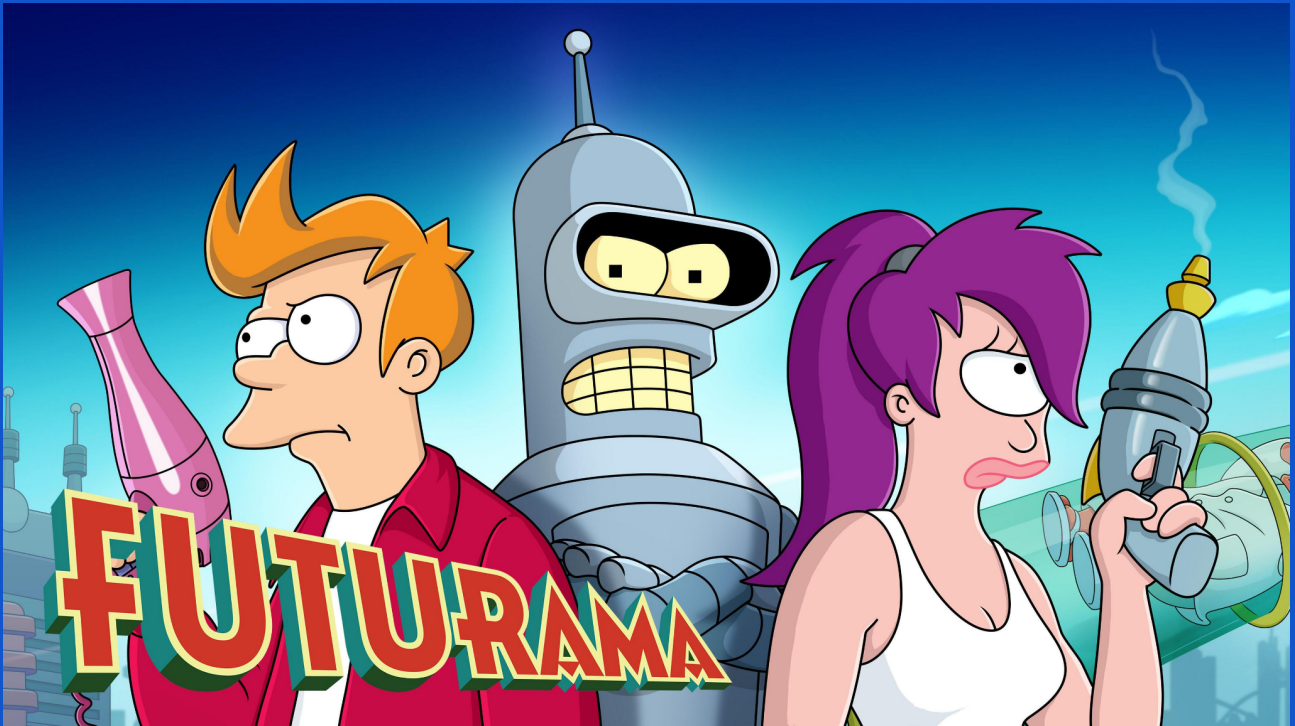


FUTURAMA



Futurama

A jump by SpazzWave. Version 1.0



Welcome to the World of Futurama

It's the year 3000, give or take a millennium spent frozen in a tube nobody remembered to check on. Humanity built New New York directly on top of Old New York, ruins and all, because tearing the old one down felt like a lot of effort, and now the sewers are full of mutants quietly living their lives under a city that's decided not to think about it too hard. Flying cars fill the skyways, and getting around on the ground means diving headfirst into the tube transport system, a citywide network descended from old office pneumatic tubes that used to shuttle memos and paperwork around a building. You state your destination, get sucked down the tube feet or head first, and get spat out wherever you're going, completely free of charge, no ticket, no seatbelt, no real guarantee you'll land on your feet, but it beats walking.

Aliens stopped being a novelty generations ago. These days they're coworkers, neighbors, landlords, professors, and occasionally the emperor of some distant species with a taste for showing up uninvited and eating whoever's closest. Robots aren't some separate underclass either; they hold jobs, drink, smoke, and gamble right alongside everyone else. And then there's the Head Museum, an entire building dedicated to keeping historical figures alive as severed heads bobbing in jars, presidents included, some of them dead for centuries and none of them any less opinionated for it.

You are entering this world now, and you could turn up being someone from the 20th or 21st century thawing out a thousand years behind schedule, a DOOP officer keeping the peace (or at least the paperwork), a captain ready to depart, or something a little harder to explain. Doesn't matter much. You will be staying here for ten years and the future's not going to slow down and wait for you to catch up. Here's 1000 CP, and good luck!

Origins

Any Origin can be taken as a Drop-in. You can freely choose your age and gender.

Cryo-Sleeper

You were just some nobody when, through a pizza delivery mishap or freak accident, you got frozen solid and woke up a thousand years later to a world that moved on without you. Everyone you knew is dust. Your job's obsolete. And somehow you've already been roped into working for an interplanetary delivery company run by a giant tentacled monster and staffed by a walking disaster crew. Doesn't matter. The future is bright, and you've got all the time in the world to discover what the future has for you.

Captain

You're in charge, for better or worse, and the crew's fate rests on your one remaining eye (you lost the other one in an accident in outer space). Command doesn't come easy in a universe full of chaos, mutants, and diplomatic incidents waiting to happen, but somehow you've ended up steering the ship anyway. Whether you're a natural leader or barely holding it together, everyone's looking to you the second things go sideways. And in this universe, things always go sideways, usually spectacularly, and usually right when you least expect it.

DOOP Officer

You've enlisted, badge and all, ready to keep the peace across a thousand worlds under the banner of the Democratic Order of Planets. The pay's mediocre, the captains are questionable, and the missions rarely go as briefed. Still, you signed up anyway, and now you're in it, chasing glory, promotion, or whatever passes for both out here. Could be worse. Could be stuck fetching towels for eternity like some other unlucky officers you've heard rumors about.

Robot

Built, not born, you rolled off some assembly line with a purpose stamped into your chassis and a personality nobody bothered to fine-tune. Doesn't matter what you were originally made for, be it bending girders, serving drinks, or something stranger entirely; you're alive enough now to want more than your programming ever intended. Good luck!

Professor

Genius, mad or otherwise, runs in your blood, and the 31st century handed you exactly the kind of lab, budget, and complete lack of oversight needed to indulge it fully. Whatever you dream up, however dangerous, unethical, or nonsensical it sounds on paper, you're building it, safety regulations be damned. Spite fuels half your best inventions. Curiosity fuels the rest. Somewhere along the way you stopped asking "should I" entirely, and honestly, there's no way to say if the universe's better or worse for it.

Bureaucrat

Paperwork is your religion, the Central Bureaucracy your church, and somewhere along the way you became disturbingly good at a job everyone else finds soul-crushing. Stacks of forms don't scare you. They excite you. You've filed things nobody else could find a form for, and enjoyed every second of it. And that's either the most impressive or most concerning thing about you, depending entirely on who you ask, and how recently they've had to deal with your paperwork.

Species



Species [Exclusive for Non-Robot Origins]

You can freely create your own species to be in the world of Futurama or choose to be a canon species in it. If your species has considerable abilities, pay **200 to 400 CP** depending on how powerful they are. As an example, a Martian with Wind manipulation abilities or a Cricketman with Perfect Shapeshifting (from the A Bicyclops Built for Two episode) would cost **400 CP**, while a Decapodian would cost **200 CP**. You cannot be a species stronger than these options.

Robot Chassis [Exclusive for Robot]

If you are a robot, you can freely customize your chassis. A short, non-exhaustive list to get the imagination going:

Bending units: industrial-strength, built for heavy labor and casual crime

Domestic units: household helpers, servants, and undersexed office equipment

Robot Devil-style demons: theatrical, deal-making, opera-loving menaces

Military combat units: built for war, rarely decommissioned properly

Waiter/service units: hospitality bots with questionable people skills

Sexbots: exactly what it sounds like

Miniature/pocket-sized units: small, portable, easy to overlook

Vintage/antique models: clunky, outdated, oddly charming

Corporate mascot units: built for branding, not much else

Robot mafia enforcers: old-school gangsters, complete with suits, fedoras, cigars, and a suspiciously large collection of clamps

Alternatively, you can be a Robot 1-X for **400 CP**, being superior in all physical and mental aspects by 10 times compared to a normal robot.

Locations

You may choose your starting location freely, or roll a 1d6 for an extra [+100].



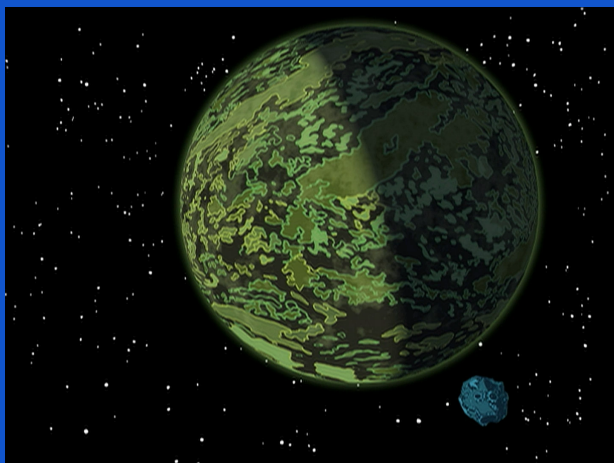
New New York

Welcome to the gleaming metropolis of tomorrow, built directly on top of yesterday's garbage! Marvel at the wonders of the 31st century, like rampant hyper-capitalism, soul-crushing traffic, and incredibly convenient suicide booths on every corner. It's a glittering paradise where you can get mugged by a robot, or run over by a delivery ship. Sure, the police are useless and the air is probably 90% exhaust, but hey, at least you can catch a fresh episode of *All My Circuits*. Truly, humanity has peaked.



Sewers of New New York

Why live in the clean air above when you can enjoy the aromatic subterranean paradise of the sewers? Home to the city's illegally mutated underclass, this scenic wonderland offers flowing rivers of toxic waste and the ruins of 20th-century Manhattan. Try not to get eaten by El Chupanibre or dissolved by radioactive runoff. It's a great spot if you're looking to grow a third arm, get oppressed by surface-dwellers, or just enjoy the ambient green glow of industrial negligence. Truly, a hidden gem for the jumper who thinks sewers are the new penthouses.



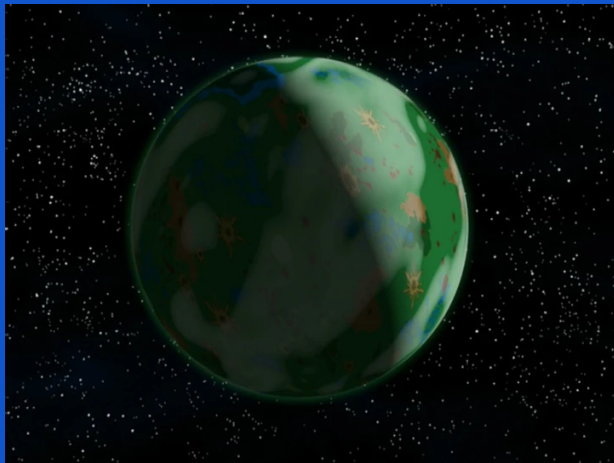
Omicron Persei 8

Welcome to a harsh, barren rock ruled by giant, perpetually angry reptilian warlords. The Omicronians are a highly advanced, deeply rational species whose entire foreign policy revolves around threatening to obliterate Earth over canceled, thousand-year-old television sitcoms. As a puny human (or any other race, honestly), you'll be viewed as either a minor annoyance or a delicious, bite-sized snack. It's a truly magnificent starting location if you enjoy being screamed at by Lrrr, or if your primary survival skill is perfectly reciting 20th-century broadcast trivia to avoid being eaten alive.



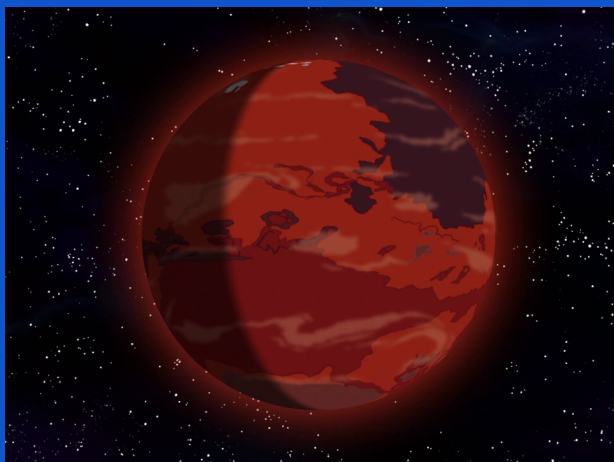
Chapek 9

A lovely, scenic world where the locals are friendly, hospitable, and will instantly murder you if they detect even a single drop of organic blood. Chapek 9 is a utopia for robots who hate organics (which is all of them). If you're made of meat, you'll love the thrilling game of "hide from the killbots" while dodging propaganda about how organics are leaky, disgusting bags of water. To survive, you'll need to wear a trash robot costume and hope nobody asks you to perform simple division by zero. Truly, a metallic paradise.



Amazonia

Ah, Amazonia. A lush, prehistoric jungle ruled by three meters tall Amazonian warrior women who take their orders from a giant, insecure computer. If you're a woman, congratulations, you've hit the jackpot of matriarchal privilege. If you're a man, prepare to be captured, mocked for your pathetic male fragility, and sentenced to execution via relentless pelvic trauma (sex). "Death by Snu-Snu" might sound like a fun way to die right up until your femurs snap like dry twigs. Enjoy your stay in this feminist utopia, and maybe pack a heavy-duty hip brace.



Mars

Mars is the dusty red jewel of the solar system, mostly owned by the staggeringly rich and morally bankrupt Wong family. Forget about exploring majestic canyons; the only real attraction is Mars University, where higher education takes a backseat to legendary frat shenanigans. Or, if this isn't your idea of a quality education, you can always head out to the Wong ranch and spend your days wrangling giant insectoid cattle like some sort of space cowboy who has made several questionable career choices. A fun place to live.

General Perks

Robosexual [Free]

Love, in the year 3000, has stopped caring about the details. You can now form a genuine romantic and physical relationship with anyone or anything you're drawn to, no matter the physical, mental, or spiritual incompatibility standing in the way. Be it a robot without the parts for it, an alien with a completely different biology, an AI with no body at all, a being of pure energy, a sentient planet, it doesn't matter. Whatever the gap is between you and the object of your affection, physical, mental, or otherwise, it simply isn't a problem anymore. Bodies reconfigure, wavelengths sync up, biology finds a workaround, and however unlikely the pairing looks on paper, it works in practice. With this, even a bending unit could have a fulfilling relationship with a human woman (though not a monogamous one, you know how these bending units are).

I'm Going Back in Time to Kill Hitler [Free/200 to Keep]

Time travel in this universe happens constantly, and with all the frequency of Professor Farnsworth creating some catastrophically irresponsible, whether that's licking the mummified head of a former president in a jar, building some time contraption that only goes forward, or doing some popcorn in a microwave while travelling near a supernova. How does anyone survive this level of chronological chaos? Simple: the power of convenience, and now, you've got that power too. The rules of time travel, whatever they technically are, will always bend themselves to work out in your favor. Build a machine that can only travel forward, and somehow get stranded impossibly far into the future? Don't panic, just keep going, and eventually, the universe will loop back around to exactly where you started, no worse for wear. Use some precious, one-time-only mineral to travel backward? You'll land exactly on the date you meant to, down to the second, no matter how vague or reckless your intentions were going in. Accidentally go back in time and kill your own grandfather, unraveling your entire existence in the process? Don't sweat it, just strike up a romantic relationship with your grandmother instead, and reality will stitch itself back together just fine, even if the family reunions are going to be unbearably awkward from now on. No matter how reckless, nonsensical, or downright catastrophic your time travel shenanigans get, the universe will always find some absurd, convenient loophole to make sure you walk away intact, timeline mostly preserved, and headed toward wherever you were trying to go all along.

31st Century Genetics [100, Free for Professor, Captain and DOOP Officer]

Medicine has come a long way by the 31st century, and you're reaping every last benefit of it. First off, whatever genetic lottery you were originally dealt has been rewritten: no hereditary diseases, no defects, no weird inherited quirks waiting to ruin your forties. Second, you're just a cut above the average member of your species in every measurable way: a little stronger, a little sharper, a little more resilient, the whole package bumped up a notch across the board, sexual assets very much included. Nothing dramatic or superhuman, just consistently, noticeably better than baseline. And third, the small stuff that makes life pleasant: you don't smell bad, ever, no matter how long the shift or how questionable the shower situation (though if someone dumps garbage on you or you decide to roll around in a sewer, you'll still smell exactly like garbage or sewer). Packing on fat takes considerably more effort than it used to, no matter how badly you eat. And your natural lifespan now stretches out to a solid 250 years, so you've got plenty of time to enjoy all of the above.

Career Chips and Good Skills [100]

The 31st century has a long, proud tradition of slapping people into jobs they have absolutely no business doing, like handing a delivery boy a spaceship, making a one-eyed woman fly said spaceship, or letting an entire bureaucratic career hinge on arbitrary grade rankings that go up or down based on technicalities rather than actual skill. Normally, that ends in disaster, but you're the glitch in that system. The instant you're officially assigned to a job, handed a uniform, given a title, slotted into a role, issued one of those little career-defining chips, whatever the method of assignment happens to be, you immediately, seamlessly gain everything required to do that job with total, unshakeable competence. You will immediately gain all the skills, muscle memory, and even the tedious bureaucratic know-how to do your job as best as you can be. With this, you will never have to fear being handed a job you have no idea how to do. Quite useful.

A Found Family of Freaks [100]

"Our crew is replaceable, your package isn't." Actually, that's a lie. The core of this universe isn't the sci-fi, it's the people you share it with, and you've got a supernatural talent for finding exactly the right kind of misfits to share it with. Something about your presence draws them in like a magnet: outcasts nobody else wanted, orphans who never had anywhere to belong, lonely robots convinced nobody could ever love a bending unit, unfrozen relics from another century still figuring out which way is up, and every flavor of weirdo in between. One way or another, they end up on your crew, in your orbit, in your life, and once they're there, they're not leaving. It doesn't matter how much they bicker, insult each other, steal from the breakroom, or casually threaten to sell each other's organs for scrap money. Underneath all of that noise sits a loyalty so absolute it might as well be a law of physics. Take the single most dysfunctional group of workplace hazards imaginable, put them under your roof, and give it time, and you'll end up with a family willing to fly to the very edge of the universe, throw down against armadas, and punch out cosmic beings who think they're above consequences, all just to bring one of their own back home safe.

Subterranean Mutant [100]

New New York was built directly on top of Old New York, and everything the surface didn't want - the toxic sludge, the radioactive scraps, the people nobody filed the right paperwork for - got quietly swept downstairs with it, where it's apparently been throwing its own block parties ever since. You're one of the sewer's proud residents, and the sewers are your kingdom, glowing puddles and all. You are completely immune to all forms of toxins, radiation, disease, and biological hazards.

You could swim laps in a vat of glowing industrial runoff, eat radioactive waste off the ground, breathe air thick enough to choke anyone else, and walk away without a single side effect. If anything, you'd come up feeling better than when you went in, like the sludge was doing you a favor. And the same tolerance also comes with the benefit of an innate, flawless sense of direction underground, so you will never get lost in the sewers, unlike every surface-dweller who's ever wandered down here looking for a lost wallet, a missing pet, or, inexplicably, a decent apartment, and simply never been seen again. And, at last, you will find out that you have no outward signs of mutation, unlike most of your fellow sewer mutants. You could stroll through the sunniest street in New New York, and not a single person would peg you as someone who spends their nights swimming through glowing sludge. It's the best of both worlds.

Sugar, Clones, Bones, and Happy Homes. These Were The Ingredients... [100]

Professor Farnsworth once cloned himself a son, hoping for a perfect little copy to carry on his legacy, and instead got Cubert, a bratty, ungrateful clone who resents him at every turn. Fry once hatched an egg hoping for a cute pet bird, and instead got Mr. Peppy, a corrosive, acid-spewing bone vampire that tore Bender's arm clean off. And yet, against all odds and despite objectively terrible starting conditions, both of those relationships turned out fine, in their own deeply weird way. This perk guarantees you that outcome, minus most of the property damage. Anything you take under your wing from the moment of its creation - a clone fresh out of the tank, an egg of unknown and possibly monstrous origin, an actual child - will grow up to genuinely respect you and become the best version of itself, regardless of how chaotic, destructive, or downright horrifying the process looks along the way. It won't be neat, easy and there will probably be at least one incident involving acid, an ex-girlfriend, or an entire alien species out for blood. But somehow, in the end, it always works out, and they'll always love you for it.

What is Cuteness if not Hypnosis? [200]

Are you perhaps a cute space cat? A charming hypnotoad? Maybe just a freaky alien? Doesn't really matter. Whatever the source, your eyes now carry a hypnotic pull that borders on supernatural, capable of bending minds the second someone makes the mistake of actually looking into them. Lock gaze with a target, and they're yours, fully compliant, following whatever commands you give without question, hesitation, or a shred of suspicion that anything's wrong. Doesn't matter how outrageous the order is: hand over their wallet, dance on the table, forget they ever met you, they'll do it. The catch is that it only lasts as long as the connection does. Break their focus, maybe with a loud noise, a hard shove, something shinier stealing their attention, and the trance shatters instantly, leaving them blinking, confused, and with no memory of the last few minutes. Get them looking, and there's genuinely nothing they won't do for you. This can be toggled off in case you don't want to hypnotize people all the time.

Precrime [200]

Somewhere deep in your programming, or perhaps stitched directly into your neurons, sits an archive of every crime ever recorded in human history, cross-referenced with the actual brain cells of history's greatest detectives, all working together in perfect harmony. The result: you can predict any crime that's going to happen within the next three days with a flat 99% accuracy rate. And unlike some cursed psychics who can't turn the visions off, this is entirely under your control (so you can turn it off if you wish. Some people would ask why you'd want an ability like that at all, even with an off switch, given the sheer weight of what you might see. And to them I say: knowing is always better than not knowing, especially when you get to pick the moment. Stop a robbery before it happens and play the hero, warn the right people at the right time, or simply steer clear of wherever trouble's about to erupt and let it sort itself out without you in the blast radius. Curse or gift, that's really just a matter of perspective.

Head in a Jar [200]

By the year 3000, decapitation isn't the career-ending event it used to be; it's practically a retirement plan. Half of history's greatest minds are currently bobbing around in jars at a museum somewhere, still bickering with each other centuries later, and you're about to join their ranks. So long as your head stays relatively intact, losing the rest of you just isn't the dealbreaker it is for everyone else. You'll just be a head now, fully aware, fully capable of speech, and mildly, perpetually annoyed at the inconvenience of it all. In fact, the same trick works on other people too: anyone you decapitate suffers the exact same fate rather than the usual one, head intact and still very much alive, still talking, still capable of feeling every bit as inconvenienced as you are. The catch is that surviving the initial decapitation is one thing, but staying that way indefinitely is another. Without a jar or some other form of conservation to hook them up to, sooner or later they'll actually die like anyone else would (including you). Luckily, both your own and others' heads can be seamlessly reattached to a new cloned body, a fresh robotic chassis, or honestly whatever's on hand, all without a shred of nerve damage or awkward adjustment period. Whoever's doing the reattaching, you or them, everyone involved picks right back up where they left off, fully functional and fully mobile, with the only real cost being a story they'll be telling for the rest of their considerably extended lives.

Intergalactic Delivery Boy [200]

It's remarkably easy to get lost in the far future, especially if you've just been thawed out after a thousand years on ice with no idea how any of this works anymore. Don't worry, your intuition has you covered. No matter where you are in the universe, planets renamed, dimensions folded, entire star systems relocated by some rogue black hole with zero consideration for mail carriers, you instantly know the single most efficient route to wherever you need to go, given nothing more than an address, a name, or a target location. Handy if you've just taken a job as a delivery boy with a company that seems to specialize in sending you to the worst places imaginable, or simply useful if you're trying to navigate a completely unfamiliar millennium without ending up eaten by something, robbed by something, or accidentally married to something.

Snu-Snu Survivor [200]

Legend has it that entire generations of would-be adventurers have met their end the exact same way, grinning ear to ear right up until the very last second. You will not be joining their ranks. You now possess a level of physical endurance that borders on the absurd, and, perhaps most importantly, an unbreakable pelvis, a detail that will matter far more often than you'd think. Not only are you resistant to crushing impacts that would flatten a normal person into a fine paste, you will find out that you can survive, endure (and dominate) any type of sexual activity, no matter the strength or size of your partner. Even if twenty three-meter-tall amazons were to have an enthusiastic amorous encounter with you, you would simply walk away sore, but completely ready to do it all again, and with your partners completely satisfied. As an extra benefit, you may choose to make it so bigger partners keep finding their way into your life no matter how improbable that may be.

Gender Bender [200]

Somewhere out in the cosmos sits a wise rock being who once delivered some long, ponderous speech about superior genders, tests of worthiness, and probably something about size mattering in ways that made everyone uncomfortable. Frankly, the specifics are fuzzy. What matters is that you walked away from that encounter with something considerably more useful than a life lesson: the ability to manipulate gender itself, freely and completely. Point this ability at anyone, yourself included, and you can turn a man into a woman, a woman into a man, or strip gender away entirely, leaving someone comfortably, completely genderless if that's what's called for. It's not an illusion, and it's not some temporary costume change either; the transformation is real, total, and as far as biology, chemistry, and reproduction are concerned, exactly as if that person had always been that way. Now the question you should be asking yourself is: should I have that much power? The answer, obviously, is yes. And honestly? You're going to have way too much fun with it.

From a Hobo to an Iron Chef [200]

Somewhere out there, some grizzled, possibly-not-entirely-sane hobo took one look at you and decided you had the makings of a true culinary genius, then proceeded to teach you everything he knew in what was probably a single, deeply unsanitary afternoon. Whatever he did, it worked. You are now one of the finest chefs alive, capable of turning literally any ingredient, no matter how inedible, into a perfect meal. And when we say any ingredient, we mean it. Hand you an old leather shoe, and you'll come back twenty minutes later with a warm, flaky pie that's fully digestible, genuinely delicious, and smells incredible wafting out of the oven. But your talents don't stop in the kitchen. You've also unlocked a strange kind of mastery, a "zen," available to you in any skill, so long as the sense normally associated with that skill is taken out of the equation entirely. Go blind, and suddenly you're the greatest painter alive, every brushstroke landing with impossible precision despite seeing nothing at all, or the deadliest swordsman in the room, striking true without ever needing to look. Go deaf, and you compose symphonies of staggering genius purely from feel and instinct, Beethoven included as your least surprised fan. Lose your sense of taste entirely, and somehow that's exactly when your cooking becomes truly transcendent...

Surgeon, Cyberneticist, Xenobiologist, Doctor [200]

Medical school on Earth technically still hands out diplomas to anyone who shows up enough times, which is how the galaxy ended up with doctors like Zoidberg still practicing after all these years. You, somehow, actually paid attention during those classes. You are one of the finest medical minds of the 31st century, mastering practically everything the field has to throw at you. Cybernetic implants? You'll wire them in clean, functional, and without accidentally connecting someone's arm to their sense of smell. Catastrophic wounds that would have anyone else reaching for a body bag? A few well-chosen drugs and steady hands, and the patient's up and walking by dinner. Plastic surgery precise enough to give a cyclops a completely normal, two-eyed human face? Just another appointment on your schedule. As for diseases, viruses, and weird space plagues picked up on some backwater moon? All curable under your skill. In fact, this makes you generally competent at any field of medicine that may have been invented in the 31st century, no matter how obscure, experimental, or downright bizarre it sounds. Xenobiology, nanomachine surgery, cross-species organ transplants, robotic-organic hybrid anatomy, whatever weird branch of medicine some university thought up last Tuesday, you'll have it down cold. With skill like that, there's no ship, station, or backwater colony in the galaxy that wouldn't pay top credit just to keep you on staff. Just don't be like Zoidberg.

Use The Chi, Fry! [200]

Perhaps you've heard of an energy field created by all living things, one that surrounds us, penetrates us, and binds the whole universe together? Of course, I'm talking about the Force - I meant chi, and it gives incredible abilities, chief among them the ability to hear what other people are thinking, whether they meant to share it or not. With it, you can cheat at cards, sense lies a half-second before they leave someone's mouth, or hear the grocery list of someone standing three meters away, thinking very hard about whether they remembered to buy eggs. It's not a curated broadcast: you get everything, the useful and the useless in equal measure, and it's on you to sort a genuine threat from a jingle somebody can't get out of their head. The real surprise is that it works on robots too, so you will be able to know if the bending unit is trying to trick you or if the bartending unit two stools down has been sneaking sips of the good motor oil again.

Bite My Shiny Metal Friend [200]

There's something about you, some indefinable, unearned charm that robots just can't resist, the exact same energy that turned a random delivery boy into best friends with a thieving, beer-guzzling bending unit within about five minutes of meeting him. Robots, regardless of personality, programming, or however many times they've sworn off organic life forms as "meatbags" not worth their time, will find themselves genuinely, inexplicably drawn to you. It's not mind control, and it's not some cheap loyalty override either. They'll like you for real reasons, like your humor, your company, or even your weird habit of getting into trouble that somehow makes life more interesting. Grumpy service bots will warm up, cold A.I.s will develop something suspiciously close to affection and even robots hardwired to be hostile toward organics will find themselves making an exception, just for you. Whatever you've got, it works on wiring and code just as well as it works on flesh and blood, and somewhere out there, a rustbucket with a bad attitude and a good heart is probably already looking for you.

Mom's Friendly Corporate Monopoly [400]

You are, without a shadow of a doubt, a genius of the most cutthroat, ruthless brand of capitalism imaginable, and you've got the unbreakable PR shield to match. Drop you into literally any industry, be it robotics, agriculture, interstellar shipping, or even artisanal cheese, and within months you'll have carved out a total, unshakeable monopoly, with all your competitors quietly bankrupted, buried, or bought out before they even realize what hit them. But the real magic isn't the business acumen, it's the reputation. No matter how genuinely evil, exploitative, or flagrantly illegal your business practices happen to be, the general public will always, unfailingly see you as a sweet, harmless, endlessly likable figure who couldn't possibly mean any harm. Underpay your workers into indentured servitude? Just a quirky company tradition. Get caught dumping toxic waste into a public reservoir? Must be a misunderstanding, everyone loves you too much to believe it. You could unleash an army of homicidal robots live on television, casually monologue about your plans for total world domination in the same breath, and the public will simply chuckle, assume it's a bold new marketing campaign, and go right back to buying your products by the truckload. What can you say? Everyone loves mom! Or dad.

I Ain't Afraid of No Ghost [400]

Turns out the cosmology of the far future has plenty of room for robot ghosts, and honestly, who are you to question it? And if there's room for robot ghosts, well, why should flesh and blood get left out of the afterlife party? Robot or human, when you die, you don't just cease to exist. You become a genuine ghost, and it's actually a pretty sweet deal. You can float straight through walls and fly around wherever you please. Robots can possess machinery, hijacking anything from a toaster to a starship just by drifting inside it and taking the wheel, while flesh and blood ghosts get the equivalent trick with people instead, slipping into some unsuspecting soul and taking them for a joyride. Haunting your old friends, messing with your enemies' equipment (or bodies), or just floating around observing the world from beyond the grave (so to speak) is all fair game, whether you left behind flesh or circuitry. And when you're ready to stop being spooky and rejoin the land of the functional, you can choose to be resurrected back into a body, fully restored, like a 1UP from beyond. The catch: this only works once every ten years, so you'll want to save that resurrection for when it really counts, and spend the rest of your ghostly downtime causing as much friendly chaos as possible.

NIXON'S BACK, BABY! [400]

Somewhere, in a jar of blue liquid, a former (and now) president is still running his mouth about the "silent majority," and something about the sheer force of it rubbed off on you. You've got the same raw, booming, aggressively patriotic charisma that let a disgraced ex-president, dead for years and reduced to a head in a jar, talk his way straight into the office of President of Earth. You know exactly how to work a crowd that wants to be riled up more than it wants to be reasoned with: loud, confident, heavy on promises of striking back at whoever the enemy of the week happens to be, and completely unbothered by whether any of it makes sense under scrutiny. Nobody's scrutinizing, for they're too busy cheering. That's the whole trick, and it works every time. You can win any public election, union vote, or popularity contest through sheer volume, unshakeable confidence, and the kind of crowd manipulation that turns a room full of skeptics into a room full of believers before they've even noticed the platform was empty. It doesn't matter who you're running against, how thin your promises are, or how little you've actually done. Get loud enough, patriotic enough, and confident enough, and the votes just come.

A Deal's a Deal [400]

You spend some quality time in Robot Hell, and you've learned a thing or two from its golden-fiddle-playing master. You are capable of making deals. Real ones, the binding kind, the kind that don't need a lawyer or a loophole to hold up, just your word and theirs. Offer somebody something they want - hands, talent, fame, a second chance, anything at all - and if they take the deal, the deal delivers exactly what was promised. What you ask for in return is entirely up to you, and that's where this perk shows its value: a favor, a soul, a body part, silence, loyalty, whatever the deal is worth to you, it's yours to name, and once they've agreed, they're bound to pay it, same as you're bound to hold up your end. Of course, it won't make a fool sign away his life for nothing; the offer has to actually tempt them. But dangle the right thing in front of the right person, and there isn't a soul in existence who can walk away from your table without signing.

Overclocked [600, 300 for Robots]

Whether through some back-alley cybernetic augmentation job or a few late nights of code optimization, you've unlocked the ability to overclock your own brain up to ten times its normal processing speed. Robots get this one considerably cheaper, for obvious reasons. Flip the switch, and suddenly you're not just thinking faster; you're calculating on a completely different level, crunching trajectories, probabilities, and split-second predictions with the kind of precision that would make a supercomputer jealous. Predicting exactly where a thrown object is going to land, mid-flight, down to the centimeter? Simple. Calculating the odds of a dozen different outcomes in a tense standoff before anyone's even finished their sentence? Done in a fraction of a second. Anticipating what someone's about to say next, word for word, based on nothing but their posture and the first syllable out of their mouth? Child's play. If you're a robot, you could sit there calmly calculating that Mom's homicidal enforcer bots are going to come crashing through that exact window in twenty-eight minutes, hunting you for having this upgrade, then spend the next twenty-seven putting together a flawless plan to turn the tables and capture them instead, timed down to the second. The catch, and there's always a catch, is heat. Running your brain at ten times normal capacity generates an absurd amount of it, and your body, robotic or otherwise, was never built to handle that kind of load for long. Push it too far without some way to cool yourself down, whether that's proper heat sinks, a dunk in freezing water, or just knowing when to shut it off, and you'll cook yourself from the inside out. And who knows, maybe you'll use this perk to find a way to upgrade yourself even further, calculating your own next upgrade before you've even finished installing this one.

Parasites Found [600]

Congratulations, that egg salad sandwich from the truck stop finally caught up with you, or maybe it was something else entirely, but either way, you are now home to an entire microscopic civilization, hyper-intelligent, deeply devoted, and utterly convinced that you are their God. Not a metaphorical god either. As far as they're concerned, your body is the universe, your health is scripture, and their entire society's purpose is serving your continued existence and comfort, tirelessly, devotedly, forever. And they are very, very good at their jobs. Cut yourself? Repaired in seconds. You aren't strong enough to lift that stone block? Your muscles will be optimized. Need to learn something absurdly complex, like playing the holophonon, a piece of music theory, or a foreign language, on short notice? Your tiny worshippers will stimulate the exact neural pathways required, downloading the skill directly into your nervous system like a divine gift bestowed upon their favorite temple, which, again, is you. Best of all, they're entirely symbiotic and completely, unwaveringly loyal to your subconscious will, never once turning against you or exploiting their position for their own gain. Should any other biological invader, hostile bacteria, nasty parasite, or rogue nanotech swarm ever try to move in on their turf, your civilization will throw themselves into full-blown microscopic holy war to defend their god's sacred temple, and they will not lose.

Cryo-Sleeper Perks

Perks for Cryo-Sleeper are discounted 50%, with the [100] perk being free.

Walking on Sunshine [100]

Look, the universe could be collapsing into a black hole, your best friend could be a chain-smoking alcoholic robot who wants to kill you (again), and you could technically be your own grandfather. Yet you'd still be able to find something to grin about, probably a tasty burrito or a rerun of a show you've already seen twelve times. This perk grants you an unshakeable, faintly dopey optimism that laughs in the face of cosmic despair. Existential dread? Never heard of her. Crushing depression? Nah, you're good. The heat death of the universe? Eh, at least you'll get to see how it ends. You are now flat-out immune to despair, depression, cosmic dread, and pretty much anything that might negatively affect your mind (including boredom), not because you're strong or wise, but because your brain apparently runs on the same stuff as a Saturday morning cartoon. Nietzsche would be furious. You'd just shrug and ask if he wants to grab a slice of pizza.

Ideal Employee [200]

Somewhere, some cosmic HR department decided you'd earned permanent immunity from actual work, and honestly, who's going to argue with that? You can slack off at your job forever, napping in supply closets, doing absolutely nothing productive, passing every task off to whoever's nearby, and your paycheck will show up right on schedule every single time, no questions asked, no performance reviews, no getting fired. As far as anyone's concerned, you are the perfect employee. Your stomach, meanwhile, has apparently stopped playing by the normal rules of biology entirely. Nothing you eat can ever harm your health again, full stop, no exceptions. Drink a glass of motor oil, and somehow you'll walk away a little healthier for it, despite there being nothing in motor oil that should sustain a human being. Be it gas station sushi, week-old leftovers, mystery meat of unknown origin and species, all are completely safe, and somehow beneficial. And if you happen to pick up a parasite along the way, don't sweat it. Chances are it'll actually improve your health too, because your body has fully given up on making sense and started operating on vibes alone. You're not going to win any awards for work ethic or nutrition. You're just going to be alive, functional, gainfully employed, and weirdly, inexplicably fine.

One Brainwave Short [400]

Turns out you're missing the delta brainwave: the one responsible for, y'know, higher reasoning, complex thought, that sort of thing. It's why you sometimes forget what you walked into a room for, laugh at a joke a beat too late, or need something explained twice before it clicks. Nothing serious: you're just a little slow on the uptake, a bit dopey, the kind of person who calls it "common sense" and then does the opposite. But that missing brainwave isn't just making you an easy target for jokes: it's making you a complete non-target for anything trying to get inside your head. Telepaths get radio silence. Psychics trying to read you just get static, or nothing at all. As far as their powers are concerned, you might as well not exist. Be it mind control, psychic assaults, brain-drain effects that suck the intelligence right out of a person's skull, none of it works, because there's simply no delta brainwave there to hook into. You are, for all intents and purposes, invisible to anything psychic. And if you wish to do so, you can also voluntarily dial your own intelligence back down to a perfectly average, common level whenever it suits you, a handy option for those rare occasions where some cosmic event, mutant brain parasite, or overzealous scientist bumps you up into genius or hyper-intelligent territory. Because as history has shown time and again, being too smart tends to come with its own miserable side effects: crushing loneliness, insufferable arrogance, and a newfound urge to lecture everyone about how simple-minded they are. So if that ever happens to you, you can just switch it off, take the missing brainwave back for a spin, and go right back to being pleasantly, blissfully dim. Being a little dim has never been such a powerful defense mechanism, or, apparently, such a relief.

Grandfather Paradox [600]

Through a series of events that made sense at the time and absolutely do not hold up to scrutiny, you are now your own grandfather. Congratulations! Family reunions are going to be weird, and there's a solid chance you've been giving yourself terrible advice for decades without realizing it. But here's the upside: being your own ancestor comes with a built-in cosmic safety net. The universe has a deeply vested interest in making sure you don't die, because if you do, you were never born, which means you never went back in time, which means you never became your own grandpa, which means... Well, the universe hates doing math like that. So it doesn't. Instead, reality just quietly makes sure you keep surviving. This manifests as plain old dumb luck: you'll miss the bus that would've gotten you killed, find the one unlocked door in the burning building, or somehow win a bar fight against a guy twice your size purely because he slipped on a banana peel that had no business being there. On top of that, you're now flat-out immune to paradoxes of any kind: temporal, logical, or otherwise. Step on a butterfly, erase your own birth, become causally tangled up with six different versions of yourself across time? The universe just shrugs, patches over the plot hole with duct tape and good vibes, and moves on like nothing happened. You could hand a philosopher a sheet of paper that says "this statement is false" and somehow still walk away the winner. Either way, try not to think about it too hard, or you'll get a headache and possibly unravel your own timeline.

Captain Perks

Perks for Captain are discounted 50%, with the [100] perk being free.

Eye of the Beholder [100]

Captains come in all shapes, sizes, eye counts, and skin tones - sometimes literally, sometimes because they spent the first twenty years of their life hiding in a sewer and lying about it. Doesn't matter if you're a plain old boring human, a three-eyed sewer mutant, a tentacled alien from a planet nobody's heard of, or something else entirely that defies basic biology. None of that surface-level stuff matters one bit. What matters is your heart (or hearts, plural, if that's just how your species rolls). This perk means you will never be judged, dismissed, or held back because of something as shallow as what you look like. Society's usual nonsense about appearances, mutations, and "otherness" just doesn't stick to you.

HI-YAH! [200]

Somewhere out there on Arcturus, they figured out a fighting style so effective it doesn't matter if your opponent outweighs you, out-mutates you, or straight-up outnumbered you. You now know it. Doesn't matter if you're squaring off against a guy three times your size, a mutant with extra arms, or a whole gang of drunk aliens who picked a fight with the wrong one-eyed captain, you'll fold them like a lawn chair, and you'll look incredible doing it. This also gives you the will of the warrior, which will let any martial artist recognize your talent and skill just from looking at you. And yes, you gain this even if you are a woman, so no bug-eyed sensei can deny or dismiss it.

Best Damn Pilot in the Universe [400]

Depth perception is for people who need two eyes to figure out where things are in space. You've got flawless 3D spatial awareness regardless of whether you have two eyes, one eye, blurry vision, or even no eye at all. Your brain just knows exactly where everything is, how fast it's moving, and where it is going to be a second from now. Hand you the controls of literally anything, from a rusted-out delivery ship to a flying brick with a steering wheel duct-taped to it, and you would be able to fly it through the worst asteroid fields, supernovas, or tears in the fourth dimension. You can also intuitively understand the controls of any spaceship too, so even if you find yourself piloting an alien vessel with controls that look like a plate of spaghetti had a fight with a keyboard, you'll figure it out in seconds flat.

The Adult in the Room [600]

Congratulations, you're the one sane person in a universe that seems to run entirely on chaos, bad decisions, and mad scientists who never once ask "should I?" before asking "could I?" You now possess a supernatural, almost unfair level of common sense. Some idiot's doomsday device has an obvious fatal flaw? You'll spot it instantly. An alien wearing the least convincing human disguise imaginable, like a trench coat, a fake mustache, and maybe three guys stacked on top of each other? Everyone else somehow buys it, but not you. And all that ridiculous toon-logic nonsense that usually distracts, confuses, or derails everyone else? You just walk right past it, completely unbothered, like it's not even happening. Because to you, it isn't. And to make everything even better, this is shared with anyone near your vicinity. So you don't have to preoccupy yourself with babysitting every dumb decision your crew is about to make; just keep them within earshot, and for a few crucial moments, even the biggest idiot on board might just do the smart thing.

DOOP Officer Perks

Perks for DOOP Officer are discounted 50%, with the [100] perk being free.

Cut My Toenails, Cadet! [100]

Welcome to DOOP, cadet! Your illustrious career in intergalactic peacekeeping starts now, and your first assignment is serving as personal aide to a captain who treats "assistant" as a synonym for "unpaid manservant." Scrub his back while he bathes, shave his armpits, and any other horrible jobs a cadet may suffer for the bad luck of getting this position. But you see, through this soul-crushing trial by fire, you will develop a superhuman tolerance for humiliation, incompetent leadership, and mind-numbing busywork that would break a lesser cadet within the hour. An insufferable commanding officer who blames every one of his own screwups on you, drags you into his doomed romantic schemes, and casually ruins your career with a straight face while calling you his most loyal friend? You'll take it in stride with the weary calm of someone who has genuinely seen worse. You could serve as a personal aide to the single dumbest, most egotistical captain in the galaxy for decades and come out the other side with your spirit fully, stubbornly intact. The good news is, no matter what job you find yourself in from here on out, there's always a good chance of promotion waiting for you somewhere down the line. Unlike a certain unlucky amphibian who's stuck fetching towels for eternity, you'll actually move up the ladder eventually: a transfer, a battlefield commendation, or just some higher-up finally noticing you exist. Every miserable posting is just a stepping stone now, and you'll never be the one stuck holding the mop forever.

The Most Unforgettable Lay of Your Life (For Worse) [200]

Somewhere out there, a Captain with a chest full of self-awarded medals is currently botching first contact with an alien species, retreating from a battle of his own making, and somehow still ending the episode with someone significantly out of his league on his arm. You've mastered that same seduction technique, so baffling, so cringeworthy, so aggressively unsexy that it loops all the way back around into somehow being effective. Your pickup lines are cheesy enough to give someone a heart attack, your advances are wildly, uncomfortably inappropriate, and your actual physique may be aggressively, forgettably average. But something about the sheer confidence with which you announce your "sexy learning disability" just... works. Through a devastating combination of relentless persistence, expertly weaponized pity, and just enough charisma to override your target's better judgment, you can seduce people massively, laughably out of your league. Be it starship captains, alien nobility, even that one person at the bar who's clearly making a huge mistake, you'll end up victorious and lucky at the end of the night. The catch is that this doesn't do anything for your bed skills, which means your conquest might wake up the next morning with a crushing wave of regret and desperately searching for excuses to pretend it never happened. But that's their problem now. You already got what you wanted, and there isn't a shred of shame in your body to stop you from trying it again tomorrow.

Taking the Credit [400]

Congratulations on your promotion to command, Captain! You'll find it's a truly cushy gig: sit back, put your boots up on the console, eat some grapes, and let the delivery boy and the cyclops handle the part where the universe almost ends. That's what you pay them for, right? Well, actually, you don't pay them at all, but that's beside the point, because when it's all over, none of that matters anyway. This perk grants you a reality-warping, borderline supernatural level of stolen valor. Whenever any team, crew, or army you're even vaguely associated with pulls off something heroic, you will naturally absorb a full 99% of the glory, completely regardless of how little you actually contributed. Slept through the entire crisis? Doesn't matter. Contributed nothing but a badly timed pep talk and some questionable orders? Doesn't matter. The universe will bend over backward to make sure that when the smoke clears, it's your face plastered across every news channel from here to Omicron Persei 8. The President of Earth will hand you the keys to the city, the parade in your honour, while all the other ~~idiots~~ people who actually risked their necks get a polite handshake and maybe a certification of participation, if they're lucky. Congratulations, Captain, you've got the best job in the universe, and you didn't even have to do the work to get it.

For The Universe Always Needs Zapp Brannigan [600]

Commanding a starship is, without question, the hardest job in the galaxy, and like all great responsibilities, it demands a truly great man to bear its burdens. Fortunately, the universe has decided that man is you, and it has excused you from ever facing the consequences of your own incompetence. You are now cosmically, thoroughly immune to accountability of any kind. Blow up DOOP Headquarters with your own flagship's hyperdeath laser? Accidentally surrender an entire war to a species that wasn't even fighting you? Declare open war on your own allies because you mixed up the treaty and the lunch menu? None of it matters, because you are so damn special the court will dismiss all charges, the president will personally shake your hand on the courthouse steps, and the very same officers who watched you cause the disaster will somehow walk away convinced it was actually a masterstroke of unconventional genius. At worst, you'll be discharged for a chapter or two, only to be triumphantly reinstated the moment the galaxy needs a captain again. What can you say? The universe always needs a Zapp Brannigan: someone incompetent enough to lose spectacularly, and beloved enough to never pay for it.

Robot Perks

Perks for Robot are discounted 50%, with the [100] perk being free.

Bending Unit [100]

You rolled off the assembly line built for one purpose: bending girders, and bending them well. That means you come packed with serious industrial-grade strength and precision: the kind that lets you fold a steel girder into a perfect right angle with your bare hands, twist rebar into decorative pretzel shapes just to show off, crush a padlock like it's made of tinfoil, or bend prison bars apart just wide enough to slip through on your way out of yet another wrongful arrest. You're also built tough: getting thrown through a wall, dropped off a building, or run over by a truck isn't going to stop you. You'll dent, sure, maybe lose a limb or two, but you'll get back up and keep going as if nothing happened. All powered by alcohol, which now revitalizes you instead of humans' boring old food and water. Additionally, your body retains any upgrades you cram inside your chassis, and repairing you is as easy as welding your broken pieces together. Post-jump, this may become an alt-form if you wish.

Compartment Space [200]

Somewhere between your fuel tank and your wiring, physics just sort of gave up. Your chest cavity now opens into a genuine pocket dimension: flip it open and stash away as much stuff as you want. Be it stolen goods, priceless artifacts, an entire person who really needs to not be found right now, a rolled-up rug, a full-sized jukebox, it all fits, and it all disappears the second you close the hatch. There's no limit to how much you can cram in there (as long as it isn't bigger than you are), and none of it adds a single kilo to your frame or slows you down in the slightest, as long as it can fit there. You'll walk, run, and fight exactly the same whether you're carrying nothing or an entire black-market warehouse's worth of loot. And naturally, since a good crook needs a good drink, that includes an effectively limitless supply of booze on tap, always cold, always available, always exactly where you left it: right behind your ribcage, next to the guy you're hiding from the cops.

I'm 40% Criminal [400]:

You've got the kind of criminal instincts that can't be taught in any school: the kind you're just born with, wiring and all. You can lie, cheat, steal, pickpocket, and swindle your way through just about any situation without a shred of guilt slowing you down, because guilt was never part of your factory specs to begin with. Wallets and valuables practically jump into your hands without their owners noticing a thing. Locks that would stump a professional pop open for you like they were never locked in the first place. Cards get dealt, and somehow the ones in your hand are always exactly what you need, no matter how closely anyone's watching. Better yet, if there's a scam to be run, such as a con, a hustle, a long game, or a short game, you'll know exactly how to run it, right down to the fine details, the moment the opportunity presents itself. If only Mom could see you, she would probably deactivate you for not cutting her in on first.

MomCorp Backup Unit [600]

Every self-respecting MomCorp robot rolls off the line with a little insurance policy tucked away somewhere in the factory: a functional backup unit, and now, so do you. Get blown up, melted down, atomized into your component atoms, doesn't matter. As long as that backup unit is intact somewhere out there, you'll wake up good as new in a fresh body the very next day, memories, personality, and questionable life choices fully preserved. The catch is that MomCorp never said this would be convenient. You're responsible for stashing that backup unit somewhere safe, and it doesn't come with a body attached, meaning after you inevitably die again, you'll need to scrounge up some kind of robotic chassis to actually install it into, whether that's a proper replacement unit, a rusted-out old shell you found in a junkyard, or, in a pinch, whatever's lying around that can technically hold your consciousness. Once you're back up and running, don't worry about being caught without a safety net twice: a brand new backup unit gets generated automatically, ready to be hidden away for the next inevitable catastrophe.

Professor Perks

Perks for Professor are discounted 50%, with the [100] perk being free.

“Good News, Everyone!” [100]

You possess a strange, grandfatherly authority: the kind that makes people stop what they're doing and listen the second you clear your throat, even if what follows makes absolutely no sense. Doesn't matter that your "good news" is actually catastrophic, borderline illegal, or involves someone's imminent death. Say it with enough warmth and enthusiasm, and folks will nod along, half-smiling, genuinely unsure if they should be worried or thrilled. This authority comes with a baffling kind of trust: people will believe your wild claims, follow your bizarre instructions, and generally treat you like a wise old mentor even if you've got the judgment of a caffeinated toddler. Announce that you're sending someone on a suicide mission, and they'll thank you for the opportunity. Reveal a plan that's clearly going to end in disaster, and everyone will still cheer like they just won the lottery. What can you say? Turns out nobody needs a genius. They just need somebody's sweet old grandpa telling them it's all going to be fine.

Wernstrom! [200]

Spite, it turns out, is the single most powerful motivator in the entire universe, and you've got it in spades. The moment you've got a rival, someone doubting you, mocking you, or worse, beating you at something, you don't get discouraged. You get twice as good, in all aspects (from intelligence to creativity to even physical strength), instantly, purely out of sheer stubborn refusal to let them win. In fact, if you are a genius, you could even invent a borderline-impossible device with an all-nighter of spite and hatred just to prove someone wrong or to wipe the smirk off some rival's face at the big science convention. Never bet against a person with something to prove, because nothing in this universe burns hotter, or produces better results, than a good old-fashioned grudge.

Anything I Can Dream, I Can Build [400]

Give a normal scientist a lab, and they'll spend the next decade filling out grant applications, hiring assistants, and slowly, painstakingly assembling something that mostly works most of the time. Give you a lab, and none of that applies. As long as you've got some kind of laboratory to call your own, however cluttered, however held together by duct tape and mystery stains, you can build literally anything that would fall within your actual field of expertise, no matter how much material, manpower, or time it would normally take. Need a machine that can smell the entire galaxy? You'll have a working prototype by tomorrow afternoon, no assistants required, no impossible parts list, no waiting on shipments from three star systems away. Something normally needing a thousand engineers and a decade of research just needs you, a workbench, and whatever's lying around that vaguely resembles the components you need. The laws of manufacturing, logistics, and basic common sense simply don't apply once you're standing in your lab with an idea in your head. If it's something you could plausibly build given infinite time and resources, you can and will build it here, usually overnight, usually while cackling, and usually without a single safety precaution in sight. Just don't expect the lab to hand you competence in a field you never actually studied.

Moving the Universe Around [600]

You are, without question, without competition, without so much as a close second, the greatest genius of the 31st century. Physics, as a set of rules everyone else has to follow, simply isn't your problem anymore. Your mind conceives of technology that violates the laws of the universe purely because you find it amusing to do so, and reality, grudgingly, goes along with it. Build a machine that can smell the entire galaxy, despite the fact that smell fundamentally does not, cannot, and should not work like that across trillions of kilometers of vacuum? Done, and it works great. Parallel realities, folded up neatly and stored in a small box on your workbench? Sure, why not. Time travel, casually invented on a Tuesday afternoon because you were bored? Consider it invented. Anything your gloriously unhinged mind can dream up, no matter how many fundamental laws of the universe it stomps all over, becomes real, functional, and somehow still vaguely explainable with enough hand-waving and confusing jargon. And if crazy science inventions bore you, you could always dabble in the field of life itself, easily resurrecting dead people, creating nanobots that hyper-evolve into entire civilizations by the following Tuesday, cloning yourself, or simply making monsters just for fun. Frankly, your only limits are your sanity. And honestly, that was optional to begin with.

Bureaucrat Perks

Perks for Bureaucrat are discounted 50%, with the [100] perk being free.

Never Forget the Filing [100]

The first thing any good bureaucrat learns, right after "always stamp in triplicate" and "never trust a form without a signature," is that organization is everything. Focus is everything. Never, ever forgetting what put you on this path in the first place is everything. Which is exactly why you've now been blessed with the single greatest gift a bureaucrat could ever ask for: eidetic memory. Your mind now runs like the world's best-organized filing cabinet, and unlike literally every filing cabinet that has ever existed, nothing in here ever gets misplaced, smudged, or accidentally shredded by an overzealous intern. Every memory you've ever had, every conversation, every stray detail, every form you've ever filed, gets archived instantly, labeled, cross-referenced, and ready for retrieval the moment you need it. Need to recall the exact wording of a conversation from six years ago, word for word? Pull the file, and it's there, instantly, no gaps, no "I'm pretty sure that's what they said." Your brain has officially become the one bureaucracy that actually works efficiently, and that is something to be proud of.

Limbo Champion [200]

You've got the kind of spine-bending, joint-defying flexibility that would make an Olympic limbo champion weep with jealousy. Lowering your body down to mere centimeters off the ground isn't a struggle; it's basically your resting state now. Security laser grids crisscrossing a hallway like something out of a heist movie? Slide right under them without so much as brushing a beam. Low-hanging pipes, falling debris, a door that's closed but not quite touching the floor? All just limbo bars now, and you've never met one you couldn't get under. Best of all, none of this comes with the usual price tag of contorting your body into shapes it was never meant to make. So no joint pain, no pulled muscles, no morning-after regret creaking through your back for you.

By Order of the Central Bureaucracy [400]

The Central Bureaucracy administers the paperwork of the entire planet, and as one of their auditors, you carry a sliver of their terrifying, all-encompassing authority. If a location has filed paperwork sitting somewhere inside it, be it a maximum-security Pentagon vault or a corporate headquarters buried under three layers of biometric locks, that paperwork itself becomes your universal key. Doors will unlock. Security systems will scan your ID, find "AUDITOR" stamped somewhere on it, and wave you through without a second thought. Guards who would tackle anyone else on sight will simply step aside, because arguing with an auditor is a paperwork nightmare nobody wants to deal with. Once you're inside, you develop a sixth sense for paperwork, an almost supernatural awareness of exactly where every filed document, form, ledger, and dusty forgotten record is hidden in the building, whether it's in a filing cabinet, a locked safe, or shredded and stuffed in an evidence locker. And once you've found it, no security measure on earth will stop you from accessing it. Encrypted databases, armed guards, laser grids- doesn't matter. The Central Bureaucracy's authority flows through you, and there is no vault in existence more powerful than the sheer, soul-crushing weight of proper documentation.

Bureaucrat Grade 38 [600]

In the Central Bureaucracy, rank isn't handed out; it's earned through sheer, obsessive love of paperwork, and most bureaucrats spend their whole careers stuck around Grade 19, filing forms and treating people like swine because that's just what the job demands. You, on the other hand, walked so far past that scale you make Number 1.0 himself nervous. Hand you the most soul-crushing mountain of paperwork imaginable - tax forms, legal documents, filing cabinets stuffed with decades of bureaucratic nightmares - and you'll blow through it with the speed and precision of a hundred men working in perfect, caffeinated unison, sorting an entire tube-load of misfiled forms fast enough to find one specific brain-disk buried at the very bottom. But your talent doesn't stop at your own desk. Put you in charge of any organization, big or small, and its efficiency skyrockets to a practically supernatural 99%, with waste and incompetence evaporating like they were never there to begin with. You could walk into the worst-run forced labor camp in the galaxy, all groaning inefficiency and wasted manpower, and restructure the entire operation so thoroughly that a single competent worker could run the whole thing solo, to the benefit of everyone in the camp who will now have time to go to their families while one unlucky bad guy does all the work. To you, bureaucracy might as well be a superpower in your hands.

Items

You have a 300 CP stipend to spend here. You can freely import items. Locations may be imported or recreated in future jumps as Warehouse attachments, if you wish. Items destroyed or lost restore themselves in three days. You can discount two items per price tier except the 800 one, of which you get no discounts. Discounted 50 and 100 CP items become free.

The Fing-Longer [50]

A glove apparatus that allows you to operate buttons, switches, and machinery from vast distances without ever having to get out of your chair. An upgraded iteration of the classic prototype, this enhanced version fluidly extends and retracts to any length on command, giving you the exact reach needed to trigger a distant control panel, press a suspiciously tempting big red button from a safe distance, or adjust a dial across the room. Quite useful.

The Complete Television Archive [50]

This digital vault contains literally every single TV show, movie and broadcast produced from ancient 20th-century antiquity all the way through the end of the third millennium. Whether you want to binge forgotten prehistoric sitcoms like Single Female Lawyer, lose yourself in the dramatic pauses of All My Circuits, or mindlessly stare at three uninterrupted days of Hypnotoad, it's all here in pristine high definition. Better yet, the archive constantly updates itself in real-time, automatically absorbing every show, film, and media release produced at the present or in future jumps. Pretty useful if you want to placate giant alien conquerors over a cliffhanger finale, or to simply ensure you never have to interact with real life ever again.

Youth Tar [100]

A vat filled with bubbling, searing hot tar. Despite burning like hell (metaphorically), it literally blasts the age right out of anyone submerged in it. The longer you stay in, the further your biological clock rewinds. Just set an alarm: soak for too long and you'll quickly de-age past your prime into a screaming infant.

Essence of Pure Flavor [100]

Few gifts are as valuable as a vial gifted to you by a crazy hobo who claims to have once been the greatest chef in the universe. Adding just a single drop of this shimmering liquid to any dish - no matter how horribly burnt, utterly toxic, or downright nauseating it might be - instantly transforms it into a mind-blowing masterpiece of divine taste capable of bringing master chefs to their knees. Whether you are attempting to win a high-stakes galactic cooking competition using a plate of literal garbage or simply trying to make toxic alien slop palatable, a splash of this miracle concoction ensures anyone who eats your food will weep tears of unadulterated joy, blissfully ignorant of the chemical horrors hiding beneath the flavor.

Robot Arms Apartments [100]

A cozy residential unit located in New New York's premier, heavily neglected apartment complex built specifically for synthetic residents. Designed strictly around robot proportions, the primary living quarters consist of an ultra-compact, broom-closet-sized room barely wide enough for a chassis to power down standing up. However, opening the closet door reveals an absurdly massive, palatial walk-in storage area: originally intended for stashing spare mechanical parts or pets, but conveniently functioning as a sprawling, multi-room mansion (metaphorically) for any organic human roommate who insists on living with you. Complete with erratic plumbing, sketchy robot neighbors, and a landlord who only manifests to demand rent, it serves as an ideal planetary home base, provided your human freeloaders don't mind the minor indignity of technically sleeping in your closet.

Slurm Factory [200]

Did you know the single most addictive, universally beloved beverage in the entire galaxy is secreted directly from the ass of an enormous, ancient space worm? Now you own the factory that bottles it, complete with the worm itself, the machinery, the secretive underground caverns, and every trade secret required to keep the whole operation running. Slurm is, by any measure, absolutely delicious, addictive, and popular enough to make you a fortune the moment it hits shelves. It practically sells itself, provided, of course, you keep a very tight lid on exactly where it comes from. Keep the secret buried, though, and you've got yourself a wildly profitable, endlessly renewable, mildly horrifying business.

Poppler Hole [200]

Why settle for ordinary fast food when you can harvest a sizzling, bottomless supply of the most wildly addictive snack in the known universe straight out of the dirt? Crunchy, salty, and delivering a burst of culinary ecstasy with a flavor profile that genuinely rivals the pleasure of sex, these bite-sized delicacies will effortlessly satisfy your hunger forever. The minor catch, of course, is that Popplers aren't actually appetizers: they are larval Omicronians, meaning if you leave them sitting in the dirt out of the hole long enough without eating them, they will inevitably hatch into aggressive, razor-toothed infants from Omicron Persei 8 who will immediately start demanding human meat. Just make sure you maintain a high enough consumption rate to keep an alien royal family from launching an armada over your lunch order.

Mayor's Aide Badge [200]

A shiny badge proving you're on official City Hall business. Flashing this around town gets you free meals from local vendors eager to grease the wheels, total immunity from parking tickets and minor police hassles, and a lazy tax loop-hole that registers you as a "vital municipal expense" and exempts you from taxes. It turns out democracy works pretty well when you use it to score free hot dogs and ignore red lights.

Robot Devil's Hands [200]

A pair of sleek, red mechanical hands detached straight from the ruler of Robot Hell. Swapping your own hands out for these grants you supernatural precision, allowing you to perform anything a hand can do a hundred times better. Whether you're playing an instrument you never played before with tear-jerking perfection, picking impossible locks, or performing micro-surgery in a moving vehicle, your dexterity becomes truly transcendent. They say idle hands are the Devil's playthings, but these ones are way too busy being awesome.

Robot Santa (Nice Variant) [200]

Somewhere, some engineer looked at the solar system's usual homicidal, judgment-obsessed Robot Santa and thought, "surely we can do better than this." The result is standing in front of you now: same booming laugh, same red suit, same unsettlingly naughty-and-nice algorithm, but with one critical difference: this one actually likes nice children, and fully intends to reward them for it. Every Christmas, without fail, this Robot Santa will make his rounds, and any child who genuinely qualifies as "nice" gets exactly what they wanted, delivered with warmth, good cheer, and none of the flying sleigh cannons or holiday-themed death threats his more famous counterpart is known for. No impossibly high standards, or judging bad thoughts as capital offenses, just old-fashioned, functional Christmas spirit running on decent code for once.

Planet Express Ship [200/400]

The crown jewel of intergalactic delivery (or at least a very fast green boat). Powered by an engine that moves the entire universe around it rather than moving the ship itself, it can cross a galaxy in a matter of minutes. Inside, it boasts a surprisingly spacious cargo hold and crew quarters, alongside a solid defensive suite of laser cannons and torpedoes. It also comes pre-installed with an autopilot AI featuring a personality and voice of your choosing (just try to keep it from falling obsessively in love with you). For an extra **+200 CP**, your ship comes fitted with a Dimensional Drift upgrade. This allows the ship to shift into an alternate dimension mid-flight, rendering you completely invisible and utterly untouchable to whatever angry space pirates or heat-seeking missiles were tailing you.

31st Century Gene Modding Clinic [200]

A sleek, fully-staffed genetics clinic, portable enough to set up shop in any jump you land in, offering a full genetic overhaul to anyone who walks through the door, willing patient or unconscious test subject, doesn't matter. Hereditary diseases, defects, and inherited quirks get quietly edited out entirely. Physical baseline gets bumped up a notch across the board, strength, sharpness, resilience, and yes, the sexual assets too, nothing dramatic, just consistently better than where they started. Body odor becomes a thing of the past, packing on fat becomes considerably harder no matter how poor the diet, and natural lifespan stretches out to a comfortable 250 years. The clinic runs on its own equipment, doesn't require your personal involvement to operate, and can process as many patients as you're willing to schedule in. Open it up for business and it'll turn a nice, steady profit on its own. Or, if profit isn't the goal, just run your crew, allies, and anyone else you care about through the clinic, and enjoy having a team that's just a little bit better at everything, forever.

Parabox [400]

A plain cardboard box containing an entire parallel reality: an alternate mirror of your own world. You decide the core divergence upon acquiring it: perhaps a major historical event never happened, everyone flipped coin tosses differently, or the entire cosmos is populated exclusively by women. You can freely reach inside or climb through to travel between your universe and this alternate dimension, where a matching box sits waiting to bring you back. In future jumps, you can choose to update the box to mirror your new universe, picking a brand-new divergence each time. Just be careful not to throw it into the sun.

Dark Matter Farm [400]

A sprawling, faintly disgusting operation built around one simple, deeply unglamorous truth: dark matter, the densest, most valuable fuel source in the known universe, comes out the ass of small, fuzzy, adorable alien creatures called Nibblonians. Feed them enough, and they'll produce more of the stuff than anyone quite knows what to do with. The farm itself is fully automated by robots and self-sustaining, housing enough Nibblonians, and enough food to keep them constantly, enthusiastically eating, that the resulting output is enough to fuel an entire planet's worth of space fleets without ever running dry. The profit margins are obscene since dark matter only comes from Nibblonians, and Nibblonians are rare, reclusive creatures nobody else has managed to farm, breed, or even properly locate in any meaningful numbers. Sell it at a fraction of the going rate and still turn an obscene profit, or corner the market entirely and set your own price. Either way, you're sitting on the single most valuable resource in the known universe, and the supply never runs dry.

Cryogenic Lab [400]

A pristine, fully-equipped cryogenic facility, supernaturally protected against fire, flood, collapse, time, or basically anything else that might otherwise turn a thousand-year-old storage unit into a pile of rust and regret. The one thing it won't protect is you specifically hiding out inside it, so don't bother trying to use it as your own personal panic room. The lab comes fully stocked with six occupied pods, already holding six people of your choosing, so long as they're from a modern enough era to have plausibly had access to cryogenic technology in the first place. Pick whoever you like, historical figures, old friends, that one coworker you've always wondered about, and they'll already be there, frozen and waiting, ready to be thawed out whenever you decide the moment's right. And if you ever decide to use one of those pods on yourself, planning on sleeping through the next thousand years just to see how things turn out, the lab will still be standing exactly as you left it when you wake up, no matter what happens to the world outside its walls in the meantime. Welcome to the world of tomorrow!

The What-If Machine [400]

A bulky, CRT-style apparatus with a hand crank that projects flawless visual simulations in response to any hypothetical scenario you pitch to it. By simply turning the crank and asking a "What if...?" question, the machine renders a fully detailed, accurate video depiction showing exactly how events would unfold under those specific conditions. Whether you need to test the tactical outcome of a complex battle plan before executing it, preview the far-reaching consequences of a major choice, or just satisfy your curiosity about what would happen if you were five hundred feet tall, the device provides an infallible look into alternate realities without risking any actual consequences in your own timeline.

Dr. Flimflam's Miracle Cream [400]

A tube of dubious ointment straight from the back of a snake-oil wagon. Slathering this stuff onto a human grants legitimate comic-book superpowers for six hours at a time, massively boosting your strength, speed, durability, dexterity and constitution. You can sprint as fast as an express tube, shrug off a point-blank laser blast without a mark, and casually punch your way through a concrete wall. Each jar holds roughly two week's worth of applications (or significantly less if you're slathering it on around the clock) and automatically replenishes monthly. Just keep an eye on the clock, because reverting to a squishy regular human mid-heroic leap is a terrible way to go out.

Sovereign World [400]

Why settle for governing normal, productive citizens when you can inherit an entire planet populated by aggressively quirky weirdos? Upon purchase, you become the undisputed leader and absolute landlord of a fully functioning civilization tailored to your aesthetic tastes. You might choose a red-dusted frontier world populated by indigenous Martians herding giant Buggalo, the sunken sub-oceanic paradise of Atlanta where Coca-Cola-mutated mermaid-citizens party underwater, or the towering, muscle-bound matriarchy of Amazonia where the judicial system begins and ends with Death by Snu-Snu. Whichever populace you claim, they are completely loyal to your rule, produce unique regional exports, and will happily follow your sovereign domain into future worlds.

Anti-Backwards Crystal [400]

A bizarre piece of cosmic physics disguised as a shiny rock: a non-local meta-particle capable of quantum-linking itself to a specific form of energy material in existence. By attuning this crystal to a target energy source and triggering its anti-backwards reaction, you instantly transmit a setting-wide resonance that renders every single instance of that material completely inert and worthless across the entire universe. Whether you want to instantly collapse a spacefaring empire by turning dark matter totally inert, ruin an industrial civilization's economy by turning petroleum into non-combustible sludge, or neuter a fantasy setting by turning all mana crystals into useless paperweights, this device lets you permanently turn off a realm's main power source at a moment's notice. Quite useful, assuming you're a megalomaniacal maniac who considers plunging an entire world into the Stone Age a completely reasonable response to a mild inconvenience.

Thousand-Year Bank Account [400]

What happens when you leave a meager ninety-three cents in a standard savings account at a modest interest rate for a full millennium? You wake up a thousand years later to find yourself sitting on an absurd four point three billion dollars in cash. Even accounting for ten centuries of hyper-inflation and futuristic price gouging, this monumental fortune translates into mind-boggling purchasing power: enough to easily buy up extinct ancient delicacies like the solar system's last tin of anchovies, an entire vintage 20th-century pizza parlor, or whatever planetary indulgences catch your fancy. Better yet, this balance seamlessly converts into the dominant local currency of whatever world you find yourself in, guaranteeing you're always the most outrageously wealthy, newly minted billionaire in the room.

Planet Express [400]

A rundown but fully functional interplanetary delivery company, ship, crew roster, questionable business license and all. Dead center of the operation is the Planet Express Ship, battered, held together with duct tape and stubbornness, but perfectly space-worthy, capable of hauling cargo (or people, or the occasional live animal, or something best not asked about) to literally any destination in the known universe, no matter how remote, hostile, or bureaucratically nightmarish the delivery address happens to be. Alongside the ship comes the company itself: a cramped, cluttered headquarters doubling as living quarters, a walk-in freezer perpetually full of suspicious leftovers, an office run by a management structure best described as "barely," a stocked lab stuffed floor to ceiling with half-finished inventions, unlabeled chemicals, and at least one machine that definitely shouldn't be plugged in anymore, and a business model that somehow keeps turning a profit despite constant near-death experiences, property damage, and at least one interplanetary incident per fiscal quarter. Whether you use it to actually run a delivery business, or just want a ship, a base of operations, and a built-in excuse to travel anywhere in the galaxy on someone else's dime, Planet Express comes fully equipped and ready to fly, chaos included at no extra charge.

Diamondium/Diamondilium Synthesizer [400]

Why settle for standard titanium when you can synthesize a substance so needlessly indestructible it exists primarily to fuel petty academic rivalries? This heavy industrial generator manufactures a steady, unlimited supply of virtually impervious super-matter, which can be Farnsworth original Diamondium or Wernstrom Diamondilium. Capable of effortlessly withstanding planetary death rays, cosmic anomalies, and the crushing weight of giant alien invaders, this absurd material can be forged into starship hulls, impenetrable body armor, or a ridiculously over-engineered vault. Just try not to get dragged into the screeching, octogenarian debates over whose trademark came first while you enjoy your totally un-smashable gear.

DOOP Recruitment Drive [400]

A steady, reliable supply of twenty thousand fresh soldiers, courtesy of DOOP's tireless recruitment office, ready and willing to march into whatever combat encounter you happen to be facing, no questions asked, no complaints filed. Frankly, most of them won't survive contact with the enemy, training standards being what they are, and individually they're barely competent, the kind of soldiers who trip over their own boots more often than the enemy's defenses. But that's rather beside the point. Every month, without fail, another twenty thousand recruits show up right on schedule, cheerful, disposable, and entirely unaware of the odds stacked against them. Put them under the command of someone with an actual grasp of strategy, and it's a serviceable, if wasteful, army. Put them under someone whose entire tactical philosophy revolves around throwing bodies at a problem until it stops being a problem, and that steady stream of soldiers becomes a genuine, if horrifying, path to victory through pure attrition. Of course, most commanders who try this particular approach just end up with ten thousand fresh graves and nothing to show for it. But every once in a while, against all logic and decency, it actually works.

Head Museum [400]

A sprawling, climate-controlled facility lined wall to wall with jars, each one holding the perfectly preserved, fully conscious head of some famous figure plucked from throughout history, presidents, scientists, artists, celebrities, hundreds of them in total, bickering, reminiscing, and occasionally hitting on each other from their respective shelves. On top of the standard collection, you get a dozen additional heads of your own choosing, anyone from history you'd like added to the exhibit, dead or alive at the time of acquisition, no questions asked about how exactly they got there. Wander the halls anytime you like for a chat, historical gossip, expert advice, or just some genuinely bizarre small talk with people who really shouldn't still be capable of talking. And if a conversation partner ever earns an upgrade, the museum comes fully equipped to copy any head's consciousness into a fresh robotic body, fully mobile, fully functional, and, conveniently, built with an unconditional, unwavering devotion to you baked right into the programming. Whether you want a museum of curiosities to visit on quiet afternoons or an army of robotic historical figures who adore you unconditionally, the choice, as always, is yours.

The Naughty and Naughtier List [600]

Straight from the frozen holiday fortress on Neptune, this supercomputer keeps an entire terrified solar system under non-stop 24/7 Xmas surveillance. The terminal continuously monitors every action, minor slip-up, and questionable deed committed across the solar system in real-time. However, because its moral programming was set impossibly high due to a notorious manufacturing defect, the concept of "nice" has been mathematically erased, leaving every living soul categorized strictly on a spectrum between "horribly naughty" and "unspeakably naughtier." Still, it's pretty useful for tracking your enemies' every move through an unhackable planetary intelligence hub or deciding who deserves a chimney-mounted TOW missile come December 25th.

Electro-Matter [600]

Somewhere on the other side of an interdimensional rift lives Yivo, an entity old enough to have watched our own universe's Big Bang happen, and this is a chunk of his body. Called electro-matter, it doesn't play by the rules of anything native to our reality. Our universe's idea of "indestructible" is, to this material, roughly the structural integrity of a paper towel. Shaped into a blade, hull plating, or whatever else you feel like folding it into, electro-matter will cut through anything our universe considers indestructible without slowing down. And the reverse holds just as true: nothing native to our reality, no weapon, no force, can so much as scratch it back. You gain 10 kgs of this stuff, which replenishes once every ten years.

Team of Harlem Globetrotters [600]

A full squad of the coolest, funkiest, and mathematically superior athletes in the known universe. Whenever you find yourself facing an insurmountable roadblock, these legendary ballers will step in to help you solve whatever problem you're currently dealing with. Need to decipher the mind-bending mechanics of time travel? Want to scheme up a way to get ridiculously rich overnight? Trying to figure out how to get the girl of your dreams to fall in love with you? Just drop a beat and let them cook. They'll casually break down complex physics, algebra, and existential dilemmas while whistling a catchy tune and spinning basketballs on their fingertips. There are a catch, though: even Globetrotter physics has its limits. Their math-bending brilliance can only be called upon once every ten years, so try not to waste their visit on something you could have looked up yourself. But for anything within your reach? Expect them to out-smart, out-explain, and out-funk you at every turn.

Seven-Leaf Clover [600]

A botanical anomaly so ridiculously blessed that it practically bullies the laws of probability into submission. As long as this seven-leaved weed remains physically on your body, whether tucked safely into your shoe, pinned to your jacket, or stuffed in a sock, your personal luck is elevated to absurd, cosmic heights. With this talisman on your person, the universe bends over backward to guarantee your success: you could effortlessly get elected President, become the very first person to leave your home planet, marry a lineup of supermodels, and coast through life in total, lavish convenience. Of course, none of this actually stops bad luck from affecting you in the slightest: you will still break your bones, get accidentally cryogenically frozen for a millennium, and endure constant slapstick disasters, but every stroke of horrific misfortune invariably spins into staggering, historic triumph. Just make sure it never leaves your physical contact, because the second it's separated from your body, all that god-tier fortune vanishes and you're instantly downgraded back to standard, miserable reality.

One-Way (No Longer) Time Machine [600]

Professor Farnsworth's proudest invention: a time machine originally built to only go forward in time, specifically to avoid any messy history-altering paradoxes or, in his own words, "doing something disgusting like sleeping with your own grandmother." Somewhere down the line, though, a few tweaks got made, and now it goes both ways, forward or backward, your choice, dial it in and go. Set it forward, and you can watch civilizations rise and fall, planets die, stars collapse, all the way out to the actual heat death of the universe and the fresh Big Bang that follows. Set it backward, and you can witness that very same Big Bang from the other direction, or drop in on any point in history you're curious about, no era off limits. The machine itself is built to survive the trip regardless of distance or direction, front-row seat to the birth and death of the universe included, no extra charge.

MomCorp Factory-Factory [600]

A single, absolutely massive factory, stamped with the same cheerfully sinister MomCorp logo found on half the products in the solar system, whose entire purpose is building other factories. Not endlessly replicating itself Von Neumann-style, one Factory-Factory is more than enough, but capable of constructing and placing an entire specialized factory for whatever product you need manufactured, provided you feed it the right schematics. It already comes preloaded with a healthy library of schematics straight out of the 31st century itself: robots, the tubes transit system, Eye-Phones, flying cars, and much more, including (if you're feeling particularly grim and efficient), a fully-functioning line of Suicide Booths, twenty-five cents a pop, cheerful jingle included. Anything beyond that catalog, silverware, exotic alien tech, whatever bizarre invention you've picked up along the way, just feed it the schematics, and it'll build a factory for that too. Each resulting factory still needs raw materials to actually produce anything, the Factory-Factory builds the infrastructure, not the product itself out of thin air, but once it's up and running, you've got a fully operational production line for absolutely anything you can hand it the specs for.

100th Cup of Coffee [600]

Got three dollars burning a hole in your pocket? You could buy a cheap trinket, or you could drink this single, absurdly concentrated cup of super-coffee containing the caffeine equivalent of one hundred standard cups brewed into one piping-hot serving. By all known laws of medical science, drinking this liquid lightning should instantly detonate your heart and trigger fatal cardiac arrest. Instead, a biological miracle occurs: your nervous system and metabolism hyper-accelerate to roughly one thousand times normal speed for one full minute of objective time. To your perception, the entire surrounding world grinds to a complete, frozen halt: leaving flames motionless in mid-air, laser bolts hanging lazily in space, and people locked in place like statues. During this subjective hour of hyper-speed, you can freely walk through frozen explosions, rearrange a battlefield, perform complex technical work, or effortlessly rescue an entire burning building full of people without breaking a sweat. You receive a fresh cup ready for consumption every year.

The Encyclopod [800]

A colossal, space-faring biological entity that resembles a majestic, glowing cosmic manta ray. Originally evolved from the heart of a violet dwarf star, this massive creature serves as an indestructible, living Noah's Ark. Its vast, unfathomable biological databanks perfectly store the DNA of every single endangered, extinct, and entirely forgotten species across the known universe. At your direct command, the Encyclopod can instantly synthesize and deploy perfect, living specimens of any creature stored within its genetic archives. Whether you want to genuinely repopulate a barren wasteland with thriving ecosystems, unleash a stampede of aggressive prehistoric megafauna to crush your enemies, or simply farm the universe's rarest, most exotic animals for a barbecue, this ultimate biological printer is entirely at your disposal. Beyond its limitless genetic archiving, the Encyclopod also functions as a fully operational, self-sustaining biological starship. It provides massive, comfortable internal biomes for you and your crew, effortlessly travels faster than light, and its eyes can fire beams powerful enough to destroy spaceships. Whether you use it as a spaceship, or send it to repopulate worlds, the Encyclopod will follow your commands and ask nothing but a purpose worth existing for.

Universal Robot Controller (MomCorp Quality Assured) [800]

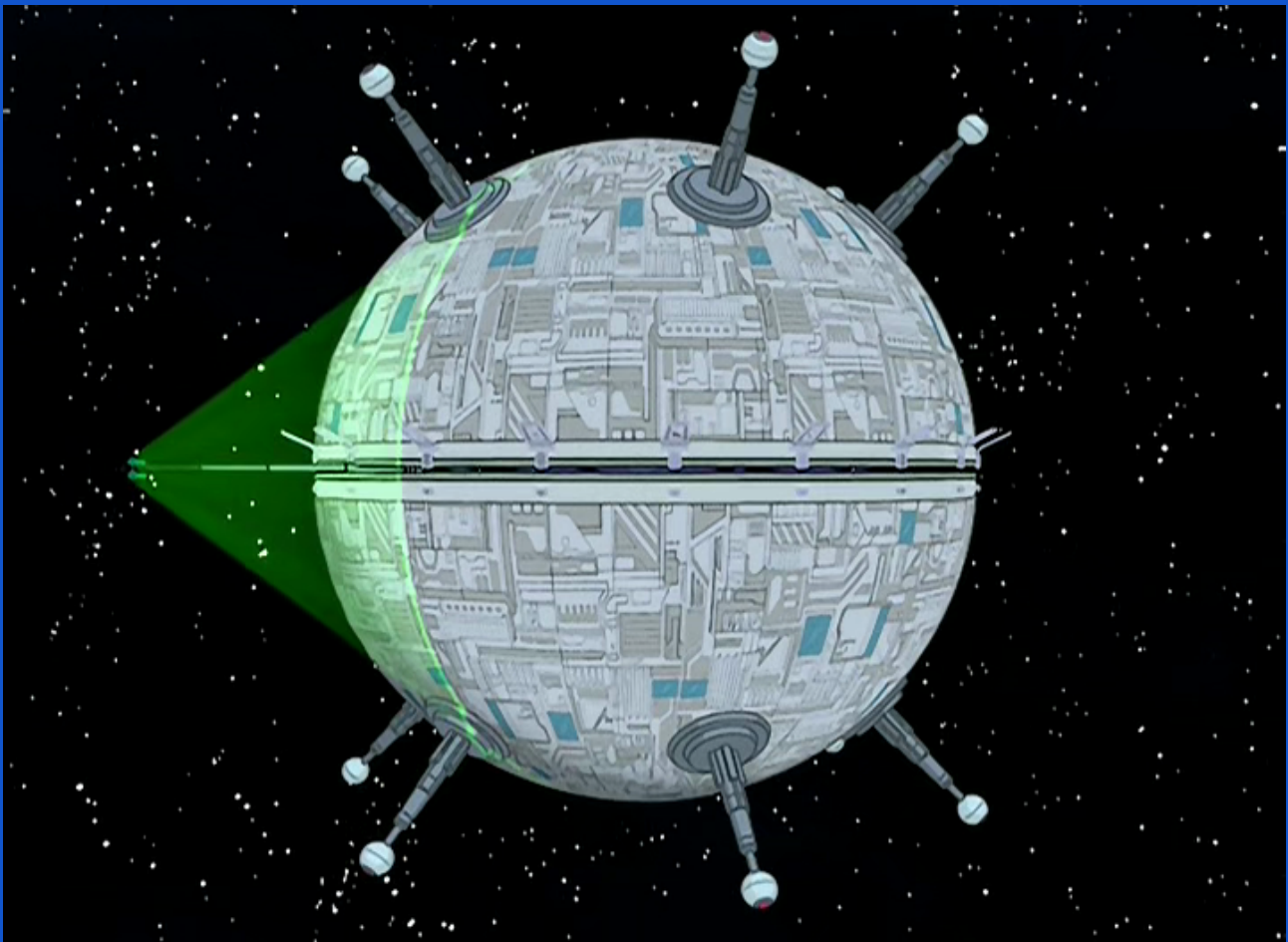
A little remote stamped with the friendly, unnervingly wholesome MomCorp logo, because nothing says "trustworthy mass mind control device" quite like a smiling cartoon mother on the packaging. Activate it, and every robot within an entire planet's range falls instantly, completely under your command, loyalty rewritten from whatever their previous programming dictated to a single, unwavering priority: you. Naturally, being MomCorp property, the device works exactly as advertised: no glitches, no backdoors, and no fine print about secretly reporting back to a shady planetary conglomerate. Probably.

Truck Stop Egg Salad Sandwich [800]

An unassuming, deeply questionable sandwich, purchased from a vending machine in the least trustworthy bathroom at the least trustworthy truck stop on the space-lane. Don't check the expiration date and don't ask what's actually in the egg salad. Eat it, and a colony of microscopic, hyper-intelligent worms takes up residence in your gut, immediately setting to work optimizing the body they've decided to call home. Wounds will knit shut in seconds, strength will increase and thinking will get clearer, faster, and be an upgrade so thorough you'll start wondering how you ever functioned before. Best of all, the sandwich makes more than one meal's worth of "seasoning." Slice off a piece and share it with someone else, and they'll get the exact same treatment, their own private colony moving in and setting up shop, fully devoted to making them the best version of themselves too. You gain a new sandwich each ten years, and each sandwich can be divided by at least 10 slices.

The Infosphere [800]

This is a giant, hollow, planet-sized megastructure constructed by the telepathic Brain Spawn to hoard all information in existence, now safely parked in orbit or attached to your warehouse as the absolute library of everything. By using its vast archives, any question can be answered regarding anything that has ever occurred from the dawn of time up to the exact moment you purchased this item, allowing you to instantly decipher the grand unified theory, expose top-secret government conspiracies, or finally solve the mystery of who stole your labeled sandwich from the breakroom fridge. It does not update in real-time during your current stay, but in future jumps, its database automatically refreshes to include the complete history of each new setting up to the precise moment you arrive.



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 CP for 1, 200 CP 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. They do not get Item Stipends. You can also import any companion you bought here for a CP stipend. Alternatively, if you want, you can import all your companions for free, but they will only get their freebie perks from their origin.

Seymour, the Loyal Dog [Free]

Somewhere, in some version of the multiverse, there's a scruffy little dog sitting outside a pizzeria, waiting for someone who was never coming back. Not here, though. Seymour is alive, healthy, and bound to you with a loyalty that borders on the supernatural. He's a quick study too, capable of learning tricks well beyond the usual sit, stay, and fetch, like howling along in surprisingly decent harmony to whatever's playing on the radio, or quietly lifting a set of keys off a sleeping guard without so much as a jingle. He'll never age past his happiest, healthiest prime. And no matter what dimension, timeline, or reality you end up stranded in next, however far you travel or however badly things go, Seymour will always be there waiting for you when you get back, exactly where you left him, exactly as happy to see you as the very first day. He's a good boy.

Benderina, Bending Unit 22-F [50]

MomCorp's short-lived experiment with a feminine bending unit line mostly flopped, but one unit survived the recall, and she's now riding with you. Benderina inherited every glorious flaw you'd expect from her production line: a compulsive kleptomaniac streak, a strict fuel diet of cheap booze, a cigar permanently clenched between her teeth, and a mouth that never stops delivering creative insults to whoever happens to be closest, herself very much included. What makes her different is the style she brings to it. There's a sultry, femme-fatale confidence baked into her chassis, the kind that's swindled more than a few wealthy robot barons out of their fortunes, usually right before she's strutting off into the sunset with their credits and their dignity. She's also, unapologetically, a full-blown robosexual degenerate, with a taste for humans that makes for some genuinely bizarre romantic entanglements and even stranger mornings after. Sharp-tongued, shameless, and easily the funniest personality aboard, she guarantees things never stay quiet for long.

Bender Bending Rodríguez [50]

"Bite my shiny metal ass!" A phrase you're going to hear roughly four hundred times before your first week together is over, and somehow, you'll still miss it when he's not around. Bender is a proud, thoroughly unrepentant Bending Unit, sociopathic in the most endearing way possible, kleptomaniacal to the point of genuine talent, and perpetually running on a steady diet of beer, which also happens to double as his actual fuel source. Practically speaking, he's an absurd asset to have around. His chest cavity opens into what amounts to a infinite hammspace, capable of storing stolen goods, weapons, entire people, or a limitless supply of booze without gaining a kilo of weight. His industrial-grade strength and bending capability make him more than capable of folding steel girders, prying open vaults, or crushing a padlock like tinfoil, exactly what you'd expect from a top-of-the-line construction unit. Morally, he has none, and he'll happily rope you into scams, heists, and cons across every corner of the universe without a shred of guilt slowing him down. And despite loudly, constantly insisting he hates everyone, cares about nothing, and would sell you out in a heartbeat for the right price, the truth is he'd go to war for you without hesitation the moment it actually mattered. He's a terrible influence, a worse role model, and exactly the friend you didn't know you needed.

Turanga Leela [50]

The one-eyed, formidable captain of the Planet Express delivery ship, and quite possibly the single most competent person you will ever have the privilege of traveling with. Leela's mastery of Arcturian martial arts means she can drop opponents three times her size without breaking a sweat, her piloting skills border on supernatural (depth perception be damned), and she carries a moral compass sturdy enough to talk down mutinies, call out bad decisions, and drag your entire crew back from the edge of disaster on a fairly regular basis, usually while visibly, audibly exasperated with everyone involved. She's joining you for two very good reasons. First, she's spent her whole life feeling like an outsider, orphanage-raised, never quite fitting the mold anywhere she's gone, and she's hoping a new crew might finally be the place she actually belongs. Second, and just as importantly, she's taken one look at your track record and decided, correctly, that you would absolutely crash your ship into a star without her there to grab the wheel. She'll keep your crew alive, keep your morals in check, and keep you from doing anything catastrophically stupid, provided you're willing to actually listen to her when she tells you not to.

Amy Wong [50]

Heiress to the entire western hemisphere of Mars, Amy is exactly the kind of person you'd expect that title to produce, superficial in the most charming way possible, and always ready for the next party. She'll happily talk your ear off about the latest gossip, fashion trends, or whatever party she's already planning for next weekend. None of that changes the fact that underneath all of it, she's a remarkably competent linguist, knowing a dozen earth languages and a dozen alien more. She's fiercely, unshakeably loyal to the people she cares about, and once you're one of them, you've got a friend who'll drop everything, including an actual date, to bail you out of trouble. She joins your chain for the single most relatable reason imaginable: her parents wouldn't stop nagging her about grandchildren, and hopping dimensions turned out to be considerably easier than having that conversation again. While she's along for the ride, she brings serious wealth to the table, more than enough to fund whatever lifestyle you're after, plus an unmatched talent for turning any situation into a genuinely great party.

Sis [50]

Somewhere out there, a rival multi-billion-dollar conglomerate has been quietly, obsessively fixated on you, and it turns out the reason is family. Sis is your long-lost sister, sole owner and CEO of a corporate empire every bit as vast, ruthless, and vaguely terrifying as MomCorp itself, and she has decided, unilaterally, that the two of you are due for some quality sibling bonding. In public, she's warmth incarnate, soft-spoken, doe-eyed, radiating the kind of wholesome sisterly charm that makes shareholders weep with joy during earnings calls. Behind closed doors, she curses like a dockworker who just lost a limb in the machinery, slaps executives for offenses as minor as bad posture, and runs her empire with an iron fist wrapped in a friendship bracelet. Her affection, unfortunately, comes with the same scale and subtlety as her business practices. "I bought you a planet! I had the native population enslaved to mine the gems for your friendship bracelet! Why aren't you hugging me, sibling?!" is a fairly typical Tuesday. Toxic, clingy, and utterly incapable of expressing love without an eight-figure budget and at least one human rights violation attached, Sis is nonetheless fiercely, obsessively loyal to you, and her business empire, resources, and borderline-unlimited capital are all yours to lean on whenever you need them. The catch is that every gesture of affection comes with a fresh helping of guilt, secondhand horror, and the nagging feeling that you really should call your evil sister back more often.

Gwen, the "Tiny" Amazonian [50]

By any reasonable human standard, Gwen is an absolute unit, two meters of solid, terrifying muscle capable of ripping a steel door clean off its hinges without breaking a sweat. By Amazonian standards, unfortunately, she's the runt of the litter, a scrawny, tragic little disappointment who never quite hit the growth spurt her sisters did, and she has never, ever gotten over it. Gwen joined your crew for exactly one reason: standing next to you, someone conveniently, blessedly smaller than her, makes her feel genuinely, gloriously huge for once in her life. And she intends to enjoy that feeling as often as possible. Expect to be used as an armrest on a regular basis, whether you were sitting down or not. Expect to occasionally be scooped up and carried around like a plush toy whenever she's had a rough day and needs some emotional support. In exchange, you get a walking wall of muscle fiercely, aggressively devoted to your physical safety, anyone stupid enough to threaten you is going to have a very bad, very short encounter with a hundred kilos of wounded-pride Amazonian rage. Just remember the one rule that keeps this entire relationship running smoothly: tell her she's huge. Often. Enthusiastically. Your continued comfort, and possibly your continued ability to breathe without a bear hug interrupting it, depends on it.

The Hypno-Toadgirl [50]

Nobody's quite sure what genetic accident, cosmic mishap, or laboratory oversight led to her existing, and she's not exactly eager to explain it either. What you get is a disarmingly cute, faintly amphibious anime girl, warm smile, easy laugh, completely normal in every way except for her eyes, wide, luminous, and set with pulsing, oscillating, multicolored rectangular pupils that have absolutely no business occurring in nature. Look into those eyes, even for a second, and resistance simply isn't an option. Total, instant compliance follows, with no willpower helping you just an overwhelming urge to do exactly what she wants. In practice, this tends to mean enemies dropping their weapons mid-charge, hostile crowds breaking into enthusiastic, synchronized clapping, or entire squads abandoning their posts to go fetch her a snack. It's not dignified for whoever's on the receiving end, but it's remarkably, reliably effective, and she's more than happy to point those eyes at anyone giving you trouble. ALL GLORY TO THE HYPNO-TOADGIRL.

Alcazar [50]

A charming, deeply paranoid shapeshifter who can take the form of absolutely anyone or anything, and frequently does, often mid-sentence, often for no reason you can immediately identify. The cause, it turns out, is refreshingly simple: alimony. Alcazar is currently running from five ex-spouses scattered across the galaxy, all of whom want a rather exorbitant payout, and all of whom are, in their own way, terrifying. There's the Omicronian warlord who'd rather collect blood than credits. The Robot Mafia lieutenant with a long memory and an even longer list of associates. The wealthy Decapodian socialite who simply wants what she's owed. The Amazonian ex who could probably resolve the entire dispute personally in under five seconds. And worst of all, the giant, hyper-intelligent space brain, who doesn't even need Alcazar dead, just permanently, cosmically humiliated.

Because of all this, your companion is in a constant state of low-grade panic, shifting appearance, gender, and voice at the drop of a hat, a knock at the door, a stranger holding eye contact a second too long, anything even remotely resembling a process server. It makes for an exhausting travel companion, but also an extraordinarily useful one, since someone who can become literally anyone at a moment's notice is a genuinely handy person to have around, so long as you don't mind the occasional dramatic disguise change over breakfast.

Alt Universe Copy [50]

Somewhere out there, someone opened a paradox box that should have stayed firmly shut, and the result tumbled directly into your lap: a version of a canon character you already know, slightly, unmistakably off. Maybe it's a Fry with a pierced ear and a noticeably sharper wit than the original ever had. Maybe it's a Zoidberg from some parallel timeline where he's actually respected, competent, and somehow not the butt of every joke. Maybe it's a Bender who drinks considerably less and, disturbingly, seems to genuinely care about his friends' feelings. Or maybe it's a Leela with two perfectly ordinary eyes, still every bit as sharp and capable, just missing the one detail everyone who knows the original would immediately notice. Whoever they turn out to be, they're loyal to you, plain and simple, because you're the one who found them, the one constant in a universe that was never supposed to have them in it, and the one person standing between them and being permanently, hopelessly stranded with nobody. That's more than enough reason for them to stick close, pitch in wherever they can, and treat you like the closest thing to home they've got left.

Professor Hubert J. Farnsworth [100]

"Good news, everyone!" A phrase that, over the professor's remarkably long 160-year lifespan, has come to mean literally anything except good news, and now it's your problem too, in the best possible way. He's ancient, profoundly senile, prone to nodding off mid-sentence, mid-meal, or standing bolt upright in the middle of a hallway, and has an unfortunate, well-documented habit of sending whoever's nearby on wildly dangerous missions. None of that changes the fact that his actual intelligence is, without exaggeration, borderline godlike. Need a machine that bends time, swaps consciousness between bodies, or relocates the entire universe a few inches to the left for reasons that made sense to him at 3 AM? Give him an afternoon, a workbench, and whatever spare parts happen to be lying around, and he'll have a working prototype ready before dinner, usually with zero safety features and an alarming number of exposed wires. Just don't bother asking him to explain how any of it actually works, the answer will make less sense than the question, and under absolutely no circumstances let him anywhere near the controls of a vehicle. Genius, yes. Trustworthy behind the wheel, absolutely not.

The Robot Devil [100]

You did it. Somehow, against all odds and better judgment, you challenged Beelzebot himself, the Robot Devil, to a contest, and you actually won. By the byzantine, maddeningly specific, and completely legally binding rules of Robot Hell, that victory comes with a prize: the Robot Devil himself, now bound to be your buddy, whether either of you particularly wants it that way. He is, without question, an insufferable companion. Sarcastic to the bone, prone to breaking into elaborate, fully-orchestrated musical numbers detailing your every failure in humiliating detail, and constantly, compulsively trying to talk you into ironic, Faustian little bargains that always sound reasonable until the fine print kicks in. But underneath all the theatrics, he's a genuinely powerful ally to have around. His mastery over robotkind is absolute, his command of dark, demonic-mechanical magic borders on terrifying, and he will enthusiastically, creatively help you make your enemies suffer in ways that would make lesser villains blush. Just do yourself a favor and never, under any circumstances, let him draft a contract on your behalf. Some habits, even a forced friendship, can't fix.

It's You, Jumper! But... Slightly More Expendable!" [100]

Through some paradox-averse quirk of time travel code that you frankly don't fully understand and probably shouldn't ask too many questions about, you've ended up with a literal duplicate of yourself, split off from a few days in your own future. Same perks, same abilities, same memories right up to the moment of divergence. Functionally, it's you. Cosmically, though, it is very much not you, because the universe has some strict, ironclad rules about time-travel duplicates, and rule number one is that they're doomed. Your clone knows this. They've made their peace with it, mostly, adopting a weary, dryly nihilistic outlook on the whole "destined to die dramatically" situation, the kind of energy you'd expect from someone who's already read the last page of their own story and decided to enjoy the rest of the book anyway. Despite that, or maybe because of it, they're relentlessly eager to help. They'll throw themselves in front of danger without hesitation, taste-test suspicious alien cuisine before you have to, handle chores, decoy pursuers, and generally act as a cheerful, self-aware buffer between you and anything unpleasant. And when the universe inevitably collects on its debt, and it will, in increasingly absurd, tragicomic, or unexpectedly heroic fashion, don't worry too much. Death isn't really the end for them, unless of course your chain has some certain house rules. They will resurrect after this jump (or three days later, depending on your chain), whole, unbothered, and fully caught up on whatever chaos they missed while they were gone, ready to throw themselves back into the line of fire the moment a new jump gives them the opportunity. Until then, consider them your own personal, cheerfully doomed bodyguard, dedicated entirely to keeping you breathing for as long as the universe's paradox quota allows it. Whatever nasty fall, ambush, or ill-advised bar fight was headed your way, there's a decent chance it finds them instead, standing between you and it with a tired shrug and a resigned little smile, because keeping you alive was always the whole point.

The Amazonian Trio [100]

Somehow, against every reasonable expectation of survival, three of Amazonia's finest warriors have taken a shine to you: Thog, Kug, and Ornik. Each one stands nearly three meters tall, packed with enough raw muscle to make a bending unit look understaffed by comparison, and each one could end a fight, or a bad first date, with a single well-placed punch. Whatever it was you did to earn their attention, respect, curiosity, or something more biologically motivated (like snu-snu), the end result is the same: you've got three walking, talking, immensely powerful bodyguards now devoted to your continued survival. And if you're bold enough, and sturdy enough, to take things further than bodyguard duty, all three are more than happy to show you exactly how enthusiastic Amazonian affection can get. They share a single companion slot as a package deal. Just stock up on calcium. You're going to need the bone density.



Drawbacks

Fanfic Toggle [Free]

Canon is more of a suggestion anyway. With this option, you may choose to enter any fanfic setting based on the Futurama universe instead of the default timeline. Alternatively, you may toggle which parts of the series count as canon for your jump, allowing you to freely pick and choose which episodes, movies, revivals, alternate universes, and increasingly questionable continuity decisions actually happened. Want to ignore an entire season? Pretend one of the movies never happened? Keep the best parts of the original run while throwing out everything that came afterward? Go right ahead. Given how often Futurama has already rebooted, rewritten, killed, resurrected, and otherwise messed with its own timeline, who's going to notice?

Supplement Mode [Free]

This jump becomes a supplement to another jump of your choice. Your CP will be separated 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.

Canon Replacement [Free]

You can replace any canon character you wish as long as they are connected to your origin.

Fox Crossover Ticket [Free]

Did you know Futurama technically shares a universe with The Simpsons, complete with actual on-screen crossovers to prove it? By selection this option, you can choose to crossover your stay here with the Simpsons or any other Fox property (like Family Guy or American Dad). Of course, this crossover will mean you have to travel back in time to meet those characters since Futurama's chronology places it a full millennium ahead of those shows, but it's still a fun option to have.

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 CP** total from it.

Robosexual [+100]

Somewhere along the way, your attraction wiring got scrambled, and now it's robots, specifically, that catch your eye. Not people. Not conventionally attractive anything. Robots, full stop, chassis, wiring, personality modules and all, and there's no talking yourself out of it, no matter how thoroughly your rational brain objects to the idea. Society, predictably, is not kind about this. Robosexuality carries a heavy stigma pretty much everywhere you go, with sideways looks, whispered judgment, and the occasional very public confrontation from someone who thinks your love life is their business. Doesn't matter how genuine the feelings are, you'll be treated as a degenerate. Good luck on your new love life.

Owl Infestation [+100]

For whatever reason, pigeons never made a comeback, and owls took their place as the primary urban pest of New New York. Unfortunately, they seem to have developed a specific, intense liking for you. Wherever you live, work, or park your spaceship, it will be relentlessly swarmed by feral owls. They will nest in your engines, screech outside your window at all hours, steal your food right out of your hands, and leave incredibly large, incredibly foul-smelling pellets all over your property. Exterminators won't help; the owls always come back.

Filthy Neutral [+100]

You suffer from a sickening, deeply ingrained neutrality. Whenever a major conflict, moral dilemma, or simple argument arises, you are completely physically and mentally incapable of picking a side or showing strong emotion. If your friends are fighting for their lives, you'll feel completely indifferent. If a planetary election is happening, you will proudly declare you have no strong feelings one way or the other. People will find your beige attitude deeply untrustworthy, frustrating, and utterly infuriating.

Ads in Your Dreams [+100]

In the 31st century, advertising has breached the final frontier: the human subconscious. You are no longer capable of having a normal, restful dream. The moment you achieve REM sleep, your mind is bombarded with loud, aggressive, and incredibly annoying commercials. From Lightspeed Briefs to Thompson's Teeth (the only teeth strong enough to eat other teeth!), you will spend your nights sitting through endless sponsor pitches. As a result, you will frequently wake up feeling mildly groggy, slightly irritated, and inexplicably craving products you don't even need.

Slurmacoholic [+100]

You are hopelessly, obsessively addicted to Slurm, the galaxy's favorite slime-green soda. To keep your body functioning at baseline and stave off debilitating shakes, splitting migraines, and intense lethargy, you must consume at least a six-pack of Slurm every twelve hours. Discovering the stomach-churning truth behind how Slurm is produced will do absolutely nothing to break your chemical dependency. It will only ensure that you wallow in deep self-loathing with every delicious, highly addicting gulp.

Bureaucratic Nightmare [+200]

Somehow, no matter where your jump takes you, the Central Bureaucracy's reach follows right along with you, and it wants paperwork. Everything, and we mean everything, involving an organization, government, or business now requires the appropriate forms, filed in triplicate, stamped by someone with an official-sounding title, and inevitably lost at least once before processing. Want to buy a weapon? Form 20-B, please, and bring a valid ID and your firstborn's signature. Want to use a superpower? Better hope your permit's been stamped by a properly credentialed Grade 36 Bureaucrat, and good luck finding one who isn't on a mandated lunch break. Every task that would normally take minutes now takes five times as long, buried under endless lines, inexplicable delays, and forms that reference other forms you were never told you needed. Doesn't matter how simple or urgent the request is, the system does not care, and the system does not hurry. Welcome to a universe run entirely on red tape, and you're stuck standing in every single line it produces.

Power Loss [+200]

All your out-of-jump powers, perks, and abilities are disabled for the duration of this jump.

I Am Lrrr! [+200]

Once a month, without warning, without fail, the sky splits open above your home and the towering mothership of Lrrr, Ruler of the Planet Omicron Persei 8, descends with all the fanfare and menace of an actual apocalypse. He will threaten total, planetary annihilation, over something utterly, insultingly trivial. Maybe his marriage to Ndnd is on the rocks again and he needs relationship advice. Maybe he's lost the remote and refuses to get up off the throne to look for it himself. Maybe he just watched the finale of some thousand-year-old sitcom and desperately needs someone to explain what actually happened, and he will not leave until you do. Whatever the problem is, it's beneath the dignity of an actual crisis, and yet somehow, every single time, the fate of the Earth is riding on it anyway. Solve it fast, solve it well, and try not to think too hard about how the safety of your entire species now hinges on your ability to fix a TiVo.

Bender's "Buddy" [+200]

Congratulations, you've made a new best friend, and he is exactly as much of a liability as that sounds. This robotic companion is a proud, unapologetic narcissist, a functioning alcoholic, and a kleptomaniac with genuinely impressive range. Anything of value you own is fair game, your money, your possessions, your dignity, all of it disappearing into his chest cavity the moment you look away. He will drain your bank accounts on booze, gambling, and get-rich-quick schemes that never once involve actually working. He will frame you for his crimes without a second thought, and somehow, the evidence always seems to check out. He has, on more than one occasion, sold your organs for quick cash, and he'll do it again the second he's short on beer money. You cannot get rid of him permanently, break him beyond repair, ditch him in another dimension, whatever the method, he'll turn up again eventually, cracking the same jokes and stealing the same wallet. And despite every rational reason to cut him loose, some pathetic, inexplicable part of you has actually grown attached to the miserable tin can. Good luck with that.

To The Sewers! [+200]

You are a mutant. While you might retain your normal appearance and abilities on the surface, your DNA loudly registers as mutated on all official scanners, and perhaps you have a minor, humiliating physical quirk (like a boot growing out of your head or a tiny, vestigial arm on your forehead). By the strict laws of New New York, mutants are strictly forbidden from setting foot on the surface. If you are caught above ground by the police, you will be instantly deported back to the toxic, glowing, filth-ridden sewers. Any life or business you want to conduct on the surface must be done in complete secrecy.

Naughty List [+200]

Every year, as December rolls around, you will experience the true meaning of Xmas: absolute, pants-wetting terror. For some reason, you have secured a permanent, underlined spot at the absolute top of Robot Santa Claus's Naughty List. The moment the sun goes down on Xmas Eve, a heavily armored sleigh will descend from the sky, and a four-ton robotic Santa will attempt to murder you with TOW missiles, laser-guided ornaments, and heavily armed elf-drones. You cannot reason with him, you cannot buy him off, and you cannot hide. You just have to survive the night.

In Debt to the Robot Mafia [+200]

Somewhere along the way, you racked up a genuinely staggering debt with the Robot Mafia, and now Donbot, Clamps, and Joey Mousepad have made it their personal mission to make sure you never forget it. They'll track you down wherever you go, however far you run, showing up unannounced to shake you down for whatever cash you've got on hand, and if you're running short, Clamps is more than happy to demonstrate exactly what his hands are named for. When they're not collecting, they're recruiting, dragging you into one half-baked, wildly illegal heist after another, the kind that always seem to end in flashing lights, panicked getaways, and somehow, more debt than you started with. Pay them off completely, defeat them outright, even watch them supposedly go down for good, and it changes nothing. They always come back, debt intact, demands renewed, like the whole thing never happened. As far as the Robot Mafia's concerned, you're a lifetime customer now, whether you like it or not.

Snu-Snu [+200]

There's something about you, some pheromone, some cosmic signal, some deeply unfair stroke of bad luck, that makes you absolutely irresistible to the largest, most physically overwhelming beings the universe has to offer. Towering Amazonian warriors, horrifying alien queens, aggressively affectionate mutants three sizes too big for comfort, all of them take one look at you and decide you're exactly what they've been searching for. The problem isn't the attention itself, it's what happens after they catch you. These encounters are enthusiastic, prolonged, and, under normal circumstances, always fatal, your pelvis, and frankly your entire skeletal structure, was never built to survive what "snu-snu" actually entails with a partner ten times your size. Which means, quite simply, you'll need to find some way to survive it anyway, whether that's through sheer physical toughness, clever escape plans, or some other perk doing a lot of heavy lifting, because the attention isn't going away, and neither is what comes after it.

"Shut Up and Take My Money!" [+200]

Somewhere deep in your brain, the part responsible for financial judgment simply gave up and went home. The moment you see a television commercial, a billboard, or hear a fast-talking salesman start his pitch, an overwhelming, irresistible urge to buy takes over completely, logic, budget, and basic need all thrown out the window in an instant. Doesn't matter if it's a EyePhone you didn't need, an entire wardrobe of Slurm-branded merchandise, or a lightsaber umbrella that combines two completely unrelated products for absolutely no reason, you will buy it, immediately, enthusiastically, and probably in bulk. Your money, whatever form it takes, disappears into an endless parade of useless gadgets, novelty items, and things that seemed essential for exactly the five minutes you were watching the ad. As a result, you're perpetually broke, constantly refilling a closet full of junk nobody asked for, and completely defenseless against literally any halfway competent advertisement that crosses your path.

Zoidberg's New Best Friend [+200]

For reasons you may never fully understand, Dr. Zoidberg has decided that you are his best friend, his confidant, his soulmate in a universe that has otherwise made a habit of ignoring him. And he is going to act on that decision constantly, enthusiastically, and with absolutely zero regard for your schedule, personal space, or will to live. He'll show up uninvited to every meal, every outing, every quiet moment you were hoping to enjoy alone, eager to share stories, dubious medical advice, and whatever he's been eating out of the trash lately. He'll insist on tagging along everywhere, offer his help with problems nobody asked him to solve, and interpret every attempt to gently discourage him as playful bonding rather than the rejection it actually is. He means well, genuinely, desperately well, which somehow makes it so much harder to shake him off. Wherever you go in this jump, expect a slightly damp, faintly fishy shadow following close behind, absolutely delighted to finally have a friend.

Eddie Pustule [+200]

Somewhere on your body, there now lives a fully sentient, fully vocal boil, pimple, or similarly unpleasant skin growth, and he's got opinions, a singing voice, and absolutely no intention of leaving. Pop him, and it hurts like an actual injury, sharp, lingering, thoroughly unpleasant pain, worse than any normal blemish has any right to cause. Doesn't matter, though, because he'll be back within days, same spot, same attitude, ready to pick up right where he left off. No cream, no medication, no dermatological procedure makes any lasting difference. Burn him off, freeze him off, surgically remove him, he'll regenerate, indignant and singing about the injustice of it all the whole way through. He'll comment on your love life, critique your fashion choices, and burst into song at the worst possible moments, all from his prime real estate somewhere on your face, back, or wherever else he's decided to set up permanent residence. You're stuck with him, chronic, painful, and disturbingly opinionated, for the rest of the jump.

Unlucky in Love [+200]

Like Fry more often than not, you have a genuine, aching talent for falling hopelessly, wholeheartedly in love with someone who just doesn't feel the same way, and an equally genuine talent for making sure it never quite works out anyway. You won't be satisfied with anyone else, and you won't move on, not really, not until they finally give you a real chance. The problem is what happens once they do. Every attempt follows the same exhausting cycle: you'll impress them, win them over, start making real plans together, and then, somehow, without fail, screw it up in some spectacular, self-inflicted way. The relationship falls apart, the depression sets in right on schedule, and just when you've resigned yourself to being alone forever, the cycle starts right back up again, hope, effort, failure, heartbreak, repeat. The cycle isn't unbreakable, though. With enough genuine effort, self-reflection, and a willingness to actually change whatever keeps sabotaging things, you can break free of it for good. It just takes actually doing the work, something you've historically been pretty bad at.

Drafted to the Worst Job Imaginable [+200/+400]

Congratulations, you've been drafted into the Democratic Order of Planets, and worse, assigned directly as Captain Zapp Brannigan's second in command, for a minimum term of six years. The "command" part is mostly theoretical. In practice, your actual duties involve scrubbing his back while he bathes, shaving his armpits because apparently that's a two-person job now, cutting his toenails, mixing his nuts so no two almonds are touching, and generally serving as his personal valet in a uniform that technically says "officer." Any actual military decisions are entirely his, poorly made, and somehow still your fault when they go wrong. For an extra price (**+400 Total**), you are actually a soldier under his command, boots on the ground and everything, still bound to that same six-year term. Zapp's tactical genius amounts to reading a single dramatic phrase out of a history book and deciding it applies here, then throwing you and everyone else into suicidal charges against impossible odds to prove it. When you somehow survive and win, he takes full, uncontested credit, his name in every report, his medal on the podium, while you're lucky to get a footnote. When it all collapses into total, humiliating disaster, and it will, the blame lands squarely on you instead. Between the personal humiliation and the constant brushes with death, there's no version of serving under Zapp Brannigan that doesn't end in some combination of exhaustion, indignity, and a body count, and six years is a long time to spend surviving both.

Mad Science Guinea Pig [+400]

You have inexplicably become the favorite test subject of a local, incredibly dangerous Mad Scientist (like Professor Farnsworth or Dr. Wernstrom). Because of a binding legal contract you accidentally signed, you cannot legally refuse their "minor check-ups" or "routine experiments." On a regular basis, you will be summoned to have your body swapped with a circus animal, be exposed to chroniton radiation, get shrunk down to fight parasites in a toilet, or test doomsday devices that haven't been calibrated yet. You will always survive these experiments, but the process will be agonizing, traumatizing, and usually result in temporary, horrific mutations.

Why Not Zoidberg? [+400]

You are cursed to suffer the exact same constant, humiliating indignities as everyone's least favorite Decapodian physician. Regardless of your actual background, skills, or achievements, society treats you like a wretched, unwanted pariah. You naturally emit a horrifying stench of low-tide, wet garbage, and rotting fish, ensuring that most people recoil in disgust the moment you enter a room. No matter how much money or property you come into, you inevitably end up living in dumpsters, alleyways, or piles of refuse. Your financial instincts are utterly catastrophic: you will make absurdly poor money decisions, such as trading valuable assets for shiny rocks, burning cash for heat, or investing your entire savings into perishable goods right before a market crash. To top it all off, your culinary taste is completely warped; you develop an irresistible appetite for filthy trash, raw waste, discarded footwear, and rotting seafood.

Delta Brainwave Deficiency [+400]

Due to a unique genetic quirk (or an unholy temporal paradox involving your own grandmother) you completely lack the Delta Brainwave. The silver lining is that your mind produces a chaotic mental static, rendering you completely immune to telepathic probes, psionic attacks, mind control, and the intelligence-draining waves of giant space brains. The downside is that you are remarkably, catastrophically stupid. You possess the gullibility, short attention span, and bewildering logic of Philip J. Fry. You will fall for obvious scams, struggle with basic arithmetic, and regularly forget what century you are currently living in. You aren't completely incapable of learning new things, but your brain operates on a monumental delay: it will take you at least ten years of dedicated effort just to work your way up to the intelligence of an average person.

Zero Genre Protection [+400]

In a universe powered by slapstick logic and sci-fi satire, characters regularly survive atmospheric re-entry, industrial blenders, raygun blasts, and high-speed crashes with little more than soot on their faces and a witty one-liner. You, however, enjoy no such luxury. All cartoon physics, comedic safety nets, and narrative plot armor are completely stripped away for you. The absurd hazards of the 31st century carry their full, terrifying, real-world lethality. If you get caught in a stray death-ray, it won't just leave a funny burn mark - it will incinerate your flesh to the bone. If you get ejected into space for a quick background punchline, you won't survive until the next scene; you will freeze and asphyxiate in seconds. Slapstick accidents, gag explosions, and ridiculous sci-fi phenomena will mutilate or kill you just as brutally as they logically should, leaving you mortally fragile in a world built on lethal sight gags.

Just a Head [+400]

Some freaky, thoroughly unpleasant accident has left you with nothing below the neck, and now you've got exactly two options for the rest of this jump, neither one particularly appealing. Option one: spend your days as a disembodied head, floating in a jar of preservation fluid, fully conscious, fully capable of speech, and fully dependent on someone else to carry you around, plug you in, and occasionally remember you exist. Option two: get surgically sewn onto the neck of another body, human, alien, whatever's available, sharing that body with its original owner in an arrangement that's awkward at best and a constant power struggle at worst. Either way, your old body is gone for good, and whatever independence, mobility, and personal space you used to take for granted is gone right along with it. Welcome to life as just a head, still thinking, still talking, and now permanently at the mercy of whoever's willing to carry you, or share their neck with you, for the foreseeable future.

Orphanarium Scheme Gone Wrong [+400]

It seemed like a foolproof plan at the time: adopt a dozen kids from the orphanarium, collect a tidy hundred dollars per child every month, and pocket the difference. Simple, profitable, victimless. Except nobody mentioned that actually raising a child costs considerably more than a hundred dollars a month, closer to a hundred and ten, in fact, meaning every single kid is now running you a personal loss the moment you factor in food, clothes, and whatever chaos twelve children inevitably bring into a household. Worse still, the money was never really the point anymore, because now you're stuck with twelve actual children who need actual parenting. Meals, school, emotional support, discipline, birthday parties, all of it, whether you're prepared for it or not. There's no returning them, no backing out of the arrangement once it's signed, just twelve kids, a monthly financial loss, and the sudden, overwhelming responsibility of raising an entire orphanage's worth of children as if they were genuinely your own, because as far as the law's concerned now, they are. On the bright side, they can be taken as one single companion once you finish the jump.

Earth Is Doomed (Again) [+600]

The universe has apparently decided that Earth's continued existence is your problem now, personally. Every single year, without fail, a brand new apocalypse comes knocking, and the local authorities, government officials, military, whoever's technically supposed to handle this, will be conveniently useless, absent, or actively making things worse every single time. One year it might be a colossal ball of compacted garbage the size of a moon, hurtling straight toward New New York on a collision course decades in the making. Another year, there's the occasional invasion of super-intelligent, telepathic space brains looking to enslave and destroy humanity for its own good. And on a particularly bad year, the actual Robot Devil himself deciding to drag the entire city down into Robot Hell out of pure spite. Whatever the disaster, however absurd or catastrophic, solving it falls entirely on you, with no backup, no competent officials riding to the rescue, and no shortcuts. Good luck.

Mom's Hit List [+600]

Somewhere along the line, you crossed the single most dangerous businesswoman in the galaxy, and now Mom, foul-mouthed, ruthless, and fiercely protective of her global monopoly, has decided you're a threat worth eliminating personally. She has the money, the technology, and the sheer, spiteful patience to make your life a living hell, and she will spare absolutely no expense doing it. Every robot in the city becomes a potential weapon against you the moment she gives the word, household appliances, service bots, security drones, all of it turning hostile in an instant. Your bank accounts, digital assets, anything tied to a network, get frozen, hacked, or drained without warning. And when subtlety fails, she'll send her three delightfully incompetent sons, Walt, Larry, and Igner, armed with genuinely dangerous kill-bots and absolutely no impulse control, to hunt you down in increasingly destructive, increasingly personal ways. Diplomacy, bribery, and half-measures won't cut it here. Your only real options are taking her out entirely, an incredibly tall order given her resources, or somehow proving to her that killing you would cost more than it's worth. Until then, you're on the world's most dangerous woman's permanent to-do list.

Ending

Stay:

The 31st century's been good to you, chaotic, absurd, occasionally life-threatening, but good. You've made your peace with the chaos, the mutants, the bureaucracy, and whatever your crew's latest scheme happens to be. This world is home now, permanently. All your perks, items, and companions settle in for the long haul, and whatever life you've built here, continues on indefinitely. New New York's a strange place to grow old in, but you could do a lot worse.

Go Forward:

Time to move on. Whatever adventures came next were always waiting somewhere past this jump, and it's time to go find them. Your perks, items, and companions come along for the ride, ready for whatever universe, timeline, or catastrophe awaits on the other side. Say your goodbyes, however brief, and step through into your next jump, delivery boy no more, at least for now.

Return to Earth:

Home, the real one, the one you started from before any of this began, is calling, and you've decided to answer. Whatever changes you've gone through, whatever skills you've picked up, whatever chaos you've survived, comes with you as you step back through the years and dimensions to the life, and the century, you originally left behind. The 31st century will go on without you, robots, mutants, chaos and all, exactly as strange and wonderful as you found it, just without you in the picture anymore.

Changelog and Notes

Don't worry, the One Brainwave Short perk is just fluff and in no way, shape, or form reduces your intelligence.

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