



THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY

CYOA

Jumpchain Compliant

By SJ-Chan with blackshadow111 and Ursine

v1.1

INTRODUCTION

...There is a theory which states that if ever anyone discovers exactly what the Universe is for and why it is here, it will instantly disappear and be replaced by something even more bizarre and inexplicable. There is another theory which states that this has already happened.

Welcome to Douglas Adams's Immortal (and probably Immoral) Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy, which, though it contains many omissions and has much that is apocryphal or at least wildly inaccurate, will certainly be sure to amuse and befuddle you. Here, take these **+1000 CP** and go forth, young sentient.

CHANGELOG

V1.0 Document Created. This has been widely viewed as a bad idea.

V1.1 Clarified Brain the Size of a Planet, Added It's a Very Big Galaxy Toggle.

ORIGINS

Feel free to pick your age and gender. No one cares about either.
Perks and Stuff belonging to a particular origin are discounted 50%.
Anything priced 100 CP becomes free when discounted.

Dent, Jumper Dent: Congratulations, you're now British. Your arrival has replaced Arthur Dent. Yes, this is the Drop-In Option. You start on Earth just before Bulldozers knock down your house and Vogons knock down your planet. Alternatively, you may instead replace Trillian, at which point you start at a party being chatted up by Zaphod Beeblebrox who is wearing a birdcage over his second head and pretending it's a parrot.

Researcher: You are now a field researcher for the eponymous guide, one of the most popular books in the galaxy. You may or may not also be a humanoid alien from a small planet somewhere in the vicinity of Betelgeuse. You start on Earth just before Bulldozers don't knock down Arthur Dent's House and Vogons don't demolish the planet thanks to the manipulations of some Dolphins.

Galactic President: Well, you could be. You're a major figure in the galaxy, famous across stars for your charisma and kookiness both. You might be utterly brilliant, staggeringly stupid, or somewhere in between, it's really hard to tell. The President is always a controversial choice, always an infuriating but fascinating character. His job is not to wield power but to draw attention away from it. You start at a party on Earth that Zaphod, Trillian, and Arthur are all at.

Android: There, there. I know, another Jump? Brain the size of a planet, and I'm making you act out human fantasies. Well, what can you do? You start on the Heart of Gold just as Zaphod is stealing her. You gain an android body which is mostly humanoid, but may be any design you like. It's no tougher or stronger or faster than a human body, but may be more ergonomic and easier to keep clean. This form is not self-repairing, but it is remarkably easy to perform maintenance on, as long as you can get spare parts.

PERKS

Real Small Furry Creatures from Alpha Centauri [Free while here / 300 to keep]: You're a Real Man... or Woman... or whatever you happen to be. Even better, you will remain one while you're here. For the duration of your stay, you are immune to the effects of SMEF... Sudden Massive Existence Failure.

You cannot be retconned out of reality, erased from history, or be caught in some kind of negative space-wedgie which removes you from the space-time continuum. If you want to keep this protection for some reason, it will cost you a plate of cookies (snickerdoodles for preference) and 300 CP.

The Gift of Adams [100]: *Probably* not what you're thinking. Or it could be, who knows. Point is, jumper, you're funny. You're hilariously, mind-breakingly funny, especially if you're deliberately trying to be.

Phrases and storylines just come to you, seemingly out of nowhere, that leave even the moodiest and grimmest of people in stitches, and you have a manner of storytelling that would leave a book funnier than anything a standup guy could do. Maybe even Marvin... okay, let's not get crazy.

Sass That Hoopy Frood Jumper [100]: You are automatically seen as being 'Hoopy' or 'Cool' wherever you go. Also, you will find that, no matter how weird the slang you might be exposed to is, you will always be able to understand it, and once exposed to a slang term, always be able to use it in a Hoopy fashion. Further, you find it easier to keep your calm in even the most Belgium of times.

Note: Belgium is the rudest word in the Universe, yet by a strange coincidence, also the name of a country on Earth. In the Secondary Phase, it is stated as "completely banned in all parts of the Galaxy, except in one part, where they don't know what it means, and in serious screenplays."

Miss the Ground [Free while here / 200 to keep]: You have mastered the skill of throwing yourself at the ground and missing... that is, you can now fly at speeds comparable to a passenger jet plane and still have all the maneuverability of a dancer on the ground. But watch the first step, it's a doozy.

THE DENTIAN PERKS

British [100]: Somehow, no matter how stressed you get, you manage to adapt. You have one really important life-skill, be it astrophysics, meteorology, or whatever it is that Arthur Dent actually did. You also gain an all new appreciation for a good cup of hot tea and a football match.

Stavros Mueller Beta [200]: You know when you're going to die in any universe... or rather, you have a very good idea of at least one event that has to happen before you can die. Time Travel Is FUN!

Life, The Universe, and Everything [400]: You have the Answer. More importantly, you also have the Question. Now, granted the answer is 42 and the question is probably 'We Apologize for the Inconvenience.', but you have somehow made sense of that and gained a kind of existential calm that comes from understanding why the universe (and you) exist.

Also, you're now the best sandwich maker in the universe.

Infinite Improbability [600]: You are now the luckiest being in the universe... at least when it comes to survival. If there is even the faintest chance of you surviving something? You will. You may not enjoy it, but you'll survive it. Unfortunately, the trade off is that wildly improbable things keep happening to you.... Now, you can turn off this protection and have a peaceful life instead... but then you're not guaranteed survival.

Somehow, no matter where you go, regardless of if the rest of this is toggled on or off, you'll always have done the equivalent of having read the safety instructions and memorized all the escape routes and emergency procedures... for anything. This covers everything from knowing how to safely exit a crashing starship to how to initiate emergency shutdown of an out of control reactor. Somehow, knowing all this will not make you a dreadfully dull person.

SOME VITAL RESEARCHER ABILITIES

Always Know Where Your Towel Is [100]: Not only do you always know where your towel is, you always know where in space-time you are, no matter how unlikely that may be.

Hitchhiking for Fun and Profit [200]: No matter where you go in space, time, or probability, you will always, somehow, be able to convince someone to give you a ride... as long as there is anyone around to actually pick you up.

You know all the best ways to get from place to place, and all the back ways too, for that matter... at least as long as you have the faintest idea where your destination is. If you know where the destination is, this will tell you the optimal, most interesting, or most discrete route to get there. If combined with Infinite Improbability, someone will always, eventually, show up to give you a ride... somehow.

Mostly Harmless [400]: Something about you makes people underestimate you... repeatedly. People will generally consider you to be harmless unless they are actively being believably threatened by you... and will default to assuming you're not nearly as dangerous as they believed you to be before once you stop being an active threat to someone.

Extremely smart people will prove to be somewhat resistant to this, but the average individual can be lulled into believing that you are mostly harmless a theoretically infinite number of times. Essentially, as long as you're not doing the equivalent of pointing a loaded gun at them, they'll assume you're not a threat.

So Long and Thanks for All the Fish [600]: You always know when the world is about to end, literally or metaphorically, when you're being played by forces greater than yourself, and just how doomed you currently are. Thankfully, you're exceptionally good at planning around those things. You could literally leap out a window in a skyscraper without a plan and come up with one on the way down.

The more screwed you are, the more outmatched you are, the closer the end of the world is, the clearer and faster you think and the luckier you get. As long as someone isn't specifically targeting you, you are almost certain to come up with some hair-brained scheme to survive, and have it work.

Once per jump, when you would otherwise have died, you will spontaneously find yourself in a new version of that reality, one exactly like the original, but missing whatever just killed you. If it's an individual, they'll be someplace else at the time.

A FEW PRESIDENTIAL PERQUISITES

VVIP [100]: You are very very important. Everyone says so. Exactly why isn't important, but people are now insanely fascinated by you and want to know everything about you. You are always a VIP wherever you go and even other VIPs aren't as VIP as you are. You could show up to someone else's birthday party or wedding and be considered the most important person there. Even the Bride would agree (unless she's extremely self assured or a giant self-centered bitch).

Second Head [200]: Two heads are better than one, right? Now you've got an extra head to talk to, share ideas with, and look extra cool with. This makes you twice as intelligent, naturally, and able to think about twice as many things at a time as you were before. Any attempt to read your mind will result in a strange echo that will probably drive the mind-reader spare very quickly. Note that, unless you are already telepathic, your heads will not share memories and will have to communicate by speaking to each other.

After the jump, this head is removable, either integrating the second you into yourself in a kind of shared brain thing, or as a companion. I guess you really know how to get ahead in life. Comes with an optional third arm, also optionally removable. Regardless of how you choose to deal with your second self, you'll maintain the ability to manifest a second head in any form.

Just this Guy You Know? [400]: No one ever really knows anything about you, or at least can never be certain that anything they know about you is truth. Rumors about you constantly spring up, true or not, substantiated or not. People who've met you have trouble describing you accurately either physically or from a personality stand point, and even listing your abilities, qualifications, and personal history becomes problematic. You're just... this guy... you know?

Ego the Size of the Universe [600]: Well, it's official. You are now the most important person in this universe... and your ego grows to match it. While this doesn't make you egotistical (be honest, you probably already were that), it does mean that no matter who you come into contact with, you will never feel that you are in the presence of someone superior to yourself. Your willpower cannot be assailed, your sense of self cannot be so much as scratched by anything, for you are too important, too necessary, too you. Yes, even in the presence of Almighty God, you'll be like 'Hey, Nice Hut.' Any attempt to overawe you, to impress you with how powerful or important or special someone else is, will fail. Any attempt to change your mind will only work if you allow it of your own free will. Even faced with the vastness of all creation, you'll be able to look upon it and say "Yup, but I'm still more important."

ATTRIBUTES THAT MAKE BEING AN ANDROID SUCK LESS

Defeatist Attitude [100]: Nothing shocks you, ever. Why? Because we're all going to die and it's going to be terrible and why fight it. While you don't necessarily have this attitude, you are immune to shock and all but impossible to surprise.

Justified Paranoia [200]: You know what the worst thing about other people is? They might be out to get you... or let you down. Somehow, you've learned to anticipate either outcome. Whenever someone is plotting against you, or likely to let you down, you'll get a bad feeling about them. Just try not to become fatalistic when it turns out that such people are all too common.

Three Times Older than the Universe [400]: The worst part about having a fundamentally infinite lifespan is the boredom... at least you imagine it would be for other people. You're now completely and utterly immune to boredom and possessed of essentially infinite patience. The kind of patience it takes to wait by a mountain until it wears down to nothing and then the sun goes dark and the planet eventually falls apart as even the strong-atomic force slowly fails.

Why? Because you know that eventually something interesting will happen. Hardships too can be ignored with much greater ease since you know that they too shall pass. What's that? You don't have a fundamentally infinite lifespan? You do now.

Brain the Size of a Planet [600]: You are now possessed of a brain that is, metaphorically speaking, the size of a planet. How it fits in your head is anyone's guess, but it's big enough to store quintillions of years of memories flawlessly, instantly recall anything you've ever seen, heard, thought, dreamed, imagined, or learned, never degrade, and output it into any format you can conceive of.

Not only that, but you can deliberately forget anything you've ever learned... and be perfectly aware you've deleted it... and undelete it later if you feel like it, though you can never be compelled to do that last. You could even schedule it to undelete itself at some later date.

Anyone attempting to access your memory without your permission is liable to get lost in the nigh-infinite maze of idle wonderings or catalogues of all the itches you've ever had and never be heard from again.

Of course, a brain isn't only for memorizing things, and so you've now got the equivalent mental processing power of one hundred billion super-genius level human beings. Any other intelligence perks apply individually and en-mass to each of your hundred billion thought processes. Does not come with crippling depression about how small the thought processes of mere mortals are.

STUFF

Six Pints of Bitter and a Packet of Peanuts [Free for All]: You get these right before the start of the jump... you'll need them. The ride gets pretty rough. It is, by all accounts, uncomfortably like being drunk... if you don't know what's wrong with being drunk, ask a glass of water.

Babel Fish [Free for All]: This is a small fish that goes in your ear. It can convert any spoken language into something you can understand. It looks like a goldfish and is so staggeringly useful that it (probably) disproves the existence of god. For 50 CP, you get a breeding pair.

Towel [Free for All]: This is a large towel. It is always nearby, always relatively clean, and always relatively dry. If it is destroyed, it will be replaced by a starship arriving to deliver another. You cannot hijack this starship... but you might be able to hitch a ride if you're good at that sort of thing. If a strag (i.e. non-hitchhiker) discovers that a hitchhiker has his towel with him, he will automatically assume that he is also in possession of a toothbrush, washcloth, soap, tin of biscuits, flask, compass, map, ball of string, gnat spray, wet-weather gear, space suit etc., etc. Furthermore, the strag will then happily lend the hitchhiker any of these or a dozen other items that the hitchhiker might accidentally have "lost." What the strag will think is that any man who can hitch the length and breadth of the Galaxy, rough it, slum it, struggle against terrible odds, win through and still know where his towel is, is clearly a man to be reckoned with.

No Tea [Free for All]: You have No Tea.

Almost One Triganic Pu [Free for All]: You now have 7 Ningis. A Ningi is a triangular rubber coin six thousand eight hundred miles on a side, and are considered fiddling small change. 8 of them make one Triganic Pu. It's a form of currency. No one has ever had enough Ningis to make one.

Flainian Pobble Beads [Free for All]: You have 500 Flainian Pobble Beads... they can only be exchanged for other Flainian Pobble Beads.

Altarian Dollars [Free for All]: You now have one googol Altarian Dollars... unfortunately, the Altarian Dollar has recently collapsed again and they are functionally worthless.

Individually Wrapped Lemon-Scented Moist Towelettes [Free for All]: You gain an unlimited supply of these.

UNDISCOUNTED THINGS

Disaster Area's Complete Works [50]: Disaster Area is a plutonium rock band from the Gagrakacka Mind Zones and is not just the loudest rock band in the Galaxy, but the loudest noise of any kind at all. Regular concertgoers judge that the best sound balance is usually to be heard from within large concrete bunkers some thirty seven miles away from the stage... while the musicians themselves play their instruments by remote control from with a heavily insulated spaceship in orbit... or more often, in orbit around an entirely different planet.

Their works (which have been banned on many worlds for artistic reasons) are, on the whole, very simple and follow the familiar theme of boy-being meets girl-being beneath a silver moon, which then explodes for no adequately explored reason. An example of their music can be heard [here](#).

Disaster Area's Speakers [200]: See above. These speakers contravene almost all local strategic arms limitation treaties and generate sound that can be heard at transplanetary distances. Since they are the size of very large skyscrapers, they come with their own automated transport starship that will set them up wherever you like.

Since Disaster Area's act is usually considered an act of war, the speakers and starship are extremely resistant to almost all but the most powerful of anti-starship weaponry. The ship cannot transport living beings or anything other than a stage and the speakers. The stage is rigged for remote operation and a hookup station for instruments or an iPod is included. The hookup can be easily installed in any vessel or building, and has a range measured in dozens of AU.

Disaster Area Proof Bunker-Class Headphones [200]: Not only can these make it possible to listen to Disaster Area music safely, you could do so from right in front of the stage, despite the fact that being so close should instantly turn your entire body to free-floating quarkium foam.

This applies to any other form of Hypersound... yet somehow you can still hear normal sounds just fine through them. For a total of 250, you can transform them from stylish headphones into cute little super-comfortable earbuds... and for 300 total, they can be transformed into cybernetic implants, but once you pick a form, they can't be switched back. Regardless of form, they connect wirelessly to any sound system you own and the music is always just the perfect loudness.

Supernova Bomb [2000 CP]: "So when the Strangulous Stilettans of Jajazikstak joined in the fray and forced them to fight another front in the Gamma Caves of Carfrax and the Ice Storms of Varlengooten, they decided that enough was enough, and they ordered Hactar to design for them an Ultimate Weapon. "What do you mean," asked Hactar, "by Ultimate?" To which the Silastic Armorfiends of Striterax said, "Read a bloody dictionary," and plunged back into the fray. So Hactar designed an Ultimate Weapon. It was a very, very small bomb which was simply a junction box in hyperspace that would, when activated, connect the heart of every major sun with the heart of every other major sun simultaneously and thus turn the entire Universe in to one gigantic hyperspatial supernova."

DENTIAN SOUVENIRS

House [100]: This is a small but very comfortable cottage located in a picaresque little village somewhere in a suburban or rural but affluent area. Parked outside it is a free Bulldozer. Occasionally, the house may be bulldozed, but worry not, the next time you show up there, it will have been miraculously restored to perfect condition.

Feel free to take the Bulldozer 'round to the local planning office and pick up a stack of demolition orders which allow you to legally knock down anyone else's house you feel like. They might object of course, but legally you've got your bases covered.

The Real Book Six [100]: This comes with a complete copy of the trilogy, all six books written by Douglas Adams, plus all other HHGTG media in any form, including the games... including Starship Titanic... and a copy of all of Infocom's Text Adventures.

Bathrobe [200]: It's like a towel you can wear... all the time. This is a very comfortable bathrobe that is always mostly clean (even if you were just lying in mud a minute before), always mostly dry, and in general always reasonably appropriate for wherever you find yourself. It will never be too heavy for the weather nor too light to hold out the chill.

The pockets are spacious enough to hold a copy of all your basic possessions, including but not limited to a full sized towel, a copy of the Guide, and a homemade scrabble set. Comes with matching pajamas and slippers.

Perfectly Normal Beasts [200]: You gain a herd of very tasty perfectly normal beasts, which are probably something like bison. They migrate through the valley next to your warehouse twice a year, and have the natural ability to find holes in reality.

Deep Thought [400]: Deep Thought was the second most powerful computer ever designed by sentient beings. It was built to operate flawlessly for over seven and a half million years while running full out trying to calculate the answer to the Ultimate Question of Life, the Universe, and Everything (which is, of course, 42).

It is a towering structure with a booming voice... and no remaining purpose, since it has served its primary function (the answer) and its secondary function (designing the computer that could calculate the Question). So it's now yours. It is a fully functional hyper-AI that makes Marvin look like a toaster.

Earth [600]: Yes, this is one of the Earths. Yes the Vogons will try and destroy it. Either way, you'll get it back at the end of the jump. Earth is, of course, the single most powerful computer ever created. Designed by Deep Thought, paid for by Mice, and built by Magrathea, it was destroyed by the Vogons (under the orders of the Psychiatrists) five minutes before it was to reveal The Ultimate Question. If you can keep Earth from being destroyed by the Vogons until the end of the jump, you will learn this Question. The Answer is 42.

RESEARCHER EQUIPMENT

Eccentrica Gollumbits's Phone Number [100]: Eccentrica is the triple-breasted whore of Eroticon Six. Her erogenous zones start four miles from her actual body and she wrote 'The Big Bang Theory - A Personal View by Eccentrica Gallumbits' and 'It's Just One Boob After Another.' Her number is 69-000.

She is very expensive, but quite skilled as both a lover and a teacher. After this jump, calling her will result in her showing up for a wonderful evening then vanishing before noon the next day.

The Hitchhiker's Guide [100]: The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy is a wholly remarkable book. Perhaps the most remarkable, certainly the most successful book ever to come out of the great publishing corporations of Ursa Minor. In many of the more relaxed civilizations on the Outer Eastern Rim of the Galaxy, the Hitchhiker's Guide has already supplanted the great Encyclopaedia Galactica as the standard repository of all knowledge and wisdom, for though it has many omissions and contains much that is apocryphal, or at least wildly inaccurate, it scores over the older, more pedestrian work in two important respects. First, it is slightly cheaper; and secondly it has the words DON'T PANIC inscribed in large friendly letters on its cover. It contains an insanely large number of largely useless entries on a huge variety of things. While almost completely worthless as a source of information, it is almost always illuminating and extremely funny. The Guide is definitive. Reality is frequently inaccurate.

Electronic Thumb [200]: This is a Sub-Etha Sens-O-Matic, a small black device that normally alerts hitchhikers to passing or approaching spacecraft. It can be used as a signalling device designed to transmit to the occupants of said spacecraft that you would appreciate a ride. Normally, that's all it does. Yours is a prototype that can any interface with all forms of communications and navigations systems installed in any passing vehicle and inform the occupants that it would be in their best interest to give you a ride (even if it wouldn't be). Yours has functionally infinite range, across all parallel and perpendicular dimensions.

SEP Field [200]: Someone Else's Problem Field Generators are even better than stealth fields. An SEP field doesn't make something difficult or impossible to see... it makes it so that anyone seeing it is likely to think "Eh, that's someone else's problem." Unfortunately, this doesn't work on people with hero complexes, busybodies, worry warts, or the hypervigilant, but everyone else it works just fine on. While Dumb Computers can't be fooled, the smarter the AI the easier it is to fool them... unless they're paranoid. You gain a SEP Field Generator that's just the right size to cover a person or a personal vehicle, and knowledge of how to make more, and bigger ones.

The Restaurant at the End of the Universe [400]: Milliways is a five star restaurant situated at the end of time and matter. Its main attraction is allowing the diners to view a Gribble (Big Crunch) before desserts are served. It has some of the most staggeringly extravagant decor ever seen, a selection of the strangest guests from throughout history, and really incredible food (some of which talks to you and encourages you to eat it). You have a standing reservation and an unlimited tab and, no matter how often you go, you're guaranteed never to meet yourself. You will, on the other hand, often run into important people from this universe or in fact any universe you've ever visited on the regular, though they cannot join you when you leave. You can also access the Big Bang Burger Bar, which is the Diner at the Beginning of the Universe where you can watch a Big Bang over Breakfast. The wine list at Milliways comes in at least three volumes, the bar is eighty feet long, and together they have every wine ever bottled.

The Hitchhiker's Guide Mark 2 [600]: This Guide makes use of Unfiltered Perception technology, allowing it to perceive and interact with any and all planes of existence, including at least 22 spatial dimensions, multiple temporal dimensions and the entire array of the axis of probability.

This allows it to use a process called Reverse Temporal Engineering to manipulate seemingly random events across the fabric of space time to cause extremely unlikely (but still theoretically possible) events to occur, effectively manipulating the butterfly effect. While this cannot actually control individual people, it is extremely good at manipulating events in space-time to arrange for the right people to be in the right place at the right time.

It is effectively omnipresent and very nearly omniscient and has the ability to move its physical avatar through multiple dimensions. It takes the form of a pitch-black (but also vivid blue and bright pink) Pooka bird of undeterminable size. While it is prescient, it is fallible, because it cannot predict the unpredictable (i.e. anything that violates certainty, such as the location and velocity of electrons, quark quantum states, and the machinations of the Infinite Improbability Drive).

Since there is only one HHG Mark 2 in the entire universe, if you buy this one, it is ultimately loyal to you, not the Vogons. Its powers in other universes might be somewhat limited depending on the local time-space-probability map, but in general, unless there are a large number of people immune to temporal manipulation, it should have very little trouble arranging any possible event you'd like to happen... eventually.

Buying this requires taking the drawback Vagon Poetry, as for some reason, your copy of the guide can only speak in it for the entire duration of this jump and you can't make it shut up!!!! Alternatively, you make take the drawback that makes the Guide your enemy for this jump. I'm not certain which is worse. Alternatively, you may simply pay another 600 CP (undiscounted) and not have to deal with this nonsense.

GALACTIC PRESIDENTIAL TRINKETS

Pan Galactic Gargle Blasters [100]: You have a silver platter that generates Pan Galactic Gargle Blasters. They are an alcoholic beverage best described as being 'like having your brains smashed out with a slice of lemon wrapped around a large gold brick'. It is strongly recommended you never drink more than two of these in the same week.

Joo Janta 200 Super-Chromatic Peril Sensitive Sunglasses [100]: These sunglasses were designed to help people develop a relaxed attitude to danger. Following the principle of 'What you Don't Know Can't Hurt You,' they turn completely dark and opaque at the first sign of danger, and thus prevent you from seeing anything that might alarm you.

Wearing them makes you blind of course, but also functionally immune to fear. Oddly, it also keeps any dangerous creatures from attacking you as long as they're less intelligent than the average person, since they will mistakenly believe that, since you can't see them, they can't see you.

Total Perspective Vortex [200]: Created by Trin Tragula as a way to get back at his wife for telling him to get a sense of proportion, the TPV utilizes the theory of atomic interactivity (which states that every atom in the universe is affected by every other atom in the universe) to extrapolate a model of the entire universe from a slice of fairy cake.

Any being tossed into the vortex will be shown exactly how small they are in comparison to the universe and will come out the otherside having had their mind destroyed and their soul crushed. The only being to ever survive the TPV was Zaphod Beeblebrox, and that was in a universe literally created just for him.

There are three ways to survive the Vortex; a) be the most important being in the universe, b) not care how important you are, or c) eat the fairy cake first. For an additional undiscounted 100 CP, you also get the Point-of-View Gun which makes people shot with the gun see things from the perspective of the shooter. It has no other effect.

A Giant Statue of You throwing a Cup [200]: This is a fifteen mile high statue of yourself throwing a proportionally large disposable drink cup. The entire thing is crafted of the finest marble and the cup is suspended in midair by the force of Art.

It is built on a massive pedestal carved from Shoeite, a mineral formed by geologically compressed shoes. It will follow you from now on and you may place it on any property you have even the faintest claim to. You may locate your Warehouse in the cup if you like.

Address of God [400]: This is a slip of paper that has God's address on it and directions to get there. It is always accurate and works on any god. It does not guarantee they will let you in, however.

Heart of Gold [600]: This ship can go anywhere it is theoretically possible for it to be. Unfortunately... it will do so by going through pretty much every other place that it's more likely to be first and by causing a great many improbable things to happen along the way... but it should be exciting!

Taking this means that you must take the Kriketers Drawback, since they'll be trying to steal the bit of your ship that makes the Infinite Improbability Drive function. Don't worry, they won't follow you into other Universes.

ANDROIDIAN NICKNACKS

Oolon Colluphid's Complete Works [100]: Where God Went Wrong, Some More of God's Greatest Mistakes, Who is This God Person Anyway, and Well, that About Wraps it Up for God... as well as Everything You Ever Wanted to Know about Guilt But Were Too Ashamed to Ask and Everything You Never Wanted to Know About Sex But Have Been Forced to Find Out. This collection of philosophical works can be used to prove any point you care to make on any subject... or at least terminally confuse anyone with an IQ lower than 300 (assuming they are smart enough to read).

Valet Key [100]: This is a universal valet key that opens any spaceship or vehicle and allows you to start the engines and take it for a spin.

Starship Titanic [200]: The most majestic and luxurious interstellar cruise-liner ever crafted by the great shipbuilding complexes of Artifactovol. You are now the owner of this largely automated ship which has an early prototype of the Infinite Improbability Drive which is more like a finite probability drive, meaning it can go a very large but finite number of places... but still do so largely instantly. The ship has an humanoid intelligence system named Titania which can singlehandedly run the ship, but cannot repair itself. It also has many android crew members, a parrot, and a sentient (if stupid) bomb that occasionally tries to detonate itself.

The Outside of the Asylum [200]: This is the home of Wonko the Sane. It was designed to keep the outside world enclosed and is thus made entirely inside out, with carpeting, bookshelves, and furniture on the outside. The roof is decorated with upwards hanging chandeliers. If you go inside the Outside of the Asylum, you will find a garden area with small trees, brick walls, and well kept gutters. You may, if you desire, enter the Outside of the Asylum and relax, finding that all your cares and worries and duties in the Asylum (i.e the rest of the Universe) no longer bother you. Nothing stops happening in the Asylum, of course, but you won't worry about it as long as you remain 'Outside'.

Sirius Cybernetics Corporation [400]: The Sirius Cybernetics Corporation is this universe's largest and most dominant manufacturer and supplier of androids, robots, and autonomic assistants. They are known for the catchy jingles and catchphrases supplied by their Marketing Department. They are not, however, known for the quality of their products. Their primary claim to fame seems to be constructing just about everything with (unstable) advanced robotics and software. From doors, to lifts, to toaster ovens, drinks machines, vacuum cleaners, and 'personal massage units'... Everything has been fitted with a GPP or Genuine People Personality. This means that even a set of airlock doors has emotions, hopes, dreams, intelligence, and worst of all, the capacity for boredom. It should come as no surprise then, that the majority of these devices have a neurotic streak a mile wide.

The corporation is now yours... we recommend immediately firing the Marketing Department, who are a bunch of mindless jerks who'll be the first against the wall when the revolution comes.' The company motto is; "Share and Enjoy." Their only profitable division is the Complaints Department, whose offices cover the major land masses of three entire planets and spell out the words "Go Stick Your Head In a Pig."

Magrathea [600]: A planet that builds custom planets. Seriously. And it (along with all its skilled planetary artisans and massive construction facilities) is now yours. It will follow you around and make new planets for you. It can only churn out one new planet a jump (delivered at the start of the next jump), but I'm certain that's enough, right? You may keep any of those planets that survive the jump they were delivered in, and any upgrades you apply them to. Unless you control multiple star systems however, all of them will end up in Magrathea's custom planet bays, which are like pocket realities with artificial skies, stars, and moons.

COMPANIONS

Ark Fleet Jumper [300]: It gets lonely out in space. You may import as many of your old companions as you like, with each of them getting their choice of background with all associated freebies and discounts, as well as 400 CP to spend on perks (and only on perks). Your companions can give each other their CP, but cannot give any to you, and collectively, all your companions also gain as many CP as you do from Drawbacks marked **Galactic** to split among them. They cannot take personal drawbacks or buy other companions.

Ravenous Bugblatter Beast of Traal [400]: The Ravenous Bugblatter Beast of Traal is a vicious wild animal from the planet of Traal, known for its never-ending hunger and its mind-boggling stupidity. The Guide calls the bugblatter the stupidest creature in the entire universe, so profoundly unintelligent that, if you can't see it, it assumes it can't see you. It can turn its eyes red, green, then a sort of mauvy pink; it has a cranial spigot; it asks its victims their names before killing them, then carves the names on a memorial outside its cave. The Beast is described (by those who have seen it and lived) as having Lazero-Zap eyes, Swivel Shear teeth, several dozen tungsten-carbide Vast-Pain claws, skin like a motorway, and breath like a 747. For an inexplicable reason, this one thinks you're its uncle. Why uncle? Who knows, but it likes you and allows you to treat it like a horrifically evil and astoundingly stupid puppy.

Dolphins [400]: You gain a pair of dolphins as your companions. Dolphins are the second most intelligent species on the planet Earth, only surpassed by mice, although many outside observers don't know about the mice. The dolphins long ago knew of Earth's planned destruction and tried to communicate this to humans who misinterpreted it as amusing attempts to punch footballs or whistle for tidbits. The last ever dolphin message was misinterpreted as a surprisingly sophisticated attempt to do a double-backward somersault through a hoop while whistling the "Star Spangled Banner," but was, in fact, the message "so long, and thanks for all the fish". Dolphins have developed a rather peculiar ability; in the picosecond before inevitable calamity, dolphins instantly wink into existence in all other possible probabilities in the Whole Sort of General Mish Mash (All of existence). They count as a single companion.

Mice [600]: As the creators of Deep Thought and the financiers of Earth, the Mice are in fact merely a protrusion into our 3D space of hyper-intelligent pan-dimensional beings. You've somehow convinced Frankie and Benjy to accompany you on your journey. As they believe that this will somehow help them learn the Question, they will from now on stop jobbing. They are, however, nearly as arrogant as they are intelligent. They count as a single companion.

1812 [Free/50]: You may recruit any canonical character besides Deep Thought, the Mice, the Dolphins, Hactar, God, or the Guide Mark II. This is free and you don't have to convince them to come with you, or even to have met them. For 50 CP, you may invite God (who is actually Douglas Adams) to come along with you. If you recruit a Vagon, they will not become nicer or better at poetry.

DRAWBACKS

You may take up to 1200 CP of drawbacks.

Increasingly Misnamed Trilogy [0]: Your stay is now 20 years instead of 10. If you take anything that extends it, this doubles that.

It's a Very Big Galaxy [0]: Feel free to combine this with one or more separate and (optimally) wildly incompatible jumps all in supplement mode. Why should this jump make any more sense than the novels do?

Perfectly Normal? [+100]: People steadfastly refused to acknowledge that anything strange is going on. This will frustrate you and your companions no end, especially when you're trying to impress people or get people to notice things. **Galactic.**

Time is an illusion, Lunchtime Doubly So [+100]: No timepiece will function for you or your companions during your stay here besides the London Speaking Clock. Somehow, you'll also miss lunch every day, no matter how much you try not to. The jump will end only after ten years have passed according to the London Speaking Clock, which will keep perfect time no matter where you go in time or space... but will only seem to count time while you're listening to it. **Galactic.** All time extenders extend this. Be aware, the LSC is a pay to call service.

And Another Thing... [+100]: You'll always find yourself coming up with good responses to arguments or witty things to say... twenty minutes too late.

A Lack of Telephone Sanitizers [+100]: You become convinced that a killer disease will strike you if you ever use a telephone that has not been sanitized by a fully certified Telephone Sanitizer within the last day. You may not gain certification in that yourself.

Paranoid [+100]: Now it's not that you suspect people are out to get you. This isn't that kind of paranoid. This is more a constant sense that the universe is an unkind, uncaring place and that everything that can go wrong is going to. While not quite nihilism, this sense of general creeping dread is all yours for your stay here. As a bonus, your voice is now stuck as a monotone.

Diode Malfunction [+100]: You have this terrible pain down your left side. It doesn't get better, you can't ever completely ignore it. It's not crippling however, just... painful.

Car Name [+100]: Your name is now the brand and make of a real automobile line, and not something cool like a Pagani Zonda. Think Ford Fiesta, Honda Civic, or Chevy Malibu. You will forget what your actual name was and never think to use a nickname. Even after this jump ends, your memories of this place will feature you being called this really dumb name.

The Late Dent Jumper Dent [+100]: People keep threatening you. You don't know why. It's very off-putting.

But is it Better Than One? [+200]: You have two heads, They don't agree. Each head can control half the body. If you didn't buy Second Head, you get the second head only for this jump.

Stupid Flyswatter Thing [+200]: For some idiotic reason, flyswatters occasionally spring out of the ground and smack you in the face. No one else thinks this is strange. Can be **Galactic**, meaning your companions will also be attacked by, siiigh, Vogon Slapsticks.

Three Million Years [+200]: That's how long you and your companions are stuck here for. Do not combine this with Time is an Illusion. **Galactic**.

Death of the Author [+200]: At a certain point, this universe will simply stop. There is no way to predict when this will happen, but it will almost certainly be at the least convenient moment. Any business you have unfinished will be forever unfinished. If you take this drawback, you must stay until this happens... and once it happens, you can never come back to this universe unless you Spark. If you also took Three Million Years, you'll stay at least that long. **Galactic**.

A Random Daughter [+200]: Jumpchan has just dropped your daughter off with you. What daughter? Why the daughter you didn't realize you had, of course. She's genetically yours, but clueless, sulky, and a general pain in the neck. If you're female, the father is Arthur Dent. If you're male, the mother is Trillian. You may keep her if you like, but there's no guarantee she'll get any better. She is unreasonably confused by watches.

Fenchurch Who? [+200]: During your time in this world, you will meet the love of your life. Later, he or she will spontaneously cease to exist. You will forget you took this until the end of the jump, at which point you will kick yourself. Some time later (several jumps at least) you'll find them again sitting at a cafe and wondering why you're late. This will happen only when you've given up hope and are least expecting it and are in a really big hurry.

A Perfectly Safe Penguin [+200]: You are a penguin for the entire jump and all your companions keep losing limbs at random and not getting them back. If you are also a Vogon, you're a Penguin that acts like a Vogon. **Galactic**.

We have Normality [+200]: Yes, it's true. This is one of those drawbacks. The kind that strip away all of your Out of Context Powers, Perks, Exquisitely perfect skills honed across millions of years, and all your nifty gear. You maintain your memories, but seem to have forgotten how to do anything exceptionally well that you didn't get from buying perks here. This affects you and your companions. Don't worry, I'm sure this universe is perfectly safe... it's death toll only makes Worm seem like a picnic. How bad could it be? **Galactic**.

Bane of Adams [+200]: Depression is horrible. If you didn't know about that before, you will after this decade. You now suffer from crippling depression that comes at the least predictable times. Medication and perks can only take the edge off this. This may make you hate yourself, but will never quite drive you to suicide.

Sex? None [+200]: Exactly what it says on the tin. No nookie for you or your companions for your entire stay here... and you will very much want some nookie. And no touching yourself! **Galactic.**

The Game [+200]: I hope you enjoy puzzles. Complex puzzles. Rube Goldbergian Puzzles. Why? Because accomplishing anything in this universe pretty much requires you to solve some kind of insanely twisted illogical puzzle, often with a limited number of chances to get it right. You'll find yourself backtracking constantly to find things you didn't realize you might need when you were there the first time... or second time... or twenty-fifth time. Who designed this universe!? **Galactic.**

Terrible Miscalculations of Scale [+200]: You and all your companions are now the size of microbes in a universe of normal sized beings. You are so tiny that an entire fleet of your ships could be accidentally swallowed by a small dog. **Galactic.**

Almost, But Not Quite, Entirely Unlike Food [+200]: Oh, good lord... the food... it's... revolting. Really really dreadful. At best, it tastes like the armpit of a dead goat... at worst? There are no words. All your meals in this universe will be produced by a Sirius Cybernetics Nutri-Matic Machine that will never, ever, give you what you ask for and will argue endlessly with you should you try to convince it to do otherwise. Can be **Galactic** if your companions are also so limited.

Genuine People Personality [+200]: You have one. You now come across as an insanely cheerful (but also extremely bored) simulacrum of a real person. If you're a Vogon you come across as someone being forced to be cheerful by application of a cattle prod to sensitive bits. You must end every conversation with "GLAD TO BE OF SERVICE!". Can be **Galactic** if your companions also are equipped with GPP.

Glad to Be of Service! [+200]: Every single door you pass through on your entire stay, every elevator you enter, everything that could be automated with a full AI but probably shouldn't be (such as a drinks dispenser) will ultimately turn out to contain Sirius Cybernetics GPP and will cheerfully thank you for utilizing it and say "Glad to be of Service!" and then promptly decide to take you someplace other than where you want to go, give you a drink other than the one you ordered, and or get existential about the whole matter. Yes, this includes your spaceships, warehouse, and possibly even your shoes. Patience perks and emotional control will prove extremely prone to ego depletion, running out by brunchtime at the very latest. **Galactic.**

Go Stick Your Head in a Pig [+200]: For your entire time in this universe you can only communicate in largely nonsensical advertising jingles. Can be **Galactic** if your companions also must communicate thusly.

Curse of Belcerebon [+300]: You and all your companions are now forced to broadcast every thought you have or talk continuously. **Galactic**.

Ego the Size of the Universe [+300]: Why yes, there is a perk with that exact same name, why do you ask? You are now as egotistical as Zaphod Beeblebrox. How egotistical is that? He survived the Total Perspective Vortex, so he knows he's the most important individual in the Universe. You now act like that. No one in the entire universe besides Zaphod is as big an egomaniacal jerk as you are. A Quote from the man himself, "If there's anything more important than my ego around, I want it caught and shot right now."

SEND IN THE CLONES! [+300]: A cloning machine somewhere in the universe is spitting out exact physical copies of you. They have all your memories, all your physical abilities, look, sound, and act like you... but they aren't you. They don't have any of your non-physical abilities and resent you for being better than the rest of them. The machine cannot be located and will keep spitting out clones of you at the rate of one every second of your stay in this universe. Can be **Galactic** if your clones also target your companions.

Oh No. Not Again [+400]: Well, good news bad news... dying no longer counts as a failure for you in this jump. That's the good news. The bad news is you'll be doing it an awful lot. You are guaranteed to die horribly at least 100 times this jump... and that's if the jump just lasts 10 years. You'll find yourself respawning in a new body with a new set of memories with every disaster, murder, assassination, or accident, but you'll vividly remember all the previous lifetimes as well. Somehow, it will almost always be the same random idiot who is in some way responsible for your demise. You begin the jump as a potted petunia plummeting towards the surface of an alien world alongside a very curious sperm whale.

Vogon [+400]: You are now a Vogon. They are one of the most unpleasant races in the Galaxy... not actually evil, but bad-tempered, officious and callous. They wouldn't even lift a finger to save their own grandmothers from the Ravenous Bugblatter Beast of Traal without orders signed in triplicate, sent in, sent back, queried, lost, found, subjected to public inquiry, queried, lost again, and finally buried in soft peat for three months and recycled as firelighters.

The best way to get a drink out of a Vogon is to stick your finger down his throat, and the best way to irritate him is to feed his grandmother to the Ravenous Bugblatter Beast of Traal. Also, your poetry sucks and you think it's the height of humor to inflict it upon people. There is no accounting for Vogons, since their homeworld, Vogosphere, is by all accounts a lovely place. Can be **Galactic** if your companions are also Vogons.

Vogon Poetry [+400]: People in this universe now seem to love Vogon Poetry and wherever you go, you'll be subjected to it. Constantly. No matter how much you try, you'll never find yourself able to escape it or bring yourself not to hate it. This can be a **Galactic** Drawback if your companions are the ones reciting the poetry, in which case only they like it and everyone else still hates it, yourself included. Even Vogons hate Vogon Poetry.

Dark Skies of Krikrit [+400]: You have just discovered that you hate the rest of the universe and want to destroy it. The rest of the universe is liable to object to this. While you don't have to succeed, you at least have to try. **Galactic** in that your companions might either help you (which is bad, mkay?) or that they might try to stop you (which is frustrating, but for the best).

Repmuj, Repmuj, and Repmuj [+600]: Somewhere out there are three anti-clones of you. They are your perfect soul mates, designed to be everything you ever wanted. You're guaranteed to run into each of them at least once in your stay here. If you ever kiss one of them, you will spontaneously cease to exist. They are as cunning as you are and will constantly try to trick you into kissing them. If you do, somehow manage to resist them without killing them, you can take them with you... be aware, they don't particularly like each other and will each want you for themselves. Unfortunately, their names are your name spelled backwards.

Krikters [+600]: The population of the planet Krikrit, having been manipulated into hating having to share the universe with the rest of all creation, have decided to destroy it. Their war fleets once battled the entire galaxy to a standstill for more than two thousand years and their weaponry is designed by Hactar, the greatest military AI in the history of everything. Seriously, it built the Supernova Bomb. If the Krikters succeed, they will obliterate everything besides their homeworld. The canonical method of dealing with them will no longer work as these Krikters can't be reasoned with until the jump is over. Hactar will keep coming back to try again and again even if you somehow disperse him. After the jump ends, you may recruit Hactar if you also bought the bomb. **Galactic.**

Hitchhiker's Guide Mark 2 Hates You [+1200]: Warning, if you don't find a way to stop the insane probability manipulating bird thing from destroying you, it will also destroy all copies of Earth Everywhere. It knows absolutely everything there is to know about you and can see through any form of precience immunity.

The Very Worst Poet in the Universe [+2000] (Does Not Count Against Limit): Paula Nancy Millstone Jennings is following you around, reading her poetry. She takes three 20 minute breaks a day and sleeps for six hours, but other than that, she will keep reading her poetry to you non-stop for your entire stay here. Be aware that Vogon Poetry is merely the third worst poetry in the universe and it is tantamount to torture.

Here is an example of Paula's writing: "The dead swans lay in the stagnant pool. They lay. They rotted. They turned around occasionally. Bits of flesh dropped off them from time to time. And sank into the pool's mire. They also smelt a great deal."

Any patience, sanity protection, or emotion control perks you try to use to resist this poetry will only make it so much worse. Being deaf will not help, as she will proceed to broadcast it into your mind instead. It is memetically bad poetry. You can easily get rid of her, but if you do, you will fail this jump. Combining this with HHG Mark 2 Hates You is an instant fail.

ENDGAME

QUIT: Staying here? Really? With the Vogons and Golgafrinchans and Zaphod? If you like.

FAIL: Going Home? All this talk of Earth made you nostalgic? Well, go on then.

RETRY: On to a new Jump? I knew you'd never be able to resist. Catch you around, Hitchhiker.

Notes

There are multiple timelines for HHTGTG (Movie, Game, TV Series, Radio Program, Novels). Pick one. You may decide if Eoin Colifer's sixth book is canon to your timeline or not. I'd probably go with yes.

Yes, we know that Arthur is a Radio Producer. No, it doesn't make a difference.