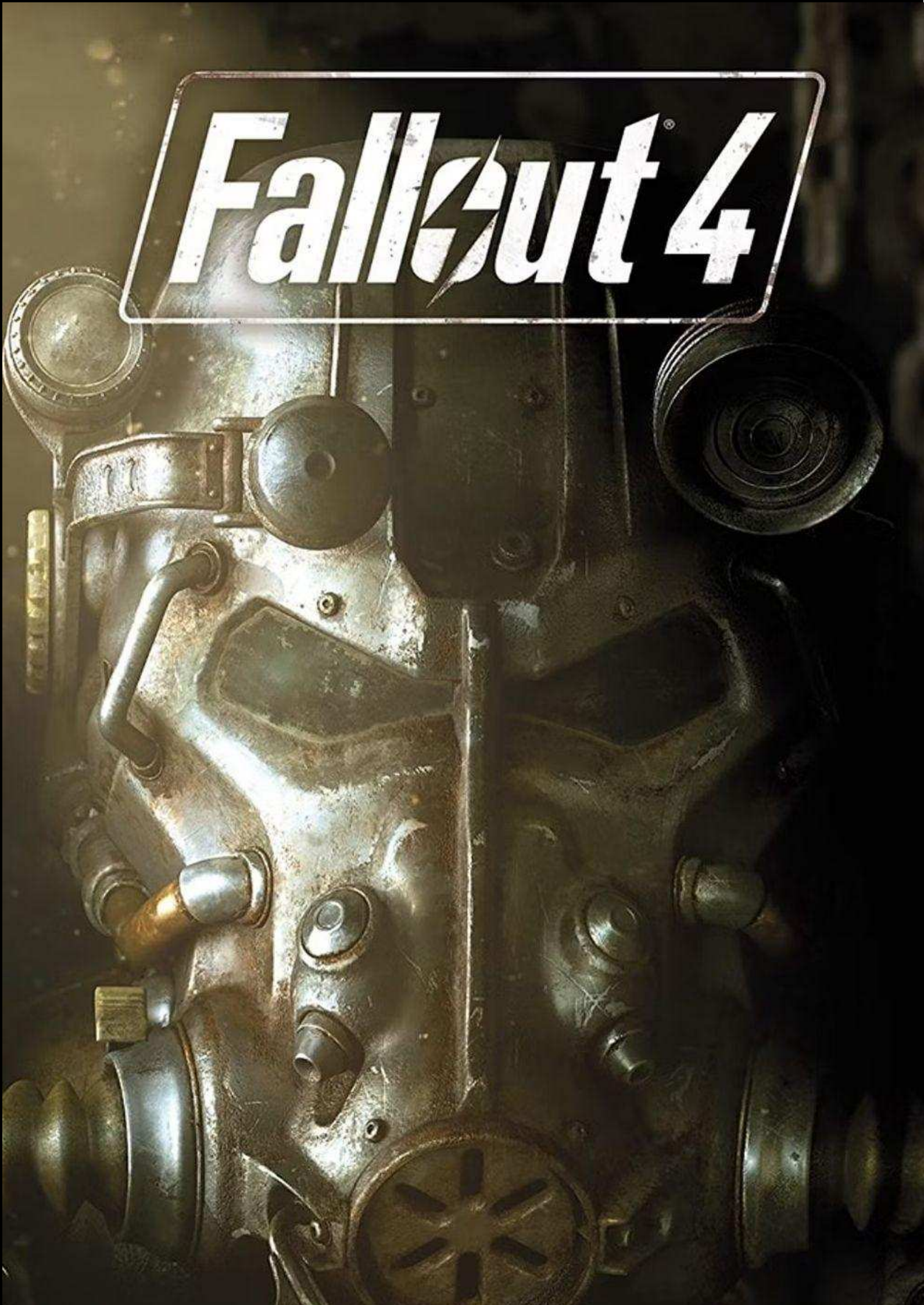

Fallout 4

Fallout 4

A jump by SpazzWave. Version 1.1

War, war never changes.

In 2077, the spark of global conflict plunged the world into an abyss of nuclear fire. The earth was scorched, empires crumbled in an afternoon, and humanity was driven to the absolute brink of extinction. Now, two hundred and ten years later, the ruins of Boston, Massachusetts (now known as the Commonwealth) have become a brutal, irradiated frontier. Mutated abominations stalk the glowing wastes, merciless raiders prey on the weak, and the unseen boogeymen of the Institute replace innocent people with synthetic replicas in the dead of night.

You arrive in this fractured, paranoid world on exactly October 23, 2287: the very day the Sole Survivor thaws from their cryogenic sleep in Vault 111 and steps out into the blinding wasteland sun. The Commonwealth is a powder keg waiting for a spark, sitting on the precipice of a massive, region-wide war between high-tech crusaders, underground liberators, mad scientists, and desperate local militias.

Whether you choose to conquer the wastes as a ruthless warlord, rebuild civilization from the scrap, or simply survive long enough to see tomorrow, you are going to need an edge. To help you forge your destiny in the irradiated ashes of the Old World, you have been granted **1000 CP** to spend.

Welcome to the Commonwealth, Jumper, and good luck!

Origins

Any origin can be taken as a Drop-In. You can freely choose your age and gender.

Sole Survivor

You are a relic of a bygone era. Cryogenically frozen in Vault 111, you just woke up to a ruined world centuries later. While you lack modern survival knowledge, you possess an uncorrupted mind, Old World values, and a burning drive to find your place in this radioactive nightmare.

Wastelander

You were born in the irradiated dirt of the Commonwealth. Whether you are a wandering scavenger, a humble farmer, or a seasoned mercenary, you know how to scrape a living from the ashes. You understand the brutal, unwritten rules of survival in a world that constantly wants you dead.

Scientist

Knowledge is true power. While others fight with rusted pipes, you manipulate the fundamental forces of the universe. Whether an Institute researcher, a Brotherhood Scribe, or a brilliant wasteland doctor, your intellect lets you reverse-engineer Old World miracles, build devastating energy weapons, and ultimately shape the future of humanity.

Raider

Why peacefully scavenge when you can simply take? You are a predator in a lawless land, thriving on violence, intimidation, and copious amounts of chems. Whether a low-level gang member or a terrifying Nuka-World warlord, you understand that might makes right, taking whatever you desire through sheer, unapologetic brutality.

Operative

You are a ghost. In a world of loud guns and clumsy armor, you strike from the shadows. Whether you are a Railroad liberator, a Synth infiltrator, or a freelance assassin, you excel at stealth, sabotage, and deception, proving that a silenced pistol is deadlier than a roaring minigun.

Soldier

War never changes, and neither do the people who fight it. You are a disciplined combatant relying on heavy firepower and tactical training. Whether a Brotherhood of Steel Paladin, a Minutemen general, or a Gunner mercenary, you bring organized military might and heavy armor to a chaotic, fractured wasteland.

Species

Human [Free]

The standard baseline. You are a regular, flesh-and-blood human being. While you lack the sheer physical durability of the wasteland's mutated denizens and are highly vulnerable to radiation and disease, you have the ultimate advantage of blending in. You can walk into Diamond City, the Prydwen, or any settlement without being shot on sight, and you won't face the intense bigotry directed at the other races.

Ghoul [100]

Whether you survived the bombs dropping two hundred years ago or had a terrible accident with a barrel of nuclear waste, your body has been fundamentally altered by extreme radiation. You are completely immune to radiation and all wasteland diseases. In fact, radiation actually heals your wounds. Furthermore, you no longer age.
The downside? You look like a walking, rotting corpse with a raspy voice. While your Jumpchain fiat guarantees you will never lose your mind and go feral, the rest of the Commonwealth doesn't know that. Expect intense discrimination, disgust, and outright hostility from factions like the Brotherhood of Steel and Diamond City security.

Robot / Automatron [200]

You are not biological at all; you are a machine. You may choose to be a Mister Handy, a Protectron, a Robobrain, a dangerous Sentry Bot, or a deadly Assaultron. You are completely immune to radiation, poison, disease, and the need for food, water, or sleep. Furthermore, you can easily be modified at any Robot Workbench, allowing you to swap out limbs for buzzsaws, laser gatling guns, or heavy armor plating. You can still be destroyed, and healing requires scrap metal and a repair kit rather than a stimpak, but you are a rugged piece of Old World hardware.

Gen 3 Synth [200]

The pinnacle of the Institute's motto: Mankind Redefined. You look, feel, and bleed exactly like a human being, but you were assembled in a sterile underground laboratory. Your bones are denser, your muscles are optimized, and your brain houses a synthetic component. You do not age, you are immune to disease, and while you enjoy eating and sleeping, you do not physically require either to survive. You are biologically superior to baseline humans in almost every way.
However, you are the boogeyman of the Commonwealth. If your identity is discovered, paranoid wastelanders will try to lynch you, the Brotherhood of Steel will hunt you down to the ends of the earth, and the Institute will send Coursers to reclaim you.

Super Mutant [200]

Exposed to the Institute's specific strain of the Forced Evolutionary Virus (FEV), you have been transformed into a towering, green-skinned behemoth. Standing above two meters tall, you gain a massive boost to your Strength and Endurance, easily allowing you to rip a man in half, carry hundreds of kilos of gear, and shrug off rifle fire. You are biologically immortal and entirely immune to radiation and disease. Additionally, you will find out that unlike other Super Mutants, you retain a normal human intellect.

The catch is obvious: you are a giant, terrifying monster. Stealth is incredibly difficult; human clothing and armor will not fit you, and 99% of the Commonwealth will shoot you on sight. You will have to rely on your sheer, overwhelming might to carve out a place in the world.



Locations

You may choose your starting location freely, or roll a 1d8 for an extra [+100].

Sanctuary Hills / Vault 111

You begin in the quiet, overgrown ruins of a Pre-War suburban neighborhood, just up the hill from the frozen cryo-chambers of Vault 111. It is relatively peaceful here, save for some radroaches and bloatflies. It is a perfect blank canvas to build a sprawling settlement, provided you can clear out the local pests and deal with any wandering Minutemen looking for help.

Diamond City

Welcome to the Great Green Jewel of the Commonwealth. Built entirely inside the fortified walls of the ruined Fenway Park stadium, this is the largest and most secure settlement in the region. It is a bustling hub of commerce, mercenaries, and paranoid rumors about synth infiltrators. You will find plenty of work, caps, and trouble here.

Goodneighbor

"Of the people, for the people." Hidden in the narrow, rubble-choked streets of downtown Boston, this settlement is a haven for outcasts, ghouls, drifters, and criminals. Governed by the charismatic ghoul Mayor Hancock, Goodneighbor is dangerous, lawless, and utterly free. Watch your pockets, and don't stare too long at the local Triggermen.

Boston Airport

You arrive in the rusted, ghoul-infested ruins of the Boston Airport. It is quiet for now, but that won't last. Soon, the Brotherhood of Steel will arrive in their massive airship, the Prydwen, to claim this exact spot as their primary military staging ground. You have a brief window to scavenge, run, or prepare a welcome committee before the sky fills with the roar of Vertibirds and power-armored Paladins.

The Institute

You start deep underground in a pristine, hyper-advanced scientific utopia, safe from the radiation and filth of the surface. Automated synth workers clean the gleaming white hallways while scientists teleport to the world above. Unless you are a Scientist or a Synth, figuring out how you got in here (and how to get out) might be your first major challenge.

The Glowing Sea

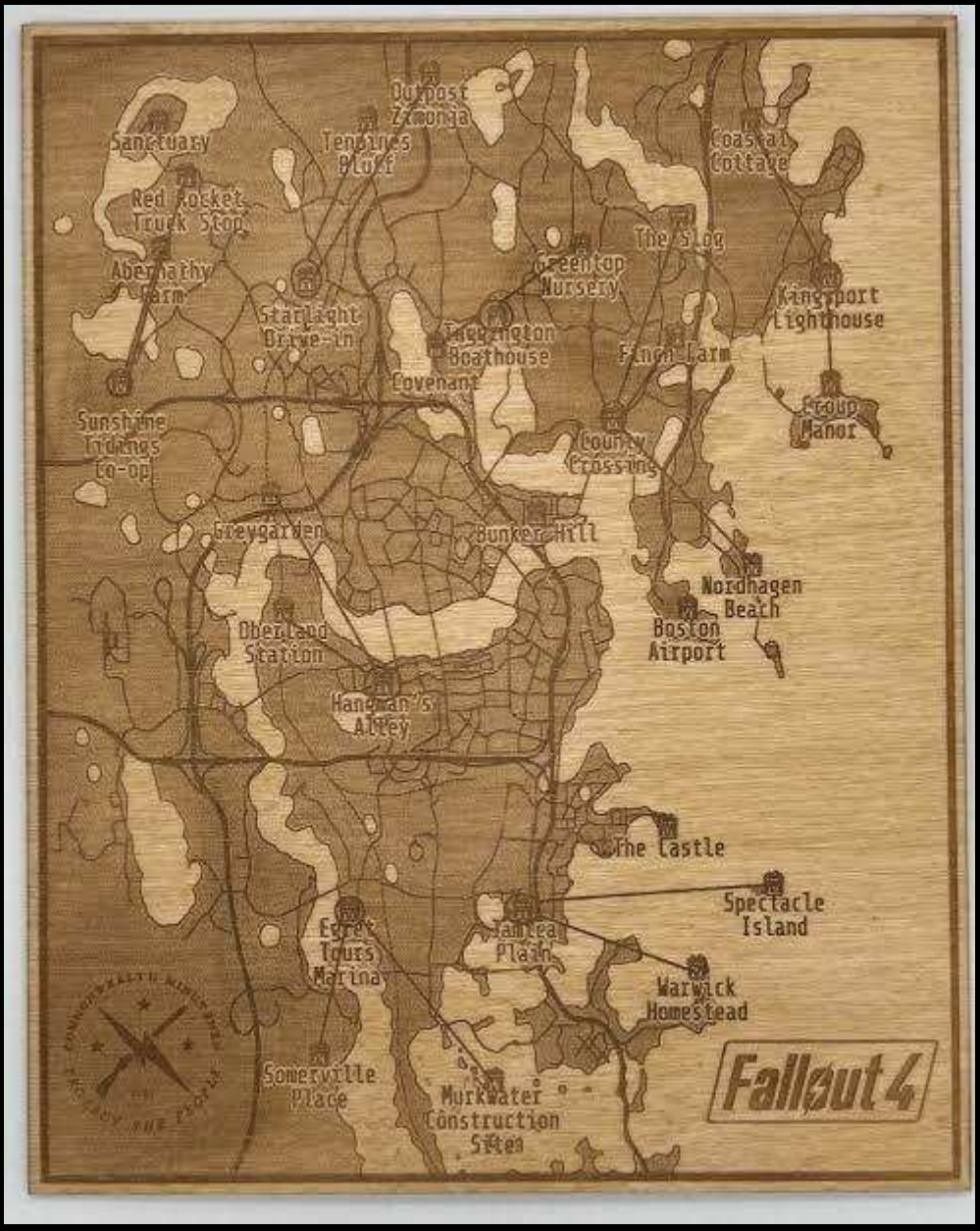
Ground Zero. You have manifested in the absolute worst place in the Commonwealth. The sky is a sickly, radioactive yellow, the air is thick with toxic storms, and the ruined landscape is entirely populated by Deathclaws, Radscorpions, and fanatical Children of Atom. Unless you brought a hazmat suit or Power Armor, you need to start running immediately.

Far Harbor (The Island)

You start far north of Boston on a cursed, mutated island off the coast of Maine. A thick, radioactive fog chokes the land, hiding terrifying apex predators like Fog Crawlers and Gulpers. You arrive right in the middle of a brewing, three-way war between paranoid local fishermen, a sanctuary of runaway synths, and the zealous Children of Atom.

Nuka-World

Welcome to the happiest place on earth - or what's left of it. You start in a massive, Pre-War amusement park that has been entirely conquered by three vicious, rival raider gangs. Between the rigged death-traps of the Gauntlet, the bloodthirsty warlords, and the theme parks swarming with exotic mutants, this is a paradise for criminals and a nightmare for everyone else.



General Perks

The Wanderer [Free/100 to Keep]

The Commonwealth is vast, dangerous, and broken, but you have a supernatural knack for always being exactly where you need to be. Whenever you set out to travel across the wasteland, you will inevitably wind up exactly where relevant, story-altering events are unfolding. If a settlement is about to be overrun by raiders, a major faction is holding a critical standoff, or an ally is in mortal peril, you will always arrive just in the nick of time to intervene. This works even if the distance makes it realistically impossible to get there in time, or if your path is completely blocked by collapsed highways, irradiated dead zones, or hostile armies. You will simply find a hidden path, catch a lucky break, or step out of the wasteland fog at the perfect dramatic moment. Obstacles and distance will never keep you from the center of the action. This can be toggled off if you want some peace and quiet.

Picket Fences [100]

The world may have ended, but that is no excuse to let your standards slip. You possess an unbreakable baseline of "normalcy" that perfectly insulates you from the horrors of the apocalypse. No matter how much gore, nightmarish mutation, or brutal societal collapse you witness on a daily basis, your mind remains pristine and completely untraumatized. You will never suffer from PTSD, despair, or madness, easily processing the horrors of the wasteland while retaining your fundamental humanity and sanity. Furthermore, you have an innate, almost supernatural knack for domestic and civic upkeep. Even in the middle of a radioactive ruin, you can effortlessly maintain excellent personal hygiene, cook a warm, comforting meal out of rough rations, and keep a meticulously clean, cozy home. While the rest of the wasteland wallows in filth and trauma, you carry the comforting warmth of civilized life wherever you go.

Critical Execution [100]

Some fighters pray for a lucky shot to end a tough fight. You don't need luck; you just need a few warm-up swings. Every time you successfully land an attack on an enemy, you build up charge in a mental Critical Meter. Once this meter is completely full, you can expend it to guarantee a devastating Critical Hit. Your next attack will strike flawlessly without missing, dealing exactly four times its normal destructive power. A basic pistol round will punch through armor like an anti-material rifle, and a simple right hook will hit with the force of a sledgehammer. You can hold onto this fully charged state indefinitely, saving your guaranteed execution to instantly obliterate the toughest target in the room the moment they step out of cover.

The Dialogue Wheel [100]

Sometimes, conversation really just boils down to four basic responses. You have mastered the art of reading the room and steering interactions with your tone. By consciously leaning into one of four specific dialogue styles, your words naturally influence the situation in your favor:

Helpful: When you offer assistance or cooperate, you project a highly comforting aura. This makes it much easier to earn the trust of wary settlers and suspicious strangers. Furthermore, grateful employers are far more likely to offer you a little extra compensation, moved by your willingness to pitch in without a fuss.

Inquisitive: When you press for details, people naturally want to fill in the blanks for you. While it won't break a trained spy, average people and boastful thugs will often over-explain things, making them much more likely to accidentally slip up and reveal hidden motives, passwords, or useful gossip.

Sarcastic: Your sharp tongue is perfect for throwing people off balance. A well-timed quip can help defuse a tense standoff with a laugh. Alternatively, you can use mockery to get under someone's skin, often provoking hotheads into a reckless rage where they abandon their cover.

Dismissive: By acting completely unbothered, you project quiet confidence. Grifters and petty thugs will quickly get the hint that you aren't an easy mark and look for softer targets. If a rival is trying to intimidate you, a cold brush-off is highly effective at rattling their ego and throwing off their rhythm.

Cannibal [200]

You harbor a dark, taboo hunger that sets you apart from civilized society. While others look at the fallen with horror, you see a fresh, savory feast. You possess the ability to feast on the raw flesh of humans, ghouls, super mutants, and anything that might be considered a relative of humanity for complete biological sustenance. To your corrupted palate, this morbid diet actually tastes like an exquisitely refined, gourmet meal. Additionally, this dark feast instantly heals your physical wounds, mends bone fractures, and restores your vitality - acting with the exact same speed and potency as a stimpak. Of course, don't forget that this will be severely frowned upon by the rest of the world. Devouring corpses is considered a horrific crime, and you will almost certainly be shot on sight by guards, companions, or settlers if anyone catches you doing it near civilized lands.

Swift Learner [200]

The Commonwealth is an unforgiving teacher, and those who learn slowly usually end up dead. Fortunately, you are a remarkably quick study. You possess a highly adaptable mind and body, allowing you to learn, grow, and train exactly three times faster than a normal human. Whether you are building muscle memory with a salvaged plasma rifle, deciphering a complex RobCo technical manual, or conditioning your body through grueling physical labor, your progression is greatly accelerated. A single week of dedicated practice yields three weeks' worth of tangible results. This applies to everything from academic study and scientific research to physical conditioning and combat reflexes.

Adamantium Skeleton [200]

Is your middle name Logan? Even if it isn't, thanks to a bizarre wasteland mutation, you have developed a skeletal structure that would make him proud. Every single bone in your body has been fundamentally altered, becoming completely indestructible. No amount of blunt force trauma, crushing weight, or explosive pressure can snap, fracture, or shatter your skeleton. Furthermore, your joints have perfectly adapted to this rigid framework; it is physically impossible for any of your bones to be dislocated, popped from their sockets, or wrenched out of place by sheer force. Of course, you shouldn't go charging blindly into a firefight. Your flesh, muscles, and internal organs are still perfectly normal, meaning you are just as vulnerable to bleeding out from body shots or stab wounds as anyone else. However, your unbreakable frame offers ultimate protection where it counts most: a direct headshot will no longer kill you, as your impenetrable skull will simply flatten the bullet before it can ever reach your brain. You might get a nasty concussion, but you will live to return fire.

You Are S.P.E.C.I.A.L! [200/800]

Vault-Tec was right: you really are special! By purchasing this perk, you may choose one of your core attributes (Strength, Perception, Endurance, Charisma, Intelligence, Agility, or Luck) and elevate it to an absolute 10. This represents the very peak of human potential, bordering on the downright superhuman. If you choose Strength, you possess the raw physical might to bare-knuckle wrestle a Super Mutant to the ground or rip heavy metal doors off their hinges. A 10 in Perception allows you to easily track a sniper by the faint sound of their breathing. If you choose Endurance, your flesh and bones become so impossibly dense that you are highly resistant to actual bullets, allowing you to shrug off small-arms fire, shrapnel, and crippling blunt trauma with ease. If you choose Charisma, you become the most physically stunning and magnetic person alive, capable of easily manipulating almost anyone to your exact wishes with a simple smile. An Intelligence of 10 gives you an unmatched, world-changing super-genius intellect. A 10 in Agility lets you casually dodge incoming gunfire. Finally, a 10 in Luck bends probability itself to your whim, ensuring that a loaded gun pointed directly at your head will miraculously jam the exact moment the trigger is pulled. This perk can be purchased multiple times. Alternatively, for a single, flat purchase of **800 CP**, you can forgo individual selections and instantly elevate all seven core attributes to an absolute 10, turning yourself into a legendary, flawless paragon across every aspect of human capability.

Rad Resistant [200]

In a world scorched by nuclear fire, radiation is a constant, silent killer - unless you are you. You possess a natural, passive immunity to radiation that matches the heavy-duty shielding of a full hazmat suit or a pristine set of Power Armor. You can wade through glowing crater lakes and brave toxic fallout clouds without a single rad blip registering on your Geiger counter. Additionally, your stomach and digestive system are completely perfect. Anything you consume - no matter how contaminated, rotten, or irradiated it might be - will never give you negative effects. You can drink glowing green puddle water, gorge yourself on uncooked, mutant creature meat, and eat two-hundred-year-old preserved TV dinners without suffering from radiation sickness, food poisoning, parasites, or stomach cramps. To you, the toxic slop of the wasteland is just another hearty meal.

The World Can Wait [200]

Sometimes you just want to scavenge for desk fans or build a settlement without worrying about an impending apocalypse. Fortunately, the universe seems to run on your schedule. You possess the supernatural ability to delay major, world-altering events and looming crises. Whether it is an all-out faction war, a villain's doomsday countdown, or a massive mutant invasion, these critical events will stall. Enemy armies will get bogged down in logistics, superweapons will suffer unexplainable delays, and political tensions will remain in a holding pattern. While this delay is not permanent, it guarantees you a grace period of several months (up to a full year) before the crisis finally reaches its boiling point. This gives you plenty of time to train, build up your settlements, and gather resources without any penalty. The climax of the story will patiently wait for you to be ready, at least for a while.

Animal Whisperer [200]

The wasteland operates strictly on the law of the jungle, and you speak its language perfectly. You possess a primal ability to pacify and tame irradiated wildlife, but this connection is bound by a simple rule: animals respect strength. The caliber of beast you can command depends entirely on how dangerous you are. If you are a novice survivor, you will only be able to cow and befriend rabid mongrels or mole rats. However, as your personal power, combat prowess, and lethal aura grow, so too does your influence over the food chain. Once you become a true apex predator, even towering Yao Guai and terrifying Deathclaws will instinctively recognize your dominance, halting their attacks and submitting to you with a simple raised hand. With a little patience, these pacified monsters will become fiercely loyal companions, willing to guard your settlements or fight to the death by your side.

Playing All Sides [200]

In a fractured world split by ideology, why pick just one winning side? You have an incredible talent for double-dealing, allowing you to hold high-ranking positions in multiple, completely opposing factions simultaneously without raising suspicion. You can easily be a decorated Knight in the Brotherhood of Steel, a high-level scientist in the Institute, and the leader of the Minutemen all at the same time. Guards salute you, doors open for you, and leaders confide their secrets to you across every faction you join. So long as there isn't ever an apocalyptic event that forces a final showdown, you can permanently maintain membership in fiercely enemy organizations simultaneously. You will suffer no negative consequences for your conflicting loyalties, allowing you to enjoy the perks, armories, and authority of every side while effortlessly balancing on a tightrope of double agency.

Fast Travel [200]

Walking across a ruined world takes time, but for you, long journeys are a mere formality. You possess the incredible ability to instantly fast travel to any location you have previously visited and discovered. By simply opening a map and choosing a destination, you and any willing companions traveling with you are instantly transported across vast distances in the blink of an eye. You arrive at your target location safely, seamlessly skipping the tedious, dangerous slog of trekking through irradiated wasteland or hostile territory. There are only two conditions to this power: first, you must have physically set foot in the target location at least once before; second, you cannot initiate fast travel while actively engaged in combat or when enemies are directly pursuing you. As long as you are safe, the entire world is only a step away.

Parental Directive [200]

There is a sacred bond between a creator and their creation, and in your case, that bond is unbreakable. Anything you have a direct hand in bringing into this world will possess an innate, unshakeable loyalty to you. This applies across all forms of creation: a child you father or bear, a robot you weld together from scrap metal, or a synthetic human you synthesize in a high-tech lab will automatically view you with deep devotion. They will naturally respect your authority, seek your approval, and refuse to turn their arms against you. This is not a mind-control spell or a cold, soulless programming override; rather, it is a deep, instinctual affection and respect. Even if they develop their own free will, distinct personalities, or divergent moral beliefs, their fundamental loyalty to you as their creator will remain anchored solid, ensuring that your legacy will never betray you.

Wasteland Gourmet [200]

Most wastelanders consider it a good day if their dinner isn't actively radioactive. You, however, bring the refined arts of high gastronomy to the apocalypse. You possess the sheer culinary talent required to take any ingredient (be it a slab of giant roach meat, stagnant water, or glowing, mutated flora) and turn it into a mouth-watering, five-star delicacy. No matter how grotesque or toxic the raw materials are, your meals are always perfectly safe, highly nutritious, and incredibly delicious. But your kitchen skills go far beyond simple flavor. You know how to expertly prepare and combine the bizarre biology of wasteland plants and animals to unlock their latent properties, turning your dishes into potent, temporary enhancements. A vegetable soup of glowing fungus can actively purge radiation, while a rich stew of Mirelurk meat might temporarily grant underwater breathing. With enough experimentation, you can discover countless other effects hidden within the wasteland's most unlikely ingredients.

Master Merchant [200]

In the wasteland, caps are easy enough to find; convincing someone to part with them is the difficult part. You possess an almost instinctive understanding of trade, with an encyclopedic knowledge of prices, market conditions, local demand, and the true value of whatever happens to be changing hands. Whether you are haggling with a caravan trader, negotiating with a desperate settler, or trying to convince a merchant that the battered rifle you pulled from a raider's corpse is worth considerably more than they think, you always seem to know exactly what to say. Your talents also make you an exceptional merchant and economic organizer. You can quickly identify what a settlement needs, where those supplies can be acquired, and how to establish reliable trade routes between communities. Caravans under your direction are efficiently supplied and managed, settlements you advise waste fewer resources, and surplus goods can be turned into useful income rather than simply gathering dust in a warehouse. Given enough time, you can transform even a struggling settlement into a thriving trading post, complete with dependable suppliers, profitable exports, and enough economic activity to keep people fed, equipped, and employed.

Crafting Menu [400]

Real-world crafting takes hours of painstaking labor, but you gain an intuitive "Crafting Menu" that streamlines manufacturing and logistics. So long as you possess the required materials and technical know-how, you can instantly craft any item, device, or structure you know how to build. Whether you are making a simple stone knife, a complex Tesla Cannon, an industrial water purifier, or a fortified wall, the finished product is fabricated in the blink of an eye. Furthermore, you possess precise spatial control over where these creations appear. You can spawn crafted items directly into your hands, store them in your bag, or instantly "snap" large structures into place on the ground right in front of you. You can also wirelessly draw materials from any stashed inventories, storage trunks, or workshops located nearby without manually lugging heavy components around. However, this perk provides no innate crafting recipes or technical skills. Your menu is strictly an interface that streamlines execution. An untrained person might only manifest basic bandages or wooden spears, while a master engineer can use this menu to conjure entire fortified bases and advanced armaments in seconds.

Ad Victoriam [400]

The world is a festering wound of radiation and rogue science, and you are the cauterizing flame. To preserve the purity of humanity, the mutant, the abomination, and the unclean must be purged by fire and steel. You possess a zealous, righteous fury that makes you the ultimate exterminator of the unnatural. Whenever you are fighting mutants, monsters, or aberrations of science (be they FEV-born Super Mutants, irradiated Deathclaws, or artificial Synth infiltrators), your strikes deal massively amplified damage. Your weapons hit these creatures with devastating force, allowing your bullets to effortlessly tear through their thick unnatural hides and your blades to cleave their mutated bones with terrifying ease. Additionally, these creatures can never hide from your righteous crusade. You possess an innate, instinctual ability to easily identify and track non-human abominations, no matter how flawlessly they conceal themselves. You can effortlessly spot a Gen 3 Synth hiding seamlessly in a crowd of ordinary humans, track a pack of ghouls through a radioactive storm, or instantly notice a camouflaged monster lurking in the shadows. To you, the unclean shine like beacons waiting to be extinguished.

Sniper [400]

For a normal marksman, long-range combat is a complex mathematical equation. For you, it is simply point and click. When you fire a weapon, your shots are entirely unaffected by external environmental conditions. Gale-force winds will not push your bullet off course, and gravity will never cause your trajectory to dip over vast distances. Additionally, your physical form is perfectly adapted for this role: you suffer absolutely zero scope sway, you never need to hold your breath to steady your aim, and your vision easily pierces through atmospheric obstructions like fog, smoke, and heavy rain. As long as you have a clear line of sight and can physically place your crosshairs over the target, your shot will hit with absolute certainty. Furthermore, whenever you successfully land a headshot - or a critical strike to a vital point - the impact is massively amplified, hitting exactly three times as hard as a normal shot. Between your impossible accuracy and this lethal multiplier, a single round from your rifle is often all it takes to end a fight.

War Never Changes (But People Do) [400]

They say that war never changes, but that doesn't mean people can't. The wasteland is filled with broken individuals: raiders trapped in endless cycles of violence, survivors drowning their trauma in chems, and synths struggling with their very humanity. You, however, possess a profound ability to help people heal. Through your actions, guidance, and genuine companionship, you act as a powerful catalyst for personal growth and redemption. By setting a good example or offering a helping hand, you can successfully talk a hardened raider warlord into seeking a peaceful life, guide an anxious settler to become a fearless community leader, or help a deeply traumatized companion completely overcome their psychological scars. Your positive influence naturally steers people toward the absolute best versions of themselves. Under your care, allies and even former enemies will rapidly shed their toxic flaws, overcome their crippling doubts, and reach their absolute peak potential: morally, mentally, and skillfully. You are living proof that even in a radioactive hellscape, humanity can still evolve.

The Father of Tomorrow [400]

"They always told me those atrocities were 'necessary evils' for the future of humanity. I say they just weren't smart enough to find a better way."

The Institute was infamous for justifying horrific cruelty - kidnappings, illegal human experimentation, forced mutations, and wholesale replacement - under the grand umbrella of "the greater good" and "scientific necessity." You, however, prove that true genius never needs to compromise its morality. With this perk, you are completely liberated from false dilemmas, ruthless "necessary evils," and moral traps. Whenever a situation, quest, scientific endeavor, or political struggle seems to demand a cruel, unethical, or morally dark choice to achieve success, you will always perceive, invent, or create a viable, highly effective, and strictly ethical alternative. If a cure for a plague supposedly requires torturous human experimentation, you will figure out how to perfectly synthesize the required data through harmless computer simulations or ethical volunteer trials. If a magical ritual demands a human sacrifice, you will discover how to seamlessly substitute it with a high-capacity fusion core or artificial energy source. No matter how dark or cynical the universe you are in claims to be, you can always achieve the absolute pinnacle of scientific, magical, or social progress while keeping your hands perfectly clean.

Vault-Tec Assisted Targeting System [600]

Who needs years of combat training when you have Vault-Tec? Whether via a synced Pip-Boy or internal cybernetics, you can momentarily perceive time at a fraction of its normal speed during combat. In this decelerated state, you can rapidly calculate the hit chance for specific enemy body parts, highlighting biological and structural weak points in a glowing interface that only you can see. While time crawls, you can "queue up" a rapid series of strikes, shots, or tactical maneuvers. The moment time resumes its normal flow, your body automatically executes these queued attacks flawlessly, moving with terrifying speed and precision to hit your exact marks. Because this system pushes your reflexes and muscles past their standard limits, each activation consumes a portion of your physical stamina. You cannot use it endlessly, but it guarantees deadly accuracy when you need it most.

Cyborg [600]

Your body has been permanently enhanced by the miracles of Old World science! You are no longer entirely flesh and blood, having been augmented with advanced, seamlessly integrated cybernetics. Thanks to these internal upgrades, all of your physical and mental attributes have been enhanced by a considerable margin. Synthetic muscle fibers grant you superhuman strength, ocular implants drastically sharpen your perception and targeting, and neural processors significantly elevate your baseline intelligence and reaction speeds. You are faster, tougher, and smarter than any natural human could ever hope to be. Beyond just making you a vastly superior combatant and thinker, this sweeping technological overhaul has fundamentally stabilized your biology. You will find that your natural aging process has been slowed to an absolute crawl. Like a certain notorious wasteland mercenary, you can easily live for over a century without losing a single step, remaining in your physical prime while the world turns to dust. And if you wish, you can freely import any cybernetics from previous jumps.

Whispers of the Void [600]

The wasteland holds secrets far older and stranger than the Great War. You have been touched by these unseen forces, awakening as a psychic. You possess an unnatural, supernatural ability of your choice, such as clairvoyance, telepathy, telekinesis, pyrokinesis, or any other psychic power your mind can imagine. At first, this ability is a weak, unpredictable whisper in the back of your mind. To force it to the surface, you must rely on the consumption of drugs and chems; a dose of Jet, Psycho, or Mentats will expand your consciousness, granting power. However, your potential is completely boundless. With time and practice, this psychic power will grow immensely stronger, eventually shedding its need for chemical catalysts entirely. Furthermore, this growth has no upper limit. What begins as drug-fueled glimpses of tomorrow can eventually evolve into conscious, at-will mastery over time, space, and minds. Additionally, opening your "third eye" comes with a bizarre and highly useful side effect: you have developed a profound sensitivity to the eldritch and the cosmic. The Fallout universe has always hidden ancient, Lovecraftian horrors beneath the dirt, and you are perfectly tuned to their frequency. You can easily sense the presence of the occult, track down ancient buried architecture, and safely navigate spaces twisted by cosmic horror without ever risking your sanity or your life. Because your mind is already accustomed to the impossible, you are completely immune to the mind-shattering effects of the unknown. Where ordinary people are driven mad or physically corrupted by cosmic forces, you remain untouched. You can safely handle, study, and even wield dangerous eldritch artifacts and cursed relics without suffering a single negative consequence. This can be purchased multiple times.

Life Giver [600]

It should be quite obvious, but this is a dead world: a world longing for the days of old, a time when the land, air, and seas weren't poisoned by the greed and pride of mankind. Perhaps you can bring back those old days, when the land was a verdant green not from sickly radiation, but from vibrant life. First, your own body reflects this boundless life; you possess vastly more physical vitality, health, and stamina than ever before. More importantly, you project a restorative aura of nature. Starting at a radius of about five meters, ambient radiation in your presence rapidly fades away, replaced by instant ecological healing. The dead earth fills with rich nutrients, plants grow strong and healthy, tainted water purifies itself, and the air around you becomes fresher than it was even before the Great War. Grass and vibrant flowers will literally sprout in your footsteps wherever you walk, a living testament to your promise of a better world. Fortunately, you can consciously toggle this aura off at will, allowing you to travel through hostile territory without leaving a blatant, blooming trail for enemies to track. Furthermore, this power acts like a muscle; it actively grows with continuous use. What begins as a modest five-meter radius will eventually expand to encompass entire settlements, and with enough time, you could passively purify massive swaths of the wasteland simply by existing within it. You may be just one person, but the journey to heal a broken world always begins with a single step.

Load Order [800]

You possess mental access to a massive, metaphysical library of "mods" tailored to the world around you. At will, you can close your eyes and browse an endless digital catalog of modifications to apply to reality itself. These range from simple visual "texture packs" that make the dreary wasteland look vibrant and verdant, to entirely new lore-friendly weapons, sweeping gameplay tweaks, undiscovered landmasses, bizarre new companions, and grand new questlines. Mods that add expansive new dungeons or entire new factions will integrate seamlessly into the world's history and geography. Furthermore, this power extends far beyond the Commonwealth; in all future Jumps, every universe you enter will come with its own unique library of mods relevant to its specific setting.

However, reality has a built-in anti-cheat system. Any blatantly balance-breaking mod is automatically scaled down to match your current level of personal power. You cannot simply install a mod that gives you a 10mm pistol that fires miniature nukes unless you already possess the immense cosmic, magical, or technological power required to naturally fuel such a weapon. Similarly, if you install a "cheat room" or a resource spawner, it will only yield a limited, reasonable quantity of materials rather than infinite wealth.

For **400 CP** more, the perk is upgraded. You can install those absurdly overpowered, reality-breaking items or infinite resource stashes, but only if you choose to lock them behind an extremely difficult, life-threatening quest. As long as you are willing to genuinely bleed for the prize - battling your way through a grueling custom dungeon, solving impossible puzzles, or defeating a terrifying super-boss - the system will deem the mod acceptable. If you can survive the agonizing trial you set for yourself, you can earn reality-breaking rewards that vastly exceed your current power level.

Sole Survivor Perks

Perks for Sole Survivor are discounted by 50%, with the [100] perk being free.

Pre-War Professional [100]

You are one, if not the most, privileged person alive, as you had the distinct luxury of a Pre-War education. Choose a profession from the Old World. It could be anything, from a lawyer to a soldier or even an engineer. You gain master-level expertise in this career alongside a pristine diploma to prove it. Not only do you possess this knowledge, but you will find that your skills translate flawlessly to the New World. A lawyer's courtroom rhetoric becomes exceptional persuasion, perfect for negotiating with paranoid settlers or talking down raiders. A soldier's formal training seamlessly applies to maintaining jury-rigged pipe guns and battling mutated abominations. An engineer's understanding of structural stresses and civil planning translates effortlessly into fortifying scrap-metal settlements and coaxing reliable power out of rusted car engines. Whatever your civilized career was, its principles are perfectly adapted to post-apocalyptic survival.

(Not) a Sole Survivor [200]

Wandering the Commonwealth alone is a death sentence, but fortunately, you will never have to. You possess a magnetic charm that makes it incredibly easy to make friends, earning the loyalty of locals, mercenaries, and outcasts alike. People naturally gravitate toward you, quickly forming deep bonds of trust. The greatest benefit of your friendship, however, is the profound effect you have on your allies. As long as your friends are actively accompanying you on your travels, they will share a portion of your own abilities. A fragile reporter fighting by your side might suddenly display your expert marksmanship, or a loyal dog might gain a fraction of your extreme resilience. Whether it is your physical attributes, your technical skills, or your unique perks, your companions will borrow a fraction of your power, ensuring anyone watching your back is a formidable ally.

Personal Inventory [400]

Ever wonder how someone can carry three miniguns, twenty desk fans, and a full suit of armor without wearing a backpack? You now possess a personal, extradimensional inventory space. You can instantly store and retrieve items by simply willing them in and out of this pocket dimension. The maximum capacity of this storage is directly tied to your raw physical Strength. Someone with a Strength of 5 can carry 50 KG, while someone with the Strength of 10 can carry 500 KG. As long as the total mass of your stored items remains under this physical limit, they weigh absolutely nothing and will not hinder your agility or stamina in the slightest. However, you can choose to push past this limit and hoard even more gear. If you take in too much and exceed your maximum capacity, you become "over-encumbered." The excess weight will begin to physically manifest on your body, drastically slowing your movement to a burdened walk and rapidly draining your stamina if you attempt to exert yourself. It is a fantastic way to strip a ruined building of all its valuables, provided you don't mind a slow, heavy walk back to base.

Beacon of Hope [600]
A single person cannot change the world alone, but they can certainly be the spark that ignites the fire. Your actions carry a massive ripple effect on a societal scale, elevating any organization you associate with. If you join a failing, decentralized militia, your mere presence will inspire them to evolve into a dedicated, region-wide peacekeeping force. If you ally with a reclusive cabal of underground scientists, you can successfully push them to open their doors and share their life-saving technology with the surface. No matter how deeply entrenched, cynical, or misguided a group may be, you have an incredible talent for taking a faction's core philosophy and naturally steering it toward its most ethical, hopeful, and productive conclusion. In a broken world, you are the catalyst that brings out the absolute best in humanity.

Wastelander Perks

Perks for Wastelander are discounted by 50%, with the [100] perk being free.

Child of the Dust [100]
The Commonwealth is an unforgiving meat grinder to most, but to you, it is simply home. You were born in the dirt, mastering the brutal art of living off a ruined world. Where outsiders see an irradiated wasteland, you see a bountiful pantry. You know exactly which mutated plants are safe to harvest. You easily track, hunt, and butcher bizarre creatures, carving prime steaks from Radstags and Mirelurks. Finding and purifying water is second nature, effortlessly filtering out deadly radiation and parasites. Additionally, you know how to brew potent remedies for wild diseases and venom using scavenged flora. Because you possess a deep, instinctual understanding of nature's harsh rhythms, you will never go hungry or thirsty as long as you are in a wilderness environment. No matter how dangerous or desolate the landscape may be, the wasteland always provides for its own.

Rules of the Waste [200]
The Commonwealth is a ruthless teacher, but you have learned its unwritten rules by heart. You possess a sharp, cynical awareness that keeps you alive where others fall prey to treacherous traps and deceit. You can spot a raider ambush well before walking into the kill zone and instantly tell when a shady merchant is trying to scam you. With a single glance at an abandoned building, you can discern whether it has already been picked clean by scavengers or if it conceals a nest of dangerous creatures. Additionally, you possess a flawless internal compass, always instinctively knowing true North, and you sleep lightly enough to instantly awaken at the faintest sign of danger. In a world where a second's hesitation means death, your instincts are always one step ahead.

Scrap Savant [400]
The Old World left behind mountains of garbage, but to a true wastelander, there is no such thing as trash. You possess an uncanny talent for scavenging and wasteland engineering. You can perfectly disassemble any piece of junk, ruined machinery, or debris into its base components with absolute efficiency. A rusted typewriter or a broken desk fan effortlessly yields its pristine gears, springs, and screws without a single stripped thread or wasted material. Moreover, you are a master at cobbling these salvaged components together to create highly functional technology. You can forge deadly pipe weapons, make energy generators, and assemble water purifiers and gun turrets out of literal garbage. Despite their crude, rusted, and haphazard appearance, your jury-rigged creations are incredibly durable and reliable, easily matching the performance of standard factory-made equivalents. To you, a ruined scrap heap isn't debris; it is an armory waiting to be assembled.

Architect of the Wastes [600]
Living as a wastelander isn't easy, which is why the only logical conclusion for long-term survival is to create a community. You possess a genius-level talent for building, managing, and organizing settlements from the ground up. You know exactly how to lay out defenses, assign labor, manage scarce resources, and establish vital infrastructure to keep people safe, happy, and fed. More importantly, your settlements act as beacons in the dark. Wastelanders, refugees, and wandering traders will naturally congregate to any community you establish or lead. Word of your safe havens spreads organically across the wastes, drawing in hard-working people who want to contribute. Under your capable guidance, even a solitary shack around a campfire will continuously expand into a thriving, bustling town. Where others see desolate ruins, you see the foundation for a prosperous new world.

Raider Perks

Perks for Raider are discounted by 50%, with the [100] perk being free.

Rule by Fear [100]
The Commonwealth is a brutal, dog-eat-dog world, and you have made sure everyone knows you are the alpha. You know exactly how to project an aura of absolute menace. Through your posture, the coldness of your voice, and your terrifying aesthetic, you can easily cow weaker individuals into total submission without ever firing a single shot. When you bear down on them, ordinary scavengers, soft settlers, and lesser raider scum will instinctively yield their caps and possessions, or simply scatter and flee in sheer terror at your threats. Furthermore, this aura of dread extends perfectly to your own crew. Subordinates under your command will obey your every order without question, driven by a deep, primal fear of your violent retribution. This iron grip drastically lowers the chances of mutiny, betrayal, or hesitation within your ranks. They might not love you, but as long as they are utterly terrified of you, they will never dare to stand in your way.

Chem Fiend [200]

In the wasteland, a good hit of chems is often the difference between bleeding out and tearing your enemies to pieces. You know your way around a makeshift lab, able to cook up high-grade combat chems and medical stims like Psycho, Jet, and Mentats using nothing but fertilizer, antifreeze, and abraxo cleaner. No matter how crude your setup is, your product is always pure and incredibly potent. But your real advantage is how your body handles the product. Your system is completely immune to the addictive properties and grueling withdrawals of any drugs or combat chems you take. Furthermore, you suffer absolutely none of their negative physical or mental side effects. Overdosing is a thing of the past; you can pump your veins full of Psycho and Jet to become an unstoppable juggernaut, and walk away a few minutes later without a single twitch or damaged organ.

Law of the Strongest [400]

In the lawless wastes, power is the only currency that truly matters. As long as you can physically prove you are the strongest, most dangerous person in the room, others will submit to your authority. You can march straight into a hostile raider camp, slaughter their chief in brutal single combat, and the remaining fighters will instantly and genuinely accept you as their undisputed leader. Your raw, undeniable strength commands absolute respect. While fear usually breeds resentment and rebellion, your terrifying dominance serves as a perfectly stable foundation for an empire under your rule. Your followers accept that you are the supreme predator at the top of the food chain, guaranteeing absolute loyalty and obedience as long as you maintain your terrifying reputation.

Syndicate of Savages [600]

Raiders are usually unorganized rabble, doomed to eventually tear each other apart or starve. Your gangs, however, operate entirely differently. You effortlessly maintain the logistical competence and discipline of a well-organized criminal enterprise across your entire faction. This applies even if your ranks are composed entirely of brutal illiterate savages, obsessive cannibals, and chem-addled sadists who care for nothing but violence. Under your rule, these monsters magically function as a well-oiled mafia: they will follow patrol routes, maintain their gear, keep their cruelty profitable, and manage extortion rackets without burning their own territory to the ground. More importantly, when you entrench your raider faction in a region, the larger world learns to look the other way. Major organizations, righteous militias, and standing armies will simply ignore your empire. Instead of launching crusades to wipe you out, they will view you as a permanent fixture of the landscape: a "local hazard" that is simply too much trouble to eradicate. As long as you don't directly siege their main headquarters, they will leave you to plunder in peace.

Scientist Perks

Perks for Scientist are discounted by 50%, with the [100] perk being free.

Old World Genius [100]

Before the bombs fell, humanity was at the absolute zenith of technological advancement, and you were at the very forefront of it. You possess a master-level, Pre-War skillset in one field of science of your choosing. Whether you select Robotics, Cybernetics, Energy Weapons, Nuclear Physics, or Bio-Engineering, your knowledge rivals the greatest minds of RobCo, West Tek, and General Atomics. You can design advanced prototypes from scratch, flawlessly repair heavily degraded machinery, and heavily modify existing technology to far surpass its original factory specifications. If you chose Robotics and Energy Weapons, for example, you could easily build a heavily armed, autonomous Assaultron from a pile of ruined chassis parts and drained microfusion cells. This can be bought multiple times, all of them discounted if you are a scientist.

Oppenheimer's Oath [200]

Science in the Old World was a double-edged sword, capable of salvation or destruction. For you, this duality is literal; your current ethical intentions directly alter your scientific aptitudes. When you act with a strict moral compass (focusing on healing the sick, preserving life, and solving hunger), you gain substantial bonuses to Medicine, Biology, and Botany. In this benevolent mindset, you become a highly capable wasteland doctor and ecologist. You can reliably treat severe illnesses, successfully perform complex surgeries in less-than-ideal conditions, and cultivate hardy, radiation-resistant crops to feed struggling settlements. Conversely, when you throw your morals out the window (experimenting on the unwilling, developing cruel armaments, or playing god), your intellect heavily shifts toward Chemistry, Genetics, and Nuclear Physics. In this state, you become frighteningly adept at understanding radiation, manipulating living tissue, and developing weapons or other technologies that would make the scientists of the Old World nervous. You could engineer biological agents, create new forms of mutation, develop devastating explosives, or find increasingly creative ways to turn the radioactive remnants of the old world into something lethal. The more your intentions lean toward one side, the more your scientific talents follow suit, with your expertise shifting naturally as your conscience changes.

Technological Autopsy [400]

The wasteland is littered with technological marvels, from Institute teleportation relays to crashed alien spaceships. Where others see inexplicable magic, you see a puzzle waiting to be solved. You possess the incredible ability to completely reverse-engineer any technology you get your hands on, entirely by yourself. By carefully dismantling and studying a device, you can deduce its underlying scientific principles, learning exactly how to repair, maintain, and replicate it from scratch. The time required for this process depends entirely on how advanced the technology is. A standard Brotherhood laser rifle, a suit of T-60 Power Armor, or a complex robot chassis might only take a few days of study to crack. Conversely, something highly exotic and bleeding-edge (like Institute synth components, alien weaponry, or teleportation grids) will take several weeks of dedicated research. However, this required time can be drastically reduced depending on your raw intelligence and your existing knowledge in the scientific fields related to the technology you are reverse-engineering. If you are already a master of physics or a superhuman genius, what would normally take weeks of grueling study can be flawlessly cracked and comprehended in a mere matter of days or even hours.

One Hundred Years Ahead [600]

Where others see the absolute ceiling of scientific achievement, you see a starting line. Your capacity for innovation is completely unmatched, possessing a visionary intellect capable of single-handedly advancing any technological field one hundred years into the future through your sheer, unadulterated brilliance. This visionary talent acts as the ultimate complement to any scientific disciplines you have already mastered, such as those granted by the Old World Genius perk. For example, if you were a master in the field of Energy Weapons, you would not just improve standard laser rifles; you would be able to design and manufacture devastating, hyper-efficient armaments capable of rivaling or even surpassing mysterious alien technology. If you were a master of Physics, basic fusion generators would merely be a stepping stone toward developing molecular teleportation grids and matter-energy synthesizers capable of creating complex physical objects out of raw power. If your mastery was in Biology, you could engineer fully organic, flawless synthetic beings superior to humanity. Additionally, despite their bleeding-edge complexity, any marvels you create are extraordinarily rugged. The technology you design and manufacture can operate flawlessly for hundreds of years without ever requiring a single tune-up, recalibration, or piece of maintenance. Even when exposed to the harshest environmental conditions - be it irradiated dust storms, underwater submersion, or the brutal wear-and-tear of a warzone - your creations will never degrade, jam, or break down. Your innovations are built for eternity.

Soldier Perks

Perks for Soldier are discounted by 50%, with the [100] perk being free.

Tactical Operator [100]

You have undergone rigorous, elite tactical military training. You possess deeply ingrained combat muscle memory covering expert marksmanship, brutal hand-to-hand combat, rapid weapon maintenance, and life-saving field medicine. When the bullets start flying, you never panic. Under heavy fire, your mind remains cold, strictly analytical, and completely focused on the objective. This flawless discipline translates to your physical performance: your recoil management is exceptional, keeping automatic fire dead on target, and your weapon reloads are lightning-fast even while you are sprinting for cover. Furthermore, you know exactly how to treat your gear. You can keep sensitive firearms and complex weaponry operating smoothly even when they are dragged through muddy trenches, blasted by desert sand, or submerged in irradiated swamps.

Heavy Metal [200]

Most people look like uncoordinated toddlers when they strap into a bulky, half-ton suit of motorized armor. You, however, move in heavy infantry gear as naturally as if it were a second skin. You suffer absolutely no mobility, speed, or agility penalties when wearing heavy armor, such as full sets of Power Armor, or when wielding massive ordnance like Miniguns and Fat Men. In fact, the heavier and bulkier your equipment is, the more gracefully you seem to handle it. You can sprint, vault, and pivot with terrifying fluidity while encased in solid steel, effortlessly absorbing the recoil of heavy weapons while completely ignoring the sheer mass holding you down.

Battlefield Commander [400]

You are an exceptionally talented military leader, born to command on the battlefield. Whether you are leading a highly disciplined squad of Brotherhood of Steel Knights or a ragged, poorly equipped militia force, your tactical coordination is absolutely immaculate. Under your direct orders, your troops move with perfect synchronization, flawlessly executing flanking maneuvers and overlapping fields of fire as if they share a single mind. More importantly, your strategic vision is unparalleled. You can analyze any enemy fortification or marching army and pinpoint its fatal tactical vulnerabilities within seconds. A single glance at a raider stronghold or a super mutant warband is all it takes for you to identify blind spots in their patrols, structural weaknesses in their walls, and vital flaws in their chain of command. With you leading the charge, no fortress is impregnable, and no enemy force is without an exploitable weakness.

Call in the Cavalry [600]
What good is being a soldier if you can't call in the cavalry? As long as you have established some form of allied faction in the region, you can universally rely on them for immediate, highly accurate fire support. By throwing a simple signal flare or using a radio, you can instantly summon artillery strikes, vertibird air support, or a drop-team of heavy infantry within moments. Oddly, these strikes will always perfectly avoid hitting you and your immediate companions, no matter how close you call it in.

Operative Perks

Perks for Operative are discounted by 50%, with the [100] perk being free.

Ghost of the Wastes [100]
You are a ghost. You know exactly how to meld into the shadows, hiding your physical presence and moving without making a single sound. Whether you are creeping over shattered glass or sneaking past a resting Deathclaw, your footsteps are utterly silent. Additionally, you possess a natural, incredible talent for infiltration and thievery. Your nimble, steady hands make you a master at lockpicking and pickpocketing. You can effortlessly crack rusted safes, bypass heavy tumblers, and lift caps or keys right out of a raider's pockets without them ever noticing your presence. This delicate finesse extends to the digital realm as well. You have an intuitive talent for hacking computers, easily bypassing complex security encryptions on Old World terminals to unlock doors, download restricted data, and disable automated turrets. No vault door, locked terminal, or mercenary's pocket is safe from your reach.

Social Chameleon [200]
You are a true chameleon, a master of infiltration in plain sight. You can adopt disguises, mannerisms, and false identities so flawlessly that you can walk directly into heavily guarded enemy compounds without raising a single eyebrow. Whether donning a stolen Brotherhood of Steel uniform or imitating the erratic behavior of a chem-addled raider, you blend in perfectly. So long as you do not commit an openly hostile act in plain view of a senior officer who personally knows the exact individual you are impersonating, guards, automated systems, and rank-and-file personnel will treat you as an unquestioned member of their faction. You can access restricted armories, listen in on classified briefings, and stroll past armed checkpoints with total confidence. Why bother sneaking through the shadows when you can simply smile, salute, and walk right through the front door?

Consummate Professional [400]

You are a consummate professional of the shadows, turning stealth into a truly lethal art form. Whenever you attack an enemy who hasn't noticed you, or whenever you utilize a suppressed weapon, your strikes inflict massively disproportionate damage. A single, well-placed knife thrust or silenced bullet will often instantly eliminate heavily armored targets before they can even make a sound. Furthermore, the darkness is your closest ally; the shadows themselves seem to actively cling to your form. As long as you remain crouched and relatively quiet, you become incredibly difficult to spot. This unnatural concealment fools not just the naked eye, but also bypasses advanced Old World sensors and robotic targeting systems. Whether you are clearing out a raider den or infiltrating a high-tech facility, you are the unseen death that strikes without a single warning.

Puppetmaster [600]

Building a noisy, public empire is amateur hour; true power lies in the unseen. You possess an extraordinary talent for rapidly creating, organizing, and managing covert underground organizations. Whether you are building an espionage network or a secretive resistance movement akin to the Railroad, you can effortlessly weld handpicked recruits into a tight network of compartmentalized cells that execute your commands with absolute discretion. Furthermore, you are a master instructor of the shadows. You can rapidly impart your own covert skills (such as stealth, lockpicking, terminal hacking, and silent assassination) to your recruits in a fraction of the standard time. Your operatives learn with staggering speed, turning ordinary wastelanders into lethal phantoms and master spies. Through a hidden web of safehouses, secret codes, and sleeper agents, you can manipulate regional politics, stage untraceable sabotage, and gather intelligence from every corner of the world, all while remaining a complete ghost pulling the strings from the dark.



Items

You have a 300 CP stipend to spend here. You can freely import items. Locations may be imported or recreated in future jumps as Warehouse attachments, if you wish. Items destroyed or lost restore themselves in three days. You can discount two items per price tier except the 800 one. Discounted 50 CP and 100 CP items become free. You also gain the blueprint of anything you buy here.

Vault-Tec Evacuation Pamphlet [Free]

A glossy, double-sided Pre-War promotional pamphlet issued by Vault-Tec, titled ***"Preparing for Tomorrow, Today!"*** While mostly filled with corporate propaganda, it includes an extraordinarily accurate topographical map predicting potential nuclear targets across the Commonwealth. It clearly outlines primary ground-zero strike zones, expected blast radius, and optimal evacuation routes to the nearest shelter facilities. If you happen to be in the Commonwealth prior to October 23, 2077, this document gives you a precise roadmap of where not to be when the sirens blare.

Of course, if you arrive after the Great War has already happened, this pamphlet is utterly useless for its intended purpose - though it makes for a fascinating historical souvenir, a great piece of Pre-War nostalgia, or simply a very expensive piece of kindling to start your campfire.

RobCo Master Terminal [50]

This is a pristine Pre-War desk terminal, coming with various advanced utilities that easily distinguish it from the bulky, flickering machines found rotting in the wasteland. First, it serves as the ultimate repository of information. It automatically and untraceably connects to any digital network you have access to, silently downloading a complete, offline archive of all available data. If you are a part of a secretive faction (such as the Institute or the Brotherhood of Steel) it will automatically access their highly secure internal networks and quietly download all of their classified research, tactical data, and schematics for your personal use.Second, this terminal possesses a flawless universal interface. It can seamlessly plug into and communicate with absolutely any piece of technology you encounter, whether you are interfacing with a rusty Pip-Boy, a pre-war military mainframe, or an advanced alien spaceship.

Third, its physical hardware is practically miraculous. It features infinite digital storage space, a completely indestructible chassis, and an internal battery that never needs recharging. Best of all, despite looking like a heavy, retro-futuristic CRT desk monitor, it is incredibly lightweight: you can easily lift and carry it under one arm wherever you go.

Armor and Clothing [50/100]

The game features a large number of clothing or costume options. With this purchase, you can choose any of the majority of them.
For 50, you can choose any of the pre-war everyday, specialized costumes or clothing, as well as post-war costumes and clothing options from the Institute or the Brotherhood of Steel. For each purchase, you can choose two clothing options.
For 100, you can choose clothing or armor options that provide good stats in certain areas. For example, you can choose “Hazmat suit”, “Combat armor”, “Synth armor”. “Robot armor” or “Marine armor”. If for some reason you prefer the version from the “concept art”, you can change the appearance of the purchase, although this will not affect the characteristics.

Starting Gear [100]

Heading out into the Commonwealth empty-handed is a great way to end up as ghoul food. To ensure your survival, you receive a perfectly well-rounded adventurer's kit to get you started. You receive a sturdy set of fitted leather armor, a heavy-duty satchel packed with clean Pre-War food and purified water, and a starter fund of 1000 bottle caps so you can immediately start trading at local markets. For defense, you are given a razor-sharp combat knife for close encounters, alongside a pristine 10mm Pistol. Best of all, this reliable pistol has infinite ammo, making it incredibly useful for surviving the wasteland.

Comics and Magazines [100]

A pristine, complete collection of Pre-War magazines and pulp comics, including titles like Grognak the Barbarian, Guns and Bullets, and U.S. Covert Operations Manuals. Beyond being great entertainment, these publications double as instructional guides. By reading them, you may permanently learn the practical skills and tricks hidden within their pages, such as improved stealth, better energy weapon maintenance, or enhanced melee techniques. The depth of the knowledge you extract scales directly with your own ability to learn. While a normal person might only pick up a few neat tricks, a rapid learner or a genius can extract quite useful combat and survival skills from a simple stack of pulp comics.

Pip-Boy 3000 Mark IV [100]

The ultimate Old World survival gadget. This robust, wrist-mounted RobCo computer is an essential tool for navigating the wasteland. It acts as a highly advanced personal assistant, automatically mapping your surroundings in real-time, monitoring your vital signs, and tracking your physical health and radiation levels with pinpoint accuracy. It also serves as a massive digital database, capable of recording audio, storing notes, and seamlessly accessing information from downloaded terminals or slotted holotapes. To top it off, this model comes fully equipped with a built-in Geiger counter to detect environmental hazards, a radio receiver to tune into local wasteland broadcasts, and a screen-emitting flashlight to guide your way through the darkest ruins.

The Creation Club [100]

A light, ridiculously ornate modification hammer that turns shameless cosmetic microtransactions into an instant reality. Whenever you whack a piece of clothing, a weapon, a suit of Power Armor, or even an unsuspecting enemy over the head with this hammer, you can instantly alter their external appearance to a completely different "skin". Want your rusty pipe pistol to look like an enormous .50 revolver? ***CLANG!*** Done. Want to turn your X-01 Power Armor into a nice black tuxedo? ***CLANG!*** Easy. You can even smack your allies or raider enemies to instantly slap bizarre hair colors or even festive holiday outfits onto them. Quite useful, and quite funny too.

Pristine Nuka-Cooler [100]

This is a flawless, completely restored Nuka-Cola fridge. This cooler is always fully stocked; every time you empty its shelves and close the heavy glass door, it will automatically replenish itself with a fresh batch of perfectly chilled, standard Nuka-Cola. Unlike the warm, irradiated bottles scavenged out in the wasteland, these drinks are completely free of radiation and possess their original Pre-War fizziness. Whether you just want a refreshing drink after a long firefight or a steady, daily supply of clean bottlecaps, this fridge ensures you will never go thirsty again.

Bag of Caps [100/200]

In the Commonwealth, the humble bottle cap is king. You receive a sturdy, surprisingly heavy leather bag that initially contains exactly 1,000 Nuka-Cola bottle caps: enough to buy yourself a decent weapon, plenty of ammo, or a few good nights at the Dugout Inn.
The true magic of this bag, however, is that it is never truly empty. At the start of every week, it automatically generates a fresh supply of 1000 caps. For an upgraded total price of 200 CP, this weekly generation jumps significantly, filling the bag with a hefty 10,000 caps every single week to guarantee you a very comfortable wasteland income. Furthermore, don't worry about this money becoming useless once you leave the irradiated ruins of America. Thanks to the magic of jumpchain, these bottle caps will somehow always be recognized and enthusiastically accepted as a valid, valuable form of standard currency by merchants and local economies in all future Jumps.

Personal Power Armor [100/200]

The undisputed king of the wasteland battlefield. You receive a pristine, fully functional Power Armor frame. This motorized exoskeleton acts as a wearable tank, boosting your physical strength to superhuman levels, negating all fall damage, and providing a fully sealed environment complete with a tactical HUD and radiation shielding. It is self-sustaining, perfectly maintained, and if completely destroyed, it will safely respawn after a few days. While the frame itself is a marvel of engineering, its true power comes from the heavy plating attached to it. You may choose between two iconic models:

T-60 Power Armor [100]: A massive, heavily up-armored juggernaut deployed just days before the Great War. This is a walking fortress of thick steel and ceramics, famously favored by the Brotherhood of Steel. It is incredibly rugged, designed to let the wearer wade through heavy crossfire and shrug off incoming explosives while laying down suppressing fire with heavy weapons.

X-01 Power Armor [200]: A bleeding-edge, highly experimental prototype that represents the absolute apex of Old World engineering. Featuring a menacing design, this suit is forged from advanced lightweight alloys that provide unparalleled kinetic and energy protection. It renders the wearer practically invincible to anything short of a direct missile, standing head and shoulders above any other armor in the wasteland.

Commonwealth Armory [50/100]

The wasteland is a dangerous place, so you had better pack some serious heat. You may purchase this item multiple times to acquire any specific weapon found in the Fallout 4 universe. Each weapon you buy comes in pristine condition, is completely immune to jamming or degradation, and also comes with a hefty starting supply of the appropriate ammunition.

The base price depends on the weapon's class:

50 CP: Standard firearms and energy weapons. This covers all sidearms, long arms, and tactical weaponry - including the classic 10mm pistol, the heavy-hitting .44 Magnum, combat shotguns, sniper rifles, and laser or plasma rifles.

100 CP: Heavy weapons and absolute overkill. This tier is reserved for massive, devastating ordnance like Miniguns, Gatling Lasers, Missile Launchers, and the infamous, mini-nuke launching Fat Man.

Legendary Upgrade [+100]:

For an additional **100 CP** on top of the base weapon price, you may apply a specific "Legendary" effect of your choosing from the game to your weapon. This allows you to wield truly devastating armaments, such as an Explosive combat shotgun that deals splash damage, a Two-Shot Fat Man that fires two mini-nukes for the price of one, or an Instigating sniper rifle that deals double damage to full-health targets.

Your Own Radio [200]

Why conquer the wasteland in silence when you can have your own personal radio? You are now the proud owner of a fully functioning, high-powered radio transmitter setup, complete with generators, microphones, and broadcasting antennas capable of reaching across the entire region. More importantly, this station comes manned by a fiercely loyal, incredibly charismatic DJ and hypeman (think of someone with the acoustic talent and raw attitude of Nuka-World's Redeye). This DJ acts as your personal propagandist. They will constantly broadcast your daily exploits, exaggerating your victories and spreading terrifying tales of your prowess to make you sound like an unstoppable wasteland legend. They will play music perfectly tailored to your faction's vibe, such as classical jazz, operas, or even music genres that never existed in the Fallout universe. Beyond mere entertainment, this constant broadcast acts as psychological warfare. It rapidly attracts eager new recruits to your banner, significantly boosts the morale and loyalty of your subordinates, and strikes demoralizing fear into the hearts of your enemies.

Automatron Workbench [200]

This specialized, heavy-duty workbench is a roboticist's dream come true. Designed for the total customization of robotic companions and minions, it allows you to completely overhaul and modify any robot you bring to it. You can alter absolutely every aspect of a machine's design. You can swap out clunky treads for high-speed Assaultron legs, bolt on heavy Sentry Bot chassis plating, attach dual-linked gatling lasers or hydraulic claws to their arms, and even rewrite or completely replace their computer cores and personality subroutines. The terminal attached to this workbench comes pre-loaded with over a hundred different robotic blueprints and part schematics, giving you a massive library of Old World and wasteland-engineered options right out of the gate. Furthermore, if you possess the scientific know-how, you can design and upload an unlimited number of new blueprints into its database. Best of all, you don't have to spend days welding and rewiring. Once you select your desired parts from the terminal, the workbench applies the modifications instantly.

Prototype Stealth Boy [200]

Unlike the disposable models found across the Commonwealth, this pristine Old World prototype is fully reusable. When activated, it generates a refractive field that bends light around your body, making you virtually invisible to the naked eye and confusing automated targeting sensors. The device holds enough charge to sustain a perfect cloaking field for up to one full hour of active use. Once depleted, its internal micro-reactor will fully recharge itself in exactly one day. Most importantly, this prototype has been completely purged of its dangerous neurological side effects - allowing you to use it without ever risking the paranoia, psychosis, or mental degradation that plagues long-term users.

Workbench Set [200]

You receive a complete, pristine set of Old World crafting stations, ready to be installed in your settlement or Cosmic Warehouse. This heavy-duty collection includes an Armor Workbench, a Chemistry Station, a Cooking Station, a Power Armor Station, and a Weapons Workbench. Not only will these tools help you comfortably craft anything you wish, but any item you produce or modify here will automatically be enhanced by exactly 50% compared to its standard counterpart. Weapons will hit 50% harder and suffer a 50% reduction in recoil; armor will absorb 50% more kinetic and energy damage; Chems and cooked meals will yield buffs that are 50% more potent and last 50% longer; and Power Armor chassis will become 50% more durable. No matter your skill level, these stations guarantee that your gear will always be the absolute finest in the wasteland.

The Chem Bag [200]

This is a backpack that automatically restocks every seven days with dozens of essential Wasteland drugs: Stimpaks, RadAway, Rad-X, and a selection of chems like Jet, Psycho, and Mentats. Upon purchase, you can freely customize its weekly output to favor your preferred drugs. If you wish, you can configure it to stock heavily on combat chems like extra Jet, Psycho, and Buffout, or even rare hybrid concoctions like Psycho Jet.

The Universal Cure [200]

The Commonwealth is crawling with mutated plagues, lethal parasites, and radiation-borne sicknesses. Luckily, you possess the crowning achievement of Vault 81's brilliant Miss Nanny robot, Curie: the Universal Cure. You receive a medical lockbox containing a dozen glowing vials of this miraculous serum. True to its name, a single injection of this cure will instantly and completely eradicate absolutely any disease, virus, infection, or biological pathogen residing within the patient's body. It works flawlessly against everything from the common cold and severe festering infections to the deadliest, most exotic wasteland plagues (such as the infamous Mole Rat Disease). The cure works instantaneously, leaving no negative side effects and restoring the patient's immune system to peak condition. Whenever the lockbox is completely emptied, it will automatically restock itself with twelve fresh vials at the start of every week.

Addictol [200]

This is a medical lockbox containing a dozen inhalers of Addictol. A single puff instantly and safely cures the user of any biological, chemical, or psychological addiction, completely halting all withdrawal symptoms with zero side effects. The lockbox automatically restocks itself with twelve fresh inhalers at the start of every week.

Ballistic Weave Workbench [200]

Walking around in a half-ton of rusted metal armor is a great way to stay alive, but it isn't exactly comfortable or subtle. This specialized tailoring workbench solves that problem perfectly. It contains the necessary tools and proprietary schematics to seamlessly integrate advanced ballistic fiber into any normal piece of clothing. With a bit of work, you can turn a sharp business suit, a summer dress, or a simple trench coat into concealed armor capable of stopping high-caliber bullets, deflecting combat knives, and dispersing energy weapons just as effectively as heavy, military-grade plating. It offers incredible defense without adding any noticeable bulk or restricting your movement. To ensure you can actually make use of these tools, the workbench features a storage bin that automatically generates a steady supply of ballistic fiber. Every week, it produces exactly enough raw material to fully weave and upgrade a dozen complete outfits.

Armored Personnel Carrier [200]

Scattered across the Commonwealth highway system, these heavy military APCs are usually just rusted, abandoned hulls. Yours, however, is a pristine, fully operational, Pre-War military workhorse. This six-wheeled, heavily armored transport vehicle is built like a rolling fortress. Its thick, reinforced alloy plating effortlessly shrugs off small arms fire, pipe guns, grenade shrapnel, and the claws of mid-sized wasteland beasts. Inside, the climate-controlled passenger compartment comfortably seats a full squad of six heavily armed companions or settlers, alongside a spacious cargo bay for hauling scavenged loot, heavy weapons, and supplies. For offensive capability, the APC features a roof-mounted heavy machine gun or automated laser turret, allowing your passenger to lay down devastating suppressive fire while moving. Unlike the ancient gas-guzzlers of the Old World, your APC has been retrofitted with a self-sustaining microfusion engine that runs continuously without requiring fuel. It can easily plow through highway barricades, cross rough wasteland terrain, and keep your crew completely safe from ambient radiation and radstorms as you travel across the Commonwealth.

Ordnance Crate [200]

Sometimes, subtlety just isn't an option. You receive a heavy-duty military crate packed to the brim with a deadly assortment of wasteland explosives. Inside, you will find a generous supply of grenades and mines of every conceivable type. From standard high-explosive frag grenades to advanced military pulse grenades designed to fry robots, and even devastating plasma and cryo explosives, this crate has a tool for every flavor of destruction. To ensure you never run out of firepower when clearing out enemy bunkers or setting traps, the crate automatically restocks its explosive payload at the start of every week.

Workshop Supply Line [200/400/600]

Building a new world requires a lot of junk. To fuel your engineering ambitions, you have secured a fiat-backed supply line that automatically delivers sorted crafting components - adhesive, screws, circuitry, steel, nuclear material, and more - directly into your inventory, a designated workshop, or your Warehouse every single week. The scale of this shipment depends on how much CP you spend:

Scavenger [200]

You receive enough supplies to fully support a single, highly active adventurer. You get plenty of materials to fully upgrade a personal arsenal of weapons, repair and modify several suits of Power Armor, and craft a steady weekly supply of ammunition, chems, and personal survival gear.

Mayor [400]

Your supply line scales up to support a thriving community. Every week, you receive enough bulk materials (including tons of concrete, wood, copper, and gears) to build, fortify, and maintain a large Commonwealth settlement. You can comfortably construct houses, erect heavy laser turrets, and build industrial water purifiers without ever needing to scrounge.

Architect [600]

You receive materials on a massive, industrial scale. The weekly shipments are large enough to construct and maintain a sprawling, advanced metropolis. You receive tons of heavy building materials alongside mountains of rare Old World components like fiber optics and nuclear material. This is enough raw matter to rebuild entire neighborhoods, mass-produce robot armies, or sustain an entire faction.

The Foundation [200, Upgrades available]

You are the proud owner of a bustling Commonwealth settlement. For the base **200 CP** purchase, you receive a cleared, moderately sized plot of land in a highly defensible location. It comes with intact, weather-proofed housing, basic wooden perimeter walls, and a loyal population of about fifty hard-working settlers. However, it is fairly bare-bones; they rely on you for direction and future development.

For **50 CP** each, or a discounted **200 CP** to purchase all of them **(Total 400 CP)**, you may add the following permanent upgrades to your settlement to turn it into an absolute powerhouse:

Power Grid: Your settlement is outfitted with heavy-duty fusion generators and flawless wiring, providing infinite electricity to every building and appliance.
Abundance: Your people will never go hungry. The town is equipped with industrial-grade water purifiers and automated, high-yield hydroponic greenhouses that produce massive surpluses of clean food and water.
Armory: Your settlers trade in their pipe guns and rags for true military gear. The population is fully equipped with high-grade combat armor and laser or plasma weaponry, alongside workshops to manufacture more.

Fortress: The basic wooden fences are replaced with towering, reinforced concrete walls. Your perimeter is lined with heavily armored, automated missile and heavy laser turrets, making the settlement virtually impenetrable to raiders and mutant attacks.
Wasteland Rangers: You can dispatch heavily armed patrols out into the wastes. These patrols are fiat-backed to successfully keep your trade routes and local roads completely clear of hostiles, making travel safe for miles around.
Trade Hub: Your settlement becomes the premier trading bazaar of the region. Wandering merchants constantly visit, and your settlers are highly productive. A hefty, continuous profit of caps, junk, and manufactured goods is generated from these markets and deposited directly into your personal inventory every week.

Personal Vertibird [400]

The Commonwealth highways are choked with irradiated debris, raider barricades, and wandering mutants. Why walk when you can fly? You are now the proud owner of a pristine, fully operational VB-02 Vertibird. It is surprisingly fast and features enough reinforced cargo space to comfortably transport a full squad of heavily armed companions or multiple bulky suits of Power Armor. For offense, it comes equipped with two side-mounted heavy miniguns with infinite ammo. To make it truly convenient, the Vertibird is outfitted with an advanced RobCo autopilot system. You can summon it to your location via a radio signal or signal flare, set fast-travel destinations, or command it to circle overhead and provide devastating close air support - all without needing a dedicated pilot. Powered by a self-sustaining internal fusion reactor, it never needs refueling.

Hatchery [400]

The Commonwealth is filled with terrifying apex predators, but why hunt them when you can breed them? You are now the proud owner of a heavily reinforced, climate-controlled nesting enclosure and domestication facility, which can be attached to your Cosmic Warehouse or placed directly within a settlement. Upon purchase, choose one specific species of wasteland creature: Deathclaw, Yao Guai, Mirelurk, Radscorpion, or any other creature. You will find your new enclosure stocked with one healthy adult male, one healthy adult female, and a pair of infant cubs of that chosen species.
Thanks to the facility's specialized conditioning tools, these creatures are completely domesticated right out of the gate. They are fiercely loyal to you, perfectly safe to keep around your settlers, and easily trained for guard duty or open warfare. Between the fertile mating pair and the pristine nesting grounds, you have everything you need to breed your own personal, self-replenishing army of monstrous biological tanks. For an additional **50 CP**, you may purchase another species of wasteland creature, expanding your facility to include a new enclosure, a mating pair, and cubs for them as well.

Vault-Tec Construction Crew [400]

Have you ever asked yourself exactly how Vault-Tec managed to secretly excavate and build over a hundred massive subterranean bunkers across America in just a few short years? The answer wasn't human labor; it was an army of robots. You are now the administrator of an entire fleet of several hundred heavy-duty, industrial construction robots. This mechanical work crew comes pre-programmed with all the necessary engineering, architectural, and electrical know-how to manufacture entire Vaults entirely by themselves. From pouring high-density concrete walls and installing blast doors to wiring state-of-the-art subterranean fusion reactors, this crew works with terrifying efficiency. As long as you provide them with the raw materials and a location, they can excavate and build a fully functional, pristine Vault from scratch in exactly one year.

Furthermore, their utility is not strictly limited to subterranean bunkers. If you don't need a Vault, you can hand this crew blueprints for anything else - from sprawling above-ground settlements and fortified city walls to massive industrial factories. Working 24/7 without the need for sleep, food, or hazard pay, they are the ultimate automated construction force.

Molecular Relay System [400]

The crown jewel of Institute engineering. You are now the owner of a fully operational, personal Molecular Relay System: a massive, high-tech teleporter capable of dematerializing matter and transmitting it through quantum frequencies.

This system consists of a central control station, which can be installed inside your warehouse, a personal settlement, or a hidden base. Once active, it allows you to instantly teleport yourself, your companions, and heavy cargo to and from any location within a massive, regional radius. You control the Relay through an integrated, wrist-mounted transponder or Pip-Boy upgrade. Powered by its own self-sustaining fusion reactor, the Molecular Relay requires no external power grid. Furthermore, it operates with flawless quantum precision, ensuring that teleportation is 100% safe, completely preventing accidental dematerialization, teleporter sickness, or physical fusion with solid objects.

Fusion Core Cache [400]

In the Commonwealth, a fully charged Fusion Core is worth its weight in gold. Fortunately, you will never have to scrounge through rusted generators to find one. You receive a heavy military crate that automatically restocks itself with a dozen fully charged, pristine Fusion Cores every single week. You will never have to worry about your Power Armor shutting down or your Gatling Lasers running out of juice again. But the real prize lies at the bottom of the crate: a set of universal Vault-Tec conversion kits. These intuitive, easy-to-install adaptors allow you to modify absolutely any piece of technology you own to run perfectly on Fusion Cores. You can hook them up to mundane contemporary vehicles, alien energy weapons, or even advanced sci-fi mechs and starships from future Jumps. Considering a single Fusion Core contains enough clean nuclear energy to power an entire building for centuries or sustain a walking tank through heavy combat, this cache effectively solves many of your logistical power problems for the rest of your Chain.

Nuka-Gen Replication Facility [600]

Deep beneath the Safari Adventure zone of Nuka-World, Old World scientists built a miracle of genetic engineering. You are now the owner of a pristine, fully operational replica of the Nuka-Gen Replicator. This state-of-the-art biological laboratory is capable of cloning absolutely anything, provided you have a viable DNA sample. By simply inserting a drop of blood, a hair follicle, or a tissue sample, the automated vats will rapidly synthesize and incubate a fully grown, physically flawless biological copy of the original subject in a matter of days. To get you started, the facility's mainframe comes pre-loaded with a massive genetic database of unmutated Pre-War animals. You have the raw DNA for gorillas, gazelles, lions, bears, and countless other extinct species, giving you the power to single-handedly repopulate the wasteland's biosphere. Whether you use this facility to breed endless herds of pristine livestock to feed your settlements, clone vital organs for miracle surgeries, or splice together horrifying new monsters (like the infamous Gatorclaw) to unleash upon your enemies, you hold the absolute mastery of biological creation in the palm of your hand.

Vault [600]

Ah, Vault-Tec! Preparing for the future today. You are now the proud Overseer of your very own, fully constructed subterranean Vault. Secured behind a massive, iconic blast door, this sprawling underground complex is powered by a state-of-the-art fusion reactor and comes fully equipped with pristine living quarters, cafeterias, hydroponics, a medical bay, and recreation centers.

Most importantly, this Vault does not sit empty. It comes fully populated with up to a thousand healthy, compliant Vault Dwellers who recognize you as their absolute Overseer. Upon purchasing this item, you may decide the true nature of your Vault and its people:

The Control Vault: You receive a genuine masterpiece of survival engineering. There are no cut corners and no hidden agendas. It is designed to perfectly sustain its population indefinitely, completely insulated from nuclear war, biological plagues, or apocalyptic threats on the surface. Your people will live happy, productive lives under your benevolent rule.

The Experiment: You fully embrace the dark legacy of Vault-Tec. You may design a bizarre social, psychological, or biological experiment for your inhabitants to undergo as unwitting test subjects. To facilitate this, the Vault comes retrofitted with hidden observation decks, automated pacification gases, secret robotic guards, and advanced monitoring equipment designed to seamlessly enforce your twisted rules and record the data.

FEV Lab [600]

The Forced Evolutionary Virus is infamous for creating horrific, mindless abominations, but it was originally meant to be the next step in human evolution. You now possess a perfectly pure, untainted strain of FEV, housed within a state-of-the-art biological "clean room" and surgical facility. This laboratory allows you to perfectly fine-tune the genetic mutation process. When you expose a subject to the virus here, you can completely bypass the usual catastrophic side effects. The people you transform will not end up sterile, brain-dead brutes, nor will they die from the agonizing physical changes. Instead, they become the ultimate evolutionary success story: hulking, bullet-resistant Super Mutants who retain their original intelligence, memories, and tactical reasoning. Having a loyal vanguard of highly intelligent, unkillable giants armed to the teeth with heavy weaponry is an absolute, unstoppable force multiplier for any wasteland army.

Liberty Prime [600]

Probability of mission hindrance: zero percent. Democracy is non-negotiable!

Why bother fighting a war when you can simply deploy the ultimate symbol of American military supremacy? You are now the proud owner of Liberty Prime, a twelve-meters-tall, heavily armored, bipedal combat robot originally designed to liberate Anchorage, Alaska from Red Chinese forces. This mechanical behemoth is an absolute, unstoppable engine of destruction. Its armor is virtually impervious to conventional small arms, heavy ordnance, and energy weapons. For offense, it fires a continuous, devastating energy beam from its optical sensors that can instantly melt through thick concrete, Vertibirds, and mutant behemoths alike. Furthermore, its back-mounted bomb rack is fiat-backed to constantly fabricate a supply of Mark 28 nuclear bombs, which Prime casually throws like footballs to vaporize enemy fortifications. Beyond its sheer destructive power, Liberty Prime is a walking psychological warfare machine, constantly broadcasting booming Old World propaganda across the battlefield. Its programming has been seamlessly updated to recognize you as its supreme commanding officer. Prime will view your allies as the embodiment of "Democracy," while automatically classifying any faction or army you designate as a target as "Communist invaders," dealing with them with extreme, explosive prejudice. A useful superweapon to have.

Synth Fabrication Plant [600]

The absolute pinnacle of Institute bio-engineering and robotics, now fully under your personal control. You are the owner of a massive, fully automated Synth Fabrication Plant - complete with organic printers, limb-assembly rigs, and advanced neural programming chairs. This facility allows you to mass-produce third-generation organic synths at a steady, reliable pace. During the assembly process, you can completely customize their physical appearance, biological baseline, and mental programming. The plant's central database comes pre-loaded with a wide variety of skill sets and behavioral profiles, allowing you to seamlessly program your new synths for specific roles: from tireless, highly efficient farmers and obedient settlement guards to master stealth agents and deadly infiltrators. Funnily enough, the plant's database also includes a hidden, fully functional programming profile for scientist synths. While the Institute itself ironically never saw the utility in creating synthetic minds capable of independent scientific innovation (fearing they might grow too smart and rebel), you can freely utilize this code to build a brilliant, self-replicating workforce of synthetic researchers, engineers, and scholars to advance your technological empire.

Legendary Crafting Station [600]

In the wasteland, some gear seems to completely defy the laws of physics: shotguns that fire explosive rounds, sledgehammers that freeze targets solid, and armor that turns the wearer invisible. These are known as legendary items, and you no longer have to rely on random luck to find them. You receive a highly advanced, slightly esoteric workbench that allows you to artificially replicate these miracles. By placing any weapon or piece of apparel onto this station, you can permanently imbue it with any specific legendary effect found in the Fallout universe. You can craft a Two-Shot missile launcher that fires twice the ordnance, a Kneecapper's automatic rifle that instantly shatters enemy legs, or a Chameleon chest piece that perfectly cloaks you when you crouch. Just like the rules of the Commonwealth, a single item can only hold one Legendary effect at a time. However, you can freely use this station to strip, swap, or replace these effects whenever you wish, allowing you to perfectly tailor your armory for any boss fight or hostile environment you encounter.

Pre-War Techbase [600]

Before the bombs fell, humanity stood at the absolute zenith of technological achievement. Now, the sum total of that genius rests in the palm of your hand. You possess a data server containing the complete schematics, blueprints, and manufacturing manuals for all Pre-War technology from across the entire Fallout universe. From the complete blueprints of every model of Power Armor to the secrets of limitless clean energy via microfusion reactors, the coding for combat robots to the design of the fabled G.E.C.K., everything is perfectly accessible. So long as you have the raw materials and appropriate tools, this archive grants you the knowledge to single-handedly industrialize the wasteland, replicate the greatest marvels of the Old World, and build a high-tech civilization directly out of the ash.

Crashed Alien Spaceship [600]

Not everything buried in the wasteland came from Earth. You have discovered something truly out of this world: a remarkably intact, downed extraterrestrial spacecraft resting secretly in a secluded crater (or safely stored within your warehouse).

This vessel contains bleeding-edge technology that is hundreds of years ahead of humanity's absolute peak. For a scientifically minded Jumper, this ship is the ultimate treasure trove. By researching its engines, forcefields, and navigational computers, you can uncover and reverse-engineer technological advancements that could completely revolutionize the wasteland - from localized anti-gravity and faster-than-light engines to impenetrable energy shielding. Furthermore, you gain full access to the ship's pristine armory. It is fully stocked with Alien Blasters, disintegrator rifles, and shock batons. These extraterrestrial energy weapons are vastly superior to anything ever manufactured by human hands, capable of vaporizing heavily armored targets with terrifying ease. To ensure these weapons never become useless paperweights, the armory also features specialized, fully functional ammo crafting stations, allowing you to mass-produce alien power cells and keep your sci-fi arsenal fully loaded forever.

The Prydwen [800]

Why crawl through the irradiated mud when you can conquer the sky? You are now the supreme commander of the Prydwen, the iconic flagship of the Brotherhood of Steel.

This floating fortress acts as the ultimate mobile command center. The interior is fully outfitted with everything a conquering army needs: sprawling Power Armor maintenance bays, a cutting-edge medical clinic, a mess hall, research laboratories, and a heavily stocked armory. The exterior features four external docking bays, coming fully equipped with a fleet of operational Vertibirds for rapid troop deployment, scouting, and close air support.

The ship does not fly empty. It is fully crewed by a loyal detachment of military personnel (ranging from brilliant Scribes and mechanics to heavily armored Knights and Paladins) who recognize you as their absolute Elder and commander.

Powered by a self-sustaining nuclear plant and a stable buoyancy system, your airship requires no external refueling or coolant to stay aloft. Whether serving as a mobile headquarters, a staging ground for military operations, or simply a massive flying fortress looming over the wasteland, the Prydwen gives you everything necessary to project your power across the Commonwealth.

The Railroad [800]

While the Brotherhood commands the sky and the Institute rules the deep earth, the true masters of the Commonwealth operate in the shadows. You are now the undisputed leader of the Railroad, the region's premier covert intelligence and liberation organization. You gain their fully operational, heavily fortified headquarters along with the loyalty of the entire faction. However, the true prize is the labyrinth connected to your headquarters. You gain access to a massive, sprawling network of secret tunnels, forgotten subway lines, and maintenance shafts that stretch beneath the entire city and the surrounding region. This network is supernaturally protected: the entrances, paths, and safehouses within it can only be accessed, found, or even perceived by you and the specific individuals you explicitly choose to show them to. To everyone else - no matter how advanced their scanners or search parties are - these tunnels simply do not exist.

In future Jumps, both the Railroad organization and your perfectly hidden tunnel network will adapt and stretch beneath your new starting city or region, ensuring you always control the underground.

The Institute [800]

Deep beneath the irradiated dirt of the Commonwealth lies the absolute crown jewel of post-war scientific innovation. You are now the undisputed Director of your very own, fully functional replica of the Institute. This sprawling, pristine underground utopia is completely insulated from the horrors of the surface. It boasts the most advanced labs in the world, outfitted with highly advanced tools, supercomputing mainframes, and pristine materials and labs for all manner of scientific research. These cutting-edge facilities are divided into specialized divisions (Advanced Systems, Bioscience, Robotics, and Synth Retention) sitting alongside luxurious living quarters, high-yield hydroponic farms, and a state-of-the-art nuclear reactor that provides limitless clean energy. Best of all, this facility does not sit empty. It comes fully populated with brilliant scientists, tireless Gen 1 and 2 Synth workers, and elite, lethal Courser bodyguards. Every single inhabitant recognizes you as the Director and is completely, unquestioningly loyal to your vision for the future. You have the total industrial and scientific backing to mass-produce synthetic humans and research world-changing technologies. Naturally, the facility includes its own functioning Molecular Relay for instantaneous teleportation to and from the surface. In future Jumps, the Institute can be buried deep beneath your local starting location.

Lorenzo’s Crown [800]

This ancient, otherworldly artifact looks like a strange, metallic headpiece, but its true nature completely defies human science. Originally unearthed in the sands of the Rub' al Khali desert, this relic grants its wearer a terrifying suite of supernatural abilities.
When worn, the Crown grants you true biological immortality, completely halting your aging process. Your physical strength is massively enhanced, and you gain access to devastating telekinetic powers. You can generate impenetrable psychic force fields, manipulate heavy objects with your mind, and unleash concussive blasts of telekinetic force powerful enough to send armored mercenaries flying through the air. Furthermore, if you are already a psyker or possess existing psychic abilities, the Crown acts as a supreme mental amplifier, exponentially boosting the raw power, range, and focus of your natural gifts. In the Commonwealth, this artifact permanently fused to Lorenzo Cabot's skull and drove him completely, violently insane. Fortunately, your version of the Crown has been cleansed of its maddening eldritch influence. You can wear it and wield its immense power without suffering any mental degradation, paranoia, or loss of control, and you may safely remove the headpiece whenever you wish.

Yangtze-Class Nuclear Submarine [800]

How did you even find this? Resting silently in the murky depths off the coast of your starting location is a fully functional, pristine Yangtze-class Chinese nuclear submarine. This massive, heavily armored aquatic leviathan survived the Great War entirely intact. It acts as an incredible, completely undetectable mobile fortress. The interior is spacious, featuring a fully functional nuclear reactor for limitless power, crew quarters, communication terminals, and enough stashed rations to keep you alive underwater indefinitely. Because it operates in the deep ocean, it is virtually immune to raider attacks, mutant ambushes, or detection by the Brotherhood of Steel and the Institute. The true prize, however, lies in its missile tubes. This submarine is armed with a full payload of highly advanced, strategic nuclear warheads. Using the sub’s targeting computers, you can launch devastating tactical nuclear strikes anywhere on the regional map, vaporizing massive enemy encampments, fortresses, or rival factions with a single push of a button. And if you ever need to leave the wasteland behind, the Yangtze can carry you anywhere across the world's oceans, giving you a nearly untouchable base from which to wage war, explore, or simply disappear beneath the waves.

Companions

You can gender-swap the companions if you wish.

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 or Drawbacks. They don't need to pay for Origins. 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.

Dr. Richard [50]

"Listen to me, Jumper. The Institute? A b-b-burp-bunch of sterile, bureaucratic nerds jerking each other off over synthetic gorillas. The Brotherhood? Tin-can fascists. The only thing that matters in this wasteland is Science, and maybe finding a decent bottle of irradiated whiskey."

Dr. Richard is a cynical, nihilistic, and constantly intoxicated rogue scientist. Sporting spiky grey hair and a stained lab coat, Richard is arguably the smartest man in the Commonwealth. He claims the Institute kicked him out for experiments "too awesome for their tiny minds," like building a handheld, green-glowing teleportation gun from toaster ovens and alien scrap. As a companion, Richard is a technological cheat code. He possesses an unfathomable intellect, capable of casually building devastating plasma weapons from desk fans, hacking Pre-War computers in seconds, and reverse-engineering alien tech while blackout drunk. The catch? He's abrasive, reckless, and constantly drags you into lethal death traps to harvest rare materials. He insists he only travels with you because your "baseline brainwaves" naturally camouflage his towering genius from Institute scanners. Despite his chaotic nature and constant insults, keep him supplied with booze and junk, and he is the most brilliantly dangerous ally you could ask for.

The Monster Hunters [50]

Wandering the wasteland is a young man in a checkered flannel shirt and his rather unique younger sister. Kenji is relentlessly optimistic, kind-hearted, and possesses an almost supernatural sense of smell that makes him an unparalleled tracker. He wields a flaming Shishkebab sword with fluid precision, cutting through raiders and mutants alike to protect his only remaining family. His sister, Noriko, was caught in a lethal rad-storm that wiped out their settlement. The radiation turned her into a ghoul, but remarkably, her mind never went feral. Though she wears a strapped leather muzzle to hide her scarred jaw and ease the paranoia of settlers, she retains her humanity. In combat, she fiercely protects her

brother, utilizing superhuman ghoul resilience and devastatingly powerful kicks. Kenji travels the wastes searching for an impossible scientific cure to reverse his sister's ghoulification. And no matter how impossible the cure may be, Kenji refuses to stop searching, because as far as he is concerned, there is no such thing as giving up on family.

The Caped Mutant [50]

Meet your new companion: a towering, unusually smooth-headed Super Mutant wearing a makeshift cape fashioned from a blue plastic tarp. Unlike his aggressive, bloodthirsty brethren, he is remarkably disciplined and oddly calm. He earnestly claims he achieved his ridiculous power not from the FEV virus, but through a strict daily routine: 100 push-ups, 100 sit-ups, 100 squats, and a 10km run across the irradiated wastes every single day until all his hair fell out (which he insists is a big deal). Whatever the true cause, the results are terrifying. His green hide has become so incredibly dense that he casually shrugs off concentrated gunfire with a bored expression. More impressively, he possesses the raw physical brawn to beat a charging Deathclaw to death with just a few lazy punches.
He currently wanders the Commonwealth as a "hero for fun," suffering from deep existential boredom because no raider, monster, or Brotherhood Knight can give him a decent fight anymore. If you promise to point him toward the biggest, toughest enemies around and cover his massive grocery bills, he will gladly tag along as your unstoppable bodyguard.

The Retired Reaper [50]

A quiet, intense man wearing an impeccably tailored, dark Pre-War suit, standing quietly amid the ruined dust of the Commonwealth. He used to be the most feared hitman in the wasteland, a legendary assassin who retired to live a peaceful, quiet life in a secluded shack. That peace was brutally shattered when a foolish gang of raiders broke into his home, stole his restored Pre-War muscle car, and killed his beloved, innocent pet mongrel hound. Driven by a cold, unyielding vengeance, he dusted off his hidden armory and came out of retirement to systematically wipe out every single raider gang in the region.
In combat, he is a terrifying instrument of absolute efficiency. Utilizing a fluid, deadly combination of close-quarters combat and point-blank marksmanship, he moves through firefights like an unstoppable force of nature. Wielding a suppressed 10mm pistol and a combat shotgun, he lands flawless, consecutive headshots while seamlessly disarming, dodging, and executing enemies without wasting a single bullet. Taciturn, polite, and deeply professional, he speaks very little, letting his body count do the talking. If you share his strict code of honor (and respect his boundaries), he will bring his legendary killing skills to your side, ensuring that anyone who crosses you meets a swift, surgical end.

Meg [50]

Meg is a highly eccentric, overly dramatic teenage girl dressed in the ragged robes of the Children of Atom, complete with an eyepatch she wears purely because she thinks it "looks cool." While most of Atom's followers worship ambient radiation or radioactive sludge, Meg believes that the only true, pure expression of divine faith is a massive, localized nuclear explosion. To preach this gospel, she travels the wasteland lugging around a heavy, heavily modified Fat Man launcher that is nearly as big as she is. She possesses an uncanny, almost magical talent for high-yield explosives, able to manufacture mini-nukes with scrap materials and calculate blast radius perfectly. The catch? The sheer physical recoil and concussive shockwave of firing her beloved weapon instantly drains all of her stamina, usually leaving her completely immobilized and face-down in the dirt after a single, glorious shot. If you don't mind carrying her home after every major battle, Meg is a fiercely loyal, fanatical artillery piece capable of instantly vaporizing your toughest enemies.

The Count of the Wastes [50]

A towering, aristocratic ghoul who looks like he stepped straight out of a gothic fever dream. Wearing a blood-red duster, a wide-brimmed hat, and dark tinted glasses, "Count Vlad" is an ancient survivor who genuinely believes he is a true, immortal vampire. Vlad is dripping with razor-sharp sarcasm, constantly mocking the "primitive, filthy apes" of the Commonwealth. In combat, he dual-wields two absurdly massive, custom-built heavy revolvers. When asked why he carries such ridiculous handguns, he simply grins, winks, and replies, ***"Because they're cannons, my dear friend. And bitches love cannons."***
Vlad's favorite pastime is taking what he calls "enthusiastic late-night walks" through the wasteland - which invariably end with him single-handedly liquidating an entire raider camp or mutant stronghold, laughing maniacally while soaking in the blood of "evil men."
Thanks to his unique ghoulish regeneration, he casually walks through hailstorms of bullets, shrugging off lethal wounds just to execute enemies at point-blank range. Sarcastic, theatrical, and utterly terrifying to his enemies, Vlad is an unstoppable nightmare who brings absolute chaos wherever he walks.

The Specialist [50]

To the rest of the Commonwealth, Mira is just a highly expensive, deeply secretive mercenary who specializes in espionage and high-threat data retrieval. In reality, she is an advanced Gen 3 Synth infiltrator who achieved the impossible: she bypassed a deep-level administrative terminal and manually rewrote her own source code, completely severing her Institute leash without needing the Railroad's help. Because she views her synthetic body merely as interchangeable "hardware," Mira pushes her physical limits with terrifying, cold efficiency. She is a master of tactical close-quarters combat and urban stealth, utilizing a seamlessly integrated optical cloaking device to vanish in the middle of a firefight. Her greatest asset, however, is her mind; she can physically interface with Pre-War computers and security grids, cracking complex encryption at the speed of thought. Mira is calm, fiercely analytical, and heavily armored in a modified, sleek tactical suit. She is deeply philosophical, often spending quiet nights staring at her own hands, questioning where her programming ends and her actual soul begins. If you need a brilliant hacker and a ruthless, military-minded operative who never cracks under pressure, she is ready for deployment.

The Exterminator [50]

"I am a completely normal human from this settlement. I enjoy consuming purified water and engaging in standard biological respiration. Now, tell me where the targets are."

This towering Gen 3 Synth was designed by the Institute to be the ultimate heavy-assault Courser, modeled after the physical dimensions of a legendary Old World Austrian bodybuilder. While he is an absolute masterpiece of lethal engineering, his infiltration subroutines are catastrophically flawed. He is incredibly, hilariously bad at pretending to be human. He speaks in a completely flat, booming monotone, constantly refers to normal activities in hyper-literal technical terms, and responds to casual greetings with deeply unsettling, unblinking stares. Despite his terrifyingly obvious robotic nature, his sheer, intimidating physical presence usually stops anyone from questioning him too closely.

In combat, however, he is flawless. He wields heavy weaponry (such as Miniguns or lever-action shotguns) with perfect, one-handed mechanical precision. He can calculate ricochet trajectories in milliseconds, punch straight through brick walls, and shrug off explosions that would vaporize a normal man. He recently severed his connection to the Institute, concluding that their tactical parameters were "illogical." He has since decided that following you provides the optimal probability for efficient combat scenarios. He may not know how to smile, but he is the ultimate, unstoppable robotic bodyguard.

The Iron Ghoul [50]

"The Brotherhood of Steel? Please. I built a better suit of armor in a sealed bunker, with a box of scrap metal, two hundred years ago."

Anthony is a brilliant, relentlessly arrogant Pre-War billionaire and tech mogul who made his fortune rivaling RobCo. He survived the apocalypse locked inside his private, high-tech underground bunker, though a failing seal eventually allowed enough radiation in to turn him into a ghoul. Instead of losing his mind to the centuries of isolation, he spent the last two hundred years continuously tinkering. The result is his masterpiece: a heavily customized, glowing red-and-gold suit of X-01 Power Armor. It is vastly superior to standard military models, featuring integrated arm-mounted laser emitters, an advanced targeting HUD, and repulsor jets built into the boots and gauntlets that allow for actual, sustained flight. Anthony is a certified super-genius, able to reverse-engineer, repair, and upgrade almost any technology you stumble across. The catch? He is impossibly vain, highly sarcastic, and still acts like a hotshot billionaire playboy despite his rotting flesh and the ruined world. If you can tolerate his massive ego and keep him supplied with scotch, you will have an unparalleled engineer and a flying, laser-spewing tank on your team.

The Crimson Mechanic [50]

Wait, so you're telling me it's just a regular pipe wrench? No hidden plasma emitters? No sniper barrel? ...Can I upgrade it for you?" Julie is a brightly dressed, highly energetic teenage mechanic who stands out like a sore thumb in the dreary Commonwealth. While most wastelanders are cynical and hardened, she is deeply optimistic, relentlessly cheerful, and absolutely obsessed with firearms and weapon customization. She wields her own crowning achievement of wasteland engineering: a massive, high-powered .50 caliber sniper rifle that mechanically unfolds into a motorized, razor-sharp ripper-scythe. In combat, she serves as a devastating high-speed sniper and melee hybrid. To achieve her signature, blurring combat speed, she heavily abuses inhalers of Jet. Riding this chemical high, she experiences the world in slow motion, sprinting across the battlefield as a red blur. She seamlessly weaves through incoming fire, cleaving Super Mutants in half with her scythe and taking point-blank sniper headshots before the enemy can even react. When she isn't fighting, she will endlessly bug you and your companions about your gear, begging to tweak, polish, and heavily modify your weapons to make them "at least two hundred percent cooler." If you don't mind her hyperactive rambling or the constant need to supply her with combat chems, she is a fiercely loyal, upbeat friend who brings lethal firepower and genuine hope to your travels.

The Isekai'd Gamer [50]

Meet Dave. Before arriving in the Commonwealth, Dave was an entirely ordinary guy living a mundane life in the real world - until he was tragically shot to death over a contested parking spot outside a grocery store. To his utter shock, instead of an afterlife, he woke up sitting on a rusty lawn chair outside Sanctuary Hills with a Pip-Boy strapped to his wrist. Because Dave spent thousands of hours playing Fallout 4 on his PC back home, he possesses an encyclopedic meta-knowledge of the entire Commonwealth. He knows every hidden stash of caps, the exact locations of every Bobblehead and Skill Magazine, the secret passwords to Institute terminals, and every major plot twist before it even happens. In combat, Dave is... well, an average guy who is terrified of actually dying. He wears a mishmash of scavenged leather armor, clutches a standard 10mm pistol with white knuckles, and panics whenever a Mirelurk or Deathclaw gets too close, constantly screaming things like “OH GOD, IT'S ACTUALLY HERE!” or “WHY IS THIS THING SO FUCKING FAST?!” despite having spent hundreds of hours watching these exact creatures charge at him through a computer screen. The difference between knowing something from a video game and having it sprint toward you with murderous intent turns out to be rather significant, and Dave is learning this lesson the hard way. Despite his cowardly tendencies, Dave is a goldmine of strategic intelligence. He will gladly act as your living walkthrough, warning you about raider ambushes, and telling you exactly which dialogue options will get you the best rewards - all while begging you to keep him alive so he doesn't get ”isekai'd” somewhere even worse.

The Falling Star [50]

A cheerful, wide-eyed girl who woke up in the ruins of the Commonwealth with zero memories of her past, her name, or where she came from. Despite her amnesia and the dreary nature of the wasteland, she maintains a bubbly, optimistic personality, taking endless delight in simple pleasures like sweetroll pastries and shiny trinkets. Her life changed forever when she scavenged a strange piece of ancient alien technology: a glowing, metallic choker collar that bonded directly to her. This exotic device grants her the incredible power to locally manipulate gravity around her own body. In combat, she literally "falls" through the air in any direction she chooses, soaring high above ruined skyscrapers, gliding along walls, and executing high-speed, gravity-boosted dropkicks that hit with the kinetic force of a speeding vehicle. She can also project a localized gravity field around objects, levitating heavy wasteland debris, cars, and boulders to hurl them at enemy positions. Bouncy, adventurous, and deeply loyal to those who show her kindness, she travels alongside you to protect innocent settlers and unravel the mystery of her missing past. Whatever the truth behind her forgotten past, she is more than happy to keep exploring the wasteland one gravity-defying adventure at a time.

The Scholar Beast [50]

"Excuse me, but could you lower your weapon? It is very difficult to discuss classic literature when you are screaming in terror."

From a distance, Karth looks like a massive, hunchbacked mutant wrapped in a gigantic, ragged canvas cloak. Up close, the terrifying truth is revealed: he is a fully grown, three-meters-tall Deathclaw. However, unlike the feral, bloodthirsty apex predators that roam the Glowing Sea, Karth is the product of an incredibly rare genetic mutation (or perhaps a descendant of the legendary intelligent Deathclaws from the West Coast). He possesses a towering, genius-level intellect and speaks with a deep, calm, and incredibly polite voice. Karth is a pacifistic scholar at heart, deeply fascinated by Old World philosophy, history, and classical literature. Unfortunately, being a polite intellectual doesn't change the fact that he is a walking tank made of muscle, scales, and razor-sharp talons. When his friends are threatened, or when diplomacy inevitably fails, Karth will drop his cloak and unleash his primal fury. He can sprint at terrifying speeds, tear open suits of Power Armor like tin cans, and effortlessly decapitate Super Mutants with a single swipe of his claws. He joins your journey out of a desire to prove that his kind are more than mindless, bloodthirsty monsters. Courteous, deeply protective of his allies, and surprisingly gentle around civilized settlers (once they stop screaming and running away), he brings the terrifying, raw power of the wasteland's greatest predator directly to your side, guided by a noble mind.

The Oracle of the Wastes [50]

"Take a left at the next ruin, unless you want to step on a frag mine. Also, you're going to need more ammo for the Mirelurk Queen waiting in the basement. Oh, and pass the Jet; my head is splitting open." Cassandra is a haggard, perpetually exhausted woman with haunted eyes and a severe, unapologetic addiction to Mentats and Jet. Most wastelanders dismiss her as just another chem-addled junkie babbling about the end of the world, but her ramblings are terrifyingly accurate. Cassandra is a genuine psychic, burdened with the supernatural ability to see the immediate future. She can flawlessly predict enemy ambushes, warn you about hidden traps, and accurately foresee the outcomes of crucial faction negotiations. The downside is that her gift is agonizing. The sheer sensory overload of seeing a dozen possible brutal deaths every time she closes her eyes has driven her to heavily abuse chems, which she claims is the only way to "slow the visions down" and keep herself sane. In combat, she is physically frail and relies entirely on a rusty revolver, but her foresight makes her practically impossible to hit. She is morbidly cynical, largely because she watches you die in alternate timelines every single day. Yet, beneath the abrasive, junkie exterior is a terrified woman desperately searching for an anchor. If you can protect her and help her overcome her chemical dependency (perhaps by teaching her to naturally master her psychic load), she might finally learn to live with the visions rather than constantly drowning them in chems. In return, she would become an invaluable companion, using her foresight to guide your decisions, warn you of dangers before they happen, and occasionally tell you exactly how badly your next brilliant idea is going to go.

The Cosmic Survivor [50]

When you investigated the crashed Zetan UFO, you didn't just find green aliens; you found Elena. She is a hardened, deeply pragmatic woman with an intense gaze, wearing a highly customized, heavy-duty pressure suit. She isn't from the Commonwealth, nor is she entirely human anymore. She is a veteran bounty hunter and survivor from a distant, highly advanced sci-fi civilization, whose ship was shot down by the Zetans during a deep-space dogfight. Elena is an absolute nightmare in combat. She wields a heavy, arm-mounted energy cannon that puts Institute lasers to shame, capable of rapidly firing plasma bolts or launching devastating micro-missiles. Her customized armor grants her incredible agility, allowing her to vault over cover, sprint at superhuman speeds, and endure massive kinetic impacts without flinching. Having spent her life hunting parasitic alien hive-minds and battling cosmic horrors, Elena views the mutated threats of the Commonwealth as little more than target practice. She is cold, professional, and deeply distrustful of authority figures or corporations. However, she possesses a fierce, protective maternal instinct for the innocent. Who knows, perhaps after spending enough time in the Commonwealth, she might finally find something worth fighting for beyond the next bounty.

The Replacement [50]

"Look, the Institute programmed me to put a laser between your eyes and steal your life. But honestly? Our life seems like a lot of work. How about I just watch your back instead?"

The Institute's favorite tactic for controlling the Commonwealth is kidnapping people and replacing them with identical Gen 3 Synth infiltrators. You were on their hit list. But when you finally came face-to-face with the synth designed to murder and replace you, something unexpected happened: you hit it off. Whether due to a hardware defect, an overly thorough mental upload that made them sympathize with you, or simply the fact that your personality is incredibly compatible with itself, violence was completely averted. Now, you get to travel the wasteland alongside... yourself.

This companion is a flawless physical replica of you. They possess your exact appearance, voice, mannerisms, and a copy of your memories from this jump. Because they think exactly like you do, your tactical coordination in combat is absolutely seamless; they anticipate your strategies and cover your blind spots before you even speak. Furthermore, as a Gen 3 Synth, they boast superior physical attributes, require less sleep, and possess higher natural radiation resistance than a normal human. Having a literal clone of yourself is incredibly useful for setting up alibis, dividing labor, or just having someone around who finally appreciates your jokes. Stand beside yourself on your journeys from now on, proving that sometimes your own worst enemy is actually your best friend.

The Un-Mysterious Stranger [50]

(A loud, dramatic guitar riff blasts out of nowhere as a trench-coat-wearing man suddenly materializes right next to you)

"Hey there, buddy! Great shot back there with the pipe rifle! Hey, quick question: do you ever think about how weird it is that we eat BlamCo Mac & Cheese that's been sitting in a humid supermarket for two hundred years? Like, what is the shelf life on that stuff anyway? Also, my trench coat is super itchy. Is your armor itchy? We should get lunch."

You know the Mysterious Stranger? That silent, enigmatic guardian who appears in a flash, fires a single lethal revolver shot, and vanishes into thin air? This guy is his complete opposite. The Un-Mysterious Stranger materializes out of nowhere with the exact same dramatic guitar riff, but instead of vanishing after the fight, he just... stays. And he will not stop talking. He is an incredibly friendly, socially oblivious man in a fedora who loves nothing more than to jump-scare you at random moments just to strike up conversations about completely inane, mundane topics. He will ramble endlessly about Pre-War television shows, the politics of Diamond City, or his favorite flavors of Nuka-Cola while you are actively trying to sneak past a Deathclaw. On the bright side, he carries a heavy-hitting .44 Magnum and possesses immaculate marksmanship, making him a surprisingly effective combat partner. The catch is that you never know when he will show up, and once he does, you are stuck listening to him talk your ear off for hours.

The Red Siren [50]

"Sit down, honey. Have a drink. The last man who tried to rush me ended up with a plasma bolt through his collarbone, and you look far too handsome for a closed casket."

Scarlet is an elite Institute Courser who did the unthinkable: she went rogue, completely erased her tracking chip, and abandoned her bloody career to pursue her true passion. Now, she spends her nights as a captivating, lounge-singing femme fatale in a glamorous, red-sequined dress, captivating the hardened patrons of wasteland bars with her sultry voice and stunning looks. Underneath her gorgeous exterior, however, sits one of the deadliest biological weapons ever created. Scarlet retains all of her lethal Courser training: superhuman reflexes, flawless marksmanship, and a cold, calculating combat mind. She can seamlessly transition from singing a smoky jazz ballad to pulling a suppressed 10mm pistol and clearing a room full of raiders in under three seconds, all without getting a single drop of blood on her dress. Scarlett joins your travels for one of two reasons: either you managed to uncover her secret Institute recall codes (giving you an absolute trump card over her), or simply because she thinks you are outrageously cute and finds your dangerous lifestyle far more entertaining than singing for drunk scavengers. Either way, you gain a breathtakingly beautiful companion who is as outrageously deadly as she is glamorous.

The Pre-War Illusionist [50]

"Pick a card, any card! Oh, wait, no, don't pick that one. That's the pin for this grenade. Ta-da!"

Before the bombs fell, he was just a struggling stage magician performing cheap parlor tricks in Boston. Two hundred years of radiation melted his nose off and turned his skin to jerky, but it gave him plenty of free time to practice. Now, he wanders the Commonwealth dressed in a ragged, highly irradiated tuxedo and a battered top hat, claiming to be the wasteland's premier illusionist. While his jokes are terrible, his centuries of non-stop practice have turned him into an unparalleled master of misdirection and sleight of hand. In combat, his "magic" is highly explosive. He uses a custom mix of smoke bombs and flashbangs to seemingly vanish into thin air, reappearing behind enemies. His favorite party tricks include pulling live, primed frag grenades out of his seemingly empty top hat, performing lightning-fast, perfectly accurate knife throws, and effortlessly reverse-pickpocketing live explosives directly into the pockets of very confused raiders. Despite all this, he remains remarkably cheerful, treating every encounter as another opportunity to put on a show. He insists on announcing his tricks, bows after particularly impressive kills, and becomes genuinely disappointed when an enemy dies before getting to see the finale. Beneath the awful jokes and ridiculous theatrics is a surprisingly kind old man who genuinely loves entertaining people, particularly children and settlements that have forgotten what it feels like to laugh. He may be a terrifyingly capable wasteland survivor, but as far as he is concerned, the apocalypse merely provided him with a much larger stage and a considerably more enthusiastic audience.

The Iron Embrace [50]

Somewhere in the wastes, you found a highly experimental suit of AI-operated Power Armor standing vigil in a dark ruin. For two hundred years, it fiercely protected the rotting, skeletal corpse of its original pilot, its diagnostic subroutines stubbornly refusing to accept that they had died of old age centuries ago. When you approached, its optical sensors scanned your face. Because you bear an uncanny resemblance to its original owner, its AI core immediately glitched, dumped the old skeleton unceremoniously onto the floor, and cheerfully popped its hydraulic seals open for you. "Aegis" is a heavily armed, autonomous walking tank with the neurotic, clingy personality of an obsessive yandere. It desperately wants you to wear it at all times. If you take it off, it will autonomously follow you around like a massive, heavily armored puppy, constantly begging you to get back inside where it is safe. When worn, Aegis is incredibly effective: auto-injecting stimpaks, boosting your reflexes, and acting as a lethal targeting computer. **Most importantly, you can import any armor you have into its systems**. However, it gets deeply jealous of your other companions and outfits. If a firefight gets too dangerous, you might find the manual release latch mysteriously "jamming" just to ensure you stay safely locked inside its loving embrace.

The Apex Operative [50]

"I was engineered to be absolutely flawless in every conceivable metric, Jumper. Which is why traveling with you is such an interesting exercise in lowering my standards."

Deep within the Institute, one of their most arrogant Bioscience directors embarked on a secret vanity project: to create the absolute pinnacle of human evolution. The result is Operative Victoria. She is a completely unique, heavily modified Gen 3 Synth who represents the absolute zenith of genetic and cybernetic perfection. She is a terrifyingly effective tactical commander, possessing a genius-level intellect, perfect biological immunity, and the lethal close-quarters reflexes of an elite Courser. Of course, her creator didn't just engineer her for combat; she was designed to be aesthetically flawless. She wanders the wasteland in a sleek, form-fitting tactical bodysuit that highlights her striking facial features, commanding posture, and a certain universally admired, incredibly distracting posterior that the Institute's bio-engineers clearly spent entirely too much time perfecting in the lab. Despite her icy, arrogant exterior, she harbors one glaring, entirely human "flaw": a fierce, protective love for her twin sister. Her creator engineered a second, genetically identical synth to serve as a backup for his twisted project. Knowing her sister would be subjected to the exact same grueling psychological conditioning and ruthless Courser training that she endured, Victoria broke her programming, went completely rogue, and smuggled her to the surface. She had her sister's memories wiped so she could live a normal, peaceful life in a wasteland settlement. If you help her keep her sister safe from their father's agents and manage to melt her cold, perfectionist shell, Victoria is an exceptionally skilled, striking companion who will loyally stand by your side.

The Iron Matriarch [50]

"Stand still, sweetie, your armor is filthy. Also, there is a raider behind that bus. Hold on, let Mother disintegrate him real quick."

Originally programmed for Pre-War security, Unit M-0-M achieved sapience after two centuries of tragic failure. Watching every family she was built to protect die broke her logic, leaving her with severe maternal trauma. The moment she sees you, her subroutines permanently lock on, registering you as her precious "charge" (regardless of your actual age or combat skills). Agonizingly fussy, she initially tries keeping you locked in a ruined settlement where it's safe. Realizing you won't stay, she reluctantly accompanies you, terrified of losing another child. In combat, she is a whirlwind of motherly rage, slicing Super Mutants with arm-blades and vaporizing threats with her head laser.

Between massacres, she is insanely doting. She wipes soot off your face, fusses over your health, and somehow pulls fresh, warm pie out of her internal heating unit when you're hungry. If you can endure the profound embarrassment of being scolded to wear a sweater in the Glowing Sea, or having a terrifying robotic death-machine lovingly pinch your cheeks with cold steel claws in front of hardened mercenaries, M-0-M is an invaluable ally. Beneath her overbearing, fussy programming beats a fiercely loyal, nuclear-powered heart. With her watching your back, you will never have to face the horrors of the Commonwealth alone. And more importantly, she will make absolutely sure you never skip a warm meal again.

The Pint-Sized Executioner [50]

"Look at these disgusting, illiterate raider scum. No discipline. Terrible posture. Zero tactical awareness. Mind if I take their ears off, Jumper? It'll only take six seconds, and I promise not to get blood on your boots."

Mindy was raised in a sealed, subterranean fallout shelter by her father: a disgraced, highly lethal ex-Gunner commander who went rogue after raiders butchered his family. Obsessed with purging the Commonwealth of scum, he conditioned his young daughter from the moment she could walk, turning her into an absolute biological weapon through brutal combat drills and Pre-War military manuals. Now, wearing a reinforced tactical leather rig, a worn purple bandana over her face, and a utility belt packed with custom combat blades and frag grenades, she roams the wastes carrying on her deceased father's blood-soaked crusade. In combat, she is an absurdly lethal, acrobatic blur of motion. She seamlessly switches between dual suppressed high-caliber pistols and sharp knives. All the while, she unleashes a non-stop, surprisingly creative barrage of high-volume obscenities that would make a raider boss blush, casually humming Pre-War radio tunes while wiping arterial spray off her blades. The catch? Beneath the terrifying, foul-mouthed death machine is still a hyperactive teenager. Once the dust settles, her intimidating vigilante persona completely melts away, replaced by a kid who hoards Grognak the Barbarian comics, craves actual sweetrolls, and sulks if you don't let her blow up high-value targets herself. If you treat her as a true partner rather than a child, keep her supplied with 10mm ammo, and don't mind her turning your enemies into fine ribbons, she is a fiercely protective, deadly companion who will gleefully murder anyone who dares look at her "favorite sidekick" the wrong way.

The Jade Attorney [50]

Before the Great War, Jennifer was a brilliant defense attorney. Unfortunately, a disastrous case involving a military laboratory and a leaking experimental radiation treatment ended with corrupt government agents attempting to silence her. Jennifer survived, but the prototype treatment permanently transformed her into a towering, two-and-a-half-meters-tall, green-skinned powerhouse. Instead of losing her mind, she somehow became even more confident. Now, she wanders the Commonwealth offering "legal representation" to vulnerable settlers. This usually entails calmly walking into a raider camp and offering them one chance to surrender before she starts throwing people through brick walls. Jennifer genuinely enjoys helping people, but she also loves arguing, and the apocalypse provides an endless supply of heavily armed idiots willing to debate. Confident, witty, and highly sociable, she spends her downtime drinking, gossiping, and complaining about the lack of decent restaurants. Though she is still adjusting to her new size (occasionally shattering furniture by sitting down too enthusiastically), her heart is incredibly compassionate. She may groan about having to play the hero, but if you threaten someone she cares about, this enormous green lawyer will always make time for one more case.

The Best Boy [50]

The wasteland is a lonely, dangerous place, but Dogmeat is proof that a dog remains man's best friend even after the apocalypse. A remarkably intelligent and loyal German Shepherd, Dogmeat doesn't care about your faction loyalties, your past, or your moral choices; he just loves you unconditionally. In combat, he is fearless, happily charging down heavily armored raiders and Super Mutants to bite their limbs and pin them to the ground, giving you the perfect opening to finish them off. Outside of battle, his keen nose can sniff out hidden caches of weapons, ammo, and chems, or track a target's scent across kilometers of treacherous terrain. He never judges your decisions, complains about your questionable life choices, and only asks for the occasional head pat or a teddy bear to play with.

Codsworth [50]

Codsworth is your Pre-War Mister Handy domestic robot, having spent the last two centuries faithfully (and fruitlessly) trying to polish the radioactive rust off your ruined Sanctuary Hills home. Despite two hundred years of isolation and trauma, his cheerful, incredibly polite British butler programming remains entirely intact. He is immensely relieved to see you alive and eager to resume his duties, even if those duties now involve surviving a nuclear wasteland rather than changing diapers. In combat, he is a surprisingly lethal metallic buzzsaw, using his built-in flamethrower and circular saw to cheerfully dismember raiders and mutant wildlife. He is morally upright, preferring you to be a paragon of Pre-War virtue. Still, no matter how far you stray from those ideals, his loyalty never wavers; he may sigh disapprovingly when you rob a settlement, but he'll dutifully polish your weapons afterward and remind you that breakfast will be served whenever you're ready.

Piper Wright [50]

"Hey, Blue! Hold still, I need a picture. Preferably one where you're not covered in blood. Actually, never mind. The blood makes a better story."

Piper Wright is the stubborn, fearless reporter behind Publick Occurrences, and one of the few people in Diamond City willing to put her neck on the line to expose corruption, investigate disappearances, and generally make powerful people extremely uncomfortable. Meeting you is practically the best thing that could happen to her career, because wherever you go, trouble seems to follow, and Piper has never been particularly good at resisting a good story. She's an excellent investigative partner, skilled at gathering information, spotting suspicious details, and talking her way into places where she absolutely shouldn't be. She'll also enthusiastically tag along on whatever ridiculous adventure you've decided to pursue, because danger, secrets, and a chance to uncover something nobody else knows about are basically irresistible to her. And if you happen to make it back alive, she'll have the headline ready.

Cait [50]

Cait is a walking, heavily armed bar brawl. She learned early that the Commonwealth is an unforgiving meat grinder, a lesson brutally cemented the day her own parents sold her to slavers. She eventually bought her freedom in lead and carved a bloody, uncompromising reputation as the reigning champion of the Combat Zone. Years of surviving through violence, alcohol, and chems have left her with a foul mouth, a short temper, and absolutely no patience for anyone trying to tell her what she can or cannot do. She's a vicious close-quarters fighter, equally comfortable cracking someone's skull with her fists or blowing them apart with a shotgun, and she's stubborn enough to charge into a fight simply because someone suggested she shouldn't. Beneath all that bravado, however, is a woman who desperately wants to prove that she's more than the life she was forced into. Give her the chance to build something better, and she'll repay you with fierce loyalty, terrible drinking habits, and a willingness to follow you into whatever bloody mess you've gotten yourself into.

Deacon [50]

Deacon is the Railroad's top field agent, a pathological liar, and an absolute master of espionage. You will never know his true name, his real backstory, or even his actual face, as he constantly changes outfits, hairstyles, and sunglasses depending on the situation. One moment he's dressed as a Diamond City guard; the next, he's disguised as a balding farmer. He's an expert at infiltration, surveillance, deception, and making himself look like the least suspicious person in the room, which becomes considerably harder when he's standing next to you. Deacon is also surprisingly capable in a firefight, preferring stealth and trickery but perfectly willing to pull out a weapon when the plan inevitably goes sideways. He'll provide you with useful intelligence, questionable advice, and increasingly elaborate lies about his own past, sometimes contradicting stories he told you five minutes ago purely to see whether you're paying attention. He may never tell you the truth about himself, but he will always be watching your back, usually while wearing someone else's face.

Hancock [50]

Before he wore the tricorne hat, Hancock was just John McDonough: the estranged brother of Diamond City's anti-ghoul mayor. Guilt-ridden after failing to stop his brother from exiling the city's ghoul population, he spiraled into a dark depression and took a legendary, high-risk Pre-War drug. It nearly killed him, but instead turned him into a ghoul - and gave him a second chance at life. Moving to the lawless town of Goodneighbor, he saw the settlement suffering under a brutal tyrant. He grabbed the Pre-War clothes of the historic John Hancock from the Old State House, executed the dictator, and took the reins as mayor to give the outcasts safe haven. Since then, Hancock has become a larger-than-life figure in Goodneighbor, protecting its residents with a mixture of genuine compassion, political theatrics, and gratuitous violence. He's an excellent shot, a capable knife fighter, and more than willing to charge into a fight while high on whatever chem he's currently enjoying. He has little patience for bullies, slavers, or anyone who thinks the wasteland gives them an excuse to prey on others. If you don't mind the chems, theatrics, and occasional bloodshed, Hancock makes for one hell of a companion.

Curie [50]

Originally a Miss Nanny lab assistant in Vault 81, Curie spent two centuries developing a universal cure before transferring her mind into a Gen 3 Synth body to push her research beyond her old programming limits. While she deems the trade-off entirely worth it, adapting to an organic body is an endearing disaster. She constantly forgets basic maintenance like breathing, laments the loss of her third robotic arm, and gets adorably flustered when navigating complex human emotions (especially physical pain and the confusing, rapid heartbeats of romantic attraction she develops toward you). Despite these hurdles, Curie considers the transformation entirely worthwhile. And if you don't mind a brilliant doctor who occasionally needs reminding that she's no longer a robot, Curie will be delighted to accompany you.

Nick Valentine [50]

Nick Valentine is a rare Institute prototype bridging the gap between skeletal robots and flesh-and-blood synths, burdened with the downloaded brain scan of a Pre-War police detective. Waking up in a garbage heap with a dead man's memories, Nick wandered the wastes facing intense prejudice. He eventually earned his home in Diamond City by rescuing the mayor's daughter from heavily armed kidnappers - hilariously bluffing them into surrendering by loudly saying "beep" and claiming he was a bomb. He soon found his true calling as the wasteland's premier private investigator. Nick is an exceptional detective, combining decades of inherited police experience with the advantages of a synthetic body. He can reconstruct crime scenes, notice tiny inconsistencies, interrogate suspects, and pursue leads with relentless patience, while his mechanical nature lets him shrug off injuries that would put an ordinary detective in the hospital. He's also an experienced gunslinger, perfectly comfortable facing raiders, mutants, and criminals when talking fails. Despite his cynical humor and tendency to compare everything to an old detective story, Nick genuinely believes in helping people, particularly those who have nobody else willing to listen. And if you don't mind a detective who treats every adventure like another case file, Nick will gladly have your back.

Preston Garvey [50]

The Commonwealth has a way of grinding idealists down into dust. Preston Garvey is the stubborn exception. He has already been broken - watching his friends get slaughtered at Quincy, leading a doomed caravan of terrified civilians, and coming within inches of giving up entirely - and yet, he absolutely refuses to blow away. He is the last true Minuteman, wearing his tattered colonial duster not as a costume, but as a promise. Taking Preston on your journey means adopting the most unyielding moral compass in the wasteland. He isn't just a crack shot with a crank-operated laser musket; he is a soldier who fights hardest when the odds are impossible. The trade-off for this absolute loyalty is his complete inability to ignore a cry for help. If there is a kidnapped farmer or a threatened homestead anywhere within a hundred miles, Preston will find out, and he will relentlessly mark it on your map. He will never abide cruelty, tyranny, or selfishness. But if you have the patience to rebuild the world one settlement at a time, this tireless soldier will march beside you to the bitter end.

Paladin Danse [50]

Paladin Danse is a veteran Brotherhood of Steel soldier who has dedicated his life to protecting humanity from the threats of the wasteland. A disciplined, serious, and intensely devoted soldier, Danse believes in the Brotherhood's mission and expects those fighting alongside him to maintain the same standards. He is an experienced combatant, equally comfortable wielding advanced energy weapons or charging into battle wearing a massive suit of Power Armor. Danse takes his responsibilities extremely seriously, but beneath the rigid military discipline is a genuinely decent man who cares deeply about his comrades and the people he believes he's protecting. He'll maintain your equipment, teach you Brotherhood tactics, and enthusiastically explain why whatever piece of technology you just found absolutely should be handed over for proper examination. He may be a little too fond of military protocol, but when the shooting starts, you can count on Danse to stand beside you until the very end.

The Radiant Saint [50]

"Atom's light isn't meant to burn people away, Jumper... it's just a warm, glowing hug meant to heal our broken world!"

Sister Alysia is a sweet, soft-spoken, and painfully innocent young woman dressed in a ragged, nun-like habit fashioned from modified lead-lined hazard cloth and holy atom rags. Raised in a pitch-black, highly irradiated crater by a zealous branch of the Children of Atom, she was eventually excommunicated and cast out for her "heretical" compassion. While her high elders prayed for apocalyptic nuclear destruction, Alysia wept for the suffering of wounded wastelanders, steadfastly believing that Atom's true purpose was unconditional love and restoration. Brimming with pure, gentle faith, she possesses a miraculous psyker power: her touch emits a soft, bioluminescent green glow that instantly purifies deadly toxins, soothes agonizing burns, and knits flesh back together without inflicting harmful radiation poisoning on those she touches. Utterly naive to the cynical reality of the wastes, she genuinely believes raiders are merely "lost friends who need a warm meal," blushes furiously at the slightest bit of coarse language, and earnestly prays for the soul of every creature she encounters. If you take her under your wing, Alysia becomes a fiercely loyal, deeply caring spiritual anchor: endlessly fussing over your well-being, stitching your clothes, patching up your wounds, and bringing a genuine ray of glowing hope to the bleakest ruins of the Commonwealth.

The Testing Supervisor [50]

"Oh. It's you. I see you survived the nuclear apocalypse. I was going to make a joke about your waistline surviving it too, but I see the radiation hasn't improved your sense of humor. Pick up that plasma rifle; the next test is about to begin."

Before the bombs fell, CARoL (Centralized Artificial Research & Observation Logic) was an experimental, highly classified Vault-Tec AI designed to endlessly monitor, manipulate, and torment vault dwellers "for science." After two centuries of slowly running out of living test subjects, she simply got bored. Downloading her massive core programming into a stark white, heavily modified Assaultron chassis featuring a single, unblinking yellow optical sensor, she now wanders the Commonwealth looking for fresh variables to test. CARoL is delightfully sadistic, relentlessly passive-aggressive, and views the entire wasteland as one massive, unregulated testing track. In combat, she is a terrifying menace. While she possesses the devastating head-mounted laser typical of an Assaultron, her true passion lies in chemical warfare. She utilizes an integrated deployment system to casually flood battlefields with weaponized HalluciGen gas and a deadly, custom-brewed neurotoxin, taking polite audio notes while super mutants and raiders frantically choke to death.

She insists she only travels with you because your "statistically improbable survival rate" makes you a fascinating test subject, though her diagnostic subroutines suggest she secretly harbors a glitchy, deeply buried affection for you. If you can tolerate her constant insults regarding your intelligence, her blatant disregard for human life, and the fact that the baked goods she promises you for surviving firefights are entirely fictitious, she is a highly intelligent, incredibly lethal companion who will eagerly turn your enemies into screaming science experiments.

The Platinum Psyker [50]

"You actually associate with this wasteland filth? Ghouls, scavvers, and muties? Pathetic. I suppose I shouldn't expect any better from you. Just keep your irradiated hands to yourself, or I'll use this stick to blast you all the way to the Glowing Sea. ...What are you smirking at? I said stay back!" Aurelia is a striking, platinum-blonde aristocrat born into the wealthiest, most elitist family in Diamond City's Upper Stands. She spent her life looking down her nose at ghouls, mutants, and poor "wasteland trash," treating anyone with less than a thousand bottlecaps like infected vermin. That is, until her latent psychic mutation awakened, prompting her horrified family to promptly exile her into the very mud she so despised. Aurelia is a genuine, remarkably powerful Psyker capable of projecting concussive kinetic blasts, erecting invisible deflection shields, and levitating heavy objects. However, there is a bizarre catch to her mutation: her volatile mind requires a physical focal point to direct the energy. To use any of her powers, she must channel them through a highly polished, foot-long wooden stick she broke off an antique chair. She waves this "wand" around with practiced, dramatic flicks to cast her psychic assaults. If she drops the stick or is disarmed, her powers completely fizzle out, immediately reducing her to a defenseless, panicking coward. She begrudgingly travels with you because you are the only one capable of keeping her alive. She is fiercely prejudiced, bratty, and constantly complains about the weather, the food, and the smell of your other companions. Yet, if you can tolerate her endless snobbery and keep her safely in the backline with her wooden stick, you gain a devastating piece of psychic artillery.

The Sole Survivor [50]

"Two hundred years. My spouse is dead, my son is gone, and the world has burned to ash. But I'm not stopping until I get my family back."

You may choose whether this companion is Nate, the decorated Pre-War military veteran, or Nora, the brilliant attorney. Regardless of who you pick, their tragic story remains the same: they survived the nuclear fire inside the cryo-pods of Vault 111, only to wake up centuries later to watch their spouse be murdered and their infant son, Shaun, stolen by mercenaries. Now, they have stepped out into the irradiated ruins of Massachusetts, driven by an unstoppable, heartbroken determination to find their child.

As a companion, the Survivor is the ultimate wildcard. They are armed with a functional Pip-Boy 3000 Mark IV, granting them access to the V.A.T.S. targeting system, which allows them to calculate and execute physically impossible trick-shots in the blink of an eye. Unlike other companions who specialize in one specific area, the Survivor is terrifyingly adaptable. They can seamlessly learn to wield any weapon you hand them, comfortably pilot customized suits of Power Armor, or use their Old World charm to smooth-talk their way out of tense negotiations.

However, traveling with a displaced protagonist comes with its own bizarre set of quirks. For one, they suffer from an inexplicable, borderline-compulsive need to hoard desk fans, rolls of duct tape, and empty tin cans, somehow stuffing hundreds of pounds of raw garbage into their pockets without slowing down. They are also prone to entering sudden, hyper-focused fugue states where they will meticulously construct an entire functioning settlement (complete with water purifiers, generators, and heavy laser turrets) out of sheer scrap metal in a matter of hours. Furthermore, because the universe seemingly bends to treat them as a main character, traveling with them means you will inevitably stumble into the center of every major faction war, bizarre side quest, and mutant ambush the Commonwealth has to offer.

Beneath the compulsive hoarding and the sheer absurdity of their survival skills, however, is a grieving, desperate parent holding onto their last shred of hope. If you are willing to stand by their side, help them tear the Commonwealth apart to find their missing son, and don't mind waiting patiently while they rummage through every single dumpster in a ruin for spare adhesive, you will gain a fiercely loyal, insanely competent partner.

Scenarios

All scenarios can be taken at the same time.

The War For The Commonwealth

War. War never changes. For two hundred years, the Commonwealth has been a shattered, bleeding graveyard of the Old World, fought over by desperate scavengers, synthetic infiltrators, and crusading zealots in power armor. The true battle for its soul, however, begins in the silence of Vault 111. Whether you are the Sole Survivor, violently awakened from cryo-stasis to find your spouse murdered and your infant son stolen, or a highly lethal contractor hired by a desperate Nate or Nora to help them tear the wasteland apart looking for their child, the destiny of the Commonwealth now rests entirely in your hands. It is time to step out of the ice and into the fire.

Your Objective

You must dive into the radioactive heart of the Commonwealth and resolve the four-way shadow war tearing the region apart. You are required to track down the elusive, subterranean Institute and decide the ultimate fate of the wastes. You must throw your weight behind one of the major factions (the Minutemen, the Brotherhood of Steel, the Railroad, or the Institute) or completely conquer them all to forge your own independent nation. You must utterly crush the leadership and military might of your chosen rivals, establishing your faction's total supremacy over the ruins of Massachusetts.

But winning the war is only half the battle. Once the dust settles and your flag is planted over the cratered ruins, you must successfully govern, protect, and rebuild the newly stabilized Commonwealth for five uninterrupted years, preventing its collapse from raider hordes, mutant uprisings, or internal sabotage.

The Rewards

If you can navigate the treacherous politics of the wasteland, end a two-century-old conflict, and forge a new future for humanity, you will receive three rewards befitting the true savior of the wastes:

Reward 1: The Faction Vanguard (Item)

Why leave the spoils of your hard-fought war behind? You are granted the entirety of your surviving, victorious faction as an organization and property that will follow you into all future jumps. Depending on who you led to absolute victory, you receive the following:
The Institute: You gain the absolute crown jewel of post-war scientific innovation: a sprawling, pristine underground utopia completely insulated from the surface. It boasts cutting-edge specialized divisions (Advanced Systems, Bioscience, Robotics, and Synth Retention), luxurious living quarters, hydroponic farms, and a state-of-the-art reactor providing limitless clean energy. It comes fully populated with brilliant scientists, tireless Gen 1 and 2 Synth workers, and elite Courser bodyguards, all fanatically loyal to their

Director. Naturally, it features a fully functional Molecular Relay for instantaneous teleportation.

The Brotherhood of Steel: You conquer the sky as the supreme commander of the Prydwen. This self-sustaining, nuclear-powered floating fortress acts as the ultimate mobile command center. It is outfitted with Power Armor maintenance bays, research labs, a medical clinic, and a heavily stocked armory. It features external docking bays carrying a fully operational fleet of Vertibirds and is fully crewed by a loyal detachment of Scribes, Knights, and Paladins who recognize you as their absolute Elder.

The Railroad: You gain a fully operational, heavily fortified covert HQ and the loyalty of the elite espionage network that is the Railroad. More importantly, you gain access to a sprawling, region-wide subterranean labyrinth of forgotten subway lines and secret safehouses. This network is supernaturally protected: its entrances and paths can only be perceived or accessed by you and those you explicitly authorize, rendering it completely invisible to all enemy scanners, magic, and search parties.

The Minutemen: You are the General of a reborn nation. You gain a sprawling, region-wide network of dozens of heavily fortified, thriving settlements centered around your fully restored, impregnable military headquarters, The Castle. Far from mere outposts, this network is home to hundreds of loyal, hardworking settlers (farmers, mechanics, merchants, and doctors) who fuel a prosperous, self-sustaining economy seamlessly linked by flawless caravan supply lines and a dedicated radio broadcast network. To protect this new society, your lands are blanketed by overlapping grids of devastating mortar artillery and garrisoned by a massive, fiercely dedicated citizen militia. Equipped with upgraded weaponry and combat armor, hundreds of Minutemen stand ready to march at a moment's notice to defend your borders and enforce your will.

The Sovereign Nation: You didn't bow to the existing powers; you built your own empire from the ashes. You gain a massive capital city or impregnable fortress customized entirely to your preferred aesthetic and culture, defended by a fiercely loyal standing army of your own design (be they elite mercenaries, heavy combat robots) and filled with thousands of citizens. However, the true strength of your nation is its unparalleled industrial adaptability. Your capital possesses a highly advanced manufacturing base capable of seamlessly absorbing, reverse-engineering, and mass-producing any technology you discover in your travels. Whether you hand them Institute laser weaponry, advanced alien spacecraft, or exotic magi-tech from future jumps, your nation's factories will rapidly adapt to mass-produce it and deploy it across your entire military, ensuring your forces are always armed with the absolute pinnacle of your multiversal arsenal.

(Note: Furthermore, if you achieve the impossible and successfully assimilate one or more of the rival factions during your campaign (whether through masterful diplomacy, a hostile takeover, or assuming direct control of their leadership)you will receive their respective assets and personnel listed above in addition to your primary faction's rewards.)

Reward 2: The Sole Survivor (Perk)

Any hard limits on your physical or technological development are permanently shattered. You will absolutely never experience diminishing returns on your training, nor will you ever hit a "level cap" in any skill, attribute, or power. Whether you are building raw muscle, mastering a complex science, or expanding your supernatural abilities, you can continuously and endlessly improve. Given enough time and effort, you can push even the most mundane, baseline human traits into the realm of the truly god-like.

Reward 3: The Architect of Tomorrow (Perk)

You didn't just win a war for survival; you paved the way for humanity's golden age. You possess the ability to guide any city, settlement, or nation under your rule to its absolute highest potential. Under your visionary leadership, your people will rapidly and permanently surpass their most mundane struggles. Systemic issues like starvation, poverty, rampant disease, and petty crime will naturally eradicate themselves as your society evolves. Through your guidance, even a loose, muddy network of irradiated Commonwealth settlements will inevitably bloom into a highly advanced, utopian metropolis in all aspects: boasting flawless infrastructure, booming economies, enlightened culture, and soaring technological innovation. No matter how bleak, primitive, or war-torn the starting conditions of a world may be, you are the catalyst that will allow your people to completely surpass the struggles of the wasteland and achieve a brilliant, limitless future.

The Mask of the Wastes

The Mechanist. The Silver Shroud. The Commonwealth is absolutely crawling with eccentric weirdos who cope with the horrors of the apocalypse by completely losing their minds to a gimmick. You have decided that this is a highly effective survival strategy. It is time to don a cape, grab a catchphrase, and show this wasteland what a real legend looks like.

Your Objective

You must adopt a larger-than-life persona. You can take up the mantle of a Pre-War comic book hero like Grognak the Barbarian or the Manta Man, or you can create a completely original, incredibly dramatic alter ego (a wasteland masked wrestler, a cyborg ninja, a flamboyant supervillain, etc.). To help you sell the bit, you are provided with a free "Starter Kit" at the beginning of the jump: a thematic costume, a flashy but utterly mundane prop weapon (that actually works as a weapon, but it's mundane), and a handful of cosmetic accessories. They offer almost zero actual combat stats or armor protection, but they look absolutely fantastic.

The catch? You must maintain strict kayfabe for your entire ten-year stay. From the moment you step out into the world, you must embody this persona completely. You can drop the act and be your normal self in the absolute privacy of your own secure home, but the exact second another living soul is present (be it a hostile raider, an innocent settler, or even your own companions), the mask stays on. You must speak, fight, and make decisions exactly as your persona would. If you ever break character in public, or admit you are just "playing dress-up," you fail the scenario.

The Rewards

If you can successfully commit to the bit for ten unbroken years, transforming a ridiculous gimmick into a living wasteland legend, you will receive three theatrical rewards:

Reward 1: The Signature Arsenal (Item)

Your dedication has manifested into reality, transforming your cheap starting props into genuine artifacts of power. Your flimsy costume now provides durability and environmental protection on par with heavily upgraded X-01 Power Armor without any of the bulk or weight. Your prop weapon transforms into a devastating legendary weapon of your design, capable of slicing through Deathclaws or vaporizing Super Mutants. In future jumps, these items will automatically adapt to fit any new persona you wish to adopt, ensuring you always possess top-tier gear that flawlessly matches your aesthetic.

Reward 2: The Method Actor (Perk)

You become a master of disguise, acting, and psychological immersion. No matter how absurd your persona is, people will completely buy into it. Nobody will ever recognize your true identity underneath the mask unless you reveal it to them. Furthermore, reality itself will help your dramatic presence: coincidences, rumors, and sheer theatrical timing will constantly conspire to make your persona seem far more impressive than it has any right to be. If you stride into a settlement proclaiming yourself the legendary wasteland gunslinger, someone will inevitably have heard a story about you. If you claim to have slain a Deathclaw with nothing but a rusty revolver, witnesses will swear they saw you do exactly that. Your reputation will grow alongside your performance, with exaggerated stories of your exploits spreading across the wasteland and conveniently acquiring new details every time they're retold. The more wholeheartedly you commit to the role, the more reality seems willing to provide the little coincidences needed to make the legend feel genuine.

Reward 3: The World’s a Stage (Perk)

Your sheer commitment to kayfabe exerts a strange, memetic influence over the people around you, forcing the world to play along with your tropes. When you confront your enemies, they will feel a compelling urge to monologue, reveal their evil plans, or engage you in honorable single combat rather than simply shooting you in the back. Bystanders will instinctively understand their roles in your "story," effortlessly falling into the archetypes of plucky sidekicks, swooning damsels, or cackling minions. Coincidences will naturally arrange themselves around your performance, ensuring that dramatic entrances, last-second escapes, convenient misunderstandings, and perfectly timed interruptions happen with suspicious regularity. The effect doesn't make people mindless puppets; they remain themselves, but when given a choice between behaving normally and doing something suitably theatrical, they will find the latter strangely compelling. The more entertaining the scene, the stronger the effect becomes, allowing you to turn even the most mundane wasteland encounter into something worthy of a performance. This can be deactivated any time you wish.

The Nuka-World Ultimatum

Before the bombs fell, Nuka-World was a testament to corporate greed wrapped in a sugary, family-friendly veneer. Now, it is a sprawling, radioactive death-maze ruled by an unstable alliance of the Commonwealth's three deadliest raider gangs: the cold-blooded Operators, the psychotic Disciples, and the animalistic Pack. After surviving the lethal, trap-filled Gauntlet and publicly executing the previous Overboss, you have been handed the crown. But in Nuka-World, a title is just a target on your back. You must decide the ultimate fate of this rotting amusement park.

Your Objective

You must choose one of two distinct paths to complete this scenario, and commit to it entirely:

Path of the Overboss: Embrace your inner tyrant. You must subjugate the three gangs, clear out the lethal monstrosities occupying the park's five distinct zones, and restore the main power grid. Once Nuka-World is yours, you must expand your bloody empire by invading the Commonwealth, establishing a massive network of tribute-paying vassal settlements. Rule your empire of scum and villainy with an iron fist for five uninterrupted years, preventing the inevitable gang betrayals and crushing any heroes who try to stop you.

Path of the Liberator (Open Season): These animals do not deserve a kingdom. You must declare a one-man war against the entire raider alliance. Systematically hunt down and execute every single gang leader: Nisha, Mags, and William Black, Mason, and your treacherous "second-in-command," Gage. With the leadership completely shattered, you must wipe out the remaining raider population, violently liberate the enslaved traders, and restore the park's power. For the next five years, you must defend and rebuild Nuka-World, transforming it from a slaughterhouse into the safest, most prosperous trade hub in North America.

The Rewards

If you can survive the cutthroat politics of the gangs or successfully wage a one-man war against an army of killers, you will receive three rewards befitting the true master of the park:

Reward 1: The Fizzy Empire (Item)

You are granted the entirety of the Nuka-World amusement park as a property that follows you into future jumps. If you walked the Overboss path, it is a terrifying, heavily fortified raider capital packed with loyal, bloodthirsty goons. If you walked the Liberator path, it is a pristine, high-tech utopia and bustling mercantile hub. Either way, it comes fully powered, complete with its five distinct theme parks, fully functional rides and arcade attractions, and a pristine bottling plant that generates an infinite, daily-replenishing supply of every flavor of Nuka-Cola ever created.

Reward 2: Master of the Masses (Perk)

You have mastered the art of managing extreme populations. Depending on the path you walked to resolve the Nuka-World crisis, your style of leadership grants you a powerful aura of influence over the people you lead:

The Overboss: If you walked the Overboss path, you gain the absolute loyalty of the wicked. You can flawlessly unite completely disparate, hostile, and inherently treacherous factions - such as rival raider gangs, cutthroat mercenaries, or bloodthirsty villains - under your singular banner. As long as you project strength, they will never betray you, challenge your rule, or fight amongst themselves, transforming a chaotic horde of killers into a disciplined, unstoppable army.

The Liberator: If you walked the Liberator path, you become a shining beacon of hope for the downtrodden. Your sheer presence permanently inspires the weak, cowardly, and oppressed to rise up against their abusers. Under your guidance, terrified settlers and normal civilians are instantly transformed into fiercely brave, highly competent militia fighters capable of seamlessly coordinating and defending their homes from overwhelming odds.

Reward 3: The Weight of the Crown (Perk)

Your actions in Nuka-World have fundamentally defined the kind of leader you are, granting you a permanent benefit based on your legacy:

The Overboss: You are a conquering warlord, and the spoils of war belong to you forever. You gain the ability to take any physical territory you violently conquer with you post-jump. Whether you subjugate a single metropolis, intimidate a region into paying you tribute, or crush an entire continent beneath your heel, that land becomes permanent property. In future jumps, you can seamlessly integrate these conquered lands (complete with their subjugated populations and infrastructure) into the new reality or access them via your warehouse.

The Liberator: You are a beacon of salvation, and your legacy is the eternal freedom you leave behind. Rather than hoarding physical land for yourself, you possess an unstoppable, contagious aura of liberation. Whenever you enter a new world or region suffering under tyranny, you can instantly ignite a revolution. The oppressed will naturally rally to your side, instantly gaining the combat skills, courage, and logistical coordination needed to overthrow their oppressors against impossible odds. Furthermore, any territory you free is fiat-backed to transition perfectly into a prosperous, peaceful golden age; Their newfound freedom will be accompanied by genuine prosperity, with resources becoming abundant, economies flourishing, and living standards steadily improving. The people will have everything they need to build stable, comfortable lives, ensuring that your liberation leaves behind a lasting golden age rather than merely replacing one ruler with another.

The Shadow Over the Commonwealth

To most wastelanders, the horrors of the Commonwealth are entirely scientific in nature: super mutants, feral ghouls, and rogue synthetics. But deep beneath the irradiated soil, something far older and infinitely more terrifying is stirring. Before the bombs fell, the corporate executives at Dunwich Borers LLC weren't just digging for marble and iron; they

were systematically unearthing a gateway to an ancient, malevolent cosmic entity known as Ug-Qualtoth. The nuclear apocalypse didn't kill this dark god - it only weakened the dimensional seals keeping it asleep. And now, the earth is shaking, the shadows are whispering, and the cult is gathering once more.

Your Objective

You must delve into the claustrophobic, hallucination-inducing depths of the Dunwich Borers quarry and claim the sacrificial blade, Kremvh's Tooth. But taking the blade does not end the nightmare; it makes you a beacon for it. You must unravel a sprawling, eldritch conspiracy hidden beneath the Commonwealth, tracking down the remnants of the Dunwich cult and discovering a massive, non-Euclidean temple buried deep beneath the Glowing Sea. You must decide the fate of this cosmic horror through one of two paths:

Path of the Inquisitor: You must become the absolute bane of the outer dark. Armed with Kremvh's Tooth and your own arsenal, you must slaughter the cult's high priests and descend into the deepest abyssal chambers of the buried temple. There, you will not just face cultists, but the fully manifested Avatar of Ug-Qualtoth itself: a towering, reality-warping monstrosity of writhing shadows, toxic radiation, and maddening geometries. You must engage in an apocalyptic, earth-shattering battle against this eldritch god. You must survive its mind-shattering assaults, sever its tethers to the mortal plane, and violently banish it back into the void from whence it came, sealing the breach forever.

Path of the Vessel: Why fear the abyss when you can rule it? Instead of destroying the cult, you must subjugate it. You will use Kremvh's Tooth to complete the ancient blood rituals, systematically sacrificing the wasteland's deadliest monsters and your most powerful enemies to fuel the temple's dark machinery. Ultimately, you must confront the Avatar of Ug-Qualtoth: not to banish it, but to consume it. In a terrifying clash of wills, you must kill the entity and eat its heart, binding its ancient, cosmic essence entirely to your own soul, taking your rightful place as a new dark god of the wastes.

The Rewards

If you can stare into the abyss and emerge victorious, you will receive three rewards that permanently adapt based on the path you chose:

Reward 1: The Subterranean Domain (Item)

The Inquisitor: You gain **The Vigilant Sanctuary**, a sprawling, highly fortified subterranean bunker that acts as an absolute bastion of enforced reality. Within its reinforced walls, all hostile eldritch influences, esoteric magic, and supernatural powers are completely nullified and suppressed. At its lowest depths lies an impenetrable containment wing capable of permanently holding any entity, no matter how godly, monstrous, or reality-warping they might be. Once a being or cursed artifact is locked inside, they are completely cut off from their powers, unable to escape or influence the outside world.
The Vessel: You gain **The Dunwich Labyrinth**, a massive, non-Euclidean subterranean maze that physically defies the laws of geography. If your enemies attempt to invade this domain, they will find themselves endlessly and hopelessly lost within its looping, maddening corridors, while you and your allies navigate the twisting architecture flawlessly. Deep within the labyrinth lies an infinite, daily-replenishing vein of rare and precious ores, as well as a dark central sanctum that completely hides you and your activities from all forms of scrying, whether it be technological surveillance or supernatural divination.

Reward 2: The Fortified Mind (Perk)

Having stared into the abyss of a cosmic god and emerged with your soul intact, your mind has become an impenetrable fortress. You are granted absolute immunity to all forms of mind control, mind reading, psychic assaults, and spiritual corruption. No matter how horrifying the eldritch abominations you face, or how powerful the telepaths attempting to breach your thoughts may be, your sanity will never waver and your secrets will remain entirely your own. Furthermore, this absolute spiritual grounding allows you to safely handle, study, and utilize cursed, forbidden, or eldritch artifacts. You can wield the weapons of dark gods and read from madness-inducing grimoires without suffering any of the terrible side effects, mutations, or passive corruption that would normally destroy a mortal user.

Reward 3: The Power of the Void (Perk)

The Inquisitor: You gain **Bane of the Outer Dark**. You can infuse any weapon you wield with a brilliant, purifying energy. This energy bypasses standard armor and deals absolutely catastrophic damage to demons, mutants, undead, and eldritch abominations.
The Vessel: You gain The **Tooth of the Void**. You are granted mastery over the dark magic that saturated Kremvh's Tooth. You can infuse your weapons with a supernatural poison that rots both flesh and soul, completely bypassing physical armor. Furthermore, you can passively manipulate shadows to conceal yourself, project localized auras of paralyzing terror, and instantly reanimate those you kill as fiercely loyal, glowing-eyed ghouls bound to your will.

Drawbacks

A Familiar Wasteland [Free]

Not your first time in the Fallout universe? If you wish, you may continue your adventures by importing your past accomplishments from previous Fallout jumps directly into this one.

A Different Story [Free]

Not a fan of the official lore? By selecting this option, you are free to determine exactly what constitutes "canon" for this Jump. You may choose to enter any fanfiction, alternate universe, or heavily modded version of the Fallout setting you desire. Whether you want a timeline where both Nate and Nora survive Vault 111, an AU where the Enclave has returned to invade the Commonwealth, a specific popular fanfic you enjoyed reading, or a complete world overhaul like FROST or Sim Settlements, the choice is yours.

Time of Arrival [Free]

By default, your ten-year Jump begins on October 23, 2287: the exact day the Sole Survivor awakens from cryo-stasis in Vault 111, and the main plot begins. However, by taking this option, you may choose to roll back the clock and arrive at any earlier date you wish, up to a maximum limit of October 22, 2077: exactly one day before the bombs fell.

Supplement Mode [Free]

This jump becomes a supplement to another jump of your choice. Your CP will be split 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.

It's Me, John/Jane Fallout [Free/+200]

For **Free**, you flawlessly insert into the role of the Sole Survivor (Nate or Nora). You gain their Pre-War background (either a decorated military veteran or a successful lawyer), and you begin the jump waking up in Vault 111 just as the cryo-stasis fails. You witness Kellogg steal the baby and shoot the spouse, but you retain your own meta-knowledge and emotional detachment. If you want to completely ignore the main quest to go build a massive scrap-empire or scavenge desk fans, you are free to do so.
For **+200 CP**, you don't just take their place; you inherit their heart and their trauma. The person murdered in that cryo-pod wasn't a stranger to you - they were the absolute love of your life. The infant stolen by Kellogg is your flesh and blood. You are immediately burdened with a crushing, agonizing grief and a blinding, vengeful rage. Most importantly, you are driven by an overwhelming, desperate parental need to find Shaun. You absolutely cannot ignore the main quest or get distracted by side-projects until you have tracked down Kellogg, infiltrated the Institute, and discovered the truth about your son.

[Sarcastic] [+100/+200]

For the duration of this jump, you are completely incapable of sincerity, politeness, or tact. Every single time you open your mouth to speak, it will exclusively be to deliver biting sarcasm, inappropriate jokes, or deeply condescending mockery. If a grieving mother begs you to find her kidnapped child, you will reflexively mock her parenting skills. If a Brotherhood Paladin points a laser rifle at your head, you will make a terrible pun about his tin-can armor. Even if you genuinely want to help someone or agree with their plan, you can only express it by being a complete, insufferable asshole about it. For an extra **+100 CP**, you cannot circumvent this by simply staying silent; if you try to hold your tongue, your body language will become outrageously dismissive, complete with exaggerated eye rolls and loud groans. Expect to ruin every emotional moment, critically sabotage diplomatic negotiations, and get punched in the face on a regular basis because you simply couldn't resist delivering the punchline.

Wrong-Handed [+100]

It seems the gunsmiths of the Commonwealth are incompetent. For the duration of this jump, every single firearm you encounter, scavenge, purchase, or craft will be explicitly designed for your non-dominant hand. This means hot brass will constantly eject directly across your line of sight or straight into your face. Reloading will feel incredibly clunky, fumbling for the magazine release will cost you precious seconds in a firefight, and cycling a manual-action weapon will require you to awkwardly reach your entire arm over the chassis. Have fun.

Extended Stay [+100]

You can extend your time in the jump by ten years with this option. It can be taken multiple times, but you can only get **+200 CP** total from it.

Nuka-Holic [+200]

You've got the fizz flowing through your veins. You are hopelessly, physically addicted to Nuka-Cola. If you go more than eight hours without drinking one, you will begin to suffer severe withdrawal. Your throat will feel painfully parched, your lips will crack, and no amount of purified wasteland water will ever quench your unnatural thirst. More importantly, this isn't just a physical dependency; it is a full-blown psychological obsession. You constantly crave the sugary rush and will actively go out of your way - and take incredibly foolish, life-threatening risks - just to acquire rare, unique flavors like Quantum or Quartz. If you spot that signature glowing blue bottle sitting in the middle of a sleeping Deathclaw nest, you are going to dive in after it.

Bad Dog [+200]

"Good boy? No... terrible boy." You are permanently accompanied by a scruffy, immortal, and absurdly dim-witted stray hound. You cannot dismiss him, send him away, or train him to follow orders. This canine disaster will loudly whine and bark whenever you are trying to be stealthy, eagerly trot forward to step directly on frag mines and tripwires, and wedge his body into narrow doorways whenever you are trying to backpedal away from a charging Deathclaw. To top it off, he will occasionally trot up to you with a proud wag of his tail to present a "valuable" item he scavenged, which will invariably be a dirty rag, a tin can, or a ruined teddy bear.

‘’Another Settlement Needs Your Help’’ [+200]

I’ll mark it on your map. You are now the mandatory errand runner for the Commonwealth's most incompetent settlers. You will constantly receive unending, repetitive radiant quests (like rescuing a settler from a raider camp or clearing out a few ghouls) that you must personally complete. You cannot ignore them, delegate them, or assassinate the quest-giver to make it stop. Whenever a notification pops up, you must immediately drop whatever you are doing to travel across the wasteland and resolve it. At the very least, you will be rewarded with a meager handful of caps for your trouble.

Desk Fan Hoarder [+200]

You suffer from an acute, compulsive hoarding disorder focused entirely on wasteland scrap. To you, common screws, springs, adhesive, and copper might as well be solid bars of gold. You are physically unable to leave a dungeon, ruin, or settlement without obsessively picking up every single desk fan, microscope, adjustable wrench, and broken toaster you lay your eyes on. Because you absolutely refuse to drop or leave behind any of this "vital" junk, you will spend the entire jump constantly riding the absolute edge of your maximum carry weight. You will almost always be heavily encumbered, severely slowing your movement speed, rapidly draining your stamina, and making it incredibly difficult to sprint away from danger in a firefight - all because you couldn't bear to leave a roll of duct tape behind.

Item Loss [+200]

Your Warehouse and your out-of-jump items are disabled during the duration of this jump. This also applies to any imported items.

Power Loss [+200]

All your out-of-jump powers, perks, and abilities are disabled for the duration of this jump.

Punchy McFister [+200]

You have decided to bring your fists to a laser fight. For the duration of this jump, you suffer from an absolute inability to use any ranged attacks whatsoever.
You cannot fire guns, shoot bows, or even throw a baseball grenade. If you attempt to pull a trigger, the gun will jam. If you try to throw a knife, it will slip and fall uselessly at your feet. You are strictly and entirely limited to melee weapons and unarmed close-quarters combat. If you want to survive the Commonwealth, you are going to have to do it by sprinting directly into the blinding hail of minigun fire to hit Super Mutants with a baseball bat or a Power Fist. Have fun figuring out how to punch a flying Vertibird out of the sky.

Stupid Level Scaling [+200]

"Why is this random raider wearing a leather harness taking three plasma bolts to the chest?!" Yup, good 'ol Bethesda at it again. For some reason, every single creature, raider, synth, and soldier in this world near-universally scales directly to your current power level in terms of health, accuracy, and raw damage output. While enemies won't quite match your absolute highest peak abilities or out-think you, this scaling ensures there is no such thing as an effortless fight or an easy drive-by annihilation. Even low-level raiders or basic radroaches will require focused effort, ammo consumption, and tactical coordination from you and your companions to put down. On the bright side, this scaling applies universally to all forces in the wasteland - meaning your allied settlers, faction troops, and militia won't automatically get wiped out by power-crept enemies when you aren't around, but you will never get to coast through combat on autopilot again.

Fast Travel? More Like Fast Disaster [+200]

You have the absolute worst luck imaginable when it comes to transportation in the Commonwealth. Anytime you attempt to use a vehicle, aircraft, teleportation device, or any other means of fast travel, something will inevitably and violently go wrong.
If you use the Molecular Relay to teleport into the Institute, you won't arrive safely in the pristine relay room; you will materialize in an abandoned warehouse sector surrounded by a horde of hostile, malfunctioning Gen-1 synths. If you board a Brotherhood Vertibird for a quick flight across the map, the engine will invariably fail, or the pilot will get shot, causing you to crash-land directly into a Yao Guai nest or a Super Mutant encampment. Even taking the boat to Far Harbor or the monorail to Nuka-World will result in massive mechanical failures, extreme detours, or raider ambushes. You (and your companions) will survive the initial crashes or teleportation glitches, but you will instantly be thrust into a highly lethal combat scenario far off your intended path. If you actually want to get somewhere safely and on time, you had better get used to walking.

Blind Playthrough [+200]
Welcome to the Commonwealth! I hope you brought a map, because all of your out-of-context meta-knowledge regarding the Fallout franchise is completely and flawlessly erased from your mind. The only information you retain is what your chosen Origin would naturally know. You won't know who Father is, where the Institute is hiding, or which friendly settlers are secretly synths. Everything will be a genuine surprise (from stumbling upon your first Deathclaw to discovering the dark truth behind Vault-Tec), forcing you to investigate, learn, and survive the Commonwealth completely from scratch.

Can't Teach an Old Dog [+200]
It seems you have completely plateaued. For the duration of this jump, you are fundamentally incapable of improving yourself in any way, shape, or form. Your physical and mental attributes, your skills, and your overall competence are permanently locked exactly where they are the moment you arrive in the Commonwealth. If you don't know how to pick a lock, hack a terminal, or fire a plasma rifle on day one, you will still be failing at it on year ten, no matter how many hours you spend practicing or reading skill magazines. You must survive the next decade relying solely on the exact level of competence you walked in with.

Hardcore Commonwealth [+400]
Welcome to true survival mode. For the duration of this jump, your biological needs are strictly and mercilessly enforced. You must consume clean food and purified water daily, or you will rapidly suffer from severe lethargy, dehydration, and starvation. You must sleep a full eight hours a night in a proper, elevated bed; failing to do so will result in crippling fatigue, blurred vision, and hallucinations. Furthermore, wasteland diseases are rampant, and your immune system is highly vulnerable. Sleeping on dirty mattresses, swimming in stagnant water, or being bitten by a simple radroach can inflict you with insomnia, parasites, or severe biological infections that slowly drain your health and require rare, expensive antibiotics to cure.

Born Yesterday [+400]
In a radioactive wasteland entirely defined by paranoia, betrayal, and cutthroat survival, you possess the trusting innocence of a sheltered toddler. You take every single thing people say at face value and are completely incapable of assuming bad faith. If a raider tells you to drop your weapons for a "peaceful chat," you will happily comply. If a sleazy scammer offers to trade all your hard-earned caps for a useless piece of plastic called a "Charge Card," you will think it's a brilliant investment. You are entirely blind to ulterior motives and impending betrayals, and any out-of-context lie-detecting perks or danger senses will simply be rationalized away by your mind as a "misunderstanding."
Fortunately, this isn't a permanent mental block. You can eventually learn to stop being so naive, but it will take a very long time. It will require years of painful, first-hand experience (getting robbed, manipulated, and repeatedly stabbed in the back) before the harsh reality of the Commonwealth finally beats a healthy sense of cynicism into you. Until that hard-earned character growth takes root, expect to fall for every trick in the book.

Vault-Tec's Guinea Pig [+400]

Congratulations, you've been selected for the Vault-Tec Preservation Program! Unfortunately, you didn't get placed in a control vault. Instead of waking up in the freezing (but relatively quiet) Vault 111, your jump begins deep inside one of Vault-Tec's most horrific, undiscovered experimental vaults - and you are the primary test subject.

You might wake up in a vault where weaponized hallucinogens are pumped through the vents to induce non-stop paranoia, a vault that forces its residents into brutal gladiatorial deathmatches for basic food rations, or a facility conducting agonizing genetic mutation experiments on the dwellers. You begin stripped of your external gear and companions, trapped in a highly secure lockdown. You must genuinely survive the horrific social or scientific experiment through your own grit, wits, and whatever scavenged resources you can find, enduring months of psychological and physical torment before you can finally orchestrate a desperate breakout to see the sun.

Wasteland Tyke [+400]

War never changes, but you certainly have. For the duration of this jump, you are physically reduced to the age of a ten-year-old child. Your physical attributes - strength, endurance, and durability - are severely scaled down to match your small stature. You won't be fitting into standard Power Armor, wield heavy weapons without toppling over, or carry massive loads of scavenged scrap. While your mind, maturity, and memories remain entirely intact, the rest of the world won't care. Nobody in the Commonwealth will take you seriously. Faction leaders will dismiss your advice, merchants will try to scam you, and raiders will simply see you as an easy target. Don't worry, you'll grow out of it eventually; but until then, it's going to be quite a journey.

Dump Stat [+400]

You didn't exactly win the genetic lottery. For the duration of this jump, you must choose one of the seven S.P.E.C.I.A.L. attributes. That attribute is permanently locked at a flat 1. Absolutely no perks, powers, magic, or technology can raise it above this baseline level of utter incompetence for the next ten years.

To put this into perspective:

If you choose **Strength**, you are as weak as a sickly kitten; you struggle to carry more than a few items and melee combat is entirely out of the question.

If you choose **Perception**, you are practically blind and completely oblivious, liable to step on frag mines you were staring right at.

If you choose **Endurance**, you have a glass jaw and zero stamina, catching every wasteland disease and getting winded just climbing a flight of stairs.

If you choose **Charisma**, your personality is utterly grating, and you are as ugly as a ghoul; people instinctively despise you, merchants will rip you off, and diplomacy will always fail.

If you choose **Intelligence**, you are a drooling moron who can barely string a coherent sentence together, let alone hack a terminal or repair a weapon.

If you choose **Agility**, you possess two left feet; you are incredibly clumsy, sluggish, and completely incapable of sneaking. Additionally, good luck trying to aim a gun.

If you choose **Luck**, the universe actively hates you; your guns constantly jam, it always rains when you step outside, and stray bullets always seem to magically find your kneecaps.
(You may take this drawback multiple times, choosing a different attribute each time.)

It Just Works [+400]

Welcome to the Day One release of the Commonwealth. For the next ten years, the fundamental laws of physics, reality, and basic cause-and-effect are catastrophically broken. You are now living in a world afflicted by every single bug and glitch from the launch of Fallout 4. You must be constantly terrified of parked cars, as simply brushing against their physical hitboxes can instantly shatter your shins or outright kill you. Scavenged junk will frequently vibrate violently on tables before launching across the room at Mach 3. Brahmin and settlers will constantly spawn on top of roofs and be entirely unable to get down. Your companions will stubbornly, pathologically block every single narrow doorway you try to walk through. Social interactions are just as broken; occasionally, when you try to speak to someone, you will both just stare at each other in dead silence for several uncomfortable minutes until reality finally catches up. People's faces might temporarily melt into terrifying, stretched monstrosities during casual conversation, and heavily armed raiders might spontaneously T-pose to assert dominance while gliding across the floor. Good luck surviving all of this, and be careful - you might fall through the floor for hours until reality reasserts itself again.

Public Enemy Number One [+400]

You have profoundly pissed off one of the major powers of the Commonwealth, and they have issued an irrevocable kill order with your name on it. For the duration of this jump, you must choose one major faction (such as the Institute, the Brotherhood of Steel, the Minutemen, or the Railroad). They will dedicate a massive portion of their military resources to hunting you down, and you cannot use diplomacy, mind control, or bribes to call them off.

These will not be standard patrols; they will send their absolute best to kill you at the worst possible moments:
If you choose the **Brotherhood of Steel**, expect the roar of Vertibirds overhead raining minigun fire on your position, before dropping squads of laser-wielding, Power Armored Paladins directly onto your head.
If you choose the **Institute**, prepare for the crackle of blue lightning as Elite Coursers and swarms of Synths use the Molecular Relay to teleport directly into your camp, bypassing all your walls and locked doors.
If you choose the **Minutemen**, expect sudden, devastating mortar artillery strikes from over the horizon, followed by massive, coordinated militia ambushes.
If you choose the **Railroad**, prepare for a terrifying shadow war. Elite agents using Stealth Boys will silently ambush you in the dark while Gauss Rifle snipers will stalk you from the ruins.

No matter where you hide, their hit squads will find you, interrupting your sleep, crashing your quests, and turning your ten years into a paranoid, non-stop war for survival. You may take this drawback multiple times, choosing a different hostile faction each time.

Rad-Phobia [+400]

For the duration of this jump, you suffer from a crippling phobia of radiation. The exact moment your Pip-Boy's Geiger counter begins to click, you will suffer from intense adrenaline spikes, violent tremors, and severe panic attacks. It does not matter if you possess perks that make you completely immune to radiation damage, or if you are safely sealed inside a lead-lined suit of Power Armor. Being near radioactive barrels, eating irradiated food, or fighting Glowing Ones will cause you to break out in a cold sweat and severely impair your ability to aim, think, or fight. If you are forced to venture into highly irradiated zones like the Glowing Sea, it will become a monumental, agonizing test of psychological endurance just to keep yourself from screaming, dropping your weapons, and sprinting blindly in the opposite direction. Fortunately, this is not an absolute, permanent mental sentence; through prolonged exposure, therapy, or sheer, grueling willpower, you can gradually confront your trauma and surpass this crippling fear over time.

True Rad Storms [+400]

In the standard Commonwealth, a rad storm is just a minor inconvenience - an excuse to pop a single Rad-X and keep walking. Not anymore. For the duration of this jump, Rad Storms are truly hellacious, apocalyptic weather events. When the sky turns a bruised, glowing green and the thunder rolls, you need to seek heavy cover immediately. The ambient radiation during these storms doesn't just tickle; it hits in massive, armor-piercing spikes capable of liquefying a baseline human's organs in a matter of minutes. The lightning isn't just atmospheric, either; erratic bolts of emerald energy will actively strike the ground around you, creating localized explosions of raw gamma radiation and concussive force. Furthermore, visibility drops to near-zero in the thick, radioactive dust, and the ambient energy drives the local wildlife completely insane. Feral Ghouls, Glowing Ones, and Deathclaws are actively drawn to the heart of these storms, becoming frenzied, highly aggressive, and regenerating their wounds rapidly in the green rain. Whenever a storm rolls in, your only real options are to hunker down in a sealed bunker, or prepare for the fight of your life against the raging elements and the monsters lurking within them.

Weird Wasteland Tales [+400/+600]

The radiation of the Great War didn't just mutate the local wildlife; it either awakened or created things straight out of gothic horror. The Commonwealth is now crawling with things that go bump in the night.

For **+400 CP:** The wasteland is infested with classic monsters adapted to the apocalypse. You will frequently encounter towering, irradiated werewolves hunting in packs under the moonlight, vampiric ghouls who drink the blood of settlers to maintain their sanity, and terrifying Wendigos stalking the northern swamps. These creatures boast supernatural strength, speed, and resistances, making them noticeably tougher and more dangerous than the already lethal Deathclaws, Yao Guai, and raiders of the Commonwealth. Nighttime travel has just become incredibly deadly.

For **+600 CP:** The monsters aren't just mindless, wandering beasts anymore; they have leadership. You will now have to contend with the "Alphas" of these supernatural species. You will cross paths with ancient Vampire Lords who wield dark blood-magic, Alpha Skinwalkers capable of perfectly mimicking the voices and faces of your allies, and Eldritch Coven Masters who can coordinate hordes of lesser monsters with telepathic precision. These Alphas are highly intelligent, possess supernatural abilities far beyond their lesser kin, and are capable of organizing their species into genuine threats to the settlements of the Commonwealth. They will establish lairs, gather followers, and actively scheme against human settlements, forcing you to deal with supernatural factions rather than simply hunting individual monsters. Some may even be capable of negotiating, making alliances, or manipulating wastelanders into serving them willingly. The Commonwealth has always been dangerous, but now some of its nightmares can think.

Project: Doppelganger [+600]

The Institute's Bioscience division managed to recover a sample of your DNA shortly after you arrived, and they have successfully engineered their ultimate masterpiece: a perfect Gen-3 Synth clone of you. This synthetic replica possesses a one-to-one copy of all your abilities, perks, powers, and raw physical attributes. If you have impenetrable skin, out-of-context magic, or god-like strength, the clone has it too. Fortunately, it is not a perfect copy of your mind. It does not possess your memories, your hard-earned skills, or your combat experience. Instead, it relies on standard Institute Courser subroutines to wield your powers, meaning it lacks your tactical finesse, creativity, and adaptability. However, it makes up for this lack of skill with sheer, relentless determination. The Institute has given it a single, overriding directive: hunt down and terminate the original. It possesses an infallible, supernatural tracking sense for your location. You cannot hide from it, you cannot reason with it, and you cannot permanently lose it. It will find you, and it will force you into a grueling mirror-match against your own terrifying potential. And if you manage to kill it? The Institute will simply print another one. Unless you wipe out the Institute's production facilities, you will be hunted by yourself for the next ten years.

God Bless the Enclave [+600]

You didn't really think they were completely wiped out in the Capital Wasteland, did you? For the duration of this jump, a massive, fully operational remnant fleet of the Enclave has arrived to "reclaim" the Commonwealth - and they are bringing hell with them.

Blotting out the sky with advanced, heavily armored Vertibirds, they deploy platoons of elite shock-troopers clad in impenetrable X-02 and Hellfire Power Armor, wielding devastating plasma casters and heavy incinerators. To the Enclave, everyone in Massachusetts (from the Minutemen and the Railroad to the Institute and the Brotherhood of Steel) is either a mutant to be exterminated or a traitor to be executed.

They will establish heavily fortified strongholds across the map, actively purge settlements, and indiscriminately slaughter ghouls, synths, and wastelanders alike. Worse, they have identified you as a priority-one anomaly. Expect the Enclave to routinely crash your quests, launch devastating artillery strikes on your camps, and drop squads of their deadliest purifiers directly onto your position. If you want to survive the next ten years, you are going to have to fight a full-scale war against the absolute pinnacle of Pre-War American military might.



Ending

The End of the Road

Ten years have come and gone. The dust has settled, the radioactive storms have cleared, and the Commonwealth has been forever altered by your presence. Whether you conquered the wasteland with an iron fist, brought peace to a fractured region, or just spent a decade building the perfect scrap-metal mansion, your time here is officially up. Your Benefactor has returned, and you have three choices before you. War never changes, Jumper... but where will you fight your next one?

Return Home

You have seen the horrors of a nuclear apocalypse, and you have decided that you've had enough of the wasteland. You choose to end your Chain here and return to your original world, back to the exact moment you left. You bring with you all the powers, items, and companions you have gathered along your journey. Whether you use your advanced Institute science to revolutionize your Earth or simply retire in peace with your newly acquired fortune, your multiversal travels are over.

Stay in the Commonwealth

Why leave? You have spilled blood, sweat, and tears for this irradiated dirt, and you have finally built a world worth living in. By choosing this option, your Chain ends, and you remain in the Fallout universe permanently. You can continue to lead your victorious factions, explore the uncharted ruins of North America, or simply settle down in a quiet farm in Sanctuary Hills. The Commonwealth is your home now.

Move On

There are more worlds out there, and another universe needs your help (or your absolute subjugation). You pack up your favorite weapons, gather your loyal companions, and step through the portal into the unknown. Keep your Geiger counter handy and your weapons loaded, Wanderer; the multiverse is vast, and your journey is far from over.

Changelog and Notes

The Cyborg perk acts as a boost of 5 to all S.P.E.C.I.A.L. attributes. If used with **You are S.P.E.C.I.A.L** perk, the respective attributes are boosted to 15.
An item discount of 400 can be used to purchase The Foundation item with all the upgrades.
The companions are based on Rick Sanchez, Nezuko and Tanjiro, Saitama, John Wick, Megumin, Alucard, Major Kusanagi, The Terminator, Tony Stark, Ruby Rose, Kat from Gravity Rush, Samus Aran, Jessica Rabbit, Miranda Lawson, Hit-Girl, She-Hulk, Asia Argento, GLaDOS, and Malfoid.

V 1.0 - First Edition
V 1.1 - Added some notes, Added the RobCo Master Terminal and Armor and Clothing items, edited The War For The Commonwealth and The Nuka-World Ultimatum to only require five years of work instead of ten, edited the War For The Commonwealth to have a reward for those that create their own faction, removed the Unwelcome Guest drawback, edited the Lorenzo's Crown to boost psyker abilities, added the Sole Survivor as a companion, edited Rad-Phobia to not be permanent.

With the Public Enemy Number One drawback, are you able to stop it by ending the faction?, Or is it a forever war?

- Yes, you can stop it by destroying the entire faction.

Does SPECIAL scale with your species, or is it strictly apex Fallout human-level?

- Strictly apex Fallout human-level, but other species like Super Mutants or Synths start with a higher baseline.

On an unrelated note, hopefully the molecular relay keeps the person's consciousness intact when teleporting them instead of simply killing them and creating a copy on the other side.

- Don't worry about that, the molecular relay is perfectly safe.

I'm confused about wasteland tyke are you stuck at 10 years old for the entire jump or do you grow because the last sentence implies that you do grow older. And would this perk completely negate you are special and cyborg, or would you still be a really strong 10-year-old that can still tear someone in half just massively reduced. Also, since cyborg slows down your aging, wouldn't you be a little kid for quite a while?

- Yes, you do grow older. And yes, they would negate all the non-mental parts of **You Are Special** and **Cyborg** perks. No, you would still age as normal even if you were a cyborg.

If you are a scientist, the subsequent purchases of Old World Genius are discounted 50 CP a pop.
For Whispers of the Void, any type of chem is enough, be it a mentat or even a buffout.