



By Yorokonde
A Jumpchain compliant Gauntlet

Xabran's Rock is a relatively insignificant planetoid by many standards. It is not large or particularly rich in minerals. There is no abundant plant life, deposits of gemstones, and it is the only planet bothering to orbit a dwarf yellow star only a few millions years away from burning through all of its hydrogen. Just about the only thing it does have is empty space. Situated right in the nexus of the trading routes for hundreds of alien species.

The Spaceport was born on that lonely planet to offer a convenient refueling point to weary spacefarers. Naturally, where there is a gathering of different people, there will be trade. And where there is a consistent amount of trade, markets will spring up. Soon Xabran's Rock became a planetwide conglomeration of hundreds of cultures, architectural styles, and languages all stirred together around the common goal of commerce.

Goods from across the galaxy now flow through this one marketplace, changing hands at such a rapid pace that it is impossible to guess what a merchant might be selling from one day to the next except in the broadest of terms. Even the prices on the goods alters so quickly that many believe the merchants to just be making them up as they go along. One merchant might sell you an item for half the price of another if one dared to risk walking away and possibly not getting the item you seeked at all.

Cuisine from a thousand different worlds simmers, boils, squeals, roasts, squirms, and cooks on every corner. Scents in the air range from the addictive cinnamon-like perfume of the cat-people from Betelgeuse, a galaxy away, to the putrid excrement of the ravenous bugblatter beast of Traal used by some species as a beauty enhancer. But of all this, there is one unifying factor beyond trade.

Garbage. With hundreds of thousands of visitors a day and millions of permanent residents, the Marketplace generates an obscene amount of waste. Thankfully the technology has long since existed to break down garbage into useful components and recycle everything into something useful again. But collecting it still falls on the old-fashioned method of manpower.

It was determined long ago that robots smart enough to do the job but dumb enough not to revolt was too fine a line to worry about getting right. So instead Xabran's Rock employs a veritable horde of TrashDrones to hunt down and dispose of the trash that threatens to clog the Marketplace's byways and alleyways.

TrashDrones come from all over the universe, but usually make up the dregs of society. It is the only job on Xabran's Rock that doesn't require experience, credits, or mercantile savvy. But for those who are willing to work hard, the free housing and steady, if meager, pay offers enough of an incentive to make the expensive trip to the planet to take the job. And there are always openings.

Oh look, this one has your name on it. And it says you are due a signing bonus.

You are given 1000 Credit Points

Of course there *are* a number of fees owed by all those who wish to enter Xabran's Rock for more than a brief visit. I'll just deduct those now.

You are billed 300 Credit Points

And there's the setup costs for being inducted into the ranks of the TrashDrones. Initial charging of your Incinerator, uniform, apartment cleaning fee, and the mandatory medical tests.

You are charged 600 Credit Points

Then there's the necessary "donations" to the Redscarves Ball and Merchant's Council of Xabran annual fundraiser.

You "donate" 100 Credit Points

Welcome to the TrashDrone Corps! Here's your basic information packet for carbon based lifeforms, a house key, and shrine starter kit. Make sure you pick up an idol to one of the Nine Goddesses on your way out. You can pick whichever you like, so long as you pick one. Wouldn't want to incur the wrath of the Goddesses and get cursed, would you? Oh, that green field? Don't worry about it. Just a standard Equalizer. Routine really.

You have been forced into your Body Mod form.

Your powers, abilities, items, and perks are non-functional.

Information Packet



Redscarves

The “police force” of Xabran’s Rock are easily identifiable by the red scarf they wear around their neck, which the locals have taken to using as a nickname. They are charged with keeping the peace, which they do with brutal efficiency and little tact. Their power gives them unlimited ability to stop and search anyone they deem suspicious in the Marketplace or Spaceport. It is suggested that all TrashDrones avoid getting too close to the Redscarves whenever possible, as they particularly enjoy pushing around the workforce.

They are used to being avoided and will not regard even a sudden change in direction when they are spotted as suspicious. Should you be stopped, it is advised to be polite or silent and to comply instantly with all requests. You will usually be forced to give up a significant chunk of any credits you carry on your person but DO NOT PROTEST. TrashDrones taken into custody by the Redscarves will not be given any legal protection and will not be treated well.



Gendershifting

As we have detected you are a carbon-based lifeform, you should know that the atmosphere Xabran's Rock is a little different from what you're used to. With so many ships docking from all corners of the galaxy it is imperative that the Marketplace maintains an atmosphere that can adapt to all of its patrons. This has been discovered to have a few minor side effects in carbon-based lifeforms.

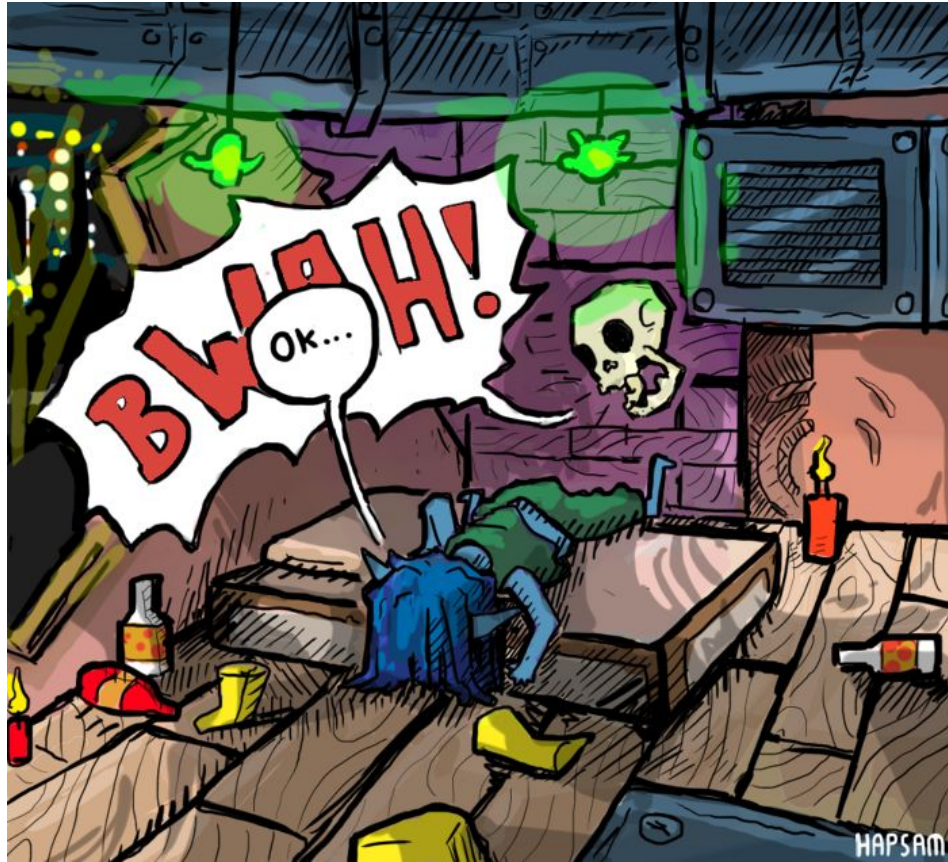
Every few days you are going to experience an odd, itching feeling under your skin. You will likely also feel lethargic, nauseous, and may experience blurred vision as well. This is due to your body rejecting a variety of chemical compounds used to keep the air breathable for everyone. Should you ignore these symptoms, which will begin mild at first but grow more severe as days pass, you will eventually find it difficult to work or function.

Fortunately a solution is already in place. Simply access any one of the many Gendershift kiosks situated conveniently around the Marketplace. With only the cost of a minor scanning fee, you'll be able to select one of the options generated for you designed specifically to fix your problem of the moment. Then ingest and feel well again!

It should be noted that the cure has a few side effects of its own. Namely it is going to transform your anatomy and gender in minor ways each time you ingest a cure. Thankfully the Marketplace is home to a wide variety of genders and we proudly report there is no discrimination whatsoever.

Possible genders may include: Cobra Chameleon, Spiked, Cuddleslut, Damp Man, Hellgender, Electra Woman, and many more. Should you find your new gender requires specific accoutrements, simply contact your TrashDrone representative and they will be provided to you at no cost. TrashDrone Inc. would like to remind all applicants that they can not be held responsible should any carbon-based lifeform find themselves unhappy with their new gender.

Alternative Biology Detected (0 CP) - How odd. For whatever reason, your current biology is reaction wildly different to the unusual atmosphere than we had anticipated. You will no longer Gendershift, but will instead develop a chronic medical condition. It will require treatment just as often as Gendershifting would, and medicine can be found in the same way, but your biology will no longer wildly morph as a response to the treatment. On the downside, refusing to treat yourself will cause your condition to degrade slightly faster.



Tattered Apartment

As per your contract, your lodgings are to be provided to you at no cost. You will be allotted a single room in the Yellow District. It will have a single large window, a foot locker capable of storing up quite a bit more than it seems like it should, and a comfortable bed built for one. There will be room for setting up your Goddess Shrine and space enough to move around comfortably, but little else. There's a shared bathroom down the hall, but only a standing shower with no hot water. Extra furniture, wall coverings, or rugs may not be added as per line 1439b of your contract. Violators will be fined two days wages.

The Incinerator

While not cleverly named, this bulky backpack-sized device is meant to be worn on the back and connects to a heavy bracer that clasps onto the left forearm. When aimed at an item lying on the ground, and given a few seconds to charge, it will teleport the item away to the main incinerator unit on the other side of the planet. There the item will be broken down into its most basic atoms and recycled for use in the many vending machines found across the Spaceport. Keep in mind, the device knows the difference between an item and a person and will not teleport the latter, no matter how bizarre their anatomy is. Attempting to teleport a dead body without direct authorization from TrashDrone Headquarters in cooperation with the Redscarves will result in immediate termination, seizure of the Incinerator unit, and liquidation of any and all personnel involved. So just stick to the stuff you find on the ground, okay?



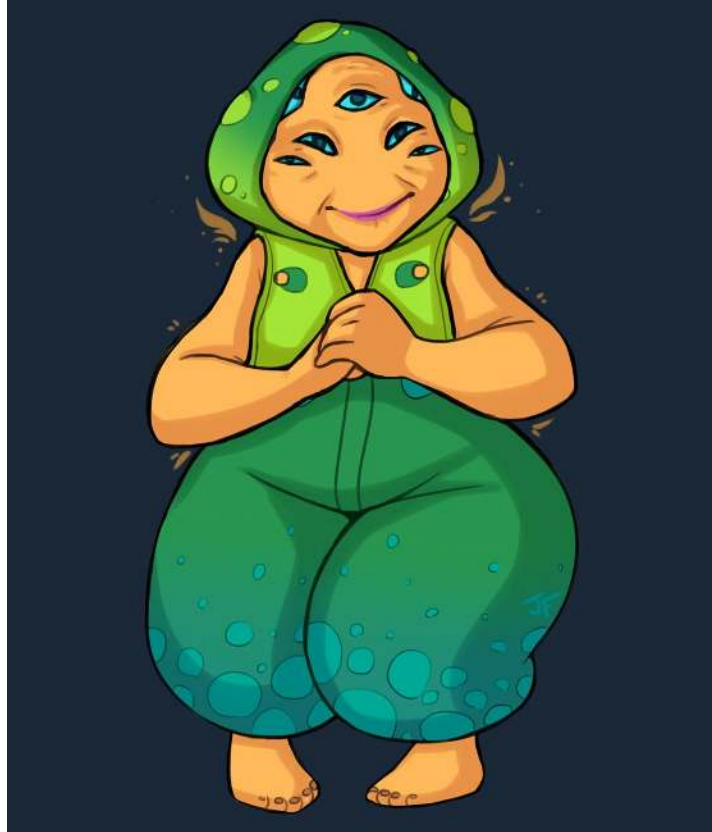
Curfew

Be advised that Xabran's Rock has a non-invasive, forcefield-enforced curfew in effect for citizens and visitors with less than 30,000 credits in liquid assets. This is to protect everyone from the criminal elements that would otherwise run rampant in the city. The curfew comes into effect two hours after sundown, at which point most traders and merchants will close up their shops, and is lifted one hour before sunrise. Curfew is not enforced by the Redscarves, but by a series of forcefields positioned at key intersections across the city. Those without the necessary assets will find themselves herded towards their registered district of residence and be unable to leave that district until the curfew is lifted.

Theday, the second of the nine day week, is the only day when the curfew is not enforced. It is a day of celebration and music meant to glorify all of the nine goddesses. Xabran's Rock wishes to restate that a lifting of the curfew does not lift the laws that all citizens must follow, no matter how intoxicated they become.

The Cost of Living

Incinerators can expect to earn between 30 to 60 credits per day, depending on how much garbage an individual is able to clean up on a given charge. All Incinerators will be paid the following morning for the garbage they have collected, as a lump sum. Living expenses for carbon-based lifeforms are generally limited to Gendershifting (10-15 credits) and meals (6-15 credits). It should be noted that there are cheaper meals on offer from the automated kiosks found around the Marketplace, but these are likely to disagree with your digestive system. There are more expensive options as well, but Incinerators are unlikely to afford them even after days of stringent scrimping. Your uniforms and bedding, as well as laundering of both, are free along with a modest electricity allowance beyond what is needed to charge your unit.



The Nine Goddesses

The Nine Goddesses are not unique to Xabran's Rock, the Spaceport, and the Marketplace. In fact, worship of them has spread to all corners of the galaxy. But TrashDrone Corps is forced to acknowledge that the Nine are not known to all species and has included a short primer on each Goddess to give incoming Incinerators more information before they make the choice of which one to worship.

Onas - Goddess of interiors, time, and the cosmos. She wears a long gown of the purest white with a hood pulled up over her face. Her face is nothing but inscrutable blackness, for no one can know all of space and time. Her shrine is located just outside the Spaceport.

Sprence - Goddess of curses, enchantments, and rituals. She appears as a glowing orb the color of a ripe orange, covered in golden arcane sigils and glyphs. She is patient in all things, but remembers each and every mistake. Her shrine can be found in the Yellow District.

Delvine - Goddess of peril, traps, and monsters. She can be seen as a deeply tanned woman with many arms, each of them holding a jewel-encrusted weapon. She clothes herself in silks as red as blood itself so the stains never show. Her shrine, as well as the Ziggurat dedicated to her, can be found in the Red District.



Vala - Goddess of daring, courage, and discipline. She is a purple-skinned woman clad entirely in grey armor but lacking a helm. Her weapon is a wooden staff, chosen so as to give her foes a chance in combat. Her shrine can be found next to the Giant Blade of Xevereen in the Purple District.

Beb - Goddess of good luck, poverty, and random numbers. A plump and pleasantly smiling woman wearing simple green clothes, her head covered in countless eyes that see in all directions. It is said her voice is as soft as the whisper of wind through a tree's leaves. Her shine is located in a small park in the middle of the Yellow District.

Lauster - Goddess of loot, influence, and good deals. She wears only the finest in golden clothing to stand in stark contrast to her blue skin. The stacks of gold coins she balances so carefully on her head and shoulders and in her hands are said to represent all trade in the universe. Her shrine is generously located inside the bank in the Blue District.

AggraMona - Goddess of romance, family, and generosity. Her three eyes glow like the most keenly polished rubies and her long raven flows like a dark river down her back. She is supremely beautiful, clad in a gown the color of a red rose in full bloom that accentuates every curve. Strangely, her shrine is tucked into an alley between the Red and Green Districts.

Havalana - Goddess of lust, birth, and death. She is depicted as a vaguely humanoid form with greek skin constantly shrouded and surrounded in a net of glowing energy. That energy is the spark of life, capable of snaring bodies and souls equally as well. Her shrine is located near the Spaceport in the Green District.

Thedelule - Goddess of music, drugs, and celebration. She is a tall, lithe woman with skin as white as the candles that burn atop her crown. A loose blue skirt and top are all that she wears, both entirely too filmy to be altogether decent. Her shrine can be found in the Verdant Overlook, a small park where bands play on Theday just off the border of the Purple and Blue Districts.



The Districts

Your TrashDrone approved territory consists of five moderately sized districts located between and around the Spaceport and the 9-sided Ziggurat of Delvine. No, don't think too hard about how your territory is both between and surrounding two places. Just accept it. Maps have proven entirely impossible to produce, so districts have been color coded. Wandering outside your approved territory is not illegal, but you will not be compensated for garbage collected outside of it.

Red District - This part of the Marketplace houses anything and everything an aspiring adventurer could ever think of needing. Weapons and armor from across the galaxies drift through the merchants here, each of them with a story to tell and a price tag to match. Jewelry can be found here as well, in both enchanted and unenchanted varieties. It is also possible to find artifacts of impossible power on the shelves of the largest store, selling for millions of credits but promising untold adventure and fame for those who dare possess and use such things. Finally, the Cantina Vermillion sits along the main thoroughfare of the Red District, the perfect place to spend an evening indulging in hedonistic delights after a hard won quest. Adventurers need only apply.

Yellow District - The quietest of the four districts as it is where a number of the permanent residents in this part of Xabran's Rock choose to reside. As such, the focus of the merchants who set up shop here tends to be on the common necessities of life. Food vendors sit in long rows and in between are nestled smaller booths selling anything from light bulbs to furniture. The vendors in religious goods also have a street here, selling luck tokens, charms, and candles that are the most common offerings given to the Nine Goddesses.

Blue District - While arguably the smallest of the five districts, it is undoubtedly the most important. The Bank of Lauster is the central hub of all commerce in this portion of Xabran's Rock. Every credit and kind of currency, in one way or another, will flow through the banker's hands every week. Some of the more wealthy merchants make their entire living through buying and selling and speculating on the fluctuating price of the two dozen currencies valid in the Marketplace. This district is also home to the cloth and clothing merchants, who produce marvels of fashion for every shape and kind of being.

Green District - Possibly the largest of the districts, though measuring distances precisely was given up long ago, this sprawling hub of technological goods surrounds the Spaceport and has grown to overrun several streets beyond. All manner of high tech devices from personal assistants small enough to fit in your pocket but powerful enough to plot courses through asteroid fields in seconds to power converters containing the energy to kickstart large space whales. Smaller goods like bundles of wire, sheets of metal, and bolts are also in high demand and can be found in massive piles behind some stalls.

Purple District - The mystically inclined of all stripes flock to the stalls found in this district. Powerful alchemical ingredients sit on stalls, stoppered in jars or sealed in boxes or simply squirming in the open air. Spellswatches, small tokens capable of containing the magical power necessary to unleash spells of all sizes, lie innocuously on cushions peddled by the innocent butterfly-elves. Bone merchants can be found here as well with their piles of spines, fingers, skulls, and even the occasional full skeleton. It would probably be best not to ask what they are used for. Those expecting to find a teacher among the ranks of these merchants will be sorely disappointed.





Cursed!

Not content to serve through your ten year contract as an Incinerator on Xabran's Rock, you very quickly decided your time would be better spent exploring the almost endless dungeons that exist below the planet's surface. After all, thousands of adventurers flock to this world to do exactly that every day, so why shouldn't you get a slice of the action? After all, a single artifact would be enough to make your life far more comfortable.

So you ate the eyeball that opened the door to the dungeons of this world and dove in to explore with nothing but your Incinerator and an entirely undeserved sense of optimism. And, surprisingly, you managed to find a secret room only a short walk from the entrance that no one else had managed to find. Statues of the Nine Goddesses stood along the wall, stone giants looking down upon you, with a tenth standing just over a pedestal at the far end of the room.

You didn't stop to wonder about the tenth figure, instead stepping up to the pedestal and grabbing for the artifact laying atop it. A human skull, bone shining a pure white, with a strange black flame burning in each socket. While unadorned, there was certainly magic in the air and that was always worth a pretty penny.

That's when the skull sprang to life, screaming a terrible howl of anger and woe as it leapt towards you. You felt its teeth sink into the sides of your face. The pain was so sharp and intense you blacked out.

Then you woke up at home. In bed. Thinking all of it was a dream until the skull floated into view overhead. In a panic, you attempt to strike at the skull only to find your hands wave right through it without touching. The skull gives a sinister laugh and unleashes another howl in your face. Lacking better options and entirely out of your depths, you shrug your way into your Incinerator unit and head out into the Marketplace.

You have the answers you seek rather suddenly thrust upon you as you step outside and down the short flight of stairs to the street. One of the many eyeless fortune tellers, the mystical race of nearly identical women with powers beyond mortal comprehension or so they claim, immediately announces that you are cursed. You dared to trespass on the Goddess's domain and have been cursed for the affront.

She tells you that you will have to find the three pieces of a certain stone tablet, then give bribe an adventurer to take that tablet off planet on a quest to remove the curse. However, you are on Xabran's Rock. Everything passes through here at some point or another and the eyeless fortune teller is happy to give you hints on who currently has each of the pieces... for a donation of a few credits. To balance the scales of fate, of course.

The first is held by a green slime that goes by Vyorba, tucked into a back alley of the Red District. He is a perverted little bucket of mucus and will ask you to buy a series of increasingly naughty magazines from wherever you can find them in the Marketplace.

The second is held by one of the eyeless fortune tellers in the Green District named Necresse. There are many even in a single district and finding the same one more than once will be a challenge. She will ask you to collect, find, and/or buy an idol for each of the Nine Goddesses then bring them to her. She will only accept a complete collection, not individual idols.

The final piece is below the surface, in the dungeons that cursed you in the first place. You will have to brave the depths again, discover the corner the stone tablet fragment has been lost in, and avoid all manner of monsters and spirits whom you have absolutely no way to defeat. Should one of them catch you, you will wake up in your bed, hours or even days of time lost, with all that implies.

If you do manage to collect the three pieces, simply take them to Dungeon Sage Orloqq in the Purple District. He's a kindly old... whatever he is and will make the tablet whole again for you at no charge or fee.

Bribing an adventurer is going to take piles of credits you simply will never be able to gather without years of work or a strange assortment of expensive items. Each adventurer will have a list of what it will take to get them to agree to your request, all of it expensive or rare, and none will stay on Xabran's Rock indefinitely. Perhaps, if you are lucky, you will find what they are looking for tossed away on the ground given some careful scrounging and hoarding.

Completing all of this will cause the skull, and the curse, to disappear. From there you are free to do as you wish. Continue on your journey across the multiverse, stay on Xabran's Rock as an Incinerator until the normal ten years are up, maybe even settle down and explore this galaxy on a more permanent basis if you wish. If you choose the middle option, you will not regain your powers until the end of the decade, but if you wish to stay permanently they will return immediately.

The Curse itself is inconvenient, but not threatening. The skull will hover around you, never more than a few feet away, occasionally howling or giggling madly or making any of a whole host of evil sounding noises. You cannot touch it and only you can see it. Magically and spiritually active people will be able to sense, but not see, the skull as an ambient curse. It will make them nervous and they will fear or pity you. But other than that it does nothing but keep you trapped in this universe until you are free of it.



Drawbacks

All Drawbacks are revoked once the Curse is broken, unless you wish to keep them for some reason.

Construction Junction (+50 CP) - There always seems to be some kind of construction going on to your little corner of the Marketplace. You'll have to discover new routes to familiar places every few weeks as one path or another gets ripped up for some reason.

Look where you're going! (+50 CP) - People are going to constantly be bumping into you and impeding your progress through the Marketplace in one way or another. Expect to get stuck behind a slowly-moving party barge a lot.

No Token Effort (+50 CP) - Luck tokens and charms are both cheap, but effective ways of raising your luck without spending all your time praying. Unfortunately, they no longer seem to work for you. At all. You won't lose any luck placing them around, but you won't gain any either.

Sublet (+50 CP) - Due to rising demands from shareholders to drive down costs, you now have a roommate. A fellow TrashDrone employee who takes care of a neighboring set of five districts. They snore, loudly, and tend to lounge around your shared, one room apartment naked. He/She/It will start out pretty annoyed at having to share their space with you.

Brownout (+50 CP) - Your electricity allowance is basically non-existent due to parasitic infection on the line to your apartment. You'll have enough to keep your Incinerator charged but that's about it. I hope you can afford, or can find, candles.

Trash Goblin (+50 CP) - Look, there's a shower over there and you handle garbage every day. Put two and two together. You constantly end up smelling pretty bad even minutes after a shower. You will never go nose blind to yourself.

BWAH! (+50 CP) - Man, that skull is a loud bastard. While normally you would be able to still hear other people when he screeches, now he's cranked that shit all the way up to 11. You're going to have to get used to saying "What?!" at people and them thinking you're half-deaf.

"Don't expect us to apologize about it." (+50 CP) - Your little apartment would normally be really quiet on the inside, alien soundproofing turning out to be a nearly magical thing. Unfortunately, yours seems to have sprung a few leaks you can't quite seem to fill. You're going to have to put up with the noise of the Spaceport slipping inside during the day and a few noisy neighbors at night.

Malfunctioning Translator (+100 CP) - All TrashDrones are issued a state-of-the-art translation unit that clips to the ear and allows the immediate and perfect translation of all the whirls, clicks, chirps, meows, and other noises that pass for language in the multitude of races found in on Xabran's Rock. Unfortunately, yours slipped under a party barge on your first day and your request for a new one was denied. So now you're going to have to get by understanding only about half the languages you're going to encounter. Thankfully most of the merchants know a few, so you'll still be able to buy and sell, but most random people on the street are just going to be making nonsense noises to your ears.

Corporate Greed (+100 CP) - In an effort to further drive down costs to TrashDrone Corps, all Incinerators will now be required to pay for the electricity required to recharge their Incinerator units. This is going to cost you 10 credits a day, per charge, and will come directly out of your pay before it comes to you each morning.

Worn Battery (+100 CP) - The battery on your Incinerator unit seems to have come from an older, less efficient, model. It will only operate for a few hours at a time before needing to be charged again. Which is going to require some creative thinking if you hope to make a decent day's wage with it.

Tastes like garbage (+100 CP) - Redscarves seem to have a particular interest in keeping tabs on you. You'll find more of them wherever you go and it will be much harder to keep out of their way. If stopped, they will always steal some of your credits only to make you watch as they eat them.

Hungry Hungry Janitor (+100 CP) - Normally you would be able to get by on two meals thanks to the Marketplace's food being unusually nutritious, so long as you make sure you can actually digest what you're eating. Unfortunately, your body seems to be having a hard time adapting. Expect to head to the Food Kiosks three or even four times a day just to keep from feeling like you're starving. Real food will do a better job of filling you up, but on a TrashDrone's salary you'll be lucky to afford that once a day.

Stingy Merchants (+100 CP) - Merchants will constantly low-ball you even further when you try to sell them something, even though you can clearly see them turning around and making an insane profit on that same item to other customers. It'll still be worth selling the items yourself rather than just incinerating them, but not by much.

Where am I again? (+100 CP) - The Spaceport has a confusing layout, made all the worse that certain rows of it are connected to others in ways that would make a physicist rip out his hair. Sure, there's arrows pointing in the ground to show visitors roughly where each district is, but you seem to have a knack for getting lost anyways. At least you remember where you live, right? Right?

Wildly Shifting Gender (+100 CP) - Your body is just incredibly inept at dealing with this strange new world, its atmosphere, and the food. For whatever reason, your body is rather more violently rejecting the new chemicals and compounds its coming into contact with. Every single day you will have to Gendershift just to keep from feeling the drain on your energy and itch. Ignored for three days, it will leave you incapacitated. I hope you aren't attached to your bits.

Malfunctioning Kiosks (+150 CP) - Normally a reliable source of cheap food, Gendershifting cures, and minor medical needs, something about you sets these kiosks on edge. Half the time you use one of these devices you won't get what you wanted. It will simply spit out something different and charge you for the item you wanted. This will always be a cheaper item. Don't expect complaining to get you anywhere either. The records on the machine will claim you got what you asked for every time.

Blue Gem Blitz (+150 CP) - The Redscarves have recently learned that people are hoarding Blue Gems for some reason or another. Some people think there's a resistance movement using them to identify fellow members. Other people say if you grind them you can make an incredibly powerful hallucinogenic drug. Whatever the real reasons are, the Redscarves seem to think you're in on the scheme and aren't letting a lack of evidence stop them. You'll find your home raided about once a week. They'll tip over your bed, pull everything out of your footlocker, even strip search you if you get even a little uppity about it. They'll leave the place a mess, but unless you are silly enough to actually have Blue Gems on you, that's all they'll do.

Klaatu... barada... necktie?... nectar? (+150 CP) - Praying and leaving offerings at the shrines of each of the goddesses around the Marketplace is normally the best way to boost your luck and ensure fortune. But you always seem to be doing just the wrong thing. You'll say the wrong prayer at the shrine to Vala or offer up a dagger to AggraMona instead of a love poem. The Goddesses will certainly not appreciate this, but not praying at all will be even worse.

Alien Food (+150 CP) - You've got two choices when it comes to food in the intergalactic spaceport. Cheap or good for you. And you're not usually going to be able to afford the latter. So expect some of the food to eat to make you violently ill for a few minutes. You're going to throw up. A lot. Which means you're going to have to eat again and hope you're able to keep down that new batch of chalk-based nutripaste. Expect to be sick once a day unless you shell out for good food, which can easily cost you a day's wages for one meal.

Mop and Bucket (+200 CP) - You were deemed unsuitable for the job of Incinerator. Not sure how you managed that, but it's an impressive feat accomplished only one other time in all of TrashDrone Corps history. So instead of an Incinerator unit, you've been given a mop, a bucket, and a bunch of trash bags instead. Yep, you're a regular janitor now. And no, you won't be getting paid for the trash you pick up. Of course you'll still have to pick it up. Except now you'll be earning a flat wage of 15 credits a day, which will be docked if you attempt to half-ass the job. You are going to have to make most of your money trading what you find. Except you won't have a lot of time for that with your new duties.

Double Cursed (+200 CP) - How on Xabran's Rock did you manage this? Two skulls now follow you around, chattering with each other in an unknown language almost constantly. Besides making it that much harder to hear, they will constantly be draining large chunks out of your luck. Even worse, you will have to gather a second set of three tablet chucks to free yourself from both. And unlike the first set, you won't have any clues, hints, or visions to go on. I hope you're all right with an extended stay.

Trashless Society (+200 CP) - Deciding that TrashDrones such as yourself are a relic of the past and that there has to be a better way to do things, the merchants of the Spaceport have begun installing trash cans. Yes, that's right, trash cans. These trash cans offer a convenient spot for those who wander the bazaar to dispose of any goods or trash without needing to clutter up the floor. A marvelous new invention! However, due to a non-compete clause hidden in line 941 of your contract, you will be unable to raid these veritable treasure troves of trash to feed your Incinerator. That will be handled by another TrashDrone, specifically hired for the job. At least s/he/it won't pick up anything that falls on the ground. But there's going to be a LOT less of that going around with these ultra handy trash cans sitting on nearly every corner.



Perks

Should you purchase a Perk or Item that would contradict a Drawback, that Perk or Item will not function until the Curse is broken.

Blessing of Onas (50 CP) - You have felt the touch of the infinity of time in the smallest possible way. You will find that you are a little quicker on your feet.

Blessing of Sprence (50 CP) - Just as all things are temporary, so too are curses. You are less likely to have your luck lowered due to carrying or touching a cursed object.

Blessing of Delvine (50 CP) - Traps are not always deadly things and you have come to realize this. You will be less inhibited by crowds or masses of people.

Blessing of Vala (50 CP) - Despite your lowly station you hold your head up high. You will find that the Redscarves steal your credits a little less often.

Blessing of Beb (50 CP) - A pleasant smile on your face is all it takes to make everyday a better one. You will find your luck is a little better overall.

Blessing of AggraMona (50 CP) - Beauty is not just about what is on the outside and the truth behind her teachings. You will make friends a little easier.

Blessing of Havalana (50 CP) - Endless cycles bring everything back to the beginning eventually. You will discover a fresh reserve of resolve within yourself just when your things look their lowest.

Blessing of Thedelule (100 CP) - One can turn any moment into a celebration. You will be able to find joy even in the most mundane of tasks.

Blessing of Lauster (100 CP) - It's not that items are valuable on their own, but that they have value to others. This blessing gives you a keen eye for sorting treasure out from the trash.

Bargaining Skills (100 CP) - In the massive expanse of stalls and street vendors that is the Marketplace, you will very quickly learn two things. One, that you will be able to find all kinds of goods, from valueless trash to rare spell components and bolts of cloth, tossed aside on the ground if you are fast enough. And two, no merchant is ever going to pay a TrashDrone anywhere near a reasonable price for anything they attempt to trade. But thankfully you've learned a thing or two by listening to the way the traders haggle with each other. You'll be able to weasel out a bit of a better deal for any of the items you sell.

Static Gender (100 CP) - Your anatomy has proven quite adaptable to the strange atmosphere and food of Xabran's Rock. You will only need to Gendershift once every two weeks and will feel its effects very lightly even then. After the Curse is broken, this also allows you to resist spells and effects that would alter your gender if you so wish.

Symbology (200 CP) - The glyphs that mark the center of each district are not magical in and of themselves. Just signs telling people where they are. But rumors began that they are capable of altering your luck depending on the time of day, the day of the week, or even the mood you are in when you walk over them. While this is rather silly as far as beliefs go, once so many people believe something so fervently, it gains a little power all of its own.

You are able to recreate those glyphs, in smaller forms, and will slowly come to understand the intricacies of how they work should you dedicate time to studying them. Given a few decades you will even be able to craft new glyphs that alter the luck of those who touch them as you wish. The effects will never be massive shifts in luck, but will affect anyone who touches them once per day.



Lottery Luck (200 CP) - Scattered around the Spaceport are free kiosks that dispense a random item to any who visit them each day. There are some who make their entire living by visiting as many Lottery Kiosks as they can and then selling the items they gain. But like any lottery, for the most part nobody wins anything significant. Idols of Beb are the most common consolation prize, but it is possible, if nearly impossible, to find yourself receiving high quality food or expensive goods like whole bolts of shimmercloth.

Your ability to hit the jackpot at these kiosks is nothing short of astounding. While you will lose occasionally, you will almost always find yourself in possession of something useful or valuable every time you pull the lever. This extends to other games of chance once the Curse is broken.

Urban Ranger (200 CP) - Knowing where you're going in the Spaceport requires either expensive mapping technology and a supercomputer or a personal assistant tablet, or the kind of instinct that homing pigeons would call magic. Without either of these even the most seasoned Incinerators of Xabran's Rock can find themselves relying on the colored arrows on the ground to get where they're intending to go.

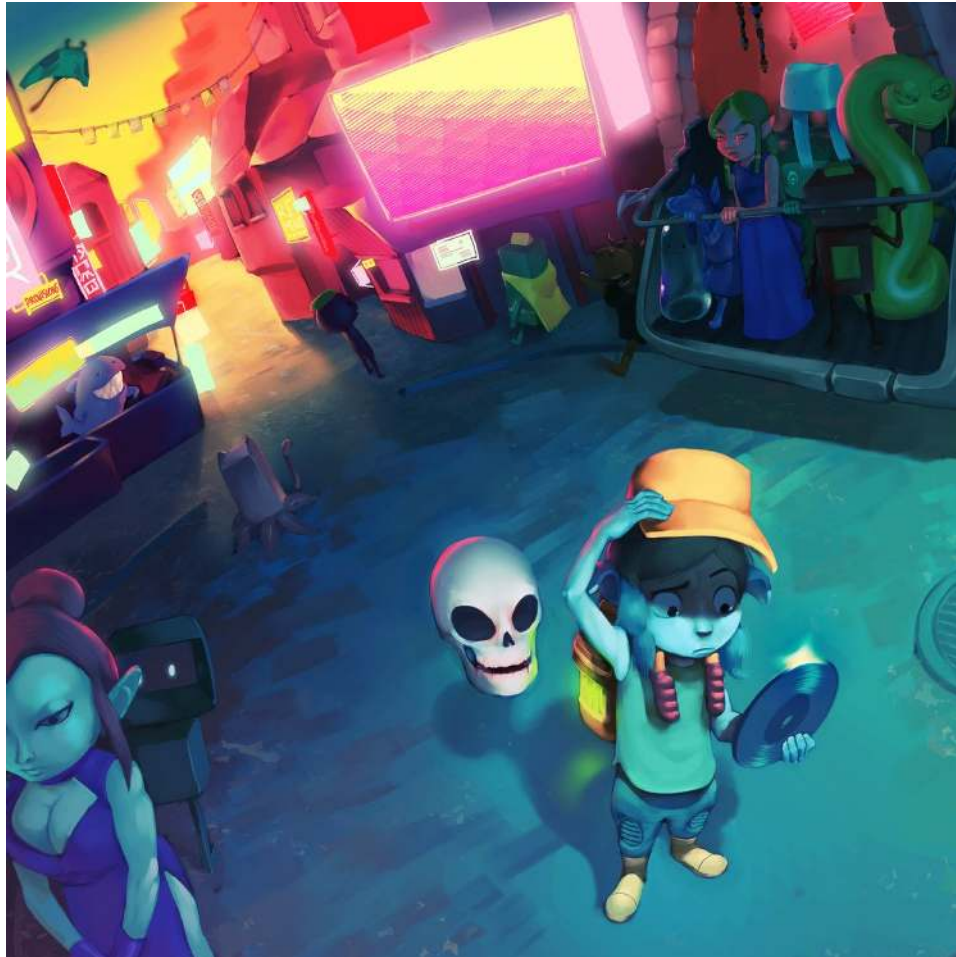
You are capable of finding the quickest path to wherever you wish to go every single time, even in spacial nightmares like Xabran's Rock. Alleyways that link to rooftops, which you can turn around and take to a completely different district, are easily mapped phenomenon to you and never hinder your ability to get where you want to.

Cast Iron Stomach (200 CP) - One can find all kinds of foods on Xabran's Rock. Many of which a carbon-based lifeform such as yourself will be unable to eat without making themselves violently ill. A number of races enjoy and even thrive off fungi and parasitic organisms that can be downright deadly without the right physiology.

You, as it turns out, are some kind of perfect eating machine. I would say organism but considering the kinds of rotten, infested, and downright disgusting foods you seem to be able to stomach now, I'm beginning to wonder if you're carbon based at all. The food you eat will never make you ill and, in fact, nourish you far better than it really should.

Worshiper of the Nine (400 CP) - The Nine Goddesses are quite open-minded when it comes to people worshipping their sisters. A fact which leads to no few people attempting to curry favor with all of them at once. When done properly the various Goddesses seem rather more appreciative of the time and effort involved than normal, though many get by just worshipping one without any issues.

However, the Goddesses have noticed that you are special. You are not from this world and shine in their eyes with the light of pure possibility. Because of the opportunity you present, they are attempting to compete for your favor. You will find useful little trinkets, goods, and even food left in your path, each of them with a sign of some kind as to which Goddess performed the favor for you, all in an attempt to curry your favor. Why they want your favor varies, but most won't ask for obvious repayment for their gifts. After the curse is broken, you may specifically target this to certain Gods or Goddesses, or turn it off completely if you wish.



Items

Lucky Luck Tokens (50 CP) - Luck Tokens come in three colors, each designating where the token must be placed to generate luck. Red tokens must be placed in or around the home, blue tokens have to rest near moving water, and green tokens work only when dropped near plants. If placed in the correct spot, they will generate a minor boost to your luck for the entirety of the next day. Each time you buy this option, you will gain one full set in your pocket at the dawn of each morning.

Nutrient Chalk (50 CP) - Now with mudwheat "flavoring"! It's disgusting, but nutritious, and now your apartment will come stocked with a bottle each day, which is enough for one meal.

Trading Card Collection (50 CP) - A complete collection of trading cards depicting the most famous heroes, villains, and battles to ever exist in this universe. Collecting them all is quite the achievement. Should you decide to sell them, for some are rather valuable, you won't get any more. But if you accidentally lose one you'll find a replacement in your collection rather quickly.

Upgraded Apartment (100 CP) - Thanks to the recent death of an Incinerator by the explosion of his unit, deluxe accommodations have just become available and will be given to the most recent employee of TrashDrone Corps, you. This apartment comes with a few extra amenities like a refrigeration unit, an extra storage truck, and private bathing chambers with hot water. It is still a one-room apartment, but at least the floor has carpeting now. After the Curse is broken you may attach this directly to your Cosmic Warehouse or choose a property that follows you instead.

Set of Nine Candles (100 CP) - Each of the Nine Goddesses has a particular scent, shape, and style of candle that they prefer to have lit at their shrines. Some of them are rather odd, both in smell and shape, but one doesn't question the tastes of the divinities. You will receive a full set each morning and may do with them what you wish. You could sell them for a few extra credits or light them at the appropriate altar for a little extra boost to your luck.

Extended Battery (100 CP) - Your standard Incinerator comes with a moderately sized battery pack capable of operating for roughly half a day's normal use before needing to be recharged. Most TrashDrones will discover far more garbage than they are ever able to teleport on a single charge. However, it seems you were issued a model with an upgraded battery. Your Incinerator is now capable of working from morning until curfew without running down, giving your potential income a significant boost.

Sceptre of Ohsneksarakahuhblohrkli (3000 CP) - A wand crafted from a mummified arm of an ancient and powerful sorcerer. Complete with a World Gem imbedded into the palm and two golden bands clamped to the forearm. Legends speak of it as the hand that killed a world.

Unending Line (3000 CP) - A massively powerful laser weapon only issued to high-ranking Mijradi warriors. Meant to allow a single soldier to do battle with a Champion class Motherships. Capable of blowing apart moderate sized moons. Be careful how you aim it.

Amulet of Invisibility (4000 CP) - Makes you invisible so long as you're wearing it. A million and one uses! Slip past Redscarves, outwit the curfew, or even read those naughty books in the porno shop in public!

Crowned Crystalisk Duo Helm (4000 CP) - A pair of metal helmets and two armored shoulder pads obviously mean for a two-headed species. This pair was once worn by the dread king of Xevernq. It allows you to bend the will of others. Make them putty in your claws.

Falcon Space Hopper (5000 CP) - A living space whale retrofitted with warp drives, an entire armada's worth of laser cannons, and a war crime worth of plague torpedoes. Perfect for cruising around the galaxy in style or bombarding space pirate bases into liquid apocalypse.



Reward

Congratulations! You survived bad food, a crushingly monotonous existence, poor living conditions, having your gender reshuffled like a deck of cards, and a curse that locked you to this planet! I would shake your hand but who knows where your genitals are at this point. Instead, on behalf of TrashDrone Corps, please allow me to offer you a comprehensive compensation package as part of your retirement from the ranks of the Incinerators.

By accepting this package you waive all rights to sue or otherwise claim damages due to mistreatment or negligence on the part of TrashDrone Corps. By reading the previous sentence you have already accepted these binding terms and conditions. By reading the following sentence you accept the premise of the previous sentence. Have a pleasant eternity.

Mail Order Catalog

This handy little tablet computer is a searchable, sortable catalog that has the possibility of containing anything and everything that is currently being sold on Xabran's Rock. It will update prices daily and thanks to the wonders of technology you will be able to buy anything you want out of it. You can even use your universe's local currency, should you not happen to have Credits on hand, with a small exchange fee included of course.

What precisely is on sale varies from day to day. The more wildly powerful artifacts always seem to be out of stock, even if you try to buy one right as the stock updates, but everyone else has nearly unlimited quantities if you've got the cash to afford them.

All purchases will be deposited into your Cosmic Warehouse within 2 to 12 hours. Should you not have a Cosmic Warehouse or wish to arrange an alternate delivery zone, this can be done by altering the settings in the options menu of the Catalog.

TrashDrone Corps is not responsible for any damage larger purchases may cause when suddenly appearing inside reality.

Incinerator

While TrashDrone Corps is not in the habit of lending out its technology to those headed off-planet, the engineers have agreed to let you have one of our older models as a souvenir. They even modeled it to look like the one you've been using all this time. They're nice like that.

This Incinerator won't teleport trash, but it is capable of launching a jet of fire twenty feet long that is hot enough to burn most garbage to ash in moments. Even better, thanks to modern enchantments and fuel cells, it will never need to be recharged.

So go and make the galaxy a cleaner place. With fire!

Goddess Shrine

This small shrine is dedicated to the Goddess you chose at the very beginning of your time here. In fact, it's the same shrine that's been sitting in your apartment this whole time. While it will no longer pay out your daily wages, you can still check your luck and pray to it to earn a little more luck. You may move this shrine however you like, but it will always return to your Cosmic Warehouse of its own accord before you leave each world.

Should you have purchased **Worshipper of the Nine**, you will find a shrine to each of the Nine Goddesses instead of just one in your Cosmic Warehouse.