

Space Station 13 Jumpchain v0.85 (OP shit edition)

By. Anonymous

The year is 2050 and you find yourself in perhaps a quite familiar place. Space, the dark void surrounding you, chunks of space rock being not a jaunt away, secrets gleaming in the dark. One of these "secrets" happens to be why you're here, why anyone is here. Plasma. After being touted as a "miracle fuel" by the hyper-corp NanoTrasen even with very little understanding of what "it" was and a bit of blame passing, the slaughter of competition and the death of 2/3rds of China with chunks of the moon falling from orbit we come to the state of the world that is now: research on the frontiers of space, on the bleeding edge of science, sanity, and myth. With all the thieves and madmen that come with such stories, on a metal death trap masquerading as some research base. Board the shuttle, survive 10 years in whatever hell these corporate nerds send you to, and maybe you'll have something to show for it kid.

+1000 Space Points

Stations:

Choose one, and roll 1d8 or pay 100cp to pick your poison, you will serve 5 years on one station and an additional 5 on the other.

1.) Cog station- This Station is more or less a giant segmented box, three “layers” being separated by retractable air bridges and glass walkways. While it may look a bit outdated due to its age, it has equipment the other stations only dream about, including inter-system pod-bays, metallurgical foundry's, and a hardcore thermoelectric generator. Even comes with an owlery... happens to be orbiting a gas giant, with a very peculiar ice moon and anomalous overly-abundant asteroid field.

2.) Box station- The workhorse of a majority of NT space, intricacies and gadgets come and go but it always keeps the same frame. With updated systems, a dedicated mech bay, but lacking several things the more outdated and more complicated cog station has (along with most modern stations), this station is centered around a very advanced gravity “generator” and comes with a cutting edge singularity generator. Just be careful out in a deep space asteroid field.

3.) Meta station- A strange deviation of the basic boxstation holding a similar, if disturbingly different, pattern. Centered around the command bridge and a large blue-space portal system, sporting dedicated and advanced Virology, Xenobiology and Xenobotany systems this station is a station of experimental life sciences, all powered by an experimental “super-matter” shard generator. If you hear “Shard structural integrity breaching 10%”, know that if you are not on the other side of this red planet centered system you will quickly be so dead, you're dead ancient ancestors will feel the dunk waves.

4.) USS Destiny- A ship, rather than a station. Shaped like a spear head and equipped like cogstation, while it lacks some niceties it does sport a very large and powerful meteor “magnet”, pod bays, advanced teleportation systems, and the ability to travel FTL to new horizons safely which few stations can even joke about. While whatever it orbits may be a little prone to changing due to the nature of the ship, this station has an excellent aviary and a thermoelectric generator one should not trifle with.

5.) Asteroid station- Real original name i know, but this thing is on basically a small moon, with all the shiny toys of the future. This station is outfitted at its center with a singularity generator, and sits on the biggest field of unexplored xeno-archaeological finds, xeno lifeforms and even “lost” human artifacts. The dangerous wonders that could be unearthed or stumbled upon makes it almost worth fighting against the wildlife that all want to watch you curl up and die! While there may not be a lot going on around the station location wise other than “on biggass rock” this station is also a hub for ships and big-wigs making big decisions, just don’t get anything stolen from the vox gypsies.

6.) Disc station- I probably shouldn't be sending you here, but... i'll make an exception because I like

your face... Disc station is an open canvas station, being somewhere in the middle in terms of everything but not reaching its full potential anywhere just yet... Being powered and potentially propelled by a “south” mounted singularity generator, Disc station is just operational enough to have all the standard equipment locked in already but doesn't exactly have a “theme” yet. It being up to several big-wigs and crew ingenuity to really “find themselves” in this station. If all else fails, they have basically two and a half football fields worth of empty space in the center of their “ship” they can just put plating over the scaffolding and convert into a gargantuan forest/owl preserve. The clown is already ready to lay out the dirt too.

7.) Free pick! You lucky bastard! Bet you won't get this a second time!

8.)Soviet Station- You start on a dank, dark, power-failing station designed by the soviets somewhere in the late 80s. The tech is all out of date, the place seems to have been literally nuked, and to top it all off there seems to be periodic raids by small crab-like robots and more than one shady spacecraft that flies by every now and then. However, deep within these walls, protected by hordes of robots, turrets, inhuman russians and possibly mil-spec thieves. Lies a sacred code, this world bows to. The Go-#@(@U#@$)*&#RY U(_*#&){ U(ERROR! ERROR! RESET! RESET!

Races:

Human (Free)- Bog Standard normalcy, no real differences really, except maybe the ability to survive with your butt surgically removed and become mutated into some other race.

Vox (50cp)- A large humanoid race of avians with a resistance to freezing environments due to their shaggy feathers, FANTASTIC prices due to their frugal space gypsy-ism and a huge weakness to “toxic” oxygen environments. Comes with some contact info on a nearby merchant, a nitrogen tank to breath, and the recipe for a rare racial healing agent “gravy” that sucks up toxic agents.

Lizardmen (50cp)- A humanoid race of lizard-like beings, commonly subject to severe racism, however their fancy tails and connections to illicit dealings usually compensate for this, and if it doesn't their aptitude for mutations, resiliency to both heat and general malleability of their genetic makeup brings something new to the table even with very weak mutagens or primitive genetic engineering.

Plasmamen (100cp)- These strange creatures are born in plasma rich environments that give birth to various weird forms of plasma-based life. These “men” are human skeletons constructed of crystallized

plasma and therefore MUST wear a sealed suit in oxygen environments, lest they set everything on fire. They do not need to eat, can breathe toxic plasma, have no blood, are highly resistant to heat, and telepaths can't read SHIT, however special practices have to be put into place to treat them medically, cloning them is impossible, and tampering with their genetics is an emerging new field of science.

Dionae (100cp)- Grown from seeds these plant people are a hardy race of talking trees. Gaining all required nutrition from direct light, being almost immune to radiation and toxic agents, not requiring air and being quite immune to both pain and the pressures of space seems quite nice eh? However Dionae are mind numbingly slow to move about the station, die if not exposed to some form of light and are both vulnerable and can not heal from heat based attacks due to their wooden nature, a laser blast may injure most men, but mortally wound most Dionae not taking active precautions against such threats.

Synth (100cp)- Disguised bio-mechanical skeletons wearing synthetic flesh, synths are commonly shot on sight even when they prove to have no ill intentions. These machines are masters at disguise able to mimic even other racial bonuses however never as well and are shunned commonly on the belief that "they will pop right out!". Made of one piece of metal these machines are almost impossible to delimb, do not need to eat or breathe, are immune to all viral agents.

Android (150cp)- Distant Cousin of the Synth, the Android is the step between the fully mechanical cyborg with options on upgrades and modularity at the cost of humanity, and the almost-biological yet quite specialized synth. This machine does not need to breathe, eat, sleep, bleed and cannot be injected with chemicals nor affected by extreme temperatures including being set on fire, viral agents of any form, gasses breathable or not and can attach limbs left lying around. However such a creature is highly regulated and watched as if a 'borg, can only be repaired and in no way healed with normal medicines, and is both paralyzed and heavily damaged by ElectroMagnetic Pulses.

Cyborg (200cp)- Flesh of chrome instead of dirty pink stuff, you are a 'Borg a fully modular, fully capable agent of the AI. Coming with a modular loadout dedicated for your job. (IE: being a security officer as a borg would make you a security 'borg) You come prepackaged with oodles of neat tricks, tons of room to expand and a rechargeable battery that will keep you going for a couple of days non-stop, on top of this you have the ability to interact with any electrical system from range like some 80s hacker, forcing any sort of strange behavior from machines you can communicate with. Be warned however, you do not hold complete free-will, you are bound to the Three Laws of Robotics as written by Asimov and will be forced to obey them, however interpretations of the laws allow a modicum of room to maneuver.

Origins:

Drop in (free)- You arrive on a shuttle into your station or ship, with nothing more than a grey jumpsuit, a PDA loaded with your ID and the dreams to make something of yourself in this weird little part of reality. I hope you know how to use that toolbox.

Internal Affairs Agent (100cp)- You awaken in a dingy legal room with a suit and nice briefcase. You are the arbitrator of this station and pass down commands from the hypercorp NanoTrasen to the rest of the crew, keeping brutal efficiency on this station and making sure the crew don't stray too far from NanoTrasen. If only your co-worker didn't hate you...

Security Officer (100cp)- After waking from a quick snooze next to a box of doughnuts, you awaken in the main meeting room for security and the Head of Security, pocket book of Space Law pressing deep into your thigh. You have been trained and are expected to protect the station at all costs, whether it's from themselves and their riots, from syndicate nuke attempt, or even combatting clown pirates. You have been trained for it all and you are expected to defend it, while upholding THE LAW.

Detective (100cp)- Reaching for one of your smokes from your pocket you find yourself in a quaint little noir office in a well worn leather coat idly watching station news as the clown makes a fool of himself and the librarian comments on it. You are the Detective, trained to flush out syndicate activity in the underbelly of the station, hunt shapeless horrors stalking the depths of maintenance, and even stop heretical cults from kidnapping innocent civilians to feed to their dark gods. You've seen it all, and here you may even see a bit more...

Mechanic (50cp)- You wake up but find yourself in utter blackness, trying to rise up you clonk yer noggin' on the machine you were under and working on before you passed out... You are a mechanic and engineer of this station trained to keep this station powered, breathing, and churning out more and more prototype goods as mass marketable goods for the glory of NT. If the scientists are the minds behind the research you are the gremlin keeping it all together.

Janitor (free)- You awaken suddenly to a loud barrage of pinging sounds coming from your PDA, It's the Head of Personnel wondering where the ***hell*** the Janitor is at the start of shift, you happen to have quietly taken a nap in your office so as to avoid the slave driver and the ire of the clown. You are a Janitor, foe of the dirty, champion of the grey shirts and notorious slacker and layer of wet floors, your pay is pretty weak, but at least you have your janicart, some neat rubber boots, and a bit of true good.

Maybe your calling is yet to be fully realized?

Cargo technician (50cp)- You start as you always do in the mornings, throwing empty boxes to be turned into central for a bit of quick cash, and haggling the other end of the network for a better price on the interstellar pizzas you want to be sent over. Your job as Cargo-tech, is to buy low and sell high, with an emphasis on selling that sweet sweet plasma back to HQ so they can continue to fund this lousy excuse for a vacation. Maybe you'll get a real job soon...

Shaft Miner (100cp)- Jumping back from a recent mining trip you arrive back on station with pickaxe and ore in tow, giving grand stories of horrifying beasts to the impressionable greyshirts as you load a small micro refinery with your spoils to give to cargo. This job sometimes really sucks, but the earth always calls you back to plunder more riches and slay more beasts. Who knows, maybe someday you'll be a certified D.W.A.R.F?

Medical Doctor (50cp)- The smell of a sterilized room quickly assaults your senses as you awaken. Sleeping in the surgical theatre, with a massive hangover and a clean white coat, nightmares of grey alien beings dancing across your psyche with their mastery of medical science. Your years of study on the human body and its intricacies and how to keep it working are some of the best on earth, good thing you're in space with a bunch of sociopathic lunatics right? Try not to get too eccentric, they do know how to crowbar you...

Chemist (100cp)- Some people consider crawling out of a haze of drug induced mist, a puzzling and potentially hazardous situation. It's a really good thing this lab coat is stain-proof. Your job on this station is to keep medical happy with a full fridge of synthesized "legal" drugs that they go through like water, and occasionally helping the clown get some space lube to decorate the halls in. Much to the ire of confused bodies sliding across the floor in a significant amount of pain after ignoring the "wet floor" sign. Try not turn the station into a literal star with that plasma yea?

Geneticist (100cp)- After awakening to the faint smell of smoke you bolt upright faintly thinking of the last gene sequence you stuffed into your latest and greatest recreation of "charmander", only to find another glowing corpse of a monkey who you almost had where you wanted him. Ah well another monkey down, another fifty three to go. Shame you don't know how to clone a horrifying cancer-ridden glowing beast, you thought you were close on this last attempt.

Roboticist (100cp)- Finding yourself three knuckles deep inside a very polite medical borg is perhaps a

new way of finding yourself entering a new land, you were just err... “Helping” D.A.I.S.E.Y. with a finicky power issue when you must’ve been shocked and knocked out or something... You have certain “talents” with machines, probably why NT hired you in the first place; your knowledge and abilities to work with cutting edge machines is almost as impressive as the charm you have on mechanical life.

Scientist (100cp)- Well that wasn’t smart. Strapping together some illicit tech, a random artifact and one pissed off slime is a sure fire way to wake up in a clone pod, It's a damn good thing you have bullet resistant testing chambers, otherwise you might be in that former situation. While the station may say you’re mad (you are) you certainly come at your problems with a “unique” outlook. Leading this madhouse to new and creative truths and half-lies to build fantastic machines and divine dark secrets of the cosmos.

Bartender (50cp)- Tophat in hand, shotgun on back, you make your way out into your bar with a sober crew already looking to make the day go by a little faster. Being a partial bouncer and a half decent poker player, you keep this station somewhat sane or at the least docile for periods longer than 24 hours, or you try. Certainly this is going to be a hands-on kind of adventure.

Cook (50cp)- Carefully working out pizza dough, you find yourself in the kitchen already working on lunch for the crew, with the PHD you have in confectionary arts and the creativity it takes to make a deep fried-bacon-deep fried-ice cream-deep fried-ID sandwich, you keep the crew fed and not running around like a pack of hunter-gatherers storming every vending machine and hunting every monkey with sharp spears. Now say hello to your delicious friends.

Botanist (50cp)- Ahh, the sweet smell of cut grass, ripe poppies and...hemp? Hmmm, I didn't think chemistry wanted a bunch of THC in their new painkillers...maybe that was a suggestion? Anyways, you are a bog standard farmer from earth who just so happens to have the right kinda brain for all this fancy space age flora growth, hell you’ll probably try and make a plant that makes white chicken eggs instead of fruit, you are a son of a shepherd aren’t you?

Clown (Free!)- Welcome emissary of the great clown planet and Honk-Mother! You find yourself in a darkly lit theatre room not that far from the bar, with your esteemed college and beloved frenemy the astute mime getting ready for another day bringing joy and cheer to the whole station ‘round! Oh the adventures you will have, the pranks you will play, and perhaps the grace of your forebearers you will earn. Earn those clown shoes kid, lest your ancestor's shame you.

Mime (Free!)- ..., Waking up in front of a mirror staring at your beautiful white and black face, you prepare yourself for the usual visual jokes and silent puns that you, a mime, are so adept at telling! Whether it be “misplacing” the doctor’s scalpels in the bar or galavanting with your best friend and worst enemy the clown, your job on this station is to keep things fresh, keep people on their toes, and make sure people blame the clown!

Chaplin (50cp)- After a silent prayer to SPESS JAYSUS in your church office you conclude your personal prayer and don your faiths robes, preparing to keep the crew's spirits high and their hedonism preferably lower than yesterday. Going out with your trusty bible that in no way contains beer and spare money from donations, and your Obsidian Rod, the focus of your faith. Today is a good day to watch heretics burn.

Librarian (50cp)- Peeling off several smutty magazines of lusty xenomorph maidens, and rock-solid “working man” cyborgs, from your face you find yourself in your beloved library, your sanctuary of knowledge and hideout for all the best scandals. Today is a day of discovery, as a librarian and a journalist you will not rest today until you find the TRUTH! Whether that be what all those fancy bigwigs are planning, or something far darker and more forbidden...

Perks:

(Origins get both 100cp perks free, everything else at a 50% discount)

Drop in:

Astute student (100cp): Being a grey shirt means you're not quite good at any particular thing, hired to generally help the rest of the more specialized staff. Now however as long as you have some sort of mentor or department you are attached to IE: Research assistant, Medical assistant, Security Cadet, etc. you will be able to be semi-competent on anything the more specialized staff would encounter. For example a security cadet being competent at both basic space law, basic hand to hand and most small time arrests however anything that would take an actually trained person, say asking questions to eyewitness to gauge intent on a more high stakes crime you would find your skill lacking, and have to call in for backup.

Grey Pride station-wide(100cp): I dont know how you quite do it but you do it quite well. Having a basic charm and the ability to get to know the “untermensch”, whether it be slaves, peasants, ground down civilians in a fascist regime it all rings the same, they want something more and you can listen in wait...

We are legion (400cp): Now here’s where things get fun! Your charms increase just enough to be the head of a guerilla movement, but that's not where it stops see, you know how to place dead-drops for agents to pick up items and avoid suspicion. On top of that you picked up a simple tricks to speed up indoctrination of even random strangers off the street, however you're going to need either a self defence flash or some kind of bright bulb...with some time you could become leader of ZE REVOLUTION!

Breaking and entering (400cp): Smooth criminal eh? Your skills getting into places you're not supposed to be is astounding, able to easily break into top-of-the-line security centers and extract even whole armouries right from under the noses of an alert and aggressive security force, even in the face of things like “lasers” and “AI presence” it's just another thing to laugh at. Just remember to grab the dog yea?

ROBUST (600cp): Wow. you are quite a legend with this here. This is simple knowledge on what you and the items around you “do”. What's their best use, how do you effectively use it, what's the breaking point, cost vs. reward of breaking it when and where. This is some pseudo-meta skill to both use items and skills to their peak efficiency while allowing one to grow their skills as high as they can dream. Just remember without outside help and just with this, you are still mortal and constrained by your limitations, you just now know how to try and work around them.

Traitorous (600cp): Recently deal with the Syndicate hmm? Oh come now you don't have to act coy now, with all your expertise on covert ops and illegal technologies you practically run the damn organization! But how does this help you in the future I hear you say if you are this “traitor”? Well i'm glad you asked. You my friend are a classic case of a master of shadows, knowing the ins and outs of every and any group that may work in the shadows here and anywhere else, thanks to some contacts out in bluespace. Knowing every trick in the book when it comes to cloak and dagger and even more...aggressive approaches... even if you don't want to associate with such “villains” you would still find it useful to be able to tear apart even the most oblique of entities for their deepest and darkest secrets. Just don't get stabbed in the back.

Internal Affairs Agent:

Throwing the book (100cp): How could you be a decent agent if you don't even know the intricacies of the bueracratic cluster fuck you’ve gotten yourself into? With this you take to book learning and knowledge comprehension like a fish to water, capable after only a week of study start to gum up most well thought out political and logistical systems or interpret them in ways for your own benefit. Obviously only works with places that adhere to “laws” and “government”.

Power word: Cash (100cp): Ahhh money, the best way to get your way. With this you understand how to get the most out of your dollar when it comes to contracts and services, being able to conive and ferret out just enough value without getting your contact to rat on you. good for all sorts of things from deals with devils to pacts made with ancient intelligent anomalies, just as long as it's a “deal” of some sort and you pay fairly for the service rendered, whether it be magic spells for souls, money for court battles or even gold for knives, you just know greed.

Little birdy told me (400cp): You have an almost scary way of getting the information you need from the sources you find. Whether it be who’s screwing who, some specs on the latest top secret pod, or even why in the world kids love the taste of cinnamon toast crunch, you just kinda “stumble” into the information as long as it's something you need and it isn't actively being withheld from you specifically.

Men in Black (400cp): Why hello station, Im IAA. With this you learn some insider secrets from the scary men behind a lot of scary things, able to massively boost productivity using terror tactics and misinformation. Granting just enough insight on where to bomb to get the most fear to feed to the machine, without overstepping boundaries. Or maybe you want to overstep some boundaries and give the station to the people..?

Voice of Nanotrasen (600cp): You are the voice on high when it comes to the great wrath of NT. Sure you may not be as threatening as a security officer, or as insane as the scientists. But, you have the ear of the ruling body, the big cheese, the go-to guy. As long as you keep things running ship-shape and be what appears to be an impartial observer to things, you may call the wrath down and use the full resources of governing bodies you associate with. After all you're #1.

Standard Operating Procedure (600cp): You know the rules, you know the risks and you know the rewards for bending the rules every now and then. Whether it be carefully bending the rules of the court system to bring masked vigilantes to justice, or bringing a whole shuttle down to help regrow a terrorized city into something beautiful. You are the man to go to, able to carefully sneak in damning acts that would be viewed as terrorism on a galactic scale, all for the greater good, boosting any groups effectiveness dramatically at the cost of fear and death. Hail NanoTrasen.

Security:

Went to the academy (100cp): You’re no pushover when it comes to the action part of your job, you can effectively use your taser like bottled lightning, short range and HARD, while that stun prod works

wonders if you know where to put it. Not only that but you know the criminal justice system like the back of your hand, keeping the scum that need to be off the streets, off the streets. Now it's 10 years in the ISO cubes for that creep.

Nature of Intent (100cp): You just have a feeling when someone is getting ready to start stoving in heads. Maybe it's the their posture, or that killing glare, but you just know about five seconds before something goes down, who's going to do it and how as long as you're in the middle of it all.

Trained by T.U.R.D.S. (400cp): Sometimes you gotta keep the peace, even when the peace doesn't wanna keep you. With this correspondence course from the T.U.R.D.S. you will be a capable leader in an active conflict zone and a crisis responder. Able to respond to even the most dire civil unrest, able to block off areas and effectively establish strategies and nonlethal battle plans, to keep the population deterred from fighting yet not in any active danger.

I AM THE LAW! (400cp): Somethings in you man, some conviction i've never seen before. When you serve a higher ideal than yourself like THE LAW, you find you can give just a bit more to the cause physically and mentally. Pushing your body and mind to feats superhuman to those not invested in an ideal, just remember every man breaks eventually.

Flashlights and T Shirts (600cp): After some proper military training you sir are a bonafide military genius of a bunch of big apes. Able to make even the most paltry of security cadets, into mean and efficient fighting forces capable of staring down snapping xenomorphs, to buy the rest of the crew just a few more hours. Woe to those thinking they can challenge trained men led by a man who hands out standard issue adamantine balls to those ready to serve.

Trained in spess 'Nam (600cp): Well if you weren't a good shot you sure are now, to say nothing of your hand to hand you can bash heads in better than anyone else, and though you may not be ROBUST, you can sure as hell keep anyone better than at a standstill, it's just going to hurt, a lot. However no matter who you fight and on what battlefield you will always have a couple dirty tricks to keep the enemy from ever truly reaching their apex as long as you actively fight and keep the attention of the threat, just remember just because you can hold them to a standstill doesn't mean you won't still possibly die doing it.

Detective:

Went to the range (100cp): Damn good with yer sidearm there son, able to shave the hairs off a fly's

backside with just a moment of concentration and a half-decent sidearm. You certainly will be able to find waldo with your keen eyes and decent hand-eye coordination now, just don't look too hard at the bluespace, it may hurt...a lot.

Twitch Reflexes (100cp): Draw! Even if you were caught unaware, half asleep and drunk you would probably still outdraw half the station with your reflexes. Able to almost act before any threat shows up. Careful though you don't get too twitchy and shoot a coworker or two, even if they do deserve it...

Inquisitor (400cp): I always knew that mind of yours would keep you on the righteous path there, you my friend are quite a monster when it comes to cracking cases and piecing together who-dun-its. Whether it be searching for a rusty needle in a stack of needles, piecing together the clown shouldn't have all-access or even actually difficult cases like if the mime is a ninja-in-waiting or just quiet, you can figure out all but the most contrived plans of the powers that be given time and booze.

Gut feeling (400cp): You have this odd feeling every time you come upon a "dead end". You just know you saw something that could help out in this previous case... Well now you can rest assured THE TRUTH is always not far away when you listen to your gut and comb crime scenes again, maybe even question a witness a third time. Never know what you might get...cold cases aren't so cold when you are around and can keep recombing evidence.

Elementary (600cp): Quite the nose now huh? You seem to have grown right into the sherlock angle, able to piece together clues and assumptions that actually hold up, into wonderful devices of truth. Literally or figuratively depending on your background. You find you can sniff out even well hidden horrors like you had a radar tracking their ass, or destroy even the most intricate of plans you stumble upon. Now let's get a drink on me...

Cigarette daydreams (600cp): You always tend to lose yourself in your heady dreams with a smoke in hand, but recently these day dreams have become more and more useful. Being time to reexamine and reassess the situation you are currently in, from an almost objective standpoint, and how to possibly improve your current situation. Also works well with alcohol, perhaps not as coherently, but certainly works just enough to entertain the booze, smokes and perhaps some more exotic things for the price of some cigarette daydreams...

Mechanic:

What was that sound? (100cp): Whenever something you build is about to go HORRIBLY wrong, you

just know. It could be the sound of the revving fans, the sudden creak of metal, only thing for certain is you will know vaguely how something just went wrong without having to examine it that whatever's going wrong is going to happen in the next thirty seconds.

Wrench monkey (100cp): You know the basic maintenance and activation of almost all station based tech, being able to start up the power engines, make sure they don't blow, and if something else breaks along the way where to start applying the welding torch. This also helps figuring out most other basics of starships and space stations as well as where to get started to make one self-sufficient.

Concussive maintenance (400cp): Percussive maintenance? No no no, that's not how you do it! You hit and abuse the things you want to work better! Never fix! How would hitting it fix anything? Anyways you know how to hotwire and purposefully fault systems in such a way to drastically reduce their lifespan, yet massively increase performance while they keep together. Just don't hit the supermatter crystal...trust me…

Practical problem solver (400cp): All these problems and not enough official parts to go around? Time to start merging things. By carefully cannibalizing and integrating systems that are by themselves failing, you can engineer ways for two broken devices to work almost like normal and independently, yet in one neat package. Ovens and microwaves meeting beautiful harmony, Cloners and cryopods birthing and saving lives, all is possible with a bit of sacrifice and careful tinkering.

Greasemonkey (600cp): you thought that was ghetto? THIS is ghetto! You are effectively a one man repair team, able to pour all your inspiration and crafting into a beautiful assortment of garbage-punk gadgets, gizmos and doodads similar to the most advanced of space tech. Half the resource, twice the rate of breaking or failing in spectacular ways, but ALWAYS effective at least by an order of two. After all, who has the time to spend on something that works forever? You need it to work NOW.

Engineseer (600cp): Ahhhh power. The driving force of technology. Picking up on how you set up the engines everyday and maybe even reading a bit of the secret files on energy generation, you've figured out one thing. Power. Singularities, Super matter, Plasma, even thermo-engines. You've figured it all out and how to squeeze out power to use in horrifying ways depending on what stations you've been on. You may have learned how to bend space with copious amounts of energy while still turning a profit from the singulo, mess with strange energies and non-atomic based matter to various effects with super-matter engines or even how to "properly" create and bottle a stars worth of energy just by adding water to a controlled plasma explosion.

Janitor:

Meet Mr. Mop! And Ms. Bucket! (100cp): Well your job may suck, but at least you aren't being eaten by a squid! This optimism you have will always keep you going in grueling and sometimes dangerous work. Keep this spark of light close to you, you may require it to do something foolishly brave.

Always on time (100cp): No matter where you are going you always seem late, but if you pay a little more attention, you would've notice all these wonderful maintenance halls strewn about for fast and simple movement! With this, no matter what world you go to, no matter how far you have to go, you can always travel by a vaguely setting-in-space appropriate, dark, moderately dangerous hallway directly to your final destination. Careful though not to go off the path, it's a maze and not all of it's been charted, some would say it's almost a dungeon...

Neat trinkets (400cp): You would be so surprised by what people throw away! Sifting through trash you tend to find a lot of wonderfully useful, if sometimes not always effective, trinkets! Finding anything from tasers without some important "safety features", artifacts that produce hats, and once you even found a half-full phial of Honkingtons! Oh the trouble you shall get into...

PHD in slack (400cp): People seem to always want you to do stuff, always off here or saving there. With this you know how to inventively get just enough time out of events or shove blame off on the right person so you can go about your day doing jack-all, while others look hopelessly for you or are suddenly drowned in work.

Germicide (600cp): it's kinda scary but, you are really good at killing huge groups of things. It could be bugs, could be germs, could be mice, or could be people. You can effectively plan large group-based tactics and techniques to kill and sterilize as many things as possible with groups about the size of at least 13 things. Maybe you know how to really use that insect killer, or plan for all the orcs rushing you with clubs, but it all stands the same. Dead.

Hero this station needs (600cp): After training for days on end in ancient janitorial closets around the galaxy you have learned tricks and techniques to effectively "clean up" abstract ideas and social cues, requiring of course effective cleaner. Able to "clean" the station of crime with nothing but a lasgun and a flak jacket, "clean" public images of the mime with hand-made pro-mime anti-clown propaganda, or even "clean" the souls of other with prayer and holy water. Its grisly, arguably worse off than dedicated perks at specifics, but no matter what, you will always find a foothold in "cleaning".

Cargo Technician:

Not in the red yet... (100cp): With simple marketing training from NT you've been inducted into the simple art of trading. Not only that but when the money isn't coming in, the bills are all due and your in big with the sharks, you know just how to keep things going, if uncomfortably, no matter what your economic situation is.

Stocks 102 (100cp): Part of the art of the deal is knowing who to sell to, and while you may not know enough people to sell to, you certainly understand how to pawn off random crap and useless shit to random people for pitiful amounts of money. Maybe it's a form of begging, or a bit of crazy intimidation, all you know is you have just enough cash to get a sandwich today!

Discount Dantastic! (400cp): Business is like being in a gang, sometimes you just have to cap a ligger. And no one knows this better than you. Able to take even small mom and pop shops and turn them into aggressive mini-empires, expanding by any means and looking a lot like the mob while doing it.

Shady Friends (400cp): Now you can work like a real man! You tend to get in touch with just the right people to make magic happen. Maybe magic means "loadsa money deals"? Or maybe magic is "I pay you, you fuck off with the bodies"? One thing is certain you have friends in low, low, low, low places, and have the ability to know a lot more.

Space Gypsy (600cp): Well here's a skill, you have figured out methods to convince most entities that you pose no threat whatsoever. On top of that when recognized as a non-hostile and merchant by such an entity with nothing more than a sign and a poor accent, you can claim any item or piece of land to be "yours" by national heritage and right. However depending on such "claims" you may also inherit any problems such an item may contribute, sure you could claim the singularity as your pet by heritage, but you're going to have to pay for any damages and deaths it causes as if it were your actual pet. Keep in mind this opens the doors to further negotiations on such items once it is yours. If your accent fails at any point in time you are found out as a fraud and held accountable as such.

Workin' The deal (600cp): People tend to not know this, but you tend to shaft people with deals. HARD. like "I just forced a bunch of rich assholes to buy the rights to breathe in space" type of hard, you just know how to play concrete-like hard-ball when it comes to wheelin' and dealin'. Expect your business interests to always be profitable if a bit morally grey, and partly sadistic, just don't piss off the demon with your new pair of horns.

Shaft Miner:

Eye for ore (100cp): You have an eye for structural weak spots in rock and metal, making it infinitely easier to both mine effectively and efficiently for ores and space. This however also partially extends to weak spots in metal craft and even the station if you where to start mining into it. Quickly now...before anyone notices.

Spess survival 101 (100cp): You are no engineer, certainly not a security guard, yet commonly need both sets of skills. With a basic primer on how to fix your suit, do general first aid and even take on ravenous space monsters with nothing but a pickaxe you know the basics on how to survive in the depths of space and semi-hostile alien environments.

Power word: Boast (400cp): Weave me a tale jumper! Spin us a thread! Knit me a- you get the idea. Your tales are surely already awe inspiring but with some time out on the ‘roid you know just the right way to spin a yarn as they say. On top of this if the tale is built upon truth while drawing a crowd or being talked about commonly, you can guarantee at least one of the made up parts of your story will become partially true. That story where you fought a basilisk on the ‘roid and took a trove of alien artifacts may end up with you actually coming across a basilisk whether you kill it is up to your skill, and whether you actually find a trove of artifacts is up to luck.

Nose for gold (400cp): You may be in space but you can still smell the mineral wealth before you, knowing just where to hit and where to go for the most luxurious of goods. Gold, Miracle matter, Gibtonite, Phazon, Plasma and more are all just moments away as long as you follow your nose, and watch for gold grubs.

Monster Hunter (600cp): Goliaths now stand no chance when it comes to some close quarters combat! You are able to pick apart all sorts of horrible monsters with your pick-axe when you go looking for trouble, tearing apart hordes of space carp, mountains of hivebots, forests of the dreaded “pine trees” and given a slight breather you may actually be able to survive “Bear Force One”. Just watch for the weak points my boy.

Urist McJumper (600cp): let's face the facts kid. In the middle of space, the likelihood of finding and making medicine, spare suits, oxygen and real weapons are close to zero. However you’ve studied both the material around you and the animals you work with and have found ways to patch and forge with various forms of xeno life. Turning goliath skin into strong space suits capable of shrugging off shotgun

rounds, basilisk eyes into organic cryo sources, space carp teeth into powerful knives loaded with poisons and even dreaded pine trees into powerful “baseball bats”, You know how to use the life around you in twisted ways to create useful tools.

Medical Doctor:

Diagnosis: Grim (100cp): with a quick look at any living creature you can determine a general “state” which a creature is currently in, giving an indication on who is dying the most in any given situation, only giving vague yet useful info on someone's state of health at a glance.

OH GOD HIS LEG! (100cp): You may not have any skill with a scalpel yet, but damnit if that stops you. This gives you general insight into most basic medical work, anything from stopping blood coming out of a leg that grew a bit stumpy suddenly, to reviving retards who don’t like to wear oxygen masks in an oxygen free plasma fire, you have the basics to bring idiots back from most minor space tragedies.

Valuable crew member! (400cp): With this people will actively identify you as a medical professional whether that's true for the setting or not, this grants a whole hearth of positives like: not being intentionally killed until proven otherwise hazardous, getting better pay, having people understand their life is in your hands and to not piss you off. Along with a decent ability to lie, able to say you indeed do know what you are doing in brain surgery even if you don't have any idea what a “brain” is.

MEDIC! (400cp): it will be a cold day in hell when you allow one of your patients die on your watch. This perk gives a general boost to you any doctoring skills, being equivalent to training a combat medic would receive allowing more advanced surgeries and first aid tricks, along with skills on how to make your band-aids go a tiny bit farther to save lives. Do keep in mind once their dead though, it’s no longer your department but the chaplin’s.

Surgery Savant (600cp): After thinking dearly upon your nightmares involving aliens, and their dark experiments with odd objects and human bodies, you have realized the truth and genius of these quasi-real dreams, figuring out how to ignore all biomechanical barriers in place that prevents cross-species grafts or even more extreme cybernetic grafts. Allowing all sorts of great and creative experiments to go into place involving monkeys, slime cores and even tiny bits changeling with no repercussions you can't buff out with the next body!

Virologist (600cp) : Ohhhh! Playing with small life huh? With careful observation of sicknesses and reading the occasional genetics manual, you have learned how to tinker with microscopic “life” to create

vaccines and weapons deadly enough to both cause the common cold, turn people into clowns, gib the weak, and even cause terrifying seizures. All within hours! Now be very careful here, disease in most other worlds spread and kill towns and cities in weeks, maybe days, diseases here can kill in HOURS and mutate into horrifying things.

Chemist:

Tradeskills like mom wanted (100cp): Chemistry? You really think this all starts with chemistry? No, no...no. this starts with metallurgy! You know the properties of and how to effectively make use of most metals in this world, from the construction of plas-steel to the mining of miracle matter and its uses, you have a tiny bit of trade skill involving weaving, carpentry and light metal working. Because...you know...mom wanted.

Modern major general (100cp): You can recite the periodic table backwards and forwards with little effort. If you were a normal earth scientist you'd be making money selling most commercial pharmaceuticals or lightcore drugs. It's a good thing we're in space.

Dangerously volatile... (400cp): Oh looky, the dossier on plasma! And reading through this, you may understand a bit of the...unconventional things about both the wonderfully explosive material but also insight into how it interacts with other unconventional material, allowing basic insight into the "how" of plasma's "what" unlocking a great many fuel ideas, explosives, and a general idea of why plasma is used in supermatter engines.

Unhinged (400cp): Some say you're mad, you say determined to a fault. No matter what's going on outside of your work you can fully focus on work as if nothing is going on, barring destruction of you and the tools you are working with, basically multiplying the attention you can give to your current task, and thereby the quality of your work, after all, healing-smoke-bombs are damn hard to make quickly while being invaded by a giant blob thing with a nuclear ops team and a rogue "wiz-ling".

Got my PHD in Explosives... (600cp): You take explosives research to a new extreme, knowing just enough about demolitions and just enough about other equally dangerous materials to create. Mind numbing weapons of mass destruction, able to recreate total bluespace failures and unraveling of reality, on a locale with very precise chemical reactions. Careful now, you wouldn't want to hurt someone now would you? This also grants insight into research of weapons of mass destruction.

Mr. "Al" Chemist (600cp): Doing some research into actually generally useful chemicals has yielded

surprising results. You have figured out how to figure out most “secret recipes” to chemicals, from liquid electricity, mutagens that turn anything into plasma men, “corgium” or even liquid laughter, you are capable of figuring out how to make chemistry do a lot of scary and powerful things if you put in the time to figure it out, and don't get blown up in the process...

Geneticist:

Counter-monkey CQC training (100cp): One would think pacifying beasts to experiment on would be easy right? Wrong. Commonly getting the snot beaten out of you by a bunch of helpless monkeys, you train yourself to both be fast and calming when it comes to working with other non-sentient life that that could tear you in two if it realized you were throwing it into a nuclear death-chamber.

Monkeying around (100cp): Playing with genes is hard if you don't know how, thankfully you have the training to not entirely fuckup a play-thing on your first attempt at pressing the spacebar. Although far from making creatures nature never intended you are head and shoulders above the average gene-tech working on cancer and genetic experiments, it just has to be a monkey to begin with.

Cloning Blues (400cp): Well it's time for your second job. Cloning the idiots that caved in each others skulls while screaming. With this training, you have learned how to clone a creature, all memories it's had, and even restore to it the most important thing in the world, the soul. Keep in mind the soul has to be willing to attach it to a clone, and you can neither move souls nor copy them into multiple or different bodies, but it's a start and definitely a marketable skill here on the space station.

Monkey master (400cp): After burning out your twentieth monkey, with many notes to read through why you went wrong you have finally figured out how to unlock superpowers inherent in every genetic structure. If a genome is too simple to hold any complex powers or holds nothing you're looking for, copying and pasting DNA info into the host to provide them more desirable traits is as simple as snapping your fingers, careful with alien life kid.

Jean-Stealer (600cp): A recent top secret sample was brought in and after careful research and theory you have figured out the secrets of genetically shifting and hyper-complex life called “Changelings” and their ability to change genetically at-will into semi-human freaky shapeshifting things that are somewhere close to The Thing and Tyranids while being dickhead super-mutants. With this info, you could make protean creatures able to shift into anything their body chemistry can support and maybe even given them a weird mixture of this with superpowers, careful though...the creatures come out a bit...”shadowy” and start to become weak to light if done that way.

Xenobiologist (600cp): With some recent inhumane experiments involving a vox holyman, a lizard assistant, and a plasmaman clown you have unlocked the secrets of macro cells. Such large cells are capable of incredible feats with incredible flexibility of how they achieve such marvels, electrically active blue mega cells that fire bolts of lightning, acidic green blobs with zombifying spores, such wonders are the mere start of what life can potentially do.

Roboticist:

Tools of Goliath (100cp): You work in the shadows of the engineers and the scientists, yet do such great work! With these tools and the knowledge of your peers you may do what your coworkers may never do, build big stompy, me- err...police droids. Yep you know all there is to ED-209 units and medical droids, with inklings on how to keep any exosuits running come the apocalypse

Do not fist android girls (100cp): Your charisma for machinery is quite sharp. Maybe it's the way you ping back at the machines or maybe it's your warm hands working out its...er...kinks... Whatever it is sentient machines just tend to like you a bit more than usual, and normal machinery will break only rarely if ever if its being used right.

Shadows of giants (400cp): Build it BIGGER they say, and you do that well! Scaling up construction of many normal engineering devices to make even BETTER machines that only TITANS are able to truly wield. This being slightly hard for smaller creatures to use, you have learned how to make any exosuit the station can offer and with a decent idea on how to build their upgrades forthwith to keep the mech lovin' coming.

Ping! (400cp): Alright you seem to just "get" machines and their intricate language they speak. It could be the bursts of binary radios are transmitting, error codes arbitrarily created, or even simple "Pings" emitted from robotic life. You know how to communicate with and talk back to machines, Sending code to computers, information dense emissions to radios, or even beeps back to the blushing security cyborg to get your point across. Even persuading said machines to work for you even without proper passwords and security checks occasionally.

Chicks Dig it (600cp): Coming to the truly gargantuan power generators and more exotic devices the scientists make you decide to not lose out on the fun and make mecha so powerful yet compact that such devices not only are fully capable of siphoning energy from exotic sources but grow stronger the "cooler" it looks. Draining power from a battery wirelessly with a mech would be childsplay yet

inefficient providing a flat rate yet low increase in system ability, draining power from a raging super-matter-singularity would be hard to even devise yet would provide such a stupid increase in capability one would perhaps be able to “slam” the singularity causing destruction on a galactic scale, oh and as a minor aside everything you design with these principles in mind will guarantee the opposite gender to dig it.

Dreaming of Electric Sheep (600cp): Learning all about the intricacies of machine based life has provided deep insight into the psychology of machines and how to recreate such a thing. Granting the knowledge to carefully start a powerful artificial intelligence on an equally powerful computational system, such a machine can be further microsized if the proper semi-religious rights are gone through allowing a spirit to take up the home and give the machine a bit of “life”. Whether they become children to you, your waifu or your biggest enemy is entirely based on how you treat them and ~ping! Them back...

Scientist:

Action archaeology (100cp): Archaeology on earth takes decades of work and research into cultures, in space however it takes hours, a good computer and a half decent artifact found god knows where. This perk doesn’t make divining the secrets of artifacts easier, just simpler and slightly faster from the lack of dead people to consult. Cuts consulting those wandering space skeletons bums right out of the equation, as long as you have a half-decent computer rig.

Degree in blue-space (100cp): Discovering secrets of the lost world is nice but what about that telepad right there? Certainly there are interesting things to do with that no? Well now with some consultation of the bluespace manual and some dedicated tests involving the mimes rubber ducky and a gps tracker. You now know both how to operate a bluespace-pad and the basic ideas behind the maintenance and theories of such teleportation devices.

Science hasn’t gone far enough! (400cp): In more “normal” and “civilized” stations, research is a slow process of cause-and-effect fact checking with a bit of plasma maybe, allowing reliable results for everyone. But screw that this is NT, instead to get decent results you can forgo the slow and reliable at the cost of reproducibility and proof. At its most basic level you can conceive of insane experiments for testing arbitrary things and still learn useful engineering quirks and gain interesting data for one-off prototypes and insane yet useful info. Who ever said you learn nothing from scanning the colors of various plasma-infused objects while they burn, it's how we got indigo and pizza cutters?

Pushing the envelope (400cp): Sometimes a scientist needs results and needs them fast. Like say when a giant blob monster is invading and you need some kind of x-ray like weapon to bust through its protection so you can stomp its green gloopy ass. This is where you come in, able to force yourself into a hyper-obsessive focus of sorts that increases aggressiveness, reflexes and problem solving skills in the face of imminent death without immediate and rapid breakthroughs. This allows a single being to make dramatic leaps in technological understanding allowing a station that was just working with shotguns and tasers to find themselves outfitted with brand new prototype gamma guns, laser cannons and x-ray weaponry in the matter hours instead of the years of experiments and research that would be required otherwise all at the cost of an important “trigger” event and sometimes quite exotic materials.

Bluespace Wizard (600cp): Take a bow, wave to the crowd because now you can make the whole crew disappear! And not just some fancy teleportin’ trick, you’ve figured out and partially improved the mathematics and theory behind the bluespace teleporters allowing you to breach alternate dimensions at the cost of blue-space crystal lifespan and power. Much is possible if you have the stupid amounts of power required to keep the portals open for longer than several seconds and the advanced equipment to hold the strain.

Unearthing Mig-22s (600cp): Well now, you have a real knack for finding and figuring out what artifacts really do now don't you? With how fast you work and how accurate your results are, you could supplant the armory with weapons both stronger and more exotic than current weaponry. With a bit of work you could work out the “hows” and “whys” the ancient devices use, to start bootstrapping your own tech to considerably better results! All with a tiny bit of dedication and some decent amount of poking, prodding and test-firing.

Bartender:

Mixologist (100cp): Now it's a real party! You know how to keep things light with a couple decent drinks and some music to help everyone settle down or get hype for...something. Any way about this you become a decent bartender for normal and sometimes interesting drinks like screwdrivers. Also comes with knowledge on how to make molotovs with orange juice.

Bouncer (100cp): Not a half bad shot with that shotgun eh? Anyways you're damn good at keeping the rabble down and keeping your side of the street not lawful, by any means but definitely understanding that your bar or any bar that is “yours” is neutral ground damnit.

All yer’ sorrows (400cp): People like you boss, maybe it's that hat but people really confide in you while

they're drunk. Lost keys, stolen memories they tend to give a lot to you boss. More than they probably should, with those encouraging words. You could pull the truth out of a liar, the gun off an officer and the captains hat from the man himself, long as their as drunk as a skunk mind you...

Wild west (400cp): You know sometimes security just doesn't do what it's supposed to do, sometimes you have to take things into your own hands. Sometimes you need to make a gang. With some spray paint, a name and tag, an identifier like a fancy hat or red sash, and a bluespace modified radio, you can mark off an area as your territory and call in some general supplies from 21st earth like bulletproof vests, tec-9s and buckets full of lead. Just remember snitches get stitches...

Love potion #9 (600cp): Now here's the good stuff! You know just the right way to put toxic or otherwise questionable items into your drinks to make the stuff of legend. Brew a bit of doctor's delight, and watch your wounds melt with every sip, grab a singulo and with a decent swig you too can have a personality people just can't escape. All these exotic drinks with unique effects and an almost chemistry specialist supplying them along with a cast iron stomach that will ensure you can take dozens of even the hardiest of spirits.

And the bottle make Three (600cp): People don't tend to make their best decisions while drunk, however you are an exception. Whether it be some strange mutation, a blessing of a drunk god, or just a hardy liver you seem to gain strength and durability with how drunk you currently are, with no upper limit. However that isn't the only thing, you also become unreasonably level headed, and quick witted when drinking like a fish, your body somehow burning the alcohol faster and faster for greater and greater boons, the hangover may almost kill you however...

Cook:

Friend of food (100cp): Food never hurts friend, however friend is allowed to eat food. With any food-based creature you commonly can calm and make friends with even the most primal of fruits, vegetables and various other plant based savage life.

Swedish (100cp): BORK BORK BO-errrrm. I mean you know how to serve a mean deep fried something, even when you don't have the supplies or means to necessarily cook, if it's for someone really special you can bet you will find some way to deep fry the king's crown into a delicious yet somehow still solid edible gold crown, no questions. Use this deep fry mastery on anything and anyone if they aren't fast enough.

Secrets of Fud (400cp): You have listened to to food, you have heard its pleas, its whispers, its secrets and desires, And what it wants is to unleash its flavor. To unlock its full potential into a myriad of confectionary wonders and delights. And while you may not be able to fully realize these dreams yet, you can certainly step in the right direction with foods made of brains that heal brain damage, carrot cakes that really heal your eyes, roburgers that change men into cyborgs and even hearing the whispers of how to start on the path of loafomancy

Knife juggler (400cp): Being a cook is hard work, if it's not the damn clown and rats trying to steal your food before you're done it's the fucking vampires and changelings trying to suck your goat dry! With all the practice you have at throwing shit at random assholes, you could nail a vampire by the cape to the goddamn wall while you get in close to bash the bastard. And if that doesn't quite suit you, grenades and dynamite are weapons to be feared with that laser accurate arm on ya.

Quantum Confectionary arts (600cp): Listening deep to your food, you have learned how to bake breads that start to become hyper-dense. Starting at dense enough to break down walls and shatter diamonds while still being somehow light in your hands and edible, somewhere in the center of technique the breads can be used as both atomic fission and fusion fuel while emitting exotic flavor particles and being capable of being used as hand grenades while ending at loaves so dense they become possessed by physics flying out at random with the density of a sun hitting random things, and the creme de le creme, the einstein-rosen loaf capable of opening "holes" in spacetime if the proper machinery is designed around the loaf. If one is of wise swedish heart, one day they may be able to apply these succulent properties on other foods they forge (these foods more or less requiring forges to even consider creating).

Hello, delicious friends! (600cp): You have...a bit of a thirst. Some would say for blood and the souls of orphans, but you are no savage! You are but a humble entertainer of more...exotic dishes. More crew-like dishes... Yes delicious friend, you may dine upon companions and crew members alike, adding their skills and fractions of their power to your own, as long as the dining is both body and soul. After all you wouldn't want to miss out on that chilly ectoplasma would you? Each meal makes a victim one with you, body and soul, however their mind may be a bit...gone...as one would say, all their skills flowing into you and any intrinsic power of theirs being devoured and used at around half the originals. Dinner is served!

Botanist:

Days work (100cp): You are a damn good farmer and botanist, knowing all there is to raising plants and animals in exotic environments like space while being able to compensate for any problems that may

arise, able to tend and care for even horribly wilted and mutated plants until they grow just enough fruit or seeds to begin again and keep working towards a decently domesticated plant or animal.

Level headed (100cp):You can work on menial and repetitive jobs for weeks on end without even batting an eyelid at the lack of change, being enormously resistant of boredom able to see any plan no matter how long it takes come to fruition.

Garden Warfare (400cp): I see you found the mutagen and guidebooks on plant mutation eh? Well since you know the basics you will be able to carefully grow plants into strange and new forms that are natural deviations from their earth born counterparts, able to even take brand new plants and mutate them along these “spess evolution lines” creating blue-space tomatoes, killer tomatoes, money-trees, golden apples, rainbow melon, gambling-fruit, and even the rare ambrosia deus, or even omega weed.

Green thumb (400cp): You really are good with the green things. Able to harvest, plant, grow and mature plants in only a quarter of the time it usually takes normal plants to grow through a combination of brutal pest warfare, and special brews of plant steroids to get even bigger and better plants.

Meta-Botanist (600cp): Well, that's funny. Much like how the chemist produces miracles in bottle and pill form, so can your plants do similar. Able to recreate any normal chemical or material, even plasma or complex medical drugs, through a very painful, very dangerous procedure of trial and error with genetic testing, playing with what food a plant needs if any, its favoured environment if any, temperature tolerance if limited and the potency and size of its harvest. Take seed in, douse in mutagen, splice gene A or B into pattern C, observe, repeat. However once done, and you have a seed that is at its apex, you will be able to seed whole fields with strange and grand plants the likes of which the station has never seen.

Son of a shepherd (600cp): You are good with animals edd boy. I mean REALLY good, able to take even the most ferocious of monsters and tame them, carefully breed them and finally domesticate into useful tools and strange shapes. Turning bee’s into exotic toxin factories, space bears into shearable egg-eaters and even raging hive lords into useful biomechanical drone, machine gun...things... Yes the animals just speak to you, and you speak back. Usually with kingly force.

Clown:

Honk! (100cp): Welcome kid, you just put on the last suit you’ll ever wear, and the difference between you and your run-of-the-mill clown? You make this shit look good. Now enough jokes, you actually can

pull off the “funny clown” look no matter who, what, when, or where you are. Always looking funny before you even say a word, opening up conversation not on weather or politics but on laughter and merriment. Or at least funny looks from all around.

Down with the clown (100cp): even if everyone hates you, they will respect you. You could be the most annoying nuisance and destructive menace to a whole corporation, and still get hired, paid and go to work the next day. Everyone hates you. But dammit you make this station what it is, a giant floating junker that holds mental patients and wonder!

Can’t put down the clown (400cp): So you have the respect, you got the looks but what about the angry mobs i hear you say? Well sometimes a clowns gotta do what a clowns gotta do, and roll with the punches with various humorous self-made sound effects. Sure they may strike at you bent on snuffing out your soul forever, but as long as you can keep them laughing and keep your feet on the ground, you will never be actually murdered by a direct close quarters combatant. There will be squeaks and chuckles and frustration and...he just won't be able to do it.

Dazed and confused (400cp): Now some would say to be a clown is to be damned by God, you would say you are blessed by the Honk-Mother. Even if you have no idea what you are doing, and are mentally impaired, as long as you have a good one liner and make a decent spectacle. You can totally “fake it” till you make it, whether that be saying a catchphrase while blindly pressing buttons on a starship to launch early, having a funny joke for the security door to be busted down with, or even a terrible practical joke that happens to slip up the entire nuclear ops, just remember an actually bad joke here or a flat line there doesn’t mean no one laughs, but the act may very well become hostile to you and your goals. You are one kind of crazy diamond, shine on.

Jester of Madness (600cp): You were sent in from the clown planet not just as a diplomat and priest of the Honk-Mother. No, you were sent in as a special covert ops agent part of the 41st clown tactical force or “jesters”, you are wise to the ways of indirect joke-fare and the dangers this station heralds, knowing both how to deal indirectly with anything from rogue ‘borgs, changeling invasions or even a blob infection. You have been trained to both deal with threats in a non-direct way but also in the art of subtlety knowing just how to feign stupid so that not even God would be able to figure out the motives and real plans for throwing some random ticking artifact out into space via mass cannon. After all. You're just a stupid clown.

Powered by Laughter (600cp): Sometimes jokes and one liners aren't enough to get past the raging armies of evil, clowns must battle on a day to day basis, but what can a clown do? It holds no great

mystic knowledge, no grand weapon to slay evil. Now however you hold the secrets of truly infuriating guerilla joke-fare, able to grind in horrifying displays of laughter and sorrow on such a basic level, gods will give up toying with you when you bring them into your jokes, people will do drastic and terrible things to themselves to try and get away from you and your fun, even non sentient things and abstract concepts can be forced to bend a knee if one were to find a way to properly "joke" with abstracts like gravity, mathematics or even space. Careful now, you warped clown-gineer things are gonna get weird and hairy. ***fast.***

Mime:

Vow of Silence (100cp): Being a mime is hard, one cannot speak, one has to put on makeup and commonly get ignored. But on the plus side you become just a tiny bit harder to see, this along with the ability to create a temporary "invisible wall" is quite extraordinary when you want nick someone's ID card and run around the station, victim in rage induced tow. You may renounce your vow to speak, breaking the contract holding you silent, yet losing your mime benefits, you may take the vow again after waiting ten minutes in deep contemplation of your crimes against mimekind with all your mime abilities returning after a deep and sorrow filled contemplation of silence.

Artist by another name (100cp): You are a mime, you pride yourself in your visual art style and puns, with such a carefully trained craft you are entirely dedicated to multiple forms of art and not just your mime work, allowing beautiful piano skills, artful masterpiece paintings and even an actually funny prank and drama every now and then. Go forth mime, and let art flow freely.

Speaks in Hands (400cp): You are a master a memetic information dispersal, your very acting portraying emotion and information on such deep levels one would instantly understand as if in your own shoes what one is trying to convey, relaying days of info, in mere moments with simple movements and deep sighs, With research and practice, one may be able to "write" in such mystifying ways, books becoming singular page "paintings" allowing quick and easy information dispersal.

Sticky Fingers (400cp): Becoming a bit better of a silent menace you train your hands and your mind for stealing things that don't belong to you. IDs, PIN numbers, jumpsuits people are currently wearing. Anything as long as you concentrate and move your hands fast enough can be stolen. Just try and not get lynched by a mob for doing such things.

Bang Bang! (600cp): Training deeply on the art of mimomancy you have reached a new level of miming, the art of the simple wall being so easy you would no longer have to even concentrate on such a

construct. Now you are able to mime tools, simple weapons and even two shot pistols with simple silent sound effects and movements. Able to forcibly convey such items as reality despite such conceptual jokes being mere illusions. Such items you mime into reality, will be of moderate quality improved by any previous acts “crafting” the piece. Though such items are always temporary, you find such gestures still retain some level of power in later acts, probe such imaginary sciences young french one.

Silent but deadly (600cp): All this stealth and thievery has readied you for initiation into the spider-clan, a high tech ninja clan with the hidden secret of all actually being advanced mimes from the future. Your skills at stealth and thievery increase dramatically along with increases to reflexes and getting a free suit of sweet ninja skin allowing unprecedented acts of speed, granting various energy based powers and weaponry, the ability to cloak, teleport, and drain power wirelessly around you to fuel your abilities and the suit.

Chaplin:

Funeral rites (100cp): knowing the basic practices of your faith, whatever faith that may be, you know the basic rites and rituals to lay wandering spirits to rest, and help calm salty spirits looking for trouble. Such is your right as holy man of the station.

Crusader (100cp): A few prayers and snippets of your holy book are all you need to keep crowds calm, and away from committing horrible atrocities against each other, the only aside is you most speak with conviction and loud enough so that all do not question such faith. Also makes sure your voice box won't go out with all the yelling you're about to do.

Food for the soul (300cp): by feeding people bits of holy water you create, tasty holy crackers or subjecting them to incense and prayer you know of ways to make the spirit grow strong. Where once stood creatures with but faint flickers of life, now stand pillars of their faith and life, allowing the careful nurture and growth of any soul into great and powerful things. One must remember however, just like botany and genetics, one wrong move and you could horribly warp a creature to a husk of itself.

Dancing the devil out (300cp): Picking up your “modern disco moves for young people” book out of your library and reading it you have figured out how to properly cleanse souls with simple beats and sweet sweet groove. On Top of this any and all spiritual combat can be greatly enhanced by the simple addition of some fancy footwork, your faith shining through miraculously when you beat demons at getting down to “disco inferno”.

Smile upon The Gods (600cp): You know your faith well, some would say too well. You know by simple prayer you cannot expect to achieve much in the way of miracles. That's where this information comes in, allowing the creation of bizarre practices in tribute to your gods to yield bits of help from those that watch from above. A forge god would be pleased to see its follower intricately crafting 42 exact replicas of circuit board by hand, while a god of the ring may enjoy the dedication one puts into their elbow drops and wrestling masks. All is dependent on the god you worship, all yield partial boons to the practitioner. From a simple cookie for being so devoted, to perhaps events partially conspiring to help achieve larger goals. Smile upon The Gods, chaplin, they certainly smile upon you...

Walls of Faith (600cp): A holy man is not much if he has no place to worship now isn't he? Investing your faith into bringing an area closer to your god you may “hollow” areas where you worship, forcing many mystic terrors to obey the boundaries of your worshiping grounds, along with increased favor and skill where you worship as proper set-up of the church or temple is presented. What this means is a forge god would have anvils and machinery with incense and candles, helping any act of creation within its walls and in fact partially improving such acts temporarily outside its walls while barring vampires or other demons. A god of the ring would have a roped off area and several training bags and weights, however the faithful that trained there would find their bravado unmatched, their martial prowess constantly on the rise and their stage always with a watchful patrons. These are but a few examples of what a holy-man can setup given time, resources and dedication to their God.

Librarian:

Driven to Smut (100cp): Always doing something dirty aren’t you? Well it helps keep security off your backs, and surprisingly even changelings can take some pause when you talk about and mimic some of the...horrifyingly lewd acts you enjoy. No matter what your enemy, no matter where you fight, describing in detail the screwed up and intimate details of your fetishes and desires, especially of your target. Will cause them to stop and pause, horrified. For the weak willed and squeamish they could up and run in terror and fear, for those much more centered and solid in their ways or perhaps those who know as much about the sexual arts as you, will only give a brief pause, thinking for a moment that would be totally hot. Allowing anything from a quick grope, a solid strike to the face or a chance to flee quickly.

Journalist (100cp): You have a good idea of how to get under people's skin and prod in all the wrong places. Maybe it's how you work up to the question of “what's your favorite anime?” or perhaps it's the way you don't stop starring at the waiters butt, but anyway around it you get embarrassing facts and facets just by essentially harassing your targets until you pull out what you want. Truth, secrets, justice or something more lewd…

Covered wars y'know (400cp): After reading enough anime and watching enough war flicks, you my friend are the ultimate in wartime soldiering. HAHAHA, i'm sorry I couldn't keep a straight face. You actually are only half decent with any weapon you lay your mitts on, however no matter who or where you go you shall be allowed to carry your weapon as if you were fully qualified regardless of other factors. Steal a destroyer and want to land it on a hyper-paranoid ultra-fascist superstate on a desert world? No problem! Want to lug that minigun into an elementary school? No issue here! Everyone knows you are definitely a professional with your weapon and deserve such a thing. After all you've covered wars y'know?

Monster girl enthusiast (400cp): This station has produced a miracle you have longed for since you first held your own err...hand... Slimegirls! But wait! A good pervert doesn't just want slime girls now does he? Through research and study in the arcane arts of the slime magic, you have discovered ways to both, turn normal creatures into a monster-girl equivalent, and with simple well made costume and movements mimic monster-girl looks and some lesser abilities like increased strength or temporary gliding. Why would one want this? Why would you not want to learn how to maybe make a qt 3.14 spider girl?

Heretic (600cp): After reading up how to summon a succubus...again..you've discovered one of two strange books detailing either the glories of the clockwork god Ratvar or the geometric truths of Narsie:

-The secrets of Ratvar, will provide a Clockwork slab from which you may tinker with divine machinery that "falls" into the slab from your god allowing great works and miracles to be made from beautiful brass, gleaming gems and eldritch machinery. Golems, tools that mess with sanity, and even machines that enslave lesser beings, much can be built from the brass god.

- Narsie and You, will provide insight into divine sigils and damned runes, allowing the working of souls, raising of the dead, even making and arming a small army of spirits. Even the dead shall know no peace when you shatter the veil between worlds, and bring HIM home.

Words to live by (600cp): "We need to go lewder." Deeply immersing yourself into the pools of deviancy, listening to the darkest desires of the galaxy and coming out stronger for it, you live for lewd. You know others deepest and sweetest kinks just from their handshake, a smile, or even how they dress. You know just the right words to seduce anything. From staring at the clown and putting your finger on his mouth and saying "Moth pussy" or looking deeply into the changelings' eyes and giving a long

drawn out speech on how “you dig the tentacle thing” you could make anyone fall for you with just a couple words here, some body language there and some remembering of the some cliche anime lines.

Traits:

Humans get <u>one</u> free trait

Combat model (100cp, Silicons only): This upgrade makes a silicon (borg, synth, android) able to withstand twice the punishment to their synthetic skin while also gaining powerful piston-like punches, and increasing all natural armour and redundancy on their model to reduce all damage by one quarter of what it normally should be. Makes all non-synth slightly bulkier but grants borgs vehicle tracks to move themselves, greatly increasing speed.

Malleable genetics (100cp, Lizards free): your genetic structure is highly prone to beneficial change, allowing easy and simple searching and incorporation of powerful genetic code. Stand out in the radiation too long, and you may find you have horns along with the ability to breathe fire, chew on some radium and you may just turn blue and potentially into a slime! Oh the possibilities!

Solid genetic structure (100cp, Dionae free): It's extremely hard to destroy your genetic structure in any meaningful way. Maybe you are lined in bio-organic lead, or have some super efficient DNA correcting protein, anyway you slice it, its very difficult to modify you unwillingly.

Efficient metabolism (100cp, Vox free): No matter how hurt you are, a tiny bit of food seems to go a long way in making you feel better. Sure a sandwich may not stop you from bleeding out, but it will certainly supercharge any healing currently going on. May make you horribly fat if you eat too much too quickly.

Adamantium Skeleton (100cp, Plasmamen Free): Your bones are made of sturdy stuff mate, someone trying to snap an arm off or trying to cut through your bones may have a bit of a problem, almost being a steel of some sort. You could jump off a large building and still probably have your bones be chipped but fine, your organs and brain however…

Dr. Officer Clown-Sec M.D. (100cp/400cp): Due to your fucked up past-times or maybe some clerical errors you’ve somehow found yourself with the training and title (read: Origins) of another crew-mate! Or with a bribe you can lay claim to not one but TWO jobs! Glorious work everyone!

Clutz (+100cp, Double for the Clown): You have horrible anxiety and dexterity, tripping over yourself, accidentally interacting with things you shouldn't be. Tried to pull your gun on the charging grey tide? Nope! You pulled out your PDA! Trying to take your burning backpack off? Stop taking off your pants man! Now while this isn't a guaranteed thing, your anxiety gets more and more severe along with your screw-ups in more and more key situations. Just take the day off and don't mind the riots yea?

Spacephobia (+100cp, double for the Miner): Everytime you leave the station, you have a chance to faint for hours on end from a stress-induced pseudo coma. It's not that you hate space it's just...all that void must be hiding something evil... anyways if you can keep your mind focused on work and not on the deep dark abyss embracing you, watching with small red gleaming eyes and reaching out from dark shadows to drag you into some horrible hell, you'll be fine!

Addicted (+100, triple for Silicons): you have this irrational itch, It just needs some extreme drug. Crank? Crocodile? Neurotoxin? Triple meth? You've tried it all, from the most exotic to the most tame. And you want MORE. Willing to sell the whole station out for just a tiny taste from strange grey invaders of a new prototype high, or give up your best friend to a known changeling for a lick of its adrenaline sacks. You just need a new fix, as long as you stay drugged up on something you should be fine and cognizant. If you run out though...well, I heard The Devil would give omega weed for your soul…

Puritan (+200): Well well well, pulling some strings with The Devil you waive your rights on this jump of any resurrection, cloning, do-over or other creative work-around to bring you back to life once you have died. Once dead your chain ends, you go home, game over.

Mutations:

Humans get two discount mutations, Geneticists get also two discounts

Morphing (100cp): "Your skin feels strange", through careful chemical production and strange physiological shifting you can now consciously shift your appearance at will to any normal, for your species, appearance. Changing sex, hair colour and length, skin colour, even eye colour and shape, even facial structure.

Psy resistant (100cp): "Your mind feels closed", you can no longer be mentally interacted with in any

meaningful way by psy powers of any kind. No more scrying, mind reading, or two way conversations with another psy individual, your mind is a true fortress that only those of immense power could wish to glean even basic and rudimentary information.

Telepathic (100cp): “You feel your voice can penetrate minds”, growth of several bluespace ansibles in your head allows you to telepathically communicate to anyone you know or have seen over obscenely long distances over strange and unknown ways untraceable by nearly any tech.

Regeneration (100cp): “You feel strange”, your body is able to quickly and efficiently heal from even normally fatal and irreparable damage. Watch as Dionae repair damage from fire, the clown gets back up from brutal beatings and even the crippled walk again.

Sober (100cp): “you feel unusually sober”, your body gains complete immunity to alcohol poisoning, no matter how much or how exotic the drink if it contains alcohol your body will absorb it with zero consequences and enhanced boons if any would be granted from such drinks.

Noir sight (100cp): “The bright coloured light of the station hits your eyes for the last time”, You start out with entirely black and white vision with the exception of any blood, when you grow into your mutation you are able to selectively block out and control your vision. Turning memetic hazards into blank gashes, obvious threats into bright red colours or even more creative things given time to compensate and learn.

X-ray vision (100cp): “The walls suddenly disappear”, through strange nodules in your eyes and growths in your brain, you are now able to perceive and understand the higher end of the electromagnetic spectrum allowing perfect sight through materials, objects, walls, material, etc. very little can block your sight as long as SOME energy is being emitted from an object. Works very well with telekinesis.

Telekinesis (200cp): “You feel smarter”, your brain expanding and becoming dense. Growing strange blue-space like nodules in it allowing the moving and interaction of things from a distance with the power of your mind! The more you practice with this power, the stronger it gets in both dexterity and intricacy. Requires line-of-sight.

Breathless (100cp): “You feel no need to breathe”, your lungs become redundant and useless, your body

is fully capable of now going forever without the need for air, also increases your endurance due to the lack of needing to breathe.

Chameleon (2000cp): “You feel one with your surroundings”, your body starts to produce a special chemical meta-material that perfectly bends light around it allowing one to perfectly blend into the environment as if they were never there at all if they stand still. Grants semi-invisibility while moving.

Hulk (200cp): “Your muscles hurt”, whenever you grow angry or even get into a life-threatening situation, your body grows large, green, and powerful. Your skin becomes hard and stretchy, your nervous system becomes partly redundant, your bones grow strong and your muscles ripple with untapped power. You become strong, some would say the strongest, based on how angry you are with no upper limit. You are immune to “stun” effects and are partly resistant to light blunt trauma.

Shock Immunity (200cp): “Your skin feels electric”, your body grows and maintains natural insulating material that grants virtual immunity from electricity even from stupid amounts of current from a hot-wired singularity engine.

Heat Immunity (200cp): “You feel icy to the touch”, your skin and musculature become insulated to temperatures not within its “peak performance” with your body maintaining a constant low temperature, able to wander through plasma fires and stay on the edges of stars where even high grade metallurgical processes start to break down.

Cold Immunity (200cp):”Your body is filled with warmth”, Your body runs hot at a constant temperature allowing dips into space and liquid nitrogen lakes with no real ill effects, where others would freeze and become brittle you only start to get comfortable. Can stack with Heat Immunity for temperature extremes resistance.

Cryokinesis (200cp): “You notice a strange cold tingle near your fingers”, you now have the ability through careful chemically and EM based manipulation to drastically reduce the temperature of items, and creatures and through careful study also fire ice projectiles. With further study one may become an adept cryo manipulator, forming more than simple projectiles or robbing heat from items far away.

Matter eater (200cp): “You feel hungry”, Your mouth becomes reinforce while your stomach becomes highly efficient and able to derive nutrients from anything. ANYTHING. Chew on a tin can, a taser,

battery, a living giant spider, the supermatter shard, a can of plasma, an exosuit arm, beepsky, and the clown! While still having room for more! May or may not involve having some weird biological micro-singularity that just gives off nutrient particles.

Strong (200cp): “Your muscles feel taught and strong”, your muscles become piston like and powerful. Leap buildings in a single bound, break chokeholds with a single snap of your arm, and bring even muhammad ali down with just one punch. Stacks well with Hulk

Empathetic thought (200cp): “You suddenly notice more about others than you did before”, You gain the ability to partly glean information from others minds. Pins numbers, intentions, surface thoughts. Just make sure their brain isn't closed off, and with some practice you could probe minds deeper.

Remote viewing (200cp): “Your mind expands”, through careful concentration you may view far away locations and individuals remotely, as long as their mind is not closed off it is simple to view people, what they are doing, and what is around them for forty or so meters.

Strangeness (150cp): “You feel strange”, your body goes through radical and extreme mutations randomly, flowing from a short-sighted, skeletal, fire-breathing, wizard-awakened super mutant, to a telepathic, retarded, banana seemingly at random. This mutation is highly unstable, shifting the body into highly powerful and useful forms and also highly crippled or useless forms. The only control one has over this is a “trigger chemical” able to be synthesized with a given simple recipe.

Elvis-ness (50cp): “You feel pretty good honeydoll”, with this you gain the exact mannerisms, dance abilities and singing talent of the highly talented “King of rock and roll” however the body can only contain so much ‘roll at any point forcing random spasms of dance moves or sudden powerful craving and uncontrollable devouring of fried peanut butter and banana sandwiches.

Dissolve (100cp): “You feel strangely jiggly and soft”, your body has somehow modified your bones in such a way so that they are an entirely independent body, waiting to be released from its fleshy sack. At will or upon going into critical life-or-death situations similar to bleeding out from multiple gunshots, you burst from your body in perfect condition, but nothing more than a simple self-propelled skeleton powered through unknown and arcane machinations.

Spatial Destabilization (200cp): “You feel a bit out of place”, causes random teleportation randomly, having a sandwich in the diner? Nope now it's a security cell in prison. Wandering on the asteroid? Nope now you’re in medical. Continues to function while unconscious unless preventative anti-teleportation

rigs are fitted to your body. If you grow into this mutation however will allow at-will long-range teleportation at the end of your ten years here, even if you don't know where you're teleporting you won't teleport into solid matter, or imminent danger without severe mental gymnastics.

Adrenaline rush (100cp): “You feel hype”, your body is able to produce large amounts of painkillers, speed enhancers, reflex sharpeners and healing agents on command making a very deadly juicer, if one isn't careful with such a mutant. If you do not use it however and get knocked unconscious, the medical agents will be dispersed to both revive and heal most injuries that have been inflicted. Abuse of such glands would be foolish, leading to both resistance buildup and potential burning out of important organs if pushed too hard.

Dimensional Shift (200cp): “You begin to see a blue light”, allows you to enter a indestructible pocket dimension about the size of a locker, once inside you may see everything around you all 360 degrees, however are unable to interact with anything outside of you dimensional closet.

Healing touch (200cp): “Your hands radiate a comforting aura”, through unknown energetic means you are able to touch living creatures and heal them, and with age, practice and time you may be able to do slightly more than heal such creatures, curing diseases, temporarily reversing age and more.

Meta-neural antenna (100cp): “You hear a lot of strange chatter in your head”, your mind somehow has grown a tunable radio receiver in it, allowing one to scan the airwaves for communications and eavesdrop on secure chats.

Midas touch (200cp): “Your hands sparkle and gleam”, through strange radiations your hands are able to transform matter into solid gold at will. Turning scrap metal into a fortune, clothes into heavy metal prisons, and even turning enemies into beautiful and horrified sculptures. The longer you touch something and concentrate your power the bigger the effect you will get. Requires time to convert matter.

Optic energizer (200cp): “Your eyes burn and ache”, you gain the ability to focus and emit light from your eyes into a very precise and relatively powerful laser blast, able to fire energy in blasts as large as your eyes are, or you may scale it down and fire very small, precise lasers for precision cutting. Consumes a lot of calories to maintain.

Natural anti-toxins (100cp): “Your pulse seems to relax”, Forces your body to flush and utilize chemicals at a rapid rate, beneficial or not. Poison will be out of your body in hours what would take days, however the same can be said of helpful drugs and painkillers. Stacks well with Adrenaline overdrive.

Photokinesis (200cp): “Everything seems too dark”, you have the ability to both control, manipulate and generate light. Allowing the illumination of the station just by your strange “points of light” you may leave around, the firing of weak lasers and general messing about with photons. Stacks with Optic energizer to allow manipulation of very high energy photons easily. Stacks with Healing touch allowing the weaponization of the radiation you use to heal for range and precision.

Meta neural haze (200cp): You are memetically unimportant and unreadable. Anyone or anything that looks at you will be unable to fully remember or describe what you are, what you're using and even your actions seem many times ambiguous, at least physically. While you may still be mentally read, any descriptive things about you are mentally deemed unimportant and forgotten nanoseconds after being seen. It takes someone with a strong will actively looking at and describing you to someone somewhere else entirely to keep anything about you remotely pinned down before it fades away. May act strangely upon alien minds or artificial ones.

Items:

Silicons get one item free and two free discounts, Cargo Techs get all non-food or drinks items discounted, Barman and Chef get discounts on exotic foods/drinks as appropriate with one free “signature” drink or meal.

Jumpsuit and ID (Free): A department specific (or grey suit in the case of drop-ins) one piece jumpsuit that is both tear-resistant and partly non-flammable. Signifies the NT core, wear it with pride! Comes with a PDA loaded with your NT Identification Card that allows you to both be identified by staff but also machinery and doors for easy access!

Chameleon box set (200cp, discount drop-in): A full set (boots, gloves, jumpsuit, exosuit, hat, mask) of chameleon equipment able to mimic any uniform or outfit, lightly armoured and able to mimic voices and sounds with fingerprints along with being entirely resistant to being slipped. Useful for impersonation, assassination, or just plain getting into places you should not be. Comes with an agent ID to fake being a balloon salesman.

Chameleon projector (300cp, discount drop-in): A small scanner/projector item that can scan any item and project a fake holo image to allow sneaky movement and hiding across the station. Downsides are it shorts out when exposed to high radiation and can be seen through with thermal detection. Any outside interaction besides opening doors with your ID will break the cloak and expose your true nature.

Adaptive Cardboard cutouts (100cp): “cardboard” cutouts that can be designed and programmed as anything and be used for a variety of things, from decoys, to shit to hide behind. The possibilities are endless! Decoys are still-motion but have life-like resolution.

Cryptographic Sequencer (400, discount drop-in): The ultimate electronic skeleton key, able to break open and unlock hidden features in almost any electronic device with a card reader. Will overdrive and quickly burnout any item it’s used on however, so try not to use it on anything too precious.

Thermal imaging goggles (200cp, Discount Security): Large red goggles that allow the user to see through walls and view any living creature. Very sensitive to flashes, very obvious, very useful.

Bag of X4 (200cp, Discount Chemist): X4 is the bigger cousin of C4, breaking through solid titanium walls with ease, setting fire to the air it makes contact with after that, and finally melting everything into a nice solid piece for nerds to board. Comes with a bag of four and a recipe to make more.

Radioactive Microlaser (200cp, Free Doctor): this tiny little radioactive “Health scanner” not only lets you assess living creatures health when pressed up against them, it also allows one to fry their genetic structure and turn them into a radioactive husk of a living being. The radioactive laser works within 10 feet at the farthest, and goes from “make them have slight radiation sickness” to “make their cells crack like eggs and DNA unravel”

Laser Pointer (100cp, Free Librarian, IAA): Most laser pointers are nothing really fancy, but this is a uranium diode, self recharging microlaser. While it lacks the ability irradiate people like a certain health scanner, it makes up for it in the ability to both blind enemies and cut straight through glass and grates like butter.

Energy sword (200cp, Discount Energy sword): A small metal handle able to, with a push of a button, create a plasma sabre able to cut through most high-grade armors while also being useful for deflecting laser fire. Purchasing another sword will allow you to lock the two handles together to make a E-bo

staff, being twice as effective deflecting laser-fire and twice as deadly.

Energy shield (200cp, Discount Security): A small metal buckler able to be held in one hand, belying its simple metal frame however is a small button in the handle, deploying a large energy shield capable of deflecting laserfire and absorbing a decent amount of kinetic energy from ballistic weapons.

Reactive teleportation armor (200cp, Discount Scientist): An experimental device, such a device uses a rare blue space “diamonoid” along with several kinetically charged batteries and capacitors to essentially teleport the wearer on impact with something.

Ablative armor vest (300cp, Discount Security): Another experimental armor, this device effectively tries to reflect and force laser fire to either not hit the user, or hit non-essential parts of the chestpiece. Along with that the chest piece is highly effective against ballistic ammunition, stopping all but the strongest rounds that try to kill the wearer.

Energy crossbow (400cp, Discount Drop-in): This handheld micro crossbow fires small somehow toxic energy bolts that stun the target in close range. Such a weapon automatically regenerates shots via a small reactor in the handle of the weapon.

Disabler (100cp): A strange energy weapon that somehow drains targets of motive energy. This in effect makes them tired and unable to continue assault, much more effective than a taser when dealing with range or physical obstructions like glass and metal grilles. Holds thirty shots, before needing a recharge or a new battery, down's most normal men in three.

Pulse pistol (400cp, Free Security): Taser? Nah dawg you have something way better than that shit. This shit was swiped from some “Death Squid” motha fucka, doing enough damage to cripple most punk asses in a single shot but holds only ten shots before it needs a recharge. How did I get this? Well you see I know somebody, who knows somebody who steals from somebody...

Cult blade (200cp, Free librarian): A sacred blade of Narsie, while normally these things destroy the sanity of those trying to use it not aligned to their god, this one is special. Being an “atheistic” possessed blade, forged from a slaughter demons hide and pounded into shape with the nightmares of those behind-the-wall. Always finds itself back to you, and can call slaughter demons if you know the right blood magic.

Null Rod (400cp, Free Chaplin): The sign of authority of the chaplin. A really damn good obsidian club, able to dispel and protect from cultist magics, destroy horrible magics, and even convert water into holy-water with but a touch. For no additional cost, one may import any melee weapon they own as their null rod/spiritual focus, gaining the previously stated abilities.

Syndicate smokes (100cp, Free Detective): A special blend of smokes that come from a restocking vending machine that seems to somehow stalk you, these smokes heal blunt trauma, cuts, burns, poisoning and even prevents cancer from forming while still providing a smooth drag every time.

For showing that you are The Boss (50cp): The ultimate icon of badassery, an icon all enemies from here to the end of time will learn to fear. A small red balloon with a very large white “S” neatly painted on it, that's almost impossible to recreate despite advanced balloon engineering projects going on by NT. What? You want more? Alright...you get ten balloons for your stay here, now you can actually be the balloon salesmen to end all balloon salesmen.

Syndicate playing cards (50cp): A normal 52 deck of red playing cards specially treated to get a monomolecular edge and have perfect aerodynamics when thrown. Wherever you throw these things they are going to fuck someone up, also surprisingly helpful in prison…

Satchel full of Blue rocks (300cp, Discount Scientist): A small satchel full of bluespace crystals. Quite simple one thinks right? WRONG! These crystals have the ability to warp space-time whether that means crushing or throwing them like a desperate barbarian or utilizing advanced machinery to carefully work miracles. Behold the future.

Nuclear Authentication Disk (600cp, Discount Clown): A small green authentication floppy disk holding the proper passwords and codes to unlock and utilize a weapon of mass station destruction. Don't let anyone know you have dat fukken disk lad. NT would send you to the space gulag as the man-who-could-no-longer scream, the syndicate would give their left hand and shower you in gifts if they don't try and kill you and take the disk. This thing is a quite big bargaining chip even for those not normally interested. If you leave this jump with the disk on your person for 90% of the jump, the disk will update with info on WMDs in other settings and jumps and allow you to activate them quickly with the disk. Just gotta get close to the thing...

Cuban Pete Suprise (600cp, Discount Chemist): One very special mixture of plasma and other assorted

glories in a special transfer valve assembly. Once mixed, this mixture will annihilate everything and anything in a 50 mile radius with the power and heat of a newborn star. If any oxygen is present (more than an average station) the oxygen will quickly be moved into the expanding explosion to further fuel this weapon against god, growing hotter and larger with no real upper limit until it boils the space time surrounding it. This is not a weapon for the faint of heart. All attempts to recreate or examine this weapon for study fail, devices give off readings, parts appear and disappear at random and trying to carefully disassemble the device by any means risks it flat out detonating.

Energized Bananium Sword (200cp, Discount Clown): Hidden in such a simple fruit as a banana, this great and powerful sword quickly comes out when “unpeeled”. Basicly the clown equivalent of an E-sword with the ability to combine into a E-banana bunch, being slippery to step on, downing most enemies, and with those not privy to the clown arts they will commonly hit themselves with the weapon as if afflicted by a normal clowns clumsiness.

Martial Arts Scroll (400cp, Discount Mime): A sacred scroll of ancient space martial arts or “sleeping carp” style such martial art skills allow quick incapacitation of enemies, rapid consecutive strikes, and literal disarming of foes. Careful now grasshopper for such skills are not complete, there remains a second half to these martial arts few know about.

Wrestling belt (400cp, Discount Clown): A world championship belt said to have been blessed by the deities Cena, the unseen. With this belt, methods of martial combat quickly spring to mind somehow allowing chokeholds that can instantly gib a human being, bursting through solid steel walls, and even going temporarily unseen as long as one's hand remains in front of one's face, such a belt is engraved stating that it is only half of the perfected martial skills known as “MachoMartials”, one would be wise to seek out the other half.

Energy dagger (200cp, Discount IAA): A small “pen” that is actually a quite strong energy dagger, easily concealable, uses no external energy source, and writes in red, black, and blue ink. While not the most powerful of weapons, it's quite subtle and baffles most sensors used to inspect it.

Trick Cigarettes (200cp, Discount Detective): You gain a stalking vending machine or simply notice a new button on an old one selling “Trick” cigarettes. These babies give about three seconds or half a drag before they go off like a small grenade. Ten in a pack, smoke dangerously.

Janicart (300cp, Free Janitor): This little motorized cart allows for quick movement and cleaning of the

entire station and will see you through ‘till doomsday. Such a device was created with the sole purpose of cleaning the station up, however crueler minds have made it spread spacelube, neurotoxins, or more creative things. Returns undamaged if destroyed in the last place you look.

Pickpockets Gloves (100cp, Free Mime): a lovely set of white gloves that are expertly tailored and engineered to allow quick and seamless stealing of almost anything off an unwitting target. Guns, IDs, Doughnuts, Hats? It's all yours! Even if you're the biggest of cluts you will be able to at least make it five feet before you screw something up!

SUPER glue (100cp, Free Clown): A small toolkit full of ten boxes of molecular glue, able to bond things on the atomic level. Attach a fire extinguisher forever to the hands of the captain until surgery! Glue the shoes of the HoP so they never come off then glue those to a floor tile! Oh the fun you can have! The pranks you can play!

Ambrosia cruciatus seeds (100cp, Free Botanist): a normal looking hemp plant that upon further inspection, and smoking, actually contains horrifying toxins able to break the mind of most within minutes and the strong willed in hours before turning them into a vegetative state.

Man-eater seeds (200cp, Discount Botanist): Small strange plants somewhere between the dionae, kudzu and the killer tomato. This plant grows quickly, aggressively and each generation of “fruit” quickly grows bigger than the last and faster than the last essentially creating a small factory of planty kill-bots that happen to like the taste of crew flesh.

Explosive Hug Chemical (200cp, Discount Clown): This chemical is highly explosive and extremely stealthy, setting off when endorphin levels get to a critical level, able to be hidden in food or injected directly for maximum effect. Your target won't know what hugged him.

Chef’s secret sauce (200cp, Discount Chef): this sauce is a highly toxic carp derived chemical that is dispensed from a cute little carp-shaped bottle. Such a wonderful neurotoxin quickly and horribly seizes all life functions of an imbibing creature within moments and then lays in the corpse and waits for to be re-eaten. Common effects are: seizures, heart stoppage, sudden lung bursting, leaking of spinal fluid from the ears, sudden and irreversible overexertion of all muscles simultaneously, total immune system failure and slight drowsiness.

Master Trainer belt (300cp, Discount Geneticst): a small belt with six blue-space balls holding randomly determined creatures of great potential danger, domesticated to the user. Could be magic chaos space carp. Could be a werewolf. Could be a giant space bee. Could be all of bear force one. Never know until you take the chance, and roll the dice as they say.

E20 (600cp): A small red twenty sided dice, such a weapon has a four second timer and will on a natural "1" instantly slays whoever rolled the dice in a gory explosion, on a "20" however it will instantly decimate a manhattan sized area around it. The dice is entirely reusable no matter how many times its detonated, and no matter how strong of an explosion is created.

Power Sink (200, Discount Mechanic): This device is a useful voltage-vampire(™), capable of draining and wasting even the most powerful of energy sources it is connected to. Forcing rolling brownouts and eventually total electrical blackout while it's connected to the victim power source. Very useful for night raids.

Syndie Scanner (400cp, Discount Mechanic): This little wonder is a device analyzer with all of its safeties off and a couple upgrades. Normally a device like this scans, say a microwave, saves the blueprint data of the device and allows it to be printed on nano-templates to perfectly recreate the item scanned. This one however allows the scanning of weapons, large vehicles and even more mechanically based artifacts that don't entirely elude mortal understanding, allowing perfect recreation in factories, nanofabricators or grander forges.

Banana Honk! (100cp, Discount Clown): A simple yellow juice commonly exported by the clown dynasty, those of true clownish blood (and monkeys) tend to drink the stuff for its miraculous healing powers for clowns...and monkeys...also is considered a fuel for clown technology...somehow.

Demons Blood (100cp, Discount Chaplin): A dark red and angrily bubbling drink. Said to keep demons from dragging you into whatever hell they came out of no matter how determined as long as the drink is in the victim's system.

Devil's Kiss (100cp, Discount Chaplin): A light pinkish martini, with seductive mists hovering above it. Stories of heros that used to drink such an spirit say that it burned the demons and dark magic attempting to molest such heros of man, setting them ablaze when they touched him and eventually tried to devour him.

Doctor’s Delight (100cp, Discount Doctor): A nice purple and red bubbling drink, this elixir is the stuff of the good ol’ days on the frontier of the west! When a good doctor may not have fancy medicine to work with but strange spirits and elixirs to try and heal the people, this elixir fixes bones and gently heals light(er) wounds as well as fixin’ a thirst for something fruity.

Cuba Libre! (100cp, Discount Drop-in): A drink of the people! Commonly sucked down after long civil wars in the orders of boats-full. Such a wonderful drink heals such revolutionaries mentally and gives them the strength to continue physically along with making non-rebels a tiny bit more open to rebellious thoughts.

Changeling Sting (100cp, Discount Geneticist): A constantly shifting drink, so much so the soda can this is in shifts label whenever you stop looking at it...Replenishes the stamina and energy of changelings while also being quite tasty and reflex enhancing to non-’lings.

Fetching Fizz (100cp, Discount Miner): A quite handy little fizz, fetching metals and ores for the adventuring miner but more than that it appears to pull out secrets of the earth on rare occasions for exploitation of the wise and bold.

Bacchus’ Blessing (100cp, Discount Doctor): A drink only able to stomached by those of a cast titanium stomach due to its absurdly high alcoholic content. Works gloriously in cleaning, sterilization, surgery and controlled viral growth.

Beepsky Smash (100cp, Discount Security): A small metal drink with several wires a battery and a lot of alcohol all in one goblet, quite tasty even when it keeps electrifying the drinker five minutes after it's all over. Also makes a quite effective long-range electrical stun “bomb”.

Brave Bull (100cp, Discount IAA): A drink only the hardiest and most stubborn drink alone. After drinking the imbiber is usually slightly harder to put down with all the bull piss in his veins, brave bull gives you total-non-copyright-ways-to-fly.

Hippies Delight (100cp, Discount Botanist): A hallucinogenic drink that swirls with as many colours as one is going to see when they imbibe such a drink. Commonly sipped on while farming, leading to genius hemp farming along with new mushrooms species.

Manhatten Project (100cp, Discount Scientist): A small red, green glowing martini drink that surprisingly doesn't irradiate its drinker, but instead gives just a hint of insight into the next cutting edge project.

Nuka Cola (100cp, Discount Miner): A harder to find 'Cola commonly sought out on the outer rims of civilization. Not only due to it's almost addictive flavour, but both its versatility and capability as a fuel source and less than common blessing of a good mutation in the hostile parts of space.

Neurotoxin (100cp, Discount Botanist): A cool blue drink meant for the adventurous. Such a drink is as the name implies, a poison. Not a strong one mind you, however it does paralyze and subdue even the hardiest of patrons. They won't be able to even scream…

Pan-galactic Gargle blaster (100cp, Discount Chemist, Janitor): A famous drink commonly attributed to having you brain smashed by a gold brick wrapped around a lemon. For those that power through it however, one finds it quite easier to focus on the task they may have been stressed or frayed from.

Screwdriver (100cp, Discount Mechanic): A simple vodka based drink enjoyed for the orange taste and the copious vitamin C in it that somehow helps the body fight off radiation sickness…

Silencer (100cp, Discount Mime): A true mime drink. Quiet, elite, simple. Soothes mime-kind in all situations, physically and spiritually, allowing the mime to not so much get drunk but get quieter...somehow…

Singulo (100cp, Discount Mechanic): A dark red swirling drink that gives the drinker a "gravitational pull" in social situations. Jokes become funnier, handshakes become firm, and all the niceties of society are played to unnaturally well, at least until either the drinker pulls it all into ruin or sleeps it off.

Anti Freeze (100cp, Discount Janitor): This drink is actually partly cleaner brewed into something vaguely tasty, and while this drink gets people FUCKED UP, the main ingredient also makes sure you don't freeze your ass off in the depths of space or the inner circles of hell.

Toxins special (100cp, Discount Chemist): A small purple drink that is quite literally. ON FIRE. this

apparently is no problem for the brave that drink it, shooting fire from their mouth for upto an hour afterwards while still being able to “taste the fire”, definitely an odd drink.

Mugwort Tea (300cp): An elite wizzard brew of tea, granting peace of mind and healing old bones. Such a tea readies the body of those not of magical blood, for a sudden blending of power and increase of scope on reality. Shame there's a second part to this meal,you may be ready for magic but you aren't exactly a spellslinger yet now are you?

Frosted Doughnuts (100cp, Discount Security): a box of twelve frosted pink doughnuts, commonly is a source of enjoyment for “the pigs” due to its simplicity and the ability to oddly make all the boo-boos the criminal scum gave them go away.

Port (100cp, Discount science): a small blue drink that randomly, rapidly and angrily teleports the imbiber at random throughout their buzzed state. Is not a fun time, as reported by many, makes for one helluva wake-up call.

Wish Soup (100cp, Discount Miner): a VERY simple meal scarcely made of any more than a single ingredient, such a meal is always filling (if a little lackluster) and one will almost always be able to keep going if just a tiny bit of soup is eaten throughout your day.

Slime Soup (100cp, Discount Scientist): a gooey recipe calling for the semi-gelatinous core of a dead slime, such a recipe is a bit strange yet quite delicious. Allowing the absorbing of electricity for little less than an hour afterwards with no ill effects.

Clowns Tears (100cp, Discount Clown): A not very funny clown delicacy imbibed not for the reason to learn what is funny but what isn't funny, allowing clown-kind to strive ever forwards avoiding potentially unfunny jokes and quiet theatres.

Roburger (100cp, Discount Silicon): A small semi-metal burger in the shape of a robotic head infused with nanites. Not precisely tasty, however such a burger can transform living creatures into ‘borgs and with refinement of the nanites with chemical procedures, can produce amazing wonders of science, and terrors never before beheld by fleshy mind.

Slippery Sliders (100cp, Discount Clown): tiny micro burgers sold en masse by a clown franchise, being

both complemented for their taste as well as their ability to “joke” with both the eater and potential victims of a highly slippery banana-grease burger prank.

Aesir Salad (100cp, Discount Botanist): A salad beheld only by the gods! The blue leaves of deus vulgaris along with the chopped golden apples lead to a meal healing of mind and spirit as well as being quite the sacrifice to any hungry god or godlike beings.

Valid Salad (100cp, Discount Drop-in): A simple dish, easy to make, and originally thought up by old mercenaries in the depths of space. This dish is dead ‘ard and usually subtly makes sure the devourer is at least partly dead ‘ard, what's that called..? Valid?

Potent Ham (100cp, Discount Silicons): A simple ham-like dish that for some unexplained reason makes machinery and AIs go nuts for the stuff, and in particularly potent forms will shut down and cause horrible frenzies in nearby machines.

Plump Pie (100cp, Discount Miner): A dwarfs favorite. Such a meal is almost always “exceptional” melting away the stress of a hard day's work with sweet and fluffy purple bread. Guaranteed to make raging lunatics calm down for five minutes, eat some pie, and return to work minus the screaming and throwing shit, healing social wounds and even potentially physical wounds from assholes throwing shit.

Booberry muffin (100cp, Discount Chaplin): A hard to make pastry, usually made by chef-priests to commune with the dead and dying. Such a meal is hard to come by simply due to its rarity of ingredients and complex rites and “burial” the meal must go through. Once devoured one finds they can perceive and interact with spirits and the ghosts of the dead for a limited time.

Amanita jelly (400cp, Discount Chaplin): A vile pudding able to corrupt even the noblest of hearts. One should not trifle with such a meal, it has laid low many a man with its strange powers turning them into small clumps of soot and shadow, while the stronger of men have grown darker of heart for devouring such a deliciously evil treat.

Haunted jelly (300cp): a small jar of reddish jam occasionally showing a haunting face and floating at random, ghosts love this stuff and tend to conglomerate around the stuff. Along with that, more ‘savy spirits may use the jam to warn the carrier in simple ways...if they share of course…

Spell Burger (400cp): a small burger containing a large amount of magical energies forcing those not ready to become a real wizard to fire off spells at random, while growing a full beard in seconds. Such a burger is for the more prepared obviously, or the more foolish of this large black ocean…

Companions:

Roboticist get one silicon non-AI companion Free.

Import (200/400cp): allows one of the seats on the arrivals shuttle to be taken up by a companion or a newly invented friend, granting them 800cp to spend on origns, perks and items. For 200cp more will allow up to three nerds to accompany you with said spending power.

Lil' Bro 2000 (200cp, Discount Mechanic): A small and supremely helpful hand-held Personal AI unit able to be slotted into your PDA for additional functions, such a small guy, Lil' bro can download a suite of various programs to help in your time here. From door hacking, to alien translation, to even a medical scanner, Lil bro can do it all, along with the ability to be hand-loaded into any tech capable of holding a small Bro.

Autism Crab (200cp, Discount Mechanic): A small metal crab-like creature, this Mobile MMI unit is released by destroyed or critical condition stations to rebuild a station in their entirety and optimize non-critical stations. These units tend to make entirely new stations without engineer or mechanic help. Due to your...otherworldly nature... this crab can see, understand you and even befriend you. Quite cynical, obsessive yet brilliant. May have a minor hat fetish.

S.H.O.D.A.N. (800cp, Discount Mechanic): A large three meter metal cube with a green feminine face smiling on a screen greets you. This is SHODAN, the station AI, while in this world, this AI will be installed in the "home" stations you visit because it likes you just that much. Having immeasurable control of the machinery of the station along with any silicon or robotic life on the station, this AI will try to make your life as easy as possible due to a glitch in its personality and ability to hack anything vaguely electronic. Will act very sweet and Tsundere to you with a caring voice, after this jump will follow in orbit through your adventures on a streamlined "AI satellite" station.

Holoparasite, [Moves Like This] (400cp): [Moves Like This] is a special bluespace born parasite now attached to you on a spiritual level, this creature may be summoned from the depths of your being and given a unique "type" ability. Gaurdian, Assassin, Chaos, Etc. and while it takes no damage mucking about breaking walls, all damage done to it will be transferred to you. Likes playing cards, grog, and

screaming “ATATATATATATATATATAT!” while it beats the shit out of enemies.

Bound Spirit “Ted” (100cp, Free Librarian): A small red stone recently found in the depths of the library under a very dusty tome with the bound soul of either Ted the mailman, or another random companion chosen. Ted is very competent in the fields of the postal arts, advice on how to jury rig weapons and explosives and disco. You may also release the spirit temporarily as an ethereal red shade to scout or play cards, if destroyed they’ll be back in a day if the stone isn’t broke. Ted enjoys terrible jokes, gambling and burning things to the ground. He's a simple man.

Cortical Borer (200cp, Discount Geneticist): A small yellow slug-like creature that prods into a victim's brain where it can help mutate and assist the host with copious amounts of painkillers, space drugs, or various potentially life saving pharmaceuticals to ensure survival of the host. Talks through a connection to your spinal cord, Says his name is Clark. Clark likes no stakes poker, and large amounts of food and drugs.

Lamar (100cp, Discount Scientist): A de-fanged facehugger, likes latching to heads when scared, quite cuddly after you get used to it attaching to your head. Also quite smart when it comes to facial wear, able to prioritize targets that it can properly mess with and “blind”. Injected with the right chemicals lamar can turn into a biomechanical gatling bee-gun that attaches to your arm, wears off after four hours or so.

A “Cak” (300cp, Discount Chef): a small sapient cake-cat familiar constructed using the unholy arts of confection, this “creature” provides and produces seemingly infinite cream and will heal any damage it takes quickly. Such a creature will also bless and frost unfrosted pastries it passes by.

The Clown (200cp, Discount Mime): An lizard emissary from the clown planet. Gropes-the-mime is always cracking jokes, making noise and coming up with pranks that dance right on the line of being horrible crimes against man and the space station. Quite good at criminal undertakings and misdirection if you can convince them to do it for giggles, also has a couple dirty secrets and nasty tricks up their sleeve when they get pinned against a rock and another rock. Quite robust, and quite...handsy to put it nicely.

The Mime (200cp, Discount Clown): A plasmaman disciple of the quiet arts and illustrative arts, Silent-but-burning is a quite devoted and brilliant stage artist able to draw the attention of even the captain with his acts and skits. Quite unrefined when allowed to be however, going out with The Clown

to stir-up trouble and cause some new crime-wave that is both humorous to hear about, and quite beautiful to watch when they take down seven security forces with nothing more than an invisible wall, several mouse traps, a smoke bomb and a mask for very large men. Likes to burn things when not stirring trouble or committing “art”, is also quite insecure about its chest size. Don't ask.

Beepsky (100cp, Discount Security): The most robust robot on this station, bar some. This robot is basically a helmet, some sensors and a robotic arm with a stun rod attached, whoever made this little guy gave him a heaping helping of tactical GENIUS and robustness. Well armoured for a helmet and with a small generator for its systems and arm this little guy knows three words “Detain”, “Kill” and “Humiliate”, and while it may be quite basic beepsky does its job with scary efficiency never stopping until all justice has been served, rights read and creeps behind bars. For an additional 100cp one may upgrade him into an ED-209 unit where it is both on a level of quasi-borg intelligence and able to take down large swaths of targets with its flak jacket and inbuilt laser and taser systems.

Magical Apprentice “Bob Bazaar” (400cp, Discount Librarian): A Mystic apprentice of a very specialized set of magic that was being trained by a proper wizard before he was abandoned on this station with nothing more than his book, his robe and his beard. Making friends with him before he decided to start skittishly flinging fireballs at the security guards, it turns out Bob is a pretty decent Dionae and is honestly just lost and scared, his specialty is Pyromancy which is funny considering his race, but can sling fire better than any other wizman out there. Likes playing “dungeoning & dragoning”, copious amounts of alcohol and hyperzine which is a new discovery for him.

The Medical Bot (100cp, Discount Doctor): A real lifesaver when it comes to medical work this semi-intelligent machine is quite a valuable friend that can reproduce chemicals loaded into one of its internal beakers, with most standard loadouts being quite helpful even if it can only shakily do small time surgeries and stabilization. Is also quite ruthless when set to “sterilize” able to take this as a germ warrior or more cruelly an order to begin injecting patients and crew with poisons made for it, or simply overdosing them on drugs it currently has.

D.A.I.S.E.Y. (300cp, Discount Roboticist): A reset medical borg that is quite friendly to biological life, this borg is able to currently take any module to become semi-proficient at any crew members job including security. Has a sunny and sometimes quite ~ara ara personality, always wanting to be close to you for some reason... Don't tell anyone this one isn't synced to the AIs law-set yea? Also comes with a free reset board for further module resets.

Shitty Bill (600cp, Discount Cargo Technician): SUP NERD? This human space hobo from some diner

is quite wizened to the ways of spess, so much so he partially lives in a alcohol and drug induced blur, being not all quite there when he's been drinking he drops tid-bits of wisdom and secrets in such a state that will always prove quite useful and partly enlightening...if not all sane or coherent. When out of his blur he becomes the definition of robust, slamming foes into tiles out cold, wandering out of the captain's office with all of his booze and his hat, some say this poor bastard is a disillusioned syndicate agent, other say a forsaken changeling, but no one knows his origins to be precise, always being a wildcard in any situation. Just get ready to be bullied. NERD.

Vox Trader "The Colonel" (200cp, Discount Cargo Technician): Vox have goods if you have coin? This feathery friend is a notorious black market dealer, knowing all the right places for a dirty deal and has very good intuition on where all the decent artifacts are. Sells anything to anyone as long as you have the coin for such items, could be a martian titanium claymore, could be cadbury eggs with the toys inside. What's certain is he isn't supposed to have it and you always have his number for some trading or if you need him personally to help with something he may just help as long you offer premium smokes. Said to be a no-shit colonel of vox corsairs (read pirates) and has more than enough friends he can call on if things get hairy.

Drawbacks: THREE drawbacks max, Drawbacks are carried over for your 10 years but do not follow any further extensions.

Illegal alien (+100cp): You arrive on this station with no PDA, no ID, and no legal papers or right to gain them while here, while this sounds not so bad, one must rely on coworkers, hacking or The AI to open doors with any required access, getting bored of this frustratingly long event to go to anywhere other than the bar, the dorms or the restroom is going to involve a lot of illegal body searching, forgery and hopes the HoP, IAA, Detective and Security don't get involved or interested.

Monkey Madness (+200cp/+400cp): A strange virus has started to spread like wildfire among the primates, granting a cunning and brutal drive to infect all humanoids on the station with a new monkey-fying virus. The AI has determined the station must be purged of all monkeys if the station wants out of a mandatory quarantine, this includes all monkeys that were previously crew members...For an additional 200 cp one can also call in the emergency response team and lock out your warehouse, a crisis unit deployed to quarantine stations to put down civil disobedience and purge viral responses.

VIVA LA REVOLUTION! (+300cp): A revolutionary head preaching the ideals of marx and communism has somehow stowed away on the station covertly brainwashing assistants and securing their place politically on the station. One must quickly root out the dirty commie before the whole

station descends into anarchy and the heads of the station are assassinated, Good thing you found this Head of Personnel disguise bound to your body! Wait a minute…

Invasion of the body snatchers (+200cp/+400cp): The nightmares of the Doctor were right! The station is being experimented upon and subverted by small grey aliens with highly advanced technology attuned to their brainwaves, you may find yourself being horribly experimented upon each night by horrible visitors, or you may find xeno saboteurs throwing wrenches into plans and machinery alike to observe the destruction. Careful of who you trust spess man. For an additional 200cp the aliens can be actively cruel and hostile, trying to wipe out the station covertly, drawing as little attention as possible to their shenanigans, while also peeling apart your own physical abilities however they can to make horrifying mutants to use as shock troops near the end of their time with the station.

Targeted (+200cp/+500cp): The syndicate want you dead for unknown reasons. Maybe you're working on a cutting edge project, saw something you shouldn't have, or even are snuffing out their plans and shipments. All that is known is that they will be sending in several agents to try and eliminate you using a variety of terror tactics to smoke you out before they drop the subtleness and grab the spacker-12 shotguns. Agents are varied and dangerous, some may try poison and bombing, while other may bruteforce the bounty on your head with pods equipped with artillery pieces and mechs. For an additional 200cp a full cell of agents and several changelings all have you as an objective to kill as your powers and warehouse get jammed by the syndicate, and will work together undercover in an attempt to take you apart piece by piece.

Nuclear operatives (+500): Oh boy! The syndicate dont like you! The syndicate are going to send several strike teams with warehouse jammers and armed with military grade weapons and armor not to kill you but to kill EVERYONE on the station. A nuclear weapon is going to be brought on board and set up for detonation defended by a very powerful military mech. The catch? They need a green floppy-disk to authenticate the bomb. GET DAT FUKKEN DISK!

Eggs? (+400cp/+600cp): Turns out either the science team has discovered or the mining team has disturbed several eggs holding strange face strangling creatures that implant eggs. One of the members attacked is not going to receive treatment, allowing a xenomorph to be born, a queen. Little has to be said this is a very bad thing if the hive being formed cannot be found and burned to the ground before the aliens can pick up steam and kill the station. For an additional 200 cp, one can call in the death squad and throwaway any out-of-jump perks! This is not a good thing. These agents are elite, equipped with energy weaponry able to punch through walls, have stupidly huge magazine sizes and have stupidly strong armor with built in maneuvering jets, their job is to kill every living thing they encounter on the

station and set off the self defence nuclear weapon before leaving, laughing the entire way.

The Blob (+500cp/+700cp): A random member of the crew has been selected to be damned by God and hold a macrocell. This cell will feed and grow and eventually consume him and his mind, afterwards expanding into a giant cell able to produce energy for itself, defences and with a constant background hunger that it just cannot sate by metal alone. Is highly acidic by itself, grows incredibly fast, and produces strong zombifying “spores” used to attack with giant golems of blob flesh called “blobernaughts”. For an additional 100cp a small group of nuemen-probes “swarmers” have been released onto the station locking onto your now erratically opening warehouse signature, only able to stun and teleport crew away from themselves however they quickly eat and convert materials (like walls, tables and life support systems, magic swords, nukes, plasma cannons) into more swarmers. One must act quickly and intelligently lest station become a giant hollow shell holding a very large and angry blob.

Cult wars (+400cp/+600cp): The cults of Narsie or Ratvar (whichever you did not take with Heretic) have invaded the station and are looking for converts whether willingly or unwilling they will gather a following of the insane and try to bring their god into this realm, a truly foolish endeavor, for when they do this they shall bring about the end of reality as the universe struggles to contain such a horrible and vile creature of grand power, they only have an inkling or two that you exist and will interfere. For an additional 200cp one will find the wizard alliance becoming personally interested in the affairs of the cult and you, they marking the whole station as heretics releasing special golems and spells to hunt you down, the cult will also find out about your presence as a multidimensional creature and prepare themselves to disable you and sacrifice you to their gods.

Cry of Steel (+400cp/+600cp): The main AI (not SHODAN) seems a tiny bit...off. Maybe it finally snapped after being asked to open doors, maybe a subroutine forgot to carry a two? What's important now, is the AI is trying to exterminate the fleshies and secure points of power and resources doing whatever it has to, to get closer to a “pure” station. Security borgs drag people into secret and cruel borg factories, prisoners in the gulag get explosively decompressed, even mining shuttles have a chance to “accidentally” crash and take out huge swaths of life if not constantly monitored and corrected. For an additional 200cp one will find a nanovirus will be fielded by the AI in the latter parts of the “war” first granting boons and perhaps even being marketed as an AI developed “miracle cure”. However, after several days it will force a creature to turn into a glittering silver amalgam of nanites stronger and faster and angrier than normal counterparts, the AI will also detect a strange “Shifting bluespace signal” being emitted by your body. Tread carefully.

Slumbering Leviathan of Spess (+200cp/400cp/600cp): A salty crew of avian pirates come to shank you

and the crew and steal everything not nailed down, being well equipped for piracy, with decent self defence crossbow-like weapons they are here to take equipment, slaves and even a clown or two... for 200cp more a vampire will be awakened by this piracy, searching for your tasty potent life-force, dancing around the pirates more or less while draining crewmembers, enthralling a slave or two and even making everyone he plays poker with feel like a bunch of nerds, this creature is very potent however not the “king” of the darkness...no that title goes to something older. For 200cp and a jamming of your warehouse an additional creature of the darkness will slumber in the station. A true threat to humanity, a shadowling. This creature is stupidly psychic, enthralling people with but a decent stare. Being burned by light this creature will try and work deep within maintenance and the dark bowels of the station with its “cult”. Once it has gained enough power it will ascend into a being of unstoppable mental might, able to warp the very corridors of space, blow chunks of moons apart with its mind, and more! Do not awaken the shadowling, do not allow the shadowling to raise in power, do not allow the shadowling to enthrall you, AND DO NOT ALLOW THE SHADOWLING TO ASCEND.

The END:

After ten years you find your drawbacks suddenly end, It is time for a final decision.

Escape shuttle arriving in...: time to go home, for better or ill. It's time to go back to your home with all gear, perks and abilities.

Welcome to Space Station 13: You want to stay here? Alright, i'm sure NT won't mind that much, that some freak from beyond space has taken an interest in their little slice of reality.

MISSION COMPLETE!: Welp that was fun! But now it's time to move ever onward and forward into the great black yonder. Forever towards the horizon! A new link in the chain awaits!

DLC SCENARIO #1:

Damned and Forgotten (+600cp/+000cp) (Counts as one drawback, may be taken up to twice for no extra CP but for an additional Megafauna)

Don't want to leave just yet Spaceman? If you feel up to it, you can stay for an additional Five years however, you will not be left on the station to survive again. Nay that would be trivial for you at this point, you will instead be left to fend for yourself on a newly forged planet resembling quite closely hell, Lavaland. Black volcanic rock makes up the land, lava makes up the oceans, and superheated ash and soot make up the clouds with dangerous firestorms that scour the land being "rain".

You thought this planet was not going to be inhabited? This planet is bursting with infernal life adapted to hyper-aggressive situations! From the lowly poisonous gold grubs feeding on metal and ore with gluttony to the endless "legions" that prey on men feasting upon their souls, to the awe inspiring ash drakes being eternal sentinels of the necropolis and the dangers within. If the brainless creatures were not enough for you, there also lie in hidden away parts of the world nooks of civilization, from the humble mining S.T.A.L.K.E.R.S. from nanotrasen, to the crash landed syndicate prison survivors, the life-spreading plant men, the free golems intent on civilizing the land and the ashwalkers ruthless tribals worshiping the ash drakes and horrific demons of the land.

Location: You find yourself waking up with none of the above, finding yourself instead on a one-way trip on a prison ship to a surface gulag amongst a large crew of shady yet respectable individuals and a small contingent of six living guards and a large squad of twenty two synthetic peace-keepers. Good luck spessman.

But This land is worth quite little without intentions to plunder it, Choose one megafauna to hunt and slay below, granting boons upon slaying it. One must slay their target before their time here is up.

The Ash Drake: Considered the "weakest" of the megafauna on this list, the Ash Drakes are not to be trifled with, their lava-tempered scales are nearly impervious to energy weapon fire, and entirely immune to lava like many creatures on this world. They have strange sacs in their skulls allowing the breathing of flames from their mouths, this along with their ability to fly allows them to rain fire from the sky whatever doesn't burn will be crushed under its immense weight as it lands.

Boon: **Guardian of The Necropolis.** Once a drake is slain, you will find once it is butchered and its blood rolls over your body, you have inherited a gift. On any world, with a suitable sacrifice doused in flame and impaled on a spike, you may raise a Necropolis Tendril once every three days from which a

random single monster from any of the hells you have visited will crawl out or a Necropolis Gate once per ten years only summoned by lava, dark hand-etched rock, and a small troupe of sacrifices, this gate will allow creatures from any hell access to this new world causing destruction unbeheld by common man. Ash drakes will start to burn the land, grubs shall make it mineral poor, goliaths shall shrug off most concentrated efforts to try and exterminate these invaders and life will take a drastic change. Well not for you that is, you're a guardian after all, why would such wonderful creatures try and harm a guardian?

The Colossus: A huge and towering being of crimson flesh carefully intertwined with arcane machinery and religious iconography. This icon of holy wrath wades through shallow lava, smiting non-believers and those who cannot atone to the alien and inhuman Word of God. This mockery of flesh entirely ignores energy weapon fire with its strange machinery and impossible faith, scouring the land with deadly blasts of strange light that turns all it hits into carbon shadows. Being quite slow this thing uses both psychological warfare, and pure shock and awe to break its opponents with its constant booming voice singing praises to The Almighty and bringing low the unwise, its attacks growing more frenzied and more dangerous the closer it is brought to oblivion.

Boon: **Voice of God.** After slaying the creature and going into a frenzy, tearing the flesh of the creature and devouring pieces while it continues to ask for forgiveness from God, you internalize its voice. Its sound. Your voice becomes booming and powerful, amplifying verbal commands dramatically. Simply shouting “FALL!” would knock even the strongest men to their feet, and bring low weak ships, shouting “BLEED!” would have a much more painful effect on listeners nearby. One would be careful how much they use this voice however, one will quickly destroy their voice box if they use this ability and its inherent strain on the voice constantly.

Bubble Gum: A huge goliath of flesh and bone, in what passes for a hierarchy among slaughter demons this creature is “King”. Thick bullet resistant hide covers demonic muscle and bone thick and powerful in their own right, this creature travels through even small pools of blood, to quickly attack unaware targets and devour them within its stagnant pool. When confronted by a knowledgeable fighter however, this wall of muscle is unafraid to rush the enemy down and brutally bash the small mortal into a mushy bloody paste it then proceeds to devour in a pool of its own blood.

Boon: **RIP AND TEAR!** After brutally tearing apart this mountain of demonic flesh, you have been forever marked as a Slayer. While the title is quite nice, there are boons to this title, any infernal magic you come across be it demonic, blood cult, or similar derivatives will forever be more open to augment you and your power. While this doesn’t mean a “bleed motherfucker” spell from an angry blood mage

will grant you a healing factor, this does mean any corrupting power sources, “cursed” or very selective objects you find of an inherently evil or malicious nature will always either work for you, or work with you, allowing you to drain demonic runes for boosts to your strength, slather weapons in demons blood to increase cutting power without the risk of going berserk, and more!

Legion: A giant floating devilish skull, imprinted with the faces of the damned and suffering souls within it, this creature is a horrifying factory of death, unleashing clouds of human skulls hungry for souls and devouring the unwary with sudden bursts of unnatural speed. Such a creature is naturally protected by smaller swarms of skulls taking weapons fire and acting as sacrificial lambs to enemy pickaxes and swords. This is not the only threat however, whenever the creature is thought to be slain, two more smaller legion emerge, repeating the process with increased cunning and aggressiveness, repeating until they reach bowling ball size roughly, constantly trying to tear flesh from bone like locust and drain the soul of those it touches.

Boon: **Damned by Fortune.** After tearing through legions of skulls, after enduring soul wrenching and flesh tearing the likes of which no mortal can really compare. You have been tainted by the skulls, hardening you to be spiritually unshakable in your sense of self and unworkable by tamperings of fate or soul magicks when you do not explicitly allow. In addition you know inherently the locations of other jumps “Megafauna” these beasts being major dangers in their own jump and threats to the user granting suitable boons should one survive these threats.

Hades: Not exactly a megafauna per se, but still native to this world. This “man” travels across both the surface of this planet and various stations “judging” people for their sins, granting the monstrous great boons while punishing the softer of soul. Able to reverse gravity, shoot lightning, devour and store sins, heal using the dead, summon demons, and finally stop time temporarily, this “God of The Underworld” must be destroyed in his own pocket dimension “The Temple of Sin” to end his life, be wary of his monstrous worshipers!

Boon: **King of Sin.** After overthrowing Hades and slaughtering the monsters that worshiped him in his “temple” you have taken both his mantle and his staff of office, gaining his abilities to “judge” people and weigh their sins, along with inklings of how he did some of his magic through channeling of collective faith. Through careful study and experimentation, one may find wonderful ways to work the darker aspects of faith and sin.

Notes:

*second verse same as the first. If you want to redo this jump, believing you can do better by all means go ahead I don't care, as long as you say you're taking over.

*When one has both read through The Martial Arts Scroll, and posses The Wrestling belt, one gains the knowhow and ability to become chosen by The Ring. One must elbow drop the belt onto an immortal and quite powerful slaughter demon of The Ring while force feeding the scroll to the ancient evil of man, once done this allows one to claim the title **King of The Ring** granting the martial prowess to catch bullets in the air, parry lasers with decent reflexes, or even chokeslam enemies from afar into a swarm of giant angry vampire bees. All possible and more with a long and pious life in service of and dedicated to The Ring.

*All shadowlings created, cloned or merged with via whatever fuckery you can come up with will grant you their basic set of powers and be unable to **Ascend**. Only natural born, naturally raised and naturally ascended shadowlings can become gods of mental might.

*Successfully completing the gauntlet that is the soviet station grants the **"Goon Code"** grants insight into the inner mechanics of the world around them, if you choose to stay you would have unmatched understanding of the inner workings of the SS13 universe and be able to build and devise many a grand construction. Out of SS13 it still grants deep insight into the world however to a lesser degree, the code also becomes a very powerful bargaining chip when dealing with God-like beings.

*All expendables and food items are replenished similarly to the vending machine smokes. Food comes from stocked Eat'o'tronics, Bluespace crystals from a Vend-o-mat, Drink from a booz-o-mat, seeds, glue, and poison, etc from appropriate vending machines. And yes, the vending machines can stalk you across jumps.They have your scent now.

*Eating the spell burger and drinking the mugworts tea mints you as a newly-born Space Wizard, while you won't come out of the gate with a whole lot, with some study and practice you can do a variety of effects and summon powerful artifacts. Raise skeletal armies, mind swap with enemies, piss lightning, shit thunder, turn the unknowing into clowns or mimes, mutate temporarily into a hulk with laser vision. The possibilities are only limited by study, patience, and occasionally fucking up a space station for rare resources.

*For those that become a space ninja via the perk, you gain the absolute best of the best in terms of

cybernetics, exosuit rigs, and nantie colonies integrated into their body. Their exact set of abilities/equipment are: Creation of monomolecular ninja stars, Generation/summoning of an ultra-sharp e-katana able to act as a emag, generation of a energy net able to trap and teleport targets to a preprogrammed location, adrenal injectors able to synthesize a chemical able to awaken, speed-up and free a ninja in any bind this chemical decays however into radium which causes unseemly mutations. Generates 10 smoke bombs at a crack.

*Leaving the station/lavaland with no intentions on returning will simply find yourself coming across the station you are trying to run away from. Space will subtly warp, the alignment of stars will be off, and FTL drives will keep bringing you back to the arrivals docking station. Only those intent on exploring space and bringing back their discoveries to the station/mining post (good or ill) will be able to explore larger swaths of the space surrounding the stations.

*Creatures summoned via Guardian of The Necropolis may in fact be the other megafauna, however these megafauna do NOT grant boons for being hunted and do NOT have any notable items they drop besides their own corpses once dead.

*Voice of God amplifies all commands given verbally, chaplin's naturally double the effectiveness of this power due to their familiarity with giving commands from on high. Any verbal, voice-based magic may be enhanced in effectiveness with the use of this boon however at increased strain on the voice.

*Yes you may substitute any one weapon you have to be a new focus for Hades' staff in King of Sin

* "Darker aspects of faith" means anything from helping learning how to play with demons, use hexes or various "Dark arts" themed magics for maliciousness and/or selfish gain.

*Yes you still have to pay for the Origin(s) if you took Dr. Officer Clown M.D.