

Legacy of the Aldenata Jump

It is March 16, 2001, and the world just changed. Moments ago, world leaders got a call from the leaders of an alien coalition (known as the Galactics) who alerted humanity that alien life exists... and some of it's hostile. The galaxy is being swept by massive waves of a ferocious alien race known as the Posleen, and Earth is next up in line. As much as the Galactics would like to help, pacifism is literally in their genes, and they cannot fight. However, they will do their best (they say) to equip humanity to save itself. And Earth will need their help, for in just five years (though it'll actually be three) the Posleen are coming, and they go everywhere en masse.... Their light scout force (only 5 battle globes) will arrive in 2004, bringing with it at least 25 million Posleen, and the second force in 2006 2.4 billion. The Posleen are 8' tall yellow centauroids with crocodile heads, utterly carnivorous and horrendously fast-breeding, who are somehow immune to all known forms of chemical and biological attack. They also come heavily armed, with each "Normal" Posleen carrying at minimum a 1mm railgun that will rip apart all but the heaviest tanks. Fortunately, only 1 in 400 Posleen is of human-level intellect; unfortunately, those God-Kings have complete control of the rest, and are the heaviest armed. Will you be able to survive the Posleen invasion, human stupidity, and galactic backstabbing? Good luck and welcome to the Legacy of the Aldenata, or the Posleen Wars!

But first, you'll need to make some hard choices. For those, have these 1000 Choice Points!

Backgrounds:

You have a life here, and experience that makes you vital to the defense of humanity. What life have you lived, that you were called in by your nation's leaders to help design Earth's response?

Drop-In: Free

You're an anomaly. You just kinda popped up in the (highly secure) conference, and since nobody's turning down anything, no matter how weird, your help is being requested anyway. Nobody here knows anything about you, and you don't know anything about this place, but... those can be good things, especially with the Darhel involved.

Soldier: 100 CP

While the new Mobile Infantry units are going to get most of the flashy stuff, the rest of the world's armed forces (and given that literally everyone who's held a rifle is being recalled, that's a lot of people) are still going to be heavily involved in the upcoming conflict, and their opinion is still needed. You're a bad enough dude to hold the line against a massive alien force with nothing but some good old-fashioned tanks and artillery.

Mobile Infantry: 100 CP

It will quickly be decided that the best course for humanity to take relies on outfitting the best troopers with the best power armor imaginable. Elite light infantry and airborne forces around the world are being drafted to join the Mobile Infantry and wear the soon-to-be-designed Armored Combat Suits. You are a member of one of these units, as well as the Infantry Combat board for technology development.

Science Fiction Writer: 100 CP

The powers that be have called in a bunch of famous science-fiction writers to help advise the conference, given their advantages at thinking about new technology. You're one of those writers, and while you're not as famous as the real celebrities you are still being asked to do your part to think of the new weapons to save humanity.

Bane Sidhe Conspirator: 100 CP

You... actually knew about the existence of aliens ahead of time, or at least had a vague clue, and pulled strings to get yourself invited to these roundtables as an 'advisor.' As a member of a centuries-old secret organization, you may not be able to face the Posleen, but you know there is now a more subtle war, going on in the shadows and the hearts and minds of men. That is the battle you're prepared to fight.

Location, Age, and Gender

Well, you've been called in to your nation's council on the appearance of the Galactics, so you're probably in your nation's capital. But you can choose to be in any nation on Earth. Your age is 1d8+22, though in some cases this will be just physical (and you can pay 100 CP to instead choose it). Your gender will remain from your last world, though you may pay 100 CP to change that too.

Skills:

You were called in for a reason. What training, knowledge, or skills do you bring to the table in defense of humanity?

Soldier's Ballad: 100 CP, Free Drop-In

You always know the best music to play at any given moment. The right rock ballad to get yourself and your troops pumped up, something slow and classy to seduce an enemy agent, or something really raucous for use as psychological warfare. Finding a way to play that song so the people in need can hear it, that's another story.

Seen the Elephant: 100 CP, Free Soldier

When the Posleen come, you'll not be cowering in your bed. You'll move out to meet them! You're a veteran operator, with 10+ years in the elite branches of the military, and are lethal with gun, bomb, blade, and hand (though those last two aren't fun to try on a 8' crocodile-headed centaur). You know the secret tricks to making any weapon in your nation's arsenal serve your will, and will keep your head when battle comes.

Suit Training: 100 CP, Free Mobile Infantry:

There are 283 discrete functions to an Armored Combat Suit (482 for a command suit), and you understand and can use them all. The trained reflexes (or the relaxation of natural reflexes) that are needed to safely and effectively operate a suit can take months or years to learn, but you're a gifted natural at them, and can use the various functions of the suits safely and without error. Also, if you ever had claustrophobia, that problem's long passed!

Xenophile: 100 CP, Free Science-Fiction Writer

There's a reason they called in science-fiction writers, and not just scientists. You're very good at understanding even truly alien points of view; the apparent insanity of other races is just as comprehensible as humanity's own quirks. You are pretty much immune to culture

shock, and are much better than most at incorporating brand-new concepts or viewpoints into your own way of thinking. Remember, aliens are alien!

Jesuit: 100 CP, Free Bane Sidhe Conspirator

The Bane Sidhe have been closely tied with the Jesuit order for centuries, and you're one of the many people who are members of both orders. You have been well trained in theology, logic, and debating skills, and are always able to bring out the moral dimension of seemingly-practical problems. You're well suited to serve as an advisor, and as a bonus, you're licensed to perform marriages!

Cutting the Red Tape: 200 CP, Discount Drop-In:

Even with humanity's fate on the line, sometimes you've got to fill out the proper forms. You're a master of the byzantine labyrinth that is armed forces procurement paperwork, and know how to work the system to quickly get your unit the supplies and support you need even in the midst of battle. You're also pretty good with contracts, maybe even good enough to go up against the Darhel.

Good Eye: 200 CP, Discount Soldier

Where you fight has a huge impact on your chances of survival, especially against a force so massive but so immobile as the Posleen. You have an excellent eye for terrain, with an instinctive grasp of geography and geometry sure to place your forces (and yourself) in the best possible position. You can make the ground work for you in a fight, and can use a decades-old map even deduce the existence of choke points and access paths that someone who's lived there for their whole life would never find.

Master Pipefitter: 200 CP, Discount Science-Fiction Writer

With the arrival of new Galactic technology, most human knowledge of physics is out the window. What's most important isn't the engineering, but the ideas; the ability to work with entirely new concepts and understand how to use them to save humanity. You're surprisingly gifted at that, able to understand at least the basics of most Galactic technology. You can't make it on your own (Earth's manufacturing infrastructure just isn't good enough) but you can take it apart and put it back together without blowing anything up.

Artificial Friend: 200 CP, Discount Mobile Infantry

With two different artificial intelligences in your basic ACS (The AID and the protoplasmic intelligence system) it's very important to build a good working relationship. Fortunately, you've got a personality that gets along well with AI, and have a natural grasp of their boundaries and conceptual tracks. Your AID will quickly be able to intuit what information you need to know, want to know, and don't care about, and will at least feel bad and maybe warn you when it's inevitably suborned by the Darhel.

Legends of the Legacy: 200 CP, Discount Bane Sidhe Conspirator

Only in the most secret records are even the hints of previous Darhel contact with Earth hidden, those almost-prehistoric files kept deep in the bowels of the Vatican and other secure archives. You're a genius at finding these hidden clues, and anything else you may be searching for in ancient documents. If you need to find proof of the corruption of a king centuries-dead, or records of the last pre-battle words of a great hero, you know just where to look, even if everyone thought those stories were lost.

Bun-Bun Time: 200 CP

You seem to have an uncanny ability with driving vehicles. A combination of a good eye, fast reflexes, and a solid chunk of luck will let you drive things in places nobody would believe. If someone needs to toboggan a tank down a steep slope, or find a way to get a submarine through the Panama Canal, you're the first one they'll turn to. You're also pretty good at understanding at least the basics of vehicular technology you've never seen before, at least enough to get a tenar off the ground.

Smooth Criminal: 400 CP, Discount Drop-In:

While almost everyone here is focused on the obvious consequences and responses to the news about the Posleen, there are some aware of the more... subtle situation. You're pretty good as a spy or intelligence officer, able to sneak around, make use of disguises and dead-drops, and play the game of lies and maybe achieving objectives without artillery support. Further, you're likely to be approached by some of the more covert organizations around, such as the Bane Sidhe or the Cyberpunks who are... worried about the new Galactic allies.

Warrior's Soul: 400 CP, Discount Soldier

You're not just a normal soldier, you're a hero. A winner of the Medal of Honor or something similar, rejuvenated by Galactic technology to lead your nation to victory. While the age you rolled is still your physical age, you have 40+ years of combat experience, and more military knowledge and leadership ability than you could shake a stick at (and you should know, you were around when they invented shaking sticks at things). You can develop a battle plan to save a city with a few minutes and outdated maps, and rally the citizens to help you with just your voice (well, and maybe a demonstration).

Six Impossible Things: 400 CP, Discount Mobile Infantry

In combat, a normal soldier has to be doing several things at once (for example, moving and shooting). ACS combat is... a little more involved. You might be watching 16 screens (none of which are a direct view out of your helmet), giving orders to four subsections, controlling two automated weapons, running at eighty miles an hour, firing your own rifle and grenade launcher, carrying on a conversation with your superiors, and having dinner, all at the same time. You're able to perfectly multitask, keeping up concentration on as many things as you need to do without letting your body be a distraction.

Sohon: 400 CP, Discount Science-Fiction Writer

Sohon is the semi-spiritual technique used by the Indowy to build all the best Galactic technology (like, for example, ACS). Sohon adepts are incredibly rare; of all 18 trillion Indowy, only a few hundred have the potential to become a user of Sohon at all. A Sohon adept mentally controls nanites in a special tank to "grow" the technology under their direction, allowing for chemical structures and molecular formations that... really shouldn't happen. While you'll never be a true adept (never ranking, for example, among human Mentats), you can at least utilize the basics, allowing you to repair Galactic tech and, with a lot of time and effort, maybe make a little of your own.

Foot In Every Door: 400 CP, Discount Bane Sidhe Conspirator

In addition to your membership in the Bane Sidhe and the Jesuits, you're a member of the Illuminati, the Freemasons, the Democratic Party, and pretty much every other secret conspiracy worth mentioning, with more always approaching you to offer membership daily. And why wouldn't they want you? You're a master at coercion, subtly pulling strings so that the people you trust end up in the places they'll do the most good, without ever knowing they

were manipulated at all. Expect to be given a place in most secret societies with the bare minimum of effort.

Items:

Those skills are likely to be very useful, but this isn't a war to be won bare-handed. Steel and lead (well, duraplast and depleted uranium) will be useful, so go ahead and pick up some equipment!

Manjack Array: 100 CP

With the incoming Posleen invasion, military forces around the world decided they needed an unmanned way to secure territory, and their solution was the manjack. Take a sturdy tripod, add a complicated laser ranging and terrain reading system that can recognize targets moving up to several thousand feet away, and a computer and servo system to allow it to aim at and track targets. Then put a brand-new M60F (firing 7.62 ammunition and unable to overheat) and link it to a battle-box containing 25,000 rounds of pre-chained ammunition. Or two, or three... You have five of these manjacks, and forty battle-boxes. Be prepared to defend your ground!

Force Screen: 100 CP

This tiny box (about the size of a cigarette case) can project a powerful one-way force screen (transparent, so it won't help against lasers) by manipulating the strong force. The screen extends in a plane with a 12-meter area (about 7' diameter) around the device (stopping if it hits an obstacle), and will cause pretty much any projectile fired at it to bounce off, at least until the battery life ends after 45 minutes. If you disengage the safety locks, though, the screen will briefly (for 3 milliseconds) extend in a 1250 square meter plane... and chop straight through anything and anyone that happens to be there, before burning out the battery for a few days. Watch where you stand!

Squad: 100 CP

You're not going to survive this war alone. Fortunately, you're not (alone, that is). Ten of your Companions from previous jumps are now imported as allies here, with the background and basic skills of your choice (and a basic human body, if they somehow didn't have one). If you need more support, feel free to purchase more Squads as necessary!

Boma Blade: 200 CP, Discount Drop-In

This 5' palmate blade, used one-handed by Posleen as both a weapon and scavenging tool, is suitable for human use as a large sword. It has a monomolecular edge capable of chopping through Galactic armor if used with enough force or at the right angle, and will certainly make any other cutting tasks (such as rendering corpses) far easier.

Company Armory: 300 CP, Free Soldier

You have enough "mundane" but top-of-the-line gear to outfit a whole company (meaning 100+persons). This includes goodies like dozens of the brand new AIWs (firing 7.63 ammunition with a 20mm automatic grenade launcher) and Beowulf M16s (The classic AR redesigned to fire .50 caliber ammunition). This includes enough ammunition for decades of sustained combat. In addition, you have your own armored support, in the form of one of the new tank designs; you may have a M1E Abrams, the classic MBT upgraded with eight 25mm Bushmaster chainguns, or one of the "Screaming Meemies," where an Abrams turret was replaced by a six-barreled 105mm Metalstorm system able to fire 1200 armor-piercing rounds

a minute, or a M222 Reaver, a light six-wheeled offroad vehicle built to provide artillery support with a 155mm cannon.

Armored Combat Suit and Accountrements: 300 CP, Free Mobile Infantry

The 10-12 foot tall ACS is the pinnacle of warfare. Designed with Galactic aid, the suit is nigh indestructible, able take massed fire from the 1mm railguns and hypervelocity shotguns used by the Posleen and only at risk from sustained 3mm railgun fire. Able to run for up to three days off a massive battery, and capable of boosting running speeds to over 70mph, strength to the point users can easily lift tanks, and including antigravity lifters and many other interesting features, this is the pinnacle of armor technology. It also includes a nanite biolayer called the "Protoplasmic Intelligence System", which has an intelligence of its own just short of sapience to help the suit adapt to your movements, reduce kinetic impacts, provide medical care, and other functions, as well as an AID dedicated to helping the suit's user automate functions and run the complicated sensor and communications suite. In addition to your suit and its internal armaments (an integrated blade or two, a pair of automatic grenade launchers firing antimatter shells up to 1200 meters, nothing too important), you have a M200 Grav Rifle. This weapon uses a tiny pellet of antimatter in each "bullet" to fire a depleted uranium teardrop at a significant fraction of the speed of light, destroying pretty much anything in its way and depositing the rounds in orbit, where they will eventually be a navigational hazard to ships and satellites. It also fires 600 rounds per second on full auto. Have fun!

AID: 300 CP, Free Science-Fiction Writer

An AID (Artificial Intelligence Device) is a tiny box, around the size of a cigarette lighter, that holds a fully-functioning AI that puts supercomputers to shame. Able to interface with almost any form of computing device and (with input) able to develop a full personality and sense of self, an AID is an invaluable tool for research, communication, and combat. While this one will, with time, develop enough of a personality to become a Companion, it is free for now from any Darhel backdoors or insanity. Keeping it that way, though, is up to you. If you wish, you may instead import an existing AI to serve as an AID.

Tablet: 300 CP, Free Bane Sidhe Conspirator

While looking like no more than a standard (if classy) tablet computer, this is an amazing tool for spycraft. Loaded with top-secret records of every variety and with a full suite of Galactic hacking tools and spyware, you'll be able to get into and out of any database you'd like without leaving a trace, and if necessary the tablet will adapt its information displayed to prevent you from being caught with incriminating data. Further, this serves as a link to other Bane Sidhe members, including a single Indowy or Tchpth conduit who will be happy to tell you secrets, though they're constitutionally incapable of taking risks.

Tenar: 600 CP, Discount Drop-In

Somehow, you've managed to acquire a Posleen hover-chariot. This large disc (about 12' in diameter) serves as a mount and weapons platform for the Posleen God-Kings who command each tenaral of 400. It can fly quite quickly and quietly, with a nigh-infinite range due to its large antimatter battery, and contains a massive array of sensors which, unfortunately, you can read but cannot control. On the plus side, it's also armed with your choice of a massive plasma cannon, a 3mm railgun, or a hypervelocity missile launcher able to launch projectiles around mach 12.

SheVa: 600 CP, Discount Soldier

Named after their creation in the Shenandoah Valley, a SheVa is a massive mobile artillery platform. Designed as a solution to Posleen landers, a SheVa is what happens when you try to mount a boosted 16" battleship cannon on a mobile land platform to target vehicles in orbit. Firing massive antimatter-bearing shells over 14' long, the SheVa itself is so massive you need a Warehouse extension (Included, but you cannot put anything else inside) to store it. Surprisingly needing a crew of only 6 (Commander, Gunner, Driver, Comms/Sensor tech, Reactor tech, and getaway driver), this massive vehicle will help you keep the skies clear... or get rid of any small mountains in your way. Comes with free Abrams "escape pod," and ready to be named after the webcomic character of your choice!

Advanced ACS: 600 CP, Discount Mobile Infantry

Not all Armored Combat Suits are born (well, grown) equal. This one's impressive by even their standards. You have a few different models available, from the Reaper heavy-weapon suits with their four modular heavy weapons mounts (carrying such fun toys as petawatt-lasers, flechette cannons, M300 heavy grav rifles, long-range autotargeting mortars, or heavy anti-ship grav cannons), custom Scout suits with improved holographic maskers and sound-dampening technology, or an O'Neal-style Command suit, with added flamethrowers and an antimatter plant instead of the standard battery (granting the suit a nigh-infinite operating life, but greatly enhancing the excitement of a suit breach). Other than those variations, these suits are quite similar to the standard ACS.

Pharmacopia: 600 CP, Discount Science-Fiction Writer

A Galactic innovation that works surprisingly well on humanity, Rejuv is a complicated medical formula that serves as an excellent panacea for humans. While it can cure a number of diseases when injected, and will serve to aid healing and regrowth (even missing limbs) when applied topically, it is truly miraculous when a human is suspended in a tank of it. In a few days, the years literally slough off, returning people from old age to the peak of youth. With half a week of recuperation, a 90-year-old smoker can have the body of a fit 20-year-old. You have a tank of rejuv, plus a specialized nanite factory that can make more in small quantities. As a bonus, you have stocks of Hiberzine (a drug that induces a near-death state), Provigil (a drug that eliminates the need for sleep briefly), and a Galactic stimulant (which is methamphetamine, but an order of magnitude stronger).

The Slab: 600 CP, Discount Bane Sidhe Conspirator

The peak of Himmit biotechnology, the Slab is a complicated nanite surgery suite. Its first purpose is the rebuilding of human beings from the ground up, which it can do without error; if you want to change your body shape, skin color, age, or anything else, it can be done in minutes, and can even push you to the peak of human possibility. Though it can be risky, the Slab can even go beyond mere brain surgery to directly implant or remove memories, allowing some transfer of skills and vital knowledge. This can, however, result in memory loss for the "donor," and schizophrenia for the "recipient."

Drawbacks:

Surviving, much less winning, this war is going to be hard enough. But if you want it to be even tougher, you can take some Drawbacks (overriding any perks) to gain more CP, up to a maximum of two drawbacks.

+100 CP: Hand-Me-Downs:

The gear you've been issued is rusty, ill-maintained, and all-around nasty. This applies to anything you find or make in this world, your purchases here (who even KNEW an ACS could get mold? Shouldn't the nanites prevent that?) and anything else you bring in. While your equipment will not just fail, it will require a lot of maintenance to be usable to the point you can trust it in combat, and you'll have to repeat that maintenance far more often than you should.

+100 CP: Incompetent Leadership

The people above you (and there are ALWAYS people above you) just don't seem to get it. They're the worst examples of human spinelessness and greed in the middle of Earth's crucible. They'll give you stupid orders, no support, and bad intelligence, but take credit for any of your successes anyway. After all, it was their tactical genius that put you alone to hold that pass!

+200 CP: Buckley Luck

You have the WORST luck. Demolitions pretty much always malfunction near you, your guns jam continuously, and if you're not careful you're likely to have a spaceship fall on you. If the enemy attacks, it's pretty much guaranteed it'll be on your shift. And if it's not, that's because it's while you're off in the bushes naked and in the line of Posleen advance. I'd say good luck, but that would just be rubbing it in.

+200 CP: Lintatai

When the Darhel attempted to cross the Aldenata, the Aldenata performed a little genetic meddling. Now they've done the same to you (somehow). If you ever kill another being, or even talk about it too much or get that adrenaline flowing, your brain will chemically lobotomize you and kill you in seconds. You'd best stay behind the lines this time, soldier.

+300 CP: Sudden Assault

You remember that phrase about how you have five years of warning before the Posleen arrive? Not anymore. You instead appear in Fredericksburg, Virginia (or any of the other initial landing sites, such as Uzbekistan) at the moment of first landing on October 9, 2004. There's a full globe force of 5 million Posleen landing a few miles away right now. The events of "Gust Front" and "A Hymn Before Battle" have otherwise occurred as normal, but you'll have no time to aid the preparations. Hope you're quick on the draw!

+300 CP: Galactic Trickery

The Darhel and the other Galactic races appear to have decided not to help humanity this time. Instead, they're aiding the Posleen! Earth cannot expect any warning (except whatever you can provide, and therefore none if you took Sudden Assault) and will have a lot of unexpected problems to deal with, from sabotage of computer systems and unprepared militaries to assassination of key personnel. Further, with no Galactic technology to aid them, humanity's forces are even more woefully outgunned. Hope you can carry the war effort on your own!