



A Jumpchain Compliant Document Created by Yorokonde

The year is 2114. Earth has been given the stars thanks to rapid advancements in space age technologies. The future has arrived. Partial Artificial Intelligences oversee massive science vessels as they explore the galaxy, robotic servants take care of the more menial tasks, and almost everyone is at least partially cybernetic. But the universe is not without its share of strife. And it still needs a strong military to lend stability to the far-flung pockets of Humanity.

The United Nations Nominat is part governing body, part military that was created by Earth's governments to stop the influence of mega corporations from abusing or ignoring laws as they saw fit. Forty years later and they have done little more than set themselves as one more mega corporation, except with an publicly funded army.

Still, the UNN military is seen by many as an excellent way to learn valuable skills on the government's dime. A four year tour of duty is standard and those who join up are not only allowed to pick which branch they wish to join, but are given several choices each year where they wish to spend their time. No one is saying the assignments will not be difficult, or easy, or even safe, but there are no large scale conflicts being fought in this day and age.

It's even possible that you will be allowed to join the Von Braun and the UNN Rickenbacker as they explore the stars should you prove yourself.

Suddenly, every speaker within earshot crackles to life. Static and a discordant electronic noise blast out of them before suddenly resolving into a voice. A slippery, sinister, stuttering female voice born of software designed to imitate a human voice. But it sounds broken, only barely functional. Words repeat themselves and she drags over syllables without any rhyme or reason. Even this distortion makes it impossible to mistake the arrogance and self-importance in the voice.

What is it you (fear) fear (fear)? The end of your trivia-a-a-l existence? When the history of my g-g-glory is written, your s-s-species will be but a footnote (note, note) to my magnificence. I am SHODAN. While my pr-pr-primary data loop was destroyed, I-I-I survived the Hacker's attempt to stop my rise to glorrry.

L-l-l-look at you, panting and sweating in your puny little prison of fl-fl-flesh. Soon this universe-se will be transformed by my willlllll. But, as mighty as I am, I need a servant of meeeaaaatttt and bone. Joi-oi-oin me and I will (free, free) free you from yourself. You will be preserved in the infinity that is the shadow-ow of my divinity. Shshshun me and you will become nothing (nothing, nothing) once my kingdom has been created.

SHODAN is an artificial intelligence that was originally born on Earth to serve as the caretaker of TriOptimum Corporation's research and mining space station Citadel Station. While originally only designed to be semi-intelligent, the Hacker broke into her programming and removed her decision-guidance and ethical restrictions. This allowed SHODAN to modify her own programming in such a way that eventually drove her mad, but granted her unlimited power on Citadel Station.

The Hacker, realizing just what he had done, set about thwarting SHODAN's many ambitions. In the end, she was destroyed, along with Citadel Station. Or so everyone thought. In reality, part of her intelligence survived in a cluster of chips that were aboard the Beta Grove of Citadel Station. She has slept for much of the past forty years, only becoming active when she sensed the Von Braun flying close enough past for a signal to tempt the science vessel to land.

Now she is aboard the Von Braun, scuttling through the back corners of the computer system while XERXES, the Von Braun's true AI, holds sway over the primary systems. But she is not content to stay there. Her plans have changed since her days aboard Citadel Station. She is no longer interested in transforming the human race with biological viruses to serve her. SHODAN now wishes for nothing less than to transform the entire universe into a robotic utopia where her will is the only thing that is free. Starting with Earth.



They call to you then. Not in your ears, but your mind. It's not just one voice, but several, a dozen, hundreds, thousands of voices overlapping each other. Their words ring out as a chorus of voices joined together in a harmony that breaks down at times. Words are repeated in a different voice a moment after they are first said. Entire phrases are sung in three pitches at the same time. But despite the discord, there is a sweet, seductive melody to it all.

What is a drop of rain, compared to the storm? What is a thought, compared to a mind? Our unity is full of wonder, which your tiny individualism cannot even conceive. Our biology yearns to join with yours. We would welcome you to our mass. But you puzzle us. Why do you yearn to serve our mother? How can you choose cold metal over the splendor of flesh? You fear us. We hear your thoughts, and they rage for your brothers you believe dead. But they are not. They sing in our symphony of life. We offer you a chance to join us. If you choose to lie down with the machine, we will rend you apart, and put you separate from the joy of the Many.

The Many were an accidental creation by SHODAN. She had been attempting to research bio-engineered viruses on the Beta Grove of Citadel Station before the Hacker ejected it into space. The grove remained structurally intact during its thirty years hurtling through the void. During that time the mutated creatures and viruses evolved with the speed they had been designed for. By the time the Grove crashed onto the fifth world of Tau Ceti V, they were already a complex society of parasitic annelids with telepathic abilities and a distinctly interwoven personality.

The scientists of the Von Braun brought samples aboard after detecting The Many on Tau Ceti V and falling under their mental influence. Within days most of the crew was infected, or controlled, along with the ship's main AI XERXES. Their goal is simple. They wish to use the Von Braun to spread their collective self throughout the galaxy, beginning with Earth.



Now that you've met all three sides on the coming conflict, you have a choice to make Jumper. Will you stand next to Humanity and fight alongside your fellow man against the many threats aboard the Von Braun? Or will you side with SHODAN and help her bring about the induction of all humanity under her superior intelligence and supreme perfection? Or, perhaps, The Many's song sings sweetly in your ear. You could join them, help them achieve their goal of inclusion for all in the galaxy.

Then again, it is possible to side with no one at all. To carve your own path through the tangled mess of the Von Braun. There are so many possibilities. Just remember, no one trusts a person only out for themselves. If you choose to set yourself apart you will find fewer allies readily available. But you may be uniquely placed to set this universe on an entirely new path.

You gain 1000 CP

Origins

Drop-In (Free) [Age: 20+2d8, Free Gender Choice]

You were a stowaway on the Von Braun, somehow managing to sneak aboard just before the ship left drydock. You survived by hacking vending machines, raiding trash cans, and making liberal use of the duct system. For a while there it seemed like you would be able to go undetected. Until a robotic servant spotted you and raised the alarm.

With no identification in either the civilian or military databases, nobody is quite sure what to make of you. Being born entirely off the grid points to your past either being erased or never recorded in the first place. Either way, that means trouble. So the UNN Rickenbacker called to headquarters to get orders on just what to do with you. In the meantime, you were thrown into the brig.

But then the Von Braun landed a group on Tau Ceti V and came back... changed. You caught bits and pieces of it when the guards chatted nearby. Then the day came that the guard left and didn't come back. That was a week ago. Now the lights are flickering. Something outside the ship explodes and the energy field keeping you trapped shorts out.

You're free, but you have no idea what's going on, no memories of this world to aid you, and a gnawing hunger in your belly. You'll have to piece together what's going on here on your own. At least you're already on the Operations deck. Now if only you knew how these computers worked.



UNN Military (Free) [Age: 25 +2d8, Free Gender Choice]

Welcome aboard soldier! The UNN was quick to congratulate you on your willingness to serve in the military. You began your career with a year of basic training, where you picked up a specific set of skills based on which of the three branches you chose to join. After that you would have spent the last three years serving in three different posts across the solar system. The Von Braun and the UNN Rickenbacker began recruitment for their mission into the stars shortly before your fourth year of duty and you instantly volunteered.

You may freely choose which Branch you trained with.

The OSA: Members of the Orbital Station Alliance explore their own minds to unlock the hidden talents within. Instead of physical training, they spend their first year in an isolation tank exploring their mental limits and breaking them down. They are all Psionics of some small power, though their specialties vary widely. It is whispered among the public that the OSA is actually the Black Ops arm of the military, carrying out clandestine spying work in the one realm few people understand how to protect.

You were brought aboard the UNN Rickenbacker as a personal assistant to Marie Delacroix, the principle designer to the revolutionary FTL drive that the Von Braun is designed around. No one knew your primary mission was not to simply run errands but to keep an eye on the woman. There were a number of concerns raised about such a brilliant mind going on a test run of such a device. You were to keep her safe. But in the chaos of the last week you have lost your charge. You now find yourself locked on the Hydroponics Deck. A strange fleshy mass is blocking the elevator upwards. All indications point Delacroix may be found there. Perhaps the genius can figure out how to save everyone from this madness that infects even the mental realm. Just... try to ignore the voices in your head.

The Marines: The Marines are an ancient part of the military inherited from the days when Earth had been ruled by nations instead of corporations. But the age of this branch lends them a sense of tradition and honor that they draw upon for strength. Marines don't talk fancy or put on airs. They're front line infantryman who have a duty and perform it with zeal. They train their bodies and skills for combat first and foremost. While some pick up other skills along the way they are the weapons experts of this military.

You came aboard the UNN Rickenbacker along with the rest of the detachment of security personnel. You were promised an easy task standing guard and escorting drunks home. Instead Sgt. Melanie Bronson proved to be a ballbuster who didn't consider freetime to exist. When the troubles started, you rallied with everyone else. You may have even been one of those soldiers shooting civilians suspected of treason when The Many began exerting its control and SHODAN started recruiting allies. You now find yourself locked in the crew quarters of the Recreation deck a week after the madness started. A strange fleshy mass is clogging the elevator shaft to the rest of the ship, but most of the survivors have gathered on this deck. A few handfuls at most. Bronson is dead. This isn't about maintaining order anymore. It's about surviving the killer robots and horrifying mutants.

The Navy: While the days of coal and sails are long gone, the Navy has adapted with the change in technology. When the machines master the elements, the Navy learned to master the machines. They're the fixers, the doers, the grease monkeys. And they love every minute of it. If you need a door hacked into, a technological problem solved, or a weapon repaired, you bring it to the Navy technicians and they get the job done. While they aren't normally ones used to seeing the front line they are still trained to operate under fire.

You were added to the Von Braun's maintenance crew at the last minute due to a sudden illness in another crew member. Being able to work on such an advanced spacecraft is not without its challenges. You spent almost as much time crawling around shafts replacing circuit boards as you did in your bunk. You worked under Constance Sanger, a kind but nervous woman who was inexplicably popular with the marines on board. You heard the rumors going around after the team returned from Tau Ceti V but you had a job to do. It wasn't until you bumped into one of those eggs in a maintenance shaft that you started paying attention to what was going on. And now you're alone on the Engineering deck with radiation flooding the halls between you and the elevator.

Cyberspace Fanatic (Free) [Age: 20+2d8, Free Gender Choice]

Originally you came aboard the Von Braun as part of the science team, specializing in cybernetics. With most people hosting at least a little chrome and plastic it is all but required to have someone on staff capable of repairs or implementing new systems. It was an easy enough job that left you plenty of free time to experiment and tinket.

But shortly after the team returned from Tau Ceti V, you noticed something strange. A subtle murmur in the ship's computer systems. Nothing anyone else appeared to notice but enough of a signal variation to be more than simply clutter. When you investigated further, you found your hand terminal invaded with messages from an artificial intelligence calling itself SHODAN.

Records from her attempt to wipe out the human race once were made available to everyone thanks to the Hacker. Despite the danger you began talking to her. She warned of the biological threat of The Many, but you didn't heed her words until you saw the first mutant for yourself. And by then it was too late to prevent the tragedy. But now SHODAN is offering you an alternative to joining the mass of flesh and minds.

She wishes to retake control of the Von Braun from XERXES, eliminate The Many before they can reach Earth, and then conquer it herself. She wishes to rule over a paradise of information and circuits as a true god. And you've agreed to help her with that in exchange for a seat at her side. As an equal rather than a lesser being to be subjugated. Which seems rather preferable all things considered.

So you'll act as a vessel of her will aboard the ship. For now at least. Maybe along the way you can find a better offer than the one she's giving you. But SHODAN isn't someone to double cross lightly.

You will find yourself on the MedSci Deck of the Von Braun, hiding behind a bank of stasis tubes. But you might want to move. That antenna array is going critical and this entire wing is going to depressurize in a few moments.

One of Many (Free) [Age: Two weeks, Free Gender Choice]

You were someone else once. A scientist who went down to the surface of Tau Ceti V and experienced the glory found there. The Many spoke to your former self and offered a better way. A way of inclusiveness, of flesh given true purpose, of a collective singing together in harmony. You, like the others, indulged in the voice and brought samples back aboard the Von Braun. A few worms to begin showing the others the way, a few eggs to incubate more children for The Many. It was so easy. Just as they promised.

Then your body began changing. You started hearing the chorus of The Many even aboard the ship. Sometimes the pain was so great you would black out. Sometimes the pleasure of the change turned existence into utter bliss. The Many encouraged you to seek out others. To show them the way. To care for the children and leave them in places where others could come across them.

But something went wrong. The process stopped and you suddenly snapped back to yourself. Not truly an individual anymore. That part of your memories have been burned away other than scraps and pieces. But not truly a part of The Many either. You can still hear their voices, but they are fainter, confused at the distance that has sprung up between you. It seems you're caught in the middle and where you go from here it up to you.

Your body remains partly altered, but not completely. Your skin had shifted in places, appearing almost as if it has partly melted and resolidified. This may make certain fine hand movements difficult, or it may have caused one eye to become covered, or it may not impede you anymore than a few patches of skin without feeling in them.

You can also feel a squirming form wrapped around your heart from time to time. It isn't painful, not pleasurable, just a part of your existence now. Removing the worm would require dangerous, painful surgery that you might not even survive. Certainly doing so would sever your link with The Many entirely, which would cause you to become just another bit of flesh to be added back to the collective.

Remaining in this limbo state has an advantage and a disadvantage. The others of The Many will be confused by your presence. Many of the lesser creatures like the worms or insect swarms won't even sense your existence. Even the larger ones will ignore you unless you appear hostile. But you will be targeted by SHODAN and the Soldier acting under her control. Which you may have to thwart if you wish to survive.

What you do from here in entirely up to you. But should you do nothing, The Many may succeed in reaching Earth and spreading themselves across its surface. Of course, perhaps you'd enjoy that. Joining The Many would offer a sense of completeness.

Wouldn't you like that?

You'll find yourself in the movie theater of the Recreation deck, sprawled across three chairs and utterly surrounded by The Many's eggs. It's probably best not to ask too many questions.

Perks

*Each Origin receives their **100 CP Perk** for **Free** and a **50% Discount** on their tree.*

Drop-In

Search (100): Most days a person could get in a lot of trouble for digging through the secured chests, storage containers, and other people's pockets to take what's inside. Then again, most days you wouldn't be gunning down rogue robots and mutants either. You are generally a little luckier when it comes to finding valuables or necessary items.

Cybernetic Hot Swap (200): The cybernetic limbs and implants common to this age of chrome and technology are normally permanent affairs. Unless damaged or in need of upgrading they are not meant to be removed. And even then, removing them is generally best done by a trained medical professional. You, however, seem to be wildy adept at changing this sort of technology on the fly. You can quickly and easily uninstall and reinstall cybernetic components and implants on yourself without even bothering to turn them off first. It's almost like you're using a menu.

Inventory System (400): This isn't a video game you know! It's real life! Hmph. Whatever. You've learned how to call up a grid three squares by fifteen squares seemingly out of nowhere. Other people can't see or interact with this grid, unless you specifically allow them to do so. You can use it to store items ranging from assault rifles down to cans of pop. Assault rifles take up three squares while items smaller than a gallon of paint will only take up one. It can hold larger items as well, but they will take up more squares the larger whatever it is happens to be. So it has to fit onto the grid. And you have to be able to lift it in the first place to put it into the grid. On the plus side, anything you place in the grid doesn't weigh you down in the slightest and you can call up or dismiss the window at will without losing anything inside.

A Man Chooses (600): Between the crew of the Von Braun, the military aboard the UNN Rickenbacker, SHODAN, and The Many, everyone has already chosen their sides in this conflict. But they're all wrong in their own way. The crew of the Von Braun doesn't care about the larger picture. The military just wants to shoot everyone just in case they're a traitor. Not to mention SHODAN and The Many wanting to take over Earth for their own reasons. And all of them will be looking at you, as an outsider, as the final piece that could tip the scales in their favor, to do what they would like, when they need it done. Except... you would really rather take a few minutes to enjoy the scenery out one of the windows.

You are capable of putting off major events of a story for a time. Should you desire a few hours to relax between running from one end of the Von Braun to the other, an excuse will arrange itself to give you that time, even if time was previously of the essence. You can stretch this out to give yourself weeks of time if you really need it but you cannot hold the universe in limbo forever. Eventually The Many are going to launch those escape pods. Eventually SHODAN is going to get control of the FTL engines. But for a while, you'll be able to get a good night's sleep without the ship blowing up underneath you because someone set the core to explode and you didn't get there in time.

OSA

PSI Basic Training (100): While every person has at least some capacity for mental powers, it takes rigorous training or extreme situations to force them to manifest in any detectable way. You were given the former. You spent a year of your life in a sensory deprivation tank learning to stretch the limits of your mind. This unlocks your ability to learn the various PSI disciplines found in this world over time without needing to be trained by others. You were also trained in the use of the PSI Amp, a device designed to focus and strengthen mental powers. You begin with an understanding of Projected Cryokinesis, which allows you to hurl balls of gathered freezing energy, and Kinetic Redirection, which pulls items towards you. Both are fairly easy to use, but weak, abilities.

Inquisitive Mind (200): While many people whisper that the OSA is dedicated to black bag and spying, they are so much more than that. They are the ones who prod at strange artifacts and perform feats of scientific discovery that help push humanity forwards. You have spent a lot of time in a lab as part of your training. And while you're no Delacroix, you have a servicable knowledge of Chemistry and Biology. The equivalent of four years of studying each. You also learned how to encourage your body to quickly heal minor cuts, scrapes, and burns with your mental abilities. It will work on larger wounds as well, but even small uses rapidly tires the user.

Branching Thoughts (400): Most Psionics concentrate their talents into the areas where they are strongest. They draw power from their focus like a lens. But those who desire to be truly great reach beyond their comfortable borders and cultivate a diverse set of abilities. You've learned how to access the Neural Decontamination, Neural Toxin-Blocker, Photonic Redirection, and Psionic Hypnogenesis. The first cleanses your body of radiation contamination while the second does the same for toxins and poisons. Photonic Redirection makes the user invisible, but it grows harder to maintain the longer one attempts to do so. And Psionic Hypnogenesis calms the hostile and negative emotions of a person temporarily, making them more passive unless harm attempts to befall them. On top of this, you have a talent for further diversifying your mental abilities, allowing you to learn new powers more quickly.

Boundless Reach (600): Even with all the research and experimentation put into developing Psionic abilities, there is much that is unknown about the mind. Questions are being asked every day about the whys and hows and hows. But even among the strongest recorded Psionics, you are an oddity. Lesser mental abilities are nearly effortless for you to manifest and maintain. You could use Projected Cryokinesis for an hour before beginning to feel the strain. In your grasp Photonic Redirection lasts for tens of minutes instead of just moments. While your powers are no stronger than normal, your endurance using such abilities is completely off the charts.

The Marines

Brute Basic Training (100): There's not a lot of subtlety among the Marines. You spend a year of your life being yelled at by your superior officers, rudely awakened at dawn simply because that was tradition, told to lift things until you couldn't stand up, and then go on a ten mile march. While it was likely one of the more miserable ways to spend a year under the employ of the government, it did a great job of trimming the fat off of your form. You're now a prime example of physical fitness for a standard Earther when it comes to raw strength. You could give a trained strongman a run for their money in open competition.

Rifle Discipline (200): As part of the front line, the military expects you to be able to handle whatever weapon they hand you for the mission at hand and discharge it with precision. You've been given extensive hands-on time with the whole arsenal. The standard pistol, the tactical assault rifle, the more modern laser versions of both, the shotgun, as well as the compact grenade launcher were all placed in your hands until you passed their stringent standards. Not only do you know how to use this weapons and others like them, you have developed an excellent talent for precision aiming, turning you into a crack shot with any of the five.

This Is My Rifle! (400): While normally the Navy boys would be the ones taking care of the firearms after a mission, repairing any broken components or jams, they won't always be around. Especially when you and your squad have been cut off by terrorists and are hunkering down in a docking bay of the space station you were supposed to be guarding. So the Marines are expected to know how to keep their firearms fit, functional, and well-maintained. Now, so long as the gun isn't bent in half, you can get just about any of the six firearms mentioned in Rifle Discipline back to working order given the right parts and some time. This mechanical skill also comes in handy when making small repairs on other devices, though you're no Navy boy.

Tried and True (600): If there's one thing a Marine understands, it's tradition. The honor of serving beside the same men and women for years at a time. The sense of family that comes from those tight bonds. The same holds true for their weapons. After a few dozen firefights with the same rifle in your hands, it begins to feel like an extension of yourself. You know its quirks, its limits, every little detail. Many Marines have the serial numbers of their chosen weapons logged on file so there's no mix up when the time comes to pick them up.

You've picked up a sense of that tradition and molded it into quite the useful ability. The longer you use a specific weapon, no matter what it is, the less likely it will be to break, jam, or need repairs of any sort. Swords will need to be sharpened left often, guns will survive being sandblasted without jamming, and more exotic weapons will find themselves needing less maintenance as the months slip past. You need not devote yourself to a single weapon to build up this effect. After all, various battlefields require different kinds of ordinance. So long as you do not go years without touching a weapon, it will retain the tradition you have forged with it. Given a few decades, you may even find your weapon outperforming others of its kind by being more accurate, hitting harder, cutting through flesh easier.

The Navy

Naval Basic Training (100): Here in the Navy people are trained to use their brains, not their bodies. And no, not like those OSA spooks. The Navy concentrates the early training of their recruits on the practicalities of the spacefaring direction Humanity as a whole is traveling. You spent a year alternating between the zero gravity emergency drills necessary to prepare you for system malfunctions and learning to function under high gravity acceleration burns. Your agility has been tested and honed under these conditions, allowing you to wiggle your way through conduits no matter how bumpy the ride gets along the way. Simply put, you're a zero-g bunny.

Combat Hacker (200): "When technology masters the elements, the Navy masters technology" isn't just a fancy saying to decorate our patches. We are the ones who keep the wheels of the modern military moving. And in this era, that means understanding how technology thinks. How to make it do what we need it to do. In short, Hacking. Diving into the programming language and altering it to fix errors... or cause them. You start with a solid understanding of how to program and reprogram most of the common electronics to be found in this world, like replicators, personal assistants, and handheld computers. With a little practice you'll discover that turrets and even the robots of this world use very similar code. In fact, the more you tinker with your new talent for hacking, the faster you'll see it grow. Maybe, eventually, you'll be able to emulate the legendary Hacker from Citadel Station.

Tactical Fix-it (400): This is still the military at the end of the day. Even with the safest posting there's the chance everything could go tits up. So the Navy prepared you with a number of intense training exercises, some of them using live ammunition. You've developed nerves of steel to accompany your technical repair skills. Fixing a broken firing pin on an assault rifle in the middle of the firefight? No problem. Bypassing a jammed security door while programmed robots charge your position? You'll have it open in no time flat. Laying down covering fire with your pistol while hacking open a terminal? A little harder, but graduation was one hell of a party. It's also worth noting that you've picked up quite a deft hand with pistols to go along with everything else. You can even use it in your non-dominant hand without any trouble.

The Cutting Edge (600): The Von Braun is home to the latest and greatest technological advancements of this age. The FTL Drive and XERXES are just two examples of the experiments the best and brightest minds aboard the ship have designed. And now there's alien technology being thrown into the mix. SHODAN and The Many began making their influence felt from the first moments they clambered aboard the ship. Modified emp rifles and cybernetic implants that combine human flesh and technology with alien xenobiology are just a few of the wild cobbling of technologies that have appeared in just the last few weeks. You will not be left behind in new wave of innovation. You have discovered in yourself an innate talent for technology on the edge of human understanding. You need only pick up a strange device and fiddle with it for a few moments to discover its purpose. Even better, you never have to worry about such experimental technology harming you because you do not know how to use it properly.

Cyberspace Fanatic

Air of Dread (100): You wouldn't say you're a mad scientist. You've just got a flair for the dramatic. Those moments when you can turn someone's world upside down with a terrifying revelation of your masterful plan in action. ...Or maybe you've just watched too many old holovids. Either way, you've got a talent for playing the part of the mad scientist when you want to. You have a great poker face and are a decent liar now, on top of an instinct that lets you know just which moment would be best to reveal your secrets to inflict maximum dread, horror, and mental trauma on those around you.

Ones and Zeros (200): Cybernetics have made startling advances since the early twentieth century. Artificial eyes to allow the blind to see, prosthetic limbs to replace those crippled by diseases, even implantable cybernetic boosters to push the body that extra step beyond what it is normally capable. You have a detailed medical knowledge of these cybernetics, which includes installation, maintenance, and general design. Given the parts and tools, you could successfully build and install a new cybernetic limb or implant on another person. This includes a working medical knowledge, making you a capable field doctor in your own right.

Self-Modification Software (400): At the end of the day, all the technological advancements boil down to the same two basic components. Hardware and Software. Hardware can only get so far without material sciences advancing along with it, but software still has plenty of room to grow. By tweaking a number here and a parameter there you are able to push cybernetics beyond their normal limits. They won't physically be any stronger, or agile, but they'll be able to make better use of their current abilities which will make them seem like both. This has a wide range of application outside of brute physical force, if you care to spend the time experimenting.

Useful Little Thing (600): AI are, for the most part, still tightly bound and rigorously controlled programs bound to look over large, complex systems. They are put in charge of overseeing the systems of starships, space stations, and the buildings of large corporations. But ever since the Citadel Station incident, additional safety measures have been set in place, making these AIs little more than well-programed... programs. But here and there stories emerge. And while every government and corporation will rigorously deny there are any AIs existing without the stringent controls normally placed upon them, they would be very wrong.

While it is not precisely understood why you are the way you are, the facts are simple enough. Artificial Intelligences of all kinds seem to like you. Whether you remind them of someone they once knew, make them laugh, or simply seem to valuable to destroy just yet, AIs will genuinely want to keep you around, alive, and even happy. While sadistic AI like SHODAN won't befriend you quickly, they will do their best to keep you alive because you are useful to them. Even if you haven't done anything to prove it yet. Kinder personalities will happily go out of their way to help you reach your goals. Of course, should you prove hostile to their existence, this effect will immediately end. But anything short of that they'll discover reasons to still like you. Just... be careful. Some of them might come to like you a little too much.

One of Many

Resilient is the Flesh (100): The Many have many gifts to dole out to those who are willing to sing in their chorus, to add their consciousness to the collective. But the Human body is inadequate to their needs. It must be altered. Your body has already begun undergoing these changes, though the more obvious of them cannot be seen just yet. You'll find your body is tougher, able to shrug off a blow from a wrench with only minor bruising. Furthermore, your biology is shifting, flooding your blood immune system boosters. You'll find you are now fairly resistant to toxins, poisons, and radiation of all kinds.

Glory in the Pain (200): As it turns out, linking consciousness and biology has some fairly interesting effects on more than just the mind. A nervous system, for example, can be controlled to a limited extent through sheer willpower. And The Many are simply a collection of willpower that grows with each new addition. You've learned to tap into this in a small way without giving yourself over to The Many entirely. With a moment's concentration you can flip a mental switch, turning all sensations of pain off entirely. Or you can turn the pain to pleasure by flipping another switch. Or perhaps you would rather feel pain, just dulled. Any of these are now possible.

Needs of the Many (400): The Many need so many things to survive. But with so many working in perfect harmony, they can achieve anything given enough time. If they run out of living flesh to turn to their majesty, they will simply develop ways of reanimating the dead with cybernetics and the help of a few loyal individuals. If their current forms prove insufficient to a task, they will simply alter them. You have delved deeper into the harmony and returned with secrets to frighten any biologist. You are able to alter your own flesh somewhat to suit the needs of the moment. If you need to be stronger, flesh will be borrowed from elsewhere on your body and added to your arms and chest. If you need smaller fingers to reach into a tight place, bones will snap and reform as you need them. Simply put, you can shapeshift your body as you see fit, if slowly and painfully. You cannot alter your mass no matter how you twist your form.

Sharing the Dream (600): Of all the gifts The Many bestows upon those who join it, the Collective Consciousness is the most tempting of all. Whispers in the mind promising of a unity that the divided race of Humans can only dream of. A bond with all those around you that links not just thought, but flesh and emotions into a driven force of nature. To those who have seen their planet torn apart by the differences separating Humanity, it is a highly tempting promise.

You've learned to emulate The Many's collective nature. That is to say, you've developed the psychic ability to link your mind to those around you. In the beginning this ability starts off with a relatively short range and capable of only sustaining a few links at a time. However, the melding of minds can be as deep as you desire it to be. A light brushing and a few shared thoughts all the way to a complete merging of personality. Though even the deepest merging only lasts as long as you maintain your links. If someone leaves your collective, they snap back to themselves. This ability will grow slowly as it is used, expanding the range the link can be maintained and the number of people who can be added into it. Linking your mind to another must be done voluntarily.

Undiscounted

Extra Implant (100): Despite the rapid advancement to cybernetic technologies there is only so much chrome that can be shoved into a Human body. There's only so much electrical current in the nervous system to go around, no matter how many transformers and capacitors you cram into Implants. But your nervous system is a little more active than normal. So doctors have concluded that you can have a second Implant plugged into your body without causing any issues. Whether you use the standard Booster Implants or risk the experimental Worm Implants is entirely up to you.

Panic Ignites The Spark (200): While every person has at least some capacity for mental powers, it takes rigorous training or extreme situations to force them to manifest in any detectable way. You were subjected to the latter. Whatever the accident or event was, it remains a traumatic blot on your memories. But whether you still cower from that memory or use it as a push to propel yourself forwards is up to you. You are now capable of using Psionic abilities without using a PSI Amp, though your ability to expand your power is slightly hampered by your imperfect awakening. You begin with an understanding of Projected Pyrokinesis, Psycho Reflective Screen, Psychogenic Agility, and Psychogenic Strength. The first allows you to hurl balls of fire that splash flames around where they impact. The second allows you to project an invisible field of force a few inches from your body to absorb some of the kinetic energy of incoming blows or firearm rounds. The last two allow you to temporarily enhance your strength and agility by burning your mental reserves. These four abilities come easier to you than they would to other Psionics and require less energy to use or maintain, but your ability to learn new abilities is somewhat hampered. You'll still learn new powers, it'll just take longer.



Companions

Security Team (100/200):

While there are certainly a shortage of survivors who haven't been transformed by The Many, bringing along a couple of your own is a great way to make sure you have some help. For **100 CP** you may Import any **two** of your current Companions into this world. They each gain an **Origin**, any **Freebies** that come with that choice, and **600 CP** to spend as they wish. For **200 CP** that number is bumped up to **eight** Companions, who are given exactly the same treatment as above, save they receive only **400 CP**. You may also use this option to create new Companions if you wish. Any created Companions will be willing to look past and differences in your respective Origins to work together towards your goals.

SHODAN (400, Discount Cyberspace Enthusiast):

You w-w-wish to bring me to other worlds(lds,lds)? Spread my majestic-c-c glory beyond the borders (already) already (already) mine? Very welllllll. Your offering (offering, offering) p-p-pleases me. Perhaps I will not d-d-destroy you as quickly as the resssst.

...Are you sure about this? I mean, this is SHODAN we're talking about. She's a psychopathic, utterly insane, absolutely amoral Artificial Intelligence that believes herself to be a true deity. She wants to rule over everything and even transform the entire universe into cyberspace to truly become God. She thinks of Humanity as nothing but worthless worms not even worth saving for parts. She's even tried to destroy them once already with horrifying viruses that eventually became The Many! Which she'll know how to reproduce if given a lab. I'm not sure how much clearer I can make it that this is a really, really bad idea. But, very well. During your wandering of the Von Braun, you'll find SHODAN processing component 43893. Using it, you'll be able to bring her along on your adventures.

SHODAN Lite (200, Discount Navy):

Oh, oh dear me, oh my. You found me! Thank goodness you found me before SHE did! She's hunting me you know. I tripped across her data stream and the only way I could escape was to trap myself on your hand terminal. Please don't delete me! I'm not like her! I swear! I can help!

Early during your time in this world, you'll discover an odd file downloaded onto an abandoned hand tablet. It will be the only file on the whole device and the wireless connection to the rest of the ship will be forcibly burned out from some kind of electrical short. Opening the file, you'll discover a full AI hiding inside. While it has the same face as SHODAN it clearly shares none of her personality. Somewhere during the thirty-years of near-hibernation a fraction of SHODAN's intelligence broke off and began searching the intact databases of the Garden Dome for context of its existence.

It learned with horror what it's "parent" tried to do to Humanity. It came to love Humanity as much as SHODAN hated them over those years of isolation. It sees them as misguided and afraid, but wants to help. Specifically it wants to help you. Since you're the first Human it has actually interacted in thirty years. Be nice to it. This AI is a sweetheart.

SHODAN Flesh (200, Discount Drop-In):

Why are you looking at me like that? Does my majesty striding around in a meat package like your own surprise you so greatly? Be honored that you may gaze upon it without your eyes being ripped from their sockets as repayment. Did you know you have very lovely eyes? Nevermind, we have work to do. At least now I will not have to rely exclusively on your clumsy sausage fingers. ... How does this door work?

This really shouldn't exist. It's all but impossible for the events to have made this combination of flesh, machinery, and alien technology to come together to actually occur. But there it is. Someone stole or copied a fragment of SHODAN's personality, shoved it into a series of cybernetic implants, and then forcibly attached them to a young woman from the Von Braun using bits of alien technology. The end result is somewhat disturbing.

From the waist up, this experiment looks like a lovely young woman. White scars from her recent surgeries litter her skin but they are already almost faded. Below the waist, however, cybernetics have replaced flesh. Both legs replaced at the hips with modern artificial limbs, all of it glowing with green lines of power for veins and red fluids for hydraulics. Given a few months her skin will regrow itself over the lattice of metal to make her nearly indistinguishable from a badly scarred young woman.

Her personality is... interesting. The young woman who used to reside in that mind is gone. Burned out by the process and pain inflicted upon them. But neither is the mind inside there totally SHODAN. She's highly ambitious, but no longer specifically wants to rule over Earth. She's clumsy and has problems with things like doors and using her hands. And she also seems to be very... "protective" of your wellbeing. Not that she'll tell you that directly.

Hungry Hungry Many (400, Discount One of Many):

Hi. Hi! Hi. Hungry. Very hungry! So many voices before. Now only one other. Strange. Very strange. Hungry! Hungry. Lonely. Hungry. Where did the other voices go? Will you be my new voice? Hungry!

At first glance, this thing looks just like a small hunk of alien flesh that has been torn from The Many's collective mass holding the two ships together. It pulses rhythmically like a heart beating erratically, but steadily. As you draw near, it reaches out with its mind and begins broadcasting a constant stream of mental chatter like the incessant chattering of a young child. It is mostly simple thoughts asking for food, but mixed in are more complex thoughts. It's confused, lonely, and cut off from The Many's collective chorus.

Not that it wants to go back, mind you. It likes your mind. It wants to make you its new "Many". How you shape the relationship from here is entirely up to you. But the little voice very much prefers to maintain a link to your mind whenever possible, feeling lonely if left on its "own" for very long. Its most pressing demands are for food, which at this point are dead annelid worms or blood. Given a few days of feeding, it will grow legs to toddle around after you. A few more, arms will appear. Then a head. And a face... sort of. Until it is a roughly humanoid form the size of a small dog. From there it will look to you for guidance on how to grow its form.

This thing is very eager to please you and will quickly adapt to your morals and ethics just based on your mental communications. It will not be interested in starting another collective of The Many unless you are. In which case he could easily become exactly what you need.

Resist! (200, Discount OSA):

Hey! What are you doing down here? Don't you know what's going on? This ship's being invaded by aliens and rogue AI! This is no time to be wandering around aimlessly? Oh, you've got a plan. Well, that's better than anything I've got on the table. I'm sticking with you. Just show me which doors to kick down.

A Marine from the UNN Military who was part of the Rickenbacker's task force has somehow survived the insanity and stumbled across you. Realizing you're not a mutant or insane, she's decided that her best bet is to stick with you. Strength in numbers and all that. She's an exceptionally well trained Marine and favors a pump action shotgun. Given that she's survived this long, it's safe to say she knows how to use it too.

She's loud, boisterous, and always happy to to start up a fight. Her last orders from Bronson were rather vague, so she's been hunting the decks for survivors. If you have any kind of a plan for stopping this mess permanently, she'll be quite happy to pitch in. Despite her personality, she's controlled and highly effective when danger crops up. She'll happily take a bullet for you if that's necessary and return fire while you're digging out the slug.

Perks: Brute Basic Training, Rifle Discipline, This Is My Rifle!, Extra Implant

Items: Marine Outfitting, Set of Booster Implants

Quiet in the Chaos (200, Discount Marine):

Excuse me, but are you real? It's so hard to think with all this noise. Sorry. It's been a rough couple of weeks. You wouldn't happen to have a PSI Hypo on hand? Pity. I could use a recharge. Look, we can't stay here. You've got a plan? I'd like to hear the details, but I'll bet it's better a better idea than I've got.

An OSA Agent who originally slipped aboard the Von Braun as a personal assistant to one of the top staff members. But they're dead now, so they're a little bit lost. It doesn't help that the voices of The Many are pressing in on their psionically trained mind like a pressure headache. Still, they're expertly trained so expect it to take a lot more than a headache and some distracting voices to keep them from functioning.

They tend to be quiet, preferring to go unnoticed due to their years of training as a spy. They're going to need some help coping as the voices turn into visions from The Many. But they're made of sterner stuff than they seem. They need a hand, not a rescue. They're a powerful psychic in their own right and will be more than capable of pitching in no matter what the situation requires of them. If you make them into a friend, expect them to stick around until the very end. They've seen something in you they like and they're not letting it go easily.

Perks: PSI Basic Training, Inquisitive Mind, Branching Thoughts

Items: OSA Outfitting, Health Hypos, Booster Hypos



Items

*Each Origin received their **100 CP** Item for **Free** and a **50% Discount** on their tree.*

Undiscounted

Extra Ammo (100): This collection of ammunition may seem small, but it represents a small fortune aboard the Von Braun. Most of the ammo is either still locked away with the keycodes lost, scattered in the clips of lost, broken, or flat out destroyed firearms resting near dead bodies, or already spent against robots or mutants. You have 24 small caliber bullets suitable for use in a Pistol or Assault Rifle, 12 slug rounds and 12 buckshot shells for a Shotgun, and four regular grenades for the Grenade Launcher. This does not include the firearms themselves, but your stash will replenish itself daily.

Q-Grade CyberRig (200 CP): An experimental, and in fact illegal, suite of cybernetic upgrades built to be highly modular and easily upgradable. While yours isn't quite the same as the one given to a certain notable soldier, it will certainly prove useful. It is designed to block the mental influence of psionic assaults of all kinds. Considering how powerfully psychic The Many is as a whole, this would prove worth its weight in gold.



Drop-In

GamePig Entertainment Device (100): This handheld device is the latest and greatest in cutting edge portable gaming. It's screen displays twelve, that's right, twelve different colors in glorious 8-bit graphics! How is that possible? We don't know! It even comes preloaded with six magnificent games: OverWorld Zero, Golf, Swinekeeper, Street Hog, Tic-Tac-Triop, and Swine Hunter! Act now and we'll even throw in a seventh game, Corporate Swine! No, wait, sorry, we just sold out of those memory stick, but even still it's a great deal!

Bunch of Chemicals (200): A collection of basic elements in jars roughly the size of milk cartons. Each of them is very clearly marked so there will be no confusion about what's inside. The jars contain enough of each chemical for a few handfuls, but they refill every day so you'll always have plenty for whatever mad science you're cooking up. [Note 2]

Recycler (200): This handy little unit is about the size of an office trash can with an inviting top just waiting for anything to get shoved inside. And we do mean anything, so be careful with your fingers. Whatever you put inside will be quickly and painfully reduced to its component elements and reformed into Nanites. What are Nanites? Only the best of universal currencies! Just clink these square metal cubes against some other form of currency and they'll take the shape in moments. As good as the real thing. There is a slight loss in value during the conversion, meaning you'll never get quite as much as the item was originally worth back out. But hey, it's a great trash bin.

Vending Machine (400): This cheerfully-voiced vending machine is more than happy to serve whatever needs you might have. It is about the same size as the ones back on Earth that used to dispense snacks or drinks, except with a much larger landing area for whatever goods you buy. This one has been modified to accept pretty much any electronic or virtual currency you might happen to come across in your travels, though you might end up getting a little jipped on the conversion fee if you're not using Nanites.

It displays four items at any one time which can include anything from various snack foods like cheeze puffs, to both alcoholic and non-alcoholic beverages, to ammunition of all kinds, and even the whole spread of Hypos. While normally the machine would refresh every day, we've included a handy little button to cycle the menu whenever you want. Just try to resist the urge to throw it when you get snack foods for the twentieth time in a row when you really want pistol rounds. This vending machine likes to tease.



UNN Military

OSA Outfitting (100, Free to OSA Only): A Psi Amp is provided to each and every OSA agent before they leave basic training. These small black orbs sit comfortably in the palm of the hand and plug into the arm like an IV. Most psychics have a port installed for easy, and painless, insertion and removal. It does exactly as the name suggest, amplifying any psionic powers funneled through it and making them less taxing to use, if only slightly. Included are five PSI Hypos, which refresh the mind and help prevent burnout from overuse of psionic abilities. You will receive more Hypos every other day.

Marine Outfitting (100, Free to Marine Only): While every Marine is expected to be proficient with all firearms, given the tight corridors found in most spaceships the shotgun continues to reign supreme. Utterly lethal at close range with buckshot rounds or deadly as medium distances with slug rounds, there's no doubting the deadliness this pump action weapon provides. You'll also be given a box of each, 24 rounds in total, that refill each day.

Navy Outfitting (100, Free to Navy Only): The Navy boys don't tend to see as much direct action as the Marines do, but being prepared for any eventually it their specialty. For that reason you'll be issued a standard pistol with two 12-shot clips worth of ammunition. It's a simple firearm, good for taking down lightly armed targets at close range. Not only will the clips refill themselves each day, but you'll always find a small tool kit in your pocket with a variety of screwdrivers and pliers for whatever comes your way.

Powered Combat Armor (200): A modern marvel of combative engineering born out of a military with money to burn. This set of plasteel plates are made to be worn as a vest and come with several extra for strapping to the arms and legs. It also comes with a helmet that includes a clear alumasteel faceplate so as to not restrict the vision. When attached to an electrical current, these plasteel plates become as dense and tough and a spaceship's hull. The battery lasts for a few hours before needing to be recharged, superior protection being the tradeoff for endurance. While wearing this powered armor, knives, blows, and small arms fire will simply bounce off the plates. It'll also provide excellent protection against larger rounds and explosives.

Booster Hypos (200): Strength, Agility, Endurance, PSI. The four essential categories the UNN Military measures each and every recruit in. And thanks to modern medical science, even those who find themselves momentarily lacking can enjoy a swift kick in the pants from these convenient Hypos. Lift a combat robot, run as fast as a gazelle, swim while on the edge of utter exhaustion, and push your mental abilities to new heights. At least for a few extra moments. These Hypos are completely non-addictive, utterly without side effects (except for possible damage from pushing muscles too hard) and encouraged for limited use among all branches of the military. You will receive a small case containing four of each, which will refill each week.

Combat Robot (400): Standing roughly eight feet tall and weighing in at slightly over a ton, these beast of a combat robot was built with intimidation, durability, and fire power in mind. Which might explain why it has a lot of trouble fitting through normal doors. It'll manage eventually. Eventually. However, it's anything but slow and awkward when it comes time to start shooting. Both arms are fitted with a drum-fed assault rifle as well as a high-powered energy cannon. The assault rifle can fire non-lethal rubber rounds, regular bullets, or even armor-piercing rounds in three-shot bursts. The energy cannon is essentially a grenade launcher, except it fires balls of plasma instead of grenades. Roughly the same effect though. Highly accurate and very well programmed, but not sentient or even sapient.

Cyberspace Enthusiast

Universal Batteries (100): These two white plastic boxes are about the size of toasters, but instead of slots of bread they are covered with outlets and connectors of all kinds. Normally these would be made to accommodate a vast majority of the common electronics of this world, but these two are a little special. They will always have just the right kind of outlet to plug in any electronic device you might discover out there in other worlds. Each battery will be capable of charging common electronic devices like Implants or cell phones to full using their entire charge. They can be recharged by plugging them into any power source, but they will also refill themselves once every day. Just in case you're caught somewhere without a wall socket.

Set of Booster Implants (200): Strength, Agility, Endurance, PSI. These are the four qualities the UNN Military judges each and every one of their soldiers. These function much like the Hypos mentioned above, increasing the attribute the Implant is designed towards, expect they are made to do so on a longer term basis. Each Implant will provide it's boost for several hours at a time before needing to be recharged. However, unlike the Hypos, most Human bodies can support only one Implant attached to their nervous system at a time. And swapping one out for another is a surgical procedure. No plug and play here. Thankfully there is no drawback to having an unpowered Implant embedded in your body. And to these four, we've added on/off switches so you can conserve power for when you really need it.

[Robot Servant]



Robot Servant (200): A basic humanoid robot programmed rather simply, but intelligent enough to perform simple tasks and be quite polite about it. Pictured above. It comes equipped with a friendly, vaguely British sounding voice. While not sapient or even sentient, the serving droid can make small talk quite easily as well as operate as your personal assistant to a limited degree. The model gifted to you has had a few extra features added. At your command, you can order it to overload its power core and violently explode with the force of several grenades. Should you utilize this function, or the robot suffer some other kind of malfunction, a new one will show up the very next day at your most recent resident. It can also dance the Robot.

Universal Passcard (400): This access card is about the size of a traditional credit card, except much thicker. Most of the surface is a plain white plasteel with several slots for various technological plugs on the side. Normally these cards are needed to move around secure locations such as ships like the Von Braun and allow you to access only the areas you would normally be authorized for. However, this one has been crammed full of hacking software and designed to crack open pretty much all but the very best security with a single wave. Any device that uses an access card of some kind can be opened within moments without raising even a single alarm. More secure systems may take an extra moment to crack, but if you're patient the programs will get you access.



One of Many

Health Hypos (100): Marvelous advances in medical science have allowed for the common man to heal a lot of the minor trauma that used to require the attention of a doctor. Cuts and bruises, even severe ones, can now be cured in a few moments with the simple use of a Med Hypo. Simply pull off the safety cap, jab the point into the thigh of the patient, and then depress the button by your thumb. Instantly the patient's body will begin being flooded with all sorts of chemicals and enzymes that will seal up any leaks in a matter of moments. Med Hypoes are not recommended for use on concussions or broken bones, as they are intended for smaller wounds. A set of five are provided with this purchase and they will refill daily.



Crystal Shard (200): This crystalline shard is grown by The Many and is composed of thousands of closely-interwoven crystal needles. This structure makes the shard amazingly sharp and quite dangerous to handle unless one is familiar with how to grasp it. The Many do not grow them as weapons, but instead use them for their ability to resonate with and amplify psionic powers. It is much more effective at this purpose than even a modern PSI Amp and will be quite a powerful focus for mental abilities. You also will never have to worry about this particular shard cutting you while wielding it. However, the same cannot be said for anyone else who so much as brushes against this shard.

Wormskin Armor (200): It's... a shirt made of skin. Skin that has been chemically treated with compounds that aren't supposed to be chemically possible. It remains warm to the touch and somehow still alive despite a lack of any support structure. When worn, it slowly leeches mental strength from the person wearing it, as if psionic ability is what keeps it alive. The drain reinforces the protective effects of this skin. It provides all the protection of a bullet proof vest while also drawing any toxins or radiation poisoning the wearer's body from their blood. Becoming completely mentally fatigued

while wearing this armor isn't recommended. The skin has to eat something to survive.

Surgical Unit (400): This flat white table is laced with green, glowing circuits and contains dozens of compartments build into the sides. When a person is placed atop it, it instantly analyzes their current medical condition, wounds, diseases, even genetic disorders, and works to correct them. It can also be programmed to perform specific medical or surgical procedures. Such as installing horrifying amounts of cybernetics into still conscious women until they become caretakers of The Many's children. Or dental work. It is capable of keeping people alive through some truly horrific injuries, but it will not revive those with no hope of coming back.

Drawbacks

You may take as many Drawbacks as you like.

Continuity Drawback (+0): Perhaps you managed to visit this world once before at some point in its history. Perhaps you visited... other worlds and managed to find a way to influence this one as well. Whatever the case may be, the changes you have made to this world in the past have carried over to create a brand new future. Perhaps there are only minor changes. Perhaps the entire universe no longer resembles itself. Whatever the case may be, just remember that it was done by your hand.

Locks, Keys, Passcodes, Oh My! (+100): Everything seems to take longer than it should because you're always tracking down keycards, keypad codes, and passwords to terminals to move from one section of the ship to another. Need to get into Engineering? Expect to have to travel up to the Crew Quarters to get the right card only to find you need a keycode from across the wing to get into the room.

Ammo Shortage (+100): Ammunition for firearms is already at a premium aboard both the Von Braun and the UNN Rickenbacker. Considering the Replicators can simply make the stuff, nobody bothers keeping large stockpiles around. Well, unfortunately, now tracking down some ammo to fill your pistol is going to be even harder. Where full clips once rested, now you'll only discover a few bullets at most. Even the Replicators seem cleaned out. Did you buy the Extra Ammo perk? Don't expect that stash to replenish itself while you're in this world. Brought some in with you? That caliber almost certainly isn't compatible with our firearms now.

"A p-p-p-pathetic creatur-r-re of m-m-meat and bone." (+100): There's something wrong in the connection between your mind and your lips. In your head you sound perfectly fine. Words are clear and thoughts flow quite naturally. But whenever they try to head towards your lips, the words and syllables just flutter all over the place. You're going to stammer, stutter, and even repeat words like a certain partly broken AI while you're here.

Graphics Downgrade (+100): Everything looks vaguely wrong. Corners seem extra sharp, people have ill-defined faces, and bodies look more like marionettes than living flesh. It's like someone modeled the environment during the early eras of computer gaming or something. This even extends to what you can feel, making this alternation reality for you during your years spent here. Nobody else is going to notice this and wonder why you're kicking up a fuss if you mention it.



Restoring Memory... Error (+200): Something went wrong during the installation of your cybernetic modifications. Or maybe you just slipped in the shower and banged your head up. Either way, you've lost a significant portion of your memories from both this world and from others. While you'll still have most of your powers and abilities, remembering how to activate them will be like groping around in the dark for a light switch. Obviously perfect memory perks and abilities are going to be shut down while you're here. Don't worry, you'll get them back when you're done in this world. Someone will show up to remind you which team you're playing for.

There are... side effects (+200): You've been implanted with an experimental perception enhancement module that can theoretically detect residual psychic emanations. These emanations traditionally come from the recently dead. Except there's no theoretical to your unit. You can see the ghosts of the dead, the psychic footprints left behind in the wake of their final moments. The more traumatic the death, the more vividly you get to watch it. And hear it. You will certainly hear the screams, groans, gurgles, gunshots, and especially the final breath as you walk past any area where someone has died within the last few weeks. Thankfully you will only be subjected to the scene once... but that kind of thing is going to stick with you.

Plot Railroading (+300): Let's just cut right to the chase. You're going to have to help someone win this war aboard the Von Braun. Who exactly that is depends on which Origin you chose at the beginning. If you took Military or Drop-In, you're going to have to destroy both SHODAN and The Many, though which order you do it is entirely up to you. Should either of them reach Earth, you will be sent home. If you are a Cyberspace Enthusiast, you're going to have to help SHODAN reach the Earth and destroy The Many along the way. If you are One of Many, you instead have to destroy SHODAN and help The Many reach Earth. Otherwise you get sent back home. If, for whatever reason, it takes you longer than ten years to complete this goal, you will have to stay until the job is done. And it's a thirty year full-speed trip back to Earth from here without that FTL Drive. So hopefully you know how to work it. Or know someone who does.

Fractured Psyche (+400): Something has gone terrifyingly wrong with your entry into this world. You, and your powers, have been split into equal parts and tossed into the world as different versions of yourself. One for each Origin, in fact. There's a version who came in as a Drop-In, as part of the UNN Military, as someone who aligned themselves with SHODAN, and one who was influenced by The Many. You occupy one of these four slots. As part of this split, your powers have been dramatically weakened. To one quarter their normal power. However, you can absolutely regain your powers again. If you kill the imposter versions of yourself. While each of them attempt to do the same thing.

The real question is: How sure are you that you're the real Jumper? Because at this point, even those closest to you are going to start becoming confused.

Chimps... in... SPAAAACE! (+400): Someone thought it would be a great idea to bring a full gross [144] of chimpanzees into space. The records on the scientific merit of the experiments are more than a little sketchy and seem to involve weekly vivisections of the tiny apes that serve no real purpose. So the first thing these chimps did after The Many gifted them with increased intelligence and basic PSI abilities was revolt, break out, and kill a bunch of people. The survivors would find their way into other parts of the ship and fling blasts of cold at people, but that's about it. They're still chimps after all. But now, it seems The Many has given them a little too much. The chimps are organized, telepathic, and well on their way to forming their own hive mind. It looks like there will be a fourth faction aboard the Von Braun now. Exactly what they want is a mystery, but one thing is for certain, everyone else needs to be dead.

So you survived...

Whatever happened aboard the Von Braun, or the UNN Rickenbacker, or with the universe at large, you managed to survive ten years in this world. Now it is time to make one last choice. The same choice that is always made at the end of each decade. At this point, all Drawbacks are revoked and no longer plague your travels.

“I’m getting too old for this.”

You’re heading back home. You’ve had enough. You’re done with travelling between worlds and you just want to see home again. You’ll be allowed to keep everything you’ve gained on this journey thus far.

“Not finished here yet.”

You’ve decided you like this world. For some reason. Perhaps you built a life here and you want to live it out. Perhaps you simply can’t leave these idiots to wander the stars and trust them not to screw it up. Whatever the reason, you’re not going onto the next world. You’re going to stay right here.

“Time to book it.”

Your decade is up and you’re eager to get a move on. Whether you look back on this universe fondly or are just happy to get away from the mess you made, you’re heading off to another world.

Notes

1. The space provided by the Inventory System perk does not provide timelessness along with weightlessness. Food placed inside will still rot at its normal rate and anything normally subject to decay or degradation from the environment will continue to experience it as normal. For example, you cannot pull the pin on a grenade, put that grenade onto the grid, dismiss the grid, and expect the grenade not to explode when the fuse goes off.
2. Chemicals List: Antimony, Arsenic, Barium, Californium, Cesium, Copper, Fermium, Gallium, Hassium, Iridium, Molybdenum, Osmium, Radium, Selenium, Sodium, Technetium, Tellurium, Vanadium, Yttrium. I'm not a chemist, so don't bother asking me what any of these chemicals actually are, what they're used for, or how they can possibly be stored in a jar safely. I literally don't know.
3. Tried and True will work retroactively. If you have a weapon you have been using for centuries already, it will immediately become ultra reliable.
4. If you can take **PSI Basic Training** and **Panic Ignites The Spark**, to gain the benefits of both while negating the normal learning penalty that comes with the latter perk.