



Jumpable 0.2

In the year 2042, mankind had reached outer space. Mineral resources, food production, disposal of hazardous waste. Any nation capable of breaching the atmosphere sought to benefit, and there had even been projects to terraform nearby worlds and scout planets suitable for colonization... but mankind's reach was cut short. A rain of meteors from near Jupiter was set to destroy the world. By using their nuclear arsenal to destroy only those set to impact continents directly, less than half of the world's nations were able to survive, although the ecosystem was completely destroyed. But this was only the beginning. Alien invaders, eventually dubbed the Nemesis, had used these meteors to hide.

The war was bloody. Hopeless. Now, in the year 2052, mankind numbers in the millions. Living under the auspices of the GAIA supercomputer, the nations of yesteryear a memory as the United Nations became the sole remaining government, humanity continues fighting. Refusing to die. But perhaps fighting is not the solution. Right now, the CIA is convening on matters of defense. The current generation of weapons is not only stalemating, but pushing back against the Nemesis. But soon, a certain soldier named John Ford will steal a hidden prototype – the Black Fly – and try to end this war on his own. What none but the culprits know is that he was brainwashed by the military's leadership, who refused to stand down as their civilian counterparts planned to, and seek to make a martyr of him. To justify total war, by avenging a lone hero. An action that may well be what it takes to drive mankind extinct at last.

+1000 Choice Points

Background

Human - Free

One of the masses living upon Earth's corpse.

Nemesis - Free

One of the alien invaders who fell from the heavens.

Perks

Discounts are 50% off. Freebies are Free.

NEWALONE NOWAGAIN - Free / 150 CP

The foundation of the alien technology is, ultimately, a single invention: NEWALONE particles. A form of stable antimatter, they allow for near-infinite energy generation via proton interactions. Fabricating a machine with a NEWALONE engine will allow it to operate, in essence, forever. But the quantity of energy that can be harnessed depends on the total amount of NEWALONE available, and it is consumed when running at maximum capacity. The ideal method for combat replenishment of one's stores is absorption.

The atmosphere of both Earth and the paths in outer space utilized by the Nemesis are utterly flooded with NEWALONE, allowing for the harvesting and consuming of them on a constant basis. It also appears NEWALONE are drawn to each other as if by gravity, and this effect is pronounced when two or more beings capable of high-level NEWALONE usage engage in combat, a gathering storm of NEWALONE inevitably drawing out the full power of both fighters.

This will apply in this Jump for Free, but through spending 150 CP, you will become a locus for NEWALONE particles. Not only will they be drawn to you in greater amounts, even as a mundane human, but they will simply come into being from nothing. You can toggle this on and off, in case someone else figures out how to harness NEWALONE particles that you'd rather not be able to do so.

Beam Duel - Free

A quirk of the alien technology is that their powerful beam weapons, when turned against each other, cause a 'beam duel' to take place. Not only are the streams locked together, preventing them from breaking apart even if a combatant moves away, but the clashing beams will form a gigantic electrified sphere in which both fighters' energies are poured into as the run-off power becomes a storm of lightning. This sphere is pushed back and forth depending on the energy placed into the beam struggle, striking the loser head-on by following their own attack back to the source, and inflicting catastrophic damage by combining the winner and loser's energy together.

Quite the iconic phenomenon, and one you may enjoy going forward no matter what. By matching a continuous beam of some kind with one of your own, you may initiate a 'beam duel' operating on the same logic as the local ones, even if the relevant effects explicitly do not work that way. The details may shift depending on what the clashing beams actually are, however. Warring spiritual attacks won't necessarily react with the production of electricity, for example.

-19th MOON- - 50 CP

Can you hear that sound? The echo of humanity? The dying scream of a world that was? It's pretty good. You have gained Metal Black's soundtrack to listen to at your leisure, a phantom sound backing your life. But in addition to the game's songs, you will also gain new tracks made in Zuntata's iconic style to match the unique events and foes you'll face. This music is notable in how well it matches the ebb and flow of those moments as they occur, though you can still replay them later if you want to.

Take Off - 100 CP (Free to Human)

To battle against an enemy from space, weapons a man can hold in his hands are no longer enough. You have the skills of an elite pilot, capable of moving a massive steel assembly as if it were your own body, with the peripheral awareness to scrape enemies with just the blowback of your main gun while dodging a baker's dozen of different blasts and lasers. If only the UN would allow you to pilot a Black Fly...

Down To Earth - 100 CP (Free to Human)

The biosphere is dead. Humans must live in shelters, their lives managed by the UN and GAIA, to never see the ocean and the green ever again. It is a bleak life, but it is life. Your soul can weather depressive and miserable conditions, struggling onwards, no matter how grim tomorrow becomes. Well, you might still use drugs and other intoxicants in a desperate bid to feel joy, but you will never choose to die.

Dancing Horming - Free (Nemesis Only)

Not human. Not a machine. Not an animal. You are something the Earth has never seen before, silicon life, a creature truly alien to the biosphere mankind has mastered and despoiled. Your biology can easily adapt to and assimilate technology, and your neurology is in turn capable of interfacing with computer systems. Before destroying human civilization, your people assimilated data from all computers, greedily stealing all of mankind's evolution in one fell swoop. Your current body is greater than any weapon fabricated by earthlings, with enough durability that it would take a dozen missile strikes or hundreds of anti-aircraft rounds to destroy you, and armed with similarly potent armaments. Your physique naturally produces trace amounts of NEWALONE and powers itself using a matter-antimatter reaction, but you are still a 'living creature'. Surviving in outer space forever is not within your power, and as the atmospheric cooling resulting from nuclear winter worsens you will no longer be capable of surviving on Earth either. While these problems may seem easy to solve given the rest of your people's abilities... the Nemesis are not actually sapient. They can intake information and put outputs into action to allow greater survival and proliferation on both a short-term and long-term basis (see: your people invading Earth in the first place) but none of them can actually 'think'. Without a direct example to copy, the solution of changing their bodies to excel in different environments will never even be considered.

More so than any otherworldly power, what makes you unique among your kind is the fact you have a mind.

Red & Yellow - 200 CP (Discounted to Human)

If the world isn't willing to save itself, then you'll do the job in everyone's place. You are a rebel, a hellion, the kind of hot-blooded loose cannon who can get away with stealing a top secret weapon and kill some of his own guys with it before taking on the enemy army on their own. To begin with, when it comes to acting against your own side for the greater good, you've got both luck and friends in the upper brass who secretly want you to succeed. Furthermore, so long as you get results in the end, any crimes you do along the way will be forgiven. The families and friends of the men you shot down on the way to the real enemy probably won't like you, but you'll be paraded as a war hero instead of thrown in jail for your actions.

Organic Data Link System - 200 CP (Discounted to Human)

The interface between man and weapon is a fatal flaw in many otherwise great designs. A body can fail, and even the greatest of soldiers can be denied victory by faulty controls. Therefore, a method to bridge that gap has been created. You are a master of brainwave technology, allowing for machines and vehicles to be used with their wielder's thoughts rather than physical mechanisms. Modifying existing devices to use this is quite simple for you. However, this is a very personal technology. Anything as grand as placing entire facilities under a single man's control is impossible without further advancements on your part.

Doubt - 200 CP (Discounted to Nemesis)

As previously said, the Nemesis are not actually sapient. Their 'intelligence' is the result of variegated instincts building and interacting in a sophisticated manner. A more appropriate term could be algorithms, as from a human perspective such is closer to an AI's way of being. In any case, you can enjoy your kind's mental capabilities, as your instinctive responses are bolstered to match your intelligence. In fact, you may cast aside your sapience to become a true Nemesis. By default the reflexive system in charge of your activity will return your mind when caught in a standstill or loop that only real intelligence can solve, but you may change these parameters at your discretion.

Yueez - 200 CP (Discounted to Nemesis)

For a species that does not actually have a mind, the Nemesis are surprisingly capable at psychological warfare. The emotional effect you hold on any enemies is magnified. Whether in rising to your full height as a monster, or through your dying roars, your actions are carved deeply into the psyche of your enemies. Even if they have the willpower or bravery to conquer you, your presence brings your enemies closer to the edge, slowly unhinging them from reality as they begin to hallucinate. In time, they might think you were hatched from the moon itself, or suffer visions of humanity's evolution and eventual decay into degenerate and self-destructive beasts even as the two of you fight to the death.

MILITARY ENFORCE TOTALWAR (FOR) ABSOLUTE LIBERTY: BEAM LESSON AIRCRAFT CARRIER KILLOFF - 400 CP (Discounted to Human)
Peace? Our leaders want... peace? After fire rained from the skies? After our families and neighbours were killed? After our very planet, our beloved Gaia, has become a rotten corpse? No. There can be no peace. We will destroy all enemies, for the good of humanity, and you will make sure of it. You are a true military genius, skilled in both tactics and strategy to the point of slowly bleeding victory from a superior enemy even as they assimilate your own technology, with the personal charisma and heartless political skills to grasp the reins of a combined army drawn from the survivors of once-hostile nations and forge them into a mighty force capable of waging interplanetary destruction. Whether you have the men and the weapons to do such a thing is another story, but you are most certainly equipped to grasp both by force if needed.

Counter-Weapon - 400 CP (Discounted to Human)

Mankind had little time to engineer a weapon to surpass the Nemesis, yet as John Ford will prove, their Copy Fighter will more than live up to the task of saving humanity. Much like the scientists who cracked the secrets of NEWALONE particles, you are a master of analysis and reverse engineering. Studying exotic particles, quantifying their odd qualities, and then creating a device to harness it is simple enough for you. Integrating such strange new forces with existing technology is likewise a common result, letting you assimilate and replicate the weapons of your foes in record time. That's not to say you can truly master such forces - humans do not understand how NEWALONE is produced or why it functions the way it does - but putting technology and science beyond your ken into practice is the means by which you'll save mankind.

Visitor - 400 CP (Discounted to Nemesis)

Forget the small fry and 'popcorn'. You're not just another drone, another member of the faceless swarms harrying humanity. You're a true monster, ranging from the size of a small building to a skyscraper, with a biomechanical design combining machines of war with a long dead animal from planet Earth. You could be a dinosaurian aberration bristling with exhaust pipes, beam cannons, and missile launchers. Or maybe you're a cybernetic brain the size of a city block growing from the tip of a giant rocket filled with drones and missiles. The exact specs of your new body should leave anything made by humanity in the dust, while still being vulnerable to high-energy devices such as nuclear explosives and particle beams. Speaking of which, as a high-class Nemesis, you also gain their most powerful and dreaded weapon: the particle beam. Through consuming high amounts of NEWALONE, you can fire superheated plasma condensed via magnetic fields into a coherent beam. The sheer power you release through this is comparable to nuclear weapons, though much more focused and thus even deadlier to any given target.

But to power all these systems, the amount of NEWALONE your body produces and contains naturally is much higher. The antimatter coursing through your body will run out of control if you die, annihilating you as an explosion surpassing any known nuclear bomb occurs.

Memory - 400 CP (Discounted to Nemesis)

Without the flames of sapience, the Nemesis can not innovate as well as humans do. But what they can do is copy, and in a rare few, understand. With this boon, you are part of the latter. Your ability to decipher the societies of alien beings is incredible. You could parse thousands of years of civilization, studying the social trends, the influence of evolution and biological necessities on psychology, and the vagaries that result in a species acting the way they do, over the course of a few years. Alongside the power to understand, is the power to communicate, in a peculiar way. You can produce illusions of massive size, no smaller than hundreds of meters, depicting the history and developments of a species or perhaps individual you have grown to understand. This power is not meant to hide or beguile, but to communicate, projected in such a manner as to reside in the 'background'. If you understood yourself, maybe one day you could show everyone your heart, rather than simply striking them with their own past?

Born To Be Free - 600 CP (Discounted to Human)

John Ford is a hero avenging the fallen humans. John Ford is a maniac snatching defeat from the jaws of victory. John Ford is a victim driven mad by his bloodthirsty superiors. Is any of this real, or were you dreaming? Nobody knows yet... but it doesn't matter. You are free. The result of this is twofold. First, the negative consequences of your actions are partially negated. Killing your own allies for standing in the way will remove them from 'the war', but won't actually kill them. Destroying the enemy leader, whose death causes an explosion strong enough to carve Earth in half, will see the planet undamaged despite the earth-shattering detonation seemingly splitting it in half. Second, any brainwashing or conditioning done to you will lead to extreme ambiguity and obsfucation of reality. The end result is that your actions as another's thrall will be reframed as something you would have wanted to do on your own, with the culprit becoming a genuine ally of yours. What happens next depends on you and your would-be masters.

Brilliant Mix - 600 CP (Discounted to Human)

Once upon a time, humanity grasped for the stars. That time is gone, everything in ruins, but the wisdom of the past has not been erased. You are a true scientific luminary, highly intelligent and well educated in a variety of fields. The focus of your learning has been the celestial sciences, or in other words, the fields relevant to space exploration and colonization. This includes rocketry, life support, navigation, artificial intelligence, terraforming, and hydroponics on massive scales. Engineering interstellar colony ships, spacebound megafarms, and methods for asteroid mining is within your abilities. Your knowledge in other fields is relatively pedestrian, but you are capable of designing things like jet fighters, nuclear missiles, and sealed bunkers if necessary. There is one final invention you know, something truly cruel... brainwashing. How that is performed remains unknown, and thus you must decide the mechanism yourself, but the result is that you can implant a single directive or idea into a captive victim's mind which they will follow to its conclusion as if it were their own will.

Game Is Over - 600 CP (Discounted to Nemesis)

This is it. The crowning jewel of the Nemesis. You can design reactors that produce NEWALONE with lesser interactions, which can then fuel immensely powerful devices and lifeforms. There's a practical limit to engineering, so even your greatest creations would still need to devour external NEWALONE to achieve their full power instead of producing that much NEWALONE on their own, but even then releasing the power you can place into building-sized monsters would result in a detonation strong enough to erase a city. As a result of your subatomic mastery, you can also invent all sorts of exotic matter. Invisible blocks, rainbow-hued orbs that cast illusions, crystals that grow into non-contiguous lattices. Maybe one day, the horrors and marvels you make could transcend the physical world, evolving into pseudo-spiritual existences...

A Mirage of Mind - 600 CP (Discounted to Nemesis)

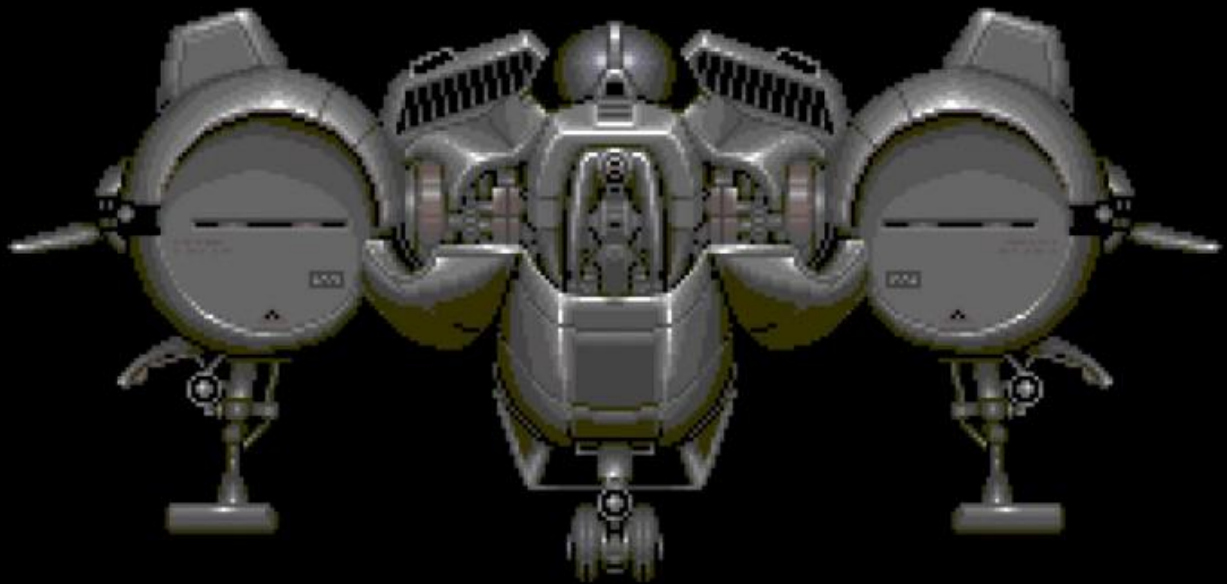
But perhaps that existence was already born. There is only one other being like you here, the final enemy waiting beyond Jupiter. To begin with, the bulk of your body is a spiritual projection, a genital phantom reminiscent of humanity's carnal nature. This immense girth is impervious to physical harm, but likewise does not protect your core from attacks, which has become an energy sphere in which high-energy reactions perpetually occur. These reactions grant you vast durability and stores of energy, in particular allowing you to birth great amounts of NEWALONE particles through a pseudopodal orifice or harness them to fire a particle beam. The sheer advancement of your physicality allows the overwhelming energy contained within your being to be harnessed through any biological, cybernetic, spiritual, or psychic avenue available to you. Even in absence of such, any foolish or brave enough to kill you would suffer as your body undergoes meltdown, releasing a catastrophic explosion powerful enough to sever a planet in half.

Items

Discounts are 50% off. Freebies are Free.

Black Fly - Free (Human Only)

The ultimate weapon. Mankind's trump card, which... may not even be necessary, given the aliens' inability to cope with global cooling and the efficacy of newer armaments such as the SAAM90 missile batteries. Even so, it is a marvel of engineering, capable of high speed inside atmospheres and in outer space. Due to the NEWALONE engine inside, it can operate forever. Though it has a relatively limited stock of missiles, less than two dozen rockets in total, it can fire powerful gamma rays by collecting and firing the run-off from the matter-antimatter reactions powering it. Muons produced by this effect is also responsible for thrust, and much like the more powerful Nemesis it can absorb NEWALONE particles to increase the strength of its gamma rays and consume the extraneous NEWALONE to fire a particle beam. At its full potential, the energy of this beam is comparable to nuclear weapons, though even deadlier as it is focused into a stream.



LSD - 50 CP (Free to Human)

The state of affairs is quite upsetting. You can't fault the grunts for wanting to escape reality, just a little bit, right? Like the average infantryman fighting against the Nemesis, you've got a supply of LSD, to give you those lovely sweet dreams from a time when waking up didn't make you want to die. Doesn't run out and consistently sends you on good trips.

Debris - 50 CP (Free to Nemesis)

Most of the humans' armies were destroyed, but that doesn't mean their toys are completely gone. You have found a military ship of your choice. From a battleship, to a destroyer, to even aircraft carriers. It is rather worn down, but theoretically functional. You could use it as the core of a greater combat form, or just live inside it like a hermit crab.

Astronomical Society - 200 CP (Discounted to Human)

The approach of a catastrophic meteor shower was known years before humanity was endangered by its falling from the sky. But the governments of the world chose to ignore the scientific community's words in lieu of more pressing economic concerns. Now, the scientists are the only reason mankind can do battle against the alien invaders. While they are largely suborned to the military or the United Nations, the scientists now turn to you as something of a spokesman. Influencing the research performed by various institutes and lone agents, acquiring the results of their labors, or disseminating technology of your own is rather easy with the acclaim you hold and you shall gain similar prestige among the scientific community in future worlds.

Dual Moon - 200 CP (Discounted to Nemesis)

An unidentifiable flying object, a shapeshifting spaceship, has been given to you. This vessel generally prefers to stay at the size of a large building, though it has just enough mass to house a Nemesis the size of a skyscraper by growing in size, and can also shrink down as small as an apartment. Its literal shape can not change, but it can morph itself to resemble the nearest moon, its mimicry puissant enough to confound even advanced scanners. This normally wouldn't matter given that celestial objects are hard to lose track of, but the object's navigation systems can automatically interpose itself so as to trick both machines and living creatures into believing the ship is the actual satellite.

Central Intelligence Agency - 300 CP (Discounted to Human)

America's very own men in black are the sole remaining intelligence agency from all the world's peoples, now working as the United Nations' espionage and security arm, and possibly their only means to resist a coup d'état from the combined military. Whether as the director, or as the politico the director answers to, you are the CIA's true master. To be honest, your agents have little ability to fight the Nemesis, and the aliens lack the civilization needed for their usual spycraft. But that does not mean they haven't adapted to the changing times, as they can wring intel and monitor development among the enemy forces even in apocalyptic conditions. Their propensity and skill in meddling with their own people is no lesser than it used to be, either. A similar position and agency will be waiting for you in other Jumps.

The Gate of Guardian - 300 CP (Discounted to Nemesis)

This is your treasure, a rainbow-dyed orb with the power to confound the universe. Bearing this orb aloft will allow you to wield a strange power, somewhere between illusion and teleportation. You can leave a phantom behind to receive your enemy's attention while invisibly moving elsewhere, vanish before their very eyes, or even disincorporate and chaotically appear in pieces to attack your enemy. With experience in using this power, these illusions could even transcend beyond your death, cursing the one who murdered you to face vengeful mirages until your grudge runs cold.

GAIA - 400 CP (Discounted to Human)

For it was the folly of humans that brought civilization to the brink, it may prove best to remove control from them. You have gained your very own artificial intelligence, akin to GAIA, the mechanical authority tasked with administration and diplomatic relations with the Nemesis. Its body is a supercomputer, lacking any weapons or defense mechanisms despite what you may expect from familiarity with these kinds of worlds and similarly absent of a personality. It is a tool, in truth, and will remain such unless you take great pains to change this. In any case, as implied, it can reliably administrate a society numbering in the low millions and manage supplies and logistics well enough to let them survive even in a lifeless wasteland.

Non Fiction - 400 CP (Discounted to Nemesis)

It took around 3 years for the alien invaders to copy all of the world's computer data, a process done by the use of a black box the humans foolishly took home as an access point. Humanity no longer has anything to offer in that manner, but perhaps the beings of other worlds could. You will find these circumstances repeating in future worlds should you wish it. A mysterious technology will be taken home by the dominant species of a single planet of your choice in the past, only to be put aside in favor of greater concerns, a mistake that will allow the device to break into their networks and copy anything found there by the time your Jump begins. You can easily access the black box to harvest the results without a trace, but even a Nemesis would find processing so much as a minuscule fraction of this vast data a monumental task.

United Nations - 600 CP (Discounted to Human) - This or Security Council may be Discounted, not both.

With the destruction of all previous human nations, the world's governance has been consolidated under the umbrella of the United Nations, and as the current secretary-general you are therefore given supreme power over mankind. Few as they have become. This position affords you the highest level of political power any man could achieve here and now, paired with nominal command over the military and agencies such as the CIA and many research labs. This does not mean they are truly loyal, or can not believe themselves wiser than you, but your control over the administrative and legislative organs is absolute. You will maintain this position in future worlds, or the closest sensible equivalent, but your actual power will be much lower if the constituent nations of your organization can function on their own.

Security Council - 600 CP (Discounted to Human) - This or United Nations may be Discounted, not both.

As a result of the annihilation caused by the arrival of the meteor rain and the ensuing nuclear strikes, all countries were decimated to the point no meaningful political entities exist, and surviving militaries across land, sea, and sky were thus unified into a singular force under the United Nations' command. But the pain and the grudges of mankind's destruction can not be soothed by reason. Accepting a ceasefire when your foes are genocidal beasts is disgusting. Perhaps you could change that, or push things along, as you are now the undisputed leader of the military. Your men, from the generals and admirals nominally your equal down to the voiceless foot soldiers are loyal to you first, not the system. This does not apply to supporting staff, so acting without due cause (even if you engineered said cause) will likely bring your war machine to a grinding halt. You will retain your position as the leader of a great army comprised of the remains and detritus of vanquished forces in future worlds.

Dio Panic! - 600 CP (Discounted to Nemesis) - This or Waste Days may be Discounted, not both.

Not all high-class Nemesis can have the easiest of times gathering NEWALONE. At the same time, high-class Nemesis are not necessarily the best of fighters. Symbiosis, therefore, is a valid path to survival. With that in mind, you have forged a partnership with a Nemesis of your design. This being is well equipped to gather NEWALONE, whether it is a gigantic and nearly invulnerable sea snail or a speedy draconic entity, and your physiologies are linked such that it can transmit NEWALONE particles back to you. It will be able to 'update' itself to account for your energies and physiology from other worlds, ensuring it is a worthy partner no matter what you become. Since you maintaining sapience is already breaking the rules, you may choose whether this being is a true Nemesis mindlessly following your will or another aberration afforded true intelligence who is nonetheless absolutely loyal to you.

Waste Days - 600 CP (Discounted to Nemesis) - This or Dio Panic! may be Discounted, not both.

The finest weapon to wield against celestial objects are other celestial objects. Wiping out mankind in full is against your people's current interests, but you have created another of your kind's alpha strike. A great comet that can be used to ferry an entire species across worlds, paired with hundreds of modified asteroids. Crashing the comet into your modified asteroids will allow the passengers to hide inside them as they are launched at a planet of your choice, impacting the surface with enough force to simultaneously be an extinction event and terraform the environment. Various settings in the comet can be used to alter the desired changes, modifying the impact sites to achieve different results, but for obvious reasons it is quite difficult to not kill everything living on your target. This entire assembly can also fly across interstellar distances but has no stealth ability beyond hiding amidst space debris.

Pale Gray Dot - 1000 CP (Discounted to Human)

...it was blue, one day. Even if that time is long gone, perhaps you do not wish to abandon your world? It is Earth. A dead Earth, whose ocean has dried beneath a rain of meteors, whose skies have darkened in the wake of nuclear winter, whose cities are no more than blasted ruins. You could harvest the broken remains of human civilization, plunder the mineral wealth humanity never had the opportunity to claim. Maybe you think you can heal this world. Whatever the case, you will gain a copy of this world's Earth at the end of this Jump. It would be quite odd if humanity's planet disappeared beneath their feet... unless you plan to keep them? There will be a lot of chaos and you gain no loyalty from anyone with this alone, but it is an option. Dealing with the consequences of a planet following you across dimensions is on you, regardless.

Nemesis Crisis - 1000 CP (Discounted to Nemesis)

The enemy of mankind. The world beyond Jupiter. The goddess of vengeance. But there are others, are there not? Call it Alecto, Megaera, or whatever you wish. What matters is that you have your own moon. A moon that wasn't there before, a parasite moon that can travel across the solar system like an omen of death. The outside is lifeless rock, but the innards are like the guts of an alien beast, colorfully lurid. Stretching and compressing like a beating heart. Disgusting. But its core is what's most frightening: nothing at all. An empty space, larger than it should be. Perhaps enough to house a star, if you could somehow move it there. Regardless, any object exiting this moon's gravity well trails a kind of distortion that, upon entering the gravity well of another celestial object, becomes a corridor in space. Such corridors allow one to cross those distances much faster than normal, but disperse over time if not reinforced by sending masses across them. They're also quite... chaotic. Don't be surprised if what should have been empty space becomes a dazzling crystal cavern.

Companions

Player 2 - 50 CP

You may import an existing Companion, or create a new custom one to your liking, granting them 600 CP and a Background with everything that entails. In theory you could also take a canon companions, but...

Player 1 - Free

...nobody here even has a damn name other than John Ford. The man currently set to either save or doom all of mankind, brainwashed by his own superiors to justify a complete offensive. All told, he's just a soldier. But if you choose to make him a Companion, he'll gain "Beam Duel", "Take Off", "Down To Earth", "Red & Yellow", "Born To Be Free", and the upgraded version of "NEWALONE NOWAGAIN" as Perks. He will also get to keep his stolen "Black Fly" as a proper Item. Maybe you'll prove a better boss than the top brass.



Sakou Menme - 50 CP

A strange cat that began haunting you one day.

Its right eye is a bright blue cut in the middle by its slit pupil, and said to represent the day.

Its left eye is dark with a blue crescent poking from the edges, and said to represent the night.

Menme reflects something about you, but, I'm not sure if you're wise enough to understand.

Drawbacks

The world has suffered so much already. Let's see how much you can bear, too.

Lonely Sour Desire - +100 CP

It's really not that surprising. Some days you can't even see the sunrise anymore, you know? So you walked away from the world with a special little pill. But the world isn't gonna stop chasing you, friend. You're awake enough to know what's killing you, who's your allies, and what you're doing. But even with that much lucidity, the world you see and what everyone else sees can be so, so, so very different...

Hermit Syndrome - +100 CP

Bare flesh can be cut. Bare metal can be shot. Hide, hide away from everyone who wants to kill you. You're deathly afraid of exposure, downright obsessed with hiding inside 'something' safer than your own body. If you're fortunate enough to have a Black Fly as a human, this might not be a problem. Anything capable of wrecking your ship will kill you too. But if you're a Nemesis, finding something to squeeze inside will be... difficult.

Beam Struggling - +200 CP

How strange. For some reason, your own abilities now function in the same way as the particle beams used by NEWALONE-capable weapons and lifeforms. That is to say, you need to absorb lots of antimatter to climb your way back to something resembling your normal. Even then, actually using your full power will consume that antimatter extremely fast, dropping you back to your minimum in a dozen seconds or so. Said minimum is a pale shadow of your stuff... and if you're a normal human with no superpowers? Yeah, you don't want to see what that 'minimum' is.

Project Gun Frontier - +200 CP

Here be dragons. Or rather, the Wild Lizards, a band of space pirates notorious for enslaving the natives of planets they rob and putting them to work so they can profit even more. Yeah, the solar system is now host to a three-way war. Unfortunately, the Wild Lizards have developed some kind of mechanism that allows them to hijack the Nemesis and add them to their forces. Something that can't be copied or stolen before you get any funny ideas. Whether human or Nemesis, you're something of a high-value target, the kinda dame nasty guys like these love to gun down. Watch your back, or you'll be dead before it's high noon.

Gaia Hypothesis - +300 CP

There is a theory that the world is alive, and that the Nemesis are not alien invaders, but the vengeance of the planet manifest in response to humanity's mindless consumption of nature. This would normally be a matter of interpretation, but now, it is very real. Gaia howled for help, and it was Mercury who answered, sending its natives to genocide mankind. Until mankind begins to heal the world and live in harmony with their biosphere, each year shall see another invasion from a different planet in the solar system. Even the children of the sun will descend to raze all, in the ninth year, should you insist on triumphing by violence. As a Nemesis, the fact you are a sophont will mark you as 'corrupted' by the computer data your kind devoured, and thus you will be punished as harshly as any real human being.

Century's Counterattack - +300 CP

In the end, the Nemesis have already been defeated. They can't live on Earth. But the real enemy is none other than humanity itself, so the war will continue no matter what happens. Bigger weapons, greater madmen. Humanity will thrive only so there are more sides to suffer in conflict after conflict. But the real burden is that of the heart. No matter how aloof you are, or even as a Nemesis, you will find people and things worth defending in this world, and you will see yourself killing for their sake, and you will see them dying for your sake, killing for your sake, and sometimes both for no more than bad luck. It isn't as if the universe wants you to suffer, but rather, that the universe itself is suffering...?

On Lonely Sour Dream: If you seriously don't get it, you're addicted to LSD and will spend as much time as possible high.

The End

After 10 years, it's time to make your choice. If you died, you can only choose "Go Home" or "Stay Here".

Go Home

Stay Here

Move On

Notes

A Mirage of Mind

I don't think this gives you planet-level stats, as that would raise questions about how powerful the Black Fly's weapons and by extension literally every enemy in the game are. It should make you stronger than Visitor, but this is a fairly old shmup. There's no convenient in-battle feats to point at.

Waste Days

The meteors remain usable after the impact, so you can easily leave the planet if you just want to wipe out a civilization or something. Unless your target, say, fires a thousand nukes at the meteor rain poised to wipe out their entire species. Or shoots them down through whatever means. You get the point.

Pale Gray Dot vs Nemesis Crisis

The latter offers more immediate utility with the corridors and being bigger on the inside and moving. But the former can make all of this world's humanity into Followers and most of the items discounted to Humans gives you increasing amounts of authority over the survivors anyway.

Changelog:

>0.1: Made the Jump.

>0.2: Removed drawback limit.