

Honorverse Jump: V1.2

Permission to come aboard granted, Jumper. You've just entered the world of the Honorverse, a naval space opera vast in scope and detail. As part of your duties in this world, you'll undoubtedly encounter massive space battles, new cultures and technologies, and more expository meetings than a treecat can shake a celery stick at. Interstellar tension is rising around the galaxy, as star nations jockey for position and conspiracies lasting T-millennia prepare to come out into the light, leading to one thing above all else; space naval combat that seems strangely reminiscent of the wet-navy combat of Old Earth's Napoleonic wars. But despite the scale of conflict, sometimes galactic history pivots on a single brave person and their sense of what's right. Normally, that person seems to be one Honor Harrington, whose duty (and honor) lead her to change the galaxy. But with you here, who knows? Welcome, Jumper, to the Honorverse.

Given your duties here, the Space Lords have determined that you are to be equipped as you are accustomed. Take these to prepare yourself.

+1000 CP

Now, Jumper, let's be about it.

Place and Time:

Begin by determining your starting location and era. The proper astrocartography and positioning is vital to ensuring success, after all; unfortunately, you must roll 1d8 to determine the star system and time in which you arrive, or pay 50 CP to choose for yourself. .

1: Basilisk, 1900 PD: Where it all started. One Commander Honor Harrington, new captain of the CL *HMS Fearless*, has just been posted to distant Basilisk Station to picket the system and perform customs inspections. While she attempts to bond with her new crew, the People's Republic of Haven launches a surreptitious attempt to annex the system...

2: Grayson, 1903 PD: Now a Captain in command of her own squadron, Harrington has been dispatched to encourage a treaty between the Star Kingdom and the isolated (but strategically vital) Protectorate of Grayson. While Grayson adapts to galactic society, there are more currents under the surface, as the zealots of Masada launch a new campaign aided by the PRH...

3: Hancock, 1905 PD: On the eve of war, Captain Harrington recovers from her injuries in time to take command as flag captain of one of the RMN's newest battlecruiser squadrons. Hancock Station will soon become home to one of the first battles of the "short, victorious war" between the PRH and the Star Kingdom, one with far-reaching consequences...

4: Cerberus, 1913 PD: Even the greatest admiral suffers defeats. Commodore Harrington has just been captured by an advanced Peep raiding force under Admiral Tourville, and is now being kept aboard the *PNS Tepes* for delivery to the prison planet Hades, better known by its inmates as Hell. Deep in Peep space, and with war turning against the Alliance, there's no chance of rescue...

5: Sidemore, 1919 PD: They thought the war was over. Unfortunately, they were wrong. The armistice between the corrupt High Ridge government of the Star Kingdom and the new

Pritchard Administration of the now-shining Republic of Haven is falling apart. Admiral Honor Harrington has been posted to Sidemore Station on the fringes of the Silesian Confederacy, mostly for political reasons. However, as the war restarts with the Republic's Operation Thunderbolt, her distant station may become vastly more important...

6: Manticore, 1922 PD: With the Onion of the Mesan Alignment coming to light, and in the disastrous wake of Operation Oyster Bay and the Battle of Manticore, the Republic of Haven has established a truce with the Star Kingdom. Admiral Honor Harrington, commanding the combined Grand Fleet, stands ready to defend the Manticore System against the massive hammerblow of Solarian Admiral Filareta's Operation Raging Justice...

7: Sphinx, 1519 PD: Not every hero uses superdreadnoughts or pulsers. As the colonization of the Star Kingdom of Manticore begins to get underway, a young girl explores the picketwoods of Sphinx. When she is menaced by a hexapuma, she may just find a new friend...

8: Free Choice: You may arrive at any time or location in the span of the novels or novellas. Should you roll this option, you may decide to get involved in the SLN's first attempt to "acquire" Manticore, end up embroiled in the Manpower Incident or Thandi Palane's revolution on Mesa personally, or just ride along with a ship called Francis. Alternatively, you can select any of the listed starting locations and times.

Age and Gender:

Given that total gender egalitarianism is now taken for granted except on the most barbaric of worlds, you may select your gender freely. Similarly, mass prolong availability allows you to determine your age, from 20 T-years (and with prolong, an apparent age in the early teens) to a full T-century (With an apparent physical age, depending on prolong generation, from 25 to 100).

Origin:

Additionally, you have to come from somewhere. You should select a star nation of origin, granting you some experience with that culture and their complementary perk as well. If you would like to purchase the benefits of another such nation, you may pay 200 CP for each additional perk you select; **Drop-Ins** still select an origin, but this only determines their free perk and the structure of any ships they may possess.

Manticoran:

The 3-planet Star Kingdom of Manticore is one of the smallest, yet most powerful, star nations in the galaxy. With a tiny absolute population, the Kingdom has an incredibly high per-capita GDP, thriving industries, a massive merchant marine, and excellent quality of life. Much of this is due to its possession of the 7-termini Manticore Wormhole Junction, which allows Manticore a Gross System Product 78% of Old Terra's. The mostly-benevolent hereditary aristocracy of Manticore, ruled by the Royal House of Winton and the Parliament, maintain the Star Kingdom's way of life.

The Royal Manticoran Navy, due to its large merchant marine and constant anti-piracy efforts in Silesia, is one of the most well-trained and disciplined navies in space.

Jeune École: 200 CP, Free Manticoran

The advanced R&D labs of HMS Weyland, combined with the refit and production capabilities of HMS Hephaestus and Vulcan, continue to be one of the largest advantages of the RMN. When added to the higher educational base of the Star Kingdom as a whole, these mean that Manticore is always just a step ahead in technology, with slightly (or massively) better sensors, materials, weapons, and software than anyone else. You've inherited those advantages; as well as a thorough grounding in technology, from materials science and counter-grav to Warshawskis and nanites, you gain a significant boost in your research and development capabilities. Even better, you have a "feeling" when there's something more to explore, allowing you to continue to progress on problems the rest of the galaxy assumes are insoluble.

Havenite:

One of the first extra-solar human settlements, the Republic of Haven was once the most prosperous and progressive star nation in the galaxy. However, after the institution of the Basic Living Stipend (aka the Dole) the Republic was transformed into the People's Republic, an authoritarian and dystopian welfare state ruled by corrupt Legislaturalist overlords. With no way to keep the economy solvent from within, the Legislaturists turned to expansion, conquering nearby systems to temporarily keep the mob happy before tumbling back into bankruptcy. While the Peoples Republic claims to maintain its high ideals (and in some cases, such as genetic slavery, does uphold them) it has also been brainwashing and oppressing its citizens for decades, leaving it ripe for revolution as it continues to expand in attempts to remain stable.

The People's Power: 200 CP, Free Havenite

Organization and communal labor allow numbers to make their weight most effective, an area at which the (People's) Republic of Haven does, or should, excel. While recent heights of corruption have left most of Haven unable to make the most of its advantage, you can easily reverse that trend. With your mastery of organization and efficiency, you can design work schedules, PubIn campaigns, and legislation to make a group work at its most efficient. You can even use this power to rearrange economies, improving the idea of the BLS so that it actually works to provide all citizens with a basic standard of living.

Grayson:

The fanatical Church of Humanity Unchained left Old Terra long before the invention of the Warshawski drive, seeking a refuge for their anti-technological religion separate from the excesses of Man. Unfortunately, their new homeworld of Grayson was a trap, especially given their beliefs. With insane levels of heavy metals, even breathing outside was likely to be fatal, with faulty genetic tampering killing the majority of male babies in the womb. Separated from the rest of humanity for over a millennium, Grayson's settlers devolved to a pre-gunpowder culture before bootstrapping their way back up to a spacefaring society before their rediscovery. Now the Protectorate of Grayson, barely four light-years from the Manticore System, suffers challenges to its ways of life as its strategic position brings it back into the galactic sphere and

Protector Benjamin attempts to reassert the power of the Constitution and the Sword over the Chamber of Steaders.

Well-Tested: 200 CP, Free Grayson

The insidious trap that beautiful Grayson laid for its settlers was nearly fatal. Now, that same trap has become part of the Church of Humanity Unchained's doctrine of the Test, where the goal of righteous people is to meet the challenges imposed by the divine. You're prepared to meet the Test of Grayson's soil, being far more resistant to heavy metal toxicity and other hazards than even the most stalwart of your fellow Graysons. You'll also be prepared to recognize options that aren't quite so apparent to others, following developmental chains that have been ignored for no better reason than the wisdom of crowds.

Solarian:

The massive Solarian League encompasses most of the human race. With over 2000 member systems, the League's capital in Old Chicago is the center of the galaxy's largest political system. The League's bureaucracy and opinions ultimately control, and are, those of the galaxy. Despite their supposedly high-minded ideals, however, the League's republican nature is a sham, with the actual Constitution ignored by all in power and corruption rampant in its highest levels. Despite this, the massive League Navy's Battle Fleet and Frontier Fleet, with over 11,000 of the wall, serve as a warning to any uppity neo-barbs who may get out of line (or resist the Office of Frontier Security's attempts to turn them into a "protectorate").

Sixth Mandarin: 200 CP, Free Solarian

While you may not have the actual political power of the Five Mandarins who really rule the Solarian League (rather than elected officials like the powerless President), gaining that ability would only be a matter of time and will. You are a master political manipulator, able to spin every possible situation to your best advantage, whether win or lose. You're excellent at delegating in just such a way that you get all the credit for success, and even get credit for your "foresight" if your plan ends up a failure, and can generally ensure that your Machiavellian maneuverings will go unnoticed.

Silesian:

Life is hard in the Silesian Confederacy. A loose association of several dozen star systems, the Confederacy is a hotbed of slavery, piracy, and constant low-level conflicts. While the Andermani Empire and the Star Kingdom of Manticore try to keep order, they can ultimately do little more than protect their own traders as systems are ravaged by pirates. Despite its peril, the Confederacy's local governments are far too corrupt to police their own space, and the valuable markets make Silesia a likely target for nearby expansionist powers.

Chalice of Blood: 200 CP, Free Silesian

Pirates are the bane of every honest trader, and the prize of any righteous navy. For you though, they're something entirely different; allies. You have impeccable connections with dozens of different pirate fleets, from the scum with no more than a frigate-sized raider up to massive mercenary fleets or the People's Navy In Exile. You find that no matter the seedy port that you turn up in, people will be willing to offer you "bargains" on "lightly used" vessels or goods (you've just got to clean off the bloodstains yourself) and hiring mercenaries would be a breeze. Your connections are also useful for scaring off any pirates that may find you prey, and have

further allies amongst any other seedy underbellies of society you may find; whether gene-slavers or poachers, hitmen or whores, you're right at home.

Andermani:

The Andermani Empire was founded by the insane mercenary commander Gustav Anderman, who believed he was the reincarnation of Old Terra's Frederick the Great. Despite his delusion, he rescued the planet of Kuan Yin (since renamed New Potsdam) and began producing his stock-in-trade; highly trained mercenaries. 2 centuries later, Gustav Anderman XI continues to lead the Empire in its expansion. Though it has suffered rising tensions with the Star Kingdom over their conflicting interests in Silesia, both retain shared interests in maintaining order in the Confederacy and ending genetic slavery. Devoted to pragmatism, realpolitik, and tight drill despite their sometimes-ridiculous uniforms, the Andermani make great allies and terrible foes.

Totenkopf: 200 CP, Free Andermani

One thing everyone will admit about the Andermani is that their occasional eccentricities have left them no less able to project interstellar force. You've gained some of that same ability; no matter how unusual-looking or downright insane your actions, people will take them dead seriously anyway, if you wish. Continue to intimidate people despite wearing a frogged uniform with pelisse in the 20th Century Post-Diaspora, or encourage everyone to actually follow the orders of your houseplant chancellor; while it may not appear reasonable, people will have to deal with the substance of your actions, not their form.

Erewhonese:

Originally settled by a group of successful interstellar criminals as a front for organized crime, the Republic of Erewhon is now one of the most honorable governments around. Though their code can be opaque to outsiders, the responsibilities of a mob boss turned out to be surprisingly similar to those of a head of state for a star nation. Now the Republic is a vital business center, with its wormhole junction making it a center of many trade routes. Allied to both the Solarian League and the Star Kingdom of Manticore, the traders of Erewhon are known far and wide for the inviolability of their word and their shrewd negotiating.

Erewhon Nam: 200 CP, Free Erewhonese

Most of the goods traded the Junction are exactly what they appear to be. But the most interesting goods are the ones you trade; the illicit ones. You're a master smuggler, able to fake customs tape, slip things past inspecting officers, and shield holds so nobody even knows you're there. If you've gotten stopped in the first place, though, things are already going wrong; you have a sixth sense for the authorities, giving you a little buzz of danger before you enter a system where someone who might be interested would be watching. This gives you the chance to make a more surreptitious entry, or to never translate out of hyper in the first place.

San Martino:

The Republic of San Martin was one of the most recent conquest of the People's Republic of Haven, and for good reason. As a super-heavy gravity world (2.7 times Old Terra's gravity), San Martin breeds tough, strong, and fiercely independent citizens. San Martin continues to resist Havenite oppression, aided by the fact that its position in the Trevor's Star System (with one of the termini of the Manticoran Wormhole Junction) makes it a vulnerable point for the PRH.

While many San Martinos remain on their homeworld, others fled to the Star Kingdom of Manticore to help fight back, including the last survivors of the famed Ramirez family.

Density: 200 CP, Free San Martino

No, you're not stupid. However, you are really hard to move, psychologically speaking. You're one of the most stubborn of the infamously hard-headed San Martinos, giving you a psychological strength to match the physical strength granted by your high-G environment. It's very difficult to convince you of anything you don't wish to be convinced of, and even harder to make you give up a deeply held conviction. They can take your planet and hold you captive for sixty T-years, and you'll still be ready to fight.

Beowulfan:

The Republic of Beowulf is one of humanity's brightest shining stars. An ideal member of the Solarian League, even if one that actually believes in the spirit and not just the letter of Solarian ideals, Beowulf is one of the most advanced star nations in the galaxy, only a few whiskers behind Manticore. Fortunately, Manticore itself is only a single wormhole transit away, as one of the termini of the Junction happens to rest just outside Beowulf's territorial limit. Despite its loosened sexual mores, Beowulfans are known for possessing a strong sense of morality and honor, and are one of the greatest opponents of the genetic slave trade, with the infamous Biological Survey Corps working closely (if secretly) with the Dancers of the Audubon Ballroom.

Cherwell Conventioneer: 200 CP, Free Beowulfan

Even more famous than anything else, however, is Beowulf's mastery of the biosciences. Quick heal and regen therapies both originate from Beowulf, and it was Beowulfan scientists who unlocked the gate of human longevity by developing first, second, and third generations of prolong therapies. The Beowulfan Life Science Code was created by Beowulfan bioscientists who pulled Earth out of the wreckage of its Final War, undoing the genetic horrors, viral nanoplagues, and biological and chemical weapons that left Earth a smoking wasteland. You're among the best of Beowulf's bioscientists, a master healer and engineer able to easily design and apply retroviral solutions to even the largest biological problems. You may even be able to reverse the more harmful forms of genetic engineering within a single generation, bringing people back out of the darkness of genetic slavery's programmed limits or other dangerous adaptations.

Mesan:

As the dark twin of Beowulf, Mesa is home to the genetic slave trade, run by interstellar conglomerates such as Manpower Inc. and the Jessyk Combine. These horrifically corrupt organizations nevertheless control a significant portion of the galaxy's trade, with hooks in nearly every major organization. Unbeknownst to them, however, they are themselves controlled; the secret Mesan Alignment, run by the clones of Leonard Detweiler, has been maneuvering events for almost 700 T-years. The time is almost right for them to open the Onion and come into the light...

Jumper-Line: 200 CP, Free Mesan

The genetic slave trade leads to many horrors, but it also produces some of the best bioscientists in the galaxy. Your genome has been refined and developed through hundreds of T-years of trials, leaving you at the very peak of natural human performance as a Mesan Alpha Line. As well as generally better intelligence, reflexes, physical capabilities, and resistances, your natural

longevity would let you see your 200th birthday even without prolong; with prolong treatments, you may well live 600 T-years. In addition, you've been well educated in the basics of genetic engineering and bioscience.

Backgrounds:

Now that you know where you're from, you must decide what you've been doing with your life to this point, gaining a past and a set of memories to guide you in your responses. Assuming, of course, that you've been doing anything with your life here at all.

Drop-In

You simply appear one day in your location, with no past memories or history in this world to guide you. While you may have some trouble explaining your existence (especially if you appear on the bridge of a starship) the absence of any past makes you effectively immune to blackmail, and will make it hard for even the most brilliant conspiracy to predict your actions.

As a **note**: If you choose to be a **Drop-in** and originate from **Manticore**, you may choose to actually be a treecat for no cost. You will gain a treecat body as an alternate form at the end of your time here, and gain the upgraded version of the **Empathy** perk at no price; choosing to purchase the perk anyway makes you a "memory singer," able to share not just emotions and thoughts but memories with other treecats.

Marine

Despite the massive naval battles raging across the galaxy, sometimes things get a little more personal. You're a veteran warrior such as a Manticoran Marine, an Armsman of a Grayson Steadholder, or a member of the Beowulfan Biological Survey Corps. While unaware naval officers may look down on you as a "jarhead," in the modern era even such tasks as killing things and breaking stuff involve high technology and exquisitely-detailed planning. Whether raiding a terrorist encampment or doing SAR on a battleship plunging into a gas giant, you're the one called on to kill people and break things.

Spy

Million-missile salvos of nuclear warheads, moon-shattering graser barrages, and orbital insertions of battle-armored marines all have one thing in common; they're utterly useless if they're in the wrong place. Intelligence (in both senses of the word) is what truly changes the galaxy. As such, you've joined one of the more surreptitious services; you may be a member of Manticoran ONI, a Dancer of the Audobon Ballroom, or a terrorist of the Aprilist Movement. In any case, you're an intelligence agent.

Commander

With the white beret of a starship captain, you're mistress after God of a ship of your own. After advancing through the Tactical track, you've become a skilled captain or flag officer in the navy of your star nation. With command of a ship and loyalty of a crew, you have the freedom to sail the spaceways and change the galaxy... so long as you follow the orders of the Admiralty, of course.

Skills and Perks:

Of course, with that kind of background you're far from an average citizen. You have some special talents that set you apart from the common man, or even from your common spacer. It's time to decide what skills and perks you can call your own.

Bridge Repeater: 100 CP, Free Drop-In:

Data wins wars. To make good decisions, commanders need to know everything, and computers systems can only tell you so much. That's why they have other officers; to filter out the data that they need to make the right call at the right time. You can get across data quickly and easily, letting you report vital information without worrying about tongue-twisters or (somehow) the time it takes you to speak those 8-digit strings of numbers or alphanumerics. This means you can actually let your captain know when they'll be in missile range, even if you measure the range to the hundredth of a second. Your talent for getting across data quickly also allows for more qualitative reporting, letting you name all those ships you just wiped off the plot with metronomic precision.

Summervale's Match: 200 CP, Discount Drop-In

This is a place of titanic battles, with millions of sailors hurling thousands of lightspeed energy weapons and massive salvos of nuclear missiles. Yet, for some reason, death often comes with a personal touch. One-on-one duels still decide the fates of star nations, and that's an area where you excel. Whether with primitive autopistol or even-more-primitive sword, you are a master of the field of honor; when in a formal combat situation such as duel your reflexes are heightened, your skills sharpened, and your senses so alert that you can read even the most minute twitch of your opponent's focus. You could easily outshoot a professional duelist with only a few weeks of training.

Beauty And The Beast: 400 CP, Discount Drop-In

It can be such a shame to lose good officers. Just when you've got them trained up right, they get stationed to another ship, move to another star nation, or are taken POW, and you've got to start all over. That's a problem you're not willing to tolerate, and apparently the universe agrees. Once you form a tight-knit working relationship, tested in the bonds of battle, the vagaries of fate ensure that you and your allies end up working together again and again; somehow they just seem to be stationed wherever you will command them, even if they're in another fleet entirely or had just lost a pair of legs a few months ago. Only death will break up your chosen command team, no hacking of BuPers necessary.

Duty of an Officer: 600 CP, Discount Drop-In

The greatest duty of any officer is to pass on their skills. It is not any one captain that makes a service great, but the centuries of tradition and training that allow even a plucky middle fresh at Saganami Island to quickly turn into a master of space. As a mentor, you're sure to train those under you to reach their highest potential, even beyond what others thought possible. Even if you're not consciously training them, they'll start to pick up your talents and authority, learning by example so that they continually grow and improve. You may even find them picking up your unconscious mannerisms as a way to show just who trained them. If you actually intentionally

train those you lead, through exercises and simulations or through more esoteric means, you'll discover they get the point even faster, and learn at a greatly accelerated rate.

Time On The Range: 100 CP, Free Marine

You've got enough range time to be rated "Expert" in any of the personal-scale weapons here, from the humble pulser sidearm to plasma cannon and impeller missiles one needs battle armor's strength to lift. Fortunately, you're also a master of using such armor, sure to balance your motions to impart exactly the force you need; you could juggle eggs in battle armor, and unconsciously angle yourself so that even what fire could penetrate usually glances off your hull. One of the biggest drawbacks of battle armor is that you're totally enclosed, leaving people to do things like chew gum just to have something to do while encapsulated in more armor than a pre-space main battle tank; you don't have that problem either, allowing you to avoid ever having an itch at just the wrong time.

Martial Arts Master: 200 CP, Discount Marine

Thousands of T-years of development have left martial arts even more time to evolve, both in style and lethality. Two major forms have won out; coup de vitesse and Neue-Stil Handgemenge, both far more effective and brutal than any pre-space martial art. Coup de Vitesse is mostly favored by the Manticoran military, and is an extremely hard and aggressive style; it uses little finesse, but allows massive and devastating victories even when heavily outnumbered and unarmed through a rain of precise and lethal blows, stealing the best aspects of previous styles from savate to krav maga. Alternatively, Neue-Stil Handgemenge (while no less lethal) utilizes the pinnacle of softer martial arts as it's originally derived from Judo, focusing on redirections and throws to devastating effect. You're a master of either art, equivalent to a 8th or 9th degree master, and have an additional benefit; your T-years of practice have left you able to use your martial art entirely without pause even when encumbered by battle armor or other heavy gear.

Genie: 400 CP, Discount Marine

Thousands of T-years of genetics research have led to some iffy boundaries on the definition of "human." Gene-modded people, pejoratively referred to as "genies," may have abilities far outside the human norm. Your genetics have been heavily modified to help you to adapt to an unusual environment or to become a supersoldier. You may be one of the Meyerdaahl wave, with increased intelligence and muscle strength to live on heavy-gravity planets; a Scrag, one of the super-soldiers built in Old Earth's Final Wars, with massively increased strength and reflexes and built-in combat training (though with a tendency to sociopathy), or a specially-designed Manpower slave, with anything from the insane reflexes and flexibility of a jester line to the attractiveness of a pleasure line. You might even be a more unusual variant, such as one of the cybernetically-enhanced cultists of Sharpton. In any case, your physical capabilities are in some way far outside the norm, letting you move faster than the eye can track or punch through steel with your bare hands.

Resistance Leader: 600 CP, Discount Marine

Regime change is your business, and business is good. You're an expert at every step of revolution, from sourcing weapons to embittered locals and launching propaganda campaigns to the military action of a coup itself. The cells you build are almost impenetrable, and you even know how to target your foes in such a way that even as you strike public targets you're the one that gains sympathy and ensure that the targets you assassinate further your aims while being the ones everyone else agrees "deserve it." When it does come down to the final moments of the make-or-break revolution itself, you can become even more inspiring in person, turning a collection of random criminals into a fighting force it would take months of heavy firepower and orbital strikes to shift, matching battle armor and plasma cannon with nothing but wits and gas stoves. It would be no problem to deliver a pulser dart to the brain of the People's Republic of Haven and end Rob S. Pierre's reign of terror, or lead the seccies of Mesa into combat with the Misties. Even if your freedom fighters should fall, their stand will inspire others; the revolution will continue to grow.

Cachat-ing A Break: 100 CP, Free Spy

As a secret agent on the level of the dreaded Black Victor, getting access to even the most secret organizations is almost a vacation. You have all the skills of an expert spy, from designing dead drop chains for easy and yet unidentifiable pickup to turning enemy agents and making them your own. You've also got great (if that's the word) experience with torture, ensuring that you can use both psychological and physical means to gain information without revealing any yourself, even under the tender mercies of State Sec. When the time does come to get bloody, either in a cell or on the street, you can go straight for the throat without compunction and to lethal effect.

Join The Club: 200 CP, Discount Spy

All a plan is, when you get down to it, is a blueprint to lead you to the next plan. You're a master of improvisation, letting your switch plans on the fly freely and easily to benefit from new information. Uniquely, this doesn't mean you actually have to abandon the old plan entirely; you'll always find some way to parlay the research and prep work that you'd done for the original plan into an advantage on the new one. Your flexibility makes you harder to predict, and lets you account for new information to gain the best results; even if that means turning saving a crew to abusing it, or dropping your cover to become a criminal warlord, trading plan A for plan S-3. Yay, Jumper's improvising again!

Crying Onions: 400 CP, Discount Spy

Sometimes, you just get a feeling. A feeling like a group of clones have spent the last several T-centuries manipulating the course of every star kingdom in the galaxy towards an unholy end of genetic purity while puppeting major interstellars. For most people, this would be too insane for even conspiracy 'faxes, but in your case... you're entirely right. You have an uncanny ability to detect major conspiracies and secret organizations, even based on very little and entirely mundane evidence, or even on the absence of evidence. Similarly, you're really good at breaking the cell structure of such organizations to learn more than they thought possible.

Oops: 600 CP, Discount Spy

You're a galactic-class hacker, easily able to break into even the most secure programs guarded by AI firewalls. While this is good for getting you raw data, you also have the pattern-recognition capability to turn even apparently-random data (air car traffic patterns, cause of death reports, and the like) into meaningful and vital analyses of strategic situations. Your hacking is just as useful offensively; given a few days, you could break an entire battlecruiser's multiple nets with nothing but a gaming minicamp and play the entire ship like a fiddle. You're just as masterful with other uses of electronics, too, using EW systems to greatly enhance the capability of a ship's missile fire or to vastly increase the effectiveness of its decoys and countermeasures.

Javelin-Jockey: 100 CP, Free Commander

All the fancy tactics and advanced technology in the worlds won't save you if you can't fly a straight line. Your astrology and piloting skills are more than up to the task, leaving you an expert behind the controls of anything from a Javelin jet trainer to a superdreadnought. You can do the math in your head to hold tight formations, launch precisely-controlled spins with nothing but reaction thrusters, and make blazing passes to use your own impeller wedge as a weapon, all without even a wrist comp. When given an actual ship's astrology section, you'll be even better. Similarly, little things like rigging Warshawskis for wormhole or grav wave transit are so easy you could do them in your sleep.

Operation Smoke and Mirror Box: 200 CP, Discount Commander

Most surprise in naval combat isn't "true" surprise, in the sense of something that could not be detected. Instead it's the result of the victim suddenly realizing what they were seeing was wrong all along. You're an expert at generating such surprise, by using stealth, deception, and bold moves to catch the enemy unawares. Whether it's playing shell games with recon drones, positioning your ships in doggo just where they'll be needed, using EW systems to make your small ships big and your big ships small, or acting on a larger scale by making feint attacks to pull enemy forces to the wrong star system, you'll be sure to catch the enemy unawares and vulnerable. After all, it's not what they don't know that hurts; it's what they think they know that isn't so.

Crushed The Crusher: 400 CP, Discount Commander

With the immense distances and speeds involved in modern naval warfare, human error is one of the riskiest things around. No technology can allow you to win a battle if you're in the wrong place. Fortunately, you're a genius with all forms of military tactics. Whether it's timing a roll at just the right moment so that a superdreadnought's fire wastes itself on your impenetrable wedge, designing a means of advance to force the enemy wall to stand and fight, or just predicting the vector of an invading enemy fleet so you can pounce just as they cross the alpha wall into realspace, you're a tactical genius. You can stand tall with the giants of battle, from White Haven and McQueen to Theisman and Harrington. Further, your talent for tactics scales up just as well into a mastery of strategy; you'll always picket the right systems and ensure that even wormhole-based attacks are considered.

The Saganami Tradition: 600 CP, Discount Commander

Being a master commander is so much more than just being good at combat. A truly great captain and admiral is a very personal force, winning battles with their charisma just as much as their fleet. You have all the makings of such an officer, able to inspire those you lead to fight against impossible odds and make death-ride after death-ride. You also exude calm and control, so even as your ship writhes and twists to avoid the strobing daggers of bomb-pulsed lasers your crew will be able to remain efficient without panic. There's nothing that happens on your ship that you don't know about, from ratings bullying ratings to truly minor engineering accidents. With a bare handful of victories, you'll already have a legend of glory and begin shaping your entire fleet, and with just a few more you could convince enemy fleets to surrender with nothing but a cool, piercing stare and a level-voiced appreciation of the tactical situation. Whether or not you wear the white beret, anyone who sees you in action will know you are the epitome of the starship captain's art. Even if you are defeated, your story will ring on and inspire others for millennia to come.

Paper Neo-Tiger: 100 CP

Everything's easier when the enemy underestimates you, whether in politics or warfare. You have just the right combination of acting skills to present whatever impression of your personality you wish, causing all but the most perceptive of enemies to fall right into your trap. You may present as a hard-charging, cigar-smoking captain straight out of the days of wet-navy pirates to hide your keen strategic mind, or use a cool aristocratic languor and upper-class drawl to make everyone forget your strong moral code and sense of duty. Only once you decide to get serious will they realize they've got a hexapuma on a string.

Empath: 300 CP

You are incredibly empathic, able to easily work with others while taking into account their feelings. You can use even minor hints to easily discern the true feelings of normally excellent liars, and can connect easily with people at a deep emotional level. You would be an excellent therapist, bodyguard, or diplomat, and are even better as a friend. If you bond with a treecat, this will expand into a true empathic link, letting you sense the emotions of your 'cat and people near them or you; while the range can vary, it's easy you to determine the precise emotion (and with some practice, even intuit likely thoughts) of people within twenty to thirty meters. In either case, this will also serve you well in warfare or espionage, helping you read others and easily forge a winning team.

Items:

The technology that you go into battle with can be just as vital as your skills. These items can help you change the galaxy, or at the least survive.

Hang Glider: 100 CP, Free Drop-In

The name "Dances on Clouds" didn't come around by accident. On Sphinx, hang gliding is a serious sport given the height of the Copperwall Mountains and the unpredictability of the weather. You have a custom-built hang glider, guaranteed to carry your weight, and built with

an additional harness to allow a treecat or similar companion to ride with you. In addition to the normal fun of hang gliding, the world seems to listen to your need for relaxation when you use it; after a brief glide, you can much more easily meditate, recenter yourself, and have a brief time to push your problems and traumas away.

Prolong Treatments: 200 CP, Discount Drop-In

A relatively recent development from the bioscientists of Beowulf, Prolong is changing the face of humanity. Or more accurately, preventing that face from changing. A set of genetic treatments remove the degeneration of cells due to age, trebling every stage of human life and extending lifespans well past three T-centuries (although, as it's only been invented in the last 70 T-years, it could well allow lives even longer). While normally different generations of prolong begin freezing aging at different ages (1st-gen prolong making people look 50 for most of their lives, with the more recent 3rd-generation prolong allowing patients to remain in their 20s until their first century) yours is more variable. You can effectively "dial in" a desired age range, allowing you to provide greatly extended youth or encourage the elder statesman look, all with a single treatment. You have a dozen doses of the retroviral applicator, as well as simple instructions to make more.

Battle Armor: 100 CP, Free Marine

When pitched battle is imminent, the ground forces or boarding parties of any respectable star nation suit up in battle armor. These powered exoskeletons include counter-grav capability, allowing them to be inserted from orbit and make "jumps" around the battlefield, and massively increase the wearer's strength to make them lethal in close combat, able to eliminate obstacles with their bare hands, and carry even more weapons and armor. They are also variable, allowing them to be optimized with ECM or other tools for specific battlefield situations, and are environmentally sealed to be useful in hazardous environments or in vacuum. Most importantly, they are extremely durable, made of battle-steel and reinforced with advanced composites that make the wearer immune to any chemical-based explosives or weapons, and allow them to ignore even advanced weapon fire (breached only by sustained heavy tribarrel fire, or through specialized anti-armor weapons like plasma cannon or AT impeller missiles). Your set ignores one of the greatest limitations of battle armor, with a battery that never runs out when used in its intended roles.

Assault Shuttle: 200 CP, Discount Marine

Assault shuttles are used to provide any form of military support for which a warship would be overkill. Able to function in both atmosphere and in vacuum, and with an impeller wedge but no hyperdrive, Assault Shuttles are ideal for getting up to two full battle-armored Marine companies wherever they need to go, including possessing orbital insertion capabilities. They're also heavily armed to serve as support, with multiple heavy tribarrels, light laser clusters, and both impeller and explosive missiles and ordnance. While they may not be pretty, and they're not as maneuverable or comfortable as a pinnacle, an assault shuttle is ideal for destroying absolutely everything in sight. While they're heavily armed to begin with, yours is even more advanced, with warship-grade laserheads in its on-wing mounts letting it fight on par with most LACs and, in a sneak attack, even heavier vessels.

Vibroblade: 100 CP, Free Spy

When people started talking about intelligence as a cutthroat job, you didn't know they were speaking literally. Fortunately, you're well equipped with a vibroblade sized to your choice. Also known as a force blade, a vibroblade is a knife, axe, or bayonet that uses a built-in battery to vibrate its blade and cut through pretty much anything (Those things that its molecule-wide blade would have had trouble cutting through before). Normal vibroblades release a loud whine, not as part of their function but to warn people so they don't lose a limb; yours makes no noise whatsoever, unless you want it to. Further, it never dulls, chips, or cracks, and given time can even cut through hull plating.

An Arm And A Leg: 200 CP, Discount Spy

A missing limb isn't just a problem; for the suitably devious, it's also an opportunity. You lost a limb and/or an eye or other organ somewhere along the way, and picked up a top-of-the-line replacement. It's totally indistinguishable from the real thing, with the emissions from micro fusion reactor powering it totally concealed; it looks, feels, smells, and even tastes real, and you can move and sense with it just as you would the real thing. It's far better than the real thing, though; limbs are now significantly quicker, stronger, and tougher, able to crush skulls with an offhand blow and punch dents in hull plating, and has other surprises in store for the unwary. Your prosthetic includes a tiny built-in pulser, nerve disruptor, or flechette gun, which is similarly totally undetectable. If you've lost an eye or a more sensory organ, it also is significantly better than average; eyes could include microscopic and telescopic functions to pick out details of facial expressions and enemy starships at extreme ranges, improved night vision, and an inbuilt link to any other cybernetics you may have to project a HUD on your eye itself, for example. Whatever bits you've lost, they're back, and better than ever, while remaining totally concealed until you need to surprise someone unfortunate.

Mess Dress: 100 CP, Free Commander

One thing pretty much every navy in this galaxy shares is an emphasis on looking sharp. Whether the space-black and gold of the RMN, the elaborate (if outdated) frogging and flugelmutz of the IAN, the blue-on-blue suit and necktie of the GSN, or the green-on-green finery of the Harrington Steadholder's Guard, every sailor is dressed to impress. You'll fit in perfectly with this impressively tailored (and incredibly durable; it's made of light ballistic fabric resistant to light pulser fire and treecat claws) uniform of your own. Honestly, though, this goes a little beyond just style; this uniform is the only one you'll ever need, as it automatically updates itself to reflect your current ranks and the most impressive array of decorations you've received for your audience. And just in case you have a false persona (or happen to be in two navies simultaneously) his uniform will also shift completely to present whichever "rank" you'd prefer.

Pinnacle: 200 CP, Discount Commander

About the size of a pre-space airliner, pinnacles are carried aboard essentially every major vessel. They're used for everything from customs inspections and boarding parties to combat air support, with impeller bands, counter-grav, and vectored thrust jet engines allowing them to maneuver quickly and easily either inside or outside an atmosphere. Your pinnacle is mounted

with several warship-grade, if small, laser clusters, and its interior is fitted to deliver VIPs in sumptuous comfort. Additionally, it's fitted with battlecruiser-level ECM, despite its small size, allowing you to easily avoid scrutiny or hostile targeting.

Celery Patch: 50 CP, Free for Treecats or with purchase of a Treecat

Cluster Stalk. The Great Uniter. Treecatnip. The Leafy Sticks of Awesomeness. Yes, it's celery! You have a patch of Sphinxian soil perfect for the cultivation of this wonder vegetable, which is so fertile it can be harvested multiple times a week. In addition to the normal deliciousness of celery, the Sphinxian stuff contains minerals necessary for the continued health of Treecats' telepathic organs, so they quickly become massive fans of the stuff. If you carry some around with you and are willing to give in, it's a quick and easy way to make friends with any Treecat you meet.

Flechette Gun: 50 CP

In boarding situations, pulsers, plasma cannon, and tribarrels can all be lethal to the wrong side; if something overpenetrates and breaches to vacuum or causes damage to a vital system, everyone's dead. To resolve that problem, boarding parties often use flechette guns; variants of pulsers mixed with pre-space shotguns. A flechette gun uses gravitic pulses to fire dozens of ceramic shards even smaller than a pulser dart, which shreds flesh and uses kinetic energy to harm armored foes but won't destroy vital systems. Flechette guns use a variable choke to control the firing pattern for each shot, allowing them to dial in to function better at a given range with just a second's preparation (they can vary from a 1 meter spread at 5 meters to a 15 cm spread at 50 meters, controlled via the weapon's grip). While most still have some risk of damaging extremely fragile systems, yours perfectly reduces collateral damage; there's no possibility of a shot damaging anything you don't want it to.

Friend in BuShips: 50 CP

Your connections grant you either a little more mass to play with or some further advanced technology, giving you a better ship to call your own. Each time you purchase this option, you gain a further 100 Ship Points to spend in the Shipyard to purchase a larger ship, more upgrades, or possibly a second ship to create your own squadron.

Old Tilman: 50 CP

When the food is nothing special, the beverage makes the meal. You have a supply for an excellent beverage of your choice, which seems to refill on its own and is always at the perfect temperature. Whether that's foamy mugs of Old Tilman, the perfect cup of cocoa, or sweet wine from New Potsdam, that's up to you; whichever you choose, it's sure to be the perfect way to relax after a hard-fought battle (or planning meeting).

Pulser: 50 CP

The standard sidearms and long guns of choice around the galaxy, pulsers use a gravity-based mass driver to fire 3mm darts at hypersonic velocities, ten times the speed of a chemical round. The snarling darts of a pulser hit with devastating force; a hit on the hand will usually vaporize a target's entire arm, and that's when firing lower-powered non-explosive darts. This standard

hand pulser is far easier to hide than most; despite being sized for standard use, it can easily be hidden (somehow) up a sleeve or in a boot. It also has the emissions of its power supply dampened, making it significantly harder to find in a search.

Skinsuit: 50 CP

An outgrowth of old-style vacuum-suits, the skinsuit is a nearly skin-tight outfit built to protect from vacuum and incidental battle damage. In addition to allowing one to function in a vacuum, though, it has many other benefits; light electric motors in the joints and reaction thrusters to help enhance maneuverability and offset the weight, an automated first aid system that dispenses needed medication in case of injury, and communications systems able to hook into the ship's data net. It doesn't even interfere with fine motor tasks; miniaturized biofeedback servomechs allow even suited personnel to thread a needle while in a vacuum. While skinsuits normally take some time to prepare, yours slips on and off incredibly easily, even if you have other clothes on underneath; it can be donned or removed in a handful of seconds, and you won't even muss your hair.

An Officer's Staff: 100 CP

You may import or create up to 8 companions, granting them the background of your choice and their own Star Nation to call home. They each gain the free perks associated with their background and origin, and 400 CP to choose additional skills, with those discounts pertinent to their background. Like yourself, they are in the heights of their profession, should they have one; Spies are master agents, revolutionaries, or counter-revolutionaries, while Marines will be members of elite organizations such as a Steadholder's Guard or the Solarian Marines and Commanders captains or staff officers of a respected navy, or pirates of some repute.

Armored Skinsuit: 100 CP

While the standard skinsuit is used for utility work in vacuum, sometimes people know they're going to get in a fight but can't afford the bulk or limited battery life of battle armor. In that case, the armored skinsuit (or its relative, utility armor) is used. This is similar to a normal skinsuit (perfectly fitted, jets for vacuum maneuverability, etc.) but is also armored for use in combat, with armor plating making it effectively immune to flechette or light pulser fire and weapons-integration protocols that allow any weapon you use, however unusual, to link to the suit's sensors and HUD.

Blade Of Honor: 100 CP

You'd be surprised how many swords are still in use thousands of T-Years post-Diaspora. You have your choice of an officer's sabre of the RMN or a traditional Grayson blade (based on "movies" about the Katana, but extended, straightened, and with a sharpened spine and basket hilt) such as the Sword of State. Whichever your choice, the blade is exquisitely designed and detailed to set off your chosen uniform, and jeweled and damascened to serve as a work of art, the kind that will quickly develop a name of its own. Just as important as its aesthetics, though, is its function; when used to facing pulsers and lasers nobody expects to get stabbed through the throat with a sharpened hunk of metal. This one seems to have an additional aura of unnoticeability; nobody really cares that you're wearing a sword as part of a uniform, so long as

you don't try to stab anyone with it they'll just treat it as a charming accessory. Your blade can easily cut through even armored skinsuits, and is uncannily durable; whether caught in a shuttle explosion or hit by pulser fire, it will remain undamaged and beautiful.

Plasma Gun: 100 CP

The heaviest "man-portable" weapons normally issued, the Plasma Cannon (or plasma carbine, or plasma rifle) is used as an anti-armor weapon, both against armored vehicles and against massed troops in battle armor. These weapons fire a magnetically-contained bolt of plasma at a significant fraction of the speed of light, vaporizing the target; while they have a relatively limited range in atmosphere (4km) they are effectively line-of-sight weapons in a vacuum. Unlike most other plasma cannon, this one has no thermal bloom at the muzzle, allowing it to be easily fired by even unarmored personnel, without a blast shield, and in confined spaces.

Recon Armor: 100 CP

Battle armor and armored skinsuits are quite excellent for the primary purposes of Marines (Killing things and breaking stuff) but sometimes even Marines need to be sneaky. In that case, they pull out Recon Armor instead. Recon armor combines the protection of an armored skinsuit with an advanced stealth suite, totally masking emissions and providing for rapid movement. It doesn't just avoid high-tech detection, either; the suit's outer layers include a nanite-based camouflage system that changes color and pattern to become effectively invisible to visual detection, even from multiple observers at different angles.

Treecat: 100 CP

A treecat is a small (70cm long, with the tail doubling their body length) furry arboreal creature, native to Sphinx. While "everyone" knows treecats are smart, most people (including most scientists) think they're at about dolphin-level; however, this is a façade treecats have used to protect themselves, and they're actually at human-level intellect. They're full tool users, using all six limbs and tail to move, climb, and make tools, and hunt with their vicious teeth and long, retractable claws, able to even fight off a hexapuma or a Kodiak max and more than able to handle mere human foes (at least until pulsers and battle armor come into play). None of that is what makes treecats special, though. They're fully telempathic and telepathic, able to feel and project emotions to others and to communicate telepathically to even transfer memories within their species. Treecats are also unusual in that they bond with humans, forming a close mental link that lasts the lives of either partner (usually a treecat whose bondmate has died will suicide to avoid life without them; treecats naturally live 250 T-years, so before prolong it was almost always the cat that outlived the human). Treecat-bonded people have a furry friend for life, and tend to end up happier, safer, and more emotionally healthy. You've formed a treecat bond of your own, and your 'cat will be able to follow you wherever you go as a Companion. Instead, you may bring in a previous companion if you'd like, allowing them to become a treecat and your bondmate.

Tribarrel: 100 CP

The more devastating big brother of the standard pulser (so large it's difficult to carry and use on your own without powered assistance), a tribarrel fires larger and more powerful explosive or

armor-penetrating darts at even higher velocities, making it capable of chewing through even battle armor or hull plating. This is aided by the tribarrel's insane rate of fire; a standard support weapon is capable of firing over 100 rounds per second. This particular model somehow ignores most of the normal problems of the support weapon, eliminating heat buildup and ignoring normal ammunition requirements to keep firing as long as you need.

Viral Nanotech: 300 CP

This is one of the most feared assassination and subversion tools in the galaxy... amongst those who even realize it exists. A colony of microbots is programmed with a specific set of movements and a number of activation triggers, and then used to infect someone for whom they are tailored (through aerosol, direct injection, or other means). Then, when the triggers are met (an assassination target is in range, a signal is sent, or the infectee even considers a certain thought), the nanotech takes complete control of all bodily functions, executing up to a minute of pre-planned actions. This can be anything from executing a computer file and eating a pulser, to overriding safeties to set off a reactor detonation, all the way up to stealing a weapon and shooting specific targets. While the programmers have to design the situation and thus can't make use of the target's knowledge, the nanotech is completely undetectable until it takes action, and even then it's only noticeable by treecats (who sense the target's mind). No form of autopsy will even realize anything odd happened, and there's nothing the target can do to resist. You possess a dozen different "strains" of the nanotech, and can easily make more, as well as possessing the necessary lab equipment to program each colony and tailor it to a specific subject's DNA.

A Joyful Station: 300 CP

You have a rather unusual possession; a theme park space station. Similar to *The Wages of Sin* or Parmley Station, this massive hab is built to serve as an entertainment destination for up to a million visitors, as well as allowing habitation for the thousands of workers onboard. With rides, roller coasters, and exhibits only possible in space, including specialty rides making use of gravitic control, this is sure to be fun for the whole family. It's unarmed and unarmored, but will attract enough visitors to stay profitable so long as people can access it. The park is up to you to name, and can be themed to include attractions based on your past adventures; it will also follow you wherever you go, appearing in orbit in new locations with enough advertising flares it can be seen from a planet's surface. If you would prefer, you can instead delay its appearance until a time of your choosing, or prevent it from deploying entirely.

Grayson Dome: 300 CP

On Grayson, the environment itself is deadly. In order for any people to survive, they've lived in environmentally sealed buildings, and use breath masks on the rare instances they have to move outside. However, new galactic technology provides a solution, as Sky Domes of Grayson will soon begin (or has begun) construction of the first entirely domed towns! These habitations provide room for hundreds of thousands to live and work safely, without breather gear, and may even have the space for parks where people can play outside. Advanced gravitic filters remove heavy metals and other dangerous substances from the air, allowing an unlimited safe oxygen supply while also building up stockpiles of valuable minerals. This dome will follow you wherever

you go, appearing in a safe place near your location. It also is linked to food suppliers, with an orbital farm containing good soil and livestock to feed your new citizens. If you would prefer, you can instead delay its appearance until a time of your choosing, or prevent it from deploying entirely.

Hab Tower: 300 CP

The vast majority of the galaxy's population is urbanized. Gravitic technology allows for the construction of massive hab towers, thousands of stories high, which are made of advanced composites to bear the strain. You are the proud owner of one of these towers, whether of Manticoran, Mesan, or Havenite design, and can now rent it out to anyone you want. Many such towers, like yours, even have necessary generators, utilities, factories, and storefronts inside the tower, meaning people don't have to go outside to work, shop, or... really do anything else. Their advanced construction means that it will take heavy orbital bombardment to do any serious damage to the tower. The tower will even follow you to other worlds, appearing in an appropriate place near your starting location. While a tower can easily be larger than most cities on their own, it will "hook in" to any existing utilities or power grids, as appropriate. If you would prefer, you can instead delay its appearance until a time of your choosing, or prevent it from deploying entirely.

The Shipyard

It would certainly be no fun for you to end up a helpless hitchhiker on another's ship, especially given the battles ahead. In order to avoid that little problem, you've been "issued" a ship of your very own, and a white beret to go with it. Your ship appears with you, fully supplied and crewed (by members of your Star Nation should you have one) but with cold nodes, wherever you begin; it will continue to do so wherever you end up after this, and your crew will be considered Followers. You will also gain a docking tube you may extend from your Warehouse to allow repairs, refits, and personnel transfers. You begin with **1000 SP**, but may purchase more with a **Friend in BuShips**.

First, you must of course select what class of ship you'd like. Your ship defaults to a design fitting your selected class built by the navy of your origin; however, you may instead choose another model of your selected class constructed by any of the listed groups (just in case you'd like to see what a Silesian CLAC would look like). Classes tend to be grouped by role and mass, though in some cases (such as Roland-class destroyers everyone else considers light cruisers) the boundaries may vary slightly.

Light Attack Craft: Free

LACs, or Light Attack Craft, are the smallest vessels used by most navies, too small to even mount a hyper generator. Traditionally, LACs have been used for protection inside a system, as tiny (crews no larger than 40) versions of standard warships with light laser energy armament and bolt-on missile packs. However, Manticore is developing a new strand of LAC, designed for combat with the wall of battle. These ships have even smaller crews (4-5) and vastly more powerful beta nodes, letting them accelerate quickly around a system. Even more unusually, these ships are usually mounted with a single superdreadnought-grade forwards graser, or with

magazines of missiles or antimissiles that allow them to serve a purpose in even large-scale battles. New LACs can dart easily around to get shots with their energy batteries down the unprotected throat or kilt of ships of the wall, enabling them to destroy entire fleets with minimal casualties if not prepared for, while also providing as much missile defense as an all-up destroyer for a fraction of the cost.

Frigate: 100 SP

Frigates (FG) are the smallest hyper-capable ships, too small to be used by most modern navies. However, as the Audobon Society proves, even a small ship can be devastating if used in the right place; a frigate can outspeed anything but a LAC, easily overhauling and destroying or capturing merchantmen or slavers and avoiding fire from anything that could shoot back. While lightly armed and armored, a frigate can still mount enough lasers and missile tubes to threaten pirates, as well.

Destroyer: 200 SP

The lightest and fastest ships used by modern navies, a destroyer (DD) is still able to take on most pirate groups and play an important role in battle. Destroyers serve as scouts, as couriers, and as harassers, darting around gravity wells to provide better data and test strategies. Further, they can serve in battle as additional point defense and batteries for their larger allies. When on their own, modern destroyers are still capable of convoy protection and can hunt down pirates and slavers.

Light Cruiser: 300 SP

The bulk of the screen of most fleets are made up of light cruisers (CL). These hunt down and eliminate destroyers and merchantmen while avoiding heavier ships with their superior acceleration. Light cruisers are often assigned commerce protection duty (or are used as privateers), as they're heavy enough to handle all but the heaviest pirate ships while fast enough to easily scout both ahead and behind the merchants they're defending.

Heavy Cruiser: 400 SP

The heaviest ships in the screen, heavy cruisers (CA) often operate independently performing the many duties for which a ship of the wall would be overkill (or too threatening) but a lighter ship would be inadequate. Single heavy cruisers might be dispatched to end an insurrection (or to support one), to destroy a small pirate fleet or to picket a nonvital system. In battle, heavy cruisers typically hunt the screens of the enemy, hunting down and destroying destroyers and lighter ships to blind the enemy while harassing and occasionally pouncing on battlecruisers.

Battlecruiser: 500 SP

The favored ship of Manticore, the battlecruiser (BC) sits just between the wall of battle and the rest of the fleet. Fast and agile enough to serve as an escort, a battlecruiser is the terror of an enemy's fleet screen; however, it's also powerfully armed and armored enough to serve on the fringes of the wall of battle itself, capable of (at least briefly) trading blows with dreadnoughts and superdreadnoughts, while still quick enough to escape. While it will likely still be slightly

weaker than a true ship of the wall and slightly slower than cruisers and destroyers, the battlecruiser is designed for aggressive actions in any environment.

Battleship: 600 SP

While battleships (BB) once made up large portions of the wall of battle, they are no longer used by many powers. These ships of the wall are faster than dreadnoughts but more powerful than battlecruisers. Uniquely, their position often biases their armament; as they're not tough enough to stand up to the energy fire of SDs they don't try, often mounting massive missile batteries able to trade blows with dreadnoughts while only carrying slightly heavier energy batteries than a battlecruiser (Still sufficient to blow their way through ships of the screen without noticing, however). Battleships are often used to fill out a wall of battle or to garrison important but not vital systems where wallers are needed but dreadnoughts are overkill (or too slow).

Dreadnought: 700 SP

The bulk of the wall of battle is constructed of dreadnoughts (DN), massive ships with heavy shielding and armor punishing energy batteries. Mounting dozens of capital lasers and lasers, dreadnoughts are devastating if they can get to grip with the enemy. While they may not get there quickly, the sidewall generators and armor of a dreadnought allows it to sail unharmed through into range, easily ignoring the hundreds of megatons of incoming missiles with only minor damage, while still returning fire with dozens of its own capital-grade missile tubes. Only the most powerful star nations even possess dreadnoughts.

Pod Battlecruiser (BCP): 700 SP

The BCP, or pod-based battlecruiser, carries the changed paradigm created by SDPs to smaller ship classes. BCPs serve most of the same roles as a normal battlecruiser, but their ability to deploy large numbers of pods to fire in overwhelming salvos allows them to punch even further above their weight. BCPs mount fewer but more powerful energy batteries, with a small number of lasers more usually mounted on superdreadnoughts. Between their advanced fire control and the advantages granted by pods, BCPs can quickly speed into excellent tactical positions and then launch waves of missiles capable of easily destroying SDs and Dreadnoughts.

Superdreadnought: 800 SP

The queens of space, superdreadnoughts (SD) form the strong center of the wall of battle. With dozens of energy weapons more powerful than the entire armament of lesser ships and oversized missiles capable of blowing smaller vessels out of space with a single volley, SDs serve as the mailed fist of a fleet. They are also massively survivable, with powerful and redundant sidewalls buttressed by meters of hyperdense armor and damage control and point defense to match. While they may be slow, anyone who gets in a fight with an SD will know it.

Pod Superdreadnought (SDP): 900 SP

A new advancement in warfare, Pod-laying superdreadnoughts (aka Podnoughts or SDPs) replace some of a SD's massive energy batteries with even more missiles. With a hollow core, SDPs can deploy dozens of missile pods that multiply its long-range capabilities. Rather than launching a

few dozen missiles at once, podnoughts can fire overwhelming salvos of hundreds of missiles, all larger and more powerful than even other SDs could carry, easily breaking through point defenses and eliminating swaths of enemy forces at once. This replaces the slow erosion of defenses over dozens of salvos with devastating hammerblows from far outside the range of enemy response, and with their hollow cores filled with pods SDPs can “stack” pods to launch multiple such salvos in quick succession. Like BCPs, SDPs mount massively redundant fire control, enabling it to easily guide many times the number of missiles their (already common) tubes could have fired naturally. If they do get to energy range, SDPs are more fragile, but the large numbers of grasers and lasers have been replaced with smaller but more powerful energy batteries, replacing quantity with quality.

LAC Carrier (CLAC): 900 SP

The CLAC is a breakthrough into a totally new style of warfare. It mounts powerful chase armament but almost no broadside; instead, CLACs project force through their cargo. A CLAC is the size of a Dreadnought or SD, and uses almost its entire mass to support a swarm of LACs. A single CLAC can carry over a hundred LACs, with additional room for replacements for battle damage, and will serve as a command and control point in battle with its powerful sensors. After delivering its parasites over the hyper wall and into a hostile star system, a CLAC can remain safely in the fringes of the system, or even hyper out for total safety while its tiny passengers deliver its message for it. Any applicable upgrades you purchase for your CLAC (meaning anything except the **Streak Drive**, **Flagship**, **“Donkeys,”** or **Mistletoe**) are also mounted to or effective on its parasite LACs.

Ship Upgrades:

As a keel plate owner, now’s your chance to make your ship a little more special. The coming years will see dozens of major technological advancements in ship design, and you can get in on the ground floor by improving your ship beyond yard specs. You may even find such upgrades go above and beyond the abilities anyone else could get out of the same technology, once it is invented and fitted.

Keel Plate Owner: Free/100 SP

Perhaps you have another ship you’d like to continue to serve aboard? In that case, you may bring in another vessel, gaining the equipment and design of your purchased vessel. If you are bringing in such a vessel as a ship below the wall (Smaller than a Battlecruiser), doing so is free; if you’re importing it as a Ship of the Wall (Battlecruisers and up) it costs 100 SP. In whichever case, the ship gains the armament, drives, and other technology which you assemble through the Shipyard.

“Donkeys”: 100 SP

One of the greatest limitations on missile pods is trailing them with the ship which uses them; a ship only mounts so many tractors, and this often prevents salvos from being as large as fire control can handle. Admiral Foraker has found a solution, however, known as the “Donkey.” This specialized pod doesn’t mount any missile tubes; instead, it’s nothing except a generator

and dozens of tractor beams. It latches itself onto the ship carrying it, and then uses its own tractors to bring along many other pods. This allows for even larger salvos, without creating drag or using the mother ship's energy. In theory, donkeys could be used to tractor other donkeys, creating an ever-increasing trail of missile pods. While you have the design for the standard donkey, it's also been modified to possess a small spherical sidewall generator, protecting itself and the pods it carries from incidental fire until they're ready to be fired.

Energy Torpedoes: 100 SP

While lasers, grasers, bomb-pumped laserhead missiles, and contact nuclear missiles are the most common weapons in the galaxy, they aren't the only ones used. The rare energy torpedo projector has its flaws, but is devastating when effective. It generates and fires focused masses of plasma at the speed of light, providing a light-speed weapon with rapid fire and infinite ammunition so long as it's powered, one which causes devastating effect if it hits. However, it has incredibly short range (only 300,000 kilometers) and is completely blocked by sidewalls, if the target has its defenses up. Through a quirk of the plasma generation, the torpedoes generated by your ship interfere with the target's sidewall generators and begin creating power fluctuations within their fusion or fission reactors, causing power surges and eventual overload.

Enhanced Automation: 100 SP, Free Drop-In

Crew on a spaceship are always a difficult balance. More crew is better for many tasks, but all of the volume allocated to crew (bunkage, corridors, recreation facilities, even food and water stowage) is volume that cannot be used for reactor mass or armor. Machines can do much of what a human can do, but they've always had limits. New strides are being made, however, allowing the reduction of crew sizes by an order of magnitude; new superdreadnoughts may use remotes and "dumb" AI to run with full effectiveness and a crew the size of an old heavy cruiser. While these advancements are quickly coming in many areas, you're ahead of the curve; your ship reduces its crew requirements by a further order of magnitude, allowing you to even pilot and fight small vessels (such as a LAC or a frigate) singlehandedly.

FTL Coms: 100 SP

For millennia, lightspeed was a barrier that could not be surpassed. Even though ships could travel faster than light, no signal could be sent at such a speed, slowing communication within systems to a crawl. Recently, however, Manticoran physicists have invented a way to bounce gravitic pulses off the wall of hyperspace, letting them propagate at FTL speeds and allowing communication. This is revolutionizing warfare, and your ship is equipped with one of these pulse generators. A large problem with such pulses is that they're largely omnidirectional; while others may not know what is being said, or even that it's communication, they know there's *something* weird going on with gravity. Your generators, on the other hand, can be tightly focused, allowing you to send messages with gravity's ease and speed and the flexibility and security of a whisker laser.

Flagship: 100 SP, Free Commander

Your ship was designed from the keel up to serve as a command ship, leading a squadron or even a fleet. In addition to additional (and quite luxurious) living quarters for an admiral and his staff, there is an entire additional flag bridge, perfectly designed for fleet command. It has repeaters for the ship's tactical data, and an enhanced communications and sensor section for the ship. These ensure that the admiral, whoever they are, will be able to exercise the best possible control of your fleet and increase their tactical capabilities even further (while also making sure that the flag officer and flag captain don't have to fight for space!). While AuxCom and flag bridges are normally buried so deep within the hull there's no hope of escape in case of disaster, yours also has a shortcut to a boat bay that gives you a chance of survival to fight another day, even if your ship is knocked out.

Graser Torpedoes: 100 SP

Standard missiles use a nuclear explosive to power multiple short-duration X-Ray lasers simultaneously, attempting to strike at multiple angles. However, this wasn't good enough for the engineers of Mesa. They've developed a new style of missile, which instead uses the same reaction to power a single massively more powerful gamma-ray laser, able to burn through sidewalls and blow through far heavier armor than a standard missile. Even more terrifying, this graser has the pulse duration to continue firing; while most bomb-pumped lasers have a pulse duration measured in milliseconds, the torpedo's graser fires for a full three seconds, allowing it to sweep across a ship or continue burn-through for even more damage, possibly even striking multiple targets. The torpedoes you've received (which are surprisingly easy to reproduce) can even be reprogrammed on-the-fly to make the graser targeting perfect for the situation at hand.

Grav Lance: 100 SP

Another exotic weapon, the grav lance is one of the few weapons capable of allowing ships to punch far above their weight and end the fight with a single shot. Essentially a grav lance uses a overpowered, massively focused tractor beam to make a gravitic pulse that warps space, instantly burning out the sidewall generators of a target ship and causing massive damage to its drive and impeller nodes. Normally, this weapon's minimal range (only 150,000 km) and massive power draw leave it unused, as an expensive and purely offensive weapon with short range. However, this particular model is far more easily recharged and much more precise, reducing power requirements and letting it be used in rapid succession, so much so that it can even be used as a form of point defense against incoming projectiles.

Grayson Compensator: 100 SP, Free Marine

For centuries, every navy has been using essentially the same design for gravitic compensators, which compensate for the effects of gravity, allowing for high-G maneuvers such as acceleration or deceleration. When Grayson rejoined galactic society, it had to redesign the compensator, creating a device with significantly greater efficiency. At the same power use, Grayson compensators are a minimum of 20-30% more efficient; this allows your ship to accelerate and decelerate vastly more effectively than anyone else. A SD can easily accelerate at the speed of a battlecruiser, and battlecruisers are going to be faster than everyone else's destroyers. Destroyers with such improved compensators can conceivably break 800 gravities of

acceleration. Uniquely, this individual compensator also is perfectly safe; it can function at 100% power with no risk of failure whatsoever.

Keyhole: 100 SP

A model of modern Manticoran engineering, the Keyhole system is one of the Manticoran Alliance's largest advantages. Using highly-advanced sensor platforms tractorized outside the impeller wedge, Keyhole-capable ships can "see" beyond the interference of their own wedges, continuing to guide missiles and countermissiles despite an oblique angle. Combined with advances in launch tubes, this also allows for off-bore targeting, letting a ship use all of its missile tubes to attack, even in the opposing broadside. This allows a ship to combine the best of both worlds, limiting the attack vectors of opposing missiles with the impenetrable wedge and still continuing to launch its own missiles and countermissiles for attack and defense. Your ship is not only fitted with advanced Keyhole systems, but the stores for such seem to replicate; even if your platforms are taken offline, you'll always be able to launch another.

Mistletoe: 100 SP

Reconnaissance drones are one of the hallmarks of modern naval warfare. They can be used as everything from decoys to message devices, and occasionally they even serve their original purpose to scout out unsurveyed volumes of the battlefield and gain information about enemy fleets and ECM. For a recon drone, stealth is everything, and drones are designed to be hard to notice so they can get close to their targets. These drones are far better than most, letting you often even get visual prints of an opponent's hull, whether or not they're ready and waiting. Even more unusual, these particular drones (which you can easily reproduce) can also mount a small single-shot laser, letting them sneak in close to targets and then be used for a devastating surprise attack against ships unprotected even by sidewalls or radiation shielding.

Q-Ship: 100 SP, Free Spy

Sometimes it's better not to look like a warship. And yours is built for precisely this purpose. As a purpose-built Q-ship, your vessel still has all the capabilities of its listed class, but is built to appear as a harmless freighter or liner. With everything from retractable drive nodes and radar-absorbent hull plating covering your weapons to nanite-based smart paint and false transponder signatures, your ship can easily disguise itself as any kind of civilian ship you'd like, almost totally indistinguishable from the real deal. You don't suffer any of the problems of a standard Q-ship (such as lack of redundancy) and gain all the benefits (such as a large cargo capacity and surprise attack capability).

Streak Drive: 100 SP

Using Warshawski Sails of focused gravity, ships here travel through hyperspace in various bands, effectively major currents that magnify a ship's speed in realspace to allow them to go faster than light. Most civilian ships can get no higher than the Epsilon bands (allowing an apparent realspace velocity around 1442c), and even the fastest naval vessels risk drive failure (and either destruction or being stranded millions of light years from help) if they try to get above the Theta bands, capping the speed of even the fastest courier ships at around 3500c. However, Mesan scientists have recently developed the Streak Drive, a new hyperdrive system

that allows ships to travel up to the Kappa bands. This allows for great increases in speed while in hyperspace, an area the rest of the galaxy believes is limited by natural law. Your ship can easily go 40% faster than the fastest courier ships when in hyperspace, letting you easily cut days and weeks off of journeys. Somehow, this particular streak drive also interfaces with wormholes, making your ship “count” as being of proportionately lower mass when accounting for wormhole transit capacities.

Apollo and Ghost Rider Fire-Control System: 200 SP

The latest advancement on Manticoran grav-pulse technology allows for generators inside specialized missiles, creating a fire-control system that signals faster than light. This allows the launching ship to retain direct control of the missiles at distances that would be otherwise unthinkable, massively enhancing accuracy and minimizing the effectiveness of enemy countermissile fire and ECM. It’s quite likely for a launching ship to have a shorter response loop than the defenders, even at ranges of multiple light-minutes. It further allows for the launch of specialized control missiles to fire missile swarms, with each normal control channel controlling an Apollo missile which itself controls eight more, effectively octupling the weight of fire available when combined with pods. This particular version is even more effective, somehow eliminating the light-speed barrier completely and letting you continue to control missiles in real time so long as their signals can still be detected.

Bow and Stern Sidewalls: 200 SP

One of a ship’s most vital defenses is the sidewall generators, which extend the impenetrable grav wave of a ship’s impeller wave to the sides of the ship. While not completely invulnerable like the wedge itself, sidewalls completely defend against contact weapons and attenuate and twist energy weapons. However, ships are still totally unguarded (save armor) on their bow and stern, where no sidewall can cover... until now. With the new technology of fore and aft sidewall generators, ships can be completely shielded from all directions, making “up-the-kilt” or “down-the-throat” shots no longer effective. Normally, ships with such a sidewall up can’t also use its impeller to move; however these particular generators don’t suffer that flaw.

Spider Drive: 200 SP

A brand-new paradigm in ship propulsion from the engineers of Mesa, the Spider Drive is essentially the ultimate ship stealth system. Rather than creating the standard (and easily detectable, even FTL) impeller wedge, a spider drive ship tractors on and pushes off of a “wall” in hyperspace, allowing it to move totally undetected. Normally this requires a completely different ship design, without sidewalls or even standard shapes; however, this one can be easily retrofitted to work in any standard ship.

Drawbacks:

You may wish to increase the difficulty of your time here, either to gain more of the skills and items available or to create an epic heroic rise from difficult beginnings to ultimate victory. In either case, you may select up to two Drawbacks to make your time more difficult, granting you up to 600 extra CP.

What Short Victorious War?: +0 CP, Does Not Count For Drawback Limits

As 10 T-Years may not be enough to really appreciate the scope of the conflict (what with slow travel and all) you may instead remain here for 10 Sphinxian years (coming out at right around 52.2 T-Years).

DNR: +100 CP

The medical technology of this world is incredibly advanced, allowing for the total regeneration of damaged organs and limbs. However, it doesn't work for everyone; there is a small percentage of the population that can't regenerate, meaning they need either transplants or prosthetics. You're part of that minority, however, beyond just not regenerating, you're actually fatally allergic; being treated with anything but the most basic first aid will cause a reaction which may kill you if not treated itself.

Ordering A Pizza: +100 CP

Things can't ever just be simple. The world doesn't work that way; or at least, your mind sure doesn't. You elongate even the most menial tasks, taking the simplest things and making them high drama (at least in your own head); ordering a pizza would involve a complicated battle of wits about the possibility of a discount and every potential topping, with constant internal segues into the sociocultural and technological history of the idea of pizza, money, and even ordering things. While it probably won't kill you, you'll spend a lot of time staring off into the distance; even the fastest mind will take some time to mentally sum up the entire history of interstellar travel, and that could be a problem if you're currently chasing down the foe.

Reporting With Precision: +100 CP

It seems that's all you, or anyone else, can do. You feel the need to report everything with the highest degree of precision possible, even when doing so itself invalidates the thing you're describing. From orally describing the time to do something to the thousandth of a second, or giving the velocity report of a starship to the kilometer per second when it's accelerating at hundreds of gravities, a lot of your reports are going to be... problematic. Even worse, so are the reports that people give you, either orally or in text. Even if you have a way to get the information across or register it quicker, information overload can still be a problem, and the very precision can make it more likely to make mistakes. Also, it's sometimes really annoying to know that the room isn't 20 meters long, but 19.987 meters by 20.134.

Manticoran Missile Massacre: +200

Missiles. Why are there so many missiles? Antitank missiles, impeller missiles, laser heads, graser torpedoes, nuclear missiles, countermissiles, counter-countermissiles... There are just too many, even before they start being placed in pods and fired in volleys in the millions. And for some reason, they all hate you. Through a quirk of their "dumb" AI programming, or just through a twist of fate, it seems missiles always seem to prioritize wherever you are as a target. They'll veer from other ships in formation to hit yours, ignore decoys, and fire off their lethal pulses at whatever part of a ship you happen to be on. While your own fire is (mostly) immune, you can expect any battles you're part of to be much tougher to survive. Just in case you feel

like making friends with a safer place, the missiles will still follow you even if you stay entirely on-planet; some people just don't care about Eridani violations or orbital strikes, and there are still just some nasty accidents waiting to happen....

A Little On The Young Side: +200 CP

You've done something really bad. Something nobody, even you, wants to know about. Unfortunately, someone does; the Young Family, the Lords of North Hollow, keep sufficient blackmail files to incriminate much of Manticore's nobility and grant them effective political control even in opposing governments, and you've shown up in their records. Even more unfortunately, every known Lord of North Hollow has been vile, petty, corrupt, and sociopathic. Given you as a resource, they will use their pressure on you to gain even more power and revenge. While you may kill the North Hollow Line to escape, this will inevitably see to the release of your original sin, guaranteed to see you shunned and possibly lynched by any society.

Salamander: +200 CP

Admiral and Captain Lady Dame Honor Harrington seems to make a habit of always being in the middle of the fight, a trait for which the newsfaxes have labelled her the Salamander. You'll also always be where the fires are hottest for your time here. No matter how boring the mission, or how much you try escape it, naval warfare just seems to find you. Whatever system you're posted in is the target of an enemy attack, the convoy you escort just happens to be ambushed by pirates, and the one time you take your yacht out to get some peace you run in to an unknown alien race planning an invasion. You can still emerge victorious, but that'll end up with you "promoted" into another vicious battle.

Jumpower Incorporated: +200 CP

Your origins here are a little more pedestrian (and terrifying) than previously planned. You are a genetic slave, built and bred by Manpower Incorporated to serve as brute labor, a sex toy, or some more obscure purpose. You have a number printed on your tongue, and a copyright in your DNA. When your time here begins, you'll be on your way to the "phenotype technicians" for "processing," which often involves torture and rape to break the will. Better escape fast!

Cut Yourself On The Bleeding Edge: +200 CP

The R&D cycle here is strange enough already (what with hundred-year plateaus suddenly ending without a fuss) but it's just gotten even more unbalanced. Somehow, any technology you or your allies utilize is easy for everyone else to engineer, to the point that even minor polities will have their own versions (and ways to counter yours) within a year of your use. While you certainly might be able to blindside enemies that have never seen your designs before, that will be a singular surprise at the most. You'll have to work nonstop to stay ahead of everyone else, and their own counters to your improvements never seem to be anything you can use.

Aircar Accident Waiting To Happen: +300 CP

Someone really wants you (or someone else) dead. You've been infected with the Mesan viral nanotech used to engineer assassinations, atrocities, and suicides the galaxy over, and programmed to take some action. You don't know what it is, at least not until it happens, but it's

sure to be bad. At some point in the next ten T-years, you'll be activated, and the next 30 seconds of your life will happen entirely outside of your control. You may be forced to kill an ally, or fire a broadside when you mean to surrender, or just to blow yourself up; in any case, it'll be nasty, and advance the aims of the Mesan Alignment. Even worse, the normal limitation of the viral nanotech (where people can't be programmed to take any action the programmers can't foresee) is eliminated; somehow, whoever programmed you knew about all your other powers and knowledge, and you could be forced to do something using those.

Nova In The Chamber of Stars: +300 CP

The Solarian League; theoretically the most powerful polity in human history, but practically a ramshackle confederation with a corrupt and inefficient bureaucracy so deeply entrenched it's impossible for literally anything to get done, a constitution not even the government reads, and a legislative process that can be halted by any one of its thousands of members. At the same time, it's simultaneously controlled by a network of conspiracies with the ultimate goal of destroying the League. These factors will inevitably lead to the collapse of the League and chaos for the human race... until now. It's now your mission to ensure that the league actually functions as intended by the end of your stay; if you have not reshaped the League into an effective and just representative government and resolved its varied issues, you will be unable to continue on. Doing so is likely to make you some extremely powerful enemies...

Peace At Last: +300 CP

Grayson and Masada. A pair of warring siblings who've squabbled, quarreled, and almost annihilated each other in a war lasting over 600 years. A war that will now end. You'll see to it, right? Because if you ever want to leave this place, you'll have to bind Masada and Grayson into one nation again, a peaceful brotherhood under Father Church to unite all communicants of the Church of Humanity Unchained. Should you fail to complete this divine mission before your time is up, or should either Masada or Grayson be destroyed, you will have failed and have to return home in disgrace. And oh, Jumper? The prophecies of Saint Austin ban technology, so you'll have to perform all your tasks without appearing to use anything overtly technological in origin. As an additional word of warning, those who appear female will have an even harder time winning over the patriarchal society of Grayson and the even more misogynistic world of Masada.

Satan Cat: +300 CP

You may know about the Mesan Alignment, the secret conspiracy that has been manipulating the course of human events for the past 800 years. But what you don't know, is that there's now another, much greater conspiracy; that of the treecats. Those tiny furry arboreals are not the cute and friendly empathes that the rest of the galaxy sees, but are instead vicious beasts with no concept of remorse or pity, seeking only power. And no, they're not just empathes; they're full-fledged telepaths, able to mind control anyone who gets into their range with such subtlety they never even notice (If you should happen to have a Treecat companion or be one yourself, they don't have such powers, but at least they or you won't have to fight yourselves either). They've manipulated their way into control of several powerful star nations, and may have hidden colonies spread throughout the galaxy. Even worse, they now have a target even more

important than galactic domination; you. They'll direct their pawns to do anything in their power to eliminate you as a threat to their plans, and though a tiny cat may not seem much of a threat, these beasts incited the Epsilon Eridani Incident the last time they were threatened.

End:

Well, your time here is complete. You've survived the pulser darts of assassins, the grasers and bomb-pumped lasers of the wall of battle, and even the interminable briefings. What's next? Whatever you decide, your **Drawbacks** are now revoked, and the memories of your **Background** fade away to be nothing more than pale shades. Let's be about it, Jumper.

Picket Duty:

Actually, time here was a lot of fun. It might be fun to stay around and see how it all turns out. Assuming things speed up a bit, of course...

Charting A New Course:

There's always a new grav-wave to explore and new termini to discover. Why would you stay here when there's an infinity of options to adventure through? It's time for a hyperspace jump to somewhere else entirely...

Sailing Back Home:

Perhaps you just got tired of the interminable travel, or want to bring the benefits of Prolong back home. Either way, you may return to your true origin, ending your time exploring the galaxy and going back to where it all began.

Notes:

Some information on tonnages and armaments, for those who want specifics. Roughly contemporary samples are provided, using Manticoran ships as samples; some ships (the Shrike, Wolfhound, Raoul Courvosier-II, Invictus, and Minotaur) are newer than the others, and thus have slightly better "normal" stats and more grasers and less lasers.

A Highlander-Class traditional **LAC** is 138 meters long, masses 11,000 tons, and accelerates at 409 gravities. It is armed with 3 dual-purpose lasers and 24 single-shot missile tubes. It has a crew of 20.

A Shrike-Class new **LAC** is 72 meters long, masses 20,000 tons, and accelerates at 635 gravities (with Grayson-style compensators). It is armed with 1 graser and 4 missile tubes (8 countermissile tubes and 12 point-defense laser clusters). It has a crew of 4, with advanced automation.

A Wolfhound-Class **Destroyer** is 428 meters long, masses over 123,000 tons, accelerates at 784 gravities (with Grayson-style compensators), and has a broadside armament of 6 missile tubes and 3 grasers (6 countermissile tubes and 5 point-defense laser clusters) and a chase armament of 2 grasers and 4 point-defense laser clusters. It has a crew of 87 with advanced automation.

A Valiant-Class **Light Cruiser** is 469 meters long, masses over 150,000 tons, accelerates at 516 gravities, and has a broadside armament of 8 missile tubes, 6 lasers, and 2 grasers (5

countermissile tubes and 4 point-defense laser clusters) and a chase armament of 3 missile tubes and 2 grasers (3 countermissile tubes and 3 point-defense laser clusters).

A Star Knight-Class **Heavy Cruiser** is 523 meters long, masses over 300,000 tons, accelerates at 510 gravities, and has a broadside armament of 12 missile tubes, 6 lasers, and 4 grasers (8 countermissile tubes and 8 point-defense laser clusters), with a chase armament of 2 missile tubes and 1 graser mount (5 countermissile tubes and 5 point-defense laser clusters). It has a crew of 925.

A Reliant-class **Battlecruiser** is 730 meters long, masses over 800,000 tons, accelerates at 515 gravities, and mounts a total armament of 52 missile tubes, 18 lasers, and 16 grasers (32 countermissile tubes and 32 point-defense laser clusters). It has a crew of 2,105.

A Raoul Courvosier II-Class **Pod Battlecruiser** is 871 meters long, masses 1.76 million tons, accelerates at 678 gravities (with Grayson-style compensators), and mounts a broadside of 6 missile tubes and 6 grasers (26 countermissile tubes and 24 point-defense laser clusters), with a chase armament of 4 missile tubes and 3 grasers (8 countermissile tubes and 12 point-defense laser clusters). It carries 360 missile pods, laying 4 at a time, and has a crew of about 300 with enhanced automation.

A Triumphant-class **Battleship** is 1.1 km long, masses over 4 million tons, accelerates at 445 gravities, and mounts a total armament of 76 missile tubes, 16 lasers, 16 grasers (44 countermissile tubes and 52 point-defense laser clusters). Its crew is 3,876.

A Bellerophon-class **Dreadnought** is 1.3 km long, masses over 6 million tons, accelerates at 420 gravities, and mounts a broadside of 33 missile tubes, 15 lasers, 18 grasers (24 countermissile tubes and 24 point-defense laser clusters), with a chase armament of 7 missile tubes, 2 lasers, and 3 grasers.

A Gryphon-class **Superdreadnought** is 1.4 km long, masses over 8 million tons, accelerates at 400 gravities, and mounts a broadside of 37 missile tubes, 19 lasers, 22 grasers, and 8 energy torpedo launchers (28 countermissile tubes and 30 point-defense laser clusters), with a chase armament of 9 missile tubes, 4 lasers, and 5 grasers.

An Invictus-Class **SDP** is 1.4 km long, masses over 8 million tons, accelerates at up to 560 gravities (using Grayson-based compensators), and mounts a broadside of 18 grasers (84 countermissile tubes and 64 point-defense laser clusters) and a chase armament of 10 grasers. It carries over a thousand pods, and can stack enough fire control to fire volleys of over 500 missiles, laying six pods with ten missiles each at a time. With enhanced automation, it has a crew of 1025.

A Minotaur-Class **CLAC** is 1.1 km long, masses over six million tons, and mounts a chase mount of 4 grasers and 9 missile tubes. It has no offensive broadside armament, instead mounting 100 LAC launch bays, containing 12 8-LAC squadrons of Shrike-Class LACs and 4 reserve LACs. They have crews of 2,100, including 1,000 LAC crewmen (10 per LAC).

Essentially, your **pinnacle** is a cross between Air Force One, an AWACS, and a Harrier, while the **assault shuttle** is some mix of a C-130, an AC-130, and a F-22.