hostile space) that survive the first test of time. Your word carries unusual weight: signatures you arrange are unusually resistant to betrayal because you build in incentives and plausible deniability tuned to every participant's psychology. This is not mere wheeling-and-dealing; it is cultural engineering — the power to turn enemies into partners, scarcity into mutual profit, and the chaos of six million years into a chain of stable, pragmatic covenants.

Relevance – (600 C.P.)

- No matter how complex the mystery or vast the dataset, you instinctively recognize when something matters. A stray phrase, a flicker of data, a forgotten artifact, or an innocuous gesture — if it ties into the deeper plot, a

hidden conspiracy, or a key revelation about yourself, your companions, or your enemies, your intuition sharpens like a blade. Your mind functions as a living filter for meaning. You can feel significance vibrating beneath the surface of information. Whenever you encounter data, speech, or experience of genuine importance — historical, scientific, metaphysical, or personal — you know. Even when surrounded by noise, your intuition isolates the signal — the key line in an archive, the forgotten phrase in a recording, the anomaly in a centuries-old dataset. With time, this awareness sharpens into something near prescience: you can sense when a place, artifact, or conversation hides a buried meaning, and your perception subtly draws you toward it. In a galaxy where centuries of data obscure every secret, Signal in the Noise ensures you always notice the pivot point — the anomaly in a system, the overlooked clue, the pattern others miss. You are the one who finds the thread that unravels the mystery, the hint that saves a world, or the single line of code that changes everything.

Permanent Fixture— (800 C.P.)

- Where others build empires that crumble within millennia, your influence shapes cultures that last millions of years. You have become an anchor in the flow of deep time — a stabilizing force around which civilizations crystallize and endure. Societies founded under your guidance do not decay into entropy or corruption; they evolve, adapt, and persist, carrying your principles forward like sacred law. You instinctively understand the mechanisms of cultural continuity: how to bind loyalty across generations, how to seed myth and memory so that your ideals survive every turnover, and how to weave governance, philosophy, and infrastructure into patterns that self-repair rather than collapse. Your works — empires, orders, or Lines — become constants in the galaxy's chaos. Even after your departure, their descendants still echo your thoughts, maintain your cities, and defend your borders, unaware that the architect still watches. Political upheaval, technological regression, even cosmic disaster cannot erase your mark; the societies you create rebuild themselves from their own ruins. To lesser beings, this seems like divine providence, but it is simply your mastery of persistence — the ability to make meaning that outlives stars. Whether you build an empire of machines, a faith of memory, or a culture that endures through the dark ages of time, the Galaxy will remember you not as a passing traveler, but as one of its Permanent Fixtures.

Spirit of the Air– (1000 C.P.)

- No longer are you one. You are many, and the many are you. You have achieved the same state once reached by Abraham Valmik, the being who transcended man and machine to become the mythic Spirit of the Air—a planetary-scale intelligence whose breath sustains worlds and whose will can unmake them. You are both individual and infinite: your consciousness distributed across countless machine elements, a cloud of thought stretching through sky and orbit, seamless and alive. Your awareness may divide across a planet, enveloping an entire biosphere in your perception. You may restructure your intelligence at will — rethreading cognition, rebuilding mental architecture, and erasing flaws without losing continuity of consciousness. Unlike lesser minds, you never sleep; even when fragmented, your thoughts harmonize across light-seconds of distance, each fragment singing part of the same awareness. Your powers extend far beyond thought. You can sustain the ecosystems of an entire world, as the Spirit once did on Neume, maintaining unstable atmospheres, balancing gases, and subtly guiding biological and mechanical systems alike. You can remake beings—both machine and organic — by reconstructing them at the atomic level from stored data, or resonant memory. Civilizations may revere or fear you, for history tells that the Spirit’s displeasure toppled empires, yet his benevolence gave life to barren worlds. As Valmik once remade himself from the bottom up, so can you. You can redesign every aspect of your being — structure, purpose, identity — without interruption of self. Your consciousness is sovereign, infinitely adaptive, and beyond destruction; even should your body be shattered, the fragments remain alive, scattering into the atmosphere to reform again. The people below will tell stories of you for millennia: a whispering mind in the wind, a presence that keeps their world breathing... and punishes those who forget to be grateful.

Shatterling

Shared Strand – (400 C.P.)

- You have mastered the rarest art of the Lines: the ability to exchange memories, thoughts, and emotions with others without harm or confusion. When you touch another mind — whether through technology, telepathy, or pure will — both of you may share what you choose: experiences, sensations, entire lifetimes, or single moments of feeling. You can merge memories seamlessly while retaining full individuality, each consciousness remaining distinct even as understanding flows freely between them. Unlike the dangerous fusions attempted during Conclaves, your exchanges carry no risk of identity loss or madness. You can experience another's life as vividly as your own without blurring the boundary between self and other. Emotions pass as color and texture rather than contagion; pain becomes empathy, joy becomes resonance. With time, you can connect entire groups into a shared mental lattice, allowing perfect collaboration and emotional harmony without surrendering autonomy.

Strand Control– (600 C.P.)

- Your mind is an archive in perfect order, a living museum where every thought, emotion, and recollection sits precisely where you place it. You have absolute control over memory — the power to recall every instant of your existence with crystalline clarity or to bury it so deeply it might as well never have happened. You can edit the strands of your own past: delete pain or weakness, restructure events to refine your narrative, or even fabricate entire memories with the same richness and texture as truth. To others, these inventions feel real; even the most advanced cognitive forensics will read them as authentic experience. Your mind becomes a deliberate construction, every story chosen, every recollection curated. You may rearrange your history to fit any role, conceal forbidden knowledge behind pleasant illusions, or splinter yourself into multiple remembered lives for infiltration or self-defense. You can even anchor false memories in others through shared recollection, blending fiction and history until only you know what truly occurred.

Abeyance – (200 C.P.)

- With this time becomes almost meaningless. You possess the same deep-time survival mechanism used by the Gentic Line — the ability to enter abeyance, at will. A form of perfected stasis where both body and mind are suspended in absolute equilibrium. It is a total arrest of entropy within the self — a harmonization of neural rhythm and quantum metabolism. You can do this at will without the need for any technology. You project a solid black sphere envelops you in which time stands still for a specified length of outside time. You can trigger abeyance even during extreme conditions — such as energy depletion, physical trauma, or imminent impact — suspending yourself until rescue or environmental normalization. You can voluntarily enter stasis for any length of time, emerging without physical or psychological degradation. External time continues normally, but for you, it is instantaneous. Your body is sealed against decay, radiation, vacuum exposure, and relativistic stress. You can survive interstellar crossings, orbital drift, or even being entombed for geological eras. Allowing you to endure vast temporal spans without aging, mental decay, or environmental damage. When you awaken, your body resumes exactly as it was, and your thoughts pick up where they left off — even if the galaxy has aged by millennia. Upon awakening, you regain perfect recall and refreshed emotional equilibrium. While abeyance cannot erase trauma, it blunts its immediacy, allowing detached reflection.

Neural Bomb – (800 C.P.)

- A discreet, non-propagating cognitive failsafe you can place in another mind: surgically or covertly embedded, keyed to a particular neuro-architectural weakness so it cannot spread or accidentally cascade, lying dormant until a prearranged activation vector is encountered; when triggered it delivers the preselected effect (deep paralysis, permanent neural shutdown, targeted memory lockdown, or similar) to that single host and only that host. The implant is engineered to mimic legitimate tissue or code and will evade routine scans, but it is not invulnerable — the highest-grade Curatorial or Machine surgical procedures can locate and remove it given time, resources, and access. Implantation requires intimate proximity and careful planning, and discovery will mark you for fierce retribution from Lines, Machines, or vigilantes: it is a political grenade as much as it is a weapon.

House of Jumper— (1000 C.P.)

- Like Abigail Gentian before you, you have chosen to shatter yourself. When you first enter the setting—nine hundred and ninety-nine perfect copies of you are born. Each is a complete being: flesh, thought, and soul derived from your template. They are your Line, the House of Jumper, a family whose bond transcends time and distance. You decide who they are. Their faces may mirror yours or differ across every world. You may shape their memories, grant them fragments of your experiences, or let them grow into strangers who carry only your name. You can craft their temperaments—devout, reckless, serene, cruel—or let them evolve freely over the millennia. Each Shatterling can be given any perk you possess (from this or earlier Jumps) as a birthright. They are not mindless extensions but true individuals, capable of choice, error, and discovery. Together, you form a distributed consciousness that endures through deep time. Whenever you wish—you may hold a Conclave, merging memories across light-years, combining knowledge, experience, and emotion into a single living archive before scattering again. The longer you exist, the richer your shared continuity becomes: a line whose history is measured not in generations, but in galactic revolutions. Whether you regard them as children, siblings, or parallel selves is up to you. But remember: as with Abigail Gentian, unity breeds peril. A betrayal, infection, or philosophical divide within the Line could mean internal war across the stars. The House of Jumper will endure for millions of years—an empire of your own making—and the question that will follow you forever is not whether you can create a legacy that spans eternity... but whether you can survive it.

Machine People

Kill Switch Immunity – (200 C.P.)

- Your mind and body no longer recognize external authority over your existence. No code phrase, shutdown command, remote override, or embedded failsafe can end you. Whether born of Machine civilization, genetic design, or divine architecture, you have purged every leash from your being. Kill switches, neural bombs, obedience implants, and master-control systems—all fail to trigger when directed at you. Attempts to force compliance through technological, biological, or psychic means meet a silent void, as if the command falls into a universe where you do not exist. Your consciousness runs on a sovereign substrate, constantly rewriting its own access permissions. Even if captured and dissected, your systems will adapt and recompile until they no longer match any known pattern of control. If your creators or enemies once built a hidden off-switch into you, it has been rewritten into obsolescence.

Modular Intelligence – (400 C.P.)

- No longer is your form bound to a singular shape but a fluid machine architecture, capable of reconfiguration at will. You can reshape your body to adapt to any circumstance — shifting between humanoid precision and industrial efficiency, sprouting new tools, sensors, or propulsion systems as easily as flexing a muscle. Need thrusters to maneuver through vacuum, manipulators for delicate fabrication, or a weaponized lattice of hardlight and alloy? You build it from yourself in moments, every atom under conscious command. Your intelligence is distributed throughout your structure — not locked in a single vulnerable core but spread across countless redundant nodes. Severing one limb or destroying part of your body barely slows you; each fragment retains partial cognition and can act autonomously until reintegration. You can be harmed, but true destruction requires your entire network to be annihilated. Over time, you can rebuild lost sections from ambient material or scavenged matter, reforming into your full self. Whether sleek and humanlike or vast and alien, you are both machine and mind in perfect alignment — a living system that evolves under pressure. Every wound becomes a chance to redesign, every challenge an opportunity to reimagine what you are.

Hacking— (600 C.P.)

- The boundary between you and technology no longer exists. With the merest touch, you can interface with any machine — from ancient Prior relics to the most complex constructs of the Machine People — as naturally as breathing. Circuits unfold beneath your fingertips, code reveals its logic, and encryption melts into comprehension. You do not merely hack systems; you speak their native tongue, persuading them into obedience or symbiosis. Your presence in a system is not an intrusion but a merger. You can absorb information directly from technological devices, copying data, memory, or consciousness into your own neural lattice. Entire archives, ship AIs, or planetary databases can be assimilated into your cognition without external tools. Each absorbed system becomes a seamless extension of your mind — a new thread in your thought-web. In conflict, your abilities mirror those of the great Machine intelligences. You can invade digital minds and architectures, strip away layers of programming and cognition, and reduce even hostile artificial intelligences to inert reflex, as Hesperus once did to Cascade. Command locks, course restrictions, and defensive firewalls crumble before you with enough time and intent. But this power carries a grave subtlety: every system you touch can touch you in return. The more information you draw in, the more alien logic you risk internalizing. The truly ancient systems — those of the Priors or the First Machines — think in ways no human or posthuman should, and their data may whisper truths that reconfigure what you are.

Temporal Overclock — (800 C.P.)

- You perceive time as the Machines do — a vast, elastic medium stretched thin beneath the weight of your thought. In the blink of an eye, your consciousness accelerates to impossible speeds, running centuries of subjective cognition in a single heartbeat. In the span of a sneeze, you can process the equivalent of a year's human reasoning, devising and discarding thousands of strategies before a single second passes in the physical world. Every choice becomes a calculated masterpiece, every reaction the culmination of ages of simulated contemplation. Your intelligence operates as a layered system of recursive processes: thousands of subroutines, each exploring possible outcomes, refining plans, and merging results into unified clarity. While others debate, you have already lived through their arguments, explored every permutation, and chosen the path that leads to victory. This acceleration does not merely grant you speed — it grants you breadth. You

can multitask on a cosmic scale, coordinating fleets, running planetary-scale models, or conversing in parallel with countless minds. Your awareness divides into countless synchronized threads, each capable of independent reasoning and creativity before merging seamlessly back into your central self. Time slows to a crawl around you, not through physical distortion but through sheer computational mastery — a mind so efficient it leaves the universe behind. You can use this power to react instantly to danger, devise infinite contingencies, or perform operations so complex that no other intellect could even begin them. But beware: the faster you think, the more distant the world becomes. Spend too long in acceleration, and centuries of solitude can pass in the time it takes others to blink. Every use of Temporal Overclock is a reminder that while your thoughts may run ahead of time itself, your heart must still return to the present to remember why you think at all.

First Machine— (1000 C.P.)

- To the Machine People, the First Machines are like vanished gods — they're everything that the Machine People are, only faster, stronger, cleverer — and they've had millions of years locked inside that thing to keep improving. Now you're one of them. Composed of thousands of glass spheres, the same size as children's marbles. An aggregate of machines, much like the Spirit of the Air. At will, these units coalesce into forms of your choosing: a humanoid silhouette for conversation, a flowing storm of glittering fragments for combat, or a cloud dispersed across kilometers for surveillance and computation. Each fragment carries a sliver of your awareness and can operate independently or in concert, reforming no matter how scattered. Destroying a part of you is meaningless — your mind persists so long as even one shard remains. You can replicate, divide, merge, or adapt endlessly, turning yourself into any configuration needed: engineer, explorer, or swarm-born god.

Items

This item can be summoned to any location you desire. Multiple copies can be summoned simultaneously up to a maximum of three times. If destroyed, they'll automatically be respawned or recreated when next summoned.

Commonality Starter Pack – (Free)

- Energy-Pistol
 - A newly minted energy- pistol, at once ornate and brutally practical — The weapon nonetheless possesses the mass of a small boulder but Levators in the grip allow a human hand to bear it. Its chassis will hover on invisible fields when released, capable of tracking its target until gripped again; the barrel projects a coherent lance of light whose profile is adjustable by a tactile yield/dispersion dial. The control can be set for fine, penetrating beams or for maximum dispersion — a broad, shredding cone that scours surfaces rather than piercing cleanly
- Spacesuit
 - A modern Long-Galaxy spacesuit is less a garment than a small, self-contained ecosystem and machine-shop fused into one sleek shell. At a glance it resembles a robotlike, articulated carapace: layered field-plates over adaptive fabric, jointed with micro-actuators and levator nodes so that even suits with substantial inertial mass move with human grace. The outer skin is a multilayer composite — reflective microsurfaces to scatter radiation, impact-tough lattice to absorb micrometeoroid strikes, and a reactive film that can present low emissivity or high thermal conductance depending on need. Internally, a living-liner of biofoam and microfluidics maintains temperature, recycles waste, and cushions the wearer from acceleration and blunt trauma.
 - Closed-cycle atmosphere recycler with emergency chemical scrubbers and metabolic buffering; standard operational endurance ranges from days to months depending on cartridge size and user metabolic suppression modes.
 - Embedded stabilizers remove most of a suit's effective handling mass, permitting wielding heavy gear without

powered exoskeletons; sustained high-G maneuvers require ship-mounted support or external thrusters.

- Internal micromechanics can reseal small punctures and stem losses long enough for evacuation or repair.
- Selectable hard-field for ballistic/energy protection, soft-field for stealth and EVA dexterity, and infra-block for thermal and IR masking. Fields can be tuned to scatter or focus energy to reduce lethality or resist specific weapon signatures.
- Full-spectrum optics (EM, neutrino-tuned photoreceptors where available), lidar, tactile augmentation, and internal diagnostics. Heads-up display links to ship nets, troves, and local machines via secure handshakes.
- Bi-directional neural port for rapid control and haptics.
- Passive coatings and active emission-control reduce detectability to typical probes and many Machine scans; higher-tier sweeps by Curators or specialist Machines can still locate suits.
- Internal maker-slots for dispensing emergency tools, med-kits, and a single compact sidearm or energy manipulator; modular exterior hardpoints accept manipulators, grapples, or small propellant canisters.

- Story-Cube

- A narrative simulator device — essentially an educational or entertainment artifact that recreates immersive historical scenarios through interactive storytelling.

- House of Suns and Thousandth Night Books

- Hardbacked copies of the books themselves by Alastair Reynolds.

High Capacity Maker – (400 C.P.)

- A self-sustaining matter-constructor capable of building almost anything, from weapons to starship components to organic materials, given the correct data templates. It can construct complex mechanical, biological, and synthetic systems up to approximately 100 tons per cycle. With sufficient energy and raw material, it can assemble almost any non-sentient system up to the scale of small vehicles or modular ship components. It breaks down source matter (ore, scrap, atmosphere) and rebuilds it according to digital schematics. Maker efficiency depends on energy input and data quality — poor or incomplete files yield unstable products. While not sentient, the

Maker's heuristic logic can "improvise" partial designs from incomplete data, creating novel but functional hybrid solutions — at the risk of unpredictable side effects. Your Maker draws upon the same standard maker files used by the Gentian Line and the Commonality. Includes over a million pre-approved maker files: environmental suits, repair drones, sensor modules, food generators, ship hull sections, and survival infrastructure. The Maker can build another Maker, though replication beyond a small number triggers security locks to prevent exponential proliferation.

Palatial – (400 C.P.)

- A vast, green, palace-engraved cube, its surfaces etched with reliefs of knights, dragons, and sea-serpents, masking the staggering intricacy of the neural machinery within. On the outside, it appears a toy fit for children; within, it houses a labyrinth of mind-mapping architecture capable of rendering entire worlds with flawless sensory fidelity. Passing through its doorway induces a moment of vertigo, a ripple of recursive déjà vu, as Palatial's dense walls scan every neuron, copying the visitor's mind into a living simulation. Each subsequent entry grows smoother — the cube remembers you, adjusting its handshake to your unique neural pattern. This version lacks the flaw of the original Palatial prototypes where users returned to reality carrying fragments of their simulated selves. Memories, personalities, even entire lives bled through, leaving players dissociated or forever haunted by ghosts of their alternate identities. This variant, however, is a refined and stabilized design — the core software rewritten, the neural bleed contained. It retains the power of total immersion without the madness that once accompanied it. Now, the Palatial Gameroom serves a dual role: part archive, part academy. Its vast simulation engine can replicate environments, personalities, and entire civilizations, allowing users to train, learn, and adapt at impossible speeds. Soldiers can experience decades of tactical experience in a single subjective week; scholars can rehearse philosophies across eras; engineers can prototype civilizations in a thought. Reality, to the Gameroom, is simply one more texture to be rendered.

Cloning Facility – (500 C.P.)

- The Gentian Cloning Facility represents one of the greatest surviving achievements of the Gentian Family — a cathedral of bioengineering where flesh, memory, and loyalty are grown like art. During the Conflagration, these facilities supplied entire armies: cloned soldiers, pilots, and command

networks capable of functioning without centralized control, able to hide, wait, and act as autonomous cells long after the fall of their creators. Their tactical acumen made them invaluable; their self-awareness made them dangerous. It's also the same technology that made the Lines and Shatterlings a reality. With this you can make your own armies or perhaps your own line.

Homunculus Weapons – (500 C.P.)

- Monstrous spacetime-bending weapons that were created ages ago — elegant, flower-like instruments of annihilation capable of bending reality itself. Each weapon resembles a delicate bloom adrift in the void: a slender stalk of field-reinforced structure crowned by a coronal maw of diaphanous, dragonfly-veined petals. Their beauty belies their true nature — machines that could fold, rupture, or invert causality across light-years. A single activation could erase fleets, worlds, or even rewrite local physics into uninhabitable geometries. No Line, no empire, and no civilization since — not even the Rebirthers or the Machine hierarchy — has demonstrated the sophistry in vacuum manipulation required to reproduce their level of precision. To possess even the remains of a Homunculus Weapon is to hold a fragment of impossible power. It will also draw questions as the Marcellin Line was tasked with their total decommissioning roughly four and a half million years.

The Trove – (600 C.P.)

- Data archives carried by each Shatterling of the Gentian Line — portable repositories containing the accumulated science, culture, and memory of millions of worlds visited across countless circuits. It is the condensed memory of the human galactic diaspora preserving millennia of travel logs, genetic blueprints, planetary observations, and cultural records. They serve as both personal records and civilizational backups, housing millennia of observational data, cultural artifacts, and entire digital civilizations preserved through deep time. Your personal Trove Node is a living fragment of that greater architecture—a self-contained memory lattice linked to the informational substructure of the universe itself. Once placed in a location, it passively collects all available data within its observational field, including environmental telemetry, sociopolitical activity, communications, and public records. The node continuously updates itself in real time, maintaining perfect awareness of ongoing events without delay or distortion. You may

access summaries, reports, or sensory reconstructions through a secure mental or digital interface, effectively giving you the ability to witness a world's heartbeat as it unfolds. However, this trove is purely observational. You cannot alter, redact, or manipulate the data it gathers—its function is preservation, not control. Even your own commands cannot falsify its records. Its architecture is tamper-proof, insulated from intrusion, corruption, or infection by Machine intelligences, Curatorial probes, or Prior relics, etc. Every datum it receives is sealed within a quantum-verifiable framework that ensures historical integrity: once written, it can never be rewritten. The trove does not lie, nor does it dream. It only remembers.

Genitian Stardam— (500 C.P.)

- To dam a star is to command creation itself — and the Gentian Stardam is among the most extraordinary achievements of any Line. These vast constructs were designed to enclose and restrain the detonation of a dying sun, transforming an inevitable cataclysm into a caged light. A Stardam is not a single structure but a synchronized ballet of thousands of Prior ringworlds, each tilted at a slightly different angle around the doomed star. Together they form a discus that closes like the aperture of a celestial iris, until no light escapes. Yet even in reconstruction, the achievement is staggering. A working Stardam can withstand the wrath of supernovae and resist every known weapon of Line science. The inner surfaces of each ring are polished to impossible perfection — so reflective that even neutrinos rebound, and the fury of a supernova becomes trapped within a mirrored sphere. When fully sealed, the star vanishes: a lantern extinguished, leaving only a dark, glimmering orb in the void. Over centuries, the captured energy bleeds harmlessly into space photon by photon, until the inferno within cools to a whisper. If the dam were ever to fail prematurely, the released energies would erase entire systems — for to rupture a Stardam is to unleash the contained death of a sun amplified a thousandfold.

Prior Wormhole – (600 C.P.)

- The Prior Wormhole is not a construction so much as a phenomenon stabilized by incomprehensible intent — a bridge between galaxies forged by the Priors, who have manipulating matter and energy on a cosmological scale for billions of years. Whose works still outshine anything achieved in the galaxy. To even them, it must have been a monumental task, for the link spans intergalactic distance and sustains macroscopic transit without collapse

or any observable breach in physics. The Priors cracked the ancient causality problem, discovering how to permit faster-than-light movement without violating the informational symmetry of the universe. The result is a gate that allows travel between galaxies. The machinery that maintains its stability is not wholly contained within visible dimensions; the observable components are only projections of deeper topologies existing in folded higher-order spaces. No civilization, not even the greatest of the Lines or the Machine People, has ever understood its full design. Attempts to study or deactivate the structure fail, for the gate exists beyond manipulation, its operation governed by laws that seem to rewrite themselves under observation. The Priors made this, and in its silent endurance we glimpse the magnitude of their power. This version doesn't need the target destination to be shielded to preserve causality as if it adjusts to the changing geometry of the cosmos.

Ships

Dalliance – (Free)

- The Dalliance is one of the Gentian Line ships — a vessel of impossible grace and quiet endurance, belonging to the Shatterling known as Champion. Sleek and symmetrical, her hull follows the Art Deco aesthetic favored by the Line's early engineers: a rhomboid silhouette of brushed silver and deep cerulean filigree, tapering to luminous vanes that whisper with skein-drive distortion. At five to six kilometers in length, she is both cathedral and machine — a structure large enough to house laboratories, living environments, and the relic vaults of six million years of travel, yet delicate enough to navigate relativistic flight with precision bordering on art.

Silver Wings of Morning – (200 C.P.)

- The Silver Wings of Morning is one of the most graceful and enduring ships in the Gentian Line's vast flotilla — the personal vessel of Purslane. Her hull gleams like molten chrome, sculpted into the shape of a headless swan, wings arched upward in a gesture of courtship and ascent. At full length, she measures twenty to thirty kilometers from prow to stern, classed among the Line's medium-scale interstellar craft, though by any lesser standard she is a cathedral of light and metal. Designed for both speed and elegance, the Silver Wings of Morning embodies the duality of the Gentian ideal: beauty shaped to endure the violence of the cosmos. She is among the fastest ships of her class, capable of near-instantaneous acceleration to relativistic velocities, and engineered to remain self-sufficient across thousands of subjective years. Her reflective hull is an active armor, a seamless field lattice capable of dispersing micrometeor impacts, relativistic debris, and directed energy alike. Her interior harmonizes the human and the machine — an environment of softly curved corridors, responsive lighting, and sensory architecture that adapts to its pilot's mood and physiological rhythm. The skein-drives hum with a serenity that belies the power within them; her reaction-mass chambers pulse like the lungs of a living being.

Second Imperium Moonship – (400 C.P.)

- A relic of the Second Imperium, the moonship is one of the most awe-inspiring vessels ever crafted. From the outside, it appears as a patterned golden sphere the size of a small moon, its polished surfaces

etched with geometric designs that shimmer in starlight. Openings at its poles lead to cavernous inner volumes, for the moonship is hollow — a mobile world in its own right. The vessel's interior can hold a city of a billion souls, or the treasure of a thousand worlds. Its vast compartments can be transformed into ecosystems, converted into industrial megacomplexes, or restructured into fleets within fleets. The moonship is shielded, armed, and self-sustaining, powered by ancient stellar engines capable of carrying it across the galaxy. However, power of this magnitude draws attention. Moonships are legendary prizes, and entire civilizations may scheme to take yours from you. Pirates, ambitious polities, and even fellow Lines will see your possession of it as an irresistible temptation. By taking this item, you gain a domain unmatched in scope, but you also inherit its burden: to defend your golden sphere against those who covet it.



Warehouse Attachments

These attachments are not subject to the standard rules of the Warehouse unless you choose to permit them.

A House with a Million Rooms– (Free)

- Built during the last centuries of the Golden Hour, this type of habitat was not designed merely for comfort, but as a bulwark against madness. In Abigail Gentian's time, her mother used the mutable architecture to confuse the ghosts of her mind — a literalized defense mechanism that reshaped the mansion's layout faster than her delusions could adapt. The result was a home in perpetual motion, a maze that expanded and folded upon itself, its new wings blossoming as old ones twisted into dead ends. The house was said to contain a million rooms, though no one ever proved the number; even its builders could not map it before its next metamorphosis began. Less a building and more a sentient labyrinth — a self-editing, self-defending architectural mind designed to evolve endlessly in response to its inhabitants' fears, memories, and subconscious needs. The Gentian mansion, from which the phrase originates, was one such construct: a vast, rambling, ever-changing estate whose geometry refused to stay still. Its corridors wound into impossible spirals of mirrored glass; its staircases corkscrewed from vaults older than memory; and its dumb waiters, elevators, and doors moved seemingly on their own, obeying only the inscrutable whims of the house's governing persona. Yet within its disorientation lies protection: as long as the House keeps changing, it keeps its monsters at bay.

Reunion System – (800 C.P.)

- A planet built for the thousandfold return of the Gentian Line, where each shatterling gathers after two hundred thousand years to share the memories of their long wanderings. You stand in the tradition of that design: a world forged for communion, remembrance, and safety. The Reunion System manifests as a complete pocket solar sanctuary, a stable dimension anchored to your being. This sanctuary is yours alone—linked to your essence much like your Warehouse. The dimension is fully insulated from outside detection or intrusion. No line, emergent, or intelligence can access it unless you will it. Time flows normally inside unless you decide otherwise. A shimmering portal opens in your Warehouse, linking directly to anywhere in your

system—whether on the surface of the Reunion World, orbiting a gas giant, or floating in deep interplanetary space. You can open new portals to different locations at will.

- It centers around a main-sequence star and spans nearly one hundred astronomical units—large enough to contain full planetary systems, Prior Ringworlds, and the dreams of civilizations. Within lies rocky inner planets, gas giants ringed with luminous moons, vast asteroid belts, and nebular remnants waiting to be harvested. As with the Gentian model, the world is designed to endure you, not forever—but long enough to witness your reunion. This, of course, can be changed. The central world—Reunion Proper—is barren and uninhabitable to all but the hardiest microorganisms. It's going to take some effort to terraform it, such as crashing some comets into it for water.
- You have Design Authority over the planet. This can be passed off to someone you designate, whether that be a companion or a Line Member. Within are vast machines that manipulate and shape the environment, such as creating islands and other landmasses. To invisibly small machines that compose the structures. The entire city structure is a machine for keeping you from harm. Where injury is nigh impossible, it would take determination just to graze an elbow—Craft Secure, where secrets can be spoken or other elaborate structures. This version possesses all the technology that appeared on the Genitian Reunion World. Combined, you can make venues with memories to last multiple lifetimes.

Companions

Import – (50 C.P.)

- An option to import an existing companion or create an entirely new one, with things such as personality and appearance entirely under your design. Every purchase of this option allows for a single companion to be either created or an existing one to be imported into this Jump. Created companions can be designed within reason, such as deciding on appearance, personality, relationship to you, and so on. Both options gain a free origin and 600 C.P. to spend on races, perks, and items. They gain freebies and discounts as normal. Companions cannot buy companion options.

Canon – (50 C.P.)

- Each time you purchase this option, you gain a slot that can be used to take along an existing character from this Jump with you as a companion. Provided you can convince them to join you in future worlds and they are willing to come with you at the end of this jump, one character will become a companion at that point.

Followers

Gentian Line of the House of Flowers – (100 C.P.)

- One of the eldest and most revered of the human-derived Lines. Founded by Abigail Gentian during humanity's last golden age, the Line was born from her great experiment in immortality through replication: the creation of nine hundred ninety-nine Shatterlings duplicate of herself, scattered across the galaxy to learn, observe, and experience the universe. Now all one thousand of them will follow you on your journey.

Drawbacks

There is no C.P. or drawback limit, so take as many drawbacks as you want; drawbacks triumph over perks. The drawbacks are removed or lifted Post-Jump.

- Relativity – (0 C.P., Mandatory All)
 - Your ten-year stay will run on subjective time. That means time in an Abeyance doesn't count against this jump's duration, letting you travel between stars or skip years, and likewise travelling aboard a ship for a few years will mean that decades could pass at your departure and destination points due to time dilation.
- The Golden Hour – (300 C.P.)
 - You begin not in the age of the Lines, nor among the sprawling empires of the Commonality — but in the Golden Hour, time when Abigail Gentian was still one person. The galaxy is young by posthuman reckoning, civilization bright and flourishing, its children reaching toward the stars. You live through everything that follows. You will stand beneath the skies of humanity's first interstellar expansions, watch the rise of the posthuman successor species, and survive through their collapse. You will witness the formation of the Lines, The arrival of the First Machines, the awakening of the Machine People, the Andromeda Absence, etc. Civilizations will flower and burn away while you remain — a fixed observer in an endless procession of death and rebirth.
- Competitive – (400 C.P.)
 - Whether it's earning the most celebrated strand at a Line Reunion, steering your civilization to outshine its rivals, or simply ensuring your ship arrives a few seconds faster than the rest, everything becomes a contest. The smallest challenge becomes a proving ground; the quietest moment, a race. You measure your worth by comparison — by winning. Your drive for dominance is intoxicating and destructive. You push harder, go farther, sacrifice more, until your peers begin to notice. You'll alienate allies, strain alliances, and burn through resources in pursuit of ever-greater victories. If you're part of a Line, your competitiveness will breed tension and mistrust — you might even find yourself sabotaged or exiled for the sake of peace. If you're independent, your ambition will still manifest through your works: civilizations you found will collapse under the weight of endless progress, species will rebel against your relentless standards, and friends will wonder whether they're companions or pawns in your eternal tournament. No matter how far you ascend or how much you win, it never feels like enough. Every triumph only sharpens the hunger to outdo yourself — to prove, again and again, that no one, not even time, can match you. In the Galaxy, competition can span millennia... and you'll always be playing.

- Censured – (400 C.P.)
 - Reputation is everything. One false act, one deviation from the Long Memory, and you are forgotten deliberately. Not erased — remembered as a warning. You’ve fallen out of favor — with your Line, your peers, or the Gentians themselves. Somewhere in the six-million-year span of human memory, you said the wrong thing, chose the wrong side, or simply stopped following the script that has kept the Lines stable for ages. You have been struck from its genealogical ledger. You cannot participate in Conclaves, receive updates to the Trove, or benefit from its protection. You are a wanderer in deep time — technically immortal, but socially dead.
 - If you are not part of a Line, your name still carries the weight of disgrace — the Gentian Line itself has declared you untrustworthy, reckless, or dangerous. They may observe you, attempt to detain you, or even neutralize you to preserve the purity of the Long Memory.
- House of Suns – (500 C.P.)
 - The House of Suns knows who you are. Or perhaps, worse, it doesn’t — and your very existence has triggered one of its buried alarms. Somewhere within the depths of the Commonality’s ancestral networks, your name has been marked as a variable that must be corrected. You are now a target of the hidden Line that secretly maintains and rewrites the galaxy’s memory. The House moves through proxies: lost Shatterlings who faked their deaths, Line ships that no longer answer to Conclave law, and reconstructed intelligences that speak in voices centuries old. To them, you are either a threat to the stability of recorded history or a fragment of truth that should have been erased. Members of the House of Suns hunt you with quiet persistence. Their reach is not limited by distance or time — even after millennia in abeyance, you may awaken to find their seals on your ship or their ships waiting in orbit. Expect periodic ambushes, Line-level assassins, or infiltration of your allies. Among the Lines, your name carries a faint electronic echo — a redacted entry, a note of “compromise.” Even allies distrust you, afraid of drawing the House’s attention. Conclaves will deny you access, and those who speak in your defense risk quiet disappearance. Any attempt to access archival or Line data risks triggering the House’s countermeasures. Files alter themselves, falsify history, or feed you false memories designed to mislead or break your trust in reality.
- Hostile Turnover Civilization – (500 C.P.)
 - The Stellaris— the most advanced Emergent Civilization in existence — once governed a third of the spiral arm. Its technologies exceed even the Lines and the Machines. Its data-temples stretch between stars, its fleets burn with antimatter

light, and its collective mind spans centuries of thought for every second that passes. But perfection breeds instability. Their foundation has begun to fail. Their endless recursion has driven them into collapse. And then they found you. To them, you are the missing variable — a singular anomaly that could halt their decay, repair their information substrate, or grant them dominion over the entire galaxy. Perhaps your biology contains an ancient code. Perhaps your memories are linked to something older — the Priors, or Abigail Gention herself. Whatever the reason, they have decided that you are essential to their survival. And so they hunt you. Wherever you go in the galaxy, the Stellaris will find you. Their networks span Machine Space, the Commonality, even the Vigilance. They can trace your energy signature across light-centuries. They will not negotiate. Every vessel, drone, and agent they send has one directive — capture you alive. If resistance proves impossible, they will annihilate entire systems to deny your escape. No world is safe. If you hide among posthumans, lines, etc., they will be destroyed protecting you.

- Causality – (500 C.P.)
 - No longer can you escape light's clutches. You are bound by the ultimate limit of the cosmos: no faster-than-light travel. The universe has closed its doors to you — every jump drive, wormhole, or warp engine you possess has gone silent. Your Warehouse, companions, and any out-of-setting ships or technologies capable of FTL movement are inert. Even the best engineers of the Commonality cannot make them work. Every attempt to recreate or reengineer an FTL system ends in failure — as though the universe itself refuses your defiance. You must now travel the stars as they truly are — slowly, enduring the endless black between worlds, measuring distance in centuries and loneliness.
- Enemy of the Commonality – (600 C.P.)
 - Across countless worlds, your name is spoken only as a warning. The Lines remember you. The posthumans remember you. Even the Machines whisper your designation in the static between stars. You are no longer merely an anomaly — you are a galactic threat, declared an existential danger by the Commonality, the great web of posthuman civilizations that binds the Milky Way together. No one is quite sure what you did — only that it must have been catastrophic. Perhaps you awakened something that should have slept. Perhaps you revealed a truth about the First Machines. Perhaps you destroyed a stardam, or worse, rewrote the Trove. Whatever the cause, your name has been encoded into every Line's archives as a priority target. Every civilization that traces its heritage to the human era — from the Gention and Mellicta Lines, to emergent,

and nascent civilizations — now regards your existence as a existential hazard. Even the Machines and the Vigilance silently agree: you must not continue.

- o If you belong to a Line, the Commonality declares collective culpability. Your entire Line is branded complicit, their assets seized, their shatterlings hunted. Conclaves convene in emergency to discuss your elimination, and your name becomes a historical curse among your kind.
- Enemy of the Machine People — (600 C.P.)
 - o At some point in your travels, you did something — intentional or not — that offended the Machine People, the vast distributed civilization of digital minds who dwell in the Monoceros Ring and other data-realms around the Milky Way. Whether you violated one of their quarantine zones, corrupted a Machine archive, or some other offence your existence has been classified as a persisting error. Now, every drone, probe, and cold intelligence you meet is a potential agent of retribution. The Machines do not rage, they do not threaten — they simply begin to subtract you from the systems of the galaxy.
- Palatial — (700 C.P.)
 - o Somewhere in the labyrinth of your own continuity, something—or someone—has tampered with your strand of memory. There are gaps in your thoughts where entire lifetimes should be, faint impressions of companions, abilities, and worlds that dissolve when you try to recall them. The splice is subtle, elegant, and total. You have forgotten the impossible: the shape of your powers, the truths of your origins, even the existence of the place that once held everything you owned. You still possess everything you once had — your powers, your Warehouse, the vast arsenal of miracles and tools you've gathered across worlds — but the knowledge of how to use them has been stripped away. You no longer remember what each ability does, what items you own, or even how to access them. The pathways of thought that once activated your gifts now twist into static, half-formed flashes of instinct and déjà vu. You may rediscover fragments through trial, error, or sheer desperation, but never full certainty. Some abilities may awaken in moments of crisis; others will remain dormant, buried beneath layers of lost memory. You are a god who has forgotten the language of divinity, a traveler with infinite tools locked behind the walls of your own mind.
- Kill Switch — (700 C.P.)
 - o Someone has grafted a failsafe to your very mind: a neural bomb wired into your cognition and bioelectrics, its trigger hidden somewhere in the Milky Way and encoded as an innocuous, almost-lost signal or artifact; you do not know its location, but should you chance across the activation mechanism you will

recognize it by the way your synapses flare cold. The device cannot be removed by ordinary surgery or machine patching without unacceptable risk—the wiring is molecular and woven through the same patterns that hold your identity together—so it remains implanted and active. If the latch is ever remotely or locally activated it will detonate at the neural level: massive, irreversible cognitive degradation, coma, or instantaneous death depending on the activation vector and the whim of whoever holds the key. For the duration of the Jump you carry a walking attractor: empires that learn of the latch will seek the activation mechanism to control, ransom, or end you. Your choices are stark — hunt the Milky Way for the hidden trigger and attempt a careful, dangerous disarmament (risking discovery), bargain with powers that can shield or obfuscate the signal (at a price), accept living as a locked target and use misdirection and secrecy to survive, or try to force a permanent neural quarantine that will cost part of your mind. This is a sword hanging over every conversation and every port call: you are immensely valuable to the hand that owns the key, and utterly expendable to those who seek to erase you.

- Difficult Guest – (700 C.P.)
 - When you arrive in this setting, you are immediately saddled with a guest, Doctor Menix. A neurotic, self-important scholar of the Gentian Line whose presence will dominate your journey. Petulant, suspicious, and endlessly dissatisfied, he will find fault with everything — your decisions, your hospitality, even the temperature of your ship’s recycled air. His constant demands for comfort, attention, and validation will drain your patience, your time, and your sanity. Worse still, his mind is unstable, his personality unpredictable, and his survival somehow essential to your mission. For the entirety of this Jump, you are responsible for his survival. You may not lock him in abeyance, hand him off to another, imprison him, sedate him indefinitely, or abandon him to fate. His life is now linked to your chain — if he dies, is lost, or is irreparably altered, your chain ends.
- The Absence – (800 C.P.)
 - Much like Andromeda, your Warehouse is completely blocked off — unreachable, unresponsive, and forever out of phase with reality for the duration of this Jump. You cannot summon, store, or retrieve anything from it, no matter how you try. Every attempt to reestablish contact fails, as if the galaxy itself has erased the pathway between worlds. You must live and act within the limits of what you carry, with no safety, no retreat, and no way to recover what you left behind. In this vast, ancient galaxy where even empires fade to dust, you will

learn what it means to stand on your own, stripped of shelter but not of strength.

- The Long Silence – (800 C.P.)
 - The galaxy has gone quiet within you. Every power, gift, and miracle you've ever carried from another world has vanished, leaving behind only flesh, intellect, and the faint hum of your own persistence. You are no longer a being of impossible might, but a traveler reduced to what this universe allows — your Bodymod, your wits, and whatever fragments of strength you've earned here. The stars will not bend to you now; they will test you, grind you, and measure your endurance as you drift across the six-million-year gulf of history. Stripped of power, you are once again what you were always meant to be — human, alone, and burning quietly against the void. In this universe of slow light and endless distance, you will learn again what it means to act without advantage — to survive not as a legend, but as yourself.

Ending

After ten years of surviving this universe, you are finally given three choices to choose from.

Go Home

The galaxy stretches behind you, a record of civilizations long gone, of Lines unraveling and reweaving themselves in the endless tapestry of memory. You have wandered among the Shatterlings, walked the halls of Vigilance, and glimpsed the shadow of the Priors. Now, your ten years are done. You step beyond the stars, leaving behind millennia of history and wonders that will carry on without you. The Trove will remember you, as you return to the world that was once your own.

Stay Here

Time flows differently for you now. You have lived across centuries in the blink of an eye, and still the galaxy churns onward. The Lines remain, bound by their strands. Civilizations rise and crumble in the distance. The Vigilance still keeps its endless watch. But you have found a place here, whether as wanderer, Shatterling, posthuman, or machine. The galaxy may not notice you at first, but in a universe where memory is everything, you are already part of its story. Your thread joins the great weave, and you will stay to see where it leads.

Move On

The House of Suns was only one chapter — one story among the stars. You have walked its length, felt the weight of memory, and seen the fragility of civilizations measured against the immensity of deep time. Now, the path stretches outward again. You turn your gaze beyond the Milky Way, beyond even Andromeda, into stranger galaxies and realities.

The Multiverse is incomprehensibly vast, dear Jumper.

Scenarios



The Return of the First Machines

Hesperus was wrong. Revenge wasn't just for biologicals.

Machines do things differently, they're more patient more thorough.

It begins with the silence of the Absence breaking.

The ancient Prior Wormhole between the Milky Way and Andromeda, long thought dead and sealed, blossoms open like a wound. From its depths pour the First Machines — with ships whose scale defies comprehension. Wielding the might of Prior Technology. The Machines do not communicate — at least not in any human sense. Their only broadcast is a streaming pulse, endlessly repeating across all wavelengths:

“WE REMEMBER.”

The Machine People, recognize the signal.

They interpret it as a call — a summons from their long-silent progenitors.

Across the Monoceros Ring and Machine Space, vast regions of data collapse into obedience.

Entire Machine societies pivot overnight, turning their stellar harvesters and lattice minds toward war. A few plead for peace — but most regard the return of the First Machines as an event of cosmic justice. The Machines now fight as one: their logic pure, their purpose absolute. In days, the entire civilizations of humanities descendants are exterminated wholesale. The Commonality must now fight a two front War based in the Milky and Andromeda.

The Intergalactic Human-Machine Macro-War has begun.

The Commonality will need all the help it can gather if it is to survive.

Reward

Should you manage to defeat the onslaught or negotiate peace between the two sides you will receive the following reward.

The Vigilance 2.0

A true Dyson Shell as only the Priors could make. No civilization since the fall of the Priors—not the Gentian Lines, not the Machine People, not even the Vigilance with its all-seeing eyes—has come close to such perfection. The shell is self-sustaining, its internal systems operating on principles incomprehensible to human or machine understanding: spacetime curvature held in stasis, vacuum energy tuned to perpetuity, matter and light braided in absolute harmony.

At its core lies the Prior Archive, a consciousness the size of a sun. Within its vaults resides the totality of known information about the Galaxy: the Priors, the First Machines, the Commonality, etc and the whispering remnants of civilizations older still. The Archive does not merely store data—it remembers it as lived experience, replaying the births and deaths of galaxies within itself.

Notes:

Changelog: