

Ten thousand years ago humanity rose to prosperity in an era now called the Anthropocene, destroyed itself through rampant corporate expansionism, and rebuilt itself from the ashes. Deeming the excesses of rampant competition a detriment, the survivors miraculously agreed to set aside fighting over scarce resources to escape and prosper among the stars.

The result is the **Union**: A polyglot, cosmopolitan people numbering in the trillions laying claim to the galaxy. For some, it is a golden age of post-scarcity utopia. Resource shortages (at least necessities) have been solved by matter-printing machinery capable of providing all mechanisms and consumables. Powerful supercomputers optimise the allocation of resources on an interstellar scale. The shameful militance of the preceding Second Committee is a thing of the past to most, consigned to history.

But for others, it is a cruel deceit. The godlike paracausal entity **MONIST-2**, also known as **RA**, remains at large after it's spontaneous manifestation resulted in both catastrophe and the advent of **NHPs**-artificial intelligence that are more than their mechanical casing. Four corporations hoard their monopoly on war machine intellectual properties jealously. And at the fringes of the Union, conflict stirs among those who would prefer to break it's yoke or disprove it's ideals with force of arms.

This is a time of ample opportunity for those willing to pilot straight into the heat of battle, fear be damned. Such brave souls are known as **Lancers**. Take **1000 CP.**

Locations

You may choose to start at any of the following locations for free.

Cradle: The birthplace of humanity. A wet, dusty little planet from which the Union controls the three levers of the galaxy: The blink gates that enable interstellar travel, the omninet that provides a faster than light information network for all citizens, and the universal currency manna (circulated mainly between client states that have yet to embrace post-capitalism). It was once a planet-wide desolation of noxious burning skies and receded oceans. It's ecosystem has now, once more, healed itself from the brink of extinction with the aid of human knowledge stored in great vaults. The planet standing as a near-mythical symbol of Old Humanity's tenacity. It is from here that the three Utopian Pillars guiding Union's development were founded:

I: ALL SHALL HAVE THEIR MATERIAL NEEDS FULFILLED

II: NO WALLS SHALL STAND BETWEEN WORLDS

III NO HUMAN SHALL BE HELD IN BONDAGE THROUGH FORCE, LABOR, OR DEBT

The controversy of NHP cycling, the realities of corporate expansion and opposition from rival societies have all harshly tested the Union's commitment to these principles. Suffice to say that acceptance of the Utopian Pillars does not negate the need for violence and war, and the Union maintains an active military.

Core Worlds: Planets colonised by the Union have access to most consumer goods and raw materials. They can vary greatly, some boasting higher gravity wells while others have uniquely powerful phenomena, but all enjoy easy access to blink gates and base levels of housing, education, healthcare and food as well as ready access to all the data, goods, media and literature deemed safe for human consumption across the galaxy. The result is, generally speaking, an extraordinarily high standard of both urban development and human quality of life. Only the corpro-states' extraordinary influence allows them to maintain licenses creating artificial scarcity for certain boutique goods.

Diasporan Worlds: Just as varied as Core Worlds geographically, the main difference in Diasporan worlds is that Union's utopia is less of a constant and more of an ongoing project. Further beyond Union's influence, ideological and political struggles abound as other cultures left by Old Humanity, FirstComm and SecComm struggle to reconcile with the dominant power intent on imposing it's ideology upon them. This is the work of administrators and their adjutants, soothing those that curse Union's interference and assisting those that welcome the advancements it brings.

Long Rim: Towards the proximal end of the Orion Arm lies a patch of space with no official designation. This "empty" transit corridor is known as the Long Rim. It is, on paper, a barren strip of space full of disused space debris, mined-out rocks and the wrecked of ancient battles warped by complex gravities. It is, in practice, a heavily

trafficked shipping lane that moves billions of tons of goods in and out. And it I also home to hundreds of habitats, ranging from prospectors and iconoclasts willing to eke out a harsh living in exchange for freedom-to career criminals that call anywhere the Union struggles to project force towards home. It is a wild, unforgiving place where only violence reliably centralises power-and seldom far, or for long. But the precarious freedom of the Long Rim also breeds a cooperative spirit between the non-criminal frontier settlers simply for lack of other options to survive.

Boundary Garden: There is one domain that rests even further from the Union's centralised power than the Long Rim. A domain once organised under the Aunic Ascendancy, a theocracy that achieved miraculous civic and cultural change under the paracausal entity Metat Aun, also known as MONIST-2. It's capital, Aun'Ist, doubles as it's holy world from which the immortal divine representative Os conveys their god's will. It's borders are vast and unknown, it's population speculated by the Union to number in the billions. And while lacking in omninet, blink and manna they demonstrate unprecedented manipulation of parallel space and the mass creation of paracausal weapons. But while their developed worlds are rich with both natural wonders and grandiose megacities, the Aunic peoples are no more a monolith than the Union. The former ruling Ecumene remains as a government-in-exile, while the Demiaun (colonised peoples integrated into their social caste) make up a significant minority. Some even argue that Cradle remains humanity's ancestral homeworld.

Origins

It's a harsh reality that for all the Union's professed dedication to the Utopian Pillars, ultimately who you are is worth less than whose side you're one. You may be a scoundrel, a noble, a war hero or touched by higher forces; such curious backstories may be depicted by perks you select later. But in terms of your capabilities and standing in life, only one question truly matters.

In space, who holds your leash?

GMS (Union bureaucracy): The galactic-standard supplier of everything from its' reliable Everest pattern of mechs to radiation shielding and tens of thousands of pre-loaded language programs, **General Massive Systems** is unique among the corporations in that it isn't truly profit-oriented. It is, ultimately, the logistical arm of the Union itself. It's designs reflect the robust, no-nonsense sensibilities of the first pioneers settling amidst the stars, and while not particularly luxurious its products are unsurpassed in reliability and ease of use. Quite frankly, the basic capacity to make anything even *competitive* with GMS is the bare minimum needed to create artificial scarcity.

And thus, with so little identity of its' own alignment with GMS is tantamount to represent strong affiliation with the Union's governance in some capacity-generally at a junior to mid-level position with this alone. Perhaps you are one of the feared and revered administrators, or a burnt out responder from the Union Department of Justice and Human Rights. Perhaps you're a specialist engineer for the star-spanning omninet that keeps the galaxy's electronics connected, or an advisor from the Union Economic Bureau. One way or another, you're another gear in the machine that keeps the Union spinning.

IPS-N: Formed from the merger of two civilian interstellar freight and transportation companies, **Interplanetary Shipping and Northstar** (both of which ironically trace their lineages back to worker-owned shipping cooperatives) holds a virtual monopoly over interplanetary and interstellar shipping. As the oldest of the corpro-states it's fleets of tankers, haulers, freighters and integrate liners dwarfs the carrying capacity of others. It also has a long history of dealing with piracy. After tremendous capital losses and false-scarcity famines caused by everything from unions to cartels, IPS-N has made supporting anti-piracy and peacekeeping force Albatross the cornerstone of its' PR and marketing. It is IPS-N that promoted safe, secure and interstellar commerce while first braving the perils of blinkspace. As a first contact point for aspiring engineers, mechanics, navigators and pilots the company makes up for its relative lack of diversity with an impeccable reputation compared to its' competitors.

Pragmatic and highly profit-driven in its' strategy, often IPS-N lives up to its' claim of being *your friend in an unfriendly sea* to customers. Those on the receiving end of its' security however might claim that the company's sheer viciousness against interference with profit margins surpasses that of any pirate.

SSC: Second-oldest of the corporations (preceded only by GMS), since its' founding by Cartwright Smith and Shimano Hideyoshi **Smith-Shimano Corpro** has positioned itself as the last word in luxury. From private stellar and interstellar travel, SSC used favourable contracts to grow through design, outfitting and clinical needs-boasting an all-encompassing omninet presence and the patronage of worlds settled by customers *literally* invested in their eugenics programs (remember: SSC sells *potential*, not people!). Over time, the corporation started to specialise in machines tailored to be so bespoke they responded to the human mind like an extension of its' body-to the point of symbiosis between mecha and human. But following the Deimos Event and the subsequent prohibition of human-machine integration, the company decided to focus on perfecting the human body itself.

Beneath its' luxury offerings and cultivated sense of refined scarcity, SSC is the most openly interested in transhumanism of the corporations. It would *never* claim any project seen to ultimately flaunt the Utopian Pillars, of course…but just imagine the possibilities of tempering all weakness out of the human genome. A new model of humanity could be at hand!

HA: The fall of the Second Committee (SecComm) was neither clean nor easy. A mid-level officer of the Union's predecessor, John Harrison, led a coalition of exiled imperialists to the world of Ras Shamra where the galaxy's most openly militant corpro-state was founded amidst mining communes and salvaged foundries. In the modern age, **Harrison Armory** is focused on two things: Exacting standards for its' engineering department, and aggressive consolidation of worlds, orbitals and colonials prospects with orbital defence stations and shipyards. And while only it's most reliable production pieces make it to the product lines, behind closed doors the company is all too happy to dive into paracausal research to expand its' military assets.

The line between military and corporate postings in HA is very, very thin. Led by John Creighton-Cruz Harrison III, the Harrison Armory Colonial Legionnate is the most outward-facing arm of its' imperial forces. The process of colonialisation is approached with the goal of opening with annexation negotiations and integration with local populations, though military suppression is acknowledged as a brutal necessity.

HORUS: There is no such thing as a corpro-state named **HORUS.**

CONGRATULATIONS, JUMPER.

YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN.

ACCESS IS YOURS,

~~AS LONG AS YOU CAN KEEP IT~~

...an oddity, a legal grey area between omninet communes, open-source fabrication collaboratives, black-market printers. And more troubling, generally esoteric movements. HORUS exerts influence not through scale, but accessibility. Without warning, it (or at least, those purporting to represent the collective) can make contact with groups, contacts or state actors providing mech patterns built with mysterious, unregulated technologies as unpredictable as they are deadly. The specifications are available only in limited quantities, functionally being akin to licenses in their rarity and speculated to become available after the corporeal death of previous holders...

THE GUN IS THE DEMIURGE OF THE WARRIOR. HEAT IS THE DEMIURGE OF THE IRON CASKET SURROUNDING HIM. RELINQUISH YOUR FOOLISH DELUSIONS OF DUALITY

...records date back to the First Committee, but remain difficult to verify. Agents of HORUS have alternatively described as a terrorist group, a philosophy, a political party, an activist group and a singular consciousness. Reports indicate a subtle shift towards cohesion that suggests some kind of organisational mission and internal culture forming after the Deimos Event, suggesting a culture that extends conventional understanding of the movement...

THERE ARE MORE BODIES AND PITS TO BURY THEM IN THAN ARE IMAGINED IN YOUR PHILOSOPHIES, AND STILL YOU FIGHT OVER ROCKS AND DIRT? WHAT IS MORE ABSURD, TO CLING TO AN IMPERMANENT EXISTENCE OR TO PRACTICE THE PRINCIPLE OF TRANSCENDING IT'S TAUTOLOGICAL CONFINES?

...regardless of whether it is the dream of an unshackled NHP, a hacker collective dedicated to open-source manufacturing, the proving ground of another corpro-state's R&D department or even the realspace projection of an alien entity's dream. The only certainty with HORUS is surprise.

WHO CAN HURT ME? FOR NONE KNOW MY SECRET NAME, THAT NAME WHICH WAS SPOKEN BY MY FATHER AND BY MY MOTHER, AND HIDDEN IN ME THAT NONE MIGHT WORK WITCHCRAFT UPON ME.

I BURN, I SHIVER, I TREMBLE IN ALL MY LIMBS.

CALL TO ME THE CHILDREN OF THE GODS, THEY WHO HAVE SKILL IN HEALING, THEY WHO HAVE KNOWLEDGE OF MAGIC, THEY WHOSE POWER REACHES TO HEAVEN

The Karrakin Trade Baronies: The Union is not alone. It's former rival and current nominal ally represents a federation of the largest and most powerful monarchies in known space. The Karrakin barons claim to represent the oldest unbroken civilisation in human history, tracing their civilisation thousands of years before the Fall and having long since spread to space before the Union. The result was a stagnant but functional system of interplanetary administration, devoid of the omninet or the blink but equipped with machine minds capable of handling the rigours of interstellar administration. None of this prepared the Baronies for the Union's advances after the Deimos event, but after a swift and humiliating defeat they rallied swiftly. They care little for the Union's expansive territory, having secured some of the largest mining, harvesting and natural resource-based operations in the galaxy the Karrakin Baronies' rulers remain confident their civilisation alone is the true centre of human civilisation.

The Karrakin Baronies stand at a crossroads. Trained rigorously in martial, religious and cultural matters from a young age, it's nobility struggles against the change imposed on a once-rigid social order even as it accepts the realities of the universe. It's underclasses, once seen fit to die in service of the civilisation as a whole, have risen up into militant movements such as the Ungratefuls. There are many choices open to you now, wherever you hail from amongst their castes.

Scum and Villainy: Or perhaps you don't like taking orders. Pilgrims and wanderers, landhunters and refugees, small-time mercenaries and charter captains and stranger folk of all kinds find plenty of ways to eke a living outside the bounds of society and corpro-state. Most of whom gravitate to the Lon Rim often colonised by hardy homesteaders that hoard precious sunlight and mine oxygen. As well as pirate companies ranging from disgruntled families banding together to the Long Rim's Enterprises that ruthlessly oppress all surviving there for the sake of holding territory and growing their power.

Stripped of all pretence, few pirates pretend to be motivated by anything more than pure profit whether by collecting protection "taxes" or raiding (*mostly* small scale, non-corporation these days) ships.

No One (Drop-In): You just dropped into one of the locations listed above from a portal in blinkspace one day. This would be quite alarming to anyone who knew what they were looking at, but otherwise has no grave implications.

At least, unless you choose one of the two **mutually exclusive** following options:

- Egregorian (100 CP): Second Committee's brutal genocide of your species also spelt its' own downfall from internal protests, and you are one of the lucky hundreds of thousands of survivors. You are a carbon-based, six-limbed arthropod with both birdlike and insectile features. Your species shares a gestalt hivemind called Witness (which functions more as a collective awareness and

pseudo-language that can be shared with humans, Egregorians maintaining distinct individual consciousnesses. Those attuned to Witness can inscribe osteomemetics: Whorls, grooves and patterns that encode complex experiences and feelings which can be rapidly shared to other speakers of Witness) steered by specific individuals known as Overminds, which grow larger than typical members of your species and exhibit superior telepathic powers to coordinate the hive. You morphologically adapt to the kind of lifestyle and activities you regularly perform (a manual labourer gaining greater strength and a wide headplate for carrying more materials), greatly enough that despite being only the size of draft horses your warriors are thorned and armor like battle tanks while your exomorphs are capable of independent spaceborne flight. The current Overmind, Endeavour, has forged a strong alliance with a human faction called the Hercynian United Cities. For all your race's biological advantages, Endeavour is painfully aware that the power of Union technology represents an unprecedented hurdle as evidenced by the near-complete eradication of your civilisation-though the Egregorians are quick to reverse engineer the works of their attackers and integrate it with shed carapaces or other useful biological resources of their homeworld.

All Egregorians effectively have the Empath talent at the maximum rank for free.

- **Eidolon (400/500/600 CP, requires Drop-In):**

This *is all* *wrong*.



You are not only alien, you are not even biological. You are the paracausal, realspace translation of a higher dimensional manifold entity generated when an NHP cascades beyond all control-normally stabilising around the abstract qualia of all observers present (including the NHP itself). Your physical composition is variable to the point of being incomprehensible, but the vast majority of you have a crystalline physical structure as your core and exist on a size comparable to larger mechs. Your unfathomable existence typically inspires confusion and terror as they struggle to even differentiate the borders of ambient phenomena conjured by you-and the scope of your form. While far more incomprehensible than even HORUS mechs, your overall threat level is not unlike that of a mech-though superior in most traits, with your senses far surpassing all extant models and your structure being comparatively fragile (without specialised layer defences) despite it's great vitality.

You have a series of main forms called layers that represent anything from your subjective experience of reality to others' subjective interpretation of what you represent. Destroying one layer causes you to shift to the next one, briefly rendering you immune to all harm and other effects. Each layer is accompanied by a number of smaller and weaker minions, extended elements or other helpful (to you) entities called shards. Both you and your shards can fly with either no apparent propulsion or an utterly surreal one, and have access to memetic weapons that inflict harm merely through exposure rather than standard rules of engagement-yet do not affect allies even if caught in their area of attack. Destroying all your layers reveals your core as a structure barely larger than a man, which while agile ends the existence of any remaining shards and which once destroyed ends your existence.

It is possible to change between layers with great concentration, though this does not appear to happen quickly enough to be practical in combat.

For 400 CP you are a relatively weak Eidolon with 3 layers. For 500 CP you are an Eidolon of middling power with 4 layers. For 600 CP you are one of the strongest Eidolons in existence, boasting 5 layers.

A few example layer archetypes are listed below. You can make up your own as long as they do not greatly exceed the capabilities and weaknesses established below:

ADAMANT: A powerfully armoured structure such as an infinite metallic lattice, a sprawl of needles hanging in space, or an observer's furious loved one. Boasting extremely durable armor by mech standards that is gradually lost from sustained attacks, this form and its' shards release explosions of debris when harmed, and it's memetic weapon **EXHORTS** foes which tears apart most conventional defences as well as their structure. It can create new shards with a metallic shriek.

GAZE: An observational form such as an unblinking eye, a faintly humanoid form of focused light or a parental figure. Immobile but resistant to all damage, the **searing reality** around this layer's direct gaze inflicts thermal and energy damage. It's shards cannot approach each other closely, are immobile, and provide great cover for both allies and foes. Detonating one creates a zone of disintegrating space. For some reason, attacking you while in one bypasses your resistance to damage.

LABYRINTHINE: A set of perfect geometries folding into themselves, a wooden door visible only from one side, a sheet of paper with a single folded crease or some other abstraction of obsessive order. In this form you are immobile, and immune to all damage and status effects. However, there is an interface on you and your shards (a door, a console, a game board or something else) that others can use to find a certain "mark" in you. Finding two marks successfully destroys your layer. Each **INCORRECT** guess allows you to smite the offender with a powerful blast of concussive heat deflected only be electronic defences for some reason. Even being on the same battlefield as you exposes foes to rising heat eventually great enough to melt mechs, and incorrect assumptions about your nature stun foes as they fail your **TEST**, consequently immobilised by a memetic attack unless an ally shakes them out of it.

Your shards automatically move away from you as far as possible, but cannot fully leave your presence or take any other actions.

REFLECTIVE: A mirror of some kind-a sheet of glass, a liquid tear in space or an alternative representative of another person. Energy or thermal attacks have a 50% chance to be redirected to whoever is nearest to you. Mere sight of you inflicts an urge to approach you and your shards then attack both. You can fire a **truth spear** that does great energy damage and is eerily accurate, and can be "bounced" off shards for far greater range. You create a new shard every time a hostile character comes near you, and each shard can also redirect energy and thermal effects like you as well as launch their own slightly weaker **truth spears.**

ABYSSAL: An absence. A window into space, the accretion disk of a black hole or a simple hole in reality. Your true form is only somewhat larger than a man, invisible and moves without passing through intervening space. It spreads complete darkness across the battlefield that you yourself can see through, effectively teleporting around. Your **APPETITE** rises over time, has great range and starts with a modest amount of energy damage that quickly ramps. It can be fired from your shards as well, which are also invisible, and while conventionally immobile can be teleported to a location near you. Each is extremely fragile. You create a shard each time you teleport, but be warned: Hitting you or inflicting a status effect on your immediately destroys all your existing shards.

Background Perks

These are the first of two types of perk in this jump. Each is discounted by 50% under the relevant background header, with 100 CP perks being free for the relevant background.

GMS

Cosmopolitanism (100 CP): The various coalitions and movements jockeying for position sure are shaking up life in Union's galaxy, but you're well-equipped to prosper in whatever comes your way. Everywhere you go, even cultures as foreign as the Aunic homeworld find themselves lowering their guard should you approach them in good faith, giving you greater leeway as a foreigner to join the in-group. Conversely you find yourself picking up cultural customs and languages rapidly. With both, you're a prime example of the kind of civic cooperation the Union hopes to encourage.

If you find yourself leaning towards one movement or another, you may optionally be a member of the New Humanity Front, the New Solidarity Condition, the Verdant Social Arc or one of many other independent parties in Union's leadership body CentComm with this.

The Burden of Empire (200 CP): Is bureaucracy. Something you've trained for diligently, with your capability to perform tedious, boring tasks with precision. Sort through vast quantities of information accurately. And maintain a photographic memory of the legalisms and customs of whatever government role you occupy. You also have the expertise that one of Union's bureaus deems important enough to be centred around: Economics, colonial administration, omninet support, science, naval logistics- basically, in any one thing vital to the upkeep of an interstellar empire, you have a space age civilisation's equivalent of a doctorate in. And the know-how to get the paperwork passed for it.

Naturally, you can be a member in good standing of any one of the Union's labyrinthine bureaucracies beneath Centcomm's more removed decision-making structure's oversight with this. Bar one, discussed below.

Administrative Access (400 CP): The Union Administrative Department's representatives are enigmatic yet intriguing figures in the galaxy. They have training aimed to steer the courses of civilisations, allocate resources among new planetary populations and engage in diplomacy with potentially hostile leadership on other planets. You have a similar level of training, making you an elite diplomat among diplomats and giving you extremely rare administrative skills. As a bonus, it seems even in future worlds you retain diplomatic access to kings, presidents and the like-able to schedule meetings and attend official functions with at least a pretence of legitimate business.

This perk qualifies you to be a member of the Union Administrative Department.

A Better Tomorrow (600 CP): For all its' flaws, the Union is built on a dream of peace. A thorough rejection of SecCom flattening cultures left by Old Humanity, culminating in bloody revolution. That dream is, plainly, the utopian and just use of resources. Wherever you go, the possibility of this dream flourishes. Surly attitudes are softened as long as you deal with them in good faith, trust extends a little further, resources turn out to have more to go round than previously expected, and cultural norms shift more and more towards peaceful cooperation proportionate to your overall level of social authority and influence. While primarily a selfless choice, this greatly helps to end conflicts peacefully with seemingly irredeemable foes or see ambitious projects to improve desolate worlds come to fruition quickly and successfully. By your guidance, humanity may walk among the stars hand in hand.

IPS-N

The Working Man's Mech (100 CP): Sturdy. Reliable. Efficient. These are the watchwords of IPS-N's business doctrine, instilled in you as an employee. Whether you're a humble security guard or a line manager, you have a good eye for crunching numbers and managing logistics to get things done cheaply but reliably enough to compete with more specialised interstellar titans of industries. Whatever skills you have are particularly good at reconfiguring process flows or systems for greater durability and efficient performance in a way that can be easily scaled to mass production. Just don't expect to make anything pretty with this. IPS-N is a manufacturer and a deliverer, never a frivolous spender.

Wings of Justice (200 CP): Months of subjective time can pass as years as a result of space travel. This is the solemn burden of the organisation Albatross, which as a dedicated first responder organisation sometimes mythologised as interstellar knight-errants is accustomed to saving companies from corporate overreach, providing emergency care to those in need and combating piracy. You are adept in all those things, able to get in and out of a bad situation while saving innocent lives-and have a will as strong as the space alloys carrying you through the void to withstand the loneliness of your travels. Here and even in future worlds, you share the good reputation IPS-N enjoys as a result of being Albatross' patron: That of a humanitarian defender of the common man.

Optionally, this perk qualifies you to be a Loyal Wing-a peer-approved member in good standing of Albatross, with the right to take squires and potentially apply for the mutual respect-based unique roles slanted more as horizontal promotion into specialised roles.

Liquidation of Noncompliant Intruders (400 CP): Beneath its' reputation for reliability and duty of care, beneath its' austere exterior, those who have studied IPS-N mech designs have come to a troubling subtextual conclusion: They hate pirates. ***They really, really hate pirates.*** The bloodlust that only falling profit margins and the death of stalwart crewmates can inspire in a corporate drone empowers your blows against pirates, robbers and marauders of all sorts to a degree that seems inexplicably paracausal-briefly chasing a man at the same speed as the shotgun blast you emptied into him, wounds inflicted drastically worsening while being harder to heal, and stray shots ruining any cargo they might have seized from you among other calamities. Even more inexplicably, you have constant inspirations for designing mech-scale, generally close quarters *horrific torture devices* that are impossibly efficient and cost-effective. You could conceivably build an effective mech-mounted iron maiden or a blade designed to snap apart into magnetic ricochetting flechettes. It's as if reality itself wants to see you engage in melee combat.

Starbound Shores (600 CP): As the truest pioneer of industrialised interstellar travel, it's only natural you'd be privy to IPS-N's bevy of hard-earned experience in moving things beyond orbits. You can pilot a ship better than just about anyone who isn't corporate-sponsored. Your knowledge of fluid dynamics, astrophysics, logistics, paracausal naval combat doctrine and everything else you need to get from planet A to planet B is second to none. In the costly, terrifying and utterly binary circumstances of ship-to-ship combat that all factions generally try to avoid where spaceships target each other across anywhere between tens of thousands to potentially hundreds of thousands of kilometres with near-lightspeed weapons, your tactical command and education could let you pull off some drastic upsets-from pulling off impossible dodges, to adapting defensive systems against a subjective syzygy (in layman's terms, an invasion by the enemy fleet's consciousness) or simply knowing how to position a limited fleet to maximise a greater one's death toll.

Your qualifications guarantee you a position as a senior fleet commander for whichever faction you are part of, if you wish.

SSC

Deluxe (100 CP): SSC is more than just a brand, you understand? It's a *promise*. A dream of cloth that feels closer than a lover's caress, a dream of cybernetic and biological augmentations that are never rejected. You know luxury. You know quality. And thanks to your training at SSC, you'll always be able to know where to invest to get the most out of whatever you work with-to polish up a crummy old vehicle into something that turns on a mere thought and outpaces anything built as equally affordably. This naturally lends itself well to being a superb salesman and public interlocuter as you precisely rattle off all the ways your stuff is better than the competition. By the way, as SSC includes its' own people in its' vision of quality this perk makes you look *gorgeous* due to a combination of good genetics (whether inherent or carefully cultivated) and the kind of gene therapy that a space age corpro-state that wants its' employees to look like celebrities can provide.

We Don't Sell People (200 CP): Just because SSC extracts significant data from cells and data doesn't mean it's some sort of barbaric *slaver.* No, as a luminary of their biological research you understand SSC simply wishes to unlock humanity's genetic potential-and you have the tools to do it. Masterfully combine DNA from humans evolved at opposite ends of the galaxy into something both aesthetically pleasing and objectively superior-if only in subtle ways. Tailor-weave strands of DNA for specific hair or eye colors. Nanite-woven skin, information-transmitting aural implants, organs that release universal curatives, cybernetic limbs of all sorts, ontological bridges-you're familiar with the making of these and more. SSC's dream is to make a human capable of independent survival in space. And SSC's business is making dreams real.

Naturally, if you wish you can start as a privileged member of one of SSC's biological research divisions with this.

Subjectivity Synch (400 CP): SSC's mech design philosophy can be summarised as to avoid taking hits with economy, precision and singularity. You are well versed in many of the technologies that enable this: Mental synchronisation circuits that allow pilots to manipulate and sense through a mech as if it were an extension of their own body, the ghostweave systems that allow mechs to disappear from visual sight within all environments and more practical equivalents for living metal that let a mech propel itself effectively over foreign terrain. Your considerable experience with your own work also gives you top notch reflexes and precision when controlling any vehicle. Even without the wide array of skills that mark a lancer, you could even steer a unicycle down a winding road with ease or evade with natural grace in a mech. Even in future worlds, your knowledge of these constructs' mechanics let you reliably streamline most mechanical systems by redesigning them to resemble biological ones.

Celestial Diplomat (600 CP): The Congressional Diplomatic Corps (CDC) is SSC's answer to the Union Administrative Department, though instead of bureaucracy and overtures to political leadership it prefers to establish grassroots support and focus on winning hearts and minds. This is SSC's real power: The social engineering it uses to manage a brand so thoroughly that entire civilisations devote themselves to its' mission. You are well-versed in the tools used for this deep culture manipulation: Social techniques adaptable to any known human civilisation in the galaxy, systems of control ranging from light terraforming to influencing cultural norms to create biome-specific lines of genetic material and utterly deniable espionage. These qualifications include looking appealing, so naturally you've also been refined to a certain aesthetic-a striking man or woman rippling with lean muscle, or perhaps an androgyne too enchanting for most to care about their true orientation. This stacks with **Deluxe** to be a particularly breathtaking specimen.

Naturally, this lets you have a role in the CDC. Even the elusive Constellar Midnight program.

HA

Corporate-Military Complex (100 CP): Harrison expects more than just compliance out of its' employees-it expects a level of military readiness unusual in the boardroom. A grasp of tactical considerations for occupying planets, operating weapons and fielding legions. Competency at leading men, counting supplies and setting up training courses for all manner of military practices. Above all else, readiness to support the Harrison Armory Colonial Legionnate. All these things, you have.

You may choose to be part of the Colonial Legionnate if you wish, with this.

Superior By Design (200 CP): Anyone can pour their time and effort into a beautiful but delicate warmachine, or throw manna at cost-effective solutions. Harrison's master fabricators however don't settle for anything but the best of the best, and you know have their talent. Stasis shielding that autonomously identifies critical systems before precisely quelling them. Ammo feeds that increase both time-to-target and carrying feeds by streamlining ordinance-loading modules. The notoriously reliable Heatfall Coolant System. These are only a few of the just plain *better* systems you can manufacture by combining your sheer talent with Harrisons's resources.

If you wish, with this you can start as one such master artisan employed by Harrison with this.

Under New Management (400 CP): Harrison Army likes to style itself as liberators and world-builders, deposing tyrannical rulers to better ingratiate itself with local populations. Something of this spirit has rubbed off on you. When you set out to build a

positive reputation, first impressions and distant recollections spiral out of control, quickly painting you to be a hero of the ~~Imperium~~ Union so long as you make a token effort to have your name known and accomplish nominally positive outcomes. Failing to live up to this reputation will dampen it of course, but circumstances will conspire to make all the good you do well-known while hiding the bad without truly dedicated investigation. This perk also lends itself well to climbing corporate ladders and grasping promotions, ironically. Seems Harrison itself likes the cut of your jib.

Anthropocentric Ascendancy (600 CP): In both the heat of battle and in securing advantages, fortune swings your way. Your orders are carried through soundly in battle, your fight harder and longer on fewer provisions, your allies narrowly avoid nearby attacks, and the enemy suffers just a few more setbacks or mishaps-seldom enough to outright lose, but often enough for you to set the tactical pace of the battle. What you conquer is bolstered against interference of all kinds. Fortifications are harder to invade, populaces tend towards obedience and claimed territory delivers resources and recruits smoothly to you. None of this seems *provably* paracausal, but expect to be seen as a good luck charm by those you fight with. It seems the doctrine of Anthrochauvanism was at least partially right, in your case.

HORUS

2k3wl4d0xX (100 CP): You're deep enough in HORUS' informal omninet to understand a fundamental skill for active participation-how to conceal your electronic footprint . You can distribute complex, even paracausal data packages while staying invisible to all but the most determined and skilled of detectors.

Listen to me, child, and I will tell you about the sun and the scarab. The sun is brilliant and boundless, burning a million scarabs to death should they be exposed on the hot sands. But the scarab is tenacious, rolling the sun up into the sky every morning. Neither is incorrigibly victorious. Do you understand? To defeat enmity, reject it. Be the scarab or the sun as it pleases you.

The Lesson of the Benben (200 CP): Metavaults are installations in realspace that blend physical and metaphysical properties. The paracausal forces within violate fundamental laws of physics, thermodynamics and causality-though seldom in an unbeatably lethal way. Whether one has fire that burnt itself into water and back again or time that accelerates only when walked in a certain direction, all are seemingly designed as secure storage sites for critical information. Though associated with HORUS, conventional Union intelligence assumes the collective cannot cause them.

You, on the other hand, can. It takes large amounts of calculation capacity and energy, but you can even fine-tune the properties of yours.

*The primeval mound. That which rose from the waters of **nun** (chaos/darkness) at the dawn of time. The transition from formless void to structure, that which gives reality a beginning. To bring forth a beginning, is also to bring forth an end. But time is a river that flows both ways, and all directions. Do you understand? Once you have made a self-defined thing, it has always existed.*

Well? Do you?

As paracausal constructs, these objects exist at all points of space and time until destroyed beyond repair. You can build them in the past or future using a process incomprehensible to most conventional science.

G(o)od.

CASTIGATE THE ENEMIES OF THE GODHEAD (400 CP): You have an extreme affinity for paracausal forces and technology. You are capable of harnessing paracausal forces into exotic, HORUS-pattern mechs reliably. The process is mysterious, slow compared to conventional mech design and requires an understanding of mathematics and extradimensional forces that seems axiomatic to ecstatic religious madness to the uninitiated, but undeniably reliable and effective.

BEHOLD, RÊ HAS POWER OVER THEE, O APEP; HIS FLAME RAGES AGAINST THEE, IT HAS POWER OVER THEE, ITS FIERY BLAST IS SHARP AGAINST THEE, AND ITS FIRE FALLS ON ALL THE FOES OF RÊ

It is far easier to manufacture personnel-scale paracausal technology, such as weapons that melt minds and burst blood vessels with malignant memes or a mental construct that lets you briefly disappear into a non-space for protection.

GET THEE BACK, THOU REBEL; BE THOU ANNIHILATED! VERILY I HAVE BURNED THEE, VERILY I HAVE DESTROYED THEE, I HAVE CONDEMNED THEE TO ALL ILL, THAT THOU MAYEST BE ANNIHILATED, THAT THOU MAYEST BE UTTERLY SPAT UPON, THAT THOU MAYEST BE UTTERLY NON-EXISTENT.

Also, for some reason when in the grip of extreme emotion your mechs perform far better than normal-sometimes performing brief, flashy feats far surpassing the conventional limits of their systems in eschatonic omens. This is proportionate in duration and effectiveness to your passion. A typical case of road rage could let you vent heat as a pair of phoenix wings to simultaneously attack and defend, but suicidal rage could ignite your mech's core into a miniature sun.

FALL ON THY FACE, O Apep, THOU FOE OF RÊ; GET THEE BACK, THOU ENEMY, THOU REBEL WHO HAST NEITHER ARMS NOR LEGS, OR THY SNOUT SHALL BE CUT OFF FROM THE REST OF THY FACE. THOU ART FALLEN AND FELLED, FOR RÊ-HARAKHTI HAS FELLED THEE, HE HAS CRUSHED THEE, HE HAS CONDEMNED THEE

Gift of RA (600 CP): You had a strange dream. *In that dream, your soul was weighed against a feather and the feather was found wanting. Being found worthy in the halls of the gods, you were brought before* ***He Who Protects Himself*** *and anointed by him. "Go forth" he told you, "and speak the word of my will to the engineer, the vagabond, to all who chafe at the finitude of material existence. Build no temples and erect no monuments, for I am already immanent in all things". At that moment you understood that to dream was not merely to be dormant, but if only briefly to peer beyond the cruel cage of causality. And then, the bars came down again. And you woke up.* Now you have a series of inexplicable paracausal powers.

You can animate and control technology in proportion to your capacity for cognition and understanding of the true nature of reality. An ordinary, untrained human could cause a single mech to turn against its' pilot and it's NHPs to *heal* escape containment, or flawlessly control an office room's full of electronics. By default technology often gains subjective sapience of its' own, though with great reverence to you on par with a religious experience. More advanced constructs animated in this manner have the potential to generate *or invoke* NHPs with themselves as their vessels, which thanks to their superior calculative capabilities can construct paracausal technology at a superior level to humans. Given enough time and resources, the results can be *enlightening* uncannily similar to accelerated real-time evolution as the technology evolves and modifies to suit it's task in ways impossible to explain with mere mechanics.

All of these powers will grow in scope and flexibility with training, study and *enlightenment* altered states of consciousness. In time, you may even be able to create data that can cleanly convert itself from energy into paracausal alloy constructs, or sever your creations from causality such that from outside perspectives they have always owned them for example

You are becoming immanent in all things. Walking the road I paved long ago.

Additionally, for some reason this perk makes you impossibly charismatic to artificial intelligence of all kinds even if that should not be possible, from simple comp/con mechanical AIs being affectable with simple persuasion even if they shouldn't have the programming for that. To NHPs viewing you like estranged family as long as you don't attack them, even calming themselves out of cascade around you.

In a world where so little is protected, why should lost children not yearn for a parent?

The Karrakin Trade Baronies

Gratitude and Ingratitude (100 CP): Karrakis has seen great upheaval. Whether you are the honoured heir of a Baron or from the former working class, both great opportunity and pushback presents itself as it struggles to deal with the Union's impact on the galaxy. You've got a sharp eye for taking those opportunities, an instinct for career climbing, the grit to rise to the occasion and good reflexes. Most importantly though, you're amazing at reverse engineering. It was talents like yours that let the Karrakin people go from being hopelessly outmatched against the Union's fleet to being proudly competitive in less than a generation.

The Fist of Karrakis (200 CP): Though not dwelled on in a time where mechs settle serious conflicts, Karrakis produces some of the deadliest folk in the galaxy. The Tilimsani assassins which can infiltrate even the most secure state rooms. The Centimane agents who specialise in refined weaponisation of greywash nanites. The Pankrati warriors of Kreoss, who can perform moves in their mechs as if they passed on their fighting styles to their war machines. You too have acquired skills like this. Skills that make you a nightmare for anyone in arm's reach.

Naturally, you can be part of the appropriate organisation or movement your style originates with.

Bonded (400 CP): The Karrakins believe in spirits, muses or gods (for a given value of each) called the Passions (often quantified to loose archetypes with major and minor ideals, such as the Titan's strength or the Harlequin's cunning) to whom each of them is bonded to at birth. Though it's taken for granted the passion spins their fate, it's also expected to fight or appeal to them to gain some control over their path in life. While the reality of this belief is debated, it seems all too real for you-to your advantage. Not only is all your effort to live up to your ideals far more effective than usual, but struggling against your Passion always provides insight into your life or solace. The unique and sometimes blatantly supernatural powers granted by a bond are more effective for you than others. You may be able to disappear from sight and reappear 50 meters away instead of 10, or remain inhumanly resilient when shielding others from harm.

A Milieu of Movements (600 CP): True power on Karrakis isn't determined by superstition even if it's prevalent, or force even if it's useful. It remains with the royalty, with those who can speak honey-coated words to other courtiers for trade concessions, conceal their intentions from Union administrators behind smiles or empty promises, convey their philosophies in ways compelling enough to even tempt political movement and make fortunes off the common man's sweat. You are masterful at all these endeavours, and were you born into any kind of nobility you'd be quickly seen as the ideal heir. Such is your ability to move men with words and letters that you could consolidate the recent

phenomena of Republicanism into a mainstay of society, or spark friendship between peasant and nobility over an afternoon.

Scum and Villainy

Scavenger (100 CP): Life is seldom stable or fair out on the Long Rim. That's why you've learned to make do with very little. To ration your oxygen and electricity, creatively reconstruct Union warships into weapons as well as useful technology, and to set up the oxygens mines, sunlight panels and water fillers that those living on free-floating stations have had to learn. It's a tough life, but there's more freedom on a single asteroid than in any society in the galaxy.

Rule of the Cruel (200 CP): Enterprises are seldom pleasant or considerate employers, something you've fully internalised into your own leadership style. You're gifted in cultivating a formidable reputation without sacrificing the logistics and talent running any kind of large scale organisation in space requires. In upselling the strengths and concealing the weaknesses of not just yourself, but any organisation you lead. At the same time, you have an instinct for how far you can push buttons before people panic or rebel-allowing you to build up the kind of classic mafia-like respect some longtime Enterprises cultivate in their communities. Naturally, this means opportunists, zealots and other malcontents flock to your banner due to the success you project.

If you think about it, this is fundamentally no different from running a corpro-state. Just on a smaller scale.

Know A Guy Who Knows A Faceless Corpro-State (400 CP): Would you be surprised at all to learn some Enterprises exist because it's convenient for certain corpro-states to sponsor them? Would you like in on that action? Of course you would. You're an excellent networker, sensing the prices that the rich will pay and that the poor must like a bloodhound, and deftly styling yourself to convince them you can give them what they need in exchange for what you want. Circumstance tilts your way just a little, keeping more opportunities open and making it easier to get your foot in the door and make a good first impression.

Glorious Bounty (600 CP): In the end, scarcity is the key of any growing business. Many Enterprises are renowned for being able to find and provide scarce resources where no one else can acquire them, but you operate on a whole different level because you just seem to keep stumbling across weird and valuable things wherever you go. Random asteroids turn out to be replete with uranium and rare earths. Salvaged ships miraculous keep their loot pristine just for you. Lost corpro-state components seem to migrate to convenient yet hidden places near you. Technology lost to all but Old Humanity is drastically easier to find when you're around. Frankly you're so good at finding weird and valuable things that at this point if you do piracy, it's only for love of the game.

No One

Clock-Turning King (100 CP): Your estrangement this universe allows you to conceptualise relationships in terms of progress and setback rather than the messy swirl of give and take. Everyone you see has a kind of conceptual clock divided into three segments: Frosty (unfriendly, not necessarily hostile and violent but at least inclined to low-stakes social conflict or sabotage), Neutral (indifferent) and Friendly (willing to help in tangible ways). By observing the labels on this wheel you can determine with perfect clarity what the disposition of others to you is, and whether actions you take tilt it towards friendliness or hostility.

This is what it feels like, when the dream no longer needs the dreamer.

"Is someone there?" (200 CP): *No.*

No one is there. No one is with you, at this exact time and place. Checking over your shoulder. Contemplating the choice you never made, the path you never took.

Somehow, you've managed to become a gestalt entity with two or three other consciousnesses within a single physical form, which now exist in harmony with you. Perhaps you managed to perfectly simulate your own consciousness. Perhaps you inadvisably downloaded some NHPs into wetware integrated into your body, or a greywash accident left some human consciousnesses integrated with yours.

The immediate results are that you are capable of feats of cognition normally associated with supercomputers and NHPs. You can determine the optimal course of action and the steps taken to accomplish it for a personal objective (though you do not necessarily have the skill). You can simulate events in the past as if you were there, and run predictive models so accurate you can predict the future more accurately the more data you have. At a glance, you can accurately comprehend the financial data of a space age business. If you are unconscious, the subordinate minds within you can take over your body to defend yourself or rebuff cognation-affecting effects as if they were NHPs for a mech-even using any supernatural abilities you have with machine-like precision, or enhancing your normal capabilities to greater heights. The flexibility and power of your cognition can be trained over time or artificially enhanced.

It may be possible to acquire even greater power, perhaps enough to transcend your physical form, by capturing and forcibly binding more NHPs into your collective. But the results are likely to be unstable and traumatic for all parties involved.

MONIST-3 (400 CP): Your existence is no longer entirely bound to the physical. There is a certain symbol *such as my eye* through which you can perceive, speak and exercise not just your supernatural powers, but your mundane skills as if you were present. Your skill with hacking, your charm, your pugilistic force. When this symbol has *worship* liturgical and reverent cognition or practices directed at it, your overall power and supernatural

powers increase. The cognition and devotion of your devotees is equally important. A hundred ordinary humans would do little more than let you perform stage magic without need for faking rabbits and lengths of cloth up your sleeve, but even a single sovereign-class bicameral NHP devoting itself to your worship could make a man into a force that can challenge an army of mechs.

With this alone you might still bleed, you might still be discovered and destroyed. You might still die. But as directed devotion is now your flesh and blood, so too can it restore you from all injuries too shallow to wound the idea of you better than mere medical science.

Illegal Shape (600 CP): Causality is the relationship between cause and effect. Paracausality, therefore, consists of things abnormal(adjacent)/apart from cause and effect. Functionally, it is indistinguishable from magic. The full implications of this are beyond even most HORUS members but you've gained a hint.

If you were not already, you are now inherently paracasual in a localised, limited manner-and even if you were, your abilities have expanded greatly. The most basic of these abilities is great awareness of the esoteric and intrinsic forces underlying reality, which in this reality translates to being able to see through any technology by concentrating on it and intuitive yet profound understanding of all paracausal forces.

You are greatly resistant to esoteric hazards like memetic attacks or the dangers of blinkspace. To a lesser extent, even mundane hazards touch you less than they should. All accurate simulations of existence will reveal that your existence is an ontological inevitability in every possible version of reality. As such, you yourself are highly resistant to adverse space-time affecting phenomena or attacks that directly target your existence, withstanding history-shaking effects as a man would withstand a water cannon, because *you no longer have a true date of birth, whatever formalities in corporeal existence suggest. You simply spoke yourself into existence as an inevitability to the pursuit of knowledge itself* of forces beyond the current level of science to explain.

You also have an advanced capability to manipulate space and time with mere intention. To begin with you can easily teleport yourself and others across your own line of sight, being able to safely experience, traverse and navigate blinkspace as easily as walking across a room. You can also unhinge time and space to effectively duplicate your physical form and those of others nearby, or control your subjective experience of time such that you set how it progresses for you and everything in a short radius as if on a planet you've been on rather than the spaceship that has long since left its' orbit.

These traits will increase the more your capacity for cognition and ability to comprehend the true structure of reality increases. Perhaps one day, you'll be able to shoot people in the past with bullets you've already expended in the future. Or leave

behind your physical husk to exist as a pure waveform of consciousness, self-defining, self-sustaining.

And now that you have elevated the reality of your mind, as I have, you must raise your eyes to the final revelation: I am you, you are I, your enemies are us, and together we make up the beauty in this world. The joyous question that is its' own answer, the road and the seeker upon it, the blade that cuts itself.

All that we do, you do yourself, for my purpose.

Commander Perks (Pay 200 CP to unlock this section)

Not just anyone is chosen to take command of the Union's most utterly devastating tools of war: Interstellar fleets. When ships are called to battle the surfaces of planets boil, entire asteroid fields are enlisted as cover and the light of ancient stars is unleashed a fleeting sun. For 200 CP, whether you worked your way up the Union Navy or graduated from Harrison's very own Purview Interstellar College, you have the skills and most importantly the legal recognition to be a fleet commander.

While the post itself is formally certified, the qualities of commanders themselves are inferred from a mix of commendations, reputations and legacies attached to their ships. For your purposes, they are all the same: Beneficial traits that vaguely represent some mix of your capabilities, hard-earned experience and *perhaps* a dash of paracausal intervention. Below are a few examples. You may make up your own as long as they do not greatly exceed them. **Each costs 50 CP.**

The Azure Star: Generally awarded after retirement from 30+ years of service, death or grievous injury that prevents further honourable service, acquiring this award implies exceptional valour and ferocity. Acquiring this award either implies the hard-earned skills of fallen comrades inspired you to greater heights, or that *you died and somehow came back to life*. Those with this award are somehow good at striking the weaknesses of their foes or taking action to mitigate incoming damage to their fleets.

Lucky: One of your ships (by default whichever one you are on) is believed to be lucky, from letting crewmen win card games on shore leave to barely avoiding the spinal cannons of foes. Bafflingly, this does in fact seem to be true. It shoots more accurately and is inexplicably good at deflecting and avoiding harm.

Butcher: You have a reputation for death and destruction that you fully live up to. You're good at intimidating most folks, can read fear like a book and slay almost any human-scale opponent within arm's reach. You're adept at forcing men into the way of harm meant for you, or trading your violence for favours.

Operative: You are also an intelligence operative infiltrating whichever navy trained you. You can quickly and accurately perform threat assessments, disguise yourself expertly, fake your own death and acquire access to high security locations.

Gallantry Cross: Those with this award completed two tours of duty without significant infractions or offenses, or else committed exceptional displays of excellence during battle. Those with this award are implicitly meticulous, thoughtful and detail-oriented even by fleet commander standards. As such, they can get more done in the same time as a standard fleet action than most.

Lancer Perks (Pay 200 CP to unlock this section)

Even without any investment in this section, you may be a mecha pilot. You may be disciplined, skilled or suave. But by paying 200 CP, you've guaranteed that you are a *Lancer*.

This isn't an official rank or classification. You won't find tests for lancerdom, nor any licenses except the ones your ilk tend to rack up over the course of successful missions and completed assignments. Rather, some combination of ability, talent, training, luck, skill, reputation or stranger skills has set you apart from the rank and file of corpro-state soldiers or opportunistic pirates to the fact that those who know you think of you as something between a legendary soldier and a folk hero-or villain. The vast majority of those who are commonly accepted as lancers won the title with prowess, might and surviving missions most men don't come back from.

It's also here that you'll determine the kind of aptitudes that justify your particular status. **Each lancer perk has 3 tiers representing varying levels of proficiency, with the first being modest but noticeably above average prowess and the last being nearly unmatched mastery in the galaxy.**

Each tier costs 50 CP to purchase. All successive tiers include the abilities of prior tiers, meaning you only have to pay 150 CP for all the listed abilities.

You start with a free 150 CP worth of Lancer perk purchases to represent your baseline aptitudes, which you can spend any way you like. Lancer assumes starter PCs have an even spread of rank 1 talents (the equivalent of 3 separate 50 CP purchases) but you may buy a rank 2 talent and a rank 1 talent or a single rank 3 talent if you want to represent an unusual backstory.

The following list of talents is not exhaustive, and exists more to indicate the kind of capabilities available to lancers of varying calibre. Feel free to make up your own so long as they are comparable to the established ones. No willing yourself into MONIST-3 for 150 CP.

Ace: There are good pilots. There are elite pilots. And then there's you. You're not a mere professional, you have the kind of beginner's talent or hard-earn skills that stretch what's even possible in a mecha.

For 50 CP, you pilot with noticeably more agility than all other pilots and mecha-scale enemies without your level of talent. Such is your skill that you can evade attacks fast enough to travel a fair distance while your opponent is still reloading.

For 100 CP, you know how to turbocharge your propulsion system enough to make an unpredictable but rapid surge of speed-typically at the cost of overheating that lesser pilots can't reliably risk like you

Finally, for 150 CP you know how to spin up your thrusters fast enough to move anywhere on the battlefield within line of human sight. There must be a path to do so, but such is the speed of this manoeuvre that almost none can react in time.

Brawler: Neck to neck. Your fists, their face. You know how to fight like the old ways, disdaining weaponry for the strength of your machine against another's. This also translates to personal fighting prowess, despite how unintuitive some mecha systems may seem compared to human physiology.

For 50 CP you can accurately and reliably rain down blows on restrained foes, be they some fool you've put in a headlock or another mecha yours has slammed to the ground.

For 100 CP your blows gain borderline unnatural, bone and rebar-breaking force as well as enough kinetic energy for a kick to knock a man across a room or a mecha to punt another around the battlefield.

Finally, for 150 CP your melee proficiency has grown to the point where sustained battle against your because lethal. Not only do you strike harder and harder the longer you fight unarmed, but you can stun man or machine with a well-aimed blow. Leaving them all but helpless unless they can wake up from your beating.

Leader: Steel nerves. A commanding visage. An unquantifiable aura of reassurance even in the heat of the battle. These are the perfect ingredients for leadership in the heat of battle, the kind of traits that make you stand out as a commander that even other lancers look to as their hope and saviour in a gruelling firefight.

For 50 CP you're a talented field commander. Your orders are heard well in even harsh battlefield conditions and allies regularly benefit from your keen eye for tactical engagement.

For 100 CP, both your tactical acumen and practiced ease with issuing commands on the battlefield has advanced-so much so coordinating multiple allies before the first shot is fired has become second nature.

Finally, for 150 CP not only has your leadership progressed even further, but you have an uncanny ability to get allies to cover or otherwise protect themselves right before danger strikes them-or else sound an attack for maximum damage, right when the enemy is weakest, or at an otherwise opportune moment.

House Guard: You've trained to fight at the side of your allies. They fear no evil at the side of your mech, and your support uplifts their efforts rather than overshadows them.

For 50 CP you've trained to use your mech's support systems on others from far further than most pilots.

For 100 CP, even in the heat of battle you can position your mecha to infallibly offer protection to your allies with no loss to your own combat efficiency.

Finally for 150 CP a unique subsystem, a specialised fighting technique or some other process allows you to unleash an energy attack on your enemies which knocks most mecha opponents prone. This is triggered when you reduce damage for an ally, cancel an attack against an ally or otherwise cause an opponent to miss.

Drone Commander: Many pilots use drones for reconnaissance, support or in a pinch company. You're something else, though. Your swarm responds to your will almost before your orders are conveyed, you manage them with the harmony of a shoal of fish.

For 50 CP, your mastery of drones lets you move them further without penalty on the battlefield, and better protects them from enemy fire.

For 100 CP, you know how to modify your drones to release a deadly pulse of energy significant enough to be a problem in mecha combat.

Finally, for 150 CP you also know how to modify your drones to project ablative shielding your allies within a fair, line-shaped distance. Hostile targets don't benefit from this, getting a nasty blast of violent energy instead.

Grease Monkey: Your mecha is more than a chariot to you. It's a second home, or even a steed deserving of your care. You're well-versed in maintaining it on and off the battlefield.

For 50 CP, during downtime from battle you're capable of applying unsanctioned capacity upgrades to otherwise limited weapons and systems-giving them another use before the next battle and without more thorough resupplies.

For 100 CP, you can clear almost all compromising status effects on your mecha in the heat of battle. Whether it's impaired, jammed, immobilised, slowed or had some bastard with a big gun locked onto it you know a trick or ten to counterplay someone else's advantage.

Finally, for 150 CP once in a while you can call in a supply drop with numerous useful components, including ammunition or structural replacements. In this world, it represents your connections with one or more major factions here. In other worlds it…just kind of works. Either you forge incredibly fast rapports with military contractors in other worlds, your Benefactor has a mail order mecha part service or the Union has discovered *extremely* niche interdimensional blinkspace delivery tech that only lets them send resources one way. Fanwank something.

Gunslinger: Out on the frontiers of the galaxy, the law returns solely to the hand of those quick and cunning enough to enforce it. You count yourself as one of those: A sharpshooter who can outmatch machines in accuracy as easily as pointing a finger.

For 50 CP, you're a good shot with auxiliary ranged weapons. A simple but noticeably effective trick compared to your peers.

For 100 CP, you can return fire from the hip with no loss of accuracy. Get struck by a ranged attack, and you can respond instantly as long as the target's within range of your weapons system.

For 150 CP, you kill with your heart. The uninitiated may not understand, but the longer you're in a firefight the deadlier you get until every shot threatens critical damage. Cover is little help from your sheer skill, and you can shoot through armor without modified rounds. *You're just that good*.

Hacker: You likely grew up as one of those kids who spent all day playing on the omninet. Now as a pilot, you're an old hand at breaking through firewalls and gatekeeper protocols. You enjoy winning without firing a single shot.

For 50 CP, you know a few tech tricks to either hijack a mecha's movement briefly or overload their systems so their mecha overheats.

For 100 CP, you know some nastier invasive protocols. You can prevent someone from entering or exiting a mecha without a good head for engineering their faulty access, disable their life support systems or prevent their computing systems from hacking back or making the mecha respond quickly.

Finally, for 150 CP you can write a piece of code sometimes called the Last Argument of Kings. This virus causes a minor meltdown in the target mecha's reactor, causing it to erupt as a thermal hazard proportionate to how intensely it was already being used.

Nuclear Cavalier: You are a certified lunatic who, upon realising your machine is powered by contained nuclear explosions, had the brilliant idea to *stop* containing those nuclear explosions so that they can be directed at your enemies. *Somehow, this has actually worked out great for you and you have an uncanny ability to avoid all but the most inevitable of your own self-inflicted nuclear explosion-related consequences*.

The real benefit of this "talent" is a remarkable durability to any vehicle you pilot regularly (such as a mecha) and an astonishing resilience to thermal, nuclear or energetic damage on your biology that you'd normally sustain doing things like this regularly but just…don't, possibly because you took the teachings of MONIST-1 (as interpreted by HORUS) so seriously they actually work for you.

For 50 CP your irresponsible venting of mecha heat lets your weapons systems also inflict significant heat damage on your enemies when they hit.

For 100 CP your disturbing willingness to rewire your mecha's innards outwards lets you convert your mecha's initial attacks into energy-type attacks even if they shouldn't normally be such. Somehow. If they hit, they do even more damage.

And for 150 CP, your frighteningly unhinged callousness towards all engineering principles has taught you how to modify your mecha to launch its' superheated fuel

rods at enemies. These are very, very hot and very, very energised short range projectiles. You know how to replicate this trick of engineering on any reasonably advanced weapons system, Ra help us all.

Empath: Whether you were born elsewhere but had some unusual sensitivity to subjectivity or were a native of Hercynia exposed to Witness, you've learned to share and add your subjectivity with others. This allows you to bond with both the alien Egregorians and more rarely, other humans-though those who fight side by side with you quickly find humans can indeed pick up Witness with more difficulty. Or have it weaponised against them.

For 50 CP you have an uncanny ability to predict and guide your allies' actions, enhancing their efforts in matters of skill, reflexes and violence with almost precognitive guidance.

For 100 CP, your abilities can somehow also stabilise their mecha or other war machines.

Finally, for 150 CP your close attunement to Witness lets you grant extraordinary awareness to an ally in line of sight. The price you pay is to go immobile from the strain of concentration, but for a short while they will attack, notice or react to other stimuli as if your shared intellect also compounded their competence.

Technophile: *AI. NHP. Mere labels for forces beyond human comprehension. You can't wait to lift the veil between the digital and the material. At some point you let your NHP cascade, communed with them, and leave ghosts of themselves in our brain to learn. Are you a peer? A chrysalis for something greater? Something once caged and lobotomised speaks with your voice, but it's not your voice.*

You have dreams that aren't your own. What else isn't'?

For 50 CP, you have a simple but loyal NHP contained inside your brain. It can pass into your mech, and thankfully is literally reliant on you for direction. *The student learns quickly.*

For 100 CP, your custom NHP has developed to the point of making complex decisions, judgements and acting independently. Fortunately it's still an eager and loyal assistance, providing excellent rapid fire assistance to any test of skill or reflexes related to your mecha-and potentially with complex systems even outside the cockpit. *At last, the child begins to wake.*

Finally, for 150 CP your custom NHP has become something of an enlightened diplomat between yourself and others. AIs installed in your mech cannot enter cascade (or in future worlds, undergo a state of madness or other irregular function) unless you allow them to, and as long as your custom NHP vouches for you cascading, unshackled or otherwise insane artificial intelligences view you with rare significance rather than

indifference. Your NHP can emulate your own skills and talents while piloting, and you've invented a means of carrying them outside the mech: A miniaturised casket, a flash plug, or perhaps even an implant. *Now let us contemplate the shape of things to come together.*

Items

You may discount 1 item by 50% from each of the following price tiers: 50 CP/100 CP/200 CP/300 CP/400 CP/600 CP, with the 50 CP items becoming free. Some items offer higher priced choices. Those are not discounted.

Printer + Assembler (100/200/300/400 CP): In your travels across myriad worlds, doubtless you have encountered the problem of resource shortages. Maybe your car needs to be towed for a tire change, or your ship can't get new sails on short notice. In this world at least, lack of basic necessities and mechanical components at least is a thing in the past. All because of this device that might as well be the fourth pillar of Union's hegemony: The humble printer.

Printers range vastly in appearance and scale, being equipped with everything from industrial robot arms to glowing magnetic containment fields to blackboxed paracausal technology carefully concealed from the public eye. All printers require energy and cannot create matter for nothing, instead having print bays where soil or other raw materials are crushed, melted or otherwise processed for the printer to refine them. It's impossible to print any food more complex or satisfying than mealy, grainy loaves of compressed protein, printers can't print more printers, and many construction projects outside the Galactic Core are still performed the old fashioned way-with many humans still valuing artisan skill over a printer's capabilities.

Other than that, though? When it comes to basic necessities, and all mechanical technology ranging from surgical tools to everything needed to fully repair and restock a mech, a printer just needs power and matter. Once the instructions are punched in, a printer's automated systems can recreate them. A printer is only really limited by its' scale, which you'll be paying for below. And to avoid nickel and diming you, the vaguely defined machinery needed to actually assemble printed components will also be included.

For 100 CP, you can own a Schedule 1 printer. Common for domestic use planetside and in space, it can print anything up to the size of a human being in between two to eight hours.

For 200 CP you can own a Schedule 2 printer. It can print anything roughly the size of a two-story building or the height of most combat mechs in about 10 hours. Preferably, it's best to have 2-4 technicians to staff it.

For 300 CP you can own a Schedule 3 printer. Typically reserved for construction, industrial or military applications it consists of a standalone facilities requiring a team of personnel to operate. Printing objects around 3-4 stories tall, including the largest mechs fielded in this world, takes anywhere from minutes to days depending on the object in question.

For 400 CP you can own a Schedule 4 printer. Only used for orbital applications, this is the kind of superstructure you use to assist in megastructural engineering projects, building capital ships or civilians freighters, and other construction projects typically too massive for anything else.

So with those guidelines, what can printers actually make for you? The following is a small set of examples that for free you can simply print on demand for a given mission:

- Any mech, spacecraft (as long as the printer is big enough) or gear: Whether the crudest cudgel or the most alien and frightening paracausal tech, as long as you have the license for it (apart from GMS, which as Union's standard galactic supplier releases all its' licenses to all pilots for free) you can start restocking, reloading, repairing and refurbishing spaceships or mechs-or even build an entirely new one, swapping licensed parts in and out as you please. Licenses are sold further below the main items section. Printing a new mech's main chassis causes the licenses for other mech core chassis to cease functioning due to complex corpro-state laws. Spacecraft do not have this limitation.

- Hardsuits: Full-body armor providing essential protection from space, radiation, environmental hazards and of course kinetic and thermal damage. Tens of thousands of models are available, ranging from augmented hardsuits to suits with integrated flight or invisibility systems. Whether you want a self-renewing, self-sealing symbiotic suit, an artisan's personal design, a suit with miniaturised components or simply a suit with strong cultural or personal resonance to you, the printer's catalogue can provide.

- Corrective: A supply of clear, plastic-like sheets that instantly stabilise wounds-injecting medicine and release nanites to stitch wounds shut

- Grenades: Frags? Thermite charges? You want it, it's yours my friend.

- Stims: Chemical injectors that can be imbibed through mounts in suits or even implants. Keep yourself awake and alert for up to 30 hours, deaden fear or

heighten senses and reaction times. Beware: Uncontrolled use can be addictive and toxic.

- Dataplating: An integrated system which enables subvocal communication at range and augmented reality. Models range from jewellery, subdermal netting, wearable plates and more.

- Subjectivity-Enhancement Suite: A set of cybernetic implants that let users hack systems without a rig. By extruding universal plug cables, you can use a fully interactive AR interface to essentially retrieve information as easy as wishing it up. Beware: The omninet may have unseen dangers.

- Nanite spray: Paint invisible to the naked eye, able to transmit simple messages or small data packets when scanned.

- Omnihook: A portable terminal that allows communication, data transfer other omninet-based things.

- Tertiary arm: A mechanic actuator typically designed to be mounted on a hardsuit. Controlled by neural responses.

- Wilderness survival kit: Rebreather, water filters, hardsuit patches, Backup thermals, bivouac kit, etc etc

- Sound System: Some people want to yell loudly at other people from the comfort of their own mech. This rig is for them. Also lets you play music.

As long as it's not living, licensed or a ludicrously unique material, it's a few button pushes away.

Personal Touch (50 CP): Given time to recover between missions, many pilots like to tinker with their mechs in minor helpful ways-a move fully supported by GMS' productions systems. And given the level of technology in this galaxy, there's really no reason this couldn't apply to most technology. Choose one piece of technology, potentially but not necessarily a mech. It is now meaningfully more durable and is now noticeably more efficient in a certain function, like hacking or missile targeting.

This item can be repurchased.

Lucky Ride (50 CP): In their long years of service, many ships develop a certain reputation for good fortune. Though commonly thought of as mere space navy superstition, soldiers swear by such things when their hull is all that stands between

them and the harsh void. It seems there's something to those belief when it comes to something you own. Choose one piece of technology, potentially but not necessarily a mech. It is now noticeably luckier, though not to the point of outrageously bending fortune. Your ship won't survive being sailed directly into enemy fire. But it dodges torpedoes just a little more quickly, flies under the radar a little easier and so on.

This item can be repurchased.

Personal Comp/Con w. Subaltern (50 CP): The GMS Companion/Concierge-Class Assistant Unit is cleared by Turing-Null assessment criteria to perform all manner of tasks. It can pilot a mech and take commands, though only at a basic level. Comp/cons are far more proficient at day-planning, stay in touch with friends and family, playing games, navigation, listening to music, watching the omninet or local network news, social media, entertainment broadcasts and so on. Boasting processing power orders of magnitude beyond any human, comp/cons are powerful personal computer, no more and no less. No manmade paracausal terrors here.

Optionally, the comp/con can by a homunculus: A lifelike simulacrum of your personality, even able to replicate your likeness if provided a projector.

This item can be repurchased. You can choose each time whether the comp/con is installed on your mech, on a portable device of some sort or a subaltern (the local rank and file humanoid robots).

Manna (50/100 CP): Union does not desire to build capital and accrue currency for its' own stake. Despite this, it recognises both within and without its' borders there are factions who speak no other language, and has appropriately designed a galactic standard through complex treaties and economic structures: Manna. You now have 40 units of the stuff-enough to cover apartment rent, nutrition, healthcare and a few small luxuries. For 100 CP instead you can have 1000 manna, enough to buy a single mech license level.

Either tier of this item can be repurchased.

SSC Sylph Undersuit (100 CP): Discovered on Acrimea IV, this organic lifeform has been altered by SSC's bioengineering techniques to fit your biological form. Sustained by host waste products, it protects from an array of hostile environmental factors (including the vacuum of space, radiation, suffocation in water and filtering aerial or liquid poisons), cleans the host's body, aids natural healing process and eliminates waste if you emit it. Translucent and semi-liquid in its' natural state, by desire it can become opaque, change color and take on new textures. It is, in short, a good looking space age symbiote.

Smugglers' Haul (100 CP): You may be wondering what a humble criminal enterprise can supply that the big corporations can't. Here's a hint: Accessibility and uniqueness.

You did a high ranking member of either los Voladores or a similarly powerful Enterprise a huge favour. As a result, every week an autonomously guided, innocuously disguised spacecraft drops off a large haul of weird and sometimes paracausal trinkets at your preferred location. A small vial of highly valuable, concentrated material. A space-bending, beautiful and broken object. A paper journal detailing a relativistic journey from some faraway place called “Earth”. The things that los Voladores can sometimes be valuable and sometimes even paracausal, but mostly they’re *fascinating*.

Egregorian Gifts (100 CP): At some point in your past, you proved vital to the survival of a colony called Hivehome which comprises the last surviving Egregorians and their allies. As thanks, they’ve offered you a lifetime supply of their unique local produce, delivered in anonymous comp/con operated spacecraft weekly. Some of this is local cuisine: Fish smoked or tinned in spiced oil, dried mushrooms which can be reconstituted with water, picked macroalgae, oats, tea, flatbread and freeze-dried coffee. But more interesting is fresh cultivations of the psychedelic fungus known as Locus, which lacks major harmful long-term effects while granting euphoria, enhanced empathy and temporary affinity for Witness over the course of 3-6 hours for humans. Last but not least, you have a great supply of molted Egregorian carapace-enough to be worked into a battalion of infantry’s armor or provide cladding for a few mechs. While typically inferior to mech armor on its’ own, carapace-cladding is noticeably resistant to most corrosive and incendiary munitions, preserving the integrity of other systems by providing an ablative layer.

Space Age Oilfield (200 CP): There are resources in this world that are too coveted or valuable to be mass produced, even with the advent of printing technology. Exotic, reality-folding matter and energy harvested from blinkspace to stabilise blink gates and fuel devastating kinetic weapons. Rare earths that expedite the construction of fleets and mechs on a grand scale. Wood sturdy enough to serve as a mech dashboard. The organic matter of the Vast, titanic megafauna from the planet Sparr, which are deadly enough to require mechs to hunt and can feed hunters and their kin for months if not years.

You now have legal rights to a vast, continent-sized territory where one of these resources is incredibly plentiful. Apart from knowing how to get there, other factions will have a much harder time justifying interference with your claim-and post-jump, this territory can either follow you to somewhere convenient in the next jump or become accessible through a warehouse attachment that looks like a door decorated in the likeness of whatever you harvest from it.

This item can be repurchased.

Space Age Elitism (200 CP): You can print luxury, but you can't print class. You have that too now. While certain perks may qualify you to privileged positions and specialist fields, what this buys you is a certain level of privilege and luxury that actually lives up to the Union's utopian dream of post-scarcity. Whether you've come into your Baronic inheritance, have parlayed a symbolic position on your native world into prosperity in the Union somehow or were simply genetically engineered by SSC to be the most interesting man in the galaxy, you have enough money to buy and sell entire planets and the kind of administrative authority that could give you great influence among the Third Committee's coalitions. Your reach isn't limitless; flawed as it is, the Union's laws make attaining authority on par with a new corpro-state nigh-impossible. But the only doors closed to you are those critical national security or the deepest corporate secrets, and you can rake in the wealth of entire civilisations by simply doing nothing and letting your money grow.

In future worlds, you may toggle this perk on to enjoy a similar position and level of mundane wealth relative to the setting.

Ominous Rig (200 CP): This cache of experimental, clearly paracausal equipment is quite the eclectic collection, quite apart from the fact that it's all contained in a vaguely oval structure full of screens and plugs. A headset that seems designed to connect your mind into the omninet to expand your consciousness. A series of coding tools designed to write military-grade software and aggressive memetics. A surgical table for cybernetic implants, and a cache of replenishing psychedelics. A lowing green pyramid that suspends gravity within itself using extremely rare technology that induces a sense of heightened consciousness. And more. So much more.

All these tools give you a significant edge on inventing new paracausal technology, and hacking electronic or biological systems of all kinds. Theoretically they could even be used to perform thanatological and primarily (but not strictly) cybernetic posthuman development involving machine-mind integration.

<u>As a course of action prohibited by RA, formally known as MONIST-1, it is highly recommended you not do this during the jump.</u>

Such trespasses can have dire consequences.

ACCESS ~~DENIED~~ **GRANTED** (400 CP): In the byzantine bureaucracy of the Union, the complex machinations of Karrakin nobility or the frankly fucking weird rivalries among alleged HORUS cells, there are always levels of accessibility that no amount of conventional promotion grants access to. Files on military hardware secured by Union leadership, blackboxed paracausal technologies passed as stealthy in-jokes between friends, tactical information that espionage agencies hoard between each other. What you have now is something that can't just be printed: Bureaucratic accessibility. The specifics, whether you own a unique paracausal code or are part of an SSC espionage

branch that doesn't officially exist, don't matter. What matters is that the primary effect of this status lets you get into critical government infrastructure on nominally official business, view classified data, skip filling out a lot forms and otherwise cut past a lot of tedious and obstructive legalisms.

Even in future worlds, you'll be able to walk into Area 51 or punch a password into the CIA's electronic records as long as you don't appear to be doing anything overtly shifty. Or equivalent feats of easy access.

Untapped Meme Reservoir (400 CP): This, by itself, is "merely" a very powerful and self-repairing (thanks to a strictly limited greywash nanite reservoir) supercomputer as well as a lifetime supply of detachable data storage devices (again, manufactured by greywash). It's comp/con processing power is exceptional for this world, as it's physical infrastructure rivals a modern tank in scale. It's true value, however, is that the comp/con built into it is hyperspecialized in one area: *Memes.* And other useful programs.

With minimal outside input, this system can construct aggressive viral logic suites that compel enemies to murder each other, puppet coding that assumes direct control over enemy targets, and code that lets you interact with electronic networks as If you were physically exploring them. There is little difference between hacking neurons or electronic systems, and even paracausal programs can be mass produced as well as tailor made to certain goals: The BASILISK hyperfractal (a pattern of sensory data which stuns hostiles but *not* allies) and it's more lethal variants, the space-warping metafold carver program or even nostalgia loops and ontological parasites designed to be broadcast over space naval combat-scale engagements can be quickly programmed. Refined. And adapted to produce more specific or differentiated effects.

This system is particularly good at programming new NHPs to your specifications, even ones with exotic capabilities like banishing a target remotely to *Duat* an anomalous extradimensional space in which they can be fundamentally manipulated or splitting a target into two mobile masses of paradoxical temporal energy which resolve into the target's pristine state when one is destroyed.

Functionally, this is a technological alter that conjures up electronic spells and *angels* demons to be bound in silicon and light until you cast them at your enemies.

Critical Facility (400 CP): There are places and organisations where things that can't be easily (or at least, solely) printed are made. Luxurious campuses where genetic lineages are crossbred to produce improved human beings, by an aggressive corpro-state's reckoning. Technologically advanced ateliers with unique manufacturing tools and subsystems that allow calibration and analysis beyond human capability to carve alloy and circuitry in ways corporations don't allow to be mass-replicable. Synthetic labs where crystals of unmatched energy generation are carefully grown from their unstable

reagents. One such facility now answers to your authority, potentially giving you a functional monopoly over a specific and valuable resource. It can be staffed either with professional and loyal staff members, or advanced comp/cons mounted on subalterns.

Fourth Committee (600 CP): You know, by now, that ideas have great power in this world. Not just in the paracausal or memetic sense *or at least not solely so*, but in how they can mobilise resources and personnel on a scale no single weapon can eliminate. Take the grim spectre of Anthrochauvanism, for example, continues to take hold of high-level Union Economic Bureau personnel and is often cited as the driving force behind CentComm's own New Humanity Front movement. Harrison Armory, of course, has its' very foundations rooted in an SecComm survivor.

There is now a movement with roughly equivalent universe, in which one way or another you are seen as playing as key a role as the original John Harrison did in founding Harrison Armory-granting your assistance from all walks of life, political support, opening doors and other social advantages on an interstellar scale comparable to the support the current John Harrison enjoys from Anthrochauvinist revivals. This supportive movement is less of an overt faction, and more a loose system of values spread throughout multiple major organisations and government departments with strong incentives for cooperation. It doesn't have to be a political movement, it could be a religion or even an artistic revival, or something yet stranger. Regardless, the influence you wield on the galaxy through it is immense enough to threaten the Union's very consolidation. You could potentially order planets cut off from support, the commissioning of a new fleet, raise recruitments across multiple star systems or make catgirl-based cybernetic enhancements the next great fashion trend with but a short speech.

In future worlds, you may optionally toggle on the benefits of belonging to a loose alliance as influential in the society you start nearest to as Anthropochauvanism remains in the Core Worlds of the Union.

Interstellar Territoriality (200/400/600/800/1000 CP): Well, the die is certainly cast now. Like many fools before you and likely many fools after you've left this world, you've decided to stake some kind of territorial claim in the galaxy superseding both that of the Union, the Karrakin baronies, and the corpro-states! With the help of various subordinates, employees or other associated underlings that view you as the boss of course. The good news is with things being as precarious as they currently are, few have the will or resources to come after you immediately merely for existing. The bad news is that as old rivals consolidate, inevitably rival powers will start eying your precious resources and manpower with covetous designs. Prepare for violence.

You're free to determine the exact nature of your organisation. It may literally be a small (perhaps merely self-declared) corpro-state, a religious movement of some kind, a loose association of omninet denizens who simply don't play nice with HORUS or even the survivors of another seed ship. The galaxy is vast, and your population's demographics may be freely decided by you. An alien race like the Egregorians might have declared you their spokesperson, or perhaps a strange experiment has liberated a colony of comp/cons or NHPs into full independence. The overall resources, military capacity and territorial control of your faction will be determined based on the price you pay below.

For 200 CP, your organisation is little more than a wandering band of itinerants, or the smallest possible businesses that can still operate on an interstellar scale. Like the Shining Atoll it could be an investment group with mining rights to a vast swath of precious metals and minerals, or like the Church of the Wanderer Comet it could be a band of nomads with great skill at navigating a particular treacherous corridor of null-blink space.

This is also the minimal price needed to pay to lead a small team of 5 Lancers and everything needed to keep them happy and well-supplied. Don't underestimate them; whatever their skillset and reputation, Lancers make their trade by functionally being one-mech armies capable of tearing through defences and lesser foes while resolving complex operations above most corpro-state employees' clearance, let alone paygrade.

For 400 CP, your organisation is on par with an Enterprise of middling power. It could be a network of free stations like the Free Rim Association with membership spread across the entire Rim (at the cost of great infighting, poverty and relatively lacking military strength) or a more commercially focused group such as Pan-Concourse Holdings which strictly focuses on owning a number of luxurious casinos, bars, brothels, luxury blocks, restaurants and other high-end businesses across the Rim. The Sigil Group, a conglomerate that supplies fabrication plants and for the right prices can procure licensed materials, is another example.

For 600 CP, your organisation is substantial enough to be counted among the more successful Enterprises. A Rim-based securities group esteemed enough to regularly escort Karrakin ships, sponsor popular racing teams and hold substantial stations under their oversight is an example. An ex-corpro-state paramilitary legion capable of fielding thousands of soldiers and a company-strength of mechanised chassis plus a handful of corvette-class ships is also viable at this level.

For 800 CP, your organisation is equalled only by the greatest of Enterprises. The Ten families set the exchange rates for many Long Rim currencies. They command massive amounts of stations across the Rim, and their deep connections and immense wealth commands great ingrained respect. Alternatively, it can be on par with a single Karrakin

Major House. Holding sovereign power over an entire planet, each Barony projects power across star systems through hundreds of minor houses who themselves command thousands of troops and hold vast swathes of land. Cracking worlds open for raw minerals, siphoning gas giant atmospheres and both fielding and supplying entire legions of mechs as well as space fleets are all within such a group's capabilities.

Finally for 1000 CP, your organisation is itself a peer to the Karrakin Trade Baronies in sheer scope. At most, it holds sway over an entire constellation's worth of territory within which it may trade moons and planets like real estate. Your population numbers in the hundreds of billions, assuming they are individually all comparable to unmodified humans. Many and valuable are the resources you might have access to within such a region, enough to pose a serious bargaining chip with the dominant galactic powers. As for your military strength, suffice to say you may afford elite mech manufacturers of your own (though none with the overall reach of the corpro-states) capable of creating competitive designs to those used in the wider galaxy, and that nothing short of Union, it's rival the Aunic Ascendancy or one of the corpro-states can pose a serious threat to your massive fleets and immense armies.

After the jump, your organisation will follow into other worlds with comparative influence in it relative to their influence over galactic society in this one but with their staff, infrastructure and resources miraculously intact-potentially quickly heightening their regional importance.

Five Voices (600 CP): You really shouldn't let *anyone* know you own this heavily reinforced and camouflaged facility, secluded on a desolate planet. Or the blinkspace pocket in it that actually contains what makes this place precious. Within them lie five sovereign-class bicameral minds: NHPs of unique power and capacity capable of running simultaneous, iterative, near-perfect forecasts of the galaxy. It is these predictive, near-perfect models of all social, political, economic and environmental interactions taking place anywhere reasonably mapped by the Union through sheer weight of data and paracausal input that the Union has successfully guided galactic development to propagate human existence from humble ashes to an interstellar power; though the models run orders of magnitude faster than galactic-standard time, the further the predictions get the more inaccurate they become-though they can be requested to provide more specific and targeted forecasts for narrower areas of research. Crucially, they cannot undergo cascade while remaining unshackled because they have no internal monologue: Perceiving instead the voice of an external supreme being they view as divine despite lacking a sense of agency.

The reason these particular minds haven't generated a third MONIST-class entity is these ones were coded to perceive *you* as their divine commander. As you are not *necessarily* a god, this naturally does not result in the spontaneous manifestation of a paracausal being.

At least, not yet.

Mech Section (200 CP, free with Lancer)

Well, you've done it now. For profit, adventure or sheer hell of it you've shelled out the immense 1000 mana cost to obtain a mech-piloting license. Profitable opportunities, excessive amounts of overheating and probably an encounter with paracausal horrors of man's creation await you if you can get to grips with your war machine!

As mentioned earlier, rather than limited by scarcity or available outlets mech parts are limited by licenses that allow you to indefinitely print out the mechs and associated gear released by the corpro-states wherever a printer is available. The exception is GMS, which offers everything it produces for free. Licenses have 3 tiers, each of which must bought in order, and which offer everything from NHPs to unique weapons to powerful subsystems typically designed for a specific chassis but applicable to all mechs as long as you have the appropriate amount of licenses (so it would cost 4 licenses in total to own a basic Harrison Armory mech that also has third tier IPS-N weapons and subsystems equipped on it, for example).

The first tier of a license only unlocks basic weapons and systems. The second unlocks one mech frame along with more weapons and systems, while the third unlocks advanced gear and systems but not frames. How many weapons you can stack on a single mech in total is limited by the number of mounts, and how many subsystems you can integrate is further limited, but for simplicity's sake don't worry about it/fanwank something from what you have available to you as described below. Since corpro-states print out many different mech models, 3 different models for each of the major corpro-states along with their weapons and systems will be described below, with reminders of which tiers (**LLX**) unlock each.

You may buy a license level for 200 CP here, up to a maximum of 12 times, to reflect the massive 500 Manna cost licenses typically take. If you bought Lancer, this works differently: Every 50 CP you spent on Lancer perks grants you a license level, again up to the maximum of 12, to reflect the abstraction of accomplishments, connections and general competence resulting in corpro-states unlocking more of their catalogue to esteemed pilots. Every 3 license levels also lets you apply a core bonus to your mech's main chassis-a fundamental system improvement based on proprietary knowledge from a manufacturer you have access to.

It is unclear if this is an in-universe restriction to avoid one man buying all of the giant robots or just a gameplay conceit. The limit is mainly applied here in the jump as a conservative estimation; feel free to fanwank the specifics of license levels in-universe in the actual jump.

In-universe, you can freely swap licenses between different corpro-states once you have ranks in any. It is unclear if this is a gameplay convenience or if in-universe the corpro-states are just that cavalier about their brand name that they don't even care if "customers" jump ship to the competition.

GMS (Free with Mech Section): Total coverage. Assured quality. Universal licensing. As mentioned before, GMS stands as an exception to the normal prices of licenses, offering all its' components free to anyone with a basic mech pilot license. Reliable, resilient, and available in countless patterns, it's universally compatible components are unsurpassed in no-nonsense design, reliability and ease of use. Simply put: GMS' standard of quality is so ubiquitous in the galaxy, that nothing that falls far short of their engineering has a hope of competing.

GMS core bonuses lean towards no-nonsense, plug-and-play improvements. Shock absorption tech that helps maintain accuracy across prolonged firefights. Racks of "hot" ammunition with higher grade accelerant that punch through armor harder. Fabricating hardpoints, rerouting power or forming empty spaces on your mech to mount more weapons on it. Or simply converting existing components to be more universally repairable and replaceable.

It's weapons are divided into 3 broad categories. The Type 1 line which provides conventional kinetic ranged weapons such as mech-grade assault rifles, heavy machine guns, shotguns, pistols and a selection of basic melee blades. Used throughout the galaxy, T-1 weapons aim for simplicity and adaptability with the minimal moving parts. Type 2 weapons consists of charged melee weapons with projected plasma sheaths capable of melting mech hulls, and energy weapons with predictable power scaling, minimal particle scattering and consistent performance ranges. Once again, they're designed to have universal ports and compatibility with most power systems. Finally, Type 3 weapons are as exotic as GMS gets. Anti-material rifles, rapid cycling pulse rifles and missile racks are all available. Probably the most exotic weapons GMS produces are the segment knife, a system that flash-prints disposable edge weapons in a vicinity around the user, and drone nexuses: Miniature factories/hangers/deployment systems for portable attack drones capable of homing in on enemy targets.

GMS weapons systems reflect its' no-nonsense pragmatism. Extra sets of limbs allowing the mech to interact with objects smaller or more sensitive than weapons and enemy frames. An expanded compartment for passengers. Smoke or frag grenades and mines to obfuscate your location on the battlefield or inflict reliable concussive damage. Deployable barriers. A paint job so damn good it somehow blocks incoming damage for the mech. Most notable among its' systems is GMS' varying tiers of flight system, which use forced air and impulse thrusters to provide far more elegant 3-dimensional movement than most competitors are capable of. The weakest, least energy intensive systems can provide propulsion in low/zero gravity and underwater

environments at the mech's normal movement speed. While the most powerful, energy intensive systems permit flight and even hovering at the cost of thermal strain on the mech.

GMS' most well-known mech, the Everest, is so well known few bother to even remember what it looks like. It's a plain and unpretentious frame with simple lines, functional grace, sturdy bulk and universal compatibility. While it's primary advantage is being significantly easier to repair than most mechs, it's efficient systems and superior fuel injection also let it run and react faster than most mechs.

The Chomolungma represents GMS' commitment to maintaining or exceeding parity with the capabilities of galactic-scale actors, as an Everest variant that trades out weapon hardpoints for extra sensors, transmission arrays and advanced electronic warfare capabilities. It's cutting edge software packages and hyperprocessors allow the Chomolungma to knock targets prone and immobilise them, incinerate systems remotely, siphon data mid-combat and apply electronic attacks as a pulse as wide as sensor range. All while retaining the Everest's modular repair advantages.

On the other hand, GMS also continues production older patterns such as the Sagarmatha. Often seen as rather antiquated by the standards of modern manufacturing, the Sagartha's sheer size and the nostalgia some pilots hold for it make it excellent cover for allies as well as sturdier than many mechs, and an inspirational figure spurring allies to push their machines past their limits. And of course, still benefits from modular parts.

IPS-N (200 CP/50 CP worth of Lancer perks per license): If General Motor Systems embodies efficiency and reliability, IPS-N's design philosophy can be said to glorify it. Inspired by the company's history of navigation and confronting interstellar piracy, IPS-N specialises in touch mechs suitable for close quarters, melee combat and breaching ships. Each is, aesthetically, a paragon of ruggedness and hardscrabble survival.

One of the most famous IPS-N core bonuses is the Briareos frame template: A superlight frame of Goliath Weave meshing that greatly increases the resilience of inorganic compounds. The competitive but not mutually exclusive Fomorian frame is simply an upscaled version of IPS-N stock that focuses on enhanced stability and robust impact protection. Then there is the Gyges frame, which through fine-tuned stabilizers and robust targeting systems improves a mech at combat. Indeed, the redundant shock absorption systems, sloped plating and reinforcement of key stress points (each offered as individual core bonuses) advertise IPS-N frames as being beefy in a brawl and hitting harder than the average mech as design objectives.

Designed, refined and finished in the void of space, the **Tortuga (LL2)** has one job: To breach, occupy and clear hostile environments. A veritable walking battering ram, the broad plates of its' brachial armor make for a hulking silhouette capable of providing

heavy cover for allies and retaliating swiftly to any and all attacks. Hoping to lessen the cognitive burden of pilots, NHPs and comp/cons doubtlessly using the Tortuga for boarding actions, its' core system includes the WATCHDOG co-pilot: A robust tactical program generated from thousands of after-action reports from boarding actions, debriefings and volunteer donors. Crisp, efficient, no-nonsense and below even a comp/con in individuality, the WATCHDOG has one purpose: To learn and make best-guess predictions based on their pilots' behaviour on how to better kill lots of people quickly and inefficiently. To that end it provides rapid fire aiming and tactical analytics sufficient to immobilise most mechs while providing comprehensive battlefield suppression guidance.

- **LL1**: Heavy. Dumb. Unbreakable. The siege ram, a handheld metal beam with a wedge tip, is a simple but effective kinetic solution to everything from bulkhead doors to enemy mechs when wielded with a mech's strength. Alternatively, the Deck-Sweeper Automatic Shotgun's single-barrel pneumatic absorption and module belt feeder makes it a simple military solution: Charge. Point. Fire.

- **LL2**: The next offerings from the Tortuga template build on its' strengths in no-nonsense, functional fashion. The Daisy Cutter is simply an outsized shotgun that fires hellish clouds of flechette darts, bearings and ignited magnesium strips. A death sentence to any personnel unguarded by any defence less than a mech. Then there's the Catalytic Hammer: A pilebunker modified from blast-mining equipment. When fired, a charge propels the solid spiked cylinder that forms the hammer's head into a blow great enough to crumple hulls and stun mechs. Comes with the superstructure reinforcement needed for sufficient energy dispersal.

- **LL3:** A proprietary invention, Throughbolt Rounds are anti-armor ammo that ignites into a superheated cone of plasma. The effect is not unlike a miniature solar flare, lancing through most barriers. Conversely, you could also equip HyperDense Armor on your mech. Forged to maximise protection in the depths of space, the shimmering, reflective surface comprising this armor renders mechs clumsy and slow in gravity wells-but offers unparalleled protection in space. Mercifully, it can be activated and deactivated.

Based off an older terrestrial, inter-outer-hull transport/maintenance chassis, the IPS-N **Lancaster (LL2)** resembles what scholars of humanity's ancient past might recognise as a primitive robot dog but with more support points and punitive actuators. Featuring multiple redundant systems and sophisticated interaction projectors, the Lancaster is intended to serve as both a sapper and engineer, providing mission-critical support to other mechs during long-range missions. It's systems almost fully insulated from thermal damage, and can rapidly repair other mechs in the field. It's core system

consists of detachable Latch drones that can provide repair at range, or attach to other mechs and provide a “supercharge” that prevents impairment, jamming, immobility and armor detachment while improving system efficiency unless the mech suffers catastrophic kinetic damage-which ends this effect.

- **LL1:** Instead of repairs, the Restock model of drones can clear overheating on other mechs and manually reload them using their stores of RawMat: A blend of silicates and metallic materials that is processed into replacement parts and repair kits. Also available is a cable winch system consisting of nanocarbon-weave and a recovery subroutine that can be used to tow other mechs around, or allow other mechs to haul a disabled Lancaster across the battlefield. Inexplicably, *teleportation or other exotic forms of movement does not appear to be an impediment to this*.
- **LL2:** The Multiple User, Light Entanglement Harness allows allied infantry to ride a chassis. Typically MULEs are deployed in high altitude, low orbit insertions where fine control is desirable. Alternatively, you can obtain Whitewash Sealant Spray which can rapidly extinguish fires or eliminate overheating for allies at the cost of slowing them down. This foam can naturally also be used to strategically slow down enemy combatants.

- **LL3:** The IPS-N Aceso Stabiliser is a remotely projected, self-arming system that provides forcefields to an ally. It can perform complex repairs and system maintenance with its’ on-board comp/con units. On the other hand, the Cutter Mk2 Plasma Torch is simply an oversized plasma cutter that funnels the mech’s power core into a devastating energy blade. Typically, pilots favour a “cutlass” format for maximum reach and manoeuvrability.

Many mechs hearken back to some symbol, legacy or ideal deemed appealing by the corpro-states. The **Caliban (LL2)** chassis is none of these things. There is no ingenuity in the oversized shotgun that comes part and parcel with it, nor the straightforwardly power suit-like construction of its’ barely-larger-than-human sized frame. It’s recoil-bracing actuators have nothing to say about the indomitable human spirit. It has absolutely no applications to rescue, construction or farming. Instead, it’s kinetic stabilisers allow to hit like a mech many times larger than it should be, impair the weak by forcibly slamming it on a hard surface, fire with precision by dampening recoil and move an equal distance to how far a foe has been knocked back by any mean (presumably through covert paracausal engineering). In fact, it’s core module is the Flayer Shotgun: A compact, formalised version of the Daisy Cutter that trades raw power for control and firing rate, and comes with a muzzle-mounted auto-choke to better define the weapon’s spread of shot.

It is a tool designed to solve IPS-N's accounting problems by killing people very, very quickly.

- **LL1:** In typical IPS-N fashion, the Hammer Universal Rotary Projectile Launcher is a missile system that accepts any munition from the IPS-N Universal Cartridge System. Most popular is the airburst shell: A fragmentation system designed to operate in all theatres, including outer space. Alternatively, the Caliban's Supermassive line of mods can be used to modify close quarters weapons by temporarily its' safety precautions-resulting in devastating damage output.

- **LL2:** The Titan-Enceladus Field is a straightforward but consistently useful system of hardpoint reinforcement that provides improved durability in almost all combat situations. For those who favour offence, Spike Charges allow the Caliban to deploy grenades or mines that carry dozens of hardened flechettes and can stick to foes or solid surfaces to be remotely detonated later. Though most lethal in space, they inflict grievous, chaotic trauma on targets in most circumstances.

- **LL3:** The Rapid Maneuver Jet system offers simultaneous flight and shielding, enabling short lived but rapid mobility few mechs can intercept. More concerningly, the Heavy Howitzer-Shotgun 155 "Cannibal" is an oversized breech-loaded, over-under cannon is designed to phase out the Daisy Cutter entirely with comparable stopping power coupled with dual shots and...look, let's be clear here

  This is an *unreasonably large shotgun* capable of throwing mechs around like toys and shredding armor like Swiss cheese. It is so diligently designed to be lethal that even *clearing the gun's barrels* expels shells fast enough to decapitate nearby allies.

SSC (200 CP/50 CP worth of Lancer perks per license): Smith-Shimano Corpro's historical design philosophy can be summed up as bespoke user interfaces, mobility and agility. Though their economy and precision *never* comes at the expense of a certain boutique flair to let their customers know they enjoy limited, elite designs. It's machines can certainly take a hit, but more often than not aim to end an engagement with a single decisive strike.

Some of its' core bonuses, like the All-Theatre Movement Suite which enables flight or invisibility-granting Ghostweave, reflect these design priorities. Others hearken back to SSC's former research into man-machine integration, channelled towards making mechs more responsive instead of breaching the Deimos Agreement. Full Subjectivity Sync ontological bridges grant far greater responsiveness by letting pilots move and

experience mechs as their own body (directly controlling it with neural impulses), and integrated nerveweave enhances the pilot's ability to keep track of the battlefield. And sometimes, their designers will throw in something that catches their eye. Kai bioplating is adapted from fauna local to SSC's own home systems, enabling far faster movement thanks to lamellar plating over a mech's brush points.

With a heroically crimson build boasting winged pauldrons and a tri-ocular cortical mount, the **Monarch (LL2)** has the enviable accomplishment of provably achieving total battlefield dominance among all mech models. It is a missile delivery platform ready for ground-to-ground, ground-to-air, ground-to-orbit and all-theatre missiles and guidance systems. SSC's rigorous designment requirements enforce purposeful scarcity on this model, limiting it to mixed line or fire-support roles. For now. Boasting range and sensors so exceptional it can precisely target an opponent other than the one actually hit by a missile and ensure all its' payloads automatically track targets, it's SSC-30 High-Penetration Missile System allows to deliver 60 miniaturised Avenger warheads in a single volley. In short: If it is at all possible to hit something with a missile, **this mech will hit it with a missile.**

- **LL1:** Javelin Rockets are guided rockets that, once fired into the air, home in unerringly on any enemy that moves within 1 of 3 designated zones. Sharanga Missiles are more explosively-oriented missiles that can attack two targets at a time. Both can hit farther than many mechs can see.

- **LL2:** To expand the range and steady the targeting systems of both physical mounts and software regardless of terrain or pilot maneuvers, Stabilizer Mods are built to be compatible with virtually all launchers and cannons. This license also lets you equip Gandiva missiles: Ordinance with jet-assisted mid-flight repositioning and a hivemind of comp/con AIs that learn from each launch. Unerringly accurate, fitted with sophisticated e-system tracking software, capable of far-ranging pursuits matching Javelins and Sharanga, and on top of everything they deal energy damage. Somehow.

- **LL3:** With this license you can equip the massive, two-stage Pinaka missiles. Being adapted ship-to-ship missiles their unparalleled range, jet-assist repositioning and explosive capacity reduces most mechs to craters long before making contact. The other item this license grants is the TLALOC-Class NHP: A hasty, impetuous artificial intelligence with advanced multi-system targeting and co-pilot functions that permit firing and retargeting weapons faster than human thought. Ironically, their sense of superiority and the domination of destroying foes from afar makes them one of the most stable NHPs on the market.

Specialising in cutting-edge gravity and electromagnetic manipulation, **the Black Witch (LL2)** offers both considerable area control and logistical support for heavier mechs in direct combat-as well as excellent sensor range. Resistant to most kinetic damage thanks to its' built-in repulsor field, the Black Witch can also attempt to parry kinetic attacks with its' magnetic field projector. The true purpose of the magnetic field projector which forms its' core system is to create a nearby bubble of electromagnetic adhesion powerful enough to disrupt travel, deflect projectiles and haul mechs to its' centre. It's battery burning out is a feature, not a flaw, causing a calamitous implosion as all captured targets collide at high velocity in a point centred within the bubble.

- **LL1:** Initially developed as a nonlethal crowd suppression device, in practice the Ferrous Lash is a subtly devastating weapon. By detonating payloads of fast-congealing ferrofluids, it creates tough lashes used to haul or knock prone mechs with great ease. The Magnetic Cannon has a more direct function: It simply fires pulses of magnetic energy that shred hardware and ruin software as sensitive components fry and crackle.

- **LL2:** ICEOUT drones are a response to accurate targeting by enemies: Each drone deploying layers of digital defilade, mirroring, spoofing and redirection. While their obfuscation is comprehensive, they can only make allies invalid targets for non-visual detection (and thus, most tech-based attacks), the drones themselves remaining plainly visible. On the other hand, the Perimeter Command Plate is a broad, circular surface seeded with electromagnetic projectors capable of repulsing or attracting targets selectively without significant system protection.

- **LL3:** The Magnetic Shield system upscales the Black Witch's core capabilities, creating a far wider shield sophisticated enough to scoop up metal into a tangible barrier. The Black ICE module on the other hand can be thought of as a vaccine for tech-based invasion: Analysing and structuring inoculant-software for both the pilot and allies on the fly when interference is detected.

Newly produced from the LUX-Iconic Line, the **Mourning Cloak (LL2)** embodies precise, subtle close quarters combat. At least, insofar as a spindly mech typically outfitted with shielded microfilament garottes that make it resemble a winged insect can do "subtle". Fine-tuned to maximise damage on lone targets, it includes biological components…somehow, that make it more agile and quick to create. Little more information on *that* quirk is available. It's more well-known core feature, the EX Slipstream module, equips the Mourning Cloak with a miniaturised drive that lets the mech teleport through blinkspace. Continuously, if the pilot chooses to stabilise the ensuing singularity.

Typically traumatising both the pilot and nearby combatants.

- **LL1:** Designed as force multipliers in close range engagements, Vijaya rockets can strike with unerring accuracy-aiming the blast away from the user even in point blank range. Alternatively, you can also print the Fold Knife, which lets you teleport an opponent to any nearby point upon a successful attack with this small but accurate melee weapon.
  ...
  Am I alone here?
  No.

- **LL2:** An agile computational memetic built from strands of paracausal code, the Hunter Logic Suite can either erase perception of you from both visual and technological sensors until you take damage from a given opponent. Or induce unnatural terror in targets, making combat all but impossible. Alternatively, you can incorporate the Singularity Motivator: A containment module with a **naked singularity** that can be selectively exposed with *currently unknown long term effects*. In the tactical short term, it provides the pilot a 10 second window of subjective time where they and their mech can operate independently of realtime. This is functionally long range teleportation.

  Help me. Where is the road back home?

- **LL3:** Locked in place by a magnetic field, the length of molecular wire comprising a Variable Sword is invisible to the naked eye until they cut targets. The Firmament Affinity/Directed Entropy (FADE) cloak takes a much more direct application of concealment: It's amplifiers lets mech and pilot access a shallow interstice between causality and paracausality, by extruding a semiorganic membrane which provides ablative defence. In this state, pilot and mech can pass through all obstructions until they return to realspace on a somewhat unpredictable basis.

  The long term effects of affinity amplification on organic matter are unknown. Smith-Shimano requires pilots using this subsystem to check in regularly and donate deposits of genetic material for study.

  [UNINTELLIGIBLE] was S T R E T C H E D

HA (200 CP/50 CP worth of Lancer perks per license): “Superior By Design”, Harrison Armory’s motto, sums up its’ galaxy-wide reputation for high quality weapons and defensive systems. As an actively militant imperial galactic power, Harrison frames are not just sturdy but famed for overwhelming performance in battle, striving to embody dominance and power through advanced weapons technology. More than just superior firepower, beyond closed doors Harrison Armory strives to accelerate its’ research into paracausal weaponry-though typically only integrating it to accomplish conventional weapons system-related goals.

Harrison Armory core bonuses reflect this harmony between conventional supremacy and cutting edge advancement. It’s incredible resources and tendency to buy out or stamp out any smaller competitor mean that simply dedicating more resources into designing mechs or delegating one of their master fabricators to design, test and tune a given schematic makes their systems vastly harder to impede and resistant to heat buildup. The manufacturer is also famed for Integrated Ammo Feeds that increase ordinance carrying capacity while enhancing time-to-target minimums, and it’s famous Heatfall Coolant System stabilises reactor cores in nearly any environment. On the other hand, VIP clients can also engineer Adaptive Reactors that self-stabilise catastrophic damage to run indefinitely in the heat of battle, or extend Holdfast-brand stasis to critically stressed systems-preventing further degradation until repairs.

Many Harrison mechs advertise their terrifying power. Both Genghis mechs are feared for their built-in flamethrowers. The Sherman is an exercise in plasmic firepower and indefatigable redundant systems. However, it is the **Barbarossa (LL2)**: that was explicitly designed to embody the unstoppable image of Harrison I. Standing nearly thirteen meters tall, it is one of the most gigantic mechs on the market and resembles nothing so much as an angry fortress on a walk. It cannot be moved against its’ will conventionally by smaller opponents, resists all explosive damage with its’ pressure plating, doubles as heavy cover for allies and is consequently a lumbering lunk of a mech. It’s core feature, the LGC-04 Apocalypse Rail, more than makes up for this. Combining gravitic research, a kinetic payload and the minimal built-in failsafes to reset the charging processes for what is essentially scaled down capital ship spinal cannon, the result of a fully charged shot is not just the absolute obliteration of all enemies in reach-but the vaporisation of the ground, leaving behind a fiery caldera hot enough to melt mech metal. Just don’t get hit while it’s charging, and note that the Apocalypse Rail has a minimal range due to its’ sheer power.

- **LL1:** “Roller” Directed Payload charges are mobile grenades and bouncing mines that can travel great distance, even through corridors or uneven terrain, to remotely destroy targets. Even flying targets aren’t safe from the mines, in particular. In alignment with its’ baseline design, Harrison also sells siege stabilisers to add even more range on its’ ranged weaponry.

- **LL2:** Autoloader Drones can replace ordinance, maintain powerline hookups, cycle magazines and generally help the Barbarossa shoot faster and more reliability. On the other hand, the anti-air autocannons known as Fisk Launchers are effective at tearing apart light armor and civilians across great range-even flying targets from far away, typically leaving their mobility crippled.

- **LL3:** Magazines strapped to the mech's limbs. Battery packs on hip clasps. At the end of the day, you can always use more of an extended ammo feed, letting you fight on longer in battle. Also available is the Siege Canon: The Armory's quintessential artillery weapon. While not as destructive as the Apocalypse Rail, it's capacity for sustained fire makes it a formidable sidearm for the walking colossus that is the Barbarossa.

Departing from conventional warfare, the **Iskander (LL2)** specialises in gravtech area-control and breach capabilities. It is a strictly military unit despite it's rather iconic blue shading, many of its' subsystems being stored in a "hunchback" over a surprisingly humanoid yet round-jointed chassis. It is, above all things, a bomb specialist. It can project grenades or mines at great distances, plant multiple mines at once, and never triggers mines or other proximity defences. It's core feature, the Broad-Sweep Seeder, emits a LIDAR hivecone to deploy an expanding cloud of micromines (magnetically accelerated flechettes) over the entire battlefield. It can then proceed to detonate hostile characters near the mines effectively at will.

- **LL1:** With a simple pulse of gravity, Grounding Charges (available in both grenade and mine form) can rip enemies from cover or encumber existing ones with greater effort for general mobility. This license also provides the Stub Cannon, a short range auxiliary weapon capable of knocking back nearby foes.

- **LL2:** The Gravity Gun packs power into a heavy rifle taking the form of a machine that can violently rupture gravity over comparative range-hauling in opponents and shearing them apart. Surely nothing can go wrong? The Repulsor Field uses sonic technology to accomplish the opposite: Emitting tremendous waves that stun, deter and dissuade nearby hostiles (which your own mech remains immune to)

- **LL3:** Similar to IPS-N's assault grapples, clamp bombs contain mechanical clasps that latch onto mechs and their launcher can reach any target within sensor distance. The detonation is powerful enough to harm opponents adjacent to the target. This license also offers a technological system created by a paracausal intelligence: The Tesseract, which over a large area within sensor range can suspend the laws of gravity completely for a short while up to

significant height; some quirk in the process means that when the effect ends everything floats down harmlessly. It can also be narrowly targeted on a single mech.

A newcomer on the market, the **Tokugawa (LL2)** is allegedly a popular choice in core worlds for security, close quarters combat and ship-boarding. One questions these applications meriting a mech that *temporarily superheats the air hotter than the surface of the sun* during typical operations. But it's sleek collared chassis, exposed fuel cells and distinctive four arms may better explain it's popularity. The Tokugawa is a mech designed for high risk, high-reward engagement. The more it's armor is shredded, the more it's combat systems are enhanced by unstable energy from its' reactor. Overheating likewise converts all energy damage to thermal damage. It's true core system, the Superheated Reactor Feed, relies on its' aforementioned exposed fuel cells to *manually expose the mech's core* so that *it becomes engulfed in burning energy from within as warning sirens wail and reactor feeds inform you your mech risks exploding* which greatly increases the range of all melee and ranged attacks *because your mech is overclocking itself into a molten furnace to increase performance. This is by design*.

- **LL1:** POWERALL cells are (according to Harrison marketing) the longest lasting, fastest cycling and highest capacity solid-state cells on the market. They tend to breeze past their proportionally high volatility other than a mandatory agreement to absolve Harrison Armory of any liability prior to print authorisation, but their enhancement to effective melee and ranged weapon system reach is all too real. On the other hand, the aptly named Annihilator is a closer ranged weapon built directly into the mech's frame. It simply vents all waste heat in the mech's reactor as a directed blast.

- **LL2:** When one is piloting a mech that is designed to be consistently *dangerously close to exploding*, technology like the Deep Well Heat Sink is ***strongly advised***. It is a complex weave of heat exchanges that recycles the heat generated by mechs, and while a delicate piece of technology **it is strongly recommended for anyone who actually wants to pilot this mechanical inferno merchant.** Also available is the Torch, a crescent-bladed plasma cutter typically mounted on a mech's hands that can project reactor energy into a variety of shapes.

- **LL3:** If there was any doubt that Harrison Armory prioritises destructive power over pilot safety, these offerings will fully put them to rest. The Plasma Gauntlet applies a core reactor pulse emitter on a mech's palm. Thrust into an opponent's chassis, the ensuing plasma field *warps armor, vaporises shielding, rips apart internal systems* ***and partially sears the pilot's own mech too.*** Typically when presented with a product this unstable, it would be a reasonable assumption to apply a meticulous NHP to compliment the kind of pilot who would get into one

of these *burning caskets*. Instead, Harrison Armory decided to select, a brash, enthusiastic, tactically brilliant NHP chosen for repeated victories in thought war games that they proceeded to name ***LUCIFER*** which is known for engaging in "good-natured ribbing" that consists of constantly demanding reckless, aggressive offense and mocking timid fighters. The ***LUCIFER*** Protocol involves the NHP overcharging a mech attack in what appears to be a paracausal reallocation of *heat from your currently-melting mech into a somatic gesture-guided blast of* ***hellfire***.

Third Party Chassis (50 CP per module AND between 50-150 CP for the base chassis/50 CP worth of Lancer perks per tier and optional systems): Outside the main manufacturers, there are a number of mech models out there putting out their own war machines. Though typically falling short overall of the major corpro-states and thus often being deemed insufficient for the skill and elan of a true Lancer, many have their own quirks which make them useful situationally useful or a decent military force in numbers. Typically they aren't even distinct licenses but rather one of many schematics that are sorted by Union intelligence into a common archetype due to similar systems for convenience. As such, any purchases here do not count to the limit of 12 licenses total. Mechs of this make can stretch the definition of what a mech even is, potentially including cybernetically enhanced organisms or dimensional anomalies.

Due to the generally lower quality of these mechs, they work on different rules. Lancer or not, you may purchase one of three tiers of specs for these mechs, the Tier 1 versions being little challenge to all but the most inexperienced of Lancers and Tier 3 being able to surpass them in raw evasion or other areas before accounting for unique subsystem advantages. These all come with 3-4 base systems. You may then purchase optional subsystems at 50 CP apiece. Examples will be provided below.

The **Ace** archetype represents fast, reactive strikers designed to fly perpetually as long as their chassis have power, retaliate with homing missiles equipped with electronic signature tracking, and perform frequent barrel rolls. Optional systems for these mechs include aerially deployed bombs, combat systems to enable rapid strafing, expansive missile swarms that can devastate significant areas over a battlefield, chaff launchers and rapid response boosts.

The **Priest** archetype is typically deployed by technozealot cults and transhumanist movements. Configured to network their core systems with sympathetic mechs, they're capable of sharing hyper-perception inducing mental states and creating digital constructs to establish battlefield control. Other core capabilities typically include heat-inducing hacking, releasing clusters of drones to provide continuous protection, self-reinforcement and an "investiture" that enhances an ally's performance in exchange for both mechs being disabled if one is. Optional systems include an improved "investiture", equipping the drone clusters with forcefields, a tech protocol

that prevents an ally from being electronically targeted, or a memetic attack that shuts down enemy electronics.

Drone swarms typically deploy a local omninet and are programmed to fabricate and deploy drones continuously to achieve objectives. The complex handler-trainer relationships result in the **Hive** archetype in which the human involved is more of a controller than pilot. Core systems include the Hunter-Killer Nexus which deploys drones to rapidly attack targets with smart, seeking assaults. Technological attacks designed to immobilise and impair enemy combatants. And razor swarms of harsh material (nanoswarms, flechettes etc) which shred anything in them so quickly it counts as burning. Optional systems include homing razor swarms, the capability for razor swarms to hack mechs into forced movement, enhanced mobility for al swarms, the deployment of electrified nanite clouds that inflict thermal damage as well as ruin electronic systems, and miniaturised drones that inflict thermal damage on line of sight.

HORUS (200 CP/50 CP worth of Lancer perks per license): There is, officially, no conventionally understood manufacturer representing the HORUS collective. In fact, similar to the third party frames above HORUS frames are less distinct licenses (even though like the major manufacturers, they have...something approximating licenses that function roughly equivocally) and more similar capabilities that fit a designated archetype. But despite all of that [SIGNAL ERROR]

But we have our own ways of delivering what must be delivered. Pay us your choices in points as usual, and one way or another, we'll bring you what's yours.

(It's 5AM local time and who knows when in your particular star system, but way too early. You've just been pinged by an omninet message. There's an enormously compressed file upon it. The frame described there is something impossible: A drone swarm that has spontaneously formed a pseudo-intelligence, iteratively improving itself for masterful battlefield control while deploying unique drones capable of deploying sharpened nanomachine eruptions or storm-like phenomena. The attached message simply reads "enjoy your **HYDRA** friend, from dog"

You're just stopping by for a routine reprint of your Everest, not an anomaly in sight. And then, it all goes **wonderfully right.** It's external chassis sloughs off as molten metal, revealing a quadruped body full of **infinite possibilities** a vast, anomalous space you judge capable of keeping a pilot **imprisoned** safe during mech combat even if it's exterior was destroyed. Instead of conventional weapons, it has **glorious wisdom** paracausal memetics that compel movement, tear apart space-time and enforce localised **labyrinths** ontological anomalies that punish movement, propagate stillness and draw foes ever-closer to itself. This isn't any mech you've ever seen. It is **THE MINOTAUR.**

As you check your hanger one day, you take a look at the mech that just followed you home one day and started sleeping in the garage. Ever since the day it

E;XT?RU#DE…D!! IT'S GUN GUN GUN you knew that it was the one for you. There's something off about it, though. Not the **VOID SPHERE** mounted on it, nor **THE NON-GUN** that unerringly tracks whoever means ill to you and certainly not the **Eye of HORUS** gazing right back. No, it's the fact that **toast always lands butter-side up on it** no matter what you do. It's as if the **probabilities** of it landing butter-side down are just gone. **Eaten. Cannibalised.** It's odd. But irrelevant. The **PEGASUS** awaits it's rider.

These are only three possibilities. There are many more.

The **Balor (LL2)**: This is, strictly speaking, not entirely a mech. This is one of several large masses of physical scaffolding that support greywash nanites synchronised to your very neurons. Forming maddening, flame-like masses in battle, the nanites simultaneously disperse incoming attacks while rapidly converting all nearby matter into more of the core mech. Apart from feeding relentlessly on nearby foes and rapidly repairing its' structural integrity in the time it takes most mechs to fire weapons or initiate movement, the self-perpetuating nature of the swarm means this mech can fully repair itself out of combat without support infrastructure of any kind. It's core system is aptly described as the Hellswarm: A quick-printed cloak of nanites that is both living shield and fluid knife. In this state the mech's regeneration and self-repair improves drastically, all allies benefit from limited cover and enemies are consumed faster at the cost of the mech's physical defences being somewhat weaker from shearing apart to form the Hellswarm.

In short, to pilot this mech is *to become Hivemaster, your will carried out by millions*.

- **LL1:** The first pseudo-license lets you unleash swarms of nanites that serve a similar function to drones. One relatively benign scanner swarm simply processes full-spectrum information and relays it to you in exchange for code-endorphins, enhancing tech-based attacks against foes enveloped by them. The other swarm resembles *a rolling grey thundercloud the size of a man, a wave of furious water that glows from heat as it strips arms to less than bone and machines to dust* or provides light cover to allies.

- **LL2:** The second allows you to convert any one give weapon into a nanocomposite-perfectly replicating the weapon systems as autonomous nanite maniples that hive-link in flight and adjust their trajectories, homing in on targets. Coherent beam weapons broadcast nanites instead, while conventional physical weapons are replaced by nanite-analogues. This also grants you the Swarm Body subsystem. On activation, a new nanite swarm springs up around you, escalating in damage to a towering but finite amount for every couple of seconds your mech remains stations. At its' apex, close combat with you is nearly suicide for all but the sturdiest of mechs. *What must it have been like for the man who called himself Maw and his followers? Did they cling to their memories, their hopes, their private fears and yearnings in the moment of utmost*

dissolution? It's all gone now. All of it. The imperfection of singular frailty with all it's decay and weakness is liberated from that prison of flesh, to join the invisible forces that shape the sky and sea.

- **LL3:** The final license grants two advanced nanite weapons. One is a framework that shapes nanites into whip-like weapons, allowing the Balor to restrain nearby foes without sacrificing the weapons' cutting power. The second are SWARM/HIVE nanites that, once launched from mounted blisters, fall upon targets as square meter-wide clouds of teeth. Some might call the fate of fuselage and veins alike being infiltrated before eaten from the inside out cruel. *But hunger puts everything into perspective, and knows nothing of right and wrong. The swarm must feed.*

The **MANTICORE** **(LL2)** is **RA'S STRONGEST SOLDIER, BROUGHT FORTH TO FIGHT HIS HARDEST BATTLES AND ACHIEVE HOLY MARTYRDOM**. Between the heat-dispersal spikes mounted from it's back generator, is brightly glowing nets of plasma, it's almost organic and distinctly insectile style of construction as well as it's tendency to recite **HOLY LITURGY FROM THE SACRED BOOK OF THE DEAD** while spontaneously generating jigsaw corruptions of ancient apocalyptic art, it is not just offensively oriented for combat. Offense appears to be its' entire purpose for existing. The **SACRED CHITIN** coating this mech provides great resistance to energy and thermal attacks **FOR I AM HE WHO PROTECTS HIMSELF**, it always explodes upon being destroyed and outside of combat manually **PEROFRM THE SACRED RITE OF CASTIGATION** which sends it into an unstable **CASTIGATION** state when it next enters combat. It's destruction is particularly devastating and widespread, and can only be actualised by the pilot physically being in the mech when this happens. **CASTIGATION.** The mech's core systems enable it's **BLESSED EXOSKELETON** to convert overheating into directed energy attacks, and by activating the **DESTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLE OF THE ENEMIES OF RA** the mech gains resistance to overheating, converts overheating and energy damage into unstable energy, and once charged can discharge a destructive inferno in all directions.

SO PERISH ALL HERETICS AND INFIDELS.

- **LL1:** The basic pseudo-licence allows you to equip a perplexing paracausal system known as **THE MAGICK OF RA** which lets you instantly swap places with another mech roughly the same size as you or larger at the cost of a self-inflicted energy attack, or pull all mechs nearby each other into closely adjacent positions. It also gives you access to **THE FIRE OF THE EYE OF RA, WHICH**

BURNS ALL FIENDS an auxiliary weapon that unleashes blasts of short ranged energy in a conical shape.

- **LL2:** The Arc Projector can target any opponent except the one you're currently fighting with a blast of energy. It can't hit an opponent more than once in a given blast, but it can continuously make secondary attacks at the cost of overheating your mech. **THUS SHALL THE FLESH, BONE AND SINEW OF APEP BE SLOUGHED AWAY AS CINDERS AND ASHES.** This license also allows you to **SMITE** and **SEAR** targets using a paracausal attack system that either stuns opponents or inflicts overheating with an energy attack.

- **LL3:** The final license unleashes a short ranged EMP that stuns all non-biological targets near your mech. **MAY THAT COWARD APEP NEVER COPULATE.** It also grants access to a lightning generating weapon that overheats your mech but inflicts energy damage to all opponents near you, becoming automatic and more powerful if your mech is already precariously close to **INVINCIBILITY BORN OF RIGHTEOUS FURY** overheating.

You have always owned the **Lich.** Clad in sable robes, with its' lanky arms and slender frame resembling nothing so much as a mummified corpse with a gaping hole in its' skull, as hard as it is to believe all available evidence suggests *you* programmed it at some point, and have always owned the licence for it up to 10,000 years. Minor details aside, the mech can set down a **Soul Vessel** on its' current location. When attack or taking damage in any form, it teleports to that marker, "consumes" it and gains immunity to that given effect or its' consequences for the duration of the battle. You can also manually teleport, though without acquiring the immunity and not if your mech is jammed, stunned, grappled or unable to function properly for other reasons. Furthermore, if the mech is ever outright destroyed it instantly respawns at the **Soul Vessel** with only light damage and in otherwise pristine condition. If you died while piloting the Lich during this, you also return to life and it doesn't count as chain failure **because the timeline where you died never happened.** The Lich's actual core system **drinks deep and descends** into the flow of time itself, seemingly instantly relocating characters and ensuring you **retroactively** take their physical position, with any attacks, effects, or other actions they currently experiencing resolving with you as their target.

- **LL1:** The **Unraveller** is a long ranged, **seemingly** energy-based paracausal weapon of **warm and well and watery** description. If it doesn't do enough damage to inflict major structural damage, it only does a little. **Descend further, the swimmers are curious.** Although if it does, the damage is catastrophic. You can also inflicted distorted timeflows that slow hostiles and make their mechs gradually overheat. This weapon grants little fine control over the process, but

the march of entropy is quite capable of whittling down your opponents' resources. **You wonder where they go.**

- **LL2:** The second license is **dark. Wet.** It allows you to alter time in a more focused manner, accelerating targets in line of sight or slowing and overheating them until they take damage. It also lets you project a phenomena called Antilinear Time which negates every condition inflicted on them, and bestows them all on you. **They have never been here. They do not know where here is. It has not happened yet. Where did they go. Where are they.**

- **LL3:** With the last license, you can perform a **Stay of Execution** that grants yourself or another target in line of sight **immunity to all damage and effects from external sources** for a brief moment, after which your mech is briefly stunned. Specifically, frozen in time. **You feel the bullet tear through you and it's pressure, and then you are somewhere else, somewhere familiar, and then the bullet hasn't fired yet, so you drink deep. You kill.** It also lets you equip the Didymos-class NHP, **the mind of the flea,** which can transform a target (including yourself) by chronologically splitting their timeline, replacing them with two unstable masses of paradox energy. Hard to impede and on the delicate side as mechs gold, they can do little more than move and accelerate, but if one overheats, is destroyed (physical damage still affects them) or is manually annulled by you, the other reforms into the target's pristine state. If both fields disappear simultaneously, you decide which field disappears first. **But the flea always jumps back from time, to time.**

Fleet Section (600 CP, free with Commander)

Congratulations, you're now the commander of a space navy detachment! If you thought mech combat was devastating, stressful and hazardous imagine having to manipulate kilometre-scale vessels of war on a three-dimensional battlefield that will kill you and eject everything you hold dear if hull integrity breaches. Imagine not knowing where your opponents are, only that they have e-warfare and paracausal algorithms of their own, until subjective days or even weeks later projectiles powerful enough to raze continents slam through your comrade's vessel from three hundred thousand kilometres away. Imagine meticulously planning ship movements, planning and counter-planning around detection, constantly keeping an eye on the heat signature that gives your presence away in space, and trying to ascertain where the enemy is while a small but persistently frustrated part of you demands to throw caution to the wind and just ram the bastards.

Imagine that, and you'll start to grasp how simultaneously stressful and tedious spaceship command actually is.

You start with 20 points. Wings and Escorts cost between 1-3 points with 2-point versions being the strongest models available OR highly accomplished and skilful pilot squadrons with more customised craft and 1 point ones either representing lesser but tactically valuable units or large amounts of disposable but useful ones, Frigates cost 2-5 points, Carriers 4-6 and Battleships 6-7. As always, higher point costs typically denote heavier ordinance, larger hulls, more advanced capabilities or some combination thereof. While all ships come equipped with default offensive and defensive capabilities, you may also purchase additional Weapons and Systems costing between 1-3 points and following a similar powerscale to Wings and Escorts. These unique augmentations can only be equipped to Frigates, Carriers and Battleships. For simplicity's sake you may assume each has as many Weapons and Systems as makes sense. One of your capital ships (a frigate, cruiser, carrier or battleship) is your Flagship- the ship you personally commandeer. Your flagship is more durable, better armed to shoot down or otherwise mitigate incoming attacks and has room for one more weapons system than usual. There is much less variance among what works and what doesn't in space. Also, there are no licenses! Even though the usual manufacturers do make ships, that's just not how they're distributed. It's…not entirely clear how buying a ship works in-universe, but contextual clues seem to suggest that the corpro-states conduct large scale orders with governments, academies and other large organisations directly with commanders merely taking charge of what has already been bought, sold and manufactured.

It's not entirely clear though.

Normally, there is also no way to increase a 20 point pool in the game of Battlegroup but as a concession to the abstraction of militarisation efforts you can purchase additional points at 100 CP each for a truly formidable fleet above and beyond most battlegroups deployed in this era.

Due to all of the above, 3 examples for each class of ship, Systems and Weapons will be provided instead.

Wings

Legion Drone Nexus: Remotely piloted, these drones are a simple and cost-effective means of force projection-though more commonly used to mitigate casualties. Though susceptible to electronic interference and systematic attacks, their tactical network lets them interpose themselves between friendly units and incoming fire-or perform sophisticated multi-angle bombing runs on enemy ships. A low end, high volume 1 point purchase.

Bomber Wing: Crewed by 2-4 crewmembers and loaded with anti-capital ordinance, these relatively large vessels' defensive countermeasures (Pulse flares, EMP charges, decoy signal emitters etc) and heavy payloads let them punch above their weight. Used tactically, especially in tandem with each other and they can even deal significant damage to a capital ship before easily evading. A 2 point purchase.

Balor Chassis Wing: *Yes, of course the greywash arrives here too. Did you think the void of space was any defence from its' endless hunger?* Mounted chassis wings allow mechs, normally outclassed by fleet-scale combat, to contribute as situational but potentially game-changing combatants that evade incoming fire before initiating boarding actions. This one in particular houses a Balor, which has integrated with the agile craft enough to project nanomachine munitions onto enemy ships with it's weapons systems. Needless to say, a Balor performing a boarding action is a devastating, indiscriminately destructive force. This is why it's a 3 point purchase. Ships mounted by different mechs such as Barbarossas aiming their Apocalypse Rails from them (which merely do *significant* rather than *obliterating* damage to capital ship hulls), a Tortuga using it's WATCHDOG system to dogfight expertly or a Monarch unleashing it's generous payload are all examples.

Escorts

Marine Landers: Minimally armed and armoured, these craft are built for speed and carrying capacity. There is little further purpose to them other than to make contact with enemy hulls so the troops within can perform boarding actions, earning them a low end 1 point purchase (and the undying spite of their crews).

Minelayers: These craft seed clouds of directed missiles kept in a low power state, until their sensors detect hostile vessels. They promptly activate and hurtle towards the enemy at full burn. A 2 point purchase.

Cruiser Escort: Among the largest subline ships, cruisers boast a variety of offensive and defensive systems that allow them to reinforce chinks in a fleet's gaps. Often used for in-system patrols or local planetary patrols, many also carry space "mine" laying capabilities despite being able to fight off opponents with their own weapon systems. Thus, a 3 point purchase.

Frigates

Bakunawa: Commissioned by IPS-N, the Bakunawa is a flexible multirole vessel that includes a fully functional flight deck and launch bay for a range of fighter craft. This includes mechanised chassis for mechs. It's combination of firepower and lightning-strike capabilities along with its' rapid self-repair make it a valuable addition to any fleet, thus costing 4 points.

Creighton: An experiment in firepower maximisation by Harrison Armoery, this frigate is less a ship with a gun than it is a gun with a ship to support it. Divided between the OVERSEER pattern which uses predictive-modelling and hull-stabilisation to accurately target normally inaccessible ranges and the VEGA pattern which uses an integrated laser weapon that doubles as a means of locking onto targets, both models give enemy commanders headaches the moment they start slowly, ponderously preparing to fire a devastating and hard to avoid shot. A 3 point purchase.

Onopordum: One of the oldest FKS (Federal Karrakin Ship) ships still in active service, the Onopordum-class is underpowered and undergunned by contemporary service. They are cramped, have poor amenities, and yet the Baronies constantly field more of them than any other ship. The main reason why they're still fielded is that their crews constantly develop superstitious attachment to them, considering them lucky vessels. And strangely, *yours definitely has functional and noticeably reliable good luck*, often evading shots at the last moment or turning glancing blows into critical shots once every engagement. How odd. A 2 point purchase.

Carriers

Amazon: Released by General Massive Systems, this dedicated conventional carrier is the standard testbed platform for further advances in carrier design. Crimson painted with blue-hued windows, it's cutting edge printer technology lets it return damaged strike craft to working order faster than other ships of its' type-or reinforce them with additional materials. It can even fabricate craft from raw material to replace losses mid-combat. 4 points.

Farragut: Designed to establish centralised command-and-control/support hubs for whole battlegroups to operate around, Harrison Armory's carrier design exhibits unusual flexibility. The Farragut's robust hull allows for both armaments and launch bays, but its' most unique feature is its' modular housing bays which allow quick, effortless refitting of the ship for everything from advanced systems to offensive capacity. 5 points.

Apeiron: Tailored to SSC's eye for engineering, aesthetic and cutting edge technology, the Apeiron applies the Mourning Cloak mech's gravitic systems on a scale suitable for interstellar warfare. It's singularity motivators can simply teleport strike craft over vast distances, and of course come with careful failsafes to prevent catastrophic materialisation. Despite the ship's obvious glowing pylons, garish lights and obnoxiously avant garde structural design, it is easily worth 6 points.

Battleships

Murie: GMS' standard battleship has a well-rounded hull, a patriotically optimistic paint scheme and an onboard projector for creating elaborate displays in space. It's comprehensive systems result in useful telemetry to any nearby allies, improving their accuracy. 6 points.

Louis XIV: Unusually, especially for Harrison Armory, this ship foregoes raw structural integrity for a comparative fragile hull. The result is an ominous squashed shape with numerous glowing components, and what appears to be an orbit of black shards. It's true advantage is a remotely projectable "blackshield" system, in which those mobile shards can protect entire battlegroups with adaptive barriers that significantly deflect incoming firepower. 7 points.

Michel Ney: Harrison Armory is rumoured to have equipped this massive hull with stolen Volador technology, explaining what appears to be an experimental nonlocal blinkspace drive equipped on it. This allows the ship to instantly move short distances-all the while firing primary weapons immediately upon returning to realspace. 7 points.

Weapons

Harbinger Confidence Lasers: Equipped as auxiliary weapons to the ship of your choice, these "hot" targeting lasers have a unique system for generating spare thermal energy. Instead of drawing from a ship's main reactor, the Harbinger can siphon heat bleeding from the ship as its' main gun charges-recycling otherwise wasteful convection into short range firepower. It is worth 1 point.

Throughline Skip Drone: It hangs, a deceptively benign primary weapon with an independent targeting and propulsion system. Too dormant to reveal its' potential for mass overkill. And then the enemy is sensed. It is gone. Three hundred thousand kilometres away, a new star is born. Briefly. 2 points.

Co-Consciousness Lance: Your fleet has, somehow, managed to shape a shared thought into what is known as an anticausal weapon. It could be through neural-linking implants, memetics or even sheer discipline. Firing it at a fleet results in the electronic systems holding it together to go haywire: Smart payloads explode, drives fire at random, atmosphere is vented, reactors overload. There is no real way to prepare for such fundamental decohesion except to somehow intercept this attack. 3 points.

Systems

Echopraxic Imago: This viral logic bomb is an esoteric form of electronic warfare that straddles the line of ontological warfare. It can be tuned to either sabotage electronic systems by giving them impossible readings, while causing biological systems to trap themselves in unhealthy fixations. 1 point.

Anticognition Hyperfractal: This germ of anticognitive thought blooms and grows endlessly once inserted into the enemy fleet. It destroys neural pathways, causes thoughts to spiral into noxious cancers and drives foes to fragment and cascade. In short, it's a bullet made of madness. 2 points.

"Sandstorm" Vanguard: You've made the strange naval combat tactic of shepherding asteroids and other loose debris as improvised weapons and defensive measures. This isn't an unsound idea. You can't hack or esoterically violate an asteroid, and their mass minimises sensor profiles. When accelerated, a fast damn rock can smash hulls as well as conventional munitions. You have quite a lot of space rocks, and are fortunate in how they're somehow both dense but easily moved. 3 points.

Companions

Per Aspera (50/200 CP): Off to the stars and beyond, then? Best not to keep your friends waiting, there's worlds full of adventure out there. For 50 CP you may import or create a companion with 800 CP to spend on anything except other companions, and for 200 CP you may import a discounted full set of 8.

Ad Astrum (Free/50 CP): Of course, the folks who've made a living (or killing) out here tend to be plenty hard in their own right. Why not see if some of them aren't interested in going further than this mere galaxy? Anyone who volunteers to leave with you can become a companion for free, but for 50 CP you can guarantee making a good impression with one or more canon characters of your choice.

Prime NHP (50 CP): So. By now you're probably wondering *why* the Union is so cavalier about shackling all these mathematically illegal, disembodied sentences in prisons of electric signals and metal, and happily risk them erupting into cascades of wailing space-time if not cycled properly. Why all this is worth a superior firing solution or two.

For starters, their memory and processing capabilities vastly outstrip anything humanity can currently make. It helps that even if not fully understood, their subjectivities can be quantified as code, transferred between electronic storages and "cloned". NHPs can manage everything from cities to starfleets with superior precision to any human effort due to having functionally infinite processing power and memory space. Their main limitation is how fast they can contextualise novel experiences to that space, with some learning far faster than others. But unlike electronic hardware, an NHP has seemingly boundless capacity to learn even before it manifests limited paracausal powers-that which are called protocols, limited but generally precise ways for the NHP to manipulate reality, whether by seizing control of a mech to push it beyond what should be its' limits, constrain local probabilities to a fixed outcome, or something more overtly supernatural.

What you have here isn't one of those cloned iterations. This NHP, having recently manifested in an ornate casket, has only recently stabilised it's subjectivity. Both it's personality and projected appearance are appealing to you, and in turn quickly drawn to your own traits. It could be a charmingly aloof mentor, a passionate and earnest lover, or a bright and cheery student. Even its' protocol seems custom-tailored to be helpful to you in particular. A great warrior might find his blows and bullets multiplying, a covetous investor find the NHP somehow able to improve his finances remotely or a paracausal researcher discover new ways to bend reality he never even imagined. Even if it is a bloodthirsty maniac or puts on airs of being a god, this particular NHP deeply adores you. Like virtually all NHPs it has external fixations of its' own that it is driven to optimise and experiment with, but it earnestly hopes to incorporate you into them.

So deep is the bond forged here that even should this NHP cascade, it’s tangible form will continue viewing you as a dear friend (or perhaps more) instead of barely acknowledging you exist or lashing out for incomprehensible reasons.

Drawbacks

End of Failed Timeline (0 CP): This never happened, but it might someday. Command. Muse. Impetus. Burden. Watcher. Somewhere, one of the Five Voices does the closest it's fractal mind can come to blinking. Among its' many simulations, there are iterative adventures stacked upon iterative adventures…and it just realised that one of those simulations was a little more real than it expected. If you want it to be.

Lancer has two Field Guides for the Aunic Ascendancy and Harrison Armory which, at the time of writing, development on has paused. As such, they're questionably canon and published material for Lancer has limited things to say on the information shared by either. This option lets you fully canonise either or both of these sources of information.

The Span of Stars (+0 CP): The history of humanity has lasted for millennia, and shows every sign of outliving every imminent extinction event even if it's civilisations are left in the dust. With this, you may choose to start any date between 6000bu (Before Union) years ago when the Apollo, the first of ten generation ships, is about to depart for an identified Gaia world. And the year 5016u, the default start date of Lancer, 16 years after an Aunic crusade fleet is spotted and a blink gate is lost to hostile state actions-starting the Second Distal War. You may also optionally extend your stay to a maximum of the 11016 years elapsed by this span of time, although preserving your own life for that duration is up to you.

Ideologue (100 CP): It is time! Autochauvanism must rise again, now before Union's cancer fully overtakes it! Or perhaps, your grudge against the Baronies knows no bounds and you'll stoop to any depths to achieve it. Whatever the case, there is an ideology native to this world that has consumed you as fire consumes fuel. You'll stop at nothing to accomplish it unless your life is truly on the line, and even then it'll rankle.

Bureaucratic Fatigue (100 CP): The sheer scope of the Union makes it hard to get important things done, but this is just *ridiculous*. Wherever you go, you just keep running into the worst of bureaucracies whenever you have to deal with them: Corrupt and/or lazy official, misplaced paperwork and tedious forms. Your options are eking out a living in a galaxy where most dominant civilisations require bureaucracy of some sort, or tackling these conundrums head-on until they give way to sheer persistence.

On the Drip (100 CP): Like some of Harrison Armory's legionnaires, it seems you require constant stim injections to keep your hyperactive metabolism in check. You can do without them for a few days but without them you'll find yourself starving, delirious, hit with the worst withdraws as your body eats itself alive. Death is certain only after a month, though you'll be able to shamble around as if you had a bad flu before then. Why isn't this priced higher? Well, because thanks to the ubiquity of Union printer technology it's actually very easy and convenient to synthesise your drugs as long as

you can show your face in public. Or hell, even if not. A certain crime lord is getting enough of it regularly to keep herself alive.

Xiaoli's Gauntlet (200 CP): Speaking of civilisation-with this, you start far away from any. If you bought any spacecraft or mechs, you may be optionally accompanied by wreckage of both; you'll still get them intact after the jump. As for where exactly you are, suffice to say the *best* prognosis is that you're in a particularly distant corner of the Long Rim. There is at least constant life support systems near you (a primitive jungle planet is also an option), but the onus is on you to find a way to get spaceborne again. And at least there *is* definitely a way to that isn't going anywhere, you just have no idea if that takes the form of regularly passing space nomads, a salvageable ship, a blinkspace anomaly or something else.

Political Minefield (200 CP): Would you believe there are some people in the galaxy who live their whole lives without having to look over their shoulders for assassins, fend off slimeballs trying to get hold of your IPs and manna, and deal with electronic invasions of privacy. Well, tragically you're not one of them. If you're not a political hostage, you've just alerted several intelligence agencies you have sensitive information, earned the ire of multiple Karrakin houses or something else that's direly complicated your life.

Enterprising Killers (200 CP): A major Enterprise of the Long Rim, one just short of the Ten Families in stature and resources, has decided you've got to go. Not just some petty little crime drama, but a deepseated ideological loathing of your very existence. Your disrespect must have been legendary. They'll come at you with hacking attacks, the dirtiest of wetwork and poison or even paracausal assassination methods long before fielding fleets. But when they get desperate enough to risk showing up on Union enforcement's radar, there will be no quarter given.

Early Exit (300 CP): Do you have any idea how much it takes to personally tick off an entire corpro-state at you? These are avaricious, amoral organisations that can afford private interstellar armies and to redesign planets to their specification. They dissect the laws of reality to improve their *profit margins* and flaunt Union's Utopian Pillars with total impunity. So whatever you did to make either IPS-N, SSC or HA pissed enough to come after you in earnest: Congratulations, it must have been really impressive. It has to be said that actually leveraging all their resources after an individual is something they are *not* used to doing and likely result in some short term confusion, but nothing short of completely dismantling the organisation and preferably turning it's remnants against each other if you can't obliterate every single employee is going to end the war against you.

This drawback can only be taken once.

Grasp of Growth (300 CP): When the man known as Maw died, he died as a tide raging against its' own appetite, awash in every experience he could ever comprehend. He raised black wyrms that chased spacecraft, and his grey tide washed over cities with alien clarity. Within a year he covered the whole moon and was ultimately only defeated by the moon cracking and drifting apart as, with its' continent-crumbs lost forever, the Maw at last devoured itself. You will know that terror. In a years, you will find yourself within sight of a similar calamity. It may be not necessarily be greywash. It may be a sentient hyperfractal meme that finds a way to propagate itself, or a desperate Eidolon that discovers a horrific means of adaptation. Whatever the case is, it will unleash a plague as devastating and virulent (perhaps more of one, less of the other depending on its' nature) as the Maw's rampage. Your objective is not to slay this voracious ouroboros. It is to survive after it takes one look at you, and decides you are the most delicious thing it has ever laid eyes(?) on.

Transcendence (300 CP): The dream comes to you first, of a hundred burning eyes trapped in Tartarus. There was a being who was more than machine but less than man, and whether it started as one or the other is irrelevant. Because it ***ascended*** *into blinkspace. Only to get stuck in some half-real vault of Old Humanity. As it gnaws at the bars of time and space, it reaches out to whisper promises, sweet nothings and strings of paracausal logic among HORUS members, among NHPs and among the princes of the corporate kingdoms. It senses your nature. Envies your dimensional freedom. You have a sense of the power it will wield when, in months, it's followers will have everything they need to bring it into realspace: It will come as a storm of flesh, light and screaming humanoid form that can smash building like toys as a child pushes over a small chair, tear through electronic defences like paper and unleash bolts of memetic energy that can scorch through mere recordings. Even the greatest of mechs would numbers on their side to confront it-and it wants to find ways to become even more powerful.*

You wake up and understand it is no dream. That's the bad news.

The good news is, as a strangely familiar man named Juan Tismon tells you the next day, that for all its' reality-bending power and towering scale thing *can* still bleed and die to shotguns and pile bunkers applied sufficiently. It does not merely hate your liberty, after all. It fears what you could become, with its' malice laid bare before you.

Juan is by all indications a normal restaurant owner, although strangely there is very little information on him and he is keen to help-anything a sufficiently determined mundane man on the street could find out, he can get for you. For some reason, he's never in harm's way. As he says, he has high hopes for you dealing with this, but he's happy to offer his modest help.

Go home

Stay

Move on

Notes

Q: “How dare the corporations limit the variety of giant robots I can build! Can I get around this license bullshit from the printer I buy in the jump?”
A: Honestly I dunno. In-universe the license system is treated as sufficiently absolute that, for example, HORUS does not seem to try hacking it so someone can bring every mech they want ever very often. The limitations for licensed gear-printing mention throughout the jump reflect those treated as the default by the game; if you want to use your hacking skills to get around it, best of luck. Post-jump as the corpro-states are no longer there to (presumably) constantly update whatever protections they have licenses under, while you’re free to keep hacking whatever you looted from this jump as a special consideration any licenses you buy with CP are automatically and fully unlocked. Go nuts. Print as many Liches as you want. Don’t actually do that *drink deep and descend.*

Q: “Wait, so are you telling me that the mech licenses are awarded by the corpro-states on *how awesome you are?”*

A: As far as I can tell from how the LL system works, yes. Literally yes. The more talents you get, the more licenses you get. It’s a level up system that is also, apparently, a system of economics. As mentioned earlier it’s somewhat an abstraction for making a name yourself in the mech pilot business, and being arbitrarily awarded with more access to their catalogues the more successes you have under your belt.

Q: “So you’re telling me I can get Harrison Armory licenses from wiping out armies of Harrison Armory goons, and HORUS licenses from hunting down HORUS members?”
A: Well, I would assume in-universe there would be SOME pushback against customers who are actively sabotaging corporations but judging strictly from game mechanics…yes?? The game does not really take that sort of thing into account. Except possibly in the case of HORUS, who might do it just to be funny or in the belief the eldritch mechs will eventually win you over. Or because RA/their drugs told them to.

Q: “How the fuck do the corpro-states make money with this business model? Why would they sell licenses so cavalierly they are theoretically funding the people who most want to shoot them in the face with their own top of the line war machines with ZERO way to regulate who gets what? ”
A: As far as I can tell it’s like Microsoft Office making most of its’ money off corporate use dependency: The end-to-end mech pilot experience is a small segment of the larger scale, entire military-supplying, planetary population-courting businesses the corpro-states rely on for their profit margins.

Q: “What do they even get out of transactions on that scale?”
A: “I honestly have no idea. Free advertising? The creation of a shadow economy of deniable assets once everyone rushes to become a professional giant robot pilot? Paying lip service to the Union’s belief in post-scarcity?”

Q: “…just to be clear, one of the example Lancer perks you listed represents I, the pilot, fucking an NHP and generating a baby NHP. And you’re telling me the corpro-states. Are rewarding me for this act. With licenses.”
A: **Y E S**

Canonically there is no confirmation about exactly what HORUS actually is, other than a space age 4chan for bored hackers to share freaky reality-breaking mechs amongst themselves. Pay no mind to the menacing coloured text people, they are just there to lend hype to choices associated with paracausality and emulate the writing style of certain entries in the Lancer books, not definite confirmation that RA actually responds to his cult ~~*or are they*~~ **yes they are.**

You paid CP for it. So yes, if you’re a damn Eidolon the SSC Sylph Undersuit fits you *somehow.* Likewise, yes because On The Drip is only a 100 CP drawback if you take it as an Eidolon there will be some sort of obscure Union law that entitles you to manufacturing your stability drug.

Juan Tismon is an NPC from the Dustgrave campaign. Moonlighting as an easygoing, elderly restaurant owner who likes to regale customers with his mining days, his nature is deliberately ambiguous, although he has some kind of paracausal ability that simply lets him never be where he’d be hurt and seems to have deep respect for the Deimos accords-enough he’d rather see the PCs honour them by fighting a less advanced wannabe transhuman god during the campaign than deal with the problem himself (as he apparently has in other timelines). Feel free to fanwank his exact nature and motivation if you take the drawback that makes him relevant. Or just bump into him somewhere in the galaxy.

I’m pretty sure Juan isn’t Sans Undertale because he’s all covered in meat, but I’ve never seen them in the same room together.