

The Dahak Chronicles CYOA

(Jumpchain Compliant)

Intro

Welcome to 22nd Century Earth. The Future! A future in which the Cold War never ended and the east and west have settled into an uneasy peace, working together to pool scientific advances and research. Old enmities have been forgotten, with the USA and the USSR even launching joint space missions!

As it happens, one such mission, a gravitic survey of the lunar surface, will reshape the fate of the galaxy, as Dahak, a war machine older than civilization comes into contact with a young American astronaut named Colin Macintyre, setting in motion a chain of events that leads to salvation for the entire human race... plus Earth not getting hit by an asteroid turned planet-buster.

How you ask? Well, you see, that is a very long story. It all goes back to a time some seventy million years ago and involves a race known only as "The Achuultani" or "Old Enemies". Once every ten or twenty thousand years, the Achuultani sweep through the Milky Way, wiping out any and all sentient life (no matter how primitive), often by smashing rocks into planets or causing solar flares. So went the dinosaurs.

On their last visit, they reduced a mighty interstellar nation; the Third Imperium of Man, to a single planet. From there, a Fourth Imperium rose, dedicated almost entirely to protecting themselves against the Achuultani. But eternal vigilance is wearing on a people and with seven thousand years of no sign of the Old Enemies, belief in their existence began to fade.

Enter the Imperial Ship of the Line Dahak, which had been deployed on picketing duty on a known Achuultani route, in close proximity to a small, out of the way, and unimportant blue planet... and its mutinous crew. This ship would, in later years, come to be known very, very well to the inhabitants of that planet, although not as what it truly was. Indeed, most locals saw it on a daily basis, but they never suspected its origins. They did develop their own name for it, however.

They called it the Moon.

It is now fifty thousand years since the mutiny began and ancient warning platforms emplaced to detect the oncoming Achuultani invasions have started going offline... but not before sending out one last desperate plea for help. These alerts have reached Dahak, but gone no further.

For some reason the 4th Imperium is silent. Something is coming, and unless Earth is ready for it, the human race is doomed.

You arrive exactly one day before Colin Macintyre sets foot on Dahak.

To begin with, you gain **1000 CP**.

Origins

Drop-in (0 CP): You are a true unknown. No one has heard of you, you exist in no databases, and Dahak's monitoring of the Earth's networks reveals no mentions of you. People will be mighty interested in a 'nobody' like you in this day and age, let me tell you.

Imperial Remnant - Mutineer (100 CP): The Imperium and its 'Achuultani' boogeymen, meh. . As if such creatures ever existed. You saw the truth of your exile, picketing this backwater, early on, and were among the first to join Anu when he proposed his plan. Since then, you might have had other, less loyal thoughts, or you might still be slavishly devoted...who knows?

Imperial Remnant - Counter-Mutineer (100 CP): It was the worst mistake you ever made, when you disregarded the warning signs and threw in with Anu. But you realized it soon enough, and made amends. Attempted to, at least. You are a member of the crew of the sublight battleship *Nergal*, the faction among the mutineers who realized their folly and renounced their mutiny against the lawful leadership of Captain Druaga.

Utu Class Battlecruiser AI (9001 CP): No.

Perks

For each origin, the 100 CP perk is free and the others are discounted to half-price.

Drop-in

Real Hotshot (100 CP): You are a pilot. Or rather, you are *the* pilot. If it flies, you are an expert on it. If your country gets involved in a space project, you're the ideal candidate. If your Space Agency works with some other one, the guys at your side will put their all into getting you selected, so talented you are at the controls of anything flight capable.

Tech Savvy (200 CP): You are incredible at getting the hang of how to use advanced technology. Be it weapons, implants, or communication devices, you only need the most

rudimentary instructions to figure out how to get optimal performances from systems that should, by all rights, be laughably incomprehensible to you. No, seriously. You could be a caveman and five minutes after seeing a smartphone for the first time in your life you'd probably already be on Twitter.

Post jump this also covers, to a significantly reduced degree, magical devices you have no business knowing how to use. To be absolutely clear, this perk tells you nothing about how to *make* the technology. You might pick up something on account of your own wits (or other perks), but all this perk does is give you an instinctive understanding of what buttons to press to start up the radar instead of venting the atmosphere.

Bridge officer descendant (400 CP): Blood and genetics. Interesting things, aren't they? Well, yours are much more so than any else. You are directly descended from a high-ranking Bridge Officer (say, the XO) of the Imperial Fleet Vessel *Dahak*, Hull Number One-Seven-Two-Two-Nine-One.

Well, not *really*. I mean, you're not actually descended from anyone in this world at all, are you? But this perk makes it appear as such to any and all scans and checks.

Under Imperial Law and Battlefleet Regulations, you inherit your ancestors' position in the fleet for the duration of the ongoing tour, which makes you a prime candidate for a position on the bridge, and even the captaincy if you get there before Colin, of the *Dahak*.

Beyond this jump, you will always have the right set of genetics, appearance, and other features to take socio-political (**and only, solely, socio-political**) advantage of just about any situation you might find yourself in. Kingdom at the brink of civil war? Look who has Royal Blood! A billionaire is dead, and his fortune must pass to his children? You're rich now.

Macintyre Luck (600 CP): You know, when dealing with large scale, vital-to-survival matters, it's important to be careful. You should learn the full details about things before you jump into them, and get a sound reading on any place you plan to interfere with. Well... others would, really. You have the luck of the devil himself.

Or rather, of Colin Macintyre and his children. You could invoke ancient rules you know less than nothing about, and come out not only unscathed, but massively profiting. You could completely upset a political balance of a nation with your bungling, and come out with the people seeing you as the greatest and finest leader ever. Lottery tickets are a guaranteed source of money.

Fate itself seems to conspire to shield you from the consequences of your actions, much as it does the protagonists of the books.

This is by no means an absolute thing, mind you. Try to take on an army while armed with a stick, and you *will* get your ass slaughtered. And while you will almost certainly *survive* anything but the very worst odds, this doesn't protect you at all from maimings and broken bones.

Mutineer

Body Transfer (100 CP): The art and science of transferring a consciousness from body to body is a gory, ugly one. And it's one you know now. The *how* of moving brains from body to body, making sure no loss in memory or sanity occurs is within your grasp. And you can do it even with technology no more advanced than the 21st century.

Of the world you started jumping from, smartass.

To Make History (200 CP): The mutineers from the Dahak managed to settle themselves on Earth, and from their stronghold, built in Antarctica of all places, successfully manipulated most of mankind from behind the scenes for a staggering Fifty Thousand Years. That sort of thing, no matter how advanced the technology one has access to, requires an incredible combination of ruthlessness, skill and luck. It is a combination that you too now possess.

You become preternaturally skilled at setting up spy networks and conspiracies while remaining almost entirely unknown in the wider world, to bend entire nations to your will through your manipulations while being nothing more than a merest whisper of a legend.

4th Imperium Weaponry (400 CP): From the basic energy gun to the Gravitonic Warhead, you are an expert in designing tools of death and destruction. You have perfect knowledge of each and every weapon the 4th Imperium ever made, and how to make them. You do *not* have the knowledge required to make the supporting systems behind them, meaning that while you can make a basic launch device for that warhead, you cannot make a ship to deliver it off-planet with this perk.

A Time for Mutiny (600 CP): You are the consummate traitor. Not to any particular faction, but in general. At any time, in any place, and as part of any organization, you have a supreme understanding of how to betray your superiors and usurp control of the organization. You know the right lies to tell, the right measures to take, and the right time to strike. Attempts you make aren't guaranteed to succeed, but they have a better than even chance. You could be outnumbered to obscene degrees, but with this perk, you will always have a real, possible shot, to the extent that it will take the best performance your enemies can give to stop you.

Counter-Mutineer

Resource Management (100 CP): What can I say? You're an expert at logistics. You know how to extract the maximum possible use out of even the absolute least resources. Much as a ragtag group of counter-mutineers managed to not only survive, but actually attack and make inroads into damaging an almost unimaginably better armed, equipped and numerous group, you too can make virtually endless repairs, adapt low level-tech to interface with higher level tech, and in general stretch the usage of those resources far beyond what even the shrewdest economist could ever manage.

Mind you, this is for people and tech most of all. While it *will* work on other resources, even magical, esoteric ones like mana and whatnot, don't expect remotely the same efficiency for them.

Guerrilla Tactics (200 CP): Used by a smaller, less-armed, less trained force to fight against professionals who would normally outmatch them in just about every way. As long as you pit yourself against an enemy that outmatches you in terms of resources and power, you gain incredible insight in how to attack them to cause the most damage, what approaches could take out chunks of their networks, how to engage in counter-intelligence operations, et al. You are incredible at running and hiding to come back and fight another day, and at commanding a successful insurgency.

4th Imperium Cybernetics (400 CP): You are a master of the technology that the fourth Imperium used to design its processing systems and AIs, not to mention other civilian systems. You have a complete, total grasp of the techniques used to design everything from fold-space communicators to energy state processors for AIs, you know it all. You could design the finest computers the 5th Imperium ever found or made from a 21st century resource base.

Determinator (600 CP): It happens with the best of you. Things seem hopeless, efforts seem futile, you think that you have wasted your life away on an impossible dream. Or it might be the seducing call that makes your head spin, makes you want to abandon everything you ever stood for and throw in with those who were your worst enemies.

As I said, it happens with the best of you humans, but not *you*. You have a will of iron, an incomparable willpower that allows you to persevere through whatever is thrown at you. You could go on for millennia, fighting for a cause that even the crudest of logic would pronounce utterly doomed. You could be seduced off the right path, if the one doing it was good enough, but you will always find your way back.

And if you persevere, if you last the trouble, a way usually shows up. This applies to you as well. You will suffer in your obstinacy to remain immovable as a rock. You will face almost endless obstacles and impossible odds, but every so often, you *will* have opportunities that will allow you

to make progress against those very odds. And if you remain at it long enough, you may even succeed. One day.

General

Companion Import (300 CP): You can import up to 8 companions. Each of them gets 600 CP, and those of them that pick the Imperial Remnant origins gets the 'items only' CP attached to the origins.

Implanter (400 CP): You are a master of this branch of Imperial Technology, being a whiz with the biology, cybernetics and enhancement science needed to design, build and implant the many, many kinds of enhancements that were so common among them. You start off being able to reliably, indeed excellently, design the Basic Implants that were provided to even the Junior-most fleet officers, soldiers and in the Fifth Imperium, even to ordinary citizens. But as you practice this skill, as you strain your mind, more ideas come to you, revealing more and more advanced designs. Put in some serious work into it, and you could be designing the codes, software and the hardware components typically used by Fleet Captains and Planetary Dukes in no time!

This skill will continue to grow, and you may, with a lot of time and effort, even design implants that could grant sapience to the non-sapient, much as how the scientist Cohanna would use her ability in this art to make ordinary dogs into near-human intelligences.

Items

No discounts apply on items unless mentioned explicitly, but Jumpers and Companions of both Imperial Remnant factions gain a special bonus of 400 CP just for items.

Basic Implants (100 CP): Just your basic, average set of implants that is available to any and all citizens of the imperium. Significantly enhances your senses, increases your strength to the point that you can twist a steel bar into knots. And your lifespan is pushed to nearly 500 years.

Grav Gun (100 CP): This over-sized, snub-nosed pistol is what we call a Grav Gun. Almost entirely silent, its drum magazine holds two hundred three-millimeter darts, with a muzzle velocity over five thousand meters per second, formed of a chemical explosive denser than uranium that explodes after penetrating. A very, very nasty little thing. Reappears after an hour if you lose it, new one appears in the warehouse the morning after you wreck it. The drum replenishes five minutes after you stop firing.

Fold-Space Communicator (100 CP): A state of the art communication device of the Fourth Imperium of Man, these communicators can talk from any point on the Earth to any point on the

moon, and anywhere in between. Their signals do not undergo attenuation (kinda hard to do that when you're barely even traveling), and cannot be detected or blocked by any technology less than that of the Fourth Imperium, or a magical equivalent. You have a set of nine, and all CP bought systems have it installed for free.

Book of Wisdom (200 CP): You know, you usually have to be savvy with advanced, progenitor tech in order to properly use it. Key word? Usually. With this book, things become...different. In it there are certain words and phrases, gestures and command, through which you can operate 'celestial' systems and bring forth 'magic'. Any ancient technology that can accept voice or motion instructions will be operable at least at minimum efficiency by you, as long as you use the 'sacred psalms' and 'ancient spells' in this book. Post jump, this updates for all local technology as and when you need it.

Zoo Habitat (200 CP): When the Bioweapon struck, all life in the Imperium was wiped out, apart from the zoo habitat on Birhat, the capital. This is a replica of that same place. A fully self-contained habitat, this is like a world onto itself, being completely secure from the outside world. You can house up to a million life forms in it, and it will support them easily, indeed, effortlessly. Mind you, that's a million *reasonable, mundane* life forms.

Transmat Blueprints (400 CP): Ah, it seems you found the jackpot! These are the blueprints, explanations, guides and whatever else it might take, that you would need in order to build, down to the last detail, the Transmat System of the Fourth Imperium. You know, that thing that led to their destruction? Let me explain what it is. I could use a lot of strange terms, but I won't, since you're a savvy little jumper who knows stuff. These are Stargates. Basically, Stargates made by a much more advanced humanity, and requiring exactly zilch in terms of special exotic materials. They give you (and any omniscient bioweapons you might be carrying) perfect, instantaneous transport from station to station, which might be located in entirely different solar systems, for all it cares. Oh, and to make you buy this instead of scanning it off the local archives (let's not insult each other by saying you wouldn't), these blueprints adapt to run off of whatever systems you happen to come across in future jumps, and I'll even throw in the detectors needed to scan and prevent any malicious viruses or bacteria that you could be carrying, that could, y'know, murder your whole interstellar nation from spreading through them.

Bridge Officer Implants (400 CP): : There are implants, and then there are Implants. You have the latter: a full set of implants that upgrade your body, senses and mind to the levels of a Bridge Officer of the Imperial Battlefleet, these come embedded with all the authentication codes that such a set would normally have, meaning that in the eyes of all remaining Imperial Machinery, you are a legitimate officer of whatever rank up to Senior Fleet Captain you care to give yourself. Moreover, these are superior to the usual implants, having the effectiveness and functionalities that Dahak designed into them over his 50,000 years of being a bored Hyperintelligence. Go nuts.

This is discounted for Bridge Officer Descendants, but requires you to already have the Basic Implants.

After this jump, these implants adapt to any and all local systems that have computers capable of communicating this way, and cannot be damaged or harmed in any way except by technology more advanced than that of the Fifth Imperium.

Bioweapon (600 CP): Ah. Now, why would you want this? Oh well. You have a sample of the original Bioweapon the empire developed, and then managed to lose control of so that it spread through their transmats and wiped them all out except for what might be a smattering of quarantined planets, but only one is known. This thing kills. Full stop. Doesn't care if you're sapient or not, plant or animal, black or white, it kills you anyway. It has a long, long dormancy periods, and it can survive in the air for...a while. Let's say a year.

What? You want it deadlier? It bloody well *does* compare to the implants and the Transmat! Oh fine. This bioweapon now adapts to any biological lifeform you encounter in the future, growing capable of killing them with just a few weeks of exposure to them. If it can die to disease, this can kill it. Doesn't work on immortals, can't counter magical protection unless you tamper with it to give it that capability. You do know how to do that, don't you?

Parasite Ship (600 CP): An 80,000 ton Sublight Battleship, with weaponry powerful enough to glass nations and enough building and support capacities to allow a whole society to thrive for millennia, this ship comes equipped with a full crew complement of NPCs, who respawn as needed to keep it functioning. Repairs all damage at the beginning of new jumps, but keeps anything beneficial, or even damages that you make deliberately.

Drawbacks

You can gain upto a thousand points from here. No skin off my nose if you take more drawbacks, but don't expect points for them.

Empire of Ashes (300 CP): Remember Pardal? And the other planets here and there that it was suspected had survived since they managed to get under quarantine in time? No one else does. The devastation the Bioweapon wreaked was total and complete. Not a single world that was part of the Empire survived. Earth is all Humanity has, now, in a galaxy that is basically a gigantic graveyard dedicated to mankind's arrogance and stupidity.

Chronic Backstabbing Disorder (300 CP): You have a habit of turning on people. You simply cannot give your loyalty fully to people. You will plot and plan and scheme, you will always try to incite revolts and stage coups, and do so in the most haphazard, incompetent manner possible.

Mutineer? (300 CP) (Can't be taken by Mutineers): Are you? No, you're not. But for some reason, the Counter-Mutineers believe that you are. Moreover, they believe that killing you is the key to destroying Anu and his disciples once and for all. They will pour their not-inconsiderable resources into the task of destroying you, come what may. They will kill innocents, take risks, and basically go all out to take you out.

Anu's Attention (300 CP): You have drawn the attention of Anu and his people. They believe you to be the key to regaining Dahak for themselves, and will do their best to hunt you down and kill you. That will be his hundreds of imperials, with their technology and implant-granted strength, along with the hundreds, even thousands of 'degenerates' he controls.

A Bigger Inheritance (600 CP): Something went wrong. Something went very, very wrong. Somehow, news of your arrival has spread. Not to humanity or to Dahak or any other AI that would take it well. No, it was discovered by the Achuultani. Their AIs know you're here, they know about your powers, and they know about Dahak. And they are going to do their absolute best to kill you.

Oh, and remember I said the information 'was' discovered by the AI? Yeah, it was discovered...well, let's say a while back. So those millions of ships they send out? They will be here in no more than an year.

Mutineer Moon (600 CP): Dahak's programming has been damaged and he now thinks it's his job to destroy you and anyone you stand with. He will send out his conventional weapons, his advanced weaponry, and if all else fails, his biggest, most powerful tricks like the Gravitonic Warheads and the sun-busting Warp in order to kill you.

All I can say is...why? Why would you take this? Oh, and another thing.

Run.

Scenario

Heir of Empire (700 CP): Alright, we're in the Big Leagues now.

Roll 10d1000+1000. This is the number of years before start of canon that you arrive in this world. All abilities classified as 'Magic' are sealed away, and you cannot take any items that register as magic out of your warehouse. Taking this drawback makes sure you will not die of old age in this time.

Your spaceships are unavailable to you, be they the Light of Terra, the Sajuuk, or anything in your orbital dockyard. Yes, smartass, this includes the Fortress.

Now for what you have to do. You have until canon starts, let's say the twenty-second century, to build your very own Imperium of Man. It does not matter how big it is, what form of government it has or what titles you give yourself in it.

The important thing is that with this Imperium, you have to render the Achuultani 'not a threat'. You may do this by liberating them from their AI master, or you may do it by destroying them to the last centaur, it's entirely up to you. What matters is that they not be a threat to humanity ever again. And through all of it, the total loss of human life at the hands of the Achuultani may not, under any circumstances, be more than 0.01% to its total population. For example, if the human population is exactly one billion when the time comes, your jump fails the exact instance the 100,001st person dies. You will instinctively know how many 'deaths' are left before you fail.

Remember, that's less than the number of people it takes to properly crew a single planetoid-class warship.

Good luck, I hope you survive to get your rewards.

What? Oh, yeah, there's a reward. Your reward is a single *Asgerd* class Planetoid, a ship the size of the moon, with energy state processors, a full loadout of weapons ranging from chemical and nuclear weaponry all the way to gravitonic warheads, and both the FTL drives the Imperium uses. To put this in context, this is more than enough firepower to reduce Sol to dust. Sol, as in the Solar System.

And yes, it carries the complete databases and facilities a Planetoid normally does. And yes, just like the Parasite, it keeps all upgrades and deliberate damage.

Notes

1. If you take Heir of Empire while being a Counter-Mutineer, or, heavens forbid, an actual Mutineer, I sure hope you have some way of making sure Dahak doesn't know your origin. He doesn't like either of the factions, you see.

by
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