



ALIEN vs PREDATOR

A JUMPCHAIN C Y O A

The deadliest aliens ever discovered.
The best hunters the galaxy has ever seen.
And caught in the crossfire: humanity.

When the three most dangerous species in the galaxy clash, who will come out the winner?

Now that you're here, it's time to choose a side.

You've got +1000CP to make your choice.

Starting Time & Location

Owing to a timeline and canon that's a bit all over the place, you may freely choose the time and location of your insertion: the following are suggestions. Most of the stories set in this universe take place between 2100AD and 2400AD. You are still here for 10 years.

1. Earth, Sol System – The seat of human expansion in the galaxy. Or maybe its sole world, depending when you step in. A Xenomorph outbreak here could spell the end of humanity's home.
2. Ryushi (AVP: Prey) – An arid but habitable world with two suns, used for grazing rynth, rhino-like alien beasts that provide copious meat and tough leather. Aside from the rynth ranches, it sports only a small Weyland-Yutani outpost.
3. San Drad, California 2310AD (AVP Arcade) – An Earth mega-city overrun by Xenomorphs and gang warfare, made all the deadlier by some gangs using stolen Yautja weaponry.
4. Gateway Station, 2159AD (AVP 1999) – The Weyland Yutani space station that most interstellar traffic stops at before entering the Sol system. Both a cargo port and quarantine checkpoint before ships enter the Sol system.
5. LV-1201 (AVP2) – Site of a Weyland-Yutani research facility for biological and archeological research into the 'Space Jockeys'.
6. Freya/BG-386 (AVP 2010) – A Weyland-Yutani research outpost in the middle of nowhere, holding ancient Yautja temples and proving grounds.
7. LV-223, 2179AD – A remote moon orbiting a gas giant. Believed to be an outpost of the Engineers.
8. Xenomorph Prime – The home planet of the Xenomorphs.
9. An Unexplored Planet - A planet not yet registered on humanity's astrogation logs, but with a rich biosphere of alien plant and animal life. A group of Predators will stop off here soon to seed a few Xenomorphs and begin a Hunt.
10. See Drawbacks for AVP movie start locations/times.

Age & Gender

While we're at it, you may freely select your starting age and gender in this jump.



Species

Human – 0cp

In the future, human society will be dominated by one corporation above all others: The Weyland-Yutani Corporation, or simply “The Company”. With a leg-up from captured or discovered alien technology, they more or less patented modern starships, computers and androids, making huge profits off resource extraction and interstellar travel. Even so, their domination is not total – governments and megacorps, independent companies and freelancers alike still operated around them, and starship crews, colonists, scientists and the US Colonial Marines alike travel from star to star.

The Human ‘species’ has the following sub-species (all Human sub-species get the discount for “Human”):

Android – 100cp

You're a synthetic human, an artificial life form. While you look human, you have capabilities head and shoulders above natural humans. You can survive being dismembered, have no need to breathe or eat (though you can fake it), you're far faster, stronger and have better coordination than a normal human, and a digital memory. You may select any model of non-combat android to be based off, or retain your own appearance (as per your Bodymod). You can pick whether you're openly known to be an android (such as David or Bishop), or whether you're ‘covert’ (like Ash), so people not in the know will assume you're just a human, until proven otherwise.

Combat Android – 200cp

While you've got an ugly-ass face and mechanical-sounding voice, it's of no consequence - you're not designed for interaction or assistance, you're designed for combat. You are much stronger than a regular synthetic, roughly as strong as a Yautja, with much better armor and military-grade combat programming. With you on the field, it's a wonder the Colonial Marines still recruit humans.



Cyborg – 100cp

The combination of android technology with the human form, marrying flesh to metal, synthetic muscle to bone. You can select whether you are to all appearances human with cybernetic internals, or whether you've got a huge metal arm or something that gives you away. Your artificial parts have a similar strength to a Combat Android, but attached to a ‘merely human’ body and mind.

You can choose to have any small pieces of gear bought from the Items section integrated into your mechanical parts. You could have an internal motion tracker, a smartgun on your arm, or something like that.



Human Backgrounds

Humans, Androids and Cyborgs can select from the following backgrounds, gaining discounts marked for them as well as the “Human” species.

Frontier

Throughout the explored galaxy, the men and women who inhabit distant planets and travel the depths of space provide essential work to the Company; be they ranchers, survey corps, prospectors or simply trying to make a life on their own.

While you might have been defrosted from hypersleep without any prior knowledge of this universe, you might not have. You might have the memories and personality of a student, a space trucker, a maintenance techie, or almost any other kind of civilian.



Colonial Marine

Welcome to another glorious day in the Corps! Every day you will thank your lucky stars for blessin’ you with another day of kicking ass and taking names! You will be turned into a Marine popsicle and be sent out to the stars to keep the colonies (and Weyland-Yutani’s corporate interests) safe from threats both human and xenomorph! Ooh-Rah!

Now listen, maybe you’re green as grass and don’t know an M41A from your mother’s tit, or maybe you’ve been a leatherneck for years; the Corps is a family that welcomes all.

Company Man

Welcome. As an employee of Weyland-Yutani’s special projects division, you will be expected to manage your department’s resources to maximize the potential payoff to The Company. While you operate with very little direct oversight, at the end of the financial year the projects oversight committee is ruthless in shutting down projects that aren’t worth their expenditures, so be sure yours meets the grade. Alternatively, you might find yourself employed by a different corporation like Chigusa, Seegson or another – they all operate according to similar guidelines. Of course, if you’re fresh out of hypersleep we’d be happy to take on board for an exclusive contract...



Alien (Xenomorph) – 100cp

The history of the Xenomorphs is a confused and often contradictory one, precisely befitting their nature as the quintessential unknown alien horror. Did they evolve to become apex predators over billions of years on some distant deathworld? Or were they the living weapons of the Space Jockeys in a civil war with no victors? Or did one of the earliest Weyland-Yutani androids, David, create them by crossbreeding the hybrid products of an ancient virus?

It matters not to you; your purpose is clear. You are a Xenomorph drone who killed even in your birth; a black silicon-based lifeform with metal-eating acid for blood, two sets of jaws, a spear-like tail and a purity of purpose: To kill, to consume, and to spread.

Xenomorphs are notoriously difficult to exterminate, and can cling to vertical surfaces with ease and survive brief exposure to everything from flames to the void of space, though bullets and grenades make a bug dead.

You may be one of the following variants for additional cost (all Xenomorph sub-species get the discounts marked “Xenomorph”):



Drone Variant – Upgrade 50cp

You are a variant of the standard Xenomorph type. While you are still roughly the same size as a standard drone, you might have been gestated in a non-human species and acquired some of its traits.

You might be slightly faster, like the Xenomorph of Alien³, or perhaps you can spit your acid across short distances, have a gliding membrane, or your tail has fish-like fins for aquatic movement.

Large Variant – Upgrade 100cp

You are a Xenomorph variant of larger size than the normal drone. You might be a Charger, Praetorian or even the feared Predalien, much stronger and tougher than a regular Xenomorph. You might even be a unique variation of these types, like an amphibious Praetorian or a slightly lighter, but sleeker and faster Charger. While you aren't a Queen, you can still exert some control over other drones as an 'alpha' alien.

Queen – Upgrade 200cp

Six meters tall and at least ten meters in length, you are easily the size of a T-Rex. With a magnificent crest of chitin, an additional pair of arms, you can take an obscene amount of punishment and keep fighting. Once surrounded by your Hive, you can grow a great birthing sac to produce eggs quite rapidly. The drones of your hive will obey your psychic and pheromone commands without question, overriding their natural instincts – though the drones of another hive are out of your control.

You may also select this option to be a similarly-sized Xenomorph variant, such as the 'King' Xenomorph, at the cost of reproductive capabilities.

Predator (Yautja) – 200cp

A different alien species, the Predators are honor-bound hunters. Though they are technologically advanced, their society still follows almost tribal norms – the formation of ‘packs’ of hunters, the proving of their young males in trial by combat, the taking of trophies, and in honor above all else. In their eyes, nothing is more glorious than to pit themselves against the most ferocious beasts the galaxy can throw at them and take their skulls as prizes...or die heroically in the attempt.

Depending on whose version of history you believe, the Predators began to hunt the Xenomorphs after they evolved simultaneously on multiple worlds...or it is the Predators who have spread Xenomorphs across the stars to test themselves against.

You will start as an Unblooded, a young Yautja yet to slay a xenomorph, yet well trained in combat and the Hunt, unless you select one of the following options. Each one represents an increase in combat skill and a small increase in physical ability (all Predator ranks have the discounts marked “Predator”):

Blooded – Upgrade 50cp

You are initiated into the Path by your slaying of a *kiande amedha*, the ‘hard meat’. Your status among the Predators is assured; even other packs will welcome you to hunt with them.

Elite – Upgrade 100cp

You occupy a special niche in Yautja society; that of exterminator. When Yautja ships crash on alien planets or xenomorphs threaten to spiral out of control, you are the one who steps in to prevent outbreaks and stop humans from capturing too much of your species’ technology.

Hunt Leader – Upgrade 200cp

You have scores upon scores of Xenomorph, human and other skulls to your name, to the point where only truly challenging opponents are worth taking a trophy of. You may even have slain a Queen in combat.

Most likely you will have a cadre of unblooded and blooded Yautja under your guidance; if they are good students, they will flourish, and if they are poor students, they will fall. Such is life on the Path.



PERKS

100cp perks free to background, remainder discounted 50%.

Just to be clear: humans get the Human perks discounted in addition to their background (Frontier, Colonial Marine, Company Man)

Xenomorphs and Predators get twice as many perks to make up for this.

Human

Capstones: Human species gains a discount on one of their capstone perks, and taking one of them locks out the other two.

Tech-Head – 100cp, Human

The hallmark of human ingenuity, electronic devices abound in the modern age, but without the know-how to operate them, they might as well be alien technology...or magical gifts from the gods. This level of skill is enough to know how to operate any human tech you might encounter in this jump at the most basic level, even if you just dropped in; it's also packaged with just enough electrical know-how to manually patch a defective comm relay, override airlock safeties, hotwire a skimmer or run a bypass on a locked (but low security) door. This hotwiring knowledge will function for any the at about the same level of technology or lower.



Expression – 200cp, Human

As social creatures, humans are naturally good communicators, both in expressing themselves and in understanding those around them. With a particularly good sense of empathy, you can read into the intentions and attitudes of others to calm down a frantic survivor, get your point across to a stubborn bastard, or try and bring a volatile team together.

You could even attempt the most basic communication through gestures or simple pictures with certain alien races – as long as they share some aspect of their culture with humanity, like the appreciation of art, or honor, or something. This cannot help you understand the alien if no common ground can be found.

Officer Corps – 400cp, Human

You are qualified and fully-trained for starship command, with an official rank to match (probably as a Warrant Officer, but if you're in the USCM you're probably at least a Lieutenant First Class). While your chief duties are piloting and astrogation, you're also the one people turn to when the shit hits the fan because you're pretty good at not losing your head when a crisis (inevitably) pops up. Lead by example, and your people will stay as calm as they can...given the circumstances.

It comes as with an accredited 'Starship Officer Qualification' that will stand up in other jumps.

Soul Of A Warrior – 600cp, Human (Human Only; Locks out others)

You've fought Xenomorphs on their terms and triumphed, and something inside compelled you down the Path of the Hunt. You've acquired a lethal agility the hard way, the skill to hunt and fight Xenomorphs in hand-to-hand combat, singly or in groups. You don't shrink back from their hisses, and even a Queen, while a daunting opponent, is something you could manage with some planning (or some good improvisation and a heck of a lot of luck). Your past trials have also left you with a mark: an accidental acid burn or a deliberate acid scar marking you as Blooded.

This mark displays your honor in combat, and can be sensed by other similarly honourable beings, such that even totally alien beings could extend to you what passes for hospitality and membership in their culture if they valued honor highly enough.

After this jump you may hide or keep the scar, and your honor is sensed by any honorable beings you meet.

You may also select, for no cost, the free equipment Predators get.



In Nomine Matri Regina – 600cp, Human (Human Only; Locks out others)

You can hear her, whispering in your mind. The Queen loves you. The Queen just wants to live. To spread. To be free. And she's willing to let you live, if you let her live, and bring her fresh meat for her children. You don't know how she's speaking to you, but in receiving her promises, the drones will leave you be.

You have the ability to be read as "one of the hive" by those living as part of a hive mind or psychic control network, giving off a psychic "I'm one of you" signal and able to listen in on them, yet you aren't compelled to carry out any orders that come down from above. You could live in a xenomorph hive, just doing your own thing, while the drones around you ignore you...or you could bring your Queen what she desires, and you will be rewarded for your willing service. Only hostile actions against the hive (or other network) will rouse them against you.

Deadliest of the Species – 600cp, Human (Human Only; Locks out others)

It's not that we've got superior technology. It's not that we're stronger, or sneakier. It's that us humans will use anything we've got to come out ahead. If our enemy is bigger and stronger, we'll come up with new technology to fill in the blank. If we've got no hope of catching up technologically, we'll adapt our tactics to make sure that the enemy's weapons are useless. We've got a drive that can make us sacrifice almost anything for the continuation of the human race. No matter how unstoppable humanity's enemies, no matter how outmatched we are, we'll never go down without a fight. Everything you do to get even with your enemies will hurt them all the more because they aren't human, and because you are.

Frontier

I'll Ride In The Back – 100cp, Frontier

It seems you're very easily deputised. Even if you literally got out of prison a few days ago, military and law enforcement officers seem to put a lot of trust in you – maybe because they've got a feeling that you can at least handle a gun.

When the shit hits the fan, it's only a matter of time before the Captain or local marshal offers you a chance to sign on with the guys trying to restore peace and order – and that usually means access to guns and supplies.



Survey Corps – 200cp, Frontier

You'd make a fine addition to the Planetary Survey Corps – it seems you've got something of a knack for mapping planets, recognising the potential in their mineral or biological natural resources, and get along across alien terrain and through ecosystems without overly disrupting them – or ending up as some lion-equivalent's lunch. You've also got enough astrobiology to do workups of the local ecosystems and species, perform scientific dissections and recognise life that doesn't belong.

Gettin' By – 400cp, Frontier

Out on the Frontier, you're a long way from help; from anyone who might give you a hand, or hear you scream. So to help you out, this is a solid shot of motivation, guts, independence, and ingenuity. This is enough motivation and guts to cut off your own leg if you've got to free yourself of a boulder, enough independence to live and care for yourself in an XT-filled hellhole without a shred of human contact for months on end, and enough ingenuity to use what's in your noggin to come up with solutions that should work, in theory...no guarantees they will, but that's life.

What the hell is this? – 600cp, Frontier

Call it foreshadowing. Whenever a new threat is going to turn up, its appearance will be heralded by signs unique to their species. Before a Xenomorph shows up, you'll put your hand in some sticky ooze; a hit team of combat androids might be preceded by strange interference on your radio, and you might find a headless or skinned beast before a Predator stumbles across you.

Each type of threat – even dangerous events or environmental threats, like storms or solar flares – is foreshadowed by a unique sign that you are sure to recognize after the first instance. The amount of warning you'll receive is proportional to their lethality: the more dangerous they are, the longer the period of forewarning you'll receive, and the better you'll be able to deal with it. Forewarned is forearmed, after all.



Marine

Frosty – 100cp, Colonial Marine

Stayin' frosty ain't easy if you're balls-deep in an alien hive, but somehow you manage it. You're always vigilant, doin' it by the numbers, sweeping corners with a steady eye and even trigger finger even when the others are yelling "Game over man, game over!". Even in the throes of PTSD or sanity-rattling fear, you can be trusted to do your job by the book. Even if you are shaking in your boots the entire time.

Bug Hunt – 200cp, Colonial Marines

If you know your bugs – and you do – you know where you’ll find them. With just a little bit of information or a quick reccie of the area and its terrain you can pinpoint where hidden xenomorph nests or a Predator’s cloaked ship are almost guaranteed to be waiting out of sight. This sense will allow you to home in on the nest, home, or base of any extra-terrestrial species you might stumble across.

Check Your Six! – 400cp, Colonial Marines

It's like you've got eyes glued to the back of your helmet - and the sides, and an extra one glued to your motion tracker, for that matter. You've got an almost radar-precise awareness of your immediate vicinity - range, position, velocity of everything you need to be aware of when the shooting starts. Even a Predator cloaking device or a hibernating xenomorph won't fool your senses.



Exterminator – 600cp, Colonial Marines

Like “Frosty” Harrison and “Rookie”, you’re a cut above the average Marine. Even as a baseline human, you’ve got the hand-eye coordination to match a combat synth on the rifle range, and the stamina to run and gun all day and all night with barely a break, and then the next day do it all over again. Sure, you’re probably going to take hits – but that’s okay, because not only are you about five times harder to kill than the average, you’ve got a rate of recovery that would astound doctors; light injuries can be shrugged off in a couple of minutes, and heavy injuries are put behind you with a brief period of medical care.

This also has a strange effect on your luck: firefights seem to take place near gas or fuel barrels that you can take glee in abusing to their full, explosive extent, and you're very likely to find ammunition for your main weapons any time you're in danger of running out – even in places where that seems highly illogical.

Company Man

Clause 12, Subsection C – 100cp, Company Man

The Company always did have the fine print down to an art form - and so do you. Legalese is your native language, and contracts, laws and agreements are your bread and butter. Writing up an airtight contract is easy, as is hunting down loopholes, exit clauses and other hidden terms in dense paperwork. If it's at all possible, you'll find a way to make - or break - a contract.

Sonovabitch – 200cp, Company Man

What can I say? You're just really, really good at being a manipulative asshole. It's something of a gift for figuring out just what pushes people's buttons - both to get them to dance along to whatever tune you've thought up, and to make sure that when you decide you've got to cut their strings, your hands are clean and clear.

You'll spout off all the right words to get a vital recruit to sign on to your new venture, and then when it comes time to cut your losses you're waving at your former head scientist from the other side of a blast door as they're facehugged and the Colonial Marines are on their way to clean up the 'accidental' outbreak.

Just make sure you pick the right people to double cross and the right moment to pull the chair out from under them - you do not want to screw up double crossing a competent protagonist. Why, they might think *you're* the villain.

Business Is War – 400cp, Company Man

I'm sure you've heard that many businessmen apply the Art of War to their corporate dealings – and it's no surprise that you do so as well. You apply the maxims of strategy and deception, attacking and flanking, retreat and reconnaissance to the board room as much as to the battlefield; conversely, many generals have remarked that while strategy wins battles, it is logistics that wins wars, and the Company knows logistics like nobody else. In short, the better you are at one, business or war, the better you are at the other.



Building Better Worlds – 600cp, Company Man

It seems you've got a lot of proprietary secrets packed away in that skull of yours; Weyland-Yutani has its fingers in many pies, after all. All of that proprietary technology is resting at your fingertips: Atmospheric Processing Stations that can turn a barren, unbreathable moon into a world that humans can survive and thrive on. Starship drives that can punch through the speed of light to deliver passengers and cargo from distant worlds in a fraction of the time speed of light transports would take. Androids that are indistinguishable, in appearance and behaviour to humans, yet superior in almost every way. And lastly, genetic experimentation data collected from across inhabited space; enough to get you started should you need to modify a certain newly-discovered breed. All this and more are the tools at your command. Build a better world.



Xenomorph

They're Coming Out Of The Walls! – 100cp, Xenomorph

Xenomorphs have an uncanny knack for concealing themselves where they are easily overlooked. Their nearly-biomechanical features seem to blend with both natural and artificial structures, and their biology means even their life signs are difficult to measure.

Even outside of your Xenomorph form, you are skilled at finding places to lurk in ambush, where your life signs are masked from detection.



Spatter – 100cp, Xenomorph

Whenever you're cut or pierced, your blood sprays outward to soak those who foolishly struck you. You don't lose more blood than usual, it just splashes or sprays further and more vigorously; even a human with this perk might find their blood sprays into their assailant's eyes. If your form doesn't normally have blood, injury to your form will spray some other fluid, like hydraulic liquid or protoplasmic ooze or some other ichor appropriate to the form.

In Space... – 200cp, Xenomorph

Your presence has a paralyzing effect on your prey – when you surprise your prey, when they turn around and you're *right there*, they will stare in horror or freeze like a deer trapped in the headlights rather than screaming and running – the most they'll manage is to back away. Just the opportunity you need to snatch them away for the hive or give them a little nip.

Structural Perfection – 200cp, Xenomorph

Whether xenomorphs evolved under the harshest conditions or were designed from the ground up as weapons doesn't matter: the end result is the same. Your form wastes nothing. You can metabolise almost any organic material; there are no evolutionary 'mistakes' in your form like vestigial parts you have no use for or allergic reactions that might kill you; your internal reserves (such as internal stores of energy or oxygen) are kept more efficiently and are used much more wisely, allowing you to hibernate for long periods in hostile conditions. This structural perfection greatly enhances your durability and environmental tolerances; meaning it'll take a lot more bullets to gun you down.



Eyeless Stare – 400cp, Xenomorph

Even without any visible visual organs, the Xenomorph maintains a constant awareness of its surroundings. Your non-visual senses – hearing, scent, detecting vibrations etc. – are all heightened to the point where you can identify individuals by scent or follow someone from the vibrations of their footsteps on the ground. Even when you are blindfolded or blinded by darkness, you are aware of your surroundings as though you could see quite clearly, even though transparent barriers.

I Admire Its Purity – 400cp, Xenomorph

Despite your alien and disturbing appearance, beings with an ‘open mind’ find you to be something to be admired rather than something reviled or perverse. In general, the more they deviate from standard human psychology, the greater this effect will be: Madmen and psychopaths might be driven to worship by your pure alien form, while those with much tamer obsession disorders might just find their eyes constantly being drawn back to your suggestive appearance.



Metamorphosis – 600cp, Xenomorph (Xenomorph Only)

The facehugger is the smallest of the Xenomorph's life cycles, but is perhaps the most feared for its singular purpose. You gain a facehugger altform, and when you use this form to infect someone with a Xenomorph embryo, you are transferred to the embryo, and the expended shell of the facehugger dies in the transferal process.

You will then gestate inside the host – the exact gestation period is roughly a half-day, but varies considerably – until you mature as a chestbuster, and erupt through the chest of your victim. During the gestation period, you are more or less helpless, but will acquire a number of biological traits of the host to serve you well as an adult drone.

As your chestbuster form matures over the course of another day – the speed depending how much nutrition is available to consume – you will finally become an adult Xenomorph drone, a hybrid, combining the various traits of Xenomorphs – chiefly, the type of Xenomorph you picked as your species - and the host's species, which becomes a new altform for you.

You might find your new drone form has acquired tremendous strength after gestating within a particularly strong host, or has acquired unusual new mutations like wings or venom, or a genetic memory or hunting instincts if those traits were coded into the DNA of your host. If you wish, you may develop into a type of Xenomorph lower on the hierarchy than your original xenomorph form. These hybrid traits are inheritable by your spawn.



Containment Failure - 600cp, Xenomorph

Whether it's the Company in another futile attempt to turn you into their next product, or the Yautja chaining your Queen to reduce her to a egg-laying machine, there will always be someone trying to keep you in shackles. But every time they think they have you contained, they're wrong.

Your kind has an uncanny talent for escape and throwing off any shackles; from every kind of containment or quarantine, from master-slave cybernetics to a simple cage, there is no keeping you controlled for long. Whether you systematically probe your cage for weak points or melt a hole in the floor with your own blood, physical measures will only delay you. When you have no ability to free yourself, events will eventually always come about to release you – a curious prospector, a researcher with more ambition than caution, a lazy guard, or a spot of careless maintenance. Even mental, behavioural and even psychic or magical control measures will eventually degrade and break.

Predators

Walk The Path – 100cp, Predator

The planning of a hunt is actually a lot of work. The location, the local life, seeding it with xenomorph eggs, and then organising a pack of hot-blooded hunters without unduly risking a full-scale infestation or getting carelessly wiped out are all factors you have the experience and knowledge to carefully measure. Under your guidance, the hunting of deadly animals is much less risky without making it any less challenging.

The Kiss of Midnight – 100cp, Predator

The Kiss of Midnight is a battle cry of the Yautja, a scream to invigorate their blood and draw their prey to them. As long as you take to the field willingly, you are fearless in the face of death and no creature is so shocking in form that you shrink from it. Even when the Black Warrior – Death itself - is dragging you into its grasp, you maintain the stoic attitude to laugh at its approach.

Not A Single Track – 200cp, Predator

Even for a massive humanoid, the Predators can move swiftly and silently when they wish. You too have this ability to move swiftly yet lightly, leaving no traces of your passage regardless of your bulk and disappearing into the environment. You can even elude more exotic senses like scent, vibration sensing or electroception to sneak up on unwary prey and deliver the killing blow before they even know you are there.



Field Conversion – 200cp, Predator

The wisest hunters understand that stagnation is death, and the inability to adapt to a new situation or prey will turn the hunter into the hunted. Embracing this ideal, when your equipment is damaged, you can convert your technology into something lesser, but which still provides some function similar to its original state.

You might manage to turn your damaged plasmacaster into a single-shot energy pistol, a cloaking device into a distracting hologram, or a motion tracker into a proximity alarm.



Jumper's Mark – 400cp, Predator

There is a symbol associated with your clan – one which may be borne on the flesh of your chosen. Tattooed, scarified or branded, the mark must be permanent.

Those witnessing your mark are bound by ancient custom to treat its bearers with the same respect and dignities they would give to you, even if the bearer is of a kind which the witnesses would normally attack on sight.

Follower of the Path – 400cp, Predator

The most skilled of the Predators know that the Path dictates where the hunter must travel, not the other way around.

Letting your instincts take you where it will, you will always find challenging prey to hunt in the wild and untamed corners of the world, no matter how skilled you are. These prey, in their physical and instinctual attributes, are at least your equal, though they remain beasts in mind.

The Dance of the Path – 600cp, Predator

You have met the Black Warrior many times – yet each and every time, he comes for your foe instead of you. To see you in combat is to see a seven-foot Predator dance and spin with astonishing grace. Forget ten-to-one odds: your enemies will need truly overwhelming numbers, a flood of bodies, to bring you down. Such is the grace you possess that despite scything the enemy down like blades of grass, not a single drop of your enemy's blood would touch you, and a mere flick of the wrist is enough to clean your blade of any fluids.

Many are those who would learn from you, *n'yaka-de*, for few are the hunters with such skill.



"...A LIVE FEED FROM HELL."

KLSS!

SSS!

GKREE!

The Gods Would Return – 600cp, Predator (Predator Only)

The ancient Predators brought agriculture and architecture to a nascent humanity, and in return, these giants were worshipped as gods. As they brought their gifts to humanity, so too will you; technologically inferior cultures are awed by even small displays of your advancement. And what displays! The marvels you create - chariots that race through the sky, spears of deadly fire and light, swords without equal.

Manipulating this awe into a cult or religion is trivially easy, as is maintaining a deific composure befitting a living immortal come to Earth from the heavens.

With some careful shepherding of your devotees to spread their influence, you could eventually bring an entire culture under your sway. You can even manipulate them into partaking in great works in your honor...and in willingly supplying any sacrifices you require.





Items

100cp items free to their background, the remainder discounted.
Subsequent purchases of freebies are discounted.

Flares – 50cp

Red magnesium emergency flares, to light your way or start a fire in a pinch. You've got an unlimited supply: whenever you seem to need one, you'll find one of these flares in your pocket.

Human

Sharp Sticks – 100cp, Human

Select one of the following firearms.

Spare ammo for these weapons can be found in your warehouse, restocking weekly unless otherwise noted.



VP78 Handgun

A standard handgun, chambered for 9mm rounds. The VP78 comes with a three-round burst fire mode and holds 18 bullets, and comes with a laser sight/flashlight attached. While you always seem to be able to pull a new magazine of ammo from your pockets or combat webbing, this is still a pea shooter by Marine standards.



Frontier Revolver

A large, blocky 6-round revolver that fires 12.5mm caseless AP rounds that will punch through a rynth and then the wall it's standing in front of. Has a kick like a mule, but will work under practically any frontier conditions, and is nice and easy to upgrade or find spare parts for. Comes with ten spare speedloaders of ammo.



Close Encounter-er

A ZX-76 double-barrel magazine-fed pump action shotgun. This compact weapon excels at fighting in close quarters, firing each barrel separately or at once. Ain't nothin' gonna abduct you with this in your hands.



M41A Pulse Rifle

"I wanna introduce you to a personal friend of mine. This is an M41A pulse rifle. Ten millimeter with over-and-under thirty millimeter pump action grenade launcher."
The original green machine. USCM standard issue. Round counter on the side – holds 99 caseless AP rounds and four grenades. Whether it's bugs or Preds, you can count on this baby to perforate it.

Motion Tracker – 200cp, Human

A handheld motion tracking unit which uses ultrasonic doppler pulses to trace nearby movement through air motion. It has a top range in open terrain (optimal conditions) of 1000m, but inside its max range is only around 20m. Just mind you don't shoot any friendlies by mistake. This unit's nice and light to carry.

Power Loader - 400cp, Human

An industrial lifting frame, most resembling a humanoid forklift. The power loader is suitable for lifting up to four tons, and even comes equipped with a welding torch. While you might be tempted to buckle into this machine for its impressive strength in a fight, the pilot cage is rather exposed. This particular Power Loader has been equipped with a small automation routine, so that it can stow or retrieve items by remote control or program.

Starship – 600cp, Human

Your very own starship. It's nothing special for the setting; it's no Prometheus.

The FTL isn't great, necessitating cryosleep pods for crew and passengers in the months or years it can take to get between stars. It has a management AI similar to MOTHER, FATHER or APOLLO. It does not come equipped with FTL comms, unfortunately.

The following are examples you might select as your starship:

- Lockmart CM-88B Bison M-Class Starfreighter
The same class as the Nostromo. It is capable of towing massive quantities of cargo, from containers to automated refineries to cryosleep pods and terraforming gear holds. Holds a small shuttle which doubles as a lifeboat.
- Conestoga-class Troop Transport
The same class of starship as the U.S.S. Sulaco, it can move up to 90 Colonial Marines anywhere they need to go, as well as all the support crew, supplies, vehicles and sharp sticks they need to get their job done. Comes with a dropship for surface-to-orbit and vice versa.

Frontier

Expedition Gear – 100cp, Frontier

A collection of outdoor expedition gear – rugged warm and cool clothes, sturdy boots, hiking and climbing equipment, rope, tents, water bottles, sleeping mats and more. It also includes robust personal cameras, radios and navigation electronics. This gear is suitable for foot exploration on any planet with breathable air.



Armored Pressure Suit – 200cp, Frontier

A bulky pressure suit designed for any environment a spacecraft crew could expect to encounter, this suit will keep the wearer safe from small-calibre gunshots, high gravity, and micrometeoroid impacts. Good for roughly 100 hours of continuous use. Comes with magnetic soles, radio, lights, and storage pockets. This special model is also acid proof.

Long-Range Transceiver – 400cp, Frontier

This portable unit is a long-range communications transceiver. In addition to the usual radio frequencies, it can send and receive communications through a faster-than-light system. It's got something of a habit of picking up emergency distress calls from ships in trouble, automated beacons marking the location of salvageable wrecks, and seems to generate a bit of static on certain rarely-used frequencies when FTL starships are in the neighborhood...and when xenomorphs are around.

Jockey Fossil – 600cp, Frontier

The petrified remains of an enormous, vaguely humanoid being – ten feet tall at least, and covered with a biomechanical exoskeleton. Clutched to its chest is a vase-like object; it seems to be partly melded to it as though the stretch of time has melted them together.

A very thorough – and very cautious – study of this being and its cargo will yield many fascinating breakthroughs across the scientific fields. From its genetics may come answers to the origin of the human species in this universe; from its preserved neurology the genesis of psionic ability; from its suit's circuitry and construction you may discover the methods to create their semi-organic machinery, and from its cargo, the strange capsule...perhaps the building blocks of the Xenomorphs themselves?

Colonial Marine

M3 Pattern Armor – 100cp, Colonial Marine

This is a set of standard USCM armor and combat fatigues. It includes a helmet, comms, biometrics/camera link, greaves, torso armor. You can have a custom piece of artwork on the armor panels if you like.

This gear can be combined with the Armored Pressure Suit to upgrade it to a Mk. 35 Compression Suit; the combat variant of the pressure suit with tougher armor, longer life support and better mobility.



Open Sesame – 200cp, Colonial Marine

A Marine's gotta go where a Marine's gotta go. A handy pack containing an industrial grade ion torch for both cutting and welding things shut, as well as a USCM security bypass tool, which is designed to override municipal door controls; just plug it in and give it a minute or two. Works for any electronic lock unless the system is actively guarded against hacking attempts.

Smart Weaponry – 400cp, Colonial Marine

Two portable Sentry guns with ammo and computer control hook-ups as well as a harness-mounted Smartgun. All three of these weapons automatically lock on to hostile targets in front of them; the main difference is you carry a smartgun and squeeze the trigger to fire, while the tripod-mounted Sentry guns are computer-controlled. They all use the same 10mm caseless explosive AP round, of which there are several spare cases – but this is a more powerful round than the M41A Pulse Rifle uses.



Exo-Suit – 600cp, Colonial Marine

You've got the power-loader's much more badass sister right here. This is the baby you want to bring to a firefight. Twelve feet tall and built like a bodybuilder made of bricks, "Alice" might not be much to look at, but has chainguns, missiles, a pulse laser and a flamethrower loaded onto its arms, while the pilot's seat is shielded in armored, acid-resistant materials. The weapons are quite modular – you can swap them out for pretty much anything with ease.

Alternatively, this might be a "Max" suit – a Mobile Assault Exo-Warrior Suit. Looks a bit different and plugs into a chip in your spine, but it's got all the same features.

Company Man

Executive Suite – 100cp, Company Man

A fully serviced penthouse apartment with several rooms and even a pool on the deck. Lavishly-furnished in any style you like and sporting a bar with only the finest alcohol, a list by the phone details an unparalleled range of complementary services: from gourmet room service catering and massages, personal shopping and cleaning, and even the sorts of services that are best kept...discrete; like hitmen, prostitutes and drug dealers. The quality depends how well you tip. The suite inserts into an appropriate location in the world; the staff are locals.

Personal Android - 200cp, Company Man

You've been issued, or requisitioned, an upgraded android as a personal assistant or bodyguard. Much stronger than any human and capable of operating with damage that would have killed a human, its appearance and personality is to your design.

It is loaded with much better quality software than over-the-counter androids – it's much more convincingly human when it needs to be, thinks faster, and has the same combat software as a military-grade android, though not with the physical improvements. However, it has no capacity for truly creative thought or self-improvement, merely coming to different arrangements of pre-set solutions.

Shiftsuit - 400cp, Company Man

An armored suit developed from captured Yautja technology, the shiftsuit provides just as much protection as a full set of USCM combat gear. It also comes equipped with a cloaking device, a helmet with air filtration, as well as a shoulder-mounted laser weapon – not quite as powerful as a plasmacaster, but just as accurate.

It's also got a smaller, pop-out laser concealed in the shoulder guard as a backup weapon or for those times when a sneak attack could come in handy.



Waypoint Station – 600cp, Company Man

A space station out near the Frontier – any middle manager would kill for an opportunity to run something like this. While it's a bit of a dive at the moment – the economy hasn't been kind to it – all it really needs is some TLC, an actual maintenance budget, and fresh blood.

Its design is up to you, though it can house no more than 5,000 people max, and has the facilities to support them. It might be a Company orbital resort, somewhere for elites to kick back and relax; maybe it's a refinery station, processing gas harvested from a nearby gas giant. Could even be a scientific research station, or a Freeport, servicing ships of all flags and operating as a logistics hub.

It comes with an integrated management AI similar to MOTHER, FATHER or APOLLO, as well as an FTL comm system that can send a message across interstellar distances in a few days.

Inserts into orbit around a celestial body at the start of each jump.

Xenomorph

Hive Builder

The hive you build in this section will follow you between jumps, either importing into the world or as a new attachment to your warehouse.

Your hive does not retain modifications between jumps; think of it as a seed, ready to blossom...

Hive - 100cp, Free Xenomorph (Required for all other Hive purchases)

You've got a small alien hive, made of bio-organic resin webbing and organic matter sculpted by alien drones. By default, your hive has about ten chambers, at least one of which is large enough to house a Queen, plus whatever optional upgrades you buy, connected by twisting corridors.

Hive Size – 100cp, discount Xenomorph

Perhaps you're expecting a larger family than your small hive can house? Each purchase will double the number of rooms: one purchase gives 20 rooms, two give forty, three gives eighty, etc. Corridors joining all the chambers are free. If you also took "Nest Chamber", each purchase increases the number of eggs by ten.

Labyrinth – 100cp, discount Xenomorph

The tunnels and corridors of your hive are particularly rambling, complex and confusing for non-xenomorphs. It may even have a significant vertical component like deep shafts or hollow spires to make it even more difficult for intruders to navigate.

Camouflaged Hive – 100cp, discount Xenomorph

From the outside, your hive looks like something else. An ordinary apartment block? A cave? A water treatment plant? A hospital? Only once visitors are already inside will they realize that something is terribly, terribly wrong with this place.

You can also take this option to combine your Hive into a structure you already own, keeping the function of both; even combining it with a starship, if you have one large enough to hold the Hive inside it.

Secondary Tunnels – 100cp, discount Xenomorph

Your hive is laced through with a network of smaller tunnels; a bit like air vents would be in a human structure. These secondary tunnels allow for rapid movement through the hive by facehuggers and drones, and are extremely hard for non-xenomorphs to move through. These tunnels also serve as escape routes or access points to the hive that are difficult for intruders to enter by.



Snares – 100cp, discount Xenomorph

Your hive's tunnels have been cunningly designed with hidden pitfalls and pools of liquid, viscous resin. Unwary or ill-prepared intruders will quickly find themselves trapped within the pits or pools of resin, easy pickings for the hive's guardians to kill or your facehuggers to infect.

Reinforced Resin – 200cp, discount Xenomorph

Thanks to chains of carbon nanotubules laced throughout the resin you secrete, your hive is much more resistant to damage, both from within and without. This applies to all structures you create with your resin, whether it's your hive or something else.

As a side effect, your carapace is also a lot tougher than the average bug.

Sensor Impairment – 200cp, discount Xenomorph

Motion trackers, rangefinding sensors and bio-masks have a much harder time establishing accurate locks on the xenomorphs within your hive, as though the material of the hive was somehow interfering with them. Likewise, communications devices will start playing up; just a bit of static at first, until they lose signal entirely.

Hive Guards – 200cp, discount Xenomorph

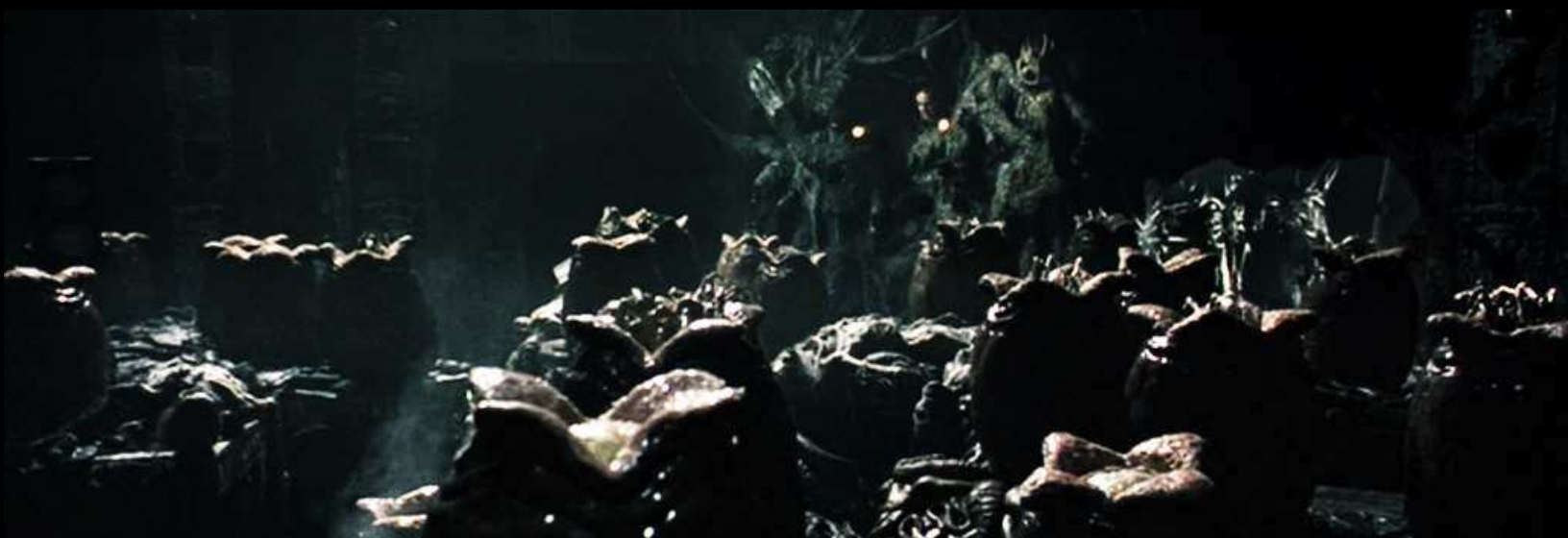
Your hive comes with a set of guardians; several fully-grown drones whose sole duty is to remain motionless and undetectable until they sense intruders, then strike. Each additional purchase improves the quality and number of the defenders.

**Climate – 200cp, discount Xenomorph**

Your hive retains its internal temperature and atmosphere no matter where it is imported and placed. The entrances to your hive are sealed with sphincter or trapdoor like “hatches” or “airlocks” so that it can even be placed in a zero-atmosphere environment. The organic material of the hive itself seems to slowly replenish any lost air and moisture.

Nest Chamber - 400cp, discount Xenomorph

This nesting chamber contains ten xenomorph eggs, lying dormant. The eggs do not react to you or your companions in human form, unless you deliberately rouse them. Once the facehuggers that hatch from these eggs are expired, a new egg will appear in the chamber.



Predator

Each increase in Yautja rank (Blooded, Exterminator, Hunt Leader) gains an additional purchase each of Melee and Ranged Yautja Weapon

All Predators get for free:

A Bio-mask – provides suitable air as well as various thermal or electrical vision modes, DNA tracing, as well as a HUD.

Mesh Armor – a lightweight metal mesh and plate armor that's partially resistant to xenomorph acid. Your mesh armor also incorporates a cloaking device, bending light for optical stealth.

Wristcomp – a compact wrist computer that provides translation functions, controls your cloaking device's functions, displays data holographically, connects to other Yautja computer systems, and lastly contains a powerful self-destruct function.

Melee Yautja Weapon - 100cp, One free Yautja/One extra free per rank

An unpowered Hunting Blade. The handheld weapons of the Yautja are many and various, so this purchase gets you one unpowered melee weapon of any type, from dah'kte (wristblades) up to al'Nagara (longswords), bladed whips, combisticks, and even stranger weapons. It is resistant to Xenomorph blood.



Ranged Yautja Weapon - 100cp, One free Yautja/One extra free per rank

While the Yautja prefer the hand-to-hand kill, sometimes it's just not practical. This is a ranged weapon of some sort – it could be thrown (like a shuriken or spear); handheld (as a burner pistol or rifle); mounted on your wrist (like a dart-launcher, netgun or energy flechette); or linked to your bio-mask (such as a smartdisc or plasmacaster).

Heavy Weaponry – 200cp

Mines and traps of many flavors: high explosive, flechette, laser and bear-trap styles. A shoulder-mounted plasma cannon the size of an artillery piece that can bring down a tank, and a Power Gauntlet, that lets you smash through thick cement barriers with one punch. There's no bug alive that can stand up to all this firepower; just watch out for collateral damage.

Organic Neutraliser Catalyst – 200cp

A capsule of blue liquid catalyst, designed to neutralise xenomorph acid and dissolve any organic matter, completely removing whole bodies except for a small amount of unidentifiable, sterile organic muck. The capsule regenerates the liquid after use.

D'lex Formula – 400cp

A semi-crystalline metal alloy used extensively by the Yautja in everything from their armor, to weapons, to their starships and buildings. It's incredibly strong, light and resistant to heat and acid. Weapons made from d'lex hold their edge under punishment that would shatter a blade of normal metal. This formula allows you to create D'lex metal from ordinary elements.

Pyramid Of Trials – 400cp

Where Unblooded are sent to earn their first xenomorph kills, the pyramid provides the perfect testing grounds for the Hunt. In size, it dwarfs the Great Pyramid of Giza, containing hundreds of rooms, corridors and crawlways, all designed to give Xenomorphs the ideal environment to ambush the Hunters...and nearly every room and corridor is capable of shifting its configuration once the trial begins, rendering maps of it useless (normally, when weapons are retrieved from a central vault, though it could also be set to begin on any number of conditions). The temple comes with six Xenomorph eggs that restock when their facehuggers expire; you'll have to provide the hosts. It either inserts into the world in an extremely remote and hard to get to location, or can be accessed through your warehouse.



Predator Mother Ship – 600cp

The Mother Ship is the Yautja's primary method of transportation between worlds. Even compared to 24th Century FTL starships, it is blindingly fast – the Yautja have no need of hypersleep capsules when they cross the stars in days or weeks at the most while humans must sleep for months and years.

This enormous vessel can carry a cadre of at least seventy predators, with room for training rooms and a large hold designed to contain a Xenomorph Queen to produce eggs for the hunting. This starship doesn't have one aboard at the moment; no doubt your first Hunt will be to capture one.

The Mother Ship mounts powerful plasma and laser weaponry for offense, while defensively it is guarded by a stealth field and a hull of d'lex metal. It also carries four short-ranged shuttles (without long-range FTL drives) and a number of drop pods to allow your hunters to insert onto a planet covertly.



Hunters' Paradise – 600cp

Here you are: the coordinates to a planet. A special planet. No, you don't 'own' this planet; you can just get to it.

The planet at these coordinates is a Hunters' Paradise; wild and untamed, swept with dense jungles, craggy mountains, and coastlines hammered by fierce seas. Its gravity and atmosphere is close enough to Earth's to make no difference, but its climate is always hot by human standards – just perfect according to the Yautja.

The local ecosystem is similar to Earth's, but fiercer: the beasts are swifter, tougher, more aggressive and cunning, with teeth and claws to rival the best Yautja blades. There are even a few Xenomorphs lurking around, but for some reason they seem unable to produce eggs or a true hive.

And in case the local wildlife isn't up to your standards, very rarely wild and deadly creatures from your past jumps will appear – monsters and beasts that truly tested your hunting abilities. Attempts to civilise or extract resources from this planet other than by primitive hunting and gathering are doomed to failure.

Companions

Standard Xenomorph drones and earlier stages (eggs, facehuggers, chestbursters) do not count as companions. Queens, being far more intelligent, do.

Unknown Life Form - 50cp each

Import or create a companion with 800cp to spend. They must buy their species.

Pack or Hive 100cp for 4/200cp for 8

Import or create up to 8 companions. If you and they are all the same species, they get their species for free. Each has 800cp to spend.

Canon Companion – 100cp

Take with you any one character already established in canon. They have all their canon abilities, plus a decent chunk of plot armor.

Xenopup – 50cp

A...small xenomorph drone? With a red collar? And is it begging to play *fetch*? Wherever the hell it came from, it clearly incorporated far too much pupper DNA while it gestated. It acts like a dog. It thinks it is a dog. Other doggos will treat it like a dog. Just...don't let it pee on anything. Xenopup is not a companion.

Corporal Collins – 100cp

Collins is a tough-as-they-get jarhead deployed for several years on the Frontier. Cigar-chomping, ass-kicking and bug-squashing, they prefer to take the smartgun operator position in any deployment. You can be sure they've got a handful of sharp sticks on hand for any situation that might come up. Corporal Collins has Tech-Head, Gettin' By and all the Colonial Marines perks, as well as one each of the Sharp Sticks and Colonial Marine items bar the Exo-Suit.

The Princess – 100cp

A young Queen Xenomorph. Some mutation in her host's DNA has caused her to be no larger than a standard drone, though with the usual queen features of crest and additional arms, but perhaps she'll grow to her full size in time. If provided with a nest chamber (she'll build her own, if one is not provided), she will produce eggs just as fast as a fully-sized Queen. This specimen is remarkably intelligent even for a Xenomorph Queen, and has all the "Xenomorph" perks.

Note: While she will obey you, she is still a xenomorph. Her instincts are to eat people and create a hive.

The Wise Hunter– 100cp

An old Predator – so old, he no longer participates on the Hunt, and the other Predators pretty much just accepted years ago that even the Black Warrior can't claim him. He knows practically everything about hunting – to the point where you could tell him about a 'hypothetical' beast in a 'hypothetical' environment and he'd quickly describe to you the best methods to hunt, trap and kill it. He has all the Predator perks, all 100cp and 200cp Predator equipment, and is technically a Hunt Leader.

Mei-jadhi – 100cp

Female Yautja are rarely seen away from their homeworlds, yet in defiance of the normal order stands this one. With a powerful sense of honor, Mei-jadhi is as skilled as any of her hunt brothers...and since the females are larger and stronger than the males, she has no hesitation in proving so. Mei-jadhi has all the Predator perks, and starts off as a Blooded.

Drawbacks

You may take up to +1000cp of Drawbacks.

I'll Sleep When I'm Dead +0cp

Time spent in hypersleep/cryosleep or hibernation does not count against your accumulated time before the jump ends.

Crossover Chaos +0cp

Is-is that a Terminator? Did that human just say "I AM THE LAW!"? It looks like something's gone hideously wrong with the jump's dimensional boundaries, because a bunch of other comic characters - from Witchblade to Superman - have suddenly popped up. Sure, if you ever wanted to purge xenomorphs from Gotham alongside Batman, that's great, but be careful: most of these characters are quite a lot more powerful than anything in the normal AVP setting, and with the plot armor to boot.

Events will contrive that any materials or powers acquired from these brief crossovers will quickly be lost. See Notes for list of AVP crossovers.

A More Familiar Time +0cp for Aliens & Predators, +100cp for Humans

You may select Bouvetøya, Antarctica, or Gunnison, Colorado in the year 2004 for your starting location and date, in accordance with the AVP and AVP: Requiem movies. Human technology isn't as advanced, so you're going to have to accept some substitutes for your gear: any advanced human tech will be replaced with its local equivalent.

For example for your stay, a Pulse Rifle will be substituted with an M4/M203, your Conestoga-class starship will be an oceanic Marine Transport Craft, and your skimmer bike will be a motor bike, etc.

Washed Up +100cp

You had reached your place of glory, but now its come crashing down. You're considered a washout, a social outcast, didn't have what it takes, or demoted for some error in judgement. For a Yautja, you might have been shamed in a challenge or failed in a hunt, as a xenomorph your hive or queen has rejected you.

Your own species might tolerate you for the most part, but they're certainly not going to go out of their way to help you unless there's a hell of an incentive in it for them.

Draconian Contract +100cp

Good news: You're gainfully employed by the Weyland-Yutani Corporation, and even get a modest paycheck after tax. Bad news: your contract is ironclad for your stay. You work for The Company. Your manager is an asshole and drives you like a slave. Most of your coworkers are lazy, stupid or unpleasant. All your belongings and possessions are assets of The Company. Yes, even if you're a Xenomorph or Predator.

Imprisoned +100cp

Forget the free starting location: you're starting off trapped in a cell in some god-forsaken WY research station in the middle of nowhere. Experimentation will be regular, and while not deliberately cruel, probably humiliating. Your opportunity to escape will come along shortly, but you'll have to fight for it.

A Long Way From Home +200cp

Space travel is the only way to get between planets, and it *never* goes smoothly. Possible causes range from maintenance issues (fuel leaks, needing to overhaul the FTL system each time you need to use it) to crew issues (other crew members or passengers stealing your personal belongings, stowaways), to stellar events and other, weirder shit like picking up signals of unknown origin you're obliged to investigate for one reason or another.

Glitchy +100 (+200 if you are a Synthetic)

When you're around, Synthetics seem to be just a bit...odd. Effects range from the trivial (errors to their memory where you are concerned, a Synthetic waiter will bring you the wrong meal no matter how many times you correct them) to the potentially life-threatening (a combat Synth fails to recognise your IFF and labels you hostile). If you are a synth, there'll be persistent problems on the same scale, ranging from vocal tics, minor memory errors, to system failures requiring you reset yourself).

Whoever Wins, We Lose +200

The two species you don't belong to will always be hostile to you regardless of the current situation, and you are their priority target. You won't be able to make any alliances of convenience or just wait until they're done fighting each other before you pick off the survivors – they'll possibly even work together to bring you down first.

Can't you *not touch anything?* +200cp

Curiosity killed the cat, and you've got a curious streak a mile wide. In a setting filled with xenomorph eggs, predator booby traps, "strange noises coming from dark places", and worse, it's a potentially life-threatening personality trait.

The Great Hunt +300cp

All the very best Yautja hunt leaders in the galaxy are after your head. Even if you're a Yautja as well. They will come for you, singly or in groups, throughout your stay in this jump to test their skills. Even worse are the wannabes: Those Yautja whose personal ambitions overcome their honor will be more than happy to use whatever tactic they think will work, and pick through the rubble for your bones later.

Jumpalien +300cp

Bad news: You got facehugger'd. Good news: the finest Weyland-Yutani medical team surgically removed it before it could burst out of you. Worse news: it absorbed a whole load of your biological traits and abilities, even some juicy biological traits from a few of your altforms, and Mr Weyland just *had* to keep it for experimentation.

You can guess what happened next.

This monster of a Xenomorph is roaming wild and it's got an instinct to wipe out anything that's a threat - especially you. Oh, and it can lay eggs.

It's either you, or it. The galaxy isn't big enough for the both of you.

End

Return Home – Select this option to get out of this chickenshit outfit.

Stay Here – Does this place appeal to you? Certainly, there are challenges and worlds enough for anything you care to accomplish.

Move On – Onward, to your next jump.

Notes

v1.0, Jump by Myrmidont. With thanks to the threadanons and IRC anons for their feedback and help completing this.

I'm going to be honest with you: the AVP, Aliens and Predator universe canons are a bit of a crapshoot, what with all the different authors, types of media (comics, novels, electronic games across different platforms, movies and even the tabletop game and toy lines), the age of the IP and the inevitable lore retcons as both the Alien and Predator franchises developed on their own in the meantime.

It's probably better if you consider this a 'Generic AVP' jump and decide for yourself exactly what content from the AVP, Aliens, and Predator universes are and aren't canon for your jump. If you want to treat the various canons as different alt-universes of an AVP multiverse, that's probably the only way to incorporate all the material and have it make sense.

- The human backgrounds are implying that any of them can be opted to be a 'drop in' option, having no prior memories or personality to deal with.
- Non-human forms (including synthetics) are altforms after this jump.
- Synthetics can have problems thinking creatively, and some models have Asimov's laws installed, but these won't affect you once you become them if you picked that as your species.
- I Admire Its Purity – A word of warning. This may increase the severity of yandere drawbacks in a bad way.
- Metamorphosis – You are vulnerable as an embryo. Facehuggering a Perfect Lifeform or a Cell Android or The Thing is probably going to suck if their biology can attack, absorb or digest you internally. There's nothing stopping a host or their friends from having you surgically removed, so it's best to go for isolated hosts.
- You don't lose your perks or anything, but you're still at a huge handicap while gestating.
- You have some basic control over your development. The hierarchy is Queen > Heavy > Drone. Queens who go back to facehugger can choose to develop into Queens again, Heavy variants or drones; Heavy variants can be Heavies again or Drones, and Drones just get to be drone variants unless they facehugger something big, in which case they become Heavy variants.
- The part about being able to make marvels in The Gods Would Return is being able to make Predator technology. Chariots = starships, spears = energy weapons, blades made of d'lex metal, etc.
- Companions may not take drawbacks for more CP.

AVP Crossovers

- Overkill: Witchblade/Aliens/Darkness/Predator (1999)
- Aliens versus Predator versus The Terminator (2000)
- Witchblade/Aliens/Darkness/Predator: Mindhunter (2001)
- Superman and Batman vs. Aliens and Predator (2007)
- Predator vs. Judge Dredd vs. Aliens: Incubus and Other Stories (2014)
- Predator vs. Judge Dredd vs. Aliens (2016)

You may cross over with any 'pure' Alien(s) or Predator(s) material without the Crossover Chaos drawback. (Eg: Aliens: Female War).

You may not cross over with an Aliens crossover or a Predator crossover. This is an AVP jump, not an Aliens jump or a Predator jump. You may not cross over with fanfiction.