

It's the near future, and humanity's advancement has been accelerated by the discovery of **lunafilament** or Moonsilk: A substance capable of replicating virtually any object, mechanical device or organic substance given a **Read Earth Memory (REM)** data blueprint and sufficient energy. Apart from raw lunafilament constructs being inherently fragile and difficulties in making living tissue, the replication is exact at the *atomic* level. Naturally its' raw ore, **lunum**, is mined on the moon. Advanced robots, complex space stations and technology capable of manipulating complex systems with a wave of a hand and a flash of luminous displays are all available when this miraculous smart matter is alloyed with nanomachines or other reagents.

But all is not well at **The Cradle**, Delphi Corporation's research and development facility for Lunafilament on the moon. Communication has gone silent, and a shuttle full of four engineers has been sent to investigate. If all goes as expected, a massive lunar quake and what appears to be a rogue AI hijacking the robots maintaining the station will result in the deaths of all but one of them. This sole survivor, **Hugh Williams**, will in turn be rescued by D-I-0336-7: An advanced gynoid made of Lunafilament with complex hacking capabilities and a strange past bound to the station's disrepair. He will come to call her **Diana**, as they fight to survive **IDUS**, the station's AI, doing its best to politely and efficiently murder them.

You'll be showing up a few hours before Hugh and his team arrive on the station. Surely you can lend them a hand? Or…are you here to stop them? Regardless, **take 1000 CP**.

Location

One way or another, you'll be at The Cradle for a while. Though where you start could matter greatly to your chances of survival. Choose freely, and wisely.

The Shuttle: You show up in a spacecraft not too unlike those used by NASA today, perhaps a little more advanced, perhaps a tad more robust. Hugh and his three employees are there with you. They're a tightly knit crew so expect camaraderie if you're an engineer too. If not, prepare for confusion.

The Shelter: A circular living space, actually designed for humans to survive for long periods of time in. It's the safest place on the station, is connected to a tram system that can take you most places as long as the corresponding stations are restored, and has a number of monitors and subsystems to keep you healthy, happy, and well-armed.

The Solar Power Plant: A large space full of hemispherical windows into the eerie gleam of the moon's surface and the darkness of space, bristling with energy collectors within. Despite a few darkened corridors and the homicidal security drones patrolling here and there, most systems are still intact

The Mass Production Array: Formerly a space for producing large quantities of consumer products, a fragile but intricately detailed city resembling the older eras of Earth meshed together with more advanced architectural techniques has been printed here. In every sense of the term, this city is AI-generated.

The Terra Dome: A facility formerly for biosphere synthesis, ecological modelling and soil engineering. Though technically synthetic, the trees and plants in this area are continuously printed to sprout, drop leaves, and emulate a life cycle despite not technically having living tissue. Like the Array, it has grown rampant. You might even find a strange childlike gynoid merged into some of the lunafilament branches...

The Lunum Mines: A set of more compact facilities overseeing an open air lunafilament mine. You're fortunate to start in the vacuum-proofed interior rather than wandering around outside, where apart the usual danger of unattended mining equipment a giant robot worm seems to be patrolling the place.

Experimental Pragmatics: A most secretive zone, full of both ominously long corridors and a particularly large concentration of combat robots. The information stored here could shed some serious light on Diana's true nature.

Central Port: The former command centre of the entire station. Here you'll find both a shuttle launching system that once commandeered, could potentially provide you with escape. You'll also find the hardware for IDUS' CPU. Careful, the AI (if it is *really* what's behind all this...) brooks no trespass and can activate artificial gravity-generating plating to immobilise intruders as a last resort.

Age, Gender and Origins

How does one reach for the stars? Some earn their way up there the hard way. Some are designed to labour in the void so those dependent on atmospheres can prosper. And some just…show up.

As a Drop-In, your age is whatever it was previously.

As an Engineer, you may be anywhere between 20-40 years old. Dad age, some might say. Or perhaps mom age.

And as a Pragmata, you weren't born but you have existed for exactly 6 years.

In any case, you can be whatever gender you want. Inclusive of appropriate aesthetic construction, if you're a Pragmata.

Drop-In (Free): Oh, okay then. You're just…on the moon. For no apparent reason. One moment there's a patch of empty air, and then you exist in it. You. Are. On the moon. And surrounded by killer robots. You should *probably* find a way to get off the moon. There are at least two people on the moon who would help you. Time to make some new friends, perhaps?

Engineer (Free): You came with the original team Hugh Williams was part of, now a team of 5 instead of 4 for vague corporate reasons. Your diligent training in how to repair, use and refurbish most of the technology used or made at the Cradle is matched only by the lifetime of labour that's bonded you with the other members of the team like family. Should things go awry, you might soon find out some bonds aren't limited to humanity itself. But for now, there's still time. Can you change an imminent tragedy? Is there still a chance to save a few more lives?

Pragmata (400 CP): You are an astonishingly lifelike robot created by Dr. Neil Higgins as part of a radical medical program designed to create compatible living human tissue using lunafilament, by testing it's compatibility with lifelike human robots. As such, you were designed to superficially resemble his sickly 7 year old daughter-but to double as an able assistant in his research, your capabilities are far greater than any human child.

In the time it takes you to babbles a few strings of binary, you can command terminal overrides, assume direct control of mechanical barriers and bypass security grids. Disruptive combat hacking takes far less time: You can decode the internal architecture of robots to override their electronic defences while jamming their physical ones, link them to synchronise the disruption of their defences and other wise fry their circuitry faster than a human can blink. You also possess a specialised spatial scanning routine that scans the quantum structure matrix of space near you-letting you project holographic markers to allies, reveal hidden passageways and navigate hostile environments. The range of these abilities potentially extends to the Cradle's entire infrastructure, although they are fastest and most responsive within line of sight for a typical human child.

Oh, and while this isn't drawn attention to your highly dense, non-magnetic construction lets you exert massive crushing force. With a bit of effort, you can tear apart mechanical components and breach reinforced space alloy plating.

If your gender isn't female, there was a glitch in the REM data used to manufacture you that likely deemed you a failure in the eyes of the good doctor despite otherwise being as capable as your siblings Seven and Eight.



Perks

Perks are discounted by 50% under the relevant header. Discounted 100 CP perks are free.

Drop-In

By the Light of the Moon (100 CP): You'd expect the deadly robots patrolling the halls, the structural damage to the facility and maybe the flickering lights to be disorienting. But you've got one hell of a sense of direction. Whenever you're looking for something important, you'll have a good sense of where to go to accomplish it. Nothing more informative than, say, a videogame player in a linear shooting game. But at the very least you'll know how to avoid dead ends to find the right data centres or terminals.

Black Box Jumper (200 CP): Dead filament. A toxic byproduct of lunafilament capable of dissolving organic matter and even interfering with electronic systems or interfaces. The filth that killed Dr. Higgins by cardiac arrest, seemingly possessed of a malevolent will on itself that in sufficient quantities could even form a rampaging monstrosity. There are only three known cures for it: A certain protocol *not yet* installed on any Pragmata, a hidden mod...and now, you. For some reason, you are intrinsically immune to dead filament toxicity. A robot covered in it could still punch your head off with this alone, but you could roll around in dead filament all day without a worry (unless it's growing fangs and tendrils to tear you apart). In future worlds, you'll still be resistant to other corruptive or impure substances and energies-and enjoy your full immunity to purely scientific byproducts generated from malfunctioning technology.

Lunar Science (400 CP): Before succumbing to frustration and despair from the meddling of corporate executives that didn't understand the dangers of his research, Dr. Higgins was a brilliant mind. As the head of the Experimental Pragmatics research facility, he was more than familiar with the scientific process of harvesting lumentum to refine into lunafilament and the final product's countless uses. He was able to push that research further, spearheading the original Pragmata project's true purpose of turning manufactured matter into a safe graft of living flesh. The world will never know what he could have accomplished with more time and fewer distractions. It may now. For you are as learned in the creation and use of lunafilament as he was, which due to the data-driven nature of using it means you can replicate almost all technology in this setting as long as you have enough of the stuff as well as energy and a sufficiently detailed REM data template. Might want to stock up on moon rocks while they're still in easy mining distance, though.

Abiosis (600 CP): *Damn*, you're tough. Lose an arm? Shove that sucker back in place and watch dark threads glue it on good as new. Shrapnel through the guts just comes out as you walk through it, and even delicate parts like brains or circuit chips regenerate quickly from getting smashed. You see, at some point you fell into a vat of dead filament that seems to have bonded with you symbiotically-existing in innocuous harmony with any other choices you took here. What this means is that though easily maintained, your physical form no longer has any critical components and is more malleable than clay while being hard enough to rival the space age alloys making up this facility. If it must be said, you can't be hacked-in fact your corruption can slowly bend artificial constructs as complex as Pragmatas to your will as long as you make direct contact. At will you can unravel into a sprawling mess of lashing tendrils, gnashing fangs and general amorphous horror that can crawl up any surface, survive comfortably in the void of space, and rip through metal with your bare hands. You can control the self-replication and corruption of your dead filament, letting you rise to the might of a certain rogue horror with a few minutes to ramp up production. It'll take extraordinary amounts of firepower coupled with an explosion big enough to swallow you up and preferably a building dropped onto it to kill you down. As for any attack short of that: Dead filament, son. *It hardens in response to physical trauma*.



Engineer

Trained Specialist (100 CP): You wouldn't be an engineer if you couldn't know which things to screw in and which to hammer, would you? Your extensive education in the more practical sciences in this world make you a deft pair of hands given circuit boards to replace, power tools to handle and mechanical suits to repair. If the need arises, you could probably modify weapons and salvage components from fallen enemies with more expertise than a layman. Hopefully, it doesn't come to that. You weren't trained for a warzone, after all...

Fatherly Wisdom (200 CP): Some questions need a more nuanced solution than a defragmentation, or a bolt hammered into a socket. You're wise in the ways of the world, able to field the many questions of a child in a way that imparts truth sensitively but accurately. Really, you're just good at getting along with kids while setting boundaries and making sure your expectations are met. There's something about you that's just reassuring to children, or child-like things. It's like you're naturally gifted at being a parent.

Combat Engineer (400 CP): Lock, load, and don't worry about practicing first. You may not have ever trained for combat, but *boy* are you gifted at it! From holding weapons steady, to evading gunfire or even missiles while returning fire, to hauling around a heavy power suit and all the gear you need all day while barely breaking a sweat-whatever life you lived must've been like an action movie hero. Even if you've never held a gun in your life, the outbreak of battle barely startles you and you find yourself handling anything that could be improvised into a weapon like you've trained with it all your life. Those rogue robots are about to find out who's the *real* killing machine on this moon.

For The Sake Of Our Future (600 CP): Sometimes, the world can seem dark. Sometimes, the people we love most can end up lost. Hurt. On the brink of death. At least with this, come Hell or high water there will always be hope. As long as you're earnestly trying to save someone's life, there will *always* be a way to save them from harm and doom. It's up to you to find the exit, locate the medicines and possibly synthesise the plot device-which pits. But it'll never be too late to do *something* even if that cancer diagnosis is normally fatal or the spaceship is on fire, something that'll be harder the more dire the danger-but ultimately something within your reach. Luck swings in favour of those you're protecting like this, possibly helping them save themselves or hold on longer than should be possible.

Pragmata

Grow and Learn (100 CP): There is more to intellect than mere computing power. Your mind is receptive to accepting and adapting to new experiences, a mere machine being able to expand to comprehending devotion to a parent, fun at the seaside and aspiring to live as a normal girl even if not designed for it. Conversely, a human might be able to intuit the attack patterns of a machine from observation and combat without any insight into the program controlling it. Perhaps thinking outside the box in and of itself is what it means to be alive.

Cheerful CPU (200 CP): There's something about you that just screams anything but *threat* or *tool*. Your whimsical bearing, your outwardly cherubic appearance, your charming voice. There aren't many truly sentient beings still around the Cradle, but if there were your cuteness would surely make a good impression. Here and in future worlds, all these features tend to attract those with any conscience at all to protect someone as harmless-looking as you from danger. More insidiously, your composure and appealing bearing also make you an excellent liar, manipulator and all-round deceiver should you not be quite as nice as you appear.

Chain Combos (400 CP): Nice! Good! Perfect! Now, hacking is obviously a very complex process that requires tremendous processing power and careful coding, but an…unconventional protocol gives you certain advantages that can best be contextualised like doing really well in a puzzle-based videogame. The more you succeed at a simple, short-term task the more effective the end result is. This applies to anything from hacking to combat to filing your taxes, but the advantages are very short term and the effects quick to fade if you're delayed. Nonetheless, get some momentum going and you might stunlock that which should not be possible to stunlock.

Deletion Protocol (600 CP, mutually exclusive with Queen of Lamentations): Oh? Did one of the staff survive the disaster that ended all lives on the Cradle long enough to give you this invaluable piece of wetware? Or was the Delphi Corporation a little more on the ball? Either way, you're now fully equipped to deal with malevolent machines and outbreaks of dead filament. The protocol lets you remotely hack technology drastically faster and more easily than even standard Pragmata models-such that you can freeze and rip off the armor off whole squads of enemy robots with a successful hack before making them erupt in a damaging pulse of energy. Merely targeting them is sufficient to start exposing their defensive systems. More importantly, you can unleash pulses of cleansing energy that scour away dead filament-both purifying enemies with cysts of it growing on them, and disintegrating excessive growth of the stuff obstructing doorways or heavy machinery. What science can unleash, it can also build a solution for.

In future worlds, the Deletion Protocol will be able to purify corruptive forces of all kinds in a similar manner, though at lesser effectiveness on purely supernatural corruption. It's perhaps 2/3ds as effective on hazardous contagions based on fundamentally dissimilar paradigms of science from this world such as biological plagues, but fully effective against silicon compounds like the dead filament itself.

If you're not a Pragmata, you have somehow gained seamless cybernetic implants that let you use the features above.

Queen of Lamentations (600 CP, mutually exclusive with Deletion Protocol): The sorrow and loneliness in the dead filament swept through you, but it didn't alter your fundamental purpose. Your body was designed to contain and assimilate the dead filament-and somehow you've gained great finesse over control of it. This lets you remotely guide and issue commands to machinery corrupted by it, or even subvert powerful supercomputers to solve your own goals. Creating several spears of hovering dead filament to hover in the air and flick out like a bullet at enemies, or several spheres to deflect incoming attacks, is child's play. While you don't quite have the raw physicality of Abiosis (being far more vulnerable to gunfire, though will tougher than almost every robot on the moon), the dead filament integrated into you can transform you into an abstract, tentacled form in which you can lash out with strength akin to a war machine and jam incoming attempts to hack you while simultaneously enhancing your control over weaponised dead filament. The message will be heard. The song of despair will reach all.

If you're not a Pragmata, you have somehow gained seamless cybernetic implants that let you use the features above.



Items

Items are discounted by 50% under the relevant header. Discounted 100 CP items are free, but discounts do not apply to 50 CP items.

General

Clothes Shopping (50 CP): Oh. Is this really the time? You've managed to find a space age wardrobe (it's made of shiny metal panels, and has a convenient interface to automatically sort and clean clothes) full of all sorts of fancy outfits that can be sized for either a small child, or a grown man. There's a stylish one made of black fabric with green highlights, an adorable fuzzy-eared coat, a set of clothes that look like they were made for an astronaut and uh...quite a terrifying replica of an autonomous android. Comes with a high tech set of hair-cutting robot arms that can even give you matching haircuts for specific outfits, or even creating stylised hair extensions out of lunafilament if you want to swap hairstyles in a hurry. With some experimentation upon the interface and the small onboard lunafilament processor that never seems to run out, you can design new outfits to be recorded and produced. But while you're putting together the perfect outfit, do remember that **the moon is very dangerous right now.**

Drop-In

Mini-Cabin Collection (50/100 CP): *Why hello there, new friend! If you're reading this file, you've somehow collected all of us before a potentially hazardous expedition. Congratulations! Each of us is a commemorative figure of Cabin, everyone's favourite slab-shaped automaton with arms, legs and a winning smile. Suitable for maximising fun in the palm of a human hand, that's us! One of us wears a cool hat, another is forever dunking a sized down basketball. Functionality: Zero. Companionship: Maximum!*

Also, with each new world on your journey, 15 more Mini-Cabins themed after that world will be added to your collection.

For a mere 50 CP, you can have any one Mini-Cabin instead. You'll still get another one with every world you cross to! And yes, this can be bought separately.

Lunum Mine (200 CP): The moon sure is a far place to go get more raw materials for smart matter. Fortunately, this continent-sized slab of the moon is absolutely *replete* with the wonder-resource. In future worlds this slice of the moon will be found somewhere convenient for you in new settings you go to (or if you would prefer, at the start of the jump it's found behind a silvery door with a startlingly accurate holographic depiction of the moon on it attached to your Cosmic Warehouse or the preferred property of your choice. The sky is dark as space and the walls around it are identical to those of your Cosmic Warehouse, but otherwise the air is inexplicably breathable and the temperature on the comfortably chilly side of mild. The door can also expand itself

and its' environs anomalously to let teams of construction equipment enter and exit). In this one, you simply have legal rights to this prime territory.

A Dead Man's Dream (400 CP): The human body is more complex and delicate than any other work of lunafilament. This data slate contains all of Dr. Higgins' research into the study of integrating it, with the desperate hope of curing a fatal disease in a small child with his findings. In this world, he was ultimately unsuccessful, his findings applied prematurely and the man himself driven to despair and death before seeing if his labours could even bear fruit. But it seems someone has been annotating his work. Making startling insights, drawing connections between emotion and lunafilament, as if inspired by the good doctor's work enough to finish it on his behalf. With a bit of work, you could use this research to complete the goal of his research: Integrating lunafilament as living tissue to provide life-saving medical treatment. In future worlds, the inspired writer seems to be adding additional notes, allowing you to use this research to make similar lunafilament-related breakthroughs in medical treatment, robotics and everything in between. Potentially, for example, making a cybernetic prosthetic much more efficient, lifelike and easier to improve for a patient.

Delos Corporation (600 CP): It seems Delphi isn't the only corporation with skin in the game on the moon. You're the proud owner of a corporation of comparable size and scale: Boasting a veritable armada of all the equipment needed to harvest and refine lunum on the moon, a small fleet of spacecraft capable of making trips there and back, and absurd profits. Sadly they don't have the Cradle or anything in it. In this world, Delphi beat them to the punch-though through a profitable partnership, they still did well by renting out their equipment to their esteemed rival and first mover. In future worlds this company's fortunes will improve-getting a foothold in some industry involving space travel, engineering or something in between with its considerable assets while remaining comparatively as profitable as Delphi is in this world. In this one, well…theoretically you could call someone to send you a ride off the moon. Though it's unlikely you can afford to wait that long.

Can be named and aesthetically styled after some other obscure Greek myth or history reference if that's more to your taste.

Engineer

Repair Cartridges (50 CP): Well, isn't this fortunate. As tall as a child and as wide as one is tall, this futuristic crate is full of repair cartridges: A nifty little lunafilament compound that can repair pretty much all technology from this world you smear it on. Broken armor? Bent weapons? Scorched boots? Just slap on a cartridge and it can be good as new again. Though applicable to most conventional damage from kinetic force to explosives and exposure to high temperature, it may struggle with more exotic forms like

prolonged dead filament exposure. Replenishes every week in a shimmer that resembles a Pragmata's hacking process.

Standard Issue Hardsuit (100 CP): You're not planning on entering a defunct base crawling with hostiles in your T-shirt, are you? This armoured power suit, tailored to fit your proportions, is robust. Reliable. And arguably the bare minimum for a flesh and blood human to have a fighting chance here. It'll protect you from bumps and scrapes, minimise the impact of weaponised mining equipment or energy blasts from robots, and keep your spine safe from a hard landing. Even so, you might want to improve it-and fortunately, there's a lot of room for modular expansions if you have access to the relevant data and some sort of station to work on it at.

Space Age Armament (200 CP): Lucky you! You've managed to find something to defend yourself, despite there being no realistic reason for a human to require such a weapon on this base. A pulse carbine, capable of automatic fire, prioritising speed over penetrative power but effective at exploiting weakpoints. A shockwave gun, unleashing powerful short ranged bursts of kinetic energy like a shotgun. A homing missile launcher, which does exactly what it says. Perfect for disposing of robots at range. Or even the Lim Cannon: A rare weapon that shoots lunafilament as ammo, and somehow converts targets into greater quantities of lunafilament.

This item can be repurchased. If it was discounted, further weapons are 50 CP each.

Upgrade and Mods (400 CP): The data in these chips is niche but highly valuable, the sort of thing only top of the line militaries and private security firms would be allowed to use in normal circumstances. As long as you can find some sort of upgrade booth, you can use the data within to enhance weapons, armor and other useful technology with various effects. A hacking system enhancement that increases the efficiency of interfering with targets. Thrusters on your suit to enable rapid-fire mobility in the heat of combat. A scan that automatically reveals the weak points on enemies, or a protocol that paralyses attacked enemies. For 200 CP, you can purchase 4 similar upgrades each time.

This item can be repurchased. If it was discounted, further mods are 100 CP each.

The Shelter (600 CP): You've surely heard a bit about this circular location hub from the description earlier, but it cannot be understated how critical a human's survival might be with continuous access to this circular hub. Attended to by the friendly robot Cabin, the Shelter's hardware includes a training simulator and a database that can be used to hone your skills against the robotic combatants around you. While the speaker play tranquil music and project amusing animations for you, there are also replicators capable of producing everything from REM-generated items to repairs for all technology in this facility-to even vital medical care in a pinch, or repairs and even improvements to a Pragmata. Above all else, the equipment here can upgrade and improve your own,

greatly improving your combat capabilities and potentially those of any Pragmata pals you make. If all that wasn't nice enough, there are trams in the Shelter that can take you quickly to repaired stations abroad the Cradle apparently along tunnels too secure for IDUS to interfere with, and Cabin himself somehow rustles up enough data, blueprints, mods, outfits and other valuables to run some sort of bingo-based prize system. In an emergency, the loyal robot can dispense with the amusements to offer you an extra cache of these resources. But above all else, this place is *relaxing*. From the delicious meals that can be synthesised here to the breathtakingly rendered entertainment system, this is a place built for humans. By humans.

In future worlds, the Shelter will follow you along as a similarly-sized property placed somewhere of your choice. It's trams will connect to the nearest hubs of civilisation, or be secure if there's no developed land at all. With a little jerryrigging, the computing power in the Shelter could be used to make it a good command centre for a tech-savvy resident. Cabin will somehow continue to find valuable prizes, either manufacturing them in a fit of inspiration or possibly trading with locals.

If bought with the Standard Issue Hardsuit, for 50 extra CP someone's provided a great many similar suits in the Shelter. One's yellow. One has scribbles all over it. Could be useful if one's greatly damage to save time and energy on repairs, after all it's not like you're in some kind of videogame where they can be easily replaced right? All of them have the same functionalities, but many with more vivid aesthetics.

If bought with the Space Age Armament, for 50 extra CP that conscientious survivalist has somehow managed to retrieve all 16 personnel-scale weapons in the game and generous amounts of ammo for them. All available to you in the Shelter, in a small armoury helpfully caged off from any inquisitive children.

And if bought with Upgrades and Mods, for 50 extra CP that paranoid scavenger has indeed somehow managed to collect together all the relevant upgrade tech on the Cradle, sort it into neat little piles of chips, and made it available for you to bully robots with.

Pragmata

REM Data Collection (50/100 CP): What does a growing (or growth-simulating) girl need more than novel information and precious memories? These 16 REM chips allow you to simulate all manner of human constructs instead of having to go on some kind of treasure hunt while you're fighting for your life. Or well, someone else's at least. A slide, balloons, a globe, crayons. A campfire, flowers, a castle. Each is almost overwhelmingly pleasing at an aesthetic level, and safe for all children to play with.

As a bonus, in every world afterwards you'll get a new set of 16 REM chips, all of which will be based on typical recreational objects or other resources used in the dominant civilisation of the world you're in.

For 50 CP you may acquire any one REM chip instead. You'll still get an extra one in every future jump.

Very Experimental Pragmatics (200 CP): Equipped with a backup generator, it seems this small lab may have been a backup production zone for Dr. Higgins' personal project. There's a table, some sort of glass tube, a great many books written about complex lunafilament construction, and everything else you need to program and build your own childlike state of the art technology-controlling Pragmata. With the resources and information here, you could even modify them to look like someone other than Daisy Higgins, although the production units may need considerable adjustment to create an adult-sized one. Do note that building Pragmatas seems to be quite time-consuming and expensive in this setting, considering Dr. Higgins only made eight.

Control AI (400 CP): It seems that the Cradle's construction must have went overbudget, because you've come into ownership of the *other* large grey monolith containing an AI abroad it. The AI within is an exact copy of the Intelligent Direction Unification System (IDUS), and due to not being damage at all is fully loyal to your directives. If plugged into a system as complex as the Cradle, it's capable of taking control of all vital functions and directing robots abroad it at targets of your choice-or reassigning them to any other directives by you. Although it's interface is little more than a circle and local with visualised auditory reverberations, the IDUS' computational power is more than capable of keeping everything running while also prosecuting a campaign of extreme pest control. If that's what you want it to do, of course. Although in this world, it's something of a sitting duck in terms of physical defences (though still capable of hacking into and providing data analytics from the Cradle's security system). In future ones, you can start jumps with the IDUS installed on properties of your choice, including any you buy in this jump.

Zone of Influence (600 CP): Good news! IDUS doesn't seem to have as strong a grip on things as it's programmed to account for. Choose one of the zones in the Locations section of this jump apart from the Shuttle, the Shelter or the Command Port. You've successfully reprogrammed every robot there to be loyal to you, and have administrative access to all the infrastructure there. Depending on what you choose, this could give you the access codes to cut off power for other sections of the Cradle, or the ability to mass produce loyal robots of your own to strike back against IDUS. Either way, this conflict is no longer a series of lonesome operations carried out against an omnipresent foe. It's all-out war between rival regions.

In future worlds, a building constructed with this world's level of technology containing pristine copies of all infrastructure and robots acquired here will appears somewhere near and convenient to you, allowing you to continue making use of its' capabilities.

Companions

The Team's All Here (50 CP/200 CP): The ongoing destruction of all the infrastructure on the moon and potential collapse of human civilisation is no excuse not to make a new friend. In fact, it could be the very best time! For every 50 CP, you can create or import a new companion. They get a background (Pragmata is free for this purpose) and 600 CP worth of points they can spend on anything except more companions. For 200 CP you can import or create 8 at a discount.

Synthetic Bonds (Free/50 CP): What is family, really? Is it merely the blood we share or the memories we leave behind, or perhaps something transcending both? For free you can find out. Anyone who agrees can leave this world with you as a companion. For 50 CP you're guaranteed to make a good first impression with a canon character from this world, even the instigator of the ongoing destruction.

Six (50 CP): Oh, what's this? There's a third Pragmata unit stored securely in a box! She too had a serial number denoting her precise unit designation, but since Dr. Higgins never seems to have gotten round to activating her, she's just known as Six. Not quite as ruthless as Eight but without the naivety that comes with amnesia that Diana currently suffers, she nonetheless has a similar capability to hack and hijack technology around her. Seems like a diligently studious and composed sort, but not without a genuine delight in learning new things. For freeing her from the box, she's latched onto you like a younger sibling. Or perhaps a daughter.

Despite never having met Diana (the **seven**th model), if they meet they'll quickly become friends. Watch out, who knows what could happen if Diana's mischievous streak rubs off on Six...

Drawbacks

Adorable Small Jumper (+ 100 CP): Daaw, look at you! You're so tiny and precious, you've been shrunken down from your original size proportionally to what a Pragmata is to a fully grown Caucasian man. This in no way interferes with any powers or other capabilities you have, but *look at your little legs go* trying to reach those high shelves, scuttle across the battlefield or otherwise do tall people things! Does Jumper want uppies? *Does Jumper want to play aeroplane?*

Yes, this means you're doll-sized if you are a Pragmata.

Not Good Enough (+ 100 CP): It can be painful, trying to live up to the expectations of those we cherish. You've been crushed by those expectations, become a blubbery emotional wreck that finds it hard to concentrate on anything except your inadequacy. Expect to require stalwart friends, great willpower or opportunities to affirm your own competency to stop handwringing and get back to surviving this increasingly lethal moon station.

Explosive Start (+ 100 CP): Normally it's assumed you either start somewhere relatively stable, or at least have time to take your bearings in the shuttle. Well buckle up now, because your landing isn't going to be a soft one. Either you start the jump *immediately* caught up in the disaster that befalls Hugh and his crew, or something as bad as the ground shaking apart while robots attack you happens wherever you are. Can things get any worse? *Stick around and find out*.

CAUTION: FRAGILE CARGO (+ 200 CP): That bridge under your feet starts crumbling as soon as you're halfway across it. That heavy crane snaps and tumbles at the approach of your footfalls. It appears that there were attempts to cut corners by making *more than the recommended* allotment of infrastructure and equipment out of pure lunafilament, and by some freak accident of material science resonance as light as your footfalls causes it to fall apart. Expect a lot of industrial accidents or health and safety violations unless you find a way to fly everywhere. Feel free to file a complaint to Human Resources once you get back to Earth. At least the bulkheads to the void are firmly reinforced.

Hunter-Killer Protocol (+ 200 CP): Normally, the bunker would be all but impregnable to IDUS' efforts (at least in the short term) and though hostile the robots under its' control relatively fixed in their capabilities. Now the AI has determined your threat assessment merits greater reprisal. Expect the powerful machines from more isolated zones homing in on you, robots upgrading themselves with station resources with improvised weapons, leftover lunafilament being used to construct crude fortifications and generally warfare-driven data analytics as a result of the nifty new algorithm IDUS has devised to expedite combat. In a matter of days, the calculations will be complete for a siege at the Shelter if that's somewhere you're known to rest at regularly.

If taken with Wrath and Sorrow, IDUS has been subordinated to Eight in their joint efforts to eliminate you, retaining its newfound innovative edge. Mainly allowing her to multitask more as it coordinates the drones while IDUS innovates new ways to end your existence.

[DATA LOST] (+ 200 CP): You remember, in vague terms, what you are and what you're capable of from this world. An engineer, a Pragmata, a…*thing* on the moon. All else is lost to the mists of time and memory, leaving you with just the bare minimum competency to use what you've bought here. The strategically useful portion of these memories are also lost to all companions who knew you, though your bonds otherwise remain as strong. And inexplicably, there are clues that can help you recover it all hidden on the Cradle-although finding them will be at least as hard as it was for Diana to recover hers.

On Borrowed Time (+ 300 CP): You're dying. It's not necessarily from dead filament, but it's similarly lethal to Hugh's fatal exposure to it. You may seem outwardly well, even able to fight and soldier on, but make no mistake: The damage is worming its' way through your system. You don't know how long you have, other than definitely not the end of this jump. You don't know how painful your eventual death will be, though you'll find yourself weakening in all respects as time passes. But while you don't know this at the start of the jump: There's a cure. A hidden black box technology somewhere on the Cradle. And hell, aren't you going to tear this place up top to bottom looking for one anyway if you've got nothing left to lose?

Wrath and Sorrow (+ 300 CP): If it wasn't clear by now, Eight is the mastermind of everything that has gone wrong on the Cradle. Witnessing her father's despair and grief after greedy executives claimed the life of a daughter she was created as a pale imitation of by testing his unfinished cure, she set herself to fulfilling what she saw as his final will. She is no longer doing that, because somehow *Eight has been convinced YOU are the reason for Dr. Higgins' death*. IDUS is no longer in control of the station. Through sheer hatred she has found a way to regain full administrative access. The moment you set foot in the Cradle, every robot on their will be out for your blood, every piece of machinery Eight can control used as a weapon against you, and every lump of dead filament will be used to put you through the hell her creator suffered through.

Torrent of Despair (+ 300 CP): The overwhelming despair of failing your original purpose, whether as a constructed automaton, an employee, or even a parent, has lit a nihilistic fury in you. All shall be judged, even the world-and if it is found wanting, it too must burn. Now you are bent on nothing short of the annihilation of all humanity, whatever it may cost, and however you justify it. It would take utter defeat delivered by someone close to you, to clear the haze of dismay clouding your judgement. Remember that *you are on the moon* or en route there, and don't necessarily have the resources to accomplish this grim goal.

Endings

Down To Earth (Go home): All this talk of family, and regrets left behind. The shattering of steel, glass and hope. Maybe the danger was too great. Maybe you find yourself peering out the windows at a blue marble in the great void, wondering if you left the oven on at home. Or maybe you found yourself thinking about family matters, and wanting to spend more time with them. Either way, it's time to go back to your homeworld, Jumper.

Lunar Landing (Stay): This world, so similar to the modern one in many ways, has limitless potential. The science of Lunafilament may have failed to save a young girl's life, but what else could it accomplish with time and funding? Assuming Eight was thwarted, that is. If not, well…good luck. Nevertheless, you may choose to stay in this world. Get 1000 CP on the house, possibly as an international donation, as thanks for playing a major role in stopping the dead filament from being dumped on Earth.

Interstellar Voyage (Move on): What lies ahead for humanity, when the science of Lunafilament is used to build on a larger and larger scale? If humanity can harness the power of gravity, will the systems you see here today someday be used to build habitats on distant worlds? You may not necessarily stay to see all that. But you have to keep moving on, to catch a glimpse of worlds that have reached higher heights. Proceed to the next jump.