

transhuman

Transhuman is the expanded guide for both players and gamemasters:

- Package-based character creation
- Random life path character creation
- Get more out of flexbots, swarmanoids, asyncs, and infomorphs with expanded rules and options
- Make better Firewall agents with advice on investigation, combat tactics, espionage, and infiltration
 - Over 30 new morphs, new traits, and new character backgrounds





UPGRADE YOURSELF

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There are many people that have helped us out over the years whom we haven't had a chance to thank properly. Thanks to **Chris Coward** for investing in our dream and keeping us in orbit until we got the engines online. Thanks to **Fred Yelk Woodruff** and the other fine folks at PSI for handling all of the parts of the biz we hate to deal with. Thanks to **Jason Walters** and the IPR crew for handling our direct sales and other cons. Thanks to **Davidson Cole** for getting our Kickstarter video together and always

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having our back in more ways than we can count. Thanks to **Berianne Bramman**, **Jaqui Wujec**, **Leah Huete**, **Melody Hadap**, **Marisa KC.**, and **Jurgen Mayer** for being a rocking Gen Con booth crew. Thanks to **Marc Huete** for overseeing our Gen Con games. Thanks to **Sarah Hood** for being a fantastic webmaster. Thanks to **Kindalas (William Wilson)** for maintaining the EP Character Spreadsheet that so many have found invaluable. Thanks to **Anders Sandberg** for being a font of all things transhuman. Thanks to **Ross Payton**, **Caleb Stokes**, and the RPPR crew (and everyone else posting actual play sessions) for showing people how fun Eclipse Phase games can be. Thanks to **Kevin Tyska** for various things that shall not be discussed in public. Thanks to all of the freelancers who make our books great. Thanks to all of the regulars on our forums for keeping it interesting. Thanks to everyone who participated in the open playtest and contributed feedback; this book is even better thanks to you.

We'd like to acknowledge **Robin Laws** and **Jason Morningstar**, whose work on *Gumshoe* and *Fiasco*, respectively, inspired new systems for character relationships, motivations, and use of Moxie. We'd also like to acknowledge **Jesse Heinig's** musings on game designs, which prompted the system for Moxie as narrative control. Finally, we'd like to thank **Monte Cook**, **Shanna Germain**, **Chris Hanrahan**, and **Fred Hicks** for Kickstarter-related advice and support.

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Version 1.0.1 (Aug 2013), by Posthuman Studios
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INTERFERENCE



It's settled, but even with the little stream of serotonin running to keep me relaxed, my gut was clenching. I pulled out my necklace and released the smart linkage that held the coin. Though it had worn down considerably, I could still feel the small bumps of the cherry blossoms under my thumb and the faint edges of the raised 100 on the other side. Even in the soft ambient glow of the room, it caught the light and held it, hard.

We sat there for a moment, eyeing it between us like a trap.

"So we'll flip for it?"

"Of course." This wasn't being done offline idly. Neither of us trusted the alleged anonymity of the hab's randomness feed.

"Your call."

The moment was long and elastic, watching it glitter and spin slowly in the low g; then, at the last second, it's called: "Blossoms."

I plucked the coin from the air and pressed the cool metal to the back of my wrist. Exhaling, I slowly withdrew my hand to reveal the 100 showing.

We both smiled.



Many people visit Extropia, farcasting in and out to conduct the type of deals that the uniquely free-wheeling nature of the habitat allows—deals thought

to be impossible or non-binding elsewhere. Unsurprisingly, the Exchange, the central market of Extropia, is a chaos of motion and consumption. All the traffic creates a high demand for morphs. As a result, Extropia has some of the finest sleeving facilities in the system. Body by Czerny is one of them. Framed in its entrance is a taut and lean exalt, newly sleeved. With a kick, the exalt vectors off into the crowd to begin a slow traversal of the market.

[I'm here, Nyuki.]

[<Nyuki02> Hello, Ro!]

[Everything is set at the body shop. The switch has been made, and the body's tagged so I can keep track of its location.]

[<Nyuki05> Lovely. What are you going to do until it's time to get started?]

[I have a bit of shopping to get done. I'll talk to you soon.]

There is no trouble getting the knife or the restraints—both are acquired within five minutes. The EMP grenade is only slightly more difficult, and it comes down to a matter of price rather than availability. The only cleaner nanohive immediately available is more expensive than it should be, and the nanobot specialist selling it is concerned over the sale. Even though the hive isn't illegal, it will almost certainly be used to violate

RO ■ FORK OF PROFESSOR ROKUZAWA, TITANIAN RESEARCHER

NYUKI ■ EXTROPIAN TECHIE: HIVE PERSONALITY

someone's contracts, somewhere. After more haggling, Ro buys it, inflated price and all, as outside backing is paying for much of the operational expenses.

Over the course of two hours, the final elements are gathered, and it becomes time to wait and watch. Hiding in the public anonymity of the Exchange crowds, Ro settles in at a small tea shop and orders a drink bulb of a mild white, for focus and calm. Having something to hold will make it easier to avoid fidgeting with the knife. Raising suspicions is hardly the best way to start a murder.



"What do you mean, this is the only sleeve available? This is not what I reserved." Dear god, the voice on this thing is terrible ... whoever designed the pharo-nasal on this model was incompetent.

"Our apologies, Professor Rokuzawa. Although your reservation was confirmed, our final pre-sleeving scan detected an abnormality in the medicine function that would have resulted in severe anaphylaxis. The morph required a nanobot flush. Peak physical performance and mental comfort is of the highest concern to Body by Czerny and—"

"Why wasn't I notified before I cast in? I'm on a tight timeline to get ready for the conference. I should have been consulted for a new model, not put into this. I didn't pay for the extra mods to that exalt morph to end up in a bouncer, let alone one with a voice from some fandub kimchee western." The attendant AI's interface stills for a moment as it finally starts catching on that I'm not going to just nod along and pretend everything is fine because I'm already in the body.

"Our operations do not allow for non pre-approved qu-communication expenses for notice given, as is outlined in the statement of service—" an AR overlay comes up with the relevant section highlighted and I quickly wipe it away.

I'm done with this. "I'm not going to have you fob off an old test-drive sleeve on me due to contractual minutiae. I've sent a lot of business and rep plusses here. I'm taking this up with Ilyana." At least the interface was programmed with the good grace to shut up.

[Yesterday, ping her, and get past her muse, please, this is something I want resolved.]

[Already on it.]

At times like this, I'm particularly happy I use a copy of myself instead of a program for my muse. I can fume self-indulgently and not have to worry about getting shit done.

Blinking a bit, I check out the morph. It's not even close to my order—not even gendered to spec. It's in good shape, though Ilyana would never stock something that wasn't. The mods are sparse but decent. From the looks of it, this is the last release from Trine; extra articulation in the foot thumbs and the change

in metatarsal length. I give my left ankle a squeeze with my right foot. The strength and flexibility are there. The grip is much finer than the previous version. If they keep at it like this, Skinaesthesia's going to start losing market share.

As the implants and accessories come online, I notice it has the extravagant XP suite that Ilyana installs on her testers. Not an accessory I want right now. She always says it's for "perfectly matching motility for clients' final orders," when they buy a morph through her, but I know she has a nice sideline trading gait and kinesic profiles. I fiddle with the XP controls to no avail; they're locked on. I have to start working on overrides on top of everything else. This is not how I wanted to start off the trip.

[Yesterday, where are we in negotiations?]

[Ilyana's making all the right sympathetic noises, Chi, but she's tapped on stock, given the high demand from other attendees.]

[Understatement.]

[Quite. Anything else we'd be interested in is already walking around. We're stuck with this one for at least the next 50 hours or so. Since that's outside our timeline, I'll see what we can work out for our pain and suffering.]

Several minutes later, I've stretched and started re-acclimating to micrograv. Ilyana agrees to comp me this sleeve, as well as my costs for casting to and from Extropia. I commit to an in-the-flesh visit—hopefully flesh that I actually order—to her new shop in Shackle for the grand opening and a full writeup review of a limited-release Lunar flyer she's working on. She promises to make the trip worth my while with a few introductions and kind words to interesting people while I'm there. I hate going to Luna—too much social friction, given some of my published opinions—but Ilyana and I owe each other too many favors for my momentary pique and her shopkeep AI's sloppiness to matter much in the long run. With a sigh, I run through some quick coordination exercises and rifle through their fabber's wardrobe choices, since there's no point printing off the outfit I was planning to wear. At least with a bouncer I don't have to worry about picking the right shoes.

My first order of business is meeting with my friends, the Nyukis. They've expressed some interest in sending a few forks to the Plurality for a bit and wanted my thoughts about the local views on hive personalities before committing to a group visit. I feel badly that the sleeving delay has left me less time to visit before getting to the conference, but I'm sure Nyuki will understand.

[I'm on my way, darlings.]

[<Nyuki08> Looking forward to seeing you!]

[Sadly, I'll have to be brief and won't be looking my best. There was a problem at the body shop. I'll make it up to you by finding a boring symposium to skip out on, so I can play hooky with at least one of you.]

[<Nyuki05> No worries, Chi. Brief will be time enough. We appreciate you making time to stop by to see us before you attend to the rest of your visit. We owe you one.]

* * *

Chi glides out from the soft-lit aperture of Body by Czerny and into the plaza space, blinking and acclimating to the surroundings. With a few languid pushes, Chi begins maneuvering through the crowds, gaining more comfort and control in the bouncer morph.

Once in the public mesh channels, the piggyback signal from the taggant nanobots triggers a display in Ro's field of vision; a bright red string extending towards Chi. As Chi moves through the main open space of the Exchange, remaining focused on dodging through the Brownian motion of the crowds, Ro disposes of the now-empty drink bulb and begins following at a distance. Skirting the crowds, moving quickly through the clear spaces at the edges of and between groups, the athletic exalt moves with a predator's grace. Reflexively, seemingly incidental to other motion, Ro's hands flutter briefly over pockets and sheaths. Knife, cuffs, and EMP, all where they should be.

[Is everything clear for me?]

<Nyuki04> No worries, Ro. Everything is going as expected, and the unusual arrival is being downplayed.]

[I'll need overlay for at least a minute once things start and for you to keep an eye on things while the deed gets done ... maybe another 20 minutes. Are you certain you can cover the feeds for that long without being spotted?]

<Nyuki02> Now is a particularly poor time to decide you don't trust us. Our best are on it, and we are all the neighbors anyway, so no one will be interfering. Don't do anything big enough to ping on overall systems performance for the tunnel, and no one will notice your little game.]

[This needs to be intimate. Meaningful. I hope you'll help keep it that way, as any interruption will seriously risk failure for the whole endeavor and I won't have this chance again any time soon.]

<Nyuki04> You sound tense, but that's to be expected. Don't get so wound up you spoil the moment ... it will be hard to replicate]

<Nyuki05> We worry. Don't get carried away just because of who it is.]

[It's nice to know you care.]

* * *

Stepping into the open space of the hab from the bodyshop is like walking into a wall of advertising. Food, AR games, prostitutes, drug dealers, XP shows. Ilyana must be making a few credits from advertising residuals now, too, given how much is getting past the security settings on the mesh implants. It takes Yesterday a moment to filter out all the overlays and get some updated interior navigation up. I plot which grabloop route will be quickest.

[I really should get out here more. It's been too long, and it's nice to be out of the Plurality and someplace with a little more entertainment.]

[We have some time in three weeks.]

[Maybe. Check the profile of that singer. I bet they're cetacean. Grab any of their music that's accessible.]

[Dolphin originally. Getting both official and four bootleg releases, but one is an operetta and has pretty mixed reviews.]

[Check that one out later then. Put on something mellow. This sleeve doesn't even have full hormonal control and I need to even out. I'm still a bit concerned over the situation with my sleeving and don't want to be off-center for dealing with Nyuki or the briefing afterwards.]

[Still checking on the sleeving issue. It is unsettling that it occurred, as it's inconsistent brand experience with her, and she caved on the comp atypically fast. Haven't found anything actionable to worry about, though. The previous occupant of that sleeve posted negative feedback about feeling ill, and the local vat's activity records show the body was dropped off to get scrubbed hours ago.]

[Keep at it. Something still seems off.]

[Of course. Our stop's coming up. We should transition over for a dismount.]

* * *

Chi swings over to the slower lanes, bleeding inertia before flipping towards an anchor bar, catching it with one foot, and pivoting in a right angle to orient down an arterial tunnel. A few moments and a dozen meters farther on, Ro swings off the line, angling hard toward the wall. Ro makes a jarring but no less effective landing at the expense of some shoulder strain and odd glances from others riding the loops. Turning back towards the tunnel's mouth, Chi's location shows crimson in Ro's vision. The taggant nanobots' string of breadcrumb markers are devoured meter by meter as Ro closes in.

* * *

The tunnel is only a short stub that dead-ends twenty meters in, where it connects to the cavern that houses Nyuki's shop, the Droneworks. The store's name is spelled out in dozens of languages, forming a design of concentric circles around the large access doors. Aided by subtle AR enhancements, it creates a sense of falling, of depth, upon approach. As Chi moves towards it, though, there's nothing to fall in to: the doors are closed.

[I'm here, darlings, but you don't seem to be?]

[Hello?]

[Anybody home?]

Facing the unexpected silence, Chi grabs an anchor bar to come to a stop outside the door. Looking about, there's no sign of Nyuki, not even a post indicating the shop was closed. Tentatively, almost mockingly, Chi crosses the last few meters to the door and knocks. No response

[Nyuki, are you alright?]

Suddenly, the opening of the tunnel sprouts a thicket of luminous AR warnings and garish pictograms, all proclaiming that the tunnel is closed for critical maintenance and a variety of terrible things will happen to anyone foolish enough to enter.

[Is something wrong with the tunnel? Warnings just went up locally, but nothing is showing from the habitat's notification feed.]

[I don't know what's going on, but I'm leaving for now.]

[I'll ping you later, and we'll find a better time to get together.]

Foot-hands moving nimbly along the rungs set into the tunnel wall, Chi travels towards the tunnel mouth, but stops short. A tall, lean figure detaches from the entrance. Their voice, heavy with tension and anticipation, cuts through the air. "You're not leaving, Chi. We have work to do." With that, Ro leers and draws the knife with one hand. Chi unholsters an agonizer.

* * *

[Yesterday, are you sure those vat records are legit? That looks like the body I reserved.]

[They're in heavy privacy mode. No public identifiers up. Solid encryption.]

[Public channels are starting to shut down. Getting on Nyuki's guest VPN.]

[Nyuki, something's up, need a hand now!]

Agonizer's armed ... be steady. One assailant, get past them and out of the tunnel and hopefully the fuck away from here.

[Nyuki, where are you?]

What.

Oh.

[We lost connection. Active jamming.]

They have a grenade

[We're getting fucked.]

With a tight, sidarm throw, the attacker hurls the grenade towards me and I leap backwards to try to escape the blast. I assume it works when I'm not blown into bloody pieces. There's a brief flash that dazzles me, but no apparent injury. Most of what mods and equipment I have on me are shut down.

[Yesterday? Yesterday! Get on any channel you can and call for help!]

[Trying, connectivity is zeroed right now. Mesh implants down. Only mods running are the medichines and XP suite.]

In the second it takes to blink the afterimages out of my eyes and see what's going on, the attacker is already flying down the corridor towards me. I kick off the decking towards the opposite side of the tunnel, agonizer out and thankfully still firing. The exalt glides through the space I just vacated as the first pulse of the microwave beam slides over their back. They don't care. With disheartening ease, the stalker re-orient, caroms off the wall and launches at me. We collide and spin free of the decking, turning an awkward somersault in the micrograv. I jab the agonizer into the attacker's side and open up on lethal. Clothes melt and skin blisters, but it's not enough to get them off me. I see a flash and start screaming as I feel a blade stab through my thigh and dig into the bone. There's a surge of pressure in my leg and the limb immediately stiffens. My cry stutters and quickly chokes off as I'm wracked by muscle spasms to the point of seizure as whatever neuro-agent the knife injected begins taking hold.

We crash into the hab wall like graceless dancers. The larger, stronger exalt pins me, as the worst of the flailing passes and the helpless shaking sets in. The

agonizer is pulled out of my grip with distressing ease and left to float away. My eyes lose focus and roll. I feel one hand turn my face back towards my attacker. I somehow manage to meet their gaze and imagine I see terror and love co-mingled there. Before I can even consider what that might mean, I'm punched in the face. I feel my lips burst. I lose myself for a moment. The reek of charred skin, smoke, and melted plastic waft and stir in the churning air. Blood and spittle arc and shimmer from my split lips and bit tongue to spatter against the smooth cheek of the assailant. More drops blossom and float in constellations around their face, the center of the universe. I struggle back to myself.

[If I black out, get the farcaster up and pop it ... I don't like where this is going.]

[K. Mild hypoxia's starting from reduced breathing and blood loss. Medichines still active. Should be able to stabilize.]

[Grand.]

* * *

Almost reverently, Ro strokes the cheek of Chi's rapidly swelling face and brushes back the hair floating loosely around it. The barest hint of distraction, of concern, slides over Ro's features, but is quashed. Resting the heel of the palm just below the victim's eye socket, Ro begins to push down on the delicate arch of bone. Chi's head turns aside, further restricting air flow, triggering new spasms in the struggle for breath. Eyes flutter and try to focus.

Leaning in close, Ro whispers, "You understand, don't you? I have to be the one that gets remembered."

Chi's feeble resistance is ignored, and with a quiet crack and stuttering gasp, the cheekbone gives to the pressure.

"Chi?"


Two sets of eyes turn towards the leech-shaped flexbots clustered in the doorframe, each a perfect copy of the others. The only difference between them is the barely perceptible etching in the top center of the otherwise-empty faceplates. Their faces are hidden, as if in shame.

"I didn't notice you watching, Nyuki." Ro's hand comes away, leaving the stricken professor desperately sucking in air. "It's done."

"We were ... keeping our eyes out for you. You should clean up and get inside."

For a long moment, Ro searches for some hint of thought or feeling from Nyuki, and is faced with a distorted reflection: Chi and Ro and blood. Ro gestures at the body. "Yes, let's."

Ro produces a nanohive, and a moment later a barely perceptible busyness extends out into the air, as cleaners scramble to sanitize the scene. Red is removed, DNA undone. Ro takes a brief look around to be sure there are no other witnesses before the AR warnings at the mouth of the tunnel subside. Two Nyukis scuttle up the wall to retrieve the gray box running the spoof on the security feeds while two



others gently restrain Chi's twitching body and help Ro move it into the workshop. Inside, the productive clutter of the machine shop has been cleared away. The only features that matter are a bare table in the center of the room, a utilitool, and a large smart material bag. Chi is tethered to the table quickly and without cruelty, as much to control the twitching as to restrain.

As the Nyukis file out, one of them hesitates on the threshold. "As your friend, we—"

"I'll be fine. Really, Nyuki. I want to keep going."

"Be careful, Professor Rokuzawa, and remember why you're doing this. We'd hate to lose you." Stepping back, the door closes, leaving Ro to sort things out alone.



It seems unfitting that the fate of my recent work, and quite possibly my academic future, is going to be decided in as drab a setting as this dull little meeting room in the Titan Autonomous University faculty offices. I while away a few minutes, imagining the judges of my fate in the school's Forum, with dozens of onlookers expressing outrage at my disregard for taboo. I imagine those few of like mind finally standing up publicly for their beliefs and students looking to one another in shock. I clear my head of such fantasy and call for the tiniest spurt of serotonin to even me out. I halfheartedly flick through the VR presentation I've prepped until the review board

finally comes in. Noomi enters with a scowl and a sharp glance over the frames of her glasses. They're an idiot affectation I can't believe I ever found charming. Jonas is here as well, and greets me with his usual faint smile and a friendly "Hello, Chi." The only indication I have of Trieste arriving is the faint tone that sings through the room to let us know he's localized his attention with us.

I don't give them a chance to get settled. I need to get through this calmly and quickly.

"Thank you all for meeting with me so quickly after I got back. You all have a sense of my prior work, so I'll spare you a re-iteration and come right to my latest effort. Based on the success of re-integration with my fork without the necessity of psychosurgical correction and only short-term, incidental stress responses to knives, the endeavor should be viewed as not only successful, but repeatable." I can't help but smile slightly.

"Additional ego back-up states were taken before the trial was performed and can be made available for use with our academic peers under other controlled scenarios where alternately signified constructions of the experience can be explored. For example, the assignment of different combinations of physical gender(s) to the aggressor and victim instances and/or the introduction of ideological or sexual components—"

"Yes, yes, Professor Rokuzawa, do give us some credit for coming into this meeting prepared," Noomi scowls. "We all read the proposal, and you think that



just because you killed your own fork and merged with it afterwards—without coming out an emotional disaster or schizophrenic—that we should bless your egotistic nihilism with special support so you can do it again. With sexual components.”

“There’s nothing to bless, Noomi, because there aren’t any disorders. That’s rather the point. I have no interest in play-acting a snuff scene for my own gratification.” Though I might make an exception for you. “Changes to context change the impressions and memories made, and that lets us study how that impacts the merger.”

“Both of you, please, let’s keep this a civil discourse,” Jonas rubs his eyes. “There’s no need to be so confrontational, Dr. Chowdhury. Now then, all matters of tone aside, we’ve read it Chi, and it’s ... challenging work. We want to talk to you because, frankly, we’re concerned about what you’ve already done.”

As expected, Dr. Samuelsson is here to play peacemaker. If I can keep calm and let Noomi look overly aggressive, Jonas might side with me out of his own reflex to help the underdog. “You’ll see I’ve included quite detailed information from the psychosurgeon who oversaw the reintegration, so if you’re questioning the accuracy of my claims about a stable outcome I’ve—”

“The only ‘stable outcome’ from this is the certainty it will be condemned by damn near every serious academic in the field!” Noomi interrupts. “This is a sado-masochistic farce at best, and there’s no reason we should facilitate it happening again. I’ve seen your neural map, and there’s nothing going on that can’t be modeled cold in VR. It’s memory grafting, and it’s been covered before. If you were still in my department I wouldn’t even let you waste the board’s time with this nonsense.”

“Well, Noomi, I suppose it’s for the best that I left your department.”

Her eyes narrow and she sniffs. “We’re in agreement there.”

I continue. “There’s more to it than just memory grafting: it looks clean because there have been fundamental changes in the process of neural mapping. The dynamic contrast of simultaneously having and lacking knowledge of context, the perfect experience of a moment from multiple perspectives—” the feel of the knife in my hand and in my flesh simultaneously “—the extreme emotional responses strengthening and clarifying the experience and memories—” the cold creeping through me as I bleed out, the look of peace supplanting that of panic as it steals the light from my eyes “—those are parts of a living psychology that cannot be produced solely through modeling.”

The barest crackle over the audio system. “So your work is only relevant to those who are physically instanced? Only biomorphs? That’s a narrower field of study than it used to be.”

I hate it when Trieste isn’t visually present at meetings. A disembodied AGI that doesn’t use an avatar is easy to accidentally leave out of a conversation,

and he knows it. Even Samuelsson is wincing for me. I need to stay focused.

“No. The goal is to push past what has already been done, both physically and digitally. By proceeding with this experiment instanced in a biomorph, every factor was used to increase the intensity of the experience and increase the strength of the memory to give a more stable foundation to work from during the re-integration. Surprise, anger, assumed betrayal, panic, pain: I will remember every one of those moments vividly—even the ones I’d rather not.” I treasure all of them. “The fact that I have competing and conflicting emotions from both sides of the act, and that I’m holding them together, stably”—god, let it be true—“is something that any psychosurgeon you care to name says shouldn’t work successfully.”

“That’s precisely why we’re concerned Chi.”

“Trieste, even working purely digitally, most experts say you can’t code for fallacious or inconsistent thought. Even the best AGIs can only choose to mock up false beliefs, they can’t truly believe them. Humans excel at contradictory thinking. If I’m able to provide source data for a sane personality that holds mutually exclusive understandings of an event, that could be a boon to many areas of non-seed AGI research, correct?”

“Potentially.”

“This is only the start, Trieste. The specifics are unusual, but the approach is standard: experiment, learn from it, and take the next step.”

“You’ve made your point. Unless you have some other specific questions, Drs. Samuelsson or Chowdhury, I’m satisfied we’ve heard enough to deliberate.”

I close the presentation windows and thank them for their time and consideration. Noomi stares at me coldly, and the chill is more than the usual distance over the loss of what we once shared. Jonas looks like he’s losing a friend. He doesn’t understand why I’m doing this, but he sees some of the potential benefits for his own field of study and there’s a flicker of excitement at what I’ve shown him. I know Trieste is the only one whose judgment won’t be clouded by emotion. He doesn’t care what I do to myself, only whether or not what I’m doing has an interesting outcome.

I leave.



Hours later, and still no word from the review board. I give Yesterday the night off and free rein on my social networks. I don’t want to deal with anyone. I parse and pick over each phrase and glance from the review meeting, hopeful and despondent in turn. I try to catch up on reading, idly browse the mesh, jack into some mindless XP, but none of it holds my attention. Idly, unconsciously, I remove the coin from the smart linkage on my necklace and flip it, watching it glitter and spin slowly in the low g. I pluck it from the air and don’t care which face is showing. Each side ends in blood.

BUILDING BLOCKS

Step-by-Step Guide. ■ p. 13

Choose Aptitude Template: Define a core ego. ■ p. 12

Choose Packages: Factions, backgrounds, and careers. ■ p. 13

Purchase Morph and Gear: Common role-specific equipment packs. ■ p. 38

Combine Everything: Assembling a character. ■ p. 38

Customize: Add finishing touches with remaining CP. ■ p. 39

Character Generation Example. ■ p. 50

CHARACTER CREATION: PACKAGES



2

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- Package List. ■ p. 14
- Background Packages. ■ p. 15
- Faction Packages. ■ p. 23
- Focus Packages. ■ p. 29
- Customization Packages. ■ p. 37
- Gear Packs. ■ p. 40
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- Customization Points. ■ p. 39
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CHARACTER CREATION: PACKAGES



The character generation system in the core book is designed to maximize your ability to customize your character, down to every last skill point and gear item. If you're short on time or simply prefer a system with fewer choices, this alternative character creation system is for you. Rather than spending 1,000 individual Customization Points (p. 130, *EP*), you simply choose an aptitude template, purchase pre-built packages, and then combine them all together. The packages represent the character's history and the areas they have focused on in their life. These packages primarily include skill points, but they also include aptitude modifiers, Rep points, traits, and gear. An example of character creation using this system can be found on p. 50.

CHARACTER CONCEPT

Before you start, you should have a rough idea in mind of what type of character you're trying to make. See *Character Concept*, p. 130, *EP*, as well as *Optimizing Characters*, p. 108.

CHOOSE APTITUDE TEMPLATE

The second step is to choose an aptitude template from the table. This determines your character's starting aptitudes, which is also the basis of your skills.

APTITUDE TEMPLATES

BRAWLER

Even in a universe of talking apes and wormholes to other planets, there are always people who recognize the special skill set that goes along with a more physical bent. You've honed yourself to be able to take the greatest advantage of whatever physical gifts your morph or shell may have.

DILETTANTE

While you've never really stood out in any one area, you've always been able to competently perform just about any task you try.

EXTROVERT

Who needs to be tough when you can convince others to fight for you? Who needs brilliance, when smart people will fall over themselves to tell you everything they know just for a little more time with you?

INQUISITIVE

Your natural problem-solving and investigative bent means you often notice things others miss.

RESEARCHER

Knowledge is power. The TITANs were little more than code—knowledge applied to the right places at the right time to produce power. You've dedicated yourself to a life of the mind for the benefits it brings.

SURVIVOR

You may not be the smartest, strongest, or quickest, but you've always been able to pull it together and scrape by in a tough situation.

TECHIE

Understanding how things work gives you an edge when you need to understand how to stop them or make them work better. That's always been your gift: a way with applied information, be it computer code or life-support machinery.

THRILL SEEKER

You've never said no to a dare, and your quick reactions haven't failed you so far. You may not always make the best decisions, but you usually manage to land on your feet.

APTITUDE TEMPLATES

	COG	COO	INT	REF	SAV	SOM	WIL
Brawler	10	20	15	20	10	20	10
Dilettante	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Extrovert	15	15	15	15	20	10	15
Inquisitive	20	10	20	10	20	10	15
Researcher	20	15	20	15	10	10	15
Survivor	10	15	15	15	10	20	20
Techie	20	15	10	15	15	15	15
Thrill Seeker	10	20	15	20	15	15	10

TWEAKING APTITUDES

The aptitude templates are designed to quickly optimize your character towards a certain set of skills and abilities, but they do not cover every conceivable combination. If none of the templates has the aptitude spread you are looking for, simply choose one that is close and tweak the numbers. For every 5 points you reduce one aptitude, you can raise another by 5. No aptitude can be reduced below 5 or raised above 30.

CHOOSE NATIVE TONGUE

Every character receives their natural Language skill at a rating of 70 + INT for free.

PACKAGE SYSTEM CHARACTER CREATION

STEP-BY-STEP GUIDE

1. Define Character Concept.
2. Choose Aptitude Template.
3. Choose Native Tongue.
4. Spend 10 Package Points.
 - a) At least one package must be from Backgrounds.
 - b) At least one package must be from Factions.
5. Purchase Morph and Gear.
6. Combine Everything.
7. Customize.
8. Calculate Remaining Stats.
9. Detail the Character.

CHOOSE PACKAGES

The packages are measured in increments of 1, 3, or 5 Package Points (PP). Once you have purchased 10 PP of packages, you simply combine each package together to get your character.

The packages are grouped into three categories. The first category is Background, which corresponds to the character backgrounds described on pp. 131–132, *EP*. The second category is Faction, which equates to the character factions detailed on pp. 132–134, *EP*. The final category is Focus, which refers to occupational choices, interests, hobbies, specializations, major life events, and so on.

You must choose at least one package (of any value) from Background and at least one package (of any PP value) from Faction (though you may also purchase more than one in each). Focus packages are optional, but encouraged.

For example, you can take one package worth 5 PP, one worth 3PP, and two worth 1 PP each.

Alternatively, you can choose three packages worth 3 PP each and one package worth 1 PP, and so on. The only restriction is that you may not purchase more than five packages that are only 1 PP in value. Any combination is allowed, as long as you have one Background package, one Faction package, no more than five 1 PP packages, and 10 PP of packages total. You may not buy the same package more than once.

A fourth group of packages, Customizations, are detailed on (p. 39). These are primarily intended to round your character out with certain skills you may want, but which you didn't get from the other packages. You may want to consider keeping 1 PP in reserve to spend on one of these packs. See *Customize*, p. 39.

One bit of advice: this system works best for diversified characters. If you try to make a highly specialized character and buy a bunch of similar packs, you will likely end up with a lot of redundant skills. Make an effort to branch out and pick some packs that give your character some variety.

COMBINING CHARACTER CREATION SYSTEMS

This package-based character generation system is designed to be compatible with the more detailed rules presented in the *Eclipse Phase Core Rulebook*. If you're looking to combine the ease and simplicity of this system with the customization possibilities of the original, it is quite easy to do so. Each Package Point is equivalent to 100 Customization Points (CP). So you could, for example, choose 9 PP worth of packages to quickly solidify your character and then spend 100 CP to round them out as you see fit.

Alternatively, you could build your character using 10 PP, and then tweak the numbers, removing some skill points, traits, etc. and replacing them with others with an equivalent CP value. For example, you could cut 20 CP of skills and replace them with two Positive traits worth 10 CP each. This is discussed under *Customize*, p. 39.

Note that this package system builds characters that are worth 1,100 CP. This is ~20 CP more than

characters built using the system in the *Eclipse Phase Core Rulebook* (when factoring in the free points and background/faction bonuses). If you want it to be completely balanced with the core rulebook, simply remove 20 CP of skills or other attributes from each character created with this system. Alternatively, if some people in your group are using this package system and others are using the system from the core book, give the latter players an extra 20 CP for their characters to make it even.

WEAKER AND STRONGER CHARACTERS

If you want characters that are younger, less experienced, poorly trained, or just sub-par, lower the amount of Package Points to 9, 8, or even 7. If you want characters that are older, grizzled veterans, highly trained, or simply more bad-ass, raise the amount of Package Points to 11, 12, or even higher. ■

PACKAGE LIST

RANDOM PACKAGE SELECTION

D10 ROLL PACKAGE TYPE

1	Background 1PP
2	Background 3PP
3	Background 5PP
4	Faction 1 PP
5	Faction 3 PP
6	Focus 1 PP
7	Focus 3 PP
8	Focus 5 PP
9	Customization 1 PP
0	Re-roll or Choose

BACKGROUND PACKAGES (1/3/5 PP)

D100 ROLL BACKGROUND

01–04	Colonist: Command Staff (next page)
05–08	Colonist: Flight Staff (next page)
09–12	Colonist: Security Staff (next page)
13–16	Colonist: Science Staff (next page)
17–24	Colonist: Tech Staff (p. 16)
25–27	Drifter (p. 16)
28	Earth Survivor (p. 17)
29–35	Fall Evacuee: Enclaver (p. 17)
36–41	Fall Evacuee: Underclass (p. 17)
42–44	Hyperelite: Media Personality (p. 17)
45–47	Hyperelite: Scion (p. 18)
48–53	Indenture (p. 18)
54	Infolife: Emergent Uplift (p. 18)
55–56	Infolife: Humanities AGI (p. 18)
57–58	Infolife: Machine AGI (p. 19)
59–60	Infolife: Research AGI (p. 19)
61–62	Isolate: Separatist (p. 19)
63–64	Isolate: Survivalist (p. 19)
65	Lost: Disturbed Child (p. 20)
66	Lost: Masked Normalcy (p. 20)
67–69	Original Scum (p. 20)
70–78	Re-instantiated: Civilian Casualty (p. 20)
79–85	Re-instantiated: Infomorph (p. 21)
86–89	Re-instantiated: Military Casualty (p. 21)
90–93	Street Rat (p. 21)
94–95	Uplift: Escapée (p. 21)
96	Uplift: Feral (p. 22)
97–00	Uplift: Standard Specimen (p. 22)

FACTION PACKAGES (1/3 PP)

D100 ROLL FACTION

01–06	Anarchist (p. 23)
07–10	Argonaut (p. 23)
11–15	Barsoomian (p. 23)
16–17	Belter (p. 23)
18–19	Bioconservative (p. 23)
21–23	Brinker (p. 24)
24–31	Criminal (p. 24)
32–33	European (p. 24)
34	Exhuman (p. 24)
35–38	Extropian (p. 24)
39–45	Hypercorp (p. 25)
46–48	Jovian (p. 25)
49–54	Lunar (p. 25)
55–56	Mercurial: Infolife (p. 25)
57–58	Mercurial: Uplift (p. 25)
59–60	Nano-Ecologist (p. 26)
61–62	Orbital (p. 26)
63	Out'ster (p. 26)
64	Precationist (p. 26)
65	Preservationist (p. 26)
66–67	Reclaimer (p. 26)
68–69	Ringer (p. 27)
70–72	Sapient (p. 27)
73–76	Scum (p. 27)
77–78	Sifter (p. 27)
79	Singularity Seeker (p. 27)
80–81	Skimmer (p. 27)
82–86	Socialite (p. 28)
87	Solarian (p. 28)
88–92	Titanian (p. 28)
93–95	Ultimate (p. 28)
96–00	Venusian (p. 28)

FOCUS PACKAGES (1/3/5 PP)

D100 ROLL FOCUS

01–02	Academic (p. 29)
03–04	Activist (p. 29)
05–07	Assassin (p. 30)
08–10	Bodyguard (p. 30)
11–14	Bot Jammer (p. 30)
15	Combat Async (p. 30)
16–18	Con Artist (p. 30)
19	Controller Async (p. 31)
20–23	Covert Ops (p. 31)
24–26	Dealer (p. 31)
27–30	Ego Hunter (p. 31)
31–34	Enforcer (p. 31)

FOCUS PACKAGES (1/3/5 PP)

D100 ROLL FOCUS

35–38	Explorer (p. 32)
39–42	Face (p. 32)
43–45	Genehacker (p. 32)
46–50	Hacker (p. 32)
51–53	Icon (p. 33)
54–57	Investigator (p. 33)
58–60	Journo (p. 33)
61–63	Medic (p. 33)
64–65	Pirate (p. 34)
66–68	Psychosurgeon (p. 34)
69	Savant Async (p. 34)
70	Scanner Async (p. 34)
71–74	Scavenger (p. 35)
75–78	Scientist (p. 35)
79–80	Smart Animal Handler (p. 35)
81–84	Smuggler (p. 35)
85–88	Soldier (p. 36)
89–91	Spy (p. 36)
92–95	Techie (p. 36)
96–98	Thief (p. 36)
99–00	Wrecker (p. 36)

CUSTOMIZATION PACKAGES (1 PP)

D100 ROLL CUSTOMIZATION

01–03	Artist (p. 37)
04–05	Async (p. 37)
06–07	Async Adept (p. 37)
08–12	Athletics (p. 37)
13–17	Computer Training (p. 37)
18–22	Connected (p. 37)
23–33	Essential Skills (p. 37)
34–38	Gearhead (p. 37)
39–42	Heavy Weapons Training (p. 37)
43–46	Jack-of-all-Trades (p. 37)
47–52	Lucky (p. 37)
53–56	Martial Arts (p. 37)
57–58	Mentalist (p. 37)
59–62	Networker (p. 37)
63–67	Paramedic (p. 37)
68–70	Slacker (p. 37)
71–74	Sneaker (p. 37)
75–78	Social Butterfly (p. 37)
79–82	Spacer (p. 37)
83–86	Student (p. 37)
87–90	Survival Training (p. 37)
91–95	Tech Training (p. 37)
96–00	Weapons Training (p. 37)

PACKAGE LIST

The table on the previous page provides a complete list of the available packages, to make it easier to make your selections, along with the relevant page number. For players that want to choose randomly or game-masters making NPCs, the listing is also randomized.

BACKGROUND PACKAGES

These packages represent a character's upbringing, earlier life, and, possibly, the place they still consider home. Each background is presented in three levels: 1 PP, 3 PP, or 5 PP.

COLONIST: COMMAND STAFF

You helped run one of the pre-Fall colonies, whether it was in Earth orbit, on Luna or Mars, or elsewhere in the system.

Suggested Motivations: +Hard Work, +Leadership, +Survival

1 PP	3 PP	5 PP
+1 Moxie	+1 Moxie	+1 Moxie
Persuasion 15, Profession: Administration 30, Protocol 40	Academics: (Choose One) 30, Free Fall* 35, Interest: (Choose One) 20, Networking: (Choose One) 40, Persuasion 40, Pilot: (Choose One) 30, Profession: Administration 40, Protocol 50	+5 SAV, +50 Rep (Your Choice) Academics: (Choose One) 40, Art: (Choose One) 40, Beam Weapons 30, Fray 25, Free Fall* 35, Interest: (Choose One) 30, Intimidation 30, Networking: (Choose One) 40, Persuasion 40, Pilot: (Choose One) 30, Profession: Administration 40, Protocol 50

COLONIST: FLIGHT STAFF

You worked on, or even piloted, the ships that kept colonies supplied.

Suggested Motivations: +Exploration, +Personal Career, +Thrill Seeking

1 PP	3 PP	5 PP
+1 Moxie	+1 Moxie	+1 Moxie
Pilot: Spacecraft 40, Profession: Flight Crew 30	Academics: (Astrophysics or Engineering) 30, Free Fall 40, Hardware: Aerospace 35, Interest: (Choose One) 20, Navigation 40, Networking: (Choose One) 30, Pilot: Spacecraft 50, Profession: Flight Crew 40	+5 REF, +50 Rep (Your Choice) Academics: (Astrophysics or Engineering) 40, Fray 20, Free Fall 40, Gunnery 30, Hardware: Aerospace 40, Interest: (Choose One) 30, Language: (Choose One) 30, Navigation 40, Networking: (Choose Two) 30, Pilot: Spacecraft 50, Profession: Flight Crew 50

COLONIST: SECURITY STAFF

You secured pre-Fall colonies, keeping the rabble in line and guarding against hostile elements.

Suggested Motivations: +Law and Order, +Survival, -Criminals, -Autonomists

1 PP	3 PP	5 PP
+1 Moxie	+1 Moxie	+1 Moxie
Beam Weapons 40, Free Fall 15*, Profession: Security Ops 30	Beam Weapons 50, Free Fall* 40, Clubs 35, Interest: (Choose One) 30, Intimidation 40, Language: (Choose One) 20, Networking: (Choose One) 30, Profession: Security Ops 40	+5 SOM, +50 Rep (Your Choice) Academics: (Choose One) 40, Beam Weapons 50, Fray 25, Free Fall* 40, Clubs 35, Interest: (Choose One) 30, Intimidation 40, Investigation 20, Language: (Choose One) 30, Networking: (Choose One) 30, Profession: Security Ops 50, Unarmed Combat 40

COLONIST: SCIENCE STAFF

You conducted scientific research off-world, whether that was studying the sun's solar cycles, evaluating lichen growth on Mars, or creating new zero-g manufacturing processes.

Suggested Motivations: +Hard Work, +Personal Career, +Science!

1 PP	3 PP	5 PP
+1 Moxie	+1 Moxie	+1 Moxie
Academics: (Choose One) 40, Free Fall* 15, Investigation 30	Academics: (Choose One) 50, Free Fall* 30, Interest: (Choose One) 15, Interfacing 40, Investigation 40, Networking: (Scientists) 40, Profession: (Lab Technician) 30, Research 40	+5 COG, +50 Rep (Your Choice) Academics: (Choose One) 50, Academics: (Choose One) 40, Fray 25, Free Fall* 30, Hardware: (Choose One) 20, Interest: (Choose One) 30, Interfacing 40, Investigation 50, Networking: (Scientists) 40, Profession: (Lab Technician) 30, Programming 35, Research 40

*Lunar, Martian, and other grounded colonists can replace Free Fall with Freerunning skill.

COLONIST: TECH STAFF

You kept the colony in working order—a matter of survival more than convenience.

Suggested Motivations: +Hard Work, +Problem Solving, +Survival

+1 Moxie

1
PP

Free Fall* 15,
Hardware: (Choose One)
40, Profession: (Choose
One) 30

+1 Moxie

3
PP

Academics: (Choose One) 30, Free Fall* 30, Hardware:
(Choose One) 50, Interest: (Choose One) 20, Interfacing
40, Profession: (Choose One) 40, Programming 40,
Scrounging 35

5
PP

+1 Moxie

+5 COG, +50 Rep (Your Choice)

Academics: (Choose One) 40, Fray 20, Free Fall* 30,
Hardware: (Choose One) 50, Hardware: (Choose One)
40, Interest: (Choose One) 30, Interfacing 40, Language:
(Choose One) 30, Pilot: (Choose One) 25, Profession:
(Choose One) 50, Programming 40, Scrounging 35

*Lunar, Martian, and other grounded colonists can replace Free Fall with Freerunning skill.

DRIFTER

You may be a Martian nomad, an original scum swarm pioneer, a free trader, or just a wanderer. Your people have always gone where the work was, first on Earth and then into space, where hands or your kind of skills were needed. You may not be as highly specialized as some people, but you know a little about a lot of things and have picked up what you need to get by.

Suggested Motivations: +Exploration, +Hard Work, +Pragmatism, +Survival

+1 Moxie

1
PP

Free Fall* 15, Profession:
(Choose One) 30,
Scrounging 40

+1 Moxie

3
PP

Free Fall* 40, Hardware: (Choose One) 30, Interest: (Choose
One) 20, Kinetic Weapons 20, Language: (Choose One) 30,
Navigation 20, Networking: (Choose One) 35, Profession:
(Choose One) 40, Scrounging 50

5
PP

+2 Moxie

+5 INT, +50 Rep (Your Choice)

Art: (Choose One) 40, Fray 25, Free Fall* 40, Hardware:
(Choose One) 30, Interest: (Choose One) 30, Kinetic
Weapons 20, Language: (Choose One) 40, Navigation 20,
Networking: (Choose Two) 30, Profession: (Choose One)
40, Protocol 20, Scrounging 50

*Martian nomads may exchange Free Fall for Climbing or Freerunning skill.



EARTH SURVIVOR

Unlike a small percentage of transhumanity, you did not escape off-world during the Fall, nor were you lucky enough to be killed. You survived for years, eking out an existence in the post-apocalyptic desolation of Earth while hiding from, and even fighting, the machines and twisted transhuman puppets that still lurked there. Only recently was your body rescued by scrappers or reclaimers or your egocast unwisely accepted by a trusting receiver.

Suggested Motivations: +Survival, +/–Reclaiming Earth, –TITANS

<p>+1 Moxie 1 PP</p> <p>Freerunning 15, Profession: (Post-Apocalyptic Survival) 30, Scrounging 40</p>	<p>+1 Moxie 3 PP</p> <p>Fray 20, Freerunning 30, Interest: (Choose One) 20, Infiltration 40, Kinetic Weapons 35, Language: (Choose One) 30, Pilot: Groundcraft 20, Profession: (Post-Apocalyptic Survival) 40, Scrounging 50</p>	<p>+2 Moxie 5 PP</p> <p>+5 WIL</p> <p>Animal Handling 20, Demolitions 20, Fray 25, Freerunning 30, Interest: (Choose One) 30, Infiltration 40, Kinetic Weapons 40, Language: (Choose One) 40, Pilot: Groundcraft 25, Profession: (Choose One) 40, Profession: (Post-Apocalyptic Survival) 40, Scrounging 50, Seeker Weapons 30</p> <p>Traits: Neural Damage</p>
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FALL EVACUEE: ENCLAVER

You were one of the lucky ones who grew up in safety behind the walls and security systems that kept the masses of the poor out. When the Fall happened, your connections (or your family's) ensured you were one of the first to leave up the beanstalk.

Suggested Motivations: +Personal Career, +Reclaiming Earth, +Survival, +Wealth

<p>+1 Moxie 1 PP</p> <p>Academics: (Choose One) 30, Profession: (Choose One) 30, Protocol 25</p>	<p>+1 Moxie 3 PP</p> <p>Academics: (Choose One) 40, Interest: (Choose One) 20, Interfacing 35, Networking: (Choose One) 50, Persuasion 40, Pilot: (Groundcraft) 30, Profession: (Choose One) 40, Protocol 30</p>	<p>+1 Moxie 5 PP</p> <p>+5 SAV, 50 Rep (Your Choice)</p> <p>Academics: (Choose One) 40, Art: (Choose One) 30, Beam Weapons 20, Fray 20, Interest: (Choose One) 40, Interfacing 35, Kinesics 25, Networking: (Choose One) 50, Networking: (Choose One) 20, Persuasion 40, Pilot: (Groundcraft) 30, Profession: (Choose One) 40, Protocol 40</p>
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FALL EVACUEE: UNDERCLASS

Most of those who survived made it off-planet either by virtue of their birth or earning their way into one of the enclaves. You were either lucky enough to be in the small percentage of non-elites to be evacuated or you managed to bribe, scam, or sneak your way past security during the Fall and secure a position on a shuttle or beanstalk car.

Suggested Motivations: +Personal Development, +Survival, –Hypercapitalism

<p>+1 Moxie 1 PP</p> <p>Networking: (Choose One) 40, Profession: (Choose One) 30, Unarmed Combat 15</p>	<p>+1 Moxie 3 PP</p> <p>Blades 30, Interest: (Choose One) 20, Deception 30, Language: (Choose One) 30, Networking: (Choose One) 50, Persuasion 40, Pilot: Groundcraft 25, Profession: (Choose One) 40, Unarmed Combat 20</p>	<p>+2 Moxie 5 PP</p> <p>+5 WIL, +50 Rep (Your Choice)</p> <p>Academics: (Choose One) 30, Blades 30, Fray 20, Infiltration 30, Interest: (Choose One) 40, Deception 30, Language: (Choose One) 40, Networking: (Choose One) 50, Persuasion 40, Pilot: Groundcraft 30, Profession: (Choose One) 40, Unarmed Combat 35</p>
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HYPERELITE: MEDIA PERSONALITY

People know you. In fact, there's a good chance that they see you on a regular basis. You're an X-caster, a blogger, a famous MARG gamer, a pundit, a performer, the spokesperson for a brand, an athlete, or some other form of celebrity.

Suggested Motivations: +Artistic Expression, +Fame, +Personal Career

<p>+1 Moxie 1 PP</p> <p>Art: (Choose One) 40, Networking: (Media) 40, +5,000 credits</p>	<p>+1 Moxie 3 PP</p> <p>Art: (Choose One) 40, Disguise: 25, Interest: (Choose One) 30, Interfacing 30, Networking: (Media) 50, Persuasion 30, Profession: (Choose One) 20, Protocol 30, +30,000 credits</p>	<p>+1 Moxie 5 PP</p> <p>+5 SAV, +50 Rep (Your Choice)</p> <p>Art: (Choose One) 40, Disguise: 25, Fray 15, Interest: (Choose One) 40, Interfacing 30, Language: (Choose One) 30, Networking: (Media) 50, Networking: (Choose One) 20, Persuasion 30, Profession: (Choose One) 40, Protocol 50, +60,000 Credits</p>
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HYPERELITE: SCION

You were born into the wealth and privilege that financed transhumanity's expansion into space. It is your family name, rather than any talent or achievement, that makes you well known and in demand at social events.

Suggested Motivations: +Family, +Hypercapitalism, +Wealth

<p>+1 Moxie</p> <p>Academics: (Choose One) 30, Kinesics 30, Protocol 20</p> <p>+5,000 credits</p> <p>1 PP</p>	<p>+1 Moxie</p> <p>Academics: (Choose One) 40, Art: (Choose One) 30, Interest: (Choose One) 20, Interfacing 30, Kinesics 50, Networking: Hypercorps 35, Persuasion 30, Protocol 30</p> <p>+20,000 credits</p> <p>3 PP</p>	<p>+1 Moxie</p> <p>+5 SAV, +50 Rep (Your Choice)</p> <p>Academics: (Choose One) 40, Art: (Choose One) 40, Interest: (Choose One) 40, Intimidation 20, Kinesics 50, Kinetic Weapons 20, Networking: Hypercorps 40, Persuasion 30, Profession: (Choose One) 30, Protocol 40</p> <p>+50,000 Credits</p> <p>Traits: Patron</p> <p>5 PP</p>
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INDENTURE

You either won a lottery for the poor, where the prize was to go off-world, or you died during the Fall. Either way, you found yourself working away in virtual slavery to a hypercorp. You worked hard constructing habitats, mining asteroids, or terraforming Mars.

Suggested Motivations: +Hard Work, +Survival, -Hypercorps, -Indentured Service

<p>+1 Moxie</p> <p>Hardware: (Choose One) 40, Language: (Choose One) 15, Profession: (Choose One) 30</p> <p>1 PP</p>	<p>+1 Moxie</p> <p>Blades 30, Demolitions 30, Free Fall 40, Hardware: (Choose One) 50, Interest: (Choose One) 20, Language: (Choose One) 30, Profession: (Choose One) 40, Scrounging 45</p> <p>3 PP</p>	<p>+2 Moxie</p> <p>+5 SOM, +50 Rep (Your Choice)</p> <p>Blades 30, Demolitions 30, Fray 20, Free Fall 40, Hardware: (Choose One) 50, Interest: (Choose One) 30, Interfacing 30, Language: (Choose One) 40, Networking: Criminal 20, Profession: (Choose One) 40, Scrounging 45</p> <p>5 PP</p>
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INFOLIFE: EMERGENT UPLIFT

You were a smart program on the verge of emergence when the programmers reshaped you, encoded you with transhuman values and modes of thinking, and uplifted you to machine sapience. You possess a number of quirks that make you stand out from traditionally programmed AGIs.

Suggested Motivations: +AGI Rights, +Mercurial Cause

<p>+1 Moxie</p> <p>Interest: (Choose One) 30, Infosec 25, Interfacing 40, Programming 30</p> <p>Traits: Anomalous Mind trait, Real World Naiveté, Social Stigma (AGI)</p> <p>1 PP</p>	<p>+2 Moxie</p> <p>Academics: (Choose One) 30, Hardware: (Choose One) 40, Infosec 30, Interest: (Choose One) 40, Interfacing 50, Networking: (Choose One) 30, Profession: (Choose One) 20, Programming 40, Research 30</p> <p>Traits: Anomalous Mind trait, Real World Naiveté, Social Stigma (AGI)</p> <p>3 PP</p>	<p>+2 Moxie</p> <p>+5 COG, +50 Rep (Your Choice)</p> <p>(Choose Any Two Skills) 30, Academics: (Choose Two) 40, Hardware: (Choose One) 40, Infosec 40, Interest: (Choose One) 40, Interfacing 50, Networking: (Choose One) 30, Profession: (Choose One) 40, Programming 40, Research 35</p> <p>Traits: Anomalous Mind trait, Real World Naiveté, Social Stigma (AGI)</p> <p>5 PP</p>
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INFOLIFE: HUMANITIES AGI

You were designed to understand and interact with humans. Your programming is optimized for tasks such as personal assistance, marketing, caretaking, and psychology.

Suggested Motivations: +AGI Rights, +Personal Development, +Philanthropy

<p>+1 Moxie</p> <p>Academics: (Psychology or Sociology) 30, Interfacing 40, Kinesics 35</p> <p>Traits: Real World Naiveté, Social Stigma (AGI)</p> <p>1 PP</p>	<p>+1 Moxie</p> <p>Academics: (Psychology or Sociology) 40, Art: Digital Art 20, Impersonation 25, Interfacing 50, Kinesics 40, Networking: (Choose One) 30, Persuasion 40, Profession: Psychotherapy 30, Research 30</p> <p>Traits: Real World Naiveté, Social Stigma (AGI)</p> <p>3 PP</p>	<p>+1 Moxie</p> <p>+5 SAV, +50 Rep (Your Choice)</p> <p>Academics: (Psychology or Sociology) 40, Art: Digital Art 40, Impersonation 30, Infosec 30, Interest: (Choose One) 40, Interfacing 50, Kinesics 50, Networking: (Choose One) 40, Persuasion 40, Profession: Psychotherapy 30, Protocol 30, Research 30</p> <p>Traits: Real World Naiveté, Social Stigma (AGI)</p> <p>5 PP</p>
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