

Duke Nukem

Jumpchain

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You're going back to Earth. A very special Earth, filled with manly men and bouncy babes as far as the eye can see. It's got a bit of a mad scientist problem, and aliens are constantly invading to try and steal our women. Ever seen alien women? Now you know why they want ours.

Every time aliens invade, or some nerd with an army of robots tries to take over, the world turns to one man – Duke Nukem! First a soldier, then working for the CIA before becoming a successful businessman, he's more than just a pretty face. He's saved the world...what, twenty times by now? Whether he's fighting across the world, slaughtering entire alien armies, travelling through time or rescuing hot babes, being a hero is a full-time job for the Duke.

And now it's finally time for you to get in on this action. The year is 1997, and Dr. Proton has just begun his first attempt to take over the world, invading Shrapnel City with his army of TechBots. If you don't intervene, the mad scientist will be defeated but be back a year later, and then it's a loooooooooooooong twelve years of spin-offs and events of debatable canonicity before the Cycloids come back for round two. Thirteen years in all, but you'll swear it feels like Forever.

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You'll need these +1000cp if you want to handle what's coming your way. Your age is 24+1d8, and due to some of the...themes...of this world, you may change your sex to male for free.

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Location

*Doctors of science, EDF soldiers, and Badasses may only start on Earth.
Aliens may only start on the Mothership.*

Earth

You're free to begin in any public location on modern-day Earth, though not in a military base, mad scientist lair, alien hideout, or similar location. You may start in a property you own.

Mothership

The latest in a long line of invasion attempts, you begin on a ship making its way to Earth for some of that sweet, sweet, human...I hesitate to call it 'loving.' You've just arrived in Earth's solar system.

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Background

Any of the following backgrounds may be taken as a drop-in.

Doctor of science

Like Dr. Proton and Mech Morpox before you, you are a genius able to create devices far ahead of the times. Unquestioning robotic minions, abominations of genetic engineering, and MEDDLING FOOLS abound in your future should you take this background.

EDF

The soldiers of the Earth Defence Force are the greatest that humanity has to offer, given the best training and equipment to carry out their duties. Naturally, they can't seem to do anything but get slaughtered en-mass while Duke carries the day. Hopefully you will be the exception.

Badass

In every age, there are those that rise above the rest through sheer strength, charisma, and what seems like an endless stream of good fortune. While you're not quite Duke's equal, you have the potential to be every bit the cigar-chomping, alien-mangling, world-saving babe-magnet he is if you put enough work into it. Hail to the king, baby.

Alien

You're a damn dirty alien. Not even one of the bigger ones, more of a flunky than anything. You're dumb, ugly, couldn't get an Earth woman without abducting her, ugly, you talk like a caveman, and despite the fact that a lot of aliens show up with some pretty advanced tech, you're honestly kind of dumb. Pick your species from the list at the end of this document, you piece of shit.

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Perks

100cp perks are free for that background, others in that background are discounted 50%

Undiscounted

100cp – The mighty foot

You can kick and stomp things really well. ...More? Fine. If you're strong enough, you can break things open with a kick that will somehow never damage anything important inside. Aaand let's say your kicks do some action-hero-worthy levels of damage against inanimate objects, allowing you to perform dramatic (if often pointless) feats of destruction upon the environment with only your feet.

400cp – Babe magnet

Everyone agrees, even if they insist it isn't gay, that you're a solid 8/10 at least. You've got the skills and moves to bring in the babes and leave them wanting more, and none of them will care if there's already a lineup for your attention. Hell, seeing so many babes already hanging off you will only make the rest of them want to take a number and see what the all the fuss is about even more. Your stamina? Limitless. Handy when you're the last man alive and the world needs repopulating.

Doctor of science

100cp – A name befitting a ruler

You can't rule the world with a name like 'Blunderwitz.' When your flag flies above a conquered world and the people kneel, you must wear a name that instills fear and respect. Even if it's an obvious science pun, people will treat your chosen *nom de guerre* with absolute seriousness.

200cp – My OTHER secret base

Isn't it strange how you evil scientist types always have so many secret bases, how you can build entire armies without anyone noticing? ...Does it matter? Run with it, and get back to doing SCIENCE. Some days you just stumble over forgotten locations, piles of scrap or useful ruins that an enterprising scientist can quickly repurpose to help kick-start his latest scheme.

400cp – Diabolical doctorate

You are unquestionably a genius, with a broad if shallow grasp of most of the world's scientific fields. One area in particular, robotics or genetic engineering, is your specialty and in this area you are capable of creating some truly twisted devices. Armies of robots, goo that mutates living creatures into loyal minions...The day you reveal your creations will be long rued by the world.

600cp – -Inators

Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery...and the most effective way to flatten someone! You have a true gift for creating duplicates of existing people that are all but identical to the original while holding unswerving loyalty to their creator. These copies will awaken with some of the original's strength, skills, and any unusual powers they may possess, depending on how much effort you put into them. With a small lab and at least some video clips, you could produce cheap knock-offs with a quarter of the original's quality, while tissue samples and a dedicated facility could push this up to 50%. If you could get your hand on the original, get some detailed scans and splurge on production costs...the result could be at most 75% as good as the source material. It's still possible, if ruinously expensive, to push the copies' performance past that point, but imagine the look on your foe's face when the face of his destroyer is his own face looking back at him at the moment of his destruction!

EDF

100cp – Boot camp

Though few of them will even come close to Duke's sheer badassitude, the men of the EDF are still put through a gruelling training regimen. Tactics, demolition, vehicle operation, close combat, marksmanship, field maintenance, first aid, infiltration...You're fresh out of EDF training, so you're no special forces, but you are the very model of the modern infantryman.

200cp – The Calvary

One of the things the EDF does get right is that they go balls-to-the-wall when it comes to getting where they need to go. Run, drive, fly, whatever, you'll make those turns, find those shortcuts, and hit those ramps like a champ, becoming much more competent at whenever you're doing as long as it's something that'll move you from point A to point B. When lives are on the line, to save a bro or reinforce a position, somehow you can go even faster. Not quite 'speed of plot' but still crazy fast.

400cp – Alien hunter

The EDF works hard to gain every advantage against alien menaces. And as any great soldier will tell you, the greatest weapon of all is information. Even the massive Battlelords, Emperors and Queens have their soft spots, and you've got the sharp eyes and instincts to suss out the best place to hit them. But besides hurting aliens and breaking shit, having that information can also keep you and your squad alive. As tough as they are, most aliens are just plain dumb and once you've gone a few rounds with them you'll pick up all kinds of hints about their tactics and psychology that'll make countering their moves and plans so much easier.

600cp – Co-hero

You may not be the man on the box art, but you're no redshirt to be tossed aside in an undramatic manner. Lots of little things tend to go your way, like stumbling out of the way of a laser blast outta nowhere that would've taken your head off. It's whenever something really big happens, the kind of things that make people say 'No one could have survived that!' that your life really seems charmed. When a nuke is aimed at your location, or you're aboard an alien mothership about to crash/explode, or you're about to be retconned out of existence by a mad scientist screwing with the timeline, you're almost guaranteed to somehow survive with only some manly scuffling to show for it. You can still die, of course, but it probably won't be from something big and impersonal.

Badass

100cp – I'm gonna rip off your head and shit down your neck.

It's not enough to just kill alien scum. You gotta really, really, really fuck with them in true alpha male fashion. You've always got a snappy remark or insult ready to go, and you can piss, belch, fart, or perform any other gross bodily function on demand when you need to drive a point home.

200cp – Always bet on Jumper

You're not an idiot...technically...but your plans are usually just 'smash your way in, shoot anything that gets in your way, rescue the babe(s), take babe(s) home.' Why mess with what works? You seem to get hunches and nudges from happenstance that push you in the direction of the action. In a rush and need to pick a door? You'll pick the right one the first time. Trapped in a room? If there's a secret door, that's what you'll end up leaning on. You still have to work to get your babes, but it's almost as if you're in an action movie with lots of little contrivances laying around to keep you pointed in the right direction and the plot moving forwards.

400cp – Taking your 'vitamins'

You're a beefy one, far, far stronger than the average human thanks to a lifelong commitment to rigorous exercise programs, clean living and...heh...sorry. It's steroids. Lots of steroids. Maybe a little exercise. You could lift almost a ton if you really pushed yourself, and needless to say your punches hit like a truck. Problems like recoil or only being able to carry two weapons are things of the past. Don't worry, these are future 'roids, so no health problems as a consequence of using them.

600cp – Sheer. Manly. Ego.

You're a man's man, with abs like iron that would be criminal to cover up with anything more than a really tight tank top. Of course, this means you could get shot. With lasers. Or bullets. Or arrows, when time-travelling. But who cares? Not you! Because now your willpower, narcissism, and sheer damned stubbornness can deflect those bullets, lasers, arrows, or anything else that comes flying your way. Of course the bigger the thing that hits you, the more it'll take out of your ego, so you'll need to take a breather once in a while to pull yourself together, get your head completely back into the game, and be able to take a rocket to the face without blinking once again.

Alien

100cp – Shock value

Being ugly is the one thing that most aliens have going for them. Your sudden appearance can be pretty disorientating when you jump out of hiding and start shooting, and even seasoned soldiers may be saddled with an extra second or two of confusion as they try to process just what that ugly motherfucker with the laser rifle is.

200cp – Why do they always take the hot ones?

You would think that with all their technology, aliens wouldn't need to steal our shit. You'd be wrong, because they're as lazy as they are ugly. They, and now you (you shithead) are actually halfway decent thieves, having an almost sixth sense for where to go to find the most valuable loot.

400cp – Cybernetic compensation

Some aliens can't even survive Earth's atmosphere. Most are pretty damn scrawny as well, and even the big ones have 'confidence issues.' Like the rest of the little dicks you've wrapped yourself up in a cybernetic sheath to protect your ass...your face...your assface. Little things like an oxygen/nitrogen atmosphere, hot/cold/toxic environments or even a complete lack of air is no problem now. The sheath also comes with a bunch of clamps and hookups that quickly let your brain hook up to jetpacks, guns, and anything else you need to become halfway threatening.

600cp – Large and in charge

Peabraind aliens follow a simple rule: Big = In charge. Besides being a bigger and tougher version of whatever species you picked, like a Battlelord or extra-fat Rigelatin, you're also a goddamn bullet sponge because attackers smaller than you do less damage then they should. Be twice as big as the other guy, take only 3/4ths of the damage. Get even bigger, take less. Get absolutely huge...

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Items

100cp items are free for that background, other item in that background are discounted 50%

Doctor of science

100cp – Security camera system

A proper mad scientist keeps a close watch on interlopers, the better to mock their foolishness before their inevitable demise. Purchasing this item will lace any owned properties you wish with a network of cameras and speakers, allowing you to freely watch and taunt would-be heroes.

200cp – Rocket chair

A king must rise above the masses, and how better to do so than upon this throne? Comfortable, imposing, and armed with twin laser blasters, this rocket-propelled sled-chair-thing has unlimited fuel and will carry you smoothly to glory. It even has a cupholder, which the in-jump version lacks.

400cp – DN database

The files of the EDF, the work of Doctor Proton and Mech Morphix, data wrung from alien invaders, all have made their way into your hands. This is a comprehensive store of technological blueprints belonging to both human and alien forces, along with a great deal of biological research including DNA samples from every alien species that has ever invaded Earth. The only thing the database is missing is time-travel technology, but there is some theory on the subject and blueprints for devices that can monitor the space-time continuum for tampering and analyze the disruptions.

600cp – Secret lair

A well-hidden space the size of a large warehouse, there's plenty of room in here to begin work on the future you wish for the world, and the lair retains any changes you make to it between jumps. Like all good geniuses, you have a backup plan in the form of a secondary base that will be activated if the main lair is destroyed or somehow compromised. In that case, the lair will effectively 'respawn' in a new location, good as new, as if it had a 1-up that refreshes once per jump.

EDF

100cp – EDF standard issue

Like all the EDF rank-and-file, you'll be equipped with a halfway decent dull-body suit of armor, kevlar weave for ballistics under ceramic plates for energy diffusion. You'll get a sidearm, a pump-action shotgun, a 'ripper' machine gun, and grenades. You can handle the basic alien soldier with this stuff, but if something bigger comes stomping your way you're shit out of luck.

200cp – Supply drops

The EDF always brings along more than it needs, just in case. By taking this item, you'll continue to find EDF crates in your path in future jumps, stocked with supplies and weaponry appropriate to the jump. Break out of a medieval jail, and find a crate with a nice sword, cloak, and some bandages. Smash your way into an alien stronghold, and find armor repair kits, high-explosives,

and plasma cannon power cells waiting right before getting into a major scrap. The crates will always provide something useful for killing shit and not getting your own shit killed, but the supplies are scattered around and aren't unlimited. No one else will notice these crates unless you want them to.

400cp – Assault trooper

You're graduated to the EDF special forces and been equipped appropriately. Your ass is covered by a suit of the newest version of power armor (defaults to green) that provides excellent protection and you can survive one, maybe two direct hits from the heaviest alien weapons before its protection fails. The armor is also sealed, with about thirty minutes of air, and CBRN sealed. The suit can even operate in outer space, and has magnetic boots, glare compensation in the visor, night vision, a compass, rangefinder and wind sensor, radio...if it's an infantry-level doo-dad, this armor probably has it. In terms of weaponry, you've been certified for the railgun and devastator. The railgun is scoped as can function as both a battle rifle and a sniper's weapon, while the devastator is a double-barrelled rocket launcher that fires swarms of miniature but still very powerful rockets.

600cp – Marines! Hoo-ha!

Once per month, you may summon a team of ten highly-skilled and suicidally confident EDF grunts. They have the 'Boot camp' perk and the 'EDF stand issue' item, which may shift slightly to better fit the jump you summon them in. If they are killed you'll get a new team a month later, but if you hold off on summoning them you may 'store' up to ten teams over time and summon some or all of them later. The grunts will happily fuck up anyone or anything you point them at, fearlessly fighting and dying between declaring the awesomeness of dicks while still asserting their firm commitment to heterosexuality.

Badass

100cp – Explodo-Molar

Marked with a yellow-and-black nuclear trefoil, this tooth is a powerful explosive. It's shielded against scans (not that aliens are smart enough to scan for it anyways) and is totally hands-free. Just hork and spit for the world's most lethal loogie. The explosion is small but intense, perfect for destroying locks or making the face of an alien just a little easier to look at. You get a new tooth 24 hours later.

200cp – Nuclear pistol

An old classic, wielded by Duke Nukem against the scourge of Doctor Proton. It's rather outdated by now, firing slower than a pump-action shotgun. But it still has limitless ammo and a single shot can punch holes in a reinforced concrete wall. It was also the only weapon Duke carried in those days, and the only way it will ever be lost is if some stinking alien pries it out of your cold dead hands. You'll never fumble it, forget to bring it along, or lose your grip on it for any other reason. You may import an existing weapon to gain these qualities.

400cp – Duke Duds

So maybe you aren't crazy enough to get into a gunfight in street clothes. These clothes, defaulting to the classic Duke *ensemble*, will somehow protect your entire body just as well as the armor worn by EDF grunts. They look, feel, and scan as completely normal clothes, and are just as light and flexible. The pouches and bandoleers scattered across the outfit, along with anything inside of them, will go overlooked by anyone not hostile towards you. They'll fit any kind of explosive or ammunition, and you can shove a crazy amount of 'em in there. You can import a suit of armor you already own to gain these qualities, as well as gain a clothing alt-form of your own design.

600cp – Jumper dome

A massive stadium, able to support pretty much any sport you can imagine. The field can quickly reorganize itself to host any sport you can think of, reproducing almost any earthly environment including microgravity if you want to play space hockey. The stadium itself is self-cleaning and has vendors that sell ordinary food and merchandise of your design and gives you 90% of the proceeds. Finally as a side bonus, athletes never suffer permanent injuries while competing in the Jumper dome. There can still be lots of blood and pain, broken bones and black comedy to be had during the replay, but they won't die or be crippled by their injuries.

Alien

100cp – Jetpack

Possibly the only good thing that aliens brought to Earth, most of them use antigrav to reduce the wearer's weight but relies on chemical thrusters for motion. There's enough juice for about five minutes of flight and it can be refuelled by external sources, but this version will slowly recharge by itself back to full after about a half-hour.

200cp – Capture goo

This nutrient-rich resinous goo can paralyze those wrapped up inside while keeping them alive and healthy despite abuse or neglect. A slight tweak can instead force the prisoner into biological stasis for long-distance transport. Unlike the goo you may find in-jump, this version can sustain a prisoner indefinitely and will help them heal faster. You know how to make more.

400cp – Pigginator

The device used to transform so many police officers and EDF soldiers into Pig Cops, this bulky cannon will porkify any creatures you hit with it, filling them with rage and a new loyalty towards you. Works best on mooks, and may not work at all against people and creatures of extreme health, willpower, or otherworldly power.

600cp – Mothership

Made more for transporting troops and loot than firepower, its weapons are primarily for bombarding ground targets than beating off anything its own size. Alien ships like this are still a major threat to the Earth but are much easier to destroy from within. Has a slow but steady FTL drive, large storage and launching bays, high-capacity teleporters, and several hidden escape methods isolated from the main systems and known of only to you and your companions.

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Companions

100cp – Companion import

For 100cp, you can import a companion and give them a background with its discounts and freebies, and 600cp to spend. For 200cp, two companions, for 300cp, four, for 400cp, eight.

100cp – Dr. Valencia

Running the Burning Bush Brothel and acting as a glorified doorman has been grating on the good doc for a while now. As much as she loves a roll in the hay she's craving the chance to get some nice hard science in her hands and hopefully even meet someone who shares her interests. Or at least meet someone who won't just nod along dumbly with a blank look on their face while she talks about the work she loves so much. She has the 100cp, 200cp, and 400cp perks of the Doctor of Science background.

100cp – Jenny clone

An EDF special agent, her genetic material was stolen by aliens and used to create several clones. The aliens intended to use the clones to breed an army of hybrids, and after the kibosh gets put on that plan one of the clones decided she'd like to make a new life with you. She's a highly capable woman, especially by the standards of this setting, and has the 100cp, 200cp, and 400cp perks of the EDF background.

100cp – Bombshell

A former GDF agent, Bombshell is...wha? Has someone been screwing with the timelines again? You'll meet up with this feisty woman *somehow*, even if the two of you can't remember exactly how or when. Now stuck in a strange world with a fuzzy memory and no better options, she'll choose to tag along but don't think for one second she'll take any shit or coddling from you. Has the 100cp, 200cp, and 400cp perks of the Badass background, and comes with a custom three-barrel 18-chamber revolver she calls 'Loverboy.'

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Drawbacks

Can gain a maximum of +600cp from drawbacks.

+100cp – Tongue firmly between cheeks (Choose one of the two options)

Many people would look askance at the way Duke and the rest of the people here talk and behave, but the men and women depicted within the games are indeed the highest role models of proper social conduct. You're the askance foreigner here, and can expect a fair bit of culture shock as you get used to how things are done, and lots of awkwardness from trying to fit in.

...Well, not really. In fact, as much as the people of this world love him, Duke Nukem is very much the product of an earlier age and never really moved on with the times, and neither have you. In an otherwise very normal world you're a horrible stereotype, be it an obviously mad scientist, a testosterone-poisoned action hero, a vapid insult to women everywhere, or something equally bad.

+100cp – Ninety pounds soaking wet

In a world of MEN and BABES, you come off as a bit of a NEEEEERD. You're tiny, barely 5'9", thin, unimposing, and your voice tends to crack during times of stress. You're gangly in a way like you're still not all the way through puberty, and you'll have a very hard time convincing anyone to take you seriously.

+200cp – Time troubles

All that messing with time has caused some odd hiccups to occur now and then (haha, get it?) You'll be plagued by random temporal shenanigans, like aliens from past or future invasions popping in, confusing talks with yourself, having to fight two mad scientists or alien leaders because one of them went back in time to change the past in their favor, and similar annoyances.

+200cp – Wozma!

I have no idea what these things are or where they came from. Maybe it's an alien beast, a failed mad science experiment, or something from Earth mutated beyond all recognition. Whatever they are, you're going to fighting one of these minibosses at least once per month. They're tough but not the worst things you'll ever meet, but each is completely unique, and so is how they'll try to kill you.

+300cp – Power armor ain't actually for pussies

For the duration of this jump, you can't gain any benefit from 'Sheer. Manly. Ego' or 'Large and in charge' while 'Duke duds' will only offer as much protection as normal clothing. If you don't want

your ass getting shot off, you'll need to wear actual armor or not get hit. It would also help to think like a soldier and not an action hero, but that's just me. Oh, and if you have any out-of-jump perks or abilities that would make you tougher, offer a personal force field or anything of the sort, those things don't work either. You also can't wear armor that's not native to this universe, and no bringing in supermetals or foreign science to try and get around this drawback.

+300cp – I'm an action figure!

An accident with a shrink ray has left you permanently ten inches long. Tall. I said ten inches tall. You can't un-shrink yourself by any means, which is really going to crimp your style here unless you can find grown women who still enjoy playing with dolls. And possibly commission a very small wetsuit. Oh, and since you're so small relative to even an alien, any weapons or powers you wield have a much smaller impact, while you're a much softer target with enemy bullets now being effectively cannonballs, and you won't be able to handle more than a few balls to the face no matter how tough you are. On the upside, you at least can't be shrunk any further.

+400cp – X5G Thinkomatic War Computer

Created by the Rigelatins, the computer was designed to suck out Duke's brains and absorb his combat skills to create a foolproof plan for conquering the Earth. While Duke did stop them from succeeding, the machine is somehow now operational, and bootleg copies have found their way into the hands of your enemies. The computer will study your tactics and behavior, along with any strange powers or technology you employ. It will suggest counters, everything from different weapons, combat strategies, to seemingly random acts designed to draw reactions out of you to provide more data. Even if you completely destroy a particular foe and their computer the next bunch will inherit the majority of that information, and begin better prepared to fight you.

+600cp – See the Duke, be the Duke

You will take the place of Duke Nukem, beginning this jump in Shrapnel city as Dr. Proton launches his first attack on the world. Once that's over with, it's one problem after another as you must fight through every single DN game, including the spin-offs, DLC, and even the non-canon games. Yes, you will need to personally repopulate the planet after the events of DN: Land of the Babes. If you're a woman, you'll still be able to impregnate the surviving members of the Unified Babe Resistance before returning to the present...because really, at that point you're a certified badass no matter what this universe might think and you aren't going to let the lack of a little thing like a little dick stop you. Oh, do keep in mind that by taking this drawback any out-of-jump powers you may possess and the Cosmic Warehouse will be locked away for your time here.

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One last thing...

So you've got your eye on the man, the myth, the legend himself? Want to take Duke Nukem with you on your adventure 'round the multiverse? Sure, sure, he's all for it. If you can prove yourself. Bro or babe, he's still got standards, and isn't about to hang around with someone he can't respect. You just have to impress him.

Whatever drawbacks or perks you take won't matter. He can see past all your little tricks and powers, and they don't impress him at all. He just wants to know if, deep down, you're a solid wingman/woman/whatever who'll stand up for what you believe in, protect what's good in the world, and beat the ever-loving shit out of whatever shit-stuffed cretins you run into in the future. Because beneath that rugged, ultra-masculine exterior, he's a surprisingly discerning kinda guy.

Oh, and don't worry if you took 'See the Duke, be the Duke.' Time gets screwed with a lot here, and it can just be a parallel timeline deal. Taking it might actually score you some points with him, letting Duke get a real good sense of what kinda person you are and getting a fresh look at how things could've gone differently during all his old adventures.

But you can't take this option if you're an alien.

Because fuck aliens.

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The End

What a rush, huh? But now you gotta choose.

Stay

Why not? Babes, beer, guns, aliens to kill, what's not to love? Business back home will be wrapped up neatly so there's nothing to worry about on that front.

Go home

Party had to end sometime, am I right? Head home, take all your new toys with you, and maybe see if there's any aliens in your home galaxy that need a boot in their ass.

Move on

More babes, more asses to kick, more fun to be had. Pack it up and get moving.

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NOTES

Lost or destroyed items, but not properties, will be returned good as new a month later.

The protection from 'Sheer. Manly. Ego.' is simply a regenerating, ablative shield that applies towards any source of damage. Its maximum level of protection increases along with your willpower, confidence, and the accumulation of particularly proud life moments. There is no upper limit to how strong the shield can become, but diminishing returns does apply. The amount of ablative Ego you gain with each new experience and perk begins sharply slowing after the point of being able to laugh off a direct hit from an rpg.

The damage reduction from 'Large and in charge' suffers from diminishing returns. The more you want to reduce incoming damage below 50%, the increasingly and eventually exponentially larger you must be than your attacker. You could reduce all damage by 99%, but getting to that point would require you to be so ridiculously large that it would take an equally ridiculous amount of conventional firepower to inflict the smallest amount of harm to you anyways.

'-Inators' cannot build copies of people if you have not at least visited the jumps in which they exist, and the copies must be based on real individuals. You also can't make a copy of something far outside your comprehension, so no mass-producing god-bots unless you're already on Yahweh's level. But you can build your copies out of any suitable medium with the right know-how, not just robots and mutants. Magically animated golems? Assembly-line ghosts? Sure.

If destroyed twice, the secret lair will respawn at the start of the next jump and its 1-up will refresh. You may decide the Secret Lair's appearance. Anything connected to the Secret Lair but outside of its defined area will not respawn when/if the Lair does. You cannot place other properties within the Secret Lair to take advantage of the 1-up.

Some of the known alien species:

Zorgonites – Ugly featureless humanoids.

Rigelatins – Ugly yellow blobs

Cycloid – Ugly one-eyed bipeds.

Drak – Ugly reptilians

There are a few other unnamed races.