
GUNNM

YOUR DREAMS FADE SLOWLY AS YOU AWAKEN

"It's a good thing I found you first. Those vultures would have decapped you and stuck you in a clunker before stopping to check for a pulse. And then good luck paying that debt off let me tell you..."

The voice fades in and out with the pounding pain in your head and lower body. From what understanding comes so soon after waking, you're probably damned lucky you still feel pain. A dull pressure and sharp pinch against your arm, and waves of chemical well-being wash the agony away.

"That should help. It has to be administered while you're conscious you see..."

The voice trails off and moves away to sounds of something being set down. It might have mentioned something about, hallucinations? Whatever it is, it must have been mixed with something good, as a sharp clarity crystallizes behind your still-closed eyes and presses outward. The voice is male, tired and sounds more used to kindness than the earlier anger. You're tied down, heavy straps spaced a foot apart across your entire body.

Given the violent world you live in, understandable. Given the circumstances of your accident, necessary.

Adrenaline spikes the medical cocktail in your blood, the quick, brutal seconds of reflex and rage that ended with you bleeding out in the crowded street. Vision bruising out in the oily rain as the people parted around like you were nothing, not even curious. You jerk against the straps in helpless, furious hatred tinged with shame. It must have been your clothing, caked with dust from the wasteland, marking you as an outsider in a city of oil and smoke and blood. The fucking Scrapyard. You didn't believe the stories could be true.

You sag back and crack your eyes open, tearing up under the bluish glare of the surgical light above. The voice clucks softly and a shadow falls over your face - his hand, helping your eyes adjust. Small details of the roughly joined metal walls and extensive array of surgical equipment around you jump out at you, all of it twitching a little, as though there were bugs inside it. You reckon you know why he waited for you to wake up.

The doctor is tall, maybe taller than you, wrapped like a mummy in a surgical gown streaked with browning blood and black oil. His facemask only reveals eyes of a clear smiling blue, and an odd marking on his forehead – a black circle with a tab removed from the top. He looks down at himself as your gaze returns to the stains.

"Sorry, I was just finishing up with another patient. Marcus is rarely careful with himself since his daughter… Well. Anyway, if you're feeling up to it, with the nature of your injuries and how close you were to death, there's a few questions I need to ask to make sure your brain escaped injury.

THE DOCTOR ASKS A FEW QUICK QUESTIONS ABOUT YOUR PAST…

Roll 1d8 or choose, if you roll 8 you can pick two - though you only get three of the four bonuses.

1: THE ALLEY – The knife, the warmth. It was just a fucking kid – you were helping her. Stupid fucking country hick, you think as the kid – not even a teenager – unzips your stomach with an addict's jerky strength. You don't even have anything – it's all… back… home…

> **[Rebuilt] – Your wounds were vicious, and while your saviour spared you from the fate of being sealed in a nasty full-body prosthetic, he had to make a few minor replacements. If you would gain more extensive cybernetics of any kind, these will make the process much cheaper and easier.**
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> **[Stash] – You have one free basic equipment package, though you have to leave the Scrapyard and return to your hometown to retrieve it. Also comes with family and home, though you had good reasons to leave.**

2: THE GATE – The Scrapyard defends itself from bandits with a great wall of high pressure ferrofluid, somehow kept confined to a ceaselessly crashing wave that circles the entire city. The only places it breaks are the gatehouses, where massive robot guardians, farmers from the satellite villages and human mercenaries looking for work with the nuclear train crews gather. Each step, and you're closer than you've ever been before – to the Scrapyard, the greatest – the *only* – city on Earth. You've heard so many stories, but they didn't scare you. It's here that dreams… that you can at least fight for them.

> **[Driven] – You came through the wastes on your own all-terrain buggy, a tough four-seater that can run on both gas and electricity, with a solar sheet you can unfurl during days when the heat is too high to travel, and a basic wastelander package in the back. Probably hasn't been stolen. Yet.**
>
> **[Ballistic] – Stashed in the back of your buggy is something that you'll never get past the gate guards. Free 50CP Heirloom Weapon, which must be a firearm, and is stuck with your ride.**

3: THE OVERLOOK – Maybe it used to be a mountain? It's hard to tell sometimes, at the end of the war the maps were the only casualties, once all the major cities had been wiped out, once the only survivors had holed up in their tiny concrete microcosm for fifty years. During the Long Winter, your great-great grandfather had led his tribe out, out with their great computer to save the world. That was what your father had told you – but he never explained how you ended up back here. From the outside of the bunker, already crumbling away, the land slopes down to the sea where it meets the distinctive circular bays of atomic war. Across the water, a tower rises up – forever. That makes your running away seem more like a pilgrimage, you suppose.

[History] – Regardless of your Origin, you gain [Knowledge of the Past] for free. If you already have it, or purchase it, then you also know the locations of many pre-war cities and shelters.

[Mystery Woman] – From time to time, they say, a dark haired woman – almost a girl really – is said to visit that old bunker. But they've been telling those tales for hundreds of years. You'd have never thought it was true until she told you her name – Haruka. Despite the sun, thin mist fell from her skin.

4: THE CITY IN THE SKY – It was only an hour's walk past the gates that you finally managed to get a proper view of Tiphares. A crushing pain rocked you on your heels. The true city wasn't anchored to the ground – with its ruins, rusting, burning and rotting disgusting people… it floated it above it, serene, perfect and unreachable. At dawn, or when the light was just right, you could see the thin thread of the orbital loop that reached around the planet and to paradise. As a child the idea that the food that your family laboured to grow might end up in paradise was something that made you feel warm.

[Skyward] – There's a kid named Hugo, you walking into him while you were too busy looking up. Bit of a kindred spirit - he's planning to make it up there too. Says he knows how.

[Factory] – You'd heard about a man, Vector - they say he's actually been to Tiphares. He runs one of the massive factories at the base of the hollow anchor cables, that ships food to the city. Before your accident you'd managed to meet him, thanks to Hugo, and impress him enough with your drive to offer you a job with his company. This might be your ticket to the skies.

5: THE BADLANDS – It's all called the wasteland, but that's not really true. Massive farms feed the Scrapyard and Tiphares itself, the ruins of old cities become sheltered havens for life, vast underground tombs create their own strange ecosystems. There's a lot out there, you just have to know where to dig.

[KAOS] – There isn't much to listen to in the wasteland, Radio Kaos isn't bad though. Lot of old world music, dug up by the most famous archaeologist there is. You ran into his crew by accident one day, hit it off with Kaos and his assistant Jasmine. Ended up jamming all night on the radio. You're very musically talented with the instrument of your choice and know how to get in touch.

[DEN] – Short time after you met Kaos, started getting some odd static on the radio. Offers. Fellow calling himself Den – the leader of Barjack, the biggest group of bandits that ever defied the Scrapyard and lasted more than a year. He sounds driven, passionate. Free the skies from the tyranny of Tiphares? Free the people? You don't even know what it's like in the Scrapyard, yet. But maybe he's on to something.

6: THE OCEAN – Every few years, in the fishing village of Alhambra, the sea serpents come into the bay to breed, laying their eggs in the sunken floors of crumbling tower blocks. This is the first year that you've been allowed into the fray – they're overprotective as usual, but only laughed when you dislocated your arm last year trying to sneak out. The harpoon rests easy in your hand, vaguely modelled after the quasi-religious armaments of the First Sergeant and his stranded soldiers – the ancestors of your tribe. All it means for the harpoon is it's a bit unbalanced, but comes with a sling – evens out, you think, as that's the only reason you can recover your spear from the death throes of the young serpent you just skewered on pure reflex. Bayonet drills were still a bit useless you thought – in the Scrapyard the cyborg martial artists fight with chainsaws and rocket hammers. So cool. A cheer went up – looked like your cousin got the big one this year. You smiled anyway, one serpent was still impressive for a ten year old.

[Figure Four] – Your cousin's looked out for you all your life, next year you'll beat him to the big one.

[Anti-Cyborg Martial Arts] – Everyone in your tribe knows that cyborgs aren't the hot shit they think they are. Power's only as good as the skill it's wielded with – and you've trained extensively in adapting techniques to target the weaknesses of those walking tin cans. Joint locks, study of mechanical weak points and evasion go a long way to levelling the playing field. You get the Hybrid martial art perk for free.

7: NOTHINGNESS – How could you not notice that you didn't know your own name until it was asked of you? With nothing else to say you describe waking up ten minutes ago, how grateful you are... and, your amnesia. After further examination, the Doctor says he may know how to find a specialist who could help. He seems strangely reluctant to speak of them, but gives you an address – after you promise to remain in the clinic for the next week for your health.

[Ido and Gally] – The Doctor introduces himself properly, and introduces you to his cat, Gally. She's very affectionate, but a little scratchy and dumb. Despite his advice to rest, you help out with the clinic – and well enough that Ido asks if you'd like to stay on permanently as his assistant. He may not have time to teach more than a few basics, but even for a Tiphares-schooled doctor he's impressively skilled and is well-loved by the locals.

[Flan] – The address takes you to a nondescript apartment with the doctor-mark freshly carved on the door. Knocking, a man with wild white hair and dehumanizing mask-like glasses answers with a cheerful grin. He's dressed sharply – looking far too clean for a native. His name is Dr Desty Nova, he just left Tiphares to further his nano-medical research and why yes, what an interesting story you have.

He'd be delighted to help.

HE OFFERS YOU A BATTERED HAND MIRROR, SO YOU CAN INSPECT THE DAMAGE…

You may choose your gender, age and ethnicity freely.

WASTELANDER

On the plus side, those are going to be one helluva set of scars. Downside being you'd better invent a real good story to go with it – it's just too depressing to think about that kid. You can't really remember the last time there was a murder back home, but the closer you got to the Scrapyard the rougher it got. It's funny, 'cause in the old stories it was always the cities that were supposed to be bright and clean and give a fuck.

Might not be wise to go for any long walks for a while, try and take it easy. If the hotel hasn't already looted your stuff you should be okay tomorrow. Today though, you just gotta make it past the red spikes of pain laying siege to your skull.

Oh, good man - the Doctor's finally bringing some of the fun stuff.

MUTANT

You have to grin. He's a nice guy, doesn't want to offend you. That's fine – at least he looked you in the eyes. Not everyone notices what you are, and there's a lot of ugliness in the world that has nothing to do with your genes, but when they do… they just can't help it. There's this… shadow, a readiness to get the fuck away from you when you go bugnut crazy. Always made you want to do just that. This guy though, none of that – maybe it comes with the territory when most of your guests have their insides out.

All those stitches are already pointless, so you pull them out and wave off the protest from beside you. They did the job – you'd have never guessed a knife that puny could actually put you down for the count like that, even if it was one of those sick fucking acid-dripping jobs. Kid had a helluva little frenzy going – and they call you a monster. Fucking hell, what a world.

DOCTOR

Excellent stitches, shows a lot of practice, and should all seal up fine with medium scarring. Always good to know you're in competent hands – when you're used to being relied upon it's hard to let others take a look at you without at least a little professional paranoia.

Actually, it'd be a good idea to keep in contact after this, his authentic doctor-mark indicates Tipharean origins – like the man who trained you. Wouldn't be polite to make any bold inquiries so soon - but this could be a real opportunity.

Not quite how you expected to go about networking with your peers…

You manage a shrug and strike up a conversation to sooth your curiosity – what, exactly, was in that unusually effective painkiller he gave you?

CYBORG

A few scuff marks on your chassis – pain in the ass, but you can see a buffer hanging next to the rib-spreader in the corner. Damn, but that kid had a good eye – the first hit must have snagged your ventral nerve cable, then it was just a matter of taking out the joints with that pneumatic chisel. The Doctor did a helluva good job fixing it up, though he'd had to cut out a few big holes to stabilise you, so you better get a patch job soon. Much better than having your brain scooped out of your cyberskull and wired into some rust-bucket piece of trash, with a killswitch to keep you in line… you'll never let the bad old days come back.

COMPANIONS

Each companion imported costs **50CP,** max 8. They each get one 100CP perk and a background for free.

+100: They each get 300CP to spend.
-OR-
+200: They each get 600CP to spend.

Canon Characters and abilities of note – though they will also have many more skills and belongings.

200: Figure Four – has Hybrid Martial Arts and a melee-form of Lone Wanderer.

300: Dr Ido – Has Medicine, Cybertechnology and Biotechnology.

300: Jashugan – Has Motorball and knows Maschinen Faust.

400: Kaos and Jasmine – He has Knowledge of Past and Present, Archaeologist and Psychometry. Also has a Special Mobile Base – his pirate radio station. Jasmine has Medicine.

400: Desty Nova – Has Medicine, Cybertechnology, Biotechnology and Karmatron Dynamics. Also has injected himself with Regenerator Nanomachines and can easily provide more.

400: Alita or any of the AR Series – Varies. Has Panzerkunst. Will have access to Berserker Body, TUNED Body, all the TUNED equipment, a Damascus blade, and so on over the course of the canon events.

400: Haruka – Has Secret Posthuman Combat, Medicine, Knowledge of Past and Present, Archeologist, Warped, Type-V, and Werewolf. Instead of the listed alteration shock bonus for Werewolf, she can drain heat and energy with a touch – extremely efficiently stored internally – and is capable of freezing someone solid within a few seconds. Her Werewolf warform comes from releasing that stored energy – too much can cause her to burn up, but comes with commensurately greater abilities.

PERKS

WASTELANDER

100 (Free for Wastelanders): Knowledge of the Past and Present – The Scrapyard is not a place for history lessons. Not even Tiphares can say for sure how the world ended up this way, or why. From legends and the rare recordings unearthed by archaeological scavengers of dead cities, you have pieced together a solid idea of the end of the world in nuclear fire and the events that eventually led the survivors to the foundation of Tiphares. The Scrapyard itself was born when orbital debris fell, destroying the tower that reached up to Tiphares, caused by pro-Mars terrorists attacking a colony ship, two hundred years ago. Of whether or not there's still anyone alive up there… you have no idea.

300 (Discount for Wastelanders): Archeologist – The whole world lives in the past. It can't help it, that's what it means to be born on the Earth, left behind by the people of the future – the ones who made it up the beanstalk, whose satellites and orbitals you can see through your telescope when the night skies are clear or your radio antennae is tuned just right. But the same road they walked is all around you, buried, lost again after they selfishly stole it. You've spent years out in the wastes, tracking down the old and hidden places that still have something to offer. You're an expert with all kinds of excavations, the architecture of ruins, preservation, repair and analysis of historical artefacts, and have a fair bit to show for it. When it comes to deciphering the lost technology of the ancients, there are few with your talent. You also have recovered **200CP** in non-Tuned **Equipment**, all battered and unique remnants of the old world.

600 (Discount for Wastelanders): Lone Wanderer – A little strange to think that they'll be calling you a folk hero in a few generations. Like you weren't just doing what anyone would, if they'd been in your well-worn shoes. There's always a few fires that need putting out, and always a reward – and it just kept on building up like that until you found yourself watching the Black Heart Bandits' little fort all burn to the ground.
You're absurdly skilled with every weapon you've ever laid hands on – benefits of early education – and pick up new tricks and exotic gadgets as fast as they can be explained. You might not have all the moves of a Scrapyard gladiator, but put a pistol in your hand and you can dismantle him without a toolbox.
Having gone it alone for so long, you're used to keeping as much as you can under control. Hidden weapons, unpredictable tactics, expert tracking and finely honed stealth all let you dictate the terms of your engagements. You've probably killed more men with traps and dirty tricks than with an honest bullet.
Lastly, you're a master survivalist. You've long since passed the point where you consider the wasteland barren – after one ill-advised trip through the iceplains of the far north, there isn't a place on the planet you can't thrive in. Regular equipment maintenance and iron self-discipline are the weapons you wield against the world.

900 (Discount for Wastelanders): Psychometry – You possess a rare and almost-unique ability to read and interpret the scalar wave history embedded in an object. Memories, emotions, abilities and history are all recorded and can be accessed, essentially making everything you touch into an external drive of your brain for as long as you remain in contact with it.

From a sword wielded by a master, you become that master. From the pen of a famous philosopher, you have his insight. Even trivial skills can be borrowed in this manner and should you wish to repair a broken cyborg, you can access the skills used by their manufacturer. With a handshake you can learn a person's history and emotional state.

One note however, is that their memories, skills and emotions are all accessed as one. You cannot simply choose to become a master of the sword without to a degree embodying that original master.

This ability also extends into a mastery over digital systems, being able to project your consciousness into machines and intuitively hack with the force of your will – even allowing you to manifest as a blazing eidolon of electricity drawn from electronics. Though it may damage you to attempt it, even the most powerful and intelligent computer defences can be assaulted and overcome. Even hijacking an enemy cyborg and riding them into battle is theoretically possible.

You are also passively able to interpret and transmit radio waves, and your eyes see well into the infrared and ultraviolet.

The history of an object is extremely resilient, but with advanced equipment, scalar wave "demagnetization" will wipe the object clean. Similarly, duplicating an object without somehow replicating this will produce a blank slate. With extensive practice or technological research, copying, recording or uploading psychometric traces to a biological brain may be possible.

MUTANT

100 (Free for Mutants): Warped – The ravages of the wasteland brought mostly radiation poisoning and disease. Those lucky enough to find shelter made it through with minimal genetic damage, and stepped out to reclaim the world from the sickly few who had to survive in the wilds – and so the majority of humanity in this day and age are little different from before the end. But by some tenacious vitality, enough of those damned survivors made it through the fallout and long winter to pass their damage on to a new generation. Over time, the worst of it was bled out – leaving you. Mostly human, but with a few traits that stand out.

You might be almost twice as strong, or fast, or have thick and powerful claws – but it doesn't compare to the power of a cyborg. The advantage is that you don't depend on maintenance, and you can actually use your full potential – your brain can keep up perfectly with the speed and power your body.

300 (Discount for Mutants): Type-V – You are an unaging hemophagic predator transformed by the V-Virus. There are none of your kind left on the face of the planet, though there may be some ancient survivors of the trapped as withered corpses in ancient vaults, blood-starved brains slowly dreaming.

You are an active transmission vector for the virus, which is spread by saliva. Victims enter a 70-hour long state of hallucinations, intense pain, convulsions and seizure - with a 1% chance of survival, influenced by age, metabolism and temperature. Afterwards, 60% of survivors commit suicide within 10 years due to the mental strain of their bloodthirst, and over the next 50 to 100 years, cancer rates are 30 times higher than normal, after which the virus is properly entrenched.

Every few hundred years, or after drinking the blood of particularly powerful foes, alteration shock reoccurs, granting additional superhuman mutations, and each of the other perks on the Mutant tree will represent this effect.

Warped – You are three times stronger and faster than an ordinary human, stacking with Werewolf.

Werewolf – Your warform comes with metallic scales equivalent to the Heavy TUNED Armour. These will even even cover your eyes and ears when needed.

Karma Chameleon – Your body has evolved an incredible biological sensitivity to the flow of energy in living things and machines, ignoring other sources of EM radiation as noise. This sense is a 360-degree perception that gives you intuitive awareness of the intentions of others – where they will move, what they will aim for, how they will strike, when they will flee. When focused on a single target this becomes perfect awareness of their *chi*, and can even predict what they were about to say. If you are capable of reacting within the time it takes intent to become action, few things will ever surprise you.

600 (Discount for Mutants): Werewolf – A catch-all term for a wide spectrum of biological mutations, originally referring to a mutagenic combat drug that resulted in extreme muscular hypertrophy, accelerated nerve impulses and a rather hirsute appearance. There are still some users of such drugs, where the improved reflexes and relative stealth make up for the accumulating physical damage. In your case, you may be descended from one of the bloodlines that inspired the research, or due to a lucky quirk adapted to the drug. You can switch from a mostly human form, into a large, intimidating warform with less than a minute of concentration. Remaining in either form is effortless – but the actual transformation does heavily strain your system.

In human form, you're six times stronger, three times as fast and heal a thousand times quicker. Your warform triples that – most non-fatal injuries will be completely healed in a few hours, but you require huge amounts of food to maintain it and when pushed your metabolism runs hot enough to burn. You aren't terribly resistant to damage though – your skin is only as tough as leather. In both forms your senses are at least peak human.

The cosmetics of your condition are up to you. You might have thermal vision, tough scales and snakes for arms, or slow chameleonic skin with tentacles for legs and a cartilaginous skeleton immune to most holds. Whatever the case, some small signs of this will show in your human form, though they can be easily hidden.

900 (Discount for Mutants): Karma Chameleon – Your biology isn't content to just sit around and wait for the next generation to surpass it. A constant internal struggle, a genetic hothouse under your skin - writhing tests of new muscle fibres, skin weaves, neuron insulation, circulatory system innovations – your body is constantly tweaking and advancing itself to better fit with the demands placed upon it. This isn't just reactive evolution, though it is that - it's the brute-force computation of a billion tiny computers, a constant drive to exploit every advantage.

While it's very slow, you may find yourself growing internal electroreceptors when your cells notice that most of the really dangerous things around you have EM signatures, or find your dietary preferences shifting to include metals and silicon to reinforce your bones and slowly hybridise into a truly biological robot.

When you do actually struggle and fight and bleed, this process is sped up by an order of magnitude – in the course of a single fight you might find your blood incorporating foaming clotting agents, or your eyes and visual cortex adapting to cyborg-speed combat. You can ultimately develop any biological ability you want, though whether you get it is based on your cleverness in providing the right evolutionary pressures - you might want a secondary heart and end up with none at all. Additionally, while results never really cease, they tend to plateau when you cannot actually challenge yourself meaningfully in life-or-death situations.

Any other biological powers that you have benefit from this as well, constant tweaks and adaptations that may not be quite what you expect, but always fulfil a purpose.

DOCTOR

100 (Free for Doctors): Medicine – You have the skills of a surgeon, first-responder and pharmacist, all roughly bundled together with a lot of hands-on experience with the worst injuries the wasteland has to offer. Your hands are steady, your focus unperturbed by the sight and stench of gore and viscera, and you have the precise and quick reflexes necessary to swat a fly with a scalpel. You also have a fair bit of experience with slightly inhuman and mutated physiology, and are very quick to pick up on new techniques and tools.

You also have the **Medic** and **Civilian** equipment package and one purchase of **Money** for free.

300 (Discount for Doctors): Cybernetics – You have a broad theoretical and practical knowledge of cybernetics and related engineering systems, and can recognize most systems with a glance. The most difficult repairs and programming come naturally to you, custom designs and components that would take an entire research team a month can be jotted down in an hour or so of casual work.

The most common form of cyborg in the Scrapyard has an armoured braincase piloting a robotic body, but you're familiar with the organic-inorganic connection technology and can create partial cybernetics as well as organ replacements for those who do not wish to lose their bodies – in effect, you are fully capable of the design, construction and application behind the **Transhuman** and **Motorball** cyborg perks.

In addition, you have the **Cyber-Doctor** equipment package and one purchase of **Money** for free.

600 (Discount for Doctors): Biotechnology – There's really more to cybernetics than just the metal machine. Care has to be taken that the flesh adapts, and there are many lessons to be learned from biological machinery. You're an expert in the fields of genetics, biophysics, toxicology, neuropharmacology and biochemistry – the causes and effects of human mutation are very familiar to you.

Designer drugs, experimental surgery, toxins, cures – improved soft organs and cutting-edge research into cloned nervous system material, with a laboratory the human body is your masterpiece. You may create a variety of drugs similar to that referenced in the **Werewolf** perk, or directly induce it and **Warped** as a permanent mutation.

If you also have the **Cybernetics** perk, then with a little time and the right equipment – quite difficult to obtain in the Scrapyard – you may also apply the equivalent of the **TUNED** perk to a subject, and have additional knowledge of weapons engineering to reverse-engineer or independently develop most current weapons systems available in the Scrapyard.

900: Karmatron Dynamics - The study and prediction of intelligent interaction.

Requires Medicine, Cybernetics and Biotechnology. Discounted for Doctors.

Macro Karmatron Theory – Also known as "psychohistory", this is the science of human destiny, a mathematical model of sociology. Where an observer has great difficulty in predicting the motion of a single molecule in a gas, Kinetic Theory can predict the mass action of the gas to a high level of accuracy – so too with the behaviour of intelligent beings. Psychohistory allows the long-range prediction and manipulation of the future, provided the population is of sufficient size, without directly infringing on the free will of the individual. Constant revision, surveillance and supercomputer assistance is required, but even with these efforts, sufficiently powerful individuals may emerge who create their own unpredictable karma singularities and throw the entire model into turmoil.

Nano Karmatron Theory – Applied to guided micro- and nano-machines, NKT allows unprecedented control over chaotic systems. Ordinarily it is impossible to create truly advanced nanotechnological systems no matter how sophisticated their base programming – they are extremely sensitive to heat, radiation, computer corruption, unguided self-evolution, rebellion and biomechanical horror. The ordered chaos of NKT makes all of this part of one purposeful design, a vast system marching in unison and self-correcting via its own randomness. It allows for reprogrammable hard nanomachines to be used for anything from industrial manufacture, to cellular surgery, to outright construction of stable nano-cybernetic bodies capable of adaptive reconfiguration and near-perfect biomimicry that still vastly outperform almost all purely mechanical cyborgs.

These **Imaginos Bodies** are a perfect fusion of the will of the mind and the power of the physical form. However, at least with the current state of Karmatron Dynamics, very few are capable of making the transition successfully – their wills disintegrating their body into a screaming crumble. At the moment, only karmic singularities – individuals of exceptional and unpredictable influence on the destiny of mankind – can be reasonably expected to make the leap into the new flesh.

Their base appearance reflects the self-image of the mind. As the mind reflects upon itself it may learn to change colour and – gradually – shape. Assimilation of cherished weapons, generation of new systems and limbs, intuitive hacking – the full capacity of the **Imaginos** is limited only by the imagination and will.

With **Karma Chameleon**, you injected yourself with a prototype form of the **Imaginos** nanomachines. The result is initially little more than human, but far more capable of self-improvement and adaptation – and it can be actively guided and designed by your own will. Effectively starts with **Regenerator Nano**, which will usually become slower and slower as your body becomes more powerfully augmented.
With **Berserker Body**, you now have an **Imaginos v1** body. Begins at (and will **vastly** surpass) **100x peak human**.

CYBORG

100 (Free for Cyborgs): Transhuman – You have what amounts to entry-level cyborg systems in the Scrapyard. This can either be a basic full body prosthetic, aesthetically unappealing and lacking in both sensory fidelity (around 70% on a good day) and power (4x as strong, about as fast as a peak human), or a higher quality partial bionic replacement (6x peak human) that leaves the majority of your body alone.

300 (Discount for Cyborgs): Motorball – This represents a professional cyborg chassis, suitable for competition in the various cyborg sports leagues, of which Motorball is only one. Its baselines are vastly superior (~15x peak human) and extremely difficult to control for those who don't take the time to adapt. Comes in many different specialisations, which may be retained and adapted to more advanced bodies:

Racing – Has high-speed wheeled feet - up to 250kph. Discount for non-TUNED weapons under 300CP.
Arena – One-on-one combat body, has integrated **Heavy Armour** and a free non-TUNED weapon under 300CP.
Giant – Much larger than human, strength is doubled and agility halved, free integrated **Armour**.

With **Transhuman**: Discount/Free becomes a cost reduction of 300CP for any non-TUNED weapon, which can be split up in 50CP increments, and two purchases of **Money**. Baseline of 20x peak human.

600 (Discount for Cyborgs): TUNED – This is cybertechnology beyond the capabilities of the Scrapyard. Tiphares keeps a very tight lid on anything that challenges their authority, and in reaction to the potential threat of Den and Barjack – more for stirring up the population than out of fear – will eventually dispatch TUNED agents based on Alita's body and skills. Baselines are around 20x peak human, and they have a discount on the **TUNED equipment package**.

With **Motorball**: 200CP bonus to spend on Companions. Baseline of 30x peak human.

900 (Discount for Cyborgs): Berserker – The legacy of a war that never touched the Earth, this is a Martian terror weapon recovered from the 200 year old wreckages of a crashed warship. Constructed with nanotechnology unknown to the Earth, its performance is about 30x peak human, it regenerates slowly from non-critical damage, possesses powerful plasma generators in the arms that can throw short ranged sprays that burn through armour like paper or conduct powerful electrical shocks with a punch. Has several hidden functions, most suspiciously that labelled "Berserker Mode". Intuition advises against the activation of this without extensive study, should that occur this body will obtain the full effects of **Regenerator Nano** as though it were an organic body and its electromagnetic manipulation will become powerful enough to fling large spheres and whips of plasma.

With **TUNED**: **Panzerkunst** or **Maschinen Faust** are free if you meet the prerequisites. Baseline of 50x peak human.

MARTIAL ARTS

Most cyborgs are brawlers, who rely on integrated weapons and raw speed or power to win. There's a lot of them, and thousands of unique chassis and loadouts – so while on the whole they're nothing special, their strengths and weaknesses can vary wildly.

Free: Single Style – Solid theoretical and practical experience of a single form of personal combat. In the wasteland, what martial arts survive are pragmatic descendants of old world teachings. In the Scrapyard however, there are genuine schools of combat, though they are often overlooked – most human styles are ineffective against the crudest cyborg brawler, and the emphasis is to strike fast and run away faster.

Some examples include:

Capoeira – A Brazilian art that focuses on versatile kicks and dance-like acrobatics. Cyber-Capoeiristas traditionally install speakers that play their distinctive rhythmic music while fighting, and often have extending blades installed in their legs and hips capable of 360-degree rotation.

Wing Chun – A Chinese style that places its emphasis on close-range fighting, with short punches and defensive kicks. It strives for a quick assault that keeps the opponent reeling, and is one of the more popular martial arts in the Scrapyard. Custom arms with extremely high PPM (punches-per-minute) are common.

Kalaripayit – From India, and almost certainly the oldest art still in use. Kalaripayit begins with meditation, massage and yoga to build strength and clear the mind, before progressing to weapons and finally unarmed combat. The most distinctive weapon in use today is the whip-sword, as used by the Grand Champion in the form of his Grind-Cutters. Advanced unarmed techniques focus on striking vital points for healing and killing. Cyborgs who follow this style usually dispense with the boring philosophy and skip to the good stuff.

T'ai Chi Chuan – This art is rarely taken seriously, owing to its firm rooting in *qigong* breathing techniques and ideas about *chi*, internal balance and fluid control of defence and counterattacks that have little appeal to cyborg fighters. However many elements of it have influenced the most advanced cyborg combat styles, and the therapeutic version is popular enough with the elderly that the original forms survive.

+50: Hybrid – This represents a very broad base and enough skill to quickly adapt and integrate new techniques into your personal style. It doesn't by itself increase your raw power, but versatility is extremely useful when your opponents may have a huge variety of body types and combat styles. Allows ordinary humans to attempt to learn special cyborg techniques such as vibration strikes – but is extremely difficult and stressful.

+50: Elementary Posthuman Combat [requires any Cyborg or Mutant perks] – The biggest flaw of a cyborg body is its sheer power. The human brain has its limits, and the speeds and g-forces that many cyborgs can pull off are extremely difficult to intelligently respond to in combat. Most don't even bother to try, and many cybernetic parts are deliberately limited or pre-programmed to work around the simple fact that the user is the weakest part of the system. Mutants have less of a problem adjusting, as in most cases they've never known anything different, but still must learn how to use their talents if they want to be more than a beast.

You've taken the time and effort needed to adapt to high speed, extremely destructive combat. You had to learn new ways of moving to deal with the stresses placed on your footholds, how to take a blow without it crushing your brain against your metal skull, manage wear-and-tear on your limbs, and monitor battery levels. It's a surprisingly cerebral process, but the greatest fighters are those who grow past the detached sense of "being along for the ride" and slowly settle into themselves.

+50: Secret Posthuman Combat [requires Elementary Posthuman Combat] – Despite the popularity of cyborg combat and dozen fighting leagues, there is far more to martial skill than merely being comfortable with the power of your body. Requiring deep knowledge of the practical operation of cybernetics or your biology, and opening up the mind to inhuman sources of information and being, the cyborg can truly become one with their nature and stop aping humanity. This is where on-the-fly power management, redlined limbs, self-destructive attacks and blindingly fast combination moves all come together as more than mere desperation. There is no pilot seat.

+100: Advanced Posthuman Combat [requires Hybrid, Elementary and Secret] – Refined, tested and exhaustively researched methods of pushing machine and inhuman capabilities to their limits. There are perhaps three dozen in the entire Scrapyard with mastery of these arts – the pinnacle of martial science and philosophy.

Maschinen Faust – A strange descendent of T'ai Chi, which teaches the student to attune themselves to their inner machine. Taking advantage of powerful rotational motors and precise timing, its specialised weapon are powerful revolving grinders around their arms, legs and fingers that channel the inner timing of the machine to shred and tear. A key focus is mastering one's chi to focus attacks at an opponent's weak spots or reflect an incoming strike with resonant vibrations. To be a true master one must become one with the machine and not be bound by human attachments and fears, such as love or the fear of death. Its techniques are referred to as modes, and it generally does not make use of kicks.

Panzerkunst - The first fighting style developed to anticipate cyborg combat. It emphasises combat against both unarmed and armed opponents, including ranged weapons. Its foundation is fighting in zero gravity, a prerequisite for all space age martial arts, which allows the practitioner to fight in any atmosphere. With the wide variance in possible body plans for both Kunstler and opponent, the art emphasizes speed and the use of vibration-based attacks to bypass an opponent's cyborg armour and directly cause damage to limbs or internal organs. Most practitioners rely on humanoid bodies, making them extremely effective against large opponents once they break into their range.

EQUIPMENT

All items come with their blueprints, where appropriate.
Discounts do not stack.
If you have an idea for equipment of your own, price it by how it fits in with the examples.
Items marked with a [K] do not exist yet - you may receive a final cost reduction of 50CP, in return for acquiring them when they are actually produced or invented.

Most equipment may be integrated into your body as a cybernetic weapon or tool – no matter how ridiculous it may seem. This does not necessarily mean it will be any more effective, but you will be able to wield it even if you ordinarily could not.

50: Money – It isn't much, but it's a start. You have enough to last a few weeks if you're thrifty. Each purchase doubles this amount.

100: Basic Equipment Package

Medic – One clean blood-and-dirt-repellent jumpsuit, facemask, kit equivalent to a modern first responder's kit. Assorted drugs and painkillers, and a few roughly bound texts on mutant and human care.
Wastelander – Bedroll, backpack, tent, dew catcher, compass, simple hot and cold weather clothing, solar fire-starter, Geiger counter, tough boots, one week of rations, crude map of the territories controlled by the Scrapyard.
Civilian – Cramped room in the Scrapyard, basic household belongings, clothing, one **Heirloom Weapon** for free. If you are employed, attached is enough space to setup a workshop, clinic, studio or whatnot.

200: Advanced Equipment Package

Cyber-doctor – As **Medic**, plus powered tools for cyborg disassembly and repair. Bulky diagnostic computer, ten kilograms of miscellaneous spare parts, very rare compact 3D fabricator capable of milling custom components and printing or repairing circuitry. Free **Rocket Hammer.**
Bandit – As **Wastelander**, plus a **100CP Vehicle** and **Heirloom Weapon** of choice – ancient firearms are common. Map is additionally marked with bandit hideouts and has details for making contact with Barjack.
Hunter-Warrior – As Civilian, plus a Hunter ID barcode tattooed on the inside of your skull, basic **100CP Body Armour**, one **100CP Weapon** of choice, video-capable communicator with a link to the bounty office, list of information brokers and Hunter-Warrior hangouts, and a very uncommon annotated aerial map of the Scrapyard. The hovel is upgraded to a small, but respectable apartment in a nicer neighbourhood.

400: TUNED Equipment Package [K] – Weapons developed by the Ground Investigation Bureau of Tiphares for use by their cyborg surface agents. Distinctive, dangerous and difficult to replace without advanced facilities. Provides a discount on all blue items and 400CP to spend on them.

ARMOUR AND VEHICLES

100: Body Armour – With the extremely effective purge of non-sanctioned firearms, body armour technology has primarily adapted to face threats in melee. This level represents armour equivalent to a half-suit of medieval plate – whether it's made of artfully hammered junk and street signs, angled slats of polymer composite, modular cyborg over-armour or tanned mutant lizard hide. The only guaranteed thing is that no matter what it's made of, it looks pretty damned good. Where you're covered, will almost completely protect against human-muscle-powered weaponry, and significantly reduce the effectiveness of cyborg strikes. Firearms and exotic martial techniques may penetrate or completely ignore it, however.

+100: TUNED [K] – Beyond state-of-the-art armour custom designed to your preference and tolerances by the Tipharean MIB. Research into advanced cyborg martial arts led to the incorporate of internal vibration dampeners, superconducting energy sinks and smart fluid gels under zero-gee forged floating armour plates that offer impressive protection against vibration and energy attacks without significantly increasing weight and bulk. In addition, it performs well against FMJ ammunition below 12.7 mm. Difficult to repair.

+100: Heavy – Complete coverage, with careful attention paid to joints and reinforcement over vitals. Weight increased notably, but it has unpowered load assistance, and is extremely durable and easy to repair. Expertly designed to minimize mobility issues and deal with common cyborg weaponry.

+100: Power – Lighter protection than the Heavy upgrade, but with an exoskeleton and intelligent load-distribution that makes it incredibly comfortable to wear. Strength is increased to be equal to **Motorball** cyborg bodies, and it comes with an environmental seal, low-light vision and hydration pack. Has an integrated HUD and modular connectors, which can be used to fine-tune its OS. Microfusion battery pack.

+100: Winged – Semi-powered gliding wings that can snap open and closed for long, bounding leaps and agile chases. Comes with optional clawed boots and gloves, and has an altimeter that tracks the Scrapyard Flight Interdiction Zone and prevents accidental trespass by retracting your wings – can be turned off.

Combination: Above options combine together. **Heavy Tuned Winged Power Armour** is equal to the **TUNED** Body in strength and speed and has actual powered flight, as well as free spiky skull detailing.

100: Riot Shield – One of the more effective combat styles against arrogant cyborgs is the simple, time-honoured combination of a sturdy plate of steel and a big knife. This lightweight shield is made of modern armour composites, rated to resist cyborg weapons and bullets, with a vicious punching boss in the middle.

+50: Reactive – The shield is coated in small hexagonal explosive slabs, and when active can be used to either blunt incoming impacts or explosions, or spit them at nearby targets as grenades. Borderline illegal in the Scrapyard.

+50: Tesla – The shield has powerful capacitors, which let it deliver powerful arcs of electricity to targets that come in close proximity to the live surface, which are devastating to human and cyborg alike. Furthermore, it can magnetise and ground itself with a spike or wire to provide superior protection against plasma and electrical attacks.

100: Personal Vehicle – Any unarmoured all-terrain ground vehicle smaller than a truck, well ruggedized to deal with the wasteland. Comes with efficient electric and diesel engine, compass, comprehensive repair kit and spare tires. Further details depend on its configuration, it will be an excellent example of its kind in all respects.

+100: Armoured – Adds modular military armour proof against all but the most advanced man-portable firearms and with integral ammo and power line support for any mounted weapons you might like to add, as well as reinforcing its storage and fuel supply. Powerful enough to pull itself through sand and mudpits, sealed engine and crew compartment that lets it drive through toxic environments with ease.

+50: Special - Incorporates some special function into the vehicle. This can be anything from a powerful radio broadcast system, dozer blades, fittings for long-range missiles, to space for a work shop or cybernetic clean room.

+50: Mobile Base – Expands the size of the vehicle to that of a small house, while retaining an impressive degree of all-terrain mobility. Comes with amenities, solar charging array, plentiful space, actual bedrooms, and can unfurl a large awning from one side so you can sit outside and sip your gin and tonic in comfort. Extra refrigerator fully stocked with miraculously preserved Pre-War alcohols comes included with every model, tiny umbrellas sold separately.

+50: Flight – Via ducted jets, rotors or lifting balloon, you can take to the skies, though it's probably better to hug the ground and avoid the Scrapyard Defence Force. Roughly speaking, the slower it is, the more endurance it has - an armoured zeppelin can stay airborne much longer than a hovercar.

200: Support System Gabriel [K] - Gabriel is a large UAV with four solar wings and a cargo bay large enough to carry a small car. It contains various sensor systems and a high definition laser that can beam power or serve as a weak weapon. While unarmed, and intended to serve as high-altitude support, it would be relatively straightforward to modify it into an aggressive overwatch or personal transportation role. Capable of effectively permanent flight due to advanced self-maintenance, it has a very small radar profile.

200: Mobile Unit [K] - A high speed mono-wheeled motorcycle with an armoured storage compartment and hardened video uplink, it has an extremely high traction tire and powered skeleton that lets it change profile almost organically. Armour plating is rating to resist .50 calibre rifle fire and its internal battery is good for 2000km at up to 200kph – and it can charge via solar panels or beamed energy from Gabriel.

600: Solid Wing [K] - A bulky personal aerial unit utilizing scalar technology similar to the Abaddon Scalar Wave System that protects Tiphares against ground attack. Via gravitational distortion, its four wings are capable of generating a powerful deflection shield, granting high speed flight, and projecting long range destructive waves capable of reducing a tank to molten slag. **Requires Support System Gabriel** to function effectively in the field due to heavy power consumption.

WEAPONS

50: Heirloom Weapon – Everyone in the Scrapyard carries something. Yours is a lot better than most, something that an actual professional might carry. Firearms are illegal on penalty of death - but outside the Scrapyard anything goes. As an heirloom, it has seen hundreds of years of loving use and its craftsmanship compares very well to modern technology. To the right person, it could be worth a lot.

200: TUNED Pistol – A heavy pistol firing custom high velocity armour-piercing flechette rounds with a very long range. Has a smartgun scope system that can connect to a cyborg user for enhanced accuracy. The pistol had a system lock that prevented it from being used by a non-TUNED or against other TUNED agents and was normally carried in a holster mounted on the hip. Comes with five magazines of 24 rounds apiece, which are top-mounted behind the scope.

200: TUNED Rifle - A 12.7mm semi-automatic bullpup rifle with a bipod and 75cm barrel. Electric ignition minimises moving parts. Comes equipped with a smartgun scope built into the handguard, similar to the pistol, but with much longer range and more sophisticated atmospheric sensors. Typically fires armour piercing enhanced explosive rounds, but comes with incendiary, depleted uranium penetrator, and antipersonnel loadouts. Five magazines, 10 rounds apiece.

100: Chainsaw – Trees are so rare in the wasteland that few know of the original purpose of these flashy weapons. Coming in all shapes and sizes from arm-mounted to two-handed blades, and with carbide teeth that make short work of armour plating and flesh alike, they're versatile and common weapons.

100: Electrical Weapon – Any weapon can be modified with an insulating grip and fast-discharge capacitors powerful enough to fry any system they touch. Most cyborgs are well-insulated on the outside, but extremely vulnerable within – a common method uses a long, flexible blade that can slip between joints.

100: Rocket Hammer – A two-handed warhammer with chisel-shaped head mounting a rocket booster that activated by a switch on the shaft. It can be disassembled and comes with a rolling case and replacement parts. A rare weapon in the Scrapyard, while very difficult to control it performs superbly against heavy cyborg armour and is fully legal despite the firearms ban.

100: Bangstick – An elegant weapon, of a sort. The boomstick is essentially a spear, modified with a single or multiple shot explosive charge at the end. Cyborgs are typically strong enough to use them as a rapier, delivering precise crippling blows to the arms and legs of an opponent. Single-shot bangsticks have a much heavier charge, but both types are normally reusable.

200: Cyborg Weapon Dispensers [K] – Either one large pack, or a modular set that can be arranged as desired, this contains a variety of semi-intelligent weapons. Up to 100 of any combination of the below may be stored, this technology does not exist in the Scrapyard, but with the blueprints any facility capable of making cybertechnology will be able to create replacements. Comes with HUD goggles for users without cybereyes.

Arachno - A spiderlike microbot, the size of a thumb-tip, with the explosive force of a pound of C4. It can crawl autonomously or as directed by the user, and may extrude a 3m tripwire.

Firefly – A flying explosive that can be used to open tunnels or in close range combat by generating a 5 second spherical plasma burst before burning away. Can also be used for a momentary EMP effect.

Laser Bug - A small robot with a tapered body, four legs, and a T-shaped head. Converts radio communications into laser signals that they can relay. Can also physically infiltrate computer systems.

Lice Probe - Shaped like woodlice, these carry a variety of sensors to check the nearby terrain for mines or traps and allowing dangers to be superimposed onto the visual system of the user.

Missile bee: a bee-shaped cyborg missile capable of independent target selection and precise targeting. When deployed seeks out nearby enemy targets. Their design as bees, down to creating a buzzing sound in flight and deployment in swarms is intended to distract opponents from their true purpose.

300: Monofilament Wire [K] - Only a few atoms wide, with a finer edge than any existing knife and a tensile strength of 2.4 tons. Almost completely invisible to the naked eye. Extruded from a handheld unit and replenished from raw charcoal stock, when integrated is typically installed into all fingertips.

300: Grind-Cutters/Hydro Whip – Supersonic whips that move faster than the eye can see, these are deadly weapons that often kill before the opponent realises what they're up against. The former can easily be mounted into the fingers of a cyborg, whereas the latter require available water, but make up for it in flexibility of effect – being able to form a shield or punching needles as required.

300: Damascus Blade [K] – Forged from scrap, the many and varied impurities in the metal make a distinctive and unique pattern on this blade. It is easily capable of bisecting a fully armoured combat cyborg with a simple vertical slash. Quite simply, this is the finest blade the world has ever seen. As a special feature, it only gains in strength as it is reforged and alloyed with new and more exotic materials and weapons – retaining all their positive special properties, and reducing their negatives - and if you have a nanomachine body, the Damascus blade can be fused into it as a self-repairing and shapeshifting extension of your body.

400: Solenoid Quench Gun [K] – An electromagnetic high velocity gun that fires a 20mm solenoid slug at 5 km/s, or roughly 11,000 miles per hour. Weighing around 200kg and about the size of a motorcycle, it has its own lift unit to compensate for recoil and allow it to be used as a mounted weapon.

+100: Miniaturisation – Downscaling slug size to 5mm, and improving its power systems allows it to be rebuilt as a man-portable cannon – or integrated into a cyborg arm.

MISCELLENEOUS

100: Flan – An intellectual dessert, for the chosen ones. This represents both an infinite supply of Flan from a convenient dispenser in the Warehouse, and the special varieties below. It turns out that it's surprisingly easy to combine these recipes with unusual substances and biologically active agents – there may be many more scientifically delicious forms of flan to discover!

Flan – Mild stimulants and neurotransmitters make this flan perfect for a long day at the drawing board. Soothes mental fatigue and improves focus, making dull and lengthy mental activities take half the time.

Flan? – The flan with the plan. Pondering a question while eating a plate of this variety will guarantee a revelation relevant to the problem. The insights received are typically very good for figuring out new flan recipes or experiment designs, but somewhat nihilistic when presented complex ethical questions.

Flan-X – The flan that will not die. Infused with specialised regenerator nanomachines, this flan will repair any consumed portions of itself that remain on the plate within a minute, up to ten times its original mass. If you have regenerator nanomachines of your own, eating this will also provide a once-per-day boost to their population that doubles their rate of healing for the next 24 hours.

Porta-Flan – The flan you can carry around in your pocket! This is a handheld flan and flan accessory (plate, spoon, chef's hat, napkin, pencil) dispenser that links up to the Warehouse flan unit. When linked to a computer, it can download, display and dispense new flan recipes – Internet Flan. Has an odd hexagonal input port on the back, which doesn't seem to correspond to anything in the Scrapyard.

SPECIAL: Interactive Interface – A remote controlled robot controlled by a cyborg or operator.

50: TUNED – Doll-sized. Allows a cyborg to maintain a secondary physical presence. Surprising utility.

100: Proxy – Human sized robot, equivalent to a basic cyborg body. It appears fully human, being covered with a realistic false flesh, is fully functional, and can transmit full sensory readings to a brain-linked operator. Physical appearance is as desired.

400: Kaiju – Giant bipedal or quadrupedal robot, around 50m tall. Extremely heavy armour that can survive artillery, and enough strength to topple buildings without noticing. While ponderous, is more agile for its size than would be expected. Comes with an appropriately scaled melee weapon and a shield.

250: Ouroboros System [K] – A virus that hijacks intelligent computer systems or cyborg brains and turns their perceptions of reality upon themselves, creating a world inside their mind and removing their agency and memories. Within Ouroboros, the subject is a plaything, a rat in a cage, exposed to the stimuli and scenarios that you instruct their own mind to wield against them. Their will can be broken down and remodelled as you see fit, with time passing anywhere from ten thousand to two hundred thousand times faster than in reality, depending on supporting hardware. The dream world can be tortuous or sublime – but beware that your creation does not become something worth dying for. With nanomachine technology, this could be adapted to infect naked brains.

500: Regenerator Nano [K] – Dr Nova's greatest current creation, this is a single syringe filled with a luminous yellow-green nanomachine suspension. When injected into a host, it maps and infiltrates their body, using host resources to build more of itself until it thoroughly penetrates all their systems. Then it records that information holographically throughout the body. At any time, should it be disrupted the regenerator nanomachines restore it to its original condition.

This causes a slight rise in body temperature, but no physiological symptoms. They continuously store excess and waste energy from the host's digestion and under normal operation do not exert any noticeable energy drain upon them. Sealing a stab wound takes around ten seconds. Repairing a stab wound to the brain actually takes half that time, but is extremely disorienting for a little longer. Major loss of blood and flesh slow the process significantly, and may result in lasting weakness and intense hunger until enough new material can be consumed.

The regenerators create a distributed network computer, which may be interacted with by various methods – tapping certain body parts in sequence, injecting new instructions, hooking up to a computer and so on. They are capable of restoring cybernetic implants, albeit 100-1000x slower than organic repairs depending on complexity and size, provided they are connected to the nervous system and blueprints are available for upload, though this can necessitate a change in diet to provide the right materials. As they occupy the lungs and digestive system, almost any ingested or inhaled contaminants are safely neutralised – unless you alter the options, you will not be able to get more than moderately drunk.

500: Disassembler Nano [K] - Six doses of disassemblers, optionally pre-installed into the bullets of a .32 caliber revolver. Comes with a small programming unit that can alter their replication lifespan, allowed materials and speed of replication. They can also be set to not replicate in the presence of certain chemical concentrations – allowing you to define mostly-safe zones.

Once applied to a valid target, they immediately begin to replicate, consuming all allowed materials at a ferocious rate. Above an unknown speed and lifespan however, replication errors will accrue and unexpected behaviours will occur. Without knowledge of **Karmatron Dynamics** it is nearly impossible to predict or influence this.

Caution is advised.

50: Mysterious Chip [K] – A small ceramic hexagon, glossy black, with the Tipharean doctor-mark and the letters "M.I.B" embossed on the top. Underneath is some kind of interface, but it isn't compatible with any Scrapyard technology. You were told that it was found washed up on the riverbank by a scavenger, downstream from that haunted old military bunker, the Granite Inn. Perhaps you'll find a use for it?

DRAWBACKS

+100: CYBERNETIC REJECTION

Your biochemistry is incompatible with most kinds of cybernetics, and your brain is unable to learn to interpret the input from neural implants. This can be worked around with some cleverness, but for the most part you would be reliant on biotechnology if you needed any replacement parts – and that is a rare field, and often subject to abuses.

+100: OCTOPUS LIPS

Why the fuck is this a disadvantage? Because you get made fun of for it – expect literally everyone you will meet to mention it and crack a joke at least a few times. It doesn't have to be lips either, or ugly. It could be ridiculous breasts, a jaw so sharp you could figuratively cut diamonds, abs like a mountain range, or an extremely prominent bulge.

Strangers will identify you by it, you will be known far and wide for it. If you get famous, well, this part of you will be even more famous.

Seriously – it'll get really fucking annoying. Oh, alright - for +0CP, they don't make fun of it… very much.

Can be purchased multiple times, but you'll only receive +100 CP the first time.

+100: DEFORMED [MIND/BODY]

Each option can be chosen multiple times, but the negative effects worsen exponentially.

Mind: An almost incurable, but relatively minor, neural defect has resulted in your acquiring physical tics. These are relatively mild - a stutter or dyslexia. At the first level, this causes mild trouble in combat and is unlikely to prejudice others against you. At the third level, you'd better take off your Grind Cutters when you sleep so your Evil Hand doesn't get you, or you might be unable to recognize others as lifeforms.

Body: You sport distinctive and ugly physical features, such as battle-scars, a useless family mutation, or crude implantation of your cybernetics. You might have some loss of mobility in an arm due to the scales covering it – but it isn't going to get in your way too much, and at the first level there're a hell of a lot

more freaks out there than you. At the third level, you may have trouble seeing your feet past the cancerous anemone bulge of the fingers growing from your stomach and slowly breaking your spine, or need to constantly grind down your bones down to stop them growing through your flesh.

For a Cyborg, at the base level this means you have a rather distinctive chassis that really doesn't carry off the superhuman killing machine look and lowers your performance by 2x peak human at each level. Whether this is due to inefficient and bloated armour plating, an unfortunately coloured flame-retardant coating or just terrible, terrible taste is up to you.

+200: LEGITIMATE EXISTENTIAL ANGST

You forget your past in the Wasteland completely and the origins of any of your powers, if you bought them. Where they are in line with any abilities you bought this jump, you have some idea of their existence. All your companions from outside this jump are similarly affected, and accessing the Warehouse could be tricky.

This is because you are a mind-clone of the original, running on a bio-chip installed where your brain should be. Your original brain is, presumably, stored somewhere in the Ministry of Health, in Tiphares. After it is extensively analysed, which may lead to Tiphares gaining access to your knowledge and past memories, it will be sent up the ladder to an unknown fate at approximately the same time as the events at the beginning of Last Order, in 13 years.

You are not aware of this, and the jump will only end when you recover your brain and awaken yourself. It is up to you whether you will want to seek to reunite with your original self, or forge a new path – in which case you may choose to stay here, or accompany the original as a companion.

On the plus side, your brain bio-chip renders you immune to the effects of most sources of brain damage – though it does simulate the effects of drugs and alcohol, you'll be highly resistant to techniques designed to destroy your brain. Just be careful you don't crack your skull wide open though - it looks really freaky.

+200: BOUNTY

Through, of course, no fault of your own the central information system of the Scrapyard has determined that you present a clear threat to law and order. Your face is plastered on the walls of Hunter-Warrior bars and channels. While they don't know your name or location, and you can change your face – they'll somehow always receive updates and return to harry you. And they only need your head for identification.

Their information source is, you may discover, an agent of Tiphares monitoring you from the city and via stealth drones – believing you to be an escaped criminal who fled to the surface. Should you learn this, or how to evade their attention, you might be able to slip the noose.

+200: MY KARMA WARRIOR

Your will to survive impressed Dr Nova, who, by a stroke of bad fortune had witnessed your accident. He didn't help, of course – it would have ruined the experiment. He had almost given up on this idea, the previous victims just bled out in a curled up little ball until you got bored of watching – worthless meat to the end, only fit for vivisection.

But you… very good. Yes, you showed him a little glimmer of defiance. A sign that some could change the karmic burden they laboured under. Your struggle averted your fate under his scalpel, at least, for as long as you can keep fighting that good fight against all the troubles that will be sent your way.

It takes a loving hand to fan that tiny spark into a fire, and Dr Nova is not done with you yet.

+300: ENDORPHIN JUNKIE

You have a problem – a brain-eating problem. You're hopelessly addicted, and while you can mostly manage to keep it in check and limit yourself to slightly less illegal sources of your fix, this lasts only until you manage to hurt yourself – extreme sensitivity is one of the effects of your withdrawal. Stub a toe? Better suck down some brains until the swelling goes down.

Optionally, you may be totally okay with brain eating – it won't make you more likely to do it, but you will hate yourself less for chowing down on the neighbours.

+300: WITCH HUNT

The Ministry of Health, effective government of Tiphares has a grudge against you. Somehow you managed to interfere with a very delicate surface operation, and they incorrectly believe that you gained access to secret information about the brain bio-chips. Namely, that they exist at all. The robotic intelligence at the heart of the MIB has mobilized resources to completely destroy or subvert your brain.

Initially, they prefer a quiet solution – a 60mm explosive shell, or ordinary brutal stabbing. Should they fail then their methods will become progressively more extreme, mobilizing the Scrapyard defence forces and hunter-warriors – perhaps even using their Scalar Wave Generator to violently reduce you and your surroundings to slag.

This manhunt will be a moot point should Dr Nova reveal the big secret – but barring major changes that's almost ten years in the future. However, this is because when it is revealed, the MIB will determine you to have been the root cause and begin a full-strength purge of the surface and all-out attacks upon your location.

+600: LAST ORDER

You have been dead for two-hundred years, a broken head and torso lying in the mountains of scrap waste that surround the base of Tiphares. All your memories of this world and others have faded away, and there is no trace of any power from other jumps – as though they had never existed.

Until, one day, Doctor Ido – an exile from that city – finds you and awakens you. He calls you Alita, after his cat, and promises to do his best to help you live happily.

But that isn't your fate. You don't get to escape your sins merely by forgetting them.

Doctor Ido is a Hunter-Warrior, a dangerous profession that few humans survive long in. You'll be drawn to it, with skills that you can't explain, and it will briefly grant you friendship and respect – before it all goes wrong. It will keep getting worse, and worse, and the slow fragmented return of memories of the great red mountain will only drive you further into chaos and struggle, as you try to define your new life under the shadow of the old.

This jump doesn't end anywhere on Earth. The answers you seek can only be found on Mars, the red planet of your birth.

Should Alita be taken as a companion, then she is found beside you – both clinging together with the scraps of an arm. In this case, one of you will instead be named Gally.

FINAL NOTES

> ***You can't fight fate – did I neglect to teach you that? People cannot choose where, when and into what conditions they are born. From the moment of birth, each person must live on life's terms. The world is cruel, but that's only natural. We begin life as a chemical reaction, the soul non-existent, the mind mere synaptic sparks - human existence but a shadow of memory information. We live alone, as we must - in a godless and merciless world...and yet...we live!*** **- Desty Nova**

Before you arrive, a few days before Ido finds Alita, you may choose to stay for ten years, or until making good on your obligations and friendships – something that might take you even further than Alita's quest. Simple enough.

The Scrapyard has relatively few laws. The most important is: Don't fuck with Tiphares. Anything that would theoretically allow you to challenge Tiphares is illegal on pain of death – such as firearms, any form of flight above a certain height ceiling, and subversive literature. At best, you'll be lobotomised and made into a semi-human servitor unit.

If you work for Tiphares, these restrictions will be removed – however they still prefer you not make a big deal of it. Outside the Scrapyard, their ability to enforce these laws is minimal and they rarely bother.

The Regenerator Nano will prevent most forms of death – but it is not the Stereotomy variant later developed by Nova, so complete bodily destruction or severe brain damage will still count as death unless you have other means of survival. Dr Nova's karma dynamics may yet resurrect you from that, but that you will count as a new person with your memories for these purposes. Similarly, even if you decipher the Stereotomy advancement, while Jumping it's still a loss. After you finish… then perhaps you will be finally able to answer some interesting philosophical questions.

You get both the bonuses listed under each memory.

Haruka is not actually a canon character. Well, she is, but she's dead. I just wanted a capstone Mutant, and Caerula Sanguis is in space. You can substitute Caerula for her, but you must accept that she will be wearing the pants – she gets Knowledge of Past and Present, Warped, Type-V, Werewolf and Karma Chameleon, all the martial arts and a dozen more, as well as her swords. Instead of the Werewolf alteration shock her regeneration is ten times faster, her warform is scary. She wouldn't normally have the full effect of Karma Chameleon, so call it a freebie.


DELICIOUS
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