# Empire of Man

For five hundred years, the Empire of Man has been the great power of the settled galaxy, led by the house MacClintock who has founded it. But great power comes with ample opportunity to fuck up, and the previous MacClintock Emperor exploited many of them. Their rivals, both within and without the empire, have grown powerful due to the late Emperor's many mistakes through his long life. Now his daughter is valiantly struggling to clean up his mess. She is failing.

Her youngest child, born a bastard due to a political rival who she once thought loved her, is not in her good graces. Prince roger looks too like his father, and Empress Alexandra instinctively mistrusts him because of it. His whiny and foppish behavior does little to dispel this. Soon she will force him, alongside a detachment of his bodyguard and his minimal staff, to depart towards the planet Leviathan. Partly to protect him from the coup attempt she rightly believes to be approaching, and partly so he cannot betray her. In one year, the Prince shall depart.

An unwilling saboteur will badly damage the ship they use for travel, leading to a series of events that will lead to Prince Roger and those responsible for his welfare to being forced to land on Marduk, and then travel across its surface without the benefit of the high tech transports they would normally enjoy. It's average temperature is in the mid forties Celsius, and it rains three times a day, the heat allows many aggressive predators to thrive on small hunting grounds, and the native sophonts are often as bloodthirsty as any ancient human empire. Their work will be cut out for them.

Take this, and try to survive.

**+1000 CP**

**Age and Gender:** You are seventeen+1d8. Gender is the same as you last were, or 50 CP to change it and choose your age both.

## Backgrounds:

There are a wide variety of professions within this universe. Priests, soldiers, politicians, spies, engineers, shamans, barbarian chieftains, news anchors, and nobles are only a small slice of the potential possibilities. And those are often differentiated by specialty as well. And given the advanced medical practices that can see humans living for two centuries, many go through multiple carers. Pick something that makes sense with your purchases. Whether that be car jacking street thief, a princess who tinkers with technology, a jarhead ex-marine who captains a trade vessel, or something else entirely.

**Species:**

**Human:** I should hope you know what a human is, though some in this galaxy don't. They tend to be major players, if not the dominant power, in all known interstellar polities, and for good reason. Driven, intelligent, and spectacularly ruthless, humans have been calling the shots on the interstellar stage since they've arrived on it.

**Alphane:** The alphanes are quite a lot larger than humans, though they share the same four limbed shape. Averaging closer to three than two meters tall, this species look very much like overly wide body building koala bears with very functional claws and teeth. Extremely tough, extremely strong, this furry species prefers dwelling underground with extended family clans whenever plausible. They are the founding members of the Alphane alliance, alongside the phaenurs. They are renown for their collective sense of honor and bravery.

**Phaenur:** Phaenurs are small lizard like bipeds who average below one and a half meters tall. The scaled creatures are fast, intelligent, and capable empaths. This has strongly affected their psychology and culture, as among their own species they are effectively capable of telepathy, and even among other species they are perfectly capable of telling what their motivations are and how honest they are being. They tend to avoid crowds, as the babble of emotions can be very disorientating, and extreme emotions can be distressing to them. This is why they typically rely on their partners, the alphanes, for military matters. They prefer living either alone or in small groups in tree like structures.

**Mardukan:** Averaging more than three meters tall, sporting four arms and two wickedly sharp horns, the Mardukans are physically imposing. Their lower arms, called false hands, are less capable of precise movements than their upper true hands, but are stronger as well. Covered in rubbery, mucous coated skin, they are very resistant to infections, abrasions, heat, and humidity. However they are very susceptible to cold or dry climates. Even a mid twenty degrees Celsius can leave them slow and torpid, perhaps even killing them if left exposed to it long enough.

**Location:**

Within the Empire of Man alone, there are more than one hundred twenty inhabited worlds, and within those there are innumerable places to be. Let alone with vastness of the void between them. Instead, roll a D6. The result will tell you what sort of locale you begin in. You may choose your allegiance for free, whether you belong to a barbarian tribal society, a pre industrial city state, or one of the interstellar polities. The big three are the Empire of Man which is a constitutional monarchy. Raiden-Winterhowe was a once peaceful empire forced to alter themselves into a highly militaristic and

expansionist  society to survive. The Cavazan Empire is a brutal dictatorship of communists with a state mandated religion that worships nature. You may also belong to the one the lesser polities, such as the Alphane Alliance or the United Outer Worlds.

**1) Capital:** You begin within seat of your people's power. The area is safe, wealthy, secure- on the surface at least. All polities have dissent within them, and different players jockeying for power.

**2) Core Territory:** While not in the highest halls of power, you're still well within their influence. Often where they do their most production, and are the most regulated, they're arguably more stable than even the capital. Though likely not quite as wealthy, either, this is where the power blocs that influence the capital come from.

**3) Fringe Territory:** You begin in a backwater. Property is cheap, regulation and oversight is little, and the wilderness is within eyesight. But when pirates or invasions target your homeland, it's going to have to roll right over your doorstep. Not to mention, these sorts of places lack the wealth and influence that can protect them from law makers and bureaucrats when they decide they need more revenue.

**4) The Wilderness:** Long, long ago in Terran history places like this would be depicted on maps alongside phrases like "Here be dragons". You're well off the beaten road. No law exists other than that of the jungle. None are there to tell you what to do, but none are there to help you in case of trouble, either.

**5) The Void:** Planets are very large. You can spend a life time exploring one of them, and never truly see everything. But the great black is far larger. You begin your journey here on a tunnel ship preparing for its' next jump towards a planet.

**6) Freedom:** Pick any where you like. The choice is yours.

## Abilities:

Discounts are 50% off. If a perk or item is 100 CP or less and is discounted, it's free. You get two discounts at each price tier.

**For the Press (100CP):** The Empire of Man is a big place. Big enough that they can be very, very choosy about who makes it into the Empress' Own, the military unit that functions as royal bodyguards. Not only must they be the elite of the elite when it comes combat, they have to look damn good too. And you look good even by their stringent standards. Even sweaty and marred from combat, let alone when you're actually trying to look your best, most models will grind their teeth in seething jealousy over your looks. Whether that manifests as manly chiseled features or inviting feminine curves is up to you.

**Asgardian Ape(100 CP):** Many people are in good physical shape. The nanites swimming through their blood stream certainly help with that, but there's a difference between someone who is slim, and someone who has formed their body into a machine.

You're in such good shape it's actually frightening. Your resting heart rate is in the low twenties, and swimming a few miles might get it to hit fifty. Maybe. Thin oxygen and high humidity? Blazing heat or freezing cold? Nuisances, but ones that will hardly effect your performance. You've got not just endurance, but explosive power as well. Despite the layers of granite like muscle, you're also surprisingly quick and flexible. After all, who would expect someone capable of competing with power lifters to be quick too? You are capable of competing with most Olympic athletes in their specialties without any particular training, and even elite soldiers are going think your raw physical abilities are complete bullshit.

You will retain this level of fitness, at the very limits of your biology, in spite of training or lack there of. Try not to starve, though.

**Strange Skill (100 CP):** The Empress's own must not only be incredibly good at the arts of war, but they must also be good looking. But even so, in an empire of a quarter trillion, there are still many who could make such a cut. But there numbers are kept low on purpose as well; so how do they winnow them down further? With stringent loyalty tests first, then finally they look for potentially useful skills.

Maybe you can build vehicles from the ground up. Maybe you can jimmy a lock and hot wire one in under a minute. Maybe you know how to manipulate stock markets, run a manufacturing plant, have a degree in geology, forge a sword, or weave a suit from raw cloth. It won't always be useful, and certainly not in a combat situation, but you're still damn good at what you do. And if the situation calls for it, then it will certainly be handy to have, and you're among the best in your field at it.

You can buy this perk multiple times for new skills.

**Pig Pocking Wrench (100 CP):** The technologically advanced weapons of the interstellar empires are enormously powerful. Murderously efficient in the extreme, these tools of war make a mockery of anything the twenty-first century could produce. When they work, at least. When they fail, at best they're now useless as anything more than a sturdy club. At worse, the immense energies they use will tear not just the equipment apart, but it's wielder, and anyone and anything near by as well.

Which is why the armorer is important. You have the skill and know how to keep them all running, well past when they should. Even without resupply you can cobble together repairs with hope and sunshine, forcing them to work well past when they should have failed. And in an emergency, you can preform percussive maintenance- simply pounding on the recalcitrant tech until it gives one last spurt of life. This won't help if your completely out of fuel or ammo, but overcoming the wear and tear of hard use is a matter of no small importance.

**Last of the Free Lords (100 CP):** Their are many animals throughout the galaxy. Even planets which don't have intelligent life often still have an interesting menagerie of creatures. While machines are, typically at least, superior to even the mightiest of creatures, there is still something to be said about riding giant man eating dinosaur look-a-likes into battle.

You have a way with beasts. From the standard Terran creatures to exotic creatures from across the galaxy such as the vicious bipedal civan the Vasin ride into battle. Even creatures that shouldn't be tamable, such as giant acid spitting diablo spiders can be domesticated by your careful efforts. And once you have, you're an expert at exploiting them. Whether as cavalry mounts, beasts of burden, as hunters or trackers, whether they crawl, run, swim, or fly you will use them to the utmost. They will be loyal, even affectionate, as they push themselves beyond their limits for the sake of you, their God.

**Stereotypes Exist For a Reason (100 CP):** Stereotypes get a bad rap in many societies. There's always someone to say something like 'not *all* Pinopans know how to swim!'. And that's true. But only because some Pinopans drown as children.

You hail from a particular sort of place. Whether some massive mountain that nearly leaves atmosphere entirely, a dense, hellish jungle, or a small island surrounded by raging seas, it was an extreme environment. And everyone who lives there for an appreciable amount of time picks up a certain skill set, if only because it's required to live there, and so the stereotype is proven true. And you in particular are a shining example to the truth of stereotypes. An islander may be an expert swimmer and sailor, a mountaineer might sneer at cold and climbing, a jungle boy might be an expert at camouflage and stalking- whatever it is, even by the incredibly high standards of your home, you are truly an expert at surviving in and exploiting such terrains.

**Chief Civilian (100 CP):** But not all the known galaxy is a constant series of battles and struggling against the forces of nature. Most inhabited planets claimed by an interstellar empire are actually fairly peaceful. And while being a crack shot might be impressive, it probably won't help you all that much in the day to day grind of an imperial city.

This is why you've come upon a significantly more practical talent by the standards of the average imperial citizen. You have a practiced and critical eye for fashion and presentation. You can certainly dress to impress- whether that be for a press conference or back ally thugs. You can keep a tight

schedule, throw a truly spectacular party, cook a sumptuous feast- and all on short notice and with a threadbare treasury to boot.

**Pinopan Patter (100 CP):** There's a sucker born every minute, and it seems your fate in life to take the poor bastards for all they're worth. You're an master at bargaining, haggling, and cheating at every game under the stars. Most of the time your poor dumb marks will even walk away happy, thinking they got a good deal or simply having enjoyed the game. Just try not to teach the poor sons of bitches bridge. Unless they've really done something to deserve it.

**RIPper (100, 200, 400, 600 CP):** Regimental In Processing is the winnowing and extra training process that every member of the Empress' Own must complete before truly joining the organization. Made to take already elite soldiers and pick out the true gems from among them, any true RIPper is expected to be tough, disciplined, and skilled with dozens of martial arts and damn near every personal weapon known to the Empire of Man.

For **100 CP** you're "merely" the best you can expect from elite formations of soldiers, such as the marine raiders. Your shots rarely miss target, your reflexes are stunning, you spot threats easily, and you can easily keep your head when you're stuck in. You'll fit right in with Bronze Battalion. For **200 CP** you'll fit in with Steel Battalion. This is the level expected of senior officers, commissioned or not, from Bronze Battalion. You can take shots against even small targets during combat situations, such as heads, and hit consistently. You're skill with small scale tactics is excellent, allowing you to lead your comrades to victory of far larger numbers consistently. For **400 CP** You'd belong to Silver. You're the proud pinnacle of thousands of years of military history. A terror alone or in a group, pushing the boundary of human ability. Capable of consistently drilling enemies in between the eyes, and leading your allies into what should be a meat grinder- and thrashing your enemies instead. For **600 CP** you're are the pinnacle of what Gold Battalion has to offer. Stolid, and skilled beyond belief, even other supposedly elite soldiers will watch you act with disbelief. You casually make shots snipers would struggle with, thrash elite enemies even when horribly out matched in numbers and equipment, whether in small formations or large ones. Your ability to detect threats is all but prescient, and you can eke out performances that should be impossible for your equipment as well. There are few in the galaxy that can offer you anything resembling a challenge in ground wars or boarding actions, and none who can honestly claim to be your better. Only the a true genius could stand against your tactics and strategies, so deep is the well of knowledge and experience you have to draw from.

**Invictus (200 CP):** Life is hard. However protected one is by society around them, this remains true. And however sheltered one may be, they will eventually learn this lesson. And, inevitably, you will die. This, too, all will learn, soon or late.

Perhaps you've seen your share of suffering already. And you have learned to cope. Whether it be a wound of the soul or the body, you can fight through it. Combat fatigue may as well not exist in your case. With grit teeth, you can put aside the agony of traumatic injury, of losing the only person whoever

cared for you, and push onward. For life waits for no one, and neither the problems in the immediate or the future will take it easy on you because you hurt. And so you can push it down, continue on without fear. In spite of the fell clutch of circumstance, and the bludgeonings of chance, your head may be bloody, but it will remain unbowed.

**Disarmingly Charming (200 CP):** It’s hard to stay mad at some people. Maybe that grin they have, as if they were laughing at the world? Or maybe they’re honestly just that smooth. Either way, you fall in to this camp. You're splendid company, wowing and charming all you interact with. Your jokes land perfectly, your stories received with rapt attention, and even the most inane of small talk is interesting when you’re the one engaging it. Perhaps this is why people are so forgiving of you.

Make no mistake, betrayal or outright hostile action will be returned in kind, but pranks? Just kind of being an asshole? Lying through your teeth to get someone in bed with you? All forgiven in minutes, hours at most. Why, a plasma gunner would even forgive you for hustling them with a bet about disassembling their gun, even when you throw the bits and pieces all of the floor.

**Soc-Civ (200 CP):** Humanity has been around the block. Repeatedly. They have thousands of years history from thousands of civilizations to draw conclusions from. Those conclusions are rarely perfect, but they’re usually still very, very good. You have the talent, inclination, and training to serve on Social-Civilization teams, the teams they send to barbarian worlds to advance primitive civilizations without tearing them apart. Your memory is excellent, and you have immense stores of knowledge to draw upon when it comes to cultures. You will be able to rapidly figure out what makes a society tick, who the power players are, and how to guide them towards a place that is more palatable to your tastes. Though you are no political genius, innovating where none have been before, you’re nonetheless capable of bringing about formidable political acumen based on what you know.

Now, if you can just find a charismatic figure head to puppeteer…

**I Know Kung-Fu (200 CP):** Toots are one of the few cybernetics that widely allowed within the Empire of Man. They are incredibly useful, even vital, to living within their society. Capable of interfacing directly with both technology and the human nervous system, toots are can display a HUD, and their software can help within nearly any human endeavor. One of the best ways is via training aids.

You get more bang for your buck in this regard. You can easily gain the muscle memory necessary to fully exploit the knowledge granted by the toot. Whether that be for surgery or shooting or martial arts. Your rate of learning is freakish both through more archaic methods as well as downloaded knowledge through your implant. You’ll cut down the time it takes to learn and master new skills by roughly, a factor of ten at the very least.

**Spin Merchant (200 CP):** It's hard to get the word out. It's hard to get polls that support your preferred positions. It's hard to keep secrets, too. Just not for you.

You're, quite simply, a monstrous savant at manipulating media. Blackmail and bribes aren't even necessary, usually. Most often, you simply know a guy, or can phrase questions and segments in just the right way to get the coverage you want, and then make it go viral to boot. One foolish emperor once allowed his whole nation to be de facto ruled by such men as you. With a little luck, it'll be your turn. At the very least, the competing powers will be lining up to line your pockets for to get such services rendered.

**Asi-Agun (200 CP):** The bond of asi and agun is a sacred one to the People. The concept is simple; if you save someone who is not your active ally, and do so without ulterior motive, they are expected to live the rest of their life for your sake. Even it means hard labor or death, their loyalty must be absolute. You will take this cultural artifact with you, and all you save will respect it as thoroughly as Cord or Pedi Karuse- which is to say with all their heart, body, and soul.

**Shadow of the People (400 CP):** The People live on what most sophonts would consider to be a hell world, in a hellish society. Semi nomadic tribes are well known for their dearths in education, in wealth, in medicine. Few live long, and infant mortality is staggering. After all, with the atul, atul-grak, and who knows what else stalking the jungles and damncrocs hiding in every body of water, survival is a difficult prospect for a people incapable of forging their own spearheads.

But they have survived. And the incredible challenges they have overcome have rendered them some of the most dangerous hunters on the deadly planet of Marduk. Swift, quiet, capable of hiding themselves even from hightech sensors let alone the mark one eyeball- the People are masters of the deadly jungles they call home. You share in this skill, being judged a master by their lofty standards. You can even go hunting at night, in canopies so dense no light reaches you at all. Tracking potential prey with your other senses well enough to slay them with spear or even knife. There is little you cannot track, and even fewer you can't slay from ambush. And with your skill, that ambush is all but guaranteed.

**Dinshon-Enat (400 CP):** The exercises of Dinshon are nigh mythical, and are a way of life as much as anything else. These ascetic techniques allow you to control all involuntary actions your body takes. From control of your body heat to your heart beat and metabolism, you can control it as you will. This makes you more resistant to privation, exposure, and extreme temperatures. But this is not the only thing a master of Dinshon-Enat is expected to be able to do, and your are a true master.

You know enough of philosophy that it would make someone with a doctorate's head spin, and how to apply these lessons in your life and others to maximize success and minimize suffering. You are also one of the most personally deadly people in the galaxy when it comes to martial arts and muscle powered weaponry. Going up against people who are physically superior to you will be simple, and

even the most elite soldiers in the galaxy, those in the Gold Battalion of the Empress's Own, will fall short of your match with them.

**CAG (400 CP):** A truly ancient title, and one that no longer exists on official org charts, but one that persists within the various militaries of the galaxy. Commander Attack Group, though the A once stood for air eons ago. But the general idea has remained the same.

You're an ace pilot, a true terror of the heavens, whether in the sky or void of space. Even if your missiles are expended, and your forced to rely on secondary armaments, you can fully expect to be leaving your enemies exploding into bits behind you, dealing wildly disproportionate casualties upon them.

But you are a commander too, expected to lead your wing men to victory. You're an expert at tactics for air and space, quickly, concisely, giving orders to your fellows. They will heed you swiftly, maximizing their firepower and minimizing their losses. And you will be able to do this reflexively even when in combat yourself, finding you lose no ability at commanding however dangerous and demanding your current situation might be. Nor will you lose any skill in combat however complex the tactical situation might be as well.

**Softmind (400 CP):** Electronics have become more and more important across the centuries as machines have become more capable. Nearly all the miraculous technology of the interstellar polities require incredibly advanced computers in order to function.

You are a wizard with computers and software, capable of creating powerful processors guided by elegant code. You can smash other's codes as easily as easily as as dried straw, and find your own harder to penetrate than a meter of ChromSten. Whether it's trawling for data, accessing secure systems, ruining enemy systems and guidance, you're a savant at them all. And, while they generally won't match up to your personal action, the programs you create are capable of doing much the same. Automation can make most things easier, or even possible.

And, of course, you are splendid at hacking, protecting, and programming toots.

**Medical Raider (400 CP):** Their have been many medical advances in these societies. Humans enjoy roughly another century of life over those in the twenty-first century, and even at a hundred years of age they can still physically compete with people in their twenties. With nanites and modern medical sciences, what should be deadly wounds become inconveniences.

Most doctors are unused to working outside of the high tech hospitals they are trained to function in. Likewise, most medics are used to simply slapping on some bandages and putting their patients in cryo for more skilled surgeons to actually fix what's wrong with them. You are the best of both worlds, being as capable of meatball surgery as any raider medic, and any hospital would be glad to have a doctor and surgeon of your skill. You knowledge of anatomy also helps you quickly learn the quirks of

new xenobiology- it won't be long until you've mastered operating on the ill of any new species you come across.

**Spirit Quest (400 CP):** There is a tradition among the shamans of the People. To go through the Vale of the Vampires, to climb the bitterly cold peaks surrounding them, and then finally march through the salt flats- which are so arid it can quickly leave any Mardukan desiccated. All deadly trials, all done in service of knowledge.

Whether these spiritual quests actually offer guidance or not is up to debate- though it worked out very well for the People when last their shaman went on one. You have the ability to take on similar ascetic trials. Perhaps less deadly, perhaps shorter, but always arduous. Upon completion you will find the path towards your goal has become clear to you. It will not be a perfect guide, but if you follow the vision you receive at your quest's completion to the best of your ability, you will find many opportunities to ensure your desired future comes to pass.

**Murphy's Law; Pahner's Solution (400 CP):** Life is hard, there is no doubt. Problems will find their way to your door, sooner or later. And often it's a whole gaggle at once. But you've gone a few hard rounds with hell already, and know how to roll with the punches.

You've found that you've got more than one problem, they can often be used to solve each other. Multiple enemies? You can trick them into combat more easily than you really should. Cargo slowing you down too much to fight or flee, but dumping it means risking starvation? Your pursers will squabble over the spoils you leave behind- making it easy to shake them off and raid there stores both. Non functional tech and too little ammo? Well, half your friends died in the last battle, but that means you won't be running low on beads or spare parts either. Your problems might need a little bit of lateral thinking to solve, but your other problems will give you the chance you need to do it.

**Imperial Bureau of Investigation (600 CP):** The IBI is the premier intelligence agency of the galaxy. Which is even more impressive than it sounds when you have empaths like the phaenur around. But they've managed it. And you have the makings equal to their most elite agents.

You have mesmerizing eyes that make other want to divulge their secrets. And your own true intentions are inscrutable. So skilled are you at dishonesty and dissembling that even phaenur would have difficulty telling when you lie. And you are skilled at the arts of sabotage, investigation, slight of hand, and simply avoiding attention even in the heavily monitored cyber societies of these times. You are also a deft hand at convincing the neutral or even your enemies to join you, whether through rhetoric, blackmail, or bribery.

You can also flummox and terrify anyone who is not actively trying to kill you with the phrase "I'm from the IBI, and I'm here to help you". Though you may need to replace IBI with a more relevant organization in other universes.

**Honest to God Engineer (600 CP):** The many technological marvels of the various interstellar polities are extremely complex. Tunnel drives, gene-tanks, and collapsed molecules just to name a few. You're one of the brilliant minds responsible not just for creating, but for the invention of such technology.

You have an impressive breadth and depth of education. While you don't have a literal blue print of all the technology of this world, you can divine the principles behind them. From that point on, it's a simple matter of calculation and experimentation to recreate the technology from the ground up. Though this process will take longer the further a technology's operating principles is from your knowledge base, but still- even truly alien technology can be understood and replicated thorough study.

**Dark Lord of the Sixth (600 CP):** There are six fleets in the Empire of Man, and the longest serving is Admiral Helmut, who continues to head the sixth fleet. Partly, this is because the Empress knows he is unfailingly loyal towards her, but mostly it is because he is the most skilled officer in the Empire, and everyone knows it. Whether you were one of his proteges or not, most people would assume so if they witness your performance in a CIC.

You know how to exploit light lag, sensors, weapons, and most important of all, the men who use them. You have a perfect memory, which you have used to develop understanding of not just every admiral, but also of their captains who command their carriers both for your allies and enemies. And this understanding allows you to manipulate them nearly as easily as you do your own fingers. Herding them like sheep, and nailing them with ambushes that leave them in tatters without an opportunity to offer meaningful opposition are your typical MO. Your enemies will see you as sneaky, underhanded, and devious- your allies will have great faith in both your loyalty and honor- while still thinking you're a damn scary individual.

In future worlds you'll gain similar knowledge of military commanders present in the setting.

**Dagger Lords and the Brotherhood of Baal (600 CP):** Manipulating the human body is… generally frowned upon when it's not outright illegal. But centuries ago, the Dagger Lords didn't give a flying fuck what other, weaker polities thought and they dared them to do something to stop them from extensively manipulating human genetics. Today, the Brotherhood of Baal implants extensive cybernetic augmentation in its' adherents, using the Empire of Man's freedom of religion clauses as a shield against the law and prying eyes alike. You benefit from the creations of both.

Those whose ancestors received extensive gene therapy still have incredible abilities. Even without training you don't compare with humans, you compare with animals. You see in the dark as well as owls, can run pronghorn to the ground, and catch a striking snake. You need not just less sleep than unaugmented people, but you can go three days without ill effects before you do. Your biometrics don't flutter in the midst of intense emotion or exhaustion, making cold reading damn hard. You'll likely still have a lot of trouble with outrunning particularly fast four legged creatures on the short term, but in the long- well. Few biological organisms could hope to outlast you, and none can out match you in more than a single category.

You also have really, really nice hair.

The Brotherhood of Baal turns to dangerous and invasive cybernetics inserted during religious rites. Your ‘skin’ is reaction hardening- even beads will bounce, your skin hardening and helping spread the energy over a wider area. Your muscles, bones, tendons, and ligaments are entwined with synthetic fibers, leaving you with incredible strength, and bones that are near impossible to shatter without military or industrial hardware. In fact, most of your body is in someway either modified with, or replaced by technology. The only thing that isn’t is your hair. While not equal to a suite of power armor, a normal human will be simply unable to cause you lasting harm with most methods- though you should be wary of designer diseases, and cutting weapons, and avoid many rapid hits from bead weaponry. Happily, your nanites will help with both, as well as repair your body and implants.

In conjunction, you’re raw physical specs our entirely outside of human limits. People are more likely to compare you to action heroes or villains than actual people.

Spirit of The Sovereign (600 CP): The MacClintock dynasty started from a minor noble stealing a single ship from the Dagger Lords. She took that ship and gathered allies, played politics, made war, and destroyed that once great interstellar power with a cold, ruthless, practical will. Ever since, it has been believed that the MacClintock dynasty has been cut from the same cloth, though many weren’t.

You, however were. Your charisma seems to arrest reality itself to those who spend time with you. Those who follow you can’t help but love and fear you, your stature larger than life and projecting an inviolable aura of near divine authority. Used to the ploys and plots of power, you navigate the murky shoals with ease. Your will is unyielding, capable of letting you sneer in the face of the impossible- and triumph. Even destiny seems to yield to your august majesty, holding a thumb down on the scales of fate so that you might skirt disaster and emerge with glorious victory.

## Companions:

**Old Hands (50 CP each, 200 CP for all):** Perhaps you need some new friends, or want to give old ones a place in this world? You may bring in an old companion or create a new one. They receive a background and 1000 CP to spend. For two hundred you can bring in as many as you like.

**New Recruits (Free/50 CP):** Have you taken a shine to someone in this world? Then you can take them with you, if they survive their time here and wish to follow you. Or you can pay **50 CP** to give them the protections of a companion immediately.

**My Lady (Free):** This young woman has blood so blue it puts pollia condensata to shame, and her many glorious ancestors have left behind a truly immense legacy that even a genius would find it

difficult to live up to. Given her spectacular looks and complete dearth of a love life, or even a social circle, she is a media darling for tabloids that speculate endlessly about her choices or lack thereof. In truth though, she is simply very sensitive to her responsibilities, and does not believe she is able to live up to them. She has held herself away from others, turning her attention to her hobbies: tennis and painting, primarily in a bid to fend off despair.

Circumstance has brought you into her company again and again. And though it may not be true, she has come to believe that you believe in her. Not because of her lineage, but in the lonely girl herself. She has started to blossom, proving the speculations about her bloodline true. Few in this galaxy can match her intellect and talent for politics and leadership. The now charismatic young woman holds you in very high regard, more than enough to ignore political marriage prospects for your sake should you be a man.

**Long Suffering Bodyguard (Free):** A mountain of man who has earned more medals through his combat service than a neo-barbarian dictator would bother slapping on their own chest, he has grown tired of dropping onto the ass end of nowhere and slaughtering his way out. So he taken up work as a highly proficient and highly paid bodyguard, and has been contracted to either protect you personally, or else to defend either someone or where you are in night constant contact with.

For the first time in his career as a guard, you've managed not to feel like ball and chain he was expected haul and around. This has made the normally taciturn giant into an affable, even comforting presence. With a cool head in a crisis, and enough martial skill to lead or fight against the Gold Battalion itself, he has been casually hinting that he was looking for a more permanent station at your side. Regardless of pay or lack thereof.

**Pockin' Mechanic (Free):** A short, swarthy, and foul mouthed mechanical engineer whose overwhelming skill at design and manufacturing is the only reason why he's been able to maintain gainful employment. Nonetheless, he bemoans his fate of slaving away under stiff corporate suits-when he's not being a cardsharp at least. With a very efficient mind when it some to machines and mercantilism, the excitable near dwarf is hoping that following you will provide him an out from the rut he's been stuck in. He is exceedingly trustworthy to you, if few others.

Outside of card games that is.

**Mouse Supreme (Free):** Not everyone is savant of war, politics, or science. Some lead a more down to earth sort of life, such as this impeccably dressed woman. Incapable of intimidating so much as a pomeranian, she is nonetheless one of the most talented and skilled organizers in the galaxy. If you need a helping hand, whether it be planning schedule, a month long trek, or a bottle party, she can arrange it swiftly and orderly. A fantastic chef, masseuse, and tailor, she brings a patience and compassion in line with the most caring of elder sisters into your life.

**Dogzard (Free):** Only the good-est of boys could hope to complete with the affection, intelligence and loyalty of this eighty kilo lizard. Long slung on six legs with a pebbly red hide and a maw of razor sharp teeth, this ferocious beast regards you with the love and adoration due to its' god-owner. Happily following you around and obeying your orders, it is an excellent judge of character- and is swift and strong enough to tear out a professional warrior's throat in under a second should it detect a threat with its' incredibly sharp senses.

## Items:

You get a discount for each price tier. They'll be replaced in a week if something happens to them or they're used up unless otherwise noted. Any can be used as a de facto import, and some can be combined such as a medical lab and a space ship. Most single purchase items reflect exemplary crafts, where in cost efficiency has been thrown to the wind.

**Toot (Free, 100, 1000 CP):** The toot is one of the few cybernetic implants that is in use all over the galaxy. They're too useful not to be. These highly advanced computers can directly interface with the host's nervous system and computers alike. With the advances in processing power, these devices are capable of holding immense amounts of knowledge and programs.

For **Free** you get a model that is somewhat above average, but not terribly impressive either. The programs it has been loaded with are legal, it's ability to manipulate your senses have a delay, and it is a significant vulnerability against hackers. For **100 CP** you get a cutting edge implant, the sort of which you might expect to be used by the imperial family. It is loaded with programs that can optimize what are normally illegal efforts, such as assassination or hacking, as well as legal programs that require a lot of power such as translators that can learn to speak an alien language fluently inside of an hour. It can send you into a virtual reality indistinguishable from actual reality, and has more than enough memory to hold any number of programs, games, and knowledge. It's security is great enough that it can't truly be hacked without months of hard work along side drugs and torture. For **1000 CP**, you get a toot that is less cutting edge than it is mythical. It is arbitrarily capable, and loaded with every piece of knowledge, program, and blueprint available in this setting.

**Environmental Suit (Free for Mardukans or 50 CP):** An environmental suit is a fairly simple piece of equipment that regulates it's wearer's temperature. Your model also comes with a small water cistern that can be cooled as you move if you so choose. They are absolutely essential for cold blooded species in colder climates, and damn handy for anyone in extreme ones.

**Perfectly Healthy Alternatives (50CP):** Tobacco products are not, precisely, illegal in this universe but people rarely bother with them. Pseudo nic is cheaper to produce, has no ill effects, comes in any scent and flavor you can think of, and has a pleasant high that slightly boosts energy levels. It's just as

chemically addictive though. You get a limitless supply in any form you prefer, weather loose, in cigarettes, or cigars.

You also get a limitless supply of the slightly spicy bisti roots and every flavor of gum, if you want something to fiddle with in your both that isn't addictive.

**One-Shot (50 CP):** These weapons are, roughly, the size of a large flashlight, and are one of the few methods an unarmored human can use to kill someone in battle armor. Short ranged, they are actually a tractor beam that attaches to an armor suit and splatters its' plates with an advanced explosive compound. Even still, ChromSten is too tough for even that to penetrate; instead it knocks loose a piece of the still extremely tough ceramics that is mounted upon, sending it careening around the inside of the armor at velocities sufficient to rival firearms. You won't have to worry about bad tractor locks turning into a rocket that rips your arm off or any manufacturing defects either. You get six of the devices.

**Painting of (You) (50 CP):** A true master has made for you a splendid painting of yourself, capturing you in exactly the light you wanted. A lavish display of their craft, worked upon until its' perfection made mockery of simple photographs. It shows you as you truly are, in a way that mere pigments or pixels should be unable to do. Those who gaze upon it will see more and more, until a strong emotion steeps into their thoughts. Decide now what it is. The admiration and fear due a spectacularly ruthless monarch or the joy and affection one might display towards a favored child, or anything else. Though they'll be able to shake off this image of you, eventually, doubts will always remain; after all, they've seen the truth of a facet of you. And whatever it is, they instinctively know it can be brought to the surface once more.

Even if it can't.

**Diablo Spider-Silk Wardrobe (50 CP):** This the softest and sleekest material in the galaxy. Since it's protected by giant, acid-spitting spiders, it's also the most expensive. You have an extensive wardrobe that will be full of any sort of clothing you like, in any cloth available to you in this or in other universes you visit. It has to be mass producible in setting is the only caveat.

Your extensive wardrobe comes with an unlimited supply of the finest of colognes and perfumes.

For **100 CP** you receive the above, but the cloth has been treated to make it highly resistant to heat, kinetic energy, and even stains! While its' tolerances have limits, you'll still need to face military grade equipment for it to be in serious danger of damage. It also spreads energy across much of its' surface; while a bead round will hurt like a bitch, it won't penetrate the cloth and pulp your organs either. Just make sure it isn't hit by more than three or four of them in a short time, and all you'll have to worry about is bruising.

**Culinary Supplies (100 CP):** The known galaxy is a very, very large place. And while most of it is empty or barren, even a tiny percentage provides more delicious culinary supplies than a single person is likely able to sample in their life. Every day you'll receive a bulk shipment of food placed wherever you like of any mundane culinary ingredients you like. You can get even dangerous things, such as suckling atul and the the 'venom' of vampire larvae that makes a wonderful tenderizer as well as simple things like apsimmons, kate fruit, near peppers alongside anything else you could reasonably hope for. You can also ask for a surprise, which will be some random ingredients that you've never seen before, that nonetheless will taste delicious once prepared. You explicitly can use this to operate restaurants.

You also will get a supply of vitamins along side the ingredients that will ensure the health of those eating off world foodstuffs that don't have quite what your species needs for healthy living. Plus a cook book with very clear instructions that can give you an endless variety of recipes to follow.

**Fine Mount (100 CP):** There are many beasts of burden in this galaxy. Pick one. You know have a particularly loyal and physically capable example of. Popular choices are triceratops like flar-ke that out mass some elephants, civan which are over sized omnivorous raptors, and the humble horse. If knocked unconscious, the beast will do it's level best to bring you to safety, regarding you as something very like a friend. So too are they brave and trained for war; they will not balk at shedding blood.

**Nanites (100 CP):** Nanites are highly useful little pieces of technology that are partially controlled by a user's toot. They do many, many useful things. They help heal wounds, even allowing torn off limbs to regenerate over the course of a month or so and broken bones within a day or two. They attack poisons and diseases. They allow you to strain nutrition from normally incompatible foods. They help your body deal with pain, dehydration, and exhaustion. They help increase life spans, remove scarring, and help your body keep in peak condition. You receive an extensive suite of them, and of course, they'll build more of themselves as necessary from your nutritional intake.

**Chems (100 CP):** Their are a lot of interesting poisons in these worlds. From miz, which will stay in a mardukan's body and lie dormant for as long as they take the antidote, to killer-pillar venom which can dissolve a man into a slurry inside a dozen seconds and riot munitions that knock people out instantly. You receive a bottomless supply, safely stored, as well as a very difficult to notice carrying case that can be easily slipped into a pocket. Anything short of an invasive personal search won't be able to find that container, either.

**Relics of Far Voitan (100 CP):** Ah, the tragedy of far Voitan, the shining city on the hill, overwhelmed by barbarians envious of her prosperity. But remnants of her legacy remain; crafts of beauty, made of fine steel in societies that are lucky to have iron or bronze. You, technically speaking, do not receive true relics of Voitan. What you receive is instead a dozen weapons with similar gorgeous looks which were made by the far more technologically advanced Empire of Man for your hand specifically.

These melee weapons are beautiful, perfectly balanced, and so difficult to break anything that manages it is going to kill anyone nearby so you don't have to worry about it. If it is an edged weapon, then it is impossibly sharp, capable of not just penetrating steel as a normal mono molecular blade might, but even ChromSten. If it is blunt, it's a vast multiplier to your striking force, capable of sending cars flying- if you don't just punch a hole right through them. Either way, it is impossibly comfortable in your hands, designed perfectly for your use.

**Smoke Poles (200 CP):** Chemically powered weapons are seen as archaic by the interstellar polities though they are far superior to anything wielded in the twenty-first century. Nonetheless, collectors and hunters both still have them in large supply, and you have a true masterpieces of the craft.

They are nigh indestructible, with reusable cartridges, they small collection you receive are accurate enough to shoot off a fly's wing; if you are at least. They come with chronograph and optics that automatically adjust for many variables including but not limited to distance, projectile drop, and weather. Along side the dozen different fire arms you receive roughly ten thousand rounds for each. Some of them are capable of truly interesting things; explosions, fire, or transmitting incredibly potent acids or poisons among them.

**Chameleon Suit (100 or 200 CP):** The wardrobe above is deigned for looks and comfort. Chameleon suits are designed with only war on mind. While not exactly comfortable, these suits are remarkably effective for soldiers and hunters both. They change their own color to best hide your form, they're hardened to the void, they can take repeated bead rounds without breaking. These suits are rated for just about every environment in the known galaxy, even space though its' air supply will run out within a few hours. Just be careful of plasma and cutting weapons and you'll be fine short of taking a few dozen bead rounds over the course of a couple seconds.

For **200 CP** your suit has been outfitted with reactive plates- even AP rounds are going to be all but useless from bead guns, and you'll probably survive a plasma round- though you might not be functional afterwards.

**Perimeter Fortifications (200 CP):** The modern warrior keeps a modern camp, but he needs supplies to do so. You know have access to more than enough to secure any dwelling you might come across.

Starting with the humble multi-tool. Formed of memory plastic, they have a few default forms. Shovel, axe, pick-mattock and boma knife along side two more forms you can design and program into the memory plastic, though they have to be relatively compact and have no moving parts. It is far harder than any pre-space empire material, so it is unlikely to break in the extreme. Just avoid plasma fire and it'll probably be fine.

You also receive multiple spools of monowire; sharp enough to cut through steel without notable resistance, and yet easily retrievable and extremely hardy. Alongside the monowire are directional mines, small enough to hold in a hand, but with enough force to take out a light tank if they have to,

they reduce mere flesh to mist and chunks. Finally you'll have portable sensor arrays. Though primarily useful against technologically advanced foes, they can easily be programmed to detect any life form you come across as well. They are effective for hundreds of yards at the very least.

Happy camping!

**Medical Equipment (200 CP):** Even nanites have their limits. Technically these do too, but it's awfully hard to argue with death after he's come and gone. For every thing else, these will suffice.

You get both a state of the art medical center that cure just about anything with time and a portable medical kit that can stabilize just about anything that isn't immediately lethal. From saws to reactive bandages and antibiotics that laugh in the face of infection, you've got it all. Deployed on sufficiently advanced world, the medical center will even earn you a tidy profit, though the medical staff in it will be useless on a battlefield.

**Bead Weaponry (200 CP):** The humble bead weapon is the most common weapon used among the inter stellar polities. Reliable, adaptable, and relatively inexpensive, these weapons fire steel coated glass beads via electromagnetic acceleration. Typically, they penetrate roughly five cm before shattering, transmitting the incredible energy entirely into the target. The hydro-static shock is immense and deadly, the raw kinetic energy directly into the target and pulping roughly anything within twenty centimeters or so of the penetration- for a pistol round. Rifles, and even worse, cannon, cause even more devastation.

You receive a superlative examples, firing beads even faster than standard models. While normal beads penetrate little more, they cause even greater tissue damage, and you receive every specialty round dreamed of within this galaxy as well. Mono molecular flechettes that make a mockery of light cover, mono molelecular nets that reduce crowds into chunks of flesh, tungsten cored AP rounds, sticky rounds that coat your target in glue, or deploy poisons that typically cause unconsciousness or vomiting are some of the more common options. AP rounds and the nets, in particular, benefit from the increased velocity offered by your bead weapons. They have similar sights and optics as the smoke poles, though beads move too fast for projectile drop to matter.

You receive two pistols, a rifle, and a bead cannon. The cannon is typical armament for battle armor, but it also come with a detachable tripod for use as a crew weapon. You get fifty thousand rounds for each.

**Explosives (200 CP):** Cataclysmite is the most destructive traditional explosive compound to be produced by the Empire of Man. You get a few hundred kilos of it- far, far more than enough to destroy a fortress or cut a mountain in two, if used properly.

You'll also receive a few hundred grenades of various types and a launcher for them. You'll also receive a few dozen missiles and a hyper-velocity launcher for them as well.

**Plasma Weaponry (200 CP):** Plasma weaponry is incredibly destructive. It is so hot the vaporization can cause explosions in most pre space colonization materials before it's reduced to vapor and slag. It only comes in rifle and cannon variants. The Rifle is bad enough- a shot at least as hot as a star's heart that leaves a trail of scorch and flame behind it as it races towards it's victim. You have extremely effective models, and your rifle has a dozen meter kill radius against unprotected humans, vegetation, and anything else that isn't in ChromSten. Your canon's kill zone is near sixty. They both have significant thermal bloom, and the blasts simply going near you is enough to kill a man in chameleon suit.

You receive both a rifle and a cannon. Your cannon, normally carried by battle armor, can also be deployed on a detachable tripod with extensive heat shields so they don't roast you alive when used as a crew weapon. You receive dozens of hydrogen flasks, each capable of nearly a hundred full powered blasts before they need to be switched out. These models do not need to fear over heating, so fire them as swiftly as you like. Not that you'd need rapid fire for anything less than a space ship's ChromSten with these monstrosities. Both come with similar optics as the smoke poles as well.

Take care in close quarters.

**Modern Materials (400 CP):** The space fairing empires would not have been able to do as they have without a host of advanced materials. You receive an nigh unending supply- from the programmable memory plastic to ChromSten, the impossibly tough and incredibly expensive collapsed molecules that can withstand even the temperatures of a star's heart- for a time at least. It also has a tendency to reflect instead of transmit energy through its' structure, though it does have its' limits.

**Battle Armor (400 CP):** Battle armor is the final word in infantry combat. And your suit is something truly special. It has stealth systems roughly equivalent to invisibility, heat sinks to keep it from giving away thermals, and this power armor vastly increase your physical abilities. It can let a normal man run a hundred KPH, give him strength enough throw a car, and it all comes clad in enough ChromSten that only a plasma cannon could hope to take it out of commission in a single shot- and even then you'd survive. Your suit is self cleaning, repairing, and needs no fuel.

**Stingship (400 CP):** A stingship is the modern replacement to jets of the past. Capable of incredible speed allowed only by anti gravity devices and advanced inertia dampeners to keep their pilots from passing out, they are the premier air superiority fighter of the Empire. Yours has particularly powerful systems, allowing it to keep its' speed and sport two microns of Chromsten- a thickness that is typically only used on proper spaceships with tunnel drives, albeit civilian models. It can shrug of multiple hits from a plasma cannon without harm. You have three plasma cannon and either six missiles or two cluster bombs. Your missiles are near certain kills on similarly sized craft and the bombs are each enough to drown multiple kilometers in fire and death.

Yours is also space capable, capable of roughly one thousand gravities of acceleration.

You can instead take a heavy grav tank, bearing a truly massive plasma cannon, a smart mortar, and several more normal sized bead cannon as well. Capable of speeds faster than most sports cars in the twenty first century, and bearing five microns of ChromSten, it is a true king of the battlefield.

**IBI Support tools (400 CP):** It takes a lot to baffle this society's tech, but it's tech is capable of baffling an awful lot itself. You have what an IBI agent would consider necessary to hold up to scrutiny. Tanks capable of modifying your genes and looks within the human norm, including muscle mass but not height. Fake IDs that will hold up to even a detailed examination. And they work, very, very well. You also have means of blocking, and intercepting digital and radio communications, hacking basic toots until their users are toobmies, and even a watch that is also a small laser.

**Gene Lab (600 CP):** These are very, very illegal. Rather than merely overlaying something on you, these are the machines capable of modifying the human genome. Increasing height is hilariously trivial. Splicing in sequences from animals in amusing, and creating new sequences of scratch is perfectly possible. While any experiments you run aren't guaranteed to be a success, the immensely powerful computers can run prediction models that will tell you the what the result will be if applied on a particular being you have a genetic sample of.

**Spacecraft (600 or 800 CP):** A spacecraft capable of tunnel drive is ruinously expensive. Yours is even more so. Tunnel drive ships are spheres in this universe, due to their FTL method affecting volume instead of mass. Yours is a true war ship, having the incredible ECM and tactical nets, and having even more armoring than other similar models- a full ten ruinously expensive centimeters across its' twelve hundred meter diameter hull. Possessing kinetic weaponry capable of destroying a city, laser-headed penetrater missiles that can render a world dead but are made to take out similar vessels in salvos hundreds or thousands strong, enough point defense to swat hundreds of missiles or fighter craft out of space, two hundred gravities of acceleration out of tunnel space,  and capable of traveling roughly five light years an hour inside of tunnel space, it is a terrible engine of war. A singular master piece that threw all thoughts of cost efficiency out the window, you could probably take any three tunnel ships in open combat. For **800 CP**, it comes with its' full arraignment of parasites; a dozen cruisers and hundreds fighters. Each made to the same dizzying quality equivalent.

**Class 0 Manufacturing Plant (1000 CP):** Logistics, supplies- that's what wins wars more often than not. What you have is the only class zero automated factory in existence. It is capable of churning out anything you have blue prints for if you have the raw resources. Beings this society can wrangle molecules out of base atoms and vise versa, that should be too hard to arrange. It also comes with automated harvesters, capable of mining and processing liquids and air, there is little you can't make, so long as you have a little time and the proper knowledge. It is, roughly, the size of a large town.

**Drawbacks:** Want extra points? Take as many as you'd like. They're gone after your time here comes to an end.

**Pock This (+100 CP):** You curse, a lot. It makes you sounds mildly retarded, and middle society, let alone the upper crust, will look down on you for your uncouthness. Climbing the social and economic ladders is going to be very difficult.

**The Old Biddy's Shadow (+100 CP):** You have a famous ancestor. Not only that, but many of your family members before and since have given off the appearance of hyper competence. You're going to be judged harshly; even excellence will be seen as meeting the barest of expectations and merely middling results will be seen as shockingly contemptible. You're also going to have a massive complex about it.

**Show the Flag (+100 CP):** You've got a lot of work to do. All of it unpleasant, and all of it utterly pointless. You're going to spend about sixty to eighty percent of your waking hours doing them most days too. Welcome to the grind.

**Denser than ChomSten (+100 CP):** You have the sort of social thickness one normally expects from a protagonist in a Japanese harem anime. Romantic and social advances will bounce off you due to you both not noticing them, and the instinctive panic and dread that rises inside you at the thought of such things. Beings this isn't an anime, people will notice, and look at you like the autist you act like.

**Grumbly Oily (+100 CP):** One of the most noxious and penetrating smells in the galaxy is grumbly oil. Refined, it is an excellent musk base, but unrefined? No one wants to go near it. And you get to smell like it for your time here. The stench is disgusting, and you'll never quite get used to it. Even most unwashed NEETs will have a better scent than you.

**Cybernetic allergy (+200 CP):** Cybernetics aren't wide spread, other than toots. Unfortunately, you can't use any cybernetics at all. Beings nearly every single piece of technology is designed around toot use, however, means you're going to be having a hard time. Simply holding down a job and going through your daily life is going to be a major struggle.

**Lowest Bidder (+200 CP):** Everything you use is now made by the lowest bidder. Expect it to look fine, but catastrophically fail about one in ten times you use them. Do be careful; some of the devices

here have immensely powerful power sources, and if a plasma gun detonates in your hand no one could survive it. You can at least ride ships without them exploding, but piloting one could prove unwise.

**Imperial Displeasure (+200 CP):** It is unfortunate, but you've tread on the toes of your ruler. And everyone knows it. Your career has met a dead end, and most people will avoid you whenever they can to avoid the same fate. At the very least, the actions of your sovereign will simply be the occasional petty swat rather than anything actually dangerous. But that's still enough to ruin most people's lives.

**Basik (+300 CP):** You are reminiscent of the basik, a small human like creature that is weak, slow, and so stupid that mardukans teach their children to hunt by giving them a stick and telling them to go at it. You are a petulant, whiny brat that would be unbecoming of an eight year old child, let alone an adult. Everyone you meet will instinctively think of you as weak and pathetic- ripe for manipulation at best, and an embarrassing stain to be removed at worst.

**Asi Debt (+300 CP):** Without any obligation, someone has saved your life. Unfortunately, that means you are now bound to them. You have no option but to follow them around, acting as something in between their bodyguard and servant, acting in their best interests to the best of your ability. Being equivalent to a willing slave, this is sure to be a very frustrating time. At the very least your debt holder won't throw your life away for no reason. Perhaps they'll even come to value you as a person.

**Suspect Loyalty (+400 CP):** You're being watched. By who? Just about everyone. Every single major player seems to think you're important, a lynch pin, a fulcrum. And none of them are quite sure who you're going to be supporting. Expect them all to be feeling out your loyalty, and expect them to attempt to remove you if they don't like what they discover. They'll make attempts at blackmail, bribery, and coercion, and they all expect your loyalty- and will kill any traitor they perceive with relish.

**Stranded On Marduk's Sunny Plains (+400 CP):** The DeGlopper will crash upon Marduk now, for certain, and you shall be upon it. You will have no access to anything out from out of this jump, or anything you can't wear or carry on your person upon it until you've secured travel off world. And, of course, you'll be framed alongside Roger for the same reasons. Beings something around ninety percent of those who went with Roger died before returning home, I'd recommend taking the utmost care on your trip.

**We Few (+400 CP):** Your friends, your family, damn near everyone you know will die. Now it will happen, in front of you, unavoidably. They will not return to you until your time here is up. Expect to dwell in a nigh permanent state of soul crushing depression or mind shattering fury until you rejoin

them, one way or another. Stick with me, kid. We're gonna see the galaxy, meet exotic people. And kill them. It won't sound like a joke soon.

**Toombie Apocolypse (+400 CP):** Toombies are a fairly new threat in this galaxy, and one that has everyone paranoid. Anyone with a toot, and that's everyone, can be made to act against their will though it's much less common and more difficult to make happen than some would have you believe. Now you'll get to run into such people at a rate of roughly once a month. Even the most reliable of comrades won't be able to be trusted. And while you may not always be their direct target, most will inevitably end up trying to kill you as part of whatever nefarious game they're playing.

**Dagger Lords (+600 CP):** History might not repeat, but at the very least it rhymes. And now one the greatest horrors of the past is inflicting itself upon the galaxy once more. Rising up from some uncharted territory of space, the Dagger Lords have returned. They have grown strong in their isolation, there sciences advancing at rates unhindered by ideology or morality. And now they send vast armadas of technologically advanced ships crewed by genetically and cybernetically enhanced super soldiers to spread their rule over the galaxy. If they aren't destroyed or cast back, you can reasonably expect to be tortured to death for their amusement. Especially if you're an actual mover and shaker rather than some random schlub. No single polity stands a chance against them, but they'll be slow to put aside centuries of distrust and warfare to unify as well.

## Scenarios:

**Imperial Might:** The Empire of Man is heading rapidly towards civil war. Beings the likelihood of this series ever being completed is roughly zero, it's anyone's guess as to what the final results will be, let alone how they'll arrive there. And it's now your problem.

You must emerge victorious, one way or another. Whether you support the Imperial family, Adoula or found your own faction, they must win- and you must then sit on the throne. Either by marriage or by claiming it through raw power. Then you must hold it for at least five decades against all comers.

If you succeed, then the Empire of Man shall follow you on your journeys, internal problems resolved, and now deeply loyal to you. It is, currently, about one hundred and twenty populated star systems and has roughly seven hundred and fifty billion citizens. But, if it's borders have retracted or expanded by the end of your time here, then that will be your new empire.

The Queen is dead, long live the King.

## End:

**Stay:** You will stay here, then, keeping all you've gained and resting your head. This galaxy is a dangerous place; take 1000 more CP to make your way in it. There is much left to do here. Your affairs on Earth will be put to order.

**Leave:** But that doesn't mean it's your responsibility to fix this galaxy. Go, then, to your next story.

Home: But all stories end, some day. Go back to your home, and rest. May you find satisfaction and contenement there.