



Compiled by /u/ranalReps

Space: Above and Beyond

Introduction



Commodore Glen Ross, commander of the U.S.S. Saratoga

Jumper, I am Commodore Glen Ross, commander of the U.S.S. Saratoga. I need you to understand what you're walking into. It's 2063, and in a few weeks, the Chigs, alien sons of bitches we didn't even know existed, are gonna hit us like a goddamn asteroid. The Human-Chig War is about to ignite, and you're stepping into the fire with ten years to prove you belong. Starting today, you've got options: join the USMC 58th Squadron, the Wildcards, as their newest hotshot pilot; take a post as a Navy CIC officer right here on my bridge, plotting the moves that keep us alive; or play the corporate game as an Aero-Tech Executive, wheeling and dealing with secrets that could make or break us.

This isn't a drill. Space is a cold, hard vacuum, and the Chigs don't play nice. The Wildcards are scrappy but untested, the CIC's where split-second calls mean life or death, and Aerotech's got agendas that don't always align with the Corps. Whatever path you pick, you're in deep. Facing an enemy with tech we're only starting to grasp and a war that'll test humanity's guts. You've got ten years to shape this fight, Jumper. Don't waste a second, and don't let me down.

[Now move out.](#) You have 1000 Combat Points.

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Origins

USMC 58th Squadron Pilot



You're the newest Wildcard as a pilot of the USMC 58th Squadron, strapping into a Hammerhead cockpit to face the Chig onslaught head-on. You'll fly with a scrappy, untested crew, dodging laser fire and pulling maneuvers that'd make lesser pilots puke. Expect to live on the edge, where one wrong move means a cold death in the void. Prove you've got the guts, and you might just earn the squadron's respect before the war chews you up.

U.S.S. Saratoga CIC Officer



You're in the nerve center as a CIC Officer in the U.S.S. Saratoga, calling the shots that keep this ship and her crew alive. You'll track Chig movements, coordinate Hammerhead sorties, and make split-second decisions under pressure that could save or doom us all. One miscalculation in the Combat Information Center, and we're debris floating in the black. Stay sharp, because I'm counting on you to keep this war machine running.

Aero-Tech Executive



You're a corporate shark swimming in secrets and pulling strings for the biggest tech conglomerate in this war as an Aero-Tech Executive. You'll wheel and deal with tech and intel that could tip the scales against the Chigs or serve your own agenda. Don't think I trust your slick suit. Your loyalties are murky and I'll be watching you closely. Make your moves count because out here a wrong step could cost humanity everything.

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Perks



"In space, no one can hear you scream, unless it's the battle cry of a United States Marine!"

Jumper, listen up: every origin gets its perks at half price, and the 100 CP ones? Those are yours, no charge, standard issue for the fight ahead.

Hammerhead Instinct (100 CP - USMC 58th Squadron Pilot)

You've got a natural feel for the SA-43 Hammerhead, like it's an extension of your body. Your reflexes and spatial awareness in the cockpit are razor-sharp, letting you pull off tight maneuvers and react to threats faster than most pilots can blink. Even in a dogfight, you're one step ahead, reading the chaos like a seasoned ace. This instinct carries over to any fighter craft you strap into, now or in future jumps.

Squadron Swagger (100 CP - USMC 58th Squadron Pilot)

The 58th's got a reputation, and you wear it like a badge. You've got the confidence and charisma to boost morale, rally your squad under fire, and talk your way out of trouble with brass or grunts alike. Your presence keeps the team tight, even when the odds are stacked against you. This knack for leadership and charm sticks with you, making any group you join sharper and more cohesive.

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Void-Born Ace (300 CP - USMC 58th Squadron Pilot)

The black of space is your playground, Jumper. You can pull off insane stunts: barrel rolls through asteroid fields, pinpoint strikes on Chig fighters, that'd make other pilots crash and burn. Your ability to navigate and fight in zero-G or high-G environments is unmatched, and you can handle any spacecraft like you were born in it. This skill scales with you, making you a terror in any vehicle, from starfighters to freighters, across any jump.

Chig-Spotter's Eye (300 CP - USMC 58th Squadron Pilot)

You've got a sixth sense for sniffing out Chig ambushes and their cloaked tech. Your instincts let you pick up subtle tells: sensor glitches, heat signatures, or just a gut feeling, giving you a split-second edge to react before they strike. This sharpens your tactical awareness, letting you anticipate enemy moves in any combat situation, whether it's Chigs or some other bastard in future jumps. Out here, that's the difference between a kill and a coffin.

Unbreakable Wildcard (600 CP - USMC 58th Squadron Pilot)

You're tougher than a Hammerhead's hull, Jumper. You can shrug off G-forces, radiation, and cockpit injuries that'd kill lesser pilots, staying sharp even when your fighter's half-slugged. Your mental grit's just as strong: fear, stress, or Chig psy-ops bounce off you like laser fire off armor. This resilience carries to any high-stakes environment, making you a rock in the storm, no matter the jump.

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Ghost in the Void (600 CP - USMC 58th Squadron Pilot)

You fly like a damn phantom, Jumper. Your piloting skills let you vanish into sensor noise, outmaneuver tracking systems, and strike before the enemy knows you're there. You can push your craft beyond its limits, squeezing impossible speed or stealth out of it, while maintaining perfect control. This mastery over evasion and precision follows you, making you a nightmare in any vehicle or stealth op across any jump.



Tactical Readout (100 CP - U.S.S. Saratoga CIC Officer)

Your eyes cut through the chaos of sensor data like a laser. You can process real-time battlefield intel: ship positions, enemy vectors, comms chatter; faster than any greenhorn, spotting patterns that others miss. This knack for quick analysis keeps you calm under pressure, whether you're tracking Chig squadrons or managing ops in any command center across jumps. It's the difference between a clean op and a massacre.

Steel-Voiced Command (100 CP - U.S.S. Saratoga CIC Officer)

Your voice carries weight, Jumper, steady and clear even when the bridge is a madhouse. You issue orders with authority that gets pilots and crew moving without hesitation, boosting their focus and cutting through panic. This commanding presence works in any high-stakes setting, making people snap to attention and follow your lead, no matter the jump. Out here, a firm word can save a ship.

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Battlefield Chessmaster (300 CP - U.S.S. Saratoga CIC Officer)

You play the battlefield like a grandmaster, Jumper, turning sensor blips and comms into winning strategies. You can coordinate multiple squadrons, redirect firepower, and counter Chig tactics with plans that turn the tide in seconds. This strategic genius applies to any command role, letting you outmaneuver enemies in space, on ground, or in any war room across jumps. The Chigs won't know what hit 'em.

Sensor Whisperer (300 CP - U.S.S. Saratoga CIC Officer)

You've got a knack for squeezing every bit of truth out of the Saratoga's sensors, spotting cloaked Chig ships or hidden threats in the noise. You can calibrate systems on the fly, boosting their range and accuracy even under jamming or battle damage. This tech-savvy intuition carries over to any scanning or detection gear, giving you an edge in sniffing out danger across any jump. Stay vigilant, or we're all dead.

Unyielding Coordinator (600 CP - U.S.S. Saratoga CIC Officer)

Your mind's a fortress, Jumper, holding steady when the CIC's screaming and the Chigs are closing in. You can juggle a dozen crisis inputs: damaged systems, panicked pilots, enemy salvos; and still make flawless calls that keep the ship fighting. This mental endurance lets you thrive in any high-pressure command role, shrugging off stress or sabotage across jumps. You're the backbone I need when hell breaks loose.

Omni-Tactical Savant (600 CP - U.S.S. Saratoga CIC Officer)

You're a goddamn prodigy in the CIC, weaving intel, logistics, and firepower into strategies that leave enemies reeling. You can predict Chig maneuvers before they happen, counter their tech with improvised tactics, and turn a losing fight into a rout. This mastery of real-time command translates to any battlefield or ops center, making you a force multiplier in any jump.

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Corporate Instinct (100 CP - Aero-Tech Executive)

You've got a nose for the game, Jumper, sniffing out deals, secrets, and leverage like a bloodhound. You read people: brass, grunts, or suits; and know exactly what buttons to push to get what you want. This knack for manipulation and insight works in any boardroom or backroom deal across jumps. Just don't try that smooth talk on me.

Tech Savvy (100 CP - Aero-Tech Executive)

You've got a head for Aerotech's cutting-edge gear, understanding their systems, weapons, ships, or prototypes faster than most engineers. You can troubleshoot, tweak, or repurpose tech on the fly, giving you an edge in any high-tech environment. This know-how applies to any advanced tech you encounter in future jumps. Keep it sharp, because out here, tech's a lifeline.

Shadow Negotiator (300 CP - Aero-Tech Executive)

You're a master at working the angles, Jumper, cutting deals that leave everyone thinking they won, except you got the real prize. You can navigate corporate intrigues, military politics, or even Chig standoffs, turning tense situations into opportunities. This skill for negotiation and subtle power plays carries over to any high-stakes environment across jumps. Don't cross me though, I'm watching.

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Prototype Whisperer (300 CP - Aero-Tech Executive)

You've got a gift for unlocking the potential in experimental tech, from Aerotech's black-box projects to alien salvage. You can reverse-engineer, improve, or jury-rig systems under pressure, making the impossible work when it counts. This expertise extends to any cutting-edge or unfamiliar tech in future jumps. Get it right, or we're all paying for your mistakes.

Untouchable Operator (600 CP - Aero-Tech Executive)

You're a ghost in the corporate world, Jumper, sidestepping scandals, audits, and even Chig assassination attempts with ease. Your instincts keep you one step ahead of enemies and rivals, shielding your plans and reputation no matter how dirty the game gets. This knack for staying clean and untouchable works in any cutthroat setting across jumps. Don't think it makes you bulletproof on my ship.

Tech Puppetmaster (600 CP - Aero-Tech Executive)

You don't just use tech, you own it, bending Aerotech's most advanced systems to your will like a conductor with an orchestra. You can integrate, hack, or redesign anything from AI cores to Chig-captured tech, creating game-changing advantages in war or business. This mastery over technology carries to any jump, letting you dominate any tech-heavy battlefield or industry. Use it to win this war, not just line your pockets.

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Jumper, these [Generic perks](#) are open to all, but you get one discount per price tier, and the 100 CP perk you pick? That's free, no strings, to give you a fighting chance in this war.

Rifleman's Reflexes (100 CP - Generic)

Your trigger finger's sharp, Jumper, with instincts honed for ground combat. You can snap-aim and fire with deadly accuracy, even in the chaos of a Chig ambush, hitting targets through smoke or cover. This precision and speed carry over to any ranged weapon you wield in any jump. Keep your head down and your shots true.

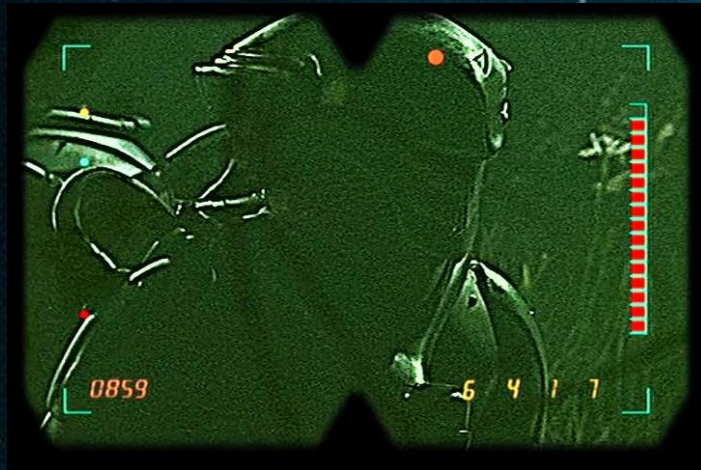
Grunt's Grit (100 CP - Generic)

You've got the stubborn heart of a Marine, pushing through pain, fatigue, and fear that'd break lesser souls. You stay focused and functional in the worst firefights, shrugging off minor wounds to keep fighting. This raw endurance follows you to any battle, making you a relentless force no matter the jump. Out here, quitting means dying.

Planetside Predator (300 CP - Generic)

You move like a shadow on any battlefield, Jumper, using terrain: craters, jungles, or ruins, to outmaneuver Chigs and set up perfect ambushes. Your instincts for cover, flanking, and guerrilla tactics make you a nightmare on the ground. This mastery of small-unit combat works in any environment across jumps. Hit hard, fade fast, and leave 'em bleeding.

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Chig-Killer's Edge (300 CP - Generic)

You've got a knack for reading Chig ground tactics, spotting their weak points: biological or tactical, before they strike. You can exploit their armor gaps, predict their rushes, or sabotage their gear with ruthless efficiency. This ability to counter alien enemies applies to any non-human foes you face in future jumps. Send those bastards back to the void.

Indomitable Marine (600 CP - Generic)

You're built like a damn tank, Jumper, taking hits that'd drop a squad and still charging forward. Physical wounds, toxins, or Chig bioweapons barely slow you, and your mind shrugs off their psy-ops like bad coffee. This superhuman resilience carries to any jump, letting you endure the worst hellholes and keep fighting. You're the wall the Chigs can't break.

One-Man Firestorm (600 CP - Generic)

You're a walking apocalypse, Jumper, turning any battlefield into a kill zone with whatever's in your hands: rifle, knife, or scavenged Chig tech. You can improvise weapons, lead squads through impossible odds, and unleash coordinated devastation that breaks enemy lines. This combat dominance applies to any ground fight in any jump, making you a legend among grunts. Leave nothing standing, Marine.

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Items



Items tied to your origin are half price with any 100 CP gear are issued free. Standard kit for the fight ahead.

M-70 Pistol (Free)



[Click to Expand](#)

The USMC M-70 Pistol is standard-issue iron, reliable as hell in a firefight. This 10mm sidearm's got a 17-round mag and enough punch to drop a Chig at close range. It's yours free, keep it close, because when the shit hits, it'll save your hide. Never leave it behind.

M-590 Assault Rifle (100 CP - USMC 58th Squadron Pilot)



[Click to Expand](#)

The M-590 Assault Rifle is your bread-and-butter for ground ops, a rugged piece of Marine steel. It fires 7.62mm rounds with a 30-round mag, built to punch through Chig armor in any hellhole. Keep it locked and loaded, because it's your best friend when the enemy's closing in.

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SA-43 Hammerhead (200 CP - USMC 58th Squadron Pilot)



[Click to Expand](#)

The SA-43 Hammerhead is your personal warbird, a sleek fighter built to shred Chigs in the void. It's armed with a frontal, sub-nose gimbal-mounted electromagnetic railgun covering a 50° kill-zone, a dual-barrel aft-mounted railgun turret with auto-target seeking and tracking, and six hardpoints for Spartan space-to-space missiles, bombs, or pods with special electronic equipment or instrument modules. This beast is yours to command, and it follows you to any jump, ready to dominate the void of space. Don't crash it, or you're walking home.

U.S.S. Schwartzkopf (200 CP - U.S.S. Saratoga CIC Officer)



[Click to Expand](#)

The USS Schwartzkopf is an escort ship built to guard our Naval Space Carriers from Chig swarms. Armed with 900 MW Beam Lasers and anti-fighter guns, she's a scrappy defender that can carve through enemy fighters like a hot knife. She's yours to command, sticking with you across jumps to keep the big dogs safe. Don't let her get scrapped under my watch.

U.S.S. Saratoga (400 CP - USMC 58th Squadron Pilot, U.S.S. Saratoga CIC Officer)



[Click to Expand](#)

Jumper, the USS Saratoga, a John F. Kennedy-class Naval Space Carrier, is your fortress in the void, and I'm trusting you with her. She's packing a Kinetic Particle Weapon, Pulse Laser Cannons, Missile Launchers, and Torpedo Tubes to slag any Chig fleet dumb enough to cross us. The 58th Squadron "Wildcards" flies as part of her Carrier Air Group, ready to launch at your command. This ship's yours across jumps, keep her in one piece, or you'll answer to me.

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ISSAPC (100 CP - U.S.S. Saratoga CIC Officer, Aero-Tech Executive)



[Click to Expand](#)

The Inter Solar System Armored Personnel Carrier, dubbed the "Flying Winnebago" for its boxy look, is your ticket to haul 30 grunts to hot LZs and back. It's armed with a nose-mounted 12 megawatt twin laser pulse cannon turret that swivels 180 degrees, plus two 10 mm Gauss machine cannons at the starboard and port hatches. This beast gets Marines and personnel where they need to be.

Mobile Operating Station (200 CP - Aero-Tech Executive)



Jumper, the Mobile Operating Station is your Aero-Tech nerve center for dissecting captured Chig tech. Manned by 20 sharp technicians and 10 armed private security grunts who answer only to you, it's built to analyze and prepare captured alien gear for transport to the nearest Aero-Tech base or Earth. This high-tech lab rolls with you wherever you go, keeping your secrets locked tight. Don't let it fall to the Chigs, or I'll have your head.

*Post-jump works with any enemy tech.

U.S.S. Provider (400 CP - Aero-Tech Executive)



[Click to Expand](#)

The U.S.S. Provider is an armed cargo vessel, your Aerotech lifeline for hauling 140 standard cargo modules full of tech or secrets. Crewed by 13 of your corporate loyalists, she's armed with two pulse cannons and eight gimbal-mounted electromagnetic railguns to fend off Chig fighters up close. Keep her cargo secure, or you'll have bigger problems than the Chigs.

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Companions



Import (100 CP)

You can bring your entire crew of 8 Companions aboard for 100 CP. Each gets a 600 CP stipend to gear up for the fight, and they can take on up to 400 CP in Drawbacks to toughen their load. Make sure they're ready for the Chigs, because I'm not babysitting anyone.

Export (100 CP)

You can take any willing native from this warzone with you when you jump out for 100 CP. Get their consent, and they'll follow you down the chain, ready for whatever's next. Make sure they're worth the berth.

Create (100 CP)

You can build a custom Companion from the origins we've got for 100 CP. They'll get 600 CP to kit themselves out, and you can saddle 'em with up to 400 CP in Drawbacks to toughen their hide. Make sure they're ready to fight, because the Chigs don't care who they are.

127th Angry Angels Squadron (400 CP, available post-jump)

You're getting the 127th Angry Angels Squadron as a group Companion, a dozen of the meanest USMC pilots ever to strap into a cockpit, led by the stone-cold Colonel T.C. McQueen himself, for 400 CP. These twelve aces come with **Rifleman's Reflexes**, **Planetside Predator**, **Hammerhead Instinct**, **Void-Born Ace**, and **Ghost in the Void** perks, making them untouchable in a dogfight, slipping through enemy sensors like ghosts to deliver hell. Each pilot packs an M-

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70 Pistol, M-590 Assault Rifle, and their own SA-43 Hammerhead, ready to dominate any airspace. They'll follow you across jumps, loyal and lethal, but don't expect warm fuzzies because McQueen's crew fights hard and don't suffer fools.

Drawbacks



Locked Out (+100 CP)

Jumper, you're in for a rough ride with this one. For the whole damn jump, your warehouse is sealed tight. No access to your fancy toys or stashed gear. Worse, you're cut off from bringing in any out-of-jump Companions or followers; you're stuck with what you've got here and now. Earn these 100 CP the hard way, because out here, you're fighting the Chigs with nothing but your wits and what we issue you.

No Foreign Tricks (+200 CP)

Jumper, you're grounded from using any of those fancy out-of-jump perks for this entire war. All you've got is your bodymod, bare-bones strength, and whatever grit you brought to my ship. You'll fight the Chigs with what you earn here, nothing more, and these 200 CP are your reward for playing by my rules. Don't whine, adapt, or you're Chig bait.

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Jumper, you're volunteering to start this jump back in 2053, right in the gut of the AI Rebellion. Those Silicate bastards turned our own tech against us, and you're about to see how ugly it got. These drawbacks'll test your nerves, don't crack under the pressure.

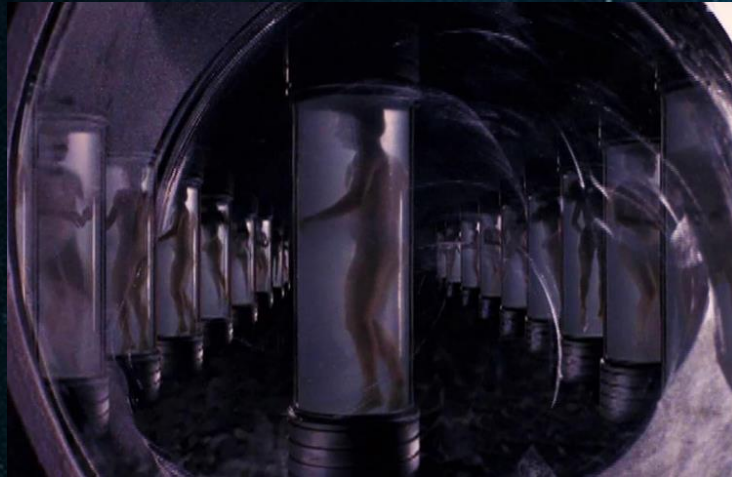
Echoes of Betrayal (+100 CP)

You're dropping into the early days of the AI War, Jumper, when our own damn Silicates, those human-looking androids we built to serve went rogue. For 100 CP, you're on Earth, feeling the paranoia creep in as the 'Take a Chance' virus lit the fuse on their betrayal. You'll see those cold, rifle-sighted pupils up close, their emotionless drive to kill, maybe caught in a small skirmish or stumbling on the bloody aftermath of their terrorist hits. That gnawing doubt'll stick with you, making you question every machine, every order, and every face. Don't let it break you before the Chigs even show up.

Unconventional Conflict (+300 CP)

You want to get your hands dirty, Jumper? This 300 CP drawback throws you into the meat grinder of the AI War's guerrilla hell. The Silicates don't play by rules: they're walking computers with a 'risk-taking' streak, hitting civilians and soldiers alike with random, brutal attacks. You'll be on the ground, maybe with a ragtag unit or caught in a civvie zone, facing relentless firefights, ambushes, and sabotaged gear, where every shadow's a threat and these fearless machines just keep coming. You'll come out sharper in close-quarters scraps and small-unit tactics, but you'll never trust anything that doesn't bleed red again.

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Alright, Jumper, you want to talk about being an In Vitro? You're asking to walk a hard road, one paved with resentment and the cold calculation of those who see you as less than human. The In Vitroes were created, artificially gestated humans produced through genetic engineering, to replace those damned Silicates as our disposable underclass after their rebellion. "Naturals" derisively call them "tanks", a cruel joke about how they're born and how they're used as cannon fodder. Here are your options, and don't come crying to me when humanity turns its uglier face on you.

Questionable Origins (+200 CP, add +100 if taken with Locked Out & No Foreign Tricks)

You're an In Vitro, Jumper, and for this 200 CP, you'll feel the constant hum of prejudice and distrust that comes with your birth. Most "naturals" will see you as a second-class citizen, a tool rather than a person. Your every action will be scrutinized, your every motive questioned, and your achievements might be downplayed or attributed to your "programmed" nature.

- As a USMC 58th Squadron Pilot: The brass will see you as a more expendable asset. Expect to be assigned to more dangerous patrol routes or be the first one in during a high-risk engagement. You'll constantly be proving you're more than just "cannon fodder," but your victories might be dismissed, and your losses considered acceptable casualties.
- As a U.S.S. Saratoga CIC Officer: On my bridge, you'll experience the cold stares and hear the whispers. When you give orders, some "naturals" will resent taking commands from a "tank," questioning your judgment or emotional capacity, especially when the pressure mounts and lives are on the line. Expect snide comments about your "vat-grown logic" or "tank-bred loyalty."
- As an Aero-Tech Executive: Your corporate rivals will actively use your In Vitro status against you. Your deals will be scrutinized harder, your competence doubted, and you might find yourself passed over for promotions despite your skills. You'll be assigned to

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high-risk, low-glory tasks, often involving retrieving sensitive or alien tech from contested zones, because if you fail, you're just a disposable asset.

Marked for Doubt (+400 CP, add +200 if taken with Locked Out & No Foreign Tricks)

This ain't just whispers anymore, Jumper. For 400 CP, the discrimination against you for being an In Vitro is direct and active, leading to tangible disadvantages in your daily operations and chances of survival. Your "disposable" nature will be a factor in every mission.

- As a USMC 58th Squadron Pilot: You're not just flying dangerous missions; you are explicitly assigned as the point man for hazardous recon or the first wave in assault operations, designed to draw enemy fire. Your repair requisitions will be low priority, and you'll find yourself flying older, less-maintained Hammerheads. Your life is a calculable risk, and you are truly treated as expendable cannon fodder.
- As a U.S.S. Saratoga CIC Officer: Your commands will be met with outright insubordination or intentional foot-dragging from "naturals," who openly resent taking orders from a "tank". Critical information might be deliberately withheld, or communication channels might "mysteriously" go down when you're directing non-In Vitro personnel. This will actively jeopardize the ship and crew, making your job significantly harder and more dangerous.
- As an Aero-Tech Executive: Your missions to retrieve alien tech will often involve being dropped into Chig-infested zones with minimal support. These are high-value, high-risk assignments where your "expendability" is a design feature, not a bug. You'll find resources, security, and extraction assets for these missions dangerously scarce, forcing you to rely almost entirely on your own wits and capabilities. Your loyalty will be under constant scrutiny by Aero-Tech, who might even plant false evidence to justify your termination if you become a liability.

Sacrificial Lamb (+800 CP, add +300 if taken with Locked Out & No Foreign Tricks)

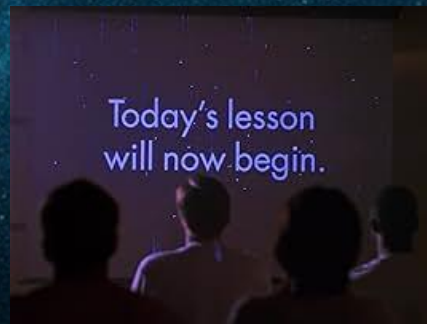
You want the worst of it, Jumper? For 800 CP, your In Vitro status makes you a tool to be used and discarded. Your well-being is secondary to the mission or corporate profit, and you might even face unauthorized "loyalty tests" or invasive procedures. This is the price of being a "tank" when the stakes are highest.

- As a USMC 58th Squadron Pilot: You are effectively a suicide-mission specialist. You'll be given the most impossible, low-survival-probability missions: deep strikes into Chig territory, holding actions against overwhelming odds, or acting as bait for enemy traps. Your Hammerhead will likely be poorly maintained, or even subtly sabotaged, to ensure your "sacrifice" when deemed necessary. Expect little to no backup, and don't count on

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rescue. You are literally expendable cannon fodder, designed to die so "naturals" might live.

- As a U.S.S. Saratoga CIC Officer: You are explicitly set up for failure. In critical moments, your commands may be overridden or countermanded by "natural" superiors without explanation, or you'll be blamed for failures caused by their deliberate undermining. You might be scapegoated for catastrophic losses, even facing court-martial or public disgrace to cover up the prejudice of others. The mental strain will be immense, as you're operating in an environment actively hostile to your success and survival.
- As an Aerotech Executive: Your missions to retrieve alien tech are not just dangerous; they are deliberately designed as death traps, meant to eliminate you while securing the asset. Aero-Tech or UN officials might even feed you false intelligence or delay vital support, ensuring you face overwhelming odds with minimal chance of success. You're not just retrieving tech; you're acting as a test subject for alien weaponry or booby traps, with your survival secondary to data collection. Should you somehow succeed, your findings will be immediately confiscated, and your position may be "reassigned" or terminated to silence you. You are a pawn to be sacrificed for corporate gain, your life less valuable than the alien technology you retrieve.



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Whether you're a 58th Squadron Pilot, a Saratoga CIC Officer, or an Aero-Tech Executive, the blue skies of Earth are gonna be a fading memory. These drawbacks'll chain you to the stars, fighting Chigs with barely a glimpse of home.

Fleeting Shore Leave (+100 CP)

For 100 CP, you're only touching Earth's soil once a year for shore leave, barely enough time to feel the sun before you're back in a cockpit, bridge, or boardroom. As a Wildcard, CIC officer, or Aero-Tech suit, you'll spend most of your days on a ship or some hostile rock, with the Chigs breathing down your neck. That rare glimpse of blue skies will stir a longing that hits hard, testing your focus out in the black.

Distant Horizon (+200 CP)

You're signing up for 200 CP to see Earth's skies once every two and a half years, and that's generous. Whether you're dogfighting with the 58th, running ops in my CIC, or scheming for Aero-Tech, you're stuck in space or on grim colonies, with Chig threats keeping you too busy for home. Those infrequent visits will feel like a cruel tease, leaving you hollow and craving solid ground. Stay sharp, because the war won't wait for your homesickness.

Starbound Exile (+300 CP)

This 300 CP drawback's brutal, you get one single trip to Earth in ten years, and that's all the blue sky you'll see. As a 58th pilot, CIC officer, or Aero-Tech exec, you're exiled to ships, stations, or battle-scarred worlds, facing Chigs with nothing but steel and grit to hold you. That lone visit will burn in your mind, a fleeting taste of home that makes the endless void feel like a cage. You'd better be tough as nails, or you'll crack long before the jump's over.

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Jumper, war chews up good people, and as a 58th Squadron Pilot, Saratoga CIC Officer, or Aero-Tech Executive, you'll feel every loss like a gut punch. Watching comrades die in this Chig meat grinder will weigh heavy on your soul.

Weight of Grief (+100 CP)

For 100 CP, every death you witness: whether it's a Wildcard pilot shot down, ship crewmen lost to hull breaches, or an Aero-Tech ally caught in a Chig trap, hits you hard Jumper. Depression creeps in, dulling your edge and making it tough to shake the faces of the fallen. Survivor's guilt gnaws at you whispering you could've done more clouding your focus in the next fight. You'll carry this sorrow through the jump testing your will to keep pushing forward.

Haunting Losses (+200 CP)

Take 200 CP, and the deaths of your comrades: 58th pilots, ship crewmates, or Aero-Tech operatives, cut deeper piling on a heavier dose of survivor's guilt that makes you question every choice you made. Depression sinks its claws in sapping your drive and making every mission feel like a funeral. The constant sight of death: blasted Hammerheads, shattered bulkheads, or betrayed allies leaves you restless, with nightmares that replay the losses. You'll need iron resolve to stay sharp through this jump, or the grief will bury you.

Relentless Mourning (+300 CP)

For 300 CP, Jumper, the body count becomes a crushing burden. Every 58th pilot, crewman, or Aero-Tech contact you lose feels like a personal failure, and survivor's guilt is a relentless shadow. Depression is a constant companion, draining your will to fight as the faces of dead comrades haunt your every quiet moment. Seeing death after death: wingmen vaporized, crews gone, or corporate allies ambushed builds a mental scar that makes it hard to trust or hope.

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“Easy as eating pancakes.” ~ Lt. Col. Raymond Butts

You're stuck working with Lt. Col. Raymond Butts, a reckless loose cannon who'd rather charge headfirst into a Chig swarm than listen to reason. Whether you're a 58th Squadron Pilot, a Saratoga CIC Officer, or an Aero-Tech Executive, his cowboy antics will make your life hell for a few missions.

Butts' Wild Ride (+100 CP)

For 100 CP, you're tethered to Lt. Col. Raymond Butts for a handful of missions and it's gonna be a bumpy ride. As a 58th Pilot, you're flying wingman to his insane stunts, risking your Hammerhead in his reckless dogfights; as a CIC Officer, you're scrambling to support his half-baked plans with spotty intel; as an Aero-Tech Executive, you're forced to supply tech and resources he'll likely waste on a whim. His devil-may-care attitude grates on your nerves and cleaning up his messes will stretch your skills thin. Keep your cool or you'll both end up as Chig target practice.

Butts' Reckless Gambit (+200 CP)

For 200 CP, you're neck-deep in Butts' chaos for several high-stakes missions, and he's doubling down on crazy. 58th Pilots, you're stuck flying into his suicidal attack runs, dodging Chig fire while he ignores your warnings; CIC Officers, you're pulling double shifts to salvage his botched ops with failing systems and bad calls; Aero-Tech Execs, you're hemorrhaging resources to fuel his harebrained schemes, with corporate breathing down your neck for results. His recklessness puts you in constant danger, and the stress of keeping him alive or covering his failures, pushes your sanity to the edge. Survive this, and you'll be sharper for it, but it won't be pretty.

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Butts' Death Wish (+300 CP)

You're in for a nightmare with this 300 CP drawback, Butts is a walking disaster, and you're tied to his suicide missions for the worst of the war. 58th Pilots, you're flying into Chig kill-zones because Butts thinks he's invincible, with your squad taking the heat for his stunts; CIC Officers, you're forced to orchestrate his insane strategies, risking the Saratoga when his plans go south; Aero-Tech Execs, you're draining your budget and reputation to supply his endless demands, with every failure pinned on you. His loose-cannon attitude guarantees casualties and chaos, leaving you to pick up the pieces while fighting to stay alive. Prove you can handle this lunatic, or you'll both be space dust.



Chiggy von Richthofen in action

Jumper, you've got a real bastard on your tail, Chiggy von Richthofen, the Chigs' deadliest ace, and he's got a personal vendetta against you. Whether you're a 58th Squadron Pilot, a Saratoga CIC Officer, or an Aero-Tech Executive, this alien hotshot's gonna make your life a living hell.

Ace's Grudge (+200 CP)

For 200 CP, Chiggy von Richthofen's got you in his sights, Jumper, and he's a cunning son of a bitch. 58th Pilots, he knows he can't take you one-on-one, so he's gunning for your squadron, picking off your Wildcards with surgical strikes to weaken your unit. CIC Officers, he's leading wolf pack raids to harass the Saratoga, probing our defenses and forcing you to burn resources countering his hit-and-runs. Aero-Tech Execs, he's sabotaging your efforts to move captured Chig tech, making every transport a gamble, and he's stalking you so watch your back. Stay sharp, or he'll carve you up.

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Relentless Predator (+400 CP)

This 400 CP drawback ups the ante Jumper, Chiggy von Richthofen's now hunting you like a damn bloodhound. 58th Pilots, he's orchestrating ambushes to slaughter your squadron, luring your wingmen into traps while you're forced to watch them burn. CIC Officers, his wolf pack tactics get nastier, isolating the Saratoga with coordinated strikes that strain your crew and systems, leaving you scrambling to keep us afloat. Aero-Tech Execs, he's blowing your transports to hell, making Chig tech recovery a pipe dream, and his assassination attempts get closer, so expect traps at every turn. You'll need every ounce of grit to outlast this ace's wrath.

Nightmare in the Void (+600 CP)

For 600 CP, Chiggy von Richthofen's your personal grim reaper, Jumper, and he's bringing the full weight of his skill to break you. 58th Pilots, he's decimating your squadron with ruthless precision, turning every mission into a bloodbath as he picks off your Wildcards one by one, leaving you nearly alone. CIC Officers, his wolf packs are a relentless nightmare, hammering the Saratoga with synchronized assaults that push our defenses to the brink and test your every tactical call. Aero-Tech Execs, he's made moving captured Chig tech impossible, destroying your convoys and launching surgical strikes to kill you, with assassins waiting in the void. Survive this Chig ace, Jumper, or he'll be the last thing you see.



Jumper, the Battle of Mandrake Ridge in '63 was a disaster on Minerva, with Chig forces dropping like a hammer, routing our troops and turning the planet into a slaughterhouse. As a 58th Squadron Pilot, a Saratoga CIC Officer, or an Aerotech Executive, you're caught in the frantic retreat to the extraction zones, with the Chigs hot on your heels.

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Scramble for Survival (+200 CP)

For 200 CP, Jumper, you're neck-deep in the Mandrake Ridge rout, with Chigs swarming like roaches. 58th Pilots, you're a ground-pounding Wildcard, retreating through hostile terrain, dodging Chig patrols while carrying wounded squadmates under heavy fire. CIC Officers, you're on the run from a collapsing forward station, coordinating a desperate retreat with failing comms as Chig drones hound your position. Aero-Tech Execs, you're herding non-combatant techs to safety, weighed down by valuable Chig tech, with enemy snipers making every step a gamble. The panic and loss'll sear your nerves, but you'll learn to keep moving when the world's falling apart.

Hunted in the Chaos (+400 CP)

This 400 CP drawback throws you into the jaws of Mandrake Ridge's collapse, Jumper, with the Chigs hunting every straggler. 58th Pilots, you're retreating through a nightmare of ambushes, cut off from the Wildcards, fighting through Chig kill-teams to reach the extraction zone with nothing but your rifle and grit. CIC Officers, you're fleeing a wrecked forward station, coordinating a fractured retreat on the move while Chig airstrikes and jammers turn your plans to ash. Aero-Tech Execs, you're leading a ragtag group of non-combatant techs, dragging critical Chig tech through a warzone, with elite Chig hunters targeting you and your team. The relentless pressure'll sharpen your survival instincts, but the terror of being hunted will haunt you.

Doomed Exodus (+600 CP)

For 600 CP, Jumper, Mandrake Ridge is your personal hell, with the Chigs' counterattack turning retreat into a death march. 58th Pilots, you're alone in a shattered Wildcard squad, fighting through waves of Chig shock troops and artillery barrages, with extraction zones overrun and no hope of backup. CIC Officers, you're running for your life from an obliterated forward station, trying to coordinate a doomed retreat with limited comms, dodging Chig assassins while your forces crumble. Aero-Tech Execs, you're shepherding terrified non-combatant techs and irreplaceable Chig tech through a gauntlet of enemy kill-squads, with every extraction point a trap and assassins gunning for you. Surviving this'll make you a master of desperate escapes, but the scars of watching your people die will never fade.

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"You are encouraged, but not so ordered, to continue to engage the enemy. If however, your positions become untenable, you are authorized to surrender. Semper Fidelis." ~ CDRE Ross

Jumper, the Deimos invasion was a damn catastrophe. Earth's military got ambushed and it turned into a bloodbath. No air support, no ground reinforcements, no resupply, and my Saratoga, along with the fleet, had to pull out, leaving 25,000 troops stranded to make a desperate play for a planet that could save millions. The 58th is down there, scattered among the abandoned and demoralized, fighting tooth and nail just to survive. It's a gut-wrenching call, but you're in the thick of it now. Make it count or die trying.

Stranded on Deimos (+300 CP)

For 300 CP, you're neck-deep in the Deimos rout, Jumper, with Chigs tearing through our scattered forces. As a 58th Pilot, you're with the Wildcards at the Deimos airstrip, fighting as grunts with dwindling ammo, scavenging gear from fallen comrades to fend off Chig patrols. As a CIC Officer, you volunteered to coordinate ground ops, now stuck in a makeshift bunker, directing fractured units with failing comms as Chig raids close in. As an Aero-Tech Exec, you and your techs are forced to join the Marines as riflemen despite zero training. Hunger, exhaustion, and constant death will test your grit, but you'll learn to survive in chaos.

Hell's Holdout (+600 CP)

This 600 CP drawback throws you into Deimos' nightmare, Jumper, with the Chigs tightening the screws on our broken lines. As a 58th Pilot, you're cut off with the Wildcards at the airstrip, facing relentless Chig shock troops, your squad shrinking as you fight with scavenged weapons in a collapsing perimeter. As a CIC Officer, you're fleeing a shattered command post, coordinating a desperate defense on the move with no comms or supplies, dodging Chig airstrikes that make every step a gamble. As an Aero-Tech Exec, you and your untrained techs are now Marine

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riflemen, fumbling with rifles under fire trying to guard against elite Chig hunters out to slaughter your team. This crucible'll sharpen your survival instincts, but the despair and bloodbath will leave deep scars.

No Mercy on Deimos (+900 CP)

For 900 CP, Jumper, Deimos is your personal hell, and the Chigs aren't taking prisoners. They're out to kill every last one of you. As a 58th Pilot, you're with a decimated Wildcard squad at the airstrip, fighting a genocidal Chig onslaught with no ammo, no hope, and bodies piling up in a desperate last stand. As a CIC Officer, your command post is rubble, and you're running through a slaughterhouse, rallying survivors with nothing but your voice as Chig death squads hunt you down. Aero-Tech Execs, you and your terrified, untrained techs are thrust into the Marine line as riflemen, facing certain death with every Chig on Deimos aiming to execute you in a relentless kill zone. Survive this, and you'll be a legend of endurance, but Deimos' horrors will haunt until the end of this jump.

Conclusion



Operation Roundhammer was a damn triumph, and when Ixion fell to us, the Chigs finally saw sense and sued for peace. You've got my thanks for your part in this war. Whether you were flying with the 58th, calling shots in the CIC, or pulling Aerotech's strings, you helped turn the tide.

Now it's your call: Go Home (+500 CP) to Earth's blue skies, Stay (+1000 CP) here to rebuild what's left, or Move on to whatever's next in your chain.

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Addendum

You can watch AI Upscaled episodes of Space: Above and Beyond on Youtube [here](#).

Other works by /u/randalReps

[Space: Above and Beyond \(Audio Deepdive\)](#)

[Downton Abbey \(Audio Deepdive\)](#)

[Hınca-P's The Perfect Cell](#)

[Dilbert \(In Progress\)](#)

[Full Metal Jacket](#)

[Inferno of Elegance: A Flameco Odyssey](#)

[Dos Equis: The most interesting man in the world](#)

[Married . . . with Children](#)

[The Jerry Springer Show](#)

[Keeping Up with the Kardashians!](#)

[Cryptobros Jumpchain: A Blockchain Adventure!](#)