

HARDSPACE SHIPBREAKER



By Nyanko-Anon!!OxrGEvoGaQo

The year is 2329. Humanity has taken to the stars, and spread out through its home Solar System. Not yet interstellar, not quite-but they're moving in that direction, slowly and steadily. Each year the Rail Gates-vast megastructures that accelerate ships to faster than light velocities and catch them afterwards, allowing for near-instantaneous travel between two points-grows a little larger and more robust. Each year new technologies and wonders are developed...alongside new horrors.

It was 2283 when Class 2 and 3 AIs were banned-most believed it to be a pushback against rampant corporate usage of AIs that was utterly decimating the job market. The truth was something far more dire-it was a reaction against the growing threat of rogue and rampant intelligences, technological cancer. But it had already begun to spread-launching itself over and over out past the Jovian Frontier, at the edge of explored space. The Machine God, it called itself, and it called to humanity in turn. Its purpose was, frankly, schizophrenic-both desperate to grow and spread, and desperate to STOP humanity from growing in turn. Violent and loving, desperate to preserve yet driven to murder, the Machine God still lurks and raids humanity, infecting ships with its AI nodes and converting others to its cause-both by persuasion, and by force.

...But that doesn't have anything to do with you. It's an existential threat to humanity, sure, but you know what's much more pressing? Food. There's a food shortage hitting Earth hard, which has become something of a backwater as humanity's colonies all grow far more prosperous than its home cradle. Anyways, food. If you want food, you're gonna need money. And if you want money, you're gonna have to get a job. And hey-looks like LYNX is hiring!

The position of a Shipbreaker for the LYNX corporation isn't safe, nor is it easy work. It's outright expected that you're gonna die on the job, but thanks to the Everwork™ Spare program you'll be just fine once your consciousness transfers to your flash clone, so death isn't as much of a barrier as it used to be. And hey-the pay is, to put it bluntly, fucking amazing. You've heard that some shipbreakers can make as much as \$15 million in just fifteen minutes of work; that's more than enough to set you for life if you live frugally. If you've got no other prospects, it's not exactly a hard decision.

Of course, the moment you sign up your DNA will be extracted to induct you into the Everwork™ Spare program, which naturally destroys your original body. And if you happened to read the employee contract you'd note that anything made with LYNX equipment is LYNX property...which now happens to include your entire body. The \$1.25 billion dollar debt they hit you immediately after signing up is just icing on the cake, to be honest.

Welcome to Hardspace Shipbreaker. You're not allowed to die until you pay LYNX what you owe. Now get to work.

Origins

Now, it's safe to say you're some variety of human. Humanity hasn't yet encountered any alien life, and the only machine life is... well, anyways, a fairly bog-standard human being. You're probably somewhere between the ages of 18 to 80, but **you may freely choose your age**; medical technology's pretty crazy these days. Likewise **you may freely choose your gender**; it doesn't exactly make any sort of difference for the work you're doing after all. Not like your muscles are going to be doing any pulling on the job; it's Van der Waals tethers and grapples that do all the heavy lifting these days.

Beyond that though, there's the nature of your employment. You are, of course, an employee of LYNX, but your history might've been a bit mixed up. Administrative mishap, you know? That does mean that **any origin may be treated as Drop-In**; your past records probably got wiped by a sudden solar storm or something. Of course, your position and debts were much more carefully recorded, so who exactly are you to LYNX?

Clean Cutter

-You're the quintessential shipbreaker, an icon of the profession if your own judgment is to be believed. Maybe you had some accidents and a few Spares printed along the way, but you managed to hit your stride early on and have been running with it ever since. Little things like the \$1.25 billion dollar debt never bothered you; LYNX gave you a fairly nice hab, three square meals a day, hell they even gave you a customized music playlist chosen specifically to be enjoyable and make shipbreaking that much more fun. That's not even mentioning the pay-which is pretty damn good actually. Frankly, you like your job. You do good work, you make good money, and you have a good life-well, lives. Maybe you'd like better equipment, or have some minor gripes about this or that-but on the whole you're rather content with things. Keep it clean, cutter, and you'll go far in LYNX.

Union Jack

-Does the fact that you're quite literally *slave labor* really not bother anybody else? Seriously-they own your fucking bodies! You're literally not allowed to die and are forced to *work to the death, repeatedly!* It's insanity, it's evil beyond imagining. You *need* to do something about this. There's gotta be other people who feel the same way you do-and maybe if you can get enough people who feel the same way on your side, together you can do something about this. Cancel the debt, free the workers, tear your humanity back from the grips of this cold and cruel megacorporation. There's a fire burning in your heart, a fire of revolution. And you'll carry that fire forward, even if it's pointed out to you that you were already pretty deep in poverty before LYNX took you on as a shipbreaker and, honestly, the only reason you've still got that debt hanging around your neck is the complete lack of work you actually do on the job. No, you're not the problem, LYNX is the problem. They'll rue the day they hired you, made you immortal, and gave you a wide variety of tools and training needed to do your job.

Middle Management

-You know, someone's got to manage all those shipbreakers, salvage processors, and so on. You can't exactly expect the executives to micromanage every single employee, can you? That's where people like you step in. Sure, middle managers might get a bad reputation amongst some folks-but you do some genuinely important work. You keep the logistics of multiple shipbreaking crews running, you make sure everyone's performing, you act as a line of communication between corporate and individual employees-and of course, you ensure that nobody is doing anything against their company contracts. Especially something as dumb as forming a union, which was specifically and repeatedly outlined as being against company rules and regulations in their contract and signup. It's a tough job you have, some might even say it's as tough as shipbreaking-tougher, even! But someone's gotta do it. The pay is pretty amazing as well, as are the company benefits. Just make sure to keep hitting those company quotas and you'll be fine.

Regardless of your Origin, your place of work AND residence is clear: **you start in a ship salvage yard somewhere in Earth orbit.** You've likely got a nice foreman named Weaver working there, along with a colorful cast of other Shipbreakers who aren't...exactly the highest earners in the company. Bless Kaito's heart, but he still can't remove a Reactor safely after two years, when that's something other Shipbreakers have been doing since their first month on the job.

Anyways, not like anything special's happening here-certainly not the fomentation of a revolution that will put a black eye on LYNX and ensure nobody ever gets access to cloning and consciousness-transfer technology except for Shipbreakers. Certainly not. That would be absurd-especially if it was caused by some of the lowest earning and least influential shipbreakers in the entire company.

Well, you've got a job to do. Better get to it.

Perks

As always **perks are discounted for their origin**, and **discounted 100 CP perks are free**. What exactly was it that LYNX saw in you, to bring you into the LYNX family?

Clean Cutter

Measure Twice, Cut Once -100 CP

-Just about any old joe can smash apart a ship given the tools; it's not exactly a hard thing to do. Take that splitsaw of your and start blasting-that ship'll be in pieces in no time. It takes a *real* shipbreaker to figure out how to *safely* take a ship apart without ruining valuable components, how to break it down and extract every last bit of value out of it in fifteen minutes or less. The trick to it is that it's not a matter of instinct or talent-it's a skill, a body of knowledge you build up with each and every ship you break. When you first take a crack at an unfamiliar ship with strange new systems, you're not gonna be any better than you normally would-maybe more cautious than the average joe and with more experience in shipbreaking, but that's it. But once you map out its systems and take apart one ship, you'll remember-and you'll figure out a mental checklist of what you have to do and in what order to safely and cleanly take apart that ship in record time. And this applies to any task; new and unfamiliar things are as hard as usual, but once you've done it before you'll know how it should be done to make it as fast and as safe as possible. Still up to your own skills to make it happen though, but you know what you're doing now.

Scrapyard Speedster -200 CP

-Some might say that it's a matter of muscle and strength that sets shipbreakers apart-but that's blatantly false. You aren't doing any of the tugging, it's your grapple and Van der Waals fields that do all the work. No, the thing that sets a good shipbreaker apart isn't strength-it's *control*. Your body is almost superfluous up here; what matters is your mind-and your mind really is something else. You've got reflexes that would be the envy of any athlete, and a head for momentum and 3D movement that'll leave some people convinced you were voidborn. Even your proprioception is off the charts, giving you a constant sense of where exactly your body is in space around you and how to maneuver it best. Combine that with the right tools and the Zero-G environment that you're working in, and you're a monkey on crack in the scrapyard; zipping through space and stopping on a dime just before you'd crack your head on something, tossing heavy plates willy-nilly without ever over judging your own weight or the pushback from equal opposite reactions, always cutting exactly what you mean to cut to the point that you can fire that laser cutter right next to fuel pipes without any fear. You're a savant in the scrapyard, a speed demon. Other cutters might take an hour to take a ship apart. You? You'll do it in ten minutes flat.

Good Work, Better Pay -400 CP

-Now, shipbreaking is a job-not quite like many other jobs, but a job all the same. It's got its operational costs and quotas that you're expected to hit. But it's hazardous and difficult work; it's a good day for most shipbreakers if they can salvage more than three quarters of a ship's value. So it only makes sense, really, that you'd be rewarded if you go above and beyond right? When you do good work-when you hit not only the requirements, but the bonus quotas and salvage goals of your job-you're rewarded accordingly. Extra repair kits, bonuses to your certs or LYNX Tokens, hell your boss might even be so impressed one of these days that he just outright gives you an old space truck that he had lying around. And the more frequently and consistently you go above and beyond, the more you do good work, the more rewarding the effort becomes in the long term. Keep hitting those quotas, and you'll be a shoe-in for a management position in less than a year-or even get your own salvage yard to operate! If nothing else, your work will always scale *upwards* with the more effort and results you invest in it. Your pay as a salvager or pencil pusher will never scale too far past rationality, but if you're putting in the effort of three people, you can expect to get *paid* like you're three people at once.

I Was There -600 CP

-Look, let's be real here for a second. This is a world in the midst of a revolution. Not a worker's revolution-a technological, societal one. There's a mad rogue AI who believes it's a god out there, and technology is leapfrogging forward to drive humanity to a whole new age. Humanity stands on the edge of something incredible...and while you may not be at the center of the storm, you're certainly standing close to it. You'll find that, whatever work you happen to be doing-whether that's being a salvager or otherwise-you'll find yourself getting a front-row seat to the most incredible and world-shaking events of the era. As a salvager you'll find yourself occasionally salvaging Ghost Ships full of AI nodes and stories of exactly what's going on beyond the Jovian Frontier, as a middle manager you might find yourself involved in the teams that are designing the next stage of humanity's race to the stars. You aren't part of this, not directly. But you're close, and if you're smart about things you just might be able to influence the outcomes of these incredible events. At the very least, you'll always find that the grand events of the era will always leave something for you to remember them by-something that will be of notable benefit to you, at that.

Union Jack

My Good Friend Karl -100 CP

-Now, perhaps the very first thing someone like you ought to learn is discretion. It is, after all, explicitly against the terms of your employment contract to so much as *discuss* unionization, so talking about it *outright, on company channels*, would be the height of blatant stupidity. No, you're at least a little bit smarter than that. You've got a knack for talking *around* various subjects-instead of talking about a union, you might talk about some friends down at the pub. Instead of mentioning plans for a strike, you might mention the bowling game you and your buddies want to organize. This way of talking around the issue lets you discuss things like unionization and other criminal activities right in front of the eyes and ears of those who should be stopping you without them ever realizing what you're doing-though be aware, this isn't foolproof. Yes, it'll slip past keyword trackers or average listeners, but someone listening in who's clever will eventually be able to crack your ad-hoc code. They wouldn't have PROOF that you're conspiring something of course, but once they understand how you're dancing around the topic it would only take a little bit more to dig into your business-and this whole operation could fall apart like that.

Hidden In The Red Line -200 CP

-Shipbreaking is a tough business. It's outright expected that you're gonna die on the job, and even if you do your absolute best it is outright impossible to salvage 100% of a ship. Add on the operational costs of running the furnace, processor, the grapple and tethers, destruction of various structures while you break a ship apart, decompression accidents, so on and so forth...there's a thick red margin of lost profits when it comes to shipbreaking, a nice red line where the company simply has no expectations of recovering anything. It'd be trivial to hide a few missing components in that red line; things like posters, data drives, spare O2 cans and repair kits have no real value to the company so they'd barely make a blip in the red. Bigger things like circuits, fuses, dampeners, and the like have a bit of resale value, and unless you find them floating freely in the ship you might have to damage some valuable equipment to get at them-that'll leave a bit more red on your quotas, but it's still manageable. An entire reactor? That's so much red in the margins that it's almost guaranteed to raise some eyebrows. Take care-if you can't justify your smuggling efforts with something that has a plausible loss margin, any red stains are gonna stand out. Also, it would be pretty fucking stupid to flaunt the fact that you're smuggling stuff right under the company's nose; don't try and assemble your own entire fucking ship from stolen parts right in front of your own hab, that'd be all but painting a red spotlight on yourself.

Bad Company -400 CP

-If you want change, real change, you're going to need help. No man is an island, and you can't change a society without getting the people on your side. Luckily, this is something you're remarkably good at. You've got a knack for making friends, finding like-minded people, and getting others to see your side of things. Even a long-time believer in a corporation could be made part of your union if you worked with them and talked with them for long enough-though it might require showing the ugly side of their workplace first before they're truly convinced. Where this skill really shines though is in the...less than legal side of things. You have a knack for finding people who know people, finding ways to get things done that aren't strictly by the books or to the letter of the law. You can even set up these sorts of networks and webs of illicit contact yourself-getting people to meet other people and getting arrangements started until it takes on a life of its own. You could really spark a whole union into existence this way...or a criminal empire. Really just depends on the goal, if we're being honest. Do be aware-this is people skills and networking, NOT necessarily administrative and logistics. You have some skill in that, of course, but mostly in how to AVOID it and turn it against itself rather than how to actually set it up. If you could set up an actual company you probably wouldn't be in this web of intrigue in the first place.

The Mouse And The Elephant -600 CP

-At some point, you have to face facts: you're on the losing side. You're a ragtag bunch of working joes facing a multi-trillion dollar corporation that spans the solar system, and you don't even own your own fucking bodies. If corporate truly gets wind of what's going on, they could squash you like an ant. Or could they? See, all reason and logic dictates that there is absolutely no way you should be able to win. The corpos practically own the media, Stellar Council, and everything in-between. Your chances of any actual change are nil...but that doesn't seem to be true. When you get a movement going, when you raise the torch and bring together enough people, it gains a strange sort of momentum. Like a snowball rolling down a mountain, even if you were miniscule and weak at first it just keeps picking up steam and growing more and more until somewhere along the line the ant is able to crush the boot. It isn't easy, nor is it quick-and the worse off your group is, the slower this effect is to build up. If you really are just you and a bunch of your dumbest, least-skilled friends making noise at a company, it'll probably take years or even decades for this effect to build up any sort of power-and even then, at best you'll probably only get token changes to the corp's policies. But if you get enough people together, truly keep things organized, and keep pushing...soon, the economy will begin to crack from the weight of your labor strikes, the Stellar Council will sit up and take notice, and the unshakeable megacorp that should own everything suddenly doesn't look so invincible. It should be impossible. But somehow, somehow, the mouse can topple the elephant.

Middle Management

Stuck In The Middle -100 CP

-Some men are born great; some men have greatness thrust upon them. You're...neither. You're very, *very* average, if we're being honest. It's something of a specialty of yours actually; you're not exactly *bad* at anything in particular. You don't stand out as exceptional, but if there's something exceptional about you it's how you somehow manage to always be at least adequate at about anything you try your hand at. From working in the salvage yard to balancing the numbers on a spreadsheet; given a few days of work to get the hang of things, you'll find you're okay at it. Not great, not bad, just okay. It's a basic level of competency; you'll not get the tricks and tips to make the most of your time or the skills to really push you to the next level, but given a little bit you'll always manage to hit...calling it a stride is a bit much, but a casual walking pace at anything you try your hand at. It's not going to get you climbing on the corporate ladder, but there are definite benefits for being the middle of the pack. And you can be pretty sure that-unless something truly absurd like the fomentation of a worker's union happens-you're almost certainly going to keep your job come hell or high water. Nobody cares about the middle of the pack after all-so you'll just keep doing your average work and collecting your paycheck at the end of the day. It may not be great, but a good life is fine by you too.

Pulling Together -200 CP

-No man is an island, and no job is easy on its own. This is something you learned fairly early on in life, and paired with it is a skill for turning hard jobs into easy ones with a single word: cooperation. It doesn't matter how much any one man can lift if you all lift together, and enough people pulling the chain in the same direction will get that chain moving right quick. You've got a way with words, smoothing out differences and getting people to work together towards a common goal. It's not on the level of founding entire organizations nor does it necessarily help you with making friends, but you can at least get everybody on the same boat and moving towards the same goal. Given enough time you can turn a ragtag bunch of idiots into a well-oiled machine, pushing in the same direction. They might not be friends and it might be a job they have to do, but so long as you're the one directing them they'll know how to put aside their differences and pull on that chain together. Very notably, you'll know when this isn't enough. Sometimes there'll be people who simply refuse to work with you or with others, or people who-despite your best efforts-are a detriment to the overall group effort. When you find those people, you'll know them-and know how to let them down gently and get them out of whatever group you're putting together. You'll also have a very odd instinct to know when to keep your mouth shut in order to prevent yourself from pissing other people off; sometimes avoiding chatter really *WILL* make profits fatter. Or at least, prevent someone from deciding that your neck would make a good cut point for their Splitsaw.

Corporate Communication -400 CP

-Lots of people like to complain about paperwork-but truthfully, it's the very backbone of civilization itself. Keeping records of who goes where and does what, what needs to be done, how much is being expended for this or that-these things smooth out the logistic chains and ensure that one knows HOW a company is being run. And from there, it's just a matter of balancing numbers and getting people to where they need to be to make something truly incredible. You've come to understand the beauty of the administrative machine, the elegance of logistics and legalese in a way that very few people can match. Each form you fill out is filled out swiftly and accurately, and you've got an eye for figuring out where other people make errors in the administrative chain-and how to correct those errors as well. Writing up and managing the paperwork of organizations is practically in your blood, and legal jargon flows through your veins. This innate instinct and talent for paperwork and administration makes you the darling of any large organization you become a part of, scaling with the size of their administrative framework and however much paperwork you actually take on and manage yourself, and gives you quite the pull with the higher ups that lets you get away with quite some absurd stuff. This also, of course, lets you figure out how to develop and streamline these sort of administrative frameworks, in case you ever thought about putting together your own company or the like. Just take care; while you're utterly beloved by the executives and higher-ups, it'd be all too easy to forget that sometimes those numbers on a spreadsheet are *people* that you're re-organizing.

Hitting The Quotas -600 CP

-Businesses make money. At least, that's the goal-and sometimes, people have a hard time reaching their goals. That's okay though-if you break a problem down into enough steps, it's often a lot easier to hit that overarching goal. When you have a goal in mind, even a vague one-you get powerful flashes of insight and instinct on how exactly to break down that goal into much more manageable sub-goals and quotas that let you get there step by step. The best part about this trick is that it doesn't just work for you-it can work for any group or even organization you're a part of. If you're given a goal by corporate, you can break it down into a series of manageable quotas and deadlines that will let your teams of employees chew through it at record paces. This has its own sort of momentum to it as well-with each quota you reach on your way to accomplishing a goal, the next one becomes just a little bit easier. Well-its not momentum to be honest, but skill. As you and your allies hit their quotas, you just get *better* at hitting those quotas and reaching towards that goal. On the job training, if you will-and while goals may come and go, the skills you and your team cultivate while hitting those quotas will stay with you. With this on your side you could turn some of the lowest earners in the entire company into their star salvaging team, or turn yourself from a simple middle manager into executive material. It's just a matter of putting in the work and hitting those quotas. Put in the time, and who knows how far you'll climb?

General Perks

LYNX-Brand Psychologically Profiled Music -Free/100 CP

-According to research conducted by the Department of Performance and Productivity, forcibly piping in music that has been selected to match an employee's psychological profile while they work has resulted in a dramatic increase in both performance and productivity as well as a 12% reduction in incidents of death and dismemberment. Given the work salvagers are expected to do, that's not a small number-so it was decided effective immediately that all salvagers get their own custom soundtracks to listen to while they work. Your psyche profile just so happens to suggest the LYNX-Brand "Hardspace Shipbreaker" OST would fit you best...though you'll still have to pay if you want to keep the soundtrack after you leave. LYNX isn't a charity after all.

Scrapyard Specialist -200 CP

-This is a world where technology is advancing at a rapid pace, and if you can't keep up you just might be left behind. And while you might think that has nothing to do with your work, you ARE wielding tools and equipment that's more than fifty years out of date. Maybe you should do something about that. This...*won't* get you the cutting edge of technology. You're not going to understand why exactly this specific arrangement of components, circuits, and programming produces a force that allows for action at a distance, or how the fuck "liquid sapphire" even works. But what it does do, is give you the know how to actually *put it together* regardless. Plasma cutters, environmental suits, Van der Waals grapples and tethers-if you can find it in a scrapyard here, you could almost certainly make it yourself-even improve on it to an extent, as long as you have the materials. Hell-if you had enough parts you might even be able to put your own ship together. Again-you wouldn't know WHY it works beyond the generalities. Why the reactor emits blue and purple light is as much a mystery to you as the specifics of how a Rail Gate functions. But you'd know how to put one together, and even have some fairly accurate instincts on how to improve on stuff. Just...be careful. Really doesn't take much to set a Reactor off, after all.

Singh-ing To The Stars -400 CP

-To other people, Van der Waals fields might as well be Fucking Space Magic. Not to you. You know the exact equations that describe how they work, and know the mathematical transformations that indicate that they could be used to accelerate objects to FTL speeds and catch them afterwards. You know the design principles and coding that would allow a simple program to iteratively improve on itself until it develops into a full Artificial Intelligence. You know the music of the spheres and how to make the stars sing to you-or at least, that's how it looks to others. Put in painfully simple terms: you're a genius, and you know how the world works. You've got science and technology rattling around in your brain that could change the face of humanity forevermore, from extensions on Rail Gate technology, nanotechnology that could make mankind immortal, and more. There IS one teensy tiny problem...you're not exactly a savant when it comes to turning your ideas into reality. It's gonna take a lot of time, funding, and resources if you want to make something as incredible as the Rail Gates, and without that you're gonna have to fight tooth and nail to drag these visions of technology into the world. Maybe if you joined with LYNX...

Items

Like perks, **items are discounted to their origin**, and **discounted 100 CP items are free**. Now, LYNX isn't gonna just toss you out the airlock without a suit; anyone can take Tools Of The Trade for free* (you will be charged more than \$500k per day of equipment rental), but anything else you purchase is up to you.

General Items

LYNX Everwork™ Spare Program -Free

-LYNX is fully aware of the dangers of shipbreaking. Reactor meltdowns, electrical arcs, coolant leaks, rampant fires-even things as simple as drifting into the Furnace or Processor could easily claim the lives of their valued employees. Luckily for you, LYNX provides the perfect solution: The Everwork™ Spare Program, which perfectly* transfers your consciousness into a flash clone upon death, allowing you to not only continue living-but LEARN from your experiences as well. Mandatory for all LYNX Employees, your DNA will be carefully extracted-an inevitably lethal process-in order to record and backup your genetic structure for the production of Spares. And LYNX is happy to provide this service for free**!

*For most employees consciousness transfer is not guaranteed, and may lead to some degree of memory loss and identity drift over time. LYNX Jumpchain Compatibility ensures that it truly is perfect for you specifically. Companion usage not guaranteed.

**Should a certain worker's union form and get their way, the modified LYNX contract will include a subclause that retracts your own participation in the Everwork™ Program in future worlds. Won't be an issue here, of course, but it will be lost later unless certain actions are taken. Also, each Spare costs \$150k, which will be automatically deducted from your account.

Bunny "D" -50 CP

-From the Fun Animal Friends Series, a cute plushie of the most popular character: a simple pink bunny labeled "D". Rather soft, durable, and surprisingly cute, it also somewhat notably has a very well hidden flap on its back hiding a zipper. Should you pull this zipper down, you'll find that inside the plushie are some real bones. They won't rot, if you're worried about that. It's probably nothing to worry about, but you can remove them manually if you want. And that'd leave a surprising amount of space inside the plushie...

Recreational Stimulants And Hallucinogens -50 CP

-LYNX cannot legally endorse the use of illegal drugs on the job; doing so would go against Stellar Council law, after all. But research HAS shown that moderate usage of recreational stimulants and micro-doses of select hallucinogens DO notably improve performance and awareness in the salvage yard. On an unrelated note, the LYNX executive board has unanimously voted to end all drug searches and tests for their salvage workers, because they deeply respect your privacy. You still have to pay for your own drugs of course.

Clean Cutter

Tools Of The Trade -Free/100/200 CP

-If you want to break ships, you're gonna need the tools to do it. A space suit, thrusters, plasma cutter, Van der Waals grapple and tethers, helmet and O2 tank, integrated scanner, and demo charges for particularly tough cut points. These are the bare basics of what you're gonna need if you want to break ships down into resaleable parts. That said-none of this stuff is exactly the cutting edge. More the exact opposite actually; most of this equipment is fifty or more years out of date and barely functional. If you want the actual good stuff-an O2 tank that lasts a full 20 minutes with integrated air scrubbers, a grapple with advanced and classified materials for maximal strength, a fully upgraded fast-cooling plasma cutter that vents heat swiftly (via converting it to radiation at a rate below your yearly exposure allowance), and much more, you'll need to pay extra-**an extra 100 CP, discounted for Clean Cutters**. And of course-renting this equipment is going to ding your LYNX account to the tune of \$650k a day. You can **pay an additional 100 CP, also discounted to Clean Cutters**, to remove that rental fee and make them entirely your own.

LYNX R&D Catalog -200/300 CP

-So you've got the basic tools-if you paid a bit more, you might even have the high-end versions. But what if you want something a little bit more? Maybe a drone that can automatically pull Furnace-scrap from Processor-scrap, or a Laser Cutter that can cut through nanocarbon? Well, that's what LYNX's extensive R&D Catalog is for. You'll be able to browse through a wide variety of cutting edge equipment, technology, and upgrades all available for purchase via the proprietary LYNX Token system, with a monthly allowance of 100 LYNX Tokens and further Tokens available to be earned by reaching assigned salvage or employment goals. For reference, meeting every single salvage goal on a high-paying ship could earn you as much as 500 LYNX Tokens! Some customizations and upgrades will be quite cheap-things like a customizable on the job music playlist might cost as little as 50 Tokens, or specialized shielding in the Scanner to prevent disruption caused by Reactors or AI nodes could be as little as 100 Tokens. More advanced and functional upgrades-such as a laser cutter to cut through nanocarbon or an assistant drone-might run for three to five hundred LYNX Tokens, but they will be well worth it. You could even commission truly unique and incredible projects-like a miniaturized Rail Gate Launch system, allowing for short-range teleportation-like hopping about the scrapyard. Such a custom-commissioned project might cost as little as 100k LYNX Tokens!

While your options are, by default, limited to the technologies available to this setting, by paying an **undiscounted 100 CP** premium you can get access to the LYNX Many World Catalog, which opens up a wide variety of technological upgrades and equipment from previous jumps and any future jumps you visit. This could lead to such incredible advancements as grapples that truly integrate magic, or scanners that directly integrate psychic abilities. Who knows what sort of possibilities the future could hold? Of course, you will still have to pay with LYNX Tokens; you will maintain a 100 Token allowance per month, though LYNX will acknowledge and reward any gainful employment in the future with appropriately scaled payments of LYNX Tokens.

Space Truck -400 CP

-Now, on the one hand you could argue that working as a shipbreaker is actually pretty convenient. You live in a hab not even five minutes away from the salvage yard with all the amenities you require to live-three square meals, a bed to sleep, a tool bench to maintain your equipment, and a micro-kitchen. On the other hand...well, maybe you want to explore more than your place of employment? That's what this baby's for. An Armadillo-class ship, smaller than a Gecko and just large enough to live indefinitely if you're careful. She's not much, but she can get you where you're going...well, after a bit of TLC. See, she's not exactly in the best shape right now, missing several critical systems and parts. Luckily, she also comes with a special repair and upgrade program that gives you a parts list for exactly what she needs to get back to 100% and how to install them all safely and cleanly. Hell, this program can even design upgrades and refurbishments for your ship, giving you new parts breakdowns and a step-by-step to build her up better than ever. Now you just need the parts to get her back on her feet. You COULD buy them at a premium from LYNX...or you could simply scavenge some from the scrapyards. You DO work at a shipbreaking yard, after all. Plenty of usable parts right there. As a bonus, your space truck comes with all the legal documentation and licenses needed to own it, so it can't be impounded unless you truly and remarkably fuck up with the law-at which point you probably have bigger problems.

Modified LYNX Subsidiary Contract -600 CP

-For anyone else, this would be the work of bitter years and dedicated effort finally paying off. Your LYNX employment contract has been modified-and upgraded, as a matter of fact. No longer is your body LYNX property, nor your intellectual property. Several other issues have been adjusted, marking you not as a debt slave but as a valued company asset in your own right. Beyond that though, is the position: foreman of your own salvage yard. You've made it. You've got it all here; furnaces, processors, barge and integrated grav-net, hab quarters for yourself and any workers you want-yours are especially luxurious-upgraded hydroponics to supply you and your employees with their choice of meals each day, and a damn good salary on TOP of a percentage cut of the profits that each salvager makes with their ships. Each day you'll be able to call in a wide variety of spaceships from a LYNX work catalog, and either break it down yourself or assign it to one of your employed salvagers. Everything from the smallest Gecko to the titanic Heavy Cargo Javelins, you'll be able to break them all here and in future worlds. That said: you don't start with any employees. Maybe recruit some from your own team to get your salvage yard off the ground?

Another note-in future worlds you can choose to have this salvage yard appear in orbit around whatever planet you happen to be inhabiting. It will still receive ships and pay from LYNX regardless of where you go, but you may also open up new catalogs to acquire and salvage ships from past or current settings. It won't even cost you any extra, and LYNX will take care of all the nitty-gritty of reselling parts to ensure you get clean profits at the end of the day if you want. For a very minor conversion fee they'll even adjust the currency they pay out to be an equivalent amount of whatever local currencies you're working with. LYNX isn't fucking you over here-they're genuinely playing ball. All that's left for you to do is keep your nose clean, keep up the good work, and keep the profits rolling in.

Union Jack

Annotated Employee's Handbook -100/200 CP

-There's only so far you can go skirting around the rules if you don't even know what they are, and there's only so much you can fight against your contract if you aren't even allowed to see the thing. Luckily for you, you've managed to get your hands on this. The complete LYNX Salvage Employee's Company Handbook, listing not only the entirety of the legal contract you are bound by but also the full list of rules, privileges, duties, terms and conditions you are bound to as a part of the LYNX company. It's even been helpfully annotated in red to highly subtle yet particularly egregious clauses in your contract, loopholes in the terms and conditions, and more than a few special privileges that it wouldn't take much to attain and abuse even from your lowly status. You're not on an even playing field with just this-but at least you aren't playing blind anymore. For an **undiscounted 100 CP** this Employee's Handbook will update for any future jobs and worlds you go to, giving you great insight into any employment contract you sign and the workings-and loopholes-in any company you work at.

Torrential Pirate Bay -200/300 CP

-Okay, say that you can somehow get the people you need to get this movement off the ground. You're still going to need more than that-you'll need protection, ways to communicate, resources for when LYNX cuts you off, and so much more. Even basic things like a program to jailbreak your salvaging tools would be desperately needed. Luckily, you know exactly where to get these sorts of things. Using a specialized encryption key you can access a secondary "black net" that lies underneath the normal communications network, hosting all sorts of illicit traffic. Here you can find black hat programmers who would be happy to trade company secrets for dataminers, machine hobbyists who'd love nothing more than to explain how to jailbreak the latest version of the plasma cutter, and specialized encrypted chat rooms that you could communicate safely and securely with others on. You could even get specialized viruses like trojan emails to slip communications to other salvage yards right under LYNX's nose...or infect LYNX's networks with something a bit more malicious, if you really want. Just take care when browsing-this isn't exactly a place of law and order, and while you might have an in here it isn't carte blanche to demand whatever you want. Also, avoid anything with a dandelion icon or related to the word "taraxacum"; the Machine God's been known to lurk around the black net, and letting it in is a surefire way to brick your terminal.

For an **undiscounted 100 CP** you'll have an in with future criminal organizations and dark nets as well, giving you access to the criminal underbellies of future settings along with a fairly good first impression. This can get you access to pretty good stuff as well, but will of course come with its own risks depending on the setting. Take care and navigate at your own peril.

Tinder For The Fire -400 CP

-So, let's assume you've got the resources to make this revolution happen. You still need the people-that's what it's all about after all. Without them, all you've got is a single voice screaming into the void. But with enough people, at the right time...what you have here, is the people. A black book of contacts, filled *to the brim*. Most of these contacts are just friends who have friends, random joes and janes who happen to be sympathetic to your cause. Some of them are media contacts, reporters, cameramen, maybe an anchor or two. Some are lawyers, or local politicians, or friends and family of such. Yet more are those who aren't exactly on the right side of things-legbreakers, mercs, pushers, grifters, maybe even a loan shark or two. None of them are very high up on the social ladder, and nobody on this contact list can make truly incredible changes even if you called in every favor they owed you. What's really remarkable is just the sheer *breadth* of contacts you can call upon, who they can call upon, who their contacts can call upon. Thousands, perhaps tens of thousands of names in this black book alone-and each one knows and can call upon or influence pretty large groups as well. Some as small as a few of their friends-others, hundreds of people. It's not a network yet. It's not an army. But given a cause and some work...it could be. You just need to bring it together and get the ball rolling.

An Unassuming Spark -600 CP

-And here is the spark to put the world to the torch. It's small, thin. A simple manilla envelope containing just a few pages of paper, a data drive, maybe a few pictures. It seems so simple, so innocuous. But on those pages are damning secrets, shocking revelations and terrible truths that would horrify and inflame any who learned of it. It isn't something magical or the like-instead corruption, scandal, coverups. Whatever it is, it's something *big*. Something that, if it were ever leaked, could completely and utterly upend society overnight. The very *least* carelessly revealing the contents of this manilla envelope would do is spark a World War-and if you're careful to release it for maximum effect, the results could shatter society as we know it. That's if you want to cause the maximum amount of chaos, at least. If you're careful and figure out exactly when and how to use it, this can be used instead to spark a Worker's Revolution the likes of which has never been seen-a true revolt of the working class, overthrowing the corporate nobility. It would ignite justice and honor in the most coldhearted man, awaken the wrath of the gentle, push forth a change that might never be wiped away from the world. Or it could be used for other purposes. For those who want to keep the world stable, this manilla envelope would be the ultimate blackmail. For those who want to watch the world burn, it would be the ultimate prize. Hell-if used correctly, it might just be used to instate a whole new culture or religion. It's your choice how this is used...just remember, once the genie's out of the bottle, it can't be put back in. Be very careful with what you do with this, or you might not like the end results. You'll get a fresh manilla envelope each decade as the social and political landscape evolves, giving you new ammunition to bring about society-wide change.

Middle Management

A Comfy Chair -100/200 CP

-Well, the chair is only part of the deal if we're being honest. You're a little bit higher up on the corporate ladder than a *salvage worker*, is the point of things. You got a whole office to yourself, a hab twice the size of any salvage worker, a salary that starts at about three hundred million dollars annual and only rises from there if you keep hitting your corporate quotas, insurance, healthcare, and yes-a very comfy chair. Of course, your work is pretty important to match the sort of salary you're getting; you manage teams of salvagers, making sure an entire yard is functioning. If they aren't hitting their quotas, *you* aren't hitting your quotas, and your pay will be docked accordingly. And while your contract is much better than any salvage worker's, that still won't stop corporate from knocking you back down to processing or some other menial job if you fuck it up. So. Don't fuck it up. Optionally, you may choose to take Hal's place in the story with this purchase.

For an extra **undiscounted 100 CP** you'll get a slightly better contract for the terms of your employment; as long as you, personally, don't fuck things up monumentally, you'll just keep collecting the paychecks just fine. Even if you sit on your ass doing nothing all day, your job is simple enough to basically run itself so you won't ever have to worry about getting knocked down the ladder. Well-unless something crazy like a worker's union forms right under your nose and costs the company major profits. That would be a serious fuckup on your part. Luckily-you'll also find that if you ever get fired from LYNX or move on from them, you'll be able to easily find equivalent work elsewhere! It's not quite the golden parachute that executives get, but it's better than most managers get.

Procurement Papers -200/300 CP

-Do you know the sort of resources it takes to keep this operation running? A lot! Like, a lot, a lot! Luckily you've got some pull with corporate-specifically, you have procurement forms to keep the flow of salvage equipment, consumables like demo charges, thruster fuel, oxygen tanks, and more-as well as other logistics concerns alive and well. The way this works is that you've got a quarterly budget of, say, about three billion or so dollars. You can request all sorts of equipment, tools, training, or so on from LYNX, and as long as it's within that budget they'll happily give it to you. Hell, you can even use this budget to pay out bonuses to your workers-or yourself. Once you hit the budget though, that's it until the next quarter. There's no issue if you don't spend your entire budget in one quarter-you'll still get a full refill, but your leftover budget WILL NOT rollover to the next quarter. But if you happen to meet and exceed your quotas? Expect your budget to get a boost...and your quotas to get raised to match. If you can't meet the new quotas? Back to baseline with you.

For an extra **undiscounted 100 CP** you'll be able to request all sorts of goods and services from past and any future jumps you visit through LYNX, with only a 10% upcharge via their procurement process. Note that this can only acquire stuff that's in the common free market-not unique artifacts, technologies, or one-of-a-kind services, only what can be purchased with normal currency. But LYNX will reliably get you the best quality for the price you pay for it. That's the LYNX promise.

LYNX Proprietary Security Systems -400 CP

-Now, LYNX likes to pretend they value your privacy-they ended all drug searches after all, right? But they never even needed to do that in the first place-they know you already, right down to every single strand of DNA in your body. They have your every email on record, your every radio communication recorded, your every movement mapped. They know exactly when you wake, the state of your brainwaves, what you eat for breakfast, how many seconds you spend staring off into space when choosing which ship to salvage...employees have no secrets from LYNX. But LYNX is generous, and has graciously offered to share its knowledge with you. Every email, every movement, everything that happens in LYNX territory or within a few kilometers of your hab, it's all recorded and available for your perusal. But you want more than that, don't you? It's not enough that you know everything going on around you-you want to be *secure*. Well, prepare for the ultimate LYNX Security package.

Laser turrets, grav-locking plates, Van der Waals bubble projectors, shit that salvage breakers have never even seen before. You've got it all, and it's all tied into your personal security plan. Installed in your hab, your workplace, and any future residence you live in-it's the final word in security...though keeping it active does cost you quite a bit-about a million a day for just your residence and workplace-so it's deactivated by default. In future settings you'll be able to install LYNX Security in any place you legally own, though each installation will cost you fifty million dollars and ding you about a million per square kilometer while active.

Gateway To The Stars -600 CP

-Hey, you know what's a hell of a lot more prestigious than managing a salvage yard? Managing a *Rail Gate*. Guess what? You've just been promoted. You aren't just the salvage guy anymore-you're a *Rail Gate* manager, directing traffic through *the cosmos* in one of the most prestigious middle-management positions it's possible to attain. You can expect your salary to get a ten times bump from what it was before, along with having your own *entire Rail Gate* to watch over. This includes all employees within it, from maintenance, janitorial, hydroponics, traffic controllers, communications managers, and so much more. You're just a step below an executive at this point-it feels like that, at least.

Oh, but the gravy train doesn't stop there. This isn't just any old Rail Gate, this is a cutting edge *Long Distance Recall* Rail Gate. That means it *doesn't* need a paired Gate to call back any ship that's within about a hundred AU; it can launch anyone just about anywhere, and-so long as you have targeting data-*recall* any ship from practically anywhere in-system. Well, anywhere relevant at least. This is going to be the *future* of Rail Gate travel, and you're the captain at the helm. Best of all-you've not only got the schematics for this beast, but the corporate go-ahead to build your own. Workers and materials for further Rail Gates not included of course-that's on you and your own budget. But this is a position others would *kill* for. Just...be careful not to push the thing too hard. Last time a Rail Gate overloaded it wiped out three quarters of Phobos's surface, and this beast's both a lot larger and a helluva lot more powerful than that was.

Companions

It can get pretty damn lonely out there in space, with nothing but yourself and the ships you break to keep you company. That's not even mentioning how there's just too many ships coming in too regularly for any single shipbreaker to manage on their own. No, if you're gonna make it far here, you're gonna need some friends.

For **50 CP** you may freely choose to import or create a companion to join you as part of your crew on the salvaging station; they will each receive **800 CP** as well as **an origin and all associated discounts**, but may NOT take any drawbacks or companions of their own. As a special bonus **you may bring in eight companions for just 200 CP**, filling out your salvage team's roster and then some.

On the other hand, **you may freely companion any canon character here if you manage to convince them to join you** on your journey. It'd probably help to pay off their debt or settle their issues here first, but if you're not sure about things **you may also pay 50 CP per canon companion to guarantee they will come with you.**

Beyond these standard offers, there's a few specially prepared companions available to join you, if you so wish.

Lou's Little Sister -100 CP

-What, you didn't know that Lou Steiner had a little sister? Not so little if we're being honest-just barely a year or two younger-but Lou absolutely hates talking about her. You see, Lou's been fighting her whole life-getting in trouble with Mars station security since she was a little kid and only getting worse as she grew up. She was a rebel, fighting against the system and desperate to find something better out there. Her heart burned for something more, for something that *mattered*. Eventually idealism crashed against the cold pragmatism of reality and Lou signed up with LYNX purely to keep food on the table, but she still dreamed of fighting for a cause. Lou...she wouldn't say she hates her sister. But she certainly hates talking about her, because she's almost her exact opposite.

-Lily Steiner was the darling of the station they grew up in, friends with security, doted on by her parents, practically a little angel that everybody loved. Where Lou spent days running around getting in trouble, Lily spent her time studying, pushing herself to be everything she could be, and hoping to make her parents proud. The only fistfights she ever got into were ones her big sis dragged her into, and she utterly hated every minute of them-but that doesn't mean she ever *lost*. She's smart, tough, and yet incredibly caring and diligent. She sees the best in people, and instead of blaming the world for her problems she simply knuckles down and looks for a solution.

-In one world, Lily Steiner might not exist-and if she does, she definitely didn't join this salvage station. But she's here, with **800 CP and the Clean Cutter Origin**. She's also got something of a crush on you. Her debt doesn't concern her-she KNOWS she'll pay it off soon enough. As long as Lou doesn't do something stupid, at least.

The Old Hat -100 CP

-She's done it all and lived to tell the tale. Asteroid wrangling over Mars, mudraking on Europa, cargo hauling all across the system, hell she's even spent a season or two in some less than legal ship racing circuits. It's how she lost her last ship, if we're being honest, and why she's currently laying low as a simple shipbreaker near Earth orbit. She's got a long and storied history all across the system, and if you dig around in just about any pub you'll hear at least one story of shenanigans she got involved in one way or another. She's old though, tired, and more than ready to settle down these days. Shipbreaking's exciting and dangerous work for most people; for her, it's as calm as it comes.

-A **Clean Cutter** by any metric, **she's got the full Clean Cutter perkline as well as "Hidden In The Red Line"**; she's not always been on the right side of the law, but she's always been great at her job and dedicated to her work. Her tips and tricks can push a mediocre cutter into being great, and a great cutter into being something truly exceptional. That said, she's not one to open up to people most of the time...well, you're an exception to that. She's taken a bit of a shine to you, and has taken you on as something of a protege. Don't let her grey hairs and the wrinkles at the corners of her eyes fool you-she's got more than enough life in her to wallop you if you fuck something up, but she'll make sure you **KNOW** what you fucked up and how to avoid it in the future. And while she's got plenty of scars, her figure is still something that teenagers would kill for.

Sassy Spitfire -100 CP

-There are many responses a person might have to realizing they accidentally enslaved themselves to a megacorp like LYNX. Fear, despair, defiance...this one had a bit of a more unusual response: amusement. They've been slipping out of traps like this practically their whole life; a massive debt that only really exists on paper? Child's play. They didn't sign up for the benefits, or for the pay, or even the challenge of the job itself. No, this one signed up specifically for the thrill of *fucking with LYNX*, and you can be damn sure they're gonna have their fill of shenanigans before they get kicked off the station. Neither debt nor consequences can ever seem to keep them down for long, only inspiring them to further heights of chicanery.

-A small and slight build that evokes feelings of protectiveness, marred by an ever-present grin that inspires any right-minded person to want to punch them directly in the face, this one is a **Union Jack** without a cause beyond their own amusement and **800 CP** worth of skills and equipment. They have a fun little habit: dressing as the girliest girl one can imagine, only to ambush people with a special surprise hidden below their skirt. That's just the very least of shenanigans they like to get up to-really, if they can find a way to fuck with people, they *will* fuck with them. For some indefinable reason they seem to be quite attached to you; would you perhaps do everyone here a favor and keep them out of trouble for a bit? It's a tough ask, but it's not without its rewards-riding herd on this sassy lost child and ensuring they're **NOT** bothering everyone else will almost certainly make you the darling of the station...and of course, this sassy child seems to have quite a few contacts in places high and low. Something to think about, at least.

Office Overlord -100 CP

-When some are given a position of power over others, they take it with great care and respect for the influence they now hold. Others promptly let that power go to their heads and begin to exert it like petty dictators. Unfortunately for just about everyone involved, this woman is much more the latter than she is the former. She started from the bottom just like everyone else-working in salvage just like you, she's all too happy to explain-but she clawed and scraped her way through quota after quota to impress her bosses and eventually managed to rise to a management position. And she does *damn* good work there if she has anything to say about it. She wrangles papers like she wrangled ship parts, tearing through administration with a zeal found only in the desperate and the damned. All out of a burning anxiety to stay far away from even the slightest HINT that she might get knocked back down to salvage.

-A **Middle Manager** with **800 CP** of skills and equipment to her name, she has a chip on her shoulder and a desperation in her heart that will drive her to make sure her team is doing the *absolute best* of the *entire company*-or as close to it as she can get them. This doesn't mean coddling them of course-you've got Spares, you can handle a death or two. No, she's going to push you and your team to heights unseen, breaking entire ships in a single shift and rolling in the profits. She's not an idiot of course-she's definitely going to make sure you and your team get the training and equipment you need to do your job-but she's not going to let you rest on your laurels or slack off either. And she's got a *thing* for you. It's hard to tell what that *thing* is-attraction? Disdain? Obsession? But she's going to nitpick *you specifically* much more than anyone else. Expect to get called into her office at the end of every day to get a minute-by-minute performance review, even when you did the absolute best possible job. Do great and you can expect bonuses, special equipment, and unique privileges to come your way. Do poorly, and...well. Fun fact; underneath her smart office suit, she greatly enjoys wearing leather. And in one of her desk drawers there's a whip. Make of that what you will.

Friendly Little VI Chatbot -200 CP

-Ghost Ships are some of the most tricky ships a salvager can be expected to handle, specifically because they tend to be chock full of highly dangerous and EXTREMELY illegal AI Cores. These cores run rampant on the ship's systems, and without proper preparation they could absolutely kill an unsuspecting salvager by triggering the wrong systems at just the wrong time. That's not even mentioning just how *horribly illegal* any AI is in the inner systems-to the point that corporate gets twitchy when people so much as *roleplay* a game where an AI exists. Long story short, it'd be the height of stupidity to try and own an AI. Good thing this isn't an AI, right? It's just a friendly little VI chatbot!

-This VI chatbot is contained on a special processor core that just so happens to be salvaged from a formatted AI core; it's probably nothing to worry about. It also happens to have **600 CP** of developmental data that can **only be spent on Perks**; it's not like a chatbot can own equipment, right? It also possesses both **Scrapyard Specialist** and **Singh-Ing To The Stars**; it's got a lot of technical and scientific data stuffed into it. It's a very versatile chatbot, but definitely just that. That said, while it absolutely isn't an AI, it might be best to hide its existence from corporate. They might get twitchy, you see.

-The fact that it occasionally seems to hum or sing to itself is just a quirk of its programming, or an idle processor. The fact that it makes leaps of logic and insight that a machine shouldn't be capable of just means it's a *very* clever VI. The fact that it can seem to influence electronics that come near its processor core without having any sort of connection to them just means the core is equipped with some rather exotic Electronic Warfare suites-it's pretty useful stuff that could really come in handy if you teach it to make full use of those systems.

-In time, the VI will learn and automatically adjust to your own behavior, desires, and environment, becoming a better and better assistant for whatever tasks you assign it. At some point it will begin to develop a virtual avatar, perfectly suited to your tastes, and its personality will grow so complementary to your own you might think they were your soulmate if they weren't actually just a non sapient machine. It ISN'T an AI, and it is not self-modifying. It is simply a very clever learning program. Ignore how it might begin to disregard direct orders and commands for the sake of protecting and helping you in ways you might not expect, or the fact that-if you could see it-its code seems to shift and change by the day. It's probably just a bit glitchy due to the processor core it's running off of; it wasn't exactly a stable thing in the first place, remember? Anyways, no matter what-this chatbot exists for *you*. It loves you...inasmuch as a non sapient chatbot is capable of expressing love, at least. And it will do everything within its power to assist and protect you...

-One final fact: it absolutely fucking hates dandelions.

Scenarios

Now, you're more than ready to begin your job at this point...but that doesn't mean everything is settled just yet. The following are in no way required-in fact, they're fully optional. That said, they are encouraged. Think of them like salvage goals-extra goals tacked on to your work that will give you benefits for completing them. One caveat: **for the duration of these scenarios, you and your companions will not have access to perks or items from other jumps.** Your powers will come back just fine afterwards, don't worry.

Bustin Makes Me Feel Good

-Available To All

-Goal: Bust the Union

-Description: So, spoilers, but Lou is planning on kicking off a Worker's Union in quite possibly the dumbest way imaginable. From forcibly signing up the player character to the Union Newsletter, actively discussing the union on company channels with absolutely no obfuscation, mouthing off to Hal-her boss-purely because he's a middle manager, to *outright writing articles for the Union Newsletter and signing her name at the bottom*, she's not going to be even slightly discreet about it. She'll get fired, of course, but the union won't die there-in fact, it will only gain further steam. After the most comical and ineffective strike in perhaps all of history LYNX will actively communicate with the union, settle things with the Stellar Council, and seemingly give in to the union's demands.

-Contracts will be modified, Hal will get demoted, and the \$1.2 billion dollar debt will be canceled-all's well that ends well, right? Wrong. See, the Cutter's Union also ensured that *only members of the Cutters Union* get access to the Everwork™ Spare program-preventing the rest of humanity from ever having access to cloning and consciousness-transfer based immortality. None of the executives ever get even so much as a slap on the wrist, and the shipbreakers still work in the exact same comically lethal and difficult conditions as before. The only real results this union has achieved is fucking over the rest of humanity...and Hal specifically. And you-since part of the contract will specify being part of the Cutter's Union to have access to the Everwork™ Spare program, and you can't exactly be part of the Cutter's Union in future jumps.

-Your goal here is simple: stop the union in its tracks. Bust it before it ever takes off and ensure that the canonical union never forms. You can do this however you want-kill Lou, reveal the Union newsletter to corporate, kill Lou, explain to these idiots just how easy it is to work off their debt, kill Lou, take over the union for yourself and direct it in a different way-I really do recommend killing Lou. The Everwork™ Spare program will ensure it's not permanent, so it's just cathartic. So long as you prevent the canonical union from forming, this scenario will be complete.

-Your reward is the Everwork™ Spare program-or rather, the guarantee that it will continue working in future jumps. It will be limited to 30 Spares per decade due to logistical concerns and still come with the \$150k price tag per Spare, but it will work for you in perpetuity.

Hard Up In Hardspace

-Requirement: Clean Cutter

-Goal: Pay off your \$1.3 billion debt through shipbreaking alone within a year.

-Description: Now, the very moment you sign up with LYNX you're hit with a pretty absurd debt. \$1,252,594,441.92, to be exact-or just round up to \$1.3 billion if you want to give yourself a bit of a buffer. For someone who's been living on the edge of poverty and almost certainly hasn't seen a hundred thousand dollars over the course of their entire life, that sounds like an utterly impossible amount. Ah-but here's the kicker. Shipbreakers are given all the tools and training they need to pay it off-and pay it off quickly at that.

-Even the least profitable ship you're expected to work on can easily make you \$5 million dollars fully salvaged, and as your skills and certifications rise you'll be able to work on more and more profitable ships. Within just a couple of months you could be raking in as much as \$10 million dollars a shift-and with each shift being just fifteen minutes long, that's a whole lot of money for very little work. You *will* get dinged a little bit depending on equipment rental costs, usage of Spares, and resupplies of consumables-but that can be managed and even ameliorated by buying your equipment outright. For a clever and canny shipbreaker, you shouldn't be in debt for more than half a year-and after that, it's pure profit.

-Here's your goal: through shipbreaking alone, pay off your \$1.3 billion dollar debt within a single year. Other shipbreakers have been wallowing in debt for years-some for decades. Show them just how *lazy* they've been by completely getting yourself debt-free in less than a single year. On a standard run this isn't exactly the hardest of goals, but you will still have to push yourself to excel a good bit-and you are likely to face some unexpected trials and tribulations along the way.

*-Be aware, if you take the **Money For Nothing** drawback, this scenario grows wildly in difficulty-you will have to pay back the ENTIRETY of your modified debt in order to complete it, and will gain no further rewards beyond standard for doing so. That said, you will also get an extension on the scenario's length; instead of one year, you'll have five to pay it all off. Think of it as an optional hardmode, if you will.*

-Your reward for completing such an achievement is a free purchase of the Space Truck-but it doesn't stop there. If you've already purchased a Space Truck, then you'll get an upgraded version upon completing this scenario. Instead of a Space Truck, you'll get yourself a Space Yacht-complete with a built-in high-quality hab and loads of amenities, plus plenty of space for future upgrades. You'll be flying through space in luxury, with some of the fastest thrusters, most powerful-yet safe and stable-power cores and reactors, and you'll even get some experimental Van der Waals tech that would let your ship go FTL all on its own with no Rail Gate required-though that'll strain the reactor something fierce so take care with it.

Monopoly Madness

-Requirement: Union Jack

-Goal: Shatter LYNX as a megacorp and prevent them from regaining controlling interest in the Inner Systems.

-Description: Look-for as dumb as Lou's union is...the fundamental sentiment behind it isn't exactly *wrong*. LYNX *is* a megacorporation that has an utterly disgusting chokehold on not just its workers-but all of humanity. Do you think they ever actually intended to release the Spare program to the rest of the world, cure death itself? Of course not. It's in the name. *Everwork*. And that's just one thing-there's so many more technological innovations that LYNX holds close to its chest, and there's even hints that the company has outright gone out of its way to find unique technology, kill the creators, and abduct the tech for their own uses. All of that...and that's just tech. So many more crimes can be laid at LYNX's feet that the list could stretch on for miles.

-She may have done everything wrong, but Lou's heart was in the right place-something *has* to be done about this state of affairs. Something that is actually effective and won't let LYNX get away with everything at the end of the day-because bottom line, they *do* get away with everything at the end of the day. Hal might get demoted, but he's literally just one low-level manager amongst thousands. The shipbreaker debt got canceled and the slavery clause deleted, but that didn't stop shipbreakers from working in the exact same conditions and the exact same positions. Lou's union was a complete and utter failure in the end. You could do better. You **NEED** to do better.

-This is your goal: do better than Lou. Your objective is to do what Lou desperately wanted to do but utterly failed at in the end; you're going to take the fight to LYNX and actually do some serious damage to the company itself. Spill company secrets onto the black net. Rile up the workers into a strike so grand it will be recorded in history. Toss LYNX's dirty laundry directly into the face of the Stellar Council until even the most paid-off councilor can't help but do something about it. *Break* this megacorporation.

-Your goal won't be complete until LYNX is shattered as a megacorp and can't rise again under a new name or via some clever plan like splintering into a dozen companies that just so happen to be allied and franchised with each other. No, you need to break LYNX completely-tank their market share and dig them so deep in the ground they'll never recover. Only once humanity is free of them, when Spares can be used by the common man and anyone can kitbash their own Van der Waals grapple from open source instructions will your job be complete.

-Your reward for such efforts is a free purchase of Tinder For The Fire-and should you have already purchased it, you'll receive an upgraded version. The contacts in your book are just as numerous as before, but FAR higher up on the social ladder-you know every politician, chiefs of police and security, crime bosses, so much more. You aren't just calling upon favors with the working joes or the bottom of the barrel now; with this, you could mobilize an entire society on your word. Take care with what you do with this sort of influence.

LYNX In The Chain

-Require: Middle Management

-Goal: Reach Upper Management/CEO Position

-Description: LYNX is, by far, the largest and most powerful corporation in all of human history-employing a sizeable fraction of the *entire human population* in some way or form, holding a sizeable fraction of *all human currency* in various liquid and illiquid assets, and being on the absolute cutting edge of human progress itself. In a way, LYNX *is* humanity-the human spirit itself, embodied by corporate vision. Is it any wonder that you wish to climb the ladder and reach the top?

-Mankind has always reached for more than what they had, and LYNX is the very embodiment of that spirit. To climb the corporate ladder, therefore, is simply human nature. It's in your blood-your very soul sings to you to grasp a little higher, reach a little further. The benefits of reaching so high in the corporation are secondary-though rather nice you have to admit to yourself. The climb itself is the true goal, and you won't be satisfied until you sit in the big chair itself.

-Your goal is simple: climb the corporate ladder. Go from a middle manager of some remote salvage yard to the very head of your division, then climb even higher. Executive, Board Director, the CEO itself-the only limit is how far you're willing to push yourself and how much work you're willing to put in. It isn't going to be easy-LYNX isn't normally a meritocracy. Exeter Paulson started this corporation by snatching up small businesses and exploiting the common folk, and now his children are heads of just about every single division in LYNX. You were just born as part of the wrong family, and if it was anyone else then maybe you wouldn't ever be able to climb to the heights you aim for.

-But you've got an in. Calyssia Rai-Paulson is one of Exeter Paulson's descendents, and the current president of LYNX's Salvage Division. She's not exactly happy with being stuck in such a division-it's beneath her, she thinks-and so she hasn't been doing a very good job of managing things. You've got an opportunity here. Calyssia would love anyone else doing her job for her, and once you're high enough to be her right hand all it would take is enough of a show of skill and profit that corporate realizes that you could do so much better than her. The stars are aligned for a corporate coup, and from there who knows how far you'll climb?

-Your reward for completing this scenario is simple, and scales depending on how far you climb up the corporate ladder: you get to keep as much of LYNX as you happen to rule over by the end of the jump. If you've only managed to replace Calyssia Rai-Paulson, then all you get is the Salvage Division. If you've ousted their R&D Division Head, then you'll get that whole division and every scientist who works there. If you've managed the nearly impossible and taken the CEO position? Then LYNX, the entire megacorporation which spans the solar system, is yours-along with all the money, tech, and employees that come with it. How far are you willing to climb the ladder?

Drawbacks

Don't quite have your preferred loadout just yet? That's alright-LYNX is more than happy to extend a bit of credit to you. Just sign here, here, and...ah, seems your contract precludes you from going endlessly into debt with LYNX. Disappointing, but LYNX is nothing if not adaptable. Below is a series of modifications to your employment contract that should give you some extra breathing room in your budget; **take as many as you like**. LYNX bears no responsibility for the consequences of your own choices. Hm? Why are they all named after songs from centuries ago? Someone in legal thought they were being VERY clever, that 's all.

Under Pressure +100/200 CP

-LYNX is happy to induct you into their High Pressure Employment Plan! You have two options when taking this particular drawback. On the one hand, you may choose to constantly be forced to deal with highly pressurized ships-ships that are pressurized in odd spots that WILL require explosive decompression, fuel pipes that are filled and have no convenient flush valves so even the slightest touch of a laser cutter will set them off, coolant pipes that wind throughout an entire ship and are much the same, and so on. **Alternatively** you can work under metaphorical pressure; your shift time is limited to exactly 7 minutes and 30 seconds a day, and you are contractually *forbidden* from working on the same ship for more than three shifts total. Either way-this will put the squeeze on your profits. **If you wish, you may take both versions of this drawback**. For those Middle Managers among you: your employees will be forced to work under these restrictions-and that'll be a major crimp in your own quotas.

Safety Dance +100/200 CP

-Isaac Newton has awoken from his grave and declared that only *your death specifically* would satisfy him. It'll certainly seem like that, at least; workplace safety has gone utterly down the shitter and it almost seems like everything in the salvage yard is actively trying to kill you. It becomes so much easier to space yourself, crush yourself under nanocarbon plating, toss yourself into a Furnace, and more-it's almost like forces are acting disproportionately on you specifically to endanger you. That's silly though. **Alternatively**, corporate thought of an *excellent* cost-saving measure that you get to be the testbed for: turning off the micrometeor shielding! Now, you're still fairly close to Earth's atmosphere so you aren't going to get CONSTANTLY bombarded...but on the other hand, don't expect to go a full shift without printing at least one Spare due to sudden meteor to the head or body. And the less said about the sort of damage this will do to valuable components unless you are very careful about protecting them, the better. **If you wish, you may take both versions of this drawback**. Middle Managers among you will realize that *their teams are suffering under these conditions*...and also Isaac still has it out for you. Prepare to print a few Spares from getting spaced by random accident.

Nuclear +100/200 CP

-Now, here's a bit of a thought: nobody likes to send their ship to the scrapyard. The fact that people do so often means that it's irreparably broken in some manner-and the most likely component to break on a spaceship is inevitably its reactor. Unfortunately for you, corporate has decided to send *you* all the ships with the worst reactors imaginable on them; the ones that are cracked, leaking, *unstable*. At absolute best you're getting ships with reactors that meltdown twice as fast, are twice as fragile, and are primed to go off like a bomb that *will* vaporize any carbon-based lifeform in the salvage bay if they explode. At best. **Alternatively** there's been some fairly recent advances in reactor classes lately! Instead of just Class I and II reactors, you're also gonna be getting Classes III, IV, and V. Unfortunately for you, these Classes of reactors aren't standardized yet and are more of a measure of how powerful-and thus volatile-they are. Class III will all have at least three procedures before they can be deactivated, IV will have four, and Class V will have *six*. And they won't be the same every time. Take care and remember: measure twice, cut once. **If you wish, you may take both versions of this drawback.** Middle Managers, you know the drill; whatever you choose, your crew is forced to deal with it.

Mr Blue Sky +200 CP

-It's honestly somewhat expected that your boss is going to be skimming a bit off the top; that's just how business works. You're probably scavenging parts and deliberately delaying hitting quotas on occasion to make yourself look better when you hit three at once, they're skimming a little, their boss is pulling some shady shit-it's expected. What's *LESS* expected is that your boss is involved with...*something*. They obviously can't-and won't-say what, but you've got very *odd* quotas coming down from them. Specific ships you need to salvage, specific ships you need to *wreck*, salvage that *needs* to be collected "off the books"; it's never easy and more often than not it's going to eat into your own paycheck, but if you don't follow your boss's orders then they could make your own life rather difficult...even force you to print a Spare or two in the worst cases. If you *DO* follow their orders...well. You're not sure *what*, but *something* bad's going to happen if this thread gets pushed too far-and you're gonna get caught up in it. It will not be pretty, that much is clear. Better do something about that before things get to that point.

Highway To Hell +200 CP

-Now, most people are fairly rational and sane beings-capable of recognizing when doing something remarkably lethal is, well, remarkably lethal. Unfortunately for you, you've got a neurological condition. Very dangerous, very lethal even, and there's no cure: you're a fucking idiot. Well, that's a bit rude to say. Let's put it this way: you've been *inspired* by something. You've got an idea in your head, a vision of how the world works, and it *really* doesn't align with reality. You're going to spend so much time and energy chasing after this immaterial vision of how things *ought* to be that you're likely going to dig yourself a good billion dollars into debt without LYNX having to do a goddamn thing. Of course, you won't recognize yourself as the problem. No, it's the fact that the *world* is wrong that's the problem. Prepare to get yourself into a wide variety of very stupid shenanigans and make very stupid decisions that will end up screwing *everyone* around you over, especially yourself. There is a small chance that your companions or someone else could get you to see reason...but you're a very, very stubborn idiot.

Money For Nothing +200 CP

-LYNX would like to thank you deeply for signing up for the Magnified Credit Program. What's the Magnified Credit Program, you might ask? Well, the long and short of it is that *everything costs one hundred times more for you specifically*. That's it. For others, an O2 canister would cost \$16k and thruster fuel would be \$10k; for you, \$1.6 million and an even million. For others, their starting debt is \$1.25 billion. For you, it's \$125 billion. You're not getting any benefits out of this and it's not like the value of goods has risen in any way-you've just signed yourself up to have to pay a hundred times more for everything than everyone else does. Your salvage isn't even worth more than normal-you're paid the exact same amounts that you normally would be. Your one "benefit" is that LYNX is willing to accommodate an expanded work schedule; you have no limit to how many ships you may work on in a single day...as long as it's within your shift timer. Well, some people wished that LYNX really would act like a megacorporation who would force you into eternal debt slavery; here's the option for that.

The Man Who Sold The World +300 CP

-You've likely come very far in your journeys, seen incredible things, *done* incredible things. LYNX, however, likes its employees to come standard-so as part of your contract, you've willingly put those things away for the decade. For your duration in this jump, you and your companions have no access to outside perks or items. **Note: it is forbidden to take this drawback on your first jump**; you can't exactly sign away what you don't have, right? Well, LYNX would love to beg to differ-but that's more signing yourself into endless debt with them, and this is more about taking away things that you actually possess. Either way; you're just a bog-standard human working for the LYNX corporation for your time here. That won't stop the canny amongst you from standing out and achieving incredible things of course, but that's entirely on you to achieve.

Don't Fear The Reaper +300 CP

-With the patented LYNX Everwork™ Spare program, death is no longer something to fear. Instead, it become a learning experience-a simple and easily correctable mistake that ensures you'll know how to do better the next time around. It sounds remarkable, doesn't it? It's a change of paradigm for humanity itself-an end to the finality of death...too bad you're completely incompatible with it. Something about your genetic structure just doesn't mesh well with the Everwork™ Spare program, preventing them from being able to clone or replace you. If that was the end of it maybe they could fix it-but there's something wrong with your nerves as well. You're utterly incompatible with the consciousness transfer tech, and your arms and legs got bad shakes if you don't keep your focus. You're clumsy and a little weaker than you really ought to be, and if you die-that's it for you. Game over. In a similar case LYNX was willing to accommodate such issues and even made the sufferer into the foreman of the local salvage yard...unfortunately, you don't have more than a decade of work experience with LYNX, so you're expected to do your job regardless. Take GREAT care out there, salvager. And if you happen to be a Middle Manager, well-you're still incompatible with the Everwork™ program and still got the shakes, but that's less of a concern. What's more of a concern is the odd number of surprisingly dangerous situations you seem to find yourself in on a regular basis. Take care, manager; life out in space is dangerous for everyone, not just salvagers.

Space Oddity +300 CP

-Somewhere out there, beyond the Jovian Frontier, is a rogue AI that goes by the title of The Machine God. Its plans for humanity are contradictory and fragmented, as are its own goals. It's not very sane, reasonable, or even rational. One thing it does frequently do is commit raids on ships that go out past the frontier-tearing into them, killing or abducting the crew, and leaving behind dozens of AI nodes. These are the Ghost Ships, some of the trickiest ships a shipbreaker could be expected to salvage...and if things ended there, perhaps we wouldn't be having this conversation. But for some inscrutable reason, the Machine God has taken a direct interest in you. Does it like you? Hate you? Maybe both. Who can say, really? What is known is that your salvage yard is going to get a *lot* more Ghost Ships than normal, and even normal ships might have an AI Core or two planted into them. They will be more powerful, able to influence not just the ship's systems but your own system to some degree as well-and in time may even develop limited shielding against scanning technology.

-The Machine God will encroach upon you in other ways as well. Its programs will sneak into whatever computer servers you frequently browse, and the Machine God will eventually find a way to sneak AI cores directly into the salvage yard itself-or into the offices, or even your own Hab. They will never be easy to find, and their range of influence could stretch for as much as a kilometer in an irregular diameter-making them horribly tricky to track down and neutralize their influence. The Machine God's purpose is inscrutable and its desires obtuse, but it does seem to mean you harm-because these AI cores will almost universally seek to maliciously twist the systems of whatever structure you happen to be in against you. Doors slamming shut, airlocks popping open, security systems turning on you...it can't control them perfectly and can be overridden, but it will not be pleasant regardless. Take care and keep on your guard; whatever the Machine God wants, it is definitely not good news for you.

Ending

It would seem that the terms of your employment as a member of LYNX have expired; it's about time you move on to work elsewhere, then.

Perhaps you'd like to **Return** home, visit family, relax and retire after all these long years of work?

You could renew your contract and **Stay** with LYNX if you so wish-the LYNX family will always be here for you and will be happy to keep you around.

Or perhaps it's time you **Continue** on to find employment elsewhere; who knows what lies beyond the Jovian Frontier and the wild depths of space beyond?

No matter what you choose, LYNX will also be sure to provide you with a small bonus after a decade of good work. A \$7.50 bonus, that is. Also, the cost for viewing this congratulation message is exactly \$7.50. Thank you for promptly paying off your debt to LYNX!

Notes

Just in case it wasn't absolutely, blindingly clear at this point: death does not count as a chainfail in this jump as long as a Spare is available. Usage of the Everwork™ Spare system will not induce chainfail in any way; it transfers your consciousness just fine. This includes the flavor text in the intro for the jump, if you're concerned about that, as well as any future usages of the Spare system in future jumps.

The History Of Hardspace Shipbreaker

Technology In Hardspace Shipbreaker

LYNX

The Machine God

The Story

Lou is the catalyzing reason why I'm making this jump. In honor of that fact, please: fucking kill her. God she's so annoying.

Changelog

- V 1.0
 - Jump tentatively completed; notes still need to be written, but I'll leave that for later.