BLASTO: THE HANAR SPECTRE

V1.0 by Songless (I'm so sorry)

Cue the backdrop!

Welcome, Jumper, to a world of badass action sequences, cheesy one-liners, racial caricatures and the insidious evil of Vorcha conspiracies and crime syndicates. Welcome to the dazzling world of *Blasto*, *the Hanar Spectre!*

Yeah, it's also known as 'Mass Effect', that wacky galaxy with Element Zero, Prothean ruins, Fornax magazine and an impending invasion of ancient robotic squid monsters and so on, but none of that really matters. Or maybe it does. But you're here for excitement, adventure, and the coquettish adoration of your preferred gender(s)! And most of all, you're here for that most amazing movie series about the most famous, badass and handsome Spectre in the galaxy.

Or maybe you got here by mistake, you were misled about the nature of a certain 'vid, or you got a bit too drunk on Ryncol one night and it seemed like a good idea at the time. No matter.

You'll be spending the next ten years in this galaxy, with a particular focus on being a badass, being part of the movie business, or being a badass part of the movie business. Whether you decide to make the next big blockbuster franchise, join up with Blasto himself (or Shepard, for that matter) or you just go your own way and leave the obviously-fake explosions for others, there's no shortage of opportunities for adventure and romance if you bother to look.

Of course, you can't be expected to just walk into the madness that is Mass Effect - especially with the added hilarity of Blasto's exploits - without at least some means to make a name for yourself. So, whether it's dual-wielding Carnifexes or using papier mache props, let's get you ready for your debut onto the big screen.

Cue the Choice Points!

You start with **1000CP**.

BACKGROUNDS

So what's your role, anyway? Auditions take enough time as it is, couldn't you just fill out a form, or something?

If you are a **Hanar**, press [here]. You are an obviously badass combat specialist with enough sex appeal to make an Elcor blush. Well, more than usual, anyway.

If you are a **Salarian**, press [here]. Something must have gone wrong, because you're not an aspiring actor, you're a *director*. Movies are your business, and you're good at it.

If you are a **Vorcha**, press [here]. Cunning, scheming, and inevitable betrayals are your fortes, the *perfect* match for a (recurring) villain in this larger-than-life world.

Finally, if you are an **Extra**, press [here]. There's plenty of odd jobs on the studio floor, from background characters to guest stars. Who knows why you're here? I certainly don't, and I'm the one giving you the damn form!

Now that you know your role, it's time to pick your species. What, no, you don't actually *have* to be a Hanar or a Salarian or whatnot, that's totally racist, you know? Being a Krogan with the Salarian Background just means you're a very, uh, Salarian-y Krogan. Or something.

You may freely choose any species and gender suitable for the Mass Effect universe (where appropriate - Asari obviously can't pick being male, for example). Fudge details however you feel is appropriate to fit your background, if needed, and pick your age from anything appropriate for a young adult of your species.
Yes, you can choose to be a Geth or even a Prothean. No, people won't actually care, they'll just say your costume looks slightly better than the others.

No Reapers, Leviathans or stuff like that though.

Your starting location will be on the Citadel somewhere, where you'll wake up in the local bar after one too many shots of Ryncol, just outside the docks where you're getting yourself reeled in after being thrown out an airlock, landing in a giant aquarium, or some other such situation. Any Background can be a 'Drop-In' with nothing but basic identification and skills, or a full 'reincarnation' style origin complete with memories, history, and all that jazz - whichever you prefer.

PERKS

- Classy (100CP, one purchase free for all)

At the very least, you'll need a certain level of skill to be relevant in this place - although the occasional sidekick and recurring character can't be expected to keep up with the magnificent Blasto, even they usually enjoy a certain amount of badassitude. With each purchase, you receive the talents of a single 'class' seen in the Mass Effect games, be it a choice from those seen in the main games (such as the Engineer or the Vanguard) or one the variant classes from the multiplayer battles (such as the Krogan Warlord or the Quarian Infiltrator). You start with a very basic level of expertise, but can unlock the remainder of your abilities with time and practice. Repeat purchases grant you an additional class of your choice using the same rules.

- Red, Blue… Green? (100CP)

Words can be as powerful as the most advanced hand cannon, so why not learn how to wield them well? This Perk grants you a keen understanding of other people and how to convince or influence them, usually manifesting as a brief flash of 'insight' of what to say or what action to take next. For some reason, these options always seem to come in pairs - one that feels a bit *blue*, and represents a heroic and compassionate angle, while the other feels more *red* and involves being a badass who gets shit done. And very, very rarely, you might even find yourself with a *green* option, which can prove itself equally effective but decidedly weirder than the other two, like the green series of events you could take was added as an afterthought no matter how little sense it makes in (or out of) context.

- Too Aesthetically Pleasing To Die (300CP)

Maybe you're a Cerberus cheerleader who somehow always gets their finely-sculpted genetically perfect ass in the camera at just the right angle, maybe your bulletproof pecs or strong, supple tentacles leave the Elcor ladies swooning at their sight, maybe you've got enough make-up or face paint caked on for it to serve as ablative armor (just ask that one Turian), but whatever the case may be: you're too popular with the fans. Though a dramatic sacrifice on your part might be just the thing the movie needs, there's simply no way we're not bringing you back for the sequel. It's almost inevitable you'll get yourself shot in the cranial cavity, blown up, converted into a horrific cybernetic monstrosity by a race of alien squid-machine spaceships, erased from the timeline, retired with a supposedly loving wife and kids that turn out to be Batarian assassins in disguise, or otherwise rendered completely, utterly, irreparably incapable of continuing your existence in one way or another.
And it simply won't *take*, because you'll be walking back onto the big screen at some suitably dramatic moment (explosions work well) as if nothing happened, with no reason given, expected or even required. You'll just be back for more, completely fine and ready for all the action, romance, one-liners and guns the universe might throw at you. Just don't try it more than once per jump - even the greatest come-backs become stale if repeated too often.

- Honestly: Elcor Are The Most Gifted Speakers In The Galaxy (400CP)

Though most other races don't realize it, the Elcor are the true grandmasters of expression and speechcraft. Through countless micro-expressions, specialized scents, and multiple layers of

vocal information, even a single word can carry a level of nuance and clarity other races couldn't achieve with an entire paragraph spent on the effort. Now, you possess a similar ability - one that doesn't rely on your audience being Elcor themselves. When you speak to another, you can bring the full totality of your experience into your words to a level it is completely, utterly impossible to deny for anyone hearing them.

Speak *Confusedly*, and all who hear you will know just how little sense they make to you. Speak *Pensively* and anyone listening will know your mind is hard at work to solve whatever problem stands in your way. Speak *Coquettishly*, and that handsome Hanar will know *exactly* the myriad ways your love for them manifests and where you'd like them to put their tentacles. And when you speak *Badassfully*, it will strike fear into the hearts of anyone with a working brain who knows what you're capable of. So probably not the Vorcha.

The one downside of this manner of communication, however, is that it can only be done by pouring your true self into your words - as such, its benefits will only be fully apparent if you remain truthful. That said, this ability doesn't require you to *literally* preface every statement with your intent like the Elcor do for less observant races, though nothing's stopping you from doing that anyway.
It can also be toggled on or off as you like. You know, in case you want to lie to people without doing the equivalent of beaming 'Deceitfully' straight into their eyes and ears.

- Enkindle This! (100CP, free for Hanar)

To be the embodiment of Hanar power is one thing, but being *seen* as such a fine example of your race is another entirely. With this Perk, you become the very image of an undeterrable, battle-hardened Hanar Spectre. That is, you don't really get better at fighting or anything, but you *are* very, very good at staying calm in the face of danger, especially if you can spout some one-liners (which you are also very, very good at). Walk unflinching into that combat zone like you own it.

- A Lover In Every Port... (200CP, discounted for Hanar)

The charisma to turn the coquettish eye and the stamina to prove yourself worth the attention. It's all part of the service, isn't it? You're naturally gifted when it comes to the field of romance and winning over potential (temporary) conquests, *doubly* so if they happen to be working for your enemies. Nothing shows that spark of attraction like turning on their evil master for the handsome Hanar swooping them off their feet… or tentacles… or trunks… oh yeah, did we forget? Your skills of seduction are obviously equally effective on all races and genders, if only so we can pander to a broader audience. Asari always do well with test audiences, but you haven't lived until you've vigorously copulated with an Elcor (who may or may not be your partner's sister)...

- ...And A Gun In Every Tentacle (400CP, discounted for Hanar)

The less awe-inspiring races of the galaxy might have to make do with only one or two limbs, but the Hanar are not so limited. More importantly, each limb, tentacle, or other part of their body can be honed to a perfect level of control, a control which you now also possess. You are

perfectly ambidextrous, omnidextrous, or whatever other form of ‘dextrous’ could possibly apply to you, with the ability to use your every extremity with the level of finesse ordinarily reserved for your dominant hand. This includes the ability to pay attention to these limbs as well, so you won’t get distracted or accidentally trip yourself up trying to use them all at once. Astound enemy combatants on the field of battle and romantic encounters in the bedroom alike!

- The Hanar Spectre (600CP, discounted for Hanar)

The best of the best, the ones called in when no one else can get the job done. The Spectres. You now count yourself among these most elite of operatives (if you wish), making you a peer to the fabled Blasto himself… if perhaps not yet on his level, given that the Hanar is nothing less than an Ultra Spectre Elite 7000 Deluxe. At its most basic, this Perk grants you a level of competence and experience suited to a hero who’s fought to save the galaxy for years, your skills and combat insights honed to an Omni-blade’s edge. In addition, your badass service record grants you a number of top-secret clearances, allowing you to suborn police investigations, gain entrance to hidden military installations, or access classified government files with ease. These benefits continue into future settings, even if (and especially when) others don’t even have a clue who you are. Just present your top-secret credentials, and few will dare stand in your way… well, assuming they’re not already planning to kill you, like those damn Vorcha.

- On Set (100CP, free for Salarians)

The chaos of the battlefield is *nothing* compared to the mind-bending anarchy of a movie set. You’ve got it handled though - your senses (Salarian or otherwise) are well used to the clamor and rushed theatrics of professional recording, and you’re an island of calm in the storm. You can easily keep track of what’s happening around you, who’s where (and where they should be) while simultaneously coordinating the next shot. Busy it may be, but so long as you’re at the helm it’s far more likely to be a *productive* kind of chaos.

- Next Generation Props (200CP, discounted for Salarians)

CGI is expensive - you can’t just ask a rogue Cerberus A.I. to come up with some decent visuals and call it a day, you need actual working materials. Like props. But props are also expensive, so… sometimes you just have to cut a few corners. You’re a master at getting effective use out of improvised or low-quality equipment, like paper mache Reaper models, low-resolution backdrop panels instead of on-location recordings, and other such measures. Using recycled or ‘bargain bin’ parts might be an issue for more ‘professional’ productions, but in your case it’s easily worth the effort. It might even come in handy during a fight - your prop assault rifle probably won’t fire much (if at all), but a few crossed wires might make it do something a lot more explosive than merely making ‘pew pew’ sound effects.

- Prepare For The Sequel! (400CP, discounted for Salarians)

Come on, come on, come on - the crowd’s not going to wait forever for the next installment! Speed is of paramount importance in creative efforts like making a Holovid, and leisurely taking your time to guarantee ‘quality’ or ‘coherence’ or even ‘groundbreaking CGI’ just means someone else might come out with the next big hit first! No, that will not do at all. Your ability to

turn creative ideas into practical application is downright astounding. Most ‘big name’ movies take at least a year just for filming and effects, but by then you’re probably already halfway through the third sequel. Come up with some good backdrop ideas for one of the big scenes? Use your Omnitool’s painting app and you can start filming before lunch. Mentally pictured a new, badass power armor for Blasto’s next villain? A few minutes of tinkering gets you a decent prop, and with few days you might just make it work, too (saving on the CGI costs). Retool the entire storyline because someone found a Prothean in the fridge? Trivial concerns for one such as you, to the point you don’t even need to stop the cameras rolling.

- Master Of The Holovid (600CP, discounted for Salarians)

Most people wouldn’t even get *close* to turning a messy recording studio into the heart of a multi-billion-credits media franchise. You could do it though, or something similarly epic in scope. Anything you create with the intention to disseminate across society seemingly ‘goes viral’ in no time at all. From word-of-mouth recommendations to Extranet memes about your work to simply having just the right advertisements at the right place and time, your creations seem to almost take on a life of their own, spreading far and wide despite (or even *because*) of their possibly somewhat rushed nature. You could have been a career politician, you could have been an STG spymaster, but *true* power? True power comes only in showbiz.

- Rahhhh, You Die Now! (100CP, free for Vorcha)

In politics and interstellar villainy, it’s important to make yourself heard - especially when threatening someone. Like the Vorcha Councillor, you can make yourself highly intimidating, enough to cow all but the most hardened Spectres. Indeed, it seems like you can condense even a lengthy boast or extensive threats into little more than a few words, like *You Die Now!*

- Rahhhh, You Die Now! (200CP, discounted for Vorcha)

Oh dear, did you forget your lines again? You’re not supposed to kill them until... oh, whatever. We can’t have that now, recording the perfect ‘vid is hard enough as it is. This Perk grants you a perfect memory, which slowly restores itself to pristine condition much like the Vorcha’s physical bodies do. You know, in case you run into memory losses or alterations due to Indoctrination, psychoactive compounds, a Hanar punching you a bit too hard during rehearsals, or being on the wrong end of a Prothean biotic blast to the face.

- Rahhhh, You Die Now! (400CP, discounted for Vorcha)

What, again? Your violent nature evidently knows no bounds. You possess an immensely potent cunning and insight into who’s an asset and who’s an enemy - and who might be both. It puts you in the perfect position to string people along while they’re useful, while simultaneously letting you know exactly when they’ve outlived their usefulness (such as when an employee reveals her brother Bubin is a cop working with Blasto). And once you know they’re no longer worth the trouble, well, they obviously need to Die Now.

- Rahhhh, You Die Now! (600CP, discounted for Vorcha)

Yes, for real this time. Your superlative cunning and treacherous nature have fully manifested, leaving you an absolute master at hiding your true intentions to those opposing your plans.

More than that, it appears that the more dramatic and spectacular your inevitable betrayal is, the more effective it becomes. The sudden reveal, the shock, the sheer *flair* will be enough to leave all but the most badass of opponents scrambling for recourse - when you say they *die now*, they'd better believe it.

- Stunt Double (100CP, free for Extras)

Being an actor is hard work, and surprisingly dangerous, too. It's why all the really cool stuff is done by stunt doubles rather than the actors themselves. As one of these overworked, underpaid and underappreciated individuals, you're well accustomed to the rigors of acting. In fact, your ability to endure anything badass you do (to) yourself is nothing short of supernatural. Acrobatics, stunts, heroically jumping into the ship just seconds before the fireball hits, getting catapulted across the stage and landing face-first into the floor, nothing seems to leave a mark like it should… provided it's something you're doing, and not enemy action or the like.

- Ten Seconds Of Fame (200CP, discounted for Extras)

Whether you're just a stand-in or the last-minute-hire, Extras rarely know when, or even *how,* they need to act in front of the camera. The call for action often comes with no warning, yet to succeed means being ready all the same. With a nearly unending supply of patience and a fantastic sense of timing, you can guarantee you're ready when the shooting starts (be it camera recordings or actual bullets) with perfect focus and readiness, even if you spent minutes or even hours waiting in boredom beforehand. Just… try and actually make it look good, okay?

- Role Model (400CP, discounted for Extras)

Getting hired for a role is good - it pays the bills. Getting hired for *ten* roles, all of them wildly different, is a bit trickier. You're not just a natural at looking like someone (or something) else, you're downright *super*natural. Who cares if the *real* Commander Shepard is an obviously pale-skinned and female redhead while you're a burly guy with a tan? You got this. Hell, you could probably do a decent Krogan impression as a Quarian, too, or the reverse, or be the most Krogan Hanar ever (you're just a bit bigger, and *of course the tentacles aren't fake*, sir). Or strap a flashlight to your forehead and claim to be a Geth, I'm sure that can't cause any problems. It's not even limited to camera work, so you could make a decent amount of credits in lookalike contests, and more than a few spy agencies would *kill* for what you can pull off as nothing more than an afterthought. It… just works. Don't ask.

- Avatar Of Venge… Ah, Video? (600CP, discounted for Extras)

Congratulations, you're the Prothean In The Fridge! Even if you're not actually a Prothean, you still have many of their talents and attributes. Contact telepathy allows you to rapidly learn new languages and transfer information (useful for learning your lines), you have more sophisticated vision thanks to no less than four eyes (good for glaring at others to show your displeasure), as well as a vast insight into Prothean technologies such as the Beacons (useful for… well, coming up with new stories, maybe? Oh well, they can't all be useful). Most importantly, though, the Protheans evidently didn't like the color blue, as all their Biotic powers are *green* thanks to an innate mastery of color - even without CGI! Whether you're Biotic or not, you can effortlessly

change the colors of any supernatural or technological ability you wield in person. Imagine the spectacle, not to mention the TV ratings!

JUNK LEFT IN THE FRIDGE

Unless stated otherwise, all items are automatically repaired or replaced if damaged, lost or destroyed, taking up to one week for a complete replacement. Any 'consumables', such as Omnigel for your Omnitool, ammunition for your Heavy Weapons, or fuel for your spaceship will likewise replenish itself automatically for any items bought here.

- I'm Commander Blasto, And This Is My Favorite Movie On The Citadel (Free)

Why would you come here and *not* enjoy the marvels that are the Blasto movie series? Well, fear not: you receive a free copy of the entire Blasto movie series, including all supporting materials, spinoffs, Hanar plushies and so on. We'll even throw in the same package for that boring 'Mass Effect' game franchise those humans keep going on about.

- Merch (Free)

Ah, the goodies - it's one of the finest way to make money off your movies, from the official 'Blasto! Lunchbox' to model weapons and ships seen in the franchise. In your case, you get a… somewhat eclectic collection consisting of a Space Hamster, an aquarium with a variety of exotic fish, about twenty model ships, a… floaty Prothean orb of some kind, and finally a decapitated Husk head that shrieks at you every time you poke it. It's the perfect way to spruce up your office space.

- Tentacle Time (Free)

Just because you're suddenly a Hanar Spectre (and even if you're not), you might not actually know what you can do with all these new, lustrous, and supple tentacles. With this purchase, you get the support from the finest experts in the field: a lifetime subscription to Fornax, *the* erotic xenophile's magazine for the twenty-second century! With both the 'classic' style entertainment as well as full five-sensory stimulation, Fornax covers every race, gender, and orientation (and in pretty much every combination and/or numbers imaginable), and it updates regularly with new content, even in future jumps. Comes with a fast and user-friendly search function, and with how much stuff this covers you'll need it. Like, if it were to ever fall into the hands of a pissed-off lady-bot A.I. with a sarcastic streak, the sheer volume of digitized depravity here could probably make for a decent cyber-attack to overload the average Cerberus firewall. Cruelly inspired military applications aside, it's got all the examples and inspiration you might need to put your new - ahem - assets to use, be it as a 'solo operative' or to improve your 'teamwork' skills. Now get a damn tissue before you make a mess.

- This One Has Forgotten Whether Its Heat Sink Is Over Capacity (50CP, free for Hanar)

A Spectre can be expected to do a lot of shooting, so sometimes you need to get that little bit 'extra' in a firefight. This super high capacity auto-venting heat sink is the 'best of both worlds' between the reusable heat sinks used in 2183 and the more powerful but single-use variants seen in 2185 and later. Easily capable of doubling the ammo capacity of conventional weaponry,

it also allows whatever weapon it's installed into to rapidly vent heat without risk to the user, preventing sudden overheating even on weapons like the Widow or with munitions like Explosive Ammo X. It likewise guarantees a slowly replenishing supply of conventional ammunition for any other weapon it's installed into, be they Eezo-based mass accelerators like (most) weapons from this setting, or something firing more conventional bullets. Maybe it's got a small fabricator in there too, somewhere? No one-of-a-kind mythical god-killer bullets though, just the ordinary stuff.

- 'Based On Real Events' (50CP, free for Salarians)

Looking like you found them in a second-hand thrift shop, these small cameras are nonetheless remarkably reliable and easily incorporated in existing equipment. Capable of recording days' worth of video before running out of data storage, it would be a trivial task to install these in the helmet or guns of the local Spectre wannabe, letting you use the footage directly without needing to do stunts in the studio. They're guaranteed to always be 'in focus', effectively immune to lens flare (though you can always add some more in later), and can survive things like spilled noodles, military-grade EMP blasts and getting dunked in a giant fish tank with little to no permanent damage.

- Secrets To Die For (50CP, free for Vorcha)

Oh, if only you could keep your dirty secrets close wherever you went… and now you can! This modest, civilian-grade Omnitool looks fairly unassuming at a glance - or a thorough investigation, for that matter. Yet the truth is far more insidious, for this is no mere personal computer. In addition to the usual bits you'd find in the regular Omnitools, it has an undetectable, unhackable sub-partition with infinite storage, perfect for storing all your blackmail materials, criminal correspondence, and pictures of Councilor Tevos so you *and only you* can access it wherever you are. Furthermore, it comes with a similarly hidden app to create a truly spectacular specimen of Omni-Blade, including various options to wreathe it in plasma, electrify the blade, and so on… as well as the opportunity to turn off the holographic warning light that normally accompanies one, making the transparent, micrometer-thin weapon all but invisible. The perfect tool for when it's time to get your hands dirty and enemies need to *die now*.

- The Fridge (50CP, free for Extras)

As important as it is humble, this fabled Fridge (capital letter mandatory) comes with a decent amount of snacks, booze - even Ryncol, if you insist - and other consumables. More importantly, though, it acts as a portal to your Warehouse *and* somehow anything you might have lost or left lying around somewhere seems to find its way into the Fridge as well. With a bit of digging, you could find anything from a nice Varren roast or a pouchful of hand grenades to the car keys you forgot on your sink or your beloved Space Hamster that went missing the last time your ship got blown up. No cryogenically preserved Protheans though - for those, you'll have to buy a new one at the store or something.

- Spectre Arsenal (50CP)

If there's one word that defines a Spectre, it's '*badass*'. A second, and perhaps more practical, word, is 'guns'. So why not get yourself some, or the various other bits of equipment the

galaxy's elite need from day to day? The obvious choice would be a set of Carnifex hand cannons, as Blasto so badassfully demonstrates, but there are plenty of other options to choose from. Each purchased option is provided as its fully upgraded variant, though it does not come with optional modifications such as specialized ammo, scram rails or scopes.

Each purchase grants you your choice of 'conventional' equipment. This includes weapons such as the *SNPR* sniper rifle or the *M-11 Wraith* shotgun, armor (or a collection of distinct armor pieces equivalent to a full suit) such as the *Colossus* line or the *Blood Dragon Armor*, as well as the various Omnitool and Biotic Amp designs available on the market. That said, do keep in mind that Biotic Amps will not have much of an effect for non-Biotic users. Likewise, you may instead gain a single Heavy Weapon seen in the Mass Effect series, such as the sizzling electrical power of the *Arc Projector*, the uncompromising armageddon of the *M-920 Cain*, or the eldritch alienness of the *Reaper Blackstar*. No guarantees are made regarding user safety, especially for the more… *volatile* weaponry.
Finally, you may instead choose a set of standalone weapon or armor modifications sufficient to fully customize one piece of equipment, such as a *Kinetic Coil, Scram Rail* and *Shredder Rounds* for your pistol, a *Kinetic Exoskeleton* and *Energized Plating* for your armor, or an *Omni-Blade* and *High Velocity Barrel* for your assault rifle.

All purchased options are freely adapted to your personal needs - buying a suit of *Cerberus Assault Armor* as a Hanar, Elcor or Krogan will simply redesign this armor for your non-human form instead of making the armor useless to you, for example.

- Jumper: The Jumping Spectre (50CP)

The biggest hit since 'Blasto Cures The Genophage', this movie series details a series of adventures centering on a mysterious being traveling from reality to reality. Sound familiar? Good, because you're the star. Each jump you visit (or visited in the past) will be used as inspiration for anywhere between three to ten movies of… ah, *questionable* historical accuracy. That said, even with the glaring inconsistencies and ridiculous cliches, they're nonetheless guaranteed to be at least somewhat entertaining. You'll get these movies delivered to your Warehouse as they come out, complete with a bucket of Blasto brand popcorn for the first viewing (Levo and Dextro variations).

- Emergency Transportation (100CP)

You're in a hurry, the evil mastermind is getting away, and you left your spaceship at the garage. Not to worry! With this purchase, you're guaranteed to always have a convenient form of civilian transportation nearby. Usually, this takes the form of your cop buddy's sister's hover car or the like, which was just paid off but (probably) not insured. Crashing it is practically *expected* at this point, though at least make it look cool when you do, yeah?

- Best In The Wards (100CP)

Whether it's the juiciest Varren skewers and Tummy Tingling Tuchanka Sauce from the Fish Dog Food Shack, the slightly salty noodles and authentic 'Earth' experience from the Citadel's finest Noodle stand, the questionable integrity of the (in)famous Cerberus Taco Cart, or even a

restaurant with an actual waiter and shit, this is *the* place to go for some relaxation and adventure. Yes, both of those. Providing a selection of both Levo and Dextro meals, you're a shareholder or even the outright owner of this fine establishment (depending on size). It gets you a bit of income (though not all *that* much, for reasons that will become obvious in a moment), and it's a really a good place to catch up on the latest gossip and local news.
More than that, it seems to be somewhat prone to exploding, experiencing evil-clone-related merc attacks, getting on the wrong side of a rampaging Krogan celebrating his supposed birthday, and other such crises. As a result, sitting down for a meal is effectively guaranteed to start a side adventure of some sort (usually violent, always entertaining) by the time you finish dessert. More than that, the starting incidents will only cause the place to shut down for a few days at most while repairs are completed, and the mayhem is guaranteed to never cause permanent harm to you or any other visitors, usually because you land in a big fish tank or something every time it happens. Oh, those poor fish.

- The Spectremobile (200CP, discounted for Hanar)

For the times you need to get somewhere in a hurry *and* blow some Vorcha up along the way, this is the latest and greatest in ground transport and combat. With this purchase, you get a heavily armed and armored vehicle such as the M-35 Mako, the M-44 Hammerhead, or even an up-gunned variant of the ND-1 Nomad. Regardless of the details though, you get a fast, hard-hitting vehicle that's capable of achieving (brief) flight to leap over obstacles and is altogether suited for just about any kind of terrain. Including, if you insist, being able to drive up on nearly vertical surfaces. Seating ranges from about three to ten, the paint job is invariably *badass*, and you don't even need a driver's license to drive it, if Shepard's average performance is any indication.

- TV Studio (200CP, discounted for Salarian)

Lights, cameras, action! This small but well-equipped TV studio has everything you need to make (somewhat poor quality) movies, especially sci-fi epics involving lots of explosions. The studio somehow acts as a hotspot for talent, automatically attracting super famous people, like that Prothean they found in the fridge. No guarantees what happens *after* that though.
At least the whole thing is surprisingly durable. despite all the delicate equipment here. Some blood rage-induced collateral damage is fairly easily fixed once things go wrong while recording a new Macbeth with a Krogan lead, to say nothing of Biotic attacks by pissed off Prothean guest stars.

- Authority (200CP, discounted for Vorcha)

Power, wealth, fame. There's a lot of advantages to being a career crimina… ahem, politician. If only being one wasn't so much work, having to remember when to speak your lines is just going to give you a headache. With this purchase, you need not worry though. This political position was made just for you (maybe they found Eezo on your homeworld or something?), giving you a small amount of prestige and influence plus a nice paycheck, with absolutely zero effort, competence or common sense required… or expected, for that matter. You're still a politician, after all.

- Vengeance (200CP, discounted for Extras)

The legacy of the Prothean Empire, this is one of their famed 'Beacons', the data repositories and cultural artifacts considered the greatest archeological finds ever. Yours seems rather damaged though… any time someone approaches it, they get briefly lifted up into the air, then have a completely random tidbit of Prothean history or culture beamed into their brain. One day you might get the principles behind their awesome particle rifles, the next you suddenly have the know-how to make a really nice dish with Salarian liver (raw, obviously, though remember that 'fear adds spice').
Anyone trying to use it more than once per day just gets a splitting headache.
Also, for some reason this particular Beacon has internalized Javik's most prized lessons - after someone uses it, the Beacon will launch them straight across the room, whether they want to or not. Unless there's an airlock anywhere nearby, in which case you might go sailing quite a bit farther. Because that's how *Protheans* do it, baby.

- S.S. Badassitude (300CP)

What better way to save the galaxy than doing it at the helm of an iconic and awe-inspiring spaceship? This purchase grants you a state-of-the-art Frigate under your personal command, which you can use however you wish with no obligations to anyone in authority and with permission to land at just about any location that still (pretends to) obey the law.
You may, if you wish, upgrade this vessel further with a number of interesting and/or badass improvements, all of which carry a base price tag of **100CP** each.
The first, and most obvious, upgrade is to simply make a badass ship *even badass-er*. Some reinforced shielding here, hardened armor there, and maybe a Thanix Cannon to blow shit up - it's everything you need to make your ship as epic as it needs to be. This upgrade is discounted for Hanar.
Second, you can instead focus on cyberwarfare and information, installing your very own A.I. core complete with a sexy, remote-controlled robotic combat form (it's good for the ratings). Guaranteed loyal and quite good at both collecting information and processing your various videos, it'll no doubt be worth the investment. This A.I. doesn't count as a Companion by default (though it can be made one), but also doesn't keep upgrades unless they are in fact made a Companion. This upgrade is discounted for Salarians.
Third, you might want to be *connected*. You can't exactly pull the strings from behind the scenes or organize your villainous schemes relying on a dial-up Extranet connection, can you? This upgrade grants your ship an effectively unhackable uplink to the Extranet (or the local equivalent), capable of maintaining continuous connections to hundreds of operatives simultaneously. Furthermore, these connections are all exceedingly difficult to trace, and it's impossible to do so without at least setting off the occasional alarm. This upgrade is discounted for Vorcha.
Fourth, you might want to simply not get shot at - it's easier to be badass from a safe distance, perhaps? This upgrade enhances your ship with advanced stealth technology, allowing your vessel to travel undetected for hours or even days at a time, hiding its emissions from even the most observant enemies. Your engine systems are likewise improved, eliminating any forms of exhaust or other signs your ship is using them, and enhancing its speed considerably if you *don't* try to stay undetected. This upgrade is discounted for Extras.

Finally, you can improve the overall size of your vessel, improving its power, internal space, crew size, and all those other things you'd find in a bigger ship. For 100CP, your ship becomes a Cruiser, 200CP grants you a Carrier (including fighter craft), and 300CP makes you the Captain of your very own Dreadnaught.

COMPANIONS

- A New Partner (variable cost)

Though each Spectre is a one-man army, galactic saviour, and love machine (especially Blasto), they do sometimes work with others. With this purchase, you may import an existing Companion or create a new one according to your wishes for 50CP. Maybe you'd like a badass to watch your back, or a blue-skinned space babe to massage your tentacles after you've earned a rest from saving the galaxy (again)? Alternatively, you may gain up to eight Companions at once, using the same rules above, as a 200CP 'anthology' package deal.
Each Companion receives 300CP and a Background of their choosing, and may gain additional CP by taking Drawbacks. You can also invite characters from this setting to become Companions, though they must agree to become such and they cannot take Drawbacks, receiving only their base CP allotment and purchases by the end of the jump.

- Blasto: The Hanar Companion (200CP)

And of course, there's Blasto himself. The jellyfish, the legend, the Hanar Spectre who saves the galaxy four times a year and makes box-office hits everywhere hang their heads in shame. He's every bit as competent and powerful as his movie self, and comes with the entire Hanar Perkline, the 'Too Aesthetically Pleasing To Die' Perk, a set of elite Carnifex hand cannons, and all the badass talents one would expect from the greatest hero in the galaxy.

SUPPLEMENT MODE

Though you're (obviously) here for the spectacle, the explosions, and the girls of questionable moral integrity, the fact remains that there are other jumps for Mass Effect out there as well. You may, if you wish, combine the Blasto jump with these other jumps using the Supplement Mode, turning your stay there into a blend of both jumps. There are several options for how to do this, though in all cases a few rules apply. First, all CP totals are kept separate between jumps, so you can't purchase options here with CP from the Supplemented jump or vice versa. Second, your identity, background, and so on will be a mix between your options in both jumps - use your best judgement to smooth over any inconsistencies or conflicts. Or don't, it's not like plot holes are unexpected when Blasto gets involved.
You may use Supplement Mode once for each other Mass Effect jump, but you will not receive the normal CP allotment, nor will your Companions. Taking Drawbacks can still provide you with additional CP, but you can't receive CP more than once from each Drawback.

- Blasto: The Hanar Supplement

The ‘basic’ option, this supplements this jump to any other Mass Effect jump focused on the exploits of Commander Shepard, such as Quicksilver’s original Mass Effect jump. Blasto and his exploits are nothing more than a movie series, the Hanar simply being an actor in front of a camera, waving nothing more than prop guns around. You would do well to remember that acting like a badass without having the skills to back it up might be a bad idea, though Commander Shepard is still around to pick up the slack.

- Blasto: Spectacular Spectre Show

This Supplement mode is similar to the option above, with one major difference: Blasto’s adventures are entirely real now, the Hanar truly being one of the greatest Spectres in the galaxy with all the mayhem and excitement that suggests. Whether this means the movies are a fake narrative meant to draw away attention from the ‘real’ Blasto or if the movies simply don’t exist at all is up to you. Who knows, you might even get to see that Blasto-Shepard team up everyone’s been dreaming about!

- Blasto: Beyond The Stars

Prepare For The Sequel! This option functions the same as either option above, but instead of Supplementing the original trilogy, it instead applies to Mass Effect: Andromeda instead, or another Mass Effect jump of your choice (in case of future games or the creation of other jumps I’m unaware of). This Supplement mode also allows you to ‘Supplement’ a fanfic of Mass Effect even if no actual jump exists for the base setting, though if such a jump *does* exist you are still expected to make use of it as well. Only stuff that mainly happens in the Mass Effect universe though - no ‘someone wakes up in setting X with Biotic powers’ fanfics, please.

DRAWBACKS

Every production faces its challenges, but sometimes the difficulties are all worth it in the end. Well, that or your movie becomes a flaming trainwreck of a disaster, but if it makes a few billion credits along the way, who’s going to complain? (Everyone. Everyone is going to complain.)

There is no limit to the number of Drawbacks you may take.

- Blasto: The One And Only (+0CP)

Maybe it’s because they were never actually real to begin with, maybe Blasto had to take some time off and accidentally solved the problem while on vacation, or maybe there’s no explanation at all, but whatever the case may be: the Reaper threat is now a non-issue. They won’t show up during your time here, be it because they’re still in hibernation or just dead, making sure you can focus all your time and energy on the next big box office hit, the efforts of the Vorcha conspiracy, and/or that coquettishly seductive Elcor who happens to be your newest cop buddy’s sister. This Drawback cannot be taken with any of the Supplement Mode options, for obvious reasons.

- Vocal Range (+100CP)

The Vorcha are voiced by Mark Meer, as are the Hanar. So is the fabled (male) Commander Shepard, for that matter. But the Elcor? Mark Meer doing his best monotone. Volus? Mark Meer

with extra hissing. The Salarians? You guessed it, all of them are now voiced by Mark Meer as well. The *Asari?* Oh yes, it's Mark Meer once again. The Reapers are now Mark Meer, Conrad Verner is Mark Meer pretending to be *another* Mark Meer, Miranda, Councilor Tevos, Legion, Honey, *everyone, everywhere* is voiced by Mark Meer. Everyone. Including you.

- Socializing Opportunities (+100CP)

It's important to talk to your peers - staying on top of things with your teammates is crucial to keep people working effectively. But you can't just hold meetings for that, you need to keep it casual, like… talking in the elevator. Oh yes. Elevators. You'll be using them, guaranteed, to the point that any power or trick that would let you skip an elevator ride now suddenly stops working. And the elevators take *forever* to get anywhere. You can expect unreasonably high stress levels at hearing the same damn elevator music again and again, not to mention the sheer, unrelenting *boredom* involved in so much as going from one deck on your ship to the next. At least you get a chance to chat?

- Diplomacied (+100CP)

'Rahhhh, You Die Now!' Gotten tired of that phrase yet? Well, buckle in, because you'll be hearing it a lot more. A certain Vorcha criminal mastermind/councilor/arch-nemesis keeps shouting it at you at inopportune moments. Nothing's stopping you from, you know, shooting him or tossing him out of an airlock with your Biotic powers or anything, but he's still pretty damn irritating. And he'll always be back, with no death or imprisonment or Indoctrination keeping him down for long.

- Vengeance'd (+100CP)

Well, you've pissed off the wrong Prothean today - it's out the airlock with you! Like, literally. Don't worry too much about it, you'll get picked up within a few minutes once people realize you got tossed into space, and all those fancy skin-tight spacesuits have plenty of air supply to keep you going in the meantime. But it *will* happen, and because Prothean Biotics are *obviously* so much superior to regular ones you can't get back inside on your own.
Guaranteed to happen once per day, no matter where you are. Even if there are no Protheans, airlocks, or even space anywhere nearby. If you're already *in* space, you'll just get thrown into and *then* out of the airlock or something.

- Triple A Production (+100CP)

You know, for something made with a big budget, everything certainly doesn't look like it was worth the money and effort. In short, things look *super* fake. Like, ME:Andromeda facial animations fake. The entire setting now runs on shitty CGI, the Reapers look like styrofoam, Asari are just humans with poorly caked on blue make-up, and so on. With this level of realism, you'd almost think the Blasto franchise was a documentary.

- Box-Office Team Up (+100CP)

There's no Shepard without Vakarian, no Blasto without Jumper. Wherever you go, whoever you are, you keep getting dragged along into Blasto's nonsensical adventures. Whether you want to or not (and probably not, at that), but there's no escaping it. And before you ask, you're

somehow *always* relegated to the status of side-kick, background character, or other such individual so that Blasto can take the spotlight.

- Paragade Interrupt (+100CP or +200CP)

Here you are, just doing your job, saving the galaxy, you know how it is. And then this damn *human* keeps showing up, thinking he's hot shit and interrupting your moments of badassitude with some inane prattle about being the *real* Spectre. Apparently his name is 'Conrad' something-or-the-other? You don't really get what the problem is given that you're not even paying attention, but it's frustrating as hell having to re-do your lines. And it. *Just. Keeps. Happening.* Like the Vorcha, nothing seems to keep him away for long, and if they *both* show up at the same time… well, great movies have been made about smaller crises.
At the second tier, you will also find a lot of the people you interact with gaining access to similar kinds of 'interrupts', sudden actions that will catch you completely off guard whenever they do them. *And they're all Renegade ones*. For example, you might simply be trying to do your job and get an important interview done, then suddenly you get punched in the face by an elite transhuman cyborg yelling something about 'disingenuous assertions'! How rude.

- Jellyfish Backlash (+200CP)

You do realize that's a racial slur, right, and that exploiting Hanar for monetary gain is *super* not cool? Expect a ton of bad PR for just about anything you do, even (or especially) if such backlash would be completely idiotic on its face. Stop a Reaper dreadnaught from destroying the Citadel, and people'd just call you delusional for claiming Reapers exist, or a Prothean apologist, or some other such nonsense. Having a bad reputation isn't too bad and can even be a net benefit depending on your target audience, but you'll still have to work around it somehow.

- The Very Model Of A Scientist Salarian (+200CP)

It's like you're stuck in a movie made for the 'lowest common denominator', and you *will* play the part, damn it! You're stuck being a racial caricature of your species, whatever species that might be. The Hanar are all memetic sex gods who never play by the rules, Krogan are mindless brutes who think with their stomach, the Turians really *do* have that combat-grade stick up their ass, and every Salarian is a crazed lunatic on a permanent caffeine rush. You know how it is. You aren't necessarily affected mentally, but you can't intentionally go against this stereotype no matter how hard you try - you'll just act it out 'on autopilot'.

- For My Half-Brother (+200CP)

Oh no! You've been targeted by Harbinger's half-brother Sluggard! He's coming after you with all the terrifying power his robotic giant squid tentacles can grasp and an… ah, not super spectacular intellect, but whatever. He's still a Reaper on par with Harbinger, with all the firepower, resilience, and ominous, booming monologues that implies - and he wants you dead. Dead! Better come up with some daring plan to destroy him, because otherwise you'll never survive for another role in the sequel.
We only have the one model, though, so at least the other Reapers won't bother with you. Well, not yet anyway - nothing's stopping you from picking a fight with them yourself.

- Hey, Man, That's My Sister (+200CP)

Has a Prothean descended from heaven? Because this one would enjoy enkindling that. Yes, sometimes it really is like that. Essentially, this Drawback makes you think with your dick(s), assuming you have any, with all the hilarious and/or cringe-worthy consequences that implies. It also ensures you are wholly unburdened by any sort of restraint relating to what species you may or may not be attracted to. You haven't lived until you've spent the night in an Elcor's amorous embrace, after all. That said, you'll otherwise retain any other preferences if you desire. The success of any flirting attempts is not guaranteed, nor are your mating experiences guaranteed enjoyable or even survivable… remember that those same Elcor are massively muscular quadrupeds weighing hundreds of pounds, and restraint can be hard to maintain in the throes of love and lust.

- Just A Big. Stupid. Jellyfish (+300CP)

Sadly, the galaxy's just too grand and confusing to make sense of with even your vast Hanar intellect. Nothing makes sense anymore. Ever. The Citadel Council's make-up and species change seemingly on a whim, which nobody notices or acknowledges. Guns switch from using ammunition to just needing to cool down with no warning, even mid-firefight. Biotics are suddenly a different color and smell like spicy noodles. The horribly evil cyborg Spectre you killed last Tuesday is suddenly back with no explanation, now acting as one of the 'good guys' (and probably with a different model and voiced by Mark Meer). Hell, by this time next week the Batarians will have probably become a highly spiritual race of energy beings who were secretly the Protheans all along.

The galaxy's no more (or less) dangerous or anything, it's just… very, very weird.

It's like they switched from a movie series to an episodic cartoon or comics line, and every issue was made by an entirely new writer, artist, and so on - with a complete disregard of continuity, sanity, or the unfortunately very uncommon common sense. Don't even bother trying to keep track of it all, just go with the flow and try to have a good time.

- This One Has An Incendiary Round With The Jumper's Name On It (+300CP)

Are you a Vorcha? A criminal? A Vorcha criminal who also happens to be a Councillor? Well, whatever the case may be, Blasto's decided you're a threat to the galaxy and you need to be eliminated for the good of all. He'll come after you with the full might of his Spectre training, enough Plot Armor to tank a Reaper Dreadnought and keep going, and enough ridiculous one-liners to give every Volus in the neighborhood stomach aches at the same time. He'll never stop coming, though if you do make it through the ten years of your stay here he'll have gained a grudging respect for you. Deciding that your continued survival must mean you're an anti-hero or something instead of an actual bad guy, he'll offer to join you as a Companion much like his option in the 'Companions' section.

- Then This One Will Not Attempt Diplomacy (+300CP)

Caution? Restraint? Bah, those are for losers who can't match your heroicness and badass heroics, not to mention your heroism! You shoot first, ask questions later if you maybe feel like

it, and ride off into the sunset with an explosion behind you and pleasant company hanging off your arm… perhaps literally. Sadly, while that last part is something you'll need to put effort into, you're still the textbook example of a 'loose cannon'. You lack any kind of subtlety, go in with guns blazing regardless of whether a more diplomatic approach might be better, and in general just make a great, big mess of whatever you get involved in. Expect a *ton* of collateral damage, friends and superiors getting increasingly frustrated at your inability to follow the plan, and more than a few folks getting shot (by you) that you'll later find you need (or needed) alive.

- I Am A Biotic God! (+300CP)

Yes, yes, of course you are. But though you might sweep away those opposing you like a great wind, you are *only* a Biotic God (and maybe not even that). All those wacky superpowers, crazy sci-fi technologies, or other advantages you might have brought with you from elsewhere on your chain are as real as Niftu Cal's drug-induced delusions. For all intents and purposes you are reduced to nothing more than your Body Mod and whatever purchases you've made for your stay here. This Drawback cannot be taken by Companions. If taken by the Jumper, Companions are also affected, but receive +150CP each.

ENDING

The galaxy has been saved and Blasto triumphs once again! Cue the Credits!

Now that your ten years in this galaxy are at an end, it's time to decide what you'll do next.

Has Blasto enkindled in you a desire to stay and make a **sequel**? Then you may decide to stay here for the rest of your existence, with an optional guarantee of ever more adventures and/or coquettish company to tide you over.

Of course, there's also the possibility of a **spin-off**. There's countless other forms of media out there, and the chain calls to you to see them all and possibly shoot or woo them. Continue on to your next jump using whatever process your chain works with, and remember: the Jellyfish Always Stings Twice.

Or maybe you are done with showbiz, and want to just **retire**? You can always just go home to your universe of origin, leaving behind your jumping days but not your awesome talents. Who knows, they might even make a movie series out of your adventures. This is the only option you may choose if you ran across a Vorcha yelling 'You Die Now!' (and you actually did) or if you otherwise got yourself killed somehow.

NOTES

When in doubt, fanwank. Blasto's got plenty of fans already, so one more can't hurt, eh?

None of the purchases are explicitly linked to your race, though some fit more easily than others. Yes, that means you could become a Quarian with all the physical might and resilience of a Krogan Warlord or a Salarian doing his best Geth Juggernaut impression. No, don't ask me how it works - it's not like anything else here makes any damn sense.

Any powers or technologies you pick up in this setting will continue to function elsewhere, even if not bought for CP, though there's no guarantee you'll be able to find or produce more Eezo.

Feel free to assume you have an unlimited supply of consumables for any tech-based powers you acquired through 'Classy' - you're not going to suddenly lose the ability to use Concussive Shot just because you didn't buy or craft more of whatever that power launches when you use it. Biotics are forever, so there's no reason the other tricks would suddenly stop working for you.

Yes, Stunt Double helps protect against self-inflicted damage when abusing area-of-effect weapons. No, it will not save you from a point-blank Cain shot, what the hell is wrong with you?

No, taking 'Authority' doesn't suddenly make you a *real* Councillor and make you at worst the fifth-most powerful elected official in the galaxy. Even I have limits on what a 200CP option gets you. Something like a mayor, an ambassador or a member of parliament, maybe?

A Q&A Session With Songless At The Jump's Red Carpet Premiere:

Q: "Is this a joke jump?"
A: "Yes, but I tried to make it enjoyable and usable in a normal chain regardless. I hope you liked it, and I hope to see you for the sequel!"

Q: "There's going to be a sequel?"
A: "No."

Q: "Can I make my powers invisible by taking that Prothy The Prothean Perk?"
A: "No, just change the color. There's a difference between 'shitty CGI' and 'didn't even put in effects at all', and you get the former, not the latter."

Q: "Why are the Perks and other purchases half badass and half nonsense? Is Blasto an actor or real? Are the Reapers still attacking? Does Shepard exist in this jump?"
A: "Yes. Except also no."

Q: "What the fuck were you thinking while making this jump?"
A: "Obviously not much to begin with, and even less of it making any sense. Seriously, what were you expecting?"

Q: "This is the best thing since *Blasto Saves Christmas*!"
A: "Why, thank you!"

Q: “This jump sucks, Blasto sucks, and you suck more than both of those put together!”
A: “Why, thank you!”