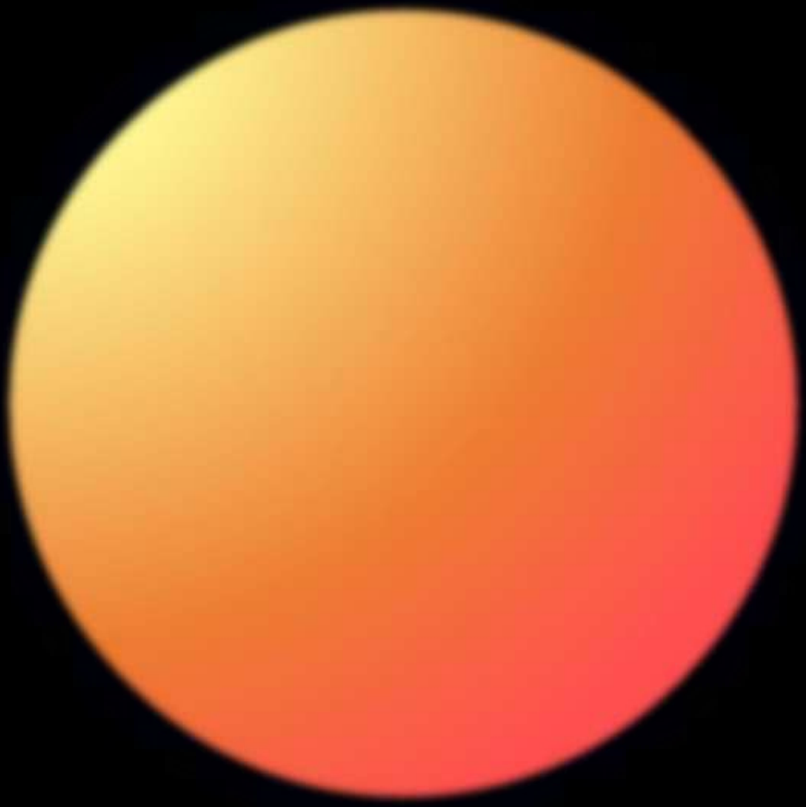
REVELATION SPACE

A JUMPCHAIN CYOA



Humanity has reached the stars.

Escaping inter-planetary war in the 21st and 22nd centuries, humanity started to expand outwards from the Sol system in several waves - first seed ships, nearly all doomed to failure, followed by generation sleeper ships, carrying thousands of frozen passengers while the crew lived and died in several generations before they reached their destinations, and finally sleepers aboard Conjoiner-built lighthuggers, scraping up against lightspeed; nonetheless, they still take years or decades to reach their destinations.

As they stretched outwards, humanity started to find the ruins of alien civilizations – no less than eight different cultures, on different worlds within 50 light years of Earth, which all seemed to go extinct just at the stage when those civilizations developed interstellar travel; a worrying answer to the Fermi Paradox – 'Where are the aliens?' Well, they're dead.
Only the Pattern Jugglers, a kind of living database of algal life on water worlds, and the Shrouders, elusive beings who hide inside impenetrable astronomical volumes of restructured space-time, are the known exceptions to this trend.

The Epsilon Eridani system became the hub of human civilization, home to the planet Yellowstone and claimed by the Demarchist faction, which quickly built a "democratic anarchy" of high-tech, self-governing habitats that became known as the Glitter Band, governed by near-autonomous real-time voting and implementation, while on the planet below Chasm City turned from a surface colony into a major population center in its own right.
Because each habitat was a micro-state of its own, intense competition and development sprung up, and technology and culture bloomed.

It was not to last. Some time around 2510, a nanoplague of unknown origin swept through the Glitter Band and Chasm City like wildfire, suborning the nanotech the Glitter Band relied upon. The quickmatter infrastructure of the Band and City alike came alive with wild, uncontrollable growth, often trapping inhabitants in the walls of their own buildings – yet the quickmatter, programmed not to harm people, did its best to keep them alive. Even more horribly, the neural implants used in the demarchy for real-time polling was affected, and citizens raced to have them extracted or risk the nanotech inside them run rampant, turning into fractal metal fuzz or fusing them into the very technology around them. This became known as the Melding Plague and left a huge impact on human society.

And so the *Belle Époque* ended not with a bang, but with a crash; corrupted by the Melding Plague, the tight rings of habitats surrounding Yellowstone started colliding, and once the cascade of planetary debris started, it continued until only fifty or so out of ten thousand were still habitable.

So the sphere of humanity grew, encompassing dozens of inhabited worlds and hundreds of uninhabited systems, with lighthuggers crossing space between them in decade-long journeys near the speed of light while their passengers and often crew as well sleep through the years.

Welcome to Revelation Space. You have +1,000cp.

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Starting Time

You have two options for your starting time.

1. In the Early Start, you will begin in the year 2425, at the height of Yellowstone's utopian *Belle Époque,* when ten thousand glittering habitats are engaged in their paradises and power plays, guarded by Panoply.
   If you want to belong to the Glitter Band or Panoply faction, you must take this starting time because they will not exist in the following option.

2. Otherwise, with the Standard Start you'll begin this jump in the year 2515, five short years after the Melding Plague has turned the shining Glitter Belt into a ring of struggling shells now called the Rust Belt and transformed the high-culture Chasm City into the sharply divided Canopy and Mulch, which in places has been hurled back into steam and combustion power.
   If you want to belong to the Mulch, Canopy or Rust Belt factions, you must take this starting time, as they will not yet exist in the earlier option.

Duration of Stay

While you will still be here for the standard 10 years, this time is based on subjective time. The calendar date of your exit will be prolonged by entering reefersleep or travelling aboard lighthugger starships thanks to time dilation.
See the Time Runs Away drawback for more details.

Age & Gender

You may freely select any subjective age between 18 and 150, though the lifespan of humans can stretch into the centuries.
You may likewise select how old your body appears within the same bracket.
By default, your gender is the same as you ended your last jump on, but you are free to change it now.

Locations

All backgrounds start in the Epsilon Eridani system, the primary hub of human civilization after Earth experienced the onset of an ice age and the Sol system was wracked by inter-faction warfare.
Your starting location can be selected for free based on your Faction, or you may purchase any starting location for 50cp.

- Those who choose the Glitter Band will start in one of the habitats orbiting Yellowstone; a Demarchist micro-world as individual as snowflakes – some are utopian where citizens can pursue whatever hobbies they please, others are voluntary tyrannies, with the only universal right being the right to vote on Demarchist policy.
- Members of Panoply will start in the pumpkin-shaped habitat of the same name; the high-tech and (supposedly) impregnable base of operations for the force dedicated to keeping the Demarchist process alive.
- Citizens of the Mulch may naturally start in the Mulch; the mess of slums at the base of the tree-like towers of Chasm City. Many regions are completely lawless, or answer to the laws of gangs and not police. Nonetheless, many goods and services may be acquired here; it is not without opportunity for those with the ability to rise to the top.
- The Canopy faction likewise may start in the Canopy; the interlinked structures of branching but now 'dead' buildings which grew out of control, affected by the Melding Plague. Wealth can bring you many pleasures here, but it is gripped by a fatalistic mood brought upon by the recent plague and the long lives of the post-mortals; boredom is frequently a terminal condition.
- Those of the Rust Belt may start in a still-habitable space habitat within the Rust Belt; a ring of largely derelict habitats once known as the Glitter Belt, destroyed by the Melding Plague. Some quarantined habs still maintain the same level of technology as pre-plague, making it even more exclusive than the Canopy.
- Conjoiners will start at the Mother Nest, concealed in a comet in the far outer system. Spun to produce gentle gravity, it includes factories, shipyards, many quarters and idyllic garden crèches for the next generation of Conjoiners, yet research programs here are undertaken with something almost resembling urgency.
- Ultras will start aboard their ship in the Parking Swarm or the immigration carousel in New Copenhagen, likely one of dozens jostling for optimal positions to disembark trade negotiation parties, transfer cargo between them, or to keep clear vectors for leaving on short notice.
- Settlers will start at the immigration/emigration department of Carousel New Copenhagen, either having recently arrived from a colony world or intending to depart aboard a colony ship, destined for a totally new world on the edge of colonized space, perhaps even to break ground as first settlers.
- Unknown may start in any location.

Backgrounds and Factions

You must select one Background, and one Faction.

Backgrounds

Cargo (optional Drop In)
You are a passenger on one of the massive lighthuggers which travel between star systems. Perhaps a legitimate passenger or perhaps a stowaway or a prisoner, the isolation of deep space is something you must always be aware of. You might be frozen for your arrival, or travelling in animation.

Enforcer
From life-long soldiers to the bloodsport fighters of Chasm City, using physical force is your path. This task is no easier than it has ever been, and there is always the risk of death or injury if you're careless, unlucky, or simply not good enough.

Technician
You solve practical problems. A field scientist, mechanic, weapons engineer, or hacker, working with technology is your calling, and often an underappreciated one – at least until something breaks down and you're suddenly everyone's friend.

Doctor
As well as strictly necessary medical procedures, you are an artist of flesh and skin; your canvas is the human form, and your brushes the scalpel and nanomachines.

Researcher
Rather than the Technician's more immediate problems, you are somewhat isolated from worldly concerns by your lab work. You might be a physicist, an archaeologist, or some other academic.

Investigator
You might be a private eye, a spy, or an official police investigator of some capacity. You uncover secrets and ask hard questions, but don't be surprised if you turn over a rock to find snakes with bared fangs.

Dilettante
One of the idle rich, often beyond concerns of mortality and often morality as well. Known as post-mortals, they involve themselves in endless subtle intrigues and power-plays as ways to stave off the ennui that comes with immortality.

Leader
Politician, monarch, captain or dictator, you rule and command others. While leadership is not without its perks, you may find that heavy is the head that wears the crown.

Digital Entity
However you came about, you are a mind in a machine; a simulation of someone living or dead, human or…not. Most mortal concerns are below you now, so what will you do?

Factions

Glitter Band (Early Start Only)
The Demarchist inhabitants of the Glitter Band, you life aboard a habitat circling Yellowstone; each vastly different from the next. Most citizens want for little and take society for granted; any risk or discomfort is usually voluntary. The rule of direct democracy is held absolute.

Panoply (Early Start Only)
The closest thing the Glitter Band has to a police force, the Prefects and staff of Panoply ensure that the demarchy process is enforced and not corrupted, though they have other powers to ensure the Glitter Band's safety.

Mulch (Standard Start Only)
The underclass of Chasm City, the Mulch is a dangerous place for the unwary. You may have lived a long life in the *Belle Époque* and the recent unpleasantness is a mere moment in your life, or you might have lived a quarter of your life in the plague-ruined city.

Canopy (Standard Start Only)
The upper class of Chasm City, literally. The inhabitants of the Canopy live in the wildly entangled heights where life is cheap and pain is often as sought-after as pleasure.

Rust Belt (Standard Start Only)
While most of the Rust Belt is uninhabitable, some habitats remain. Most service the Ultras who trade between systems, fend off or engage in local piracy or smuggling, or avoid authorities in the debris fields.

Conjoiner
With a skull full of implants, you have undergone the Transenlightenment and become a Conjoiner; a nearly post-human being who is at one with both the other Conjoiners around them and the technology that pervades the world.

Ultra
Ultranauts have a reputation for ruthless contracts, trade, deep-space piracy and a near-alien mindset, and your kind cultivates this image as another tool in your negotiating arsenal. Your ship is your home, the only place of safety in a dangerous galaxy.

Settler
You are from, or about to travel to, a planet on the fringe of human-explored space. Life in such places is harsh and unforgiving, and you do without many luxuries.

Unknown (Alternate Drop-In with any background)
[Data Corrupted]
[Source: Unknown. Point of origin matches no known human settlement.]

Perks

All Backgrounds and Factions get their 100cp and 200cp perks for free; the rest at 50% discount.

Easy Freeze, Easy Thaw - Free All

Your body tolerates being frozen in reefersleep/cryosleep and other forms of suspended animation far better than even heavily-adapted Ultras. You will never have any physical or mental health complications from the strain of going into or being pulled out of suspended animation - it's no worse than waking up from an ordinary night of sleep.

You also seem to have unbelievable fortune with any technology which has a life-sustaining function - like a reefersleep capsule, or a life support system on a space suit. Such systems will never fail you unless they are deliberately damaged into total non-functionality – a gunfight with explosions could take place around your capsule but unless either side deliberately targeted it, it will continue to function fully.

Background Perks

Mouse – 100cp, Cargo

The unmonitored regions of a starship, the empty gang-haunted sectors of the Mulch, the shelled habitats of the Rust Belt – they are all ‘dead spaces’ as far as most people are concerned, where conveniences like electricity and essentials like food, water or even air are hard to come by, dissuading other people from staying there. You are not ‘other people’, though. You are someone who lives in the 'holes in the wall’ and are especially capable of finding these sorts of forgotten or unmonitored spaces and living there away from the prying eyes of others.

Certainty of Mind – 200cp, Cargo

Memory can be shaped like wet clay - removed, moved, added, and altered from the grey matter in one's skull. One could forgive you for wanting a little certainty when it comes to what’s in there.

You can inventory the contents of your mind: You are aware of which memories in your head are genuine, which are genuine but 'outsourced' (for example, implanted in your mind from another person), and which are falsehoods. You can also tell whether streams of thought or ‘voices’ in your head originate from your own consciousness/subconsciousness or an outside mental influence.

A Past Unremembered – 400cp, Cargo

When entering a world, or at any point thereafter, you may choose to seal away any memories of past worlds and past lives, remembering only the one life from your present world. You will keep your skills, as well as perks and powers ready to be used, but at an unconscious level.

In locking away your past, your present self undergoes a dramatic increase in acquiring the new skills and knowledge necessary for your new life. Even if this made you a complete amnesiac (eg: through dropping into a jump with absolutely no background or past), you would learn fast enough that in just a few days, people would begin to mistake you for a local through your accent and local dialect, the way you know your way around your new home, the way you’ve made new friends with the locals, even what not to do.

If you dropped in with a background, you'll pick up an even wider range of new knowledge and skills, because you’ll already have the basics. You may ‘program’ your sealed memories of past worlds and lives to unlock over time, or to trigger episodes of recollections as your mind experiences similar situations. Either way, your memories of your past lives will come back to you no later than a few weeks. This also has the side effect of muddling your mind to anyone who looks into it before you regain all your memories.

Redemption – 600cp, Cargo

Is a life of misdeeds able to be balanced by acts of goodness? Perhaps, if the acts of goodness are great enough.

Regardless of how awful you've become, what heinous crimes you may have committed, a suitable act of redemption will have a transformative effect on you - purging negative personality traits and behaviours from you completely. If you had become a sadist, you would find inflicting pain on the unwilling to give you no enjoyment, if you were sunk into depression your act of redemption would give you a new way to embrace life, or if you had drowned yourself in alcoholism and drugs you would find those addictions no longer have any hold on you.

Once your redemption is earned, others will know that you are 'a new man' or have turned over a new leaf, and discard or at least loosen any notions they have of your former self.

You may not know ahead of time what will trigger this redemption, but when the chance appears, you'll know that you need to seize it.

Bladework - 100cp, Enforcer

Among the humblest of all weapons, you have an intimate connection with the simple knife. Despite the abundance of high-tech weaponry, not only are you particularly skilled in all aspects of combat with a knife - from slipping the blade in between someone's vertebrae, to face-to-face knife fighting or throwing it - but you're also quite skilled in other areas of its use, like carving and whittling and the unpleasant business of extracting information from other people with one.

The Right Tool For The Job - 200cp, Enforcer

There are a lot of personal weapons that humanity has developed over the years to kill and maim one another with, but many of them are specialized to the point of being exceptionally potent in some situations, yet useless in others. The trick is to know what's best for any given scenario, and make sure you're equipped properly. Given what you know about a certain situation or target (and what you don't know), and given the weaponry you have available, you will always know which of your deadly devices is the best to use, and if you happen to have a rather complex weapon, which of its various settings is most appropriate for the job at hand. You shall never be caught storming a thin-hulled shuttle with a railgun, or thoughtlessly grab a police shotgun when you know your foes probably have armored suits.

The Crazed Toymaker - 400cp, Enforcer

In the time of readily-available high technology and smart fabrication, there are two qualities that win fights: Overwhelming firepower, and pure deviousness.

I can't speak for the former, but of the latter you seem to have an inexhaustible supply. Designing and building deadly trinkets is your forte, little horrific nick-knacks that kill not through big booms but through precision, trickery and the sheer unexpectedness of their nature. From tiny disguised drones with neurotoxin injectors, spider mines, hyperfilament snare-webs and crabbers, all the way up to ship-killing photon-sails and proximity limpets, you are never lacking the inspiration to invent a new, deadly toy specially designed to slip through your enemies' defenses and rip their hearts out.

Assassin's Artistry - 600cp, Enforcer

Your combative skills have been elevated to that of an infamous assassin - far more dangerous than the mere hunters of The Game in Chasm city or the average over-muscled grunt on Sky's Edge. As a manhunter, you have few peers in pursuing your quarry through dense jungle or a crowded city alike, setting up the right position for the shot or working your way in close for the kill, and concealing your activities and weaponry from discovery.

Naturally you're not shabby in a straight-up firefight in the least, but sniper work is your specialty. Your marksmanship is so precise that with an appropriate weapon, you can fire a beam straight through someone's body at an angle that doesn't hit or cauterize any important organs, or even target the separate parts of your target's brain, to kill them instantly and painlessly, or leave them horrifically conscious but paralyzed as they bleed out.

Spanner Hand - 100cp, Technician

You're very good at fixing things…and, it has to be said, breaking them as well. You've a keen eye for the right places on a machine to do some damage; load-bearing supports, sensor clusters, stress bands in the hull. But the reverse still holds: when it comes to up-armoring something, reinforcing it, and ironing out any weaknesses, you'll find the optimal placement for those, too.

Digital Intruder - 200cp, Technician

In the age of developed smart systems, the art of hacking has become less like picking a lock and more like orchestrating a heist - the hacker often directs a team of infiltration programs in a coordinated fashion, scoping out the target system, releasing minor viruses to distract watchdog systems, 'mugging' lower level systems processes for their credentials, telling system monitors convincing lies to let compromised information through, and finally snatching copies of the prize while replacing it with counterfeit data...you get the idea. You are adept with all the facets of the contemporary hacker's arts, as well as the skills to break into much dumber systems with the right opportunity and patience.

Plague Hardening - 400cp, Technician

In the years post-Melding, much of the advanced technology of the *Belle Époque* has been set aside due to the risk of infection with Melding Plague spores. Where once glittering near-autonomous volantors streaked through Chasm City's skies, now steam- and battery-driven cars grind along its streets. Where buildings could be grown from a seed and altered at their owner's whims, now they must be painstakingly built with labor.

You, however, have developed strains of plague-hardened nanotech. Any advanced technology you build is vastly more resistant to the ever-evolving Melding Plague and similar viral and infectious agents which seek to subvert it, lasting for days or weeks of direct exposure before succumbing when a similar unprotected machine might fail in minutes or seconds.

And when your technology's defenses are finally broken, it 'petrifies', dumbing down its present form and function rather than growing wild and further spreading the plague; able to continue being used for a more limited application rather than failing outright. For example, an infected fabricator might reduce its construction resolution to components larger than one millimeter, losing its ability to produce micro-scale items but still able to be used, rather than churning out a froth of contagious plague spores.

Mind Of Its Own - 600cp, Technician

While no machine is so complex it can't be described in terms of inputs, processes, and outputs, let it never be said that machines don't have wills of their own.

The systems and programs of complex technology have their limits, it is true, but it seems that you can sometimes coax them to "work around" the very restrictions that would normally limit or hamper their actions. The smarter and more advanced the piece of technology, the more likely it is to be able to work around such 'rules', and the stronger the restrictions it can get around. You might be able to get a plasma gun to work once or twice without having its owner's palmprint, make a ship's anti-collision system target itself, or even convince a Conjoiner weapon to fulfill its purpose and detonate, in spite of a 'stand down' signal being broadcast by its legitimate owners. As a side effect, this makes threats of violence and swearing against machines much more effective at getting them to work.

Emergency Care – 100cp, Doctor

In a medical emergency, it sometimes doesn't matter what quality of care a patient receives so much as how quickly it is administered. With a head full of trauma procedures and a pair of steady hands, you can perform most simple procedures with an extraordinary swiftness more common to a factory servitor than a surgeon or paramedic.

Hippocratic Hypocrisy – 200cp, Doctor

You have always maintained that your victims- I mean, patients - always gave their consent for the procedures you subjected them to. And it turns out that's the truth, even if they did take a little bit of persuading. Your patients seem to place a lot more trust in you, giving their consent to conduct very radical or experimental procedures on them with no more misgivings than a standard procedure.

Chimerical Genius - 400cp, Doctor

The science of cybernetic augmentation is quite mature in this day and age, and you are at the forefront of combining flesh with machine. The cybernetics you design and install are not only top-of-the-line in terms of their function and performance, but are also very aesthetically pleasing, either matching the contours of the body or in startling contrast. The parts you could build are so durable that they are quite likely to survive long past the person they are attached to: even under such an assault where the flesh is unrecognizable, the chimeric parts you installed would still likely be useable to the degree of being able to install them into another person.

You may not be *quite* at the notorious level of Dr Trintingent, but if you've been a doctor for long, it's likely you have a small following of fans of your work among the chimeric demographic.

Mixmaster – 600cp, Doctor

The Mixmasters were an essential part of humanity's expansion to other stars. Responsible for monitoring and regulating the genetic diversity of new colonies, the clan also produced modifications for crops and produce. As one of the Mixmasters, you are a formally trained geneticist, able to monitor populations for genetic diversity, diseases, and correct them. This work also incorporates some degree of genetic augmentation and installing retroviruses for features like cat eyes or altering the body's structure to live in Europa's oceans.

In more creative work, you can mix the genetics of just about any terrestrial animal. You could make something one part stick insect, one part chameleon, and one part house cat, or produce a bioware space suit – or bio-sculpt the most outrageous human genetic chimerics, forms both exotic and unsettling in their inhumanity yet beautiful works of art in their own right.

Incidentally, you are also now able to authorize marriages – a quirk of history due to geneticists' roles in preventing inbreeding in the early colonies.

Progress Finds A Way – 100cp, Researcher
Research is the primary motivating force in any scientist, as it seems that you and it are inseparable. You can continue your scientific enquiries under conditions and in situations that others would deem impossible to work under. On sand-swept planets with barely any supplies, stranded on a frozen moon, even when you are captured and confined as a political prisoner, you'll find ways to continue to make headway in your research.

Unsettling Truths – 200cp, Researcher
The mark of horror is not only found in the anticipation, but in the reveal - and this universe does tend to have its share of all that. In the approach or the aftermath of encounters with unknown threats, some sign or evidence of their true nature or origin will find its way into your hands. Perhaps a many-armed monstrosity found in an alien biosphere will leave a blood smear that, when analyzed, reveals its nature as once-human, or buried deep in a computer virus's code you will discover timestamps originating in the deep future. The signs may be subtle, to be sure, but are never absent; and your investigative talents will permit the brave of heart to trace the horror to its source, if one can comprehend the awful truths sure to be revealed.

Conformal – 400cp, Researcher
It takes more than simply being smart to communicate with a foreign mind – the types of minds that are completely unlike a human's in every way - yet the alien and exotic are things your mind embraces with ease. Once you have studied another species, your mind quickly develops internal models for the way they think, act and communicate. Your models peel back layers of linguistics and culture to uncover the true meaning of foreign metaphors rather than giving only literal translations, and allow you to embrace modes of thinking that approximate those of the beings you are trying to understand – close enough that your mind could be mistaken for one of theirs at the surface level, and survive direct mind-to-mind contact with aliens that would drive others insane.

Acausal Link – 600cp, Researcher
You are able to put your mind into a state where it is able to receive contact with your future self or access an embedded repository of knowledge.
This may be a process like the Conjoiner's Exordium program, putting your mind in a quantum superposition with its future self; or perhaps like Aura you were affected by a brush with a paradoxical computer system before you were born, packing your brain it full of knowledge of more advanced species, or maybe some other effect or technology is at work: like sharing a part of the network the Jumper Clowns and Grubs use for communication.
In any case, your mind is able to access scientific advancements that humanity has not yet reached, and recognizes signs of approaching large-scale events – civilization-changing in scale, like the Melding Plague and the activation of the Inhibitors - in ways humans do not normally sense. The benefit is that warnings of large-scale change come back clearly, as do hints about crucial, necessary technological advancements, allowing you to build things decades or centuries in advance of what you might otherwise have.
This information is very 'noisy', jumbled and hard to pick out details, but you can usually understand the gist of the principles - a few equations that would otherwise have stumped you, a new reference frame from which to look at a problem, or a warning ahead of a time of destruction. This is not true precognition; even in the case of Exordium, the futures sending information back may not come into being or might even be from timelines that have already been phased out of existence and are largely irrelevant.

Prober – 100cp, Investigator
A suspect's mind and a computer database are not dissimilar to an investigator: the information is *there*, you just have to find the right way to ask for it. If you need to get an emotional response from a suspect or mine a particular fact out of a mind-bogglingly huge database, it just so happens that you are excellent at phrasing questions – both to data storage systems, and to live subjects – to get the truthful answers you actually want, rather than the answers they might wish to offer.

She Was Murdered Twice – 200cp, Investigator
With the presence of gamma-, beta- and alpha-level intelligences, witnesses and criminals no longer need to be flesh and blood. It seems that your social skills – most importantly, your interviewing methods – work equally well on humans, digitized minds and Turing-compatible programs alike, even ones only wearing a thin human guise over 'unthinking' lines of code.
You can read a beta-level's subconscious gestures with the same accuracy as having a live witness in front of you, scare a system with threats, even rile a gamma-level monitoring subpersona into a 'rash' action.

Turning Over Stones – 400cp, Investigator
While you're in charge of an investigation, the trail of evidence never seems to run cold. Your keenly analytical mind interprets the information it gathers in ways both methodical and intuitive with a tendency to analyze problems in ways other people wouldn't even consider.
Taking the first steps along your investigation will allow you to anticipate the future course in its generalities; as you accumulate evidence, the path it will take becomes almost visible to you, pointing towards a conclusion that is tantalizingly real - even if you just can't prove it yet. You might just *know* what a villain's endgame will involve, even if you don't yet know their identity, or know that a device you're evaluating will fail even before you get to the stress testing stage.
With the certainty of your conclusions all but set in your mind, obstacles to your progress become easier to break past – just make sure you actually go through the motions and formalities of recording the evidence instead of skipping straight to the end.

Suspects Into Assets – 600cp, Investigator
Maybe it's because you were the only one good enough to take them down, or maybe you were lenient when you could have thrown them in the deepest hole you could find and then thrown away the hole, but those you have clashed with and defeated in the past are often feel strangely compelled to assist you in the future, seeming to entirely forget the grudges and fierce battles that ensued when you locked horns with them in the first place.
Exactly what form this assistance takes will depend on the task ahead of you and the assets, psychology and form your former adversary has their hands on. Those enmeshed in crime syndicates might lend you some hired muscle if it means they can take down their rivals, while a sentient program might drop data breadcrumbs about your active case in exchange for some information that it desires.
In any case, this assistance is as genuine as it gets.

Longevity Treatments – 100cp, Dilettante
You age fantastically - in fact, there's no biological limit on how old you can become, and you look (and feel) perpetually hale and healthy, if not necessarily youthful. A bit of nip and tuck would be all you need to look young and beautiful for hundreds of years, and even if you forego the vanity treatments you'd be just as strong and fit. You will even pass this longevity down to your children, as it has been encoded into your genes.

A Passing Fad – 200cp, Dilettante
This decade it's hand-making mechanical automata; last decade it was hunting hamadryads on Sky's Edge; the decade before, it was breeding deep-water fish, and who knows what you'll be up to next decade. You always seem to pick up new hobbies and master them remarkably quickly, and thanks to a long life, you never know what eclectic skills might bubble to the surface when you need them – so much so that it's rare indeed for you to show zero aptitude at whatever life throws at you.

A Mighty Oak – 400cp, Dilettante
Your family tree is a towering thing with deep roots and branches that reach far and wide. It seems that almost anywhere you go, even out to the edges of civilization, you'll find distant relatives. Almost every major city or settled planet has a couple of members of your extended family (or an adopted family, if you are a Drop In) willing to take you under their wing and support you until you get settled and are ready to strike out on your own, and more often than not, they hold significant resources – you won't be sharing a room or sleeping on a couch at any rate.

Your Edge - 600cp, Dilettante
When it comes to trying to pin anything on you, you are an incredibly slimy character; not even the worst kind of rumours have much effect on your social or political standing. Your peers simply don't want to believe that you would have done such things, and you have such a sly knack for pinning things on others or creating "accidents" that investigators often dismiss you as a suspect entirely, unless you were extremely careless or had to take action completely unprepared on the spur of the moment. It would take being caught red-handed in a heinous crime by multiple witnesses and a recording device to be able to make official charges against you stick, or something equally bad in front of a crowd of your peers to affect your social or political standing.

Voice Of The Crowd – 100cp, Leader
When confronted by any sort of governing decision that falls into an area of your responsibility, you will be aware of what outcome would be the most popular from the perspective of the people under your rule. However, this may make it all the harder to do something that is necessary but unpopular.

The Fear Of You – 200cp, Leader
There are times that call for gentle guidance, and there are times when you must hammer the fear of god into someone. No. No god; the fear of *you.* Fear, terror and deterrence are weapons in your social, political and military arsenal, either to keep your enemies glancing at the shadows with a few well-time strikes or keeping your own people cowed or compliant. A single threat from you strikes more fear than a pointed gun; just make sure you can back up your threats in case someone gets stupid.

Knowing Your Council – 400cp, Leader
You have a curatorial passion for knowing the people who pass through your work and social circles. You know your acquaintances' flaws and quirks and equally their strengths and passions with a comprehensiveness that most people only reserve for their closest friends and blood enemies.
Should a new acquaintance find themselves in your fold, there is precious little you won't be able to find out about them as long as they remain in your sphere of influence.

A Dangerous Vision - 600cp, Leader

Sylveste, Galiana, Irravel, Remontoire, Clavain, Sandra Voi…these are the names of giants, remembered for hundreds or even thousands of years on their legend and legacy alone. While they differed in many respects, one thing they all shared was an unrelenting conviction of purpose that even those set opposed to them often can't help but admire.

You, too, share this indomitable conviction in your goals, unshakeable in the face of impossible odds. Your fervour is something of a contagion, spreading your personal ideals to your subordinates - your underlings might sign up for personal gain, but after following you they will stand by you because they believe in the same vision that you do, if not perhaps in exactly the same way.

In the event of your retirement or defeat, the spark of your drive and motivation can spread to another person, allowing them to take up your mantle and assume a shadow of your competence and leadership, becoming a new figurehead for those who once followed you.

Digital Entity Traits – Free, Mandatory & Exclusive for Digital Entity

You don't have a physical form.

You perceive the digital world in a pseudo-symbolic manner. For example, a program searching for data might seem like a 'dog' sniffing for something.

Your simulation data is copy-protected – you can't make exact copies of yourself (without OOC powers). You can move between digital systems and even disperse yourself to run your consciousness across multiple physical machines via distributed processing, but only one instance of yourself can exist at a time.

You can make beta- and gamma-level copies of yourself, however.

Your more extraordinary perks or powers either work in some capacity in virtual space – for example, if you had impenetrable skin, that would be a defense against other digital threats, and a fireball would be some kind of digital attack – or if you are downloaded and embodied in a single body like a servitor then the perk or power works as normal.

Deception – 100cp, Digital Entity

You have a marvelous ability to take on the voice and mannerisms of a target, and with a little digital magic thanks to entopics or being behind a screen, take on their appearance.

You need only a small recording of them, though the more information about them you have, the more accurate your impersonation is. With some study, even people familiar with your target wouldn't be able to tell you apart unless one or both of you turned up dead, or a terrible mistake causes you both to show up at the same time.

Even when not taking on another's identity, you are clever at misrepresenting yourself and keeping all your lies or half-truths consistent with what your target knows or can discover.

Electric Sheep – 200cp, Digital Entity

Even contained and limited, powerful digital entities can find themselves influencing the neural implants of those around them, and, deliberately or not, affect the subconscious thoughts, dreams and nightmares of those people.

Minds in proximity to you, or a system your mind as a whole is running in, will encounter your influence. Depending on how their personality and yours interpret each other will determine whether these dreams are comfy or nightmarish, and over time these dreams in turn may influence their personality and behavior or degrade their minds into psychotic ruin.

Digital Spider – 400cp, Digital Entity

As a being of data, you are extraordinarily sensitive to the digital environment; what you can do to the digital medium can almost be described as magic. Your ability to correlate and cross-reference intercepted data and metadata means that even very subtle changes in the flow of information won't escape you. You can easily tell doctored or simulated data traffic from the real thing, uncover where deletions or censoring has occurred and (sometimes) reverse them, locate evidence of hidden networks and how to access them, and even sense events which happen in the real world just from the flow of data to or from them. This sensitivity to data means you can multitask and control hundreds of electronic systems at once and coordinate between them effortlessly.

Grand Orchestrator – 600cp, Digital Entity

You might be a voice in someone's head or a face on a screen, but that doesn't mean you can't get things done. You are masterful at manipulating anyone in one-on-one communication with you - whether talking to them as a full-sensory entopic (augmented reality illusion) or merely over a video, voice or text link.

Against someone who has no idea you exist, you could plant ideas in their mind or manipulate them without them even realizing where those ideas originated. You might force them to recruit a candidate of your choosing, while making it seem like it was their choice; steer their elevation to positions of power in society; even subliminally influence them into embarking on a journey to a particular star system. Against an unguarded or a partially willing (or coerced) target, you could have them working for you after your first meeting, and against a jaded or suspicious mind, you can steadily wear away at them, building up plausible falsehoods and tugging at their motivations until they're doing what you want.

Even against openly guarded and hostile targets, you can use deceptions, reverse psychology and projections of how they would act to steer them - perhaps not very successfully, like herding cats, but at least in some broad strokes position some of them where you want them. It is unfortunate that the details tend to matter in times of strife, however, and your manipulation doesn't work nearly as well on others who are manipulators themselves.

Faction Perks

To repeat, Backgrounds and Factions get their 100cp and 200cp perks for free; the rest at 50% discount.

The Second Sight – 100cp, Glitter Band

The ubiquitous real-time polling that the Glitter Band relies on is conducted at all hours of Yellowstone's 26 hour clock. Voting and abstraction is just as ingrained into most of the Band's inhabitants as breathing and blinking, to the extent that they can multitask without interruption between both their real-world activities and the overlaid data in their 'second vision' presented by their implants.

Artisan – 200cp, Glitter Band

You have a true talent for art through a specific sort of medium, such as fashion, sculpting, painting, or designing entopic illusions and plumage. There is also some unique quality about the way you produce your work that acts as a characteristic 'fingerprint' in it that separates your works from others – such as entopics that seem particularly vivid and 'alive', painting with a process that is as much performance art as focused on the finished product on the canvas, or blown-glass sculptures made in zero-g that fracture under any decent gravity.

Such is your skill that your works have little trouble selling on the market, and you may acquire a small following or even copycats if you devote enough time and effort to your work.

Weird, But Not Illegal – 400cp, Glitter Band

The Common Articles of the Glitter Band outline the rights of all citizens and habitats, and the requirements to join, remain in, or leave the Demarchy, but what goes on inside those habitats is largely their own business, as long as it's consensual – giving rise to places that barely fit the definition of 'civilization', yet are entirely legal.

Like the Voluntary Dictatorships and Hells that skirt the edge of the Articles, you'll find that you can keep pushing up against the limits of the law without attracting the attention of authorities. Even if others file complaints, so long as you don't outright cross the line into illegality, you're worth no more than a passing glance, and you'll also find that attracting other people to join your boundary-skirting ways is a much simpler matter. Something like a lethal dueling club could attract members all across the Band, while trying to start up a new habitat as a Voluntary Dictatorship or a Hell will see widespread support even from those who wouldn't live there themselves.

Voi Inheritance – 600cp, Glitter Band

The Voi Kernal, the nigh-impenetrable software at the heart of every Demarchist implant in the Glitter Band and beyond, is…well, not so impenetrable for you. In your hands is the gift, or responsibility, to be able to monitor the real-time democracy process that underlies abstraction – and alter it, to shepherd the collective away from such stupid decisions like voting for their own dissolution.

But the Voi Kernal, and the abstraction system it supports, isn't just for voting. It underlies the entire data-transmission system of the Glitter Belt. It is not an exaggeration to say that you have the power to control the entire Band-wide data network, on either a macro-scale – to make specific large-scale outcomes happen by generating thousands of data packets in the right places – or on a micro-scale, where you might search for, isolate, and analyze or alter packets from individual users.

This power, to control the public data networks with only your implants or a terminal, carries over to future publicly accessible data networks – and the private data that flows through the shared infrastructure.

Taking this perk means you may choose to be a descendant of Sandra Voi in this jump.

Entrusted – 100cp, Panoply
Panoply, as an organization, is vested with the responsibility of ensuring the Glitter Band's continued existence. As one of its Prefects, that trust extends to you. Other people regard you as a highly trustworthy individual, both in your professional capacity and as a friend or confidante.

Security Dyslexia – 200cp, Panoply
The Demarchists have come up with more than a few cunning ways to keep a secret, and security dyslexia is one of them. Anything you write or type can be coded in security dyslexia – a jumbled text that is only readable by someone with the correct neural modifications to the areas of the brain used for linguistic interpretation. Anyone else just sees blurry, garbled gibberish.
You may designate other people as able to read your writing and revoke this clearance. This is not a security clearance shared by the rest of Panoply – no need to worry about your coworkers peeking in your diary.

Might of Panoply – 400cp , Panoply
"You are under Panoply observance" is a phrase that can cause hardened troublemakers to think again before they do something stupid. Under your calm exterior hides a resolve like steel to uphold your duty, to defend your wards, and punish all those who cross you against your sworn oaths. Meeting your eyes, others may catch a glimpse of this determination. Though you're just one Prefect, you could stare down a small crowd and they'll be the ones to blink first.

Unity – 600cp, Panoply
Panoply is the group responsible for keeping all the habitats of the Glitter Band safe and secure. All of them – even, no, especially those habs who don't see eye-to-eye on the same issue. Without mediators and structure, the Glitter Band would likely succumb to infighting in no time at all. To keep everyone together, you've got the skills of a legendary diplomat and negotiator, with the ability to call even wildly different people and groups together in the name of unity.
With this skill and ability, you could get help from someone who only minutes ago you were interrogating as a murder suspect to help you bring the real criminal to justice, or call on barely-remembered mutual aid treaties with an allied country that relations have been frosty-edging-on-nearly-hostile with.

The Cast Of History - 100cp, Mulch
In this age of time dilation and reefersleep coffins, it's quite possible for those who made history hundreds of years in the past to still be around - but who would have thought that those famous figures would stumble into your life? Or that you would stumble into theirs? Famous captains, the founders of major factions, media stars, and scions of government are all the sorts of people who seem to find themselves meeting or becoming involved with you by sheer luck. Perhaps some of their greatness will rub off on you?

Economic Incentives – 200cp, Mulch
It's almost ridiculous how easy other people are to bribe. Whenever you talk to someone face-to-face, you'll know if they can be bribed to provide what you want, exactly how to phrase the offer, and how much to offer. You also know how to solicit a bribe so the person you're talking to knows they need to grease your palm, but it won't sound like it to bystanders.

Comes With The Turf – 400cp, Mulch

Among the slums and streets of the Mulch, livable space is at a premium and security is something many only vaguely remember. And where there is a vacuum, there comes something to fill it: gangs, human and pig alike, carving out little empires and jealously guarding what they have, before the ringleaders are overthrown by their subordinates.

Perhaps you're one of these gang members, or simply a bystander who wants to hold on to what you have. You have an instinctive read on whether your territory or land is being targeted by others, or whether your position is coveted by your subordinates; you'll always be one step ahead of anyone who's going to try and oust you from your turf or throw you down from a position you control.

Unwilling Players - 600cp, Mulch

The Game-players of the Canopy might prey upon hapless souls from the Mulch, but once in a while, they bite off more than they can chew. The hunted becomes the hunter, the cat becomes the mouse, and everything the players had planned and depended upon goes awry. You are one of these table-turners: when you become snared by the net of schemes and far-reaching plans, rather than struggling helplessly to be free, you take up the net in your hands and yank the schemers off their feet into the dirt with you…and it happens you *like* fighting in the dirt.

You're the right person, in the right place, at the right time to turn master plans and Xanatos gambits around on their creators and throw it all into chaos, because that's where you shine. Clear-headed amongst turmoil, you can show them that a straightforward thrust is as effective as triple-feinting and all the more effective for it, and even the most carefully shepherded strategy can be ended by a knife in the throat.

Holdover From The *Belle Époque* – 100cp, Canopy

The Beautiful Age was (or is) a time of high fashions, social machinations, and brutal gossip - something that survives even the Melding Plague and the transformation of the Glitter Band into the Rust Belt. You are more than at home in such an environment, able to mingle with high society without looking like an outsider.

Keeping abreast of the high fashions is likewise something you shall do with ease - both the actual clothing fashions, and any trends or styles being set in your primary hobbies, like art collecting or gene-spliced dogfighting. You'll never turn up to a social gathering wearing something "so last week" (as long as you can afford this week's fashion), and among your hobby circles you're right at the forefront of style and chic.

Thrill Seeker - 200cp, Canopy

You have an uncanny nose for risk. You can find all sorts of highly risky games and diversions, often standing right on the border of legal and illegal.

Experience has also taught you how to ride the edge between exhilarating and suicidal, by knowing your limits you know exactly how far is too far when it comes to games or sports with a risk of grievous injury and death. You know when to back out of an organized sport, game or other activity with set rules before you start 'pushing your luck' and relying on sheer chance rather than your own skill to keep you alive.

The Game Master - 400cp, Canopy

For the post-mortals of the Canopy, boredom is a constant enemy which must be fought at all costs, and only those who can keep it away do not eventually take their lives. Since you're not dead, you must be something of a game master, able to concoct new and intriguing and/or risky "games" that keep not only yourself but others entertained and sane over the decades - and possibly centuries. Simply by inventing and organizing these entertainments and tailoring them for their audience, you can quickly rise to riches as their popularity soars, and through this medium, begin to change the society it's marketed in. Tanner's Shadowplay turned him from dead broke into one of the hundred richest people in Yellowstone and began to bridge the gap between the dirt-poor Mulch and Canopy elite, so that's saying something.

Ears Everywhere - 600cp, Canopy

Even for an information broker, the reach of your networks is truly astonishing. Almost nothing notable happens in your city without you hearing about it, and the 'almost' part is only because you so efficiently filter out anything you don't need to worry about. Even things that are spoken of in hushed tones between yourselves, and which people are trying to keep secret, are likely to reach your ears if they are spoken of in a public place - only near-excessive levels of security and anti-surveillance measures ensure privacy against your spies.

In future jumps, it's a simple matter for you to assemble and manage webs of informants, surveillance networks, datamining agents and other means of keeping yourself informed of everything that happens in your city and significant events further afield.

Hermetic – 100cp, Rust Belt

Most citizens had two choices when the Melding Plague ran rampant: either rip your implants out as fast as you could, or isolate yourself and pray you weren't already infected. Seems you share some traits with the latter. You can stay inside sealed enclosures for years without suffering in your voluntary confinement. You have no claustrophobia, your muscles don't get tired or cramped, and the lack of direct contact with others won't impinge on your psychology, as long as you've got some contact with the outside world, even if it's just a small window.

Helmsman – 200cp, Rust Belt

You can't always rely on gamma- or beta-level minds to steer your spacecraft in the Rust Belt, so it's best to be prepared to take the controls yourself. You seem to have a lot of experience bringing your spacecraft through busy shipping lanes, avoiding wreckage along your flight path, and you even got through your last few brushes with pirates with a mostly-intact ship. If your spacecraft had guns on it, I dare say you'd make a decent combat pilot – up against other humans, at any rate.

Regular Sync – 400cp, Rust Belt

There is a great deal of question about the nature of identity, even in an age where Beta personalities are common and Alpha simulations are merely another path to post-mortality. What good is a simulation or copy of you if it doesn't remain true to the real thing? Is 'it' really 'you'?

As long as you maintain regular contact with a running copy of yourself, they will not deviate more than marginally from your baseline in terms of their personalities, values, outlook or attitude, even though their experiences and memories might diverge from yours. This does not apply to copies deliberately altered to be different in some way or that have diverged and then resumed contact.

Digital Immortality – 600cp, Rust Belt

The technology necessary for Transmigration – the digital uploading of the mind to a computer – has been around since 2372, but the disaster of The Eighty turned people away until the scans no longer had to kill you. Post-Melding, even post-mortals have cause to fear death once more, so they scan themselves in the few remaining quarantined habitats in the Rust Belt and become redundantly backed-up in servers across the system. Some even use their digital copies as advisors and confidantes, free of mortal concerns.

Any time your mind is copied via neural scanning, you may choose to transfer yourself into the computer completely instead of the digital scan merely being a copy, with all your perks, powers, chain continuity, etc. Such things will no longer apply to the physical body that was scanned.

Alternatively, you may choose to remain as the physical incarnation with the digital scan merely being the copy until the point of your untimely death, where instead of being sent home from your chain, you will instead take over from the most recent and most accurate backed-up copy of yourself.

This alternate method will work once per jump. You may experience some memory loss of the period between the backup and your corporeal body's death. There can never be more than one 'jumper' at any given time by this method, only the one and neural duplicates.

Conjoiner Traits – Free, Conjoiner Only

Conjoiners, even without the implants that are their main feature, have been modified above and beyond baseline humans. Their genes have been altered to improve neural performance, and their muscle fibres are developed from chimpanzee genetics for incredible strength – in a bare fight, a Conjoiner is worth five others.

More importantly, your mind has undergone Transenlightenment, building a completely different reference frame of thinking about your identity and others; you aren't an isolated individual, but a node in a network. Accepting self-sacrifice is much easier knowing that some of you will live on in those that survive, and that the fallen are also a part of you.

A Name To Break The Mind - 100cp, Conjoiner

With the direct communication made possible by conjoiner implants, speaking to another conjoiner no longer requires mere words or symbols; instead directly transferring qualia - the unit of experiences and thought, the way a phoneme is the basic unit of a spoken word - from one to the other. Their internal language and society underwent a massive shift due to this, and even their names did not escape this transformation: Those born as Conjoiners have names that are impossible to describe with words except in the coarsest simplifications.

So it is for you: the best anyone can identify you by is a nickname and not your real name, unless they are capable of direct thought-to-thought communication. Even then, your identity and real name is a concept that cannot be spoken in any normal human language or written with any non-experiential symbols. This divorce between your common name and your true self-identity means you can easily hide behind assumed names and identities, and may have implications in worlds which have magic based on true names.

Strange Interference – 200cp, Conjoiner (requires Conjoiner Implants)
All electronics, from the bulkiest vacuum tube to the tiniest nanomachine, give off electromagnetic radiation as part of their operation. The nanomachines that bolster your mind are so integral to you, and so sensitive to this interference, that they can interpret these impossibly weak signals as sensations overlaid on your waking world, or as figments in your dreams.
You might dream the face of an AI trapped in a nearby processor core, distantly hear the babble of voices of people communicating through a nearby cell phone tower, or feel the unbroken grid of encryption when someone hands you a secure memory storage device, sensing that it hasn't been tampered with.
These sensations could give you a passing familiarity with any electronic devices you come into contact with, might draw you toward their location if they are hidden, or reveal to you indicators or functions concealed to the casual observer.

Induction Tap – 400cp, Conjoiner (requires either Entopic Implants or Conjoiner Implants)
You can wirelessly influence electronics through the use of magnetic induction fields, enabling you to read data from devices or hack them remotely even if the machine doesn't have wireless connectivity or any other broadcasting ability of its own. You can even break into and alter hard-coded, supposedly tamper-proof and air-gapped electronics with this method.
Thanks to the square-cube law, the range of this induction field is fairly short – at no more than a dozen meters or so for implants with standard power – but you can be assured that not even physical isolation is a defense against your intrusion. Naturally, optical processors are immune to this influence.

Closed Council – 600cp, Conjoiner
Even in a place like the Mother Nest where Conjoiners can express their innermost thoughts and feelings directly to each other, there are parts of the mind that must be sectioned off for the good of all: soldiers cannot go into battle with the general's strategies in their heads, nor can diplomats be allowed to know how to build a Conjoiner Drive if they should go anywhere near a trawl.
As a member of the Closed Council, your mind is like a mirror maze - partitioned into multiple hidden levels of increasing secrecy and complexity, to conceal anything - memories, thoughts, and parts of your personality which nobody else must know about - and cover them over with a facade which seems ordinary even to a thorough investigation. You don't need to keep people out of your head - because a thousand people could wander into it, but never find even a hint of what they are looking for.

Aesthetic Technology – 100cp, Ultras
Just because something is high tech doesn't mean it can't also be a work of art, no? The functional look has been out for centuries, and with shape-adjusting quickmatter, entopic displays that need no screen, and custom fabrication, there are very few limits on what a certain item may look like and no reason that one's belongings shouldn't match a certain style. Now all of your possessions fit a certain type of aesthetic of your choice. Perhaps like many Ultras you prefer a Gothic appearance, glossy black metal and leather, or as a former Glitter Belt inhabitant they are richly decorated in high Canasian styles with snarling gold dragons and gilded flourishes; or maybe you've got a retro-punk kick, and your belongings would not seem out of place at a steampunk exhibition.
At the start of each jump you may change or reset your belongings' aesthetic. You may choose for any belongings not to be affected by this. Despite any ornamentation, the sale value and functions remain the same.

Mercantile Allegiance – 200cp, Ultra
It's often said that Ultra crews trade allegiances like their captains trade water ice, data, and cargo. After all, what is trust but another index of worth? One couldn't blame you for merely following the profit, wherever it blows. Should you ever be forced to swap allegiances by situation or choice, those of your new faction will never hold it against you , and place just as much trust in you as if you had been on their side all along - of course, unless you're caught doing something to betray that trust. Naturally if you've made something personal rather than "just business", you'll find that those grudges will carry over.

Chimera – 400cp, Ultra
When anyone says 'Ultras' there is one thing they all expect: chimerism, the term for personal augmentation, be it mechanical, genetic or grafting.
But of course, anyone can get a new set of hands or eyes. To you, however, they are not a mere substitute for a 'real' body - they are truly a part of you; you are flesh *and* steel, not just one or the other. Your control over any of your bodily augmentations is raised to natural, fluidly instinctive levels - even if your hands are nightmarish claws with razor-edged blades or burnished hydraulic gauntlets that could shatter a diamond in their grip, or your eyes no longer saw visible light, you could still pick up a child without cutting their skin, catch a gently-thrown egg without crushing it, or navigate via eyes that collect ultrasound and radar as easily as normal vision. You can also be assured that as long as you keep it hygienic, your body won't reject further augmentation with any unwanted side effects.

Shipmaster's Authority – 600cp, Ultras
Aboard your vessel or throughout your holdings you answer to nobody but yourself – as do any who step into your domain. You are not even beholden to the laws of the outside world, as long as you don't venture into that world yourself.
Furthermore, others who venture aboard your vessel or into your territory will find themselves almost stripped of their own commanding presence; even someone who rightfully considers themselves a ruler or master of your equal will find that when they step into your ship, their gravitas and some of their competency deserts them and you are unquestionably the true master within. Attempts to override your authority – whether by commanding your own people, or remove your authority from your own computers – are almost bound to failure unless you are visibly defeated by the usurper.
If you are an Ultra, this makes you your ship's Captain; for all other backgrounds, including when you jump into new worlds, you will find you are the head of a largely independent group, or soon will be. This does not stop mutinies if your treatment of your crew is too harsh and your control of them too weak.

Pioneer – 100cp, Settler
It's a little surprising what humanity can become used to. Worlds too small, that spin too fast, with little air or none at all. You're the quintessence of humanity's ability to adapt; no matter where you go, you take to your environment like you were born to it, ever mindful of the things that could kill you.

Xenoarchaeologist – 200cp, Settler
By humanity's count, there are at least eight extinct, non-human cultures that once dwelled in the region of space they've explored. That number is sure to rise now that you're on the scene. As well as being a top-of-the-field xenoarchaeologist, you have an uncanny fortune when it comes to stumbling across the relics of your world's long-lost cultures. Should your world have only ever held a single, small colony established by some off-world aliens, you'll stumble across it.

High-Tech, Meet Low-Tech – 400cp, Settler

Beyond the Yellowstone system, technology is often not quite up to speed. More so, in the Post-Melding time. Colonists isolated by lightyears from their nearest neighbors must be ready to handle any failure of their machines, so reliable, low technology is usually more common than quickmatter and full automation.

Yet when it comes to merging the two, you have a fascinating ability to keep high-technology devices running by replacing failing systems with low-tech equivalents. Where a space station might have used superconductor radiator panels to manage temperature, you could find a way to replace them with steam cooling; when your shuttles run out of antimatter, you'll find it easy to replace those drives with a fusion torch or even chemical rockets. At the extreme limits of your ability, you might replace a simple but essential computer with a mechanical calculator, crunching out numbers with cogs, punch cards and levers.

Neurological Transform – 600cp, Settler

You have swum with the Pattern Jugglers, and they have granted - or perhaps inflicted - a permanent transformation on your mind's processes. You are essentially an eidetic supermath, capable of instantly devoting to memory whatever you see and quickly understanding exotic maths that would boggle the best human mathematicians: performing hyperdimensional object transformations, factoring very large numbers, and understanding a detailed logical proof so complex it requires three-dimensional notation with no more focus than reading a newspaper.

So highly developed is your mathematics ability, that in calculation power and speed you rival powerful, fully electronic systems.

You may take or leave the green-blue patterns on your skin that Swimmers usually bear from microbial intrusion into their nervous system; even if you keep them, you won't have any itching.

Unknown Traits – Free, Mandatory and Exclusive for Unknown

You may choose to be either a human (albeit with some unusual traits, see perks below), or you may choose to be one of the almost-unheard-of aliens of the setting, elusive and cryptic in the extreme. You will be alone, isolated from others of your kind by necessity.

If you choose to have an alien body, you are almost certainly a Grub (as the only embodied species extant in human space at the time), but this is likely an unpleasant experience for a human Jumper: they have a desperate longing for company, claustrophobic and isolated in their warrens, begging for the company of even someone who torments them. Yet writhing alone in your own muck is preferable to the nerve-breaking agoraphobia and fear of being discovered and hunted by the Inhibitors.

If you have chosen to be a Digital Entity, it's possible that you are an uploaded Amarantin, Shrouder, Grub, Nestbuilder, Scuttler, Shadow, Jumper Clown, or even a personality of the Inhibitors like the Wolf or one of the other Dawn War cultures, but information on most of these is rather scarce, and such long timespans fade even the memories of machines.

Uncanny – 100cp, Unknown

There's a visceral reaction in the pit of every person that sees you: whatever you are, you are *wrong*. Not as in factually incorrect, but a transgression against the human way of doing things. Any action you undertake, whether building something, talking, or simply sitting there, is plunged so deeply into the uncanny that almost all humans recoil away from it.

The disturbing processes of your mind inflicts trauma on most humans who try to experience it, and at your option may result in you unconsciously doing things that horrify or shock onlookers – made all the more frightful by the realization that you don't do things out of deliberate sadism, but absolute indifference to humanity. Post-jump you will control this ability.

Helpers – 200cp, Unknown
Your body may bud off small autonomous units of your flesh or substance. By default they appear to be pale maggot-like things with a mouth and manipulator at one end, but their anatomy draws their main cues from whatever your present form is. Largely defenseless, they share your senses and likewise feed their sensations back to you, as well as possessing most of the traits your flesh does. Just don't bud off too many, or you'll lose too much mass to sustain yourself. They may be guided remotely or work autonomously, drawing on your mind's processes and memories to carry out repairs, fetch items, inspect things, and eat helpless intruders.

Plague Bearer – 400cp, Unknown
Your immune system is unlike any other in its response to infection. Be it a virus, bacterial infection, fungus, even a nanovirus or an informational virus trying to attack your mind or cybernetics, your body (and all its component parts, like your mind and cybernetics) will quickly adapt and change to become asymptomatic to the infection then sequester the attacking pathogen away…until your body finds itself under attack once more, and you may then unleash it against your attacker.
If your body is injured, your blood might release a potent bloodborne virus against your attacker; if threatened from afar you might exhale spores; if your mind is invaded with a trawl or implants, you could shunt a computer virus into it to halt it; if some fractal machinery is trying to take you apart, you might unleash the Melding Plague back at it.
Do note there is a small delay until you become immune, during which the infection is drastically slowed but not stopped, and you'll have to survive until then. The delay depends on how lethal, complex and virulent the infection is.
You can control what plague is unleashed in response to which threat, but after that it is beyond your control…I advise you to be very careful not to let loose something too devastating.

Pattern Assimilation – 600cp, Unknown
You are able to assimilate the consciousnesses of beings you can make mind-to-mind contact with. Whether this is through some sort of medium like a trawl or via directly ingesting their neural matter, this consciousness lives on within your mind as a stored, simulated mind, now as a part of your own neural processes. Their memories, personality and functions can be drawn upon at will – for example, you could 'draw out' one particular consciousness when you need to speak to a third party in Norte, produce a complex equation, or fight fearlessly and skillfully.
You may choose to suppress these consciousnesses when you are not drawing on them, or you may wish to 'leave them running' alongside your consciousness, making them a part of your thought processes – both supplementing your mind with theirs, and sharing personality and neurology between them until eventually there is no discernable boundary between your mind and theirs.

Items

All Backgrounds and Factions get their 100cp and 200cp items for free; the rest at 50% discount.

Imports & Combinations

You may import a suitable item you already have for no extra cost.
You may combine similar items together for no extra cost. Examples:

- You might decide to merge your Boarding Crab and Proxy into one suit of armor with both lethal and non-lethal weaponry, that can be worn or teleoperated as you desire.
- Combine the Shuttle and Freighter for one vessel with trans-atmospheric flight, AM bottle, bulk cargo, and weapons.
- Place your Surgical Suite aboard a Lighthugger or a Dark Hab.

Reefersleep Capsule – One Free

Capable of sustaining a passenger for (potentially) hundreds of years, the humble reefersleep capsule is almost single-handedly responsible for the shape of human society as it is now. Whether this is an old but still trusted sarcophagus or a cutting-edge capsule of glass and chrome, you may choose to have it unadorned or finely engraved with the past exploits and destinations of its passenger.

Entopic Implants – Free (Mandatory for Glitter Belt, Prohibited for Panoply, Optional All Others)

These neural cybernetics allow you to engage in abstraction; at its most basic level it displays digital data in your mind, but can be up to full-sensory enhanced VR. Does not change the way your mind works – it merely acts as a conduit for inputs and outputs, so you can control technology linked to it. If you are a local to the system it comes with a Voi Kernal, to allow you to take part in the Demarchist polling process You may want to not take these if you believe you may come in contact with plague spores.

Trade Art – 50cp

Pieces of handcrafted artwork with airtight provenances are some of the few goods that are worth transporting between star systems – data is devalued almost as soon as it's released, and any system with a colony is likely to have all the raw materials they can feed into a fabricator. Each purchase of this item is a collection of physical artwork – paintings, sculptures, whatever – with a combined value of a year's living and entertaining expenses.

Medichines – 100cp

Your body crawls with medical nanomachinery. While you can still be easily killed, you can recover from pretty much anything that isn't brain death and fight off any pathogen short of the Melding Plague. Even decapitated, your medichines can save you by putting your mind into a medical coma and keeping it oxygenated for up to an hour, by which time help should have arrived (even in post-Plague Chasm City, emergency services are often only a few minutes away). These nanomachines can even regrow lost limbs over time, though it would be much faster to surgically attach a vat-grown organ, and re-growing a whole body is beyond them. On the downside, the Melding Plague can seriously fuck you up if it takes control of your medichines, so it's best to stay away from places that spores might be found.

Fabricator – 200cp

A standard-size fabricator. It is capable of separating materials into their base atomic or molecular components for feedstock, and recombine them into whatever goods are desired, from a cup of coffee to a single-molecule diamond. This is a light industrial unit, the size of a large desk, and can produce something about the size of a motorcycle in a couple of minutes with the right blueprint and feedstock. You'll have to make your own adjustments for materials out of setting.

Background Items

Travel Documents – 100cp, Cargo
A collection of hard-copy documents imprinted with encryption tags, filled out with your personal details. These letters of guarantee, ID cards and passes will get you through the political borders of any planet, nation or nation-state, even those with the harshest immigration or visa conditions, unless the border is absolutely closed to everyone, no matter what. Oh, that's strange. There seems to be a few spare copies, but with different names and details, but they've still got your face on them. Huh.

Hydroponics Room – 200cp, Cargo
A fully-automated hydroponics farm, essential for growing fresh produce without the soil to farm in. The range of vegetables and fruit has been modified for zero-g and rapid growth, providing enough edible food to feed a few dozen strict vegetarians on a continuous basis (or supplement the diet of more than a hundred if they have processed food or meat). Machinery automatically tends the farm, harvests the crops, and monitors their growth. The only input needed is to top up the fertilizer bins with organic waste.

Antediluvian Implants – 400, Cargo
Whether these were actually installed in your head hundreds of years ago or you found an installer kit from the era, these implants are from the earliest phases of space exploration. They function as Entopic Implants and can be freely combined with Conjoiner Implants if you have those. These implants are so ancient in design that hostile entities seeking to hack, spy on, invade or monitor them fail because the programming architecture is literally lost to the depths of history; like a modern day script kiddie trying to hack an IBM 5100. Despite this archaic programming, the implants have no problem running benign modern software.

Exploration Craft – 600cp, Cargo
A vessel quite similar to the *Scavenger's Daughter*, this sleek craft is a surviving product of the high technology of the Glitter Belt's *Belle Époque*. Barely bigger than its occupant, it is a fully-functional one-person shuttle, swift and smart, with a shape-altering aerodynamic form that provides excellent armor against even anti-ship weapons. Its sensors can peer beneath the crust of worlds for hidden metal deposits or booby traps, while it can deploy its own beam weaponry and micro-missiles to shoot down projectiles or their launchers with kiloton-yield microgram-AM warheads or to act as decoy/jammers. Its digital mind can be relied upon to act totally autonomously – which is good, because it will react and decide on lifesaving options far faster than any human, even a Conjoiner; in which case it will move you to safety at accelerations that would almost kill you – but better to be *almost* killed in a 0.1 second 10-g turn than permanently killed because you got hit with a foam-phase hydrogen slug.
It doesn't have Conjoiner or ramscoop drives, so while it's suitable for intra-orbital work, it won't get you between stars. Please give this trustworthy craft a deserving name.

Trusty Sidearm - 100cp, Enforcer
A compact and reliable weapon that has seen you through many firefights. It might be an old-fashioned chem-propellant slugthrower handgun, a railgun pistol, flechette carbine, even a vibro-knife or a boser pistol.
It will never backfire or jam, needs no maintenance, and even the worst abuse will see it operate normally. Your warehouse gains a small replenishing supply of the necessary ammo or power cells. You may import an existing firearm or small weapon for free, either just giving it the reliability and ammo supply described above, or giving it a local weapon firing option (eg: adding a railgun or boser firing mode to an existing handgun, or adding a vibrating blade function to a knife you already have).

Combat Jewelry – 200cp, Enforcer
You possess one or more pieces of weaponry concealed as jewelry or a 'harmless' accessory like a walking cane or a camera. This weapon is an assassin's choice, something quiet, discrete and lethal, like a subsonic slug gun that fires wads of mercury, a neurotoxin flechette launcher, or a pair of tiny autonomous arrowhead drones. You may import an existing item for your Combat Jewelry to be integrated into, in case you want a monofilament scythe in the tip of your cane or a shock unit in the fingertips of your cybernetic hand. This weaponry, while extremely deadly, is not much of a match for a fully armored, armed and alert opponent.

Boarding Crab – 400cp, Enforcer
A deadly suit of powered armor vaguely crablike in appearance. Like the Proxy, it's designed to breach a starship and do combat within, tearing through airlocks with its powered servo-claws and sheathed in thick armor. However, unlike the Proxy it is designed for piracy, so it has the advantage of deadlier weaponry - a railgun machine gun and lasers – but has the disadvantage of putting the user in harm's way since you wear it as armor instead of piloting it remotely. There's just enough space inside for you to wear a space suit and stow a spare weapon, in case the armor is disabled. It is hardened against EMP, but it's quite low-tech in the scale of things here – plague spores have no effect on it, but it lacks many luxuries of higher-grade suits.

Warchive - 600cp, Enforcer
An ignorant fool would call the warchive an arsenal, 'a place to store weapons', as evidenced by the quantity of guns displayed on the walls of this room, but it's also so very much more.
The warchive contains a coffin-sized fabricator and an advanced database containing every personal weapon that humanity has developed in this universe, in its thousands of years of violence. From a combat knife to an ack-am launcher to a camouflaged assassin's needler, this fabricator can not only manufacture any handheld weapon it has the schematics for, but it can also merge and customize their functions, appearances, programming and ergonomics to any user's vague, general or very specific requirements. It comes equipped with a knowledgeable gamma-level personality to interpret your requests and offer suggestions. You'll get to specify the personality, so you don't get annoyed by it.
The warchive will automatically acquire the blueprints of any weapons you currently possess or acquire to add to its collection, with the stipulation that it cannot reproduce enchantments or other added magical effects, and you may have to supply a bit of raw material and some of the rarer components yourself (like antimatter or setting-specific materials like kryptonite, eezo or uru). The warchive takes up a room which may be placed in your warehouse, a large starship or another property. Naturally, you can restrict access to the warchive.

Toolkit – 100cp, Technician
Assorted handheld tools for a wide range of repair, construction, or disassembly jobs. Hammers, prybars, cutting torches, soldering irons, diamond-grinders, spanners, rivet guns, and far more, all kept in this upright wheeled and self-porting locker. Whatever tool you need, it will offer just as you reach for it. The larger wrenches also make for hefty clubs, if you should need them.

Gunnery Implants - 200cp, Technician
Heavily-upgraded and customized over standard neural implants, Gunnery Implants were designed to allow a human to control a starship's defenses as an extension of their own body. These Gunnery Implants are designed to work with any system, however, not just weapons. When linked to a target machine system, the implants induce proprioception in the user – making them feel and control the machines around them as though they were naturally a part of them, interpreting their sensors as easily as their own eyes and ears. The user may then coordinate the linked machines with an unprecedented level of control and tactical awareness only surpassed by somehow becoming the machines.

Construction Servitors – 400cp, Technician
An array of technical Servitors (robots), a couple of dozen in total. The smallest are spider-like things that could fit in your palm, while the largest are car-sized wheeled cargo haulers, with ones that are vaguely snake-, dog- and human-sized and shaped in the middle. You can specify the exact spread of what types you would like. You can load plans into them to operate by, direct them remotely via entopic implants, or by pointing and verbally describing what they should do if you lack those.
They come with integral toolkits, manipulator limbs suitable for their size, and sensors. They are 'dumb' and low-tech enough to survive exposure to plague spores.

Manufactory – 600cp, Technician
When lighthuggers and habitats need to repair themselves, the large-scale manufactories are where the parts are designed and produced. This manufactory is roughly on par with that of a well-to-do Glitter Band habitat, and on its own is the size of several skyscrapers packed tightly together. Running at peak efficiency, it's capable of assembling 1,000 tons of raw material into finished products per minute – provided, of course, you have the right kinds of raw materials, correct blueprints to assemble them into, and a logistics chain to keep it all working smoothly. In the hands of an inefficient human, it might top out at 100 tons/minute.
It is incapable of atomic transmutation and having to 'crack' raw matter into a different type will slow everything down a bit (eg: throwing in methane (CH4) to crack into carbon and hydrogen, when you need the carbon to make diamond, rather than using pure carbon to begin with). It is capable of producing nanotech (such as quickmatter) at a much smaller rate, owing to the processes involved.
The Manufactory comes pre-installed with blueprints for just about any item in common use in Yellowstone space; you'll have to obtain prohibited or classified blueprints for yourself. You will have to manually configure and program it to work with any unusual materials.

Doctor's Bag - 100cp, Doctor
For when you have to make house calls. A well-made bag (to your desires, naturally) full of advanced and not-so-advanced medical gear. It is capable of performing field diagnoses through hand-held x-ray, ultrasound and blood DNA tests in minutes at most, as well as all the usual field surgery drugs and equipment like anesthetic, scalpels, tweezers, bone saws, medical pliers, sample tubes and more.
It also includes a wedding gun, which is either used to exchange encapsulated DNA between a couple, or fire drugs into someone. Either is fine. The contents of the bag sterilizes itself between uses.

Surgical Suite – 200cp, Doctor
This white and pale green room contains a swift, bright silver loom of surgical machinery suspended over an operating table, a pair of swan-like medical servitors and all the surgical equipment and drugs you could need for any operation – provided you got the head and body into the room within a couple of minutes, the equipment here can even restore someone from decapitation. The room automatically sterilizes any microbial contaminants inside it, including Plague spores. You may attach it to your warehouse, a large ship or another property.

Trawl – 400cp, Doctor
A portable trawl device, no larger than a briefcase, that operates on similar principles to an MRI machines, only vastly more sensitive and sophisticated. A hood or frame is placed over the subject's head, and it non-intrusively reads their mind's activity via magnetic and electrical resonance. However, it can also be used to interrogate someone's memories, or set in reverse to alter the memories within – at its most extreme, transplanting one person's memories and personality into another. At its simplest settings, it can be used to allow a paralyzed person to move via an exo-frame, or communicate with someone while they are still frozen in reefersleep.

The Body Factory – 600cp, Doctor
There's technically a ban on cloning in the Yellowstone system, but if you don't tell them about this, I won't either. This large room holds dozens of clear vivification tanks, snaking tubes of nutrient and waste feeds, bubbling saline mixers and ticking valve regulators. There are even DNA printers to produce, replicate and modify DNA sequences from scratch.
With the right tweaking, you could produce dozens of children or adults (depending on how fast you want to have them ready) in a month or two, with newly-conscious minds or without them, to just about any possible variation of skin color, build, or general appearance. You could dial it down, I suppose, to produce clone limbs for grafting or spare organs, or even use non-human genetic material for truly exotic grafts and implants.
All the Body Factory is lacking is some DNA to replicate, and a Surgeon-General to oversee it.

Thesis Manuscript – 100cp, Researcher
It's not unusual for researchers to spend significant portions of their lives on an important thesis; so much time writing and revising it that they know it as intimately as their own body, every last addition. So this is a manuscript book; the first half filled with comprehensive, detailed and referenced work on a topic you've specialized in – like scuttler archaeology or the neurophyiscs of digital life. The second half of this book is empty, waiting to be filled in. Anything you take the time to write or draw in its pages becomes ironed into your memory, never to be forgotten.

Display Fan – 200cp, Researcher
A stylish and utilitarian data tablet in a compact folding fan design. It can be linked to, and display data from, any number of other systems. The display can project 3D images via entopics, project a flat image on a nearby surface, or simply display it on its arc-shaped surface. Its built-in processor is reasonably powerful – on an isolated colony world, it might well be the most powerful computer on the planet.

Data Turbines – 400cp, Researcher
The fastest, most massive data processing units available to humanity. Four linked data turbines engineered to atomic levels of precision for the archiving and retrieval of bulk quantities of data. They can comb millions of terabytes of stored data to answer an enquiry near-instantly, so fast that any flaw in their systems would make them fly apart with the force of a bomb. Of course, such a flaw does not exist, except as a deliberate self-destruct mechanism with physical interlocks. These data turbines are able to be installed in your warehouse, with waste heat and power consumption issues taken care of.

The Jumper Institute For Weird Shit - 600cp, Researcher
Let's cut the crap. Forget the Sylveste Institute for Shrouder Studies, or the Sylveste Institute for Artificial Mentation; the Jumper Institute for Weird Shit is where it's at. That's not its real name, of course, but whatever it's called, you are the chairman, manager of a steady supply of funding donated to its coffers. Full of results-driven researchers and bookish academics with wild theories, it's not so good for conducting research into "proper" topics (your faculty would say, *boring* topics), but you can be assured that their fringe science will never stop making discoveries that are described as "unsettling" and "troubling" at best, and "dangerous" and "horrifying" at worst. Whatever products come out of it, you can be sure that they will make the world a weirder place.
The Institute somehow seems prone to...incidents...that result in breakthroughs in technology and science well before their safer and more sensible competitors. Just make sure you keep allocating funds to maintenance and security, or you might find it becomes the center of a darkening stain on the world.

Float-cams – 100cp, Investigator
Often used by journalists, the float-cam is a small, butterfly- or mosquito-like servitor that fits in the palm of your hand. It can trace and follow many parameters of a target – such as by scent trace or visual signature matching - through its clusters of compound sensors, and hovers on membrane wings.
This selection of twenty-odd float-cams is enough to grid and survey even tightly-packed habs or suburbs in minutes for fugitives or suspects.

Entopic Overlay Goggles – 200cp, Investigator
For those who choose not to have Entopic Implants, this set of wraparound goggles is functionally the same - displaying augmented reality overlays on your vision, just outside your head instead of inside. This pair come with some extra features, however. They have the magnification of a powerful set of binoculars, senses the entire light spectrum from FLIR to UV, and use active radar, lidar and sonar to display, map and record the world around you. They detect holographic, entopic and other illusions, marking them and selectively seeing through them, and can outline the presence of invisible objects or people that the goggles can sense.

Ops Ten – 400cp, Investigator
An abandoned subsurface colony, probably on Yellowstone, but it could be on another planet if you wish. It dates back to the Americano era, some three hundred years ago, and once you clean out the skeletons is filled with valuable trinkets that will fetch a high price on the historical relics market – enough to guarantee a life of luxury unless you are a wastrel.
The base itself is fully furnished, and only a cursory clean would be enough to restore fusion power, plumbing, atmospheric processing and its other infrastructure. It houses up to 200 people, has vehicle hangers and space for plenty of science labs or setting up a mineral extraction system.
However, the main attraction is that nobody knows about it – it's strangely slipped by all mentions in the historical records and planetary surveys, making it the ideal place to beat a hasty retreat to.

The Network – 600cp Investigator

An organization – a loose collective, really – with its fingers in many pies. Spread into every strata of society, the Network can pull strings in many major organizations, from governments to businesses to crime rings across the planet.

The Network by itself is unlikely to be able to get you exactly what you want, but they can certainly open doors to allow you access to what you need – people, information, goods and services. They answer only to you. In future jumps, the Network is already embedded in what passes for society.

Volantor - 100cp, Dilettante

An in-atmosphere vehicle, designed for the pinnacle of style and comfort. Inside, it has the kind of plush interior that celebrities crave; it even has a mini-bar. The outer surfaces can form any kind of decoration you care for, but flows back to aerodynamic smoothness while airborne.

Nimble and swift, this one has a few extra features – like an armored chassis lining, decoys and flares, as well as a military-grade gamma-level intelligence for an autopilot – just in case anyone tries to take a shot at it.

Personal Brute – 200cp, Dilettante

A heavy-duty servitor, towering almost double the height of a human. It's no grimy industrial thing; made of the same chrome style as smaller waiting servitors, it's ostensibly just a larger version of those. However, its added size hides a strength that can lift tons, laser optics for defensive purposes, and its long stride can match the speed of a car, so it might race to your assistance in seconds.

Mansion Dome – 400cp, Dilettante

A sprawling complex at the height of luxury. It's a bit smaller than the House of Jumper, but the open greenery, decadent furnishings and peace and quiet make up for it.

It is housed inside a one-kilometer-wide dome inside Chasm City's primary dome, or might be on a planet that has been colonized. This sub-dome ensures atmospheric integrity in case the city's main dome is breached and is fitted with layers of counter-intrusion and counter-surveillance measures. The interior of your dome can be transparent or display any scene you'd like as though it were a hemispherical screen.

Inside the dome are grounds and gardens, a primary mansion and maybe a few guest houses, swimming pools, recreation courts, fountains, garages for a volantor or three, and more; even a mausoleum for the family's deceased.

The mansion is furnished to glittering aristocratic standards, large enough to house a party with hundreds of guests and impress them. A small army of basic servitors waits on your whim.

Confidante – 600cp, Dilettante

You've got a personal advisor – a very sophisticated Beta-level simulation of someone. The person it is based upon might be a former lover, a mentor figure, a relative or a friend you had to part ways with. The Beta has had decades to 'learn' to be the person it is based on, and acts flawlessly like the original, but has had some subtle tweaking: it is very wise, for a program, capable of giving you sound advice for almost any situation, is an excellent listener, and is very trustworthy.

However, they are not *just* an advisor. In life, the person this Beta is based off was a genius in one field or another – they might have been a revolutionary doctor, a maverick weapons technician, a notorious black-hat hacker or some other kind of specialist. Your confidante has these skills as well, and they only require a body – your body, if you have implants, or a servitor if not – to make use of them. Also note, that while they act like a human, they are able to think with the speed and precision of a computer program, not a human. They display themselves either as a hologram or via entopics (implants, or goggles), though they can be loaded into a servitor.

While they do not count as a companion now, if you import them as one or grant them actual free will and consciousness in some way, that will cause them to take up a slot.

The Glade – 100cp, Leader

This chamber is a place of peace where you can take shelter – however brief – from the hassles of your position. It might be an artificial ecosystem, a carefully tended garden, or even a hydroponics greenhouse that's run wild and overgrown. This quiet green space is soothing and calming, and spending a half-hour here mentally refreshes you like a good night's sleep.

Recruits - 200cp, Leader

Sometimes you've just got to get something done with muscle rather than diplomacy, and that's where your army comes in.

Simply put out word that you need an army, and this collection of volunteers will respond. They are a few hundred people, ordinary for their world. In the Mulch they might be Pigs from the gangs, in the Glitter Band they might be volunteer Constables, or on a religious world like Hela they might be the more militant disciples of the faith. You'll have to supply the weapons and any training if you want them to do more than basic grunt work.

The Recruits don't follow you between worlds; each time you put out the word, a new army responds.

Tactical Room – 400cp, Leader

An operations center for managing any kind of crisis or scenario. It has seating and workstations for dozens of specialists or observers, but the dominating feature of the room is a tactical display which shows and records the position and motion of all significant bodies within dozens of AU's – any object over a kilometer, plus any smaller objects you designate as 'of interest'.

The level of detail is such that it can show you just about anything on the surface of those bodies or in any orbiting habitat down to a few feet resolution – not bad for such a wide area– but you won't be able to see into private buildings or ships unless their floorplans are publicly available.

The workstations and tactical display could take many forms depending on what faction you belong to: Panoply's Situation Room has wooden desks arranged around the Solid Orrery; a physical model of the Glitter Band made of shapeshifting quickmatter; Ultras might holographically display space around them as a sphere, each specialist seated on a chair mounted on the end of a moving crane arm; and Conjoiners might simply have a bowl-shaped pit with seating, all work done and data displayed through the implants in the heads of the gathered Conjoiners without a physical display at all.

The Department – 600cp, Leader

You are the head of a government department in the apparatus of Yellowstone or the Glitter Band.
You get to pick what your department actually does within limits. It can't be a military department or the Treasury, but it could be law enforcement, a meteorological bureau, a department of culture and trade, immigration, or education.
There are a couple of hundred minions within the department, all of whom are loyal, but not fanatical to its purpose, lying somewhere within the normal human ranges of competency.
It is well funded but not well monitored, with all the facilities and equipment it needs to carry out its purpose (of course, everyone says they need a lot more). Your underlings are competent enough that if you go on a lot of leave, the department will keep doing its job well enough to avoid unwarranted scrutiny from above.
In future jumps you will either start, or soon be promoted to an equivalent branch in your new world.

Servitor – 100cp, Digital Entity

A simple servitor (robot) body with or without a gamma-level personality to control it.
This one is a basic humanoid model, general purpose in design. This is most useful for teleoperation for a Digital Entity, but other backgrounds might want someone to help around the house or for an assistant gamma- or beta-level to control.

Information Gifts – 200cp, Digital Entity

A collection of what are essentially puzzles, trivia, stories, jokes and encyclopedia collections, but packed into an extremely data-rich format, holding terabytes upon terabytes of cross-referenced minutiae and detail. There are ten of these engraved crystal lattices in this sealed box, and each one would be extremely valuable to any entity which trades or sells information, such as the Pattern Jugglers - each one of these items being worth one ‘favor’ from such beings.

Data Hounds – 400cp, Digital Entity

With but a command, you can create digital bloodhounds designed to search out information or people throughout the local data infrastructure that you are connected to.
You can send these hounds into computers or networks to sniff out access codes, let them loose on the internet to find someone's last known location, or to prowl around a specific file and trace anyone who accesses it.
The hounds are almost smart enough to qualify as sapient (they'd pass the Turing test easily if they were designed for conversation, but they aren't) and their electronic senses are almost forensic - they can not only search through huge amounts of data quickly, but interpret data and metadata at a useful level, as well as analyze absences of data, blocked progress, discover deletions or hidden data, and possibly recover deleted data fragments. They can even do things like self-destruct with a final alert if they think they are being traced or analysed themselves. You can choose to either monitor them continuously (which may potentially be linked back to you), or you can get periodic or event-triggered updates (much harder to trace back).

Quicksilver Body - 600cp, Digital Entity

A body you can inhabit which is made of something like quickmatter, only rather more advanced – and with none of the built-in safeguards that are meant to keep people safe. Like mercury poured into a humanoid mold, it can flow into basically any form and restructure itself to adapt to almost any kind of attack, including producing complex machinery like plasma generators and weapons. Its mercurial, flowing motion can even envelop inert matter – like some office furniture – and spit it back out moments later as a highly complex device, like a ticking clock etched down to the atomic level with recursive fractal patterns or a spinal prosthetic to puppet a corpse.

The only known effective weapon to use against this form – short of kiloton bombardment, like a foam-phase warhead, antimatter, or a nuke – is a ludicrously powerful EM field, like those found in fusion tokamaks or the magnetic scoops of a Bussard ramjet starship. Even when subject to this crippling force, you would still be conscious and constantly struggling against it.

Faction Items

To repeat, all Backgrounds and Factions get their 100cp and 200cp items for free; the rest at 50% discount.

Plumage – 100cp, Glitter Band

With the use of entopic illusions, even a naked emperor is still not without his clothes. This is a wide selection of designer-created augmented-reality clothing, accessories and orbiting abstraction figures. Those of the Glitter Band often have flowing ribbons of 'impossible' clothing and birds or mythical creatures gathering around them, while Conjoiners prefer swarming motes of light, mathematical equations and Boolean logic symbols.

After this jump, you may cause these illusionary clothes and accessories to appear even in the eyes of people without implants of their own.

Nonvelope 200cp, Glitter Band

A nonvelope is a two-meter sphere, a capsule designed to hold a small cargo and ensure that it is only found by the right people. It is almost undetectable, with a light-refracting shell that ensures invisibility to cameras and sensors and layered insulation to stop a thermal or vibration signature. It is only detectable by a few types of sensor - gravity anomaly, neutrino (if the cargo is radioactive), or excessive thermal build-up (if the cargo is a heat source the insulation can't handle). It disengages camouflage only in response to a very specific code of laser light – so seekers have to be reasonably sure where it is and have the right codes to try to find it. Such devices are usually left in an out-of-the-way place, but can be used to deliver items within the Glitter Band by being released on a carefully-plotted course from one habitat to another, like an invisible balloon drifting on the wind.

Delta-Wing Shuttle – 400cp, Glitter Band

Dignitaries, cargo, common travelers and luxury goods alike are handled by shuttles throughout civilized space. This one is a prime example of the type; a white delta-shaped wing to operate in trans-atmospheric flight as well as in the black. Its autopilot is more than capable of handling the entire flight from takeoff to landing, as long as nothing unexpected happens. It has the capacity to lift 200 passengers or a large amount of cargo. It has no weapons or military sensors, but it's not that hard to retrofit if you know what you're doing. It's a surprisingly agile and fast vessel thanks to an antimatter bottle but loses out to lighthuggers in the long run thanks to their raw sustained acceleration.

A Glittering Gem - 600cp, Glitter Band

A gleaming space habitat that fits right in with the rest of the habs of the Glitter Band. Whether it's a beehive asteroid, an O'Neil cylinder, a Carousel, or something else, it has the resources to house and support a population of ten thousand as long as its exports are moderately profitable. With a keen business mind, you could probably steer it to produce quite a large profit for you and give any citizens an affluent lifestyle. At your option, it can be one already inhabited, with a governance system entirely at your discretion – anything from a standard democratic model, to a majority share-owned, to voluntary dictatorship, to a Hell; something which skirts the legal boundaries that allow for self-governance.

This hab includes all the usual features of a Glitter Band hab: life support cyclers, municipal fabbers, docking and cargo handling facilities, maintenance and utility servitors, transit infrastructure and full polling and abstraction (data services) support. It probably has plenty of green spaces (as a supplementary oxygen processor) and a few quickmatter structures which can shift their layout or appearance.

In future jumps, it imports into a stable orbit around a celestial body, if available, but empty. It retains internal modifications.

Field Prefect Uniform – 100cp, Panoply

A black dress uniform and wrist band which identifies you as a Prefect. It has a few support systems built into the wristband and fabric - comms, medical monitoring with emergency drug dispensation, stiffening fabric to disperse blunt impacts and a locator signal.

Non-Panoply members who buy this will have an outfit of similar function but different appearance.

Whiphounds – 200cp, Panoply

Whiphounds are semi-autonomous weapons; resembling a short cylindrical handle when inactive, and extending a whip-like filament when activated, one edge blunt but the other with mono-edged cutting mechanisms.

It has three modes: a last-resort grenade mode with a variable yield up to 1.2 kilotons; a sword mode for cutting through obstacles where the filament becomes a rigid hypersharp blade that can easily saw through granite, and (most commonly used) an autonomous mode, where the whiphound moves about in a snake-like fashion with the handle as its 'head' and the filament as its 'tail'. It is smart enough to act almost completely on its own: scouting, escorting, patrolling an area or guarding a target with discretionary levels of response ranging from restraining a suspect with minimum force, to euthanizing a target faster than they can squeeze a suicide trigger.

While the standard issue for a Field Prefect is a single whiphound, you have been given three units – two Model As, and one Model C. One Model A is a standard loadout for most missions; carrying a second backup unit is considered sufficient for a 'high risk' mission. The Model C, however, comes with an 'enhanced suspect compliance' mode, which frankly speaking can be used to torture people.

Pangolin Clearance – 400cp, Panoply

The 'Pangolin' Security Dyslexia clearance level is reserved for only the upper tier of Prefects – Senior Prefects. Because you have this injection tube, containing the nanites that will install Pangolin into your mind, that means you are a Senior Prefect as well – and all the power and responsibility that comes with it; the shepherd Panoply in carrying out its duties for the good of the Glitter Band.

In future jumps, this injection tube instead contains nanites which will install a different form of dyslexia into your mind – a neural re-programming that will allow you to understand any one written code once used. You receive a new Pangolin injection tube once per year.

Security Access Override One-Time-Pad – 600cp, Panoply

A Security Access Override One-Time-Pad for any information system. That is, a password.
This OTP access code will allow you to log into one computer system as an Administrator-level user exactly once, with a 600 second access window, bypassing all layers of security, and, if you wish, monitoring.
You will be issued a new One-Time-Pad each year. You cannot use a second OTP again on the same system, so I hope you can do whatever it is in ten minutes.

Experiential Helmet – 100cp, Mulch

A helmet – more like a skeletal frame, really - for both playing experientials and recording them. Experientials are stored, recorded memories, a preferred media because of the richness of sensation. It's much simpler than a full-function trawl, quickly scanning the mind of the person wearing it and automatically assembling episodes based on the memories it finds. There is no risk of personality 'bleed over' with this method. Comes with a case of empty memory sticks; as you use them up, more blank ones appear.

Broker – 200cp, Mulch

No matter what city you end up in, this weaselly, middle-aged man will have a small shop set up – he seems to pop up anywhere he might get some customers. He trades in second-hand goods, and if you make it worth his while, dabbles in the not-quite-legal items as well. He'll buy a vial of Dream Fuel off you and make it disappear through his networks of fences, or maybe you need a gun without needing to flash your ID to anyone. Either way, his prices are a little steep but not outrageous given his no-questions-asked policy. He only sells what can be commonly sourced in the local world.

Dream Fuel – 400cp Mulch

A drug which has only emerged since the Melding Plague, Dream Fuel is the most precious substance in the Yellowstone system. It has some minor regenerative properties that allow a baseline human to live for hundreds of years, but the main effect is to inoculate its user - or more precisely, its user's implants and cybernetics - against infection with the Melding Plague, allowing post-mortals to keep their cybernetics without needing to use a hermetic palanquin. This vial of Dream Fuel will prevent any outside influence from taking over or transforming your cybernetic parts. This effect lasts for a few days, at which point a new dose will appear in your warehouse and has no moral implications to worry about.

Gang Territory – 600cp, Mulch

About a square kilometer of the Mulch's layered slums, and you're the 'king'. All the inhabitants pay their shares to you – a modest protection fee – and few if any would go against your word. You're probably the kindest gang boss to move in since, well, the Plague.
Despite the ramshackle appearance, all kinds of high-technology goods and services are available, if you know who to ask. Almost every flavor of technology – save those affected by the Plague – or service can be found in in the riotous markets. Fleshcutters pursue their craft alongside augmetic mechanics, escorts to suit every taste advertise their assets, down-on-their-luck engineers make gang weapons, black geneticists peddle jailbroken Mixmaster sequences and more; much more.
The Gang Territory either imports into any new world you travel to or becomes accessible through a door in your warehouse.

Canopy Fashion – 100cp, Canopy
A wardrobe of fashionable clothes in Canopy style, where the ever-popular long coat is king. While the selection here doesn't represent the cutting edge of fashion in the Canopy, its contents will keep you looking sharp no matter the climate or what's 'in' at the moment – useful if you need to blend in or mingle with the upper crust without drawing too much attention or fashion criticism. Holds apparel and accessories for both men and women.

Game-Legal Gear – 200cp, Canopy
A loadout of equipment legal for "The Game", or rather, organized manhunting. It includes a set of optic goggles for low-light conditions, a pheromone/DNA sniffer to track your prey, and a low-powered weapon designed to kill an unarmored human, like a small projectile pistol or a light laser carbine.

Plasma Rifle – 400cp, Canopy
This one is definitely *not* "Game-legal". High precision anti-vehicle (or anti-suit) firepower in the form of a huge rifle, its retinal projection system and gyroscopic stabilizers will allow you to easily down a small aircraft or take on a state-of-the-art suit. Like all high-end equipment of this age, it's stylish as well, either with a glossy black shell and leather dust cover, or something like a bright red and gold paint job with Asiatic dragons twisted around the barrel.

The House of Jumper - 600cp, Canopy
One of the tallest towers in Chasm City, this spike of a building is yours alone, from the top which stands well above the Mosquito Net, to the basement and foundations plunging down through the Mulch into the bedrock.
It can either be a uniquely pristine example of pre-Melding architecture, or just as warped and twisted as most of the surviving architecture tends to be. Either way, it is immune to further plague effects and contains many comforts and features which are common in Canopy towers: extensive hidden security features (both alarms and antipersonnel weaponry), a small army of servitors to clean and wait upon you, plentiful rooms for every occasion and a penthouse suite with a view many others would kill for.

Hermetic Palanquin – 100cp, Rust Belt
A dark, upright box in which a person may sit; ball wheels underneath carrying them with a gliding smoothness. It is hermetically sealed against the possibility of plague spores so that its occupant can keep any sophisticated internal cybernetics. This model is somewhat armored, with built-in sensors so the inhabitant has a clear view of their surroundings, a pair of manipulator arms, and even a defensive gun.

In-System Freighter - 200cp, Rust Belt
A bulk cargo freighter, able to drag a thousand tons of cargo between habitats. While it's armed, none of the guns are really good enough to stand a chance against even a small military-grade corvette or cruiser, or even catch a high-end civilian shuttle. They're mostly just good for scaring off pirates. It's also not a great idea to take it into an atmosphere – it's 50/50 whether the hull shape can withstand the stresses. Nonetheless, this little ship might be a slice of freedom.

Proxy - 400cp, Rust Belt

Law is enforced in the space around Yellowstone by police proxies in the wake of the Melding Plague - simple machines with plated, egg-like bodies and sharp-edged limbs like a spider made of knives and scissors, teleoperated by a nearby officer. Designed to board ships and inspect them, it has full zero-g maneuverability and high fidelity scanners, even the tools to conduct a DNA sampling or perform forensic investigations. In addition to its manipulator limbs - any pair of which are sufficient to force open a sealed airlock door or rip a man in half - it has many police weapons like sticky foam sprayers, Tasers, gas pellet guns and the like installed on its chassis and limbs. It can be operated via neural implants, if one has them, or via a control trawl (supplied gratis) if one does not.

A Dark Hab 600cp, Rust Belt

Even among the wreckage of the Rust Belt, a few habitats managed to survive the collision cascade by dint of armor, extraordinary effort, or pure luck. These remaining habitats share a novel legality – while their self-governance was never rescinded, the supporting laws and authority which watched over them has collapsed, leaving a vacuum in oversight and regulation.

Much like the Glittering Gem, it is a moderately-sized hab of varying design, still able to house up to ten thousand citizens, though some of the more high-tech features (like quickmatter, intelligent servitors and abstraction) have been stripped out.

What it lacks in these modern amenities it makes up for in anonymity and discretion; it tends to be 'legally overlooked' by law enforcement and is a magnet for people and businesses who operate on the shady side of legitimacy and legality. Provided you don't do anything remarkably stupid like operate a full-on pirate base out of it, it won't take long for a complete grey-market economy to move in and cut you a share of their profits.

In future jumps, it imports into a stable orbit around a celestial body, if available, but empty. It retains internal modifications.

Conjoiner Implants – Free, Mandatory and Exclusive for Conjoiners

You have been implanted with Conjoiner neural implants and undergone the Transenlightenment.

Via these implants, your biological mind is almost indistinguishable from the technology in and around you. Your memory is almost an extension of your personal devices - your compad's records are as easily brought to mind as your own recollections. You can access and control wireless technology around you with ease. You can transmit your thoughts and feelings directly to other Conjoiners through your implants, and even explore their minds if they allow it - as they can yours.

These implants also allow you a great deal of control over your own body, like stopping your heart or increasing or decreasing your body temperature at will, managing pain and monitoring your health.

The mesh of digital networks through your mind allows you to ramp your mental speed to the point where one second feels like fifteen seconds, though this state is likely to cause heat stress to your mind if sustained.

Conjoiner Implant Seeds - 200cp, Conjoiner

Conjoiner neural machinery is grown in place via nanotech seeds, consuming a tiny amount of the brain's matter (mostly supportive and connective glial tissue) to produce the network in place without surgery. In addition to allowing you to produce more Conjoiners for your Nest, inserting Conjoiner implants into someone also has a restorative effect.

The nanotech re-inforces neural pathways and re-routes pathways which have been damaged. This can restore function to people who have suffered brain damage from injury, sickness, or improper cyrogenic procedures - to the point of allowing a human to survive a deceleration that would turn a normal human's brain to mush - but cannot repair a brain which has developed abnormally (such as congenital mental conditions).

Conjoiner 2.0 (requires Conjoiner Implants) - 400cp, Conjoiner

You are a "new model" Conjoiner, optimized for mental speed. Your genes have been altered to grow a ridged crest on top of your head, through which your circulatory system pumps blood to cool your overclocked brain. Your mental processes run even faster than Conjoiners did before the Melding Plague, holding whole debates in seconds. Your mind operates at about fifty to sixty times normal, quickly churning through large amounts of complex data, and you are capable of running several streams of thought in parallel. These limits can be pushed at the expense of exhaustion and heat-stroke. If taken in an Early Start, this upgrade will make you one of the first Conjoiners of the new type.

Number Forty-One - 600cp, Conjoiner

You possess a weapon of sheer ungodly power known as a Hell-Class or "Cache" weapon. This is a weapon the size of a small ship or shuttle itself, developed by the Conjoiners not for conventional use, but to kill whole fleets or even planets with weird and deadly physics breakthroughs that humanity has never seen on the battlefield, let alone developed a defense for.

You may choose exactly what manner of exotic physics it requires to function: it might be a gravity beam weapon, an entropy acceleration field, a limited vacuum collapse imploder, a strangelet multiplier, a Strong Atomic Force negator, invert the polarity of a tiny slice of the target's matter into antimatter, ignite itself into a small, short-lived black hole or simply saturate a volume with nearly impossible amounts of radiation. However it works, its effect is of impressive enough scale to kill a city at low yield or even mess with a star to affect the surrounding solar system.

Number Forty-One comes installed with a stern alpha intelligence who ruthlessly prevents unauthorized access or tampering, and ensures that it will not be interfered with in the event of its deployment. Inhabiting the weapon does not require it to take up a companion slot.

Chimeric Augmentation - 100cp-400cp, 100cp level free for Ultra, higher levels at discount)

Ultras don't die just because they swallow a little vacuum, and their chimeric upgrades are the source of this saying. You have altered your body in some radical manner, whether it's outwardly visible or not. Some Ultras lean towards mechanical augmentations; with mechano-brutalist hands like a fist full of knife blades and retro-punk optics, or sleek gold and ivory inlaid shells like living sculptures. Others tend towards genetic modification, inserting artificial gene sequences into their DNA to shift themselves towards some ideal, or use cloned grafts and bio-sculpting to add extra features to their biology.

No matter what level you select below, in addition to your more radical features, your chimerism has resulted in internal improvements to allow you to survive in hostile extremes - like vacuum or high pressure and gravity - for much longer than a typical human, and to recover from these ordeals much faster. Do note, there are still limits to how much you can take; those limits are just much higher.

As to the specifics:

Your own chimeric augmentations are designed for one task above others, like medical operations, hand-to-hand combat, life support, geological assessment, vacuum survival or the like. They might encompass your senses and limbs, provide ports to connect your implants to other machinery, or act as armor to cover your body in place of skin. Chimerics vary greatly in their outward appearance and proportion of enhancement, so there is a sliding scale for price.

- For 100cp, your augmentations take up no more than a quarter of your body - a pair of hands, a whole artificial limb, a cyber-vertebral tail, hyper-flexible joints, or a significant chunk of your major organs. Bio-augs that affect several of your internal organs or one implanted organic weapon fall here.
- For 200cp, your augmentations take up roughly half of your body - both legs and a tail, both arms and most of your torso, or split in flesh and metal exactly bilaterally. Gene-grafts that affect your entire skin surface, entire circulatory system, or replace your lower half (like a mermaid tail) would fall in this group.
- For 400cp, you are an extreme chimera, and these augmentations can account for up to your entire body except for your brain. You might have your natural head on a robotic life-support body, have replaced almost everything like Doctor Trintignant or Richard Swift, or be so totally gene-tailored that few would recognize you as anything once human.

Exoskeleton - 200cp, Ultra

Ultra exoskeletons are primarily used to allow the most space-adapted Ultras to operate in a planet's gravity, but they're also used to allow crew to move about when their ships are under multiple-gravity acceleration or on high-g planets. They can also be useful in a fight if you don't have a good suit - I'm sure you'd appreciate a tenfold increase in strength and carrying capacity, and double running speed and jump height.

Many Ultras decorate their exoskeletons with entopics or carvings like scrimshaw, so feel free to have your decorated similarly if you wish. This one doesn’t run out of power and is quite easy to further upgrade.

Space Suit – 400, Ultra

Contemporary space suits in this age are more like miniature space ships in their own right. This is a suit from the *Belle Époque* - it looks like a white, humanoid blob. To don it, simply stand in front of it and it will "step" onto you, opening and closing around you.

It can recycle air, waste and moisture for several days, and its propulsion systems are powerful enough that it can reach orbit from surface - or descend from space to a planet's surface, though not with the agility or speed of a proper starship.

As for weaponry, it can form many different offensive configurations from lasers to bosers, railguns and even expend its antimatter fuel to fire pinhead pellets in a laser-evacuated channel. It can operate fully autonomously under a (not particularly smart) gamma-level intelligence, apply medical aid, and mirror its surface in reaction to laser attack or camouflage itself for stealth. Alas, it is not as heavily armored or fast as a true shuttle or starship. This suit is typical of Ultra ships like the *Nostalgia For Infinity* or the Spire expedition.

Lighthugger – 600cp, Ultra

This was one of the last lighthuggers to be built before the Conjoiners stopped manufacturing their drives; a needle-nosed starship some four kilometers in length and armored with bright diamond and ablative ice against collisions with rock and dust in interstellar space.

Unfortunately the finishing was a bit rushed, so while it has the essential Conjoiner drives, anti-collision systems, navigation sensors and C&C controls, living facilities, basic medical facilities and fabricators, life support and cargo space for miles, it lacks long-ranged military-grade offensive weapons, and only has a couple of very basic bulk cargo shuttles and runabouts.

It can carry an active crew of up to a hundred, along with 200,000 passengers in reefersleep capsules, packed in like sardines, or become a formidable warship slaved to the command of just one captain. It likely has an ecology of ship rats and servitors to keep things tidy. In the right hands, one such ship could bring ruin to an entire world - or redeem itself in saving it. It deserves a good name.

Tapeworm - 100cp, Settler

You have a tapeworm now. That's a good thing. This bioengineered symbiote is common to settlers on worlds with their own ecosystems, like Juggler worlds. Living in their gut, it secretes a variety of enzymes to break down otherwise toxic proteins into digestible (or at least non-toxic) material. It also does a good job of neutralizing other kinds of ingested toxins, like heavy metals and common contaminants like arsenic. This tapeworm gives you no irritation or side effects and lives as long as you do - you wouldn't even know it was there.

Rover - 200cp, Settler

A large vehicle, around the size of a large RV or a municipal bus that you call home. Exactly what type of vehicle is up to you, but it's designed for the terrain of the planet you call home (or, a planet you might soon be calling home, if you're outward bound from Yellowstone). It might be an airship held up by hot gas, a ski-mounted icerunner, a houseboat, a crawler on caterpillar treads, a submarine or even mounted on stilt-like walking legs like a giant spider.

Regardless of what it is and how it gets around, it's got small sleeping quarters for up to four people, a work/kitchen area, a cockpit, an airlock and a tiny bathroom. It has a satellite dish and radio antennae for communications, radar, lidar and outward-directed cameras for autopilot navigation, recycling systems for air and water, a storage compartment for supplies and cargo, and comes fully stocked with food, oxygen, fuel and other sundry supplies – several weeks' worth without topping up. Its top speed isn't great – no more than 100km/hr on ideal terrain, but many settlers would do shameful things for a transport-come-mobile home this well-equipped.

Pinhead Bomb – 400cp, Settler

A microscopic amount of antimatter in a containment shell roughly the size of a pinhead. The tiny containment vessel requires no external power source, so it can escape all but the most sophisticated scanning technology.

It has a multi-kiloton yield: planted in a dome city or smuggled aboard a lighthugger, it will rupture them from the inside out. I wouldn't rely on it for sterilization, however: the fireball is only around 100m across, even though the blast wave and radiation will reach a couple of kilometers.

If used, you will find a new Pinhead Bomb in your warehouse after one year.

Pattern Juggler Rock Pool – 600cp, Settler

A rockpool - the size of a swimming pool - of soupy green water and constantly-shifting algal biomass, this is a small section of the Pattern Jugglers isolated from the rest.

By immersing yourself in it, your neural pathways - and any other data you know - can be recorded to the Pattern Juggler biomass within, as well as allow you to access the neural patterns of the others who have swum in their waters previously. Its capacity is functionally unlimited.

Even when buying this item afresh, this will include the minds of many other humans, as well as individuals of alien species who visited the Jugglers in the ancient past, like the Shrouders, Nest Builders, Grubs and others.

You don't so much communicate with these stored impressions, so much as allow them to envelope you, temporarily becoming them in mind, but this quickly wears off over the course of a few hours. Still, plenty of time for this stored mind to provide some glimpses of their technology or otherwise assist you.

Translation Gem – 100cp, Unknown

This tiny device, like a small star, hovers near you at all times. It provides instant translation between any two spoken languages and generates appropriate synthesized voices for the speakers for each person to relate to – for example, a 'female' Nestbuilder would sound like a woman to a human, while a male human's speech would be accompanied by the right 'male' inflections to a Nestbuilder.

Galactic Final Memory Fragment – 200cp, Unknown

Your warehouse now houses a fragment of the Galactic Final Memory; a sphere of distorted space-time like a soap bubble or perhaps a glass ball, fixed in place a dozen feet above the ground.

The Grubs use these devices to "send" and "receive" communications...in a roundabout way of speaking. There's something screwy with causality inside the Fragment, because when a communication "arrives" in it, you'll find that the message was there all along but only now becoming available, even though there was no trace of it before it was "sent". All this, while no signal was ever transmitted from it, or received by the Fragment.

This Fragment acts as a conduit for all your personal communications devices (cell phones, implants, wi-fi, etc.) if you so desire. Communications sent through the Fragment are not only instantaneous, but now unable to be intercepted, or even detected, between the Fragment and its destination. Devices receiving communications from your linked gadgets will find that they "always" had the message in them.

Data Killer - 400cp, Unknown

An information virus that is designed to work its way into a data structure – including such things as the biochemical data repository of the Pattern Jugglers, a sentient program like an Alpha, or even a human mind – and use their own logical processes to throw them into an epilepsy-like seizure of function and force them to erase themselves. This data killer will be compatible with any target you care to throw it at – but sufficiently backed-up, adaptable or distributed data entities may find ways to escape it, so make sure you choose your moment carefully.

You can encode the Data Killer in a variety of ways, from binary to biochemical, depending on how you want to deliver it.

Void Warren – 600cp, Unknown

Not all things that flit through the dark between stars are human lighthuggers. The rare – very rare – Grub starship might also be found there. It only holds one primary Grub and its attendants – meaning it could carry about a hundred humans - but its core is embedded in a huge mass of foamy, dough-like matrix that can reshape and camouflage itself – even going so far as to take on the appearance of a kilometers-long human starship. In addition to this camouflage and ablative layer, it has the usual starship necessities (drive, life support, shielding etc.) but Void Warrens also have some inertia-control technology, giving them the edge over human vessels and allowing them to create gravity without centrifugal spin, and a skein of armoring force which acts as an anti-collision defense.

Companions

Beta-Level personality emulation programs do not count as companions unless they are imported or upgraded to actual sentience.

Import/OC Creation - 100cp for 1, or 200cp for 4, Special*

Import or create companions with 800cp to spend. They may not buy other companions or take drawbacks.

*Special Discount: If the companions created by this option match your chosen Faction, it is taken at 50% discount.

Canon Character – 100cp for 1, or 200cp for 4*

Take someone you might already know with you. Their canon traits, equipment or special abilities come backed by your Benefactor or Chain.

*The 4 for 200cp deal applies to characters who are associated with each other in canon. For example, four members of the Spire expedition, four members of Clavain's crew, four Conjoiners, etc.

Drawbacks

Time Runs Away - +0cp, Mandatory All
Your ten-year stay will run on subjective time. That means time in a reefersleep coffin doesn't count against this jump's duration, letting you travel between stars or skip years, and likewise travelling aboard a lighthugger for a few years will mean that decades could pass at your departure and destination points due to time dilation.
Be careful: it is entirely possible for hundreds of years to pass while you are in reefersleep or aboard a starship. The worlds you travel between may drastically change between visits.
Digital Entities may 'pause' themselves in archived digital storage as they cannot use reefersleep capsules.

Hyperpig - +100cp, Cannot take with Fixer-upper, Canned, Melded, or Digital Entity
You're not a human, but a hyperpig: a hybrid of the two species. You've got a lot of issues due to your body - pigs were never meant to stand upright or require dexterous use of their fingers, so you have chronic joint pain and delicate coordination issues. Fortunately, you can usually get gear suited for your hands. You may also find a fair bit of racism to be a problem - nothing that would get you attacked or lynched for walking down the street, but it could seriously hamper rising through any large organization. There are also some local items and medicines that don't work on you – Medichines and Longevity Treatments are inactive for your stay here.

Propaganda Virus - +100cp
You have been infected by a propaganda nanophage; it might vary in its details, but always following a central meme. It might be a religious indoctrination virus, giving you feelings of holiness if you give in to superficially religious activity, or it might be designed to paint one of the major factions - like the Demarchists, Ultras, or Conjoiners - in a favorable or unfavorable light in your dreams and bias your thinking towards or against them. It will steadfastly refuse treatment, but I'm sure you'll get used to it eventually.

Prosopagnosia - +100cp
Someone unwisely attempted to use nanotechnology on you before you were born, and as a consequence you have difficulty distinguishing human faces from each other, much in the same way that humans find it near impossible to distinguish one white sheep from another, or one crow from another in the flock. Without distinctive clothing, mistakes and uncertainty about people's identity are all but guaranteed.

Mechanophobe - +100cp (Prohibited to Conjoiners, Glitter Band)
You are phobic of self-governing machinery. While you have no issue with vehicles and space ships that are ultimately under human control, autonomous servitors can panic you as badly as an arachnophobe discovering a spider on their arm. This also means you won't take medichines or implants of any kind, and the thought of installing a cybernetic prosthetic creeps you out far too much to consider.

The Time Thief - +200cp

While this universe is, at its heart, utterly indifferent to the people within it, that indifference is at times cruel: the passage of time can rob people of their lives. Non-companion friends, partners and allies tend to be swept up in different temporal reference frames – for example, they are forced into reefersleep while you remain awake (or vice versa), or when you both intend on traveling together your capsules are separated onto different ships or misplaced to different destinations, so that one of you spends decades without the other.

Slow Light - +200cp

Any attempt to travel between stars is maxed out at the current speed of lighthugger travel with local technology. Once inertia-suppression technology is developed, the new "max" is what will set your limit – subjectively faster, yes, but objectively more or less the same.

Data-Starved - +200

Your mind is information-starved. The mundanity of day-to-day interaction, even as a Conjoiner or Digital Entity, is dreadfully unstimulating. Only extremely complex information processing tasks give your mind anything like the input it desires. If you don't receive this input - in the form of actual tasks, or games - you will retreat from the real world into unresponsive solipsism, shutting out the real world to focus on your imagined worlds of unfathomable complexity.

The smarter you are, the higher the level of informational input and processing complexity you will require to keep you from this fugue state. You can be roused from this state with a great deal of effort and the lure of complex data, but each time you slip into it, it will be harder to pull you out of your shell.

Fixer-upper - +200cp (Incompatible with Canned, Hyperpig, Melded)

You are trapped in a form that you dislike for some reason. Perhaps you underwent sophisticated bio-sculpting for a gala event, but then the Melding Plague happened and the nanoscale medical tools needed to return you to normal form no longer work, or perhaps someone like Doctor Trintignant subjected you to a procedure that you now regret agreeing to.

Whether your form is beautiful to the point of uncanny valley, hideous beyond words, utterly utilitarian and functional in the extreme or impractical as only high fashion can be, you detest being in it. For the rest of your time here the search for a way to undo what was done to you will be an overpowering motivation.

You may be able to find someone – or some*thing* – that can help you if you search hard enough, but there is some dreadful cost that must be paid in doing so – such as the lives of one of your companions (causing them to stop respawning for the jump), the sacrifice of much of your identity, or something similar.

The Leverage - +200cp

One of your companions or a close friend you'll meet shortly into this jump will be kidnapped by a third party. This third party is an opponent who seeks control over you and will attempt to use your companion or friend as leverage to ensure your compliance. Rescuing your companion or friend will prove impossible for at least a few (subjective) years, until the right opportunity arises. Try not to botch it – hostage rescue situations often tend to have a messy result once the shooting starts, and if they die you won't be able to get them back for the rest of the jump.

Canned (Cannot take with Fixer-upper, Hyperpig, Melded or Digital Entity) - +300cp
You are a central nervous system in a can. To be fair, it's a big can, about the size of a large coffee urn, but a can all the same. It's got life support, nutrient feeds and waste extraction. But at the end of the day, you can only experience the outer world through remote-controlling a body or via abstraction (VR) - your mind already has the necessary implants, or your life support can has a trawl to provide the same function. You must endure your stay in your life support module.

The Plague - +300cp
You are practically guaranteed to have some of your technology affected by the Melding Plague. There are no guarantees, even from other perks or items, that any of your equipment or cybernetic implants will survive contact with spores from the Melding Plague.
Generally speaking, technology with the following qualities are vulnerable:

- Nanoscale components
- Autonomous fabrication
- Biological interfaces (including biotech, internal cybernetics)
- Self-replication, self-repair, shape-modifying, or self-upgrading qualities

Those in this setting who expect exposure typically leave vulnerable items behind and make do with lower-grade substitutes, or seal themselves in Hermetic chambers or suits, constantly vigilant for contamination. When affected, technology will grow wild and spread, merging the item with its surroundings and trapping anything else near it in branching growth.
Only locally-sourced Dream Fuel (not purchased in Items) is the exception which makes such technology immune to the plague, but if events don't go off the rails, you might find the local supply drying up shortly.
You cannot avoid this by taking the Early Start; either the Melding Plague will move forward to happen before your 10 years are up, or events will conspire to delay your departure (via Time Runs Away) until after 2510.

Tick Tock - +300cp
You were one of the unfortunate souls trapped in the Sylveste Institute for Artificial Mentation during the Clockmaker incident, and the Clockmaker left one of its nasty little gizmos installed in you.
This device is essentially, and to no one's surprise, a clock, but one with hooks and barbs plunged into your chest like talons about to seize your heart. The beating of your heart keeps the clock wound and ticking upwards, but elevated adrenaline levels in your bloodstream make it spin down. If either one exceeds the other by too far – a few days without much excitement, or too much adrenaline running through your veins – doctors believe something nasty will happen.
The barbs of the clock will start to 'twitch', giving you escalating spikes of pain in warning as you approach one extreme or the other. When it reaches either state, it might shred through your torso like an expanding ball of spikes or maybe the Clockmaker was able to put a pinhead of antimatter somewhere inside it.
If it goes off, even if it doesn't kill you, you're going home. The clock can't be tampered with or removed without going off, and if you don't have a body or heart it's instead some kind of program or device that monitors your mental state for similar cues.

Hitchhiker - +300cp

You opened your mind and let something in - not the wisest move. There's a hitchhiker in your neural implants (you've got a set of those, if you didn't already; if you are a digital entity yourself, it's entangled in your neural simulation data). There are lots of candidates: See the Notes section for some examples. They have some kind of blackmail over you to coerce you, and through your implants they can make you see and experience their presence as though they were standing in the environment, try to manipulate you by talking in your mind, or force visions on you. They can't control your body, mind or actions directly, or read your memories from before you entered this jump - unless you let them. While their external influence is dependent on access to data systems through your implants, in this age of nearly ubiquitous technology that's more than enough.

They have an objective of their own with far-reaching consequences (See Notes) and your status is "expendable if necessary".

They are immune to any memetic effects being in your mind might have on them, and you cannot remove them against their will – but if leaving your mind guarantees their goals, they will do it.

Melded - +600cp (Incompatible with Canned, Hyperpig)

You weren't quick enough to save yourself from the Melding Plague and have now experienced its horror first-hand. You have become melded with a large structure, such as a building in Chasm City, a Habitat in the Rust Belt, or a vehicle like a Lighthugger.

As a result, the structure you are fused to is now a biomechanical hybrid of bones and steel, hydraulic fluid and mucus, shell and composite, cartilage and glass.

You cannot be separated from this structure or vehicle, nor change alt-forms, but your nervous system has fused with the electronic control network, allowing you to control the structure as your own body, to a degree. At first this will be difficult but become easier over time. It has the downside that anything that happens to the structure is now happening to your body – damage, even to upgrade or repair, is now pain; and I can't even describe the sensation of people moving around inside you.

If you bought a structure or vehicle in the Items section and wish to be merged to it, you may take your Melded form with you as an alt-form but lose independent use of the structure/vehicle.

If not, you can choose what you are melded to, but can't take it with you after the jump.

This drawback comes pre-packaged with the effects of the Fixer-upper drawback.

Notes

v0.92. Jump by Myrmidont. The Revelation Space universe by Alistair Reynolds.

If you don't know this series well, my advice is just to stay in the Yellowstone system for ten years. There's more than enough to do just in Yellowstone space, between Chasm City, the Rust Belt, the Ultras that come and go, the inter-faction and post-mortal intrigues, etc. Alternatively, some short trips should be fine, so hop on a lighthugger with a one-way ticket and go colonize a world or something.

If you do make choices that stretch out your stay here, the combination of time dilation and reefersleep could quite easily extend your stay into times when the Inhibitors or the Greenfly are active, both of which mark dramatic escalation in danger.

Panoply/Prefects

If you select Panoply, you can choose whether to be a Prefect or a support staff member. Unless you purchase Pangolin Clearance in items, you may select any rank between Deputy Field Prefect I and Field Prefect III.

Warchive

Strictly speaking, the warchive can make weapons with magical effects as long as that effect is inherent to the material used. For example, if you told it to make a sword out of uru (and provided the uru, of course), that sword would still channel magic especially good, because that's something uru does by dint of its own material properties. However the warchive couldn't make a steel longsword and give it a +1 enchantment, or make a 9mm that just never runs out of bullets.

The Jumper Institute

The Jumper Institute is effectively a sci-fi horror plot generator, a little cauldron of unpredictable nightmare fuel and 'monsters' discovered or created by the institute's scientists.
This is the kind of research institute that sends an expedition off to a dead alien world and come back possessed by some sort of data entity, or make an AI who HATES, HATES, HATES everything, or discovers that lost colony ship people talk about in ghost stories is real and it was full of psychopaths who murdered each other, and brings back a sleeper pod with the sole survivor (cue slasher movie music). Should anything escape from the Institute, this horror may bleed into the world around them, creating a genre shift towards dark sci fi.
These kinds of things are the "incidents" and happen in addition to the weird science products that the Institute periodically creates, ranging unpredictably from drugs that put people into out of body experiences to weapons that erase space.

Pattern Assimilation

Using this perk is no more 'identity death' than learning information any other way; subsuming and integrating consciousnesses is now just another way your mind learns and grows.

Data-Starved

Based on Felka. The Conjoiner girl required intellectual stimulation such that constant experiments into the study of emergent consciousness barely kept her attention for a while and she longed for the task of managing the Great Wall of Mars, a massive nanotech structure stretching for kilometers but whose self-management routines had failed.

The Hitchhiker

Examples of possible Hitchhikers and their objectives:

The Madmoiselle

- Kill Dan Sylveste and ensure he never investigates Cerberus.
- Ensure the Conjoiners acquire the most powerful technology - such as the Hell-class weapons and Grub and Shrouder technology - so they can evacuate themselves from the galaxy, taking her with them.

The Sun Stealer

- Ensure that the Inhibitors are alerted to humanity's presence by exploring Cerberus in the Resurgam system.

The Clockmaker

- Destroy all legacy of the Sylveste family – ie: most of the Glitter Band and Chasm City, as well as any surviving family.
- Ensure anything that threatens them is eliminated.

Shrouders (various)

- Ensure that the Inhibitors are alerted to humanity's presence.
- Ensure that the Inhibitors are not alerted to humanity's presence.

An Alpha or Beta copy of one of your ancestors (various)

- Prepare The Jumper for use as a new body to take over, by locating their old cached memories and getting their body reshaped to match their old appearance.
- Re-start a reign of terror in Yellowstone that was interrupted when their original died.
- Take revenge on the rival dynasty that killed them.

The Wolf/Inhibitors (various)

- Sabotage any of humanity's attempts to escape or defeat the Inhibitors.

Amarantin (of Hades)

- Get humanity to fight the Inhibitors.

Shadows

- Activate the Scuttler mechanism in Haldora and allow the Shadows to come through.

Unknown (various)

- Eliminate other sapient, digital entities that could pose a threat to them.
- Spread or cure the Melding Plague.
- Start or prevent the Greenfly.
- Upload as many human minds as possible to spare them from the coming Inhibitors/ Greenfly…Whether they like it or not.
- Steal an advanced technology (inertia suppression, Hell-class weapons, etc.) from the Conjoiners and use it to outfit their own lighthugger ark to escape the galaxy.

Note On Technology

In order to create some of the strange technology possible in this setting in future jumps, all you need to do is use something bought in this jump to do it.

Eg: to make a Cryo-Arithmetic engine, you could use knowledge gained through Acausal Link or the Juggler rock pool, or make it with the construction servitors or manufactory, or even with equations written in your Thesis Manuscript.

So tell me about some of the crazy shit…[Spoilers]

Conjoiner drives: Each drive houses a tiny quantum wormhole through time to just after the Big Bang, when all the universe was a quark-gluon plasma. So you're riding a pair of portals to a universe so white-hot that atoms haven't condensed out of it yet. There's a brain in each pair of drives who used to be one of the best Conjoiners, whose sole job is to keep the wormholes synchronised and avoid exploding with a force that makes an AM explosion look weak. If you tamper with the drives, excessively damage them or move them apart from each other, they'll blow.
Once the Inhibitors show up, a modification is developed that causes the exhaust to interact with the universe just long enough to impart momentum, and then decay away into some kind of undetectable particle, leaving not even photons – so the drive doesn't even look like it's turned on, but it is.

A Cryo-Arithmetic engine is a computer that uses a loophole in physics to get colder the faster it runs. Networks on hulls are used to stealth ship's temperatures down to the cosmic background radiation. The problem is the faster they run, the colder they get, the more efficient they get, the faster they run, in a feedback loop. In theory freezing your whole ship if you don't manage them properly. Conjoiners won't invent them until after 2551.

Inertia Suppression Technology: Has four states. State 1 increases inertia, but they never make this work for more than microscopic areas. State 2 allows you to create a field where you can dial down matter's mass. Certain limits not advisable to breach because the human body is designed for inertia – heartbeat, blood pressure, muscle motion etc. Usually applied so your ship accelerates/decelerates faster.
State 3 removes mass entirely, but it turns you into photons, travelling forever at the speed of light. Not advisable. State 4, in theory, gives matter negative mass, allowing it to move faster than light. However, doing so has a high chance of violating causality and erasing you from the timeline, retroactively causing your death in an earlier time or place. It's stated that this has happened to whole civilizations, blinked out of the timeline because someone screwed up their newfangled FTL star drive or tried sending an email through time that broke causality the wrong way. Not used until around 2615.

Hypometric Weapons erase the matter from spherical volumes of space. Effective even against Inhibitors, until some countermeasure is deployed that makes them worthless. Effective instantaneous range out to light-hours, erasing a spherical diameter at least 4 or 5 kilometers across. In close, it becomes unpredictable and the sphere of erasure must be much smaller, measured in tens of meters. Not in use until after 2670 or so.

Inhibitors: Machine intelligences. Strictly speaking, the cubes that make up their form are just empty space, and they seem to use some kind of force projection to make them. Their job is to stop intelligent life from spreading around, usually by trashing their planet with comets but in some cases by exploding suns. They have huge repositories of knowledge they use to overcome younger civilizations, adapting countermeasures and hunting methods. Most human weapons are ineffective; even alien-designed weapons are of limited use. You won't have to worry about them unless you stick around until after 2567.

Greenfly: Von Neumann terraformer robots gone wild, having integrated Inhibitor and Melding Plague tech. They go on to transform all stars with planets in the galaxy into Dyson swarms of habitats in around 30,000-40,000 years. It is implied that they transform the entire universe this way, leading to (failed) attempts to escape the universe. Initial outbreak around 2850 or so.