

The Lensman Saga

Version 0.3

NarniaAnon

Billions of years ago, as the Milky Way Galaxy was in the process of colliding with another, a planet full of indescribable monsters suddenly arrived from an alien cosmos, in search of new beings to subjugate. These were the Eddorians, a race of eldritch totalitarians who see all things in terms of one endless struggle for Power. Ever since, they've been engaged in a life-or-death struggle with this galaxy's oldest native life forms: the enigmatic philosophers of Arisia.

Unaware of this deep history, interstellar civilizations have risen and fallen, risen and fallen, while the two eldest races meddled with their development like giants in the playground. The most recent spark of potential began on an out-of-the-way planet known as Tellus (or, by its natives, "Earth"). Slowly but steadily, the forces of reason, cooperation, and freedom are uniting world after world in a democratic federation known simply as "Civilization". They are opposed by a mysterious conglomerate of pirates and drug dealers, known only by the code name "Boskone".

This fragile peace is maintained by the stalwart men and women of the Galactic Patrol. The best of the best of the Patrol, Civilization's shining beacon of hope, are the incorruptable Lensmen.

You've found yourself in the middle of this ancient conflict, and you'll be spending ten Galactic Standard Years dealing with it. By default, you'll begin at roughly the same time that a young man named Kimball Kinnison graduates from The Academy (perhaps at your own graduation ceremony). If you prefer, you can instead choose to begin anywhere from just before first contact between the humans and the Nevians as described in *Triplanetary* to just before the events of *Children of the Lens*.

You've been entrusted by the powers that be with 1000 CP. You're going to need every one of them, for your resolve will be tested to nineteen decimal places. Do not forget to THINK, youth!

Backgrounds

Drop In

Space is vast and empty. When somebody with no history shows up, most people know better than to ask too many questions.

Administrator

Somebody has to co-ordinate logistics, count beans, and suture wounds when the fighting is done, and that's you. This is no sign of weakness – many of the Patrol's support personnel have extensive service records in the field.

Operative

The hard nosed, hard boiled men and women of the Galactic Patrol keep this galaxy safe from pirates, drug dealers, and less readily classified things, and you stand among them.

Engineer

It's the braniacs and the eggheads who really keep the galaxy running, and you're one of them. You're an engineer, a technician, or a scientist.

Scoundrel

The scum and villainy of the galaxy... or at least the ones who do dirty jobs and don't ask too

many questions. You may not actually be a part of Boskone's power structure, but you've probably rubbed elbows with someone who was.

Species

Tellurian [0]

You hail from Tellus. Terra. Mother Earth. Or at least your parents or grandparents do. Either way, you're as *Homo sapiens* as they come. You might even be a cousin of the Kinnison or Samms lines.

Near-Human [0]

You might be from a Human colony where the environment has caused notable divergence, like the high-gravity musclemen of Valeria. You might be from one of the sister races who sprung up on Venus, Mars, or the Jovian system. Alternatively, you might be from a race who convergently evolved to be look very much like Tellurians – the pink skinned Chickladorians, the blue Kalonians, the catgirls of Vegia, the cruel amazons of Lyrane, or some other species so close to human in appearance that they don't even need makeup.

Nevian [0]

You may be a spooky, stinky fish monster, but that's no reason to be rude about it. You hail from an ocean planet so poor in iron that a handful of it is worth a king's ransom, and you're more comfortable in water than in air. Neveians are coldly logical, but with strong norms of hospitality. After a very messy first contact with mankind, you realized that your races actually got along pretty well.

Rigelian [100]

Blocky, four legged, four-armed beings evolved from herd animals, Rigellians tend to be cooperative and altruistic to a fault – to the point where individuals willing to undertake risky individual activities are regarded as "insane". Rigellians can neither see nor hear, but percieve the world through a mysterious psychic "sense of perception".

Velantian [200]

You're a nightmare's horror of hideously reptilian head, of leathern wings, of viciously fanged jaws, of fightfully taloned feet, of multiple knotty arms, of long, sinous, heavily scaled serpent's body. In other words, you're a stalk-eyed alien dragon... but there are still a few out there who'll find you cute. Velantians tend to be impulsive and prone to mood swings, but none doubt their courage.

Palanian [200]

A race of frigid-blooded poison-breathers, the amorphous Palanians aren't comfortable getting closer to the sun than Pluto without specially-cooled armour. To cope with the extreme environmental conditions in which they evolved, a portion of the Palanian body extends into the fourth dimension. As a result, an unarmored Palanian will sometimes appear (to three-dimensional observers) to radically shift shape and or teleport short distances. Essentially, shoggoths with good manners and low self esteem.

Arisian [700]

The oldest and most psychically powerful species in the galaxy... for now. The vast majority of Arisians are scholars who spend their time on their homeworld, contemplating complex and esoteric topics. No one outside of Arisia is *really* sure what they look like, and reports vary from "basically humans" to "floating, disembodied brains". A very few of them are interested in the outside universe, and you are one of them.

Eddorian

[800]

Amorphous, ameboid creatures from beyond the furthest rim of this continuum. Eddorians are not only biologically immortal, but are also the most durable beings in the two galaxies – their extradimensional nature means that no purely physical weapon in this setting is capable of slaying them, and doing so with psychic might is no small task.

Their minds are, universally, so power-obsessed that "psychopath" and "megalomaniac" fail to adequately describe them. Will you be the exception that proves the rule?

Mysterious Alien

[Variable]

The Two Galaxies are home to hundreds of known forms of sentient life, and this margin is too small to contain them all. If you want to be something freaky, please use the list above as a guideline to estimate the cost. The Overlords of Delgon are similar physiologically to Velantians, while the Eich are comparable to Palanians. In general, you'll get what you pay for.

Most species in the Two Galaxies have a distinct Male and Female, though some (like the Palanians) have a different number of biological sexes, and Eddorians are *absolutely* sexless. Whatever species you are, pick your gender freely – it won't interfere with your compatibility with the Lens.

Age is another tricky matter. By default, you begin as a young adult – the right age to be a fresh graduate from The Academy – but feel free to choose otherwise.

Perks

Gravity Dancer

[100], Free Drop-In

Movement in microgravity does not come naturally to most beings born in a gravity well, and many a Patrolman has made a mess in his helmet the first time he experienced the "free" state of inertialessness. But to you, such things literally as simple as floating.

In fact, your agility, in or out of gravity, would put an expert dancer to shame.

Muscle-Reading

[200], Discount Drop-In

You're such an astute observer of human nature (and alien nature, if you've had a chance to study them) that your insights are often mistaken for psychic powers. You can anticipate people's attentions, know when they're lying or concealing information. You can tell when they're trying to do the same to you, and feed them false information right back.

You do all right with visual or auditory cues, but this skill really shines with *tactile* information. A handshake is good. Dancing cheek-to-cheek is better. Prolonged intimate contact is best, if you can manage it.

Finally, knowledge of dozens of pressure points can come in handy if you ever need to disable somebody in a hurry.

Inside You All Along

[400], Discount Drop-In

The Lens unlocks great psychic potential in its bearers, but experienced Lensman eventually realize that it is not the source of *new* powers, so much as it is a tool focus and channel powers that they *already* had.

You've learned to apply this principle towards other psychically charged items (or magical items, conceptual items, etc.). You can gradually internalize more and more of their function, until they cease to be necessary at all. If desired, you can continue to use them as a focus, booster, or distracting prop.

The Power of Love

[600], Discount Drop-in

When you seek out love, you tend to find it, and when you don't seek it out, it tends to find you. From there, it's up to you what to do with it - this could mean romancing that tsundere rival with

red-bronze auburn hair and gold-flecked tawny eyes, but it could also mean redeeming a beautiful villain who's clearly in over her head, assembling a collection of sexy misfits to serve as your ~~harem~~ starship crew, or even finding a manic-depressive space dragon to be your new best bro.

In addition, you find it much easier to form psychic links with those you love, or to use your powers cooperatively. The deeper the bond between you and another person, the more strongly your powers amplify each other. This could be a familiar bond, a romantic one, or even one of friendship – the depth of the connection is more important than its precise nature. Given a deep enough bond, you might be able to reach across space and time and call a loved one back from somewhere that even the Arisians couldn't find them.

Academy Combat Training

[100], Free Operative

Few indeed are the methods of unarmed combat unknown to the highly efficient Galactic Patrol, and you, a champion of that highly regarded organization, know them all. You've learned to employ nature's weapons in a variety of different ways, against foes with a variety of different physiologies.

One Hundred Kilograms of Beefsteak

[200], Discount Operative

Your strength, endurance, and athletic abilities are raised to the limit for your species, and then a little bit past that. By default, this leaves you with the physique of a Greek statue, but that's optional. If you want to be a waifish teenage girl who can casually wrestle a space dragon, go ahead.

Lead By Example

[400], Discount Operative

When there's a task that needs doing, no matter how difficult, no matter how dangerous, the Patrol always goes in. Whenever you make a point of leading by example, your courage and willpower are increased dramatically, and fortune seems to favour you. The bigger the personal risk you take, the bigger the magnitude of the effect.

Graduated in Gray

[600], Discount Operative

Moxie. Chutzpah. Gumption. That certain undefinable, undeniable STUFF that makes a Lensman a Lensman. Whatever it is, you were born with a triple dose of it, and it shows.

You're a preternaturally quick learner in all fields, and tend to rise through the ranks of organizations faster than anyone has any business to expect.

What's more, this perk comes with a level of plot armor suitable for a larger-than-life pulp hero. If you propose some hair-brained scheme that requires your allies to trust you unconditionally, they will subconsciously sense your status as a protagonist, and have a lot fewer inconvenient questions.

Common Sense

[100], Free Administrator

Despite what the name might indicate, this is actually one of the rarest and most valuable resources in two galaxies. Fortunately, you've got it, and you've got it to spare. You're not just capable of complex deductive and inductive reasoning, but you can also reliably notice when you (or somebody close to you) is about to do something bone-headedly stupid.

Sawbones

[200], Discount Administrator

You might be a physician, a surgeon, a therapist, or a nurse; or possess training in some combination of these fields. Whatever your actual degree says, you're an invaluable member of any starship crew. You're not just skilled in the theory of medicine, but in practicing it under very adverse conditions, with improvised equipment, or on a species you've only just encountered for the first time.

Judge, Jury, and Executioner

[400], Discount Administrator

How can legal processes work efficiently – or at all – when a man can commit piracy or murder, and then be parsecs away before the crime is even discovered? How can a Tellurian John Law find a

criminal on a strange world that knows nothing whatever of our Patrol, with a completely alien language? The answer: with people like you.

You possess an intuitive understanding of legal systems and law enforcement procedures, even those very different from your own, and you find it easy to integrate yourself into a local investigation or recruit local deputies. The jurisdiction of a Lensman theoretically extends across the entire galaxy – and even if the locals don't *know* precisely who and what you are, convincing them to respect your authority rarely takes more than a stern glare.

Master of Propaganda

[600], Discount Administrator

To control a people, you must first control their hearts and minds. Exentuate what helps your position, minimize what doesn't, and, when necessary, lie. You know how to influence anything from an individual to a starship crew to an entire planetary population to rise up in revolt against tyranny – or to accept that your tyranny is what's best for them. You can make yourself the focal point of a social movement, or do it so quietly that it's almost impossible to notice you were involved at all.

If nothing else, this talent can be extremely useful for influencing elections, advertising products, or winning popularity contests.

Subject-Matter Expert

[100], One Free for Engineer

In addition to a general course in engineering and physics, you're also an acknowledged expert in one specific field of scientific or engineering study, such as "higher dimensional physics", "inertialess propulsion engines", "cosmic ray accumulators", or "convergent evolution of frigid poision-breathers".

This perk can be taken multiple times, choosing a different subject each time.

Reverse Engineering

[200], Discount Engineer

Your job isn't just about taking things apart. It's about putting them back together again. And figuring out how to put a *bunch* of them back together. And then figuring out the fundamental principles behind them, so you can put *better* versions of them back together.

Master Pilot

[400], Discount Engineer

You don't just maintain the ships – you know how to fly them better than almost anyone else, coaxing out every last erg of performance. Half an hour after seeing a ship's control console for the first time, you're confident that you can set her down on her tail jets without even spilling your coffee.

Exponential Escalation

[600], Discount Engineer

You are a firm believer that there is no room to talk about things like "overkill" in the world of science and engineering. You believing in pushing the envelope, always discovering new and bigger and flashier sources of energy, and safer and more efficient ways of using the old ones. But unlike the mad scientists of old, who built single-use gadgets and then forgot how, *you* know how to put this into practice on an industrial scale. It's not enough to use *one* planet as a projectile. You'd better have a few dozen extras standing by in case you miss.

What's better than hitting somebody with a planet? How about hitting them with an *antimatter* planet? How about an antimatter planet travelling at several times the speed of light? Why not paint it red to make it go faster?

Lovable Rogue

[100], Free Scoundrel

Ned Kelly. John Dillinger. Robin Hood. Whether you're bending or breaking the law, you usually find it easy to maintain good publicity while doing so, especially when that law is unjust or unpopular.

Of course, even this tolerance has limits. There's no way that your captors would give you access

to a laboratory full of deadly chemicals after you've already made two escape attempts... right?

Black Marketeer

[200], Discount Scoundrel

You might traffic in drugs, gemstones, weapons, or less savory things, but you know how to make a profit at the boundaries of the law... or well outside them. If there are underworld contacts to be made, you can make them, and you can easily find buyers or sellers for questionable goods.

Whether you want to lay low, or to live a glamorous lifestyle, you're usually able to ensure that your criminal activities draw the amount and the kind of attention you desire.

Deep Cover

[400], Discount Scoundrel

You're a master of disguise, and can change identities the way some people change clothes. This isn't just about improvisational acting – you know dozens of tricks for forging official documents, and can pick up cultural memes to blend in almost instantly. You can keep up a cover identity for months or years at a time if necessary, with such fidelity that a surface-level mental scan would reveal nothing amiss, then seamlessly drop it – or switch to another – at a moment's notice.

This is Jumper, Speaking For...

[600], Discount Scoundrel

You are an expert puppetmaster. You can make yourself the center of a cult of personality, or a shadowy figure whose very existence is debated in hushed whispers.

Elaborate chains of command are yours to manage, with multiple levels of secrecy and cutouts. Attracting hordes of generic minions is almost effortless for you. Whether they are kept in line through trickery, fear, idealism, fanatical devotion, or simple self interest, you can be assured of their loyalty. And in return, they can be assured of your competence. You're no foolish serial villain, but an icon of consummate completeness and conclusiveness.

Second Stage Stability

[400], Free Arisian, Discount Eddorian

Most Lensmen visit Arisia only once, when they are subtly tested for their worthiness to wear the Lens. When they leave, they are instructed never to return. But a rare few are called back for extensive further training. *Very* extensive.

Perhaps you were the result of a breeding program similar to those performed on Tellus, Rigel 4, Velantia, and Palain 7; or perhaps you're a completely unexpected blip in the system. Either way, with proper development, your mind will be capable of psychic feats which were once believed impossible.

Third Stage Potential

[400], Requires Second Stage Stability

The *ne plus ultra*, the culmination of millions of years of selective breeding. The power to scan and influence the minds of an entire planet simultaneously, or to match wills with a council of alien gods and stand a chance of winning. It will take a *lot* of introspection, mental development, and practical experience for you to be able to take full advantage of this potential, but the fact that you possess the potential *at all* is nothing short of miraculous.

The Arisians became involved with Humanity et al. in the first place because they believed their own species' psychic development to be incompatible with this path, so this perk *should* be off-limits to Arisian and Eddorian Jumpers. For an extra 200 CP, *you* can ignore that limitation.

You Are Not Alone

[100]

Your family are a part of you, and you're linked in a way that few would understand. With this perk, you can bring one of your existing companions into this universe. They have their choice of background and Lens, as well as 400 CP to spend on other purchases.

For [300], you can instead import up to 8 companions.

Children of the Jump

[200]

You've caught the attention of an exceptional local, whether or not their name is listed among the

works of the First Galactic Historian. They'll be your loyal ally for the duration of your stay here, and if you journey beyond the limits of this universe, you can take them along for the ride.

The Lens

The shiny discs which give this series its name. The end of all barriers to communication. The infallible, irreproducible guarantee of identity and authority; which are not only unusable to thieves but slay them in seconds. The herald of a new age of human development. The Lens.

Only one being in several million have what it takes to bear a Lens, but you... well, you're no ordinary being, are you?

Choose *one* of the following:

The Lens of Arisia

While the idealized Lensman is a shining example of Truth, Justice, and the Tellurian Way, the Arisians realize that mentalities of all shapes and sizes have something to contribute to the project of Civilization. Some of the best Lensman have been found among the cowardly, self-effacing Palanians and the volatile Velantians, after all. So long as you're still *basically* a good person, Mentor of Arisia has decided to give you a special dispensation to bear his Lens.

If you accept the prismatic, crystalline Lens of Civilization, start with Universal Communication, Mental Shield, and a single 200 CP psychic power for free.

The Lens of Eddore

On the other hand, if you really *are* a total selfish asshole, it might be time to look to The Bad Guys for help. The attempts of the villainous Eddorians to produce a Lens of their own, which would let their minions match powers with the Grey Lensmen on equal footing, were largely disappointing. But you, apparently, were one of the few exceptions.

Gharlane of Eddore, or one of his contemporaries, has seen your great potential for causing chaos and upsetting the applecarts of Civilization. As such, he has decided to turn you loose as a Black Lensman.

If you accept the inky, eldritch Lens of Boskone, start with Universal Communication, Mental Blow, and a single 200 CP psychic power for free.

No Lens

For whatever reason, neither of the mysterious groups of ancient aliens have found you worthy of being one of their most elite agents. Maybe your psychic potential was insufficient, or it was the wrong flavour, or maybe you were just born with a heart full of neutrality. Or, alternatively, you didn't want to buy what they were selling.

Instead of free psychic powers, start with an extra 400 CP worth of Items, or 400 CP in perks from a background other than your own.

The Lens of SOMETHINGELSE

Wait... where in Hell's Brazen Hinges did *this* Lens come from? The molecular structure and the psychic impression are positively *weird*. Like, weirder than a Lens already is. Whoever sent this to you came from a lot further away than the Eddorians did, and *they* originated in an entirely different spacetime continuum. You're not sure if it's a top-secret Plooran construct based on some radically unstable physical principles, or something that somehow slipped in from outside of the setting entirely.

If you're sure you want to bond something *this* sketchy to your soul, start with Universal Communication, two levels of Exceptional Mentality, and one 200 CP psychic power.

Psychic Powers

Sense of Perception

[100], Free Rigelian or Second Stage Stability.

This sense, which is not quite sight and not quite touch, gives you full three-dimensional awareness of the entire circumambient sphere. It bypasses most physical barriers (allowing you to see just fine through a hurricane or a starship's hull), although certain exotic materials and specialized forces can still block it. With Second Stage stability, it can operate seamlessly with your conventional senses (including those which your form wouldn't normally have, like sight and hearing for a Rigelian), otherwise it takes a moment's concentration to switch between them.

Range for a typical Rigelian is about 10 meters, but those with exceptional mental abilities can extend this to hundreds or even thousands of kilometers. Of course, you'll need quite a bit of mental power to *pay attention* to all that information.

Natural Telepathy

[0], Requires Appropriate Race

There are many races in this galaxy which naturally possess the faculty for telepathy, including Velantians and many Near Humans. For some, like the Rigelians, it's their primary or only means of communication. If you want to be absolutely sure that you were capable of mind-to-mind speech *before* you got your Lens, take this perk too.

Exceptional Mentality

[100], can be taken multiple times.

The Arisians, galactic masters of the mental arts, categorize psychic power along five axes: Power, Depth, Control, Range, and Speed. With each purchase, you have demonstrated exceptional talent in one of these categories, leaps and bounds beyond what a regular Lensman is capable of. You can buy this perk up to two times per category.

With Second Stage Stability, the sheer *Scope* of your mentality improves. Not only does this provide tangible benefits in each category (which do not count against the limit) but it also opens up new avenues of application which might not previously have been apparent. With Third State Potential, it improves yet again.

Universal Communication

[100], Free with any Lens.

The first and most basic function of the Lens is to permit communication between any sentient being and any other, regardless of any language barrier, even if one of them possesses *no* language at all. It can function as a perfect translator of ordinary speech, such that each participant in the conversation automatically perceives each other participant to be speaking their own native language. It can also be used to place someone "on rapport" in a telepathic link. While it's possible to withhold information, it is not possible to tell an outright lie over such a link, and this limitation facilitates a level of trust that might not otherwise be possible. The range varies with mental power, but also with familiarity – if you're close enough with a being, it can be possible to place yourself On Rapport with them even at interstellar distances.

Mental Blow

[200]

Sometimes brute force is the best answer. Whether your intention is to disorient, to stun, to hurt, to kill, or even just to batter down your target's defenses to make them more receptive to a different power, this is the power for you.

Mental Shield

[200]

It is said that even the most accomplished hypnotist cannot affect a strong and definitely opposed will, and your will is VERY strong. This power serves as a screen against offensive and intrusive mental effects, and as a general boost to willpower. You can extend this effect to cover an area, or to protect a specific other mind that you can perceive, but doing so causes the defense to be "thinner" than if you were merely protecting yourself.

Intuition

[200], Discount Drop-In

There comes a point where making lucky guesses, consistently enough, is its own super-power. You have developed well past that point.

Mind Probe

[200], Discount Operative

If your duty calls on you to violate a being's privacy, you are well equipped to do so. Initially, you'll only be able to get surface thoughts, and even then only from subjects who are cooperative or inattentive. With advanced training, you'll be able to read much deeper, interrogating your target's deepest memories in mere moments and leaving them none the wiser.

Mental Domination

[200], Discount Administrator

Whisper a psychic suggestion into somebody's mind, and all but the most perceptive beings will think that it was their own idea. At first, only things which reasonably *could* have been their own idea will pass unnoticed... but with advanced training, you can extend this to possession, moving your subject around like a puppet on strings.

Memory Manipulation

[200], Discount Scoundrel

Once you've gained access to read somebody's mind, it can be useful to *write* in it as well. Simple applications include "You never saw me", more advanced mentalists can provide quick PTSD treatment by simply removing the traumatic events, or convincing a stranger that you've been their coworker for years.

Hypercognition

[200], Discount Engineer

You can think really, really fast, and are a mathematical genius. Calculations which might take a building-sized computing machine hours to process, you can perform in moments. This is enough to predict the entropic energy flows of weather systems – or atomic vortices – in real time.

Universal Cryptanalysis

[200]

The absence of any code, encryption scheme, or means of concealing information which can defeat the Lens is mostly a feature of this setting. If you'd like to continue using it as an Ultimate Codebreaker in settings with better cryptographic technology, consider learning this power.

False Seeming

[200], Free Arisian or Eddorian

You can ensure that people see you as you want them to see you. Initially, this is limited to cosmetic details (or making yourself look like an unremarkable nobody), but with additional training, you can impersonate specific individuals, or even make yourself look like a being with a size and shape vastly different from your own.

When this ability is fully developed, it will be equally capable of fooling every sense possessed by a sentient being or by a mindless recording device, and mechanical Thought-Screens will be no defense against it. However, sufficiently strong and determined mind may still be able to penetrate the illusion.

Grenfelzing

[50], Free Palanian

Difficult to explain to a three-dimensional being, but a popular activity among certain four-dimensional ones. It's kind of like Emmfozing, but you do it with chocolate.

Precognition

[400], Discount Arisian

You have a talent for Visualization of the Cosmic All, enough to predict potential future events and evaluate the potential consequences of changes both large and small. This is usually a slow and involved process, involving meditating for extended periods of time, but it also comes with a passive Danger Sense useful for dodging and predicting ambushes.

Mentor of Arisia has been known to describe to people how they will cut themselves shaving a

decade hence, down to the name and the age (in minutes) of the kitten which would be responsible for startling them, and the length (in micrometers) of their stubble. Your level of foresight and precision is nowhere near this level... but give it a few hundred thousand years of practice, and you might catch up.

Compartmentalized Mind

[400], Discount Velantian or Third Stage

You can divide your psyche into multiple, discrete "compartments", each of which is capable of running independently and in parallel. This has two major benefits: It allows you to give multiple streams of thought your "full attention" simultaneously, and it provides an extra layer of security against mental attacks.

Someone trying to penetrate your mind must approach each compartment as though it were a separate person – hypnotising one does not give them any special control over the others. If the attacker is unfamiliar with this technique, you can conceal the fact that any compartments beyond the first even exist. The compartments are linked closely enough to each other that you run no risk of drifting into an identity crisis simply from possessing this ability – but you *can* suppress these links if for some reason you *want* to drift. If you possess the ability to manipulate memories, you can even selectively mindwipe one of the compartments, ensuring that an intruder can't find information which isn't there to find.

Only one compartment can be "in charge" of your body at a time, but if you somehow possess (or *possess*) multiple bodies, this will make it far easier to coordinate their actions.

Initially, this perk gives you only a single additional "Compartment", but this number will slowly increase as your mental powers develop – true masters of the mind have been known to maintain dozens simultaneously.

Items

Light Space Armor

[0]

Whatever your background, you're likely to spend a lot of time in space, and nobody enjoys sucking vacuum. This suit is sized to fit you perfectly. Its light armor will protect against micrometeors and small-caliber weapons, its life-support systems will keep you breathing (and at a comfortable temperature) for a few days, and its basic flight systems will help you get around in zero-gee. Also contains an integral helmet-radio and sub-ether communicator.

Your Favourite Weed

[50]

The Galactic Patrol has an interesting attitude towards narcotics. There are some substances where simple possession warrants summary execution, and yet they'll happily give tobacco to teenagers. At least, I *think* it's all tobacco.

The Commandant knows what you like to smoke. Pittsburg stogies? Alsakanite Cigars? Denebian Kush? He's got you covered.

Pedigree

[50]

On your way back from Arisia, you discovered that someone had left a stack of papers in your ship. Upon inspection, it looked like they were a genealogical chart of all your ancestors. *All* of your ancestors. For the last 100,000 years.

That's odd. You didn't realize that your species had even *had* a written language for that long. Who would be keeping track of such a thing, and why?

In future Jumps, these charts can adjust to show your new identity's ancestors.

Cheap Jewellery

[50]

A medium-sized wooden jewellery box, filled with a few examples of the sort of personal adornment that a middle-class working girl might buy with, in total, about a week's pay.

That is to say, a working girl *on Lonnabar*. On Tellus, the contents of this box would be worthy of their own wing in a geological museum.

Rigellian Automobile

[50], Free Rigellian

Designed for the four-legged, four-armed people of Rigel IV, these cars are widely regarded as some of the most unpleasant vehicles in the galaxy for any other race to ride in. They have no windows, no suspension, no biped-friendly seating, and not even the slightest concession to sound-proofing. But they're also suicidally fast and (because of inevitable collisions with other similar cars) built with tank-like sturdiness. If you're planning on attending a demolition derby any time soon, this car is a serious contender.

Dureum Space Axe

[100], Free Operaive

Because of various factors – the ubiquity of personal shields, the inconvenience of carrying heavy weapons around, and the danger of damaging the interior of a spacecraft – melee combat has returned to the galaxy. No weapon exemplifies this quite like the Valarian Space Axe, a combination and sublimation of battle-axe, mace, bludgeon, and lumberman's picaroon, a massively needle-pointed implement of potentialities limited only by the physical strength and bodily agility of its wielder.

Eventually, these things will be available in exotic, ultraheavy, trans-dimensional super-metals. You got your hands on an early copy. If you lack super-strength, you should probably stick to wielding it with the assistance of powered armor.

Personal Thought-Screen

[100], Free Drop-In

This device, the shape of a small hockey puck, projects a field around your body which renders you highly resistant to mental intrusion or assault, while still permitting voluntary Lens-assisted communication. It's small enough to be worn as a medallion or clipped to your belt, and the internal battery can run for two weeks before needing to be exchanged or recharged.

Larger models exist, built to screen a room, a starship, or (if placed in a network) an entire planet. The combined mental might of multiple massed Arisians can punch through one of these, as can something else of equivalent power, and it's rumoured that some exceptionally devious Lensmen have developed ways to subvert or circumvent them.

Detector Nullifier

[100], Free Engineer

It sure is inconvenient to have your starship spotted by enemy starships when you're trying to sneak up on them. Well, this little doohickey can help with that problem. It won't make you invisible to EM detectors (including regular light), but it will help against pretty much every other technological sensor in the setting. With the right know-how, you think you might be able to tweak it to protect against other forms of sensors that Civilization and Boskone haven't heard about yet.

This purchase comes with a spare unit, in case you'd like to lend one to someone else.

Trusty DeLameters

[100], Free Scoundrel

The DeLameter Heavy Blaster Pistol is one of the deadliest personal weapons in the galaxy. With adjustable power and aperture settings, it's capable of punching through meters of solid stone or reducing an unarmored man to his constituent atoms. You've got two of them, well-worn but fully charged, and a gunslinger's harness to match.

Triplanetary Comm Suite

[100], Free Administrator

While some may consider this equipment to be outdated in the age of the Lens, sometimes it's best to go old school – with electromagnetic and etheric communications and surveillance. This purchase provides a variety of broadcasters, receivers, and scramblers as were used by the Triplanetary Intelligence Service, including the infamous spy-beam. Some are disguised as innocuous jewellery or accessories, others are designed to be quietly swallowed or implanted.

Standish Cannon

[100]

This fearsome weapon is considered "semi-portable", in the sense that it's got a handle welded to it, but it's typically used as an emplacement gun. It features a vicious beam projector, rated to rip through personal armor, walls, and internal screens, as well as an automatic grenade launcher. The metallic gun shield is supplemented by a portable screen projector, allowing its wielder to deal out molten death from a position of relative safety.

Paymetal

[200], Discount Drop-In

You've found a relatively small asteroid of unusually high density.

A significant portion of its mass is made of silver and gold. Then there's the *really valuable* stuff in the center – over thirty thousand kilograms of something denser than pure platinum. Men have been murdered over finds worth less than one-thousandth this value. Don't spend it all in one place.

The Directrix

[200], Discount Administrator

Every ship in the Patrol has a "Navigational Tank" – a miniature, holographic model of the Galaxy. This tank stretches the definition of the word "miniature": seven hundred feet across, and over eighty feet thick in the middle. It's capable of simultaneously tracking the position of millions of spacecraft which might join a conflict in thousands of discrete fleet elements. Several layers of specialists (included in the purchase) are responsible for collating information and passing summaries up the chain of command, then passing orders back down.

From this chaos is distilled a harmonious order, allowing a single brilliant individual to direct the course of an interstellar battle (or some other task requiring a similarly ridiculous level of co-ordination) as though his ships were merely the fingers on a million different hands.

And all that is ultimately accomplished with slide rules and vacuum tubes. If somebody who understood proper computers were to get their hands on the thing, they might be able to upgrade its efficiency still further. Unlike the Z9M9Z, this model is collapsable into something semi-portable, but you'll probably want to insist that the staff step outside first.

Walking Battleship

[200], Discount Operative

A *very* heavy suit of powered armor, pushing the boundary between "armor" and "mech. It's rated to stand up against sustained fire from the most overpowered, armor-piercing HMG rounds available to the Galactic Patrol. And that's *before* you factor in the personal shield generator. While it's not literally as powerful as a contemporary Space Battleship, its wearer could easily tear a 21st century Battleship apart with his bare hands.

Vacuum-sealed, and with power cells rated for exceptional endurance, this armor also includes an integral Bergenholm inertialess drive, permitting easy flight.

Personal Speedster

[200], Discount Engineer

This tiny, sub-corvette spacecraft was designed for one thing above all else: going *fast*. And boy, does it do that. It's not built with passenger capacity in mind, but it could carry eight extra people if they *really* squeeze. It's lightly armed and armored, but it boasts the latest in stealth and sensor technology.

Thionite

[200], Discount Scoundrel

A faction of a microgram of this drug, typically taken nasally, gives any red-blooded oxygen breather the experience of having all of their desires satisfied simultaneously. All of them. Yes, even that one. Bring a change of pants.

The stuff is extremely illegal throughout all of Civilization, due mostly to its dangerous and addictive nature. A common test of willpower used in organized crime circles is to put two vials in front of the candidate, and order them to snort the first. If they can resist the urge to immediately and fatally OD as soon as the first vial wears off, they score in the top 0.1% or so of the population.

The concentrated form is so potent that enough can be smuggled in a lunchbox to supply an

entire planet's worth of drug dealers for a month. Coincidentally, you've got a lunchbox which refills with the stuff once per month. Do you want to start your own drug empire? Use it as a biological weapon? Just party *really* hard? Hey, I'm not a cop. Watch out for those who are.

Philips Regenerator [200]

The Galactic Patrol has a great health plan, and many of its older members sport multiple prosthetics almost indistinguishable from the real thing. But now, thanks to cutting-edge medical treatment, they can have the real thing, for real.

By spending a few hours in this MRI-like device, a patient's pineal gland is stimulated until it begins producing a regenerative hormone. Over the following weeks, the patient will not only notice the disappearance of old scar tissue, internal and external, but the regeneration of everything from dental cavities to missing eyes and extremities.

This isn't an immortality treatment – new body parts have the same biological age as the rest of the patient's body – but it's still one heck of a medical miracle. Most notably, this experimental science fiction technique is also a cure for that most insoluble of diseases: Polio.

Requisition Book [200]

A Gray Lensman on active duty has no budget and draws no salary – he is expected to take whatever he thinks he needs, and issue a receipt for later reimbursement out of the endless budget of the Patrol itself. Of course, these receipts rarely *get* redeemed, because a famous Gray Lensman's signature is usually worth more than whatever was requisitioned.

In future Jumps, people will tend to recognize your authority to requisition things and pay for them out of this endlessly-regenerating chequebook. This has reasonable limits, depending on what you're trying to requisition and who you're trying to requisition it from – Kim Kinnison *might* have gotten away with stopping by the Narcotics Bureau and nonchalantly asking to pick up ten tons of heroin, but there's a reason why he never tried.

If you work for an organization with sufficiently deep pockets, your employer will honor these receipts at face value. Otherwise, making sure that people get reimbursed is your responsibility.

Ferrosopic Ray [200], Discount Nevian

This device projects an unusual vibratory force which causes iron to liquify into a previously unknown, blood red allotrope. This transition is incredibly destructive not only to ferrous vehicles and buildings, but also to any creature relying on hemoglobin in its blood.

This particular version is about the size and shape of a personal flamethrower. It comes with a hypercompact Nevian Allotropic Iron generator, which can output nearly 10% as much power per unit fuel as an antimatter power plant can – and iron is far easier to find than antimatter.

This ray was not originally created as a weapon, but proved to be a very fearsome one until it was discovered how to shield against it. Once all modern shields began to incorporate protections against it, they were again relegated to the status of mining equipment. But against unshielded foes...

An Energized Form of Flesh [300], Discount Arisian

Doing things in your own body is so passé. Why not bring a spare? Choose a species option with a point value equal to or less than your own (but not Arisian or Eddorian) – you gain a healthy body of that species, with an age, sex, and appearance of your choice. You can control this body, perceive through its senses, and use your powers through it as though it were your own.

Typically, while operating this secondary body, your primary body falls into a protective trance, and vice versa. However, this is not strictly necessary – you can leave it to perform basic survival functions on its own, or program in more detailed behaviours with Mental Domination and Memory Manipulation. If you think you can divide your attention between both bodies, as well as to the effort of maintaining the psychic link between them, go ahead. Compartmentalized Mind (above) will make this much easier.

At the beginning of each subsequent Jump, if you possess any alt forms, you can reconfigure this

body to match one of them. With the right powers or facilities, you might also be able to sculpt or change it in other ways. If it is lost or destroyed, you can replace it for free after a year.

Experimental Super-Dreadnaught [400]

A shining teardrop or spheroid shape hundreds of meters long, this ship represents the absolute state of the art. Able to host a crew of several hundred in relative comfort, this ship has over-powered reactors, engines, beams, and screens, plus a few experimental surprises to boot.

What's more, its construction is highly modular, almost as though its designers *expected* their civilization to go through several consecutive technological revolutions requiring successive refits, overhauls, and redesigns. They probably *didn't* expect an Outside Context being to show up with technological knowledge from multiple universes, but neither did they go out of their way to make it *difficult* to apply that knowledge.

Arsenal of Democracy [600]

Is that... it that an entire planet?

Somehow, you've found a previously-uncharted world inhabited by near-humans, whose technological level is (at first) somewhere between the Renaissance and the Early Atomic period. They've proven to be exceptionally receptive to your ideology – they may even have had a prophecy about the return of a sky-god who looks just like you. If you want to put them through a process of technological uplift, until one day they can build and crew starships for you, you'll have to put in the hard work yourself. But they're quick learners. Feel free to be as honest as you like about your plans, or to play up the sky-god story and portray your enemies as baby-eating demons.

Each time you import this planet into a new Jump, you can choose to keep its previous population and infrastructure intact, or replace them with a new batch of primitives at their starting technological level.

Drawbacks

You may take up to [-800] worth of Drawbacks.

Heredity of Equality and Cooperation [0]

While Civilization theoretically considers "the fundamental equality of the sexes" to be one of its founding principles, in practice, the Galactic Patrol spent its first three centuries as a boy's club with a women's auxilliary. The first human woman to wear a Lens was a surprising and history-making event.

But what if that wasn't so? With this switch, the Galactic Patrol and the Lensman Corps are completely co-ed, and have been ever since Virgilia Samms and Clio Costigan were founding members.

Incompatible with Are You a Man, or a Person?

The Long War [0]

Is ten years not enough for you to experience the whole series? Instead of the normal ten-year duration, you show up shortly before the events of *Triplanetary*, and can remain in this setting until the conclusion of *Children of the Lens* (or for a total of three centuries, if you manage to derail the plot enough that those events do not come to pass).

Are you a Man, or a Person? [-100]

The Eddorians are not only completely sexless: they find the very concepts of gender and love to be incomprehensible and disgusting. Their favourite minions are those which share this attitude, which in practice mostly means colossal, institutional sexism.

It looks like, in this universe, they've been rather more successful in implementing this policy than you expected. Instead of the progressive-for-the-1950s attitudes found in Smith's work, the world you find yourself in looks like a parody written by somebody deliberately trying to make golden age SF look as sexist as possible. They definitely didn't get the memo that the Lyranians and Kalondians were supposed to be the *bad guys*.

Whichever gender you happen to be will get the short end of the stick on about 90% of planets in the galaxies, and Tellus is no exception. Even if you're a member of the four-sexed shoggoths of Palain VII, the local bigots will figure out the closest equivalent.

I've Never Seen Such a Brat! [-100]

You may have an iron will, a razor-sharp intellect, and the courage of a lion... but that doesn't necessarily translate to *emotional maturity*. With this drawback, you'll be a sore loser with self-esteem issues, or react very poorly to people telling you what you can and cannot do (or eat, or drink, or kill), or prone to tantrums, or some combination thereof. You can overcome this tendency with help and self reflection (and possibly a good spanking), but it will flare up again in the face of further triggering events.

Bentlam Eater [-100]

You've developed an addiction to anandamide, a cannabinoid primarily taken by chewing Bentlam leaves. A dose is usually good for an hour or so of pleasant but incapacitating stupor, and you spend at least a couple hours a week in this state if you can. In time, you may figure out ways to be functional *while* being a space-stoner, but you'll never be able to kick the addiction entirely.

Albatross Around Your Neck [-200]

You have absolutely terrible luck with starships. Any ship you travel on, whether as passenger, crewman, or commander, will inevitably get wrecked/crippled/captured/blown up before long. After the second or third time this happens, you'll begin to get a reputation as a jinx, and captains will grow increasingly reluctant to let you aboard their ships for fear that the same thing will happen to

them.

Nemesis [-200]

Somewhere on the other side, you have an opposite number. A being as clever as you, as ruthless as you, with pockets as deep as yours, who is absolutely dedicated to hunting you down. If you're really unlucky, their name might even be an anagram of yours.

You might eventually be able to find common ground with them after a decade-long game of cat and mouse, or the game might not end until one of you is dead.

Golden Harmony [-200]

With all the sheer bombastic energy that suffuses these old pulp novels, it's a shame that no one ever made a shounen anime out of them.

What's that, you say? They *did* make an anime? Well, that sounds wonderf- oh. Oh. Oh no.

It looks like you're doomed to spend ten years dealing with a Green Lantern rip-off filled with cheesy voice acting, dated special effects, and more plot holes than you can shake a negative-mass planet at. Have fun.

You do not THINK, Youth! [-200]

Any metagame knowledge you may possess of the Lensman Saga itself (or of derivative works, which is most of the Space Opera genre) is sealed away. What's worse, you acquire a firm cognitive blind spot around the idea that the current focal villain might have any hidden superiors. If you're fighting Helmuth, all evidence points to him being the Ultimate Villain. If you've defeated Eichlan, you *know* you've defeated Boskone forever. If you've got a Nemesis? Surely, there could be nobody bigger or badder. Each new step on the Sorting Algorithm of Evil comes a surprise to you.

In particularly, discovering the existence or nature of Eddore prior to the events of *Children of the Lens* will be impossible for you unless you manage to stumble upon it through sheer random luck. Even if you're an Arisian who has met Gharlane face to face dozens of times. Don't think too hard about it.

Black and Gray Morality [-300]

The only reason that Civilization, a borderline police state, manages to remain free and democratic is because the people in charge are *guaranteed* to be selfless and incorruptible.

Unfortunately, it looks like *this* universe didn't get that memo. Although the Lensmen themselves still insist it's true, and many of them are still *individually* heroic, their power structure is dominated primarily by crazy mavericks, well-intentioned extremists, power-hungry bureaucrats, and other flawed humans and nonhumans all jockeying for position with each other. It's still not nearly as bad as Boskone, but some similarities are beginning to show.

Level Zero Mentality [-300]

Requires No Lens

As smart as you might be in other regards, your mind is a psychic dead end. You can't take Second Stage Stability or any Psychic Powers... and whatever such powers you already have are locked for the duration of your stay in this universe.

If you start exhibiting any other sort of out-of-context power, you will rapidly draw the attention of both Civilization (who will "politely request" to put you in a box until they can figure out what makes you tick), and Boskone (who won't be polite about it).

Lensman's Load [-300]

Requires The Lens of Arisia

You remember that bit about mentalities of all shapes and sizes? Well, no such dispensation has been given to you. Mentor gave you a lens because he perceived you to be an incorruptable paragon of Lawful Good, and you are expected to operate as such for the duration of your stay here. You

don't take vacations, you don't get to put your own safety first, and you don't *ever* get to let the ends justify the means.

If you step too far outside these bounds, well... the Lens will no longer see you as the being it's bonded with, and you'll have a few seconds to get it far away from your body before the psychic feedback becomes fatal. And *then* you'll have a pissed-off, power-boosted Mentor to deal with.

Neither Complete Nor Conclusive [-300]

Requires The Lens of Eddore

You didn't just get Gharlane's attention, but that of the High Council of Eddore and the Immortal All-Highest himself. They won't be satisfied with you just generally mucking things up for the good guys. They expect *specific results*, against certain specific clever, brave, and heavily plot-armored individuals, and they expect them on a reliable schedule. If you deliver, they have the capability to make you very wealthy. If you don't, they are capable of making things *very* unpleasant for you.

This Ain't A Scene... [-300]

It's a Klono-damned Arms Race. And your side seems destined to perpetually be on the back foot. The technological development of Civilization will stagnate relative to the canonical progression of the books, while that of Boskone race well ahead of it. (Or the other way around, if you throw your lot in with the Bad Guys).

If the other side catches you using any out-of-universe technology or power, they will do their best to build their own version and deploy it en-masse against you within a few weeks or months, even if it relies on metaphysics not found in this setting. By contrast, you and your allies will find it much more difficult to analyze or duplicate *their* technology than you otherwise would.

The Longest War [-400]

(Incompatible with The Long War)

Is three centuries *still* not enough? All right, you asked for it...

You begin on either Arisia or Eddore, moments before first contact between the two elder races, and millions of years before Tellus condenses from a protoplanetary disk.

You're stuck in this setting until either Eddore is destroyed, or Arisia is... or you are. If you somehow manage to end the war *before* the Arisian breeding program reaches its culmination, you will instead need to wait around until humanity manages to evolve naturally, then see to it that a supermajority of them (> 2/3) adopt your ideology of their own free will.

Try not to go mad in the mean time.

After The Jump

This is, at last, The End. Or is it?

All drawbacks are rescinded, and whatever form of flesh you have been energizing becomes available to you as an alternate form.

Then, you face the choice which all truly developed, adult mentalities must one day make:

Stay Here

All inimical activity is now completely disorganized. The Patrol can handle it easily enough. The real conflict is finished. Think nothing of a few years of vacancy.

Go Home

You know that you are not immortal. You should know that an infinity of time is necessary for the acquirement of infinite knowledge; and that your span of life will be just as short, in comparison with your capacity to live and to learn, as that of *Homo Sapiens*.

Keep Going

As my fellows have done and as I am about to do, you will of your own accord... pass on.

Bonus: If you chose one of the Kinnison siblings as your choice for Children of the Jump, and then personally assisted the family in attaining their apotheosis, you can claim The Unit as companions in a five-for-one deal. Thanks to psychic gestalt shennanigans, they occupy a single slot, but can revert to acting as individual mentalities at any time.

If you pull off the same feat with another small and closely-related group (perhaps your own children?), you can take them instead.

Notes

- Natural Telepathy is priced at [0] on the grounds that everybody who takes this Jump will already have an opportunity to pick up a Lens for free. The Lens will do everything that perk does and more.
- Buying Second Stage Stability will give you the *potential* to *eventually* learn how to do most of the psychic trickery which Kim, Worsel, Tregonsee, and Nadreck had in common. Paying CP for each individual ability ensures you'll be able to do it *right away*, and offers a permanent boost to your control and scope with that specific ability.
- The plot armor from Graduated in Gray is far from infallible. The protagonists of this series go through a *lot* of unpleasant things, but they do eventually come out the other side.
- Using Inside You All Along is easiest in situations which already support such a mechanism, such as Wandless Spellcasting in Harry Potter, but it's not *limited* to those cases. The more the function of an item is dependant on its physical form, the more intimately you will need to study that item in order to internalize that function, and the more time and effort it will take to do so.
- Eddorians are not Absolute-Fiat Indestructible – plenty of high-tier metaphysical stuff from other settings could give them a run for their money – but they're close enough that a force with a dozen different kinds of planet-killer at their disposal didn't even *try* to deploy those tools against their homeworld.
- If you plan to oppose a Civilization which operates under Black and Gray Morality, that drawback doesn't make them any less effective in fighting you. If anything, it makes them more ruthlessly pragmatic.
- If you take "The Longest War" and a species other than Arisian or Eddorian, you should probably start researching some serious life-extension and sanity-preserving technologies

ASAP.

- If you take "The Longest War", the exact requirements for "Of their own free will" are up to you. Mind-controlling the entire planet or hard-coding it into their DNA is definitely out. Setting up a shadow government with mandatory indoctrination centers is pushing things.
- Yes, it's possible to genuinely be the "Rogue Arisian" of the sort which Fossten of Kolvia allegedly was.
- If you're a Boskonian with You Do Not THINK, Youth!, your blind spot also prevents you from figuring out the truth about Arisia. In this case, even meeting Drounli face-to-face won't let you speedrun to his house. Eddorians, of course, **do** know about Eddore, as do Ploorans, but *no one else* in Boskone's chain of command does.

Acknowledgements

The Lensman Saga was published by E.E. "Doc" Smith between 1938 and 1954, depending on how you're counting.

For an invaluable guide to the setting, see GURPS Lensman (Third Edition), by Sean Barrett.