

Version 1.1 by SpazzWave

Gather 'round, children, and let old Marcus tell you a story. A story about a place so completely and utterly screwed that the people who live there have stopped noticing. A place where the wildlife will eat you, the bandits will shoot you, the corporations will work you to death, and the locals will rob your corpse before it hits the ground. A place where the only people who come here willingly are desperate, insane, or looking for something worth dying over.

That place is Pandora. And for some reason, you've decided to visit. Now, I know what you're thinking. "Marcus, surely it can't be that bad." I've heard that before. I've also been to a lot of funerals. But every now and then, someone comes to this planet and actually does something with themselves. Opens a Vault. Saves the world. Gets very, very rich. It doesn't happen often, but it happens.

You have 1000 CP to spend. Maybe you'll be one of the lucky ones... I wouldn't bet on it, but stranger things have happened on Pandora. Much stranger things.

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Origins

Any origin can be taken as a Drop-in.

Vault Hunter

You came to Pandora on purpose, which already says everything that needs to be said about your decision-making (dumb idiot). Maybe you heard about the Vault and decided that it was worth the trip. Maybe you were running from something, and this was the furthest place you could think of. Maybe you just had a really bad week, and this seemed like a reasonable response to it. Either way, you're here now, you're armed, and Pandora has a long and proud tradition of turning people exactly like you into either legends or a stain that nobody bothers to clean up. Good luck!

Bandit

You are a bandit. You shoot people, steal their stuff, and have a relationship with personal hygiene that can only be described as a hate crime. And somehow, against all available evidence, you are having the time of your life! You know which gangs run which territories, which Catch-A-Ride stations still work, and exactly how far you can push a Psycho before he becomes your problem instead of someone else's. You are not a hero, and you are not trying to be. You are just another filthy, trigger-happy lunatic on a planet full of them, which means you fit right in.

Corporate

You work for Hyperion, and you have been deployed to Pandora for reasons your supervisor refused to put in writing, which should have been your first red flag. You have a salary, a benefits package that covers most injuries and some deaths, and a contract with enough fine print to wallpaper an entire space station - coincidentally, the same one your boss claimed as his personal throne, named after some old ancient god, and uses to shoot bots at people he hates. The salary is competitive, the benefits cover most injuries, and the non-disclosure agreement covers enough specific scenarios that you've stopped asking questions about what exactly happened to your predecessor, but Hyperion didn’t hire you to have opinions about that. So go do your job, wageslave!

Locations

Claptrap's Place / Beginning of The Game

An icy grotto filled with the detritus of human existence is localized in the middle of a frozen wasteland. It is currently occupied by one cowardly, overenthusiastic robot and six Vault Hunters who just crawled out of the wreckage of a train Handsome Jack blew up and left them for dead. Unless you are a Vault Hunter, you have absolutely no reason to be here.

Opportunity

Handsome Jack's idea of a utopia, which tells you everything you need to know about Handsome Jack. It is clean, it is efficient, and it is the most miserable place on the planet, which is an impressive achievement given the competition. Great place if you are a Hyperion Drone, as this will probably be the place where you live.

Thousand Cuts

Brick's territory, which means it belongs to whoever Brick has personally decided deserves to keep breathing and nobody else. A fortified stretch of canyon that the Slabs have turned into the single most unpleasant place to invade on a planet full of unpleasant places to invade, which is either impressive or insane, depending on whether you are the one doing the invading. The Bunker sits at the top, which means that if you ever want to invade it, you will probably need Brick’s help.

Terramorphous Peak

A sealed off chunk of Pandora that exists solely because whatever is living inside it has survived everything this planet has thrown at it, which is a sentence that should make you reconsider every decision that led you here. The locals know about it. The locals do not go there. If you are feeling particularly suicidal, there is a small terminal near the entrance that will summon it directly. Nobody who has ever used that terminal has filed a positive experience report, mostly because nobody who has ever used that terminal has filed anything ever again.

Free Choice

If none of these options appeals to you, you can choose to freely start at any location on Pandora. Choose wisely, because some of these locations have a very aggressive welcoming committee and absolutely no interest in your comfort.

Helios Station / Beginning of the Pre-Sequel

A massive Hyperion space station still under construction, currently being invaded by the Lost Legion: a rogue army of former Dahl marines who have picked the single worst time to make their move. Jack, who up until about an hour ago was just a low-level Hyperion programmer having a completely normal day, has just crash-landed four Vault Hunters onto the station and is already on the ground getting shot at. It's a lot for a Tuesday.

General Perks

Welcome to Pandora, Kiddo [Free]

Sup, kiddo. Handsome Jack here, welcoming you to Pandora!
Sure, it's a planet full of bandits, monsters, and various other things that want to wear your skin as a hat, but I'm sure you'll be fine. Since you're here and I'm feeling generous (which I am, constantly, it's actually one of my best qualities), here's an infodump to your ECHO that will rapidly teach you the most important things you need on this planet: how to hunt for food without becoming a cannibal, which water will straight up murder you and which will only make you wish it had, which territories belong to which gangs, and how to read the kind of person who's going to smile at your face and sell you to the nearest psycho camp the second you turn around. This will also teach you how to pilot any vehicle on this godforsaken rock, and you're welcome for that one by the way. Just remember: none of this makes you a hero, none of this makes you special, and it absolutely does not make you a Vault Hunter.
Enjoy Pandora! And try not to bleed on anything I own.

Environmental Storytelling for Dummies [Free/100 to Keep]

Why are there ECHO recordings of dead people hidden in every corner of this planet? Who put them there? Why is there one of you explaining your backstory in a cave you have never been to in your life? Nobody knows, and nobody cares. What matters is that the world now is absolutely stuffed with ECHO recordings covering everything worth knowing: dead people's last words, living people's worst secrets, and historical events that were somehow recorded by someone who had the foresight to leave the file somewhere you would eventually trip over it. You always know what's going on, always understand the bigger picture, and will never miss the part where the villain breaks down crying about his shitty childhood right before he tries to kill you.

Loot Goblin [Free/100 to Keep]

Let's be honest: if there is a reason you are here, it's certainly for the cool shiny loot. Any being you kill now has a chance of dropping items you can loot, and the stronger your enemies are, the more spectacular the haul. A random bandit might drop a useful health syringe, a pile of money, or a trash Tediore gun that you'll throw away in twenty minutes. The heavily armored mutant monster you just barely survived? It might drop a very rare gun or even an alien artifact with some pretty good buffs. And it only gets better the higher you climb - raid bosses, Vault monsters, ancient Eridian constructs that were old before humanity figured out fire - all of them are just piñatas waiting for someone with enough guts and enough bullets to come along and crack them open. On top of all that, your enemies will also involuntarily drop whatever they personally value most: Hyperion engineers part with their bank passwords, loader bots shed their core processing chips, and bandits, for reasons nobody has ever been able to satisfactorily explain, consistently drop lewd pictures of Moxxi. Don't judge them, it's not like the developers remembered to add any bandit women.

Take a Left at Nowhere [100]

Pandora is an enormous planet, and most of the time this means getting to your objective by walking instead of just taking a road, because the roads are shit and half of them lead directly into bandit territory anyway. This also means getting lost a lot, taking a wrong turn into a bandit camp, walking face-first into a skag nest because your dumbass thought it was a shortcut, or just wandering in circles until something with too many teeth and not enough patience decides you look like lunch. Thanks to a handy ECHOnet upgrade, that's no longer your problem. You will find that you always know where you are in relation to everything on this planet, you always know how to get where you're going, and that your environment tends to point you in the right direction, whether it means to or not. This also extends to objectives, waypoints, and the endless parade of fetch quests that Pandora's various unhinged locals will inevitably dump on you, because apparently nobody on this planet can pick anything up themselves.

How Many Ex-Husbands Do You Even Have, Woman? [100]

If you had a coin for every person (man and woman included) Moxxi had a relationship with, you would have enough to buy Pandora and kick everyone off it. But if Pandora teaches you something, it is that you should judge people only after walking a mile in their shoes, or in Moxxi's case, her very impressive heels. Which means nobody gets to judge you either. Be it your past before you ever met them, your body count, your criminal record, how horribly ugly you are, or even whatever deeply questionable decisions led you to this planet in the first place, nobody will judge you for it.

People take you at face value, give you the benefit of the doubt, and find you considerably more charming and trustworthy than you probably deserve. In fact, with a perk like this, you could even charm Moxxi herself (not like it's that hard), which, given her track record, means you should probably enjoy it while it lasts.

DLC (Dramatically Ludicrous Content) [100]

Legends tell of Captain's Blade Lost Treasure of the Sands, that can only be found by fusing four pieces of the mystical compas- Mystical compass? Pirates? I thought it was a space western game? Anyway, you will find that if you want, all your future adventures may sprout an entirely separate genre running parallel to whatever the setting is actually supposed to be: a functioning pirate adventure in the middle of a cyberpunk dystopia, a high school rom-com in the grimdarkness, or the far future, or even a sci-fi adventure happening in a modern earth setting. The genres never bleed into each other, never derail the main plot, and somehow everyone involved treats the whole thing as completely normal.

Happy adventures!

Snake In The Grass [100]
Pandora has a long and storied history of people getting stabbed in the back by exactly the person they should have seen coming, and you are no longer going to be one of them. You have developed an instinct for character that goes considerably beyond reading body language or picking up on inconsistencies: you know, with certainty, whether the person in front of you is worth trusting and whether that trust is going to cost you somewhere down the line. In fact, if someone is going to betray you of their own free will (their own decision, their own agenda, their own reasons), you will know it before they act on it. This ability only applies to betrayals they willingly choose to commit, which means mind control, coercion, magical contracts, or similar outside forces won't trigger the warning. Still, on a planet where betrayal is practically a hobby, this perk will save you a lot of unpleasant surprises.

Eridium Habit [200]
Only losers do drugs. You do minerals. Like a Siren, you can drain Eridium directly in order to gain superhuman benefits: small doses boost all your abilities, while larger doses will give you weak Siren abilities like telekinesis, setting the air on fire, or blinking across small distances like a budget Lilith. The catch is that this is addictive as fuck and the withdrawal is agonizing, which is the entire reason this perk costs what it does. Post-jump, you can ~~snort~~ do the same with any exotic material the universe sees fit to offer.

The Power of YOUTH! [200]
Everyone loves Tiny Tina, resident bomb-maker, lover of badonkadonks, and living proof that Pandora has absolutely no age restrictions on anything. How did a child survive and thrive on a planet that kills fully grown adults for sport? Simple: she was young enough that the normal rules just stopped applying to her, and now the same applies to you. The inverse of a normal growth curve now governs your competence: the younger you are, the more competent you become. Eighteen years or older gets you absolutely nothing, but if you are thirteen, you will find out that you are as effortlessly competent as hardened criminals, veteran engineers, and professional killers with decades of experience under their belt in anything you apply yourself to: explosives, engineering, combat, whatever you feel like being terrifyingly good at today. Get younger than that and the effect multiplies, stacking higher the further down you go. Of course, there's the question of how you will make yourself younger to abuse this perk, but if jumpers are known for something it is for being resourceful.

I Will Pay You to Kill Yourself [200]
How the hell did the main villain get your ECHO number? It doesn't matter, you know why? Because if he's going to monologue about how good he is and how much of a bitch you are, you are going to do it too. You can send a message to anyone who has a digital device as long as you know they exist, no matter the distance, signal, or if you even know the identification number. And if they have a digital device on them, you can observe exactly what they are doing at any given moment. Yes, that includes Handsome Jack, which means you can finally call him the biggest bitch-ass clown in the galaxy and watch him have a bad way instead of hearing him monologue about how you are a filthy bandit. The only catch is that this works one way: you can send messages, but you can't force a conversation. But hey, if you want to send monologues every day to people you hate during your entire stay here, nobody said you couldn't make their life as miserable as they're making yours.

I Am The Goddamn Vault Hunter! [200]

There have been like four Vault Hunters who actually accomplished anything meaningful on Pandora, yet somehow the title carries enough weight to make the good guys™ weep with gratitude and bad guys™ wet themselves with rage. You know why? Because they were ~~the protagonists~~ special. And now you can be special too! You will find that complete strangers will treat you like the most important person they have ever met based entirely on your reputation for doing things, which may include saving entire settlements from bandits or shaking down poor people for pocket change. Everyone you meet will hand you their problems completely unprompted, offer quests, information, and occasionally their deepest personal traumas, on the reasonable assumption that someone as important as yourself will sort it out for a modest reward. Your enemies will now hate you with a personal investment that borders on flattering, and the good guys will treat you like their last hope, even when you are actively robbing them. And if you want, you can make everyone refer to you by whatever title you feel you deserve: Vault Hunter, Douchebag, or even Butt Stallion if you are feeling inspired. Just don't tell anyone you have no idea what you're doing.

Crit Machine [400]

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and when you are living on Pandora, and your main job is killing things, the only way to have fun is killing things better. Not only do you have quite a sharp eye for detecting weak points on your enemies (which helps a lot in attacking them), but you'll also find that every hit you land on one of them deals ten times the damage. Not two. Not five. Ten. Shoot a bandit's head with a pistol and watch as gore flies in every direction, and his crew is scared shitless. Cut a weak point with a blade and watch as the wound bleeds in all directions, painting the walls, the ground, and anything nearby (hope you weren't fond of clean boots). The only downside to this perk is that cleaning your weapons (and everything else) after a good day's work will take a lot more time, because the mess will get everywhere. Hope you brought a mop.

Mr. Torgue's Seal of Approval [400]

I HAVE ONE QUESTION FOR YOU: EXPLOSIONS?!
FOR BUYING THIS PERK, YOU ARE F*ING AWESOME!!!!! ALL YOUR EXPLOSIONS ARE NOW BIGGER, BADDER, AND MORE METAL THAN EVER BEFORE!!!! WE ARE TALKING THROWING A SINGLE GRENADE AND WATCHING AN ENTIRE HOUSE CEASE TO EXIST, WHICH IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING I HAVE EVER SEEN, AND I HAVE SEEN A LOT OF BEAUTIFUL THINGS!**
ANY EXPLOSIVE WEAPON YOU PICK UP HITS HARDER THAN IT HAS ANY BUSINESS HITTING, BECAUSE THAT IS WHAT YOU DESERVE! AND IF YOU ARE USING A TORGUE WEAPON - WHICH YOU SHOULD BE, BECAUSE TORGUE WEAPONS ARE THE GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT IN HUMAN HISTORY AND I WILL DIE ON THAT HILL, LITERALLY!!!! I WILL EXPLODE ON THAT HILL!!!! - YOUR OWN EXPLOSIONS WILL BARELY SCRATCH YOU!!! BLOW YOURSELF UP AS MUCH AS YOU WANT!!! STAND IN THE FIRE!!! LAUNCH ROCKETS AT YOUR OWN FEET!!! THE WORLD IS YOUR EXPLOSION, AND YOU ARE ITS MOST METAL CITIZEN!
THIS MESSAGE WAS APPROVED BY MR. TORGUE!!!!

Angles, Katas, and Dead Bandits [400]

Through analysis of thousands of recorded gun fights, Hyperion scientists have determined that the geometric distribution of bullets across a given combat space followed consistent and predictable patterns. What does all of this technobabble even mean? With the right angles that you now know how to calculate instinctively, every bullet that you miss will automatically ricochet towards the nearest enemy around you. Pretty OP, huh?

Phase Something [400]

Congratulations, you are one of the six unique snowflakes in the entire galaxy to be a **Siren**! Side effects include **glowing tattoos**, a **hot appearance**, and **phenomenal cosmic powers** that you probably don't deserve. You also get a pair of wings that might let you fly with enough practice, the ability to absorb **Eridium** directly for massive power-ups to your **Siren** power, and the guarantee that you will grow to be as strong as Lilith in canon. And don't worry about any addiction for ~~snorting~~ using **Eridium**, the price you are paying on this perk covers that. Just don't tell Handsome Jack you exist.



Vault Hunter



Found Family [100]

One day, you're sitting on a bus next to a bunch of strangers who all look like they've made some deeply questionable life choices, and a few hours later, you're bleeding together, laughing together, and would probably die for each other without thinking too hard about it. You've got a natural gift for turning complete strangers into ride-or-die allies, especially the sort of people who probably shouldn't be trusted with firearms, explosives, or basic decision-making. Be mercenaries, weirdos, or psychos, give it a little chaos and maybe a shared near-death experience, and suddenly you're all a tight-knit crew who argue like siblings and shoot in the same direction. The really useful part is that the moment someone ends up on your side, you work together like you've been doing this for years. In a fight, you instinctively know where they'll move, what they'll do, and how to cover them. Funny how staring down the barrel of something that wants to eat you brings people together.

Pandora's Best [200]

For reasons nobody has ever been able to satisfactorily explain, vault hunters are just built differently. It doesn't matter if you're a highly trained ex-Dahl soldier or some random teenager who rolled up on a bus from a planet nobody's ever heard of, the result is the same: You can pick any weapon, be a gun or a knife, and clear a room full of skags, psychos, giant flesh abominations and whatever else is in Pandora with complete ease. Oh, and as a free bonus on top of all that completely unjustified killing ability, you're also good at one-liners (more specifically, the genuinely cool ones). Now go and do some killing.

Too Angry To Die [400]

Death has tried to claim you, and frankly, it can get in line. Instead of having the common decency to just die over when something hits hard enough to drop you, you hit the ground in a crippled heap with just enough spite left in you to keep fighting. You can't stand, you can't run, but you can still raise your weapon. And if you manage to put down one of the sons of bitches responsible for putting you on the ground in the first place, you claw your way back up with half your health. Your allies can also drag you back to your feet if they get to you in time, which is the closest thing to heartwarming that Pandora has to offer. The only catch is that your body isn't completely invincible: this can only happen five times in a day before even your stubbornness starts running low, and your body finally starts taking the hint. Use it wisely. Or don't, and just make sure you kill something on the way down.

R.P.G (Rampage, Progress, Grow) [600]

Funny thing: it seems like a new app just installed itself on whatever digital device you're carrying around. It's got these little trees in it, each one tracking a different aspect of yourself: your accuracy with your favorite guns, how many grenades you can carry before your pockets start complaining, your overall toughness, your ability to bounce back from getting shot in the face, all of it. Every time you kill something (and on Pandora, that's going to be a lot), you rack up experience points, and once you've racked up enough of those, you level up, which hands you a fresh set of skill points to throw into whichever of these trees you feel like improving. Getting better at sniping? Put points in the sniper tree. Want to carry a frankly irresponsible amount of explosives? There's a tree for that, too. And here's the really neat part: if you somehow pick up a brand new ability or skill somewhere down the line, the app just updates itself to include it, giving you the full suite of options to develop it however you want. The only catch is that each aspect has a hard cap: you can only push them so far before they just won't grow anymore. On the bright side, Pandora has a lot of things to kill, and you've got plenty of levels to earn before you ever have to worry about that.

Bandit

Batshit Insane [100]

Look, spending your formative years on Pandora does something to a person's brain. Something irreversible. Something that would make a psychiatrist retire on the spot and drink themselves into a dignified grave. But here's the funny thing about being completely, thoroughly, certifiably out of your fucking mind: if you go far enough off the deep end, you somehow come flying out the other side into a weird kind of clarity. You are so catastrophically insane that your brain just gave up trying to be crazy and installed a voice in your head that is, against all conceivable odds, the single most rational and level-headed entity you have ever encountered. Somehow, it always has the best advice for any type of situation you encounter. And if the one voice somehow isn't enough company for you (and honestly, fair enough, it's lonely being this fucking unhinged), you can cook up another one (or more if you want) with a completely different personality to bounce things off of whenever you wish. Which is great, because the last person you asked for advice ate a grenade to see what would happen and shit the bed on both counts.

Pandoran Engineering [200]

If there is one thing Pandora's natives are genuinely, undeniably, world-class at, it's making shit that has absolutely no business working out of shit that has absolutely no business being used to make it. Be it duct tape, pipe fittings, the chassis of a car someone died in, or whatever's rattling around in the bottom of a bandit's pocket, you can use it to make a functional weapon, a livable structure, a vehicle, or an explosive device to murder someone. You can build guns from gutters, fortifications from garbage, cars from scrap, and grenades from whatever the previous occupants of a house left behind, which is easier now that you've handled the previous occupants. The end result won't win any design awards. It will, however, work, which is more than can be said for half the stuff Hyperion builds with an actual budget and a team of engineers, so frankly, you're already ahead.

Badass [400]

Whether it was some shady Hyperion experiment you never consented to, a lifetime of eating things you absolutely should not have eaten, or just the general cosmic cruelty of being born on Pandora, something went very differently with your body than it did with everybody else's (i’m joking, everyone on Pandora is some cocktail of radiation, skag diet, and whatever the eridium is doing to the local water table) You are big. Unpleasantly big. Your strength is frankly ridiculous, too, and you can survive hits that would turn a regular person into a fine mist. And you know what's great about that? These are all the qualifications you need to carve out your own little kingdom of bandits on this damn planet and call yourself whatever you want. Just don't be a dumb idiot and pick a fight with a Vault Hunter.

THE PAIN TRAIN! [600]

STRIP THE FLESH, SALT THE WOUND! THE MORE THEY HURT YOUR MEAT, THE FASTER YOUR STUMPS GO AND THE HARDER YOUR KNUCKLES SMASH! EVERY WOUND, EVERY PAIN THAT SHOULD PUT YOU DOWN JUST MAKES YOU MORE ANGRY! GET HURT ENOUGH, AND A SINGLE PUNCH SENDS THEM FLYING ACROSS THE ROOM! THE HARDER THEY HIT YOU, THE FURTHER THEY GO! Sixty seconds without getting hit returns to normal, SO MAKE SURE THEY KEEP SHOOTING AT YOU!



Corporate



I take it from here, kiddo.

Smile and Wave [100]

Y'know what separates you from the filthy bandits crawling all over Pandora? You don't walk around with your crazy hanging out. You can be absolutely furious, two seconds away from ordering an airstrike on some dipstick's hometown, plotting the most cold-blooded thing anyone's ever done on this miserable planet, and you'll still come across as the most charming, reasonable, totally-not-a-monster person in the room. You can slap on a persona like a mask and shove all the ugly crap (your intentions, your agenda, the fact that you've already decided this person is dead) behind whatever face you feel like wearing that day. People are just gonna swallow it whole, and the ones who start getting a little twitchy? They'll talk themselves out of it like the idiots they are. I once shook a guy's hand, told him what a fantastic job he was doing, and had him shot before he made it back to his desk. Wore a smile the whole damn time.

The Man Who Would Be Jack [200]

You were never gonna settle for second place, were you? Good. Second place is just a fancy way of saying first loser, and I didn't claw my way to the top of an interstellar weapons corporation to hear that crap. You've got this thing burning in your gut: this absolute, bone-deep refusal to be anything less than the most important person in the room, the building, the planet. You can turn it off if you want. Pussy. But what makes this great is that whatever the endgame is, whatever throne you've got your eyes on, you just know what to do to get there. The right move, the right moment, the right person to butter up or stab in the back or throw under a loader bot to climb a little higher. Some people are born to follow orders and die in mediocrity. You were born to make other people follow yours. Tassiter looked me dead in the eyes once and told me I'd never amount to anything. I think about that every single day from his chair.

One Brilliant Bastard [400]

Look, some people are just born mundane (and yeah, I mean pathetic, like genuinely embarrassing to share a species with), and then there are people like us. You've got one of the brightest minds in the entire galaxy rattling around in that skull of yours, absolutely stuffed with creativity, raw intelligence, and okay, yeah, maybe a little bit of insanity - but that's just the price you pay for being this good, kiddo. Every science in the universe humanity has developed, from Digistruct technology to Elemental Weapons? Mastered. Done. You can design guns that would make the entire Hyperion R&D department cry into their coffee, build robots, and A.Is that actually function like they have two brain cells to rub together, and don't even get me started on the really fun stuff. But here's the part that makes you genuinely terrifying: you're not boxed in by what's "scientifically possible." Got a giant eldritch monster eye the size of a building just sitting there leaking nightmare juice everywhere? Fantastic, now you've got a space laser, congratulations. Your kid just manifested Siren powers out of absolutely nowhere? Cool, you'll have her wired into a satellite array and powering your entire operation by Tuesday, Wednesday at the latest. Whatever completely insane, reality-breaking garbage the universe drops in your lap, your brain just chews on it and spits out something that works together with it. Impossible is a word invented by people who weren't me. Lucky for you, you're pretty damn close.

Sic Semper Tyrannis [600]

You don't wait in line. You don't kiss anyone's boots, you don't spend years being the smartest person in the room while some senile old man in a suit takes all the credit, you just *go there and take it*. When you put down whoever's sitting at the top, everything they have is yours. All of it. Their guys, their money, and their big fancy office with the leather chair. And it scales, by the way. Kill a gang leader, you've got a gang. Kill a warlord, you've got an army. Kill a CEO - well, I think you see where I'm going with this. The bigger the fish, the bigger the pond you just inherited. Oh, and just so we're absolutely crystal clear: try pointing any of this in my direction and I will have you shot, stuffed, and mounted on the wall of my office before you even finish that thought. Not joking, kiddo.

Action Skills



Wolf and Saint [200]

Sometimes survival on Pandora comes down to having someone watching your back. Fortunately, in your case, those “someones” happen to be armed flying robots. You can now deploy two drones simultaneously: Wolf hunts down and tears apart whatever you are currently fighting with lasers and missiles, while Saint hovers behind you, healing your wounds and keeping your shields topped off. Both drones work together seamlessly and require absolutely nothing from you except pointing Wolf at whatever needs to die, which on Pandora is never in short supply.

Sabre Turret [200]

Certainly not the flashiest skill (and absolutely the worst one in the game), but useful enough for any combat purposes. You can now deploy one turret (using longbow technology to deploy at long ranges) that locks onto nearby enemies and shoots them until they stop being a problem or the turret stops being a turret, whichever comes first. Lucky for you, it also comes completely upgraded with rocket missiles, an extra gun that fires slag, a shield emitter that protects anyone near it, and a nuke explosion that happens when you deploy the turret.

Decepti0n [200]

I’m a ninja, yo, my life is like a video g- sorry. Anyway, it looks like you have been trained in whatever passes as a school of ninjas in this universe. You can now temporarily become invisible to everyone around you, leaving behind a holographic decoy that absorbs attention, draws fire, and dies convincingly while you reposition, backstab, or simply wait for everyone to calm down. You also digistruct five elemental kunai the moment you activate the cloak, which fly out and embed themselves into whatever targets are closest before detonating in a burst of whatever elemental damage you have configured them for (fire, acid, shock, slag).

Deathtrap [200]

All people need best friends, and sometimes the best ones are murder robots that a teenager built in her garage out of spite. You can now summon Deathtrap, a giant, murderous robot companion that follows you around and kills whatever you point him at. He tears through enemies with his bare hands, fires lasers and electrical blasts at anything out of reach, and takes hits that would turn you into paste. On the bright side, this means you've got a walking tank watching your back. On the downside, subtlety is now completely off the table. At least the screaming usually stops pretty quickly.

Cold As Ice [200]

Guns are fine. Freezing your enemies solid and shattering them into pieces is better. You can now throw a Frost Diadem Shard that seeks out enemies, attaches itself to them, and radiates constant cryo damage until they are frozen completely solid where they stand. The freeze spreads between nearby enemies as it cycles between targets, and every time something shatters from the cold, it sends ice fragments flying outward into whatever is standing closest, which turns a single frozen enemy into a shrapnel problem for everyone in the immediate area. Just don't start making any ice puns.

Kinetic Aspis [200]

Vault Hunters, Assemble! You can now summon an enormous shield that absorbs every bullet, explosion, and whatever else gets thrown at your front, storing it all as raw kinetic energy. When you are done absorbing, you hurl it at the nearest target and release everything it collected in a single devastating explosion, which, after that, ricochets to up to four additional targets on the way back to your arm.

VaultHunter.EXE [200]

What's better than one action skill? All of them! You can now run a full combat assessment of any situation you find yourself in, determine which action skill would best serve the circumstances, and activate it on the spot. Turret needed? Deployed. Invisible assassin more appropriate? Done. Two guns simultaneously more your speed right now? Both hands, full send. Sadly, you have a 25% chance of the assessment going completely sideways and deploying whatever it feels like instead, which means there is a one in four chance that the most critical moment of your life is soundtracked by a disco ball and a conga line. The other seventy-five percent of the time, you are unstoppable. The math is fine. Probably.

Expendable Assets [200]

Why die yourself when you can send someone else? You can now deploy two Digi-Clones holograms into the fight to deal serious damage while you hang back, which is either a tactical decision or a philosophical one, depending on how you feel about sending copies of yourself directly into gunfire. They draw attention, are capable of handling themselves, and hit quite hard: firing weapons, launching missiles, and producing perfect copies of whatever grenade you are currently carrying before lobbing them directly at your enemies. Sadly, they don't explode when they die, which is honestly the one disappointing thing about an otherwise excellent arrangement.

Buzz Axe Rampage [200]

Sometimes the most sophisticated solution is throwing away your gun and hitting something so hard it stops being a problem. You can now enter a state of pure, focused, beautifully unhinged violence: dropping whatever you are holding, pulling out an enormous buzzsaw axe, and closing between you and everything that needs to die with increased speed. Your melee damage massively increases, and everything you kill regenerates you from any wound. You also set yourself on fire in the process, which sounds like a downside until you realize that the fire spreads to everything you hit, turning every swing into a melee attack and an arson charge simultaneously. At that point, the only real question left is whether the fire or the axe gets them first.

Gunzerking [200]

NO KILL LIKE OVERKILL! You can now fire two weapons simultaneously with both hands, of any combination you want, for a limited period of time: two shotguns, two rocket launchers, the choice is yours, and the consequences are everyone else's. Your weapons reload automatically, your precision doesn't suffer for it, you take significantly less damage while doing it, and if you somehow still manage to get hurt, your body fixes itself faster than anything on this planet has any right to. You are fucking invincible!

Showdown [200]

If this was a multiplayer, you would probably get banned. You can now enter a state where your weapons automatically aim towards your enemies, your reload speed becomes almost instantaneous, and every shot you fire deals significantly more damage than it has any business dealing. Everyone in the room is already dead. They just haven't figured it out yet.

Phaselock [200, Exclusive for Sirens]

In the name of the Siren, I'll punish you! By manifesting your ~~magical~~ Siren powers, you create a dimensional bubble of energy around any foe in your direction, trapping and leaving them completely helpless mid-air. The bubble constantly damages your enemies, including hurting them with a plethora of elemental effects such as slag, acid, and electricity (because if there's something a Siren is, it's overpowered.) Just remember that there are some enemies too large to be suspended mid-air, which means you'll just have to solve the problem the traditional Pandoran way: filling them with lead.

Wildcard [200]

Why settle for someone else's action skill when you can build your own? You can freely design your own custom action skill from the ground up, with the mechanics and delivery to define however you want. The exact details are up to you, but it should roughly sit in the same general weight class as the other skills listed here, and it must be an activated ability with a cooldown. If you are a Siren, you can also freely create your own Siren ability, following the same rules.

Items

You have a **300 CP** stipend to spend here. You can freely import items. Items destroyed restore themselves in three days. You also gain the blueprint of anything you buy here. You can discount two items per price tier. There are no discounts for the **800 CP** tier and above. Discounted **50** and **100 CP** items become free. The items scale to your size.

ECHO [Free]

The smartphone of the future, and nobody has removed half the features to sell them in the next version (yet) Your ECHO unit provides a full heads up display with everything you could reasonably need to know at any given moment: maps, health, shield status, ammo count, and a surprisingly thorough analysis of your physical and mental attributes that is either reassuring or deeply concerning depending on what it finds. It also comes with a digistruct storage system that lets you store significantly more than your pockets should be able to hold, an unlimited internet connection that somehow maintains signal even in the most remote and godforsaken corners of Pandora, and every standard personal device function you would expect from something that (mostly) fits in your hand. It is your map, your phone, your storage unit, your health monitor, and your only reliable source of information on a planet that is trying to kill you. Do not lose it.

My Little Skag [50]

Pandora has no shortage of things that want to eat you, which makes the ones that have decided not to eat you significantly more valuable. This is one of those. Pick any creature native to Pandora (skag, bullymong, spiderant, rakk, stalker, varkid, whatever you feel represents your particular taste in terrifying animals) and it is yours, completely loyal, domestic, and committed to your survival. It follows you, it fights for you, and it communicates its affection in whatever way its biology permits, which for some of these creatures is indistinguishable from mild hostility but means something completely different in context (don't worry, none of them will bite you with their sharp teeth like cats). If it somehow dies, it reappears three days later alive and intact, a little bit stronger and with a small chance of coming back carrying a new elemental mutation it did not have before (your pet skag might return as an acid skag, and your bullymong might come back wreathed in fire). Don't forget to feed your pets!

Melee Weapon [50]

Pandora has no shortage of things that will try to kill you up close (pesky skags), and having something reliable in your hand when that happens is less a preference and more a survival requirement. This is a single melee weapon of your choice (sword, axe, knife, hammer, buzzaxe, katana, whatever creative idea you have) made to your exact specifications, completely indestructible, and digistructed directly into your hand the moment you need it. Yes, exactly what you heard, no pockets needed, no holster required, no awkwardly carrying a one-and-half-meter sword through a crowded bar and apologizing to everyone you accidentally hit with it. An elegant weapon for a more uncivilized age.

Vault Key [400]
The Eridians built Vaults across the galaxy and then built keys to open them, which raises questions about their priorities that nobody has lived long enough to answer. This key is real, functional, and yours, capable of opening any Vault you can find, assuming you survive long enough to reach it. The key requires charging before use: two hundred years under normal circumstances, significantly less if you have access to sufficient Eridium or a Siren willing to help. Once charged, it opens one Vault of your choice, granting access to whatever the Eridians sealed inside. The key recharges after use, eventually, which means patience and a very long lifespan could theoretically let you open every Vault that exists. Post-jump, you can use the Vault Key to open things that are similar in nature to Vaults: sealed locations, extradimensional caches, hidden facilities, doors that were built to never be opened by anyone or anything that was clearly designed to keep people out and something important in. If it requires a unique “impossible” key, esoteric conditions, or some long-lost method of access, this will do the job just fine once charged.
Whether the Eridians would approve is a question you can ask them if you find any still alive.

Vault Ring [400]
An ancient Eridian artifact that predates every civilization currently arguing over Pandora's surface by a margin that should make everyone involved feel appropriately insignificant. Activate it, and every treasure in the jump reveals itself to you simultaneously, including their locations, access routes, unlock conditions, and whatever guardians have been sitting on top of them for the last several thousand years waiting for someone stupid enough to come looking. Be it vaults, legendary weapons, or even historical remnants of ancient civilizations - all are laid out in your mind with perfect clarity. The Eridians did not build this for you, and the fact that it works anyway is either a gift or a problem that hasn't revealed itself yet.

Weapons and Gear

GUNS, GUNS, GUNS! [50/100/200]
Because your chain wouldn’t be complete without all your favorite legendaries! Any weapon, grenade mod, or shield from the entire Borderlands 2 catalogue is available for purchase here, from the most basic Tediore pistol that you throw like (trash) a grenade when it runs out to the most overpowered Hyperion Amp shield you can find in the game. There are three types available for purchase: **Very Rare** items, which are the best possible version of a conventional item and cost **50 CP**. **Unique** items, which come with specific effects that are useful and cost **100 CP**. And **Legendary** items, which are the best of the best: named, powerful, with incredible abilities, and that cost **200 CP**. Each item purchased here automatically repairs itself if damaged, takes up no storage space in your ECHO unit, and comes with infinite ammo.

Echo Loot Lock [200]
Found some useful loot, but worried about losing it? This handy module upgrade for your ECHO device lets you scan any personal weapon, shield, grenade mod, or item smaller than yourself you want to protect, making it fiat-backed, indestructible, and automatically returned to you if it somehow ends up lost, stolen, or swallowed by something. The module has a limit of twenty-five items, which sounds generous until you have been on Pandora for more than a week and start finding things worth keeping everywhere you look.

Class Mod [200]
A small piece of equipment that slots into your loadout and makes you meaningfully better at three things you were already doing, chosen entirely by you. Be it weapon accuracy, grenade capacity, shield recharge speed, movement speed, luck, elemental damage, carrying capacity, or even resistance to specific damage types, the full catalogue of things a person can be better at is available, and you have to pick three. The improvements vary depending on what you are boosting: some aspects see modest but significant gains, others scale dramatically, and a few become so far beyond your original baseline that the difference is difficult to overstate. If you have the R.P.G perk, you can reassign the three aspects you picked at any time you want, which means the mod never becomes obsolete, never stops being relevant, and never sits in your inventory gathering dust because the situation changed and your build didn't.

Backpack SDU Bundle [200]
Storage on Pandora is a solved problem, assuming you have enough money to solve it. This bundle contains every Storage Deck Upgrade available through legitimate channels, expanding your ECHO's digistruct capacity to hold significantly more weapons, shields, grenades, and miscellaneous garbage than any reasonable person should be carrying at once (40 items and thousands of ammo). At any point, you can convert money directly into additional storage space, expanding your item and ammo capacity further whenever your current setup stops being enough.

Utility and Services

Grinder [100]
Another incredible example of how ridiculous Borderlands science is. Feed it any three items of a similar type, like weapons, shields, grenades, or even your spare ECHO units (how does a **Very Rare** ECHO even work?), and it chews them up and spits out something of superior quality. Feed it Eridium on top of that, and the process improves dramatically, producing something significantly rarer and more powerful than three items of that quality have any right to produce. The only limit is your willingness to sacrifice things you are currently attached to, which on Pandora you should probably work on anyway.

Quick Change [100]

Pandora has a surprising number of people who want you dead specifically, which makes looking exactly like yourself a liability. The Quick Change station lets you alter your appearance, sex, voice, and cosmetics completely on demand: new face, new body, new hair, new everything, in the time it takes for the machine to run its digistruct process. With this, you can look like an entirely new person or simply a better version of yourself, and for the more creatively inclined, the scanner also accepts biological samples: if you happen to acquire someone's face through whatever means Pandora considers reasonable, feeding it into the machine will let you transform into that person completely, voice included. The ethics of this are between you and whoever no longer has a face.

Bandit Bribery Bag [100]

Sometimes the fastest path to a bandit's heart is not through his ribcage, but his stomach. This is a bottomless bag of meat that never runs out, never smells worse than it already does, and is apparently the single most effective diplomatic tool on Pandora. Bandits, psychos, marauders, and the various other unwashed lunatics that populate this planet have a surprisingly straightforward relationship with food - specifically, whoever has it is worth following. Sure, you can't use this to convince anything bigger than a small bandit camp to switch allegiances, but for the vast majority of Pandora's population who are just hungry, violent and looking for a reason to point their guns somewhere else, this bag is a more effective recruitment tool than every rehabilitation program combined (as if you could civilize a psycho). The bag contains samples from every creature that has ever had the misfortune of existing on Pandora: skag ribs, spiderant legs, rakk wings, and yes, the occasional cut of homo sapiens for the bandits with more specific dietary preferences, which on Pandora is a demographic large enough to matter. It refills itself daily, costs nothing to maintain, and the meat is quite fresh.

Your Very Own Fandom [100]

Gaige started ECHOcasting from her bedroom shed on Eden-5 to an audience of two, accidentally killed a girl with a robot at a science fair, fled to Pandora as a fugitive, and somehow landed on the planet with twenty thousand subscribers because the ECHOnet decided that was a better story than anything else currently airing. The point is that audiences on this planet have terrible taste and no survival instinct, which works entirely in your favor. You have your own small but devoted ECHOcast following that tracks your adventures, argues passionately about your best moments, produces fan art of questionable quality, and generates enough consistent engagement that you will never feel bored or unappreciated. All of it is fed directly into your ECHO device, displaying their comments, reactions, and increasingly unhinged fan theories across your HUD in real time, which means you will always have a running commentary on whatever you are currently doing, whether you asked for it or not. The number grows consistently the longer you stay in a jump, and post-jump they follow you wherever you go, always eager to see what next adventures you find yourself in.

Pandora's Vending Machines [200]

If there's one thing Pandora has, it is infrastructure, surprisingly. Scattered across this godforsaken rock are three types of machines that have kept Vault Hunters alive, armed, and marginally presentable since the first idiot stepped off a bus here, and now you have your own personal set of all three to deploy wherever you want. Marcus Munitions stocks a rotating selection of weapons that refreshes daily, with the occasional rare item showing up if the machine is feeling generous. Dr. Zed's Meds keeps you alive with health syringes, shields, and class mods that restock regularly, because getting shot is inevitable on this planet, and running out of options is how you die. Ammo Dump handles every caliber, grenade type, and rocket you could possibly need, along with 0Z kits and everything else to keep your guns fed and your grenades stocked.

All three machines accept any form of currency you have on hand, will buy any item you want to offload, and pay out in whatever currency you prefer, because haggling with a vending machine on Pandora is apparently a solved problem. Everything they stock scales to be half as powerful as you currently are, too, which means you will never walk up to a machine and find it selling weapons that are completely trash.

Eridium Stash [200/400]

A chest containing a hundred kilograms of raw eridium bars, the exotic mineral that started showing up all over Pandora the moment the first Vault cracked open and has been making everyone's life significantly more complicated ever since. It can be used to create energy weapons, works as an exotic fuel source, makes Sirens dangerously overpowered, and has a street value that makes every other commodity on this planet look like pocket change. Your stash refills itself every month, and for **400 CP,** the stash expands to one ton. Try not to snort all of it at once.

Catch-A-RIDE! [200/400]

Catch-A-RIIIIDE! Ugh, never doing that again. This is a complete vehicle station containing every tool, part, and piece of equipment needed to build, repair, and customize any vehicle from Borderlands from the ground up. The station comes pre-loaded with a dozen blueprints covering every environment and terrain type you are likely to encounter: bandit technicals for open wasteland, sand skiffs for desert traversal, stingrays for low altitude flight, and several others (in case you want to explore Pandora's oceans or something like that). What makes it genuinely useful beyond a well stocked garage is the digistruct network it comes with: any vehicle you register at the station can be spawned at any point in the network instantly (you still need to physically create the terminals), meaning your vehicles are wherever you need them to be rather than wherever you left them, which on Pandora is usually upside down in a ditch three miles from where you wanted to go. For the price of **400 CP,** the network comes fully developed across the range of an entire continent, in case you want to make your own service like Catch-a-Ride.

1-800-HELLFIRE [400]

Helios Station is, among other things, the most expensive artillery platform ever constructed, and you now have its direct line. One call is all it takes to bring down a barrage of moonshots powerful enough to kill a Rakk Hive (one of the single largest and most durable creatures on Pandora), which means whatever you are pointing it at does not need to be a Rakk Hive to have a very bad time. The barrage covers a radius of fifty meters, which on Pandora is enough to erase a bandit camp, a small fortification, or whatever large and deeply inconvenient creature has made the mistake of standing still long enough for you to make the call. The only catch is that Helios needs three days between calls to reload, reposition, and process whatever internal paperwork Hyperion requires before dropping that much ordnance on another set of coordinates. Use it wisely. Or don't, and just make sure you're outside the fifty meters.

Anshin Panacea [400]

Developed by Anshin scientists, somehow ending up in the hands of a dead bandit on Pandora, and now yours, which is exactly how the acquisition of important technology works on this planet. This is the most advanced healing syringe in the galaxy: a single dose restores wounds so thoroughly that missing limbs come back, chronic conditions reverse themselves, and the body returns to a state it probably hasn't been in since before everything went wrong. Be it cancers, addictions, withdrawal symptoms, heavy metal poisoning, gunshot wounds, eridium poisoning specifically, and a big list of maladies that lesser medical technology has given up on entirely, all of it is addressed and cured. If this didn’t cost the price of a spaceship, it could help a lot of people in the galaxy. But it won't. Because it costs the price of a spaceship. The syringe refills itself each day.

New-U Station [600]

Death on Pandora is, for most people, permanent. For you, it is an inconvenience with a three-second loading screen. The New-U network has registered your genetic signature and will reconstruct you at the nearest station the moment you die, fully intact, fully functional, and charged a small fee (10% of all your money) for the privilege that comes directly out of whatever you were carrying at the time because Hyperion has never once missed an opportunity to monetize a captive market. The reconstruction is perfect: same body, same memories, same everything, right down to whatever mood you were in before something ended your previous iteration. If you somehow find yourself completely broke at the moment of death, the network declines to reconstruct you on the grounds that Hyperion does not run a charity, and the death becomes permanent. You can also extend the privilege of resurrection to up to eight people of your choice, registering their genetic signatures into the network and giving them the same reconstruction terms, small fee included, because Hyperion's monetization policy applies to everyone equally, regardless of how much you like them. Post-jump, the Hyperion network is no longer available, which means you and your eight registered companions have only one reconstruction every ten years, with no fee attached.

Properties and Locations

Sir Hammerlock's Lodge [200]

A hunting lodge that would be considered impressively appointed by any standard that didn't involve being located on Pandora, which somehow makes it more impressive rather than less. The lodge auto-collects and mounts trophies from anything you kill, cataloguing each one with the species, location, and circumstances of the kill. You never need to carry anything back yourself: the moment something worth mounting hits the ground with you responsible for putting it there, the lodge handles the rest. What makes this lodge unique is that attached to it is a pocket jungle that exists in a perpetual state of being fully stocked with prey, regenerating its wildlife population continuously, so there is always something worth hunting, regardless of how recently you were last there. The ecosystem inside it updates itself to include whatever new creatures you encounter across your jumps, which means the hunting never gets repetitive and the trophies never stop being interesting. It is the most civilized thing on Pandora by a significant margin, which admittedly is not a high bar.

Moxxi's (Without Moxxi) [400]

Everyone knows Moxxi's bar. Everyone has been to Moxxi's bar. Everyone has spent money they didn't have at Moxxi's bar and walked out feeling like it was somehow worth it anyway. Now it's yours, which would be more exciting if it came with Moxxi, but it doesn't, so here we are. The stock never runs dry, the staff is competent enough to keep the place running without constant supervision, and the combination of good alcohol and a warm interior in the middle of a planet actively trying to kill everyone draws in the most interesting, dangerous, and occasionally useful people Pandora has to offer. As a consolation prize for not getting Moxxi herself, she has left you four of her personal items: the pistol **Rubi**, the incendiary shotgun **Heart Breaker**, the sniper **Chère-amie**, and the corrosive SMG **Bad Touch**. All of these weapons heal you for all damage you deal while holding them. If these weapons do not suit your playstyle, Moxxi is perfectly willing to swap any of them out for something else from her personal collection, free of charge.

The Stronghold [400]

A fortress built inside the hollowed out remains of a massive dam, looking exactly what happens when you give several hundred psychos access to scrap metal, welding equipment, and absolutely no oversight. It is enormous, it is covered in spikes, it smells like a war crime, and every single person inside it would die for you without requiring an explanation, which on Pandora is the most valuable real estate arrangement available. The walls hold against anything short of a military siege, every corridor and room inside has been modified for maximum lethality, and the turbine rooms have been flooded into something that functions less like infrastructure and more like a very creative execution method. The population is not smart, not competent, and not going to win any awards for personal hygiene, but they come in numbers that make individual competence largely irrelevant, and every month the roster refills itself with fresh recruits who heard about you from someone who heard about you from someone who watched you do something that should not have been survivable and decided that was worth signing up for. Quantity has a quality all its own, and you have a lot of quantity.

Digistruct Peak [600]

Nobody asked how it was built, nobody wants to know what Scooter touched during the construction process, and the crazy woman responsible has declined to explain her methodology on the grounds that explaining it would make it less impressive. This is a training compound spanning several kilometers that generates perfect simulations of every enemy type on Pandora and several that aren't, scaling dynamically to whatever you are currently capable of handling to make absolutely certain you are never comfortable and never bored. Die inside it, and you wake up in a safe area with nothing lost except your dignity, which, given what just killed you, was probably already gone. The Peak integrates with the **Loot Goblin** perk, which means you can use this place to farm a lot of good loot if you want. The place can even generate raid bosses, which scale to always be genuinely dangerous to you specifically. Just don't forget that everything in there wants to kill you, and unlike Pandora, it was specifically designed to be good at it.

Sanctuary [600]

''The last stronghold of the resistance", like a certain someone with a god complex and a space station would say. Sanctuary is an entire flying city built on thrusters that lifts off the ground and takes to the sky whenever the situation below becomes untenable, which on Pandora is a permanent condition. The city is fully self-sufficient in the air: power, water, food supply, trade routes, all of it maintained and operational regardless of altitude or destination. Every shopkeeper from Pandora comes with it - Zed, Moxxi, Scooter, Marcus, and everyone else that makes the city function - all running their businesses as normally as anyone can when their entire neighborhood is airborne (don't ask how). Beyond the shopkeepers, Sanctuary has a full civilian population that pays taxes, fills the streets, runs small businesses, argues with their neighbors, and makes the city feel alive, which is great considering that most places you are going to visit are either trying to kill everyone in them or have already succeeded. The Crimson Raiders are stationed here, too, which means Sanctuary is not just a city but a small army that will follow your orders as long as you are not asking them to do anything that crosses their line. Just remember that these are people who survived Pandora, buried their friends, and kept fighting anyway. They are not asking for much. Don't give them a reason to stop trusting you.

Digi-Factory [800]

Finally entering the big leagues, huh? A must-have for any starting manufacturer, this is a fully operational digistruct factory (the size of a small town) running the most advanced manufacturing technology in the galaxy, capable of producing anything you can provide a blueprint or a sufficient mental image of in a matter of seconds. Be it weapons, vehicles, machine parts the size of a house, structural components, replacement equipment, or things that don't have names yet, if it can be built, this factory builds it faster than any conventional manufacturing process has any right to. The digistruct technology scales to the complexity of what you are producing, which means a pistol takes seconds and a vehicle takes slightly longer, but nothing in the catalogue takes long enough to be inconvenient. For any aspiring corporate, this factory is the foundation of an empire: feed it the right blueprints, and you have a production line capable of supplying weapons across entire planets and eventually entire star systems, with a production speed and output quality that no conventional manufacturing process can match. The factory comes with its own power source, its own maintenance systems, and absolutely no workforce requirements beyond whoever is feeding it blueprints, which, on a planet where labor relations tend to end in someone getting shot, is a significant operational advantage.

Corporate and Hyperion

Hyperion Executive Package [200]

A must-have for any young corporate drone trying to survive in a world where your colleagues are just rivals who haven't stabbed you in the back yet. Three augmentations, each one worth more than most people on Pandora will ever own.

The cybernetic arm comes with a direct communication link to Helios Station, letting you requisition supplies on demand: loaders for combat situations, vehicles for rapid extraction, and basic equipment for when things go sideways. It also comes with wireless hacking programs capable of breaching any digital system remotely, and as a limb is stronger than one made of flesh.

The ECHO Eye scans anything in your field of vision, regardless of what is between you and it, zooms to distances that should require a dedicated scope, and calculates the trajectories of large-scale projectiles like moonshots and missiles in real time, giving you just enough warning to not be standing where they land.

The datajack implanted in your temple is a physical port: plug anything compatible directly into it and interface with whatever device is on the other end, accessing its systems faster and more completely than any wireless connection could manage.

Together, these three augmentations turn a corporate drone into something considerably more difficult to kill, considerably more difficult to lock out of, and considerably more dangerous to underestimate, as a certain corporate drone can attest.

And if someone ever manages to compromise your augmentations and use them against you? There is always the time-honored solution of removing them yourself with a screwdriver or anything pointy! Yes, it is as painful as it sounds, but certainly effective!

Hyperion Research Division [400]

Nobody at Hyperion has ever let something as inconvenient as ethics slow down a promising research project, and neither will you. This is a fully operational research facility staffed by scientists who have collectively decided that the question of whether something should be done is significantly less interesting than whether it can be done, and have the credentials and the complete moral vacancy to prove it. The labs are equipped for biological experimentation, weapons development, cybernetic augmentation research, chemical synthesis, Eridium applications, and whatever other field of inquiry you feel has been held back too long by regulatory oversight and basic human decency. The facility comes fully stocked with a rotating supply of test subjects (bandits, psychos, and the general population of Pandoran undesirables who wandered too close to the wrong facility at the wrong time) which means the research never stalls for lack of volunteers, and given what most of them were doing before they got here the galaxy is arguably breaking even on the arrangement. The staff are competent, the equipment is cutting-edge, and the non-disclosure agreements are thorough enough to cover a genuinely impressive range of specific scenarios. Whatever you want researched, developed, tested, or created without anyone asking uncomfortable questions about the methodology, this facility handles it with the cheerful professionalism of people who stopped having nightmares about their work years ago and have not looked back since.

Body Double Brigade [400]

A rotating roster of highly trained Hyperion doppelgangers who look exactly like you, move exactly like you, and are professionally committed to dying in your place whenever the situation calls for it. Nobody can tell them apart from you until they are dead, at which point the resemblance becomes less useful but considerably more obvious. They run decoys, attend meetings you would rather not attend, walk into rooms that might explode, and absorb assassination attempts with the resigned professionalism of people who read the contract before signing it and signed it anyway. The roster replenishes itself as needed, because there is apparently no shortage of people on Pandora willing to undergo facial reconstruction surgery in exchange for a steady paycheck, which says everything about the local job market.

Hyperion Legal Department [400]

Somewhere between a law firm and a special forces unit, Hyperion's legal department has always operated on the principle that the most effective way to win a case is to make sure the other side is in no condition to contest it, even if they have to kill everyone. These are lawyers whose skillset covers everything a hostile takeover requires on both ends of the spectrum: corporate law, breaching, elimination, and infiltration. They can help you acquire companies, seize territories, eliminate rivals, and handle whatever legal fallout follows with cold efficiency and lethality. Behind Vault Hunters, they are the most competent force available for hire in the galaxy, and the best of all? Their services are yours, indefinitely, free of charge. Practically a steal.

ID Drive [400]

Professor Nakayama spent an embarrassing amount of his professional career and a significant portion of Hyperion's research budget on this: a data drive containing the complete and fully functional consciousness of Handsome Jack, personality intact, ego intact, opinions about everything intact, and absolutely none of the self-awareness that would make any of that easier to deal with. Jack is in there. All of him. The charm, the casual cruelty, the genuinely impressive strategic mind, the deeply personal investment in reminding you how much better he is than you at regular intervals. He cannot do anything without a compatible interface to project through, but the moment you give him one, he will have thoughts about your decisions, commentary on your combat performance, and a running monologue about whatever is currently happening that you did not ask for and are going to get anyway. Unlike the original, this version of Jack is loyal to you specifically, which means he doesn't have the impulse to hijack your cybernetics and kill you from the inside or to take control of your entire base and terrorize everyone. The drive is useful in ways that are genuinely hard to argue with, as Jack knows many secrets and back channels to the company, all with his unique skillset (and egomania). This would be incredibly useful for any corporate looking to climb the Hyperion ladder, but at the same time, you are voluntarily putting Handsome Jack in your pocket and giving him a direct line to your ear, which is either the smartest decision you have ever made or the beginning of the worst working relationship in the galaxy. Probably both. Post-jump, you can keep Jack exactly where he is or replace him with the consciousness of any sufficiently successful corporate from whatever world you land in next.

Manufacturer's Vault [600]

Every blueprint, every schematic, every design document, and engineering specification that a single manufacturer has ever produced, compiled into a single archive that their corporate legal team would have a very strong opinion about you owning. Pick your manufacturer - Jakobs, Torgue, Maliwan, Hyperion, Dahl, Vladof, Tediore, Anshin, or any other manufacturer - and their entire catalogue is yours, from the most basic pistol all the way up to legendary shields, power armors, and robots. Build them, modify them, reverse engineer them, or just sit on the biggest tech archive in the galaxy and feel good about yourself. The manufacturer in question would very much like this back if they knew about it. That is their problem.

Constructor Unit [600]

A fully operational Hyperion Constructor running on your behalf. It can create a thousand units per day of any type you need: GUN Loaders with guns, ION Loaders with shields, EXP Loaders for suicide runs, and many other types of Loaders Hyperion has developed. Running all of it is Felicity, a military-grade artificial intelligence that is entirely, unconditionally loyal to you specifically. She manages all the bots wirelessly, makes tactical recommendations, and has enough processing power to run an entire war without requiring constant supervision. She is also, by every available metric, significantly more competent than anyone Hyperion has ever put in charge of anything. Treat her right; she is a good girl.

Your Very Own Weapons Company [800]

Pandora has Hyperion, Dahl, Jakobs, Vladof, Tediore, Maliwan, and Torgue, and now it has you. A fully registered, legally operational (or at least operational) weapons manufacturing company with your name on the letterhead, a starting roster of competent enough employees, a catalogue of products ready to go to market, and a corporate identity entirely of your own design. It is small right now. It is not going to stay small.

Given enough time, and the conservative estimate is somewhere north of ten years, it will grow into a manufacturer capable of standing toe to toe with every major name in the galaxy on product quality, market share, and the kind of brand recognition that would make Handsome Jack check his stock portfolio with concern. That timeline shrinks every time you develop and introduce a new technology for the company to sell, meaning that a sufficiently motivated genius could cut that ten-year-plus estimate down to something considerably more embarrassing for the competition.

The company manages itself competently enough that you never need to be physically present for day-to-day operations, and it also comes with its own dedicated security force that scales directly with the company's size and revenue, starting as a small but capable private detail and growing into a full paramilitary operation as the company expands.

So sit back, relax, and enjoy the fruits of your empire.

Helios Station [800/1200]

The crown jewel of Hyperion's engineering ambitions and the single most expensive thing humanity has ever put in orbit (on Pandora), and now it belongs to you. Helios is not a space station in the conventional sense, for it is a fully operational city in orbit, housing thousands of personnel, its own manufacturing infrastructure, research divisions, administrative offices, and a full military complement that would make any planetary government deeply uncomfortable. The station is self-sufficient, self-repairing, and capable of maintaining orbit indefinitely without external support. Every department is staffed and operational - engineering, research, manufacturing, logistics - all of it running continuously and all of it answering to you (and your company, if you have one). The military department is staffed by Hyperion personnel whose primary function is the deployment, coordination, and maintenance of the station's robotic combat forces, fielding an army of loaders and support units capable of conducting full-scale planetary operations from orbit. The station orbits wherever you need it to, moves between planetary systems when required, and is visible from the surface of whatever planet it happens to be above, which is either reassuring or terrifying, depending entirely on whose side you are on. For the price of **1200 CP,** it also comes with the Eye of Helios, a superweapon constructed using the eye of the Destroyer (the ancient Eridian horror that the original Vault Hunters unleashed and promptly had to kill). A single sustained blast is capable of destroying a country. Given a full day of continuous fire, it can crack a moon. The galaxy can only hope such power is in responsible hands.

Companions

Recruit Anyone [Free]

Anyone you want to recruit in this world is free to join you as a companion if they agree.

Create/Import [50 CP for 1, 200 CP for 8]

You can create new Companions or import existing Companions. They get an Origin, with all freebies and discounts, along with **600 CP** to spend. They do not get Item Stipends. You can also import any companion you bought here for a **CP** stipend. Alternatively, if you want, you can import all your companions for free, but they will only get their freebie perks from their origin.

Butt Stallion [Free]

A pony made of diamonds? What's next, Siren streamers? Either way, meet ~~Queen~~ Butt Stallion, Handsome Jack's (former) most prized possession and certainly the most beautiful equine in the galaxy. How she reached you is anyone's guess, but here she is, and she's fine with you. As a pet, Butt Stallion is quite powerful, being made of diamonds and considerably more durable than anything that has the misfortune of picking a fight with her, but you will find that after headpetting her, she will unlock her true powers: feed her large amounts of Eridium and watch as she produces weapons out of thin air (out her other end)! In fact, feed her a steady diet of Eridium, and she will eventually give you a legendary gun! Isn't she a good girl? On top of that, she gains the ability to make the weather sunny and clear through the power of sunshine and rainbows, helping you when you don't want to get caught in the rain or find the day too somber for your tastes. Just don't think about the implications of weather manipulation for whatever planet you are on.

Lilith [50]

Pandora's most wanted Siren, the Firehawk, and one of the most beautiful women on Pandora. Many things can be said about Lilith, but unforgettable covers most of them. One of the first Vault Hunters to enter Pandora, she has the incredible achievement of killing a Vault guardian and walking away from it looking like it was a mild inconvenience, which, on a planet where most people die to a skag, tells you everything you need to know about where she sits on the food chain. Despite all of that, she is a surprisingly casual woman, being the kind of person who will crack jokes while Phasewalking through a wall and have a beer ready by the time you process what just happened. She is easy to talk to, hard to impress, and has a very specific look she gives people who underestimate her that they tend to remember for the rest of their lives, however long that turns out to be. She might not admit it out loud, but she has a soft spot for fellow Vault Hunters who can actually keep up with the madness of Pandora without completely losing their heads. Stick around long enough, and she'll treat you like one of the crew: equal parts sarcastic drinking buddy and terrifying battlefield ally. Just remember that behind the casual attitude and the occasional joke is one of the most dangerous people on the planet, and if you ever see her eyes start glowing, it usually means someone nearby is about to have a very bad day.

Patricia Tannis [50]

Pandora's foremost archaeologist, the galaxy's leading expert on Eridian civilization, and a woman who has spent so long alone in dusty ruins talking to inanimate objects that she has some screws loose and genuinely does not notice. She's brilliant in a specific way that people are brilliant when they have sacrificed everything else for their obsession, with sharp eyes that light up for Eiridian artifacts the way most people's eyes light up for other people (which says a lot about her priorities, to be honest). She has been kidnapped, tortured, driven briefly insane (and again… and again…), and has lost count of how many assistants have died on her watch, and her primary response to all of it has been to keep digging. Her knowledge of Eridian technology, Vault locations and ancient history is unmatched by anyone alive, and she will share all of it with you freely as long as you show some enthusiasm for the subject, which she will interpret as genuine interest because the alternative is admitting that most people only talk to her because they need something (and she has been alone in enough ruins to know better than to look that particular gift horse in the mouth).

Zer0 [50]

An assassin of unknown origin, unknown species, and unknown everything else, no one knows where Zer0 came from. What is known is that Zer0 is the best assassin on a planet that produces assassins, communicates exclusively in haiku, and has a kill count around the galaxy that the ECHOnet stopped trying to track somewhere around the third month. This ninja, against all odds, decided you were interesting enough to work for, which, from Zer0, is the warmest gesture imaginable. Whether this means they like you or they are simply between jobs and you happen to be the most interesting contract in the vicinity is something you will probably never find out. Either way, things that need killing get killed, and Zer0 is there when it matters, which on Pandora is the only credentials anyone has ever needed.

Mad Moxxi [50]

Pandora's most celebrated bartender, most successful businesswoman, and the owner of a smile that has convinced more men to do more stupid things than every bandit warlord on the planet combined, Moxxi is a woman who is all curves, a corset, and a personality that has absolutely no interest in being figured out and every interest in figuring out you. She has been married more times than she bothers to count, outlasted every man who ever thought he had her figured out, and built success on a planet that eats success for breakfast, which tells you everything about what's going on underneath the cleavage and the charm. Someway, somehow, you got her attention, and she's decided you are interesting enough to invest in - which means she will keep your drinks full, your secrets safe, and your enemies confused, all while looking absolutely incredible and never once letting you forget that she is doing you the favor. Try not to fall in love, sugar.

Tiny Tina [50]

Meet Pandora's premier explosives expert, self-appointed Dungeon Master, and the single most dangerous thirteen-year-old in the galaxy. Tina bakes cakes with ingredients that should not be in cakes, names her explosives like pets, and operates on a frequency of pure unhinged energy that most people cannot follow, and the ones who can wish they couldn't. Sure, underneath all of it is a kid who lost everything too young and rebuilt herself entirely out of chaos, but do you know what? She does not want your sympathy about it; she wants your undivided attention while she explains why these badonkadonks are perfect for blowing things sky-high, and if you listen long enough and mean it, she will decide you are one of the good ones. Her loyalty once given is total, and the only thing she asks in return is that you show up, pay attention, and treat her like she matters, which she does, explosives and all.

Gaige [50]

The second most dangerous teenager on Pandora, and unlike most people who end up here, she showed up with a robot, a plan, and more enthusiasm than the planet knew what to do with. This nerdy girl built a giant murder robot for a science fair, accidentally killed someone with it, and fled to the most dangerous planet in the galaxy as an alternative to facing her school's disciplinary committee and jail, which if you think about it is either the worst decision anyone has ever made or the best one, depending entirely on how you feel about Pandora and how you felt about that school. She is an incredible engineering genius who always comes side-by-side with Deathtrap (her murderbot), and if you treat her right, you get both: the girl who can build anything out of anything and the giant robot who will dismantle anyone who looks at her wrong. Just don’t call her a kid unless you want a very detailed (and loud!) explanation of why you are wrong.

Athena [50]

If there’s one scary bitch in the Borderlands universe, then she certainly is Athena. A former Atlas ninja, she is known for murdering hundreds of Atlas personnel on Pandora after she was betrayed and fooled into killing her own sister. She does not regret it, she does not discuss it, and she will not lose sleep over adding more names to that list if the situation calls for it. After that, she did the only thing that made sense: went independent and became a mercenary. But while this may paint her as someone cold and untouchable, the truth is that she is loyal to a fault to the people who earn it, and has a moral line she will not cross, regardless of the contract. So put in the work, treat her right, and you might find yourself with something considerably more valuable than a hired sword: an actual friend, ready to protect you against all the dangers you find together.

Roland [50]

The leader of the Crimson Raiders, Roland might be the closest thing Pandora has to a man who has his head completely together. He is personally responsible for the existence of the Crimson Raiders and Sanctuary, who might be one of the last hopes Pandora has against Hyperion's stranglehold on everything worth having. He’s not flashy about it, just someone who decided someone had to do something. Having him as a companion means having a reliable man who follows your lead, and if your lead is worth following, he will follow it to the end without complaint or hesitation. He’s got your back.

Maya [50]

Few people can say they were ever worshipped as goddesses, and fewer still can say they walked away from it unimpressed. Maya is one of those people: a Siren who spent the first half of her life being treated as a deity on a planet by a religious order that had no interest in who she actually was and every interest in what she represented - more specifically, the considerable financial and political leverage that comes from controlling the only living ‘’goddess’’ your congregation has ever seen. The moment she figured out what was actually going on, she left, and now she is on Pandora, planning to discover whatever she can about what she is. Maya isn’t a woman easily won over, but she is genuinely curious about people and more compassionate than she appears. Give her a reason to stick around, and she will, which, from someone who walked away from an entire religion without looking back, means considerably more than it sounds.

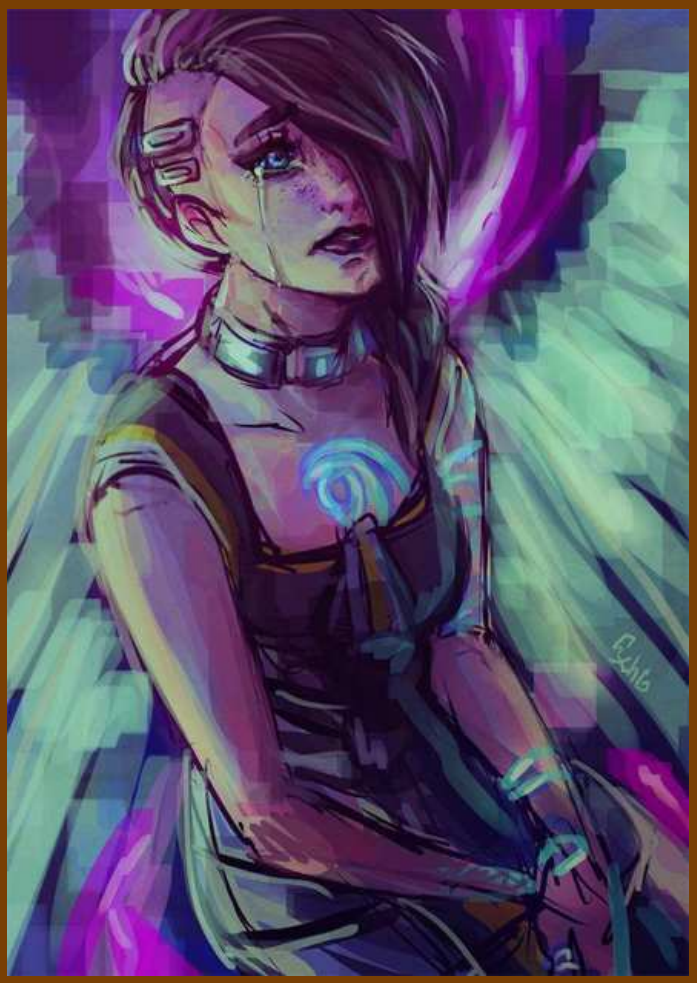
Fiona [50]

A con artist born and raised on Pandora's streets, which is either the best possible training ground for someone in her profession or the most on-brand origin story the planet has ever produced. Fiona talks her way into things, talks her way out of things, and has a gift for making people believe exactly what she needs them to believe right up until the moment they realize their wallet is gone and she is three streets away. She brings no Siren powers, no cybernetic upgrades, or military training - just a pistol hidden in her sleeve, a hat that has survived more than it has any right to, and a mind that is always running three moves ahead of whatever room she is currently standing in. If only she could stop landing herself in situations that require all three at once, but that is Pandora, and that is Fiona, and at this point, the two are basically the same problem wearing different hats.



Scenarios

Your Princess is in Another Bunker



I'm Angel, and I need your help.

I have been inside this installation for longer than I want to think about, jacked into Hyperion's network, kept alive on Eridium that crossed the line from enhancement to something worse a long time ago. I reached out to you because you are on a very short list of people I trust, and because I am running out of time.

Getting to me is not simple, so listen carefully.

The first thing standing between you and me is a gate that will only open for a Hyperion entity. Claptrap can get you through it if you ask nicely, which means just asking at all.

The second thing is BNK-3R. It is not a building or a turret or something you can sneak past. It is a fully armed gunship that Hyperion built specifically to make sure nobody reaches my chamber, and it will not stop until it is destroyed completely. Corrosive weapons. Do not stop until it goes down.

The third thing is the door to my chamber, and this is the complicated part. It will only open for Handsome Jack. His voice, his biometrics, his authorization. When you gather everything, just say the password 'I love you.'

And then come find me. There is one more thing I need you to do once you are inside my chamber. Three Eridium injectors are keeping me connected to the network and alive, and they need to be destroyed. Jack will shield each one the moment you touch them, so be ready for a fight every time. Destroy the shields, destroy the injectors, and when the last one goes down, I can finally disconnect.

I have to warn you about what comes after. The Eridium dependency is real, and pulling me free without a plan for what follows is not a rescue. You will need to find a way to stabilize my condition before you move me, or everything you just fought through will have been for nothing. I trust you to figure it out. I have been watching the ECHOnet long enough to know that you will.

I have been holding on because I believed someone would come. I still believe it.

Please hurry.

Rewards:

Master Infiltrator

Having navigated and dismantled the most sophisticated security infrastructure Hyperion has ever built, your ability to breach and bypass security systems (mechanical, digital, or anything in between) has been permanently and significantly sharpened. Be it locks, firewalls, biometric scanners, encrypted networks, or automated defense systems, none of it will hold against you for long, in this jump or any that follow. The most sophisticated security infrastructure in any world you land in is no longer a wall. It is a puzzle, and you have already seen worse.

Angel

Free for the first time, with a debt she takes seriously and a very specific list of people she trusts, Angel joins you as a permanent companion. She brings her full Siren capabilities, her complete access to Hyperion's network, and an intelligence that spent years processing the entirety of Pandora's digital infrastructure and came out the other side considerably sharper for it. She will use all of it on your behalf, freely and without conditions, which is a considerably different thing than what Hyperion got from her.

Central Core

The installation Angel was jacked into does not go to waste. Liberated from Hyperion's control and rebuilt around Angel's own specifications, Central Core is a computer system with galactic range network connectivity, capable of interfacing with and accessing any network within its considerable reach. Its full potential can only be unlocked by the most gifted hackers or technopaths, but even at baseline, it is the single most powerful intelligence-gathering and network control system available in this jump, and it follows you into every world after it.

Fairy Tale Hero

Pandora is not a place that rewards heroism, and yet here you are. For going out of your way to save someone who had every reason to believe nobody was coming, the universe has decided to return the favor. As long as a chance to save someone exists, that chance will expand in your favor. Luck bends around you when it matters most, windows of opportunity stay open a little longer than they should, and the moments where everything could still go right have a tendency to arrive exactly when you need them to. Pandora will keep trying to make a tragedy out of everything. You will keep not letting it.



Handsome Hero

Requires Location: Helios Station / Beginning of the Pre-Sequel



Okay, so here's the deal.

I have a vision. Clean up Pandora, get rid of every bandit, every psycho, every piece of human garbage bleeding this planet dry since the first idiot stepped off a bus here. Simple, elegant, and frankly long overdue. The problem is that I am currently dealing with approximately three catastrophic situations simultaneously, and even I could use someone competent standing next to me while I fix all of them.

First, Helios. The Lost Legion has taken the station. Colonel Zarpedon is sitting up there right now, pointing the Eye at Elpis and threatening to destroy the moon, which, setting aside the property damage, I have people up there. So you are going to help me take it back, deal with Zarpedon personally, and secure the Eye before she finishes what she started.

Second, there is a Vault on Elpis. Find it, open it, deal with whatever the Eridians thought was worth sealing inside for several thousand years. It is probably not going to be pleasant. Do it anyway.

Third, Pandora itself. The planet is a lost cause, the way most people look at it, but most people are idiots. Help me push Hyperion's civilizing efforts: clear out the bandit strongholds, establish order in the settlements, and prove that this planet can be something worth having. I have the resources. I need someone who can make it actually happen on the ground.

I know what people say about me. Help me anyway.

Rewards:

Best Friend Jack Ever Had

You fought through the Lost Legion, descended into a Vault that had no business being opened, and helped Jack push Hyperion's boots into every corner of Pandora that needed them, and somewhere in the middle of all that he decided you were the real thing: the one person who actually got it, who saw what he was building and helped him build it. Jack joins you as a permanent companion, completely intact, and he will back you in every world that comes after this one with the same absolute commitment he reserves for exactly nobody else. The man who called everyone on Pandora a bandit or an idiot finally found an exception. That is you.

Helios Station

Zarpedon is dead, the Lost Legion is cleared out, and Helios is back where it belongs - which is to say, under your control alongside Jack's. You fought floor by floor through the most expensive real estate in orbit to take it back, and Jack made sure your name is on the registry to prove it. When your time on Pandora is done, Helios follows you: fully staffed, fully operational, every loader and every department running continuously in every world after this one.

The Vault Key

Whatever came out of that Vault on Elpis, you dealt with it, and the key is yours now: charged, functional, and recharging after every use. The good news is that the key has somehow evolved, and now it only takes one year to recharge after use, meaning the next time someone finds a Vault that really shouldn’t be opened, you’ll be ready.

Law and Order

You pushed into every bandit stronghold, every lawless settlement, every stretch of Pandora that had given up on the idea of order, and you made it stick. Whatever you built out there did not crumble when you left, the people did not revert, and the changes held in a way that Jack's methods alone never quite managed. That permanence follows you now: any genuine attempt you make at civilizing an unruly place takes hold and stays held, helping you turn even the most lawless wasteland into something that can actually hold together once you've put the work in.



Kiss The Sky

Your ECHO crackles with a transmission that by all accounts should be impossible. An encrypted transmission, bearing an Atlas corporation logo, a company that has been dead long enough that most people on Pandora were not alive to see it fall. Decrypt it, and you will find coordinates, the name Gortys, and a single line that explains nothing and implies everything: the greatest Vault never found.

The coordinates lead beneath an old Atlas warehouse that the bandits of Pandora have repurposed into an arena for exactly the kind of entertainment that Pandora considers entertainment. Whatever Atlas stored there before the company collapsed has been sitting underneath the blood and the crowd noise for years, completely undisturbed, because nobody thought to look, and the ones who did did not come back with anything useful. Getting past the arena means either going through it, which means the fights, the crowds, the bandits running the whole operation, or finding another way in, which the layout of an old Atlas warehouse turned bandit death sport venue makes considerably harder than it sounds.

What you find underneath is not Gortys herself but two pieces of her: components of the Atlas project that have been sitting in the dark long enough that nobody remembers what they were for. The pieces alone tell you nothing except that there are more of them out there and that whoever built this wanted them kept separate, which means finding the rest and finding the Atlas installation capable of fusing them together into something that can actually do what it was designed to do. The installation exists. Atlas built it before the company fell, buried it somewhere on Pandora, and left it running on the assumption that someone would eventually come looking. Finding it is its own problem. Getting there with every faction on Pandora now chasing the same transmission you decoded is a considerably larger one.

The same ECHO log found its way to every faction with the resources to act on it, which means bandits who decoded enough of it to know it was valuable are sitting on pieces they do not understand, and Vault Hunters who received the same coordinates you did are going to be in your way whether you want them there or not. Zer0 is somewhere on that list, which means at least one of the people standing between you and a Gortys piece is the best assassin on a planet that produces assassins, and they are not going to step aside because you ask nicely. One piece is inside Handsome Jack's personal office on Helios Station, which presents a different category of problem entirely: getting in, taking what you need, and getting out before Jack notices, on a timeline measured in minutes rather than hours.

Find the pieces. Find the installation. Find the Vault of the Traveler. Every faction on Pandora is already moving. You should be, too.

Rewards:

What A Story

You assembled an Atlas robot from pieces held by bandits, Handsome Jack himself, and somehow survived Vault Hunters. You also infiltrated Helios Station and walked out alive, and opened a Vault that the entire galaxy was racing to find before you did. The throughline of all of it was a plan that had no business working, held together by bad timing and people who refused to quit. That stubbornness is yours now: any plan you set in motion that looks impossible has a way of coming together anyway, the pieces falling into place at exactly the moment they need to, in ways that have no business being as clean as they are. You have seen (and did) enough impossible things come together to know that the difference between a plan and a miracle is mostly just timing.

The Gortys Project

Rebuilt, fully assembled, and completely herself, Gortys joins you as a permanent companion. Small, cheerful, and genuinely delighted about everything in a way that makes it immediately clear she has no idea how dangerous the galaxy is, she asks questions about everything and genuinely treats every single day like it is the most interesting one she has ever had. When the situation calls for it, she can transform into a giant combat robot that you can pilot directly, and one of her abilities is being able to scan your mind and develop weapons tailored specifically to how you fight, such as creating swords, shields, or even guns. The longer she is with you, the more she understands you, and the more she understands you, the better she gets at keeping you alive, so treat her well, because she will absolutely do the same for you.

The Traveler's Gift

The Vault of the Traveler does not contain a monster, a weapon, or a cache of technology. It contains a box, and the box contains a single wish. The wish can give you almost anything, be it power, knowledge, resources, people, places, abilities, or a second chance at something that went wrong, with two exceptions. Omnipotence or anything similar is off the table, and anything that would alter the fundamental rules of the chain is equally unavailable. Everything else is yours for the asking. You get one wish. Make it count.

The Raid

Pandora has a short list of things that have survived everything the planet has thrown at them and come out the other side bigger, meaner, and considerably more difficult to kill than anything that has any right to exist.

Terramorphous the Invincible.
Vermivorous the Invincible.
Hyperius the Invincible.
Master Gee the Invincible.
Pete the Invincible.
Voracidous the Invincible.
Dexiduous the Invincible.
The Invincible Son of Crawmerax the Invincible.

These are those things, and somebody has to deal with them.
Kill them all.

Rewards:

The Invincible
Having killed everything on Pandora that has ever earned the title of Invincible, something of that collective durability has transferred to you permanently. You are not unkillable (nothing is, as you have just conclusively proven), but you are considerably harder to put down than anything that does not have Invincible in its name, and your resilience scales upward with every future jump as the opposition gets stronger.

Pandora's Apex Predator
Every creature, every bandit, every faction on Pandora knows what you did. The reputation follows you into every future jump: whatever world you land in, whatever the local equivalent of an apex predator happens to be, they know what you are before you introduce yourself. Some of them will avoid you. The ones that don't will find out why the ones that did made the right call.

Invincible Arsenal
Every raid boss on Pandora dropped something worth keeping, and all of it is yours: the complete collection of unique weapons, shields, grenade mods, and class mods that the Invincibles were holding onto, each one scaled to your current power level and maintaining that scale as you grow stronger. They are indestructible, they take no storage space, and they are a permanent reminder of everything Pandora threw at you and failed.

Drawbacks

When Does Our Story Begin? [Free]

Pandora has been having a bad time for considerably longer than the events currently unfolding, and you do not have to arrive in the middle of them. By default, you land in the thick of Borderlands 2, but you can choose to start at any date before the events of the game (which means around the events of the first game).

Fanfic Toggle [Free]

Canon is more of a suggestion anyway. With this option, you may choose to enter any fanfic setting based on the Borderlands universe instead of the default timeline. Alternatively, you may toggle what parts of the series are canon for your jump. And yes, that includes removing Borderlands 3 and 4 from the timeline of the franchise.

Supplement Mode [Free]

This jump becomes a supplement to another jump of your choice. Your CP will be separated between both jumps, and taking drawbacks in the supplement will affect the entire universe you are jumping to, but only give points for the supplement. You also have the choice of fusing both universes.

Roll For Initiative! [Free]

Good news: you are going on an adventure! Bad news: the adventure is Bunkers and Badasses, your Dungeon Master is Tiny Tina, and she has just informed the table that your character's backstory is that you are a talking horse who used to be a princess. For the duration of this jump, you instead go to the Bunker and Badasses setting, which means you will fight orcs, follow fairies, and see a bandit camp be upgraded to a Mega Ultra Badass Fortress of Doom because Tina decided the encounter needs more stakes. She will provide running commentary on everything you do, upgrade encounters she finds boring, introduce plot twists she has been saving for a good moment, and occasionally pause the entire jump to argue with another Vault Hunter about whether your last decision was cool enough to deserve a reward. Your origin will also change to fit the setting: a Bandit becomes an Orc, a Vault Hunter becomes the Hero (with capital H), and the Corporate becomes a mage. That’s everything. Have fun, princess!

A Little Girl Named Jack [+100]

Congratulations, you now have a child on Pandora. She loves you completely, follows you everywhere, and is (by the extremely low standards of this planet) just a little bit of a psycho. The mask, the giggling during firefights, the habit of talking about violence like it's arts and crafts; you know, the usual developmental quirks that happen when someone grows up here. Unfortunately, you are now responsible for raising her. That means keeping an eye on a small, affectionate lunatic through every firefight, every impulsive murder attempt, and every moment where she wanders off because she saw someone who "looked stab-able." She means well, in the sense that all of the violence is directed at people who threaten you, look at you funny, or simply happen to be nearby when she gets bored. She becomes a permanent companion at the end of the jump. On the bright side, she loves you more than anything in the world. On the downside, the feeling is expressed primarily through enthusiastic homicide.

Your Best Friend Never [+100]

Thanks to the generous sponsorship of Hyperion, we are pleased to offer you a FREE CLAPTRAP UNIT! Yes, exactly what you heard: completely free, no hidden fees, no returns, no exchanges, and absolutely no way to get rid of it once accepted! Your new Claptrap unit will follow you everywhere, provide unsolicited commentary on everything you do, sing when the situation does not call for singing, and be a nuisance to your enemies and everyone else within earshot, including you! He will also loudly announce your position to your enemies, make every situation more dangerous, and somehow always be by your side, no matter how you attempt to make him disappear. On the bright side, he's surprisingly good at annoying your enemies, and his relentless attempts at flirting with AIs, security systems, and other machines occasionally result in them helping you out. On the downside, you now have to listen to him. By accepting this complimentary unit, you acknowledge that Hyperion Corporation is not responsible for property damage, emotional distress, mission failure, or any incidents involving stairs.

Wrong Game, Buddy [+100]

Why is everything looking like squares? How did this cavern become a green hill with robots? Is that a mushroom? You will find that every now and then, completely by accident, you'll stumble into somewhere that clearly does not belong on Pandora. A door opens into a stone dungeon, a cave turns into a blocky green landscape, or you walk through a hallway, and suddenly the architecture looks entirely different, as if you just entered (another) a video game world. Unfortunately, the things living inside them did not get the memo that you are only visiting. Enemies found in these places tend to be far more dangerous than whatever you were expecting to fight, and they absolutely will try to kill you. Once every creature is dead, you can leave these places and return to your old, boring experience on Pandora.

Extended Stay [+100]

Ten years on Pandora not enough for you? This option extends your time in the jump by ten years, giving you more time to appreciate what Pandora has to offer (bandits, wildlife, and murder). This option can be taken multiple times, but you can only get **200 CP** total from it.

Brand Loyalist [+100]

Because when you buy Jakobs, you only need to shoot it once, partner.

Pandora runs on guns, and every gun comes with a logo. Unfortunately for you, you've developed a very strong opinion about which one is the best. Pick a single weapons manufacturer. Weapons made by your chosen manufacturer work perfectly in your hands. Everything else, however, is complete, unadulterated trash. Guns from other companies will jam, miss, deal less damage, and even misfire when you try to use them. It doesn't stop there, for you also become a walking advertisement for your favorite brand: you will dress in their colors, wear their logos, and will even deliver their slogans with a straight face in situations that do not call for them, whether you meant or not. A Hyperion loyalist will sound like Jack wrote their dialogue. A Jakobs loyalist will tip their hat at things that do not have hats. You're a poster boy now, act accordingly.

Character Development [+100]

Can't be a vault hunter or aspiring warlord without some personal baggage to go along with it, now can you? You're now set to have some reasonably shitty backstory that will leave you a flawed, memorable lunatic. You get free rein over what it is, as long as it's left you homeless, friendless, family-less, on the run, something else, or all of the above.

Meat Bicycle For The Soul [+200]

At some point, you must have hit your head very, very hard. Unfortunately, the damage appears to be permanent. From now on, whenever you try to speak, what comes out is pure psycho rambling. Normal conversation is no longer an option. Instead, you'll be enthusiastically shouting things about meat bicycles, screaming about the shiniest meat, or declaring deeply concerning plans involving bones, fire, and screaming. Negotiations are difficult. Introductions are worse. Anything requiring you to convincingly pass as a functioning member of society is effectively off the table for the entirety of the jump, and the people who were already suspicious of you are now entirely certain. The psychos, however, think you are doing great.

Under New Management [+200]

One of your companions is on Jack's payroll. Not by choice necessarily, not happily, but completely and without exception hardwired to follow his instructions. They are incapable of telling you about it, and good enough at pretending everything is normal that you will not see it coming until it matters. Which companion it is, you do not know, because you will not remember reading this. Most of the time, this may amount to small acts of sabotage, inconvenient "mistakes," or information somehow ending up in the wrong hands. But if Jack ever decides to give them a direct order… Well, you'd better hope whatever he asks for isn't too inconvenient for your continued survival. Good luck.

Who Gave You A Gun?! [+200]
Pandora is a planet that runs entirely on firearms, and you cannot hit anything with one. Not for lack of trying, mind you, but it's that your aim is so damn bad that if you stood in front of a mirror and tried to shoot your own reflection, you would miss both the mirror and yourself. At this point, the only reliable way for you to hurt anyone is to walk up to them and hit them with something sharp, which means risking your life against guns that can set you on fire, electrocute you, melt you with acid, or occasionally launch rockets the size of your torso. Unfortunately for you, getting close enough to stab someone means dealing with all of that first. Hope you're good at running. And ducking. Mostly ducking.

Power Loss [+200]
Perhaps you are too overpowered and want to make things fair? For the duration of this jump, you lose access to all powers, abilities, and perks from outside the jump.

Sweet Smell of Death [+200]
Pandora's wildlife hunts by smell more than you might like. Unfortunately for you, your natural scent happens to register somewhere between "free meal" and "dinner bell." Every few hours without a shower, you begin accumulating an odor that the local fauna finds absolutely delicious, making every skag, spiderant, and every other type of monster in a considerable radius suddenly very interested in your location and eating you. And the funny part? Since most of the entire planet is uncivilized and miserable, good fucking luck finding a shower.

A Fantastic Day for Capitalism [+200]
''A legendary Torgue pistol? I can give one thousand dollars for it. What do you mean it's worth ten times more?'' If you had to fight for your money, the economy would win. Finding cash, selling loot, or even trying to save money will be significantly harder than it should be for you. Jobs you do pay less, rare loot you sell isn't considered valuable, and whatever money you do manage to get has an unfortunate tendency to vanish just as quickly through a combination of necessary expenses, repairs, and purchases. In short, you'll spend a lot of time on Pandora doing what the locals do best: scraping together just enough cash to survive the week, only to immediately spend it keeping yourself alive.

This Isn't Even My Final Form! [+400]
Pandora's wildlife was already a problem. Now it's an arms race. Every native creature on the planet (skags, spiderants, threshers, and everything else that was already trying to kill you) will begin evolving mid-combat if you do not kill them fast enough. A skag that survives the first ten seconds of a fight is a different skag than the one you started shooting at, with new resistances to whatever you have been hitting it with, new attacks it did not have at the start of the encounter, and a considerably higher chance of murdering you. Leave it alive long enough, and it gains some cool titles like Alpha or Murderous. Leave alive even longer, and it becomes something else: more specifically, something with Invincible in the name, ten times its normal size, and extremely powerful. The solution to everything is simple: kill everything faster. Of course, that depends on how dangerous you are. Hope you didn't choose to be a Corporate.

Handsome Jack's Very Own Reality Show [+400]

Handsome Jack was bored. This is nobody's problem except yours, because somehow, out of every person on Pandora, he hacked your ECHO specifically. Congratulations, you are now the star of a one-man reality show that nobody consented to, produced, directed, and narrated by the most powerful man in the galaxy, who has decided that your life is more interesting than anything else currently airing on the ECHOnet. For the duration of this jump, you will have a constant live commentary feed of Jack narrating everything you do with the enthusiasm of a man who has found his new favorite entertainment. He will offer suggestions, and these range from mildly unhinged to outright psychotic: Rob that guy, kick that child, punch that bandit in the kidneys just to see what happens. You can say no if you want. You can say no several times, in fact. However, Jack has a very low tolerance for being ignored. If you turn down too many of his ideas (three times is a good number), he may decide to “encourage participation” by redirecting a few convenient orbital moonshots toward your current location until you either comply or stop being a problem. On the bright side, you’ll never be bored. On the downside, neither will he.

Hero Of Their Own Story [+400]

Pandora has a way of making monsters out of people who arrived with perfectly good intentions, and this world has decided that you are next. A series of events will unfold around you with the singular purpose of pushing you toward a darker version of yourself, not through obvious villainy or a single catastrophic moment, but through the slow accumulation of the wrong choices made for the right reasons. You will show mercy to someone and find a knife in your back for it. You will find yourself in a position where the only path forward requires sacrificing people who did not deserve to be in the equation at all. The people you trusted most will betray you, not because they are evil but because Pandora has its own gravity and everyone eventually gets pulled in, and watching it happen will not make it easier to resist the same pull yourself. The spiral is gradual, and every step will feel justified in the moment. And the truly frustrating part? From your perspective, you may still be convinced you’re the hero. After all, you’re only doing what needs to be done.

God, I Hate This Planet [+400]

Through circumstances that the universe has declined to explain, you are not going to Pandora. You are going to the Borderlands movie. Yes, that one. You never watched the movie? Congratulations, your experience will be even worse than those who did, because at least they know what is coming. Since nobody was sufficiently unhinged to greenlight a sequel, the film universe will be expanded too in this drawback, which means every character will eventually show up there. Yes, this means you will eventually meet a shitty Jack, shitty Vault Hunters from Borderlands 2, and even shitty characters from Borderlands 3 and 4. Look on the bright side: at least you will only have to do this once.

The Vaults of the Jumper [+400]

YOINK! All your warehouse are belong to us! Want your gubbins back? Then prepare to FIGHT! All of your items, properties, and warehouse attachments are now in numerous vaults, each one themed or styled after the jumps they're respectively from. If any are imported fusions, then they're separated into their respective pieces until you bring them together. All your basic items are left in your run-of-the-mill alien loot lockers; the better stuff is in the hands of mobs, elites, or mini bosses, depending on how good they are, and the top-tier, high-shelf stuff (THE GOOD SHIT!) of each jump goes to the boss of the vault. These bosses are your usual endgame stock, comparable with such specimens as The Destroyer, The Warrior, or many others. They will also scale to you, making sure you always face a challenge to defeat them. As an added bonus, you get a guaranteed legendary drop from them that is wholly unique for the vault. If this is your first jump, then every single item you purchased in this document gets pulled into the vaults (except your ECHO), which means you arrive on Pandora with nothing but your perks and companions. Until you track those Vaults down and clear them out, you'll be making do with the most basic gear you can scavenge. After all, it wouldn't be a proper vault hunting adventure if the good loot was just handed to you.



Ending

Well, would you look at that?



Against all known statistics, medical advice, and basic common sense, you survived ten years on Pandora. You didn't get eaten by skags, dissolved by acid, exploded by bandits, or crushed by ancient monsters.

That officially makes you more successful than a concerning number of vault hunters. Unfortunately, all good things (like wanton violence and irresponsible amounts of gunfire) must eventually come to an end. It's time to decide what you're doing next.

Stay

Maybe the real Vault was the friends you made along the way. Or the mountains of loot. Whatever the reason, you've decided Pandora is home now. You remain here permanently, continuing your adventures among vault hunters, bandits, and megacorporations. Try not to awaken ancient monsters anymore.

Go Forward

Time to move on. You gather your gear, your hard-earned loot, and the questionable life lessons Pandora has taught you and head off to your next Jump. There are new worlds, new dangers, and new monsters to kill, and your next jump gets to find out what Pandora made.

Return

You've had enough desert, enough bandits, and more than enough explosions for one lifetime. You return to your original Earth with everything you've gained during your stay. Enjoy modern plumbing, relatively sane people, and the comforting knowledge that most problems cannot legally be solved with a rocket launcher.

Changelog and Notes

V 1.0 - First Edition
V 1.1 - fixed the How Many Ex-Husbands Do You Even Have, Woman? Perk, reduced the cost of the perk Phase Something along with a rewritten description, added Supplement Mode, changed the Vault Key to open things similar to Vaults post-jump, and some small fixes.