Half-Life

Version 1.1 by SpazzWave



Black Mesa - Forget About Freeman (remix)

Forget about Freeman! We are cutting our losses and pulling out. Anyone left down there now is on his own. Repeat, if you weren't already, let's forget… NO NO NO NO!

Good morning, and welcome to the Black Mesa Research Facility. This automated train is provided for the comfort and convenience of Black Mesa personnel. The time is… 8:47 A.M., Mountain Standard Time. We are a scientific complex dedicated to cutting-edge research in physics, weapons, and classified military applications. You will find here both a workplace and a small city, filled with industrial zones and laboratories accessible only via secure checkpoints and underground transit systems. You are entering on the exact day a scheduled experiment with the Anti-Mass Spectrometer is about to happen, and your stay here will end whenever you finish one of the scenarios. Here, take these **1000 Lambda Points**, and good luck.

Origins

Scientist

You're one of the bright minds keeping Black Mesa running. Armed with a freshly minted degree and a security badge, your average workday usually involves quantum physics, anomalous materials, and terrible breakroom coffee. Whether you're dressed in a white lab coat with a ridiculous tie or sealed inside a heavy-duty HEV suit, you understand the bleeding-edge science that caused this whole mess. The military thinks you're just another helpless target on their kill list, and the aliens view you as easy prey. They're about to learn the hard way what happens when you push a physicist too far.

HECU Marine

Stationed out of Santego Military Base, you are a United States Marine trained specifically for the Hazardous Environment Combat Unit. Wearing a gas mask and a Powered Combat Vest, you were dropped into Black Mesa with ruthless orders: contain the alien threat and silence every civilian witness in the facility. Or at least, that was the plan before your transports got shot down and the aliens started overrunning your squads. Now the chain of command is falling apart, extraction is leaving you behind, and you have to fight through three different armies just to survive the mission.

Security Officer

Sporting a blue uniform, a Kevlar vest, and a reliable sidearm, you're part of the everyday glue holding this sprawling facility together. Normally, your shift involves opening locked doors for absent-minded scientists, checking ID badges, and grabbing a cold beer with the guys after clocking out. Today, everything went straight to hell. You don't have fancy experimental armor or military air support, just your wits, a mental map of every maintenance tunnel in the base, and a bad case of wrong-place, wrong-time. You just want to round up your friends and make it out of here alive.

Black Ops

When the Marines fail to contain the disaster, the government sends you in to finish the job permanently. You belong to a ruthless, shadowy covert operations unit that doesn't officially exist on paper. Your orders are absolute: there will be no survivors - not the aliens, not the scientists, and not even the HECU Marines left behind. You are here to erase Black Mesa from the map and walk away like nothing ever happened.

General Perks



Professional Courtesy [Free/400 to Keep]

‘’Ah. Yes. I was told to... expect you. You may relax your grip on that weapon; I am not here to... appraise you today. My... employers have already spoken at length with... yours. A fascinating arrangement you two have, really. As a matter of... professional courtesy, I have been instructed not to interfere with your actions for the duration of your... stay in Black Mesa. No locked doors, no misplaced weapons, and no... unscheduled detours into stasis.”

‘’Do not mistake this for a cancellation of today's... test, however. The Resonance Cascade will still proceed as planned. Some investments are simply too large to... reschedule.”

‘’Still, your benefactor has been quite... thorough with the paperwork. When you eventually move on to other worlds, they will extend this exact same diplomatic agreement to the local... powers that be. Gods, ancient entities, fellow... bureaucrats - all of those higher beings will treat you with strict neutrality and leave you entirely alone. Provided, of course, that you do not actively interfere with their... grand designs. Have a... very safe day, Jumper.”

Half-Life OST [Free]
Surviving a facility-wide disaster feels a lot more intense when you have the right background music. You now have a mental music player loaded with the entire Half-Life soundtrack (including all the expansions and the complete Black Mesa remake score). You can play any of these tracks inside your own head whenever you want, or project the music out loud from thin air so everyone around you can hear it kick in right as a firefight starts.

Freeman's Mind [Free]
You possess a continuous, neurotic internal monologue narrating your every move. You'll relentlessly complain about OSHA violations, terrible elevators, and the sheer idiocy of your enemies. While providing zero combat benefits, this cynical, unhinged stream of consciousness keeps your spirits high and your sanity intact through pure spite. This can be toggled off if you wish.

Crate Smasher [50]
The shipping and storage logistics at Black Mesa make zero sense, and honestly, that's great news for you. Whenever you take a crowbar to a wooden crate, pop open a locker, or rummage through a random supply closet, the contents inside get slightly randomized in your favor based on what you desperately need at that exact moment. Bleeding out and barely standing? That crate clearly stenciled with ''HIGH EXPLOSIVES'' somehow just has a pristine first-aid kit sitting inside. Running completely dry on ammo for your experimental energy weapon? Good thing some scatterbrained technician accidentally packed a fresh stack of depleted uranium batteries inside a breakroom storage bin. You won't be pulling legendary artifacts out of cardboard boxes, but as long as you keep smashing containers and checking drawers (both here and in future worlds), you'll always stay conveniently topped up on medical supplies, armor batteries, and ammunition.

Cafeteria Diet [100]
Working at Black Mesa usually means surviving on a terrible diet of breakroom junk food, and weirdly enough, that's actually great news for you. Consuming any kind of junk food (whether it's a mug of cheap coffee, a sugary soda, a donut, or a stale candy bar) will immediately restore a little bit of your physical health and mental energy. A single snack only patches up minor scratches and takes the edge off your exhaustion, so one soda won't save you from a fatal wound. However, there is zero limit to how much of this stuff you can consume at once. If you're bleeding out after a nasty firefight and can't find a medkit, you can just smash open a hallway vending machine with a crowbar, chug twenty cans of cola in a row, and walk away with your bullet wounds closed up and your mind completely refreshed.

Blunt Maintenance [100]
When ammo runs dry in Black Mesa, your best friend is whatever heavy piece of hardware you picked up in the maintenance tunnels. Whenever you wield a blunt tool (like a steel crowbar, a heavy pipe wrench, or a hammer), your arm never gets tired from swinging it. You can bash your way through hundreds of wooden crates, metal air vents, and zombie skulls all day long without feeling a hint of muscle fatigue. On top of that, you can swing them pretty fast. Even a clumsy, heavy tool takes barely a second to swing at full force, and once your strikes actually connect with a target, you can rain down multiple blows a second until whatever is in front of you breaks into pieces.

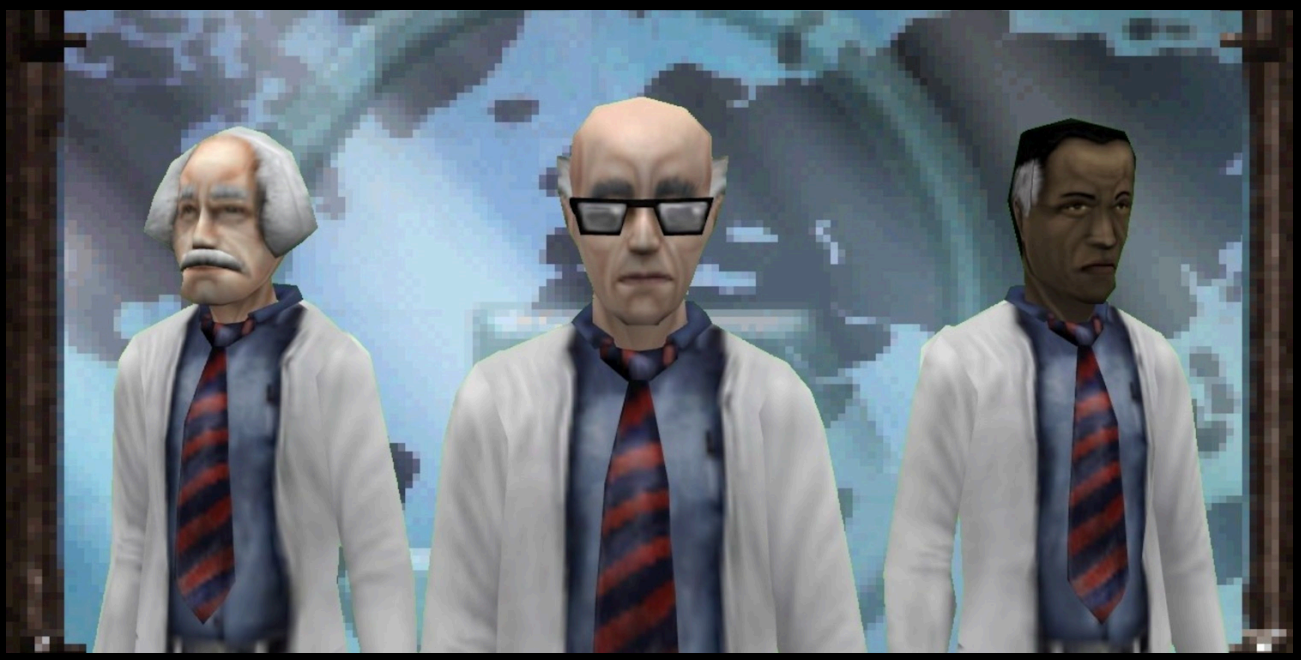
Bunnyhop [200]
The scientists back in Sector C might have Nobel Prizes hanging on their walls, but even they couldn't begin to explain this one. By chaining jumps the exact moment your feet touch the ground, crouching, and swinging your weight from side to side, you completely break the laws of physics. With every hop you make, you don't slow down - you actually pick up speed. Better yet, you can freely control your direction of movement in mid-air, letting you curve around tight corners and steer yourself without even touching the floor. String a few good leaps together, and suddenly you're flying down hallways and zooming across the desert as fast as a speeding car. How does that work? No one knows. Thankfully, you won't accidentally splatter yourself in the process. Slamming face-first into a steel door at highway speeds won't snap your neck, roll your ankle, or turn you into chunky salsa on the concrete. On top of that, you're completely immune to fall damage now, so you can launch yourself off a massive cliff or jump straight down a deep elevator shaft and hit the ground running without a single scratch.

Walking Armory [200]
How are you carrying a crowbar, a pistol, a heavy revolver, a submachine gun, a shotgun, a crossbow, a rocket launcher, two experimental energy weapons, a stack of landmines, and a handful of live alien bugs all at the exact same time? Who knows, and honestly, it's best not to think too hard about where you're keeping the Snarks. You now have a personal hammerspace inventory capable of holding up to two dozen weapons along with their maximum ammunition reserves. None of the gear stored in this invisible pocket weighs you down, jingles around when you try to sneak, or gets in the way while you're crawling through tight air vents. Whenever you need to switch up your firepower, you can swap between any of your stored weapons at the speed of thought, pulling a massive rocket launcher out of thin air in the middle of a firefight.

Not Dying 101 [200]
Black Mesa is a giant deathtrap where the architecture is trying to kill you just as hard as the aliens and the military are. Thankfully, you've developed a razor-sharp danger sense specifically tuned to the facility's endless hazards. A split second before you walk into a nasty surprise, a sudden gut feeling will warn you of the exact threat. You'll instinctively freeze right before your boot crosses a hidden laser tripmine, step back just before a malfunctioning elevator plummets down a shaft, or look up right before a Barnacle tongue wraps around your neck. This sixth sense even picks up on dimensional fluctuations, giving you a heads-up right before an alien teleports in directly behind you so you already have your shotgun aimed before the green lightning even flashes.

Lambda Core Genius [400]

The greatest scientific achievements of Black Mesa are yours. Having worked at the absolute peak of the facility's research divisions, you possess the complete knowledge behind their most prized breakthroughs. You know the exact physics and engineering needed to open interdimensional portals to other dimensions, as well as how to create reliable teleportation technology to warp people and objects between two places in the same world. Your expertise doesn't stop at portals, either. You also know how to build Black Mesa’s cutting-edge combat hardware from scratch. This includes their devastating experimental energy weapons (like the Tau Cannon and the Gluon Gun) right alongside advanced power armor technology like the HEV Suit. Normally, building this kind of gear takes a massive government budget, pristine lab equipment, and a nuclear reactor. Thankfully, you’ll find that you can recreate all of this technology even when you're stuck using much lower-quality parts and weaker power sources. That skill will come in handy just in case something terrible happens in the future - like a sudden, catastrophic war that topples every government on Earth and ruins modern civilization in a matter of hours. Even if humanity’s infrastructure is completely wrecked and you're forced to scavenge junkyard scrap in a hidden basement lab, you can still cobble together working teleporters, upgraded hazard suits, and lethal energy weapons. Better yet, you don't have to build it all alone, as you can easily teach this knowledge to others and train anyone with a decent head on their shoulders to understand and manufacture this technology right alongside you.



Scientist

MIT Graduate [100]

You didn’t get hired at Black Mesa for nothing. Sure, the bosses might just have you pushing carts into giant lasers or pressing buttons, but you’re actually brilliant. You’ve got a PhD in whatever field you want - Theoretical Physics, Robotics, Xenobiology, you name it. You know the subject inside and out, complete with years of lab experience and a fancy degree to hang on your wall.
Better yet, you're just plain smarter now, getting a solid 30-point bump to your I.Q. You think faster, remember everything you read, and figure out complicated problems without breaking a sweat. And if one doctorate isn't enough to brag about in the breakroom? You can buy this perk as many times as you want, picking up a new PhD and another 30 I.Q. points every single time.

Highly Trained Professional [200]

Working with volatile crystals and delicate particle beams requires a steady hand, and because of that, you are pretty precise in everything you do. Your hands never shake or slip, whether you are making tiny adjustments to lab equipment or working under intense pressure, and you have a sharp eye for judging distances and angles at a glance. As a consequence, this natural precision helps out a lot when you have to start shooting. Because your grip is so steady and your spatial awareness is spot-on, you can keep your aim dead-center even while sprinting down a corridor, line up clean shots from across a room, and bounce grenades into tight vents with ease.

Hazard Course [400]

While the rest of your peers spent their days hunched over clipboards and complaining about the coffee, you actually paid attention during the holographic training course. It really paid off. Now, whenever you slip into an environmental suit, power armor, or any kind of protective gear, you get twice as much out of it. Whatever protection or systems the suit offers, their effectiveness is completely doubled. Batteries drain half as fast, armor plating deflects bullets and alien claws way better than it has any right to, and the shielding barely notices radiation or acid. Best of all, you never feel weighed down. You can move inside bulky hazard suits with the effortless grace and speed of an Olympic gymnast, letting you crawl through tight vents and leap across toxic waste pits without ever breaking your stride.

The Free Man [600]

Why is a twenty-seven-year-old theoretical physicist with no military training eliminating entire platoons of elite Marines and alien war beasts? Because to a mind like yours, combat is just applied physics. This perk bridges the gap between intellect and violence. Your combat instincts, reflexes, and weapon proficiency scale directly with your intelligence. The smarter you are, the faster you aim, the harder you swing a crowbar, and the more intuitively you understand battlefield tactics. Even experimental prototypes and bizarre alien bio-weapons feel completely natural the moment you pick them up. An above-average intellect will receive a solid boost in a fight, while a genius intellect makes you the deadliest supersoldier on the planet.

HECU

Boot Camp [100]

Drill Instructor Barnes really put you through the wringer at Santego Military Base, and it paid off. You possess the absolute peak of elite military conditioning. You can march, run, sprint, and accurately fire weapons while hauling fifty kilograms of combat gear, ammunition belts, body armor, and heavy artillery without ever suffering from exhaustion. While normal people would be wheezing under that kind of weight, you barely even break a sweat. Your sheer physical toughness is just as impressive. Your body is built to survive the worst combat zones imaginable, allowing you to grit your teeth and fight through heavy physical pain and severe blood loss. Even when you're battered and bleeding out, your endurance keeps you moving and shooting long after lesser soldiers have collapsed from shock.

Squad Specialist [200]

In the HECU, every Marine has a secondary specialization to keep the squad moving through tough spots. Why settle for just one? You are a combined master of all three roles: Field Medic, Combat Engineer, and Weapons Specialist. With your medical training, you can patch up mangled allies in the middle of a firefight, and all healing you perform is twice as effective as normal. As a combat engineer, no obstacle can keep you locked out; you can repair broken machinery on the fly and cut right through thick titanium blast doors with a standard blowtorch in mere seconds. Finally, your weapons training lets you wield any firearm or bizarre weapon you get your hands on with the deadeye proficiency of a seasoned expert. This mastery extends to explosives too, allowing you to plant devastating charges or easily disarm complicated bombs without breaking a sweat.

Squad Leader [400]

The HECU thrives on aggressive small-unit tactics, and you know how to run a fireteam like a well-oiled machine. Whenever you are leading a group of soldiers or companions, you can link them together into a seamless tactical network using nothing more than quick hand signals and barked orders. Under your command, your squad fights with superior coordination. You can effortlessly suppress enemies with relentless pinning fire, cover every angle without ever crossing into friendly fire, and flush out entrenched targets with precision grenade bounces around multiple tight corners. Better yet, your leadership actually makes the people fighting beside you deadlier. While leading from the front, you can share your own personal combat skills with up to four squadmates at a time, turning even a group of panicky rookies into an elite strike team.

Opposing Force [600]

You were trained to fight conventional terrorists, not interdimensional monsters or cloaked assassins. Yet, when everything goes to hell, you adapt faster than anything they can throw at you. The longer you fight an enemy faction, the faster you dissect how they operate. In fact, clashing with a new threat just once is enough for you to figure them out completely. After a single encounter, you intuitively lock onto their physical weaknesses, attack rhythms, and blind spots. Whether you're facing down alien shock troops, giant beasts, or elite hit squads, they only get to surprise you once. After that, the tables turn completely - transforming a lone, stranded corporal into an unstoppable apex predator who can systematically butcher entire armies of superior foes.

Security Officer

Access Granted [100]

There's a reason all those fancy scientists are constantly begging security guards to open doors for them. You carry the universal authority of facility security wherever you go. Electronic keypads, retina scanners, and heavy blast doors automatically recognize your credentials, letting you casually bypass locked security systems that would leave anyone else trapped in the hallway.
Better yet, you know facilities like the back of your hand. The second you set foot inside any building, underground bunker, or sprawling complex, you gain an intuitive mental map of the entire layout. You never have to waste time hunting for a blueprint or getting lost in a maze of corridors; you automatically know the best shortcuts through the ventilation shafts and maintenance tunnels, along with the exact location of every security checkpoint and stocked armory in the place.

Code Blue [200]

You're the finest shot on the firing range in Sector C, and it really shows when the targets start biting back. With a pistol in your hand, your accuracy is simply perfect. You have rock-steady aim that never wavers under pressure, letting you casually pop a zombie right between the eyes from fifty meters away without even slowing down. Keeping that sidearm fed won't be a problem, either.
You've got a genuine sixth sense for scavenging on the job. Whenever you're poking around for supplies, you will always manage to find spare magazines, batteries, and other useful gear tucked away inside lockers, desks, and wooden crates - even in rooms that other desperate survivors or looting soldiers have already searched and picked clean.

Catch Me Later, I'll Buy You a Beer [400]

The brainiacs in the lab coats might run the facility, but when the alarms start blaring, everyone looks to the guy in the blue uniform to get them out alive. You're the ultimate bro on the security force, a steady beacon of camaraderie and hope in a pitch-black nightmare. People genuinely want you to survive your shift, and you're determined to make sure they survive right alongside you.
Having you watch their backs completely transforms your allies. Even frail, panicked scientists suddenly become remarkably competent and tough. Instead of cowering, they'll smartly duck into cover, work keypad locks under fire, and actually shoot straight if you hand them a gun. Better yet, they become absurdly durable, grit their teeth, and shrug off nasty wounds or grazing blasts that really should have killed them on the spot. As long as they stick with their favorite security guard, you're all making it out in one piece.

Blue Shift [600]

While Gordon Freeman got drafted into cosmic servitude and Adrian Shephard was locked away in eternal stasis, Barney Calhoun managed to round up Dr. Rosenberg and his colleagues, hotwire an old prototype teleporter, and literally drive away from Black Mesa in an SUV before the nuke went off. Now, you have that exact same knack for clocking out and walking away unscathed.
As long as your goal is to escape rather than stay and fight, your luck is massively enhanced. You'll always stumble across a clear exit route, busted machinery will hold together just long enough to get you through, and a getaway vehicle will practically be waiting for you with the keys in the ignition. More importantly, cosmic puppet-masters and shadowy manipulators will find their gaze sliding right off you, automatically dismissing you as an inconsequential survivor who isn't worth their time. Let the heroes get tangled up in grand destinies and shady job offers - you'll be watching the whole mess shrink in your rearview mirror with your freedom completely intact.

Black Ops

Clean-Up Crew [100]

When the government orders a total cover-up, they send people like you because you don't ask questions and you don't blink. In the field, you have no hesitation, no remorse, and no fear. The worst psychological horror, stomach-turning gore, and the heavy moral weight of committing atrocities roll right off your back without leaving a scratch on your sanity. Whether you are gunning down panicked civilians, eliminating fellow soldiers, or staring down nightmare monsters from another dimension, your pulse never even rises. Of course, silencing witnesses is only half the job. You are also an absolute expert at destroying evidence. You know exactly how to scrub security footage, wipe servers, rig incendiary charges, and clean up a kill zone on the fly - ensuring that the moment you walk out of a room, zero forensic or digital trace of your presence remains behind.

Acrobatic Assassin [200]

Those slow, clunky Marines in their heavy armor can barely keep track of you before they're already dead. Trained in the same elite program as the female Black Ops assassins, your agility and flexibility border on the blatantly superhuman. You can sprint down corridors as fast as an Olympic athlete in utter, dead silence, moving like a ghost without your boots ever making a sound. When a firefight breaks out, you are an absolute nightmare to actually hit. You can effortlessly perform mid-air flips, cartwheels, and massive leaps superior to the greatest gymnasts on Earth just to evade enemy gunfire and close the distance. Even vertical drops won't slow you down - you can jump down elevator shafts or fall from drops up to ten meters high and land right on your feet without taking a single scratch of damage.

Optical Camouflage [400]

Taking a page straight out of the elite Black Ops assassin playbook, you have the terrifying ability to vanish into thin air. At will, you can cloak yourself in complete invisibility, keeping you totally hidden from both the naked eye and thermal sensors. As long as you don't attack, you can walk (or sprint) right past armed Marine patrols, security cameras, and alien beasts without anyone ever realizing you were in the room. The only catch is that going on the offensive disrupts the stealth effect. The exact moment you fire a weapon, throw an explosive, or strike an enemy, your invisibility disappears and exposes your position. Thankfully, it doesn't stay down for long. Just five seconds after you finish your attack, the invisibility automatically kicks right back in, letting you fade away before the enemy can even return fire.

Silent and Deadly [600]

You aren't paid to trade lead in fair firefights; You are a true artist of covert assassination, trained to put down even the toughest targets before they ever realize they're under attack.
Whenever you launch an attack from stealth, strike an enemy from behind, or fire with a suppressed weapon, the damage you deal is drastically amplified. Your strikes will effortlessly bypass heavy body armor, powered energy shields, and thick alien chitin to tear straight into vital organs. With this kind of precision, a single silenced 9mm round or a quick combat knife to the back is more than enough to instantly drop an armored Marine or a towering Xenian brute without raising an alarm.

Items

You have a 300 LP stipend to spend here. You can import any item freely.

Crowbar [Free]

The undisputed king of Black Mesa hardware. This iconic red-and-silver steel prybar is completely indestructible and perfectly balanced for swinging. Whether you need to smash open wooden supply crates, pop off stubborn air vent grates, or bash in a zombie's skull, it never lets you down.

Rope & Climbing Gear [50]

Useful for climbing vertical spaces and collapsed areas. The rope is infinite.

Military MRE Pack [50]

A pack of sealed meal kits developed for HECU troops. The meal kit can feed a grown man for an entire day, and the pack comes with 10 MREs. This pack restores itself each day.

Tactical Communications [50]

It provides secure communications in the most hostile environments and suffers no interference. Comes with many pairs.

Bag of Grenades [100]

A heavy canvas military satchel packed with classic Mk 2 fragmentation hand grenades. Just pull the pin, count the five-second fuse, and bounce one around a tight hallway corner to turn an entrenched squad or an alien nest into gibs. The bag completely refills itself with fresh grenades every hour.

Barnacle Grapple [100]

A detached, living Barnacle specimen modified by Black Mesa scientists to serve as a portable biological grappling hook. Point it anywhere, and it shoots out an unbreakable, sticky tongue that latches onto any surface (organic or inorganic) and rapidly reels you in. If aimed at small enemies, it drags them in and chews them up on contact.

M40A1 Sniper Rifle [200]

The bolt-action precision rifle favored by HECU and Black Ops marksmen. Equipped with a high-powered telescopic scope, this rifle hits hard enough to drop almost any human or alien target in a single shot, effortlessly piercing through light cover and body armor. Comes with spare ammo boxes that refill hourly.

Hivehand [200]

A massive, biological weapon taken straight off an Alien Grunt's arm. Slipping your hand inside lets you fire an infinite, rapidly regenerating supply of living alien Hornets. These venomous bugs bounce off walls and aggressively home in on nearby enemies, or you can fire them in an unguided, rapid-fire swarm.

Wall Chargers [400]
A pair of wall-mounted Black Mesa dispensers (one First Aid Station and one HEV/PCV Power Charger) ready to be mounted in your Warehouse or properties. Simply hold your hand against the plates to mend any biological injury or recharge any armor and battery at astonishing speeds.

Displacer Cannon [600]
The pinnacle of portable teleportation tech. This bulky prototype fires a slow-moving ball of green portal energy that violently banishes anything caught within a six-meter radius straight to Xen. Alternatively, firing it at yourself safely teleports you between Earth and a secure Xen island. Its uranium ammo cells refill hourly.

The Briefcase [600]
A sleek, black leather briefcase with a silver combination lock. Inside is a pocket dimension capable of holding a ridiculous amount of gear, documents, and three slots for ‘’Stasis’’, which allows you to store frozen objects or willing/defeated entities inside in a state of suspended animation. If inspected by anyone else, it only contains a pistol, a few pencils, an ID badge, and some blank paperwork.

The Black Mesa Research Facility [1000]
This is the entirety of the sprawling Black Mesa Research Facility, completely repaired, thoroughly un-nuked, and totally free of any unintended alien infestations. This subterranean city includes all seven massive sectors: Anomalous Materials, the Coolant Reserves, Administration, the High-Altitude Rocket Launch Center, the Biodome Complex, the Hydroelectric Dam, and the top-secret Lambda Complex, all connected by the automated tram system. Deep within Sector F sits the crown jewel of the facility: the multi-story Lambda Reactor Core, housing both a fully functional nuclear reactor and the giant Lambda Teleporter. Firing up the core lets you lock onto and warp to any location in your current universe, or breach dimensional walls entirely - opening stable portals to local sub-dimensions, pocket realms, and parallel worlds within the local cosmology. Better yet, the halls aren't empty. Your new mega-facility comes fully staffed with thousands of loyal scientists, blue-uniformed security guards, and support personnel (minus Wallace Breen, unless you specifically want to keep him around as a punching bag), including the elite Lambda Science Team personnel who maintain the teleporter's containment rings, run reactor diagnostics, and handle complex calibration calculations for your dimensional expeditions around the clock. An endless government budget covers utility costs, maintenance, and supplies indefinitely, while the facility mainframe retains the complete research archives, technical schematics, and dimensional survey logs of Black Mesa. With every classified research file intact and a seemingly endless, self-replenishing budget, there is no scientific barrier you cannot break.

Scientist Items

9mm Pistol [100]

The classic Black Mesa security sidearm. This reliable semi-automatic Glock 17 is accurate at a distance, features a rapid-fire burst mode, and can even fire completely submerged underwater. Best of all, this specific pistol has infinite ammo - you will never run out of spare magazines, no matter how many thousands of rounds you dump down the hallway.

Energy Battery [200]

A portable Black Mesa power cell. Despite holding enough juice to run a heavy-duty hazard suit, it is surprisingly lightweight and compact, coming with a sturdy magnetic clip so you can easily carry it right on your belt without it weighing you down in a firefight. Unlike the standard batteries lying around the facility that only give your suit a tiny boost, this one holds a massive charge. Simply tapping it against an HEV suit, Powered Combat Vest, or any other powered armor instantly charges its energy reserves right back to full. You never have to toss it away after using it, either: once drained, the battery completely recharges itself every hour.

H.E.V. Mark IV Suit [400]

The iconic bright-orange Hazardous Environment Mark IV protective system, engineered for survival in the worst conditions imaginable. It comes fully loaded with an automatic morphine administrator to help you shrug off pain, a Geiger counter, a built-in flashlight, a radio, tracking devices, a combat HUD, and a soothing on-board computer system that monitors your vitals. In a fight, its electrically hardened armor absorbs the brunt of incoming bullets, explosions, radiation, and acid. While its energy reserves can be depleted under heavy fire unless you top them up at a charger, the physical armor plating slowly recharges itself over time.

Tau Cannon [600]

An experimental, man-portable particle accelerator cooked up by the brilliant minds at Black Mesa. Using depleted Uranium-235 micro-cells as ammunition, this prototype rifle fires devastating beams of superheated particles that bounce off hard angles and tear armored targets to shreds. You can even hold down the trigger to overcharge the weapon, unleashing a single massive blast powerful enough to punch straight through solid walls or shred tanks. Comes with a supply of uranium ammo packs that completely refills every hour.

HECU Items

HECU Specialist Kit [100, 200 for Other Origins]

Why rely on a full squad when you can carry the gear of a Medic, an Engineer, and a Weapons Specialist all at once? This heavy-duty military field pack comes loaded with the three best tools in the Marine arsenal. First is a combat medkit stocked with fast-acting syringes that seal up nasty wounds like bullet holes and shrapnel cuts in seconds. Second is a compact, high-heat fusion blowtorch that never runs out of fuel and slices straight through thick steel blast doors like butter. Finally, it holds a stack of laser-activated tripwire mines that stick to any wall - and every piece of gear inside restocks itself every six hours.

M249 SAW Light Machine Gun [200]

When a standard assault rifle just doesn't put enough lead in the air, the HECU brings out the superior gun. This belt-fed beast holds two hundred rounds of 5.56mm ammunition per box and tears through whole crowds of enemies in seconds. Its ammo boxes restock every hour.

Powered Combat Vest [400]

The military's heavy-duty answer to Black Mesa's hazard suit, paired with an integrated night-vision gas mask. The PCV runs on almost the exact same technology as the Mark IV HEV suit - letting it monitor your vitals, shield you from radiation and toxins, and even tap into standard Black Mesa wall chargers for a quick boost. However, since it was built specifically for frontline Marines rather than lab scientists, it swaps out bulky environmental padding for much stronger, electrically hardened armor plating that absorbs significantly more gunfire and shrapnel. Best of all, you never have to worry about getting stranded with a dead battery; the vest features an internal generator that slowly recharges its own power over time.

M2A3 Bradley [600]

Your very own heavily armored Infantry Fighting Vehicle, painted in HECU desert camouflage. Built to dominate surface engagements, this tracked powerhouse shrugs off small-arms fire and comes armed with a rapid-fire 25mm chain gun, a coaxial machine gun, and a twin TOW anti-tank missile launcher. It never runs out of fuel or ammunition, can be driven and fired simultaneously by a single person, and repairs any battle damage overnight.

Security Officer Items

Helmet and Kevlar Vest [100]
Standard-issue protection for Black Mesa's security force. This sturdy blue Kevlar vest and steel riot helmet might not be as flashy as an experimental hazard suit, but they get the job done. Together, they reliably stop pistol rounds, shotgun pellets, and leaping Headcrabs from ruining your shift, repairing themselves daily.

SPAS-12 Shotgun [200]
Found in security armories across the facility, this rugged twelve-gauge combat shotgun is your best friend in tight corridors. You can pump out single shells for steady crowd control, or pull the secondary trigger to fire two blasts at once, instantly shredding armored Marines. Comes with boxes of buckshot that refill every hour.

Colt Python .357 Magnum [400]
When your standard nine-millimeter sidearm just isn't cutting it, this heavy stainless-steel revolver brings serious stopping power to the fight. It only holds six rounds at a time, but a single well-placed shot will drop almost any soldier or alien brute on the spot. Its spare speed-loaders refill with fresh ammo every hour.

RPG Launcher [600]
How did a military-grade rocket launcher end up stashed inside a Black Mesa security locker? Who cares - it's yours now. This shoulder-fired powerhouse launches high-explosive rockets that can blow an attack helicopter out of the sky or blast an alien behemoth into chunks. Better yet, it features a toggleable laser-guidance sight, letting you steer the rocket mid-flight right into your target. Comes with a regenerating crate of rockets every three hours.

Black Ops Items

Silenced Pistol [100]
The signature sidearm of Black Ops assassins. This modified 9mm semi-automatic pistol features an integrated, heavy-duty suppressor and a steady laser sight. It fires whisper-quiet rounds that won't alert enemies standing in the very next room, and it comes with a generous supply of spare magazines that completely refill every hour.

Security Spoofer [200]
A sleek, handheld device built for government infiltration. Simply hold it up to any electronic keypad, keycard slot, or biometric retina scanner, and it instantly falsifies the highest level of administrative credentials. Locked blast doors, classified computer terminals, and automated defense grids will open right up for you without tripping alarms.

C4 Demolition Pack [400]
A black tactical bag packed with military-grade C4 blocks, remote detonators, and proximity timers. These charges stick to any surface and pack enough punch to vaporize a tank or collapse a concrete tunnel. Once you empty the bag, it completely refills itself with fresh explosives three hours later.

Mark IV Thermonuclear Bomb [600]
The ultimate cover-up tool. Delivered inside a dark military truck, this portable nuclear warhead packs a devastating 2-megaton yield - more than enough to pulverize miles of reinforced bunker concrete and completely erase an underground facility like Black Mesa from the map. Once detonated, you receive a fresh replacement every month.

Companions

Recruit Anyone [Free]
Anyone you want to recruit in this world is free to join you as a companion if they agree.

Create/Import [50 LP for 1, 200 LP for 8.]
You can create new Companions or import existing Companions. They get an Origin, with all freebies and discounts, along with 600 CP to spend.

Backup Squad [100]
Going solo through a crumbling underground facility is a great way to end up as Headcrab food. With this purchase, you get a four-person squad of loyal, competent followers tailored directly to your Origin to watch your back.

If you're an **HECU Marine**, you command a veteran fireteam consisting of a Rifleman, a Field Medic, a Combat Engineer with a blowtorch, and a Heavy Gunner hauling a machine gun.
As a **Security Officer**, you're backed up by four of Black Mesa's finest guards, decked out in Kevlar vests and packing shotguns and .357 Magnums.
Scientists get an elite Lambda Survey Team sealed inside Mark IV HEV suits, equally ready to run complex lab experiments or blast aliens with prototype weapons.
Black Ops operatives lead a lethal covert strike team made up of two cloaked female assassins and two heavy demolition experts.

No matter which group you roll with, they are completely loyal to your command, fight with sharp tactical coordination without getting stuck on doors, and come with infinite ammo.

Scenarios

All scenarios are exclusive except the Alien Invasion one.



Half Life

You assume the position of Gordon Freeman, and your objective is to go through the entire facility, survive, activate the satellite rocket, enter the Lambda complex, and invade Xen to kill the Nihilanth. You will be guided by a mysterious force so you don't get lost, but it will be on your own to survive. After defeating him, you will be teleported to outside Black Mesa.

Rewards:

The reward for saving humanity (temporarily) is the **pristine Xen Crystal.** It functions as an extraordinarily potent, essentially limitless power source capable of running massive industrial complexes, reactors, or advanced energy weapons indefinitely. Alternatively, when subjected to high-energy particle bombardment or harmonic frequencies, it can be used to deliberately tear open localized Resonance Cascades, bridging tears between realities and opening gateways to foreign dimensions.

You will also see that the killing of Nihilanth has imbued you with its strange energies, manifesting initially as a form of green electrical discharges that you can control. With time, you may yet discover new abilities.

Opposing Force

You assume the position of Adrian Shephard, a young HECU Marine sent to Black Mesa as part of the military operation to contain the incident. Unfortunately, things have gone terribly wrong. Your Osprey is shot down, your squad is scattered, and the chain of command has completely fallen apart. Worse still, the government has decided that Black Mesa must be erased, ordering a nuclear strike to destroy the facility and everyone unfortunate enough to still be inside. With the HECU forces abandoning their original mission and a new alien invasion by Race X spreading through the facility, you're left to fend for yourself. Gather whatever surviving Marines you can find, fight your way through the chaos, and make your way to the Sector E Biodome. There, you must confront the enormous Gene Worm before it can establish a foothold on Earth and begin transforming the planet. But first, you'll have to deal with the Black Ops cleanup teams and the nuclear warhead they've been sent to protect. Destroy or permanently dispose of it before the G-Man can recover it, then lead your surviving Marines to a successful extraction from Black Mesa.

Rewards:
Your first reward is the Santego Battalion. The three hundred HECU Marines you rescued have had enough of being treated as disposable assets by the government. Rather than return to the Pentagon, they choose to remain under your command, forming a permanent battalion of veteran soldiers loyal to you. They come equipped with their own medics, engineers, Osprey transports, and Abrams tanks, and will accompany you to future worlds. Should any of them fall in battle, replacements will arrive to restore their numbers within a week.

Your second reward is the **Displacer Cannon.** This bulky prototype fires a slow-moving ball of green portal energy that violently banishes anything caught within a six-meter radius straight to Xen. Alternatively, firing it at yourself safely teleports you between Earth and a secure Xen island. Its uranium ammo cells refill hourly.

Not only that, by defying the government's cover-up, permanently destroying the warhead, and escaping the G-Man's grasp, you have completely shattered the predetermined fate of Black Mesa. Because you changed fate, you are now a living spanner in the works. Whenever you get involved in a conflict, the carefully laid plans of shadowy masterminds, ancient conspiracies, and cosmic puppeteers begin to fall apart around you. Precognition and fate-reading completely fail to predict your actions, ‘’inevitable’’ outcomes can always be broken through your interference, and no higher being can ever force you onto their script or trap you in stasis when you decide to ruin their plans.

Blue Shift

You assume the position of Barney Calhoun, an everyday security guard clocking in for what should have been a routine shift in Sector B. While chaos consumes the facility, you catch wind of a desperate escape plan led by Dr. Rosenberg, one of the original minds behind Black Mesa's teleportation project. Your objective is to fight your way through the flooded canals and HECU-occupied freight yards to rescue Dr. Rosenberg from military captivity. From there, you must break into the decommissioned prototype labs beneath the base, travel to Xen to manually align an old relay beacon, charge the system's depleted power cells under heavy fire, and safely teleport Dr. Rosenberg, his colleagues, and yourself out of Black Mesa before the facility is overrun.

Rewards:

Your first reward is the Lambda Reactor Core, the crown jewel of Sector F. This massive, multi-story subterranean facility attaches directly to your Warehouse or properties, housing both a fully functional nuclear reactor and the giant Lambda Teleporter. Firing up the core lets you lock onto and warp to any location in your current universe. Even better, it packs enough power to breach dimensional walls entirely, opening stable portals to local sub-dimensions, pocket realms, and parallel worlds within the local cosmology. The complex comes fully staffed with a dozen loyal, elite Science Team personnel who maintain the containment rings, run reactor diagnostics, and handle complex calibration calculations for your dimensional expeditions around the clock.

Not only that, your refusal to leave the helpless behind has forged an unbreakable bond between you and those you protect. You gain the ability to share your own durability, luck, and skill with anyone under your care. So long as you are leading them to safety, no one you are escorting will ever fall behind.

Black Operations

You assume the position of the field commander leading the Black Ops cleanup unit, deployed directly by the Pentagon after the HECU fails to contain the disaster. Your orders are simple, ruthless, and absolute: leave no witnesses and erase Black Mesa from the map. Unfortunately, every faction in the facility is standing in your way, from entrenched Marines and desperate scientists to invasive alien armies and a certain meddling corporal. Your objective is to execute a flawless cover-up. You must infiltrate the deeper sectors of Black Mesa, sever all external communication arrays so zero evidence of the incident leaks to the public, eliminate the rogue HECU command structure, and slaughter the Race X Gene Worm in Sector E so it cannot breach the surface. Finally, you must deliver the Mark IV Thermonuclear Device into the heart of the facility, and extract your strike team right before the warhead vaporizes the complex.

Rewards:

Your first reward for executing the ultimate cover-up is the Black Ops Strike Division. Answerable only to you, this shadowy military unit consists of two hundred elite operatives (split evenly between heavy demolition soldiers and cloaked female assassins) along with a fleet of stealth-modified Black Apache helicopters. They operate out of a classified subterranean bunker attached to your Warehouse, and any operatives killed in the line of duty will be replaced within a week.

Not only that, successfully wiping Black Mesa off the map has permanently enhanced your demolitions. Any explosive you use (whether it is a simple hand grenade, a block of C4, or a nuclear warhead) packs twice the destructive power and blast radius, effortlessly punching through reinforced bunker walls and heavy armor. Better yet, your explosions destroy targets right down to the cellular level, completely shutting down biological regeneration and healing factors so that even monsters capable of regrowing from a single drop of blood will stay dead when you blow them up. Finally, any bomb you personally arm cannot be disarmed or deactivated by anyone else once the countdown begins.

Alien Invasion

Black Mesa was just the beginning. The Resonance Cascade affected far more than the underground installation, and now portal storms are happening above all of the world. Your objective is to create a successful resistance against this invasion for 10 years. Your resistance must grow to the point that it can exist across various cities, produce technological advancement that can fight against this invasion, and create diplomacy with at least one alien race. Your stay will be extended, and thus you gain **+200 CP** for taking this scenario.

Rewards:
Your first reward for the monumental achievement of saving the human race from collapse is that you get to keep everything you built. You take your entire Resistance movement along with you as a single massive item - including all of the cities your forces established themselves in. Every skyscraper, laboratory, power grid, and defensive wall across these cities arrives completely repaired of whatever devastation they suffered during the Portal Storms, and they remain fully populated by the thousands of veteran soldiers, brilliant scientists, civilian citizens, and alien allies who fought beside you.

Not only that, you will find that a decade of guiding the world through its darkest hour has forged you into something far greater: a true leader. You can effortlessly inspire unshakeable hope and unity among even the most bitterly divided people (or entirely different species). Survivors and soldiers naturally gravitate toward your presence, and you always know the exact words that need to be said to rally broken, fearful masses and former enemies toward a single righteous cause.

Drawbacks

Fanfic Mode [Free]
Tired of the standard canon timeline? With this option, you can choose to travel to any fanfic, mod, machinima, or alternate media from Half-Life instead. Whether you want to experience the Black Mesa remake, Freeman's Mind, a total-conversion mod, or your favorite fanfiction, the choice is entirely yours.

Supplement Mode [Free]
This jump becomes a supplement to another jump of your choice. Your CP will be separate between both jumps and taking drawbacks in the supplement will affect the entire universe you are jumping to but only give points for the supplement. You also have the choice of fusing both universes together.

Extended Stay [+100]
You can extend your time in the jump by five years with this option. It can be taken multiple times, but you can only get **+200 LP** total from it.

Escort Mission From Hell [+200]
Speaking of your coworkers, anyone who tries to help you in this jump loses all sense of self-preservation. Scientists and Security Guards following you will constantly get stuck on corners, stop dead in their tracks if you walk three paces too fast, and stand squarely in the middle of narrow doorways so you can't dodge incoming grenades. In a firefight, friendly NPCs and soldiers will happily sprint directly into your line of fire, trip over laser mines you just pointed out to them, or panic and cower in the middle of an open hallway while an Alien Grunt winds up a shot.

Voice Module Offline [+200]
Like Gordon Freeman, you are utterly mute for the duration of this Jump. You cannot speak, shout, whisper, or use telepathy to get your point across. Whether you are trying to coordinate with a squad of Marines, convince a panicked scientist to open a locked blast door, or warn an ally about a Headcrab leaping at their back, not a single word will come out of your throat. Instead, you must rely entirely on nodding, pointing, aggressive crouch-walking, clicking your flashlight, and waving your weapons around to communicate your intentions.

Item Loss [+200]
Your Warehouse and your out-of-jump items are disabled during the duration of this jump. This also applies to any imported items.

Power Loss [+200]
All your out-of-jump powers, perks, and abilities are disabled for the duration of this jump.

Headcrab Magnet [+200/+400]
For some bizarre reason, you smell absolutely irresistible to Xen's worst parasites. Throughout your stay in Black Mesa, you will constantly attract massive numbers of Headcrabs wherever you go. Every dark air vent, shadowed ceiling corner, and busted supply crate near you is practically guaranteed to have three or four of the little monsters waiting to leap straight at your face. For an extra **200 LP**, newer and much nastier versions of them start appearing across the facility years ahead of schedule - meaning you'll regularly get ambushed by lightning-quick Fast Headcrabs and lethal, neurotoxin-spitting Poison Headcrabs, along with their mutated zombie hosts.

Dead Battery [+200]
Someone in maintenance really botched the wiring on your gear. Any powered armor or advanced environmental suit you wear drains its power at four times the normal rate. Simply turning on your flashlight or taking a few minor hits will rapidly drain your battery reserves straight down to zero. Any self-recharging features on your armor are completely disabled for the duration of the Jump, forcing you to either fight unprotected or scrounge desperately around every corner for spare batteries and working wall chargers.

Alone... Not You Alone [+200]
The moment the Resonance Cascade begins, the ruler of Xen locks onto your mind and refuses to let go. For the rest of your stay, the Nihilanth is in constant telepathic contact with you. Its booming, echoing voice incessantly whispers cryptic warnings, alien paranoia, and death threats directly inside your skull. Not only does this constant mental noise make it terribly hard to concentrate on delicate tasks, but its booming voice will frequently drown out the sound of nearby enemies - and give you splitting migraines whenever you get close to a portal.

OSHA Nightmare [+400]
Who the hell designed this place?! Black Mesa's architecture is actively trying to kill you at every turn. Wherever you go in the facility, rusted guardrails snap the second you lean on them, passenger elevators plummet at random, narrow catwalks hang precariously over bottomless pits of glowing green radioactive sludge, and explosive barrels are conveniently stacked right next to sparking electrical boxes. Worse still, you can never just take a normal path to your destination. Main blast doors constantly jam shut, and walkways collapse right in front of you, forcing you to constantly search for dangerous alternative routes. Simply getting from one room to the next means crawling through labyrinthine air vents, jumping across active industrial crushers, and scaling narrow ladders inside bottomless elevator shafts. Watch your step.

Ammunition Depleted [+400]
Get used to the sound of an empty magazine clicking dry, because you are always running out of ammo at the worst possible time. No matter how much gear you haul around, your weapons seem to burn through bullets and batteries twice as fast as they should. Worse still, lockers, crates, and dropped enemy guns only ever have a pathetic handful of rounds left inside them, and any infinite or hourly-refilling ammo supplies you purchased are completely disabled for the duration of the Jump. Hope you brought a crowbar.

Surface Tension [+400, Cannot be taken by a HECU]
The military isn't just sweeping the halls - they have your exact coordinates dialed straight into their mortar teams and air support. Going topside is practically a death sentence now. Any time you step outside into the New Mexico sun or even walk too close to an underground skylight, expect constant artillery bombardment, zeroed-in sniper fire, and heavily armed Apache helicopters circling overhead to hunt you specifically. If you aren't sprinting from cover to cover the second you catch a glimpse of open sky, you're going to get blown to pieces.

Double Invasion [+400]
Normally, the opportunistic Race X aliens only show up later in the disaster and stick to specific, isolated sections of the facility. Thanks to a minor quirk of fate (or the quiet interference of a certain man in a suit), their dimensional rifts are now tearing open in the exact same places and at the exact same time as the Xen portals. Prepare to face double the number of aliens in every single sector. Every time a wave of Vortigaunts or Alien Grunts warps into a hallway, a pack of Shock Troopers, Pit Drones, and Voltigores will teleport right in beside them, turning every room into a brutal crossfire.

Overtime Shift [+400]
Normally, fighting your way through the Black Mesa Incident is a frantic sprint that only takes up a few hours from start to finish. Not anymore. Thanks to massive blast-door lockdowns, collapsed transit tunnels, and endless waves of reinforcements, the disaster is now stretched out across many grueling days. You can’t just power through this nightmare on pure adrenaline in a single afternoon. Prepare to scavenge desperately for food, clean water, and spare supplies to survive, all while dealing with crushing physical exhaustion and the mounting stress of trying to catch a few hours of sleep while monsters prowl the vents around you.

Administrative Meddling [+400/800]
For reasons known only to his "Employers," the G-Man has taken a personal interest in making sure your specific objectives fail. While cosmic rules stop him from just snapping his fingers to kill you directly, he is constantly working behind the scenes to sabotage everything you do. If you try to catch an extraction helicopter, he’ll slam the hangar doors shut right in your face. If you disarm a nuclear bomb, he’ll stroll in five minutes later to turn it back on. If you set up a safe bunker for your allies, he will quietly unlock the back door for a Black Ops hit squad. Since you cannot hurt or stop him, it will take all of your creativity and problem-solving skills to work around his constant interference and keep his meddling from getting you killed. For an extra **+400 LP**, the G-Man decides to turn Black Mesa into a lethal crucible. On top of his usual sabotage, he will actively spawn waves of scaling enemies directly into your path. These alien monstrosities and enemy soldiers start out fairly weak at the beginning of the disaster, but they will steadily grow stronger, tougher, and much smarter throughout your stay here - forcing you to constantly upgrade your gear, adapt your tactics, and acquire more power just to destroy them before they outpace you.

Unstoppable Behemoth [+600]

Right after the disaster starts, a particularly massive, enraged Gargantua warps into the facility and picks up your scent. For the rest of your stay, this six-meter-tall alien juggernaut is relentlessly hunting you across Black Mesa. Whether you are a scientist in a lab, a guard at a checkpoint, or a soldier running a mission, it will eventually smash right through the nearest concrete wall with its flamethrower claws roaring. Standard bullets and shotguns bounce harmlessly off its thick blue hide, and even if you manage to blow it up with heavy explosives, another one will teleport in to take its place a few hours later. Thankfully, if you somehow manage to end the alien invasion for good, they will finally stop coming after you.

Burn Notice [+600]

You don't have a single friend left in New Mexico. Every armed faction in the facility has orders to shoot you on sight. Not only are the Xen aliens and Race X gunning for you, but human forces want you dead just as badly. If you are a Scientist or Security Officer, your face is at the very top of the military's kill list, meaning they will be actively hunting for you. If you are an HECU Marine or Black Ops operative, a paranoid command mix-up has officially branded you a rogue traitor - meaning your own former comrades will immediately open fire on you right alongside the enemy.

Ending

Your time in this world has finally come to an end. Suddenly, the chaotic sounds of gunfire, alien screeches, and blaring facility alarms fade away into silence. You find yourself standing inside a lone Black Mesa transit tram, hurtling through a pitch-black void streaked with rushing stars. At the back of the tram car, the sliding doors hiss open to reveal a shimmering dimensional portal.
It is time for you to make your choice.

Stay

You aren't clocking out just yet. Whether you saved Black Mesa from ruin or watched it burn, there is still plenty of work left to be done on this Earth - especially with the Portal Storms brewing and the looming shadow of the Combine out in the wider multiverse. You turn away from the portal and remain in this universe permanently, keeping everything you have gained to shape humanity's future however you see fit.

Go Home

You've had more than enough of headcrabs, laser tripmines, and government cover-ups. It's time to finally end your shift and head home. You step off the tram and return straight to your original Earth, taking all of your new perks, weapons, properties, and companions back with you to enjoy a well-earned retirement.

Move On

‘’Wisely done, Jumper. I will see you... up ahead.’’

Black Mesa was just one test among many, and there are plenty of other worlds out there waiting for you. You check your ammo, adjust your hazard suit, and step right through the glowing portal at the back of the tram, hurtling forward into your very next Jump.

Changelog and Notes.

V 1.0 - First Edition
V 1.1 - Complete remake of the document.